



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE  
OLD NAVY  
AND THE NEW

BY

ADMIRAL AMMEN





Digitized by Google

7  
0  
1





UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA



TO VIND  
ABROUARD



David Sumner  
Rear Admiral - Retired.

F. GUTERHOF, PRINT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY

1911



1911

THE  
OLD NAVY AND THE NEW

BY  
REAR-ADMIRAL DANIEL AMMEN, U.S.N.,  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE ATLANTIC COAST DURING THE CIVIL WAR."

WITH AN APPENDIX OF  
PERSONAL LETTERS FROM GENERAL GRANT.



PHILADELPHIA:  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.  
1891.

E182  
.A1

---

Copyright, 1891, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

---

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF



RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

**Dedicated**

TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE OLD NAVY,

WHO HAD TO LEARN THEIR PROFESSION AS BEST THEY COULD, AND  
HAVE SERVED THEIR COUNTRY WITH MORE OR LESS  
DISTINCTION IN "TROUBLOUS TIMES."



## PREFACE.

---

DURING the more than half a century covered by this chronicle, so marvellous have been the changes in naval architecture and armament, in the development of means of locomotion both on shore and afloat, and in the establishment of rapid communication over the whole inhabited globe, that the intelligent reader can hardly realize that they have occurred within so brief an historical period of time.

A principal object of these memoirs has been to note these mutations in their order, and to present a picture of naval life as affected by them. The writer does not assume that his experience and service differ materially from those of many other officers who might with equal propriety give their memoirs to the public. His intention has been to make the narrative as impersonal as possible, representative not only of his own experience, but also of that of many other officers, varying from his only in time and circumstances.

If this volume cannot be read with interest by the youth, as well as by those of more mature years, the fault must be attributed to the narrator, and not to the character of the scenes and incidents he has endeavored to depict.

If, through the over-appreciation of friends who have persistently urged the writer to publish his memoirs, he has been betrayed into an indiscretion in placing before the public what may prove lacking in interest at present, he would fain hope that at some future time, perhaps after the lapse of a century or more, the book will be quoted as an authority upon the history of the memorable period during which he served, if not with distinction, at least without reproach.

AMMENDALE, MARYLAND, March, 1891.

▼





# CONTENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Entry into the Navy as Midshipman, and Service afloat in the Gulf of Mexico—Father of the Author in the War of 1812-15—He moves from Virginia to Ohio—Early Recollections—Neighbor and Companion of General Grant—The Author rescues Young Grant from drowning—Letter from General Grant in 1877 referring to the Incident—The Great Flood in the Ohio in 1882—Concludes to enter the United States Navy—Appointed Midshipman—Trip to Washington and Baltimore—Sketch of Hon. Thomas L. Hamer . . . . .	15

## CHAPTER II.

Trip from Baltimore to West Point—Western Bank—Notes not at Par—Letter from General Grant—Receives Instruction in Geometry and Algebra—Voyage to Norfolk—Meets an Inquisitive, Ill-bred Man, and disposes of him—Visit to Tailor Hartshorn—"Keep your Receipts and make no Tailor-Bills"—Turns out in his Uniform—Reports to Commodore Warrington, who orders him to report to Lieutenant-Commanding Dornin—Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones—Story of a Collision with a Whale on Board the Peacock—The Feejee Island Cannibals—A Midshipman tries a Practical Joke and gets the worst of it—The Hospitality of Norfolk—Ordered to the West Indies on the Levant—Admiral Farragut a Passenger—Assigned to the Sloop-of-War Vandalia . . . . .	23
--	----

## CHAPTER III.

Cockroaches—Mediterranean Wingless ones—Impure Water—Bread filled with Bugs—Some Remarks on the Officers—"How we did Things in the Navy"—The Gulf of Mexico—Eating Dolphin—French Vessels blockading Vera Cruz—The Island and Castle of San Juan—Turtles—Want of Bread—The Aguacate, or Alligator-Pear—The Caterer and the Doctor—Off for Tampico—Sharks—Mosquitoes	34
---	----

## CHAPTER IV.

Sails for Pensacola—Billy B. and Hamilton G., the Society Men—A Duel settled—Fulano—A Boat in a Norther—Taking of San Juan de Ulloa by the French—The Prince de Joinville—A Well-Known and Popular Officer presents a Pig—The Mess gives a Dinner—A	
---	--

	PAGE
Temperance Society—Commander Uriah P. Levy takes command of the <i>Vandalia</i> —An Irate Landlord—Cleopatra's Barge—Changes in the Wardroom—Lieutenants Gist and Maffit—The Fall of the Temperance Society . . . . .	48
CHAPTER V.	
Sails from Pensacola—Getting over the Bar—Bagdad—Trouble in getting Water—"Pooh! pooh!" from the Captain—Drilling at a Great Gun—Under Way for the Mexican Coast—Lieutenant Gist's Lawyer's Fee in Tennessee—Drowning of Lieutenant Paul—Arrival at Vera Cruz—Collision with a French Brig-of-War, with Loss of Life—The Author, chased by a Bull, takes to the Water—Getting rid of an Unpleasant Messmate—Hamilton G. "in Trouble"—The South Pass of the Mississippi—A Water-Spout . . . . .	52
CHAPTER VI.	
Cruising on the Coast of Texas after Slavers—Colonel David Crockett—General Sam Houston—The Coast of Texas—Keeping the Look-out—Scarcity of Water—Commander Levy gets excited, and suggests the Proper Pronunciation of his Name—A Threatened Court-Martial—Calling an Officer a "Semiquaver"—Two Old Stories—The Captain's Wooden Horse—Want of Fresh Air—The Author had tendered his Resignation, but the Commodore retained it and advised against it	62
CHAPTER VII.	
A Ball on a French Frigate—A Boat that smelt of Fish—Disgusted Old Lady—Society—Sails for Norfolk—Midshipman E. C. Anderson—The Cable parts—Goose-Quill Pens and Cockroaches—Parting with Captain Levy—Accounts of Lieutenants Gist and Maffit, Midshipmen Marcy and Barbot, and others of the <i>Vandalia</i> —The Author starts for Home on Three Months' Leave—Ordered to the Sloop-of-War <i>Preble</i> —Commander Breese—Service on the Coast of Labrador and in the Mediterranean—The "Ammen Rock"—Fogs—Sir Colin Campbell and his Daughter—The <i>McNabb</i> —A Bright Yankee Girl—Visit to a Coast Residence . . . . .	72
CHAPTER VIII.	
Whales in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—Story of a Sword-Fish—Sea-Fowl, Fish, and Seals—Run on a Ledge of Rocks—The Bay of Fundy—Halifax—Portland—John Savage, <i>alias</i> Hans Wildemann—Crossing the Atlantic, and Service in the Mediterranean—Lisbon—The Carnival—Port Mahon—The Author transferred to the Ohio, Commodore Hull—Rear-Admiral Dupont—A Sirocco—The Andalusians—Gibraltar—Death of a Sailor—Arrival at Boston—Three Months' Leave—Naval School at Philadelphia—David McLure—Small-Pox in the Naval School—Professor Chauvenet—John Hogan, "from the South" . . . . .	85

CHAPTER IX.

	PAGE
Coast-Survey Duty on the Delaware—Lieutenant Charles H. Davis, commanding the Nautilus—Lieutenant George B. Blake—The Gallatin—Ordered to Receiving-Ship Experiment, at Philadelphia Navy-Yard—Lieutenant Albert E. Downes, of the Grampus—A Proposed Visit to the White Mountains—Interrupted by a Trio of Musicians—Ordered as Navigator to the Lexington—Life in the Wardroom—A "Tartar"—Minorca—Port Mahon—"Old Nance"—The Missouri—The Columbus—The Lexington arrives at New York—Lieutenants Green, Grey, White, and Black—Visits Mississippi—Adjutant-General Roger Jones—Lieutenant Lay—Visits Home—Ordered to the Vincennes—Cruise to China and Japan—A Case of Small-Pox—Dolphins—Dan on the Lookout—Brazil . . . . .	98

CHAPTER X.

The Brazilians—Sail with the Columbus—Accident to a Brazilian Midshipman—Tristan d'Acunha and Nightingale Islands—Sea-Birds—Island of St. Paul—Straits of Sunda—Batavia Roads—Anjier Point—Turtles, Monkeys, Baboons, and Crocodiles—Malays operating a Pile-Driver—The Banyan-Tree—A Malay Village—Tigers—A Wild-Boar Hunt—Water filled with Animalcules—The "Biche de Mer"—Sea-Serpents—The East India Dysentery—Straits of Macassar—Sea of Celebes—Monkeys and Baboons as Commissaries—Hong-Kong—Chinese Vessels under Arms—Duck-Boats—Going to Canton in a Sanpan—Buying Wives—Chinese Modes of Burial . . . . .	118
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Canton—Flower-Boats—Pigeon English—Markets—Shops—Billy Poole, "the Biggest Toad in the Puddle"—Chinese Dinners and Customs—Price of a Wife—Dwarfing Feet—Parsee Merchants—Buffaloes—Milk not from Cattle—Cholera on the Columbus—The Grave of the Portuguese Poet Camoëns—The Columbus and Vincennes sail for Northern China—Amoy—Dining with the Governor—The Chusan Islands—Yeddo Bay—The Daimio—Nagasaki—Lieutenant McIntosh throws the Poles off the Bows placed there by the Japanese—Japanese Artists—A Squall—Object of the Visit of the American Vessels—Dual Government—The Japanese Officials visit the Columbus to reply to the Commodore's Letter—A Mishap and an Explanation—Presents declined . . . . .	128
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The Vessels weigh Anchor and are taken in tow—The Columbus and Vincennes part, never to meet again—The Ladrones—Apra Harbor—Island of Guam—Flying-Fish and Sea-Fowl—Pilot-Fish—Coral and Cocoa-nut—No Snakes or Scorpions—Description of the Inhabitants

—A Ride to Agaña—Received by the Governor and invited to a Dinner—Mr. Robinson, an Old British Navy Officer, sings, and is in Disgrace—Bread-Fruit—School-Houses—Roberts, the Pilot, proposes to leave the Island, but is persuaded to remain—Remarks on the Island, its History, Inhabitants, etc.—Sail for Hong-Kong—Anchor in Blenheim Reach—Sail for Raja Bassa in Sumatra—A Fishing Town—Curiosity of the Inhabitants—Description of the Island and People—Cape Town—Leaving Cape Town the Writer has a “Wind-fall”—Arrive at the Navy-Yard—General Hamer—Leave of Absence—Calls on the President—Mr. Mason, Secretary of the Navy—An Appointment in the Navy for General Hamer's Son—Ordered on Coast Survey Duty . . . . . 141

CHAPTER XIII.

Duty on the Coast Survey near Nantucket in the Spring of 1848—Ordered to the Surveying-Steamer Bibb—Professors Agassiz and Desor—The Discovery of the First Viviparous Scale-Fish—Some Remarks on Nantucket and Adjacent Country—Mother Carey's Whale-Ships—A Lady in Green Spectacles has her say about a Man drowned—Rockport, Massachusetts—The White Rock, *alias* the Ammen Rock—Engaged on the Nautical Almanac—A Meeting with Hon. Jefferson Davis—A Visit to Hon. John Quincy Adams—A Practical Joke—John Y. Mason—California Gold Excitement—Wars in Europe . . . . . 161

CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage to London, and Travels on the Continent—The German Language—Arrive in London—The Custom-Officer—Rambles in London—Sail for Antwerp—Captain Fitzgerald, of the British Navy—Aix-la-Chapelle—Charlemagne—Frederick Barbarossa—The Cathedral of Cologne—Brunswick—Lessons in German—Rheumatism—A State Dinner at the Duke of Brunswick's—Visit to Captain Gésevault—A Game of Chess—Baron Rudolphi—A Christening—Baron Humboldt's Theory of the Spread of Yellow Fever—Visit Berlin—Call on Mr. Hannegan, the American Minister—Leipsic and Munich—Ex-King Ludwig and Queen—Duchess of Mecklenburg—Trip in a Diligence—Genoa—Milan—Pisa . . . . . 178

CHAPTER XV.

Florence—The Flower-Girl—The American Colonel—Captain Neuhauser—Spezia—Vesuvius—Herculaneum and Pompeii—Naples—The Temple of Neptune at Pesto—Temple of Ceres . . . . . 192

CHAPTER XVI.

Service on Board the Frigate St. Lawrence—Messina—Mount Etna—Robbers—Burial-Vaults of the Capuchins—Santa Rosalia—Remit-

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
tent Fever at Palermo—The British Squadron—A Lieutenant Court-martialled for Kissing—Railroad Travel at a Penny a Mile—B.'s Little Joke—Bremerhaven—A Country Fair—Bremen—Sail for Home . . . . .	208

CHAPTER XVII.

Pay a Visit to Ohio—Details of the Trip—Throckmorton—A Belle at Louisville—Chattanooga—Lookout Mountain—Kenesaw Mountain—Marietta—Atlanta—Macon—Coast-Survey Service on the Southern Coast—Savannah—Captain Maffit—Lieutenant Anderson—Some Reflections on Slavery—Mr. Legaré—A South Carolina Secessionist—Special Service in California—Site for a Navy-Yard at San Francisco—Senator Gwin . . . . .	216
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

From New York to Havana—Lieutenant David D. Porter—Count Medem—Aspinwall—Panama—Acapulco—Santa Barbara—San Pedro—Lieutenant Alden—San Francisco—Vallejo—Foster's Bar—Fleas—The Sierra Nevada—Mr. Maccarty—Start back on Foot—Perils of the Road—Get a Ride for a Dollar—Rats—Arrive at San Francisco—Return Voyage—Details of the Trip—New York to Baltimore—Charles Carroll's Library—Commodore Matthew C. Perry—Secretary Kennedy—Join my Vessel at Norfolk—Georgetown—Cayenne—Maranham—The Amazon . . . . .	229
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Pernambuco—Rio Janeiro—Montevideo—Fever on Shipboard—A Pampero—The Frigates Congress and Jamestown—General Urquiza besieging Buenos Ayres—Ostriches—The Rio de la Plata—The River Paraná—Point Diamante—Capturing a Buck—The Jaguar—The River Paraguay—Remarks on the Country and People—Lopez gives the Naval Officers a Reception—The Water-Witch—Assumption—San Pedro—A Grand Ball—The President and his Family—Customs of the People—A Visit to the Indians—Securing Specimens of Animals—Excursion to Villa Rica—A Tiger-Hunter—Expedition of Commodore Shubrick . . . . .	249
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Service on Board the Brig Bainbridge—A Shooting-Expedition—The Captain of the Bainbridge—A Second Shooting-Expedition—The Captain in his Cups—Proposes the Capture of the Governor of the Falkland Islands—The Water-Witch fired on from a Paraguayan Fort—Sail from Montevideo—Paranagua—Arrival at Rio—Visit to Count Medem at Petropolis—The Captain's Idiosyncrasies—A Spiritualist—Barbadoes—Arrival in the United States—Some Retrospections . . . . .	269
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXI.

	PAGE
Ordered to Duty at the Naval Observatory, Washington, under Commander M. F. Maury—Observations on Commander Maury and other Officers on Duty—"Duke" Gwinn—Jefferson Davis—Service on Board the Saranac, on a Voyage to the Pacific—An Account of the Voyage from Philadelphia—Incidents of the Voyage, and Mention of the Different Points touched—Service on Board the Merrimac—Sail for Tumbes—Payta—San Lorenzo—Callao—Randolph Clay, Minister to Peru—Mummies—Gathering Skulls—Ancient Temples .	290

## CHAPTER XXII.

Sandwich Islands—Acapulco—Leon—Realejo—Nicaragua—A Tropical Forest—Mr. Lamar, United States Minister—General Tomas Martinez—Native Rum—A Trip to the Country—The Solteras—Hammocks—A Shooting-Excursion—Alligators—Mr. Lamar's Archives—Visit from the President—The Wardroom Steward and the Black Dog—The Decatur, Vandalia, and Saranac—The British Minister—Panama—Valparaiso—Reach Norfolk . . . . .	818
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Changes in Norfolk—Meet Mr. E. C. Anderson in Washington, and Visit Senators Toombs and Jefferson Davis—Service at the Naval Rendezvous in Baltimore—Condition of the Slaves in Maryland—Talk of Secession—Mr. Porcher—Remarks on the Beginning of the Civil War—Hon. A. H. Stephens—Feeling of Naval Officers—Mrs. Mactavish—Mr. Anderson discusses the Prospects of Secession and War—Lieutenant Powell—Visit to Columbus—Governor Chase—Discuss the Organization of Ohio Troops—Letter from Mr. Chase .	826
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXIV

Beginning of the Civil War—The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment jeered at and stoned—Secession—Excitement in Baltimore—To Washington on Horseback—Hon. John P. Kennedy—Bladensburg—Black Horse Cavalry—Commodore Stringham—On Duty as Executive Officer at the Navy-Yard—An Ohio Belle—Aspire to the Command of a Gun-Boat—Lieutenant Nelson, of the Navy, appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers—His Influence in Kentucky—Colonel Jacob Ammen, commanding Brigade, reports to General Nelson—Ammen's March to Savannah, Tennessee—Goes in Advance, and his Command the First of Buell's Army to engage in the Battle of Shiloh—The Killing of General Nelson by General Jefferson C. Davis—General Rosecrans tells a Story of General Ammen—President Lincoln, accompanied by Thurlow Weed, visits the Navy-Yard—Hand-Shaking by the President—Ordered to the Roanoke—A Wrathful Captain . . . . .	834
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXV.

	PAGE
Service on Board the Roanoke as Executive Officer—Captain W. C. Nicholson—Hampton Roads—Commodore Pendergrast—Blockade Duty off Charleston—The Vandalia—The Seminole—Return of the Roanoke to Hampton Roads—Assigned to the Seneca—Naval Life as an Officer in Command of a Vessel—Admiral S. F. Dupont—Sail for Hampton Roads—General T. W. Sherman—Port Royal—Charleston—An Engagement with Steamboats—Commodore Tatnall—General Horatio G. Wright—Captain John Rodgers—General Drayton—A Naval Engagement—The Confederates abandon the Fort at Port Royal—General Sherman—Admiral Dupont issues a Proclamation—North Edisto—Burning Cotton—Rockville—Shelling Port Royal Ferry—The Black Colony at North Edisto—Demonstration against Savannah—Hilton Head—General R. E. Lee . . . . .	848

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Pass through Cumberland Sound—Take Possession of St. Augustine—Occupation of Jacksonville—White Flags—George Huston kills Lieutenant Sproston, and is himself killed—Neils Jonson—A Desperate Man—A Present of a Bear—Sounding Depth of Water at Charleston—Ossabaw Sound—In Command of the Sebago—Henry M. Blue—The Water-Witch—Relieved from Command of the Sebago—Assigned to the Monitor Patapsco at Wilmington—An Engagement—On Sick-Leave—Fort Sumter—Attack on Forts Moultrie and Beauregard—A Scout—A Council of War—Opinions in regard to the Monitors . . . . .	862
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Sent North by the Admiral—Rumors of relieving Admiral Dahlgren of his Command—Report of Officers under Admiral Dahlgren to the Navy Department—Courts-Martial and Courts of Inquiry—Ordered to Temporary Command of the Shenandoah—She goes to Philadelphia to be put out of Commission—Lieutenant-General Grant visits Rear-Admiral Lee, on the Minnesota, at Hampton Roads—Leaves an Invitation for Commander Ammen to visit him at Culpeper—Letter from General Grant—Visit Mrs. Grant—Visit General Grant at Culpeper—Details of Visit—Talk of Boyhood Days—Ride over the Country—General Grant's Opinion of Generals Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Bragg—Present of a Meerschaum Pipe—Return to Baltimore . . . . .	878
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

In Charge of a Draft of Men on board the Ocean Queen—Boatswain Bell reports for Duty with Two Hundred and Twenty Men—The Steamer gets under Way—At Midnight the Commander is sent for	
---	--



by some of the Men—They complain of having to sleep on Deck—  
 Assault upon the Captain and Chief Engineer—Statement of Com-  
 mander Ammen—Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court,  
 a Passenger—Desertions at Aspinwall—Return in the Ocean Queen  
 to New York from Panama, and make a Full Report to the Navy  
 Department—Remarks on the Mutiny—The Court-Martial—Courts-  
 Martial organized, one to acquit and one to condemn—Decline to  
 employ Counsel—Letter from General Grant—In command of the  
 Mohican—A Clerk—A Swiss Steward who receives more Pay than  
 the Commanding Officer . . . . . 386

## CHAPTER XXIX.

At City Point—Meet General Grant—The General's Horse Cincinnati  
 —Return to Hampton Roads—Beaufort—Bombardment of Fort  
 Fisher—General Butler—Re-embark for Fortress Monroe—General  
 Terry reaches Beaufort ready to co-operate with the Navy—Generals  
 Terry and Comstock visit the Commander—Dressing the Ship with  
 Green—The Mohican anchors at Port Royal—Message from Admiral  
 Porter to General Sherman—News of the Capture of Wilmington—  
 Return to Savannah—Call on Mrs. Anderson before leaving Savan-  
 nah—Hardee escapes with his Army—Letter from Mr. Anderson—  
 The Ogeechee—Hampton Roads—Washington Navy-Yard—Boston  
 —Surrender of Lee's Army . . . . . 401

## CHAPTER XXX.

In Command of the Miantonomah—Description of the Vessel—She is  
 sent abroad—The Author detached—Consult with General Grant as to  
 the Practicability of a Ship-Canal across the Isthmus—Proposed  
 Visit to Secretary Seward—Discuss the Ship-Canal—Acquisition of  
 Alaska—Visit to Francis P. Blair—An Unruly Horse—General  
 Grant tells a Story of being thrown by a Colt, when a Boy—Visit to  
 the United States of Admiral Tegethoff, of the Austrian Navy—The  
 French in Mexico—General Grant "swinging around the Circle"  
 with President Johnson and Admiral Farragut—Am appointed on a  
 Board to examine Volunteer Officers of the Navy—General Grant as  
 Secretary of War—He discourses of President Johnson—Governor  
 Swann, of Maryland—Am ordered in Command of the Flag-Ship  
 Piscataqua . . . . . 420

## CHAPTER XXXI.

In Command of the Flag-Ship Piscataqua—Objectionable Smoke-  
 Stacks—Sail for New York, and go into Dock—Proceed to Wash-  
 ington—Meet General Grant—An Unsatisfactory State of Affairs—  
 President Johnson and General Grant—General Grant speaks of the  
 Ship-Canal—A Drunken Hospital Steward—Desertions—Rio Janeiro  
 —Mr. James Watson Webb, U.S. Minister—Consul Monroe—Visit

CONTENTS.

to Corcovado—Simon's Bay—Description of the Country and City— Meet an Old Acquaintance, and commit a <i>Faux Pas</i> —Singapore—A Buddhist—The Eleventh Commandment—A Prodigal Son treated in a New Way—Manila—Lightning without Thunder—Cholera . . .	PAGE 480
---	-------------

CHAPTER XXXII.

Arrival at Hong-Kong—Changes in Twenty-One Years—Amoy—  
Nagasaki—Description of the City—Measure Height of Island—  
Yokohama—A Biting Stallion—Tattooing—Take Admiral Rowan  
on the *Piscataqua* to visit Mr. Van Valkenburg, the American Min-  
ister—Description of the Capital City—A Visit from Admiral Enno-  
motto, of the Japanese Navy—Something of the Admiral's Subse-  
quent History—Yokohama—Hiogo—Admiral C. H. Bell—Mr.  
Consul Mangum—A Doubtful Compliment as to One's Age—  
Nagasaki—Shanghai—The Foreign Merchants—Dining with the  
Governor of the Province—Description of the Dinner . . . . . 442

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sail for Amoy—The Admiral's Cabin—Ports stove in—General Legen-  
dre—Malodorous Amoy—Bengal Tigers—Visit to a Spanish Catholic  
Missionary—Return to Hong-Kong—Leave in the Steamer *Great  
Republic* for the United States—Yokohama—Measuring the Height  
of *Fusi-yama*—Arrive at San Francisco—Great Changes noted in San  
Francisco—Dr. A. J. Bowie—Arrive at Washington, and am assigned  
to Duty as Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks—Assigned to  
Duty as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation—Admiral Porter—The  
Isthmian Surveys assigned to me—A Commission appointed, General  
A. A. Humphreys President, Professor Peirce, and, later, Captain  
O. P. Patterson—Colonel Hopkins calls, at the Request of Cyrus W.  
Field, in Regard to Deep-Sea Soundings in the Pacific Ocean . . . . . 456

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Commodore Wyman—Determining Longitudes by Telegraphy—  
Method of Signalling—Lieutenants Very and Wood—Coast De-  
fence—Calculations of Weights and Displacements—*Ram* designed  
by the Author—Delayed on Political Grounds—"It will come by  
and by"—Admiral Tegethoff—The Battle of *Lissa*—Ironclads—Ad-  
vantages of Rams over Armored Ships . . . . . 467

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Nicaragua Canal—Report of the Commission—President Hayes  
approves in his Message—M. de Lesseps desires a Convocation of  
Engineers and Representatives from All Countries to meet in Paris  
and discuss the Isthmian Canal Question—President Hayes requests  
the Author to go as Representative from the United States—I pre-

pare in Writing what I propose to say—The Secretary of State approves it—Mr. Menocal goes with me—General Grant consents to place himself at the Head of a Movement to construct the Canal—He is prevented from Action by Various Considerations—A Concession from the Nicaraguan Government—The Eads Ship-Railway—History of Progress in obtaining a Charter for the Nicaragua Canal, with an Account of the Obstructions, both Open and Covert—The Matter mentioned to President Cleveland and General McClellan—The Ship-Railway—General Remarks on an Isthmian Canal . . . . 474

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Desultory Observations on Men and Things—Choose a Country-House—Benefits of Horseback-Riding and Exercise—Francis P. Blair—George Bancroft—Observations on the City of Washington—Its Great Improvement, Advantages in Climate, Health, Location, etc.—The City Government—"Boss" Shepherd—Ex-Governor Dennison—The Presidential Receptions—A Present of a Carriage from General Grant—Frequent Visits to him—The Ferry Story—Scurrilous Newspapers—Senator Conkling—The Cause of his Death—Mr. Colfax—General Beauregard—General Grant's Annoyances—Appointments in Louisiana—The Treaty with Santo Domingo—Fred Douglass—Race Prejudices not entertained by Naval Men—Senator Sumner and his Course on the Santo Domingo Matter . . . . . 499

CHAPTER XXXVII.

President Grant mentions the Advantages to be derived from the Annexation of Santo Domingo—The Marked Features of General Grant's Individuality—The Craze to be President—A Quotation relating to the Death of Charles the Fifth of France—The Epizooty—Chlorate of Potash as a Remedy—General Sherman's Criticism on a Road—Commodore Guest—A Rattlesnake—Surgeon-General Wood bitten by a Snake—How he was cured—Attend the Reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Columbus, Ohio—Meet General Sheridan for the First Time—Meet General, afterwards President, Hayes—A Visit to the Institution for Mutes—The Fate of General Grant's Horse, Cincinnati—Nicaraguan Ministers to the United States—Don Emilio Benard—Don Max Sonnestern—Hon. Alex. H. Stephens—Dining with Mr. George W. Childs—General Grant advised to get some "Lawyers" when he should reach the Island of Penang—Outcome of this Advice—A visit to Ohio with General Grant—General Grant's Trip abroad—The Author becomes a Rear-Admiral and is retired—Endeavor to promote the Construction of the Nicaragua Canal—Kindly Feelings between Comrades of the Old Army—The Motives of Actors in the Civil War to be considered, not the Objects—Closing Remarks . . . . . 509

APPENDIX . . . . . 527

# THE OLD NAVY AND THE NEW.

---

## CHAPTER I.

Entry into the Navy as Midshipman, and Service afloat in the Gulf of Mexico—Father of the Author in the War of 1812-15—He moves from Virginia to Ohio—Early Recollections—Neighbor and Companion of General Grant—The Author rescues Young Grant from drowning—Letter from General Grant in 1877 referring to the Incident—The Great Flood in the Ohio in 1882—Concludes to enter the United States Navy—Appointed Midshipman—Trip to Washington and Baltimore—Sketch of Hon. Thomas L. Hamer.

DURING the War of 1812-15 with Great Britain, my father served in the army on our northwestern frontier, which was then in the vicinity of Lake Erie. After the conclusion of peace my mother, with her three children, two boys and one girl, were brought from Virginia to Highland County, Ohio, where an uncle had located some ten years previously. He migrated from Botetourt County, Virginia, and owned a considerable tract of land. In a year or two my father removed to Brown, an adjoining county, where I was born.

My earliest recollections are of the steep hills bordering the Ohio River, and of the ravines, and the streams that had worn their way through the limestone ledges, leaving precipitous banks of earth, covered with a dense growth of sugar-maple, walnut, and ash. The immediate borders of the larger streams were lined with immense sycamores, and the flat lands on the summit, extending into the interior, with superb beech-, hickory-, and walnut-trees. These forests were then almost continuous, passing

into the back country. Usually at intervals of a mile or two a log house would be seen in the midst of a "clearing," consisting of ten or more acres of dead trees, which had been girdled by the axe and had lost most of their limbs, through decay or through fire which had been applied to them after they had become sufficiently dry to burn. The lands were planted in maize, called by the inhabitants "corn," by which name it is known now throughout the United States.

From the age of seven or eight years I was a near neighbor of the late General Grant, who was two years younger than myself. We were constant playmates, and in the habit of fishing, swimming, and riding together. Our outfit in riding was quite simple, consisting only of a bridle, and we were either mounted on the bare back or rode with a blanket strapped on the horse.

We were so young then that when the streams were swollen we thought that the fish would be the more plentiful. A small stream greatly swollen one day invited our attention. A large poplar log that had lodged on the bank, and at an incline extended partly over the water, seemed to offer to my young companion a favorable seat from which to throw his line. Persons who have tried to walk on a poplar log after a rain have doubtless found a very slippery footing, as was the case with Grant. In a moment his heels were in the air and he plunged head downward into the rapidly-flowing muddy water. I had but a moment for thought, and rushed down the stream for a few yards, to where it narrowed considerably, and willows that had been undermined by the stream hung barely over the surface of the water. With the celerity of an active boy nine years of age, I ran out on one of these trees, and, as good luck would have it, when my companion came within reach, he was above the surface; I grabbed him and drew him out of the water. He was clothed at the time in an upper garment that was my admiration, buttoning on a nether one. It was of Marseilles, with gorgeous red stripes; and it seemed to me that this dress must be irretrievably ruined from its drenching in muddy water, and perhaps this fact impressed the circumstance on my mind. Half a century after, General Grant mentions this occurrence in a letter, as follows :

HÔTEL DE FRANCE, NICE, December 10, 1877.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—On Thursday afternoon we go aboard the *Vandalia* to make our excursion of the Mediterranean. How much I wish you were in command to unfurl, for the first time, your Admiral's flag! We breakfasted the other day with Admiral Le Roy, and saw all of the officers then in port here. They seem to be a nice set of youngsters. They were not all at the breakfast, of course, but they came on board of the flag-ship, and I had the pleasure of meeting them. It would be pleasant to you to hear how they all spoke of you. There was quite an expression of opinion among them, placing you in the highest place in the profession. Of course I told them that I owed you an old grudge as being responsible for the many trials and difficulties I had passed through in the last half a century; for nearly that length of time ago you rescued me from a watery grave. I am of a forgiving nature, however, and forgive you,—but is the feeling universal? If the Democrats get into full power, may they not hold you responsible? But, as you are about retiring, I hope no harm will come to you for any act of kindness done to me.

Our trip thus far has been most agreeable. The weather in Paris was most atrocious, but I got to see most of the people. My opinion of their capacity for self-government has materially changed since seeing for myself. Before coming here I did not believe the French people capable of self-government. Now I believe them perfectly capable, and they will be satisfied with nothing less. They are patient "and of long suffering," but there will not be entire peace and quiet until a form of government is established in which all the people have a full voice. It will be more republican than anything they have yet had under the name of a republic.

Give all our love to Mrs. Ammen and all the children; write to me often, and don't be disappointed if I do not answer each of your letters as received.

Yours faithfully,

U. S. GRANT.

Nearly two years after our fishing excursion, in February, 1832, there was the greatest flood known in the Ohio River up to that time. At Cincinnati it amounted to a rise of fifty-two feet. Several floods of greater depths have since occurred, the increase doubtless due to the denudation of the neighboring hills of the forests, and the change from timber lands to cultivated fields facilitating the escape of rainfalls through a more rapid surface-drainage. One Sunday morning a slow, steady rain was falling, that continued throughout the day, notwithstanding our prognostications that it would cease. Two other boys and myself concluded that it would be more interesting to see the

swollen river, some six miles distant, than to go to church, which we could do on any Sunday, while the great flood if not seen then might never be seen. The mud was deep, and puddles were everywhere, although we skirted the roads, and indeed walked in the bordering woods, which had little undergrowth. On reaching the hill-top, some two hundred and fifty feet above the river, we saw from the bluff, looking up and down the river through the openings between the limbs and bodies of the trees, a large extent of muddy water, shut out from the view in the distance by the bends of the high lands. We went down the steep hill, and at its base saw a volume of muddy, yellow water flowing sluggishly between the trees, the surface reaching the limbs of many of them at a height of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. The usual bank of the river was, in a direct line, quite half a mile from where we stood, and all that could be seen was a small extent of sluggish water extending from the river-bed to the foot of the hills. Clambering up the hill again, one, or perhaps both, of my companions climbed a tree, to get a less obstructed view than could be had from the ground; but the tree was too large for me, and I had to content myself with listening to the expressions of wonder and delight such as boys pour forth on grand occasions. As soon as vision was satisfied we set out to return, "as wet as rats," and reached home about dusk. This impromptu walk did not meet with the approval of my mother, but, appreciating what was best to be done to avoid the consequences, I was rubbed down and, after some simple treatment, put to bed, without any bad results. One of my companions died: I have the idea that his name was Young, but have forgotten the name of the other. I had just donned a new fur hat, made by the village hatter; it was of a pale-yellow color. It seemed to me that it weighed several pounds, but it kept my head dry during the day. A modern silk hat would have melted away in the first half-hour of our march.

At that period of my life, like most boys, I indulged in foisting myself on my father's knee, and asking him to recount, again and again, what he had seen of the Peaks of Otter and other features that belonged to the mountain region of Virginia. When a boy he had walked to the summit of

these magnificent peaks, a distance of twelve miles from his home, and had the idea that the cliffs facing to the southeast were so abrupt that stones thrown by hand would fall into Otter Creek, more than a thousand feet below. He was enthusiastic in his description of mountains and mountain-streams, and, in reply to my question why he had left so charming a country to migrate to Ohio, he said that he could not afford to bring up his children under the disadvantages of slave labor. A few years later, when alone with me, he said that he felt a great deal of concern in relation to my future: it was time, he thought, for me to turn my attention to choosing some means of livelihood; he had to regret that he had little to leave to his children; if I would make up my mind as to any calling or profession, he would endeavor to have me fitted for it. I told him not to give himself any uneasiness about me; I had already made up my mind to go to sea as midshipman. He looked somewhat surprised and disturbed, and said that he had been to sea sufficiently to know that it was a dog's life; he considered a man-of-war "simply a hell upon earth," and I had better reconsider my intention. I answered that I had to live the life, not he; I did not anticipate that it would be an easy one, and yet I would choose it; and that he need not trouble himself further about me.

Before I had reached sixteen years of age I requested a brother, ten years my senior, to write to our member of Congress and ask him to get me an appointment as midshipman, which he did without delay. I was the first person entering the navy from that county. My appointment is dated July 7, 1836. It was with sadness that my mother saw me leave, on the 20th day of the following November, under the personal care of our Congressman, Thomas L. Hamer, who deserves more than the passing notice I can give. He was below medium size, and had sandy hair and large, light-gray eyes. There was nothing marked in his ordinary appearance, but when he had anything to say he was wholly changed; he had a wonderful popularity with all who knew him. His information, not only as a lawyer but also in most other matters, was exact. He possessed great geniality and exquisite humor.



In a rough carriage we left his house in Georgetown for Ripley on the Ohio River, at which point we took the steam-packet plying between Cincinnati and Wheeling. After going on board, I found that, by agreement, Hamer had met half a dozen or more personal friends, also on their way to Washington. The season must have been unusually severe, for the ground was covered with snow. We got on board some time after dark, and the wheels pounded the ice heavily all night. We were two days reaching Wheeling, and thence took a stage-coach for Washington. All of the occupants but myself were members of Congress. The cold in the mountains seemed to me intense. My friend had provided me with what was then known as a Mackinaw blanket, green in color with black stripes at the ends, and shoes made of buffalo-skin with the hair inside. The horses were changed every ten or twelve miles, and this distance was made in an average time of about an hour and a half, including the delays, although we were travelling on the great national turnpike, many parts of which were quite rough.

The country taverns at which the horses were changed had spacious bar-rooms; in these we found roaring wood-fires in open fireplaces, which were kept up all night, or at least when the stages were due. Everybody got out to "take a drink;" this was invariably whiskey, and I think was never omitted, whatever the hour. My friend Hamer asked me, one cold night, if I would have some; I told him I thought I was rather too young; he said he thought so too, but did not like to pass me by without invitation, although he was glad that I declined. When we dined or breakfasted at the taverns, the people about the household flocked in, especially the girls, and compliments as to their fine appearance and agreeableness were in order from all the travellers. Everybody was merry; the Congressmen did not fail to have their jokes as we passed along, which helped us to endure the discomfort of those three days, cooped up in a crowded stage-coach. At last, to my great relief, we reached Brown's Hotel, in Washington, where we and most of the other passengers took lodgings.

Mr. Hamer was a personal friend of President Jackson, and the following morning at an early hour went to see him. The

President was confined to his room, and, although Hamer saw him, his continued indisposition prevented my being presented during the several days that I remained in the city. Mr. Hamer took me to the Capitol, and to see Mr. Dickerson, the Secretary of the Navy, and obtained permission for me to go to West Point for the winter, where I could employ my time in study. This indulgence served me greatly. I had come East under orders to the store-ship *Relief*, then in commission at Norfolk, Virginia. After spending several days in Washington, Mr. Hamer took me to the railroad depot for Baltimore. He presented me with a copy of "Falconer's Shipwreck," which I kept for many years; he also gave me a flashy breastpin then in vogue; this was borrowed by a goggle-eyed midshipman after I went afloat, and that was the last I saw of it.

The unpretentious brick shed that did duty as the railroad depot at Washington was located on Pennsylvania Avenue near where Goose Creek, now no longer seen, passes through a tunnel. At about two o'clock, in the early part of December, 1836, Mr. Hamer bade me good-by, and sent me on my journey towards Baltimore, where I arrived at sunset and went to the Exchange Hotel. I had never been farther away from home than to Cincinnati, by stage-coach, some fifty miles, or by steamboat on the river.

As I remember, this was the last time I saw my good friend, although he did not die until after the battle of Monterey, in Mexico, a dozen years later. Mr. Hamer was a gentleman of rare ability and character, who would have had a distinguished career had he lived, and a few further words relating to him may be of interest. After serving several years in Congress, he declined re-election, stating that he could not afford to neglect longer the interests of his family. He was known throughout Ohio as an able man; even when a boy I was much interested in his admirable discussions, on any topic which he brought up, with my father, who was his intimate friend. It was marvellous to me to see him read a column or more from a newspaper and then discuss its contents paragraph by paragraph as presented. After he had served one term in Congress his party wished to make him Speaker of the House; this he positively declined in

favor of Polk, a much older member, and afterwards President of the United States. When the war with Mexico was begun, in 1846, Hamer was active in promoting the organization of volunteers in Ohio. Although holding no office, he was known as a pronounced Democrat. His political enemies taunted him with the inquiry, "If you are so anxious to raise volunteers, why do you not go?" He accepted the challenge, and then there was no difficulty in raising a regiment, and he was soon off for the borders of Mexico. After General Zachary Taylor was elected President, I paid my respects to him, and spoke of General Hamer; he said, with much feeling, that Hamer's death was a great loss, more than that of any other officer under his command would have been. At the battle of Monterey his conduct and bearing were as they would have been had he been trained and brought up in the army; he was a natural soldier, and those under him were disciplined by his simple command of them. A few months after the battle of Monterey, Hamer died, of dysentery, at that place. When a member of Congress from Ohio, he obtained the appointment of U. S. Grant to the Military Academy. After General Grant became President of the United States he had the same opinion as that above expressed of General Hamer, and further declared that had he not prematurely died he would have held high place in the history of his country. Now his memory lingers only in the recollection of a few old men, and with their death, in the ever-changing current of humanity, great as he was in all the characteristics of manhood, he will be forgotten.

## CHAPTER II.

Trip from Baltimore to West Point—Western Bank-Notes not at Par—Letter from General Grant—Receives Instruction in Geometry and Algebra—Voyage to Norfolk—Meets an Inquisitive, Ill-bred Man, and disposes of him—Visit to Tailor Hartshorn—"Keep your Receipts and make no Tailor-Bills"—Turns out in his Uniform—Reports to Commodore Warrington, who orders him to report to Lieutenant Commanding Dornin—Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones—Story of a Collision with a Whale on Board the Macedonian—The Feejee Island Cannibals—A Midshipman tries a Practical Joke and gets the worst of it—The Hospitality of Norfolk—Ordered to the West Indies on the Levant—Admiral Farragut a Passenger—Assigned to the Sloop-of-War Vandalia.

THE following morning I went on board a steamboat for Frenchtown, *en route* for West Point, and thence by a railroad, sixteen miles in length, to New Castle, then a small place, situated on the Delaware River some thirty-five miles below Philadelphia. At New Castle we took another steamboat, and found a considerable interruption from the ice then in the river. It was sunset when we reached Philadelphia. As we passed the navy-yard, below the city, the large ship-house was pointed out, in which was the line-of-battle-ship Pennsylvania, then regarded as among the grandest naval constructions of the world. Before we reached the city, word was passed that persons wishing to go directly to New York could obtain tickets at the captain's office. On presenting myself and offering Western bank-notes, I was informed that they were at a discount and not receivable. I proposed that the discount should be taken off, but that offer was refused.

I was thus compelled to remain over, and went to the United States Hotel, opposite the old State-House, memorable now, as half a century ago, as the house in which the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. The following morning, having changed my money at a considerable discount, I went to the wharf, took passage on another steamboat for Burlington, and thence to Perth Amboy by railroad. The cars seemed small and mean in appearance, compared with those that ran between

Washington and Baltimore. At Perth Amboy we took another steamboat, and reached New York about three P.M., an hour before the Hudson River boat left for Albany. I filled my pockets with oranges, and awaited with satisfaction the leaving of the steamboat, looking out upon the strange sights of ships, brigs, and schooners that lay at the wharves or passed to and fro. The ordinary method of landing passengers in transit along the river was by means of a yawl. On approaching the West Point wharf an old woman and myself were the only persons landed; we were directed to get into the boat, the steamer was slowed, and finally the engine stopped, the boat was lowered, attached to a line that was veered away from the vessel. Signals were made from the boat by means of a lantern; the boat was sheered into the wharf at a favorable time, the line was slackened until we were put on shore, and was then hauled in, and the yawl was hoisted as the steamboat gathered headway. This method of landing had to be discontinued, for the double reason that many people were drowned ("by accident," as it was called) and that passengers became too numerous to be landed in that manner.

My elder brother had graduated at the Academy in 1831, and, after some service at Castle Pinckney, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, during the "nullification war," was detailed for duty as an assistant instructor, where he served for some years. He was good enough to suggest that I would derive advantage from some primary instruction at that time, the more so as in the naval service the smaller vessels had no "professors of mathematics," as the few teachers on board the larger vessels were styled. I remained with my brother until about the middle of March, when the Hudson River was again free from ice. To his instruction I am indebted for much of whatever success or usefulness I have attained in the naval service. As an illustration of the disadvantages Western boys labored under at that time in obtaining a fair primary schooling, I quote the following letter from General Grant, which alludes in part to a time a year or so previous to my going East.

PAU, FRANCE, December 6, 1878.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—On my arrival here, last night, I found a very large mail, and in it two letters from you. At that time I had fully determined not to go by India, China, and Japan, and so wrote the Secretary

of the Navy; however, if I determined otherwise before the departure of the Richmond from America, I would cable him. This morning I sent him a despatch that I would accept his offer of a passage on the steamer. I could not say much in a despatch, but hope we will be able to join the steamer on the north side of the Mediterranean, somewhere between Marseilles and Palermo. This will extend my trip, and make my arrival in America some months later than I had expected, probably extending the time into late fall. Of course, going by way of San Francisco, I shall want to spend at least a month going over old ground with which I was familiar a quarter of a century ago. The quarter of a century does not seem half so long as the one that preceded it, and passed since you and I first received instructions under John D. White, and a long beech switch, cut generally by the boys for their own chastisement.

Mrs. Grant wants me to say now that she regrets your retirement, because you might otherwise accompany us, and she has every confidence in you on your native element. I believe you are a first-class farmer besides.

I have not yet received your paper on the Interoceanic Canal, but will read it with great interest when it reaches me. I had preserved with great care a letter you wrote me as much as nine months ago, giving the route and places to visit on naval vessels after leaving the Red Sea, until leaving Gibraltar. But I destroyed it a few days ago; I would be very glad to get a repetition of it now. I am very sorry, with Mrs. Grant, that you cannot be the commander on our proposed trip, and that Mrs. Ammen is not to be with us.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Ammen and the children, and best regards to you. I join in love to the children, regards to Mrs. A., Mrs. Atocha, and yourself.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

Under the careful instruction of my brother, in the three months at West Point I made fair progress in geometry and algebra. An almost daily walk was to the walls of Fort Putnam, a mile away, returning by way of Buttermilk Falls and along the bank of the Hudson. Clothed in ice and snow the scenery is even grander than in the summer. There are few spots on the globe that are more lovely than this vicinity, although it does not possess the desolate grandeur of the Straits of Magellan nor the gorgeous and picturesque intertropical beauty of the Bay of Rio Janeiro.

When I left West Point my brother took me to New York, and suggested a voyage to Norfolk on board of a topsail schooner

packet. There were several other passengers, among them an inquisitive and ill-bred young man, who, after a good deal of impertinent inquiry, at length learned that I was on my way to join a vessel in the capacity of midshipman. His manner and language then became chaffing and insulting, and probably my replies were not less so. He finally informed me that I was "nothing but a brat," and he would "thrash me soundly" if I gave him any more of my "sauce." After the manner of Western boys of that period, I took from my pocket what was known as a Spanish dirk knife, some six inches long, opened it, and informed him that I was then ready to take the thrashing provided he was able to give it to me. He "fought shy" of me during the day or so before we separated on reaching Norfolk. We passed Cape Henry about noon, and saw two French frigates at anchor in Hampton Roads. As the sun went down on nearing that locality, a bugle was sounded and their boats were hoisted, as is usual. They were the first vessels of war that I had seen, and impressed me greatly.

On landing at Norfolk, I went to French's Hotel. It was not much of a house in appearance, and had hardly a dozen bedrooms, but was famous then with "gourmets" over the whole country. The terrapins, oysters, and fish abounding in those waters were well served, and fine old wines were obtainable to order.

My first visit, of course, was to a tailor, who made my uniform; and now, as I write, a vague idea comes from the "brain's haunted cell" that his name was Hartshorn, and on inquiry of the "oldest inhabitant" I find that I was not in error. Here is another proof that many very indifferent events are not forgotten; they are only unremembered, and may come again when some trivial circumstance, as the present writing, calls them up. Here I remark that I never owed a tailor's bill, and commend a like course to all persons entering the navy or the army; indeed, young gentlemen who have no predilections for either service will certainly not be the worse off if they never owe a tailor, and if, when they get clothing, they will take a receipt and put it carefully away, even beyond a three years' cruise at sea. When about sailing on one occasion, I tore in two a receipt of one or

two years' date, and then, bearing in mind that I might be called upon later for payment, put the two pieces among my "archives." On my return to the United States I was politely informed by the tailor that he had a small bill against me for a considerable time, which he hoped I would find it convenient to settle without further delay. I was malicious enough to play him a little, and wrote that it seemed to me I had paid the bill and hoped he would examine his books carefully. This led to his affirmation that the bill was just. In a few weeks I passed through the city of Philadelphia, where he was located, called on him, and took the torn receipt from my pocket-book, and asked him to be good enough to look at it and inform me whether it did not cover my alleged indebtedness. He was not at all discomposed; only said that "mistakes would sometimes occur;" though he would gladly have pocketed my money had I not taken the precaution to preserve my receipt for a long time,—which fact, I doubt not, was a matter of wonder to him. I had no reason to remember the tailor Hartshorn for any conduct of this kind.

Fitted with a uniform, and wearing a blue webbing belt, with gorgeous gilt chains and a midshipman's dirk, I went at once to the navy-yard at Gosport, in a sail-boat common in those waters at that time. I reported to Commodore Warrington, then in command, who was called a "tartar." He received me very kindly, although his face did not express great benevolence; but as I grew up in the service it came within my comprehension that officers are not paid for such traits, but for duties that cannot at all times make benevolence and kindness controlling. My orders were endorsed by the commodore to report to Lieutenant Commanding Dornin on board of the store-ship Relief, which I did forthwith. This officer had an Irish brogue, a bright, kindly face, and was indeed thoroughly an Irish gentleman. My orders were for temporary duty; it was not intended to have midshipmen on board the store-ship. The wardroom officers took me into their mess, and treated me with great kindness. Appreciating my lack of experience, one of them was good enough to propose that his family should see to my being furnished with a sea outfit, and this was done, much to my satisfaction and personal interest.



At that time the Relief carried the broad pennant of Commodore Thomas ap Catesby Jones, who was then in command of what was known as the Exploring Expedition destined for the Pacific Ocean. It was to consist of the frigate *Macedonian*, the brigs *Pioneer* and *Consort*, the schooner *Pilot*, and the store-ship *Relief*. The vessels other than the *Macedonian* had been built specially for the expedition. They had very heavy frames, reinforced bows, and very indifferent models, which quite forbade speed. These vessels, with the exception of the *Macedonian*, went to sea about the last of April, 1837, for a trial cruise. In beating from Norfolk to Hampton Roads, the *Consort* ran into the *Pioneer*, the latter being on the starboard tack and, according to the Rules of the Road, having the right of way. In looking at this collision I gained my first lesson on this very important subject, that has been in my mind ever since. There was a great wrangle, but properly there could be no dispute as to the culpable party. Our few days at sea off Cape Hatteras established the fact that had the object been to build vessels of exceptional slowness the success would have been undoubted. The unfitness of such vessels to make long voyages in unfrequented seas, probably led Commodore Jones at a later period to ask to be relieved from the command of the expedition.

On one occasion when the commodore was the guest of Captain Dornin, he was good enough to invite me to dine. The commodore had been in command of the sloop-of-war *Peacock*, eleven years before, in the Pacific Ocean. One fine afternoon, he said, they were sailing along at the rate of ten knots, with a fore-topmast studding-sail set, when a shock was felt by him, and, looking out astern, bloody water was seen. The vessel continued on her course; an hour or so later the lookout aloft reported a whale some distance ahead and coming towards the ship; onward it came, until close by, when it "sounded,"—that is to say, threw its tail high into the air,—and, as it went down, struck the bow of the vessel with such violence as to make every timber forward crack; had the vessel been slightly built, he said, she probably would have sunk at once. The commodore supposed that the whale, having been struck before, had thus sought vengeance, or perhaps it might have been the mate of the one

that was struck. In a recent attempt to ascertain the facts which might appear in the log-book of the vessel, that portion covering the period for some months before and after this occurrence—from January 1 to May 11, 1826—was not to be found. The vessel at the latter date was in the port of Callao, Peru, and logged daily as making one foot of water per hour in leakage. The following August, when at Rio Janeiro, homeward bound, Commodore Jones wrote to the Navy Department as follows: "The sails have proved worse than I supposed them to be, as also the water-casks, for, being obliged to break out the hold at Callao to lighten ship sufficiently to repair the damages sustained by a whale striking us. . . ." Notwithstanding my researches, nothing more could be learned in relation to this aggressive whale.

In June, 1837, the *Macedonian* was put in commission, and, being transferred to her, I found myself one of a dozen midshipmen and several passed midshipmen in her steerage. Among the latter were Swann, some years later lost at sea on board of the *Grampus*; and Underwood, killed a year or so later at the Feejee Islands by the savages, who endeavored to carry his body into the interior to roast, but were driven off, and his remains were taken on board ship. Captain Wilkes soon after attacked the natives living on the small island where the outrage was perpetrated; he burned their villages and butchered so many of the inhabitants that not a single visitor has since been killed for the purpose of feasting upon him. Underwood was an exceptionally well-educated officer; he had been abroad on leave, had studied Italian, had a taste for drawing, and more knowledge of astronomy than was then usual in the navy. He pointed out to me many constellations, some of which were of service in taking observations.

Not long after we went on board of the *Macedonian* we dropped down to Craney Island, some five miles below Norfolk. There were no steam-tugs in the naval service at that time; in the larger seaports they were just coming into use for towing European packets and other large merchant-ships in and out of port. The ordinary boats of vessels of war were then employed in supplying their wants, in bringing from the navy-yard

provisions and ship-stores of whatever sort, and in watering ship. After a time we left off bringing water from the navy-yard, more than six miles distant, and resorted to Craney Island, only a mile from our anchorage. The water was sometimes brackish ; in the reservoir (which was a hogshead sunk into the sand) it would rise and fall with the tide, owing to a greater or less external hydrostatic pressure. We sometimes put our casks in the ship's boats, and occasionally we towed them by the boats, then rolled them up to the place of supply, and, after filling them, rove a tow-line through the becketts put on the casks to keep the bungs up when being towed off, and have them ready for hoisting when they came alongside. It took several hours to fill the casks and get them down again into the water. I was assigned to accompany an old midshipman whom I will call "Sam Smith." He was about twenty years of age, and quite large and precocious ; he had black side whiskers, upon which he used a quantity of Macassar oil, as well as on his hair ; he chewed tobacco, was a proficient in swearing, wore no suspenders, and could "hitch" up his trousers quite as deftly as any able seaman. "Sam" had served before the mast in the merchant service, belonged to a very good family in a seaport city, and had the idea, not uncommon with many well-meaning youths, that there was something smart in being vulgar. He was very fond of a practical joke when it was on some other person, but did not seem to relish it when he was the subject. When on this duty we carried in addition to our side-arms two large pistols ; they were fitted with a flat rod which acted as a holder when inserted inside the pistol-belt. One day while I was seated on a cask quietly regarding the men at work filling the casks, my superior, quite forgetting the dignity of command, stealthily came up behind, seized me by the shoulders, and pulled me backward, so that I rolled over, pistols and all. This I regarded as a rather rough joke, but endured it with equanimity, until I saw "Sam" seated in like manner, chewing his delicious quid. Circumstances favored my approach, if indeed it had occurred to him that I would attempt to throw him over, small as I was. I seized him violently, pulled him backward, and over he went, just as he had served me. He grew

quite angry, called me a "brat," and tried in vain to catch me. Then he took a pistol from his belt and snapped it at me. This act aroused my ire; I halted, drew one of my pistols, cocked it, and told him if he snapped at me again I would shoot him; that I had quite as much right to pull him over as he had to treat me in that manner. Our pistols were then returned to our belts, and we did not abuse each other afterwards.

At that time, and long before, Norfolk was noted for its hospitality, and this reputation that city kept up until the commencement of our civil war. There was a geniality and a kindness towards young officers that could not fail to be appreciated, and there was a satisfied manner as to the possession of the goods of this life, and a courtly dignity very agreeable, in the elderly persons. The young ladies had more grace, beauty, and propriety of manner than are now common in the great cities, where a constant struggle exists for "position" and leadership, which is not favorable to the development of genial or agreeable qualities. It was then asserted that along an entire street, in the forenoon, in every house would be heard the sound of a piano, accompanied vocally by the songs of the day. It may be that the same satisfactory condition continues; pessimists say otherwise,—that the music of long ago is heard no more, and that silence now reigns supreme. At that time, too, it was said that by a simple promenade along Granby Street all the society people on Sunday afternoons passed in review, the men wearing "swallow-tails" and black kid gloves and their companions of the gentler sex being dressed in the height of fashion. I do not think there is a pen so malicious or a heart so dead to human sympathy as to give utterance to an unkind expression concerning the Norfolk of half a century ago.

In the autumn of 1837 the vessels of the Exploring Expedition left those quiet waters for New York, in order to complete their outfit. A furnace was put in the fore-peak, fitted with a pipe-coil around and within it, which was filled with water and conducted around those parts of the vessel which it was designed to heat. This was to meet the contingency of reaching a high southern latitude, where the icebergs and icy coasts dominate, those of northern waters being mere pygmies in comparison.

India-rubber balsas, boxes of instruments, and only men of science knew what else, were put on board, but still something interposed; the vessels of the expedition did not leave. Thus passed the winter of 1837-38.

During this time one of my classmates, as I came down the ladder, seized a shot-gun that was lying on the mess-table, whirled it quickly into the air, said "Advance and give the countersign," brought the gun to his shoulder, and fired, the charge entering the upper part of the wardroom bulkhead as a solid mass, six feet beyond me. The muzzle was so near me that the bosom of my shirt was blackened by the powder from the gun. The intelligent youth who thus came so near putting an end to the narrator "did not know the gun was loaded."

In the early spring several companions and myself, tired of a year's delay, applied for leave to go with the *Levant*, then about ready to sail for the West Indies, and were ordered thereto. She was a new sloop-of-war, and carried a battery of medium thirty-two pounders, which was heavier than that of the older vessels of that class. At that time solid shot only were in use with us, and locks and primers were just beginning to be supplied to great guns. We were bound for Pensacola, then the rendezvous of what was known as the West India squadron. The cruising was almost entirely in the Gulf of Mexico, as uninteresting a sea as exists on the face of the globe. When we sailed the *Levant* was excessively crowded with midshipmen and other steerage officers sent to supply the half-dozen vessels on the station; to add further to our discomfort, we went into Norfolk to get a draft of fifty or more sailors to fill deficiencies in the crews.

In the cabin, as a passenger, was the late Admiral Farragut, then a lieutenant, going out to take command of some small vessel on that station. During the voyage, I made his acquaintance at the fore-topmast-head, where he had come to get a look at some small islands to be seen from aloft. He was then perhaps forty years of age, having entered the navy twenty-eight years before, when ten or twelve years old, and was quite active aloft.

We reached Pensacola in sixteen days. Although Cape Henry

is not lacking in sand, it has not the dazzling whiteness of the sand-hills at the entrance to Pensacola, which in the light of the rising sun have much the appearance of snow.

A day or so after reaching our anchorage off Pensacola I was assigned to the sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, that had been on the station for four years. Her bottom was covered inches deep with barnacles, oysters, and marine grasses, which made her exceedingly slow under sail, even with a fresh and fair wind. On receiving my orders, I asked the loan of a bag such as seamen have for their clothing, and, stowing in it my earthly goods, with the exception of a quadrant, with which I had provided myself, as required by the Regulations, I asked for a ship's boat, and was sent on board of that vessel. On presenting myself to the officer of the deck, he sent me to the captain to report; he endorsed my order, and, passing out on the quarter-deck, I was taken in charge by the midshipman of the watch, and shown into the steerage, where I was introduced to the captain's clerk, who was also the caterer of the mess, and evidently impressed with the responsibility and the dignity of that title. He informed me that he had laid in the sea-stores and would be pleased to receive my mess-bill, which was ten dollars. I assured him that no delay should occur in meeting my dues.

In a few days other midshipmen were transferred from the *Levant* and from the *Erie*, that soon after came into port from the Atlantic coast. Our mess consisted, before sailing, of a dozen or more, all of whom were midshipmen with the exception of an assistant surgeon who had just entered the navy, and the captain's clerk.

Our apartment was so ample, compared to the steerage of the *Levant*, that we felt quite relieved. It extended from one side of the vessel to the other, a distance of about thirty feet, and fore and aft about ten feet. A large hatchway, provided with two ladders, placed near the doors leading into the wardroom, the apartment of the lieutenants, the surgeon, and the purser, led to the spar-deck.

A bulkhead separated us from the wardroom, as also from the berth-deck, just forward of which were the rooms of the boatswain, gunner, and sail-maker, as also the dispensary, called

on board the "doctor shop." An air-port about nine inches long and six wide admitted air and light on each side of the steerage, when in port. It was made of heavy oak, and when we went to sea was calked in with oakum by the carpenter, in common with all of the other air-ports on the berth-deck and in the wardroom. Around the apartment, along the sides of the vessel and the bulkheads, were lockers, painted black, about two feet square, in which we stowed our clothing. A camp-stool for every one in the mess, two rude wash-stands and basins, and hooks upon which our hammocks were hung, completed the very simple outfit, with the exception of shelving along the sides of the vessel for our crockery and a few small stores. Our pea-jackets were either suspended from a hammock-hook, as were our individual towels, or were folded and laid over the locker of the owner. These lockers were made use of for "snoozing," as it was called. The captain's clerk had so cultivated this capacity that quite half the day he was stretched on the lockers with a pea-jacket under his head for a pillow. White drilling pantaloons were usually worn, but, owing to the black paint and the not very clean tops of the lockers, the color of the seats, the knees, and around the ankle-bones was not immaculate, and nobody in this particular showed as marked points as the captain's clerk, who would say, "What's the odds, so long as you're happy?"

---

### CHAPTER III.

Cockroaches—Mediterranean Wingless ones—Impure Water—Bread filled with Bugs—Some Remarks on the Officers—"How we did Things in the Navy"—The Gulf of Mexico—Eating Dolphin—French Vessels blockading Vera Cruz—The Island and Castle of San Juan—Turtles—Want of Bread—The Aguacate, or Alligator-Pear—The Caterer and the Doctor—Off for Tampico—Sharks—Mosquitoes.

THERE was one condition, common to all vessels that had been any length of time in those seas, that was disagreeable in the extreme, and which I never "got used to;" it was the vile odor of cockroaches; everywhere below decks it was ever pres-

ent and repulsive. As soon as the hammocks were hung up, these pests would sally forth from their hiding-places and fly around, chasing one another in joyful glee. This annoyance was considerably abated after providing a dozen or more large jars with narrow mouths, and putting a little molasses and water in them. Morning after morning, for a month or more, these traps would be brought on deck and emptied overboard, until at length the nuisance was sensibly abated, but still remained in disagreeable proportions. In the Mediterranean and some other seas there is a small wingless fellow, as numerous on board vessels "as the sands on the sea-shore." But it is observed that the same vessel is not afflicted with the two kinds: they seem to respect territorial rights in relations with each other.

Our hard bread was much infested with weevils and other bugs, but by rebaking until crisp it could be eaten by hungry men without repugnance. The salt beef was often tough and indigestible, the rice badly cooked, and the salt pork and bean soup the only delicacy we had, unless a cultivated taste made "duff" acceptable. The greatest annoyance, and what could not fail to be deleterious to health, was the impure water then carried on board of the older sloops-of-war in large wooden casks. The more modern vessels were provided with iron tanks, which conduced greatly to the health and comfort of their crews. The usual daily allowance when at sea was one gallon of water for each person, but on one occasion we were put upon five pints, in a hot climate, in the Gulf of Mexico, where it would be impossible to get four hundred miles from a water-supply, and at a time, too, when we had six thousand gallons on board. In relation to this I will make further mention.

When I joined the *Vandalia*, and for some months thereafter, she was under the command of Commander Gwinn, an amiable officer who had passed the age when decision in emergencies is usual. The lieutenants were quiet and gentlemanly, as was also the surgeon. The purser was a short, heavily-built man, with one eye—a very sinister eye too—and an unusually large abdomen. He was in no degree attractive, and was reputed to be addicted to gambling. The captain's clerk, our caterer, was



about thirty years of age, rather small and spare in stature; he had a contented, self-satisfied smirk, a soiled, oily appearance, and, as my hammock boy said, "never did nothing to nobody."

In the mess when I joined the vessel was an overgrown young Georgian called Dave, whose parents were originally from the island of Nantucket. He was addicted to singing, with more strength than melody, "Oh, give me back my Arab steed, my shield and falchion bright," and would pass at once, like a parrot, to an impersonation of Mrs. Malone, and in a simpering tone declare that she "was a very long-waisted woman," doubtless a quiet assertion of superiority of form over the prevailing fashion of the day.

There were Billy B. and Hamilton G., who had also come out on board the *Levant*. They were already devoted friends. Billy B. was from Kentucky, had made a "cruise around the Horn," and would tell us about Lima and Valparaiso. He had a guitar, and would sing, with or without invitation, of the "roaring Brandywine," on which vessel he had served. He was usually bland, unless in liquor, and was then sententious and quarrelsome, not sparing even his friend and admirer Hamilton G. The latter was not a man of accomplishments, but prided himself on his "solid worth," his "society blandishments," and extended travels "up the Straits," where he had been on board of the *John Adams*, during a cruise, in the capacity of a mizzen-topman. He intimated that he was of good family, and spoke of Frank Key as a particular "friend of the family." He was not less than twenty-five years of age, about five and a half feet in height, stoop-shouldered, bleary-eyed, with a stupid smile, and spoke with an affected drawl, like many fops of the present day. His most pronounced feature was his bow legs,—bowed to a degree seldom seen in the white race. Even with the very wide trousers worn on board ship, his crooked legs were still noticeable, and when he was tipsy they appeared to sag so greatly that the tails of his full-dress coat almost touched the deck as with self-satisfied mien he walked along. Members of the mess were rude enough at times to hint that his deformity had been caused by the donkey-rides which he boasted of having made when at Port Mahon; this insinuation was always resented by

a vacant stare at the offender. He was fond of wearing full dress, and usually did so in good weather, for at that time there was no bulletin-board put up daily to inform officers and crew of the dress prescribed.

We had Barbot, from the Sunny South, who spoke English imperfectly, Waite, from Vermont, Marcy, a son of a late governor of New York, two young men from Connecticut, one of whom would sit quietly for hours without uttering a word, and then, prompted by inspiration, would suddenly rise, "hump his back," and become Richard the Third. Blobbs was from the wilds of the West, and Green, the assistant surgeon, a well-behaved gentleman of studious habits, from one of the New England States.

Early on the morning of May 4, 1838, we got under way from our anchorage off Pensacola Navy-Yard in company with the Boston, another sloop-of-war. Getting under way at that time was an affair of pomp and circumstance. It seemed to demand all the noise possible: when an ordinary tone of voice would have been heard the length of the vessel, a distance of only one hundred and fifty feet from taffrail to billet-head, the trumpet, as an emblem of authority, had to be flourished and talked through, no matter how impossible it was to understand the order thus delivered. I recall one occasion when the vessel was about coming to anchor. The captain was on deck, to see that everything was done in order; sail had been shortened to topsails and jib, and hands were stationed by both anchors. Then came the mighty order, disturbing an absolute quiet, to "clew up the topsails," "settle the halyards," "haul down the jib," "haul out the spanker," and "put the helm down," to bring the vessel's head to the wind. Then a period of painful stillness oppressed the captain; it was broken by an order through the mighty trumpet, directed to the officer on the fore-castle, "Let go the larboard anchor." The officer on the fore-castle held up his hand to serve as an ear-trumpet, so that he might get the full blast, and said, in a loud, shrill voice, "Did you say the starboard anchor, sir?" With another blast of the trumpet, the captain piped out, "Larboard! larboard, sir; d—n a deaf officer!" To prevent difficulty from the similarity of

sound there is now no *larboard* side ; it has, through an official order, become the *port* side instead.

The Gulf of Mexico is usually a region of calms and light breezes, with now and then a gale of wind from the northeast, or, more commonly, a norther, which blows with great fury, often with a clear sky. At sunset we invariably sent down top-gallant and royal yards, and, if the wind continued light, sent them up again at eight o'clock in the morning. Sending them down was as religiously observed as the orison of the Mahometan.

The distance to Vera Cruz was only eight hundred and fifty miles. After six days at sea there was visible in the distance, some fifty miles from the coast-line, the magnificent mountain cone of Orizaba, covered with snow from the summit far down its sides. The coast-line continued invisible for hours ; however, with a freshening sea-breeze as we neared the land, the sand-hills near the shore, and Vera Cruz, and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa came above the horizon. During our passage we caught a dolphin six feet two inches in length,—longer than I have since seen,—but the fish was very thin and spare. It may not be known to landsmen that when a dolphin is cooked a piece of silver is always put in the pan with it, under the supposition that if the fish is poisonous the silver will blacken. I do not know as to the efficacy of this test, but I mention it, having seen newspaper accounts of persons who died from eating dolphin caught at sea. The fish are never taken in nets, and are found, like sharks, far from land.

As we neared the usual anchorage we found French vessels blockading the port. The Paixhan gun, as it was then called, had been partially introduced into the French navy three or four years before this time. The frigate *Gloire*, then at anchor, had at that time eight Paixhan guns of eight inches calibre. A French brig-of-war, the *Alcibiade*, came out to meet us, and accompanied us to the anchorage at the island of Sacrificios, four miles south of Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, built upon a coral reef, which lies within half a mile and to seaward of the city.

The water was quite clear and blue, and from the foreyard

any danger could be distinctly seen, the sea usually breaking at a depth of several fathoms. Although at Sacrificios the actual shelter from the reefs is not very great, and a heavy sea rolls inside and from far beyond the reefs upon which the Castle of San Juan is built, there is no instance to my knowledge of a vessel breaking adrift from her anchors. The island derives its name from having been employed by the native Mexicans in sacrificing human victims before the Spaniards visited their shores. It is a mere patch of sand, having hardly a green sprig upon it, and no animal life save a few lizards. It was, nevertheless, an agreeable spot for me to visit; especially interesting were the reefs, that were barely awash, and swept at times by waves of some height and force. To seaward the water is many fathoms deep, and, being quite clear, numbers of fishes, among others the large and gorgeous parrot-fish, could be seen quite close to the reef, feeding on the barnacles and other shell-fish that attach themselves to the rocks. In a service of a year and a half afloat in that region, I recall no other spot of so much interest to me as this island, and another small one known as Green Island, lying two miles to seaward. It derived its name from a few green bushes growing upon it, and is similar in its surroundings to the island of Sacrificios. The seas that roll in on the reefs were so fresh and cheery to a youth willing to wade out upon them, and to be occasionally knocked off his pins and sent flying into the quiet lagoon with them, that I recall my joy of years ago with satisfaction. I discovered that the lagoons within the reefs on both islands were a favorite resort for young green turtles, and occasionally got permission to take a boat's crew and have a turtle-drive. The men were placed at intervals across the mouth of the lagoon, armed with boarding-pikes, and advancing towards the head, where it narrowed and shoaled, speared a number of them at first in the shoaler water as they endeavored to pass. It was curious to observe the intelligence shown by these animals, after having been driven several times; they would make a break for the deep sea before we could embay them in the shoaler and narrower waters.

By the time we reached Vera Cruz our sea-fare had been such

as to sharpen the appetite greatly. It consisted of a bushel or more of decaying potatoes, very old sea-biscuit honey-combed by insects, but if wetted and then baked to a crisp, after the proprietors had been ejected, it was eatable when helped down by the "sauce of San Bernardo,"—hunger. Tea, bad enough in itself, was not made better when a very indifferent quality of brown sugar was used as "sweetening." Were the tea rejected, the foul water from the casks was all we had to fall back upon to quench thirst. During the voyage the caterer had given us an ideal gastronomic treat, realizable only after reaching Vera Cruz. The morning after the ship anchored he went to the city in the market-boat with our mess-boy. The boat did not return until some time after our ordinary breakfast-hour. Hungry youths impatiently awaited its arrival. At length the caterer stood upon the deck, and with a countenance beaming with satisfaction, said, "Oh, I have such a nice lot of alligator-pears!" Hungry enough, we awaited the serving of a breakfast consisting of indifferent beef, good oranges and bananas, and an abundance of "alligator-pears." Of course our wretched tea and brown sugar formed a part of it. Our messmate Dave asked why the bread was not put upon the table, and was informed by the caterer, in the blandest tone, "that he could get *bread* at Pensacola." "Pensacola!" shouted Dave; "why, Pensacola is eight hundred miles away!" The caterer explained that when we were at Pensacola bread was obtainable and alligator-pears were not, but somehow that did not seem to satisfy the present want of bread; the demand was so universal, and so emphatic, that bread thereafter formed a part of the marketing at Vera Cruz, despite the fact that alligator-pears were *not* obtainable at Pensacola.

The "aguacate," as it is called in Spanish America, is freely translated into "alligator," and "pear" is added from its general exterior resemblance to that fruit. When cut in two a large, nearly round, seed, forming half of the mass, is found; around the seed, half an inch or more in thickness, there is a moderately soft substance which if seasoned with salt is found in a hot climate to be a very wholesome and delicious substitute for butter. The caterer knew what was good; he had filled not

only a basket with them but a small bag also, which the mess-boy sat upon in the boat. The discovery of this fact, through a mass of crushed alligator-pears, seemed to whet the caterer's appetite; he ate them voraciously,—as he said, “to keep them from spoiling.” Thus amply and luxuriously fed, with plenty of room on the lockers “to snooze,” and so little to do as not materially to interfere with his quiet habits, he greatly enjoyed life, and at times, after the sea-breezes set in, would promenade an hour or more on the port side of the quarter-deck, parading his white pantaloons and black points before alluded to. During one of these dress-parades he observed the doctor quite filled with mirth, the more, perhaps, as his mien was generally grave. The curiosity of the caterer was aroused, and he urged the doctor to tell what so greatly amused him; for a time the latter evaded and refused the request, but the caterer was so urgent that at length the doctor gave way to importunity, when promised that the caterer would in no wise become annoyed or angered. Then said the doctor, “Your walk so reminds me of the waddling of a goose that I really cannot help laughing every time I see you promenading.” Quite forgetful of his promise,—indeed, entirely regardless of it,—the caterer got angry, and never thereafter felt quite reconciled to the doctor. This lack of faith preyed upon the doctor, and, suffering under misplaced confidence, he disclosed to the writer the utterly unreasonable conduct of the caterer.

The anchorage off *Sacrificios* was not without its attractions, in addition to the turtle-drives, the ceaseless roar of the surf on the reefs, coming in the stillness of the night, undisturbed by other sound, the usual quiet aspect of the skies, and the first sight of the constellation of the Southern Cross above the horizon, were all sources of gratification to a young traveller, who found even the smell of the mould that in the tropics comes off with the land-breeze, and the light nightly showers in the beginning of the rainy season, interesting aspects of nature.

After lying at anchor for five weeks, we got under way for the anchorage off *Tampico*, and arrived after a voyage of four days. The usual depth of water on the bar is twelve feet; as there is a considerable discharge of water from the river and an

ocean-swell meeting it, the bar is at times very rough, and many persons attempting to cross it in boats have been drowned.

I was sent in charge of a boat, and on crossing saw for the first time the back fins of a number of sharks lying in wait for what they could pick up. They were known to be quite as fond of seizing a man as the fish frequenting the entrance, which was their ordinary diet. After crossing we had a pull of about six miles up the river, to the town of Tampico, where I landed the one-eyed purser, and was directed to go off to a small American schooner lying at anchor in the stream, on board of which we would pass the night. The cabin was small, and a very sick man, perhaps with yellow fever, seemed to be about all that it would hold, and, as the forecastle was quite inadequate to accommodate my boat's crew, we took up our quarters on the deck. After sunset the mosquitoes came off in swarms, finding a fresh supply of food to prey upon. There was not much rest for my boat's crew or myself that night. The sails of the vessel were hoisted, to facilitate her escape should the town be taken by a besieging force during the night. At the striking of a bell every quarter of an hour, the cry of "alerto," from the sentries all around the town, could be heard. The tack of the mainsail was triced up ten or a dozen feet, forming a bight; during the night I climbed up the mast and down the hoops into the bight, where I had a comfortable bed, but no sleep, for the mosquitoes pursued and found me. At early daylight some one, quite against my protests, lowered the tack and spilled me out on deck. I then took my boat's crew, pulled into the wharf, purchased oranges and bananas for myself and the men, and awaited the arrival of the one-eyed purser. After an hour or two he came down, with the appearance of having also suffered from mosquitoes. When we reached the mouth of the river the sea was rougher from a stiff breeze setting in, but we crossed the bar without mishap, although we took in a good deal of water.

I regret not being able to give a fuller account of Tampico, but may state that I have been told, by persons who have seen more of it, that I could not by any possibility have found it a subject of interest, had I seen all the town at its best.

## CHAPTER IV.

Sails for Pensacola—Billy B. and Hamilton G., the Society Men—A Duel settled—Fulano—A Boat in a Norther—Taking of San Juan de Ulloa by the French—The Prince de Joinville—A Well-Known and Popular Officer presents a Pig—The Mess gives a Dinner—A Temperance Society—Commander Uriah P. Levy takes command of the *Vandalia*—An Irate Landlord—Cleopatra's Barge—Changes in the Wardroom—Lieutenants Gist and Maffit—The Fall of the Temperance Society.

ON reaching the vessel we left at once for Galveston, and, owing to calms, were actually ten days in making a passage of only five hundred miles. We remained at anchor off that port one day, and were ten days reaching Pensacola, a distance of five hundred miles, arriving on the 13th of July, 1838.

Our society men, Billy B. and Hamilton G., went on shore frequently; being in different watches, it was not possible at all times for them to go together, but they gave society all the time they could spare from the performance of their official duties. When one returned, he would have much to say to the other in a half-mysterious and gratulatory way. Stretching out his left hand and laying the palm of the other slowly upon it, Hamilton G. would say, in his slow and cultivated drawl, "I saw her, Billy." Billy would smile blandly, and, in a low, half-confidential tone, ask what she said. "Oh, Billy, I will tell you all some time." A more self-satisfied man could not have been found. When they went on shore together, they would usually come on board in the darkness of the night, and altogether "too full for utterance."

A few days before sailing on a short cruise these worthies had a quarrel on shore, and were making preparations to fight a duel. Fulano, who was something of a busybody, thought it worth while to prevent it, which he did by inviting the one after the other, when the night was quite dark, under the topgallant-forecastle, where the second comer did not know of the presence of any one save the one with whom he came. With rare diplomatic skill, Fulano referred to the strong attachment existing



between Billy B., who was the last comer, and Hamilton G., who had kindly consented to await Fulano's return, when they would smoke a cigar and talk over the intended duel. When Fulano had thus placed them face to face, although unseen, he said he thought it wholly unnecessary and unwise that such devoted friends should, in mere punctilio, from too nice a sense of honor, be willing to shed each other's blood. He informed them that they were both listening to what he was saying, and he trusted they would make mutual apologies, and thus avert the duel appointed to take place at early daylight. This ended in an immediate reconciliation, an expression of mutual regard and admiration, and an avowal that, should one or the other have fallen, the survivor could hardly have forgiven himself for having deprived the navy of so brilliant an ornament; they embraced each other warmly, vowed that Fulano had become a friend for life, and there was nothing on earth that they would not do to serve him. One or two days after, when at sea, Fulano sent a message to Billy B. that he "would be pleased to be relieved from his watch to go below to get a cup of tea;" Billy B. sent a reply that "there was no relief in dog-watches." The mess regarded the conduct of Fulano in preventing this duel as well meant, but, nevertheless, officious, uncalled for, and against the best interests of the service; and, from what he said to me afterwards, he eventually came to the same conclusion.

During the more than fifty years since this occurrence, there has been a gradual change of opinion as to the necessity of duelling as a means of maintaining a reasonable courtesy among officers. In the twenty-one years that I have passed on board of vessels, although challenges have frequently occurred, no duel has resulted, from a reasonable consideration of the difficulty by the seconds. Bearing in mind the excellent advice given me by Mr. Hamer when he brought me to the sea-coast to join a vessel,—namely, to avoid being insulting, and never submit to an insult,—I have never received a challenge nor have I ever thought it necessary to send one. I have, nevertheless, been a second several times, with the happy result of composing the difficulties without the actual use of pistols or other weapons. As duelling is no longer tolerated in our naval service, the settling of difficulties has

brought about a system of arbitration which possibly may not always be satisfactory to an aggrieved party, but at all events must be relatively more so than a demand from a quarrelsome person in his cups for "satisfaction," when his conduct had been such as to lead to a possible discourtesy or an avoidance of him which he would construe into an insult, or from actual discourtesies growing out of differences of opinion or other causes.

The cruise was to be one of only about six weeks; our old captain had left the ship; Commodore Dallas hoisted his flag on board, and the first lieutenant served as captain, although remaining in the wardroom mess. We arrived at Vera Cruz in about ten days, and a day or two after anchoring had a very severe norther. At nine A.M. the weather was charming; the third cutter left for Vera Cruz on some duty, but had not got three miles from the ship when a thin white arch was visible in the north, which arose rapidly; then came a frisky breeze, ruffling the surface of the water, and in a few minutes it was so fresh that the boat could no longer make headway against it. It was necessary to bear away and run, nearly before the wind, for the ship. The mast was stepped, a lug-sail hooked on to the halyards and hoisted only three feet, and the boat ran before the wind, but the seas were more rapid in movement, and broke over the stern. A little more of the sail was hoisted, and the boat fairly flew over the rough seas. She was reported to the first lieutenant as coming down under a heavy press of sail; he rushed forward, and alternately waved his trumpet over his head as a sign, and yelled through it. In the roar of the wind and of the sea it was a vain attempt: only those by his side could hear the order, "Lower your sail, sir." Perhaps the waving of the trumpet was unseen by the officer of the boat, even when close to the bow of the ship; then the sail was quickly lowered, the mast unstepped, the oars got out, and the boat rounded to by the helm close under the stern, and the officer and boat's crew ascended by one of the "Jacob's ladders" that are carried suspended to the quarters on board of vessels of war. An attempt to bring a boat alongside in such a wind and sea would have ended in the loss of the boat and her crew. There is no one quality so necessary to safety afloat as common

sense, and Bertody had that, but had seen little service at sea. The boat was moored by a tow-line to each quarter, and yet was swamped by the force of the gale. The *Vandalia* let go a sheet-anchor, sent down topgallant-masts, and lower yards, and housed topmasts, and in a very short time too. In those seas at that time mast-pennants were kept rove, and "jeer falls" got up and hooked, when at anchor, so the force of the gale made little hinderance to sending down spars and housing masts.

During our absence from Vera Cruz in the early summer, the French had attacked and taken the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. The Prince de Joinville at that time commanded a brig-of-war, and was said to have shown great skill as a seaman, as well as other high qualities of an officer in the attack. He was then quite a youth,—and that is a long time ago.

After a few days at anchor, we left for Tampico, and found off that port a French brig-of-war blockading, and one of our brigs-of-war at anchor. John Junius Boyle was her first lieutenant, and soon came on board. He was a heavily-built man, with a humorous expression of countenance, and his "sayings" are more quoted now than those of any other officer known to me. After reaching the deck, he partially unbuttoned his coat, and took from within it a small pig, of which he said many pleasant things, holding it in both hands before him, and addressed his conversation to our first lieutenant, who had come on deck to receive him. The pig seemed to appreciate the compliments paid, as it remained entirely passive or gave an occasional grunt of satisfaction. The speech was one of presentation of the pig, not as a beast to be slaughtered, but as an animal of rare intelligence, who would delight the hearts of all and would become so ingratiated in the affections of every one "that he would be found in everybody's mess and in nobody's watch." At length the pig was placed upon the deck, and at once seemed to be at home.

Boyle went below, and, after spending an hour or so, came on deck and went over the side, informing our first lieutenant that "he had the candle of existence lighted at both ends." Notwithstanding the improvident use he made of his "candle," it did not burn out until August, 1870.

The pig lived in great luxury for some months, and then died by accident, due to its sympathetic disposition. In hoisting a cask, it slipped and fell upon the pig. The sailors had made it a hammock, in which it always slept; when it wished to be put in it or taken out, a squeal would at once bring an attendant. It showed wonderful sagacity, was "in everybody's mess and in nobody's watch," and, had it not been in attendance when the casks were hoisted, might have "lived in peace, and died in its own grease," for it was very fat.

Our mess gave a dinner to the midshipmen on board of the French blockading brig. It could hardly be called a banquet nor a feast, but certainly there was an abundance of whiskey. Nothing unusually frisky occurred during the presence of our visitors, but after they left the festivities of the table were resumed.

Hamilton G., all radiant with satisfaction, as full as a jug, and yet with a goblet of whiskey and water in his hand, that he hoped "to worry down," stood up and, somewhat incoherently, said, "Gentlemen, I will trouble you to rise; I have a toast to propose that should be drunk standing." The request to rise was complied with, and he added, "Now, gentlemen, I propose the health of Frank Key and Henry Clay, my future guardians."

"Bravo!" shouted Billy B.; "of course we will," and he smiled and nodded approvingly.

After the lapse of some minutes and the telling of some stories supposed suitable to the occasion, Hamilton G. again claimed the attention of the festive board. He said he had a toast to propose, which he hoped all would honor with a bumper; he wished them to drink it standing, and again gave "the health of Frank Key and Henry Clay, his future guardians."

"Why, d——n it," said Billy B., "we have just drunk a toast to them!"

"Well, what of that?" said Hamilton G. in a tone of offended dignity; "you cannot do better than to drink to my future guardians *again*."

Billy B. bridled up and refused; this led to a wrangle, and finally he walked around the table, and with a blow of his fist made his dear friend "carry a stiff upper lip" for some days.

It swelled out to a level with the end of his nose, and gave him a very comical appearance.

At the usual time of inspection at quarters, the lieutenant of Hamilton G.'s division not being on deck, that worthy walked aft to report. His heavy load of liquor made his legs sag greatly, and his staggering gait, blear eyes, and bunged lip were too much for the first lieutenant to pass over, and he suspended him from duty and sent him below. This treatment stirred to its depths the virtuous indignation of Hamilton G. He paced up and down the narrow apartment, with one hand extended and the palm of the other hand placed upon it from time to time, and, with his elegant yawn and drawl, said, "I am sorry for the poor fellow," alluding to the officer who had suspended him, "but I will have to write to Frank Key and Henry Clay, my future guardians, and they will have him dismissed; they won't suffer such an indignity to be put upon me." His "future guardians," it is scarcely necessary to say, were not heard from.

We had anchored much nearer the shore at Tampico than on our former visit, and saw with some surprise the beach lined for several hundreds of yards with large white pelicans. They had black wings and heads, and, standing bolt upright, had the appearance from a distance of soldiers on parade. At a favorable time of the tide, or when schools of fishes appeared, they would leave *en masse*, and nothing more would be seen of them until they again rested in line on the beach, ready to load their immense pouches under the beak with a fish of several pounds in weight, when they would fly off to feed their young. Along the Florida coast and in the less-frequented parts of Pensacola Bay there were dozens of the dark and smaller pelicans to be seen securing their prey. The same species were also seen on the shores near Vera Cruz, but the large white ones I have seen on no other shore than that of Tampico and near the mouth of the Rio Grande.

We were not sorry to leave for Pensacola, for a sandy beach covered at times with a long line of pelicans could not continue to interest. Pensacola was preferable; we could at least take a walk and get bread there. Struck with repentance, it may be,

or possibly to avoid a court-martial, a temperance society, composed of those who were in the habit of drinking a considerable amount of whiskey, and having no membership among those who drank none, was at once formed, and our unfortunate messmate was restored to duty; then everything went on smoothly with Billy B. and Hamilton G. The members of the society were not seen to drink any liquor, but bread-puddings are a dry kind of food without good sauce, and as a sauce nothing seemed to the members of the temperance society so acceptable as whiskey and brown sugar. With abundant sauce the bread-pudding was much praised, and formed a considerable part of the dinner. Bets were made as to the day and hour of our anchoring in the harbor, which were invariably of brandy fruit, usually of cherries, which were esteemed a palatable food. On our arrival the strictly temperance men enjoyed a dish of this fruit greatly; everybody knows that "there are more ways of killing a dog than choking him to death on bread-pudding."

On the 24th of November, 1838, Commander Uriah P. Levy took command of the *Vandalia*, and the vessel soon after developed into a very lively "bear-garden." He had entered the navy in 1812 as a sailing-master, a grade not then in the line of promotion, in 1817 was promoted to lieutenant, and twenty years later to commander. If we suppose that he was twenty-one years of age when he entered the navy, he was forty-seven when he took command of the *Vandalia*, and possibly some years older. He was below the medium height, robustly built, had a squeaky voice, sharp black eyes, and a rather dark and oily look. He was fussy in manner, and evidently desirous of impressing one and all with the idea "that he was somebody." He was *not* a Jew, because he ate ham; but that act in itself could not make him a Christian. Whatever I learned when under his command was wholly by *indirection*, and that is not only a painful way, but often leads to the development of very bad and uncharitable qualities.

Before the arrival of the *Vandalia*, Commander Levy had been for some days at a hotel in Pensacola. He is supposed to have told the landlord that some of his effects had been stolen, whereupon the latter is said to have ordered him to leave the

house. This report coming to the ears of our first lieutenant, who was of fiery temper, he went on shore at once and offered his services to Commander Levy, to go with him and put the landlord to death. The offer was respectfully declined with thanks, much to Levy's credit. Ten or more years later he advocated the abolition of flogging in the navy, and claimed to have brought about this reform. It was, however, mainly effected through the efforts of Commodore Stockton, who had resigned from the naval service, and was then a Senator from the State of New Jersey. The abolition of flogging was a great advance, and has done more to elevate the studies and character of officers of the navy than any other one thing, simply by denying them the immediate or actual use of brute force in the training and government of men.

Soon after taking command, Levy seized upon one of the double-banked quarter-boats pulling twelve oars, and discarded the captain's gig, a single-banked boat pulling six oars. He called her the "Cleopatra's barge." As he commanded the *Vandalia*, and could not by any possibility pass for Cleopatra, even in disguise, it indicates that in acquiring "Parisian French" he had forgotten his mother-tongue,—just like many persons who pass some time in Paris at the present day. The "Cleopatra's barge" had a blue-and-gold streak painted around her near the water-line, and a very long pennant-staff with a large brass star surmounting it was stepped in the bow when the boat left the ship. The pose of the occupant on such occasions was so consequential as to be ridiculous.

Before we went to sea again, quite a number of changes took place in the officers of the wardroom. Among others, our captain's clerk left, his place being supplied by a gentlemanly little native of the soil of Florida, with hair and eyebrows quite silvery, like the sand on the shore. While the clerk that left was a negative loss, the one who came was a positive gain. If his object in coming to sea was to visit foreign lands, he was favored, so far as being able to go to Vera Cruz at the risk of dying with the yellow fever, and of visiting my favorite spots, Green and Sacrificios Islands. Besides these advantages, he got a sight of the land at the entrance of the Rio Bravo, and

was actually within four miles of it, and saw the white pelicans on the sand-beach at Tampico, and, by going aloft when we were at anchor off Galveston, was able to see the sand-beach upon which were built the houses whose roofs were plainly in sight from the deck.

Lieutenant Spencer C. Gist and Acting Lieutenant John N. Maffit were among those who came into the wardroom, of whom I shall have more to say hereafter. We had also a passed midshipman of Maffit's date, who became our messmate, and was as unlike him as possible. He was long, sallow, stupid, and selfish; by what means or hidden influences he was invested with the uniform of a passed midshipman has always been a puzzle to me. After our commander joined us we lay at anchor three months off Pensacola.

Soon after reaching port, the absence of bread-puddings and the unreasonable cost of brandy fruit gradually undermined the temperance society, which tottered and fell. Billiard-rooms with gaudy fittings and appendages were among the attractions of Pensacola, and during these three months at anchor were much visited by the officers of the *Vandalia* and of the other vessels-of-war in the harbor. The proprietor of one of them had several large hounds that were quite at home, and were on the lookout for crackers thrown to them by the visitors. One evening our bow-legged messmate, with cue in hand, had struck an elegant posture, with feet apart, when a hound, intent on securing a cracker, ran between his legs and very nearly threw him down. This greatly enraged him, and he indulged in expressions that may be imagined but not repeated. After that occurrence our messmate Dave observed that some of our towels that were usually hung up over our lockers were no longer to be found. He remarked also an apparent change in the external appearance of the bow legs before mentioned. From a simple external view they appeared to have received a considerable growth or accession on the inside, that partially filled the considerable space between them. Out of pure delicacy, I suppose, no inquiry was made as to the apparent change of figure of the individual, nor as to what had become of the towels that from time to time had disappeared from the hammock-hooks. How



they were secured, to effect the apparent change of anatomy, we never knew. Perhaps even Billy B. was never taken into the confidence of his dear friend in this matter. I don't know that the shape of the man was more comely, but one thing was evident,—there was less space for a dog to pass between his legs, and after that change we heard of no attempt of one to do so.

---

## CHAPTER V.

Sails from Pensacola—Getting over the Bar—Bagdad—Trouble in getting Water—"Pooh! pooh!" from the Captain—Drilling at a Great Gun—Under Way for the Mexican Coast—Lieutenant Gist's Lawyer's Fee in Tennessee—Drowning of Lieutenant Paul—Arrival at Vera Cruz—Collision with a French Brig-of-War, with Loss of Life—The Author, chased by a Bull, takes to the Water—Getting rid of an Unpleasant Messmate—Hamilton G. "in Trouble"—The South Pass of the Mississippi—A Water-Spout.

WITH our new officers, we left the delights of Pensacola on the 3d of February, on the 7th and 8th had a heavy northeast gale, and nine days after sailing anchored in nine fathoms of water twelve sea miles northeast by north of the mouth of the Rio Bravo. We anchored with a large hawser and kedge, instead of a bow-anchor, and close-reefed the topsails and foressail, prepared for heavy weather, which at that season of the year frequently came without any indication of the change.

When we left Pensacola, we had on board a little less than ten thousand gallons of fresh water for the voyage. On leaving port, we were at once put on an allowance of three quarts a day per man, which made a daily expenditure of one hundred and thirty-eight gallons, and at that rate a supply for seventy days. The captain's cabin had a liberal supply of small casks in the pantry, which, being filled before sailing, made the addition of three quarts per day for the captain and his servants rather a nominal than a close allowance. Although anchored with stream-cable and a kedge, and close-reefing the topsails before

furling them, we hoisted out the launch, put the water-casks in her, to pull twelve miles, cross the bar, and then to recross it when deeply laden. On now referring to the charts, it is seen that we could have safely anchored at a distance of three miles from the bar.

Billy B. was the senior midshipman, and, by usage in the service, assigned to the command of the launch. On being called for that duty, he said he was suffering from a liver ailment, and when asked the seat of pain, his liver was found to be on the wrong side. He was very badly contrived in every way, and his liver may have been improperly located.

The honor of commanding the launch was then conferred upon me, and at about three o'clock, or perhaps a little earlier, we left the ship, with the certainty of not being able to reach the bar until after dark. The boat could not make four knots an hour in a long pull, and we were twelve marine miles away. The water, fortunately, was smooth, but the night was dark and threatening. We had an ordinary ship's lantern and some matches that would not ignite, and, as we could not steer by compass with advantage, we pulled in until we could see the breakers on the beach, and then tried to pull along parallel to them. After rowing along the coast rather slowly for an hour or more, it was quite dark; all at once the cockswain exclaimed, "Good God, sir, look there!" On the port quarter of the boat a heavy breaker was rolling in upon us; the helm was put hard-a-port, and the oars used to get the boat before the sea, which luckily was done, and in we went, through and with the surf, as we at first supposed on an open beach. After reaching a low sand-beach upon which the bow struck lightly, we found the water agitated, but no longer rough. We had actually crossed the bar and were in the mouth of the river. As would naturally be supposed, the waters of the river had pushed the bar out beyond the line of coast-breakers, and thus we had become embayed and crossed a very dangerous bar, without accident, by the merest chance. We rowed the boat several hundred yards within the mouth of the river, and made her fast to the shore, on the right bank, where a few huts were seen on the site of the present town known as Bagdad.

Several of the inhabitants came down, such as get their living by supplying the wants and luxuries of seamen; they pointed out an unoccupied carpenter's shop near by, and suggested that it would be a comfortable place for us to pass the night. After making a detail of the cockswain and four men to remain by the boat and fill the casks with water during the night, I took the remainder of the crew and went to the shop. By virtue of my rank, I cleared off the carpenter's bench, put my pistols and pea-jacket under my head for a pillow, and soon went to sleep, intending to get up at early daylight and prevent the men from getting drunk. That was a vain idea; they had taken time by the forelock and had got drunk the night before, or sufficiently so to require little more in the morning to complete the job. As soon as it was light, I aroused the men in the shop and started down to the boat with them. As we went along, a tall, gawky fellow named McKinney, with pop-eyes, looking as though he were being choked, started for the village. I ordered him back, but he kept on; then I drew my sword and went after him. He at once begged that I would not kill him; I assured him that I would assume an *innocuous desuetude* (perhaps not in those words) if he would obey my order and go at once to the boat, which he did promptly.

On getting to the boat, I found nothing whatever had been done towards filling the casks with water, and we at once diligently set to work filling them; but, having only one funnel, this took perhaps two hours. As soon as they were filled, we shoved off; the water on the bar was unusually smooth, so in passing out we shipped only a few buckets of water; with twelve miles to pull, and half-drunken men, it was near noon before we got alongside.

The officer of the deck had been directed to send me forthwith to the captain's cabin, and thither I went, not in a very amiable or conciliatory mood. The captain said, in his querulous, squeaky voice, "Why did you stay so long, sir? Why did you not come out last night?" I replied, because we had crossed the bar going in, with great risk to our lives; in fact, that the boat had not capsized was purely accidental. To this he said, "Pooh! pooh!" I informed him that had he been in

the boat he would not have pooh-poohed at all. He said that he had me "foul," a well-understood if not an elegant expression, in use by seamen, and perhaps sometimes by policemen. I replied that I had not been ordered to return in the night, and, had such an order been given me, I would not have obeyed it; that I would not expose the lives of men placed under my command without any necessity for doing so. He told me he would try me by court-martial and break me, and I said that when I did anything contrary to naval law I hoped he would, whereupon he ordered me out of his cabin. From that time forth, up to November, when the vessel went out of commission at Norfolk, no compliments passed between us, but quite a number of conversations of the same strain as the above; yet, for some reason, he never ventured to suspend me. His conduct and language gave me no concern, as I felt abundantly able to deal with him in his own coin, and indeed did so as long as I was under his command.

Watering ship at this disadvantage of distance and great risk to life was kept up for six days, happily without the capsizing of a boat,—when it was a question of getting specie safely on board. On February 19 we shifted our anchorage to a bearing of east-northeast from the bar, and at a distance of six miles therefrom. We could just as well have anchored east of the bar within three miles of it, and sent a boat just outside of it to rescue drowning men should another boat in crossing the bar be capsized. The force of the current would send the swamped boat and crew through the breakers, but whether the sharks would not seize upon the men before their shipmates could rescue them would be a doubtful matter. Lieutenants Gist and Maffit were sent in after the specie, and were detained a day or two by the roughness of the bar. They reached the vessel with the money on the 21st. Seven of the boat's crew had deserted. We then left for the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River.

The midshipmen at one time and another were ordered to drill at a great gun; this was performed in full dress, with cocked hat and sword, as a voluntary tribute to so grand an occasion. When ordered to exercise the mizzen-topsail in reefing and furling, full dress was dispensed with; the sword certainly would

have been embarrassing if worn in reefing and furling, and the cocked hat would have seemed out of place. Maffit was officer of the deck, the long and lank passed midshipman in the top, Dave, being large and strong, had the weather earing in reefing, and Blobbs the lee one. When making a close reef, Blobbs hailed the deck, and expressed a doubt as to whether the earing was properly hauled out; the lank man in the top was ordered out on the yard, to give personal instruction. This he was not disposed to do; he told Blobbs to keep silence, and reported to the officer of the deck that the earing was all right. This excited the ire of Blobbs, who became abusive, and told him to come out on the yard-arm if he dared; that he would seize him by the back of the neck and throw him overboard into the sea, like a sick kitten. Such talk naturally made a coolness between the long, cadaverous passed midshipman and the little, dried-up, choleric aspirant for naval glory, but no fight or duel came out of it.

With such diversions, and heavy weather for a day or so, we passed along on our voyage, and anchored off the Southwest Pass on the 29th of February. The following day the tug-boat Tiger came out, and, although there was a heavy rolling sea, we hoisted the specie, said to be about one hundred thousand Mexican dollars, on board the Tiger, with great risk of some packages getting overboard. The commander, purser, and a passenger or so, who had come with the money, then left in the tow-boat for New Orleans.

On the 4th of March the officers returned, and the next day we got under way for the Mexican coast. Lieutenant Gist had the watch from eight to midnight, and I was officer of the fore-castle; we had a good, fresh breeze on the port quarter, and with the fore-topmast studding-sail set, made some nine or ten knots an hour, which was the most the vessel could do from the extreme foulness of her bottom. We had a bright moon, and were going along charmingly; I was hailed to come aft, and on reaching the poop, where Gist was standing, he asked me, in his humorous way, if I knew the most important duty of a midshipman, and then added: it was to listen to what the officer of the deck should tell him, and in that manner keep him wide awake.

He then told me one of his inimitably droll stories about his law-practice in the mountains of Tennessee, where he was born, and resided, when not on duty. He said that, having gained a suit, he visited his client to get his fees. On making known his object, the man said he had not a cent in the world, but was nevertheless desirous of paying him, and, looking around the room, said, "There is a clock, and a very good one, too; what do you say to taking that?" As there appeared to be no likelihood of getting anything else, he expressed his willingness to accept it. The clock was taken down, and the hammer tied with a string to prevent it striking the bell, as it did in striking the hour, and a cord was made use of to secure the clock to his back. Everything being arranged satisfactorily, the man held his colt, and he mounted and started homeward; he had gone a mile or so only, when the hammer worked loose and began pounding on the bell; this frightened the colt, which ran away, and finally threw him violently, and the clock was broken all to pieces. The absurdity of the story seemed to afford him an ample recompense, not only for his law-services, but as well for the bodily injuries sustained when thrown.

Gist had a face like the full round moon, which beamed with satisfaction; the ship rolled violently, and he barely escaped falling overboard by clinging to a quarter-boat that was topped up. The trumpet which he had in his hand went overboard, and, when I told him that he had barely escaped following it, his face was radiant with humor, as he said that it would not have made any difference; he felt sure that I would have brought the ship by the wind and picked him up. I said that, with a topmast studding-sail set, it would have taken some time, and I feared that he would have drowned. "Not at all," said he; "I can swim ten miles, and it would have been all right."

Five days later, on the 10th of March, we were some forty miles north of Tampico, and some ten or more miles from the coast-line. We had the first watch again; but the night was dark and cloudy, especially over the land, and the breeze quite light. The spanker was set, which prevented Gist seeing to leeward, the vessel being headed to the southward and the wind easterly. He sent me on the lee side to watch the weather, that

looked threatening over the land. When we were alone he usually called me "Jupiter," and was asking me a question, although the sail was between us, as to what I would do in a certain contingency were I in charge of the deck, when the commander came upon him suddenly in the dark and heard our conversation. Gist was directed to take in the spanker, and after giving some orders for the night the commander went into his cabin. Gist called me over and wished to know whether I objected to being called "Jupiter." I assured him that I was entirely indifferent as to what he called me, provided I understood that he meant me. That made him feel easy, as he thought the commander might be disposed to make an inquiry about it; he began his stories, and I was his audience until midnight, when, as usual, I went below to call our reliefs. I was soon relieved, and, being very tired, went to sleep at once.

Lieutenant Paul, who was Gist's relief, was some time in reaching the deck; the night was still very dark, and, although the surface of the water was smooth, there was a very considerable ground-swell. Paul was standing just abaft the quarter-boat, and his foot must have been quite near the side of the ship, above which, at the height of about fifteen inches, was a small iron railing, actually no protection against falling overboard unless the person would sit down on the deck and hold on to it. In a heavy roll he lost his balance, and in falling his head must have struck against the spars; thus stunned, he sank immediately, and, although the boat was at once lowered, nothing more was to be seen save the phosphorescent light always visible when anything is sinking deep into the sea. He was a very handsome, gentlemanly young officer, and had a more thorough knowledge of theoretical navigation than was usual with officers at that time. I slept so soundly and the disturbance was so little that I was not aware of the loss of this officer until I was aroused at the usual hour on board ship, 7.30 A.M.

Two days after this sad occurrence we anchored off Tampico, and after a day left for Vera Cruz, where we anchored on the 16th of March. As we stood in for the island of Sacrificios, where there were several French and other vessels-of-war at anchor,

passing too near ahead of a French brig-of-war, we sagged down on her, and carried away her flying jib-boom and fore-royal-mast; the latter in falling, unhappily, killed one or two of the crew. The French captain, with more zeal than propriety, rushed forward on the fore-castle and roundly damned our captain, who put on his full dress and went on board, and that was the last we ever heard of it; whether he apologized to the Frenchman or the Frenchman to him, or they split the difference by mutual apologies, we did not learn.

At that time the French had a large number of wild cattle on the island; one day I went on shore to take a walk, and, hearing a noise behind me, saw a fierce bull making the best of his way, with head down, ready to gore me. It did not take me long to reach the water near by, nor was any exertion spared in doing so. The animal declined to follow, but stood on the shore, angrily shaking his head, and soon after, regarding the game as up, thoughtfully retired and allowed me to come to the beach.

A day or so after, a party of French sailors were on shore shooting some of the cattle, and were not observant that if they missed their mark they would hit our vessel, or perhaps were not unwilling to shoot some of us as an equivalent for our awkwardness in killing one or two of their men when we anchored. Several bullets came on board, either wounding one or more men or barely failing to do so. A note was sent to their commanding officer, who in reply wrote that he was "very sorry for the accident that happened on your board yesterday, in consequence of some of our sailors shooting at a bullock which they could not catch;" and this squared all matters of difference between us.

On leaving the Southwest Pass, where we took in a supply of provisions for the crew, and a good many stores for the captain and other persons and messes, the spirit-room was packed full. This apartment of the hold lay immediately under the steerage, and was used for stowing rice, molasses, tobacco, vinegar, whiskey, and other stores for the crew, as also the stores of the officers' messes. A large hatchway opened under the one on the spar-deck, through which the ladders came from above,



abutting within two feet of the doors leading into the wardroom, and covering the hatchway. It was necessary from time to time to break out a great quantity of stores to get at what was required, and at such times the steerage was littered up with what was broken out. On one of these occasions, when a number of boxes of the captain's cheap Bordeaux covered the apartment, it entered the head of Hamilton G., possibly from the prompting of his more astute friend, to possess himself of "*los bienes ajenos*," which Gil Blas's uncle told him was a dangerous thing; but he knew nothing of Gil Blas or his uncle, although he had been in Spain. It was with quite a satisfied air that he dispensed, to such as would accept, a glass of poor wine, until a dozen bottles were emptied. At such times he had a wise look, and remarked that "it came by way of reprisal." The act was so publicly done and known, and the value of the article so insignificant, that it was regarded by most of his messmates rather as a stupid impropriety than an intended crime. The captain at once learned of it, and in a few days made an investigation, which was certain to be followed by a court-martial on the vessel reaching Pensacola.

From Vera Cruz we went to the southeastern part of the Gulf, some three hundred miles away, and anchored in ten fathoms of water, so far off Laguna de Terminos as to be quite out of sight of land until an ascent of fifty feet above the water was made. Thus anchored at sea we lay for eleven days, receiving no supplies of any kind until the day before sailing, when, through an arrangement made by the purser, who went on shore in one of the ship's boats soon after we arrived, there were brought off in a small vessel a dozen or more hawksbill turtles of enormous size, weighing several hundred pounds. We were not sorry to leave for Pensacola, where we arrived in eight days, finding letters from home, as well as bread; with the exception of a great abundance of the best of fish, there was little else that was wholesome.

The unfortunate affair of Hamilton G. taking too much Medoc quite impaired the availability of our "society members." After a time his resignation, tendered at Vera Cruz, was accepted by the Department, and he left the ship. In a day or

so he came on board and exhibited himself, his fingers covered with rings of every shape and variety; after a few days they were observed, by those who met him on shore, to diminish in number, until not one remained; his buoyancy of character left him, and he was no longer an "ornament to society." A month later he became the boatswain of a revenue cutter. Soon after, we suffered the loss of Billy B., who was transferred to another ship. He remained in the navy until the fall of 1853, when his further services to his country were dispensed with. As neither his voice nor his skill on the guitar fitted him to become a successful minstrel, his further career cannot be conjectured. Nevermore, from that time to this, have I met or heard of or from Billy B. or Hamilton G.; *their* "frailties did not lean to virtue's side."

After lying at anchor either off Pensacola or at the navy-yard, six miles below, and within two miles of the bar at the entrance to the bay, on June 16 we got under way for the anchorage off the mouth of the Rio Bravo, which we reached in four days, going thence to the South Pass of the Mississippi River, where we arrived on the 2d of July. There is perhaps no locality on the globe where thunder-storms with heavy winds, generating water-spouts, are to be found of more terrific grandeur than off the passes of the Mississippi. On one occasion, when running before the wind, the darkness of the night illuminated with vivid lightning-flashes from all around the compass, we ran close aboard a huge water-spout on its travels. A mighty sound, of water-spout and tempest, spread over the ocean, and the water, beaten by the winds, was lashed into foam until the force of the squall had passed. In long voyages in both hemispheres, I recall no thunder-storms of more terrific violence than those on the Gulf of Mexico and in Pensacola Bay. There, on one occasion, half a dozen vessels-of-war were at anchor, perhaps within a distance of a mile of each other; several of them were struck, probably by the same electric discharge, which was so intense as to fuse several of the links of the conductors, that fell from aloft, on board the *Vandalia*, to the deck, entirely separated; the same effect was produced on board of several of the vessels. The conductor then in use was made of links of

round iron, perhaps nearly one-quarter of an inch in diameter and eighteen inches in length. Afterwards conductors of small copper wires were made into a flexible rope of about half an inch in diameter, and since then other methods of placement have been resorted to. Since my entry into the navy, more than half a century ago, I can recall no instance of a man being killed by lightning on board one of our vessels-of-war; but in looking over the log-book of the Peacock to ascertain the facts in relation to the whale that struck her in 1826, I saw an entry of three men killed on her deck, by lightning, in the South Pacific in 1826.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

Cruising on the Coast of Texas after Slavers—Colonel David Crockett—General Sam Houston—The Coast of Texas—Keeping the Lookout—Scarcity of Water—Commander Levy gets excited, and suggests the Proper Pronunciation of his Name—A Threatened Court-Martial—Calling an Officer a “Semiquaver”—Two Old Stories—The Captain’s Wooden Horse—Want of Fresh Air—The Author had tendered his Resignation, but the Commodore retained it and advised against it.

ON the 5th of July, 1839, we left the South Pass to cruise off the coast of Texas to catch the slavers, if we could, which were at that time bringing their cargoes from Africa.

Twenty or more years previously certain citizens of the United States had established themselves in Texas; and to them the Mexican government, with great liberality, granted leagues of land. After some hundreds of them had located they arrived at the conclusion that they “wished to be free,” and desired to have slaves, and, as they could not have them under the Mexican government, there came a “revolution,” soon marked by the massacre at the Alamo, at which Davy Crockett, of Congressional fame, from the State of Tennessee, went off in a blaze of glory. The asserted outrage of Mexico, in invading the territory of a free people, was published far and wide in our Western and Southern States, and hundreds of persons who had nothing else to do rushed to the rescue “of a

brave people who were struggling for their liberty." They were commanded by General Sam Houston, who years before had left his native State of Tennessee and taken up his residence with Indians. He was a man of distinguished presence and commanding manner, and after Texas was admitted into the Union was for a term of years a Senator from that State. In February, 1835, he assembled hundreds of unquiet spirits, and, when approached by General Santa Anna, with double his force, he fell upon the enemy suddenly, with such might as struck terror into the Mexicans, and they precipitately fled, leaving numbers of dead and dying on the field of San Jacinto. Having thus "won their independence," the next thing in order was to introduce slavery into the country, that affording a cheaper market than the bordering slave State of Louisiana. And so, in the inexorable law of nature, was imposed upon us, a quarter of a century later, a sanguinary civil war,—a forced atonement for our inhumanity as a people.

I have wandered from the *Vandalia*, then cruising off the coast of Texas for slavers, with as little probability of catching one as of a tortoise catching a hare, but with quite a different result from that given in the fable. The coast of Texas has shoals extending miles to seaward, over which the fleet fore-and-aft schooners usually employed as slavers could pass, and which were far too shallow for sloops-of-war of sixteen-feet draught. In light breezes these fore-and-aft vessels would fan along within four points of the wind, when the *Vandalia*, with a very foul bottom, would hardly feel the force of the wind even when abeam, and, if a sail was reported from aloft, it would soon disappear below the horizon. Nevertheless we cruised along the coast some twenty miles from it, in ten or fifteen fathoms of water, without ever seeing it, even from the royal-mast-head. A midshipman was kept as a lookout at the fore-topmast-head. On this lofty station I read "*Zimmermann on Solitude*," which I had brought with me from home; it was the gift of a brother, and so small that it could readily be put in the pocket. I commend this little book to a careful perusal, in the belief that it is worth a dozen modern novels.

One of our number was less interested in reading than myself.

When aloft he triced up the back-cloth, used to make a snug furl of the bunt of a topsail, passed a rope around his breast under his arms, and secured the other end, so that, if he should roll off the yard by the motion of the vessel, he would remain suspended some seventy feet above the deck instead of falling upon it. He went to sleep unconcernedly, and so soundly that, when hailed to look out for himself, in bracing around the yards, he made no answer. The captain, being on deck, made inquiry as to what had become of the lookout. The captain of the foretop reported that he was at the mast-head, and repeated hails finally awoke him; he was ordered down, and thereafter deprived of the honor of keeping a lookout. This dereliction on his part was assumed to be sufficient reason why all the midshipmen should be put in watch and watch,—that is to say, be kept on deck twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and also during such times as other duties required. This, for youngsters who kept awake during their night-watches, was very fatiguing and simply an act of tyranny.

At that time, too, the crew and the officers were on an allowance of five pints of water to each person; this, of course, included what was necessary for making tea or coffee, for making bean soup, cooking rice, and making hard-bread puddings, about the only food we had that was wholesome. There was neither reason nor excuse for it: had our allowance been the usual one, of a gallon per man when at sea, we would have gone into port a month thereafter with several thousand gallons of water in the casks.

Since 1837 our vessels-of-war fitting for sea have had iron tanks made on patterns conforming to the shape of the vessel, with a space of three feet or more above them, depending upon the size of the vessel, in which space barrels of provisions—pork, beef, and other constituents of a naval ration—are stowed. The substitution of water-tanks for wooden casks of different sizes, those next the keelson being the largest, and the smaller ones conforming to the rise of the floor, to have their tops as near on a level as possible, was a great saving of room. After their stowage, the tanks were calked between them, to prevent rice, beans, or other provisions that would be spilled, from

getting down into the bilge and decaying, adding greatly to the foulness of the atmosphere between decks, which was stifling when the hatches were battened down and the vessel rolling heavily in gales. The white paint on the lower deck would become of an ashy or dull-leadен color, an indication of what the lungs had to endure from the quantity of air required in respiration, as compared with a simple surface exposed to the atmosphere. Indeed, this deposit was in a considerable part from the air made foul through respiration. A good deal of the water served as our allowance was so unpleasant to the smell and taste as to be undrinkable, save when made into tea or coffee.

A day or so after we had been put on the short allowance of five pints of water daily, it was raining very hard, the breeze had died away, and I was directed to report the fact to the captain. Remembering a reproof received shortly after joining a vessel,—that it was improper to make a report from the cabin door, that respect for my superior demanded that I should go near him,—I went, dripping like a wet swab, with a broad-brimmed felt hat in my hand, from which a stream of water was flowing, and said, "Commander Le-vi, it has fallen calm, and is raining very hard;" I then slowly left his august presence.

He replied, in a loud, snappish tone, "Very good, sir;" as I neared the door, feeling that he had not said all that the occasion demanded, he added, "Look 'e here, sir: when I joined this ship you called me captain; now you call me commander; this is positive disrespect, sir, and I'll have you tried by court-martial, and break you, sir. How do you know I am a commander?"

I replied, "I see your name on the Navy Register as Commander Uriah P. Levy."

On my leaving, the cabin door was opened to relieve a stifling atmosphere, and Commander Levy looking out, saw me walking to and fro on the quarter-deck, ankle-deep in water, in the heavy rain, with all the dignity and circumstance of a full-fledged midshipman who had no favors to ask, and like unto the mate who informed the captain that all he wanted was "ciwility, and that of the commonest kind."

I was inspired with so thorough a disgust for the service during this cruise that I determined to resign, as soon as I had asked my father's consent. My naval education acquired during the earlier and rougher years of that service has given me an invincible and thorough contempt for every one who uses his authority for any other purpose than making those under his command effective.

The exercise at the great gun and of the mizzen-topsail, keeping a lookout at the fore-topmast-head, with watches, day and night, of eight hours in the twenty-four, did not by any means exhaust the energy of the youthful aspirants for naval glory. Blobbs, months before, had brought to the comprehension of Barbot that, being in the American navy and speaking English, his name should not be pronounced as though spelled Bar-bow but as Bar-bot. Convinced of the advantage of renouncing his native tongue and the vanities of his race, he insisted thereafter on being called Bar-bot.

When aloft reefing the mizzen-topsail, Blobbs found fault with Barbot and called him a *semiquaver*, which disturbed him greatly. On going below, he told the midshipman cut out for a tragedian that he had been called a "semiquaver."

On hearing this, the latter jumped up, with apparent surprise and indignation in his features, with the same energy as when he "humped his back" and gave us Richard the Third, and said, "Good God! Barbot, who called you that?"

"Blobbs did it," answered he, "on the topsail-yard, a few minutes ago."

"I thought it must have been Blobbs," said the tragedian, with a somewhat pensive, thoughtful air.

"Talking of the devil," Blobbs came down the hatchway, and Barbot at once demanded a retraction of the epithet.

"No," said Blobbs, "nothing of the kind; I will add to it. I consider you a *demi-semiquaver*!"

Richard the Third was horror-stricken, and Barbot was boiling over with indignation at the epithet that had been heaped upon him. He told the perpetrator emphatically that he must apologize forthwith, or he would at once lay the insult before the first lieutenant.

This resolve seemed to stir up Blobbs to the point of desperation, and, holding his finger defiantly in the face of Barbot, he said, "I will give you something to report: I consider you a *double demi-semiquaver*! Yes," said he, after a pause, as if to pile on ignominy, "I will say that I regard you as a *d—n double demi-semiquaver*."

"Report him! report him at once!" shouted Richard the Third.

Up went Barbot, who found the first lieutenant on deck, and, suffering from a sense of injury, was quite unable for a time to impress upon his hearer the full measure of the indignity. When this was accomplished, he was directed to send the delinquent on deck, and hastily descended the ladder to execute the order. "Mr. Blobbs," said he, "the first lieutenant wishes to see you on deck."

"Very well, sir, very well; if the first lieutenant suspends me, look out, sir!" and up the ladder he went, with the air of a youth who had nerved himself to meet a dire event.

After an interview of some minutes, in which the first lieutenant made inquiries as to what had caused this uncalled-for and violent abuse of Barbot, the callous injurer of reputations and promiscuous user of epithets was directed to depart—and to sin no more. Instead of appreciating this generous treatment, and going quietly below to beg pardon for the offence, the little wretch jumped from the top of the hatchway to the foot of it, scarcely touching the ladder, and, as if in rage, demanded his pistols!

Poor Barbot had been waiting in anticipation of having his maligner and persecutor brought to a sense of propriety, but, when he heard a savage demand for arms, he rushed out on the berth-deck, up the main hatchway, aft to the orderly at the cabin door, and requested that individual to take charge of and protect him from the violence of the blood-thirsty Blobbs. He sent below for camp-stools, upon which he slept that night, with a feeling of security, and with as much comfort as if below.

In the steerage were assembled all the mess not on duty, recounting stories until nine P.M., when the master-at-arms appeared, "to douse the glim,"—in plain English, to put out the light.



Waite told of a purser in the English navy who met a midshipman walking on the island of Jamaica; the purser was described as a man with two eyes and the merest apology for an abdomen, and the midshipman as a great, burly fellow "three sheets in the wind." On passing the purser the midshipman paid not the least regard to his presence; the former took him to task for not saluting him. The drunken midshipman, eyeing him contemptuously from head to foot, hit him over the eye with his fist, and said, "Take that, you d——d old sea-grocer."

Inquiries followed as to whether the purser lost his eye, and whether the loss of an eye would lead of necessity, or perchance, to the formation of a large abdomen; but the narrator had no knowledge of anything beyond the fact of the rencontre.

"But," said one of the most interested hearers, "I think you said this occurrence took place on the island of Jamaica, and between *British officers*."

"Most assuredly I did," replied the story-teller.

Another story, told by some one who wished to add to the entertainment or knowledge of his messmates, was of a rude boy who was found in the top of an apple-tree by the owner of the orchard, who desired him to come down, but the boy would not. Then the old man threw a few tufts of grass at him, which only made the boy laugh. "Very well," said the old man, "if neither kind words nor gentle deeds will bring you down, we will see what virtue there is in these." So he picked up stones and threw them at the boy, which soon made the young saucy and thief come down and beg the old man's pardon.

The supposition was offered by one of the hearers that he had seen something of this in a book, but in general it was admitted as entirely original and very instructive. A dozen years before, almost every child in America had read it in Webster's "Elementary Spelling-Book," then in use over the whole country. What made it exasperating was the fact that these two stories, interspersed with others just as absurd, were recounted night after night, with a persistence worthy of a better cause, until something occurred to break up the monotonous nonsense.

But the circus was not all between decks; the commander

himself had instituted a performance for the public benefit, that could be seen by all and practised by the elect. He had a wooden horse such as carpenters make use of in sawing; it was fitted with a wooden head, and leather ears were nailed on; a swab served as a tail, a thrum mat for a saddle, rope reins for a bridle, a rope for stirrup-leathers, and a bight to rest the feet in for stirrups. In order to give motion to this supposititious horse, the roll of the ship was made use of. To effect this, a span or bight of a rope, long enough to clear the head of a man when seated on the thrum mat used for a saddle, was secured at one end about the forelegs of the animal, and at the other end about the legs near the swab which served as the tail. A leading-block was put upon the spanker-gaff, a whip rove through it, and the end fastened to the span over the rider's head. The horse was now ready for the rider, who was furnished with a wooden sword, and, when seated on the saddle, the horse was trieced up just high enough to have his legs clear the spanker-boom. With the roll of the ship he would charge across the spanker-boom, and when the vessel pitched he would charge fore and aft. If considered as a whole, the movement was defective, for the reason that the rider would sometimes come broadside on, sometimes whirl around without apparent object, yet all the time striking out with his wooden sword, as instructed. In retreat, unlike other horsemen, he would keep head on to the enemy, as the modern gunboat is intended to do. In a heavy sea this cavalry exercise was, of course, dispensed with, as the rider would certainly have been thrown overboard. Even in moderate weather some of the riders barely escaped a sea-bath, and swords were frequently lost overboard in making too furious charges and getting the weapon entangled in the rigging, but the carpenter soon learned to have a lot of them on hand to repair losses. The old surgeon, after regarding this exercise for some time, and seeing how imperfectly the horse charged and the impossibility of using horses afloat, uttered his criticism in "*Cui bono?*"

We had a heavy southeast gale during this cruise, and came perforce nearer the coast than on any former occasion, having been driven into seven fathoms water. We were forced to carry

a heavy press of sail during the night, to avoid going ashore. The wind hauling, enabled us to make a good lay off the land on the starboard tack. My sentiment was that of a passenger who on a similar occasion said that, if the ship *did* get on the beach, he had nothing at all to do with it; it was wholly the affair of the captain. The hatches were battened down, as indispensable on such occasions, and the air below was fetid to a degree; our sick-list, of course, was always large, and under such conditions sick men naturally die. During the mid-watch, about the time a poor fellow was dying, there was seen on the main-topsail-yard, passing along from yard-arm to yard-arm, what is popularly known as a "Jack-a-lantern," or by more learned people as "St. Elmo's fire," which is often seen in heavy weather. It is a dull light, not unlike what is known to country people as "fox-fire." A stump of a tree or a log, where there is a recent cut and the wood in a state of decomposition, on a warm, dark, damp night has a luminous appearance, and may be seen at a distance of fifty yards or more; this is known as "fox-fire."

In the time of Anson and other voyagers since the discovery of America, to provide for the many deaths from disease that seemed to them unavoidable, a large additional number of men were taken on board to meet a contingency, just as they took spare topmasts and other spars. Even half a century ago, the necessity for fresh air to sustain vitality was so little recognized as to be unprovided for. With nearly as little labor and expense as making the wooden horse above described, a square boxing could have been made of planks one inch thick, one foot wide, and twelve feet long, and the gratings and tarpaulins cut to meet the fitment in battening down the hatches. At the fore-hatch one of these boxings might have been inserted; or, in lieu of anything better, a half-barrel could have been put over the end above the hatchway, on a pivot, having one head out, a circular hole in the lower part of the barrel, and a vane on top of sufficient length to keep the opening to windward. Quite near the berth-deck, holes would be required in the boxing, to allow the air forced down the barrel to escape freely. At the main hatch a similar contrivance could have been in-

serted, with the difference that the vane should hold the opening in the barrel to leeward, so as by suction to aid the escape of the foul air, and the openings cut into the boxing be close under the spar-deck. With two such boxings and fixtures forward, and two others at the steerage hatch and wardroom skylight, the fresh air would have been thrown below and the foul air permitted to escape. Had this been done in the past, thousands of poor fellows, buried from disease consequent upon a loss of vitality, would have come home after making voyages in what are considered deadly climates. Scurvy and dysentery were the *supposed* causes of death, when in fact they were the mere incidents, the expression of a lack of vitality.

A century ago, and indeed long after, the "*top maul*" was the implement in vogue; instruction and care of the men were regarded as of little moment. Now we know that instruction can in a large degree take the place of punishment, and proper water and food and, above all, a sufficient supply of untainted air will enable men to live on board ship with a wonderfully small loss of life or impairment of health, even as compared to ordinary life on shore. The wretched cruise of which I have given a brief sketch, showing what people who went to sea suffered in former times, has, happily, few counterparts at this time, and should have none.

We arrived at Pensacola August 3, 1839. I found letters approving of my resignation, and at once sent in my paper, without making mention of the fact to my messmates. Several days thereafter, when I thought my letter was well on the way to Washington, a boat came from the flag-ship with the message that the commodore wished to see me. I went on board without delay, and was very kindly received. He said he had thought proper to retain my letter for a few days, and to see me before forwarding it; I had been in the navy for three years, and if I left it might be regarded as so much lost time. He stated that the *Vandalia* would go north in a month or two, when I would be granted a leave of absence to visit my friends, and, if I thought proper, could then resign without let or hindrance. I thanked him for his considerate suggestion, and said I would be pleased to avail myself of it. This action of the

commodore was due to Lieutenant Maffit, who was probably told by the captain of my resignation, and, feeling some interest in me, paid a visit to the commodore and suggested his action. Had not my resignation been withheld, my life would have been as wholly different from what I may hereafter present as that of any other citizen of our country. I have always felt grateful to Commodore Shubrick for this considerate conduct towards a youth whom he had never seen, and many years afterwards I took occasion to express my sense of obligation to him.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

A Ball on a French Frigate—A Boat that smelt of Fish—Disgusted Old Lady—Society—Sails for Norfolk—Midshipman E. C. Anderson—The Cable parts—Goose-Quill Pens and Cockroaches—Parting with Captain Levy—Accounts of Lieutenants Gist and Maffit, Midshipmen Marcy and Barbot, and others of the *Vandalia*—The Author starts for Home on Three Months' Leave—Ordered to the Sloop-of-War *Preble*—Commander Breeze—Service on the Coast of Labrador and in the Mediterranean—The "Ammen Rock"—Fogs—Sir Colin Campbell and his Daughter—The McNabb—A Bright Yankee Girl—Visit to a Coast Residence.

THE presence of two French frigates in the harbor in addition to several of our vessels-of-war kept society in movement, despite the absence of our steerage ornaments Billy B. and Hamilton G. A grand ball on board of one of the French frigates brought many bright faces from Mobile and New Orleans.

I was sent in charge of our first cutter to the wharf, to aid in taking the invited guests on board. The first persons on hand were Brown and Throck, the one from the South, the other from the West, both representative men, whose doings would fill a book of drolleries. They had brought down a portly lady and her two blooming daughters. We had a lovely night, and the full moon shone brightly over the broad bay. I was treated to the sight of beautiful faces as the young ladies stepped into the boat. We shoved off at once, and the party was about to be seated, when the matron began to sniff the air.

“What! no cushions?” she exclaimed, somewhat reproachfully, to me.

I said, “Madam, this boat is not provided with any, but I have flags that I hope will serve the same purpose.”

“Why,” said she, “this boat smells,—it stinks of fish! Oh, girls, this will never do; you must pull up your dresses and sit on your skirts,” at the same time casting a rather vicious or contemptuous look at me.

I bore it with the equanimity that has been my blessing in disguise a whole lifetime, and said, in a meek way, it was true that the boat had been used in fishing, but that it had been thoroughly washed and was perfectly clean. Had we not already shoved off, I fear that I would not have had the honor of taking the party on board, and I now doubt if my assurance as to the condition of the boat was given credence.

On arriving at a large floating platform at the gangway of the frigate, the party landed safely, and a judicious discussion put the young lady in advance who was supposed to speak the best French. I watched the waving plumes of the mother, who was the last of the party, as she reached the gangway; and this is all I saw of society during my eighteen months of service in the Gulf of Mexico.

We brought our ship's supply of fresh water from a spring a mile or so within the entrance of what was known as the Little Bayou. Caught within it in a heavy gale on the 15th of September, we passed the night on the sand-beach, partly protected from the driving rain by a small boat we had along with us, turned upon its side. The water rose to such a height that we found ourselves afloat; so we hauled our boat higher up the beach and lay down again in the wet sand. At that time the yellow fever was prevalent in the town, so we had little intercourse with the people. When the gale abated at noon the next day, we pulled on board, and suffered no inconvenience from our exposure.

A month later we sailed for Norfolk; Pensacola was so uninteresting to me that, when I last stood upon the wharf nearly half a century ago, I prayed in a rude way that I might never stand there again, nor have I since that time. I doubt not that

a change has been wrought, and that there was at that time more to commend it than met my observation.

After twenty days at sea we came to anchor four miles south-east of Cape Henry. In a great measure the officers had been changed before leaving for the North. Among those who joined us was Midshipman E. C. Anderson, then preparing for examination. He remained in the navy for more than ten years thereafter, became a lieutenant, and resigned. For some fifteen years, at various times, he was the mayor of Savannah, Georgia. He was a gentleman of ability and high character, and will again appear in the pages following.

During the voyage not much of interest occurred. One day when beating to windward in a short chop sea, with a moderate breeze, rocks on the lee bow were reported from aloft. I was then on quarter-deck duty as midshipman, and the captain was parading on deck in fine feather. He shouted, "Mr. Hamet!" and pointed to the topmast-head. I looked aloft with great attention, saw nothing special, then looked at him, and resumed my promenade. Again came a rather louder and somewhat imperative shout, "Mr. Hamet!" and again a more pronounced pointing to the mast-head, and again I gave it a careful scanning. At length, with a good deal of impatience, he told me to go to the mast-head and report what I saw from aloft. I clearly understood that, and was very soon at the mast-head and on deck again, with the information that two jagged-looking rocks, some ten or more feet out of water and three or four miles distant, were about two points on the lee bow, and that the sea was breaking heavily over them. Then he wished to know whether we would weather them. I replied that they were only two points on the lee bow; if we made no leeway, we would do so. Owing to the chop sea, the headway was probably not more than five miles an hour and the leeway very great; a cast of the lead was taken, and the depth of water found to be five or six fathoms. The helm was put down at once and the ship went about; the short ships of that time, even with very little headway, would tack, when a better sailer and longer ship of the present day would not. The captain looked at me viciously, and apparently had the idea that I cared very little whether the

ship was piled up on the double-headed Shot Keys or ended her voyage in Norfolk.

We had an old midshipman going North to prepare for his examination. He had not the high qualities of the gentleman whom I have mentioned; they had been shipmates on a former cruise, and with them was the boatswain now on board of the *Vandalia*. He was enormously large and strong, about twenty-one years of age, and had the look and manner of a typical "Pennsylvania Dutchman." He belonged to a family of note, but never passed his examination, and left the service two years after our return. One day he took possession of the boatswain's room, and when requested to leave would only swear at him, and when he got hold of him pinched his arms unmercifully. In the boatswain's extremity, the other shipmate was appealed to, who finally got "Charley" to abandon his stronghold.

We had anchored outside of Cape Henry, in a fresh north-west wind, to avoid being drifted by the coast current to the southward. A pilot came on board during the night, and soon after sunrise we commenced to heave in the chain, but a short chop sea, a fresh breeze, and a short vessel snapped it, and we had only a little length of cable to hoist in. It is worth while to remark, that this is the only cable I have seen parted in a period of twenty-one years' service afloat.

On our arrival at the navy-yard in the evening, of the steerage officers only Blobbs and myself remained on board; our messmates consoled us, however, by sending something to eat after our twenty days' voyage on sea-fare, which at that date differed widely from what is now obtainable. We passed the evening satisfactorily in a species of retaliation for past injuries and annoyances. Armed with goose-quills, we scraped out numberless cockroaches from between the knees, beams, and carlings, and in whatever cracks they could be found; they were quite benumbed by the cold. A huge heap of them gave evidence of our industry to our messmates, when they came on board in the morning. Some of them who were not particular, and had not suffered the same annoyance that we had, would perhaps have preferred hearing of what we had done, in cleaning our apartment, to the actual exhibition of our "find."



Many persons of to-day will wonder what was done with goose-quills other than the use they were put to by us. At that time a steel pen, if not unknown, was certainly not in common use. The goose-quill for the ordinary writer, the swan-pen for the recorder of documents, and the crow-quill for ladies and persons who had fine drawings to make, served the purposes of the steel pen. If a goose-quill is now made into a pen, it is by some person who should have been buried long ago.

It was not until the 23d of November, 1839, that our leaves of absence were handed us. Just before the closing scene separating us from the *Vandalia*, I was directed to go with "Cleopatra's barge" and bring alongside of the vessel a large scow to carry the men on board of the receiving-ship *Java*, where they would remain until paid off. The scow had been unloaded for some time, and sitting on the surface of the water, the calking in the seams near the ends had shrunk so that she leaked very badly; the whole bottom of the flat boat was soon awash, and by the time we got alongside of the receiving-ship a good many of the more sober men were standing on the broad gunwale of the scow to keep their feet dry. The officer who had charge of the spirit-room had been sent away from the vessel on temporary duty in the navy-yard, thus giving the seaman left on board an opportunity to pull up the grog-tub by a line attached to it for that purpose, for there was no longer any other means, such as a ladder, to get it up. It was probably then taken into one of the vacant rooms of the warrant-officers on the berth-deck, and the choice spirits were invited to "partake." As the scow was towed away from the *Vandalia*, Commander Levy stood upon the poop in a pose of assumed dignity. As soon as he was seen by the men, epithets were showered upon him, despite my orders for silence.\*

---

\* In April, 1842, Commander Levy was tried in Baltimore upon charges of illegal punishment when in command of the *Vandalia*. On the 11th of April the official record states, "The court does adjudge and sentence that Commander Uriah P. Levy be, and he is hereby, dismissed the Navy of the United States." This sentence was endorsed by the Secretary of the Navy as follows: "I respectfully recommend that the sentence be approved. A. P. Upshur." President Tyler regarded the sentence too severe for the offence,

When we reached the receiving-ship the scow was nearly half full of water. I went up the gangway, and, handing the officer of the deck a list of the men, informed him that they were alongside, and I had been directed to deliver them on board. The noise and confusion in the boat made their advent quite unwelcome, but the scow being half full of water made their coming on board a necessity. They were ordered up the gangway, each one carrying his bag and hammock; as they reached the deck, they were ordered to "toe a seam," the nautical equivalent to "form in line." They were in the first stage of drunkenness, and that was about all; their expression was one of entire satisfaction with themselves,—soon to pass into another stage less exuberant. The first lieutenant expressed an unwillingness to receive my "hearties," a pet name sometimes given to sailors, but how could he get rid of them? There they were, with bags and hammocks, and the scow no longer available to re-transport them. He had simply "Hobson's choice." Here and there, drifting over the earth, on board of vessels-of-war and elsewhere, I have from time to time met several of these men, the last one at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia, where he died a dozen years ago.

Nearly half a century after the closing scene, the reader may feel curious to know the fate of those persons more particularly mentioned. Gist died in 1847, at his home. Maffit "went South," and died in the summer of 1887. The sallow passed midshipman sat as a member of a court-martial upon one of the members of the mess who was tried for murder a quarter of a century ago, but who was neither pardoned nor hung. Marcy was killed by the recoil of a boat-howitzer in 1862. The man who went to sleep on the topsail-yard, from being "careless," as he was on that occasion, left the service, was one of Walker's "patriots," and was shot at Rivas, in Nicaragua. Another died a captain in the navy, more than fifteen years ago. Two "went South," one of whom, bright and genial, bravely faces whatever

---

and directed that the court should reverse its proceedings. On the 14th of May the court reaffirmed its former action, and the President, in the exercise of his powers, remitted the sentence of the court.

ills he may have, and his cheery smile awakens always kindly recollections of the long ago; the other rests in his native soil, and perhaps did not in the end object to being called as though his name were spelled Bar-bow. One resigned, studied medicine, and became a physician of note on the Pacific coast, where he has a large practice.

Shortly after being transferred from the *Vandalia*, one of the midshipmen, who was well-behaved but "had nothing in him," received an intimation from the Department that his "resignation would be acceptable." He replied that he was not willing to be suggested out of the service, and, in nautical phrase, having "the right of way, stood on," and remained in the service twenty years longer, more to his own advantage than that of the country he "served."

The poor fellow who spouted Shakespeare became the inmate of an insane asylum, where he could declaim without let or hinderance; his friends furnished him with a billiard-table and his acquaintances played with him. He was usually humorous and amiable, but when his luck failed, or he met too skilful an adversary, a cloud would darken his brow, he would "hump his back," and shout, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" and then reverse his cue. His visitor, recognizing the fact that billiards had ended and a tragedy was threatened, would forthwith beat a retreat. He thus lived thirty years before his comic and tragic life passed away.

As was then usual, and is now, when a vessel-of-war returns from abroad and is put out of commission,—which means temporarily dismantled,—the officers of the *Vandalia* were granted a three months' leave, and, with several of my former shipmates, I went up the Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore, homeward bound. Even half a century ago the bay steamers were commodious, had a speed of some ten knots an hour, and were fairly adapted to those waters. Reaching Baltimore, I went to Barnum's Hotel, and the next morning left for Cumberland, one hundred and eighty miles west.

When I came East, three years before, the railroad reached only from Baltimore to Frederick, Maryland. From Cumberland westward the old stage-coach, with its horn, blown not musically

but loudly, apprised the people at the "relay" of its approach, so that the horses might be in readiness. Our journey was in the early part of December; the snow covered the ground as it quietly fell, and the scene was a striking contrast to the Gulf of Mexico which I had just left. The bleating sheep and the lowing cattle sought the lee of the hay-stacks, that were numerous along the line of the turnpike, which was by no means a good road, as we knew from the bumps involuntarily and suddenly bringing our heads against or in close proximity to the top of the stage. After a tedious journey we reached Wheeling, thence going down the Ohio River in the first packet to Cincinnati. These packets usually left in the morning, but if the stage was late a delay of nearly twenty-four hours occurred. This seemed provided for by collusion, for the general benefit of hotel-keepers and the community at large. In about two days' travel, after an absence of more than three years (for a youth a very considerable period of time), I reached home, where I was very warmly welcomed by my few relatives and numerous acquaintances.

I received many visits from old farmers and others anxious to be informed through me of the wonders of the sea, of storms, of the heights of sea-waves, and of the inhabitants of foreign parts. In their minds my drifting back again to my early home was a fortuitous rather than a natural result, and, when at length I came to the conclusion that I would go to sea again, the belief was quite general that I was tempting Providence to such a degree that when I went thence I would never more return.

Having arrived at the conclusion that cruising in the Gulf of Mexico was not a fair average of sea-life, and that the *Vandalia*, as commanded, was an unhappy example of how wretched life may be made under the illusory cognomen of "discipline," I applied, after the expiration of my three months' leave, for sea service, and a month or so later was ordered to a new sloop-of-war, the *Preble*, fitting out at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where I joined her about the middle of April, 1840. This vessel was of the smallest class, and armed with sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades. Her commander, S. L. Breese, afterwards a rear-admiral, was a gentleman, as, indeed, was each of the wardroom officers.

There were six midshipmen, but I was the only one who had served on board a vessel-of-war. "Teddy" had been to Calcutta on board of a merchant-ship, but had learned almost nothing as to the sea. He knew little of "the ropes" on board ship, but much of those on shore. In the steerage we had an assistant surgeon who had recently graduated in a medical school in Paris, and an old "shell-back" for captain's clerk, who had already gone to sea nigh unto the ordinary age allotted to man. Both of them were agreeable, and the younger midshipmen were gentlemanly. Only one of all those mentioned is now living.

SERVICE ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR AND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Soon after the vessel was put in commission, we sailed for the coast of Labrador, a region I had been desirous of visiting ever since reading "Falconer's Shipwreck," a book presented to me by my friend Hamer. Until the 20th of May the prevalence from time to time of bleak northeasters made living on board ship in Portsmouth harbor disagreeable. On the 2d of June we went to sea, and passed near Cashe's Ledge, a ridge of submerged rocks varying in height, thirty miles in length, and about sixty miles from land; there are three shoal spots, one of thirteen fathoms, another of eleven, and the shallowest, twenty-four feet, is now known on our charts as the "Ammen Rock," being named after me, some ten years later, by the late Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis.

We were soon enveloped in the impenetrable fog of that region, prevailing especially during that season of the year; this haze, however, has no great height; looking upward, the sun is seen almost always during the day, and at night the moon and stars are visible; the clouds, in fact, settle to the surface of the water. This mist begets feelings of melancholy in those unaccustomed to fogs, and of apprehension in mariners. At any moment one vessel may run into another or be run into, and yet, up to to-day, no intelligent method has been agreed upon between the maritime nations to prevent collisions. From time to time a vessel is run into and many people perish, and then a

frantic yell arises ; this dies away, no action is taken ; another catastrophe occurs ; and so it goes on from year to year, without betterment. It is doubtless possible greatly to lessen the number of these catastrophes by proper regulations and sound-signals indicating roughly the courses steered. Almost constantly enveloped in the fog, with no means of ascertaining our position other than by "dead reckoning," after eight days we sighted the bold promontory known as Cape Sambro, and entered Halifax harbor, embowered in beautifully-green, picturesque hills.

During our stay of ten days we had the honor of a visit from Sir Colin Campbell, then governor, who had the good taste to bring along a charming daughter, barely in her teens. The army officers, as is usual wherever there is a British garrison, came on board, proffering their hospitality, and the citizens were no less attentive, among them a "McNabb." Whether he was "The McNabb" that had left his card on Colonel McNabb when ordered to Canada years before, I don't know. It is said that the colonel leaving his card wrote, "The *other* McNabb." A Scotch friend tells that a fearful condition was thus brought about. Said "The McNabb," "What does the fellow mean? I am *The* McNabb, and there is no other The McNabb!" For ourselves we would have recognized the one whose acquaintance we made at that time as "THE McNabb," against all pretenders to that honor!

On leaving Halifax we again encountered the usual fogs ; our first sighting was the bold outline of Grand Menan Island ; the next day we entered the port of St. John, New Brunswick, which seemed quite like a Yankee village,—a thriving little place. The extraordinary rise and fall of the tides and the length of days at that season of the year were quite new to me. We did not tarry, and two days after sailing entered Swallow harbor on the outer part of Grand Menan Island. There were a few small houses near the beach, and the bold heights were covered by a superb growth of hemlock. Three days later we anchored at Portland, Maine, where we were to obtain further instructions from the Navy Department. The object of our cruise was to protect our fishermen from the outrages even then imposed upon them.

The beauty of Casco Bay, of which Portland harbor forms a part, has been acknowledged by all who have visited that locality, and the fascinations of her fair daughters are in song and story. The same generous hospitality was given us as at Halifax, although we missed the counterpart of "*The McNabb*," who has impressed himself indelibly and joyously on our memory. There was a very bright young lady, charming in manner, varied in accomplishments, and whom, nearly half a century thereafter, when in Washington, I had the pleasure of meeting again, and found scarcely less attractive. Who can deny that Yankee women have endearing and enduring qualities?

We left Portland on the 4th of July, although the prohibition law did not then exist nor was it even proposed. Ten days later found us at the Isle du Bois in the Strait of Belle Isle, whence we passed from port to port. The whole coast of Labrador is lined with these little rocky harbors, often not more than a dozen miles apart, with water so clear that the bottom may be seen at a depth of several fathoms. The west coast of Newfoundland is studded with bold, precipitous cliffs, apparently without a break for miles, and at that season we observed numerous cascades falling from considerable heights into the sea. We met a number of small icebergs in those waters, but not nearly so many nor so large as those beyond Belle Isle on the open waters of the Atlantic.

On the 21st of July we anchored at Size harbor, where we had a very heavy blow, and, though we had two anchors down and a kedge planted ahead on the shore with a heavy hawser, we were nearly dragged on the beach. As we entered, the water was smooth and the breeze quite fresh, and as we sailed along, ten knots an hour, the water became so clear that it seemed possible we might strike the bottom at any moment. We passed so rapidly from port to port that I confess to little distinct recollection as to the one locality or the other, until we sailed out of the strait and anchored near Cape Charles, some twenty miles north of Belle Isle.

The coast of Labrador north of the strait is a series of harbors, little and great, some of them extending inland for miles. It is formed of bold faces of rugged basaltic rocks, usually hav-

ing interior communications between the outlying islands that on entering appear to form a part of the mainland. In many of these indentations and havens at that time two or three families resided, to care for the small wharves and buildings devoted to the curing of codfish by partially drying them in the sun.

The doctor and myself visited one of these residences, which we found comfortable for so small a house, and very neatly kept. At the door we were met by a very natty-looking woman, about forty years of age, who at the doctor's salute of "Bon jour, madame," seemed to be electrified. We were invited in and seats were offered, with great affability and with a perfect deluge of French words; she said that she was from Quebec, and had lived at her present residence for twenty years; a bottle of gin having a number of pieces of orange-peel in it was brought out, and we were assured of its delicacy of flavor. The doctor complimented her on the neatness of her house; our hostess took down a silver watch that had long been silent, and told him that she polished it daily; it was ornamental, if no longer useful. In reply to her inquiry, the doctor informed her that he had learned French in Paris, upon which she made him a profound bow. About this time her husband entered; to this she demurred, remarking that "she had gentlemen in her house," and he could hardly be reckoned in that category. He was small, rather insignificant in appearance, and gracefully submitted to the will of the head of the family. The half-dozen dogs, she said, were to haul wood from the mountain when the snow set in, and she remarked that in the winter, when the fishermen were away, with only two other families at their harbor, it was rather lonesome, but that on the one side and the other some miles distant were other families.

Along the whole coast near the water the rocks rise up in masses, and are covered with a long lichen which waving in the breeze resembles the Spanish moss of Florida that hangs so gracefully upon the trees. Within the ravines, sheltered from the winds, there is a sturdy growth of wood, rarely six feet in height, but very tough and gnarled, so that in ascending the mountains it was found necessary to keep in the bed of the small mountain rivulets. At distances not far apart little ponds



filled with trout were found ; never having been fished for, they knew no fear. Standing in water a foot deep, numbers of them, not larger than our brook-trout, would swim around and near my feet, in the consciousness of security. On arriving at the summit of these heights, of a thousand or more feet, and looking to seaward, many icebergs, far and near, were seen glittering in the sun and flecking the distant horizon ; near by, in the deep-blue sea, were grounded icebergs, the waves breaking upon them as upon the rocky coast ; and inland, an undulating surface clothed in the daintiest green, bounded by the distant horizon, and dotted with many lakes. I know of no locality so rich in promise to our yachtsmen of a sporting proclivity as the coast of Labrador in the vicinity of Belle Isle. A species of sand-fly, very rapid in its movements, and in countless numbers, would assault us on our excursions, and where they lighted on the face an immediate blood-mark would follow.

At that time the pocket aneroid was unknown,—a little instrument that, when properly cared for, gives surprising results ; so the elevations we reached are conjectural. I had a rifle, carrying a round ball of forty to the pound ; the conical ball, although I had seen it four years before as used in Hall's breech-loading carbine, had not yet come into general use. We were told that the icebergs brought down polar bears, which from time to time would swim on shore and make their way north. Black bears were also said to be found in the interior. Although I hunted for them, none were found, which was, I think, just as well for me, for the reason that the main-spring of the lock of my gun was too weak, and frequently failed to explode the cap, and, even had it done so, a round ball of forty to the pound would rarely do a heavy bear much immediate harm even when well directed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Whales in the Gulf of St. Lawrence—Story of a Sword-Fish—Sea-Fowl, Fish, and Seals—Run on a Ledge of Rocks—The Bay of Fundy—Halifax—Portland—John Savage, *alias* Hans Wildemann—Crossing the Atlantic, and Service in the Mediterranean—Lisbon—The Carnival—Port Mahon—The Author transferred to the Ohio, Commodore Hull—Rear-Admiral Dupont—A Sirocco—The Andalusians—Gibraltar—Death of a Sailor—Arrival at Boston—Three Months' Leave—Naval School at Philadelphia—David McLure—Small-Pox in the Naval School—Professor Chauvenet—John Hogan, "from the South."

In the upper part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence we saw great numbers of whales: on one occasion there seemed to be hundreds, said, by those who pretended to know, to be fin-backs, a very active and rather lean kind, involving in its capture, at that time, more risk than profit, and therefore let alone. Owing to the advance of knowledge in destructive methods, the fin-back is now an object of pursuit, and killed by means of bombs thrown into him from small guns that can be manipulated from the shoulder. The advance in destruction was gradual,—first by the use of prussic acid in a fragile phial inserted in a cavity of a harpoon, followed by the use of a kind of cross-bow to throw the harpoon, and finally by the use of gunpowder to project the weapon. But now so many substitutes for whale-oil are found that relatively few ships are employed in the whale-fisheries, and whales will doubtless become more numerous, until they can be captured with more profit than at present. A considerable number of grampus were seen; they are about twenty feet in length, and are very common all along our Atlantic coast.

On one occasion, in the early morning, when the fresh breeze made white-caps on the water, a large number of whales were feeding, much as porpoises feed, the ship passing through their line at a speed of ten miles an hour. This brought us quite near a very large fellow when he came to the surface on our weather bow. Very much frightened at seeing the ship so near, he dived precipitately, throwing his flukes high in the air, and so

near that it seemed to me impossible that he should not strike the ship. Standing near the bow, I got out of the way in haste.

All along the Labrador coast, parts of their disjointed skeletons are seen lying among the rocks. They have a good many enemies,—among others, the “thrasher,” a large fish, that leaps out of the water and comes down on his victim with great force. The thrashers appear to attack not singly, but several at a time, and may be aided by the sword-fish, which certainly does not carry his long, formidable projection for ornament. This fish is very voracious, and requires a large amount of food. It is an authenticated fact that a vessel on being docked was found to have a long piece of the hard projection known as the sword driven entirely through the outer planking and inner sheathing: it must have required great force to penetrate through such a mass of hard wood.\*

On the 20th of July, at Red Bay, the snow-line extended along the hill-sides to within one hundred feet of the water; below that line, and in sheltered places, under the lee of rocky

---

\* A curious confirmation of the “lore of the sea” expressed in the above of the combats of fishes is published in the daily press, May 24, 1889, of Philadelphia. The British bark *Stafford* had just arrived from Barbadoes. The captain said, “We were off Cape Hatteras, and the ocean was radiant and aglow with the beams of the setting sun. An hour or so before, a shark had been harpooned and hauled on board; he had followed the vessel for three days, escorted by a school of pilot-fish. Not many minutes after the carcass of the shark had been thrown overboard, I was in my cabin, and the men lounging forward, when there came a heavy thud. The bark trembled from stem to stern. I ran on deck and asked the mate what had happened, who replied, ‘We have been struck.’ It was thought that the vessel might have struck a partially-sunken wreck; but a careful glance at the unbroken surface over which we had just passed gave no token, so the incident was forgotten until, on docking, some boys saw what looked like a white sword-blade—one of those old heavy sword-blades—sticking out of the hull. When we came to examine it, the shock off Cape Hatteras was explained. It flashed through my mind that the sword-fish had taken us for a whale and meant butchery when it stabbed our side. The sword completely pierced the pine boarding, penetrating as far as the oak; this was too hard for it, and the fish was caught. In its struggles to get free it broke its weapon and left this part in the wound: it is about seven inches long.” I should not quite agree with the captain in the idea that the fish had struggled to get away; in inflicting such a shock to so large a mass as the vessel it did not do less to itself, and was doubtless killed at the instant of striking.

ledges, wherever the ground was uncovered, the "mate apple" grew luxuriantly: it had leaves resembling the strawberry, but much larger. We were told that it produced a berry of indifferent flavor. I was sent in charge of a boat to water ship, and, pulling along the landlocked waters, saw a limpid rivulet. After landing, a brief examination enabled me to turn the course of the stream by means of a few stones, so that it would fall over a ledge of rocks, where the boat could lie snugly, and a canvas hose be led from the brook to the funnel in the cask; this greatly delighted the men, who were spared dipping up and filling the water into the hose. The harbor was alive with fish, among others the "caplin," about the size of a sardine, caught by the fishermen in great numbers for bait. It was a very dainty morsel, much more so than the smelt. Covering the waters were many sea-fowl, but no ducks, such as frequent our waters. There was a bird known to the fishermen as the "parrot duck," having a beak like a parrot; when wounded and caught, it would bite viciously. Its skin was as tough as that of a beast. Many of our fishing-vessels visited that coast, and, anchoring in sheltered places, sent their small boats to the feeding-banks near the mouths of the inlets, whence they would soon return, loaded to the gunwale. The depth of the water in which the fish were caught was from five to ten fathoms; they were small, rarely over ten pounds, and usually not more than half that weight. Those caught in deep water on the banks of Newfoundland and elsewhere are very much larger: the deeper the water the larger the fish. I have seen them fifty-four pounds in weight, but less than half that weight is about the average of bank fish.

In the long twilights and by the light of the auroras, which were almost nightly, the hair-seals sported around the vessel, looking at her with great curiosity: as they were not harmed, they soon became quite tame, very sportive in their plays with each other, and interesting in their movements, with their heads above water, and barking occasionally in a resonant key. The auroras were gorgeous and weird, and well deserved the appellation given them of "the dance of spirits." They varied in hue from a pearly white to a rosy tinge, and shot from the northern

horizon with great rapidity, across the zenith, to within forty degrees, or less, of the southern horizon, varying in hue and intensity of light. So brilliant were they that the precipices and rocks, covered with lichens, were plainly visible, while mountain-heights and sea-views, with numerous icebergs, grounded or still afloat, were illuminated with the rapidly-changing colors. There is no actual darkness during the period of long days in high latitudes: the sun appears to linger on the edge, and finally falls below the horizon. Beneath the pole it pursues the reverse course, with a faint streak of light, as of a rising sun.

On the 27th of July, when standing out of a harbor, we ran on a ledge of rocks, on the first quarter of an ebb-tide. The water was landlocked, and our only danger was of the vessel toppling over when the tide would fall,—some ten feet. We got down our light yards and top-gallant masts, housed the top-masts, got our spare spars rigged as shores over the sides, and well lashed, to hold the vessel on her keel, brought a small schooner alongside, unloaded our shot and other heavy bodies, and pumped the water in the casks overboard, to insure our getting off at high tide, which was effected without other damage than splintering a little of the false keel and tearing the copper in several places.

The next day, as soon as we got afloat, we set about sending up spars, setting up rigging, getting in the shot and other articles, and, as quickly as this could be effected, got under way to pass out. After getting into rough water, the wind headed us; not taking advantage of it, and putting the helm down to go about, we filled away, and then had to tack ship unpleasantly near a lee shore with little headway. The affair was "a touch and go." Had the vessel missed stays, that would have been the last of the Preble; but I suppose, under the lee of the hull, we should all have been able to reach the rocks in safety, unless some of us had been killed by falling spars when the vessel struck. Soon after, we were safely at sea, with a head-wind and under double-reefed topsails and foresail. As the sun went down, we ran into one of the many little niches on the coast, and anchored. The activity of movement from port to

port, getting under way and anchoring, was of great advantage to the young officers, who learned more in a few months than was usual in making a three years' cruise.

About the 1st of September we passed through the Gut of Canso, a very picturesque water, and a week later anchored in Portland harbor, where we saw "the sweethearts that never became our wives." Two weeks later, we were in the Bay of Fundy, and went into Annapolis, opposite to St. John's. The beautiful woods that lined the shores were filled with pheasants, and, what was to us quite interesting, the bay at high water extended to the foot-hills, but at low tide was far out, so that it was in most places only practicable to land about the time of high water.

Passing out to sea, in the narrow entrance the wind scanted, and we let go an anchor to prevent being thrown on shore by the strong current. We swung around with great rapidity, heading into the harbor. Before getting under way, in common with my boat's crew, I ran great danger of being drowned, in taking a hawser into the boat when hanging by a line from the jib-boom. We could have done this just as well, and safely, by hanging to a Jacob's ladder astern. We lived through the attempt more by good luck than good management, and I learned something of value, by indirection.

Very soon the tide ran more than seven miles an hour; we landed the hawser far astern of the ship, although the shore was very near, and then, with great labor, carried the end up the beach, to make it fast around a tree. The hawser was set taut; but the wind freshening, we got under way. Before we tripped anchor, we had made sail to top-gallant sails and foresail with the wind on the quarter, and were going through the water quite seven knots; by the force of the tide we were, nevertheless, set bodily out, stern foremost, two or three knots an hour. Shortening sail, we wore ship, and with a freshening breeze were soon at anchor at St. John's, across the bay.

We backed and filled between Halifax and Portland until the 4th of November, when, with a fresh breeze, we left the latter port for Boston, catching sight of Mount Washington, covered with snow, as soon as we got clear of the land.

We had on board some very smart seamen,—among others, John Savage; he was more than fifty years of age, marked badly with the small-pox; he had fine black eyes, was intelligent and educated. Although on board the *Vandalia*, in the Gulf, I had learned to get longitude with chronometer-sights, and, of course, to get the latitude by noon observations, and also by dead reckoning, I was indebted to Savage for further instruction. He said he had been an officer in the Dutch navy, and when Napoleon became its master he was either turned out or resigned. I asked him how a Hollander could be named "John Savage." "Why," said he, "my name was Hans Wildemann; and what is Hans but John, and Wildemann but Savage?" Long after, I saw Savage in our Naval Asylum, in Philadelphia, where he doubtless died.

On the morning of the 13th of January, 1841, we cast adrift from the navy-yard wharf at Boston, after having made sail, and, with a fresh northwest breeze, were soon out of the harbor, on our way to Lisbon, thence to the Mediterranean for a cruise.

The officers were almost without exception changed, save those in the steerage. Our old sheldrake of a captain's clerk had given place to a young gentleman of agreeable manners and a delightful messmate. He is one of the few survivors, and it is a pleasure to know that after forty-eight years of active life he is still as cheery and benevolent as of old.

After we got out of sight of land, beyond Cape Cod, we had a northeast snow-storm, and, not having reefed our topsails until it was quite dark, had a troublesome and lengthy job, because the yards were not laid properly to spill the sails. As officer stationed in the main-top, I was aloft for an hour or more, and, as a matter of safety, went aloft without an overcoat, the vessel rolling very heavily. When I came down, my hands were so benumbed with cold that I had no feeling of touch in them; in order to secure myself, I was obliged to thrust my arms inside of the shrouds (which are large ropes sustaining the masts), and then bring my hands up, so that they would nearly touch each other, and so held on with the muscles at my elbows. This was not at all safe or pleasant, but it was the best, and

indeed the only, thing to be done, to get down. Not a few seamen on such occasions are thrown overboard by the switching of the shrouds, when the rigging is too slack. When the snow-storm was over, the wind came round to the westward and blew fresh all the way across the ocean, and there was not a dry spot on the deck until we entered Lisbon harbor, just one month after sailing.

We reached the coast in exactly twenty days, but the timidity of old navy men of that day on approaching land was quite extraordinary and annoying.

On an island just within the entrance of Lisbon harbor is the picturesque Belem Castle, surrounded then by other fortifications of later date. It was built in the fifteenth century, and of course at this period would be found far more ornamental than useful. The harbor of Lisbon, surrounded by its green hills, with Cintra in the distance, is very beautiful. On walking through the city, the ruins of the earthquake of 1755 were yet to be seen.

It would have been well if all that part of the city that had been thrown down at that time had never been built up again, but the ruins taken away and the spaces converted into ornamental grounds. It has been fully established by geologists that there are two quite distinct formations beneath the city, and while one gave vent to the disruptive forces the other remained intact. By the earthquake from thirty to forty thousand of the inhabitants perished,—probably one-fifth of the population,—and four years later the city was scourged by the yellow fever to a fearful extent. Charming as is the landscape, and mild as is the wintry climate, at the time of our visit, from want of sanitary knowledge, it was an unhealthy place, and it is so even at this date; the river Tagus was a swollen, muddy stream, anything but attractive.

We arrived in time for the Carnival, and went to the masquerade ball in the Grand Opera House. The over-polite attentions of the fine ladies with masks to our young officers were quite overwhelming: the better classes, of course, do not go on the floor, but the boxes were filled with them. On the floor with the masqueraders were a number of foreign officers



of different nationalities, who were in uniforms; all others being in fancy dress and masked.

The latitude of Lisbon is nearly 39°, about the same as that of the Capes of the Delaware, but, situated on the shore of the broad Atlantic, the prevalence of westerly winds tempers the climate wonderfully: the part of the bifurcated ocean current that passes south, close to the coast, tends greatly to this amelioration.

“Childe Harold” does justice to the beautiful scenery on entering:

“Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land;  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!”

We found the city delightful, and the inhabitants of rank were most courteous to navy officers. After ten days in harbor, we left for Port Mahon, the rendezvous of our squadron at that time.

In the winter, the weather in the Mediterranean is very rough, and, as the sea is narrow and the gales sudden, sailing-vessels usually laid up in the severe season, refitting rigging, and doing what overhauling seemed advisable, many of the officers and sailors went on shore in the evening, to the theatre or to parties.

The Mahonese were a very kind and industrious people, and at that time their support was largely derived from supplying the necessities and luxuries of our rather large squadron; we had then somewhat over two thousand men and officers on that station.

Mahon was a perfect harbor for the old clumpy line-of-battle-ships, but the long modern men-of-war would have no room there to swing at their anchors. We found in winter-quarters our finest line-of-battle-ship, the *Ohio*, flying the flag of Isaac Hull, who captured the *Guerrière* in the war with Great Britain, when in command of the *Constitution*; the frigate *Brandywine*, the sloop-of-war *Fairfield*, and one or two other vessels of like class. The *Ohio* had nearly completed her cruise, and on the last of May I was transferred to her, to return home for a

term at the Naval School. The late Rear-Admiral Samuel F. Dupont was the second lieutenant, and I was assigned to his watch.

In getting under way at Mahon, a top-block fell out of the main-top and struck very near where I stood: had it bounced in my direction it would have ended my cruising.

Eight days after sailing, when off Malaga, we had a sirocco, and anchored a mile off the mole of that port. These hot, dry winds, bearing very minute particles of sharp sand, cause a painful ophthalmia, from which, in common with many ship-mates, I suffered. We had an opportunity of going on shore, and of receiving many of the inhabitants on board of the vessel. Visiting our vessels-of-war was one of the pastimes of the people in cities along the coast of the Mediterranean, for the reason that they always had a courteous reception. The Andalusians were certainly a charming people in appearance, in their neat fanciful dress, and the señoritas were very sprightly and pretty. The hilly country close around, and the mountain-range not far in the interior, gave the usual trim wiry figure to the inhabitants of the region.

After remaining at anchor two or three days, we got under way with a head-wind, and, after a two days' beat, anchored in the roadstead of Gibraltar, called by courtesy a harbor. The rock, sixty marine miles distant, was plainly in sight from our anchorage off Malaga, and, with a moderately fresh top-gallant breeze and bright moonlight nights, I have never experienced so delightful a sail. We would stand on and off the coast in stretches of two or three hours, and would not tack ship when standing in-shore, even after night, until in the clear light of the moon the white houses on the hill-sides were plainly visible.

After remaining at anchor at Gibraltar four days, a Levanter set in, which means a strong easterly wind, and we were soon on our way to the Atlantic. As every one knows, a very strong current sets in the straits when westerly winds are blowing, making it almost impossible for a square-rigged vessel to beat out, and, as westerly winds sometimes continue for weeks, hundreds of vessels anchor in the roadstead, and go to sea as soon as the change of wind favors them.

On our way seaward, in the forenoon, an old invalided sailor dragged himself up from below, aided by some of his shipmates, and seated himself on the partners of the foremast; he looked out upon the broad Atlantic and said, "Ah! now I shall soon be well; this air will cure me." Soon after, his head drooped upon the fife-rail, and he apparently went to sleep, but it was the sleep of death. When the sun went down, the burial service was read, and, sewed in canvas weighted with shot, his body was launched into the Atlantic. His long voyaging on earth was over. He was a great favorite with the officers as well as his messmates.

We arrived in Boston on the 17th of July, after a passage of thirty-five days from Gibraltar. When south of the Banks of Newfoundland, we had heavy weather. I was much interested in observing how well the vessel behaved under close-reefed main-topsail and reefed foresail, and what a great difference there was in her pitching when the bow guns were brought to the mainmast and lashed.

In the life of a seafaring man there are few joys comparable with being homeward bound; on arriving, a leave of three months awaits him, and the time with his loved ones seems all too short.

#### AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL IN PHILADELPHIA.

At the end of my leave, I was sent to our Naval School, then in the Naval Asylum, near Philadelphia, on the Gray's Ferry Road. The building is yet standing, now surrounded by dwellings that hem it in on all sides. The grounds comprise some twenty acres, half of which, in front of the building, is covered by large trees, that I aided Commodore James S. Biddle to plant during that fall or winter. We occupied the ground-floor of the northern wing, the end room at the entrance being for recitations. There were two stories above, with a broad corridor in front and in rear; a few of the midshipmen who had no quarters below were assigned to the second floor.

There was a long passage-way extending in the centre through the building, having on both sides, all the way up, little rooms, about eight feet square, with partitions eight feet high, separating

them from the hall, or passage-way, and from each other. Each apartment had a window looking outward, with bars like a prison. The furniture consisted of a small iron bedstead and wash-stand, a small wooden wardrobe, and whatever we chose to supply in mirror, carpets, and bedding. The number of midshipmen under instruction was thirty-four, and the length of time about eight months. The naval pensioners, for whom the building was constructed, numbered at that time about one hundred; and they were generally assigned to the other wing of the building.

Our recitation-room was furnished with two blackboards, and a large rough table in the centre of the room, upon which we could put our books if desired, and all of us had chairs. There was an old sextant, to explain its adjustments, and no apparatus whatever. The passage-ways were heated by two stoves, placed in the middle and supplied with anthracite coal, and our recitation-room was heated in like manner. Our food was paid for out of our pay, by deducting twenty dollars per month from every one, and the wife of the gunner who was stationed as an assistant, to take care of the pensioners, was our purveyor. We did not live luxuriously.

We were under the instruction of David McLure, one of the half-dozen "professors of mathematics" then in the navy. He deserved the kind feelings of all his pupils; he was quite small, evidently a Scot, was very appreciative of moral philosophy as a study, and thought that practical navigation might be deferred to the end of our instruction, as, in his opinion, two months should suffice for that. We studied Playfair's Geometry and Bourdon's Algebra, and listened to his daily lectures on physics and moral philosophy.

On one occasion he gave a lecture on "infinity," which was responded to by one of the class, who said he had but one idea in regard to "infinity,"—namely, that it had a common ratio to all conceivable quantities, or distances, or spaces. The little man fairly held his breath, and finally said, "Wonderful! wonderful! The first philosophers of the age have just arrived at that conclusion." The irreverent youth replied that it only implied his superiority to philosophers in general. The pro-

fessor cast a glance of pity at the sententious individual, and felt for ever after that he had uttered what he did not comprehend. He lived in the city, and came out daily, at about nine in the morning, remaining until about two o'clock. In February he was seized with pneumonia, and we saw no more of him until we went to his funeral.

Soon after the death of Professor McLure, an incident occurred that dispersed the school for some six weeks. The small-pox was prevalent in the city during the whole of that winter, and the family of the gunner on duty at the Naval Asylum brought it out for our benefit. The rooms of his family were next to the chapel, with a communicating door; it is not unlikely that it was used for the sick, or the door was opened to give the benefit of additional air. At all events, six or eight of us were attacked, although all were vaccinated on the appearance of the disease in the building; the vaccine did not "take," but the small-pox did, and I was the first victim. When a child, my father inspired me with a fear of the disease. When quite young, in the mountain-region of Virginia, he had it in a confluent form, before the time of Jenner, and at a period when it was the practice to "prepare the system" for it and use the small-pox virus. The first symptom with me was a sudden nausea, when dining, followed soon after by a strong fever. During the night I was restless, and in a dream saw a mist slowly passing along in the obscurity of the evening. Regarding it as a marvel, I asked it if it was a ghost; it replied, "Yes." I asked if I knew it when living; it replied, "No." "Then," I said, "keep away from me, or I will harm you." Then the mist seemed to solidify, and rapidly assumed the typical representation of the devil, but it was a very little one, and in my mind there was only one thing to do if it became aggressive, as it seemed disposed to do. It soon crouched with dreadful grimace, and evidently intended to make a bound of twenty feet. "Now," I thought, "I am in for it," and, bracing myself firmly on my right foot, I met my enemy on his bound, with all my force of fist, between the eyes. His bronze majesty had it all his own way; my fist fell back, bruised and lacerated, and there I was, in the power of the fiend! It was a fearful

moment, and I yelled with all my power. My companions had not yet retired, and were sitting around in the hall-way. Startled by my cry, they rushed in to ask the cause. I was awake from the blow I had inflicted on the wall and the injuries received therefrom, and at once gave an account of my supposed encounter, which impressed itself on my memory ever after. The following morning my classmate Jones came to see me, and, looking closely at my face and hands, informed me that I had it. "Have what?" I asked. "Only the small-pox," he said; and so it was.

After the reassembling of the classes, quite a young professor took the place of McLure as our instructor, and he proved one of distinguished ability; it was the late Professor Chauvenet, who did more in building up the present Naval Academy than any other person. He resigned in 1860, almost an old man from his labors, and died a few years after, in St. Louis, Missouri, at the head of some institution. He was a man of genius, and literally wore himself out in his studies, and on his text-books, which are of the highest merit.

He could do nothing with our class but patch us up on practical navigation. However, every member of the class passed his examination. It was said that the Board arrived at this result because several of the members insisted upon a particular midshipman passing, they being "friends of the family." The other members then asserted, it was said, that none should be found deficient; so we all passed. Several of us, who lived at a distance from Philadelphia, after examination stayed at the building, awaiting orders, and one, known as "Brick-top," went into the examination-room and gathered the scraps of paper from the fireplace. We were invited to join in putting the torn pieces together, and then read off the names as recorded. The numbers not being entirely to our satisfaction, it occurred to us to reverse the list and give it to the newspapers for publication. This was done, to the great gratification of the foot of the class. "Billy" was in high feather at the final reward of his labors. His method of studying geometry was to memorize a problem; hence it became a matter of prime importance to place all the letters on the diagram just as they were in the book. He

received our congratulations in relation to his number with great condescension, and when the official list reversed our numbers he was hardly willing to believe his eyes.

It was our habit at the school, in the afternoon, to form parties numbering a dozen or more and take a stroll of several miles. On one occasion we went to Fairmount, and John Hogan, "from the South," as he always added, took it into his head to have a fit for the amusement of the crowd. He went through the performance admirably, and finally, after being restored, and gaining the sympathy of the persons who saw the unfortunate young man, he was supported by his comrades on his way home, until no longer seen by his commiserators. He had much more ability in having fits and dancing "hoe-downs" than in his studies: in such *rôles* he was inimitable. After a lapse of forty-seven years, there are still of our class three on the retired list of the navy, and three in civil life, who resigned many years ago. The classmate who had the fits, and the other one, who committed his geometry to memory as well as the letter rule of the problem, passed away long ago.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

Coast-Survey Duty on the Delaware—Lieutenant Charles H. Davis, commanding the Nautilus—Lieutenant George B. Blake—The Gallatin—Ordered to Receiving-Ship Experiment, at Philadelphia Navy-Yard—Lieutenant Albert E. Downes, of the Grampus—A Proposed Visit to the White Mountains—Interrupted by a Trio of Musicians—Ordered as Navigator to the Lexington—Life in the Wardroom—A "Tartar"—Minorca—Port Mahon—"Old Nance"—The Missouri—The Columbus—The Lexington arrives at New York—Lieutenants Green, Grey, White, and Black—Visits Mississippi—Adjutant-General Roger Jones—Lieutenant Lay—Visits Home—Ordered to the Vincennes—Cruise to China and Japan—A Case of Small-Pox—Dolphins—Dan on the Lookout—Brazil.

TEN days after passing my examination, I was ordered on coast-survey duty, and joined the Nautilus, a fore-and-aft schooner, commanded by Lieutenant Charles H. Davis, who died some years ago as rear-admiral. The vessel was engaged

on the survey of Delaware Bay, and belonged to the party of Lieutenant George B. Blake, in command of the Gallatin, a beautiful little foretop-sail schooner that was a great favorite with her officers and continued for a long period of years on that duty. In the early part of the season our work was near Cape May, and later up the river between Chester and New Castle. With agreeable messmates, I passed a delightful summer on such duty, and when the season was over was given a leave to visit my relatives.

During the following winter I was ordered to the receiving-ship Experiment, at the Philadelphia Navy-Yard. She had no frame, and was built with planking placed diagonally, on what is now known as the "diagonal plan" in boat-construction. The Experiment had much the model of a long muskmelon without the ribbed sections. She was the ideal of some old "sea-dog," who thought that the flexibility of the hull would make up in speed for the deficiency of lines,—that the muskmelon shape, added to the flexibility, would make a fast vessel, which did not prove to be the case. She served in the "Nullification war" at Charleston, in 1834, and it was said that in going and returning from a Northern port she worked like a basket and leaked to such a degree that she was never sent to sea again. There were no recruits on board during the winter of 1843 in Philadelphia, and literally there was nothing to do. The Experiment was moored to the wharf and roofed: with no watch to keep,—for there was nothing to watch,—the most favorable conditions were presented for a young officer "to go to seed" prematurely. There were several of us, and we had our rooms, when not required to be on board, at a lodging-house on the site now occupied by the Continental Hotel.

Soon after joining the Experiment, it occurred to me that an officer could become a seaman only by going to sea, and I was on the point of applying for the schooner Grampus, which I saw was about being put in commission, under Lieutenant Albert E. Downes, under whom I had served on board the Preble. I was dissuaded by a classmate, who proposed that we should go together a few months later, and the following March, in a "blizzard" of great severity, the Grampus was lost off Charleston.



The following autumn I asked a detachment from the Experiment and orders to the frigate Savannah, bound for the Pacific. Having some days' leave, I determined to visit the White Mountains. On arriving at Boston, I fell in with a classmate who played exquisitely upon the flute, and, on being told where I was going, he said that would just suit him, and the next day we were off for Portland. There we fell in with an old navy man, who had resigned and become an officer in the revenue service. He played the guitar superbly, and some years before had gone through Virginia as a compromise between a troubadour and a tramp, singing Italian songs and denying a knowledge of the English language, further than to make known his wants. In the hotel at Portland my worthy friends had a duet; there was a knock at the door, and, on an invitation to enter, a tall man, somewhat the worse for drink, came in, and said, "Gentlemen, excuse me; are you the gentleman who played the flute? You have faults in execution, but you play more exquisitely than any person I have ever heard. I must embrace you." He suited the action to the word; "Tom" said that, if it was all the same, *he* would consider himself embraced. He informed us that he was the late leader of the band at the Military Academy at West Point, and begged leave to bring his horn and make a trio, which was agreed to. Afterwards we had music morning, noon, and night, and in reply to my reminders that we were wasting our time instead of going to the mountains, my friend Tom would aver earnestly that we would go the next day, and when that came it was the same old promise never fulfilled. A cocktail in the morning, supplemented by others, made him happy and musical, and, as several days had been wasted, my time was so shortened that I had to go to New York to join my vessel. I never saw either of my musical friends again.

I think the observation of most men supports the fact that when the day begins with a cocktail the man will not last long: among seamen it has passed into a proverb that the sun must at least "be over the foreyard" before a man can, with any possible safety, take a cocktail; and to this I have never known but one living exception. Not long ago, in the New York hotel, when up early, I met a friend whom I knew agreeably in Wash-

ington more than thirty years before. He proposed a cocktail ; I declined, as a precautionary measure, much to his chagrin, as we were old friends. He is the single exception that I have known, and exemplifies the fact, that however general a result obtains, an exception may be possible.

We were on the point of sailing on board of the Savannah for the Pacific, when I found myself ordered as navigator of the store-ship Lexington bound for Port Mahon ; and, although seven years passed before I became a lieutenant, and as I was then and thereafter a navigator, when on board vessels-of-war, or on surveying duty, where I was with officers of higher grade, I consider my life in the steerage ended, and what I write hereafter will belong to a wider scope of vision, and will relate to more responsible duties.

#### LIFE IN THE WARDROOM, OR THAT OF A COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

In October, 1843, I joined the store-ship Lexington, at the New York Navy-Yard, in the capacity of acting master, with the duties of watch-officer and navigator. I had passed my examination fifteen months before, and, as the position was one of responsibility, none—or few—were ordered to vessels without the application of the officer commanding the vessel, which was the case in this instance, although I had never seen the lieutenant in charge.

He was called a "Tartar," and I must confess that he had evidently grown up in the school of violence ; but there were signs that he would have been a more useful and more agreeable officer had he received different training. There is, surely, enough that is trying in a natural way to the men of the sea, without imposing upon them a load of nonsense and holding over them forever a menace and a threat. I will leave it to those who have served under me to say whether this is a condemnation of others when, unwittingly, I might be subjected to the same criticism. There is certainly much to consider with regard to the responsibilities of a commanding officer ; he cannot avoid them, and, indeed, if he seeks to do so, as our army friends say, he "should go to the rear." In former writings I

have acknowledged the great debt the navy owed to those who did away with flogging. It was met at the time with a sneer and the remark, "Moral suasion," and I have to admit that I joined in the sneer. The change, however, forced upon navy officers a study of the broad principles of governing men; showing them that, however much absolute government was a necessity, if it failed in reason and humanity there was neither effectiveness nor discipline. It has often occurred to me how powerless an army officer is when not "popular" with untrained men, who think that discipline is only a disguised name for tyranny, when, in fact, discipline is simply an economy of force, and a protection for the health, comfort, and effectiveness of men, and the more advantageous individually, as the grade is lower. On board ship we deserve little credit for discipline, and a great deal of censure where it does not exist. With water five fathoms deep, or more, around us, the landsman cannot escape the toils, and ere long understands that the man who governs looks to his health and comfort. He sees, too, that he is protected in his rights and instructed in his duties. When his conduct is good, as often as his duties will permit, he is sent on shore, and if he misbehaves, still he is sent "on liberty" at such times as are convenient. Nevertheless, he is punished, one way or another, for his derelictions; for doing away with flogging does not imply that punishment in the navy has ceased, nor will it, so long as misdemeanors and crimes demand it.

The Lexington had been converted from an old sloop-of-war to a store-ship by being built upon, which made her capable of stowing a large cargo. I had little idea of the capacity of her stowage, and was quite surprised when the captain told me to make a requisition for twenty-five cords of wood for "dunnage," which means filling up vacant spaces between barrels and packages; yet all of it was required: as a solid, it was a cube of three thousand two hundred feet. About the last of September we completed the stowage of our cargo for Port Mahon, a haven of rest, known to seamen for centuries, and at that time the rendezvous of our squadron in the Mediterranean, where we kept half a dozen vessels-of-war. The vessel drew some two feet more of water than when a sloop-of-war, and was quite a

dull sailer, but by crowding sail when we had a free wind we got along fairly, and arrived at Port Mahon in forty-four days.

From seaward, and indeed from within the harbor, the general aspect of the island of Minorca was uninviting. It has only one considerable elevation, of several hundred feet, known as Mount Toro. In the time of Nelson, Port Mahon was a great naval rendezvous, and the greater number of the servants of the officers, then and thereafter, were Mahonese; even the crews were in part from the Balearic Islands.

"Old Nance," as she was called by our officers, was a sturdy old woman of seventy; she had a very pleasant face, and, it was said, had served on board of Nelson's flag-ship in the capacity of powder-boy; that is, in action, she supplied a gun with powder passed up from the magazine. When I knew her, she was quite poor, and lived mostly in the country, where beans, lettuce, and olive oil were cheap; a boiled head of lettuce, with a little oil and salt, and some beans, were all she required to supply her wants, and when she came to town she was very attentive in presenting beans to the children of her friends. She was quite cheerful, and spoke of her service afloat with zest.

The inn of Juan Cacho was noted for its nice dishes; the red-legged partridge that came over from the African coast, a distance of one hundred miles, in the season, and the "becofico," a very diminutive bird of passage also, and the date-fish, were among his delicacies. The *vino negro* of the island was sound and had body, and the *vino tinto* that came from the foot of Mount Toro was a very delicate wine. Although the island had a look of sterility, it produced quantities of fine vegetables and fruits, particularly the cauliflower, and oranges, figs, grapes, and apricots.

The roads over the island were admirable, and donkey-riding was a favorite pastime, at an inconsiderable cost. In the valleys, the fruit-trees and vegetable-gardens were always irrigated in the dry season. Among the rocks, over the hills, were numbers of the altars of the Druids.

It would be idle to speculate as to the antiquity of the history of the island. The Mahonese of forty years ago were a

very industrious, neat people, with few vices; they were, without exception, sober, notwithstanding all of them, large and small, had their *vino negro* daily, and bread, if they could afford it; if not, beans would serve. As there were few persons of wealth, many of the ladies embroidered shawls and mantillas, and the officers bought them, through their agents, without knowing whence they came, thus adding considerably to the means of support of many excellent families. As I have made previous mention of Mahon, when visiting it as a midshipman attached to the Preble, I shall dispense with any further observation in relation to the island of Minorca.

During my service on board of the Lexington we made two voyages between New York and Port Mahon. Stopping at Gibraltar on a homeward voyage, we took on board the copper boilers of the Missouri, burned at anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar in daylight, a day or so after she had crossed the Atlantic. A leakage of turpentine over the engine, and the saturation of the wood-work, made her a prepared bonfire. Probably at that time, little organization existed to extinguish fires, but now such organization is an established drill on board of all our vessels-of-war.

I went alone to the top of the Rock, first, by taking the left-hand road leading to the highest battery overlooking the "neutral ground," which is a low neck connecting the Rock with Spanish territory. Looking down from the upper battery, the face seemed perpendicular, and in fact it is nearly so, for several hundred feet. There, I found farther progress interrupted by an abrupt termination of the road; I should have taken the other fork, at a bifurcation several hundred yards below. Looking upward, towards the top, it did not seem to me so very steep that I might not fairly venture, and I set about climbing. I had not gone fifty feet before the roadway I had left was no longer in view. The neutral ground lay below me, with a foreground of rocks of a few feet only. I confess that I would gladly have attempted to get down, had I not felt it safer to go on, which I did until I gained the top, and was very much relieved when I stood upon it. It was perilous, and was entered into somewhat stupidly, not as a feat, but to save the time of

going down several hundred yards in order to take the proper road to reach the summit.

The view from the top of the Rock is well worth making the ascent in the ordinary way, but not as I did it. Looking over into Africa, a long range of snow-clad mountains was plainly in sight, and along the Spanish shore extended the Sierra Madre, also covered with snow for most of the year. All around was a scene of beauty; and, what adds to the scenic effect, the top of the Rock is so limited that it appears as if standing on a pedestal: it is more than thirteen hundred feet in height.

We left Gibraltar outward bound, with a fresh easterly wind, known as a "Levanter." Hundreds of sailing-vessels were passing out at the same time, for we had been held in for some days by westerly winds. Our line-of-battle-ship Columbus passed out the same day, also homeward bound, but we did not see her. We steered towards the southwest, and passed to the eastward of the island of Madeira, not far from it, and made our course nearly west along the northern limit of the trade-winds, until we lost our breeze, some two hundred miles southeast of the Bermudas; then, with the squally weather and calms, and the wind all around the compass, we made our way towards Cape Hatteras, to be able to make our lay with the northwest winds. Although the Lexington was a dull sailer, we reached New York in thirty days from Gibraltar, and beat in, under the lee of the Jersey coast, with a fresh northwest gale. The Columbus was blown off, twisted her rudder-head, and did not get in for a fortnight after our arrival: we "laid to" in a heavy storm within less than one hundred miles of her, made use of fore-and-aft sails, and rode it out very comfortably, while she was under the traditional main-topsail and lay wallowing in the trough of the sea.

Soon after reaching the navy-yard, all the officers, except myself, left the ship for the day. A reporter paid a visit to learn the incidents of the voyage, and asked for a list of our officers. The first lieutenant was actually named Green, the second Grey, the third White, and the boatswain Black. In order to have as many tints as possible, and surpass in the color-line, I gave my name as Dun Brown. This my messmates

did not like, jealous, doubtless, of my subduing their distinctive colors with my false pretensions: an explanation was asked as to the motive of my conduct, but, as there was no motive in it, my explanation failed to be satisfactory.

Detached from the Lexington, I went west to see my relatives, and finally to Mississippi, in the vicinity of Natchez, where some members of my family lived. I spent some weeks with Mr. James Metcalfe, at a plantation known as "Bourbon," three miles above Ellis's Cliffs, on the river. The sloughs in the interior, bordering the river, were the resort of wild ducks, the mallard and teal being in great numbers. I observed with surprise that the river-banks were higher than the interior, where there were no bluffs, and that usually half a mile from the river were long irregular sloughs, and although the timber standing on the higher ground was large, the marks from the floods on their trunks were often ten or fifteen feet from the ground. The swampy grounds covered with cypress-trees, and all the forest clothed in what is known as Spanish moss, give a funereal aspect to these unfrequented lands.

Some years later, in reading Lyell's Geology, I came across a very simple and satisfactory explanation as to the cause of the immediate banks of the river being higher than the interior. Tens of thousands of miles of land-superficies had been brought down by the stream, and when the force of the current became insufficient to carry along the mud or gravel the heavier parts would be left on the immediate banks of the river and the lighter particles be carried into the interior, where at length the imperceptible current would no longer carry them farther. Looking at the swollen waters of this mighty river, thick with the mud that they bore along, and seeing a portion of the countless millions of tons thus transported and deposited, one gets an idea of the time element in geological changes of what are called "recent periods."

During my stay my friend was sick for some days with an intermittent fever, quite common in that region. One of the slaves came in and told me that he had a "misery in his side." I made inquiry, until I fixed in my mind that he had pleurisy, but, not knowing the character of that disease, I took down the

encyclopædia and found that it was an acute inflammation of the lining membrane of the lungs, and thereupon I proceeded to treat my patient on general principles. I had a good fire made, his feet placed towards it, applied hot bricks wrapped in cloths to them, and attempted to cup his side. The apparatus was rather rude, only a dull lance and cupping-glasses that had to be heated by burning turpentine, which made a very imperfect vacuum, so that the poor fellow suffered from my rough "doctoring" as well as from the severe pain of the disease. I was up the entire night, and told the patient that I would cure him if possible; but, what seemed more reassuring to his ear, I informed him that at early daylight I would send for the father of the gentleman at whose house I was, an excellent physician; and on his arrival I delivered over my victimized patient, gave an account of my treatment, and said that I would have bled him also, had I not feared I would kill him, as I had never looked closely at the operation. The doctor approved of my course of treatment, but expressed his gratification at my not knowing how to bleed; years before, he would have bled, but that was no longer orthodox. Doubtless, in the mutability of human ideas, bleeding will come in vogue again, with abundance of hot water, as in the time when Gil Blas was inducted into the art of curing.

I left that locality in February, 1845, and on board of the steamboat bound up the river I found Adjutant-General Roger Jones, of the army, whose son was my classmate and intimate friend, and Lieutenant Lay, of the army, his aide. We had a pleasant passage to Cincinnati, where I left them, after a bare escape from one of those so-called "accidents" so frequent on Western waters. Lay and myself were sitting up rather late one night; a fresh northwest wind was blowing, and a perturbed individual clothed in red flannel night-clothes came out of his state-room and announced the fact that he "smelled smoke;" after which, either trusting to our vigilance or in order to dress himself, returned to his room. Lay and myself went out on the guard, and saw that the pantry, just forward of his state-room, was on fire: we burst in the door, and with a few buckets of water soon put out the flames. As the wood-work on those



boats burns like tinder, a very few minutes more would have placed it beyond our power to do more than endeavor to reach the shore, with the usual loss of life attendant on such occasions. No sufficient safeguards are yet provided for passengers on Western steamboats, although they would be neither expensive nor troublesome to carry out. Since the time referred to, thousands of passengers have perished on those waters just for lack of watchfulness and proper means of flotation on rafts, that should be hoisted just clear of the water abaft the wheels. They could be carried without the least difficulty, and with greatly-increased safety to passengers.

After a brief tarry with my relatives in Ohio, I received orders to the Vincennes, a sloop-of-war, then fitting out at Norfolk, and joined her in May. The vessel then went to New York, in order to accompany the ship-of-the-line Columbus in a cruise to China and Japan.

#### CRUISE TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

The Vincennes was a sloop-of-war, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and seven hundred and fifty tons' displacement. Most persons conversant with nautical matters know that these so-called "sloops" are full-rigged ships. Her battery was twenty twenty-four-pounder medium guns, and the only projectiles in use were round shot. Doubtless any ordinary tug, armed with a three-pounder Hotchkiss gun, with the projectiles now in use, would have been able to capture or destroy the Vincennes, for the reason that at double the range of the twenty-four-pounder the three-pounder would prove not only effective when hitting, but surprisingly accurate, being directed from the shoulder and fired with great rapidity.

On a previous cruise the Vincennes had been under the command of an officer who stood as a shining light professionally, and yet, in order to give the vessel a certain trim which was supposed to insure the best speed, he had placed over the dead wood at the stern five hundred solid shot, weighing twelve thousand six hundred pounds. In a short vessel, this weight so near the end, and stowed twelve feet above the line of keel, made the vessel "send," a term used by seamen when the vessel

has the motion of settling rapidly from a weight too near the bow or stern. This, with the weight of anchors of about seven thousand pounds on her bows, gave her an uneasy motion in a sea-way. At as early a time as practicable, after the facts were known, better stowage was made of the shot, and the weights in the hold were moved, so as to preserve the trim. There is perhaps no profession requiring a broader appreciation of physical laws than that of the naval officer. As a fact, a lack of this information led to the sudden sinking of a monitor and the loss of all who were below at that time,—more than fifty persons.

On the 5th of June, in company with the ship-of-the-line *Columbus*, we left New York for China and Japan. An object of the cruise was to endeavor to induce the latter government to enter into commercial relations with the United States. Soon after going to sea, it became apparent that the *Columbus* was the better average sailer; but when winds are light, even at short distances apart, the strength of the breeze varies; so, in order to maintain our station, we mutually delayed each other.

We had been only a fortnight at sea, or perhaps less, when we found that one of the crew had the small-pox, and, what seemed odd, the surgeon was actually the last one who knew the fact, although he had been prescribing for the patient for days. He was quite old, had not been to sea for many years, and probably at best was indifferent professionally. He was a kind, quiet old gentleman, with a disturbed expression of countenance, due, possibly, to a slight deafness. He was small and feeble in appearance, and never spoke unless to ask some question, or when some one of his messmates, as an act of humanity, endeavored to engage him in conversation. He had few patients at that time, and seemed always desirous of giving them his personal attention; on that account the young medical officer had not been in attendance, not being requested to accompany his senior. The surgeon had faith in porter as a medicine, and enjoined on his patient to drink freely of it, giving orders to the "loblolly" boy to keep him supplied. There are no "loblolly" boys now: they have grown up into "hospital stewards." After the patient had broken out in pustules, some of the men informed the assistant surgeon of the ailment, and he communi-

cated the fact to his senior. The sick man was taken off the berth-deck and placed in a sheltered place under the top-gallant fore-castle. Luckily, none of the crew were affected, although it was rather a severe case. There is a peculiar odor in this disease, and it seems to me I should recognize it even after this lapse of time, since which I have not had any further contact with it. The surgeon seemed perturbed after being informed of the character of the disease, but soon regained his usual equanimity. He always reminded me of the grandfather of "Little Nell" as given in "The Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens.

We held our way to the eastward until we reached the usual point of turning into the trade-winds, and near their outer limit encountered the usual narrow belt of southeast winds. We went about, and lost several days in trying to get farther to the eastward, before we turned again, to find the same southeast wind, which we soon passed through. Every one knows that sailing in the trade-winds is the poetry of seafaring life, where the men sit down for hours, sometimes for days, and let the wind blow them along. We experienced what is usual in passing through that region, and what is often mentioned by navigators: more than five hundred miles from the coast of Africa, the rigging dampened by the night air became coated with a reddish sand or earth, so minute in particles as to seem almost impalpable. I collected a small box of it to have examined under a microscope, but, to my regret, it was lost.

After reaching the southern limit of the northeast trades, and getting in the calm belt of one or two hundred miles in width, in lat.  $12^{\circ}$  N. and long.  $24^{\circ}$  W., we were signalled to make the best of our way to Rio Janeiro.

Early in the morning watch, when sailing fitfully five or six miles an hour, a school of dolphins came under the stern. I had the gratification of hooking and hauling on board half a dozen, till, the breeze leaving us, no more would bite at the piece of red flannel that had lured the others. The fish were fine, healthy-looking specimens, some three feet in length, and all the messes had fresh fish without going to market. The varying hues of the dying dolphin have been sung by the poet and told

by the voyager in all time; doubtless a slow change in color occurs from life to death, but it seems probable that the evanescent hues supposed to be changes are due to the rapid and varied movements of the fish, and only apparent, as are those of silken and other fabrics, varying in shade, when the light falls upon them and is reflected. The dolphin is one of the few fishes found on the broad ocean as far away from coasts or islands as ocean distances permit.

The belt of "calms" lying between the "trades" is subject to heavy and almost constant rains, with a hot stifling atmosphere, where everything mildews. The great Atlantic equatorial current lies in this calm belt, and the navigator with sails has the fear that he will be swept so far to the westward as not to be able to weather Cape St. Roque, in which case he has to pass out through the trade-winds again and make sufficient easting in the westerly winds to try it over again. The Brooklyn, some fifteen years ago, was so long in pottering about in this manner that she was given up for lost, when she was happily heard from on the coast of Brazil.

After entering the southeast trades we went along at a round rate over the last two thousand miles of the voyage yet remaining to reach our port. One bright moonlight night, with the great Southern Cross high above the horizon, when I was officer of the deck, Dan, a colored man, for the first time in his life away from the cornfields of old Virginia, was placed as a lookout on the weather quarter. We had been fifty days at sea, and he evidently had an apprehension that he might nevermore see the land. He ventured to ask me what I thought of the situation, and, being the navigator, I could certainly speak with authority. I told him if he would get up at daylight he would see over our starboard bow, but away off, thirty miles or more, a high promontory, called Cape Frio. He asked if I had ever been in these waters before, and when I answered that I had not, he had misgivings, until the morning came, and there the cape stood out in all its grand proportions, dispelling all further doubts. Dan told me afterwards that navy men knew a great deal, but he thought they required "a little good religion." In a few days he went on shore at Rio, got drunk,

and otherwise misbehaved ; afterwards I took occasion to ask him if he had left his religion in Virginia, or had lost it at sea.

The coast of Brazil, as seen from near the entrance to Rio Janeiro, is quite high, and broken into fantastic prominences. Among these, thirty miles to the southward, is a landmark known as Lord Hood's nose : it forms part of a semblance to a reclining human form, fairly outlined, more particularly the face, and a nose of peculiar shape and giant proportions, quite rounded in its contour. I never see such a profile of a nose on a human being without being reminded of the nose of his "Lordship," which doubtless will remain coupled with the name when generations of Lord Hoods have passed away. It was some appreciative British navy friend surveying that coast who gave him and his name a more enduring monument than belongs to painter's skill, sculptor's art, or monument of bronze.

Approaching the harbor, when some miles beyond Raza Island, near the entrance, there is in view, close under the land to the right, a coast fringed with palms, and on the left, in the foreground, a bare rock, known as the Sugar-Loaf, one thousand two hundred and seventy feet high ; beetling over it, several miles away, is the peak of Corcovado, two thousand two hundred and seventy feet in height.

On the right is Fort Santa Cruz, and, above it, high green hills in the background. Away in the distance, some fifty miles, looking through the mouth of the harbor, are seen the Organ Mountains, the peaks rising with sufficient resemblance to suggest the name. On entering between the high headlands, beautiful indentations are seen on either side. The city, partly on a mountain-side, is in view, its white houses relieved against a superb and varied green background. The lovely sheet of water stretches twenty miles inland towards the mountain-range upon which Petropolis is situated,—the residence of the Emperor and of the foreign ministers, and, it may be said, in climate one of the most delightful spots on the globe. Ten years later I passed some days there with the Russian minister.

Whatever the differences of opinion to which seafaring men are prone, they fairly agree that no other spot of intertropical grandeur and beauty that has met their vision is comparable to

the Bay of Rio Janeiro. It is worth a voyage to see, and when Lord Hood's nose is once looked on its memory will not pass away. The city in detail is not at all inviting, and vile smells fill the air, especially after night. The streets are so narrow that it would be impossible for two carriages to pass, and, in consequence, arrows are painted on the street corners, indicating the direction towards which carriages may proceed.

---

## CHAPTER X.

The Brazilians—Sail with the Columbus—Accident to a Brazilian Midshipman—Tristan d'Acunha and Nightingale Islands—Sea-Birds—Island of St. Paul—Straits of Sunda—Batavia Roads—Anjier Point—Turtles, Monkeys, Baboons, and Crocodiles—Malays operating a Pile-Driver—The Banyan-Tree—A Malay Village—Tigers—A Wild-Boar Hunt—Water filled with Animalcules—The "Biche de Mer"—Sea-Serpents—The East India Dysentery—Straits of Macassar—Sea of Celebes—Monkeys and Baboons as Commissaries—Hong-Kong—Chinese Vessels under Arms—Duck-Boats—Going to Canton in a Sanpan—Buying Wives—Chinese Modes of Burial.

THE Brazilians are not a pleasing people. The children are dressed in an absurd style, making them caricatures of their parents; boys of ten years have swallow-tail cloth coats and silk hats in that wretchedly hot city, and look like dwarfs. At the time of our visit, the city had never been visited by yellow fever, or, if so, it was not regarded as its *habitat*, or to be feared. Six years later, it established itself in a malignant form, and has rarely ceased its work for more than a few months. Ignorant physicians frequently send their consumptive patients to Rio, when, in fact, the disease is very constant and fatal in that region, and has more native victims than yellow fever.

After spending nearly three weeks in port, we sailed on the 17th of August with the Columbus. On the morning we left two Brazilian midshipmen were received on board, and, clumsily getting in on the bow, the tug bringing them alongside struck the lower part of one of our anchors, caused it to slide, and

pinioned one of them between the bill of the anchor and some solid body. His first lesson on board of the Vincennes cost him dreary weeks stretched on his back.

The holding-ground in Rio Janeiro harbor is a superior mud, very good so long as the anchors are on the bottom, but not so satisfactory when the cable is hove in thickly covered with it. At that time no force-pumps were in use to play upon the cable as soon as it was brought into the hawse-hole, to cleanse it before being paid below: thus quite a weight of the chain had to be ranged near the bow until the mud had been washed off. This change of trim lessened our speed greatly; at nightfall, when we had a good stiff breeze and had got our cable below, the Columbus was so far ahead as to be beyond signal-distance, and we were permitted to make the best of our way to Anjier Point, on the west end of the island of Java, a distance in round numbers of eight thousand miles on the best route to secure favorable winds. This is done usually, in making long voyages bound eastwardly, by going into a latitude beyond forty degrees, or even higher. It was towards the close of the last winter month in that hemisphere, and we were soon where the winds were strong, and we had a good deal of cold rain in squalls.

A day or so after leaving Rio, just within the tropics, we entered the region where the albatross and other birds of the wide, open sea cruise, hundreds of miles from any land. I have known particular birds to follow the vessel, sailing two hundred miles or more daily, for more than one thousand miles, doubtless to pick up what was thrown overboard. They found in the sea their principal support, and, regarding what fell from ships as a kind of *bonne bouche*, became our followers.

We passed within sight of Tristan d'Acunha and Nightingale Islands; they are situated several degrees south of the Cape of Good Hope and two-thirds of the distance from Rio to the Cape. They are without harbors, of volcanic origin, several thousand feet in height, and were then the abode of a few sailors, who, tired of the fatigues of a sea-life, had established themselves to raise potatoes and supplies for whalers and other vessels, that, at intervals of months, would "heave to" under the

lee of the islands, to exchange the delicacies of life, such as whiskey and tobacco, for what was brought off,—pigs, chickens, and vegetables.

After getting beyond these islands, the sweep of the seas from the far southwest was truly magnificent. Persons who have voyaged in the North Atlantic have encountered as dangerous seas as elsewhere, but they have no conception of the grandeur of the immense and regular seas that roll along from the southwest, off the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn and in the adjacent waters. For miles, a breaking crest appears, chasing and overtaking the vessel, the undulation travelling twenty miles or more per hour. Above, in the sky, are wild-looking clouds, and hovering in the air are many sea-birds, from the tiny petrel to the large chocolate gannet, man-of-war-bird, and, grander than all, the albatross, with outspread wings measuring fifteen feet, sailing around the vessel with rapid sweep, apparently without muscular exertion, and so near that the whites of their eyes may be seen. At times I got permission to shoot at the Cape pigeons, in appearance on the wing greatly resembling the domestic pigeon. The long regular roll of the sea made it not difficult to strike them with a ball from a rifle that I had, carrying conical balls, which were then coming into ordinary use. Previous to that time, spherical balls were used entirely, but of course had not the range nor the penetration of the oblong.

From time to time we had a sudden shift of wind from the northwest to the southwest, analogous to the reverse on the northern side of the equator, and, as the weather was cold and raw, and hygiene little thought of, scurvy was developed before we reached St. Paul's and Amsterdam Islands.

The asperity of the Southern as compared with the Northern hemisphere in high latitudes is well known, and particularly marked on Kerguelen's Island, which, though lying within the fiftieth degree, has a climate so severe that sleet and snow may be expected at any time; and vegetable growth is confined to this restriction. The same may be said of the Falkland Islands, east of Cape Horn.

After completing our easting in a latitude of nearly forty-



five degrees, we turned at the usual point to pass near the island of St. Paul, and, looking at the chart, I saw that just six months after a visit to my friend Metcalfe in Mississippi I was within less than one hundred miles of his antipode. We did not run near enough to this high volcanic island to sight it, and soon, passing from the region of "the brave west winds," entered the trades, having a delightful run, until we sighted the island of Krakatoa, lying just without the entrance of the Straits of Sunda. It was beautifully green, several thousand feet in height, and, in the early dawn, without a cloud to obscure its proportions. Passing along we entered the straits near sunset, and lost sight of landmarks. A tide or current swept us in rapidly, and we were several miles beyond Anjier Point before we knew it.

Owing to the many East-Indiamen that frequented those seas for half a century, provided with the best chronometers then made, the longitude of Java Head, a bold promontory at the entrance of Sunda Straits, was very well determined. After a voyage of eight thousand miles from Rio, during which no land had been sighted in fifty-eight days, the mean of our three chronometers gave the longitude within two miles, or eight seconds in time.

Several years ago, as the reader will recall, the island of Krakatoa was split asunder, and Anjier Point, and indeed the whole coast of Java, was swept by a tidal wave resulting from the most terrific earthquake recorded for centuries. Vessels miles away beyond the straits had their decks covered inches deep with volcanic ashes, and the whole surface of the sea for many miles was covered with scoria, or what is known as "pumice-stone." The memory of those seas has been indelibly impressed on my memory, as the following pages will show.

As stated above, we had been swept several miles beyond Anjier Point, where we were to join the *Columbus*, and as soon as we became aware of the fact, by sighting some small islands, we anchored, and the following day returned to the rendezvous. Two days later the *Columbus* made her appearance and anchored also. We remained there about one week, and then made our way to Batavia Roads in company.

Our experience at Anjier Point and in the voyage thereafter

was to me more painful than that of any other period of my whole life, and, until reaching the coast of China, of the saddest : how ephemeral existence is in general, and especially in that portion of the globe, I had there my first perception. Years after, in the "Wandering Jew," I read a description of a scene on the island of Java that was extraordinary in detail and inspired me with admiration of the power of description possessed by a writer who had never seen that region.

On anchoring at Anjier, a number of canoes came alongside, loaded with cocoa-nuts and tropical fruits, among them the "mangosteen," esteemed by travellers as the most delicious known, and the "durio." Green turtle, laid upon their backs, filled the bottoms of the canoes, and small monkeys and baboons, tied by strings, sat upon the bows and sterns of most. The monkey-supply there is limited only by the demand. When we landed at a rude wharf on piles, the vacant space underneath the flooring was exposed to view, and, curiously enough, several young crocodiles, from two to three feet in length, were chasing each other around like kittens. Full-grown saurians, as usually seen, move very slowly, and seem so encased in armor as to give the impression of their being incapable of turning with rapidity, or of making any swift movement,—which is quite a mistake. These young animals would dart like a flash, double on, and bat one another with their long flexible tails, and were as graceful in their activity and playfulness as kittens.

On the borders of a small canal, some yards above, a number of Malays were operating a pile-driver of the most primitive kind. A frame was put up, of small dimensions, not unlike that ordinarily in use, to hold a weight drawn up either by a tread-mill, as I first saw at Norfolk, when I entered the navy, or, as seen now, wound up by steam around a cylinder, and, on reaching a certain height, detached automatically. There were twenty little fellows, clothed only in breech-clouts and hats, each having a rope's end, all the rope's ends being spliced to a larger rope, by which the weight was dragged up ; then, at the cry of their leader, all of them would let go, and down would go the weight, two or three feet only, and strike the pile. Such pile-driving is not seen save where there is a superfluity of hands,

with an absence of mechanical skill or adaptability. Yet this was a government work, and under the superintendence, indirectly at least, of a Dutchman, who realized the fact that there were plenty of Malays, and to spare, on the island of Java.

Passing along through the Malay village, the houses built of bamboo and raised three feet from the ground, to guard against the entrance of serpents, and on to the outskirts, we saw a famous banyan-tree,—indeed, one of the largest known to voyagers. As most persons know, this tree is at the head of a family having the habit of extending their limbs until their weight brings their ends to the ground, when they take root, and an “annex” grows, making an indefinite extension over an acre or more.

A Malay village has a peculiar smell, which any one would recognize at once, due partly, perhaps, to the inhabitants' living on the “durio,” a fruit that grows in great abundance on the island of Java. In shape and size it resembles a muskmelon, and when cut emits a very disagreeable odor no longer perceptible after tasting the fruit: it is delicious and wholesome. The “mangosteen” is about the size of a hickory-nut enclosed in its hull, when embrowned by the frost; the hull then has a rich color, too, not unlike the “mangosteen:” the rind of the latter, though, is soft, and when cut and laid open is of a rich maroon color; this cover is half an inch thick, and on being removed a pearly-white fruit is found, an inch and a half in diameter, extremely delicate in texture, and when taken in the mouth and gently pressed is found to be of a delicious flavor, with a suspicion of subacid; after being pressed by the tongue, nothing is left but a very thin sack, quite like gauze, and rarely a seed is found. This fruit is strictly intertropical; indeed, it is found in perfection only on the Indian Archipelago.

A day or so after our arrival at Anjier Point, I asked a Malay if they killed many Bengal tigers; he replied that “Malaya man no kill tiger, but tiger kill plenty Malaya man.” The whole country is infested with tigers, and the foliage is so dense that they can pounce upon a poor fellow at labor with more facility than they can on an ordinary animal with quicker perceptions whose task is simply to pick its food. I hired a boat,

and the services of several Malays, landing at a spot indicated by them, several miles to the eastward, and around a point, to have a hunt over the country to the village. We had no sooner left the beach than we entered a dense forest of tall trees, the tops of which were covered by a canopy of vines, not simply covering the trees, but running from one to another, and fairly shutting out the sunlight, making a dim obscurity. But this was not all; notwithstanding the dense shade, weeds as high as a man spread over the soil in every direction; insects filled the air and covered the ground, so that it seemed impossible to step without putting an end to animal life. My Malay guides walked with caution, and, I have no doubt, led me through to a cleared country in the least possible distance. I could very well see how it was that tigers had it all their own way in such a jungle. On reaching open ground we were at an elevation of two hundred feet, with easy slopes, and rice-fields lying beyond. We heard the shouts of a number of men and the yelping of several dogs, and, looking over on the fields, saw a number of Malays with their dogs in pursuit of an enormous wild boar, that sped his way to the hard ground on which we were standing, in a direction diagonal to the course we were pursuing. I quickened my pace to a run in order to get a shot, but my Malay guides, who were behind, uttered a yell, and I involuntarily paused, and turned back to assist them. Then their countenances were as placid as possible. Again I started on the run, and again the same cry; but I did not heed it this time. The boar took a course from me at a distance of nearly one hundred yards. I fired at him, but he kept on his way, and was soon lost behind a hill covered sparsely with bushes. A wild boar in movement, with his head high in air, and bristling with defiance, although running, is a magnificent sight. We found our way back to the village without having a shot at anything, and without coming across any of the numerous serpents found in that region.

We watered ship at Anjier; the color was that of water that had been poured into a goblet previously filled with milk, and not rinsed. Where it came from I do not know, but I suppose from the ditches that ran through the rice-fields. We soon knew more about it than was pleasant: when a goblet was nearly

filled, and a tablespoonful of gin added, in a few minutes the bodies of little animals, as large around as a fine needle, and two-thirds of an inch in length, having the movement of a snake, became visible, through the alcohol making them opaque. They did not enjoy the mixture, and, either in a state of inebriation or overpowered, they settled quietly on the bottom of the goblet, and when the water was poured into another goblet, half a dozen or more of these little creatures would be found lying at the bottom.

A week after the arrival of the Columbus we got under way, accompanying her to Batavia Roads, where we arrived on the 24th of October, 1845. Our arrival at Anjier was a month too late: a passage up the China Sea was no longer practicable, for the reason that long before we could reach Hong-Kong the northeast monsoon would set in, causing a very strong current down the sea, which, with a head-wind, would make the voyage impracticable. We were too late for the China Sea or direct route, and too early for the "roundabout routes" that have to be pursued by sailing-vessels having head-winds to contend with.

The island of Java lies nearly east and west a length of six hundred miles, and is relatively narrow; north of it is the Java Sea, quite shoal for the greater part of its length,—less, in fact, than one hundred feet in depth.

A few miles after leaving Anjier, we turned into this sea, and, although Batavia was only a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, owing to calms we were several days on the voyage. Quite a remarkable feature, as we passed along, was the sight of long bamboos stuck in the mud as guides, miles away from the shore. Sixty feet in length may well be called giant grass, and they were fully that, and eight inches in diameter.

The water of the Java Sea teems with animal life; pulling on shore to some of the verdant islands that lie without the anchorage off Batavia, we found the *biche de mer* of small size, much prized by the Chinese as food. An old sailor who had spent several years in that trade told me he had tried to cook them without other result than finding a substance tough as shoe-leather. Years before, as previously mentioned, I saw much

larger specimens in Mahon harbor; they were quite black in color, perhaps one foot in length, and nearly two inches in diameter; those on the reefs of these islands were not half the size. They abound in all the coralline islands of the Pacific, especially in the Feejee and Samoan groups. After being caught, or rather picked up, for they have so slow a movement that it is not perceptible to the eye, they are split open, and then subjected to a smoking and drying process. The Chinese are the only people who value them as food or understand their preparation.

We lay some four miles from Batavia, the water being shoal a long distance out, and few of the officers of either vessel went on shore. I was not of their number, and only knew of its features through what they said.

When nightfall came, the land-breeze set in, and until morning we had "the smell of the mould," or land, which, in the tropics, is usual, and to me very agreeable, nor is it in any degree malarial; vessels anchor off the west coast of Africa, within a quarter of a mile of the land, and the men are entirely healthy, provided they do not go on shore until the sun is well up, and come off before the sun sets.

After lying four days off Batavia, we left to make our long roundabout voyage to the coast of China, which was sixty-two days for the Columbus and seventy for the Vincennes. The winds were very light, but mostly fair, for a few days, interspersed with calms for hours. The water was muddy, and at times unbroken by a ripple; the sun glared down upon the sea with intense heat; the atmosphere was damp and stifling, and at intervals we would have light showers. The water was alive with animal life, and, what I had not seen before, the sea swarmed with serpents, varying from two to three feet in length, and known to be extremely venomous. Passing along at the rate of one or two knots an hour, with a breeze scarcely perceptible, they would be seen lying coiled up on the surface, remaining undisturbed when even within a few feet of the vessel.

The water we had taken on board at Anjier began to have fatal effect. An East India dysentery does not take long to

carry off its victim; in a day or so after being attacked, the nostrils are pinched and mark its ravages. The first man who died was the carpenter's mate, a very bright, active man, and, as a mark of respect, our first lieutenant asked the captain to allow him to have a coffin made to bury him; this was done; when weighted with a couple of twenty-four-pound shot and thrown overboard, it stood a couple of feet out of water. A boat was sent to attach weights to sink it, and afterwards the orthodox way of burying at sea was adhered to,—sewing the man up in canvas, and attaching two round shot to his feet. Unhappily, this was frequent. On several occasions we buried two the same day, and in fifteen months actually lost one-fourth of the crew,—in all about fifty.

Soon after leaving Batavia, I was attacked, as also several other officers; the doctor wished me to continue to lie on my bed the whole day, but I insisted on going on deck to take my sights for calculating the position of the ship, and worked them out; I did this when it seemed to me impossible to live more than a few days. To a young man this was a lugubrious outlook, yet I continued to navigate the ship the whole voyage.

After a course of several hundred miles nearly east, the Java Sea terminates, and the Straits of Macassar stretch along the eastern coast of Borneo, as the Java Sea runs along its southern border. The northern part of Macassar Straits is deeper, and the course is a little east of north. It was more than one month before we got around Cape Kanneoongan, the eastern end of Borneo. A head-current held us off that point for days, until one night we anchored by a kedge on a ledge, fifty fathoms deep, and getting a good land-breeze, passed into the Sea of Celebes, a very deep water of a deep-blue color, surrounded by highlands, that in the early daylight are to be seen a hundred miles or more, but as the sun rises soon become obscured in mists, so that even the shore-lines are invisible.

Although light, the winds were more constant in the Sea of Celebes, and often fair. A curious feature was that almost daily, for hours, we would have several incipient water-spouts in sight at once; they seemed never to gain force, as is usual, but would sweep along, often not distant from us, and did not disturb the

surface of the water. The sea was smooth, and sailing over it were numbers of the nautilus-shell, so delicate that a slight blow breaks it, so that but few are thrown on the beach in perfect condition.

At last we passed into the free waters of the Pacific, near the high volcanic islands of Scio and Tagolanda, which twenty-five years later belched forth to such a degree as to destroy nearly all the inhabitants upon them. The coasts of the Indian Archipelago are inhabited almost exclusively by the Malay race, who are by no means indifferent sailors, and at the time now written of were not averse to attacking any becalmed merchant-vessel that seemed unprepared. They are mostly Mohammedans: in build they are thin and sinewy: on an average, the males weigh little over a hundred pounds. They are given to drunkenness, and know how to distil liquor, which indeed is known to every race, perhaps, except the Esquimaux. Their boats were seen frequently, but they did not approach us. At Anjier we had taken on board some twenty monkeys and baboons, purchased by officers and sailors. The community was so large that they messed by themselves, and, when no longer furnished with food by their owners, established a system of strategy that might have been studied by generals and admirals operating conjointly during our late civil war. At early dawn the larger ones, to the number of half a dozen, would come to the main-mast and menace the officer of the deck; the tin trumpet carried by him was recognized as the emblem of authority; they had observed that whenever the one who carried it spoke, those on deck obeyed, or executed some order. While the more formidable monkeys held the officer's attention at the mast, the more active would steal aft, go into the boat hoisted astern, each take a yam between the fore-paws, and scamper along, outside the hammock-netting on the spare spars, and get inboard: the sailors, not being interested in preventing the robbery, were not regarded. On reaching a place of safety, those who held the officer at bay would go under the launch where the raiders had disappeared, and the proceeds would be divided in an honorable manner, or at least no quarrelling or dissent came to the knowledge of the outside world. When officer of the deck, and the fighting force



menaced me, I was at a loss to understand their apparent enmity, as I had never molested or annoyed any of their number. On regarding them closely, I saw that their attention was divided; their glances were cast beyond me, while the menace was to me. On observing the marauders returning with their spoils, I took in the situation, and, accepting the axiom that "a man must live," which Talleyrand is accredited with having denied by saying that "a man may live if he can, and die if he must," I was tolerant to the necessities of my kinsmen, relatively little developed in the progressive scale of humanity. It was touching to see the affection with which those of the same species regarded each other; they would sit in silence for hours on the top of the launch, in a circle, with their arms entwined around each other, and, before the mists had obscured the distant mountains, gaze at them, doubtless bound together by their common suffering in captivity. They were clumsy monkeys; from time to time one would fall overboard, throw his hands on high, and thus sink himself beneath the waves like the most advanced type of humanity. In this band of brothers the baboons were not included; no loving arms embraced them; they doggedly sat upright and alone, notwithstanding the short stumpy tail with which they were endowed. Many years ago, my friend Professor Nathan R. Smith, an eminent surgeon of Baltimore, told me he had read a very interesting account of human beings recently discovered in Africa who had not yet lost their tails, but, for their comfort, sat on stools provided with holes, to allow their caudal extremities to pass through. Notwithstanding the travels of Stanley and other explorers of the dark continent, nothing further has come to light in relation to this interesting link in the development of the species.

Once out of the closed waters, in the broad Pacific, as the old sea-song says, wind and weather and currents favored, and we passed on eastward, beyond the Pelew Islands, so that when we entered the northeast trade-winds, or rather "monsoons," we could pass to windward of them and between the Philippine Islands and Formosa, on our way to Canton River.

The latter part of the voyage we had a rattling breeze, and got along rapidly, but it was bad on our sick, and we buried

many of them as we sailed along. On reaching the coast, we passed through the harbor of Hong-Kong, then up to the Bogue forts, about half-way between that port and Canton, and anchored on the 5th of January, 1846. The Columbus, that had left us in the Straits of Macassar, reached port ten days ahead of us. We had been sixty-seven days making the voyage, and our provisions, with the exception of rice, were not at all suitable for the sick.

Our arrival on the coast of China was some three years after the end of the so-called "Opium War" and the opening of the five ports for traffic. The Bogue forts had a number of guns of large calibre and quite long, but of no value against the shell guns used by the English. The forts consisted of long straight granite walls, four or five feet thick, with thinner walls running off into the interior, and a back wall to complete the enclosure. The Chinese complained that troops were landed and came down on them from the rear, where they had no guns. In their belief, it was quite an unworthy, if not a dishonorable, act, to come up behind, instead of facing the guns placed to bear on the water approach. The forts were not garrisoned when we were there, and their inspection was a curious revelation of what that people then knew of the art of war. When their war-junks passed us, at our anchorage, their crews were under arms, and gongs sounding, perhaps to inform us they were ready for battle. A long kind of cutter, pulled by about fifty men and manned by as many more, standing with arms in their hands and shields designed to protect them as well as the rowers against the fire of small-arms, also passed. These boats, it was said, were principally employed against opium-smugglers, but going by in review they did not fail to beat their gongs to inform us that they were ready to fight. The anchorage was pleasant, the view novel and attractive, with a pagoda near by and others in the distance, and, away beyond, ranges of hills of considerable heights, with easy slopes; while all around, night and day, a countless number of boats, from the little *sanpan* to the lordly East-Indiaman, the pride of Eastern waters.

In a few days the Vincennes was sent up to Whampoa Reach, thirty miles above, and only thirteen miles below the city of

Canton. Some two miles away, in Blenheim Reach, was the anchorage of a dozen or more Bombay and Calcutta ships, and in the narrower waters where we anchored were hundreds of boats tied to the shore and to each other in lines, while along the fields, on the islands and elsewhere, extending up and down the stream, were the duck-boats that we have all read about when children. Early in the day these boats are made fast on the borders of a rice-field; a gang-plank is put on shore, the door-ways are opened, and the ducks walk out of the broad pens extending nearly the entire length of the boat, twenty or more feet, and overhanging the water on either side for ten feet. Several hundred ducks inhabit each of these boats; and, growing up under authority, they are very obedient to it. The man in charge has a long bamboo stick with a mark or emblem on the end that the ducks have to recognize when he waves it on high and shouts to them to return to the boat for the night. On the signal being made, there is no loitering by the way; a steady, earnest push is made to the particular boat of the occupants, and they pass over the gang-plank in haste, in order to avoid being the recipient of the flogging awaiting the last one that enters. As one is obliged to be last, it is to be hoped that in the infliction of this punishment "justice is tempered by mercy."

Well-read persons know that all the boatmen and many of the laborers of China, especially the coolies, or carriers, are of the Tartar race: they are usually small, active, and much darker than the Chinese. The families of the boatmen and junkmen are generally a part of the crew, and live on board. In China, no one can get a wife merely for the asking; and many of the *sanpan* men will tell you with pride, fully shared in by the wife, how much had been paid for her. Going to Canton in a *sanpan*, the crew consisted of the owner, a man of thirty, a boy, and his wife, who used a scull and did the steering and a part of the propulsion, while the man and a boy of a dozen years of age pulled oars on the bow. The *sanpan* is about fifteen feet in length, and four feet or more in width, and has a rounded covering, about eight feet in length, over the central part, with other sections forward and aft, which when hauled out from their telescopic position enclose the whole interior against the weather.

The cooking is done on the bow, in a small charcoal arrangement, and this, with one or two pots, when not in use is stowed underneath the forward deck, while beneath the after deck are packed the clothing and general provisions of the crew. The central part has a floor near the bottom of the boat, with a depth, from the top of the boat proper to the keel, of about three feet. Everything about the boat is kept very clean. The *sanpan* is intended for only one passenger, but three can sleep comfortably on mats within the bamboo covering: it is not intended, however, that passengers shall remain on the boat except in transit.

As we passed along up the river, I learned, in answer to my inquiries, that the man had paid seventy dollars for his wife; this information made her radiant with smiles. She was a nice-looking little woman, with very pretty feet and hands. She wore a kind of sack over her shoulders, and in it carried the son and heir of the establishment, who after a time was laid down on the deck. After the children on boats become a year or so of age, they have a small buoy attached to them, to facilitate their recovery when they fall overboard. The young wife of our *sanpan*-man had a dower of a pair of geese and a pair of ducks, and the husband had entered into obligations to bury the grandfather when he died. After a man marries, the question of life is to provide a burial-spot for himself and family; or, if not able to get this, to buy a spot wherein to place jars with the cremated ashes of his family. Looking around on shore in every direction, especially on hill-sides with southern exposures, were seen the burial-lots of the wealthy, in the general form of a horseshoe, within which the interments were made. Persons of position are often not buried for twenty years after death; in the mean time their remains are in a large strong box made of camphor-wood, placed on supports three feet above the ground, covered over by a framework to exclude the rain, but otherwise open to the weather; after being put into the box the body is covered entirely with fresh slaked lime.

Among the picturesque sights from the anchorage at midnight were long processions bearing torches, passing over the high hills, not far from Canton: we were told that they were burial-processions.

## CHAPTER XI.

Arrival at Canton—Flower-Boats—Pigeon English—Markets—Shops—Billy Poole, "the Biggest Toad in the Puddle"—Chinese Dinners and Customs—Price of a Wife—Dwarfing Feet—Parsee Merchants—Buffaloes—Milk not from Cattle—Cholera on the Columbus—The Grave of the Portuguese Poet Camoëns—The Columbus and Vincennes sail for Northern China—Amoy—Dining with the Governor—The Chusan Islands—Yeddo Bay—The Daimio—Nagasaki—Lieutenant McIntosh throws the Poles off the Bows placed there by the Japanese—Japanese Artists—A Squall—Object of the Visit of the American Vessels—Dual Government—The Japanese Officials visit the Columbus to reply to the Commodore's Letter—A Mishap and an Explanation—Presents declined.

ON arriving at Canton, the thousands of boats tied to each other and extending far out into the narrow river, leaving only room enough between the two shores to permit a free passage of boats, filled me with surprise. I could well believe their occupants numbered several hundred thousand, and that when a typhoon came up suddenly twenty thousand or more would be drowned, a calamity read of from time to time. Many of the wealthy had what were known as "flower-boats,"—floating apartments, gayly decorated with flowers in pots, and moved by oars from one locality to another, as desired. It is said that something akin to this is now to be found on the Thames, above London.

The streets of Canton without the walls were narrow, yet considerably wider than those within the walls; by treaty, foreigners were permitted to go within, but for years they were driven out ignominiously by indignant Chinese. The largest shops were without the walls, and there was really no reason why one should wish to enter the other part of the city, save the innate desire to do what is forbidden, or curiosity to see the provision-stores, containing large quantities of dried ducks, and not a few dried rats, as well as other Chinese delicacies. I saw a man with great round spectacles, sitting in the market; before him were the two heads and four legs and outer pinions of a pair of ducks, and in a bamboo basket a pair of cats; a customer

came along and asked prices, and from time to time one would feel the heads of the cats, to ascertain their condition.

At that time the Chinese had not much intercourse with other than the hong merchants, who bought what they desired through their *compradores*, or purchasers. In passing, a navy officer was always invited into one shop or the other, and in looking around would price the articles of ivory, porcelain, or other manufacture. The conversation was carried on in "pigeon English," the word "pigeon" signifying business in that idiom. A book of instruction has been published, and it is not only taught to the ignorant, but is learned by all Chinese and foreigners who have dealings with each other. The foreigner enters a shop, and says, "My wanchee chessmen." The Chinaman answers, "Hab got," and produces various sizes and qualities. If the best are shown, he says, "First chop." If he has not what is asked for, he says, "No hab got; can secure," meaning that he will obtain it. So thoroughly is this language appreciated and used in intercourse that coolies and boatmen from Northern and Southern China hold their conversations in this foreign language, not being able to communicate otherwise. A foreigner will say to a Chinaman, "How many pie-ce chilo hab got?" The intelligent and learned Chinaman will reply, "Hab got three bull chilo, one cow chilo;" and this conveys the information that he has three boys and one girl.

I have not met more able business-men than the Chinese; as shopkeepers they surpass all others. At the time of my visit they charged persons like myself all they could get,—that is to say, two or three times the ordinary price paid. On a visit to China more than twenty years later I found this no longer in vogue, but the price *asked* was what would have to be *paid*. On my first visit, in a shop of good repute I asked for one thing and another, and the prices, laying aside such articles as I wished to purchase. As the bill mounted up, the shopkeeper became nervous; doubtless he had lost sales to just such customers as myself through exorbitant demands. After I had summed up his prices, he demanded, "How muchee?" I offered him a little more than one-third of his demand, to which he replied, "No can do." Instead of increasing my offer, I looked around and saw something else that I wished, and added, "Kumshore my

this." "Hi-ah! how can do?" he said. I then looked around, and demanded another present, instead of increasing my offer. As he was much more desirous of selling than I of buying, and surely would derive more profit from it, my purchases being intended for presents, he said, on my second demand, "*Mas que,—* can do," and I paid him the money. To the credit of these shopmen, I can say that, even when the question of sale was on such terms, I have never heard of one of them putting up inferior articles, or omitting anything that had been purchased, even when they knew the parcels would not be opened until reaching home.

Whampoa Reach was altogether a pleasant anchorage; there was a hulk there, owned by a cross-eyed countryman of ours, who sold ship-stores to us in the daytime, and opium to the Chinese in the night, which was carried off in boats of great swiftness, further facilitated, it was said, by bribery of Chinese officials. This floating storehouse was a species of social exchange, where the officers of vessels-of-war and those of opium-clippers and other persons met. There I had the pleasure of meeting Billy Poole, a countryman, who assured me that he was the "biggest toad in that puddle;" and so he was. He commanded an American tug engaged in some trade perhaps more profitable than honest. He was heavily built, a blond, genial to a degree, and could hold as much strong drink as a pitcher.

The Blenheim Reach captains did not visit our exchange, but from time to time would invite us to dances or dinners on board of one ship or the other. Several of them had their wives on board, and, as the male sex largely predominated, everybody was happy. There were songsters in the fleet, and for the first and last time I heard sung,—

"Oh, needles and pins, needles and pins,  
When a man marries, his trouble begins."

It did not strike me as a "delicate sentiment to a sensitive mind."

All the ships were supplied by *compradores*; "Old Sam" was known to our countrymen for nearly half a century, and yet he was supposed to have shortened his life by the inordinate use of opium. A caterer of a mess had only to say, "I wish this thing, and that, to-morrow morning," and it was brought. A

small kind of quail, many varieties of ducks, wild geese, and other game, if desired, would be brought on board alive.

Although their dinner begins where ours ends,—by eating fruit,—I am by no means disposed to decry the custom, as is the usual habit of foreigners. The bird's-nest soup, so highly prized by them, would be taken for a fine vermicelli soup. For the most part, their dishes are stews, and the person partaking would only know what was before him on being told. All great feasts end with a lacquered pig, and that, of course, should be known to all our countrymen; so, if the dinner has been passed over slightly, there comes up a form and a substantiality beyond question. Our caterer ordered a wild goose for dinner; to our surprise, we found it had the marks of our domestic bird, and saw that their tame goose had the marks of our wild one, but it is a very fat bird, quite unable to fly.

The customs of the people are in general the reverse of those that obtain with Europeans. Any common person who should enter the house of a man of rank and take off his hat and keep on his shoes would be thrust out for his rudeness. When the Chinese go into mourning, they wear white; their books begin where ours end,—at the back; and they read from the right hand to the left, and from the top of the page to the bottom, instead of across the page. A Chinese teacher said, "When you receive a distinguished guest, do not fail to place him on your left hand, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity." In his further instruction he said, "The most learned men are decidedly of opinion that the seat of the human understanding is the heart." The military men carry their swords on the right side, and mount and dismount from a horse on that side, and the Japanese do so also. To offer your hand, in either country, would be regarded as a vulgar familiarity; instead they clasp their own hands together, gently raise them to their breast, then lower them to a horizontal position with the elbow, and then make a profound bow, slowly rising to a perpendicular. In all countries, a true politeness is shown by the conventional form expressing an intention.

On board of the *Vincennes*, I asked the man who supplied



us with vegetables what he paid for his wife, for be it known that there are no bachelors in China, no men without wives, except vagabonds who lack the means of support. The man said, one hundred dollars. In pigeon English I informed him that "they makee you too muchee foolo," as I had seen the boatman's wife whose price was only seventy dollars, and, besides, she had a dower of a pair of geese and ducks. I saw before me an indignant Chinaman, and I remember him as the only one that has fallen under my observation. He tried to make me understand that boatwomen were quite an inferior class, and that his wife was a superior woman in all respects. A man of rank is supposed to pay one thousand dollars for his wife.

The women of the Tartar race, even of high rank, are said not to pinch or dwarf their feet. It is usually supposed that this custom belongs exclusively to Chinese women of rank and wealth; this is not the case, however, for I have seen hundreds of women with little feet setting out rice on the fields near Shanghai. It arises probably from the same vanity that causes in Europe and this country the pinching up of the waist, and is less injurious to the health, and really to the appearance, of the woman. In the one case there is the distorted foot, and a considerable flesh-growth in the ankle; in the other, a weakened and distorted spine, a disordered arrangement of the internal organs, and an impaired condition of health, all to obtain a perverted and graceless figure.

The walks on the islands near Whampoa were very pleasant. Numerous trees, bearing what we know in this country as the *lychee* nut, and patches of long waving bamboos, are found near the cottages of the owners.

Land is more equally divided in China than elsewhere; the proprietor of a ten-acre field of hard, good land would be among the wealthy. Their rice-fields are very productive; and, considering the habit of life of well-to-do people, a small amount of money, or its equivalent, is a great deal of wealth with them. In these days our surgeon, the counterpart of "Little Nell's" grandfather, would sit quietly below, or come on deck and look around, without proposing to go on shore. From time to time I would invite him to go with me; he accepted my invitations with a

grateful smile, but as we passed along he rarely made a remark, or, if any, only that we had a pleasant day, or that the bamboos sheltering a house were very pretty.

On one occasion we met several Parsee merchants when I had my rifle and was shooting at a mark some sixty yards distant. They were somewhat curious in examining my weapon and the ammunition, and expressed surprise at the accuracy with which the balls were sent. As is well known, the Parsees are among the wealthy men of India and the East. Although they visited China in ships belonging to them, I doubt if at that time any of them were located there. They are very distinguished in appearance: indeed, I never saw an indifferent-looking one. They are above a medium height, with a light olive complexion, very intelligent faces, with admirable profiles, a little too stout to indicate agility, and clothed in white flowing garments which give them an increased appearance of size.

On another occasion we met a Chinese whom I took to be a leper. He was deathly white, and his face was covered thinly with white stiff hairs, half an inch or more in length, and about the thickness of an ordinary needle. He appeared delighted that he had caused a sensation.

At times we would come suddenly upon a buffalo, lying in a muddy ditch filled with water, with only the head out, to protect itself from the bites of insects. When aroused, they were disposed to show fight. They were as large in frame as our cattle, with short hair of a mouse color, and horns not unlike those of our bison, that we call buffalo. This animal furnishes the only beef in China; and, to carry out opposites in almost everything, the tenderloin is to be found on the opposite side of the bone from our beeves.

When we first arrived in China, we had our mess furnished with fresh milk for our tea and coffee, but gave it up when we learned that it was not in fact from cattle, but a profitable source of industry to women who could spare some from their baby supply. After reaching maturity that nutrition is no longer attractive, and you will not meet many men, who have spent part of their lives in China, who are addicted to the use of milk in coffee.

Early in March we dropped down to the Bogue, and a few days later went to the roads off Macao. The water is shoal for miles out, and the lower part of the Canton River, or rather the archipelago into which it discharges, is quite extended, lying between high and picturesque islands, those nearest the sea being more rocky and less green. The outer islands have few inhabitants, while the inner ones are thickly populated. At that time the island of Hong-Kong had very few residents, and the foreign population was quite small. Macao had been in possession of the Portuguese for more than two and a half centuries, and was for many years the summer residence of the larger number of foreign merchants in Canton. Bordered by broad waters and peninsular in form, just on the edge of the tropics, it was an agreeable residence, and many years ago, when the Chinese were more exclusive, it had a large trade, but in 1846 its commercial glory departed. The very extensive warehouses were empty, and pleasant residences for Europeans could be had at a nominal rental.

The Columbus left Macao on the 15th of March for Manila. She was ten days in making the voyage, and after less than a week her crew began to die of cholera, and she left for Macao, where she anchored on the 9th of April, having lost twelve men. What is known as Manila cholera is not the true Asiatic, although the treatment is the same; it is not at all infectious, and on her return we went on board without fear of attack. The true Asiatic cholera has visited Manila several times since then, and between that disease, earthquakes, and typhoons, the inhabitants have had within past years what is called a "rough time." In the mean while, the Vincennes' officers and crew enjoyed the delightful walks within the limits of Macao, and some of us never tired of visiting the grave of Camoëns, a Portuguese, and one of the great poets whose names will live as long as man exists. The situation and trees make it a charming spot. "The Lusiad" is a choice poem, recording a romance of travel, that can hardly fail to be read in the future.

The wilds of Africa present a field for any amount of human endeavor, and so do the central portions of Australia, but the Polar regions will remain untrodden, and the fable of voyages

has passed from the existence of lines of travel in all habitable interesting regions. Indeed, the world, that we in our infancy regard as so large, is, after all, quite insignificant in mass as compared to other planets, and not at all large, if we regard only the locomotive power of man. Even in a sailing-vessel, resting in port here and there, and tarrying for weeks as already stated, I was in six months within less than one hundred miles of an antipode.

On the 25th of May the *Columbus* and the *Vincennes* left for Northern China and the coast of Japan. Even so late in the season, we were eight days making a distance of only two hundred and fifty miles: for although we had good breezes, they were still mostly from the northeast. As we approached the entrance to the harbor of Amoy, an endeavor was made to draw a round shot, to fire a blank cartridge, the usual signal for a pilot: the shot had jammed, and an order was given to fire the gun. This was the first shot since the sailing of the vessel from New York, just one year before.

The harbor of Amoy is excellent, and at that time had not been visited by any of our vessels-of-war; the traffic was inconsiderable, the tea-trade had not found its way to that port, and sugar, wood, and camphor from Formosa formed the principal exports. Soon after we anchored, men came on board with large supplies of embroidered silk garments more or less worn. It did not occur to me what a ready means that was to spread small-pox, scarlet fever, and other infectious diseases; nevertheless, although the same traffic has continued from year to year, I have no knowledge of disease having been contracted thereby. The city had perhaps half a million of inhabitants; the streets are narrow, and the houses usually only one story in height. The smells are peculiar, and I thought distinctive, in every street, and all of them vile.

The *Touti*, or governor of the province, which contained twenty millions of inhabitants, dined with the captain, and in turn the officers of the ship were invited to dine with him. Sedan-chairs were sent to the landing for us. When the *Touti* came on board he was accompanied by an officer and two servants, who stood behind and waited upon them at dinner.

Indeed, in China and Japan, if a gentleman is invited to dine, his servant always goes along, to wait upon him. None of the Asiatics use handkerchiefs, but they have a far nicer method of disposing of what comes from an influenza than using a handkerchief and then putting it in the pocket. When required, a nice piece of paper is called for, and after use is handed to the servant, who folds it up carefully and puts it in his pocket until a favorable opportunity occurs for throwing it into a receptacle. The Touti was a large, strong man, with Tartar face and manner; he was much interested in what he saw around him, and, being shown my rifle, examined it attentively and asked me if I could use a bow. I replied, somewhat to the captain's amusement, that I could *draw* a very long one. At that time the larger part of the Chinese army were armed with bows and arrows.

After remaining nine days, we left for the Chusan Islands, which lie off the coast of Ningpo, and on the 18th of June anchored under the lee of an island known as Buffalo's Nose. The Chusan Islands are very beautiful, terraced and cultivated to the summits. They are several hundred feet in height, and their being terraced, or at least some of them, indicates that the slopes are abrupt. This anchorage is one hundred miles south of the entrance to the Woosung River, leading to Shanghai, which will not admit a vessel of the draught of the Columbus, and is shoal so far out as to be dangerous of approach unless care is taken in entering to keep on the proper bearing from Gutzlaff Island, so long as it can be seen. The tides are strong, and, sweeping across the course of the vessel, are apt to set her on a mud-flat next the land, or on a sand-bank on the other side, with very deep water close to it. By attaching a log-line to a lead, the rate of sailing over the bottom is easily ascertained, and also the approximate course, as the line is found to trend to the one quarter or the other; but in strong currents there is always danger, unless accurate bearings are obtainable.

Commodore Biddle took passage on board of the *Vincennes*, and we left for Woosung, twelve miles below Shanghai. After getting safely into the river without a pilot, we got one just without the narrow entrance near the land, who at once put us ashore in a sharp bend and a strong current, so the bows of the

vessel were run pretty well up on a sand-bank, with a falling tide, and there we lay for twenty-four hours. We had for several days and nights the hottest weather I have any recollection of,—over one hundred degrees throughout the nights. When we got off, we anchored off the village of Woosung, remaining there until the return of the commodore, when we left to join the *Columbus*: this we did on the 7th of July, and both vessels kept together until we entered the bay of Yeddo on the 20th of July and anchored twenty miles below the present site of Yokohama.

As soon as we got away from the land, we had a delightful change in temperature, and good weather. We passed through a line of islands known as the Pinnacles, some of them quite high. Soon after, we sighted the southwestern islands of Japan, and saw the coast until we entered Yeddo Bay. The day before, when off Green Island and not far from the harbor of Simoda, we had a superb view of that pride of Japan, the mountain of Fusi-yama. On the following morning, when within the large island of Oosima, that lies south of the entrance to the bay, we were met by several boats that endeavored to divert us from the entrance into a deep indentation lying to the westward, but the vessels stood on, despite our self-constituted guides. A few miles farther up, when well within the lower bay, the boats amounted to hundreds. Later on we had on board a large number of the officers, who had very perturbed countenances, until at length we anchored in something of a bight, three miles from the western shore-line, with a beautiful wooded promontory nearly due north of us.

When at Batavia, the commodore apprised the Japanese of our intended visit by a message to Nagasaki, within which port a Dutch trading-station, *De-Sima*, had existed for a century or more, to which were sent two ships yearly, delivering whatever the Japanese had previously requested, and receiving in exchange pretty much what they chose to give, no doubt guided in some degree by the expressed wishes of the Dutch traders. The lacquers of Japan have no equals, and other of their manufactures commanded high prices in Europe, sufficiently so to make the traffic profitable. A good deal was written in former times,

whether with truth or not, of the humiliating terms and compliances that had to be observed yearly,—among others, trampling on the cross, and crawling in on all-fours, knocking their heads on the floor from time to time, in acknowledgment of their abasement and of the grandeur of the Daimio, who sat on a throne or dais to receive this honor. Doubtless the terms under which this trading-post was held were shameful, but to what extent can hardly be accurately stated.

When the Japanese first came on board of the *Vincennes*, some of the zealous, in the line of their special duties, stuck poles upon the bows, perhaps to indicate possession; but the officer in charge of the forecastle, Lieutenant Charles F. McIntosh, indignantly threw them overboard. The boats increased in numbers for several days, until not less than fifteen hundred formed a cordon around the vessels. They varied in size, and carried from ten to twenty-five men.

As is well known to travellers, the Japanese do not pull oars, like Europeans, but alongside of their boats are flexible sculls. When manned for sculling, the bodies of the men are bent forward nearly horizontally, and, swaying from side to side, they propel their boats with more speed than could be got out of them by oars. Their boats and sails, for convenience and utility, will not compare with those of the Chinese; we saw several junks in the distance, with lug sails, that did not attempt to "tack," and in ordinary weather always "wore;" that is to say, in bringing the wind from one side to the other, the helm was put up, instead of down, as in tacking.

After a day or so, a number of the officers of the different boats spent hours on board of the vessels, and artists came on board, who made drawings of everything that was to be seen, and very good drawings, too, for they are experts in that art. There were several men among them who understood Dutch, who acted in the capacity of interpreters. Between them and some Dutch sailors and my Chinese servant, an interpreter and myself soon understood each other very well. I had read, months before, that the Japanese were not averse to taking cherry bounce, and had supplied myself liberally in China for the occasion. Our interpreter was a very intelligent man of

thirty, who had learned Dutch in the trading establishment of De Sima, within the harbor of Nagasaki.

We had delightful weather after getting clear of the Chinese coast, and our crew began to mend in physique greatly. At the request of the commodore, both vessels were well supplied with water, vegetables, and fowls. At that time the Japanese did not eat the buffalo, such as the Chinese have, although they had them in limited numbers. It seemed to me that their fowls were unusually tough. Those of China are very good, the capons especially.

A week after we had been at anchor, as the sun went down, a heavy squall was brewing, and when night fell upon us it blew violently, forcing the boats to seek shelter under the headlands. Driven before the wind, their variegated lanterns crossing each other, they presented a very beautiful sight. We let go other anchors, and sent down our top-gallant masts. The following day putting things to rights, by heaving up the anchors we had let go and sending up our spars, interested our Japanese visitors greatly. By ten o'clock the cordon of boats was again around us.

The object of our visit was to inform the Japanese government that our government would be pleased to hold commercial relations, should it feel so disposed, and the communication was intrusted to their senior officer on the first day of our arrival, that an important paper had been brought and would be delivered to any high official who might be charged to receive it. There was at that time a dual government in Japan: one branch was regarded as the spiritual and ethical, at Osaka, on the inland sea of Japan, and the other was that of the Tycoon, at Yéddo, that managed the whole practical matter of government.

It was arranged that eight or ten days after our arrival some high functionaries of Japan would come down the bay to visit the commodore and deliver an answer; the question was discussed, whether they should come on board of the Columbus, or whether the commodore should visit their vessel. The commodore said the Columbus, being much the larger vessel, would be the better place for the meeting. This was agreed to, and the day and hour named; and on that morning, several junks, bearing the Japanese officials, came down, and anchored a mile



or more from our vessels. Their curious rig and appearance aroused the curiosity of the commodore, who, disregarding the previous arrangement, thought a visit to them proper. His barge was lowered and pulled alongside of the vessel pointed out as bearing the highest official. Not knowing his rank, and properly regarding the arrangement agreed upon, on getting alongside and endeavoring to go on board he was thrust back into his boat, and a Japanese official at the gangway laid his hand upon his sword, with a plain intimation of its use should further effort be made to come on board. This nettled the commodore greatly, who had to go back to the Columbus and await the programme already agreed upon.

The Japanese officials on board of the Columbus were much discomposed at this mishap. It was explained fully that the officials had no idea of the rank of their intended visitor; but it was said that the commodore waxed wroth, and, on the officials coming on board, complained of the rudeness shown him, adding that they could very well see that he had "sufficient force to blow them out of the water." The reply was, that they had no idea who their visitor was; had they known, he would have had a courteous reception; his visit to them was not proposed in advance, and was unexpected. They acknowledged that he had the force, if employed, to destroy them, but said that such an act could have no justification. Presents were offered him, which he indignantly declined, and he was asked not to communicate the occurrence to his government, which he declined to promise. As he was an able man and reasonable, he doubtless made such official report as set forth the facts. When, eight years later, Commodore Perry appeared and made no demands of apology or statement of intended injury, it was quite apparent to the Japanese that we had no desire to foment a misunderstanding, and perhaps on that account the government was more disposed to listen to what Commodore Perry had to say and to look at, and accept what he had to present. This expedition, indeed, had the effect of entirely changing the relation of the Asiatic nations to Europeans and ourselves, which otherwise might have remained isolated.

The daily intercourse between myself and the interpreter

who was assigned to the *Vincennes* established quite an amiable relation, aided, perhaps, by the cherry bounce. A day or so before we left, I told him how much gratified we all were in making their acquaintance and seeing their beautiful bay and looking at the country from the vessels: we found, too, a wide difference of climate between China and Japan; our sick had become convalescent, and, in view of our kind reception, I had little doubt that we would visit their coast frequently. This compliment, with the assertion that we would doubtless come again, greatly disconcerted him.

After the official rendition of the papers referred to, and an answer returned from some officer with duties analogous to those of our Secretary of State, the commodore received a letter, probably rendered into Dutch, stating that an answer had been given to the letter from his government. They wished no intercourse with us; they had furnished us with supplies, for which they declined to receive compensation, and they hoped that we would now return to the country whence we came and visit them no more.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

The *Vessels weigh Anchor* and are taken in tow—The *Columbus* and *Vincennes* part, never to meet again—The *Ladrones*—Apra Harbor—Island of Guam—Flying-Fish and Sea-Fowl—Pilot-Fish—Coral and Cocoa-nut—No Snakes or Scorpions—Description of the Inhabitants—A Ride to Agaña—Received by the Governor and invited to a Dinner—Mr. Robinson, an Old British Navy Officer, sings, and is in Disgrace—Bread-Fruit—School-Houses—Roberts, the Pilot, proposes to leave the Island, but is persuaded to remain—Remarks on the Island, its History, Inhabitants, etc.—Sail for Hong-Kong—Anchor in Blenheim Reach—Sail for Raja Bassa in Sumatra—A Fishing Town—Curiosity of the Inhabitants—Description of the Island and People—Cape Town—Leaving Cape Town the Writer has a "Windfall"—Arrive at the Navy-Yard—General Hamer—Leave of Absence—Calls on the President—Mr. Mason, Secretary of the Navy—An Appointment in the Navy for General Hamer's Son—Ordered on Coast Survey Duty.

ON the morning of the 29th of July, both vessels weighed anchor, the light wind died away and we were taken in tow by the boats. In relation to this, the log-book of the *Columbus*

says, "From 8 to meridian, light breezes from Nd. and Ed. and pleasant. Standing out of Yeddo Bay in tow of Japanese boats. At 10 the wind hauled to the Sd. and Wd. ; cast off the boats and braced up. At meridian, beating out of Yeddo Bay." A literary friend thought a log-book would be a mine of wealth, but this is all it tells of one of the most picturesque sights I have ever witnessed. No fewer than one thousand boats, sculling, made fast in three lines, ahead of the Columbus, gave her a speed of some three miles an hour ; and five hundred boats of the same fleet towed the Vincennes, in two lines ahead. The pennons and lanterns of the boats were quite attractive, and the clothing of the soldiers, their officers, and those who sculled, was striking. The officers wore a kind of beaded coat of mail ; perhaps it would have been effective against their weapons, but it would have been of no avail against European weapons of that day. Their dress, in general effect, was that of Europeans three centuries ago. Their bearing was that of gentlemen, and I can say, taking the world over, I know of no more polite men than those of Japan, and no people of more admirable qualities. This opinion is expressed after making a second visit to Japan, more than twenty years later.

On reaching the open waters, the Columbus went one way, the Vincennes another, never to meet again. Our course was to the southern one of what are known as the Ladrone Islands, forming a part of the volcanic split of the earth extending from the Bonin Islands nearly north and south. The distance to the island of Guam was about twelve hundred miles, but it took nearly a month to make the voyage, owing to the fact that the southwest monsoons and calms prevailed over the region to the westward, just at that particular season of about six weeks. We had calms and heavy squalls, and the voyage was painfully slow.

Apra harbor, on the southwest side of Guam, is one of the most charming I have ever seen, and the island itself is a tropical gem. Here we passed a delightful month to recruit the crew and to keep away from the coast of China until the northeast monsoon set in. The island is much inferior in size to Tinian and Saypan, which lie about one hundred miles to the north,

with an intervening island ; the northern islands have no harbors,—only an anchorage under their lee. Had our visit been during any other part of the year, our voyage would have taken little more than one week. We started off with a fresh north-east wind, which left us just where the trades usually blow. The charts of that sea were then very imperfect, and even now continue so. The longitudes are only approximately correct ; one bright forenoon we saw at a distance a great volcanic rock, several thousand feet in height, when nothing was laid down within one hundred miles of it.

After we got south of the Bonin Islands, that lay east of us, the sea was pretty well covered with “scoria,” or what is usually called “pumice-stone;” it was always ranged in winnows, in the direction from which the wind blew, as is the case with sea-weed. Hovering over these waters were vast numbers of gulls and other sea-fowl ; the water was alive with flying-fish, as well as with countless *bonitas*, and other fishes that prey upon the flying-fish. When a boy, I had read in *Æsop’s Fables* of a flying-fish ; in the air it was persecuted by birds, and in the water by fishes ; and this was actually seen, day by day. They would rise in schools from the sea, and the gulls would swoop down upon them ; and in the clear waters could be seen, following their line of flight, *bonitas* that would occasionally rise to the surface. The scoria was doubtless from some submarine volcano, and, floating to the surface of the water, it was covered by shell-fish, such as barnacles, until, weighted down, it would sink, and supply food for fishes that in turn would be preyed upon by others.

When becalmed, or nearly so, we would see around the rudder-post what are known to sailors as “pilot-fish,” as they are frequently seen accompanying sharks, and no doubt render them a service in eating off the barnacles usually found on them. There was a very curious fish, known to naturalists, but I have seen only one, and that was on this voyage : it has a flat head ; by putting the back of it against another fish, and exhausting an air-sac on it, it is held fast through forming a vacuum ; this can be done on any fish, or it can attach itself to a vessel, and it is thus carried along. On examination it is found that this fish

belongs to the class *Echeneididae*, of which there are five species, popularly known as "suckers," from the first dorsal being transformed into a sucking and exhausting organ. It is regarded by naturalists as among the most remarkable of fishes.

Another small fish that we saw is known to whalers as the "trigger-fish." It has teeth and a jaw like the sheep's-head, and is also striped. When it raises its dorsal, in order to push it down the second projecting point may be borne down too, and the front one will then follow; no amount of force applied can get the first one down unless acted upon in this manner.

On arriving at Apra, a beautiful small harbor on the west side of the island, we were recompensed for our long and painful voyage. A pilot came out and took us in between reefs that are nearly awash, and the break of the sea over them is constant. This gives a freshness to the atmosphere that is exhilarating, and the roar of the breakers is gifted with a majestic tone that never wearies. Especially is this noticeable in the night; the sound, although varying in cadence, is almost constant, and yet not monotonous.

The clearness of the water in the harbor enabled us to see the anchor dimly at a depth of nearly one hundred feet. To do this, it was necessary to follow the chain by sight to the bottom. At depths of more than fifty feet were numbers of fishes, some of them weighing twenty pounds or more, and chary enough to "touch not, taste not" the alluring bait. Passing in a boat from the anchorage to the shore, a distance of more than half a mile, the latter part was over shoal ground, and coral-patches that seemed to rise so near the surface as to cause an apprehension of striking where the water was more than a fathom deep; the bottom, all variegated with colors, bright as a varnished picture, was plainly in view.

On the beach were groves of that munificent tree the coconut, having the qualities that would have been sung in "Hiawatha" instead of maize, had the scene been laid in the tropics. There they were in stately grandeur, towering to a height of seventy feet, and, what surprised us, and what I have seen nowhere else, they were notched into a kind of ladder, to allow

an easy ascent. Stirred by the sea-breeze, they gave a note of welcome to seafaring men. Near by were the comfortable huts of the "natives," let us call them, and around their abodes were orange-, lime-, and bread-fruit-trees, bananas and plantains, with patches of sweet potatoes, yams, Indian corn, and whatever was regarded by the inhabitants as desirable. Nowhere in the wide world has Nature been more lavish with her treasures to man than on the island of Guam, or more earnest in sparing him pain and injury. Although it is not asserted or supposed that St. Patrick ever visited the island, there are no snakes, and no tarantulas or scorpions. There are *iguanas*, great long lizards, bearing a frightful crest above their dorsal, which they erect on the slightest pretext, to frighten people; yet the child grows up near them, and makes faces at their vain pretence to intimidate. Shams are soon known, and when it is a question of war the difference between crows and pigeons becomes apparent despite attempted bullying. It is said that they make a good dish; but I have never tried them, not from any sentiment, but because they have never been offered to me as food.

When we went on shore, crowds of the inhabitants came to welcome us, for men-of-war seldom entered their harbor. First of all, the fair sex stood prominent, clothed in a loose white jacket that fell below the waist, a skirt of gay colors and broad stripes, falling near to the ankles, then a sandal, leaving the foot uncovered; a broad *sombrero*, covering the most luxuriant suit of hair, perfumed with cocoa-nut oil, and framing what, as the *bonne bouche*, I leave to the last,—a pleasant smile and an amiable face! Glorious isle in the middle of the broad Pacific! where the ordinary tourist has never been, and where Nature invites man to sling his hammock and be at peace. The capital is Agaña, six miles away, following up the western beach, and there the governor lived, in the "palace," surrounded by all the dignitaries save the pilot, who lived on the shore by the harbor of Apra.

A ride to Agaña from the anchorage I recall as one of the most charming I have ever made. It was not alone; the captain of the vessel kindly invited several of the officers to pay an official visit with him to the governor, and horses were sent

for the party. In the afternoon we mounted, swords and all; malicious, or facetious, people would have called us "horse-marines," notwithstanding several of our party had ridden from boyhood: people must have their little jokes, and they do no harm. When we started, all the men, women, and children living near the harbor assembled to see us off, and as we went along a line of road as perfect as it could be, under the cocoa-nut-trees, stirred by the sea-breeze, for we were only a hundred yards from the sea-beach, we were all "*lleno de contento.*" A courier had preceded us, for as we passed along we had a continued ovation. At a distance of a mile apart, more or less, were neat bamboo villages, and in each an assembled crowd greeted us; the nimble men would scramble up a cocoa-nut-tree and throw down half a dozen or more nuts, that would have been fatal had one struck the head of those below; others would deftly cut off the end of the nut with a strong heavy knife, which was a part of the outfit of every household. Then in some cases the whole nut would be handed us; at other times the liquid would be poured into a tumbler and offered, so that we could see what we were drinking. We arrived at the end of our journey of six miles in the best possible condition, and without being a "prohibitionist," I recommend for the consideration of the getters-up of grand banquets the substitution, in part at least, of the milk in the cocoa-nut, instead of champagne, the soundness of which is not assured. I have never heard uttered a suspicion as to the unsoundness of the milk in a cocoa-nut, so long at least as it has remained in the shell or was quaffed from the ample cup.

Arriving at the palace, the governor received us with true Spanish dignity; he was a captain in the Spanish infantry, on service in the Philippine Islands, and had been detailed, as was usual, for a four years' command of a sergeant's guard, the garrison given the Ladrone Islands, the whole force being placed on the island of Guam. He was a fine-looking man, about forty years of age, thin and swarthy, just such a picture as you will find attached to almost any of the Spanish adventurers in America. He had invited one or two of his officials to dine with him in honor of the occasion.

The palace was a building of two stories, probably two hundred feet long by fifty feet wide, built of the coral rock lining the coast, whitewashed or yellow-washed, and covered with red tiles, no doubt brought from Acapulco more than a century before. Just one hundred and four years prior to our visit, Anson, to get rid of the scurvy, had anchored under the lee of the islands of Tinian and Saypan, one hundred miles to the northward. The men of the *Centurion* and the smaller vessel accompanying were mostly on shore recruiting, when a heavy cyclone swept the vessels off soundings into deep water, and it was days before the small force on board could heave up the heavy hempen cables and anchors and beat back to their anchorage. Anson probably contented himself with the northern islands, as they afforded facilities for obtaining fresh supplies and had no fortifications or troops to defend them, as had Guam.

Our dinner was very pleasant, and when over, the governor, our captain, and myself were sitting quietly, when we heard singing in another apartment, and soon Mr. Robinson, who had been an old British navy officer in his younger years, stalked out, sword in hand, flanked by some of our officers, and singing vociferously, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," advanced to give the governor and his guests an impromptu entertainment. It much disconcerted the governor, who was grave and dignified; but he bore it like a gentleman, and allowed the concert to proceed.

We understood, after we had left the palace the following day, that Robinson was in disgrace. I suppose "crooking his elbow" was a chronic complaint and had sent him out of the navy and left him stranded on this charming island, where he had been for more than twenty years, possibly a very useful man to the successive governors in transactions with the whalers. Apra was their favorite resort to obtain supplies, thirty or more visiting the port yearly, and leaving numbers of "scrimshawed" whale teeth and other products of their industry with the inhabitants, in exchange for vegetables and fruits. This intercourse had given to the dwellers near the harbor a fair use of our vocabulary; specially well did the pilot's several daughters,



and those of our navy compatriot of former days, speak English. We enjoyed our visit to the palace very much, saw its beautiful surroundings, and returned content with all the world.

Bread-fruit-trees of two varieties flourish here ; the fruit can be plucked fresh for eight months of the year ; when eaten as bread, one may be sure it has no alum in it, nor even baking-powder, "decided by chemists to be absolutely harmless, and the best, containing only ingredients that are obliged to promote the health." When quite a youngster, in New England I had, so far as I know, my first taste of saleratus, and perhaps might not have made the discovery had I not observed yellow blotches in the bread, which caused me to make inquiry.

Don't suppose that the bread-fruit has no "rising" in it ; it has "just the thing," and the natives know all about it. When taken from the tree, on maturity, it is kept until the white color of the internal part is assuming a yellowish hue ; that means a fermentation. To cook it, a prepared trench is made use of, say a foot deep and a foot broad. Brushwood and small stones are provided ; they are put in the trench, the stones on top, and a fire is made of the brushwood ; when the brushwood is burned to ashes, the ashes and small stones are scooped out with a broad hoe, the bread-fruits put in, and the ashes and stones raked over them. The time of baking, I suppose, is concurrent with the cooling of the small stones ; then a charred exterior is scraped off, and the bread is ready for serving, and very good it is. If the *aguacate* is grown there, I have not seen it, nor even in the East, nor on the islands,—nowhere, in fact, save in the West Indies and in Central America. The careful housewife at Guam, in the season of plenty, seizes the opportunity and boils a quantity of bread-fruit ; it is then sliced and put away in jars, to be used in gravies, or otherwise prepared. But, as we all know, "it is not meet that one should live on bread alone," which in other forms abounds on the island, in the best of plantains and bananas, as also in several varieties of the mandioco, from which the bread of the Brazilians is made. Maize, known to us as Indian corn, is also abundant. Chickens and turkeys are plentiful ; wild hogs and cattle are superior : indeed, I have never eaten such good beef elsewhere in the

tropics. The cattle are used under the saddle, and on our return to the vessel we met several natives mounted on them; among others, a very pretty young girl, the steer trotting off with her as though proud of his burden. The men got their dress-supply from whalers, and were clothed in the garb of sailors, and the children really had no clothing to speak of.

Along the line of the road were numerous school-houses; our return was not the gala day it appeared to be when we went to *Agafia*. Instead of sitting within the houses, where they no doubt went in rainy weather, the children were either standing, or seated on benches, singing Ave Marias, or saying their Paternosters, with hats on their heads and books in their hands, without a stitch of clothing on them: this looked odd, and I have never seen the like elsewhere. They were nice little children, too, and I have no doubt every one of them took a bath daily, within the reef that extended the whole distance along the six miles of our ride.

Although we visited the capital from time to time, we were for the most part willing to go on shore and sit under the cocoa-nut-trees or lie in a hammock hung between them, where the sea-breezes supplied the service of an indefinite number of fans. On one of these occasions Roberts the pilot opened his heart and told me he was very desirous of leaving the island, where he had been for twenty-five years, to see the world again, and the changes time had wrought; he was satiated with the ease of life by which he was surrounded, and longed to visit the haunts of men, where strife and exertion were imposed upon existence; his children were grown up, they would not fail to have all the comforts of life, his home was amply provided, and his grounds would give them all that was required. I told him promptly that I would not favor in any degree his leaving his wife and the children who had grown up under his care, and who were so well behaved, and, I thought, more intelligent than those generally who had been reared with more advantages as to schooling. He deceived himself greatly in the supposition that the toils of life to which he would be subjected elsewhere would be found at all comparable with the actual luxurious ease in which he had passed a quarter of a century.

After I had finished my lecture, he said he supposed that I was quite right, and he would no longer entertain the idea of escaping from as luxurious a life as the world could give, and which the wealth of a monarch could not materially increase. As children, we have all read "Rasselas," and many of us, as men, have realized the deep philosophy that underlies the simple story.

This island of Guam is about eighteen miles long, and is shaped much like an L, with the long part lying north and south, on the eastern side the end of the projection at Umate, and five miles farther north the beautiful harbor known as Apra, which was our anchorage; the indentation led thence to Agaña, the place of residence of the governor. The northern part of the island was said to be nearly uninhabited, but well stocked with wild hogs, cattle, and numerous deer, descended from some that had been brought from Manila. The irregular ridge of land was nearly one thousand feet in height, and six or eight miles across, but somewhat less on the southern face, running westward. The chain of islands was discovered by Magellan in 1521, and the inhabitants were so much struck with the properties of iron that they would steal it on every occasion presented, whence the name of *Ladron*,—"pirate," or "thief." The islands, fifteen in number, extend five hundred miles north and south: the ten more northern had not been recently inhabited. When discovered, their population was supposed to be about forty thousand; twenty years later, during which time the natives had been undergoing the process of subjugation, the census gave less than twenty-six thousand. They had been taken possession of by the Spanish, and were being utilized in raising supplies, and in other labor, causing them to disappear. The northern islands, having no harbors, were secure in a great measure from an effective search. The natives have now canoes each capable of carrying half a dozen people, with an outrigger and float to give stability and enable them to carry sail. They can readily cross outlying reefs in them, or beach them under the lee of the islands at favorable points.

With the growth of the power of Spain in Mexico, Central America, and the Philippine Islands, galleons richly laden crossed

the Pacific, those bound west finding an admirable stopping-place for stores at Apra. The natives failing them, it was an easy matter to supply the deficiency from Mexico and the Philippines. Now, only vestiges of the native language are found, and the Spanish language is not indifferently spoken. The inhabitants are sprightly, kindly, and obliging, with as much industry as might be supposed in a climate where clothing is only a matter of decency or of ornament, and where food is supplied by a minimum of labor, not more than is requisite to health.

I have not yet exhausted a mention of the resources of the island; the tobacco is excellent, and the old women, particularly, use it with a prodigality that would shock our delicate cigarette-smokers of the fair sex. When a cigar a foot long and more than an inch in diameter is lighted in the morning, it is quite apparent that the smoke for a day is plainly in sight. Then there is the areca-nut, chewed with the betel leaf, but the lime is omitted; this is used by the Malays, and turns the teeth quite black. A liquor is made by means of a still not much more complicated than a common teakettle, only the spout being longer and different in shape. The beverage is made from the juice that comes from cocoa-nuts; when the incipient stem appears, it is cut off, and a vessel is attached to catch the juice; this becomes white in fermentation, like sour milk, and after it has reached a certain point it is placed in the still and vaporized. I tasted it, and have to acknowledge that to "enjoy it" would require a cultivation that I had neither time nor inclination to undergo.

Some ten years ago, I saw by the newspapers that the island had been desolated by a cyclone, and that some time previous an epidemic had taken off a large number of the inhabitants, then supposed to be twelve thousand, one-third of whom died. Nevertheless, it is one of the most healthful, delightful islands on the globe, and were it in the line of travel would be visited with great interest and pleasure by tourists.

An occasional great mortality in a country of large extent, or on an isolated island, is not an evidence of unhealthfulness. In the first case, an increased mortality in any locality is soon

compensated for through emigration, while an isolated island has to gain its own population through a natural increase. The islanders have little idea of the frequent causes of disease, or of their treatment, and of the effect of dietetic or other conditions quite within their reach. In tropical regions, in the rainy season, the atmosphere is saturated with vapor for months; perspiration then saturates the clothing, and, although the temperature is ten or fifteen degrees cooler than in the dry season, this damp heat is very disagreeable and hurtful, while in the hotter dry season, even when considerable exertion is made, there is little perspiration; in fact, a dry atmosphere carries it off unperceived, and, with it, the superfluous heat of the person. In this way, a long-continued saturated atmosphere interferes with the normal functions of the skin, by keeping it damp, and throws its work in the animal economy on the internal organs. A tightly-enclosed house in the tropics, and during the rainy season artificially heated to above the outside temperature, supplemented by a proper dietetic treatment, would doubtless be far more effective in the treatment of many diseases than all the medicines that could be taken.

Towards the last of September the southwest monsoon had died out, and the showers that were frequent during the early part of our visit passed away: the crew had profited greatly by their runs on shore, and we set sail for our rendezvous on the coast of China. The voyage, until we reached the entrance to the channel between Formosa and China, was delightful, and in the latter part the winds were quite fresh. In ten days we were in Hong-Kong, but in passing along, some hundred miles north of it, seeing a populous town lying in a small indentation right on the coast, we ran in, anchored, and spent a day. It was a fishing town, with a population probably of two hundred thousand. We visited the shore, and, as the greater number of the inhabitants had seldom been treated to a sight of European races, the throng around us was very great; probably many of them had never seen an American or a European before. They were perfectly amiable, but very curious, and examined our hands, and were so interested to see our "true inwardness" that the sleeves of the coat, and the shirt, and the silk undershirt,

were rolled back, that the untanned skin might be looked at. I never before understood how gratifying the curiosity of the on-looker was to the vanity of "the fat woman" or other monstrosity on exhibition. Indeed, I had always regarded them as objects of commiseration touching the very point that doubtless, without exception, actually fills them with content.

In the Formosan Channel we were swept along at a great rate by the current produced by the strong wind, and, as the weather was cloudy, were not aware of its strength until we got observations the second day. I shall have more to say of these great currents far out at sea, that run between confined banks, water though those banks be.

In October and the early part of November we anchored well down in Blenheim Reach, to avoid fever, which was prevalent at that season. We were told by the officers of the British vessel-of-war *Vixen*, at anchor there, that the intense heat would abate with the arrival of the first breath of the northeast monsoon. About the 10th of November it came, and thereafter we had a delightful temperature.

From the time we left Shanghai, about the middle of July, until near the end of October, we were actually without any news from home. At that time there were either monthly or semi-monthly steamers from England, passing around outside, *via* Gibraltar, and bringing news in about six weeks from England. Actually six months had passed since we heard from our relatives or received official news from home. The Mexican war was in full blast, and the earlier battles had been fought months before. We had been ordered to the west coast of America, and, had we known it before we entered the Formosan Channel, could readily have got there, but, as it was, the captain very rightly determined to come home by way of the Straits of Sunda, that we had entered one year before. The fore- and main-masts were found to be sprung, and the chances of beating to windward against the current were hopeless. We might have got out by going roundabout by the Sooloo Sea, with a delay of months. We watered, provisioned ship, and sailed on the 20th of November, expecting or hoping that the northeast monsoon

had set in south of us, and went on famously until we passed the mouth of the Gulf of Siam, swept some days at the rate of seventy statute miles a day by the current. There the breeze left us, and we got out of the strength of the current.

It was a month before we reached Anjier, but our experience of sickness from watering there determined the captain to choose Raja Bassa, near the eastern end of Sumatra, on the southern side, just within the island of Krakatoa, of which mention has already been made. The bearings of the several small islands given in Horsburgh's sailing directions enabled us to anchor within a cable's length of a superb mountain-torrent, that swept with great force right into the sea, from enough elevation to allow us to rig a hose and run the water into the casks. As we sailed along near the coast to this anchorage, we saw numbers of bamboo huts. The Malays came alongside in their canoes from village to village, as the wind was light and our rate of sailing only two or three miles per hour. In reply to the captain's inquiry as to where the Raja Bassa anchorage was, they always pointed to their own village, but good cross-bearings don't tell falsehoods for personal interests, and, guided by them, we anchored.

There was a difference of opinion expressed by the captain and others as to the distance of an outlying island, and whether a shot from a twenty-four-pounder would reach it: so the second and last shot fired during the cruise of twenty-two months was sent out, and fell into the water at about half the distance to the island. At that time Navy Regulations required that guns should always be kept loaded at sea. It will be apparent to every one who has used powder freely that the deterioration would be great in a hot damp climate, and, despite of tompions and muzzle-covers, salt water would find its way into the guns.

As pertaining to my duties as navigator, I was sent on shore to make arrangements and superintend watering ship, and on my return the launch and first cutter were hoisted out, the casks put in the boats, and we soon had the men hoisting in the casks and emptying them. The captain asked me how many loads could be taken in daily; I replied that, with due regard to the

health of the men, I thought six loads by each boat, beginning only after the sun was well up, and leaving the shore at sunset. He said he was in a hurry, and there could be no intermission; and so it had to be, with a further increase of dysentery in an enfeebled crew, resulting in our burying a lot more before we reached Table Bay at the Cape of Good Hope. Of the crew of the launch, few or none escaped sickness, and several died.

With one or two of the men and a Malay guide, I visited the large village near by, during the times that the boats were being discharged alongside the vessel. The cocoa-nut-trees under which the houses were located were tenanted by numbers of little red squirrels, such as are common in many parts of the United States: the natives were surprised at my knocking their heads off with a ball from my rifle. Extending my walk beyond the village, at intervals I would leave the pathway along which my guide led me, and invariably he would beckon me back with a gesture of alarm. It was to have me avoid the danger of being bitten by one of the many deadly serpents infesting that whole region, as well as British India, where the loss of life from snake-bites averages over twenty thousand yearly, being many times greater than the loss from tigers.

Before marriage, the Malay women have white teeth, and chew the areca-nut, with the betel leaf, without the lime, which turns the teeth quite black. After marriage they use lime. The men file their teeth sharp, which adds to their hideous appearance. I was very much impressed with the difference between the facial expression of young girls and women and that of the men. A stranger coming among them would regard them as of distinct races, owing to the lines of care, thin features, and distrustful countenances of the males, and the rounded features, pretty black eyes and hair, and placid countenances of the females, that seem to indicate peace with all the world. I was told that the men were given to strong drink and were extremely violent and treacherous, and were expert in the use of the *keris*, a weapon as commonly carried by the males as a pocket-knife with us, or the razor among the desperadoes in this region. The placidity of the features of the women would



seem to indicate that they have not adopted that sentiment of Longfellow :

“ And only the sorrows of others  
Cast their shadow over me.”

The supply of green turtle, of cocoa-nuts, and of monkeys and baboons is unlimited on the island of Sumatra, as well as at Anjier Point, but the fine fruits to be had there are not obtainable at ordinary anchorages. I shot one of those very graceful little animals known as the “mouse deer,” no larger in size than a jack-rabbit. We were obliged to buy some wood, and I was surprised at the difficulty in obtaining a small supply for cooking, the smallness of the sticks, and the very large price demanded, where wood seemed to be superabundant. On looking at the axes used in cutting it, I was no longer surprised, and, indeed, wondered if they ever attempted to cut down a large tree.

We were glad to leave our anchorage, and were soon fairly in the monsoon, on our way to the Cape of Good Hope, and made a fair passage, without other incident than the absence of sights to determine our position for three days, in the mean time striking the very strong current lying east of the island of Madagascar, which drifted us along, parallel to the coast-line of that island, at the rate of seventy statute miles a day. The third day I got morning and evening time sights, but no meridian observation, which ten years before would have given a very unsatisfactory result as to the position of the ship. Chronometers had been in general use on all large vessels for nearly half a century before a clever Yankee captain of a merchant-ship had the intelligence to combine the forenoon with the afternoon sights, and thus give the latitude graphically on plotting the lines drawn between the longitudes, due to two latitudes assumed and calculated upon ; then from a line of bearing of the morning sights plot the course and distance run, up to the time that the second sights were taken, drawing a parallel line to the morning line of bearing through the course and distance point, and the intersection of this line with the line of bearing of the afternoon sights, calculated with the same latitudes as the

morning sights, gives the position of the ship in latitude and longitude at the time of the afternoon sights, assuming, of course, that the chronometers are correct, with error applied. So many readers are well informed on such matters that an apology is due them, or, at least, a reminder that many persons look upon the finding of the latitude and longitude of a ship at sea as a highly-complicated problem. A good navigator certainly requires knowledge other than "rule of thumb" method, but many a one possessing only the latter, and gifted with the perceptions of a seaman, is a good navigator,—not a mean distinction to arrive at, if we consider the dangers of the sea. Napoleon said that "the best general made the fewest mistakes;" and the same may be said in relation to navigators, not as to calculations, but in the absence of sights, and subject to the buffetings of the sea on dangerous approaches to coasts.

The landsman knows little of the joys of life that come to the seaman simply from the quaffing of a sparkling glass of water flowing from a spring, or from seeing in the distance, after months at sea, some desired land, as the Table Rock, overhanging Cape Town. The name is appropriate to the broad flat rock of large extent, several thousand feet in height. In the afternoon it is usually invisible, the "table-cloth" being spread, when the swirling mists come down the mountain-side, making the town altogether disagreeable. It is the only spot known to me where men habitually wear veils, and, I think, with advantage; I did not do so, but I have the idea by that device a good deal of discomfort may be avoided there. While this condition obtains at Cape Town, a few miles out the atmosphere is delicious.

Officers of war-vessels who visit the "Constantia vineyards" always have a kindly reception, and I am disposed to regard them as one of the heavens that the Mohammedans hope to gain. While enjoying such recreation, after a long sea-voyage, if asked the question, "Is life worth living?" one would think the man had been drinking, not wisely, but altogether too much. It seems to me that a considerable part of the attraction at the Constantia vineyards is the bevy of charming, graceful, healthy young ladies pertaining to all of them. There are no pinched-up waists with them, but a graceful carriage and appearance,

quite tempting a young man to desire to take up his abode there.

In February, 1847, when we were there, the admirable breakwaters that now exist at Cape Town were just begun, or at least were of little advantage. Heavy gales, at intervals of months, at certain seasons of the year, would sweep full into the harbor, and vessels at times would part their chains or drag their anchors and go on shore right in face of the town.

Then, and at a later visit, of which mention will be made, Cape Town contained a very hospitable, kindly population. It was not until after my second visit to this region that I fully recognized the "grip" the Anglo-Saxon has on the populations of the world.

The Cape is admirably supplied in provisions, grapes of the best, and flat-tailed sheep, of which the tail weighs one-third and is one mass of fat. I never have been able to imagine what possible use the sheep can make of this tail when living, or what the owner can do with it when he has killed his sheep.

Our crew was given liberty on shore, and the sick sent to the hospital, until we should leave. The officers, who had been unwell too, were soon as strong as ever, and enjoyed riding out to the Constantia vineyards to see the young ladies, sweeter even than the sweet Constantia wine, noted the world over as the only sweet wine—unless it be Tokay—possessing a delicate flavor. Not being able to carry away any of the young ladies, we had to content ourselves with bringing home ankers of wine to our friends; and we found it much prized.

About the middle of February we bade adieu to Cape Town, and soon after entered the trade-winds, and, until we got through the northeast belt, had the most charming sailing imaginable. On this voyage I had literally a "windfall," an expression in use among seamen for good luck. Sitting in the wardroom, after dark, calculating the position of the ship, I heard something fall down the windsail, and found that a large flying-fish had struck within the tube and fallen at my feet. This occurrence was not unfrequent, but it was the only one that individually presented itself to me.

Outside the Gulf Stream, off our coast, we spoke a schooner

bound for the West Indies, and got from her some bushels of Hanover turnips for the crew and the officers' messes. That night, a heavy southeast gale set in, and we had it rough for forty-eight hours,—so rough, indeed, that we did not have a table set; but we enjoyed our Hanover turnips and salt boiled pork, holding on between-times, quite as much as a *gourmet* enjoys a banquet at Delmonico's in New York.

Coming below, after my morning watch, I was called by the assistant surgeon, who occupied the room that "Little Nell's" grandfather had used previous to his being detached and sent home from Canton River. The hatches being battened down, the heavy rolling of the ship brought out the odor in the room as unmistakably as possible, and we had to acknowledge that the perfume of his predecessor had actually stored itself away in the wood and was given out on extraordinary occasions.

The gale over, we made sail, and in a few days were close in under the Highland light; at daylight we encountered a very heavy squall, the clouds rolling over one another as though they were solid cylindrical bodies.

We were soon up at the navy-yard, the crew paid off, and the officers given their three months' leave to visit friends, after which young lieutenants, and officers of junior grades, expected sea orders within a few weeks. I had brought home a lot of the long-jointed Malacca canes, intending three of them for particular friends, one of whom was General Hamer, who had died not long after the capture of Monterey. Knowing that he had a large family, probably not well provided for, I made it my business to go to Washington *en route* to Ohio, to endeavor to get one of his sons an appointment as midshipman, should he be disposed to go to sea. I was aware of the great intimacy of President Polk and the father of the youth, and on arriving in Washington I lost no time in calling on the President. It happened that Mr. Mason, the Secretary of the Navy, was present, and, hearing my statement, he advised me to call at the Navy Department. Not recognizing him personally, I regarded him as some one wishing to be officious. The President asked if the young man wished an appointment; I told him I did not know, having just arrived from the Asiatic station, but it seemed to

me probable that he would be pleased to receive it. The President told me to go to the Navy Department. Regarding this as simply a suggestion to get rid of me, I left the White House. Meeting my navy friend Maffit on the Avenue, I vented my spleen on the gentleman who had proposed that I should go to the Department, and added that the President had repeated the suggestion. Maffit inquired if it might not have been the Secretary of the Navy; I said no, for I knew the Secretary by sight before I left Washington. Nevertheless I was mistaken, as I found on going to his house to dine with his son, a shipmate and friend, who had kindly invited me. The Secretary met me very warmly, and said that should the young gentleman of whom I had spoken to the President wish an appointment I should write him, and it would be sent forthwith, which in fact was done.

After a visit to my relatives and friends, I was ordered on Coast Survey duty for the time in Washington. When my young friend came East to enter the navy, I found he was not prepared to pass an examination; I became his instructor, and when he was prepared went with him to Annapolis, where he passed for entry as acting midshipman.

At that time I did not appreciate how much more important it is for a youngster to be with able officers than to be on board of a good vessel; my young friend was ordered to a crack ship, but her commanding officer was indifferent, and an unusual number of the officers under his command were of the same stripe.

The vessel sailed for the Pacific, where he served for a year or more, then he resigned and came home. He afterwards enlisted under Lopez the filibuster to go to Cuba, and died *en route* of cholera at Louisville. Although everything did not turn out well, I had at least the gratification of having endeavored to serve the son of my friend Hamer.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Duty on the Coast Survey near Nantucket in the Spring of 1848—Ordered to the Surveying-Steamer Bibb—Professors Agassiz and Desor—The Discovery of the First Viviparous Scale-Fish—Some Remarks on Nantucket and Adjacent Country—Mother Carey's Whale-Ships—A Lady in Green Spectacles has her say about a Man drowned—Rockport, Massachusetts—The White Rock, *alias* the Ammen Rock—Engaged on the Nautical Almanac—A Meeting with Hon. Jefferson Davis—A Visit to Hon. John Quincy Adams—A Practical Joke—John Y. Mason—California Gold Excitement—Wars in Europe.

IN the spring of 1848, on the application of my former commanding officer, then Lieutenant Charles H. Davis, I was ordered to the surveying-steamer Bibb, engaged in sounding the Nantucket shoals and adjacent waters, with Nantucket as the ordinary rendezvous and a coal-supply at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard Island, some thirty miles from Nantucket.

The associations and the duties were very pleasant, despite the drawbacks of one kind or another, some of them unavoidable, principally from the unfitness of the vessels engaged on the work, and consequently the meagreness of results, and partly owing to fogs and the distance of our usual field of operations from the coast. The Bibb was a small iron steamer built for the revenue service, with a flat bottom and little speed. When we went out on the shoals we towed one or two schooners if the breeze was not fair: they anchored and served as points of observation. Their positions were determined by observations made from a church tower in Nantucket and from Sancoty headlight. It was an indifferent base, but the best obtainable. With the amount of fogs and foul weather on that coast, so little was accomplished of outside work that it was quite depressing. Very often we were able to work satisfactorily for days in the inner waters when a fog-bank covered the shoals. When endeavoring to sound on the shoals we would usually lie at anchor under Great Point, the northern end of the island, and frequently get under way at midnight to go out some thirty-five miles, and

when we got there anchor in the fog, and occasionally, after lying there and rolling about for several days, be driven in for shelter from a heavy northeaster.

We had with us at times, for a few weeks, Professor Agassiz, lately arrived from Neuchâtel, and his assistant, Professor Desor. Both of these gentlemen were charming messmates, and quite absorbed by the specimens of shell-fishes we dredged or brought up in mud. The fecundity of life in seas is extraordinary, and wholly unsuspected by persons who sail over them. It so happened that these visits were the cause of the discovery of the first viviparous scale-fish known to naturalists. In the summer of 1852, then attached to a commission for the location of the navy-yard on the Bay of San Francisco, my friend Lieutenant Jackson went fishing and brought on board several scale-fish, not unlike a perch in appearance, that I found to be viviparous, and I recommended him to send specimens to Agassiz, who received them with surprise and gratification, and the fish was named after Jackson.

For a century or more, the island of Nantucket had been the residence of persons whose occupations were mostly fishing, and, later, particularly in the sperm-whale-fisheries, making long voyages to the Pacific and bringing home valuable cargoes. At the time of our visit these industries were on the wane, and their shipping still engaged in that industry had been transferred to New Bedford, an excellent harbor, while that of Nantucket was so shoal as to require a "camel," a species of floating dock to take a ship within, then pump out the "camel," and thus have a less draught by reason of the increased water-borne area. But the persons engaged in whaling and their families still clung to Nantucket, a land without a tree that was not planted and sheltered, save a species of scrub-oak growing in the sand, over the tops of which a man on horseback could easily look. There is no soil, but an abundance of sand on the island. The usual conveyance to Siasconsett, on the southeastern angle of the island, seven miles from the town, was in carts and through sand several inches in depth. The people we met were altogether pleasant and intelligent, and among them were persons of exceptional acquirements and agreeability.

In the families of the mates and boat-steerers, sea-phrases were used very like those on board of whale-ships, and at Siasconsett, for the entertainment of persons who made a visit, Mother Carey had established an object-lesson of several whale-ships in tanks that had doubtless been made on voyages by the crews of whalers in their hours of leisure. With her voluminous cap, as imposing as the head-dress of an English barrister, Mrs. Carey would go through the whole recount of her show with all the earnestness and particularity of Mrs. Jarley in her exhibit of wax-works. "Now, there, that's the whaler Baxter. Everything is perfect about that ship. Just look at her. There's the man at the mast-head; you see he has a glass, and he's peering around. Then he sees a whale, and sings out, '*There she blows,*' and the captain says, '*Where away?*' then he says, so many '*pints*' on the lee bow; then they square away and run down for the whales, and git their boats ready for lowering, and when they git there they lay the main-topsail to the mast and they lower away, and all of 'em go, except the cook and a sick man, and they fasten on to the whale and pay out the line, and, my sakes, when they check up don't the whale drag 'em along lively! fairly takes their breath away; and when the whale tires out they pull in on the line, and lance him; and when they kill him they put a flag on him,—don't you see?—and go after another; and when they can't git any more whales they go to the ship and make sail to git up, for the whales 'most always run to windward, and when they git up to him they tackle on to him, and hoist it partly out of the water, and cut it round and round, and that's called the blanket-piece; and when the blubber is cut up it is put in the pans and fried out and put away in the barrels, and when it gits home it is sold, and every man, from the captain down, gits his lay."

A visitor asked, "What is a '*lay*,' Mrs. Carey?"

"Goodness! don't know what a '*lay*' is! Why, that's the '*shear*' every man gits, just what he ships for. The captain gits the big lay, then the mate, and then the boat-steerers, and so on down to the cabin-boy: each one has his '*shear*.' But I haven't shown you all yet. Look down into the water: there's a man. When the line was running out, it took a round turn



on his body or his leg, and the whale always sounds when it's struck, and it took him down, and he's drowned."

"Now, Mrs. Carey, what is 'sounding'?"

"Bless my soul! I thought everybody knew that when a whale was struck he always 'sounded,' and *you* don't. It means going right down until the line is out, and if he keeps on going down they have to cut the line if it don't part, or the boat would go down too."

The payment of a dime a head followed the exhibition, and the visitors left.

We went from time to time to Edgartown to take in coal, there being a good wharf, alongside of which we made fast. On one occasion, after coaling had ceased, one of the men went out on the bowsprit in the twilight, and seated himself. Other men were near by, and saw him fall overboard, and would have attempted to rescue him, had he come to the surface; he probably had epilepsy, and his kicking may have kept him down: he drowned actually before the officers on board were aware that a man had fallen overboard. When it was known, his body was dragged for, and, after some hours, found. The following day the captain and other senior officers were on shore, taking exercise, and I happened to be the only one on board. I was sitting in the cabin about noon, occupied, and was informed by the man on duty that a lady wished to see the commanding officer. Congratulating myself on the rare opportunity of appearing in so important a *rôle* as that of a commanding officer, I sent a message that I would be pleased to see the lady; and forthwith there stalked in, slowly and solemnly, a tall figure, with clothing fitted to her person as though desirous of revealing the grace of figure nature had bestowed, tall, bony, and angular as it was. She wore green spectacles,—at the time an outward expression of a literary turn of mind in that region. I arose, made my best bow, requested my visitor to be seated, expressed my gratification at her visit, and inquired how I could serve her. Notwithstanding the green spectacles, I could see that her eye was severely upon me. In a measured and deeply-solemn tone she said, "I understand there was a man *drowned* here last night." I replied that, unhappily, that was the fact.

I recounted the circumstance as above given, which seemed to fix in her mind a culpability on some one, and, as I was present, perhaps on me in particular. To her severe question, "Couldn't that man have been saved?" I could only reply that if the fact had been known in advance that he would fall off the bowsprit, and preparations had been made to meet the case, it seemed to me quite likely that he could have been, but that under the actual condition, although the disposition was strong, the means at hand could not avail. Majestically she arose, and, regarding me sternly, said, before she turned and left the cabin, "I think that man could have been saved." She evidently belonged to that class that had a beginning, but probably will endure as long as mankind, who are always regarding the shortcomings of others, and are protected themselves in an extraordinary degree from committing even an indiscretion. They go about the world to convert the heathen, or stay at home and enlighten people as to just what they should or might have done, as in this case.

Near Edgartown is an old cemetery with tombstones engraved with sentiments of sorrow and appreciation. I read on one of them an effusion relating to man and wife, and after the legend was,—

"John and Lydia, that lovely pair—  
He was killed by a whale, her body lies here.  
And now we hope they with Christ do reign:  
So our great loss is their great gain."

A maiden lady whom I knew at Edgartown was far more presentable and agreeable than my acquaintance who came to utter a reproach, but the one theme that possessed the poor woman was that her "aincestors" (as she pronounced the word) came over in the *Mayflower*: this seemed in her mind of more value than patent of nobility, or pearls, or precious stones.

Surveying duty, which often lasted up to the early part of November in Massachusetts Bay or near the coast, was particularly pleasant. We had an aged pilot named Wilson, of whom I have had no thought for a third of a century, a rugged old seaman of many winters. On one occasion he gravely asked me if I

had been in any of the frigate engagements in our War of 1812 with Great Britain. I answered, as seriously as possible, that I had not been favored with the opportunity, which amused my messmates very much, inasmuch as I was born quite five years after the close of that war.

During the summer of 1848 I was sent from Nantucket to Rockport, Massachusetts, with authority to charter a fishing-schooner and endeavor to locate what was well known to fishermen as the White Rock, it being the shoalest spot on Cashie's Ledge, lying some eighty miles east of Cape Ann. I secured a fishing-schooner owned by two brothers named Blackford, and hired a young man to mark time for me when I took chronometer sights. Our crew consisted of the two Blackfords, one man, and a cook, and we set sail as soon as ready, provided with sextant and chronometer. We were soon out in the vicinity of the ledge, and would then tack, back and forth, making a traverse over the ledge, all the time in a thick fog, sounding by means of a very heavy sinker of lead on an ordinary cod-line. After spending several days in this futile search, laying-to after night under short sail, and gaining such information from my companions as I could, I finally ran back to Rockport.

I can hardly imagine a more disagreeable, painful, and dangerous life than that of our coast fishermen. As to the danger, the number of widows in fishing towns bears sad testimony. Our boat was some forty tons' displacement, when laden; with nothing in her but ballast, when sailing by the wind her lee scuppers were under water. The cabin was a little hole in the bow, in which there was a cooking-stove and a chimney built up with bricks. I could get no reason for this singular idea: how they were held together I do not now remember. The days were quite long at that season. At sunrise the cook would come down and kindle a wood fire, and I would be literally "smoked out," and obliged to go on deck into a wet fog and sit to windward on a wet deck. We had a salt beef "scouce" daily, in the morning, at noon, and at night, and hard bread. After a day or so I inquired why they had no codfish, and was informed that it was too common a food. At my request we hove to, put over a few fishing-lines, and soon had some nice

fresh fish, which saved me from starvation. The general idea expressed by my companions was that for ease of life, comfort, and profit, nothing presented itself at all comparable to cod- or mackerel-fishing.

Before I went into port I ascertained that early in July large numbers of vessels anchored all along the ledge, which lies nearly parallel with the coast, about thirty miles distant, the feeding-ground for the fish being on the rocky bottom on and near the ledge. Seeking the rock by cruising was a hopeless task, but in clear weather, usual at the season mentioned, and aided by so many points of observation, it would be an easy matter to find the White Rock; and this fact was reported on my return to the Bibb.

The next July Captain Davis took the Bibb out on the ledge, and, although very few vessels had yet reached the fishing-ground, the very first one spoken gave us information as to the bearing and distance of the "White Rock." Running a traverse with the bearing given as a central point, in an hour or so we dropped our anchor right on the top of it. It was said to have only eighteen feet of water over it. The shoal spot was little larger than the floor of a large schooner, and the water so clear that the bottom could be seen everywhere. Among the long kelp leaves that nearly reached the surface were numbers of a small reddish kind of fish known as rock cod, and halibut. Anchored upon it, as the vessel swung around, the lead was used without finding any shoaler ground than twenty-two feet. For a large sea-steamer it is a dangerous spot, small as it is, and now that dynamite is so effective, it would be worth while to endeavor to blast the top to a depth of forty feet or more. The following morning was clear, and we had a good horizon. At noon all the officers took observations for latitude. About two o'clock, or later, the steamer *Europa*, as we knew afterwards, passed along some six miles distant, the smoke-stacks well above the southern horizon, and left a great smoke-cloud for a time, which gradually settled until it was apparently no longer visible, but it actually formed a false horizon that vitiated the afternoon sights. Nevertheless, the position was ascertained close enough for all practical purposes. The captain was so much gratified

at the facility with which he had found the rock that he told me he would call it the Ammen Rock, which he did. I replied that I did not exactly see why he should do so, as I had looked for it and did not find it.

After the vessels were laid up and a month's leave given the officers, such of them as were required were ordered to Washington to bring up the work or to tabulate tidal observations. I was engaged in this for two winters with my friend Lieutenant John Pembroke Jones. It was a work where two could be advantageously employed, the one using the Nautical Almanac and the other putting down the observations.

In the early part of 1848 I received a letter from my brother, then in Mississippi, suggesting that I should call on Colonel Jefferson Davis, recently elected United States Senator, and offer his congratulations upon Davis's distinguished services in the field and his political advancement to the Senate. Within a few days after the receipt of this letter, walking on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Capitol, I saw Colonel Davis conversing with a friend, and availed myself of the opportunity to introduce myself, and to say that my brother, whom he would remember as a cadet at West Point, was desirous of expressing through me his gratification and his congratulations. The colonel met me very affably, and was good enough to invite me to call and see him, which I did thereafter as often as I could without obtrusion. He was then slightly lame from a wound in the foot or ankle, and pale and thin from the effects of it. His height was about six feet, his voice and manner pleasant, and when at home he was disposed to indulge in dignified pleasantries. Had it not been for his encouragement I would probably have left the navy and anticipated the advice of Horace Greeley "to go West." I had been in the navy more than twelve years, and was so far down on the list of passed midshipmen as to have little hope of reaching even the rank of commander before fifty-five years of age. It was my wish, if possible, to get a position as surveyor of public lands, or something that I might be qualified for through my past pursuits. The colonel kindly listened to my complaint, and said that slow promotion was certainly discouraging, but that sooner or later my promotion would come. There was

General Taylor; he had been a great many years in the army and had a low rank until the Mexican war gave him an opportunity. This would come to me, probably through the chances of war or changes in the service. He was so instructive in his conversation and so agreeable and sympathetic in his manner that I would have trespassed on his time had I not guarded against it.

At that time, as now, the evening receptions of people of position were a feature in Washington. On one occasion I went rather early to the house of John Quincy Adams, then serving in the House of Representatives, although he had been President many years before. A nephew who loved his practical joke went to Mr. Adams and told him a Prussian officer had come in, and suggested the propriety of his going down to see him. Mr. Adams came into the room, bowed, shook hands with me, and entered into conversation by asking how long I had been in this country. I told him six or seven months. Then he questioned me as to where I had been, what I had seen, etc. After endeavoring to escape a conversation which I felt sure was the result of a misapprehension, I said I thought perhaps he was mistaken in my identity; I was a passed midshipman in our navy, and recently the navigator of the Vincennes on her cruise to China and Japan. He said he had thought I was a foreign officer, but was the more glad to meet a countryman who had been to Japan, as he felt a very great interest in the Japanese people, and proceeded to question me. I told him that, as we lay a considerable distance from the shore when at anchor in the lower bay of Jeddo, we could see little, save the magnificent mountain of Fusiyama, and high ranges of mountains. As far as we could see, in sailing along the coast, it was well wooded. He was much interested in what I told him of our personal intercourse with those who had come on board of the Vincennes, and wished to know what I thought of the likelihood of opening a traffic with Japan. I answered that as it depended on the will of only one or two men and their advisers, it did not look encouraging: I felt convinced, however, that it would be entirely agreeable to the persons of rank with whom we came in contact on board ship. Then he inquired

what I thought of the probable number of inhabitants, their commercial wants, and what they would possibly offer in exchange. I met Mr. Adams from time to time afterwards, and appreciated him as a well-instructed statesman, and altogether an agreeable gentleman; he was rather small in stature, with a kindly manner and an intelligent expression.

The house of John Y. Mason, the Secretary of the Navy at that time, was noted for its genial hospitality: the fact of his son and myself having made a cruise together made me almost as much at home at his house as though I had been a near relative. In the winter of 1849 the California gold fever prevailed to a great extent in Washington; a considerable number of young navy men were affected, and obtained leaves of absence to seek their fortunes. Mr. Mason was genial and benevolent, and withal a very good Secretary of the Navy: when I was paying his family a visit he asked me if I wished to go to California on duty, or if I would like to have a leave. I thanked him, and said if I went on duty it would be under the disadvantage of living with great discomfort on my pay, as food and everything else sold at enormous prices. If I went to seek my fortune I really did not know what I could do. Were I a laboring-man it would doubtless be advantageous; but, as it was, I had no wish to go. Mr. Mason smiled, and said he thought I was quite right, but so many officers had asked for leaves that he felt disposed to grant me one also if I wished it. Afterwards, I was somewhat amused to learn that some fancy navy men who had gone there found that the only way to gain their bread honestly was to put on a red flannel shirt and accompanying garments and serve as porters in the wretched shanties called hotels. My classmate, the son of the late Francis P. Blair, went out and became a pilot to take vessels into the harbor of San Francisco, and soon made quite a fortune by investing his earnings in lots; but the poor fellow lost his health through exposure, and died some years after his return home. Other officers made money by investing a few hundred dollars in lots, but almost without exception they returned as poor as they went, or became so afterwards. There were two or three exceptions, however, and they were physicians who had a professional reputation.

The year 1848 was memorable for its revolutions: throughout the greater part of Europe it seemed for a time that thrones would be entirely swept away and popular governments established. In a year or so it became apparent that the emperors, kings, and dukes were again gathering force, and a despotic reign, for a time at least, was being established wherever they had the power. This was especially the case in Austria and in the different Italian states. In the autumn of 1849, before I left for Europe on leave for some months, I called to say good-by to Senator Davis, and expressed my disappointment and chagrin at the downward tendency of popular government abroad. I lamented that Europeans had not, apparently, the faculty to govern themselves. He replied that a satisfactory and good government was a complicated affair; that with us, even, it was still experimental. We might hope to maintain a popular government so long as our people were educated and the country not densely populated, but under these adverse conditions we could not regard it as assured. The expression of this idea was quite a shock to one who had served abroad with pride and gratification. It appeared to cast a doubt or suspicion on the patent of nobility that seemed vouchsafed to all with us, without distinction as to persons. After a lapse of forty years, and looking at the political aspect of the Christian world, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that what Senator Davis said is an unhappy and portentous truth; that popular government can exist in an advantageous form only when the people are educated and intelligent. A mere *form of government may not secure the substance*. A government based on the mere right to vote, if that vote can be rendered valueless by fraud, cannot be called a free or satisfactory government, however much its machinery, as popularly presented, may commend itself to our sympathies.

A few days before going abroad in the fall of 1849, I paid farewell visits to friends in Washington, among them to the family of the late Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, then a lieutenant, living on 4½ Street. A young lady, a near neighbor, well known in society, was paying a visit to his family. When I was introduced she asked rather brusquely, "Are you Dan



Ammen?" I bowed assent, and asked, "Are you not *Señorita Maria Fulana de Tal*?" as our polite Spanish friends say when they do not wish to give names. On her affirmative reply I expressed my satisfaction that we had acquaintances in common who appreciated us, and congratulated myself on making her personal acquaintance. Then began a conversation which I fear was hardly deferential to the excellent family we were visiting; our discussions were diverse, and what may well be called "chaff." After half an hour's parley, the young lady told me flatly that I was a fool. I said, possibly: it was not given to fools to know their actual condition. I had to thank her for her great candor; up to that time nobody had stated that opinion to me so unequivocally and frankly. I would bear it in mind and endeavor to profit by it, so far as a fool could. Soon after she took leave Dahlgren was disposed to apologize for his other visitor, but I said, "Not at all: if she was satisfied with the evening's entertainment I certainly was;" it seemed to me, however, that we both owed an apology to his family for making his house a battle-ground. I mention this circumstance as an evidence that the stately politeness that was supposed to exist forty years ago was not always observed. I never had such another "bout," nor has any other lady called me a fool in plain Anglo-Saxon. I have not borne malice for the candor of the young lady which some persons would have done, and indeed may have profited by it, but doubt the fact, for people are so much the creatures of habit that a mere by-play of this kind doesn't seem to make a permanent impression. The reader may recall the advice of a fond parent to his youthful son,—that when he paid a visit he should say nothing. The son took the advice literally, and neither bowed nor smiled assent to the conversation of the young ladies, and heard whispered comments that he was a fool. When he saw his parent he told him that they had "found him out" notwithstanding the strict observance of the advice given him. So it appears there is no rigid line of action that one may observe to prevent this adverse criticism, sometimes cruel and unjust, and sometimes very depressing to the individual to whom it is applied. As a maxim I would say let both men and women

hold their own opinion of themselves; it will hardly be less flattering than that of other persons, and may be quite as just; at all events, it will not be malicious.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

Voyage to London, and Travels on the Continent—The German Language—Arrive in London—The Custom-Officer—Rambles in London—Sail for Antwerp—Captain Fitzgerald, of the British Navy—Aix-la-Chapelle—Charlemagne—Frederick Barbarossa—The Cathedral of Cologne—Brunswick—Lessons in German—Rheumatism—A State Dinner at the Duke of Brunswick's—Visit to Captain Gésevault—A Game of Chess—Baron Rudolphi—A Christening—Baron Humboldt's Theory of the Spread of Yellow Fever—Visit Berlin—Call on Mr. Hannegan, the American Minister—Leipsic and Munich—Ex-King Ludwig and Queen—Duchess of Mecklenburg—Trip in a Diligence—Genoa—Milan—Pisa.

LATE in October, 1849, found me in New York City, with a leave to visit Europe for six months and then to report for duty in the Mediterranean squadron. After my return from China I had provided myself with German books and studied when I had leisure, so that I was already aware that the language had no natural distinction as to gender, that the article and the adjective had variations quite unknown in the English language, and that, save in the utter impossibility of laying down rules for the pronunciation of words, the English language, relatively to German, was very easy to acquire. My object was to live in Northern Germany until the expiration of my leave, and then go to Spezia to join a ship. It was my intention to take passage in the steamer Herman for Bremen, but, mistaking the hour of the vessel's departure, I was left behind. I visited the packet-ships at the wharves, and went on board the Victoria, to sail for London the next day. I met Captain Johnson, who commanded, and, being somewhat curious to see how such vessels were managed, took passage, having the idea that she was a fair sailer,—which, however, was not the case; but Captain Johnson was an educated and agreeable gentleman, and the voyage was

pleasant. The movements of the ship were quite easy, much more so than those of vessels-of-war carrying heavy batteries. We had half a dozen passengers, and among them an effeminate youth of New York who affected to be quite a sea-dog, had been abroad before, and was entirely in love with the aristocracy.

After a voyage of twenty-five days we arrived in London, and I went with the captain to the London Coffee-House on Ludgate Hill, the resort of captains of packet-ships at that time. When my baggage was examined my books were carefully looked over, and Herschel's *Astronomy*, being an American republication, was confiscated. "*Georgia Scenes*" was critically looked at with the same view. I told the custom-house officer that it was an American book, he could not confiscate that, but I would present it to him, and that I felt sure if he read it he would laugh. He did not take it, and therefore I drew the inference that he did not wish to laugh, and was not willing to do more than take a quiet smile.

London presents many objects of interest to the stranger which it is not within my province even to mention. My usual walk was from St. Paul's, over Ludgate Hill and out Regent Street; and I noticed one circumstance that impressed me very much: among the throngs of people, there was little haste, and no visible expression of care on their countenances, as is the case with my countrymen. I contrasted this with the hurried gait and anxious faces of the crowd that one would meet in a walk from the Battery to Union Square, up Broadway, in New York. Doubtless in both cases many would be passed who had no surety of dining satisfactorily, if at all, yet in London I met none who looked hurried or anxious as to what the day would bring forth. I looked at London and its marvellous aggregation of skilled labor, its teeming population, the docks, and the river Thames, with almost as much wonder as I had felt at Canton; and what sorely puzzled me was that in London I would meet persons in humble life with whom I would speak, but should have regarded it as impossible to understand them had it not been that I was patient in the belief that our mothers had endeavored to teach us the same language: so after a time their speech was intelligible to me.

I left in the Antwerpen, a small steam-packet, for Antwerp; the captain was very pleasant. Head-winds and fogs extended the voyage to thirty-six hours. I formed the acquaintance of Captain Fitzgerald, of the British navy: he had fought many battles under Nelson, and I find him written down by me as learned and sensible. Although in our discussions we mutually found fault with each other's country, we parted friends, and I had a pressing invitation to visit him in Brussels, where he resided.

Antwerp was remarkable as a commercial city, and has increased wonderfully since my visit. The need of land and the industry of the inhabitants are shown by the fact that the meadow-lands across from the city were actually fifty feet below high water. They would have been flooded through infiltration had they not been pumped out constantly by windmills. The dikes, of necessity, were heavy and expensive, to resist such a hydrostatic pressure. From the top of the spire of the cathedral, several hundred feet above the sea, on a beautifully bright day, I looked down upon a perfectly flat surface which was lost to view on the distant horizon, while the near surroundings were covered by cultivated fields and clustering villages, and beneath the tall spire was a great, well-built city.

Within the picture-galleries and the churches are famous pictures by Rubens and Vandyke, and superb carvings in wood, and paintings by many other artists of note. The Spanish features and the graceful forms of numbers of the young ladies reminded me of the occupation of that region by the Spaniards for a considerable length of time before they were flooded and driven out. The clatter of the wooden shoes over the cobble-stones in the early morning was something new to me, and this noise was constant during walking hours all over Northern Europe. It does not give a graceful carriage, but it insures dry feet, an advantage not to be despised in a cold, damp country.

The railroad to Aix-la-Chapelle is remarkable for the number of tunnels, some of them of considerable length. The rate of travel was slow, and, as we passed along, the men employed by the railroad saluted the train by bringing up the handspike, spade, or other implement, as is done by soldiers with a musket.

With the increase of travel this mark of respect has probably been abandoned.

After arriving at Aix and making myself comfortable at the hotel, I sauntered out, in the cold clear moonlight, at about nine o'clock, passing from the new, elegantly-built city into the old town. As I passed along, I heard the roll of a drum, and as I ascended a street saw an open square. In it were huge pyramids of what at the moment I supposed to be shells: on a nearer approach I found they were cabbages, and above, looking down on the market-space, was the bronze statue of Charlemagne. There, in the moonlight, I saw his palace before me, and near by the cathedral where he had been buried. This was in 814. An iron crown was upon his head; he, seated within his vault upon a marble chair, with a sceptre in his hand, and there he remained for three hundred and fifty years. To do himself honor, and to make the event memorable, in 1164 Frederick Barbarossa disinterred Charlemagne,—giving his bones, save the skull, which is yet there, to pious persons as relics,—in order to possess himself of the rude marble chair for his coronation.

Those who are particularly interested in the memories of the Rhine may read Victor Hugo. I quote his closing description of Aix: "At dusk I seated myself upon a green bank to contemplate Aix, which lay beneath me in the valley, as if floating in a vacuum. By degrees the evening fog, effacing the fringed roofs of the ancient houses, blotted out the sharp outlines of the two towers. . . . Only two masses of all the city remained distinctly defined,—the town hall and the cathedral. All my thoughts and visions of the day now rushed anew upon my mind. The town itself, the illustrious and symbolic town, seemed to metamorphose itself under my very eyes. The first of the two black masses, which I still distinguished, became to me an infant's cradle, the second a shroud; and, in the complete absorption of my soul, I seemed to expect that the shadow of that giant that we call Charlemagne would gently ascend on the pale horizon of night, hovering between the august cradle of his infancy and the sepulchre of his eternal greatness."

Passing on from Aix, I visited the great cathedral of Cologne, that had been so many centuries in building. When there, I

was told that it could be completed in twenty-five years by a working force of five hundred men. It was, in fact, completed about ten years ago. From Cologne I went to the little old town of Brunswick, my object being to employ my time in studying the German language. I installed myself in the Reinischer Hof, a very nice, well-conducted hotel, and arranged with the landlord to live as a German officer of my rank would live were he at the hotel. I was to have a pot of coffee with hot milk, and bread and butter, at about nine A.M., dine at the *table-d'hôte* at two o'clock, and go to the club for my coffee and beer in the evening. At dinner I had a half-bottle of Rhine wine. A dozen persons dined at the same time, and we all endeavored to speak to one another. There was an old gentleman whose daily conversation to the ladies was in relation to somebody marrying, and the gossip of the day.

I had taken letters to several persons, who were very pleasant during my stay; but December is not a cheery month in Brunswick; my room and alcove were heated by a stove with peat as fuel. In that latitude the days are very short in December, and although there were few cloudy days, and little rain, the pale yellow light of the sun for a few hours, and the almost nightly fall of a little snow, were not inspiring.

If my reader has ever attempted to sleep in a real German bed, he will appreciate one of the difficulties of sleeping comfortably or healthfully in Germany: I never learned how to get rid of the superfluous feathers in the sack which formed my covering, nor did I have sufficient force of character to dispossess myself of the triangular hard mattress, about three feet in length, which made it impossible for me to sleep lying on my side. I got a touch of the rheumatism that clings to me to this day and comes in a chronic form in my right arm and shoulder, perhaps growing out of my attempt to sleep with a feather bed as a covering. I found, too, that I was not gifted with a facility of acquiring the language: so I made up my mind to go to Italy, in the hope of leaving the rheumatism behind.

I had been told that the usual way when one carried letters of introduction was to present them personally at the house, not asking to see the person, but making inquiry whether he is well,

etc. Having done this, a day or so afterwards the several army officers to whom I had brought letters called upon me in a body, and I spent an agreeable half-hour with them. I soon returned their calls, and was treated very pleasantly by their families. The young ladies almost without exception spoke English and French, dressed very neatly in inexpensive material, and wore no rings. Many of them were musical, and all were well bred. Some of them were disposed to have their little pleasantries at my expense; but to persons who go about the world this is amusing rather than annoying. I learned afterwards that the ex-officer who had given me letters was not in good odor at his native place; but after they felt sure that I was of different conduct and knew nothing of his derelictions, I could not have been more charmingly welcomed.

A few days after I was located, I received a visit from the chief of police, who was a detailed army officer: he asked my rank, etc., which I explained. I produced my passport, my leave from the Department, with orders to report for duty on its expiration, and my commission of the rank of master in the navy. He expressed his satisfaction, and I thanked him for his visit, and remarked that such verification was the only way to prevent gross impositions. In two or three days I was called on by the aide to the Duke of Brunswick, who brought an invitation to a state dinner. On examining this part of my diary, not looked at before for more than thirty years, I find that the guests, to the number of twenty-five or thirty, met in a reception-room at six; very soon the duke entered, passed around the room, and held a brief conversation with every one, and with little delay led the way into the dining-room, having with him the Prince of Saxony, rather small and stout, with a pleasant face; he was in citizens' clothing, as were the duke and perhaps half the company. Both the duke and the prince had half a dozen orders on the breast. Among the guests were Count Feltheim, a man of note in the dukedom, and his son and grandson, who were officers in the Austrian army and had gained rank in the siege of Venice, which had occurred not long before. The military men and several old generals who had served with Napoleon against Russia wore their swords at the table: it was

oval, about fifteen feet wide and probably twenty-five long, with two rows of superb vases with flowers, bonbons, and fruits. The dinner was served as is usual on grand occasions. The service was of the finest Dresden, and the spoons and forks were of gold. After an hour and a half at table the duke arose, and, with the Prince of Saxony, preceded the company into the reception-room, where a cup of coffee and a chasse of cherry brandy were served. The duke informed me that he was going to the shores of the Mediterranean, and hoped he would see me on board of my frigate. This observation gave me an apprehension that my grade of "master" had been regarded as in the merchant service, where the captain is called "master." I spoke to General Ericsson as to this: he replied that the duke knew my actual rank, and that it was only the royal way of speaking.

The palace of the duke was a very fine building, and, to all appearance, fire-proof, yet twenty years ago I saw an announcement that it had been destroyed by fire. The dining-room was large, octagonal, or nearly so, in shape, and finished in mahogany and mirrors. The duke was about forty-five years of age, prepossessing in appearance, above the medium height, and a favorite with those who were near him.

The next evening I paid a visit to Captain Gésevaul, the aide of the duke. His mother was Irish, and through the German I could see the mirth and warmth of the Irish gentleman. He said the German Parliament wished to deprive the dukes of all power, and he was not inclined to see a confederated and limited monarchy. He expressed the hope that England and the United States would never go to war, but added that should it be so he felt satisfied it would be very destructive to England. I said that the policy of our people was one of peace; that we were content to surmount natural obstacles, rather than the unnatural and generally unnecessary ones of war; that we were guided, or rather governed, by the acknowledged laws of nations, and it was too obviously the policy of Great Britain to maintain peace with us to suppose that she would provoke a war.

My relations with the army officers and their families were very agreeable. I was admitted to the military club, to their places in the theatre, etc., on the same terms as themselves. One



evening I was playing a game of chess with Colonel Handemann, one of the heroes of Waterloo. A young officer came in and asked me to go home with him, and, as our game was somewhat slow, urged me to finish it quickly, which I did, moving and losing piece after piece rapidly, expecting to lose the game. Finally, to my surprise, no less than to that of my adversary, I advanced a pawn and checkmated him. He had the pieces and I the game. He looked up, and said, "*Aber—aber, dass ist wunderschön!*" It is the only game of chess that I have ever won by accident.

Baron Rudolphi invited me to the christening of his son. There were about thirty persons present. When the clergyman waxed serious, and spoke of the mutability of human affairs, the ladies shed tears. After the ceremony a number of small tables were brought into the room, and the company was divided into groups. Soup and salads were served, and every one made merry. After a fair consumption of Rhine wine, the colonel of Rudolphi's regiment proposed a toast. The company rose, whereupon the colonel proposed the health, long life, and happiness of all present, congratulated the parents and grandparents of the newly-christened child, and hoped the young Alexander would be as great in the field as his forefathers had been, and that his life would be long, happy, and honorable. The company "hobnobbed" glasses, the toast was drunk, and then we all seated ourselves. When an acquaintance, such as myself, was invited to take tea, the family served it with a slice of lemon and a little rum in it, a potato salad, and a sandwich; after this came ham not cooked, and sausage, and finally sweet cakes. I was much amused in my conversation with Baroness W—, a younger sister, very bright, and disposed to laugh at rather than with me. I remember the whole family as one to which I was indebted for much kind attention.

The three Miss Bruns were charming women. Their father, late chancellor of the dukedom, had recently died. Their mother was also highly accomplished and agreeable; they were the only untitled persons whom I knew in Brunswick. I think always with pleasure of this old city, save when I remember my rheumatism. My acquaintances were persons of very simple habits in

life, their houses uncarpeted notwithstanding the severity of the climate, and they occupied their time usefully and were altogether persons such as one feels gratified in knowing pleasantly and without formality. The city, I learn, has been modernized: when I was there, the English and our countrymen rarely came to stay. The reader who wishes to know of the oak that has stood a thousand years, of Queen Caroline, and of many subjects of historic interest can get all that from tourists' guides.

When it occurred to me that I would better leave for Italy, in the hope of getting rid of the rheumatism, I determined to pay a brief visit to Berlin, to see the city, renew my acquaintance with Mr. Hannegan, our minister, and offer my respects to Alexander von Humboldt, whose popular writings were well known to me. His "Valley of the Orinoco," as a descriptive work, I was particularly charmed with. It was somewhat curious that his supposition in relation to the probable engrafting of yellow fever on the northern part of South America and over intertropical America was at that time being verified in Rio Janeiro. His theory was that the irritability of the European constitution would so modify the type of the disease as to make the natives susceptible to it, which was the fact just there in Rio Janeiro, it being then epidemic in that city for the first time..

I visited the Opera, admired the large fresco painting of Guido's Aurora, at the entrance to the new Museum, and found everything agreeable but the climate. Mr. Hannegan was, unhappily, suffering with rheumatism, and confined to his bed. At his request I went to his hotel and was with him when not sight-seeing. He was a gentleman of ability and observation, and gave me his views of the political situation, especially of Germany, expressing his sympathy in relation to German unity, without which a great people were politically powerless. The petty rulers all opposed it, for the reason that it would destroy in a great degree their personal importance. It was not brought about until eighteen years later, and could only be accomplished as an incident to a war, and only given solidity and permanency through another war, not resultant, but imposed upon the German Empire. There were some thirty-six kingdoms and duchies, political centres, with only Prussia possessing a considerable

aggregation of force, yet with territories geographically separated, as was the case with many of the governments. In my diary I find this noted as a proof of the good faith of the German character: were that character different, natural boundaries would have taken the place of merely conventional ones; little patches of territory here and there, entirely surrounded by the territory of another power, would have been absorbed in the common interests of all the inhabitants. This has had a practical realization in the establishment of the German Empire and with it a material force that will hereafter be respected all the world over. As the German character is not aggressive, and as education is universal, the welfare of the subject will be looked to so far as it can be, when it is considered that defence against powerful and aggressive neighbors is of prime importance. It has been a long time in aggregating, in spite of railroads and that ready intercourse which destroys local prejudices in promoting a wider community of interests.

I had to regret that the absence of Baron Humboldt from Berlin prevented my seeing him; the prospect of an interview with him had been a not inconsiderable object in my making a visit to the city.

I found in travelling, and meeting Germans to whom I would endeavor to speak in their language, that I was invariably addressed in French to free me from the embarrassment of speaking in a language which it was quite apparent I knew little of. This greatly shook my resolution to continue to study the language during my stay in Germany.

Not long after my return to Brunswick, I took leave of my many agreeable friends and set out for Italy, tarrying a day or so in Leipsic, and a longer time in Munich. I happened to reach the latter city just before a grand concert, patronized by royalty. The city was filled with the beauty and chivalry of all Germany on this occasion. There were five hundred musicians and five thousand spectators. There were present the ex-king Ludwig and the ex-queen, King Leopold his son, and the two princesses, then just verging on womanhood, and remarkably beautiful, as were all the maids of honor. This latter may not be considered strange, for the sovereign had the kingdom to select from. The

ex-king Ludwig, I remember, had a large wen on his forehead, and flew about much like a French dancing-master. When the royal family entered, the audience stood up to receive them, and remained standing until the royal party was seated. The queen was bountifully adorned with diamonds, and each princess wore a sparkling necklace. The maids of honor wore flower ornaments only, and the public gay ribbons. The Duchess of Mecklenburg and many others of the German nobility were brilliant in diamonds; but I may observe that I was so fully occupied in looking at the bright handsome young ladies, whether decorated with flowers or ribbons, that it was only as the evening wore on that I observed the gorgeous diamonds of the old ladies. They were certainly an indifferent compensation for their faded charms.

The inhabitants of Munich did not seem to have a distinctive national feature, as the North Germans, the French, or the Italians have, but were apparently a blending of several races, particularly the Italian and German, with the Alpine Tyrolese; they are a fine-looking people.

The official street of Munich is composed of very fine buildings, and the works of art and galleries of painting and exhibits of porcelain attracted my admiration, as did also a work in bronze, not completed, being then in the foundry, with many parts ready to set up. It was typical of Bavaria, and now surmounts an arch in the city known as the Brandenburg gate-way. The country immediately around the city is flat and in the winter uninteresting, but thirty miles away are the Alps, with their peaks of ice and snow.

I left for Genoa, Italy, by way of the Brenner Pass through Tyrol in what was called an *eihwagen*, the equivalent of the French *diligence*. We left in the evening; about midnight we reached the high grounds where deep snows obliged us to substitute a sleigh for wheels. I noted soon after leaving the city large tracts of land planted in trees, a culture which is quite common in European countries, and which ere long would be advantageous over a large part of the United States were it not for the destructive effects of fires, generally resulting from passing locomotives.

The cold was intense, and I had not taken the precautions necessary to protect my feet, which were frozen so badly as to give me serious annoyance for years. Our sleigh-ride continued until ten A.M., when we again took an *eilwagen*.

The upper region of Tyrol looked very cold, and the gorge through which we passed was so narrow that it seemed as though the sun had never shone upon it. I note that I breakfasted more uncomfortably than ever before, and had a cup of coffee that quite astonished me. The entire road to Genoa was simply perfect, and the scenery over the mountainous part, so often described, superlatively grand. A fellow-traveller pointed out to me a hole in a precipitous hill several hundred feet in height, and at its entrance a crucifix. "That," he said, "in the twelfth century was the stronghold of King Max, a Bavarian." Where we were passing, he had met and defeated another mountain-robber with great loss of life to his adversary. My fellow-traveller lived in Innsbruck, and had been sent for by the government to agree upon terms for the construction of a grand musical clock to be presented to the Grand Turk, meaning the Sultan of Turkey. He was in jolly mood growing out of this distinction and the probable profit that would come to him.

Near by the roadside all the way through Tyrol and Upper Italy were many little boards protected by a box, covering a crucifix, a statue of a saint, or a picture. In others were instruments of torture. We arrived at Innsbruck at three P.M., twenty-two hours from Munich. It is entirely hemmed in by mountains; the large dining-room of the hotel was filled with officers of the Austrian troops, then occupying that region in force, and indeed the whole of Piedmont was occupied in force. My passport was examined and viséed. At five we left, and had a postillion mounted on the left-hand hind horse. The *eilwagen*—or diligence, as it will be called hereafter—was filled with passengers, and I rode outside with the conductor. We had a bright full moon and very cold weather. The road was excellent, with walls to protect it from land- and snow-slides. The Brenner Pass was reached in about four hours, at a height four thousand feet above the sea. After passing through it, the natural descent was very rapid, although the road was made so

winding as not to give very steep grades ; we would cross one mountain-torrent after another on excellent stone bridges, and far below would see the water, white from the precipitous character of the bed of the streams. After getting down the steep mountain-side, we reached the head of the narrow valley of the Sugarina, which we followed to Verona. This valley and the city itself are subject to destructive floods. In the lower part are immense white chalk cliffs frequently crowned with strongholds of the olden time, or with more recent monasteries. When we bear in mind that every cubic inch of these chalk cliffs is composed of thousands of marine shells, a vague idea is formed of the long ages of the world during which the land over which we journeyed was a bed of the sea.

We breakfasted at a point where the outlines of the mountains over which we had passed formed a grand picture. The roofs of the houses were covered with boards, and huge boulders were placed over logs confining them to the roofs when the winds sweep through these narrow valleys. We heard a long plaintive note, not unlike the "yodel," and on inquiry were told that it was the prayer of the peasants before their breakfast. The view around showed small cultivated patches. As we journeyed, our language had changed so that only occasionally I found some one who would respond to "*Ich wünsche etwas zu essen,*" or some equivalent sentence.

We reached Verona about midnight, and with difficulty I got into the mean hotel called the Torre di Londra (Tower of London), where no English and very little German was spoken. I was shown into a large cold room. In the morning I had a fire made ; it was something to look at and give smoke, but not warmth, and, after I had my usual breakfast of coffee and buttered toast, I went out to see the city. When I wished to get my ticket for Milan I found they would not take Austrian money, although the city was garrisoned by Austrian troops, and when I offered gold I was asked and paid twenty per cent. discount. My baggage was little, and that was charged for. My hotel bill was doubtless four times a fair charge. I met no one with whom I had dealings who reminded me of Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona." On arriving at Milan I found

my Austrian paper money was at twelve per cent. discount and my gold at par.

We left at noon for Milan, an Austrian officer and myself being the only passengers. He was a large, fine-looking man, about thirty-five years of age. In our drive to Milan he became quite companionable. He told me he was a Bohemian; but he was quite unlike the "Bohemians" we read of in our newspapers. In leaving Verona we passed through a very large fortification, and about fifteen miles farther to the westward through another, at Lago di Garda, a beautiful sheet of water. For ten miles we skirted its shore, the scenery being of surpassing beauty. Beyond the lake towered the mighty Alps with nearly perpendicular face, and crowned with snow that extended far down the mountain-sides.

We arrived at Brescia about seven. My Bohemian friend asked the conductor to wait for him, and he assented. I had reason to think later that my companion was an officer of high grade, and that his request was equivalent to an order. On my asking him if he was going to dine he invited me to join him. We walked quite a distance through several streets, and finally entered a *wirthshaus*, an equivalent to the French *café*. There were two large rooms filled with Austrian officers eating, drinking, and smoking. The rooms had no ceiling overhead, only rafters and the joists supporting the roof. We sat down at a table; the landlady came along and recognized my companion as an old acquaintance, the servant-girls all rushed to the table to have a word to say, and he had an impromptu reception. We were served with sauer-kraut, pork, wine, and bread, and we had good appetites. The compliments paid the landlady and her assistants by my companion were very much enjoyed, but would not be "in form" in good society. The officers knew my companion also, for those near him bowed, but none of them approached,—probably on account of his rank. He was altogether jovial in disposition, and when I suggested that the conductor might be impatient in waiting for us, his manner was equivalent to, "Bless the fellow! let him wait."

We were given a duet by two Bohemian women accompanied by a harp. How that wild plaintive melody recalled the past, reminded me of my home, told that happiness was not a thing of

earth but of heaven! When the last sad note had died away, my Bohemian companion remarked, "She sings with much feeling."

After we had sat more than an hour, noting that I was impatient, my companion, with a half-reluctance, got up to leave. We paid our bill, sixteen cents each, went out into the cold clear moonlight, and walked to the diligence. The conductor was pleased at our arrival, and we started forthwith on our journey to Milan. I was told by my companion that we would be accompanied by a guard, and, looking out of the window, I saw close behind us a buggy in which were two soldiers with their muskets. We drove rapidly, with relays every ten miles, and our guard continued with us until we entered the gates of Milan at five o'clock in the morning. My companion did not unbuckle his sword-belt from the time we met until we parted. It is a habit with German officers never to unbuckle the sword-belt unless they intend to put their weapon away.

As we drove into the city I caught sight of the great cathedral, and after being put down at St. Marc's hotel I made my ablutions, had a cup of coffee and toast, and went at early daylight to the cathedral, then dimly lighted, into which persons were passing to hear mass. When the sun rose and its first beams entered the windows high up in the building, its immensity, which before had been undefined, became faintly visible, and, as the light increased, actually appreciable. Whether from within or from without, the imposing grandeur of the cathedral was overwhelming, and considered as the work of men for generations it gives rise to earnest thought. I shall leave to guide-books to recount its history, to number the merits of some of its five thousand statues, and to note with accuracy its immense proportions. Before leaving the city I again visited it with a renewed feeling of wonder. How grandly it rises so high that its statues seem as dwarfs, and on the ground pass along those puny vacillating creatures whose kind have in centuries of labor reared this wonderful structure, and have daily entered its doors to leave a part of their load of sorrow and come out with renewed strength to battle with their frailties in securing the necessities for their existence.

Milan, although attractive in many respects, has not the many



objects of interest that pertain to many Italian cities: the surrounding country is quite beautiful, clothed with the olive and the vine, so vaunted by Byron, as is all the country passed over by the superb road leading to Genoa, along which I went in the diligence with another large conductor; indeed, they were invariably of that build. It would seem that lighter men, when it was a question of thousands of miles of travel yearly, would have served the purpose advantageously. A hundred superfluous pounds might have been spared the hauling, and had the roads been indifferent it would have counted. I never saw a conductor of an *eilwagen* or of a *diligence* who had not one-third superfluous weight.

The day was beautiful, the diligence was large and comfortable, and I was the only inside passenger. On my journey from Brescia towards Milan, when my companion had a guard follow us, I had a heavy pair of pistols in my carpet-bag ready for use, and these I now had with me as a matter of principle, for in fact my pistols were about all that I carried of any value. Passing along, at Pavia my trunk was unlocked and opened for custom-house inspection, but it was not examined. The night travel to Genoa seemed to me interminable. In spite of overshoes and overcoats and wine when I could get it, I was uncomfortably cold. My feet, that had been frozen in crossing the Alps, were much swollen and pained me greatly, yet I dozed from time to time from actual fatigue.

At day-dawn we were on the high grounds back of Genoa. Hundreds of peasants in their picturesque garb were on the road to the city. At sunrise we passed through some strong fortifications, and saw within the mole two of our vessels-of-war. In my diary I indulged in some lines which are too "spread-eagle" in expression to repeat, save the closing sentence: "When the Republic extends from ocean to ocean in population, and has its railroads of three thousand miles in length, what will they say then?" Very nearly forty years have passed since that was written, and until opened by me for transcript it has not been looked at. Many lines of railroad now stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and millions of industrious and intelligent people are spread out over this broad and fertile land.

I was put down at the Hotel Feder, and, having had a fire made, was badly smoked, but not warmed. The bell would not ring, even when my strong pull broke the wire. I sallied out and found a servant, who understood neither English nor German, finally got a wretched breakfast, and endeavored in vain to get some sleep. I sent a message to my old friend and classmate Rolando, who was serving on board of the Constitution, one of our two vessels within the mole. He was soon with me, and gave me all the news of the past three months, and newspapers to read which I had not seen since leaving London. He insisted on my going with him in the evening to a reception of the Marquis di Negro, a gentleman of large wealth and liberal political ideas. His house, large and elegant in its frescos and appointments, was situated on a height commanding a superb view of the lower grounds, the harbor, and the coast-lines. The company consisted of about fifty persons, among whom were two brothers named Guerriere, intelligent and of high position: they had been driven from Lombardy by the Austrians, were very earnest in their republican ideas, and distinguished in appearance, as was the marquis whose guests we were. The Minister of Finance of the Pope was present, and the greater number were men of position, and refugees from their homes in Lombardy. A *prima donna* and a young violinist gave us excellent music, and after tea and cake were served we took our leave at eleven. The marquis and his agreeable family were partial to our officers, who always had a cordial reception at their house. The next day I went on board of the Constitution, and met many old shipmates among the officers and the crew. A peculiarity of navy men generally, all over the world, is that they are prone either to swear by or at their old shipmates, thus disobeying the command, "Swear not at all." This being brought to the notice of an old tar, he remarked, "I don't *swear at all*, but there are some people you have to swear at." His sense of duty demanded it, and he swore like a man.

I noted that the women of Genoa were "shockingly ugly," which may account for the cleverness of the men. It is a recognized fact that what men are is in a great degree due to their mothers; and the Genoese mothers, being ugly, were in no wise

diverted from the judicious care of their children. After voyaging around the world time and again, I do not think they could have done better: had they been good-looking and neglected their children it would have been far worse; and thus it seems their ugliness may have been "a blessing in disguise,"—a blessing perhaps that they would have been willing to forego, had it been a matter of choice.

The streets of Genoa are narrow, with steep grades,—so steep that carts and carriages are rare. The beggars are present, and they become numerous as soon as it is seen that alms are given. On the land side the indentation around which the city is built is surrounded by fortified hills of considerable height, several hundred feet at least, and from these hills the views are exceedingly picturesque. Genoa was more remarkable for its noise and music than any other place I had ever seen.

At the *table-d'hôte* of the hotel I met old shipmates and had a bottle of vino d'Asti, a light, sparkling wine of excellent quality, but too sweet to be in favor with many. At the table was a Mr. Hagerty, from New York, who was quite amusing. He said he was in search of the picturesque, and wished to know where it was to be found. After dinner I went with a brother officer to visit a German family, the Countess Samosan, her mother, and two sisters, the younger twelve years of age. The countess was talkative and polite; her face was a perfect model for a painter,—her eyes and brows perfect. She was a *dévote*, and had the mistaken idea often entertained that a willingness to die for a religion establishes its truth.

In my walks around the city I went up the hill immediately west of a small stream and valley on the eastern part of Genoa, and after an hour's walk had a magnificent view from a fortification, one of twenty that defend the city. It had an area of about thirty acres. I dined on board of the *Jamestown*, one of our old sloops-of-war of the best class, and was then put alongside of the *Corriere Corso*, a small, dirty, slow vessel, overcrowded with passengers, among whom were many of our countrymen. We had a heavy blow soon after leaving, and,

making little headway and wallowing about all night, at eleven the following day anchored in the Bay of Spezia. Our consul at Genoa and family were on board, and, annoyed at the discomforts of the voyage, endeavored to obtain permission to land and go to Florence by diligence: it was impossible, however; even in mid-winter *pratique* would have to be obtained before any one could land, and that was never granted until the vessel had been in port twenty-four hours; and, despite the tears of the ladies, the captain refused to remain the requisite time. The next morning at daylight we left the port, and by noon had been passed through the custom-house at Leghorn,—a verification of the proverb "The more haste the less speed," had the ladies been permitted to land.

I went to the Hotel Pescavera at Pisa that evening; the landlady was pretty and obliging, and the house clean and comfortable: at the same house was an American colonel who had never been assigned to a regiment; he was a grandson of Mollie Stark who would have been a widow had not Crown Point fallen by assault during our Revolutionary war. In the evening we went to the Opera; although the troupe was considerable, the singing was indifferent, and we left early.

The Leaning Tower was visited: the foundation of this tower settled after the structure was commenced, and continued to settle during the construction. Three different attempts at restoring the perpendicularity were perceptible, and the last elevation was nearly perpendicular. In the cathedral we saw the lamp which suggested to Galileo his ideas in relation to the vibrations of pendulums.

The bronze doors of the cathedral, the building itself, and the baptismal font are all objects of especial interest to tourists. The guide-book gives an elaborate description of the Campo Santo, the burial-ground of the lords and ladies. Ship-loads of earth were brought from the Holy Land, and in this the bodies are buried.

The whole broad valley of the Arno, from the sea to Florence, was cultivated like a garden, and was almost one continuous vineyard. Rows of beheaded trees serve as supports to the festooned vines, and in the vacant spaces vegetables and grain

are grown. Our journey to Florence, over an excellent railroad, was made on one of the brightest of days, and an open window gave me my introduction to neuralgia, from which I suffered intensely for several days.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

Florence—The Flower-Girl—The American Colonel—Captain Neuhauser—Spezia—Vesuvius—Herculaneum and Pompeii—Naples—The Temple of Neptune at Pesto—Temple of Ceres.

ON arriving in Florence, I took one of the rather crazy-looking single-horse vehicles and was driven to a comfortable hotel, where I had a bright sunny room until I found apartments on the Arno. After making my ablutions, I had a simple luncheon and an excellent glass of the light new wine of Tuscany, and, after studying a map of the city to inform myself as to the localities I wished to visit, went to the door to meet a person who was waiting for me. It was not a detective; it was a flower-girl who was waiting to fix a *boutonnière* upon my lapel as soon as I should come out. A flower-girl always informs a stranger that she has heard of him through some friends, and begs to express her gratification at his safe arrival and fine appearance. Thus greeted and decorated, the stranger with generous impulse naturally puts his hand in his pocket to give a consideration. "Not at all," says the flower-girl, in the sweetest of tones and with the brightest of smiles, perhaps adding, in a subdued tone, that before he leaves he may contribute to the support of some people who work in the garden, so as to enable her to dispense flowers to agreeable visitors. She may be a girl of ten or fifteen, or even a woman of thirty years, but she is always pretty, and has been expecting the arrival of the visitor. Although the flower-girl never leaves Florence, I have heard of no instance in which she gets "left."

The streets of Florence are quite narrow and the houses high, which in fact is the case with all old parts of Italian cities.

There is much to see in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries and in the Museum. The cathedral, built in alternate layers of white and black marble, is grand not only in dimensions but also in many other respects. It was my habit to spend several hours daily either in one or the other art gallery in the Museum, or in visiting buildings of note. This, with an occasional visit to the Opera, and a frequent attendance at the receptions of Hiram Powers, Mr. Mosier, Mr. Chapman, and other artists of note, left little idle time, and that was taken up in studying French. I took quarters overlooking the Arno, usually a small rapidly-flowing creek, having two high stone walls some hundred and fifty yards apart to provide protection from the floods that from time to time sweep down from the Apennines.

Soon after reaching Florence I had my first attack of neuralgia, and was confined to my rooms for a week, during which I suffered intense pain, extending from the jaw to the temple. A physician recommended the application of a hot poultice and leeches. After poulticing, I applied half a dozen leeches, that fed like good fellows and weighed considerably more after their feast than before they took hold.

Among my agreeable acquaintances was Captain Neuhauser, a Hungarian in the Austrian army then occupying Tuscany. He had the usual talent of his countrymen for languages, speaking and reading English, French, Italian, and German with fluency, and was well informed otherwise. By agreement we usually dined together, either at the *table-d'hôte* of one of the better hotels or at some favorite *trattoria*. If we dined at a hotel, we were content with the wines furnished; if at a *trattoria*, we ordered our dishes, and a half-bottle each, the one of red, the other of white Montepulciano, a very pleasant light wine of Tuscany that is used either the first or the second year after the vintage: indeed, in Spain and in Italy those who make wines rarely take other than new wines, and men, women, and children always have their wine. A drunken person is never seen, unless he is a foreigner. My habit was to breakfast at the Caffè Donai, where I had two eggs, two small rolls of bread, a little butter, and a pot of chocolate: this, with two cents that I gave the waiter, and two cents to the beggar-woman who always met me,

made my breakfast-bill fifteen cents daily. That beggar-woman, I feel sure, regretted my leaving the city: she always bestowed on me a grateful smile, and was as cheerful as her occupation would permit.

When Neuhauser and myself had dined, which was at seven o'clock, we went usually to the *caffè* and took a small cup of coffee and a *chasse*, for which we each paid four cents. During our intercourse of several weeks, I never paid one cent of his bill, nor he of mine. Our bills were brought to us separately and paid by each, even where it was a matter of but four cents. Nothing is more disagreeable than the vulgarity displayed by many of our countrymen abroad in insisting on paying the bill of some person whom they have met. Occasionally we allowed a colonel who had never known his regiment to dine with us, and this was as good as a comedy. He was a loud talker and a persistent one, and made the American eagle soar very high and screech very loud. It was only when we went to a *trattoria* that we would permit him to join us, as we felt that we had no right to annoy well-bred people with our amusement. The colonel was undeniably a "Down-Easter:" it was shown in his appearance, in the sound of his voice, and in the ideas that he expressed. He amused Neuhauser, and me also,—with the reservation that I felt somewhat ashamed of him as an exponent of the Yankee. He carried in his pocket a small "vocabulary in three languages," so convenient to travellers not gifted with enough of a language to make their wants known; he was inimitably droll without intent,—without even a suspicion indeed that he was so,—and insisted on making use of the French language, so far as the words were concerned, with English pronunciation. Spelling out the words equivalent to an English expression, he would beckon to a waiter, and say, "*Garçon, donnez-moi du beurre.*" Naturally enough, the waiter had no idea what he meant, and, in his perplexity, would say, "*Quoi ?*" which would lead to a repetition by the colonel with a little variation in his intonation, and then would come the "*Quoi ?*" again from the waiter. Neuhauser would offer his services as translator, but these would be respectfully declined with, "No, no: I'll teach him by and by." After a time, to assure an actual understanding he would

point out to the waiter on the vocabulary what he wished. This was amusing at times, but would not serve for an every-day entertainment: so it was only when we felt a little humorous that we were disposed to be bored by the colonel. When we left the *trattoria* each would be handed a bill of what he had ordered. Usually, including wine, it was from forty to sixty cents.

Captain Neuhauser accompanied me to several studios of American sculptors. At Powers's we saw a number of busts of distinguished Americans, among others of Jackson, which Neuhauser commented upon rather unfavorably. Powers said not a word, but brought the plaster cast of a lion and held it up close to and parallel with the face of the old hero. The resemblance in lines and features was remarkable, much closer than one would have thought possible. Neuhauser smiled at the marked resemblance, and was assured that Jackson was regarded as a great man by a large number of his countrymen.

Greenough, Mosier, Chapman, Gould, Gault, and others of our countrymen were then at Florence. Some of these had agreeable families; the others generally met at the *caffè* in the evenings. At the Opera I heard Clara Novella, a *prima donna* of note, sing in "Il Puritani." The song of "La Patria" was admirably rendered, with a grand chorus, which was smiled at by the large number of Austrian officers in attendance, as the singers advanced bearing the Tuscan flag. The Florentines were very much excited, and there would have been a row had not all the force been against them.

I spent an agreeable evening at a reception of Mr. Harvey, an Englishman who was passing the winter with his family in Florence. At that time there was quite an English colony in Florence, but few, if any, Americans other than artists. I was introduced to Charles Lever, whose works I had read with much pleasure, and could not but agree with him that copyright laws should have protected his writings in the United States. He was a medium-sized, portly gentleman, with a broad agreeable face and a pleasant manner. I had frequently seen him and several of his children, some of them on pied ponies, riding briskly along the Corso. Altogether I found Florence socially



pleasant ; but the weather was cold and raw, very different from the winter climate of Naples.

The early spring had come, and I made up my mind to go to Spezia, where I should have more time for study ; I accordingly bade good-by to the agreeable families I have mentioned, and others, left for Pisa, and the following midnight took diligence for Spezia. We arrived at Pietra Santa at eight A.M., and breakfasted. Everything was so dirty, however, that, while it was paid for, it was not eaten. When the diligence was ready to go, the landlord could hardly believe that I would be willing to go on,—for what reason I could never conceive, as there was nothing there that should interest a traveller. I was imprudent enough to give something to a wretched-looking beggar, and was soon surrounded by a crowd : after giving all my small change, and others still asking, I gave them abuse,—having nothing else that came so handy.

After two or three hours' drive we reached Carrara, the great marble-quarry, and the residence of a considerable number of sculptors who do not design, but make a living by copying models or reproducing works ordered. The *Aquila Bianca* was the only hotel in the place. It was dirty beyond description, and gave me a full appreciation of the value of an unbroken egg-shell and of an unpeeled potato when cooked. The plates had hardened lumps of spinach or some other vegetable on them. The American consul was absent, but a bright young Italian was his deputy, and was good enough to walk with me at his leisure, although I had a "commissioner" who had served under Napoleon. He pointed out two large Roman fortresses, overgrown with ivy. We visited the early home of the Guelphs, a building by no means grand, either in dimensions or in architecture. An old building said to have been originally a heathen temple, and subsequently to have been used as a church, had been unroofed for centuries ; near the entrance were two very badly executed marble statues, said to be those of pious ladies who had been benefactors of the church.

The marble-quarries are up on the hill-tops, which are quite bare of vegetation. Great excavations have been made here and there in the rocks. The acclivities are steep, and

the blocks are hauled down by oxen with a great deal of labor. A block large enough to make an ordinary statue, if of the best quality of marble, was said to cost two hundred dollars. In the workshops at Carrara I saw a plaster cast of Frederick the Great, sent to serve as a model for the sculptor. Washington, General Taylor, Nelson, and other distinguished personages were there in marble.

On leaving the "White Eagle," I wrote in my diary, "With what delight does one take his seat in the diligence when leaving a particularly dirty hotel! He does not know that he will arrive at a cleaner one, but has much to hope for." The road was perfect, and the country cultivated like a garden, by women as well as men, with a two-pronged hoe. Vineyards were upon the hill-sides, and castles of old crowned their summits; here and there were children with baskets carrying back the soil that had been washed down from the hills by the rains. On the heights among the rocks, where there was soil enough for them to grow, small gnarled olive-trees were seen, distinguishable by their bluish foliage and their contours, even at a great distance.

A two hours' ride brought us to the town of Sarzana, where we stopped for half an hour. There is nothing of interest here. Along the road to Spezia we met numbers of peasant-girls going and coming on foot, some of them bearing bundles of vegetables or other products to a market. They all wore Sarzana hats, little bits of things that would scarcely be sufficient for a large-sized doll. These were jauntily pinned or stuck on one side of the head, and the owners were very bright, nice-looking young creatures, and very proud of their hats, which was the one feature of their dress. Observant tourists of years gone by could tell a canton or district in Switzerland by the dress of the peasant, who regarded some peculiarity, like that of the Sarzana hat, as a special mark of distinction. With railroads running through Sarzana for many years, I doubt the existence at present of a single Sarzana hat; perhaps in its stead one is worn as posterously large as the tortoise-shell comb of a belle in Buenos Ayres so humorously mentioned by Darwin half a century ago. He was asked his opinion of it, and, bowing respectfully, said

that in all his travels he had never seen a larger or more elegant one.

A very fertile plain lies between Sarzana and Spezia ; the distance between the two places is nine miles. Just before starting in the diligence, after I had returned from a *caffè* I was accosted by a beggar, who, with a look of reproach, informed me that I had given him a coin that belonged to Tuscany and did not pass current there. It was out of my power to change my coins from one province to another, and thus an inconvenience—perhaps a loss—was inflicted on the beggar, and a loss to myself in the discount on larger coins.

On arriving at Spezia a naval storekeeper, an old acquaintance and friend, took me to a clean hotel, which is a positive blessing in Italy. Our naval storehouses were near the lazaretto, some four miles down the northern side of the bay, at a beautiful indentation. There, through my friend Spaulding, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Bolero, his son, three charming, well-bred daughters, and a bright little boy and girl. The family were very agreeable, and it was gratifying to see their pleasant home life. I frequently walked down, and was joined by some of the family for a walk farther on, to Porto Venere, or elsewhere. Porto Venere was the oddest old town I have ever seen. It had a very small port made by an outlying island just without the bay, and, built on the side of a cliff, the houses on the one street, which has only one side, have their foundations very little above the water and are four or five stories high. The entrance to the town was through a small deep arched gate built from a house on either side. Over the house had been a coat of arms that had been destroyed ; the town was walled, and I have no recollection of seeing anything but rocks inside,—not even a blade of grass. The single street was perhaps three hundred yards long, terminating at the foot of a promontory overlooking the open sea to the north and west, upon which was a temple of small size that many centuries ago had been converted into a church, and was then roofless and had been in ruins for an indefinite period. Looking towards the ruin from the end of the street, on its right was an old Roman round tower, such as those to be seen along the coasts of the

Mediterranean. While engaged in an endeavor to sketch these buildings, I observed a man patiently waiting under the lee of a rock ; when I closed my book he offered his services as guide. We ascended a high hill on our right overlooking the town, and saw an old fortification of considerable extent. After a rather tiresome walk, my guide expressed a wish for something to eat : we returned to the town and entered a *locanda*, or place where bread, wine, and cheese are sold, all of which he was supplied with, I sharing in the repast. There is no sauce better than that of San Bernardino, and it has the advantage that you need not carry it about with you. The inhabitants of Porto Venere are engaged mostly in catching anchovies, and are wretchedly ragged and dirty.

The walks over the hills that lie around Spezia are very pleasing, but if the pedestrian strikes out without a guide he is soon brought face to face with stone walls enclosing patches of olive-trees ; perhaps the walls are made to get rid of the stones sufficiently to plant the trees, which seem to have a hard time of it from lack of soil. On my excursions in the direction of the lazaretto I frequently went up a steep ravine that led to high grounds. Marble rocks, generally black in color, were everywhere. A few dwarfed chestnut-trees had been planted between the rocks, and a few neatly-whitewashed huts of peasants dotted the hill-side. A thousand feet up or more, and the glories of the view repaid the toil of the ascent. The peasants gather the brushwood from the mountain-side and carry it on their backs into town, where it is used for cooking. Heating the houses is not attempted, unless by a few persons of wealth.

Whether it be true or not, the traveller all over Italy is told that to Napoleon are due the excellent roads between the different cities, as also very extensive modern fortifications at many points. Near the entrance to the Bay of Spezia were very strong fortifications that had afterwards been destroyed. Although blown up by gunpowder, huge masses still clung together, a proof at least of the excellence of the cement.

After a tarry of some weeks, it occurred to me that I might as well go to Naples, where the flag-ship was, and where there was much more to see. To effect this at that time, although

Spezia was a considerable city, situated in a populous country and gifted with one of the finest harbors to be found anywhere, it was necessary to go to Leghorn to take a small dirty packet-steamer that ran once or twice a week from Genoa to Naples. After arriving at Pisa I went by rail to Florence to pay my respects to the families of Powers, Mosier, and Chapman, all of them very agreeable and attentive to strangers. After a day or so I went to Leghorn in time to take the steamer the following day. I met on board several pleasant Americans, and an exceptionally charming English gentleman, named Atwater, also an old Russian lady, with her daughter, servants, and dogs. The canines received the unremitting attentions of the entire Russian establishment; and when we reached Civita Vecchia and they disembarked, I lost a fruitful source of observation and amusement. I was not permitted to go on shore, because I had not the visé of the Roman consul at Leghorn. So far as appearances went, however, I lost nothing by remaining on board. We tarried until evening, and then with a rough head-wind left for Naples, where we arrived at ten the following morning.

The glories of the Bay of Naples none will dispute. Vesuvius in the distance, but looking quite near, the islands in the bay of picturesque contour, and the whole outline of coast, high, and of varied outline, make it an ideal spot with tourists. The large city, too, gleaming white and built partly upon a hilly slope rising to hundreds of feet in height, is a pleasing feature. Many feluccas, with their lateen sails and long yards peaked high above their masts, sailing here and there, formed a pleasing object of animate life, and a dozen heavy vessels-of-war of several nations gave an impression of force. Away over on the eastern side, near Sorrento, were a dozen French line-of-battleships at anchor, plainly visible from the inner part of the harbor.

On landing, numbers of *lazzaroni* were to be seen: it is said that they have disappeared in a great degree from the city, and that the low filthy part has been regenerated. It is probable that a great number of these persons have become free American citizens, and at present exercise the right of franchise with

us. The beggars were quite as numerous as elsewhere, and up to the mark in insistence; and the men driving the one-horse conveyances would deliberately drive across the pathway of any one who preferred walking, so as to cut him off, and make him determine to hire the conveyance rather than be thus annoyed.

Naples is surrounded with objects of much historic interest, and after getting apartments in the Chiatomone, I set about sight-seeing. The hotel is just east of the Villa Reale, the only public grounds in Naples, set with trees, and a favorite resort. In front of the hotel was an esplanade sixty yards wide, faced with the sea-wall, and beyond were the open waters of the bay. My quarters had been the rooms of Passed Midshipman Bayard, of our navy, who had visited Vesuvius when it was in a state of eruption, the previous February, in company with several other officers. A number of heavy pieces of rock were thrown up high in the air, and one of these struck him, causing almost immediate death. He was a young officer of great merit, and much beloved by his shipmates.

A few days after my arrival, in company with two of our officers, I left soon after sunrise to visit Vesuvius, which is an object of great interest to persons who are strong and have no dread of exertion. We took a carriage to Portici, some five miles out; there we mounted horses, and began ascents of steep grades, until, after a ride of several miles, we reached the Hermitage, a building of considerable size. From that point we made a descent into the valley of a bifurcation, or rather gorge, said to have been the crater formed when Herculaneum was buried by material which hardened into a solid rock, and Pompeii was covered with a mass of ashes thirty feet or more in depth, as found after a lapse of nineteen hundred years. Having arrived at the foot of Vesuvius, where the grades became steep and the ashes were a foot in depth, we began our ascent, unaided, save by a guide. Several persons who carried leather thongs with which they aided visitors by pulling them up, especially where the lava-blocks were abrupt, insisted upon accompanying us, and finally, after we got two-thirds of the way up, became so importunate and troublesome that I drew my sword. They took this very broad hint, and, jumping off

the lava-bed, skirted by the loose, almost impalpable, sand, they began their descent. I was surprised at the rapidity with which they reached the foot of the hill. After we had gained the summit, made our observations, and loitered around for an hour or so, we "did likewise;" and I can say that never as a boy did I enjoy a slide down-hill on the ice more than going down Vesuvius in the loose volcanic ashes.

After our importunate assistants had left us, we continued our ascent, which was one of five thousand feet above the sea-level, and probably of two thousand feet above the point where we had left our horses. It was a glorious day. I find a diagram of the summit and an account of the ascent in my diary, from which I will endeavor to give the reader an idea of what we saw.

The pathway near the mountain-top leads through a depression in an old crater; on the left is the circular contour of the summit, sixty feet in height. It forms an arc, of which the low pathway is a chord, one hundred yards or more in length, to another depression through the old crater. After arriving at the other edge of the old crater, we found the mountain very steep and composed of very fine volcanic ashes. Close on the right-hand side were several large red rocks, tons in weight and standing breast-high above the pathway. Vapor was coming up between them, and they were quite hot. A party was engaged in roasting eggs placed on the rocks, and it was a quick operation. Turning abruptly to the right around these rocks, we stood in front of the new crater. Less than three months before it had sent a stream of molten lava for miles down the mountain-side, engulfing comfortable houses, vineyards, and trees. The flow was not rapid after it had reached the foot of the cone, so that there was plenty of time to remove household effects after the lava had begun its descent. The outflow was twenty feet deep or more over many habitations, vineyards, and orchards, and from the mountain-top all along the devastated region for miles away the hot vapor was seen rising.

Looking downward into the new crater as far as the swirling vapor would permit, which was at times to the depth of one hundred feet or more, the regularity of the deposit of ashes

within the cone was remarkable, and the deposit of sublimated sulphur and other mineral substances was so bizarre and abundant that it resembled something got up for scenic effect. We could not pass along over the hot lava that had been ejected, and, returning on our pathway, we ascended the left-hand elevation about the same height as the other, and looked down into a large crater from which a dense column of vapor was arising; as it was wafted to leeward by the breeze we could see quite a distance down the steep grade to the seething lava far below. Perhaps incited by the guide, and assured by the apparently sufficient solidity of the ashes lying within the cone near the summit, I started down within it, the wind bearing the vapor well over on the other side. At a distance of fifty feet from the summit I found the ashes far less compact and up to my knees: it was not an easy task to regain the top. Had the wind set the vapor over me it would have been a question whether I could hold my breath sufficiently long to reach the top. A month or so later, when at Palermo, I read an account of a German who had also made a fool of himself: he went down in like manner, had not the strength to regain the top, and was suffocated.

The view from the top is indescribably grand, and the descent was exhilarating beyond belief. At times I have dreamed that by a rapid revolution of my arms I have raised my feet from the earth, like an ostrich who uses his wings only to lighten his weight, and have sped along with wonderful rapidity. This was almost a realization of such a dream. With our left hands upon our swords, and braced well back, so as not to fall headlong, we started down, and, gaining assurance after a few leaps it seemed to me wonderful what extraordinary leaps we could make. Every bound we would sink almost knee-deep in ashes, but that was no hinderance, for we would slide along on such a steep grade. Certainly I was not a boy then, but when we reached our horses nothing would have delighted me more than to have had another lope down the hill without climbing it. I would have been happy had I been able to leap all the way to Naples, instead of going to Portici on horseback and from thence in carriage.



On our arrival at Portici we went down into the amphitheatre of Herculaneum, which has been dug out of the solid volcanic rock that flowed over it at the time of the destruction of Pompeii. The rock is quite resonant, and the rumble of carriages passing overhead was almost constant at that hour, it being a favorite drive. Large arched gate-ways with iron gates through which are seen beautiful grounds extending to the water, a hundred yards beyond, disclose residences as charming as any in the vicinity of Naples.

The early mornings of Naples are very bright in May, and I enjoyed them greatly. The Neapolitans move about early, and begin the day with music and Punch-and-Judy exhibitions for the benefit of foreigners. Soon after sunrise I would sit on a balcony and have my breakfast served; a Calabrian band, consisting of a bagpipe and some other instrument equally effective in making a noise, knew my hour and my solid appreciation of its efforts. After I had been entertained in this manner sufficiently, the musicians left, and the Punch-and-Judy exhibition began. This was conducted with great spirit even for Naples, because the actor saw I appreciated his genius and was willing to pay liberally for the show. Every morning it was the same thing over again, as long as I remained on shore. An English family who had apartments in the next house had these exhibitions free, but, somehow, did not seem to relish them. They may not have been gifted with a love of song and tragic deeds, as done by Punch in chaffing and finally murdering the amiable Judy, or they may have been *blasé*. The organ-grinders that favor us in our large cities and towns are supposed to be almost without exception Italian, yet I never have seen one in Italy; they may have been expelled.

The whole vicinity of Naples, far and near, abounds in objects of interest and beauty. A visit to Baja (the ancient Baiæ) and the neighboring hills, some dozen miles from Naples, on the western side of the bay, was very interesting. The locality of Baja is beautiful. The large temples in ruins on the high grounds, and the city sunk in the sea, are objects of note. This event is mentioned as having occurred about A.D. 79, when Pompeii was destroyed. Here I unexpectedly came across the

colonel whom I have already mentioned as occasionally dining with me in Florence and as never having been assigned to a regiment. He was investigating the state of trade at that point, and getting some information from fishermen who had their boat hauled up on the beach. It was with some difficulty we got some Falernian wine; two thousand years ago this wine was famous for painting the noses of the Romans on grand occasions. The Elysian Fields were not at all remarkable for beauty, nor was the Sibyl's cave a spot where one would suppose a bright creature would be encountered. The grotto of Posilippo was rather a fit lurking-place for wild animals of an amphibious nature than anything else: if it were in the land of the alligator I am very sure it would not be frequented. As our English friends would say, fancy being mounted on the back of a man wading through water knee-deep in a cave of little height, and as dark as midnight, with two or three torches of pine held by bearers, going here and there in advance, stifling you with smoke and actually begriming your faces almost beyond recognition with the soot. I did not "fancy" this, nor did any of our party.

The unassigned colonel had read up on Roman history, of the wealth and grandeur and traffic of *Baiæ*, one of the proud cities of the world, and was mentally depressed at what he saw before him. Fatigued by riding on horseback, bedevilled and begrimed by the ride on manback, he presented a pitiable spectacle, and went on his way to Naples in sad plight.

Several officers formed a party to *Pæstum*, now known as *Pesto*, to see the temples so venerable in years that the date of their construction is lost in the mists of time. They were known as ruins in the time of our Saviour, and have remained with little deterioration for the past two thousand years. The columns, and indeed all parts of the structures, are of good solid sandstone: were they exposed to the climate of New England they would soon be entirely disintegrated, through absorbing water and freezing. In one of *Wendell Phillips's* lectures their preservation is attributed to some inherent quality of the stone, from its extreme hardness requiring superior tools to cut it,—which is a mistaken idea.

We left Naples by railroad for *Salerno* in the afternoon, and,

as the distance is only thirty-three miles, were there in time to look up anything that might be of interest. An Italian gentleman who lived on one of the heights upon which the town is partly built called at the hotel and invited us to his house, where we spent the evening. It was a charming spot, commanding a wide view of sea and land. He pointed out a very large intrenched Roman camp on a height near by, and many other points of interest. The water at the head of the bay in front of the town is quite shoal, only capable of floating fishing-boats of large size, and the beach was strewn with smaller ones hauled up on it.

We made our arrangements and after an early breakfast mounted horses for a ride of fifteen miles, taking a guide who carried our bread and wine for luncheon, the country along the line of road being uninhabited, or nearly so, from the unhealthfulness of the climate. The only habitations we saw were near a river within a mile or so of Pesto. The inhabitants were evidently victims of a persistent intermittent fever. A boy about fifteen years of age helped take us across the river; his eyes had the peculiar look of a fever patient, and his scant clothing allowed us to see that his abdomen was fearfully distended. He seemed not far from idiocy from his ailment. We were told that after a few years persons become acclimated. The ferriage was effected by the force of the current, not an unusual mode in our country. The boat was attached to a rope the length of which was considerably greater than the width of the stream, and the other end was made fast at a favorable point above. The sides of the boat were held at a favorable angle to the current by means of two ropes, causing the boat to act as a pendulum. On recrossing, of course the side-ropes were readjusted so as to bring the current to act at a proper angle.

The road was not far from the sea, but, as the country traversed was a broad, flat plain, the sea was not always in sight. We passed large herds of black buffalo, cared for by people clothed in sheep- or goat-skin; they were certainly uncomfortable garments in summer. The land was evidently fertile, and in the interior were very pretty abrupt spurs of land several hundred feet in height, partly wooded. We were told that these

were free from the malaria of the plains, and had a considerable population, and that persons who took care of the cattle or cultivated grounds on the plains went on these highlands to sleep.

The temple of Neptune at Pesto has thirty-six pillars, all standing, surmounted by an architrave and frieze of the Doric order. Another, less perfect in condition, is supposed to have been the temple of Ceres. Evidently several other temples had been entirely removed, save the foundations and flooring, and one perhaps was in the process of removal when the work was abandoned. It is supposed that a Greek colony built them, at a time so remote that nothing is known of them. Two hundred and seventy years before the Christian era they were in possession of the Romans, and were then in about the same condition as now. In the ninth century they were in possession of the Saracens, but through all the mutations of their known history they have not materially changed. The only person we saw in the vicinity was in the garb of a priest; he had a gun, and was walking around apparently examining the foundations of buildings that once had been. At that time and since, brigands have made their descent on visitors, carried them off into the mountains, and held them until ransomed. We were by no means concerned, for they knew whom to attack: with us, they would have found more arms than money; had they captured us, it would not have been a "paying business."

The temples are within a quarter of a mile of the sea; whether the deep water extends near the shore-line I do not know. It is an open coast; there is no shelter from a westerly wind, although there is a considerable indentation. After spending several hours loitering, we mounted our horses, and were at Salerno in time to take an evening train to Naples over a very lovely, thickly-inhabited country.

At that time only a small portion of Pompeii had been unearthed. The escarpments showed some fifteen or twenty feet above the houses. Their dimensions, as compared with those of the temples or large buildings of the Greeks, were quite insignificant. The paintings on the walls were wonderfully well preserved, and the marks of the chariot-wheels on the pavements were as distinct as though made the previous year. They were

worn several inches in depth. It is eighteen hundred years since Pompeii was destroyed, and the city is now in great part un-earthed. Vesuvius was not known as an active volcano in remote historic periods, and indeed it became so only a short time before it destroyed three cities. Afterwards, for a great many years, at intervals it has thrown up great masses of ashes and stone, but no lava ; subsequently, however, it ejected lava more than any other material.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

Service on Board the Frigate St. Lawrence—Messina—Mount Etna—Robbers—Burial-Vaults of the Capuchins—Santa Rosalia—Remittent Fever at Palermo—The British Squadron—A Lieutenant Court-martialled for Kissing—Railroad Travel at a Penny a Mile—B.'s Little Joke—Bremerhaven—A Country Fair—Bremen—Sail for Home.

ABOUT the last of May, 1850, the flag-ship sailed, the commodore leaving orders for me to join the frigate St. Lawrence, which I did, and the vessel left in a day or so for Messina. While the Mediterranean in the winter is swept by heavy gales, in the summer either calms or very light breezes prevail : consequently we were six days in making the voyage of two hundred miles.

At a distance of one hundred miles we could see Etna, covered with snow, and Stromboli, sixty miles off. The latter is the highest of the Lipari Islands, several in number and all volcanic, lying near the northeastern coast of Sicily. It is a beautiful bifurcated cone, two thousand five hundred feet in height, nearly circular at the base, with a diameter of four miles. The active crater was at two-thirds the height, and at very regular intervals of time, about every three and a half minutes, a bright light glared upon the sky out of its depths. The island is said to have about twelve hundred inhabitants, many of whom are engaged in catching tunny-fish, a species of mackerel often weighing a thousand pounds : the fish is very much prized.

When we arrived at Messina we found many of the buildings

on the outskirts loop-holed for musketry : in fact, the city had been so recently desolated by war that it presented a sorry appearance. It has been and is still a great commercial city ; the streets are inviting, without being grand ; unlike Palermo, the houses are usually low. The surrounding country is devoted to the culture of the grape, olive, orange, and other fruits, and is very productive. From Messina we went to Palermo, where we tarried several days, and, after a brief visit to the Bay of Cagliari, on the south end of the island of Sardinia, again visited Naples, returning finally to Palermo, where we spent a fortnight very pleasantly.

The harbor of Palermo is crescent-shaped, with abrupt hills of considerable height surrounding the flat ground upon which the greater part of the city is built. There is an admirable road to the palace of King Roger, built in the twelfth century, some four miles from the harbor : the road is lined with habitations, and is very attractive ; at the palace an elevation of a thousand feet is reached. The interiors of Sicilian churches have a similarity to those of the churches of Munich in the beams that run across, painted in bright colors and ornamented with decorations of similar order, the rafters upon which the roof rests appearing above. Many of the churches are large and beautiful ; and the dwelling-houses are quite picturesque in the large balconies which project from every story. The streets are wider, and the inhabitants, so far as visitors could see, more cheery than those of Naples. There were numbers of small ice-cream shops, and in the evening these pleasant rooms were thronged with the inhabitants, who for a very small sum were supplied with delicious ices from Mount Etna, frozen snow being brought down from the mountain in large quantities. From off the coast Mount Etna is seen in grand proportions, and far down its sides the cone is covered with snow. It has a height of ten thousand eight hundred and seventy feet. Tourists who went there at that time were frequently captured by brigands and held until arrangements could be made for the payment of a ransom ; and that naturally made pleasure-travellers seek other routes. Not long before our visit, a man of wealth, presumably a foreigner, was captured near the palace of King Roger, not more than three

miles from Palermo, and held for what his captors could get for his release. More recently the authorities would not permit them to pass the gate. As these robbers never molested the peasants, and as their members were from that class, with leaders better educated, their bands were difficult to break up, even in thickly-populated districts.

We visited the burial-vaults of the Capuchins, underneath their monastery. It was late in the afternoon. We descended a stairway of perhaps twenty feet, with long narrow windows at the top that admitted sufficient light to permit us to see our surroundings. There were ten thousand bodies, that had been accumulating for centuries. Those of the wealthy were in boxes, others were put on shelves, and many had barely standing-room. The ladies had on their best in laces, and all had white gloves. The features were ghastly, and had the appearance of dried parchment rather than of decay. A burial at this place, or rather lying- or standing-room, was obtainable only at considerable cost, and I should say was by no means desirable either for the dead or to their friends. The damp vaults, with the foul odor they gave forth, were not at all inviting, and I should suppose would be hot-beds of poison to the Capuchins who occupied apartments over them.

The Palermo hospital for the insane was quite extensive, and contained a large number of inmates, among them one whose insanity had assumed a very innocent form. A fine-looking young woman was brought to the attending physician, who asked her what she wished. She replied that she wished to marry. The doctor said, "Very well: let us see how you will conduct yourself; if you aid me effectively in the care of these poor people, I will marry you." She accepted the provisional offer, and was cheerful, efficient, and well behaved. The probationary term was indefinite, and, as I never visited Palermo again, I have no information in regard to the wedding.

One of the sights of the vicinity of Palermo is the cave of Santa Rosalia. Santa Rosalia was a daughter of King Sinibald, a monarch who reigned in the twelfth century. Tired of the vanities of life, she established herself in a cave near the summit of Mount Pellegrino, three miles from Palermo. The moun-

tain is quite abrupt on the sea-face, and forms the northern part of the entrance to the harbor. The ascent is made either on foot or on a donkey, over a winding pathway many parts of which are cut as a stairway in the rocks. It was the first time I had ever attempted to ride up a stairway, but, after all, it seemed much easier for me than for the donkey upon which I was mounted. There were several in the party, and we all got up and down safely. Coming down, it seemed to me that should the animal stumble, although the fall would not be from a height, the donkey being small, serious injury or even death might result, from striking on the rocks and rolling down a steep hill.

From near the cave of Santa Rosalia the view extends seaward to the Lipari Islands, Stromboli being about eighty or ninety miles distant; on the right stretches the coast-line towards Messina, in the interior Etna is visible in the distance, with Palermo lying at the foot of the mountain, and to the westward is the high indented coast-line of Sicily.

Under the shelter of a huge overhanging rock Santa Rosalia is said to have passed her years in meditation and prayer, dying in 1160. Enclosed by an iron railing, in an inner apartment scooped out of the rock, is a wax figure of the reclining saint; by the dim light of a lamp we could see that she was clothed in satin and ornamented with jewels, which were said to be of great value, the offerings of those who had escaped great peril through her supposed interposition. In a passage-way leading to a small chapel there were several pictures representing such interpositions, lacking artistic merit, but strong in a devotional spirit. I noticed one, of a woman with both hands upraised, looking with affright at her child falling out of a window. Santa Rosalia was sitting in the clouds in a far-off corner, supposed to be warding off the effect of the fall. Another was the picture of a gun bursting in the hand of a man firing it, and Santa Rosalia sitting in the clouds; the pieces of the gun are placed there on exhibition and as an offering to the saint.

Our party walked up to the signal-station, several hundred feet higher than the chapel, and as the sun went down into the sea had a glorious view of earth and sea and sky. Almost every one knows that it takes far less time and labor to go down-



hill than to climb up ; and mounted on our donkeys we speedily found ourselves in the level part of Palermo. My donkey, having done very well up to that time, took a notion to flop down and roll. I was imprudent enough to allow him to put his nose down between his legs, and the flop followed as quick as a flash, without doing me any injury, however, although my leg was caught under his side.

We were in Palermo on the fête-day of Santa Rosalia, which for centuries has been celebrated with great pomp by a procession and fireworks that in times gone by were unsurpassed. There is no minute description of the procession in my diary, but I recall that the large platform upon which the image was placed was drawn by bullocks, a dozen or more in number. The platform was twenty feet in width, and the top of the image quite that distance from the ground, surrounded half-way up by a number of pretty little girls dressed in white. As the statue swayed to and fro from the inequalities of the streets, I feared that some of the children would be thrown off ; but probably they were more secure than I imagined.

The viceroy, General Filangieri, who had paid a visit to the ship a few days before, had kindly invited the officers to his stand in the evening to see the fireworks. He had served with distinction under Napoleon, and was still vigorous and of fine appearance, with two beautiful daughters. The framework over which the fireworks extended was several hundred feet in length, and the exhibition continued one hour and a half, with a dazzling and indescribable effect.

Although we were almost done with Palermo, it was not done with us, unhappily for many of the crew. After we sailed many were attacked with a low remittent fever, several died, and the situation was serious, with a sick-list of about ten per cent. A change of treatment brought them all up, however : they were given porter, and very soon got better under the stimulant. The reader may remember that porter was administered on board of the Vincennes to a small-pox patient, perhaps on general principles, as the character of the disease had not become manifest to the surgeon, although it was known to every one else. With proper treatment and diet, and atten-

tion to ventilation so far as is possible on board ship, the hygiene may be excellent, and, barring the yellow fever, deaths on our vessels-of-war may be very few; of this I propose saying more in subsequent pages.

We sailed from Palermo on the 17th of July, passed the rock of Gibraltar on the 31st, and entered Lisbon harbor on the 5th of August. I had been there in the *Preble* nine years before, and have written all in relation to that city that I thought of special interest. Our old stamping-grounds were very pleasant during our few days in that port. The British squadron came in, and I had the pleasure of visiting the steam-frigate *Phaeton*, then the crack ship of the British navy. The forty years that have passed since that time have witnessed an extraordinary advance in naval architecture and in marine enginery. After six days in Lisbon, we sailed directly for Cowes, where we anchored for twenty hours, and then left for Bremerhaven.

When the *St. Lawrence* was lying off Southampton the year before, Lieutenant B. and other officers were invited to a town ball where the *élite* were not in the majority. B. was always jovial, and at the ball, being in a window-recess with one of the ladies, took the liberty of kissing her. He said that she would not have objected at all had not the curtain allowed the act to be seen by the company. It was reported to the captain, who had the lieutenant tried by court-martial: he pleaded guilty to the charge, and, in his humorous defence, said that as long ago as in the reign of George the Second a general order had been issued, which he caused to be read to the court, to the effect that "his Majesty's sea-officers were strictly enjoined to be polite to the ladies." It was his desire to carry out this instruction on British soil, although of course it was not mandatory on other than British officers. His arguments were all in the same strain, and, as the woman was full-grown and had not suffered bodily injury, B. was "admonished," or perhaps reprimanded.

Few American or perhaps even British readers of the present day know that forty years ago, by act of Parliament, railroads were obliged to carry a certain class of passengers at a penny a

mile. This led to having a train of open cars with seats as crowded as possible, and uncovered, so as to discourage that kind of travel. B. wished to have a "lark," and went to London on the "Parliamentary." Finding no vacant seats, he assumed as stupid a stare as man could put on, and in the brogue of the country, as far as he could master it, said to the men near him, "Well, my old complaint has come back again." "What be that?" said one. "Oh, not much," replied B., scratching between his fingers vigorously: "nothing but the itch." In a few minutes he had all the room he wished.

On one occasion, when the vessel was at sea, he dressed up in a cockney rig, put on eye-glasses, stuck a little cane under his arm, and jauntily entered the wardroom, where an officer was engaged in reading. In a feigned voice, he addressed him: "Beg your pardon, sir, but do you know whether Lieutenant B. is below?" The officer was startled by the apparition, and said, "He certainly was here only a moment ago, but must have gone on deck." "Ha! ha! I caught you that time, Fox!" shouted the comedian, taking off his glasses, and allowing his features to assume their natural expression. Had he gone upon the stage he would have been the equal of Burton. We had a comedy morning, noon, and night, whether we wished it or not. B. could not help it. Not long after the *St. Lawrence* reached home he was gathered to his fathers after passing twenty-seven years in the navy.

When at Bremerhaven I was invited by an officer in the German navy to go up the river some fifteen miles to a country fair. We went in his gig, and, although the weather was rainy and the ground muddy, the booths and sights were so novel and curious that I felt amply repaid for my discomfort. Many of the farmers for a long distance around were there, with their wives, sons, and daughters. They had on the wooden shoes usually worn in the country; otherwise they were fitted out in their best toggery. On one side of the room were a few of the mothers, and the stout young girls, with their ruddy faces and their keen enjoyment on being led out to dance; on the other side of the room were the young men and a few old ones, to chaperon them, perhaps. There were many pipes, and, what

with the tobacco-smoke and the dust arising from vigorous dancing, the atmosphere was not one for dainty people; and indeed none such were there. We went to see the "merry-go-round:" seated in one of the cars were a stout country lad and fräulein, and, as they spun around so that they could not have a distinct view, they imagined that others could see them no better, and regarded the opportunity as favorable for any amount of kissing. It evidently was mutually agreeable, and the young fellow was not brought to an account for it, as was Lieutenant B., for wishing, as he said, to carry out the instructions of George the Second to be polite to the ladies.

Bremen was reached by a small steamboat in six hours. The Rathhaus, the Dome, and the Weinkeller were objects of special interest. A very indifferent bronze statue of Roland, son of Charlemagne, stood near the Dome. The hotel was excellent: we were told that many of the wealthy citizens sent their daughters to that kitchen daily to learn the art of cooking, which seems to many of our countrywomen of comparatively little value, and yet it concerns the health of the family in a great degree, and not a little the economy of living.

Bremen is a place of great wealth, and seemed to me more like a Dutch than a German city. The heavy dikes along the coast to keep out the tides constitute a common feature, and the meadows dotted with fine cattle bordering the little river were quite unlike other parts of Germany that I had seen. Bremerhaven is to-day a live city, as I find in my diary I supposed it would be, having grown up from a village in the past half-century.

On the 3d of October we left for home, and three days afterwards encountered heavy weather, which continued for two days. After my experience during our civil war, if I felt any doubt as to the position of a vessel in such shoal waters I should anchor and ride out heavy weather, as we did off the Southern coast for four years, without the loss of a single vessel during all that time.

When in the English Channel we found ourselves too near the French coast through the set of the currents, and had to carry sail heavily during a morning watch to keep off the coast. The

eighth day out we passed the Scilly Islands, and with fresh easterly breezes we were soon on the Banks of Newfoundland, after which we had head-winds.

Early in November we hove to off Boston Light to get instructions, and on receiving them bore away for New York, and entered that port several days thereafter. On the 14th we got our leaves of absence. At the urgent request of a navy friend, I remained in New York for several days until he could come on from Boston. On his arrival I found him in great distress. He was desirous that I should join his party on the Coast Survey. I insisted that he had been on that duty too long,—that he should go to sea. It was my purpose to pay a visit to my relatives and then to ask orders to the first frigate bound for the Pacific. He was much affected at what I said; he needed me near him, he said, and I finally agreed to go on survey-duty with him for six months, provided he would then apply for the position of first lieutenant of the first frigate bound for the Pacific. This arrangement was carried out on my part, but not on that of my friend, who remained with the Coast Survey until he left the navy.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

Pay a Visit to Ohio—Details of the Trip—Throckmorton—A Belle at Louisville—Chattanooga—Lookout Mountain—Kenesaw Mountain—Marietta—Atlanta—Macon—Coast-Survey Service on the Southern Coast—Savannah—Captain Maffit—Lieutenant Anderson—Some Reflections on Slavery—Mr. Legaré—A South Carolina Secessionist—Special Service in California—Site for a Navy-Yard at San Francisco—Senator Gwin.

AFTER being prevailed upon by my friend to postpone my desired cruise to the Pacific until I should see him out of his difficulties, under the assurance that he would then go with me, I set out for Ohio, first visiting some old friends in Philadelphia, among whom was a classmate who had resigned years before and was pursuing the quiet life of a planter in South Carolina, where he still resides.

Passing through Baltimore, I enjoyed several days in the family of Mr. Pike and his charming daughter, the wife of my friend and shipmate Bowie, who was then in California, to which State he subsequently took his family. His wife died there a score of years ago and he recently, leaving half a dozen stalwart sons, worthy of that great State, to mourn their father's death. My German friend G. had married during my absence, and I arrived just in time for the christening of his son. He had always been devoted to music and society, and had been in charge of a topographical party on the Coast Survey for years, spending his winters in Washington, and as a bachelor was as happy as a lark. No matter at what hour he came home from a reception or a party, a well-sharpened pencil and a note-book were industriously used for at least ten minutes. He gave me his favorite song of the "Silver Bell," accompanied as of old by his guitar. He died a few years after, and I fear his interesting note-books, covering many years, were thrown into the fire. Among the charming people who were present at the christening was the great beauty Miss Moale, who some years later married General John G. Foster, of the army, who commanded our land-forces in the Carolinas for a period in our civil war.

I crossed the mountains with two of my shipmates of the *St. Lawrence*, both of whom are now rear-admirals. Dining at Harper's Ferry, Father McNally was more struck than edified by the strong language of a future rear-admiral. On arriving at Cumberland, which point was at that time the railroad terminus, we took the stage to Wheeling. An Irishman, a fellow-passenger, informed us with an air of satisfaction that he weighed two hundred and fifty-seven pounds: in the slang of to-day, he certainly got "the pull" on the stage company. He had two companions, one of whom in conversation said that the 22d of March and the 22d of September were the equinoxes. The stout man assured him that he was in error, that "the *equinoxes* were that spot on the globe where the sun would shine straight down into a well." Such conversation served greatly to enliven the rough and uncomfortable journey to Wheeling.

On the morning after our arrival we took passage on the daily packet to Cincinnati, and were pleased to meet Colonel Rowan,

of Kentucky, our late minister to Naples, and his travelling-companions, General Howard, and John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore, afterwards an excellent Secretary of the Navy, and then widely known as the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," a novel that has survived the popularity of a day.

On arriving at Cincinnati I passed a month pleasantly enough visiting relatives, a part of the time with Thomas Henry Yeatman, four miles below the city, in whose hospitable house I had from my childhood spent many happy days. Then, under orders, I joined the surveying-schooner Gallatin, at Savannah, Georgia. I left in the Louisville packet on the 26th of December; the day was clear and cold, the ground covered deeply with snow, and the river in a high stage of muddy water. We soon left the city behind us, and as the houses faded from the view I felt sad enough in the reflection that for three years at least the "good times would not come again."

The steam-packets at that day were swift, and with the acceleration of a strong current we were soon at Louisville. I put up at the Galt House, where I met Throckmorton, an ex-midshipman, whom I once had the honor to take to the side of the French frigate Gloire on the occasion of a grand ball, with "John Hogan from the South," as he styled himself, and the charming young ladies, and their sententious mother, whose sense of smell at once condemned my boat and led to remarks by no means complimentary to her conveyance. The examination stood in the way of Throck, and he went back to his friends a perfect ideal beau of the day in that region. He was large, rather too heavily built, and good-looking, with a self-assurance bordering on arrogance, but withal courteous in manner. He had several duels when in the navy, and on one occasion after exchanging shots immediately sang out, in a loud tone, "Anybody hurt? *I shot at a bird.*" "No," replied his antagonist; "and *I shot at a blessed fool.*" The latter was styled "Bird" from the fact that on one occasion shortly after he entered the service, while still quite small, and lying sea-sick on the top-gallant-forecastle, a malicious little fellow pointed out a school of flying-fish that had just risen out of the water, and asked him if he did not think them very pretty birds, to which he

replied affirmatively. He was known thereafter as "Bird;" and his resenting Throck's impertinence in so addressing him led to the duel.

Although Throck had no objection to fighting a duel, he had a mortal fear of ghosts, and it was said would not on any account go into an unlighted room nor traverse a wood after dark. He introduced me to Captain Vernon, who had been a volunteer in the Mexican war, then lately ended, and who was a handsome, well-bred gentleman of thirty-five, devoted to society. He importuned me to go with him to call on a famous belle of that city who had been recently divorced. We were entertained by her charming conversational powers; among other topics, she discussed theatrical affairs at Louisville, and considered the performances admirable. As we left, Mrs. W. was good enough to suggest that she would be pleased to see me at the theatre in the evening.

After two days' detention, I set out in the packet-steamboat Simpson for Tusculumbia, well up on the Cumberland River. The boat was passably comfortable, and I had occasion again to remark the universality of steamboat manners on the Mississippi and its affluents, as marked as the manners of ball-rooms or of public assemblages. To persons whose every-day life brings them in contact with others, "manners," in the acceptation here employed, are imperceptible. But in the case of persons who rarely leave home, the voyage on a steamboat greatly impresses them, and they not only put on their most gorgeous attire, but supplement it with a stately air. When at table, the nearer they are seated to the captain the greater the honor, and they breakfast or dine with a solemnity befitting a memorable occasion. There is to them an air of superlative luxury in the stately halls and service at table on board of the boat that impresses them, aided doubtless by the majesty with which they traverse the waters in a floating house of several stories, emblazoned by many mirrors. I heard an honest countrywoman remark in the cabin that she thought any one who could not be happy there could not be happy anywhere on earth.

We were four days in reaching Eastport, and the stage of water made that the termination of her voyage. After a deten-



tion of twenty-four hours, we were transferred to the Colonel King, quite a small boat. The passengers were twenty-five in number, and there were bunks for but ten. We steamed until ten at night, making little progress, and then tied up to a tree, as was usual in those waters. The cabin was small and very dirty, so we could not lie down, chairs being our only resting-place. At daybreak we got under way, and after three hours' steaming reached the head of an island, when our steam gave out, and we were carried down the channel on the other side of the island, which imposed upon us the necessity of descending to within two miles of Eastport, whence we had started the day before. When we rounded up at the foot of the island we fired up manfully, and, reaching the head of the island, had the good luck not to be swept down again. In thirty-six hours we reached Tuscumbia, a distance of only thirty miles. Although the time was wasted, it was not wholly lost; we had "characters" on board, as persons were styled in stages and steamboats who gave to other passengers instruction or amusement. A collector of raccoon-skins gave us his experience in general, and in particular during the prevalence of cholera as an epidemic at Paducah. An Irish parson, with a dirty white cravat and a white-headed wife, fairly divided honors with his rival; his specialty was to find out the business of other people. After a number of questions, he learned that I "followed the sea," whereupon he dilated upon navigation. As he knew little, I was malicious enough to give him the various methods employed to find the position at sea, and, as he wished to air his knowledge, and not to learn, he gave me a wide berth until we parted.

On our arrival at Tuscumbia we learned that a fall of snow of half an inch had prevented the arrival of the cars from Florence; this railroad was necessary to enable us to get around the Muscle Shoals. We left the next day on a full car drawn by horses. I had the good fortune to secure a seat, and saw not only unfortunates crowded within the car, but also others actually holding on outside. Six miles from Tuscumbia we met the locomotive, coming at the usual speed of three miles an hour. It ran off the track ahead of us, and no bones were broken. Being interested, the passengers got fence-rails for pries,

and set to work ; in a few minutes the locomotive was again on the track. We then had other cars attached, with a negro walking alongside each car to hold the rail flat on the sleeper, over the ties, as the front wheel of the car reached it. I note in my diary that this is *a fact*, and not a fanciful statement, and, to verify it, state that we were a day and a half making the forty-three miles to Decatur. Other "characters" were found on the train,—one a good-natured young Mississippian who had left the day before we did, and after getting along ten miles, stuck fast, notwithstanding the exertions of the horses and the passengers. The road had been built about twenty years,—in fact, was among the first constructed in the country,—and instead of improving had deteriorated greatly.

We found a steamboat ready to leave for Chattanooga. The scenery on the northern bank to our destination was grand, cliffs of white-looking rock one thousand feet or more in height sometimes overhanging the river, and sometimes with a rich low ground in front along the tortuous stream. The low grounds are evidently subject to overflow in high stages of water. These highlands, known as the Cumberland Mountains, would be an admirable refuge to the entire southwest during periods of yellow-fever epidemic, as they are conveniently situated, with ready means of transit. In proof of the sufficiency of the altitude, I may say that in later years I paid a visit to Count Medem, at Petropolis, some forty miles from Rio Janeiro, and was informed that the highest local yellow-fever development was at the house at which the horses were changed in ascending, and that the height of that point was not two thousand feet above the sea. The Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga would perhaps be even still better adapted as a convenient point of safety.

Several flat-boats were lying at Chattanooga, some of them loaded with apples of excellent quality. As the "broad-horn," or flat-boat, has gone out of existence, and as it had performed an indispensable purpose for many years, a description of it is given. It was a rectangular box, from fifty to sixty feet in length, about twenty feet in width, and from seven to eight feet in height between the bottom and the roof, and was built as

follows. Two bottom side-pieces were hewn of the proper length about six inches through and twenty inches in depth. Mortices were cut at distances of about four feet in the bottom of these pieces, and planking three or four inches in thickness, and twenty feet in length across the bottom, was put in, forming the floor-ribs. The heavy side-pieces upon which the structure was made were hewed at the ends for some ten feet, making a curve, and leaving them at the ends about ten inches in depth. The structure (or at least the scow part of it) was built bottom up, the planking put on, calked with tow, and rarely pitched. When this part was completed it was turned over, placed on a platform convenient for launching, or actually put in the water and the superstructure built upon it. This consisted of stanchions placed to meet the floor-ribs and nailed or spiked to the side-pieces and to the ribs; the outside planking of rough boards was then nailed on and calked with tow, a rail was put upon the top of the stanchions, and a centre-piece longitudinally with a stringer, rough planking was laid from side to side, partially calked, and other planks laid over the joints, forming a roof. About six feet of the flat-boat was left open in front, with a temporary awning over it when required, and side-holes as windows cut to let in the fresh air. Then a flooring was laid on the bottom, "saplings" put on pins and pieces of plank nailed on them, two of them to serve as side-sweeps, and the third to pull the after part of the boat around so as to place the head, or bow, in any desired direction. When the floor was laid and these rough preparations made, with a stove added, for cooking, the boat was ready for her cargo, consisting usually of corn in the ear, bacon, apples, or whatever it was desired to send down the river. Usually three men managed, as far as possible, this unwieldy craft. It was always tied up to the bank after night, unless the river below was free from snags and there were no island-heads to ground upon. The current swept them on their way, and propulsion was simply given when necessary to avoid obstructions, or to gain the shore and make fast, which latter was usually effected by taking the end of a line ashore, making it fast, and swinging the clumsy hulk in along the bank.

Until steamboats became the carriers of provisions from the waters of the Ohio and other affluents of the Mississippi, everything exported was carried down the river in these rude constructions, one owner frequently having several flat-boats that kept company. They sold or bartered as they went down the river, New Orleans being the end of the voyage, and there everything remaining of the cargo was sold. The planks from which the flat-boat was made generally sold for as much as they cost, with the expense of construction of the boat added. The captain or owner then walked back, accompanied by the crew; a necessary precaution to prevent being murdered. Sixty years ago this was the usual mode of sending freights to New Orleans; but at the date of which I write steamboats were gradually taking the place of "broad-horns," or flat-boats.

Chattanooga was not at all inviting, save in its surrounding scenery. The steep, muddy bank from the water's edge to a flat surface was as nature made it. We had to lie over until the next morning, and then were on a better-appointed railroad than that before described. Indeed, it was well up in speed for the day, making some twelve or fifteen miles per hour. After reaching Dalton, a distance of twenty miles, the country had altogether an inviting appearance. Here I left a card for an acquaintance, the travestied Colonel Mulberry Sellers of recent comedy, who, by the way, was a gentleman of ability and character. The country about Kenesaw Mountain struck me as particularly beautiful, and Marietta, four miles south, was a charming country village. We ended our journey for the day at Atlanta, the hotel coming up to the demands of civilization. We left at eleven A.M. the next day, and about four P.M. arrived at Macon, where we were obliged to lie over until the next day. Although the country around is elevated, it had wholly lost a mountainous appearance; it was not without beauty, but the soil by bad tillage was so exhausted that the cotton- and corn-stalks standing in the fields presented a pitiable appearance. The Lanier House was a good hotel, the first since leaving Cincinnati, and the town was altogether attractive in appearance. We left Macon early, skirting swamps usually, and now and then seeing cultivated ground. The country seemed very sparsely

peopled, but I was told that a few miles from the line of location of the railroad it was quite different. In twelve hours we reached Savannah. It seems as though the days' journeys were regulated by the time-bill of the old stage-coaches, giving additional opportunity in the large towns to chew tobacco and talk politics. Fifteen days had been passed in making the journey between Cincinnati and Savannah, with a good deal of discomfort. Now it is a pleasant journey of thirty-six hours, with as much convenience in travel as can be desired.

Mackenzie, the proprietor of the Pulaski House at Savannah, happened to be an old and agreeable acquaintance. I was at breakfast when I received a call from my friends Maffit, Anderson, and Bullock, the first-named the commanding officer of the surveying-vessel I had come to join, the second an old shipmate and friend, of whom I shall have more to say, and the third now well known as a gentleman of character and ability whose services were specially useful to the Confederacy, ten years later, as a commercial agent in England. Maffit was a thorough seaman and a very successful blockade-runner, commanding the Florida, and by a ruse succeeding in taking her into Mobile. Anderson had served some fifteen years in the navy, reached the grade of lieutenant, and resigned several years before. He had a cotton-plantation nine miles from the city, on the Ogeechee River, and a large number of slaves, very well taken care of, as I saw on paying visits from time to time. His negroes were well fed, well clothed, and when sick received not only the care of a physician but also the attention of his excellent wife. They were as happy-looking people as one could see anywhere. Walking out one day with Anderson, he called my attention to an old negro who was carrying a large pine stick on his head from a considerable distance to his house. "Look," said Anderson, "at that old fool: he is carrying his wood all that distance, and you see that wood, equally good, growing close to his house." As we passed him, Anderson said, "Uncle Jujube, why don't you get your wood near your house, instead of carrying it so far?" He replied, "Massa Edward, dat nigh wood ain't no good."

In conversation with Anderson I told him that slavery in some of its aspects was quite incomprehensible to me. I supposed

no one, as an abstract question, would contend that it was right; and yet, looking at it practically, I saw the faces of his slaves radiant with smiles; they were well clad, well cared for, and happy; all the small children were under the charge of a "mammy," who cared for them better than their parents, as a rule, would have done. I compared their condition with that of the slaves of Mr. Guest (or Gist), a Virginian, who about 1830 emancipated them, bought a considerable tract of land in the county in which I was born, in Ohio, and established them upon it. After the lapse of ten years they were ill fed, had few clothes, and those had been given them by the whites, and were not attended to when sick, in consequence of which the mortality was great among them. In short, they were wretched to a degree, when they had not only their freedom, but also land and implements to work it, given them. I think my friend endeavored to convince me that they were made to be slaves, or something of that sort. In after-years it occurred to me that persons upon whom a wrong is perpetrated do not suffer in the same degree as those who perpetrate the wrong.

In the early part of June the work upon which I was engaged allowed me to go north for three months. Mr. Mactavish, then British consul at Baltimore, was good enough to give me a dinner-party; the guests, a dozen or more in number, were people of note, among whom were Mrs. Harper, widow of Goodloe Harper, and daughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Miss Harper, who was then, and is to this day, the friend of the poor. Several gentlemen, venerable and distinguished, were there, who are still living, and Mrs. Patterson, more widely known as the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, whose history in part is doubtless to be found in cyclopædias. Although married prior to 1804, she was in 1851 still vigorous, with little sign of decadence. It was said that she prided herself on being in appearance quite a Bonaparte, and certainly she had the Napoleonic cast of feature, and a remarkable amount of executive ability. It does not occur to me, judging from the limited personal intercourse I had with her and from extracts from her Memoirs, that she thought as a woman. I mean to assert, what probably may be conceded, that there is a natural train of thought distinctively belonging to

each sex ; and that belonging to the female sex seems to have been denied her, as exemplified in the rather copious extracts from her Memoirs that appeared in the newspapers some years ago. Nevertheless, Mrs. Patterson had an unusual amount of thought, of opinion, and of character regarded from a Shakespearian point of view, as shown by her life and her history. At the dinner referred to, I was on her left, and she was good enough to give me her views of the political situation in France at that time. She said, "People talk of Louis Napoleon as a fool ; that is shown to be an error by the fact that he pursues a steady purpose looking to the Empire ; a fool is always vacillating ; he listens to one and adopts his ideas and then to another and endeavors to adopt his also ; so a man shows himself a fool, if in a high place. They say he has Marshal — [the name I cannot recall], an old friend of the first Napoleon, as his adviser, and that may be, but were he a fool he would sometimes take his advice and at other times would ignore it. Now, I have been watching Louis Napoleon ever since he was elected President, and he has had but one object in view, and that is to be Emperor, and Emperor he will be within six months from this date." The time limit of Mrs. Patterson was almost exact when he made his *coup d'état*, and by shooting down all the men found on the streets on the 2d of December, established such a reign of terror in Paris as to effect his object. It seems incredible that troops should have been ordered to traverse the streets and shoot down men who fled before them, yet such was the fact ; my classmate Catesby Jones, then a lieutenant in our navy, was one of the victims ; he was dangerously wounded, and only saved from death through a compassionate woman having opened a door and assisted him into the house.

When I returned south I was an assistant in the surveys of the Savannah River, in the approach to Tybee Roads, and on the bars of the North Edisto and Charleston harbor. This gave me an experience and local knowledge that ten years later, when our civil war came about, I found most valuable. Engaged in this duty, I had the opportunity, when bad weather forced us to anchor, of making the acquaintance of several of the agreeable families living in that region,—among others of Mr. Berwick

Legaré on Edisto Island. It was my good fortune, with the aid of our friend Anderson, to assist materially our common friend Maffit; but, finding him, when a year had passed, averse to going to sea, I cut loose and was ordered north. It happened that a young planter whose relatives I knew was my travelling-companion. About this period, or maybe a little earlier, South Carolina had got up one of her efforts to disrupt the Union; the disaffection at that time was healed in great part by the efforts of Henry Clay. My young friend was lamenting that South Carolina had not then gone out of the Union anyhow: if she had done so, she would soon be rich and prosperous. I asked him what disadvantages she labored under at present. He replied, "The enormous duties, sir; they break us down completely." I suggested that governments had to be supported, and, as the duties collected over the whole country barely sufficed to meet governmental expenses, I could not see how South Carolina would be able to avoid taxes in some form or other, even as an independent government.

"Why, sir," said he, "we would import enormously, having free ports, and would supply the whole country with goods." I remarked that the North would have to keep up its duties, or taxes, in some form or other, and that they could hardly hope to import for the other States as well as themselves. His idea was that the goods would be smuggled across the borders of the State. I expressed the idea that this would be put a stop to, even though South Carolina were an independent State; but in his mind this would have been a great outrage upon a "sovereign State."

After our arrival in Richmond, my young friend informed me, not long before the cars were to leave, that he would be obliged to remain over; he had a negro servant with him, a free man living in Charleston, and, as he could not be identified at present at the railroad office, they would not permit his servant to pass, for he might be a slave attempting to escape, with his assistance. Fortunately, at that moment a young lady accompanied by a gentleman passed, the daughter of ex-Secretary Mason, of the navy, at whose house I was intimate. I asked her if she was willing to recognize me; this amused her; where-



upon I laid before her the dilemma of my travelling-companion, and she was good enough to go with us to the office and state who I was, and I vouched for Mr. Seabrook, which enabled him to go in the train with his servant.

In February, 1852, I was ordered as an assistant to a commission sent to the Bay of San Francisco to select a suitable site for a navy-yard. Senator Gwin was not satisfied with the selection made by a commission two years before, and wished it in the immediate vicinity of the city. The second commission consisted of Commodore Sloat, Commander Ogden, Lieutenant Blount, and Civil Engineer Sanger, of the navy; as assistants myself and Passed Midshipman Jackson. Sloat had been in command on the coast of California when our war with Mexico was commenced; for war was not *declared*, it was simply begun by our troops moving into Mexican territory, where they were attacked by the Mexicans. Blount was the son of a planter in Southampton County, Virginia, who when he was twelve years of age became known through his conduct in the Nat Turner insurrection when an attack was made on Blount's plantation. Mr. Blount was quite old and infirm, hardly able to stand. He was informed of the approach of Turner with a considerable force of mounted negroes, more or less armed, who had killed several families in the neighborhood. As usual on plantations, Blount had several guns, which he loaded, and, seated on his porch, awaited the coming of the mob, headed by Turner. They rode briskly into the yard, shouting, but, before they could get off their horses, young Blount had emptied several saddles. This was so unexpected that it created a panic, and, instead of dismounting, the party rode off in confusion. Young Blount was given a midshipman's appointment, and had already served some twenty years in the navy since that occurrence. He was an excellent and gallant officer, and withal quite good-looking. Sanger was the only civil engineer in the navy at that time, and in all matters concerning navy-yards was very efficient. Sloat had invented an auger: it was always a puzzle to me, as well as to others who were associated with him, why he had done so, inasmuch as he could bore so perfectly without an auger.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

From New York to Havana—Lieutenant David D. Porter—Count Medem—Aspinwall—Panama—Acapulco—Santa Barbara—San Pedro—Lieutenant Alden—San Francisco—Vallejo—Foster's Bar—Fleas—The Sierra Nevada—Mr. Maccarty—Start back on Foot—Perils of the Road—Get a Ride for a Dollar—Rats—Arrive at San Francisco—Return Voyage—Details of the Trip—New York to Baltimore—Charles Carroll's Library—Commodore Matthew C. Perry—Secretary Kennedy—Join my Vessel at Norfolk—Georgetown—Cayenne—Maranham—The Amazon.

WE left New York on the 24th of March on board of the *Georgia*, commanded by Lieutenant—now Admiral—Porter, of the navy, and were nearly one week in reaching Havana, where we were transferred to the *Cherokee*, a filthy vessel, upon which we were six days in reaching Aspinwall. On board of the *Georgia* I had become somewhat familiar with Count Medem, the Russian minister to Brazil, a charming travelling companion, of whom I shall have more to say.

Soon after our arrival at Aspinwall we were carried by railroad to Balbacoas, thence shoved up the Chagres River in canoes to Gorgona, against a strong current a distance of twenty miles, and on the following day we went on mules to Panama, the count and myself being side by side all the way. An Irishman mounted on a mule pertinaciously rode with us: so far as I was concerned, I did not object; but the count, being a diplomatist, was averse to a third party hearing our conversation, and in a good-humored way said to our uninvited companion, "You have a noble mule, and mine is a very lazy one: now, won't you ride ahead, by way of inciting my mule to emulate yours?" The Irishman said, "Gentlemen, I crave your company because I know you are gentlemen, and would not allow a poor fellow to be abused or robbed." "Very well," said the count: "you ride on, and we will protect you." When we got on the outskirts of Panama his mule "flopped down" to roll, as mine had done at Palermo, and we had to rescue him, his leg being caught under the saddle. Then we went into the city, and

found not a place where to rest our heads. We visited house after house in which bunks were built in the rooms three or four over one another, and yet not even under such conditions was a resting-place to be found. I eventually had to get permission to go on board of the steamer, because I could not find sleeping room on shore. Sanger, Jackson, and myself embarked in a boat, and, our boatman being inexpert, we had to pull our way two miles at least to the steamer, where we soon had a bath and were made comfortable.

We sailed the next evening, and in due time reached Acapulco, where we coaled. We left that port on the 15th of April, and got along very well until we broke down off Santa Cruz, an island near Santa Barbara, when we bore away under sail, not being able to do anything else, and anchored at San Pedro. I was surprised to see how helpless side-wheel steamers were when under sail alone. The wheels were lashed, the upper paddles taken off, and then the wheels turned over so as to get rid of the drag of the paddles. With great difficulty by means of the helm and head-sails, the steamer was got on her course, with a breeze on her quarter that would have meant ten knots an hour for an ordinary vessel, yet she did not move more than three miles an hour in reaching her port. We luckily found the surveying-steamer *Active* at San Pedro, under Lieutenant Alden, of the navy, who determined to take our party and a few of our friends to San Francisco and to give information there, that a steamer might be sent to tow the vessel. He got under way at noon the next day, and, after a passage of a little more than two days, arrived in San Francisco.

As we were passing Monterey, he was good enough to anchor there for a few hours, in response to the expression on our part of a desire to see the town. We went on shore, and were delighted with the green broad plains covered with an infinite number of small poppies of varied colors, then in full bloom. We left in the evening, and reached San Francisco about the last of April.

To perform the duties assigned, the commission had either to charter a vessel or to purchase one, and the latter was found to be far the more economical. A brigantine, the *Major Eastman*,

was purchased and fitted for our purpose. We then examined the waters of the bay, making soundings and sketches of Rincon Point, Saucelito, Aspinwall Bay, as it was called, and finally a careful survey of Mare Island Straits, and of the island itself. This was the locality selected by the former commission, and was an admirable one for the purpose. The soundings were made by me, the ground favoring a very rapid and satisfactory execution of the work by means of a quadrilateral measured and staked on shore, and the use of portable ranges, observing angles over every other cast of the lead.

San Francisco at that time was an extraordinary outgrowth of three years,—everybody busy, and everybody regarding himself as a millionaire. The restaurants were very good, and elk and grizzly bear were among the possibilities of the table. My friend Bowie was then a practising physician, and suggested my use of one of his horses, by which means I became well acquainted with the surroundings for miles. The city, from the large amount of sawdust, was badly infested with fleas; and although it was the month of May, the cold damp fogs that were swirled over the hills, and the high winds that set the sand in motion, made the climate extremely disagreeable. Just across the bay, only half a dozen miles distant, at a place now known as Oakland, these disagreeable features were very much mollified. Following up beyond Mare Island, in what are known as the *Carquinez Straits*, the climate is quite different: the fogs, if they reach there at all, are not oppressive or disagreeable, and the rawness of the atmosphere entirely disappears. The whole aspect of the country is mountainous, and in the early season, when it is covered with a species of wild oats, it presents a pleasing appearance. After a month or so, when they are ripened and embrowned, and the dry season has fairly commenced, the country has a very dreary aspect; in riding over it, great crevices are seen, caused by the dryness of the soil. Here and there were green trees, rather in sheltered positions, usually a species of oak, which was found to be very brash and unserviceable for naval purposes. Very little timber could be seen in the immediate surroundings, but in the distance were considerable forests of red-wood, a coarse species of cedar. Monte Diablo, some fifteen

miles or more from Vallejo, was a very beautiful feature in the landscape. Vallejo, at that time, was the capital of California, and consisted of twenty or more frame houses, mostly unoccupied, and of a large two-story frame, known as the State-House, upon which the American flag had been hoisted months before, and never hauled down while we were in sight of it. When lying in Mare Island Straits one evening, I accompanied Captain Ogden in his boat to shoot wild ducks, that abounded in those waters. It was not very sportsmanlike, as they were then breeding. We pulled up before the wind several miles, and into the sloughs, but coming back again was quite a different matter; the wind piped up fiercely right ahead, and the water was very rough. Ogden, being delicate, soon broke down pulling, and it was two o'clock in the morning when we got alongside of our vessel, my hands severely blistered. I did not awake until eight o'clock, and never had so fatiguing a pull in my life.

After our surveys were completed, several of the officers were directed to visit the interior, in order to find such naval requirements as stone for building docks, and timber for ship-construction, as the country might afford. This took us to Sacramento, Marysville, at the mouth of the Yuba, and to mining regions near at hand, among other localities to Grass Valley. Another party went in the direction of Mount Shasta. At that time there was little in the way of naval supplies or wants apparent in the regions we visited.

After our work was accomplished, ten days remained before the sailing of the steamer, and I obtained permission to visit the interior. My object was to ascertain the locality of a mineral which I thought of great value, a specimen of which I had seen. I was told that it was to be found in the vicinity of Goodyear's, six miles short of Downieville, on the Yuba. I went in a comfortable steamer to Sacramento, the melting snows in the mountains furnishing plenty of water up to that time, and could have gone in a smaller steamer to Marysville, where the river becomes almost a mountain stream. The stage carried us quite eight miles an hour, and we were six and a half hours on the dusty road. I went to the United States Hotel at Marysville, where I had been before with two other officers when we visited the

interior. Here I left my baggage, which was very little, and put on a check shirt and the ordinary rig of a miner, with a revolver in a strap carried on the right hip. The next morning we started early in a rough spring wagon for Foster's Bar, forty miles distant. The road soon became rocky, and grew rougher as we went along; the latter part of the way was quite rough, and at places all the passengers were obliged to get out. My fellow-passengers were several French gamblers and half a dozen of their countrywomen, who were gotten up regardless of expense, and several miners in such a garb as I was. On our arrival at Foster's Bar we were put down at the "Stage House," which was made up of a bar-room, an eating-room, a kitchen, and a sleeping-room of canvas. A part of the construction was of plank. The beds were made by driving four stout poles into the ground, and at a height of two feet, fastening a piece of canvas to them, which took the place of a mattress. A brown blanket was thrown upon it, that would not show dirt under any possible conditions. That night fifty human beings were lying on these rude beds, and certainly much the greater number of them were damning the fleas. I had no sooner lain down than I was attacked by them, and, notwithstanding my fatigue, it was two A.M. before I got to sleep. It would have been wise had I gone out of doors under a tree and left the fleas to bite the other people.

It was Saturday night, and the miners had come in "to have a good time." There was simply a canvas partition between me and the bar-room, in which there was a constant jargon, and quarrels, at times. I went to sleep speculating upon the chance there was of a ball hitting me, while listening to a loud voice, "Shoot, d——n you, shoot! I dare you to do it," and other voices, "Put up your pistol: there ain't any occasion for a fight."

In the morning I was introduced to Colonel Greathouse, who had charge of the mule-train to Downieville. He loitered about until ten, when it had grown quite warm. In the mean time I saw one miner strike another on the back of the head with a stick and chase him down-hill; had he caught him I have no doubt he would have killed him outright; nobody seemed to interest himself in the affair. On mounting our mules we began

an immediate but not a steep ascent on the left bank of the Yuba ; the mountain-side was sparsely covered with pine-trees, that seemed not very large until looked at closely, when it was seen that they were several feet in diameter, and without limbs for a hundred feet or more in height. The grade of the ascent was generally not very steep, and we were two or more hours in getting near the summit. Here we had a fine view of the Sierra Nevada range, great white mountains fifty or more miles in the distance, with the snow far down their sides. Around us were giant red-woods, and far down, thousands of feet below, were the dashing waters of the Yuba. A breezy wind swept over us, and we heard the deep and solemn music that winds give in wooded mountain regions. At last we were on the spur that looked down on Goodyear's Bar ; in the distance, far below, a thin white thread was visible between bordering ridges of great height ; it was the upper Yuba dashing down its bed, hundreds of feet of descent per mile. Going down the mountain-side would have been impossible to a rider on any other animal than a mule ; we wound our way around, gradually descending over precipitous ground, not cliffs, thousands of feet in height, with the utmost confidence in the sure footing of our mules, and left them to their own guidance. We reached Goodyear's Bar at four o'clock, having been six hours on the road of twenty-two miles. After alighting at the hotel and having a promise from Greathouse that he would bring me a mule the next day, I paid a visit to a Dr. Young whose shingle hung out near by. I introduced myself and asked information in relation to the locality, then walked some three miles down the Yuba to look at rocks that I was told were there in abundance of a kind that I hoped to find ; but instead there was a hill-side covered with a greenish kind of what appeared to be soapstone. Returning, I took a mountain-path, and, before I knew it, was hundreds of feet above the stream ; here I met a big Indian, who seemed to be in gala dress and had his bow and arrows. We passed each other with a friendly nod.

On reaching the hotel, after my ride, and a walk of six or eight miles afterwards, I was quite in condition to dine on any healthy food that was obtainable, and found the usual supply of dried

apples, saleratus bread, and canned meats. In the bar-room were two sailors engaged in singing a sea-song, and the doctor, wishing to make things agreeable, had come over to introduce me to these "men of the sea."

He said, "Mr. Maccarty, this is Lieutenant Ammen, of the navy. Mr. Vloss, this is Lieutenant Ammen, of the navy."

Mr. Maccarty certainly had a "load aboard," but, lest the reader should not understand sea-slang, I will say he was "half-seas over." On hearing my title announced, he saluted me, but on looking at me closely appeared to consider that he had gone a step too far,—in short, that he had been taken in, and that I was an impostor. Said Mr. Maccarty,—

"You say, sir, you are a lieutenant in the navy?"

I replied, "Yes, I am."

"Then, sir," said he, "won't you take something to drink?"

I declined, which seemed to anger him, and put him on his "dignity." He informed me that up there one man was as good as another. I replied that I quite agreed with him; and might have added, in the language of an Irishman who had just come over, "and a d——n sight better, too!" His companion was a Swede, not so far gone in liquor, and, probably regarding me as a lieutenant who had "tripped up," was disposed to be amiable and to enable me to gain a livelihood. He told me he could set me down on a good paying claim if I would work. I told him I was very much obliged to him for his kind offer, but that I had not come to work, that I wished only to see what was going on, and would return to the coast the next day. I bade my sailor friends and the doctor good-night, went into the dining-room, which was surrounded by bunks in tiers four deep, and, crawling up to a top bunk, soon fell asleep, in spite of fleas, filth, and drunken sailors.

Early in the morning I got up, went out of doors to a stream that flowed briskly near by, performed my ablutions satisfactorily, then breakfasted on dried apples,—cooked, of course,—with saleratus bread, and whatever else was presented, and, while awaiting the coming of Greathouse and his mules, examined drifts into the mountains of several hundred feet which I believe were profitless. Greathouse came, but instead of



bringing me a mule he brought the information that all the mules were "occupied," and, as I saw, by just such a class of persons as I had come up with the day before. I feel quite satisfied that not one of them, man or woman, could have produced or obtained a certificate of good character if required; but of course there was no one to demand it. It was a place where "one man was just as good as another."

Having no mule, I could either walk or stay as I preferred. In company with a man wearing a red flannel shirt, who told me his name was Yates, and that he had been the mate of an Australian ship, whose mule also was "occupied," I started up the mountain-side, determined to beat the mule-train to Foster's Bar in order to secure a seat in the stage to Marysville. The thermometer was one hundred degrees in the shade, yet, from the dryness of the atmosphere, we did not suffer. My companion was about twenty-five years of age, and a good walker, so we got over the ground at a lively pace and fairly distanced the mule-train. On the mountain-top we encountered a cordon of fire that was moving along briskly, and at one point we had to pass through a disagreeably hot region that the fire had just swept over.

On our arrival at the bar we found the stage seats "pre-empted" by the interesting crowd coming on. My red-shirted companion informed me soon after that a friend had promised him a mule upon which he would go to Marysville, which left me alone for a walk of forty miles by the road, or to remain, as I might choose. I took a bath in the clear waters of the Yuba, and at the hotel my portion of baked beans, dried apples, and whatever was set before us, and awaited the morning, when I breakfasted on the same bill of fare and then started up the mountain-side for Marysville. After ascending to a considerable height, I saw a young man below me climbing the height vigorously, and awaited his arrival. I told him I had not been able to get a seat in the stage nor to hire a mule, and had to walk or stay, whichever I preferred, but that as I feared the steamer might leave before I reached the coast if I remained until the next day, I had concluded to walk. He told me he was in the same "fix." We shortened the distances consider-

ably by taking pathways worn several inches in the soil, and very dusty, coming into the stage road from time to time. In taking one of these paths I observed my companion hesitate to go ahead of me, doubtless under an apprehension of being shot. I immediately took the lead, and he saw at once that I was not laboring under a fear of being shot by him, and it seemed to assure him as to my character. We had got along fifteen miles of the road, and kept ahead of the stage, when we arrived at a way-side house, whose occupant was a friend of my companion and who asked him to take a mule to Marysville that he had hired and ridden home, and I was left alone to pursue my way. During the morning we had seen in the dust the footprints of a grizzly bear. That animal rarely attacks a man; only when suddenly approached or when quite hungry. The danger of the road was not from bears, but in being murdered. On recounting my experience to the landlord after arriving at Marysville, he informed me that seventy murders had been known along that line of road in the past year, and that many more men had disappeared, who were supposed to have been murdered and hidden in the mountains. In fact, a man who walked along that line of road did so at his peril, and frequently, when several miners travelled together for security they were shot from an ambush, dragged from the line of road, and their bodies found months afterwards. My companion, who did not know me and who looked upon me with distrust under such a state of affairs, only displayed an ordinary sense of caution.

Ten miles farther on there was a public house by the way-side, where I stopped to get something to eat. There was a "Pike County woman" standing at the door, to whom I addressed myself. She called to the landlord, "Here's a man out here who wants to git something to eat." Thus announced, I entered, and regaled myself as usual on dried apples, saleratus bread, and other food which might be eaten by a hungry man but would be let alone under ordinary conditions of life. At that time in California rough people who were not supposed to be vicious were known as Pike County people, a large emigration having gone to California from that section of Missouri. Here I was overtaken by the stage, and also by a rough wagon

nearly filled with miners as dirty and forbidding in appearance as myself. I told the driver that I wished to ride to Marysville; he looked at me closely, and said that nobody could ride with him that did not pay him a dollar. I informed him that I was not an object of charity, and, producing my dollar, was allowed to mount an outside end of a plank laid across the wagon body, where a rough pole stuck in perpendicularly enabled me to hold on, while passing over rough parts of the road. We were about fifteen miles from Marysville; my feet were badly blistered by my walk of two days, but not "used up," as they were the next day. I found when we got to the end of our journey that my right hand, by which I held on to prevent being thrown out, was also blistered.

When I had left the hotel, only four days before, I had at least a clean appearance, but now I looked so dirty and forlorn that when recognized by the landlord he asked what was the matter with me. I informed him that if he would be good enough to have a tub of water and my baggage taken to a spare room I hoped to make myself all right in a few minutes. It did not take long to disembarass myself of dirty clothing and to make the best use possible of the tub of water, after which I put on clean clothing and piled all my dirty garments around the tub for the free use of any one who could do no better than to put them on, and left Upper California with no desire to return; nor has a longing to do so entered my mind in all the years that have passed since that day.

Everywhere in the interior I was surprised at the great number of rats to be seen wherever there were habitations. It had been only three years before when the wild rush to California set in, and the extraordinary fecundity of rats and their sagacity in transporting themselves had already spread them wherever men were to be found. The ceilings of the public and private houses for the most part, when there were any, were made of white cotton cloth nailed with slats against the beams. This afforded an admirable place for the rats to frolic and chase one another, uttering their peculiar cry on such occasions. The bagging down of the cotton cloth plainly showed where the animals were, and the miners were in the habit of shoot-

ing them at times, as they lay in their beds, but this was generally objected to or discouraged by the landlords, for the reasons that the balls made holes in the roofs, and that when shot, the rats had to be removed with considerable trouble, in order to get rid of the stench from their decomposing bodies. Looking out in the hotel yard at Marysville in the glare of the noonday sun, it seemed quite alive with rats.

There was ample facility from that point to reach the steamer before the day of sailing, so that I was no longer apprehensive of being left behind. The commission had not only completed its labors in a satisfactory manner, but had sold the brigantine at an advance of several hundred dollars over what had been paid for her and all fitments and repairs.

On reaching San Francisco I found myself in a sorry plight; the unusual and severe exposure and exercise through which I had passed made me quite unwell, and I was spared a serious illness only through a careful dietetic observance and a little medicine. I had hardly recovered when we reached Panama, though the voyage gave me an admirable opportunity for improvement. I found porter an excellent tonic for the febrile condition brought about by what I had passed through. During our examinations, and also for recreation, we frequently had occasion to ascend considerable altitudes, and in mountain-regions generally the grades are so easy that any one accustomed to walking finds himself at a considerable height without noting his ascent. On such occasions I always was careful to take my coat off, carrying it on my arm,—with some inconvenience, of course. On arriving at a summit, where a fresh breeze was usually found, I put on my coat; and one of my companions would then take his coat off, notwithstanding my protests. He said he wished to get cool. On board of the steamer he kept “preparing for the Isthmus,” as the poor fellow said. He would take a blue-pill at night very frequently, then quinine in the morning, and would eat a hearty breakfast, take a luncheon of cheese, porter, and sardines, eat a hearty dinner with a glass of sherry, and then, before going to bed near midnight, would have sardines and porter. I endeavored to dissuade him from this heroic treatment in “preparing for the Isthmus.” Although

he crossed without mishap and reached his home, flesh and blood could not stand such usage, and I was not surprised to hear of his serious illness soon after reaching home, and his death a few months thereafter.

Our voyage was very pleasant. Until we reached Cape St. Lucas, the extremity of the peninsula forming the Gulf of California, we had the cool fresh breezes that usually prevail, blowing down the coast, and then calms and pleasant weather until we reached Ventosa Bay, the Pacific or southern side of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, when, although a good many miles from the bay, we had quite a blow and a rough sea for the distance from a weather shore. One of our party gave us another birthday celebration: indeed, such occasions seemed to be monthly, instead of yearly, and they were very enjoyable.

When we arrived at Panama, after the usual passage of twenty days, we learned that for the past six weeks the cholera had been prevalent in a virulent form, and had attacked a detachment of our troops *en route* to California, several officers and many of the soldiers having died. Lieutenant or Captain Grant—afterwards General Grant—belonged to that detail, and an officer of his regiment died on the Isthmus, leaving his widow and a son four years of age to return on the steamer with us. In the double transit the widow's trunks had been stolen. She was the daughter of ex-Governor Morehead, of Kentucky, very lady-like and good-looking, and had the sympathy and assistance of her fellow-passengers.

After getting on shore, mules were provided for the party, and it was agreed that I should take care of the commodore in crossing the Isthmus. He was old and feeble, and said to me,—

“You will not abandon me on the Isthmus in case I should not be able to travel?”

“No,” I replied; “I will take just as good care of you as though you were my father.”

I had a hammock and carriers provided, in case he should be taken ill, and also a bottle of brandy to give him in small portions from time to time as required. Before we left, a fine-looking woman who had been a passenger on board of the steamer, but with whom I had no personal acquaintance, asked me if I would

not take charge of her in crossing the Isthmus. I answered that under ordinary circumstances I should be happy to do so, but as I had personal charge of the commodore, who was old and feeble, it would be improper in me to divide my responsibility; it would be better for her to look to some other members of our party, not encumbered.

When the commodore and myself mounted, up rode our lady, who said, "I hope you will not object to my riding with you and the commodore: I am entirely at home as a rider, and I will not be the least trouble to you." I assured her we had not the least objection; all that I had wished her to understand was that I had to take care of the commodore, and therefore could not offer any escort or protection interfering with that. She was a splendid rider, a very bright, agreeable woman, and cheered the commodore on his way to Gorgona.

A part of the road was over what seemed sandstone, in which mules passing along for more than a century, had worn holes six or eight inches in depth; one mule following another would put his foot in the same holes. Passing along, we would see an occasional mule thrown over from its heavy load and lying on its side: unlike a horse, that would struggle even to destruction, it would lie quietly until assisted to rise. Then we passed along muddy roads, with deep holes worn in them and filled with mud. Into one of these the forefeet of my mule plunged, the girths broke, and over I went into the mud. The commodore and his fair escort rode on, and after I repaired damages I joined them again. It was nightfall and rainy when we reached the public house at Gorgona; here I met my old classmate and friend Beale, bound for California. We had not seen each other for years, and spent some hours in a friendly chat.

We had now a comparatively easy task,—that of going downstream in a canoe twenty miles to Barbacoas, and thence by railroad to Aspinwall, where the steamer *Ohio* was in waiting to carry passengers to New York *via* Kingston, Jamaica. The canoes were small, and usually carried two or three passengers, with their baggage. Our fair travelling-companion of the previous day, a woman of perhaps thirty, and, as she informed us, a native of Georgia and the wife of an official in the San Fran-

cisco Custom-House, asked to accompany the commodore and myself in our canoe, and, as there could be no objection, the request was granted, all the more readily as at that time numerous murders for the purpose of robbery had been perpetrated either along the road or by an asserted "accident" through the upsetting of a canoe and the drowning of the occupants and "loss" of the baggage. A more villanous set than many among these canoe-men, mostly from the island of Jamaica, could hardly be found anywhere. Of the dangers I incurred during my journey to Goodyear's Bar I knew nothing until after my exposure, but now I was fully informed of what might be expected. We had a pair of ill-favored vagabonds to guide our canoe, who were apparently either too lazy to do that, or quite willing that the boat should capsize, in which case an opportunity would be presented for drowning us, carrying our baggage into the bushes, taking out whatever was of value, and then throwing the packages into the water.

In going down the river, on more than one occasion I pointed out to them snags ahead, upon which we were liable to be capsized, and would have been, had the strong current thrown the body of the canoe broadside across. That they were either acute enough to know just how little exertion was necessary to avoid striking a snag, or were perfectly willing that we should strike it, was evident to me. I had a revolver strapped to my hip ready for use, and on more than one occasion grasped the handle. Had we struck a snag after my warnings to avoid it, I should have lost no time in shooting them in order to prevent our murder and robbery. The water was quite clear, and not very high, but still quite deep enough to enable them to drown us readily and pass it off as an "accident."

The canoe arrived at Barbacoas without accident, and our baggage was transferred to the railroad-train, after which I felt no further responsibility, and was glad to quit a state of affairs I had endured for five months: from time to time, it had been interesting, instructive, and, as a novelty, partly enjoyable, but, like a *pâté de foie gras*, was not enjoyable as a permanency.

We soon boarded the steamer, and in a short time were as comfortable as circumstances permitted. The Ohio was built

upon very much like a Western steamboat, and was utterly unlike the ideal of a seaman for encountering heavy weather. It was always a wonder to me why she had not been lost at sea in the many years during which she was liable to encounter the "cyclones" of to-day, known as "hurricanes" in the past. The vessel had to contend with the very strong trade-winds that, with an intermission of perhaps six weeks in the year, are found almost constantly between Aspinwall and Jamaica, and our progress was consequently very slow, eight knots at most per hour, and averaging less in progress, from a leeward current.

On our arrival at Kingston we coaled; those who have not witnessed this operation will be interested to know that on the present occasion a hundred blacks, men, women, and children, were engaged in it. They passed on board over a gang-plank, each bearing on the head a very small basket of coal, and, as the grim procession filed along, each individual emptied the little basket into an open man-hole with a nod of the head, then, continuing the round, passed out over another gang-plank, and back to the coal-pile, to repeat the operation. The rapidity with which this ant-like process filled the bunkers of the ship with coal seemed almost incredible.

In the mean time the passengers strolled on shore, admired the cocoa and other palm trees waving in the sea-breeze, and purchased oranges, bananas, and other tropical fruits, among which was the *aguacate*, known popularly in our language as the "alligator-pear," before mentioned. A large, flat cake, baked very thin, made of the cassava root, is sold there also, and is an excellent food for the tropics. It is well known to observant travellers that for persons visiting the tropics, and indeed in travel anywhere, it is important to learn *what to eat*: whilst a healthy appetite prompts usually to a wholesome food, it does not always do so, and no one can go about the world with either health or comfort who does not give this subject careful attention.

After a voyage of a week from Jamaica, we arrived at New York, and parted company with our fellow-voyagers. When purchasing my ticket at the ferry to go to Baltimore, an enterprising thief cut one of my pockets: the arrival of a California steamer was always a season of activity for the light-fingered



fraternity. He got nothing; all that I had after paying for my ticket was fifty cents, and that was in another pocket: so the thief had selected a victim that, in the language of California, "did not pan out well."

After leaving the steamer in New York we went to our several homes on a month's leave, upon the completion of which we were to meet in Washington and complete our work, a part of it being to make the details necessary for a first-class navy-yard. I spent a part of my time at the country-seat of Mrs. Mactavish, known as the "Folly," about fifteen miles from Baltimore, shooting, and looking over the library of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in which were many rare and valuable books. Mrs. Mactavish was the youngest of four daughters of Mr. Richard Caton, an English gentleman. Three of them married abroad: one married the elder brother of the Duke of Wellington, a second the Duke of Leeds, a third Lord Stafford: the fourth married Mr. Mactavish, who was for many years the British consul at Baltimore. Although he was not ailing when I left for California, he died before my return East. I was quite alone in the house, with the exception of the servants who cared for it, and the library was my usual resort. I found a very fine edition of Charlevoix's History of Japan, in French, in which were well-produced copies of Japanese pictures. I had not seen the book before; it was interesting not only from its contents, but also, and doubly so, from the fact that Commodore Perry was then planning an expedition to Japan under the instructions of Mr. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, at that time Secretary of the Navy, and one of the ablest naval secretaries we have ever had. I translated such parts of the book as seemed to me to have a practical bearing in approaching the Japanese, and took some twenty or thirty pages of it to Mr. Kennedy, and at his request added my observations upon our visit to the lower Bay of Yedo in July, 1846. As I was informed, the only demand intended to be made by Commodore Perry was for the right of refuge of shipwrecked persons, or of those whose safety might require them to take shelter in Japanese ports.

The Japanese Expedition was ably planned and executed, and was a school of instruction for the navy sorely needed at

that time, and of immense prospective value. It seems a neglect that the only monument to Commodore Matthew C. Perry—a well-executed statue, in bronze, at Newport, Rhode Island—should have been erected at private expense. Such a statue would adorn one of the public squares of Washington and be a just recognition of his eminent services afloat.

Mr. Kennedy also promoted the survey of the Paraguay River, supplementing what Herndon had already done on the Amazon. It was my fortune to be the second lieutenant of the *Water-Witch* for a year or more when engaged on that work. I joined that vessel at Norfolk on the 6th of February, and two days later we sailed for our destination. The *Water-Witch* was of three hundred and seventy-eight tons, with feathering paddle-wheels very much too heavy for her, and, so far as I know, was the only vessel of that kind we ever had in the navy. We had fair weather and were ten days in reaching the island of St. Thomas, making an average expenditure of about ten tons of coal daily. After filling our bunkers and taking a few tons of coal on deck, we hoped to reach Maranham, but when no longer under the lee of the Windward Islands and within the deflected equatorial current of seventy miles a day we soon saw that our coal would not hold out, and we bore away for Georgetown, British Guiana, as the only place under our lee where coal could certainly be obtained.

We reached Georgetown on the 4th of March, and soon after began coaling with indifferent means that hardly permitted us to take in more coal daily than we would burn in twenty-four hours: this detained us until the 13th. It was altogether an interesting place, and would have been a pleasant one but for the prevalence of the yellow fever. The friends we had made on shore were all the more anxious that we should not prolong our stay as the fever was of a virulent type.

The canals that had been constructed more than a century before, with their stone walls, reminded us of their former owners, the Dutch. In these ditches we saw several of the fish that at times keep a part of the head out of water, the eye being composed of two lenses, one of which looks into the water and the other into the air. The head had the

contour of a small alligator taking its peep to see what was going on.

A brother of the celebrated Edinburgh chemist, Dr. Turner, was one of the agreeable acquaintances we made at Georgetown, and we were much indebted to him and other persons for kind attentions, as well as to Captain Mochler, then in command of the troops; the captain showed me specimens of the *curare* described by Humboldt in his "Valley of the Orinoco," with which the inhabitants of that region poison their arrows. It resembled hard pitch in appearance, and does not appear to inflict any pain in producing its effects. The animal when struck by an arrow poisoned with curare sinks into a condition of lethargy and finally dies. Captain Mochler was desirous of giving me a practical illustration of its effect, but, as there were no worthless curs around, I was quite willing to take his word as to the power of the poison. It seems to act by means of a painless paralysis of the nervous system. The use of the poison does not injure the flesh of the animal killed; Humboldt mentioned an old padre who always killed his fowls with curare, as, he said, it made them tender.

We took a journey on a railroad of perhaps twenty miles in the direction of Berbice, and saw several Burmese cattle with their heavy fore-shoulders and lop-ears. The owner thought them well adapted to the climate. On our journey we saw the cotton-stalks from which is picked a yellowish cotton. It is not an annual, but lives for several years, and is of the size of a large shrub. It was not supposed to be a profitable variety to cultivate.

On the 13th we left Georgetown, and on the 17th went into Cayenne, experiencing a heavy leeward current on getting a little out from the coast-line. A more lugubrious place within the tropics it would be difficult to imagine. Of course the vegetation is luxuriant in the extreme. A double row of royal palms leading up to the Government buildings reminded me of Egyptian columns by their massive proportions. There were several companies of French soldiers and some thousands of exiles. There was no attempt at production, and there were few inhabitants save persons who had been banished, and their guards.

The rise of the tide here is higher than elsewhere along the tropical coasts, and the rainfall on the high mountains of the interior is unusually heavy, being given by Guyot as two hundred and fifty inches. A banishment to Cayenne seemed to me a way of executing a man without actually passing sentence of death upon him.

When in charge of the deck during the mid-watch, I was somewhat startled by the appearance of a man in the gangway, who stepped inboard. I asked him who he was, and what was the object of his visit. He said he was a political prisoner, exiled after the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. He was an educated man, spoke English fairly, and supposed that he had attained his freedom through reaching the deck of one of our national vessels. I had to dispel this illusion, and told him that we were in a French port, enjoying its hospitalities, and could not think of violating our obligations. He insisted on the captain's being informed of his presence and his demands, which was done,—of course without result favorable to his ideas. At that time criminals of all kinds were banished to Cayenne; whether this man's story was true or false mattered not, whatever our individual sympathies might be. He had paddled alongside in a very small, leaky canoe, using a piece of plank as a paddle, and after pleading with us for an hour he went into his canoe and paddled on shore again. We were told that a number of the exiles escaped in boats to Dutch Guiana, that a number committed suicide, and that by far the greater number died from the effects of the climate. A more hopeless or forlorn banishment can hardly be imagined. We left the second day, unable to add to our coal-supply.

British Guiana, despite its deadly climate, has an extensive export and import trade. The negro population was large; and although we saw the Indians from the interior, they neither formed any considerable part of the coast population, nor added materially to the products.

A voyage of five days brought us to Maranham. A considerable indentation in the coast after reaching the wide mouth of the river Amazon enabled us to escape the current until we were near our port, and also the force of the trade-winds. The shoal grounds near the outer limits of the Amazon are ooze, so soft

that a lead in sounding sinks several feet in it; in consequence we found ourselves held back, the revolutions of the paddles being greatly retarded by the ooze through which the body of the vessel was passing in part. On heading more to seaward we soon got into deeper water, and our paddles made their usual number of revolutions. The engineer in charge was a mere youth, and inert withal. The great weight of the wheels perhaps caused the shaft-bearings on the vessel's side to settle. We should have attempted to line them at Georgetown had it not been for the prevalence of the fever; the operation was on that account deferred until we should reach Maranham. It was intended that this should be done while we were engaged in coaling. As a result of laziness and ignorance, we had not made our inefficient preparations when we had finished coaling. It was supposed that a little pair of jack-screws with a plank between them as a bearing under the shaft, placed on the deck just as near the ship's side as possible, aided by a little screw placed on the end of a rod on the outer part of the wheel, and secured to the mast-head, would suffice. From the lack of leverage the idea was ridiculous; and after wasting several days, and having a man knocked overboard from the wheel-house by something giving way, his arm being broken at the same time, I suggested to the engineer a simple and obviously effective means of raising the shafts; although he assented, he was still unwilling to ask the captain to adopt the means proposed. There were a number of lighters of twenty tons' displacement anchored near us; the proposition was by means of cleats to secure stout timbers on the vessel's sides, then lash and wedge these under the wheels after the lighters had been filled with water: when the lighters were baled out they would of course raise the weight of the wheels, which was not one-half of the weight they would float. This was finally done at my suggestion and under my personal superintendence, notwithstanding one of the younger engineers screwed down a pillar-block to prevent the shaft from rising. On bailing out the water, as soon as the timbers upon which the wheel was resting began to crack I knew that some rascality was being practised to prevent the operation, and on reaching the deck I saw what it was. We were a fortnight in Maranham, having

been detained more than a week through incapacity. At times I have doubted whether the shafts really needed lining; but, at any rate, they were raised half an inch or more at the bearing on the side of the vessel.

It was raining pretty much all the time we were at Maranham. The town was in every respect uninteresting, although it had some commercial importance, and has a river capable of transporting products from a considerable distance in the interior. We were glad to get away, and, keeping as well in with the coast as we could, soon rounded Cape St. Roque, and after a six days' voyage entered the port of Pernambuco.

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

Pernambuco—Rio Janeiro—Montevideo—Fever on Shipboard—A Pampero—The Frigates Congress and Jamestown—General Urquiza besieging Buenos Ayres—Ostriches—The Rio de la Plata—The River Paraná—Point Diamante—Capturing a Buck—The Jaguar—The River Paraguay—Remarks on the Country and People—Lopez gives the Naval Officers a Reception—The Water-Witch—Assumption—San Pedro—A Grand Ball—The President and his Family—Customs of the People—A Visit to the Indians—Securing Specimens of Animals—Excursion to Villa Rica—A Tiger-Hunter—Expedition of Commodore Shubrick.

PERNAMBUCO is a charming-looking place from the sea, particularly the high lands towards the north, known as Olinda, a word corresponding to the English expression "Oh, beautiful!" It has a natural mole of smooth coral rock several feet above the sea-level; but, unfortunately, the depth of water within the mole is only fifteen feet.

Our consul there at that time, a gentleman from Boston, was good enough to take me to his country residence, some three miles out of the city, over an excellent road. His night-blooming cereuses were in perfection, and charming to see. Nothing like them can be found out of the tropics.

Our great dread, the yellow fever, was here too, but in a less virulent form than at Georgetown. We left in four days, and after a pleasant voyage of eight days reached Rio Janeiro. Here

we found the yellow fever in a virulent form; ever since its appearance, a little more than three years before, it had been endemic, and many residents, both foreigners and natives, as well as sailors in port, had died. We held little intercourse with the shore, and left in three days for Montevideo, where we felt we should reach a safe resting-place. After sailing we had several cases of violent fever, but all were treated successfully.

Yellow fever is justly the dread of navy officers; once fairly established on board of a vessel, its germ is often reproduced in after-years, when circumstances favor it in tropical regions, although the vessel may have been subjected to a winter at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with open hatches, in the hope of "freezing it out." This idea of "freezing out" is now recognized to be fallacious. More officers and seamen in our navy have died from yellow fever than have been lost at sea and killed in battle: so this insidious disease may well excite the apprehension of those who are exposed to it, and be met with all possible precautions on the part of those who within certain limits can guard against infection.

Three days out from Rio we encountered a "pampero," an extremely violent southwest wind, corresponding in the southern hemisphere to our heaviest northwest gales. The vessel was put head to it,—which should never be done, but, instead, some three points on the one bow or the other, and such fore-and-aft sail as the vessel will bear, and the engines only used sufficiently to keep them in motion. We pitched off our jib-boom, and it became necessary to get it inboard to prevent the rigging from fouling our wheels by winding around and tying up our feathering paddles. I went forward with Sawyer, our gunner's mate, a plucky little seaman, and half a dozen men, to do the hauling. A grapline was thrown by Sawyer into the rigging on the jib-boom, and by means of a tackle after an hour's hard work we secured the spar, which until then had been mauling the bows heavily. The night was very dark, and the sea broke heavily over the bows, so that at times we found it necessary to hold on to the rigging to avoid being swept aft and perhaps overboard. I felt relieved when we had effected our object and got to a place less dangerous to ourselves. The gale was not long-lived: the next day it abated.

Before reaching our port we had one of the most perfect optical deceptions that I have ever seen at sea ; a number of what seemed to be long sand-bars just awash by the sea were visible only a mile distant : the effect was produced by large schools of a small shrimp upon which whales feed, when the whiskers of the cetaceans, known as "whalebone" in commerce, serve a very useful purpose in scooping up the little creatures.

We reached Montevideo on the 7th of May, and found there the frigates Congress and Jamestown. Although our duties were distinctly apart from those of the squadron, the commanding officer held on to the Water-Witch for several months.

General Urquiza, of Entre Rios, was then besieging the city of Buenos Ayres ; his batteries were established a full mile away, and, firing round shot as they occasionally did, only served to frighten timid people. His guns were twenty-four-pounders ; a round shot would make a hole through an adobe house and do no further damage. We were sent up to Buenos Ayres on the 25th ; thence into the Gualeguay, one hundred miles distant, a river which separates Uruguay from Entre Rios, where we spent several days, visiting the shore frequently, and seeing ostriches for the first time on their native heath. The American ostrich is gray, and much inferior in size to the African. It was surprising to see them walk away when an attempt, however wary, was made to approach them. Their long strides counted so greatly that the effort of a man to circumvent them, by short cuts or otherwise, was ridiculous ; the birds even seemed to enjoy it ; they would stretch out their long necks and assume an attitude of seeming surprise or inquiry as to what the man could be about.

The country bordering the Gualeguay may be regarded as the ideal of a cattle-raiser ; it is moderately high and rolling, superbly watered, never suffering from great heat, cold, or drought, near a market, and perfectly healthy. The time of our visit was near the last of the disturbances of the military *jefes*,—or what we should call military demagogues,—who ever since the overthrow of the Spanish authority had afflicted the whole of that superb country as far as peopled, from Paraguay, within the tropics, to Patagonia, the extremity of the continent, in the fifty-third degree of south latitude.



The country bordering the river was well stocked with quail, which, singularly enough, never go in flocks. A large partridge, which had a very beautiful body and an ungainly head, was also found in large numbers. Deer were to be seen almost everywhere, and birds of prey abounded. There was one little fellow, iron-gray in body, ornamented with fancy colors, and having sharp spurs on his wings just within his pinions; what use he made of these spurs I was unable to discover. Fantastic men practise ornamentation with more or less conventional effect, whether in good or in bad taste, but Nature always has her purpose in ornamentation and in weapons, such as the spurs on the wings in this case.

About the middle of June we returned to Buenos Ayres, where we lay for a month, awaiting the raising of the siege by General Urquiza, that he might withdraw his forces gradually by land and come on board of the *Water-Witch* with his staff, and put some of his rear-guard on board of small vessels. This was effected on the 17th of July, and they were carried by us and landed in Entre Rios, not as participants, but for the common advantage of both belligerents. The water was shoal for a considerable distance out above Buenos Ayres; a hundred or more horsemen would ride out to a depth of two feet, where ships' boats were in waiting; they would then get in the boats, taking their saddles and bridles from the horses, and as soon as released the animals would scamper for the shore. Several hundred of their most indifferent horses were thus left; but, where the ordinary market value of a fairly good horse was a doubloon, that was no great sacrifice. The close of the war between Entre Rios and Buenos Ayres released us, and enabled us to make preparations for going up the Paraguay River. We went to Montevideo, purchased the hulk of a brig, loaded her with coal to tow up to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, and on the 26th of August the *Water-Witch* left Montevideo with the hulk in tow.

As is generally known, the Rio de la Plata is a great estuary of the sea, into which falls the drainage of the Paraguay and Paraná Rivers. It is so wide at Montevideo, and even at Buenos Ayres, one hundred and twenty miles above, that the coasts

opposite are below the horizon to each other. The water is shoal, with several dangerous sand-banks in the lower part, and above Buenos Ayres muddy and entirely fresh. At the island of Martin Garcia, forty miles above Buenos Ayres, there is a bar of sand preventing vessels of greater draught than twelve feet from passing, except when pamperos blow and raise the water four or even six feet. Not far above the bar, deep, narrow channel-ways between high reeds are found, and some miles higher up, small trees grow on the marshes. There are evidences of the occasional submergence of these trees and of the tall reeds. It is not until the vicinity of Rosario is reached that solid ground forms a part of the shore-line: at that place the bank is some thirty feet above the ordinary river level. Thence to Assumption, eight hundred miles above, solid land is approached on the one side or the other at considerable distances apart, but never on both sides at the same point; no narrow land-barrier has been broken through, as is the case in many rivers that have silted up the low grounds in transporting *débris* towards the sea. One hundred miles above Rosario a bluff bank one hundred feet or more in height enfilades the swift channel of the river lying farther down. Some fifty years ago Rosas of Buenos Ayres had fortified these bluffs; in an attack by British gun-boats they suffered considerably from a plunging fire. This was before shell guns had come into common use.

We entered the river Paraná on the 2d of September, and four days afterwards reached Rosario. We found it a busy place, many ox-cart caravans from Tucuman and Cordova coming there instead of to Buenos Ayres, one hundred and fifty miles farther. Their loads were almost entirely of hides and tallow, and on their return, cargoes were taken to supply the simple wants of a pastoral people. As the wagons passed along, their wooden axles and wheels without tires made a screeching noise that could be heard for miles. They were noisy without melody, and quite automatic in delivery. Three days' more steaming brought us to Point Diamante: the land here rises gradually from the river, until, about two miles inland, an elevation of two hundred feet is reached. A vil-

lage of several hundred inhabitants was located on the high ground.

With the coal-hulk in tow, a current of two miles an hour against us, and being engaged in making a running survey as we proceeded, our progress was necessarily slow. We anchored daily, near sunset, and usually took a breast-line ashore and made it fast to a tree, both from the steamer and from the hulk. We reached Corrientes, where the waters of the Paraná and Paraguay join, on the 1st of October, and Assumption, the capital of Paraguay, one week later. There were several break-ages of straps to the engine to be looked after, and other repairs required, which detained us at times. We took advantage of such occasions to go on shore with our guns. At San Pedro we found droves of deer; I shot a fine buck and took him on board, but we found the venison inferior, although the animal was in good condition. Late one evening we came across birds very much like the Sumatran game-fowl, with a shiny coal-black plumage; the bird could use its wings as well as any other pheasant. We shot several, and found them of excellent flavor. There was a large bird, quite as large as our turkey, with something of the turkey's appearance and manner of flight, that sat upon trees on the borders of marshy grounds. On shooting them we found they had long legs, and evidently subsisted on what they picked up in the marshes. They were not relished as food, and hence we molested them no more. They were called water-turkeys.

Wherever houses or cultivated lands were seen from the river, we observed four posts some forty or fifty feet high, set in the ground, twelve or fifteen feet apart, forming a square, with a kind of roofed-box on top, reached by ladders. On inquiry, we learned that these were retreats from the attacks of the mosquitoes, who in pursuit of their game never soared so high. On the river itself these insects were exceedingly numerous and bloodthirsty. From what I know of the Mississippi River and some other regions, not excepting parts of New Jersey, it occurs to me that the Paraguayan constructions might be made with great comfort to the inhabitants in some sections of our own country.

One morning, as we were making our running survey, a large

buck was seen swimming across the river ; the steamer was turned so as to head him off, a boat was lowered, and Murdaugh and I, armed with boarding-pikes, and accompanied by two oarsmen, gave chase. The animal swam nobly, and, reaching a sand-bar, gave a bound or two that looked as though he had made his escape ; but he plunged into deep water again, and, as the bar, had enough water to enable our boat to cross, we were soon on him. A lasso made of the boat's painter was thrown over his antlers, and he was captured. He was so large and strong that we were obliged to kill him by sticking a pike into his spinal column, in order to make ourselves secure against his thrusts. On getting him on board we found that, although he was only half grown, his weight was two hundred and eighty pounds. He belonged to a species known as marsh-deer, which abound in the region of Lake Iberia, as it is called in Corrientes, a region consisting of marshes and low grounds covering many hundreds of square miles, of which little was known at that time.

The vicinity of the town of Corrientes just below the entrance of the Paraguay is a beautiful country, high and gently undulating, with small ponds in the low grounds. In these ponds I first saw the *Victoria Regia* ; the ribbed leaves were five feet in diameter, and capable of sustaining the weight of a man. Upon the ponds were many wild ducks, mostly teal and mallard, and the uplands abounded in game. Considering the climate, and other conditions favoring life and its enjoyments, there are few countries, if any on the globe, so beneficent to man as that region.

As stated before, the Paraná River comes in from the eastward at Corrientes, and some hundred miles farther up trends to the north, the country lying north and west of it and east of the Paraguay River being now known geographically as Paraguay. Probably below Corrientes there is no one channel between solid banks ; it is constantly separated by islands lapping each other, so that it will be a work of labor in the future to map them satisfactorily. In periods of high water these islands are to a considerable extent submerged, and hence are not habitable for man. The interior solid lands visible from the river from time

to time are not high, and until reaching the vicinity of Assumption no abrupt hills are seen ; six miles below that city there are two near the left bank perhaps three hundred feet above the river level. Although in some respects the Paraguay resembles the Mississippi River, in another it is like the Nile,—in its periodical high and low waters. At Assumption the river is quite deep, and the current usually two and a half miles an hour. Looking to the westward, from a church-top, two hundred feet above the level of the river, a flat grassy plain is seen extending to the horizon twenty miles distant ; this land forms a part of the Gran Chaco, a country of rather indefinite borders, lying north of the province of Santa Fé, east of the Andes, and south of Matto-Grosso ; the inhabitants are wild Indians, with the exception of a part of Bolivia that is sparsely populated. The Indian tribes in the Chaco bordering on Paraguay are known as the Tobas, and are not numerous. They have had so little intercourse with the whites that they have no desire to possess themselves of fire-arms, being content with their bows and arrows and a club which they carry, which must be thrown with considerable dexterity to be of use in killing game. They have an abundant supply of horses, but no cattle ; so we may infer that they, like the Parisians, eat horse-flesh.

The low islands of which I have made mention, that are subject to overflow, extend for a length of two thousand miles, following the course of the stream, and are the favorite haunts of jaguars and animals upon which they prey, such as the tapir, the carpincho, and the marsh-deer ; there are also pythons in great number, but we saw none of great size. The carpinchos probably furnish the jaguar with more food than all the other wild animals ; as they are numerous and their food-supply unlimited, they would soon cover the country bordering the water-courses were it not for their enemy the jaguar. The carpincho is not often seen in menageries, and therefore I will describe it. With the exception of the ears, which are small and round, the head resembles that of a rabbit ; it has the same long hairs or whiskers on its cheeks. When sitting on its haunches, in pose and appearance it is quite like a rabbit. When it walks, its movement and appearance resemble those of the hog ; it has hair

an inch in length, brown in color, is semi-amphibious, like the tapir, and when full-grown weighs about two hundred pounds. When out of the water the animal would fall an easy prey to a jaguar pouncing upon it from an overhanging tree. Unlike the tapir, which is omnivorous, it lives on aquatic roots: it is the largest rodent known.

The sources of the Paraguay are in an immense extent of marshy land in the Matto-Grosso district; and there being two distinct rainy seasons in that region, one of which, however, is much more pronounced than the other, there are two annual rises occurring with great regularity in the season. These high waters bring down considerable masses of the *camelote*, a species of water-lily that grows in the *arroyas* and *riachos* (lateral and inferior channels) in ordinary depths of ten or even fifteen feet, the stem frequently being twenty feet or more in length. When high water comes, the buoyancy of the stems and the additional resistance of the leaves to an increased current detach them from the bottom and mat them together. Often a tree forms the nucleus of a very heavy mass, and large snakes bask upon it as it floats down. The *camelote* has a small lilac-colored flower growing in loose clumps several inches in length; broken up in the course of the long distance traversed, they are frequently seen in small quantities as far down as Buenos Ayres. What seems singular, alligators do not inhabit Paraguayan waters to any considerable extent, if at all. We saw none; and yet it would be strange if none are to be found within that immense water-shed that empties into the Rio de la Plata, when they are so numerous on the coast of Central America and the northern coast of South America, as well as on the Pacific coast.

Assumption had within its limits perhaps five thousand inhabitants, at least two-thirds of whom were mostly of Guarani blood and habitually spoke their native language, although all the inhabitants in the towns and many in the country used a good many Spanish words even in speaking Guarani. The vicinity of Assumption, for miles around at least, is sandy, and the country is thickly populated. The inhabitants were much neater in dress and cleaner in appearance than those bordering the river at Corrientes and elsewhere. The government monop-

olized the entire products of the country, as it had done ever since Francia became Dictator; and this was all the more readily effected as the river furnished the only means of communication with the commercial world.

Paraguay, in 1810, followed the lead of the revolting American provinces of Spain, and declared her independence. Being so far from the sea-coast, and steam navigation being then unknown, her independence was effected by assertion rather than by force. Four years later Dr. Francia became Dictator: he maintained his authority for thirty-six years, all of which were marked by great atrocity towards the best people of Paraguay. He died in 1840, at the age of eighty-four, and four years afterwards Carlos Antonio Lopez became President for life. He had virtually been Dictator for ten years when we arrived at Assumption, and maintained the same control as his predecessor, but his conduct was not marked by brutality. The whole export and import trade was virtually a government monopoly; no one could come into or leave the country without the permission of Lopez. The superiority of the Paraguay tea over that of Uruguay in South America, and the hide and timber export, could not fail to make Lopez quite wealthy, the more so as probably the living expenses of his family did not amount to one thousand dollars yearly.

In my belief, the first national vessel permitted to visit Paraguayan waters was the *Water-Witch*. Soon after our arrival Lopez gave an official reception to the captain, who was accompanied by several of the officers. It took place at the Cabildo, or Government-house. Lopez was a large, heavy man, apparently three-fourths Indian, fleshy, with massive jowls; he sat behind a table, arrayed in a gorgeous uniform, a large cocked hat upon his head, with a large ostrich feather upon it, which I think was blue. After a formal introduction, the captain stated that the object of his visit was to institute friendly relations between his country and Paraguay, and to promote their common advantage if practicable; the vessel he commanded was of light draught, and if his Excellency would allow it, he would be pleased to ascend the Paraguay River as far as possible, and by means of a smaller steamer, which he would have built at

Assumption with the permission of his Excellency, he would endeavor to reach the head-waters of the Pilcomayo, leading into Bolivia, and those of the Vermejo, leading into the Gran Chaco.

His Excellency had been furnished in advance with a translation, and when the captain had concluded, he stood up, laid his cocked hat on the table before him, and said he was gratified to see us in Paraguay and would attentively consider the captain's requests and communicate with him at an early day. Then he bowed, put on his cocked hat, and his visitors took their leave. Permission was soon given for the Water-Witch to ascend to the limit of Paraguayan territory, adjoining the large territory of Brazil known as the Matto-Grosso. He was not willing for the Water-Witch to go higher up. The captain went beyond the prescribed limit to Corumba, only a short distance, which brought us into disfavor with Lopez.

In the Matto-Grosso district the officers visited a settlement of Indians said to number five thousand souls. It had been formed within ten years by two Italian Jesuit priests under the auspices of the Brazilian government. They had taught the men to cultivate the ground, and the use of fire-arms, and the women to spin and to weave, and the girls music and dancing. The settlement enjoyed peace and plenty, and had a community of goods. The officers were as much surprised as gratified on making a visit to this Arcadia. No force was employed in establishing the community, and none in maintaining it, beyond the moral force of two intelligent, excellent men who appreciated the fact that the religious instruction which they gave would be futile if not supplemented by conditions of life that would enable the community to live in conformity with their religious teachings. The officers danced with the girls, and were charmed with their sense of propriety, their graces, and their accomplishments.

The Water-Witch returned to Assumption on the 26th of December. I had been left there to build a small flat-floored steamboat, employing the boat-carpenters of Paraguay. They could hew a piece of timber admirably, and soon had a keel sixty feet in length, cross floor-pieces, and knees upon which the side plankings were bolted. The sides were thirty inches in depth, and the deck composed of hatches that were laid flush



with the top. The planking was of cedar roughly sawed and afterwards hewed; the Paraguayans did not use the plane. Stanchions and a raised fore-and-aft centre-piece supported a canvas cover which sheltered us from the weather, aided by a little thin planking above the hull. When the boiler and engines were placed and the men on board, the draught of the boat was eight inches. She was very easily propelled, but, owing to the foaming of the boiler, a defect which was never obviated, she could hardly be called a success. Large globular castings were afterwards put upon the boiler, but still it foamed. After the *Pilcomayo*, as she was called, was completed, I took her one hundred and fifty miles up the Paraguay River; then into the Jujuy, a small stream on the left bank in the direction of the *yerbales*, or the district where the Paraguay tea is cultivated. The country was beautifully undulating, the elevations of little height, and in the distance were evidently greater elevations. The town of San Pedro was situated about two miles distant from the landing, across a very rich, level plain. The appearance of a little steamer in that river was a notable event. The vessel was soon visited by every man, woman, and child that could get away from home, and first by the *alcalde* and several principal men of the place. I could not invite them into my cabin, as I had none; but I could give them camp-stools under the awning, at least. I was invited to visit the town, and in the afternoon a fine horse, with rich trappings and silver stirrups and ornaments, was sent down for me, and another, less gorgeously bedecked, for the engineer. A grand ball was given us, and the whole community was invited. It was a spontaneous welcoming to their waters and their homes.

The same neatness of dress was observable as at Assumption, and everything betokened a happy community: if not opulent, they had all the comforts of life in abundance. I was given a very comfortable room at the house of Don Luis, the rich man of the village; and my companion, the engineer, was well taken care of. Soon after dark the ball opened; we were invited and accompanied by an escort to a house having rooms of considerable size, with either a brick or an earth floor. The room was well filled with young ladies, some of them very pretty. I made

my compliments to them so far as my knowledge of their language allowed. The dances went on, and everybody was bright and cheery, save one tall, pretty girl who sat demurely apart from the others. I approached her, and in the affectionate language that pertains to people in that region, addressed her as "my pretty little girl," and asked her why she did not dance. She said that she did not wish to. I told her that was nonsense,—that so bright and pretty a girl must wish to dance. She said then, "To tell you the truth, sir, I have no shoes, and all my friends are provided with them: you must know," said she, "that until within a year or so we did not have the nicely-made shoes that are now brought into the country, but wore sandals of our own make. None of the shoes that came to our town fitted me: so I was unable to provide myself." I told her that she must not allow such fashionable nonsense to interfere with her comfort, and insisted on her getting up and dancing, which she did quite merrily and happily the whole of the evening. She had been sitting on a rather low seat, with her feet carefully concealed under a long dress. I had an exemplification how superfluous shoes are in dancing, and have to add that were the feet of ball-room belles to be displayed none of them would compare with those of this bright young lady who had no shoes at that time. Soon after, no doubt, she got shoes, and pinched her feet to her heart's content, and had corns and bunions just like other belles. It was a grand ball; *cerveza Inglesa* was served, an equivalent in Paraguay to the choicest champagne with us, and, besides, *yerba maté* and *tiste*, or equal parts of ground Indian corn parched, and sugar, with cold water. The men could take *caña*, made from sugar-cane. I may here remark that drunkenness is unknown in Paraguay, except among foreigners who go there. It is a vice that does not belong to the Spanish race, and if the Indian indulges, it is usually in moderation. I took leave before eleven, for I had been very much fatigued with my labors. Out of deference to me, the others also took their leave, but I was happy to learn afterwards that the ball was again put in motion with all the animation and gayety that belong to youthful enjoyment, and was kept up until daylight.

I found the Jujuy River too low at that season to ascend, and, after a vain attempt, returned to San Pedro, and the next day went out into the Paraguay River: with the sweeping current in our favor we were soon at Assumption.

I have neglected thus far to say anything of his Excellency the President, or of his family, save in describing the formal reception given the captain of the *Water-Witch*. The President had a numerous family; his wife, like himself, was in great part Indian; his daughters were clumsily built, but not objectionable in any way. He had one son in Paris, who, to use a cant vulgar phrase, "was being educated for all he was worth." Later he returned and took his father's place, and in the war with Brazil showed that a savage educated in Paris loses none of his brutality. It was said that his treatment of his mother and sisters was infamous. In resisting the attack of Brazil he had slaughtered all the men and women of Paraguay who were not favorably situated to run away. His most useful day was when he was killed in battle; it is a fact that there are many men in the world who best serve their fellow-men when they die.

The houses of the gentry in Assumption were of adobe, with brick floors and tile roofs; those of the common people were huts built of bamboos and thatched.

During the several months that the *Water-Witch* was absent and I was engaged in superintending the construction of the little steamboat, I had an opportunity of observing the daily life of the Paraguayans. Theft was very rare indeed, and in no case that I saw did the use of liquors amount to an abuse. They were cleanly in their persons, and well behaved. In the heat of the day they dined, and a *siesta* (or noonday nap) of a couple of hours followed,—this custom being as strictly observed as though it had been a religious obligation. From noon until two o'clock the sight of a human being in the streets was rare. Later in the day movement began. Perhaps once or twice a week his Excellency the President would be seen mounted upon a horse, arrayed in all the splendor of gold lace and a cocked hat, riding slowly along, with an orderly twenty yards behind him. Should a native meet him,

a side street for exit, if possible, would be resorted to. If he came suddenly upon him, all that was left was to stand firm, face his Excellency, take off his hat, and look resolutely at the ground, with perhaps a stolen glance of admiration at the great man, who might deign to acknowledge his presence with a nod. At sunset all the church-bells rang out the Angelus; every human being stopped, bowed his head, and said his prayers, whether in mid-street or in his house. The Paraguayans were educated to reverence authority to man and to their Creator. When a funeral passed, the man would have been considered a brute who did not stand with hat off, facing the cortège, and say in silence a prayer for the dead, and this, too, however humble the family from whom one was being borne to the grave.

As the shades of evening fell over the noble river that swept by the city, favorite sites for bathing were resorted to by the young and old ladies and little girls, and in other localities men and boys disported themselves. In the evening, after paying a call to one house a visitor could pass on to another, and consider that all held an informal reception. He was always invited to have a cup of *yerba maté*, prepared by one of the young ladies of the house. The cup was a small gourd, into which a live coal was usually put, then a silver tube put in quickly, and hot water poured over it immediately; then the young lady would take a sip, to see that the silver tube, with an enlargement at the bottom having holes punched in it, was in working order, and it was then handed to the visitor. I regret to say that the ladies of Paraguay of middle age had usually defective front teeth, due to the hot silver tube and the very hot *yerba maté*. After the *maté* was taken, a cigar was offered; and the man who did not request the young lady to light it was not well up in society refinements.

I have a very kind remembrance of the politeness of the Paraguayans, and especially of the fair sex. They were not vulgar in any sense, although the super-refined of other countries might have been disposed to turn up their noses at them.

One fine Sunday morning, it being a day of rest, other officers and myself made a visit to the Gran Chaco, landing as near

to Assumption as we could find solid ground. With a boat's crew we pulled up the river perhaps a mile, where a *riacho* or side channel came in. We followed this a mile or more, and came to a hard bank that evidently had been frequented, probably by the Indians that lived in the vicinity for watering their ponies. Here we landed, four in number; taking four of the boat's crew with us, we directed the two boat-keepers to pull lower down and off into the stream, where they could not be surprised. We strolled along a beaten path, and soon came upon a party of Indians, who deployed right and left, with their bows and arrows, in order that a shot aimed at one should not kill another. We saw their squaws mount in hot haste, and their little children also, and ride off briskly. We at once made signs to them to bring back their women and children: they at once did so, and we spent several hours very instructively with them, and became very good friends. In sign-language we invited them to come down abreast of Assumption and pay a visit to the Water-Witch: they accepted the invitation so far as coming on the beach was concerned, but reserved the visit for future consideration.

When the President learned of our visit to the Gran Chaco and our intercourse with the Indians, he sent us a message that they were very treacherous, and requested that we should have nothing further to do with them.

On the day appointed, a hundred or more Indians appeared on the beach and made signs to us. We took them over gew-gaws, oranges, and tobacco, and spent an hour or so with them. I think they had made up their minds to pay us a visit, but we could not disregard the request of President Lopez, and had no further intercourse with them. Notwithstanding their fondness for oranges and tobacco, we learned that they never planted orange-trees near their dwellings, or elsewhere, for fear of becoming an object of covetousness to neighboring tribes. So far as oranges were concerned, it would have been the easiest possible matter to plant them all over the country, so that a common want would have been supplied by this prevision and the bounty of nature. As for the tobacco, it might have been cultivated at some distance from their villages, with a fair

chance of escaping a raid in consequence of their luxury. What a commentary this is on the advantage of aggregation and an intelligent direction of public affairs! To plant orange-seeds even in an enemy's country would have served a useful purpose, inasmuch as they would then have been permitted to enjoy the fruits of their own labor instead of inviting the raids of covetous tribes. They gave us exhibitions of the use of their bows and arrows, which did not seem to me all I had pictured as to effectiveness. Their clubs were used with considerable dexterity, but I could hardly imagine that they could use them in killing wild animals.

The Water-Witch endeavored to secure specimens of live animals that would have served to stock a national collection; but this was useless, travelling menageries carrying much larger and more interesting collections than we could possibly obtain. We had a jaguar that had been brought down from Corumba, and a tapir that had also been presented, some carpinchos, a peccary, or wild hog, numerous young ostriches, and a wild cat of heavy build and great fierceness. During the absence of the Water-Witch I had charge of these animals, with the exception of the jaguar. I have never seen any other animal so apparently indifferent to what would ordinarily inflict pain as the tapir. He has a very thick skin, and a slow movement usually, and there is no means of appealing to his fears or his intelligence. I would open the gate and have our specimen directed to the river in the evening; when he would reach the water he would walk in deliberately, dive perhaps thirty yards, come up and snort, then paw the water violently with his forefeet, and go down, to come up fifty yards or more from where he went down. He enjoyed his baths greatly, and swam very rapidly. After half an hour's bathing he would come on shore and walk at the rate of two miles an hour to his quarters. It was impossible to hurry him; any attempt to do so elicited an expression of impatience, but never of anger. The little gray wild hog known as the peccary became so much attached to me that when I walked out in the evening and did not take it along it would shriek in the most frightful manner, quite like a spoiled child. When permitted to follow, it would walk with the greatest regularity a

few steps behind me. It was attentive as to this, and never loitered on its way. Towards me the wild cat showed a very amiable disposition. I would take it in my arms, much to the horror of my Paraguayan friends, who assured me that it would scratch my eyes out: yet we continued the best of friends until it was sent home with the other animals.

After the return of the Water-Witch from Corumba, Lieutenant Welsh and myself were directed to make an excursion to Villa Rica, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles from Assumption, and the centre of a beautiful region. We all had purchased our horses as personal property, so our expenses were nominal,—less than a dollar a day. We did not take a native or guide along, which would have been better, as most of the people spoke little Spanish. They were, however, very hospitable, and as kind as though we had been of their own kith and kin. There are no *tiendas* or *posadas* along the public roads, and when nightfall came we asked hospitality at any house. We soon found the advantage of stopping while there was light enough to get the "*chala*," or green corn-stalks, upon which the horses are usually fed in Paraguay. There is a very little, insignificant-looking brown snake that infests the corn-fields, more deadly even than the rattlesnake, which is also a native of the soil. This latter snake is not very numerous in the tropics, but probably extends from the northern limits of our country to Patagonia. Nothing would induce the natives to go into their corn-fields after dark; so that if we arrived at our stopping-place after nightfall the horses would get no food till the morning.

We carried our guns, and, following up small streams, saw ducks rise and settle before us, and, riding up to near where they had lighted, would dismount and shoot them. We fared very well, with what our friends offered us and what we brought along. I confess, however, to a certain amount of repugnance against feeding out of a common large dish, however abundant the supply. We all had horn spoons and good appetites, but, after all, one has to be hungry or "to the manner born" to be content with satisfying hunger in this way. One evening we arrived after sunset at a house: our horses got no corn-stalks

until the morning, but the women, good souls as they generally are, got up and made us a pot of mush, and a hungry man could have asked for nothing better.

We arrived at Villa Rica in very good condition, saw all the dignitaries, had a couple of armadillos stewed for us at a *posada* or public house, and, after a night's rest, determined to go some fifteen miles to visit a famous tiger-hunter who lived there. On our arrival we told him we had come from Villa Rica especially to pay him a visit, and that we desired to join him in a hunt. He spoke of the great danger in the use of fire-arms in killing the animal, and recounted a number of accidents through using them instead of lances. With genuine hospitality he killed the fatted calf, and arranged for a hunt over a beautiful country, where I suspect he did not hope to find tigers: my friend and myself had our double-barrel guns, and these he probably considered a personal danger. Nevertheless, we had a long ride over a charming country, through forests and lovely prairies. On one occasion he called upon me suddenly to halt, and dislodged from a tree near my face a long hairy spider of considerable weight, a bite from which, though not fatal, would have been by no means agreeable. On our return we were entertained royally, as also the next day, on the calf. The third day our host expressed doubts as to its sound condition; it was *feo*, he said: so eggs were substituted, with beans, which the Spanish people of America cook so nicely and prize so highly.

He was not only a tiger-hunter, but also a *curandero*, which may be translated into English as a *curer* rather than as a physician; he brought out his book of *remedios*, which he had pored over for half a century, and asked my opinion as to their efficacy. In looking over the book, all worn by thumbing, I noticed several such repellent remedies as were in vogue in Great Britain not more than two centuries ago. There was one remedy, hinging on the efficacy of a black dog in certain cases of liver-ailment, which I will detail subsequently, in describing the treatment of a poor fellow in Nicaragua by our wardroom cook.

Although, in consequence of rheumatism, our host walked with difficulty, he could mount his horse and ride a dozen miles with us. He lived quite alone, with the exception of his ser-



vants, who occupied buildings near by. He was delighted to show us his broad acres, that would have excited the envy of any ordinary land-grabber, and the fat cattle that needed no other care than protection from tigers, as jaguars were called, and panthers. He told me that when an animal was killed he knew whether it was by the jaguar or the panther, as the first-named always ate from the breast and the latter from the flank. When we announced that we must take our departure early the next day, he looked at me very earnestly, and said, "What can I present you?" He had one or two large cedar chests, and, looking around, he added, "I wish you to have that chest, if you prefer nothing else. I will send it to Villa Rica in a *carrete*, and you can readily have it hauled to Assumption." I accepted the gift, but asked him to do me the favor of keeping possession of it until I should ascend a small river near by in the small steamer, when he could pay me a visit and bring the chest along.

An American commercial company had, by permission, preceded us to Paraguay by some months. Machinery, particularly for sawing timber, and a considerable number of Cuban cigar-makers, went out in a frail steamer which never reached her port. She was lost before getting around Cape St. Roque in Brazil. The passengers and the principal part of the machinery were shipped thence to Assumption. The location selected for the saw-mill was several miles below that city, on the left bank of the river, where there was a considerable amount of fall in the hills, and in the rainy season, to an inexperienced person, the promise of water-power. Difficulties occurred between the company and the Paraguayan government, and the saw-mill was never put up.

A decree expelled the company some time after I left Paraguay; damages to a great amount were claimed, and in a year or two a considerable expedition, under the command of Commodore William B. Shubrick, was sent to demand indemnity. President Lopez was too shrewd a man to allow the question to be decided by force; and agreed to a trial in our own courts: the expedition returned without having gone up the river, and the courts decided, very justly, that the Paraguayan government had no indemnity to pay.

On the return of the *Water-Witch* from Corumba, after the captain had incurred the displeasure of the despot, the vessel remained a month at Assumption, then visited Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, returning to Assumption in the early part of May, 1854. On her return I requested to be ordered to report for duty in the Brazil squadron. My request was readily granted, as several other officers had been brought up or were afterwards detailed. The captain of the *Water-Witch* was entirely a gentleman, but, so far as my opinion is of value, was not well fitted to command such an expedition.

I left Assumption about the middle of May, on board of a trading-schooner, and was a month in reaching Buenos Ayres. The voyage in this little vessel was not without interest; we anchored here and there, and were several days at Corrientes and at Rosario. We had an Italian cook who might have been a *chef* of many a hotel where I have been a "guest," as people are sometimes called who are "taken in." On reaching Montevideo I reported to Commodore Salter, who did not order me for some weeks, and then detailed me to the brig *Bainbridge*. Ten years before, the commander of this vessel, an excellent officer and a man correct in all respects, had deliberately loaded himself down with weights in his pockets and stepped overboard in these waters.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

Service on Board the Brig *Bainbridge*—A Shooting-Expedition—The Captain of the *Bainbridge*—A Second Shooting-Expedition—The Captain in his Cups—Proposes the Capture of the Governor of the Falkland Islands—The *Water-Witch* fired on from a Paraguayan Fort—Sail from Montevideo—Paranagua—Arrival at Rio—Visit to Count Medem at Petropolis—The Captain's Idiosyncrasies—A Spiritualist—Barbadoes—Arrival in the United States—Some Retrospections.

THE brig fulfilled Jonson's idea of a prison, with a chance of being drowned. The lack of room for health, or even for movement without incommoding others, is a great restraint to all in an apartment: that those on board of the *Bainbridge*

were subjected to this restraint will be apparent to the reader who will lay off on his floor the dimensions of the wardroom and bear in mind the actual height between-decks, which was five feet. In this apartment five persons slept, dressed, breakfasted, dined, and supped. There, too, they sat, wrote their letters, and read, usually of course going on deck when the weather would permit.

Towards the last of June I went on duty on board of this vessel, and was permitted to live on shore until early in July. Then I asked permission to be absent for a few days, and, taking my gun, walked out to the village of Pando, some seventeen miles in the interior, more with the design of escaping the "celebration" of the Fourth than from any other motive. There were at the "Steamboat Hotel" a number of merchant-captains, who were usually quite patriotic on such occasions, among them Captain Smiley, who certainly could not be accused of inebriety on any occasion that I had seen. Up to that time, since he had commanded the vessel, the captain of the Bainbridge had been entirely abstemious. Had I remained and been present at the celebration, I might have it on my conscience that I had abetted in leading him into error. In escaping from one danger I had subjected myself to another. I had walked to Pando, gone to a *pulperta*, or common country public house, but of course the best in the village, and in the morning had gone out to shoot, supposing that game was to be found everywhere, as on the Gualeguay River. I found the land generally hedged by cactus, and sometimes went within the enclosures. I found no birds, but, as I was passing around, a large band of dogs found me. I saw them in the distance, several hundred yards away, bearing down on me with a fixed purpose to destroy me. The leader came as straight as an arrow, with mouth open, and when near me the band separated right and left to attack on the flanks. When the leader was within ten feet I blew out his brains by a charge of shot properly delivered, and the grand brute never kicked, but lay sprawled out on all-fours. The six or eight dogs under his lead went home in haste, and I was left to pursue my way to the *pulperta*, where the owner came to complain of my shooting his dog. I told him that I regretted

the necessity very much, but it was simply a question of shooting the dog or allowing myself to be torn to pieces. I am not quite sure whether I gave the man something in recompense or not; certainly he had a noble though rather aggressive guardian, but as I was a quarter of a mile from his house, and was quite willing to retreat, and did so, I felt no self-reproach. I learned afterwards that the dog most common in that region, and the one I had shot, was a Russian blood-hound.

A few days after my return the captain asked me if I would not like to go on a shooting-expedition of a week up the Santa Lucia, a little stream that emptied into the estuary some twenty miles from Montevideo, on the left bank. I was glad to accept, and was requested to make preliminary arrangements as to supplies, etc. When the time was fixed, everything was ready; the captain was then living on shore. It was agreed that I should take charge of two boats containing sails for tents and provisions for ten days. The crews numbered sixteen men, besides the captain's clerk and myself. The captain was to join us the next day at the lowest ford on the stream, to be accompanied by two gentlemen who had a rancho near by. Before I had completed my arrangements it was later in the day than I had hoped, and the overladen boats and short days brought nightfall before we had reached the mouth of the stream; being very desirous of reaching it, I kept on pulling until after dark, but even then I was still short of it. There was a good deal of swell, but little wind. I told the captain's clerk that I would pull in and land; should it be rocky I would warn him, and he could anchor for the night, while if I found a proper landing he should follow, and we would haul up the boats, pitch the tents, make ourselves comfortable for the night, and in the morning go on into the Santa Lucia River. I fortunately struck a sand-beach, and the other boat followed. We soon put up our tents, and, well sheltered, had a sound sleep. I had the "breaker" containing the ration of whiskey for a pillow, which insured it for the night. The captain's clerk was a bright young gentleman, who had the idea that he had any amount of endurance, and had his little laugh in advance about how he would tire me out.

After sunrise I got up and walked to a little brook near by, where I washed my face and hands; there was frost on the leaves, and the morning was chilly for that region. On getting back to our tent, I found the old quartermaster, Farr, in my tent; he had come to make the acquaintance of the keg of whiskey. After using some epithets not in the nature of a blessing, I gave the other men their morning allowance. Breakfast over, we took down our tents, and an hour or so after we launched our boats, entered the Santa Lucia River, and rowed up to the ford. Here we waited until long after noonday, when the captain and his two friends arrived in a country wagon. They drove out to the boat, took off their ammunition and supplies, among which latter was a case of brandy, and sent their wagon home. The captain asked me what I had brought in the way of provisions. I said we had full rations of bread, pork, and liquor for all of us for ten days, and, besides, I had a dozen bottles of wines and liquors for him and his friends. He congratulated us on his having brought a case of brandy along, immediately had the tops of two or three bottles knocked off, and gave a generous glass to every one of the sailors, not failing in liberality to our guests and ourselves. Then we pulled up the stream until near sunset.

We landed before dark, kindled a fire with wood I had brought in the boats, put up the tents, and had our supper. Soon after, the captain went over to the men's tent, and insisted on Farr and others singing: he thought that the limiting of drinks on such an excursion, either as to time or quantity, was a needless restriction, and the grog-tub was called for to do extra duty. Next morning we got up pretty early, considering the late carousal, and after breakfast the captain, his guests, and his clerk went on the high land not far distant, to hunt partridge, quail, and deer. The game was found so abundant that we remained another day. A large number of birds were shot, and, having a good cook, we had an excellent dinner. The second morning we broke camp after breakfast, and that night had another orgy near the tent of the men. This greatly lowered the liquor-supply,—in fact, so reduced it that absolute want was apprehended as likely to occur soon.

The following morning after breakfast a tall native of the soil rode into our encampment; the captain hailed him as a deliverer from impending distress, and, after gaining information, sent him off to a *tienda* some miles distant, with orders to bring at least two dozen bottles of the rum of the country, that being all he could possibly promise to deliver,—a very small supply for thirsty people engaged in hard labor, or at least exertion in shooting. In the afternoon our messenger returned with the promised supply, inadequate, however, to allow another midnight carousal, so we retired early, and in the afternoon of the next day broke camp again. In the south were angry clouds, and a fierce wind swept us on our course under sail ten miles an hour. Suddenly we came to a bifurcation of the stream, and the captain cried out to me, "Which channel shall we take?" I said, "To the right," and in a mile we were at the head of a cul-de-sac.

I lost no time in pitching our tents, and in cutting a drain on the upper side so as to protect us from a flood. We had no sooner made our preparations than the rain was upon us, accompanied by lightning such as one rarely sees. The rain poured down through the light sail that formed our covering, and the wind threatened to blow our tents down. My young friend the captain's clerk was suffering from a chill, and I employed my rubber blanket to protect him. I stood up as the best means of protecting myself from saturation. The captain danced about dimly seen by the uncertain flicker of a small lamp that was attached to the ridge-pole, and our guests smoked their pipes with great equanimity. The captain said he had never witnessed anything so grand in his life, and was "as happy as a lord." In an hour or so the heavy rain ceased; our cook, who had been an old Spanish soldier, went out and gathered a few thistle-heads, kindled a fire, and broiled us as nice a lot of quail and made as good a cup of coffee as could be found anywhere. We all lay down and slept comfortably that night, but with the sad reflection that the liquor-supply was very low. The next morning we broke ground, went up the other branch, and encamped on the *estancia* of Don Albano de Bueno, who kindly sent his *capitan*, or head-man, to offer us his assistance. He sent us a quarter of excellent beef, made provisions for us to get ten gallons of rum,

and did everything that a hospitable gentleman could possibly do. Our larder was well supplied with hard bread and salt pork, and birds in abundance ; the only difficult supply to keep up was the liquor. Our young "tender-foot" we sent by conveyance to Montevideo, where he gave doleful accounts of our expedition.

Near this encampment we found great numbers of the carpincho, an animal that I have already described. When shot it would take to the water and dive ; but after an hour or so, from the stomach becoming distended, it would rise to the surface. The size of the animals caused the captain to regard them as something of a prize, but, as they proved to be unfit to eat, and as killing them served no purpose, we left them alone thereafter. There were numbers of deer, some of which we shot. I found it very difficult to estimate distances ; sometimes it would seem to me that animals were a long distance off when they were actually within range, and at other times the reverse would be the case. There were no trees, but a good many bushes large enough to conceal the approach of a person crawling along the ground. In doing so, I was greatly surprised at seeing the head of a large snake appear a foot from the ground and within a few feet of me. I immediately stood on my feet and shot it instead of the deer. It was more than six feet in length.

Late in the afternoon, one of our men came to me in haste and said that a jaguar had just swam across the stream to our side, a short distance above our encampment. Not being informed at that time as to the habit of the animal, I told him I thought it must have been a carpincho. The man was quite positive it was a jaguar, and I afterwards regretted that I did not take my gun and go after it. My companions were off in another direction, and were late in coming into camp. Early the next morning the captain and his companions took horses and rode to Montevideo. After we had our breakfast, I determined to move down the river, so as to reach the vessel the following day, and had just struck the tents and loaded the boats, when the *capitan* rode down to our party and told me that a jaguar had killed one of his horses and dragged it several hundred yards to a thicket ; by noon, he said, the beast would be hungry again, and would then come to eat more of the car-

cass. Not wishing to be detained, I lent him a gun ; and, as he afterwards told me, he climbed the tree overhead at the spot where the horse had been dragged, and some time before noon shot the animal from his perch.

I took the boats down the stream until we found a good camping-ground, with plenty of brushwood near by, then went into camp and made good large fires to dry our clothing. The next day we went out of the Santa Lucia and had a fine sail of twenty miles to the vessel. We had been absent ten days, and I got more than I had bargained for. I had not the least idea that the hunt would also be a drunken frolic.

The Bainbridge was anchored close to the landing at Montevideo, and was often aground in the soft mud for hours when the wind blew the water out of the river, as it frequently did. The Congress lay several miles out, where the water was deep : owing to the distance and the rough seas, her officers rarely came on shore, while the habit of the officers of the brig was never to stay on board if they could get on shore. Previous to the Fourth of July the captain rarely went on shore ; but after that date he took up his quarters at the Steamboat Hotel, near the landing. It was the usual resort of captains and mates of American merchantmen and their families. When in port, Captain Smiley lived there. For a number of years he had traded between Montevideo and Rio Janeiro at certain seasons of the year, and visited the Falkland Islands and the coast of Patagonia. Twenty years earlier he had commanded a sealing-schooner and visited the Antarctic circle, and he was to have been one of the pilots of our Exploring Expedition of 1838 that had been so long delayed and that finally sailed under Wilkes. Smiley had no appearance of years ; he was small, well knit, with sandy hair and eyebrows and a keen gray eye and pleasant manner. He was a thorough seaman, and was humorous and jovial, but not given to intemperance. Our captain took a great fancy to him, and amused himself by reading Smiley's log-books, which were written in doggerel and styled "poetry." Smiley went to the Falkland Islands while we were at anchor for some purpose not approved of by the governor, and returned in high dudgeon. His account of his treat-



ment quite incensed our captain, and the flag-ship having sailed left him free rein : he came on board one morning and announced his determination to go directly to the Falklands and capture the governor and take him to the United States. All that he wanted was a written statement that Captain Smiley would make to him of the treatment he had received. He ordered that the vessel should be provisioned in haste, and all indebtedness settled, as he did not intend to return to Montevideo, but would go directly to the United States with the governor as soon as he had captured him. I thought this so serious a matter that I went on shore and had a confidential interview with Smiley. I told him that we were provisioning to sail for the Falklands to capture the governor and take him to the United States for trial, and that the captain looked for his warrant to a letter from him stating the indignities to which he had been subjected by the governor. I hoped, therefore, that in framing his letter he would be exceedingly careful ; our captain had a great many good qualities, and it would be a regret to all of us who admired them to see him destroy himself by an unwarranted action of the gravest import. Smiley promised me that he would take care not to betray our captain into error ; and I had entire faith in him, for he was a man of sense, and when you treat with one you can count on his action.

The vessel was got ready for sea, and still we did not sail ; I said to the captain one morning when he came on board that I always had a desire to visit the Falklands since I was a small boy, after reading an account of two sailors who had been cast away there half a century before, and of the manner in which they supported themselves until rescued. It was by trapping pigs, and by killing wild fowls of many varieties that came in vast numbers to nest, and were so tame as to allow themselves to be knocked over with a club. They found an excellent anti-scorbutic and vegetable food in the root of the tussac, which they thought quite as good as celery. It grew in great clumps in marshy land, and in passing over it was necessary to jump from one clump to another ; the hogs ate the tops and grew fat. Although at the Falklands it actually sleeted or snowed every month of the year, still there was no very cold weather.

The captain listened to my long dissertation with an air of impatience, and said that he could not go to the Falklands at all; he had relied on the verbal statement of Smiley, and had asked him to put it in writing, which he had just done, and he saw nothing in it which would justify him in seizing the governor and taking him to the United States for trial. Smiley had behaved shamefully: had he given him a written statement such as he had made verbally, he would be entirely justifiable, but the statement he had made did not amount to anything, and he could not visit the Falklands for his intended purpose.

I was aware that Smiley had been something of a "freebooter," and doubtless had disregarded regulations or laws, which he did not state to our captain. As nothing came out in the way of complaint by Smiley to our government, we may suppose that he had not been very badly treated, after all. I have not heard of Smiley since; had he been placed in a similar position he would have made a second John Paul Jones.

A short time before the flag-ship sailed we received information of the firing on the *Water-Witch* from a Paraguayan fort up the Paraná, which river the commander of the *Water-Witch* had attempted to ascend without having secured the permission of the President, the refusal being due to a lack of discretion in ascending the Paraguay into Brazilian territory when he had been permitted to ascend that river only under the implied condition that he would not go beyond Paraguayan territory. A man at the helm of the *Water-Witch* had been killed, and the vessel driven back. Our captain at once applied to be sent up "to set things right." But the vessel had too much draught, and would have been entirely helpless in the strong current of the river, and even had she been a steamer her battery would have been inadequate to do any damage; so Commodore Salter very properly declined the application. He had no vessel under his command that could be sent up the river, and the facts of the case, together with another matter, caused, after some delay, an expedition to be fitted out under the command of Commodore William B. Shubrick, of which I have already made mention. The belief of our captain that "he had been restrained from vindicating the honor of our flag" in Paraguay, and the check he had re-

ceived in not being able to seize the governor of the Falklands, preyed so much upon his mind that he determined to execute only in part the orders he had received from the commodore, and to sail directly from Rio Janeiro for the United States, as he did finally, touching at the island of Barbadoes for water.

We sailed from Montevideo on the 11th of October, and made a passage of one week to St. Catherine's. Owing to his intemperate habits the captain's condition became such that I felt it my duty to say to the first lieutenant then, I being the second, that whenever he might regard it as necessary to the safety of the vessel to assume command I should be entirely ready to support his authority. If he assumed command we would be obliged to put the captain in double irons, as otherwise we would be shot. I hoped, however, that he would defer such action until he thought the necessity imminent.

During the passage the captain came to me one afternoon when I had charge of the deck, and said, "Do you know that Mrs. Sewell is on board?" I said, "Certainly not; I don't see how she can be on board." "Well," he said, "it's quite a strange affair, but she is in the cabin." "Well," I said, "captain, I think the doctor has been giving you morphine, and I suspect that is the reason of your belief." He bridled up greatly, and said, "Then I suppose you think that I have not seen her." "Well, really, captain," I replied, "people who take morphine see a great deal that is unseen by other persons." "Well," he said, "when your watch is out, come down in the cabin and see for yourself."

On being relieved I went into the cabin, and he went through the formula of presenting me to the lady. Then he looked at me with some surprise, and asked why I did not make some remark. I then expressed my surprise and gratification at seeing her, and asked by what means she had come on board. I ceased, and the captain looked at me with an expression of disappointment and impatience, and asked why I didn't reply to the lady. I said, "I have not heard anything that she has said, nor have I seen her." "Why," said he, "is that possible? she said so and so;" whereupon I answered in such terms as the asserted expression of the lady warranted. He evidently felt

chagrined and disappointed, and after I left the cabin sent for his clerk, who had assented to having heard her conversation and to having seen the lady as asserted by the captain, before I had been invited. The clerk no longer saw or heard her, much to the disgust of the captain, who plainly informed him that, young as he was, he had all the infirmities of an old man, just like Ammen, who could see or hear nothing.

Notwithstanding this deplorable condition, he by the use of a little chloroform and other remedies actually became rational about the time we entered St. Catherine's, and we had the hope that he would become a responsible officer, as he had been previous to the Fourth-of-July celebration.

Our anchorage was near the entrance of the beautiful, capacious harbor, several miles from the town, where the water is shoal. Although the harbor is grand, it does not compare with that of Rio. The town has a few thousand inhabitants, the greater number of whom—or at least of the women—are engaged in making feather and shell-flower work, which navy men were in the habit of presenting to their friends, although it had little merit from an artistic point of view. We found the inhabitants altogether the most agreeable Brazilians we had met. As a race, the descendants of the Portuguese in America will not compare favorably in appearance or agreeability with the descendants of the Spaniards. Indeed, I do not know a more agreeable people to hold personal intercourse with than those speaking the Spanish language on this continent. The men, when educated, are well bred and agreeable; and the man who has never been off his *estancia* is at least hospitable and considerate to every one who enters his door-way. Whatever is there, even though it be but an ear of corn, roasted on the cob, is offered with as much hospitality as though it were a delicacy. I have found many of these people who wore sandals, a slit being cut in the sole between the big toe and the one next it, to allow a raw leather bight of hide to come around the big toe, and who often were without hats, and whose *ponchos* completed their full dress, to be as courteous as though educated. Contrast these with our usual "Pike County" gentry, and there is a very wide difference; the latter have an offensive self-assertion and vulgarity. The

Spanish-American women are not learned ; not one of them would endeavor to instruct you in regard to the operation of a steam-engine, nor have they any of the so-called accomplishments supposed to be acquired at fashionable boarding-schools ; yet if compared in a practical way they are none the less agreeable for all that, and in the usual matters of domestic life are in my belief the superiors of the greater number of our much-vaunted "educated" women. When they marry and have children, there is no European race that exercises a more intelligent, unremitting, and gentle care over them, such as would quite discompose the ordinary American or English woman "up in all the ologies."

The captain did not leave the vessel, or, if he did, only to take a pull in his gig and to return after a short walk. After a tarry of five days we sailed for Paranagua, lying in the bight of land towards Rio. This port had been the favorite resort for many years of vessels engaged in the slave-trade ; it had shoal water and two entrances, and, being unfrequented by foreign vessels, the traffic was not observed by them, and thus in a great measure was not known to the outside world. The yellow fever of Brazil, introduced only a few years before by the slavers, was a supposed modification of typhus, and was very fatal, not unlike the fevers that prevailed in Rio in 1889, which supply the medical faculty of that region with a topic for animated discussion. It was this type of fever that finally visited Montevideo, where one might suppose yellow fever could find no foothold, and Buenos Ayres, where the prevalence of it was traceable to the pollution of the water by the sinks that had been accumulating ever since the city had been located. It swept around to the west coast of America, was quite fatal in Callao and Lima, and finally found its way to Northern Mexico, along and near the Pacific coast. Some six years ago it was fearfully fatal in Guaymas and neighboring towns, a region that had been supposed to be exempt from yellow fever.

We remained at anchor outside of Paranagua for two days, and sent in boats to visit the town ; there were huge fitments for the slave-trade, but that was of the past, and everything was dilapidated.

After two days at sea, we reached Rio on the 1st of November. I found that Count Medem, mentioned in the account of my voyage to California, was at Petropolis, and did not fail to redeem my promise to pay him a visit. He was quite cordial, expressed his gratification, and gave me an account of his adventurous trip across the Andes a month or so after we had parted company at Panama; his Arab servant recognized me as an old travelling-companion, and had me well taken care of. The snows on the Andes had set in sooner than usual, and after the count and his companion were near the summit, which is more than twelve thousand feet above the sea, a heavy snow-storm with a violent wind caught them. They were compelled to crawl some miles on hands and knees to gain a shelter. The violence of the wind would not permit them to stand, and to stop would have been to perish with the cold. He regarded their reaching a shelter as little short of a miracle. The count spoke not less than six European languages, and English quite as well as myself; he had been in Egypt and Persia for seventeen years, and was well versed in Arabic and its dialects. He knew Mehemet Ali, the slaughterer of the Mamelukes, very well; although when he knew him Mehemet was more than eighty years of age, he still had much of the vivacity of a young man, and, although he never read, the count thought him one of the best-informed men he had ever met. His method of gaining information was, when he received a visit, to turn the conversation of his visitor in the direction of his special knowledge. He had a remarkable memory, and the count remarked jocularly that he had to take care that his statements were always in accord. Mehemet was very fond of hearing about Napoleon, and from various sources, so as to eliminate the personal and race equations. The count one day gave him an account of a conversation between Napoleon and his physician, the Baron Larrey. From the familiarity of his intercourse with Mehemet, he had quite lost sight of the fact that the viceroy was an old man. He had told his story before it occurred to him that it was entirely lacking in diplomacy, and indeed as a fact was not applicable to Mehemet; he was awakened to a sense of his *bêtise* by seeing his listener become

suddenly angry and hearing him remark that "European physicians were great fools anyhow." The count suddenly discovered that he had forgotten to attend to something at his house, and making his excuse for an immediate retreat, left in haste.

When I went to bed I told the count that my habit was to get up early and walk over the country, and made some inquiries as to what there was to see. After informing me on this point, he said he would be up as soon as I, and would walk with me; but, as I did not think that was his habit, I left the house in the morning without making a noise or informing him of my movements, and at sunrise was on my way, over hills and through the intervening valleys. The inhabitants of the laboring class in these valleys were mostly Germans. I asked my way of them, or had from them a word of greeting as I passed along. After an hour or so, as I was returning over a higher road, I met the count, who had gone in search of me. I expressed my surprise that he had not missed me; he said he had asked along the line of road as to my direction, and then took the upper road, feeling sure that I would return by that road.

In the afternoon he ordered horses, and we passed over all the roads and by-paths on the mountain-top. It was at the time of the Crimean war, and we happened to come across the British minister to Brazil, who was disposed to indulge in a little badinage in relation to the waning of the Crescent, the emblem of Mohammedanism, which the count took very good-naturedly. The point of the joke was that the count was making preparations to leave Brazil for other duties, and in recognition of the services of his servant, who had been with him for twenty years, had built him a very nice hotel of a dozen or more rooms, and was then living with him. The sign of the hotel was a crescent.

The count had the idea that he had been poisoned by taking too much quinine at various times, and this idea had been intensified or engendered by a German physician of note. He had not eaten any other flesh than that of fowls or of fish for more than twenty years, because, as he said, it did not agree with him. In travelling his servant was always his cook, and

prepared his fowls in a peculiar way, which the count communicated to me in an impressive manner, first making me promise that when the occasion arrived I would try it. He said there was a popular belief that a young fowl was savory and tender; the latter it might be, but it lacked flavor and nutritious qualities, and could not be in good condition; whereas a full-grown fowl, if properly fed, would be. It mattered not how old the fowl was; if in good condition, and properly prepared, it would be nutritious and savory. After selecting the best fowls obtainable, his man would cut off their heads, put them in a vessel, place a weight upon them to keep them down, and then cover them with water. If the weather was warm, in twelve hours they would be in condition, which would be indicated by the skin just tearing upon their being picked. In cooler weather a day or more might be necessary. After being picked, the fowl should be washed, and then cut up, if intended to be cooked in that way, or prepared for roasting, if desired. Putting a fowl in a basin of water as it was cut up deprived it of its nutrition, and caused the flesh to harden. I have endeavored to have the count's ideas carried out in my household, though with a good deal of difficulty, and despite the covert sneers of cooks who did not know that the proper preparation of food extends in the animal economy a good deal beyond making it grateful to the appetite. Half the ailments in life result from either ignorance or indifference in the preparation of food, and the person who is sick and does not appreciate what a proper dietetic treatment may effect in relation to his ailment, suffers greatly from his obliquity of perception or lack of knowledge. I bade farewell to the count one bright morning, and regret to say that I never met him again. He went home, and died some years after.

I have recently endeavored to ascertain the height of Petropolis; the best information obtainable gave it as three thousand feet above the level of the sea. I had supposed it to be nearly double that height. The count told me that the relay of horses about half-way up was the highest point of development of a case of yellow fever.

At the time of my visit we went up the harbor on board of a



little steamer, with very considerable speed, some twelve miles or more, then took a railroad on a level fertile plain to the foot of the mountains, and then a stage-coach to the summit, over one of the best macadamized roads I have ever seen.

When returning to Rio, I walked in advance of the stage-coach to the ridge from which the descent began. Below, in the distance, lay the harbor of Rio, and the city, and away on the horizon, islands and the beautiful blue sea. In the foreground was a steep descent clothed in the richest of tropical verdure. The atmosphere redolent with the perfume of fragrant flowers, and the sweet melody of many birds, added a zest to my appreciation of one of the most charming pictures I have ever seen.

When I went on board of the vessel I found that the captain had taken up his quarters on shore. The merchantman commanded by Captain Sewell had come to Rio to complete cargo, and the skipper's dashing wife and nice little daughter were again receiving the attentions of our captain, who wore top-boots and other incongruities, with navy sword, etc. During the day-time they were usually at Tejuco, a mountain-height of three thousand feet, ten miles from Rio, access being had to it by a street railway through a picturesque valley. The captain was as lavish with costly presents as he was with his hospitality; indeed, he seemed to have no rational idea of the value of money so long as it could be procured on his written order.

He came on board one day bringing a very large ring-tail monkey of grave aspect, that had the appearance of being quite old. The animal's hair was long and generally black, except that on his head, and the long side-whiskers, that seemed silvered o'er from a lapse of years; his eyes were small and bleared, his figure gaunt, and his usual movements slow. When released on board of the vessel he looked around a few moments, then went up into the main-top slowly, and studied the situation; then he came down the rigging and seated himself on the hammock-netting with a gravity of demeanor quite unlike that of an ordinary monkey. His attention soon became riveted upon a fine young setter that was lying on the deck, and this animal seemed to occupy his attention and study for days. At last, one day after we had gone to sea, he swooped down from the rigging,

his usual lounging-place, wound his long tail partially around the dog with the utmost rapidity, and jumped for the rigging, endeavoring to carry the dog with him, but the weight of the animal was too great, and he either released him, or his hold gave way, after he had fairly raised him from the deck. I never have seen a look of greater horror and surprise than that which came over the face of that dog as he fell upon the deck. It was as though he was looking at the arch-fiend. His countenance settled into an expression of intense rage, which the monkey fostered by seating himself just clear of the reach of the dog, and looked around, apparently everywhere but at the dog, that was jumping up wildly to seize his persecutor, but could not quite reach him. It was the most curious instance of quiet malice that I have ever seen exhibited by an animal.

Mrs. Sewell was a "table-tipper," more reverently styled a "spiritualist." On one occasion a brother officer and myself called to see the captain, probably before we left Montevideo, and found him with Mrs. Sewell, her daughter, and some of their friends. A "table-tipping" was proposed; when the party was made up it consisted of seven or eight persons. It was my first and last experience, and seemed to me very surprising. Questions as to the movements of the vessel were asked by the captain and answered; among other questions, it answered that he was going to the West Indies, which, so far as I know, was not his intention at that time, although he had made up his mind to take the vessel home. He wished to know whether his action would be approved or sustained; but to this the "spirit" made no response. We remained three weeks in Rio, during which time the captain rarely visited the vessel; he lived at a hotel in the city, spending part of the time at Tejuco.

On getting to sea we found the trade-winds quite to the northward, blowing nearly along the coast, and very fresh too. Had we stood off on the port tack and made sufficient easting to clear Pernambuco, we might have spared ourselves at least ten days of heavy battering against a head-wind; as it was, we carried sail heavily and made slow progress; it was three weeks before we weathered the coast, and then the captain did not enter Pernambuco, as he had been ordered to do, but kept on his way

home. After we had reached the Windward Islands he made up his mind to enter the delightful harbor of Bridgetown, on the southwest end of the island of Barbadoes. This island has a larger population in proportion to its surface than any other agricultural district on or near this continent. Here I met my agreeable acquaintance, Turner the chemist, who had left Georgetown, Demerara, with his family and taken up his residence near Bridgetown.

Only a few months before our arrival the cholera had paid a visit to the island and swept off some fifteen thousand of the inhabitants, mostly blacks, they forming the bulk of the population. I was told of Turner's remarkable success in the treatment of the disease, and asked him as to his method. As stated before, he was not a physician but a skilful chemist, and his treatment was entirely gratuitous. He said that there being very few physicians on the island, and none of them being willing to come out of the city, he was called upon by the blacks in their village near by, often when the patient seemed almost in a collapsed state. If he found the attack began by spasms, he administered camphor at once; if it began by diarrhœa, he used the other remedy employed by homœopaths in the United States, with hot applications to the abdomen. He had treated more than two hundred patients, and only five per cent. of them had died. I asked what treatment he would adopt for yellow fever. He replied that if I had asked him in Demerara when I met him there, he would have said one thing, but now he would say another; he had been so successful in the treatment of a very violent type of cholera by homœopathy that, should an occasion arise, he would adopt the same system of treatment for yellow fever.

The day after our arrival was Christmas, and we were in time for a grand "Dignity ball," such as that described by Marryat years before, when slavery gave the festivity its impress. The "Lady" of old was Mistress of Ceremonies at the time of our visit, but it was said that the Dignity balls were not as of old, and certainly the Directress was no longer attractive.

The cultivation of Barbadoes has been in sugar-cane pretty much ever since it was inhabited; and the excellence of the

roads, the fine buildings for the making of sugar, and the very comfortable dwellings of the owners of the plantations gave token that it was still a profitable industry. The inhabitants were very hospitable, as indeed they are usually in new countries, when they have reason to believe that the persons who visit them are worthy of hospitality. There are few trees, and only some moderate elevations of several hundred feet in height on the northern part, the other parts being moderately undulating, and the whole of the island being occupied. It is fringed with coral, and the trade-winds sweep over it almost constantly, being partially broken up in August and a part of September, when the belt of the earth north of the tropics is abnormally heated.

Not only is the land extremely fruitful, but the sea teems with fish,—among them the flying-fish, one of the most delicious pan-fishes of the sea. In the dark of the moon it is caught in any desired quantity by pulling a short distance from shore, or rather hoisting a sail and being blown there, and then lighting a torch. By the use of scoop-nets the boats are loaded down to the gunwale in a few minutes; the fish swarm around in such numbers that they only require to be lifted into the boat. They are put up in oil, and in salt, in earthen jars, and might well take the place of the sardine as a relish. Were the necessities of the islanders greater, these fish would undoubtedly be found in our markets.

We left our hospitable friends on the 2d of January, 1855, and six days after, when north of the island of St. Thomas, had a gale that came near being our last to encounter. The wind had been heavy for twenty-four hours, and three points abaft the starboard beam; we had gone along without shipping much water, with the sails trimmed rather "fine,"—that is, not to get the full force of the wind. The brig steered very well, and that was her only good quality. With the increasing gale the vessel was very uneasy, and at two o'clock P.M. the captain directed that she should be brought by the wind under short sail, or, as seamen call it, "laid to." Of this the log-book says, "At 2.15 took in fore-topsail; at 2.30 brought by the wind under close-reefed main-topsail, foresail, and fore-topmast stay-sail; carried away the fore-topmast stay-sail sheet, and were boarded

by a sea that came near swamping us ; hove to under the close-reefed main-topsail, and at 3.30 close-reefed the main-try-sail, set it, and took in the main-topsail."

Before attempting to bring by the wind we should have hauled up and furled the foresail that was reefed, and set the main-try-sail close-reefed, then taken in our main-topsail and brought her by the wind. Had it not been for the parting of the fore-topmast stay-sail sheet, and either the letting go of the fore-sheet or its parting also, our cruise would have ended then and there. The vessel was pressed down with the weight of canvas, and when the heavy sea boarded her she lay over on her side to such a degree that the water played back and forth over her lee hammock-netting. It did not seem to me possible that she would ever right again, and, standing just abaft the main-mast, looking over the wide expanse of ocean, with nothing but the weather side of the brig visible, I made up my mind that should she go down I would not attempt to prolong my misery by seizing on anything that might be left afloat. I suppose, however, that I would have done so nevertheless, for the instinct to maintain life as long as possible is so great that at the final moment it exerts itself to its utmost, when even reason itself would assert that the struggle was useless.

The captain, who rarely came on deck unless after night, suddenly appeared on deck while the vessel was lying on her beam ends, gave orders to take in the foresail and haul down the stay-sail, and wound up by shouting that he could save the ship if anybody could, and if she could not be saved "we would all go to hell together." He was a very good seaman, and fully appreciated the situation. When we had nothing but the main-topsail on her, the pressure of the wind was so great that the water stood nearly steadily over the sills of the lee gun-ports. After that sail was taken in, under the close-reefed main try-sail the vessel shipped very little water.

During the night the gale gradually died away, and the next day saw us again under sail, pursuing our way to New York. Several days later, we had another heavy blow, but laid the vessel to properly, and the night before we got into port we had a furious southeaster and went before it under a heavy press of

sail. Had we broached-to it would have been bad for all on board. As it was, we overran our log, and at broad daylight found ourselves off Rockaway Beach, with the wind canting south and westward. It was lucky for us that the wind soon after came in a jiffy from the northwest, and before it became very strong we beat in, keeping the Jersey coast close aboard, and by night had gained our port.

Our captain sent a special messenger to the Department announcing the return of the vessel to the United States. His reasons for bringing her home without orders were so unsatisfactory that he was immediately dismissed. He was an excellent seaman, very generous in his disposition, and gentlemanly to those around him under all circumstances. In spite of his derelictions, the officers had a strong personal attachment to him.

I was detached from the wretched vessel before she went to sea: had I not been, it was my intention to resign and follow whatever pursuit I was fitted for, rather than be subjected again to so horrible a life. In August, 1864, when under the command of a volunteer officer, the vessel was capsized in a gale of wind, only one man being left to tell the tale; a small boat remained afloat, and he happened to reach it, and was finally rescued by a passing vessel. Four of the officers who served on board at the time of which I write are yet living. One is a pay director in the navy; another, who became a Confederate general, is now in Louisiana; another, who went into the Southern army, is now in Texas, engaged in the practice of law. All are "as well as could be expected" after such a lapse of time and passing through such scenes.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Ordered to Duty at the Naval Observatory, Washington, under Commander M. F. Maury—Observations on Commander Maury and other Officers on Duty—"Duke" Gwinn—Jefferson Davis—Service on Board the *Saranac*, on a Voyage to the Pacific—An Account of the Voyage from Philadelphia—Incidents of the Voyage, and Mention of the Different Points touched—Service on Board the *Merrimac*—Sail for Tumbes—Payta—San Lorenzo—Callao—Randolph Clay, Minister to Peru—Mummies—Gathering Skulls—Ancient Temples.

AFTER getting clear of this disgusting little brig, which one of the officers very properly said tended to destroy not only self-respect, but respect for anybody and everything, I paid a visit to relatives in Ohio. Up to the last of January the weather was exceptionally mild; then the cold set in and until the latter part of March snow lay on the ground in Washington. At this period there was little shore-duty for young officers. Usually a leave of three months followed a cruise, and, soon after, orders to sea. With officers of rank the case was different from the fact that the number of vessels kept in commission was insufficient to give all of them sea-service save at considerable intervals of time.

I was ordered on duty to the Naval Observatory at Washington, under Commander M. F. Maury, widely known through his wind and current charts, and as the author of the "Geography of the Seas." He had been debarred from service afloat by a broken and much shortened leg, the result of an upset of a stage-coach. At times he would invite me into his office, and would read or discuss something of interest. I recall his indignation on one occasion over a paper published in the *Southern Literary Review* criticising an expression of his relating to the Gulf Stream. He had described it as a river in the ocean, the edges of which were subject to mutations by reason of the winds, and said that it flowed "up-hill." The critic remarked that every fresh-water creek having "bars" in it might in like manner be said to flow "up-hill." The surface alone marked

the plane and determined the flow, which could never be "up-hill." Maury was able and agreeable, and was a pioneer in the study of the seas, and aided greatly in establishing an intelligent navigation of them under sail, which in his day was the only motive power employed, save between Europe and America and routes to and through the Mediterranean, where steam was coming into use to some extent.

A dozen young officers were on duty at that time, most of them engaged in examining log-books and tabulating the results in geographical scales for every month in the year. Others were engaged in calculations of different kinds, among the number Lieutenant Cook, a quaint little North Carolinian who had been at the head of the list of lieutenants for several years, by reason of a "retiring Board" and a subsequent Board restoring officers to the active list, thus overloading the number allowed by law and stopping promotion until the number was reduced to the limit of the law. He was naturally unhappy and could not be patient; had there been one more vacancy before the action of the second Board, he would have been a commander for half a dozen years, a grade he never reached. He resigned in May, 1861, to "serve his State," and during the civil war commanded a small steamer of the Confederate squadron in Pasquotank River under Lynch, which was entirely destroyed by Rowan. When at the Observatory, Cook was often reminded of the honor he enjoyed in being the patriarch of the lieutenants, many of whom were venerable in years. He was disposed, however, to regard this as "chaff."

For some months when on this duty I lived in the same house and sat at the same table with "Duke" Gwinn, who attained his title through the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, after the close of our civil war. He was a large and distinguished-looking man, and a typical Southern politician of that day. In *ante-bellum* times he had been a Washington lobbyist, and he resumed that occupation as soon as he could advantageously do so after the termination of the war. He was a Lesseps' Panama Canal man, but died before the canal was "finished."

My duties occupied me for the greater part of the day, and long walks in the evening, usually up Rock Creek, were my



recreation. In a walk to the Capitol one afternoon, I met Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War. He greeted me cordially, invited me to come and see him at any time, and rather reproached me for not having called. I said he ought to regard my not having done so as an especial mark of favor on my part: he had onerous official duties, and a large number of personal friends who demanded much of his time, to say nothing of the many persons who would come to see him whether welcome or not. He smiled pleasantly, and said those were not the persons he wished to see, but those who, like myself, never had anything to ask of him.

After a little more than two years of Observatory duty I was ordered as second lieutenant of the *Saranac*, lying at Philadelphia, to make a cruise to the Pacific Ocean. Soon after joining the vessel I realized that the executive officer was not an expert in putting a ship in order. The captain was old, had never served on board of a steam vessel-of-war, and had grown up in a great degree in the merchant service. Although not cultured, he had an honest purpose, good sense, and a kind heart. The *Saranac* left Philadelphia on the 15th of October for the island of St. Thomas, to coal, *en route* to our station. On the 28th, in latitude  $35^{\circ}$  north, longitude  $72^{\circ}$  west, we had a heavy gale of twenty-four hours' duration. The jib-boom was carried away, and the cut-offs of the engines worked badly; this caused us to turn back after we had reached latitude  $29^{\circ}$  and longitude  $63^{\circ}$ . When the captain called a council of the officers in relation to returning, I was opportunely in charge of the deck.

The main-mast of the vessel was stepped on the berth-deck, on account of the enginery-placement, instead of on the keelson as usual; the leverage was great, and the enginery being partly secured to the berth-deck served to throw it out of line. The main yard was carried aloft at all times, because it looked "ship-shape," when it should have been lowered and lashed at sea until its use was required; the weight of spars aloft with such an insecure step of the mast could not fail to disarrange the machinery. When we turned back we were nearly head to wind, and when we had a gale we always steamed head on, which, in a short vessel like ours, served to strain and disarrange the

engines. The *Saranac* was quite slow, and, being managed in this way, her coal-consumption was enormous. At last we found it worth while to send down our lower yards and lash them, which we did in a heavy gale with some difficulty.

We reached Norfolk on the 1st of November, and remained there three weeks, making repairs on the enginery, leaving on the 21st. One week out, in latitude  $25^{\circ}$  north, longitude  $63^{\circ}$  west, we had a gale such as has been described as requiring several men to "hold the hair of the captain on his head." Our senior lieutenant, learned, but not in the lore of the sea, said when we were taking tea that should the engines give out we should be "in Davy Jones's locker" in five minutes. About ten P.M. the engines ceased to turn over, the vessel fell off into the trough of the sea, rolled heavily, and shipped a good deal of water. It filled the launch hoisted and topped up on her davits on the weather quarter, and I thought would carry them away. We bored large holes through the bottom and saved her, and set the main try-sail, which made the vessel easier. I had gone on deck when the engines ceased to work, to do whatever might be required. At midnight I took charge of the deck until four A.M., and when relieved was tired enough to go below and sleep despite the heat and vapor. About noon the enginery was adjusted, the gale abated, and we steered for Bridgetown, Barbadoes, where we anchored six days later.

The day after our arrival the captain went on shore to pay his respects to the governor, who lived a short distance from the town. On his return the horses attached to his carriage ran away, and threw him out on the road, bruising him severely. A young officer who accompanied him was also injured, but, being young and strong, soon recovered. The captain did not leave his cabin until we reached Valparaiso, two months later.

Our stay at Bridgetown was two weeks. The inhabitants and the officers of the garrison were very hospitable and agreeable, and the island was free from epidemics, with a delightful trade-wind constantly blowing over it. Almost every part of the island was under cultivation in sugar-cane, and the plantations were models of neatness. It would seem as if there could be no hold for an epidemic such as prevailed a few months before

a former visit, when the island was decimated by the cholera. During my absence of three years the yellow fever had also prevailed, but in a mild form.

Soon after leaving the port we entered a strong current, the continuation of the equatorial, banked between the northeast and southeast trades in the Atlantic in a calm belt of several degrees in width ; this "head" through the surface-friction of the winds causes the waters to flow westward towards Cape St. Roque, on the coast of Brazil, where they bifurcate, more or less flowing southward towards Pernambuco, dependent on the season of the year and the consequent change of direction and force of the trade-winds. By far the larger volume pursues its way along the northern coast of South America and sweeps in great part through the Caribbean Sea, and is finally known as the Gulf Stream from Cape Florida as far north and east as the Banks of Newfoundland, although its continuous onflow reaches the western shores of Europe, and then trends south.

The strength of the current where the Saranac crossed it was about three miles per hour, and the width of the stream was probably one hundred miles ; we had no means of ascertaining its depth, which has since been done at various points with a fair degree of accuracy. We escaped its force by getting well in with the land and following the coast-indentations as far as outlying shoals would allow. A fine young engineer, in order to be more comfortable, was imprudent enough to leave his stateroom and lie under a windsail in the wardroom where the breeze was quite fresh and loaded with a good deal of vapor. This resulted in what is known as a "galloping consumption ;" a month later he was sent from Rio Janeiro invalided, and barely reached home to die. Such cases are supposed by many persons to be climatic, whereas they result simply from lack of knowledge and imprudent exposure.

We reached Pernambuco on the 3d of January, 1858, and for some days loitered at anchor outside of the natural mole of coral, mentioned previously in the account of my visit when on board of the *Water-Witch*. The water here could no doubt be deepened by the use of modern explosives, at small cost and with great benefit.

We arrived at Rio on the 15th of January, and found yellow fever of a fatal type prevalent there. As previously intimated, our executive was not facile; we spent some days in making arrangements for coaling, but, when we did begin, Lieutenant Harris, a very energetic and excellent young officer, and myself, took charge of the operation and got the coal on board very rapidly, the men working admirably in order to enable us to get away, which we did after being eight days in port without contracting the fever. It was near sunset when we left; passing out close to Fort Santa Cruz on the port hand, from which a reef extends a short distance, the officer in charge of the deck, wishing to go to starboard, which means to the right, said, "Starboard" to the helmsman, which means "starboarding the helm." The result of this order was to throw the head of the vessel to the left, and directly towards a reef over which the water was breaking heavily. The officer was either unmindful of the swing of the vessel or not able to comprehend it. We were quite close to the breakers, and no time was to be lost. I was then officer of the fore-castle, and, seeing that without prompt action the vessel would inevitably be lost, sung out, "Hard-a-port the helm." The helmsman at once answered by a loud repetition of the order, and an immediate compliance in porting the helm, which barely saved us from going on the reef. After we had cleared it, I ordered the helm "a-starboard," and the vessel was put on her course towards Raza Island, some ten miles seaward. No conversation subsequently passed between myself and the officer who had charge of the deck at that time in reference to this occurrence.

We pursued our way with excellent weather and entered the Straits of Magellan on the morning of February 5. The entrance is quite wide, but, by reason of shoals and strong currents and the absence of reliable landmarks, is not free from danger. After narrowing considerably, which it does thirty miles beyond, no dangers are encountered until reaching Elizabeth Island, a hundred or more miles from the entrance. With the exception of two narrows which appear little more than a mile wide, some of the bluffs near them on the Terra del Fuego side stretching to the water-line, there is nothing of interest

along this part of the Straits save the great strength of the currents in the narrows at certain stages of the tides. On one of the bluffs we saw, a mile away, a flock of guanacos, beautiful little animals closely resembling the antelope in appearance and size. They are destitute of antlers, and have long white hair on the belly, and a beautiful fur under their soft hair.

It was near sunset when we anchored at Elizabeth Island in order to sound out a passage near kelp floating on the surface and growing on the rocks in five fathoms of water. I obtained a boat and crew, and, accompanied by Dozier, the navigator of the vessel, was soon on shore. The land rose in a succession of long easy slopes, so easy, in fact, that when we had walked a half-mile or more and looked back we found ourselves hundreds of feet above the Saranac, almost without suspecting it. There were some stunted trees in a depression in advance of us, and just outside of the little clump stood a fine deer, utterly unconscious that unmounted men could be an object of danger. We fired together at the word, and the deer fell in his tracks; we found on examination that either shot would have been fatal. We disembowelled the animal, used our handkerchiefs to tie up the forefeet, and commenced our haul of one hundred and fifty pounds' weight; luckily it was down-hill, and as soon as our boat's crew saw us they came to our assistance.

The Patagonians always hunt deer mounted and use what is known as the "bolas," an implement consisting of three thongs of raw hide, each about a yard in length, tied together at one end; at the other end of each thong is a small ball, two of the balls being of wood and the other of lead. When used, the thongs holding the two wooden balls are held in the hand, and the leaden ball swung around the head, the rider going as rapidly as possible, and let fly at a favorable opportunity. They are thrown with great dexterity, often to a distance of sixty yards. If successful the thongs wind around the hind legs of the animal and tie them together, or around one leg, embarrassing his movements greatly. Cattle as well as deer are brought to a halt in this manner; and the legs of deer and guanacos are often broken by the violence of the blow from the lead ball. The general appearance of the deer killed was sim-

ilar to that of our own deer, except that the hair was several inches long, probably due to the continuous moisture and to the coldness of the atmosphere.

In the morning, after sounding out the channel, the Saranac left for Sandy Point, where we arrived in two hours, and anchored. It was then a new settlement, established by the government of Chili some years before. The houses were of frame, not at all of the style usual in Spanish America; there was a small garrison of soldiers, and perhaps a dozen families other than those connected with the Chilian government. The question whether potatoes would grow or not was then debated; lettuce and some other vegetables had been planted successfully.

A coal-seam was known twelve miles distant, the greater part of the distance lying along the bed of a rocky mountain-stream. I found a Chilian *vaquero*, a person corresponding to our "cow-boy," who was willing to get a companion and myself horses and to serve as guide to visit it. We set out about nine A.M., and traversed an undulating plain for a mile or so, then entered a sheltered valley heavily covered with a large growth of timber, which the guide called *roble*, or oak, but altogether unlike our oak in appearance. Many of the fallen trunks were four feet in diameter, and there were many dead trunks of a tall slender tree that had the appearance of pine or cedar, but I saw none that were alive. The broad bottom of land was the wash from the ravine which we soon entered. What surprised me greatly was the sight of thousands of parrots, such as are found in the Argentine Confederation, that come to nest in this cool region. They appeared to be almost the only wood birds of that region. Of course a little later in the season they migrate to their usual habitat, which extends as far northward as Corrientes, high up on the Paraguay River. These parrots are not endowed with the faculty of speech save in their own language, and are supposed to be cave-dwellers in the cliffs along the Paraguay River and elsewhere.

In going up the ravine some eight miles, we crossed its rocky bed fifty times. Here and there we would leave the bed and clamber over rocks across points. The weather was cloudy,

with occasional light showers, as is usual in that region. We saw small lumps of coal lying in the bed of the stream, and when we reached the deposit known to our guide we found a seam not more than fifteen inches in thickness, with very little exposed surface, and situated a few feet above the bed of the stream. The *vaquero* had brought his dogs, and we our guns, as we had been promised a chance of shooting a deer; this would have been more probable had we left the dogs at home.

The coal-seam is probably about fifteen hundred feet above the sea; from this point we found our way up the mountain-side several hundred feet; the tree-vegetation was small, but the ground was covered with succulent shrubs and weeds, which we were told remained almost unfrozen and green the winter through, under a depth of several feet of snow, furnishing an abundant food-supply for deer and guanacos. When we came down we followed the spur of a mountain at places so steep that the horses sat upon their haunches and dragged themselves down with their forefeet,—my first and only experience of such a manœuvre. I would not have dared to attempt the descent had not the *vaquero* taken the lead; he was said to be one of the best riders in Chili.

Although the latitude of Sandy Point is about  $53^{\circ}$  south, and that of Cape Horn three degrees farther south, Terra del Fuego and Southern Patagonia are so narrow and limited in area that there is little accumulation of cold, and the huge volcanic masses covered with ice and snow serve to condense the vapor almost constantly and thus raise the temperature.

After lying two days at anchor, we left Sandy Point, and, after a run of fifteen miles, passed Port Famine, well known to the ordinary reader; the locality seemed to have a fair amount of shelter, and wood in abundance, a thing quite unusual on the shores of the Straits, and the hills, or rather mountains, had an abrupt look. Not until Cape Froward is passed, twenty miles from Sandy Point, does the desolate grandeur of the Straits present itself, much added to in scenic effect by an almost constant gale, lashing the waters into a battering sea and fiercely-rolling white-caps.

At Cape Froward there is a bend of the Straits, and when

quite near the base of its perpendicular cliffs, several thousand feet in height on the western face, the whole scene is presented as suddenly as the stage in a theatre on the rising of the drop-curtain. So fierce are the winds and the driving sleet against that face of the cape that nothing is seen but barren rocks, seamed and scored by dashing mountain-torrents, white with spray, stretching from the water's edge to a height painful to look at when a vessel passes within a few hundred feet of the base.

Across the Straits, on the Terra del Fuego side, there was great obscurity, and rising out of many lofty peaks were columns of black smoke, spreading out into a dark canopy thousands of feet above the peaks. On the Patagonian side, looking to seaward, were indentations between lofty mountains covered far down their sides with snow and glaciers, as disclosed by the green beds of ice and the white spray of the waters rushing down the mountain-sides.

Far away over the land, at a height of thousands of feet, the atmosphere was actually undisturbed, as could be seen by the columns of volcanic smoke. Over the waters, driving in from the ocean between shores barely visible, were fierce squalls, with rain and sleet, known as "willy-waughts," that whistle as fiercely as winds can. The desolate poetic grandeur of land and sea, from Cape Froward to Cape Pillar, a distance of ninety miles, is beyond anything that I have seen on the coast of Labrador or elsewhere.

The force of the wind and the sea was so great that after a few hours' struggle with them we hauled in to the right shore, sheltered by a headland, and anchored in what is known to navigators as Wood's Cove, from which we looked with interest and composure at the elemental strife that continued to rage within a few hundred yards of our anchorage. We were quite comfortable during the night, and the next morning got under way and stood out; the wind was soon piping through our rigging; we tugged away under high steam until the sun was low, making less than two miles per hour. The nervous lieutenant asked me what I thought of going into Cordova Bay for the night; I replied that we might do so without disadvantage. Away he



went to the executive officer to bring it about, and soon after, with the wind and sea abeam, we were approaching a bay rarely visited. It was described by Admiral Byron of the British navy a century ago. After getting into smooth water, being in charge of the deck, I pointed out to the executive officer some shelving ground farther up, as offering an indication of a probable anchoring-ground near by. The marine officer suggested entering a little passage-way on our left between high mountains seemingly hardly one hundred yards apart. His suggestion was adopted, perhaps because he was a *marine officer*. After getting into a very small basin, no bottom could be found with a line of one hundred and twenty fathoms; beyond was another opening, somewhat wider; passing in, we found ourselves in a circular basin some two miles in diameter, with no bottom at a depth of one hundred and twenty fathoms. The water was smooth, but the wind blew furiously in squalls over the mountains, which were several thousand feet in height. The executive officer was greatly perplexed, and told me he thought of "placing two lights on shore and steering for them." I replied that I did not know how he would do that; it seemed to me preferable to take a kedge and hawser to the weather shore, plant the kedge in the rocks and bring the hawser off as a "guess warp" by which the vessel could ride at anchor during the night. He said it would take all night to effect this; I replied that if he would give me charge of the vessel I would do it in an hour. He assented. I called Lieutenant Harris to take charge of the deck, lowered the cutter, passed in a kedge, and was passing in a hawser, when the fussy man appeared and told us to hold on in the boat, he intended to back the vessel. I asked him to be good enough to leave the vessel in charge of Lieutenant Harris, as otherwise I could not fulfil my promise. I had instructed Harris to keep watch on my boat, and, when he saw me pulling out, to steam in slowly, and avoid running us down, as the executive officer would probably have done had he been in charge of the deck. In a few minutes I reached the shore, planted the kedge in a cleft of the rocks, and pulled out where Harris brought the Saranac and took the hawser on board. It was then twilight; the days were quite long in that high latitude and twilight lasted

until ten o'clock. As I stepped over the gangway the executive officer was there; and the man at the lead reported seventeen fathoms of water. I said, "Now, sir, you can let go an anchor." "No, sir," said he; "were I to do so, if the vessel should tail in she would go on shore." I made no reply to this hopelessly inapt man. The vessel was actually lying at the end of a hawser more than six hundred feet long, and had the wind set on shore she would have swung to the anchor had that been let go, her length being less than one-third the hawser's: a few revolutions of the engine would have dragged the anchor into deep water off the ledge, and we should have been entirely free from the shore.

We rode by the hawser until about noon the next day, when the continued swinging of the vessel over a large arc had worked the kedge out of the cleft in the rock, and we found ourselves drifting away from the shore. The hawser was hove in and the kedge planted as before, but it was nightfall before this was effected. We lay for another twenty-four hours in like manner.

During our stay I got a boat and crew and visited the beach. There were numbers of small black muscles growing on the rocks, like those found at the Delaware Breakwater: these made a very acceptable dish. We found several very small pearls in them after they were cooked. We caught also many rock cod-fish of a pound or so in weight, resembling those caught off the New England coast, and quite as delicious. In the precipitous rocky ravines worn by the falling waters were some beautiful flowers and an exuberant vegetation, but wherever the winds had full sweep there was nothing to be seen but barren rocks. Doubtless in sheltered places in the interior guanacos and deer would have been found, but the extreme roughness of the country forbade the attempt to explore. It is well known that the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego live almost wholly on shell-fish and other fish and the eggs of birds. Although these animals abound, they make no attempt to kill them. We saw only one canoe in the Straits, and the two persons in it avoided us.

In the evening the captain sent for me; his injury at Barbadoes six weeks before had confined him to the cabin ever since.

He asked if I thought the vessel in danger; I replied no, but that she would ride much better if an anchor were let go; should a change of wind then occur she would tail in and be pointed fair, and a few turns of the engine would drag the anchor off the ledge into deep water; besides, it would prevent the vessel from swinging on a great arc at the end of more than one hundred fathoms of line, and thus work adrift again, as she had done before. A heavy squall at that instant struck the vessel, and we felt the shock and heard the noise of the chain running out of the hawse-hole. I added that all had been done by letting go the anchor that could be to insure the vessel against accident; he might rest entirely content. On getting on deck I found that the nervous lieutenant had let go an anchor, to prevent the vessel, as he said, from parting the hawser.

The heavy squalls came at intervals, with great force, the same as when we had entered; the clouds swirled over the almost perpendicular mountain-tops near the bases of which we lay, and the Scotch mist fell incessantly.

When tied up to the weather shore, our fires were banked, and, by spreading them, in a few minutes we would be able to control the vessel under steam in smooth water. Early in the morning of the third or fourth day, in a heavy squall, the vessel dragged the kedge and anchor, and we drifted from the shore; the awnings were furled, hawser and cable hove in, and we steamed out through the passage we had entered. Keeping in to the left shore, we made more progress in the sea reach than we had done before. Late in the afternoon we were up with Cape Pillar; as we approached the cape either there was a general or a local change in the weather; the sun came out, and after reaching the open waters of the Pacific the wind was no longer violent; we could have gone northward sheltered for several hundred miles, near to the island of Chiloe, within an archipelago, but chose to go outside to buffet the seas. For three days we had fair weather, and then a heavy gale nearly ahead. The wind struck us on the port bow quite suddenly, and so fiercely that only after hours of trial, and through counter-bracing the after-yards, were we able to get the wind on the other bow, so that the drift would be off instead of on shore. In the

heavy sea and wind we cracked the cap of a pillar-block over the shaft, which we found out the next morning and secured by a stanchion as well as we could. We arrived at Valparaiso on the 20th of February, with very little coal in the bunkers, and were glad to get there.

A third of a century ago Valparaiso was an attractive, busy little town, with a recently-completed railroad to the capital. It had received a great impetus from the gold-mining in California of 1850, through the exportation of wheat and other products that were sold at fabulous prices. The native inhabitants, together with many foreigners of different nationalities many of whom married Chilenas, formed a very agreeable, intelligent society.

Approaching, and many miles from the coast when the shoreline was far below the horizon, we saw the ranges of mountains rising one above the other in colossal grandeur, and among them the giant volcanic peak Aconcagua, seemingly at no great distance, but actually far away. The town at that time was almost entirely below a line of cliffs near the circular beach that surrounded the indentation, for, properly speaking, Valparaiso had no harbor; there was an anchorage in uncomfortably deep water, quite exposed to the north, whence came at times violent gales that strewed the beach with wrecks. The cliffs that lay back of the city were known to sailors as the *Fore*, *Main*, and *Mizen* tops, where they are supposed to have had high old times aloft, in years that have passed, some of the sailors tumbling down the precipices after night with fatal or serious injuries.

After having gained the tops of the cliffs, some two hundred feet in height, the ascent into the interior was gradual, but steep withal, with here and there a small neat cottage by the roadside; in a mile or so the top of the ridge was gained, more than one thousand feet above the sea. These mountain-ranges were covered with bushes and shrubs, almost without exception resinous, and many of them aromatic. At some distance from the summit there was a fork in the road, the one to the right leading to a height overhanging the *quebrada*, corresponding to gulch in English, a narrow valley lying more than a thousand feet below, with the slope so steep that once started downward by accident man and horse would not bring up before reaching the bottom.

There was a road partly cut in the earth on the side of the hill, so narrow that two mules laden could not pass. The Saranac remained at anchor in the roadstead for six weeks, during which time when off duty I rode over the country within reasonable distances; and I have kindly remembrances of the charming people whom I had the pleasure of meeting.

We left for Coquimbo, where we arrived the next day. At that time a considerable quantity of the copper of commerce, at a price about four times its present market value, was smelted at this locality. Instead of mountains there were hills, not covered with trees, but pleasing withal, and at a distance of some miles were *vegas*, or fertile plains, where irrigated alfalfa grew with great luxuriance. Although our stay was short, it was long enough for us to have two earthquakes; they occurred almost twenty-four hours apart, and to us on board the apparent feeling was as if the vessel were being hauled over a sand-bar; it is difficult to conceive how an earthquake can communicate such a sensation, yet the same has been observed on the high seas. When the first one occurred, I happened to be on deck, and, looking shoreward, observed a number of laden mules standing near the copper smelting-works. As soon as the shock occurred they bolted for the top of a hillock near by, and did not stop until they reached it. There was no disturbance of the sea-level, which on another occasion since that time destroyed the smelting-works. The air and sky were perfectly charming. There is only one place on the face of the globe where these conditions are almost perpetual, the intermissions being just sufficient to delude the inhabitants into a sense of tolerable security and make them pay a heavy penalty. That spot is Payta, of which I shall have something to say.

After a short stay we left for the Chincha Islands, situated nearly one hundred miles south of Callao and some twenty miles off the coast of Peru. Probably one-half the guano deposit had been removed at that time, and a very large number of ships were then engaged in carrying it, principally to Europe. There is a heavy swell setting in almost constantly from the southwest, yet perhaps there is no part of the globe so rarely disturbed by heavy weather as that region. Vessels that were

taking cargoes were anchored to moorings as near the rocks as possible, and by means of chutes projecting over the cliffs were loaded with great despatch. The middle island was half out away when we were there, and the escarpment was nearly perpendicular and more than one hundred feet in depth. The northern face was yet untouched, and was quite steep, and difficult to ascend when the heavy mists of the night had wet the surface. Near the bottom the guano had been so compacted through ages of time that when the pickaxes struck it the sound had a dull metallic ring. Eggs of sea-fowl and carcasses of seal were frequently found embedded where they had lain for centuries; walking over the surface of that part which was still undisturbed by the pickaxe was no easy matter, the feet being embedded several inches, and every short distance, on stepping over the excavations of a sea-fowl, not unlike the rock-pigeon in appearance, I found myself more than knee-deep in loose guano by breaking through into the burrows of the birds. After a visit to the island one became so permeated by the odor that he could have been used as a walking advertisement for our fertilizing industries.

We spent several days most agreeably in visiting the islands and their rocky bases, and looking for shell-fish of curious shape and appearance, then left for Callao, a day's run to the northward. The island of San Lorenzo, which is some miles in length and several thousand feet in height, lies six miles from Callao, and serves to break in a great degree the heavy swells along that coast, coming as they do over thousands of miles of unbroken sea. We left this anchorage almost immediately for Panama, where we arrived six days later. The steam frigate Merrimac was there, and I was ordered to her to fill the vacancy caused by sending home the second lieutenant. The Merrimac was one of five vessels built by our government a few years before, larger and with a better armament than any vessels of that time of a frigate build. Her enginery and that of the Roanoke, of which I had personal knowledge, were very indifferent, yet on different designs. The Minnesota, of which I knew something during our civil war, had probably the best machinery; the models differed little and they were well-built

wooden ships. Their batteries were composed of forward and after spar-deck ten-inch pivot-guns and broadside nine-inch shell-guns, and were very effective against earthworks at even two thousand yards' distance, but better at two-thirds that range. Not one of such guns burst during our entire civil war, nor did any of the eleven-inch, of which we had a great many afloat. The battery of the Merrimac received a great deal of attention, and was as effectively served as perhaps that of any other vessel. On trial at the island of San Lorenzo, the after pivot-gun was fired, then loaded and fired five times at a target eight hundred yards distant, planted on the island. The time was three minutes and forty-seven seconds, hitting a ten-foot target three times out of the five, and the other two barely missing it. When it is remembered that the long, heavy swell caused some delay and had to be allowed for, this was certainly a very extraordinary result, and showed great training and skill.

A week after I joined the Merrimac we sailed for Tumbes, memorable as the landing-place of Pizarro when he reached Peru. We lay some distance from the entrance to the river, which has only a few feet of water on the bar; there was a long swell, but as it came in deflected it did not break violently, as is usually the case in shoal water. The bar had great numbers of sharks upon it, waiting doubtless for something to turn up. They would swim along not far from our boats, with their triangular dorsal fins partly out of the water; and here and there a huge alligator would raise his head above the surface of the water. It would have been an unfortunate place to be upset, as there would have been lively competition between the sharks and the alligators in picking up the people. There was a considerable primitive town some fifteen miles up the river; but my visit extended only half that distance: on the sandy banks of the river there were hundreds of alligators of enormous size, which when we first passed along were indifferent to our presence. A number were shot and either killed or wounded, but without exception they got into the water. Our boats had passed along only a few times subjecting them to this experience, when they took in the whole situation, and were no longer to be seen on the beach; hearing the noise of the oars in the rowlocks they

got into the water and looked at us with comparative safety. Any one who has seen the eye and the nostril of a large alligator when he rises to the surface to make an observation will not be likely to mistake him for another object.

The banks of the river were low, and covered with trees of fair size, upon which we saw many nests of the frigate-bird, trim-looking and black. I had never before seen them anywhere than on the ocean, far away from land. The tail-feathers are long, and end in a point like a marline-spike.

After a very short anchorage off Tumbes, we left for Payta, and after a voyage of four days anchored in a bight half a mile from a narrow sand-beach with perpendicular bluffs two hundred feet in height close behind, and extending along the beach as far as the eye could reach. This steep unbroken bluff is the edge of a great plateau extending along the coast and far inland, rising gradually from the coast, where the outlines of distant mountain-ranges are visible. Fifteen miles to the northward is the mouth of a considerable stream that comes from the mountains in the interior. The water is used to some extent in irrigating broad fertile lowlands on the borders of the stream, known as *vegas*. The water-supply of Payta was brought on donkeys from this stream, carried in kegs or calabashes lashed to a light framework placed on the backs of the animals. They went in caravans of twenty or more, guided usually by two persons. When the sun heats the sandy plain traversed by these caravans, extraordinary mirages are presented; great fantastic monsters, ill defined and constantly varying in outline, appear to be moving rapidly along; on a nearer approach, in a moment the phantom dissipates, and at a distance of one or two hundred yards will be seen a number of donkeys with their drivers.

The Payta of that day consisted of some two hundred bamboo houses built on the sea-beach beneath the cliff of sand. The houses were covered with light mats, serving as a shelter from the sun during the day, and from the Scotch mists that come nightly. Rains visit this region only at intervals of years, but when they do come they are often very heavy and do an immense amount of damage, as noted by the newspapers a few years ago. On the plateau no animal life is seen other than a small, dirty-



looking lizard, which is not abundant, nor is there any vegetable life save a small prickly plant which would scarcely be noticed unless sought, and which has to be looked at closely to be recognized as a living organism. The charm of Payta is in the climate, which is the most delightful that I have found the world over. There is no approach to its perfection elsewhere. The visitor sails into the anchorage at noonday with a moderate sea-breeze, and the vessel anchors in the clear blue water half a mile from the shore-line ; light fleecy clouds float in the air, and the temperature is delightful ; as the day advances, the breeze freshens, and light caps crest the waves ; as the evening comes on and the sun sinks below the horizon, the breeze dies away into a zephyr and the stars come out one by one in the quiet sky ; mists begin to gather, and soon after midnight the stars are hidden ; then as morning approaches the clouds assume a threatening appearance ; the sun rises with an appearance of a rainy, disagreeable day ; when it is well above the horizon it peeps out between the clefts in the clouds, and soon after they vanish or float away, giving sunshine and shadow over the waters and the land in rare perfection ; the breeze comes in again from the sea and a day follows as bright as the one that preceded ; and so it is, week after week and month after month, until, after a long interval, down comes the rain in torrents for a few hours, destroying everything in the houses, and then again the sunshine in all its glory, undisturbed by the changes of temperature that give the sensation of disagreeable heat or cold. Of course back on the plains it is disagreeably hot after the sun is well up, and it remains so until the sun goes down. But the climate is the only enjoyable feature of Payta. Among the many disagreeables are the fleas, which hold high revel night and day.

We left on the 11th of July, and after the engines had banged, as they always did, for six mortal days, we anchored off the island of San Lorenzo, several miles outside the usual anchorage of Callao, for target-practice, of which I have already made mention. It was very gratifying to me, as this was the first vessel to which I had been attached where target-practice was satisfactorily carried out. In a few days we shifted our anchorage near to Callao, and were able to visit that city and Lima,

the latter seven miles distant by railroad ; seen from the anchorage over an inclined plane, it was quite picturesque. In the background were parallel mountain-ranges, those in the interior rising one above the other until the third or fourth range was lost in the distance : they are without verdure, and have not the fantastic forms that enchant the eye on approaching the coast of Brazil. When on duty on board, I watched the large sea-birds with great interest near the vessel ; they would dive in platoons of fifty or a hundred and strike the water with the sound of a volley of musketry, quite dumfounding the fish, and, having seized their prey far below the surface, would reappear and bear it away. Other platoons would follow in quick succession, for hours at a time, until the birds were satisfied with their catch.

Looking at the señoritas in Lima as they gracefully walked along the streets in the evening, clothed in the *saya y manta*, with one bright eye peering out, was a joy in itself. A little later in life they are less attractive, from the fact that the climate is so damp that the functions of the skin are not active, which gives the liver too much work, and they do not stimulate it by exercise, as they should do to keep healthy. Before the railroad was built, they were in the habit of backing horses astride and riding to Callao or elsewhere, and it was a joke with them to ride along at a good round pace, and, putting their foot under that of some young incautious middle, with the rise of the horse throw him out of the saddle or dismount him. They no longer pay these attentions to their visitors, however.

Beneath the cathedral, in a vault, clothed in a gown of black silk, were the mortal remains of that extraordinary man, Pizarro, shown to visitors by persons in charge ; one of our officers went into the vault, and, bribing the attendant, tore a part of the gown and robbed the body of a toe. I tried in vain to establish in the mind of that man a feeling of shame for the commission of this act. I have to add, in justice to officers educated in the service, that he was a medical officer, who, soon after reaching the United States, went where he belonged.

In his personal narrative Humboldt remarks how deceptive is the eye as regards levels ; he had ascended six hundred feet

in going from Callao to Lima in a distance of about seven miles without being conscious of making an ascent.

At the time of our visit, Mr. Randolph Clay was our minister to Peru ; he and his charming Scotch wife were very hospitable. At their house were frequent assemblies of persons of note, native and foreign. At one of these receptions I had the pleasure of meeting the Chevalier de Schurzer, an Austrian scientist who had been the head of an Austrian scientific expedition around the world on board of the frigate *Astrolabe*, then on her voyage home. He was good enough to invite me to accompany him on a visit to the ruins of Pachacamac, twenty-five miles from Lima, on the sea-beach to the southward. We went on horse-back, accompanied by a guide, and had the hospitality of a country-house on a large sugar-estate known as Lurin, whose owner was absent, and spent two days in the vicinity.

Before I left the United States, the editor of the *Democratic Review* had asked me to write a paper for his magazine. In fulfilment of my promise I wrote of this visit ; and I will here give an extract from the fourth number, published in 1860. The article is entitled "A Visit to the Ruins of Pachacamac."

"We rode for hours over rolling sandy plains, passing numbers of *huacos* (burial-places of long ago). They are considerable hillocks, without vegetation, and beneath their surface are found numbers of human bodies, porcelain, and other relics of the past. At length there was a curve in the road, which brought in sight a few green trees, and soon afterwards the eminence upon which are the ruins of Pachacamac, 'which' [a historian says] 'was the only one in all the country dedicated to the Supreme Being, and for this reason it was visited by pilgrims from the most remote regions to present their offerings and to adore the Deity.' As we neared the trees, a few miserable thatched huts became visible ; dirty, long-haired, and almost naked children peeped curiously out to see the strangers, whose arrival was announced by the general barking of all the dogs. Finally, the full-grown bipeds, male and female, came lazily out to gratify their curiosity. We had no reason to think, from their appearance, that the centuries of intercourse with civilized races, and their Christianity, had exalted them mentally, morally,

or physically above their possible progenitors, who may have reared the city now roofless, voiceless, and desolate. After a few minutes' conversation, we started on our way; a long line of adobes (unburned blocks of clay) lined the pathway, and human skeletons and shreds of cotton cloths strewed the loose sand; hair once black, changed by the lapse of centuries to a dull brown, hung in matted masses upon the skulls, and the 'sightless orbs' were upturned in death to the broad rays of their deity in life,—the sun. The sides of the hills are so thickly covered with graves yet undisturbed that we had no difficulty in obtaining mummies; as the men dug with mattock and spade, a fine impalpable dust and loose stones were thrown out, and soon disclosed bodies tied so that the chin rests upon the knees, and the heels against the upper part of the thigh-bone, the arms folded close against the body, with the hand resting against the lower part of the ear. The bodies are swathed in cotton cloths, many of them of brilliant colors and beautifully woven, then put in sacks or wrapped around with coarser cloth and enclosed with a net-work of coarse meshes made of a species of Sisal hemp, and fitting so closely as to reveal at once the outline of the human figure, folded as described. The bodies have dried without decay, and the cloths and sacks are often unstained, as though but recently interred; this no doubt arises from the fact that there is no rainfall sufficient to penetrate the earth; the bodies were interred in dust, and dust it has remained for at least three centuries. The earth is highly charged with nitrate of soda, which perhaps has aided to prevent decay.

“When our men had disinterred several mummies, my friend was at a loss to know if his carrying off the skulls would shock the *paisanos* (country people). On asking their views, they replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, ‘*Porque no llevarlos si Ustedes gustan? aquellos no son nada mas que cráneos de Gentiles.*’ (‘Why should you not take them if you wish? they are only the skulls of heathens.’)

“We made a tour through long streets of the ancient and now roofless city, between adobe houses of imposing size, over the door-ways of which were found undecayed layers of small

reeds which served as lintels. The absence of extreme heat and cold, and the fact that they were never saturated by rains, must account for their preservation for so many centuries.

“ We ascended on horseback a steep pathway and stood upon the site of the ancient temples of Pachacamac and of Con. Their foundations are not visible, but, buried beneath the *débris*, may be disinterred at some future time. The summit of the hill covers nearly an acre of ground, and is about four hundred and thirty feet above sea-level. The slope facing towards the sandy plain is divided into three escarpments, which are walled in part with stones and in part with adobes, and plastered with clay and painted red : the color has withstood the vicissitudes of the climate for centuries and bids fair to do so for some time to come. These walled escarpments are each some twenty-five feet in height and in the form of stairs, thus forming benches which could be occupied by men defending the place.

“ The side towards the sea is crowned by an adobe wall, built with buttresses, and crenellated or niched, after the manner of Moorish towers ; the lower part of the hill on that side was also cut perpendicularly and walled to a considerable height. The hill itself, as well as the surrounding heights, appears to be composed of a friable gneiss. . . . From the trees which skirted the beautiful valley of Lurin came up the song of birds, and ceaselessly the loud monotonous roar of the ocean, as it did in the time of the Incas. In the distance, through the shifting mists peered the majestic peaks of the Andes, blanched by the eternal snows and glittering in the sunlight.”

During our return from Pachacamac to Lima, on horseback, we experienced an earthquake : it frightened the animals greatly.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Sandwich Islands—Acapulco—Leon—Realejo—Nicaragua—A Tropical Forest—Mr. Lamar, United States Minister—General Tomas Martinez—Native Rum—A Trip to the Country—The Solteras—Hammocks—A Shooting—Excursion—Alligators—Mr. Lamar's Archives—Visit from the President—The Wardroom Steward and the Black Dog—The Decatur, Vandalia, and Saranac—The British Minister—Panama—Valparaiso—Reach Norfolk.

AFTER spending some weeks at anchor at Callao, occupying ourselves with what was interesting, it was with pleasure that we tripped anchor for the Sandwich Islands, five thousand miles away. The voyage was over the smoothest part of the Pacific Ocean, and we literally "only had to sit down and let the wind blow us along," which an old woman said was all that sailors did at sea, besides "spinning yarns." The voyage occupied more than a month, and it was the 23d of October when we dropped anchor off the port of Honolulu, the depth of water not permitting vessels of more than fifteen feet draught to enter. It is a beautiful coral-protected harbor, and might readily be blasted to a depth sufficient to admit heavy vessels. As we passed we had a grand view of the island of Hawaii, and many were the regrets that we could not pay it a visit. As we approached Honolulu we saw in the bare volcanic rocks several small extinct craters, known as the Devil's punch-bowls. They were very much like those inside of Cape Pillar on Terra del Fuego.

It was rainy and muddy during the ten days that we were at anchor off the port, and I saw little of the shore in that time. I, however, rode on horseback across the island, ascending all the time, and reached the line of cliffs more than a thousand feet in height, which are almost perpendicular, and which overhang a broad and apparently very fertile plain, near the level of the water. I saw enough of the islanders to convince me that they would soon be extinct, as they would have little chance in the struggle for the "survival of the fittest."

We were glad to leave for Acapulco, not that it has any great

charm, but to get letters from our friends and visit the coast of Nicaragua, whither we were bound. We were thirty-one days under sail when we entered the harbor. In the time of the Spanish galleons Acapulco was one of the richest ports of the world. The trade with the Philippine Islands was productive of great wealth for that day, and it was only so lately as 1780 that Anson blockaded it with a pertinacity that seems wonderful. I have in the preceding pages spoken of Anson's visit to the islands of Tinian and Saypan of the Ladrone chain, a stopping-place between Acapulco and the Philippines. The only thing notable at this day at Acapulco is an immense escarpment of a hill that was cut away to allow the sea-breeze to enter, in the hope of making the fevers that affected the town less fatal. At certain seasons of the year a congestive fever has wrought serious ravages among the crews of vessels-of-war lying at this port. The inner and the outer harbor, and the low ground between them covered with luxuriant cocoa-nut-trees, are beautiful. When vessels-of-war visit Acapulco, they should, except there be some good reason to the contrary, get under way as soon as the land-breeze sets out, and when clear of the offing should remain there until the sea-breeze sets in. This will assure a healthy crew and an agreeable temperature, and will serve besides as a useful exercise. When in this port we made a compass-deviation card, swinging ship by means of kedges and hawsers laid out for that purpose.

After remaining ten days without contracting the fever, we left for Corinto, known at that time as Realejo. The run along the coast was very agreeable; we had a bright moon and a good breeze; it was curious to observe the large fleecy clouds, as they came down with the wind, grow less and less, and finally disappear from the dryer atmosphere we were reaching. Our voyage was short: on the 7th of December we anchored off the port, and, after sounding out the entrance and the harbor, we entered two days later and moored ship, the harbor being too narrow to allow so long a vessel as the Merrimac to ride at single anchor.

A few days after our arrival Captain Hitchcock, who commanded the Merrimac, invited me to accompany him to Leon,

about thirty miles distant from Realejo, a small village five miles from our anchorage, situated up a small creek that was almost dry at low water. Horses were to be provided by Pio Castellano, the alcalde of the village, who was to accompany us as guide, and we were to start early, so as to reach Leon before night. We were at the village early enough, but it was afternoon before Pio brought the horses and we set out by a pathway through the wood which fell into a wagon-road some miles beyond. For a time we were shaded by magnificent trees, from many of which depended the long branches of climbing vines, so that we had to keep a bright lookout to avoid being dragged off our horses by some of them. A densely-shaded tropical forest is usually quite obscure from the matted vines that interlace and cover the tree-tops.

When it grew dark, which occurs very suddenly in the tropics, we were ten miles from Leon; the rainy season, which was just over, had cut the road into ravines; in narrow places our horses would sometimes step down to a depth of two feet; in daylight this would not have been difficult, but in the dark it was an uncertain operation, and we proceeded slowly from necessity. It was ten o'clock when we arrived at the hotel where our minister made his quarters. He was Mr. Mirabeau B. Lamar, from Texas, gentlemanly in manner, rather small in stature, poetic in expression, and, as I learned afterwards, had written a book of poetry as big as a Bible, which I made inquiry for on reaching home and did not find. There was nothing aggressive about him, although he was one of Sam Houston's braves in the taking of Texas; nor was he a person who would be regarded with any particular interest by a stranger. He knew nothing of the language of the country, and, like many other of our diplomats and consular representatives abroad, seemed to be indifferent to it on general principles; nevertheless he had an abiding faith in the honesty of the native Nicaraguans and in the healthfulness of the liquor of the country. I must add, to avoid a suspicion of malice, that I never saw him tipsy, and feel sure that should he ever have been so he would have "behaved like a gentleman." The next day Mr. Lamar accompanied Captain Hitchcock to pay



his respects to his Excellency General Tomas Martinez, the President of Nicaragua, and I was invited to accompany them. The President was quite a young man for that position, and was handsome and agreeable. He had shown courage and ability a year or two earlier in aiding to expel the filibuster Walker, called by his admirers the "gray-eyed man of destiny."

After spending two days at Leon, and looking at a large and costly cathedral built by the old Spaniards, we returned by way of Chichagalpa and Chinendega, making the distance to Realejo about forty miles. We set out in the afternoon while the sun was still well up, and, riding fast, got over the fifteen or more miles before night, and found a fairly comfortable *posada*, or country hotel, at Chichagalpa. The road was dusty, and as soon as we arrived I sent our guide to get a bottle of *aguardiente*, or native rum made from sugar-cane: this, diluted with water, I applied externally in washing, and internally in clearing the mouth and nostrils from dust. The captain came in, and seeing me using some rum in the water, asked a taste, which I gave him. He made a face, threw it away, and pronounced it "awful stuff." I presented the remainder of the bottle to the guide, who was soon in fine feather, and was still so the next morning.

We set out early, to avoid the heat of the day, and made twenty miles very agreeably. The whole distance traversed from Leon to Chinendega was over a very fertile plain, with few *haciendas* and residences; to the north, at a distance of three leagues, was a range of volcanic mountains, with five peaks some four or five thousand feet in height; their flanks were covered with foliage nearly to their summits. As we journeyed towards Chinendega our guide was voluble and suggestive as to our comfort on our arrival; he said there was no *posada* that was respectable, and proposed that we should go to the house of some one of the several families whom he named, who would be pleased to see us. We considered his proposition favorably, and alighted at the house of a former Spanish consul, Navarro, whose four daughters were known as *solteras*, the Spanish term for "spinsters,"—which, however, does not carry with it the offensiveness that usually attaches to our term "old maids."

We were invited into a large airy room, presented with cigars, and requested to seat ourselves in hammocks, which at that time were always suspended in the sitting-rooms. The captain declined, from a fear of seeming too familiar, but, as I had been in Paraguay and other Spanish-American countries and knew *los costumbres del pais*, I seated myself, lighted my cigar, and entered into conversation with the *solteras*, bright women, though no longer young. I wished to know how it happened that four such agreeable young ladies had not married, and was told, with a smile, that they had had no offers. I pronounced this *disparate* (nonsense), saying that I had too high an opinion of the good taste of Nicaraguan gentlemen to believe this for a moment, and that I knew ladies in my own country who, instead of marrying and making one man happy, delighted in exciting the admiration and love of all, and then maliciously refusing all offers. The captain, who was naturally formal, fell in at once with my jocularities, as did also the *solteras*. I was the interpreter with a not overburdened vocabulary, but had at least the wish to say pleasant things, which does a great deal to bridge over difficulties. I had at that time recently read "Eothen, or Travels in the East,"—afterwards known to be by Kinglake, who had never been in the East,—and had in my mind a graphic account of the presentation of an Englishman to the Sultan, giving what the Englishman actually said, what he said as interpreted by the dragoman, then what the Sultan actually said, and what the interpreter gave to the Englishman as a translation. After the interview the Sultan remarked that he was pleased to have found one Englishman with some idea of expression, and the Englishman said, "Why, God bless my soul, that Sultan is a very sensible man: he talks just like an Englishman."

The ladies had an excellent breakfast prepared for us, and sent for two of their nieces, the one a bright young woman and the other an agreeable chatterbox of a dozen years, who became my particular and lasting friend; the meal was served under an interior tiled roofing extending around the *patio*, an enclosed court-yard in which orange-trees are usually planted, sometimes the papaya or banana. Everybody was amiable; and the cap-

tain and myself, after our long, dusty ride, thoroughly enjoyed an excellent breakfast with such pleasant surroundings.

One who has acquired the art of sitting or lying in a grass hammock such as they have in Central America has within his reach an amount of ease and comfort to a tired restive person such as is not to be obtained in any other way. I have found it possible to go to sleep and rest soundly on a hammock of this kind when I could not have done so on the most luxurious bed. From practical experience I can commend a good grass hammock to persons suffering from insomnia or from a condition of the system in which every attempt to take an easy position ends in a failure.

After the heat of the day had passed, our horses were brought, and we took our leave. The ladies were invited to come on board and breakfast with us and bring their friends; a day was appointed, and we had a grand reception and dance on board, quite as acceptable to the officers as to the acquaintances we had made by paying them a visit and becoming self-invited guests. These kind relations continued during our stay of several months; when off duty our officers visited Chinendega or went on shooting-excursions into the interior. On several occasions we had the pleasure of receiving our friends on board; at that time the carriages of the country were carts with wooden hubs and wheels; as they passed along, drawn by four oxen when used for locomotion only, they made a shrieking noise that could be heard for miles; but the young ladies could not have been more charming had the carts been coaches and the oxen blooded horses.

Accompanied by a friend, I made a shooting-excursion of two days to El Viejo, a volcanic peak two leagues from Chinendega. Upon its sides, deer, peccary, two species of pheasant, and various other beasts and birds, were abundant. On our journey to the mountain we crossed on a substantial bridge a small swift-running stream, that resembled a large mill-race, fifteen feet wide and five feet deep; it was quite clear, and, happening to look down into it, I saw a shark six feet in length swimming up the stream. At that time I was not aware that Lake Nicaragua was filled with sharks; from the fact that Lake Managua has none, although at times there is a water-flow from

it, the inference may be drawn that the shark of Lake Nicaragua is not entirely a fresh-water fish, as was supposed by the late Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution.

Our destination was a small cattle-farm about three miles distant from this stream, and probably fifteen hundred feet above sea-level. Wherever cattle are found, a very minute tick, almost invisible without a lens, is sure to abound in the dry season. I soon found myself suffering from their bites, which are like coals of fire; in order to rid myself of the insects I stood on a rock in the middle of a free-flowing mountain-stream and tried to pick them off, but they appeared to fall from the trees so fast as to render it a hopeless task. I did not know then that the proper way to get rid of them was to carry a soft piece of bees-wax and apply it over the arm or other afflicted part; it has quite a captivating quality and assuages the pain too. A native came along while I was engaged upon the rock, and told me to take care. I inquired, in some surprise, "Of what?" In reply he pointed to a hole of deep water near by, and said that a large alligator lived there and might rush out and seize me. Nobody would have suspected the presence of an alligator in such a place high above the lagoons which form the reptile's usual habitat.

A species of guinea-fowl known as the *chacalacca* gave themselves more amusement than they gave me. They appeared to understand the object of my visit, and would alight on the top of a tree and set up a wild cry, as if of alarm. Then I would set about stalking them in the most approved manner, and would be allowed to come almost within gunshot, when they would fly to a neighboring tree, to repeat the same manoeuvre, until, after several failures, I desisted from my efforts.

A few days after our return from Leon we received a visit from Minister Lamar. He arrived in the afternoon, and slept on board of the vessel, where he was provided with a comfortable state-room and bed in the captain's cabin. Soon after breakfast, at his request, he was landed near the vessel, and when asked by the officer of the boat when he should return for him, made no definite reply. He bore under his arm a colored pocket-handkerchief, which enveloped the archives of the Legation, as he informed the captain. A native, who had established a small

*posada* near by, rendered his assistance in supplying the minister with a box to sit upon, and two empty barrels with a plank to place over them to serve as a table. This was arranged under the broad spreading branches of a tree, and Mr. Lamar was soon engaged in formulating a diplomatic letter or report to the State Department, using the left hand to drive off the mosquitoes when they sought to disturb him. When the hour of luncheon arrived, a boat was sent for him; he reluctantly rolled up the archives in the pocket-handkerchief, intrusted them to the native, and came on board, evidently annoyed at the interruption, or at his return to the vessel. As soon as he could do so with propriety he asked for a boat and returned to his laborious occupation under the tree. At nightfall the boat was sent for him, and he came on board, bringing his archives with him, but by no means in a genial mood. He appeared to be oppressed with the order and routine of the vessel. On his arrival he had been received with the salute due to his rank, and every attention had been paid him, but he seemed to be annoyed thereby, rather than gratified. The next day he received a salute on landing, and set out on his return to Leon; and we saw nothing more of him during our stay of several months.

A few days later, on the 18th of December, we had a visit from President Martinez, accompanied by his staff. He was received with attention, inspected the vessel, and seemed to enjoy his visit. When he left, the yards were manned and a national salute was fired in his honor.

During our stay, our wardroom steward, an Italian from the borders of the Adriatic, became a shining star on shore. He was a large, clumsy man, forty years of age, with a full round face, at times as red as the rising moon. Blessed as he was at all times with a fair amount of assurance, when his face was red he thought he knew everything. Having a large mess to provide for, and a full purse, he became an authority with the native population. Being told that a man was ill from an engorgement of the liver, he went to see him, and said his case was not serious; he could cure him by treating him as persons similarly afflicted were treated in his country. All that he required was a black dog. Great difficulty was experienced in securing the

animal, the whole country being searched in vain, but the fortuitous arrival of a coasting-brig brought the much-longed-for black dog. The captain of the vessel did not like to part with him, but when informed that the doctor thought a black dog was the only remedy that would save a sick man's life his instinct of humanity prompted him to hand over the animal at once. It was killed and his skin wrapped closely around the body of the sick man over the region of the liver; a dog soup was made, also a dog stew, and dog steaks were prepared, and the patient fed on this savory diet to repletion. The self-constituted doctor said that after eating freely of this food the patient would vomit up the diseased liver, and a new one would form. The man vomited freely, but some obstruction prevented the liver from being thrown up, and the patient died notwithstanding the physician's skill. While undergoing this treatment, the man was surrounded by hopeful friends, who were sadly disappointed at the result. This occurrence was narrated at our dinner-table, much to the chagrin of the steward who had assumed the rôle of doctor. His practice on shore did not increase; he gained a title, but no other patients presented themselves.

On our arrival at Realejo we found the sloop-of-war Decatur, and not long after the *Vandalia* and the *Saranac* came in, and remained some time. The British minister, Sir William Gore Ouseley, was then negotiating a treaty with the Nicaraguan government, which I think was never ratified. He came to Realejo accompanied by his wife and daughter, and paid the *Merrimac* a visit soon after President Martinez. His wife was a lady of New York; his daughter was just verging upon womanhood and was quite tall and good-looking.

There was a considerable flat of sand some distance behind a clump of mangrove-bushes, which, as it was overflowed by very high tides, was quite firm at other times. This was resorted to for "battalion drill," which seems to delight the sea-officer of to-day more than it did in the past and more than anything afloat. Although it should serve as a part of a routine, it will rarely be useful when operating against a civilized people. These demonstrations gave the Nicaraguans at first misgivings that we meditated an attack upon them, but after a long intercourse they

became satisfied of our peaceful disposition, and all the people with whom we came in contact were our friends, as they saw we were not inclined to be filibusters or to treat them badly in any manner.

We left our anchorage on the 26th of March, and five days later anchored at Panama. After a first visit Panama is a very uninteresting port; our stay of five weeks was exceedingly tiresome, but vessels-of-war have their resources, and going on shore may serve no other purpose than that of a more satisfactory way of taking exercise than is possible on board ship. We lay several miles from the landing, a mile or so beyond where we might have anchored; and in addition to the distance there was the annoyance of a great rise and fall of tide, which necessitated either going on shore at high tide or walking long distances on ledges of coral rock, varied by occasional encounters with pockets of mud. An unusual occurrence while we were there was a northern light as brilliant as any I have seen at Washington,—something that I had never heard of before in that latitude. An unusual drought prevailed during our stay; this is not often a subject of complaint at Panama, where showers very frequently occur during the dry season; the leaves on the trees were so withered as to have the appearance of being dead.

We were very glad to leave, the more so as we were homeward bound, with the reservation that we were to touch at Callao, Valparaiso, and Rio Janeiro, each voyage bringing us nearer home. When three days out, we were steaming along slowly, not more than three knots, against a moderately fresh breeze, when the engines gave a squeal and a grunt and then remained in a state of "innocuous desuetude." Sail-loosers were sent aloft, and in ten minutes we were under all plain sail, making eight knots or more, close-hauled on the port tack. As we proceeded, the wind headed us more and more off shore, so that when our engines had been patched up we were so far from the coast that Flag-Officer Montgomery, who had relieved Long, determined to proceed directly under sail to Valparaiso. When I was in charge of the deck he asked the probable length of time required to make the voyage. I named thirty days, which would have been exact had we steamed southeast instead of south after we

had run out of the trade-winds, and thus increased the distance. We carried sail fairly and made the vessel feel her top-gallant sails, often making eleven knots when braced sharp up and only rap full. "Scanting the wind" is a kind of professional meanness that deceives, but does not reward the care that is required to do it.

Three hundred and fifty miles off the coast, in nearly the latitude of Valparaiso, we passed the high volcanic island of Juan Fernandez, upon which the scene of the story of Alexander Selkirk is laid, although his shipwreck actually occurred on one of the small islands of the West Indies. In that clear atmosphere, one hundred miles from the land, or even more, the mountain-ranges of the interior are seen far above the horizon, and the voyager sails hours and hours with a good breeze right for the shore, before he comes in sight of the sea-beach. After night it is perplexing to be running for hours towards visible land without knowing with much certainty the distance to the shore-line.

There is no city in South America that is visited by navy men of all nations with more pleasure than Valparaiso; the inhabitants, native and foreign, are hospitable and intelligent, the atmosphere is bracing, and the hills near by and the mountains in the distance, particularly the volcano of Aconcagua, make the view very enjoyable to persons who have made a long voyage. In the markets is found an abundance of wholesome meats, vegetables, and fruits, among which I was pleased to see some cones of the Araucanian pine as large as the largest pineapple cheese; they contained one hundred and fifty seeds, each seed about two inches in length and half an inch in diameter. I sent a cone home; the seeds were readily sprouted, but, not being adapted to the dry and variable climate of Baltimore, they soon died, from lack of the requisite care. Probably they would grow well in the State of Washington, as well as on the islands towards Alaska and in a part of that territory. The nuts when boiled or roasted are very good. The tree is worth cultivating, and, in a region suited for it, has a rapid growth. It grows very large in Araucania, and from its shape is called the "club of Hercules."



Very good saddle-horses were obtainable, and the hills in the vicinity afforded ample occasion for pleasant rides. One of my riding-companions was Lieutenant Schönmeyr, of the Swedish navy, a very agreeable and intelligent gentleman, then serving on the staff of the French admiral in those waters.

Before we left we gave an afternoon ball to our many friends in Valparaiso; the day was superb, the company large, and nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the occasion. I have not had the pleasure of revisiting Valparaiso, but I still retain a pleasant recollection of it, as well as of the inhabitants, both native and foreign.

We were finally *en route* home, to touch at Rio Janeiro, and soon on the broad waters of a high latitude, where, as the old sea-song says, "the winds their revels keep." The vessel sailed well; on the ninth day out we were in the latitude of Cape Horn. We ran several degrees south of the cape, to latitude 57° south. The nights were quite short, the sun having at that season a high southern declination: the arch of light followed along the course of the sun below the horizon, and, after disappearing for a brief period as the twilight of the setting sun, reappeared again as the dawn of the coming day. A succession of snow- and wind-squalls from the southwest drove us along grandly; there is a feeling of satisfaction amounting to exultation when a fresh fair wind bears the mariner along homeward bound, and one of actual depression when head-winds and adverse currents detain him day after day on the solitude of the ocean. I never tired of looking at the yellow western sky as the sun peeped out for a moment from the rifts between the clouds and gilded the crests of the majestic seas rolling on in stately power in an unbroken line for miles; when they reached the vessel the stern was slowly lifted, and soon after the prow would rise high above the ocean level as the stern would sink into the valley between the long undulations; and thus we drove on homeward around Cape Horn. The voyager between Europe and America sees nothing comparable to this. At times when I was officer of the deck the captain would come on deck and stand near me, but he did not share my enthusiasm in the grandeur of the scene, in the whistling winds and fierce snow-

squalls, and in the graceful movements of the albatross and other large sea-birds sailing around the vessel so swiftly that we seemed to be at anchor, coming so close to us at times that we could see the whites of their eyes. They went along without flap of wing, by some invisible mode of propulsion, which I supposed to be due to a management of gravitation when they were on the descending node. In this and other voyages I have marked different birds by their particular appearance, and have seen them day after day for a fortnight, during which we had passed over thousands of miles, until we would reach a latitude beyond which they did not wish to go. In the South Atlantic they approach much nearer the equator than I have seen them do in other seas. "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner" brings the albatross actually to the equator, where one was never seen; but the weird poem required the albatross, and he had come for the occasion.

We anchored at Rio Janeiro on the 17th of December, having made the run in thirty-three days, notwithstanding that we had passed several degrees south of Cape Horn without being benefited thereby and of course with the disadvantage of having had to sail the additional distance over again on rounding the cape. I have in former pages spoken of the peerless grandeur of this bay and its surroundings. We had the startling news from home of what was known as "the John Brown raid," at Harper's Ferry, some fifty miles west of Washington. It was deplored by all on board, and regarded as the unhappy culmination of the action of demagogues of both sections, who omitted no opportunity to endeavor to embroil the country in a civil war. One week after our arrival we left Rio Janeiro, and had a pleasant run until we reached Norfolk, on the 5th of February, 1860. Ten days later the ship was put out of commission, the men were discharged, and the officers granted a three months' leave to visit their homes.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Changes in Norfolk—Meet Mr. E. C. Anderson in Washington, and Visit Senators Toombs and Jefferson Davis—Service at the Naval Rendezvous in Baltimore—Condition of the Slaves in Maryland—Talk of Secession—Mr. Porcher—Remarks on the Beginning of the Civil War—Hon. A. H. Stephens—Feeling of Naval Officers—Mrs. Mactavish—Mr. Anderson discusses the Prospects of Secession and War—Lieutenant Powell—Visit to Columbus—Governor Chase—Discuss the Organization of Ohio Troops—Letter from Mr. Chase.

NORFOLK presented signs of great perturbation: boys, from the toddler in skirts to the user of bear's oil to promote the growth of whiskers, were transformed into zouaves and other military men, and the young ladies wore gold lace wherever it was supposed to be the most becoming, to personate Joans or simply *vivandières* or *filles du régiment*. It seemed to me an unfortunate ebullition, that would soon subside: John Brown and his followers were regarded at that time by the people of the North and West generally as madmen, but of the kind whose insanity would best be cured by a halter.

By agreement, on leaving the vessel I met in Washington my life-long and intimate friend E. C. Anderson, of whom I have made mention in the preceding pages. He had served in the navy for seventeen years, and resigned in 1848, when an old lieutenant. In civil life he was a cotton-planter, and for many years was mayor of the city of Savannah, where he lived during the winter season. His plantation was a model of comfort and neatness, and his slaves were well cared for. I always felt when on his place that he and his wife had much more to suffer from slavery than their slaves had. An hour before the meeting of the Senate, Anderson and myself went to the Senate-chamber, he to see Toombs of Georgia, and I to see Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. We found them side by side in their chairs, reading the morning papers and discussing the news of the day. Davis remarked that "there was another Richmond in the field," referring to another aspirant for the Presidency, but I have no

recollection as to the name of the person alluded to. After an agreeable conversation of a few minutes, we left. I never again saw either of the Senators, nor did I re-enter the Senate-chamber until some time after the close of the civil war. If there was an apprehension at that time in the mind of my friend that a year later we would be engaged in a civil war, it was not apparent. Secession seemed to me so utterly suicidal, and my belief in the ultimate triumph of reason was so firm, that I almost dismissed from my mind the likelihood of a disruption; yet still I had a feeling of what the Germans call "unrest" as to the situation.

In May I was ordered to the Naval Rendezvous at Baltimore, Maryland, the only nominal shore-duty I have ever had during my entire service in the navy. When attached to the Coast Survey during the winters spent at Washington I always found abundant work to do. At Baltimore, however, as few sailors enlisted from that city, the officer on duty had little to do save to sit in waiting at the rendezvous, read the morning newspapers, and occasionally look at a sailor and decide upon his enlistment. Baltimore was a hospitable city, and from a partial residence there at different times I had a number of agreeable acquaintances. The persons whom I knew were quite Southern in their proclivities: in the city there were few slaves, and in the surrounding counties, if many slaves were held on a few plantations they were so comfortable and well taken care of that very few wished to escape,—which would have been an easy matter to any one possessed of good sense and a serious intention. It was well known among the slaves that fugitives from any of the border States had zealous friends within the free States who gave them shelter and advice.

The political situation was at that time the sole topic of conversation, and after the nomination of Mr. Lincoln the declared intention of the Southern and even of some of the border States to "secede" was freely discussed. After the election of Lincoln the expression was constantly heard, "Oh, yes, there will be a separation of the States, but there will be no war." When the *Merrimac* was on the Pacific coast, after the arrival of the mails there was always an ebullition among our officers from the

Southern States and a good deal of badinage at the mess-table. My young friend Porcher, from South Carolina, was notable on such occasions for his good-humored claims of Southern superiority. Once, after we had debated the matter for some time he said to me, "You don't suppose we would ever allow the Yankees to cross the Susquehanna River?" I replied that if it came to civil war, the Southerners would not reach that river, and from the West an army would march over and drive them from their miserable sand-hills into the sea. Porcher was a gallant, genial gentleman, and two years later it was with great regret that I read of his loss at sea in a gale of wind off the coast of Carolina, while in command of a blockade-runner.

I mention these facts to show that the John Brown raid served to intensify the determination of many of the prominent Southern leaders to break up the Union should a "black Republican" be nominated and elected President. This supposed offensive term of "black Republican" was applied to every one who was opposed to the extension of slave-holding territory. It was trumpeted at the time of the Kansas troubles that the State of South Carolina uniformed and armed a company and sent it to Kansas "to defend her rights" there. Although the States of the North took no such action, yet armed men went from that section to Kansas in sufficient numbers to dispose of the Missouri and other ruffians whose object was to force Kansas to become a slave State,—which it could have become only nominally, for it would have been impossible for it to be one in reality, since in competition with the improved machinery and raising the same crops as the free States adjoining, the slave-holders would not have been able to feed and clothe their negroes. The fact was then known that New Mexico as a territory had been open for the immigration of masters and slaves for a number of years, with an actual result of eighteen slaves, for the very good reason that the master could not afford to support the slaves when their work was in direct competition with free labor employing improved implements intelligently which the slave could not do. Insanity attacks peoples as well as individuals, and the force of active agents controls the aggregate, even when the large majority are reasonable, if not wholly rational, as was the case

in North Carolina, Virginia, and some other portions of the seceding States. The exposition of Alexander H. Stephens in relation to the situation, made before a Convention at Milledgeville, Georgia, November 14, 1860, is clear and fair in relation to the merits of the question between the sections and exposes the utter lack of reason in the secession movement. Later on, without any change in the situation except what was due to Southern violence, and although the movement was entirely against his advice and good judgment, we find Stephens Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy until it collapsed. Ten years later I had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance, and I have never met any one in public life who impressed me more favorably. He was entirely national in his sentiments, and looked at things from a statesman's point of view.

From December, 1860, when President Buchanan delivered his last annual Message, until March 4, 1861, when his term expired, in all history no more painful exhibition of weakness or of betrayal of high trusts can be found than was presented by the President and his Cabinet. Their endeavors were to make the government of the United States as helpless as possible when their term of office expired. It is not my purpose to dilate upon this subject; those who wish to see how the vessels of the navy were disposed of at that time so as to render them ineffective will find a statement in the first chapter of "The North Atlantic Coast," published by Scribners, New York. At that time officers of the navy, almost without exception, were naturally "conservative." They were grieved at the prospect of a civil war; in their opinion it would be a war of friend against friend, of brother against brother, and of section against section; it would be the work of demagogues pure and simple,—those of the South having able abettors in Northern agitators who called themselves "patriots." These fomenters of dissension, whether North or South, were rarely found facing the enemy when hostilities broke out; those yet alive, however, are patriotically fighting all the time, like the scotched generals on both sides.

About the middle of February, 1861, I received a visit from my friend Anderson, then mayor of Savannah, Georgia. He found me at the house of Mrs. Mactavish, widow of the late

British consul at Baltimore. She was the granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and at that time owned fifty slaves on her country-seat of one thousand acres twenty miles from the city. Mrs. Mactavish was very much befogged through the political jargon of persons who visited her; being infirm, she rarely went out; she asked Anderson whether it was true that the black Republicans wished to make her and others continue to support their slaves; it was quite beyond her means to continue to support them, and the demand was, she thought, quite unreasonable. This was so novel a view of the slave question to my friend that he could only reply in vague terms.

When we were alone, he told me that he had come from Georgia to Charlottesville to the wedding of a relative, and thence had continued his journey to Baltimore to see me and to talk over the situation. The people of the South had already established a strong government, which would eventually embody all the old slave States; they would have nothing further to do with a miserable set of Abolitionists; Lincoln had been elected, but would never be inaugurated; the war would never reach the Southern States, for the reason that the cities of the North would in great part be the field of contention, and their streets would run with blood; Great Britain and France needed the Southern cotton, and if an attempt were made to blockade the Southern coast those nations would not permit it, and would in fact break the blockade within three months of the attempt to establish it. After expressing himself in this fashion, he looked at me earnestly, and, with a good-natured smile, asked what was the matter with me. I said that when he began to speak I regarded him as expressing in exaggerated terms his indignation at the Abolitionists who did not obey the eleventh commandment, but that as he went on I saw he was entirely in earnest: in my view, he was utterly and hopelessly insane; he had sailed as a navy officer for seventeen years all about the world, and, that being his view of the situation, we certainly had before us a very serious time; the North would doubtless suffer, but not a tenth part of what would fall to the lot of the people of the South; the people of the North were not at all inimical to those of the South; there was not one man in twenty who had even

a wish that there should be any interference with their rights, or with slavery as it existed. Lincoln had been elected, and would be inaugurated, much as my friend might regret it, and when it became a question of war between the two sections he would find the people of the North quite as united as those of the South; England and France would not interfere, and would gladly see us destroy each other, as did the Kilkenny cats, which left after the fight nothing but their tails. When a war had begun he would find that the nineteen out of twenty in the North who were now actually friendly to the South would practically be converted into John Browns, and if the voluntary conversion of friends into foes was not insanity, I did not know what insanity was.

My friend had evidently expected a congenial response, knowing as he did that I sympathized with the maintenance of all the rights of the South, which were in no degree menaced even by the election of Lincoln, as will be seen from what Salmon P. Chase wrote me, and as indeed is supported by every utterance of Mr. Lincoln himself, up to the time of his famous proclamation declaring free the slaves in all States in revolt against the authority of the government of the United States at a given date. Nothing, in fact, but the hostile attitude of the South could have endangered slavery as it existed constitutionally at that time. After a pause, my friend said that, holding such opinions, it was probable I would be down on the Southern coast in some vessel trying to blockade. I said, "God forbid that we should have a civil war, but, should it occur, that is just where I will be." It is a curious fact that in the following November, when I was in command of the gun-boat Seneca, my vessel was the first bearing our flag that crossed Tybee Bar, twenty miles below the city of which he was mayor at the time of the conversation reported above. We differed widely in our ideas on some points, but remained personal friends—indeed, almost like brothers—until his death in 1883.

A few days after this conversation I received a letter from my old shipmate and friend Lieutenant William L. Powell, of the navy, stationed at the Observatory in Washington, urging me to come over and see him, which I did without delay. There



were then on duty under Commander M. F. Maury seven lieutenants all safe for secession except one, who had a secession wife, and the secession wives, as we all know, usually carried the day.

Powell said to me that he did not think that Southern officers should resign because Lincoln had been elected President. I said that the political condition was due to demagogues of both sections, and it seemed to me that we should remain true to our government. The Superintendent of the Observatory had already convinced the officers under him that we had then a government only in name, and that after the 4th of March it would be one of pretension. He said the Southern States that had seceded had actually a stable government, which would receive accessions in all the slave States. Even though all the border States did not go out of the Union, would they be willing to fight their Southern brethren?

One year earlier, on my return home on board of the *Merri-mac*, Thomas H. Yeatman, a relative living near Cincinnati, had sent me letters of introduction to prominent men in Columbus, and urged me to present them as I came home. As suggested, I spent several days in Columbus, and made the acquaintance of Governor Dennison, ex-Governor Chase, afterwards Secretary of the Treasury, and other prominent men. I was received cordially by these gentlemen, and later had reason to believe that they regarded me as more than an ordinary acquaintance. For that reason, after my conversation with my friends Anderson and Powell it seemed to me worth while to communicate to Messrs. Dennison and Chase the situation at Washington. It was in my belief imperative that Ohio and other large and wealthy States should guarantee in large amounts whatever the general government required to replenish the exhausted Treasury, and that Ohio should without delay proceed to organize one hundred thousand men, one-third of whom should be equipped immediately, and the others as soon afterwards as possible. I received in reply very earnest letters from both of the gentlemen named, and soon after a copy of Resolutions passed by the Legislature of Ohio in view of the hostile attitude of all the Southern States and the menacing expressions of many of the

border States, whose governors threatened that any attempted coercion on the part of the general government would lead to resistance on their part; in short, preparation for war on the part of the government would in itself be considered a hostile act, although large hostile forces were already equipped in all the Southern States, most of whom were actually armed with seventy thousand muskets sent South specially months before by that arch-traitor Floyd, who when occupying the position of Secretary of War removed all the arms and munitions of war that he could to the Southern States, that they might be seized and employed to destroy the government. Mr. Chase wrote me that the fears expressed by Southern leaders that Mr. Lincoln's administration would be hostile to them were pure pretexts; every one of them knew that if Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated and no hostile action occurred, within six months no reasonable man in the South would have cause of complaint; hence the haste to precipitate the country into a civil war. Under these conditions it was the duty of every officer of the army and the navy to stand firmly by the government. Every utterance and every act of Mr. Lincoln, both before and after his inauguration, until his famous proclamation freeing the slaves in all the States in rebellion after a given date, attest the truth of the assertion of Mr. Chase in his letter to me, and were it necessary to establish the truth that pretexts, and not injuries, brought about the civil war, the reader has only to turn to the memorable speech of Alexander H. Stephens, at Milledgeville, Georgia, before referred to.

I showed Mr. Chase's letter to an influential friend in Baltimore, who said he did not blame me for attempting to apologize for the government; that Maryland would doubtless go out of the Union, and in his mind this would bar the passage of troops to Washington. That city would be the capital of the Southern Confederacy, and Baltimore would become the metropolis of the South. I replied that the secession of Maryland, even if accomplished, would not impede the march of Northern troops to their capital, which was Washington. An act of secession of Maryland and a forcible resistance in Baltimore might make that city a pile of brick-bats, but certainly not the metropolis of the South.

Should Maryland pass an act of secession, doubtless many officers from that State would resign, and although if promotion could come only through civil war I should much prefer no higher rank than I then held, nevertheless, should it occur,—which seemed to me inevitable,—I should soon have all the rank I could desire even were I ambitious.

A meeting of the resident navy officers in Baltimore was called just after the fall of Fort Sumter, and probably was attended by nearly all of them; I was not invited, nor would I have been welcome. It was to "secure unanimity of action," equivalent to resigning in a body, which was thus brought about, with the exception of a few of those who attended, although Maryland did not "go out of the Union."

---

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Beginning of the Civil War—The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment jeered at and stoned—Secession—Excitement in Baltimore—To Washington on Horseback—Hon. John P. Kennedy—Bladensburg—Black Horse Cavalry—Commodore Stringham—On Duty as Executive Officer at the Navy-Yard—An Ohio Belle—Aspire to the Command of a Gun-Boat—Lieutenant Nelson, of the Navy, appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers—His Influence in Kentucky—Colonel Jacob Ammen, commanding Brigade, reports to General Nelson—Ammen's March to Savannah, Tennessee—Goes in Advance, and his Command the First of Buell's Army to engage in the Battle of Shiloh—The Killing of General Nelson by General Jefferson C. Davis—General Rosecrans tells a Story of General Ammen—President Lincoln, accompanied by Thurlow Weed, visits the Navy-Yard—Hand-Shaking by the President—Ordered to the Roanoke—A Wrathful Captain.

ON the 19th of April the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment marched through Baltimore from the Philadelphia to the Washington depot, a distance of about two miles. It was abused, jeered at, and attacked with sticks, stones, and fire-arms when nearing the end of the march, and several of the men were either killed or dangerously wounded. The regiment was directed to fire on its assailants, and killed some of them, but not nearly as many as should have been shot; of course the mob then ran away

and made no further trouble. The following night the railroads leading out of Baltimore north and west were cut, and the common roads guarded by the secessionists of Baltimore. On Saturday, the day after this attack, secession flags were flying over every section of the city on public and many private buildings, and the Naval Rendezvous was entered and the flag hauled down. On Sunday morning the streets of Baltimore north and west of Mount Vernon Place presented a strange scene of activity, in church-goers intermingled with hundreds of men armed with shot-guns and other fire-arms, going, as they said, to meet and repel a Pennsylvania regiment in camp at Cockeysville, that had been held there from the railroad having been torn up in advance of them. How far this mob went I did not learn, but have the idea that only mounted scouts, and probably unarmed, actually went into the camp of the regiment. In the evening the current of the mob set the other way. It was said, apologetically, that the regiment was composed of boys and was really not worthy of being attacked. In a day or so the railroad-track was relaid and guarded, and troops soon passed over it in such numbers as were demanded. For some days the railroad to Washington was also disabled. In the mean time, until the railroads were repaired, troops were sent from Philadelphia to Havre de Grace, and thence, in steamboats provided for the purpose, to Annapolis, whence they marched to Washington.

As it was impossible for me to get North, I determined to turn my face the other way, and on Tuesday morning mounted my horse and went on my way to Washington. Owing to the late hour of rising of some of my friends, it was eight o'clock, and very hot, when I rode out of the city; four miles out the turnpike passed over the railroad on a bridge, and at the farther end I saw two men armed with pistols, who withdrew out of sight to the side of the bridge as I advanced. I had a small pocket revolver, and for convenience in carrying it had put the chamber with the cartridges in one pocket and the other part of the pistol in another. The railroad I knew had a deep cut for miles: had there been a détour of even a considerable distance I should certainly have made it rather than face the men with the pistols, who I supposed were put there to guard the bridge and inspect

the passers. I was not willing to turn back, and the alternative was "to face the music." I rode on rapidly, and, when I reached the far end of the bridge, turned abruptly towards the men, and inquired in a tone of authority what they were doing there with pistols, adding that I did not know that they were quite safe, in the present disturbed condition of the country. I did not wait for a reply, but turned abruptly and rode away rapidly, much better satisfied when they were twenty yards behind me than I had been when I first caught sight of them.

Notwithstanding the heat, I did not spare my horse, and went as far as Contee's Station, where the railroad crosses the turnpike, before I saw anything unusual. Here fifteen or twenty men with muskets, in single file, were marching along a path like a flock of geese, which I suppose was all their instructor could teach them. After the civil war had ended I was told that after going South they all got home again, which was not the case with very many brave fellows who went South without knowing exactly what they went to fight about. Here I recall the fact that Captain Ransom, a fine-looking North Carolinian who belonged to the United States cavalry, had been detailed to instruct cavalry companies that had been formed in Prince George and the more southern counties on the peninsula. All this shows that the rebellion had been long premeditated. Yet we hear again and again the unwarranted assertion that the civil war was forced upon the South!

Two miles farther on, at Vansville, I looked down from an elevation of one hundred feet on Beltsville, a mile away. It was the spot where the Hon. John P. Kennedy had encamped when serving as a volunteer and marching to Bladensburg to participate in the famous battle humorously described in his memoirs. The peach-trees were in bloom, but seemed to be withering from the great heat. I rode on to Bladensburg, seven miles distant, and dismounted at a dirty country tavern. There were here a dozen of the Black Horse Cavalry company of Prince George's County, who had been out the night before along the Annapolis Railroad to intercept the Seventh New York Regiment on its march to Washington, the track having been partially torn up. Their conversation gave me the idea that their

skirmish had not been successful, and that the regiment was still on the march, due in part, if not wholly, to a number of the company being too drunk to be effective. After dining on what I could get, I again mounted, and six miles' additional travel brought me to the navy-yard, a good deal fagged from my ride of forty miles in the hot sun.

I lost as little time as possible in reaching the Navy Department, two miles distant, and presented myself to Commodore Stringham, then in charge of the office of detail. I informed him of the state of affairs in Baltimore, and that I had ridden over in order to put myself within reach of the Department, to obey any orders that might be given me. Years before I had known him at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, and therefore did not mention my name. He said, "I know you very well, but cannot recall your name." On my stating my name and rank, he said, "God bless me, yes! but you boys grow up so, it is hard to keep the run of you."

I was given orders for temporary duty as executive officer at the navy-yard, and reported forthwith, and was up and about that night, although much fatigued. Bearing in mind the idea of my youth, as seen through the eyes of an old officer, I went in a few days to pay my respects to a famous Ohio belle who had just come to Washington. She politely inquired if I had not been to sea since my visit to Columbus the year before. I said that I had been attached to the rendezvous in Baltimore; she remarked, half apologetically, that she supposed "my sea-going days were about over." This was due to her idea of my weight of years, with the natural infirmities that come with them, and the consequent loss of usefulness afloat. I replied that I thought my sea-going days were about beginning, as we had a civil war on hand that had to be fought out. Her remark gave me the unpleasant impression that her estimate of age differed widely from that of the commodore. Six months afterwards I aspired to the command of a gun-boat, and wrote to Secretary Chase, laying before him the two opposing views as given above of Commodore Stringham and of this bright young lady, and remarking that old commanders were striving for the command of the "ninety-day gun-boats," and with Stringham's ideas of youth

they might get them ; if so, I had the belief that the commanders would damn the gun-boats and the gun-boats would damn the commanders, and little else would come of it. I realized the fact that I was no longer a mere youth, and yet had the conceit that I was not too old to command a gun-boat ; but I felt assured that the chances were that I was rather too old than too young for that work. Some months later I did command a gun-boat, and did not become conscious either of the inexperience of youth or of the infirmity of age in the performance of my duty.

Having no further use for my horse, I sent him by a servant, offering him for sale at a low figure ; the horse was purchased by Colonel Ellsworth, who five days later was killed at the Marshall House in Alexandria. My quarters at the navy-yard were without furniture other than a dining-table and a wash-stand and basin. My bedding was a ship's mattress and hammock, ready "to lash and carry" at any moment. All the officers of my rank who came to the yard temporarily were invited to share my quarters and my table. This hospitality was a necessity for the well-being of those in transit or temporarily employed. Recently I have learned that one of my young guests regarded my table as that of a veritable *gourmet*. This was due perhaps to the gentleman being young and strong, and, when with me, having the sauce of San Bernardino, with which everything is good.

On one occasion when I dined with Secretary Chase, on the 16th of September, 1861, he told me he had that day had Lieutenant Nelson, of the navy, commissioned a brigadier-general of volunteers. I remarked that there would be a large number of brigadiers who would be found inferior to Nelson. Little Miss Nettie, eight or ten years of age, spoke up, and said "she did not like Nelson ; he was not a gentleman ; he pinched her arms." I told her I thought that an improper act, but nevertheless Nelson would make a good brigadier. Mr. Chase said that Nelson's personal influence among his friends and relatives in Kentucky had been greater than that of any other person known to him in restraining that State from passing an act of secession.

Two months later, about the last of November, 1861, Colonel Ammen, a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point

in 1831, and commanding a brigade of volunteers, reported to Nelson at Louisville, Kentucky, and served immediately under him until after the battle of Shiloh, April 7, 1862. On the march of Buell's army to join General Grant at Savannah, Tennessee, when a delay occurred at Duck River through the Confederates burning a bridge, Nelson said to Ammen that the water was falling and the next morning they would be able to ford the stream and take the advance, and this they did the next day. In the first encampment after crossing the river, General Nelson said to Ammen, "We are not expected at Savannah before [a given date named],"—equivalent to saying that they would be in the way, and added that a march of a certain number of miles daily would bring them there at the time stated. Ammen said, "We have good roads and good weather now, and when on the march the men can make one-half more distance per day as well as not." Nelson replied, in the brusque manner which was his habit, "You old rascal, you will always have your own way." "Not at all," said Ammen: "if you are particular that the marches shall be just so long, I will have the distances chained, and at the end of each march will pitch the encampment on the top of a hill where there is no water, or in a swamp where there is nothing but water and mud, as the case may be." The advance division of Buell's army under Nelson arrived a day or so in advance of the time they were "expected," and on the Sunday morning of the battle Ammen's brigade was marched up from Savannah through a swamp a distance of eight miles, and taken across the river by a steambotat before sunset, where its presence was more welcome to our forces than to those of the enemy. The rainy weather the first night after crossing over, and its continuance for several days, resulted in Colonel Ammen's having to go into the hospital.

On the 29th of September, 1862, Nelson was shot at Louisville, Kentucky, by General Jefferson C. Davis, who was under his command. The shooting was the outcome of an altercation in relation to a requisition for arms or supplies which Davis had presented for approval. Swearing in the old army and navy was a vulgar habit rather than an intentional profanity, and that habit cost Nelson his life little more than a year after he



had entered the army, where he did admirable service and rose to the rank of major-general. He was thirty-six years old, was six feet in height, heavily built, but not fleshy, with bushy black eyebrows and black hair, and a dark complexion, owing in part to an out-door life. He was an industrious reader and deep thinker, was gifted with an excellent memory, and was very fluent in the use of language. He had an indomitable will and energy, and was not addicted to drink or any other vice than the use of profane language. His ambition was to be useful to his country rather than to be great, and he had a thoroughly honest purpose. He was a generous man in his instincts, and deserved a better fate than to be shot down in a wretched personal quarrel.

After the end of our civil war, on some convivial occasion I met General Rosecrans, whom I had known long before. He told a good story about my brother, General Ammen, of whom mention has just been made. Ammen, he said, had tied a drunken captain to a tree and kept him tied all night. When I met my brother I asked about the matter, and was told that a volunteer captain whom he had promoted from the ranks for gallantry and efficiency, and whom he called Curse, because he used "curse-words," came to his tent one night and began to swear at and abuse him for some fancied wrong. He was told that he was drunk, and ordered to go to his tent. He refused to obey, and continued his abuse. A corporal's guard was called, and the captain was tied to a tree near by, where he spent the night. In the morning he apologized in a manly way, and was released. This treatment was far more expeditious, and was a better settlement, than a trial by court-martial would have been, at a time when people had a good deal more to do than sit on courts. Everybody was satisfied with the proceeding; but it could hardly be called military.

One Sunday morning, Captain Dahlgren, who was in command of the navy-yard, told me that President Lincoln would be down in an hour, and directed that the steamboat Philadelphia should be ready to take him down the river. The President came accompanied by Thurlow Weed, and both of them went on board; I had never seen either of them before. On casting

loose, Dahlgren, on stepping on board, invited me to accompany him. On our way down the river, just above Alexandria we passed several steamers filled with troops bound for Washington. The wharves at Alexandria were crowded with people, and everywhere on the buildings the secession flag was displayed. Our war-vessel Pawnee lay at anchor not far off, and abreast the principal wharf. On Mr. Lincoln hearing the name, he inquired if she was not the vessel with the curious bottom having bilges coming down below the line of the keel, and then drew roughly on the marble top of a table, with a lead-pencil, a cross-section of the vessel, and asked Dahlgren whether the bottom was not somewhat like that, and on receiving an affirmative answer he made one of the humorous comparisons for which he was so famous.

Mr. Weed had something to say to me in relation to the *personnel* of the navy, and I told him briefly of my visit to friends at the Observatory which I have chronicled on a preceding page. I said they were very adroitly deceived; the conviction had been forced upon them that as a matter of fact we had no government; all that was virile was in the South. Before resigning they had looked upon the situation from this illusory point of view; with an attachment for the Union, they had been adroitly beguiled; they were honest, and I had a great deal of sympathy for them. Mr. Weed substituted the word "honorable" for honest, and I suggested that the word had been so greatly abused as to have lost its signification, and I therefore had called them honest. Mr. Weed smiled, and said he quite agreed with me. He was a large well-formed man for his years, with a large gray eye, light complexion, and a heavy, beetling, reddish brow. A day or so later I attended a Presidential reception: as I passed along in the procession and Mr. Lincoln extended his hand, I remarked that he was engaged in very laborious work; he looked at me inquiringly: I was unable to tell whether he recognized me or not; he smiled, and said, yes. Thirty years have passed since then, the multitude at receptions has increased greatly, and yet this senseless practice of the Presidential hand-shaking on such occasions still continues.

Towards the middle of May the navy-yard was less chaotic, and I was glad to be ordered as executive officer of the steam

frigate *Roanoke*, fitting out at New York for blockading off Charleston.

I was very busy during the day, about the yard in looking up the outfits and seeing that they were proper, and at other hours in preparing the blank watch, quarter, and station bills that are now printed in form for all classes of vessels. When the *Roanoke* was nearly ready to be put in commission I asked the executive officer of the receiving-ship if he would be good enough at some convenient time to have the draft of men mustered, in order that I could see them and assign them stations; then when they went on board there would be no confusion; they would know to what part of the vessel and to what mess they belonged. Somewhat to my surprise, this very reasonable request was denied, partly because the executive officer on a former occasion had been attached to the same vessel with me and had not stationed the men for weeks; he had no idea of organization. I went to the officer in command of the station and stated what I desired, and asked that he would give instructions to the officer in command of the receiving-ship to give me a list of the men and their ratings who were to be sent on board when the *Roanoke* would be put in commission, and would have them "mustered" at a convenient time, that I might assign them their duties. In a day or so I received a message from the captain of the receiving-ship that he wished to see me without delay; on going on board I was shown into his cabin, and saw at once that he was in a towering passion. He informed me that since he had been in the service he had never heard of such a thing as an officer being permitted to select his crew from a receiving-ship. I said, "Captain, I think, if you will permit me——" I was allowed to go no further, and there was another denunciation. After several attempts to inform him that it was not my intention to select the men from all those on board of the receiving-ship, but only to organize those that might be assigned to the *Roanoke*, I grew impatient, and said, "I understand, then, that I have authority to select the crew of the *Roanoke* from all the enlisted men under your charge." He said, "Yes, sir, and it is shameful." "Very well, sir: if I have that authority, be good enough to have the

men mustered, and I will exercise it without delay;" and I proceeded forthwith to organize the men. When they stepped over the side of the Roanoke, several days later, every man knew where to stow his hammock, what his duties were, what mess he belonged to, etc., having been furnished with a slip of paper containing this information before he left the receiving-ship.

---

## CHAPTER XXV.

Service on Board the Roanoke as Executive Officer—Captain W. C. Nicholson—Hampton Roads—Commodore Pendergrast—Blockade Duty off Charleston—The *Vandalia*—The *Seminole*—Return of the Roanoke to Hampton Roads—Assigned to the *Seneca*—Naval Life as an Officer in Command of a Vessel—Admiral S. F. Dupont—Sail for Hampton Roads—General T. W. Sherman—Port Royal—Charleston—An Engagement with Steamboats—Commodore Tatnall—General Horatio G. Wright—Captain John Rodgers—General Drayton—A Naval Engagement—The Confederates abandon the Fort at Port Royal—General Sherman—Admiral Dupont issues a Proclamation—North Edisto—Burning Cotton—Rockville—Shelling Port Royal Ferry—The Black Colony at North Edisto—Demonstration against Savannah—Hilton Head—General R. E. Lee.

THE Roanoke was under the command of Captain William C. Nicholson, a warm-hearted, gallant old officer,—altogether too old to command effectively. On my reporting to him for duty he looked at me fiercely, and said, "Very good, sir. I always quarrel with my first lieutenants." I replied that I had not applied for the vessel, and had reported in obedience to orders, with no intention either to quarrel or not to quarrel; he might count upon my doing all in my power to make the Roanoke an effective vessel-of-war, and beyond that I could promise him nothing. A day or two after getting on board, we dropped down and anchored off the Battery: the captain usually went on shore in the evening and came off early in the morning, then went on shore again and came off in the afternoon. After a few days he said to me that he thought he could go on shore without fear of disorder on board ship. I replied that I saw no reason why he should not. He said, with much emphasis,

“Why, sir, I could not do so when in command of a steam frigate on the Asiatic station. Why, sir, when I would come on board after night I would find the cabin full of drunken officers.” I assured him that in his absence no officer would enter his cabin, and that should any disorder occur on board I would report it without delay on his return. He was quite cheerful thereafter, and left the ship at will, stayed as long as he pleased, and I had no occasion to bring to his notice any misconduct or disorder during his absence.

We left for Hampton Roads about the end of June, and a day or so after our arrival hoisted the flag of Commodore Garrett J. Pendergrast, which seemed to take the wind out of the sails of our choleric but kind-hearted old captain. On the 10th of July we sailed for blockade duty off Charleston, and on our arrival lay a considerable distance farther from the bar than we should have done, but the blockade nevertheless would not have been more effective had we anchored closer. The sailing sloop-of-war *Vandalia* was aiding us, and actually did capture a prize, east of Rattlesnake Shoal, a brigantine whose captain was quite stupid. The steam sloop *Seminole* or some other vessel would put in an appearance to aid us occasionally, but they spent most of their time in going to Hampton Roads for coal and burning it on the passage to Charleston: it never occurred to their commanders that a deck-load of coal might enable them to reach Charleston with full bunkers.

In September the *Roanoke* went to Hampton Roads for stores. We had not been inert when on the blockade; the men were well drilled at the great guns and at small-arms, and we frequently got under way and took up another berth after sailing around for some hours. In riding out several moderate gales at anchor I gained my first experience as to the ease and safety with which vessels may anchor in the open sea when properly provided and cared for. When getting under way on one occasion in a heavy sea-way, just as the anchor had been hove up the engines refused duty. The captain was standing by my side on the bridge, and as the condition involved danger I turned to him and inquired if I should do a certain thing. He replied emphatically, “No, sir,” and did not state what he wished done. I extricated the

vessel from the dilemma with more difficulty than would have been the case had I been allowed to use the means suggested for the approval of the captain. This experience left me unembarrassed afterwards; I never asked the captain if I should do this or that, when getting under way, and he never interfered.

During our absence from the North the Department had contracted for the building of eight or ten gun-boats within a period of ninety days, and they were about ready to be put in commission when we got to Hampton Roads. The commands of these vessels were sought by old commanders who had little or no knowledge of steam vessels or of shell-guns, and who were generally much afraid of shoal water. I urged my claim of which I have already made mention, and was assigned to the Seneca, soon to be completed in New York, and was detached from the Roanoke on the 12th of September.

Several of these gun-boats and other vessels-of-war and merchant-steamers converted to naval use, in all some twenty in number, composed the expedition under the command of Rear-Admiral S. F. Dupont, to effect a lodgement on the Southern coast in order to establish a more effective blockade and to menace or attack other points as occasion might serve. On the 17th of October the steam frigate Wabash, the flag-ship of Admiral Dupont, left New York, followed by eight or ten of his command, bound for Hampton Roads, where other vessels were to join us, as well as a large army force, under the command of General Thomas W. Sherman. We had a lot of coal-schooners to accompany or follow us. Their orders were to be opened only after reaching the anchorage off Tybee. When the fleet left, there were forty-nine vessels all told, of which twenty were vessels-of-war, the remainder being army transports of all classes, and a bay steamer, called the Governor, that had a battalion of marines on board.

Previous to sailing I got permission from the fleet-captain to fill the coal-bunkers of the Seneca and carry as much on deck as could be done with safety. He said there would be an opportunity after arriving in Southern waters to fill up before going into action; I urged that it would lighten a heavily-laden vessel and make her more sea-worthy, and we would be able to coal

now without possibility of interference, and obtained a reluctant consent. The Seneca was the only vessel that went into action ten days later with bunkers nearly full; and this was no mean advantage, as officers who have served before an enemy can testify. There was no reason why all the vessels should not have done the same; this would have served to make all the coal-vessels better able to stand the heavy weather which they had to encounter.

We had got well south of Cape Henry about noon; then signal was made to form line in double *echelon*, the position of every vessel having of course been previously assigned, including army transports. With commanders of vessels without experience in forming lines, a good deal of time was wasted; one of the ninety-day gun-boats made signal of a disabled engine, and was taken in tow. After forming, we went along slowly, on account of a strong head-wind, and it was thirty-six hours before we rounded Cape Hatteras, a distance of only one hundred and ten miles, at midnight, with great danger to some of the heavy transports, one of them striking on the outer shoal, which caused us to haul off to the southeast.

There had been a heavy westerly set of current not unusual in that locality; a day later we encountered a heavy southeast gale, which blew with great violence for twenty hours. The bay steamer Governor went down in it, the battalion of marines on board, with the exception of several men who were drowned, being rescued with great difficulty by the frigate Sabine, aided most effectively by the Isaac Smith; several other vessels were disabled, and never reached their destination, but there was no other loss of life.

I passed an anxious night on the deck of the Seneca, looking to windward in a driving rain, the drops stinging like pellets of hail, and the spray flying all over the vessel. The Seneca was "laid to" on the port tack; as a matter of safety, I should have much preferred "lying to" on the other tack, as a southeast wind invariably hauls to the westward in that locality, but the likelihood of collision with some other vessel of the fleet would have been much greater.

At about four A.M. I observed an arched cloud to the north-

west, and, as I expected, the wind soon after flopped to the southwest. An hour later I went below to sleep, leaving orders to call me at broad daylight if the Wabash was not in sight, as I would then have to open my confidential orders. At eight A.M. the wind had moderated, but the sea was still quite rough; the flag-ship was under sail about six miles southeast of us; we wore ship when she came up, and stood on in her wake. In the afternoon several of the vessels-of-war joined us, and at sunset, the wind having hauled to the northwest, the fleet tacked ship and stood to the southwest, along the coast, which was not in sight. I then knew that Bull's Bay was not the objective point; the enemy knew it was Port Royal as soon as we had left Hampton Roads. During the night other vessels of the fleet joined us.

At noon on Sunday the flag-ship made signal for the commanding officer of the Seneca to come on board; I was received at the gangway by the fleet-captain, who inquired, "Do you know where we are going?" I replied, "No, but after tacking yesterday evening I suspected to Port Royal." He was surprised, and asked if I had not opened my confidential orders; I said no, that I had not been separated from the flag-ship. He gave me a letter to deliver to Captain Lardner on board of the Susquehanna, blockading off Charleston, and added, "Say to him that I forgot to write that the vessels designated will not leave the blockade before dark."

I was soon on the deck of the Seneca and on our course for Charleston; two hours later the church-towers of the city were in sight from aloft; our appearance was signalled by cannon, as the *avant-courrier* of a force that they would gladly not have seen. Letters that we took from the Beaufort post-office several days later gave expression to the hope that the vessels had been lost in the heavy gale we had passed through.

It was four o'clock, and a delightful day, when I reached the Susquehanna and was invited into the cabin. I gave the captain the letter and verbal message, the fleet gossip, and news in general from the North. On leaving I asked permission to take the Seneca close up to the bar off the Swash Channel, the range of which was St. Michael's Church over the northern part of Sumter. I was familiar with the locality, as I had



been on the survey of the bar ten years before. When I reached my point of observation the sun was setting; soon after I bore away, made sail, and as we passed near the blockading vessels saw that several of them were getting under way for Port Royal.

A man was kept in the chains sounding occasionally during the night, in order to keep near the seven-fathom curve; at daylight we were off Martin's Industry Shoal, and soon after sunrise a lookout aloft discovered a black barrel buoy, which proved to be the mark of the entrance to the main channel of Port Royal.

By eight o'clock the bright eastern horizon was flecked with many sails, and by noon quite a fleet had anchored around the Wabash. Not being able to make my signal understood, the Seneca was got under way, and the fact communicated verbally. At one P.M. several vessels, among them the Seneca, were sent to sound and buoy the channel, and at four all of the fleet except the flag-ship and several of the larger vessels, crossed the bar and anchored in good holding ground some six miles outside of the headlands of Bay Point and Hilton Head. The Seneca, Ottawa, and Pembina anchored about three miles from these headlands, upon which were seen the earthworks afterwards known to us as Fort Walker on Hilton Head and Fort Beauregard on Bay Point.

Near sunset three steamboats suddenly appeared around Bay Point and came out under a heavy head of steam towards the flat ground lying to the westward of our anchorage and opened fire at us with rifled cannon at a distance of nearly two miles. The three gun-boats named above got under way, and, opening fire, steamed in to intercept their return, whereupon they turned at once and entered the harbor. The leading vessel flew the flag of a commodore, afterwards known to us as Tatnall's.

The next morning near sunrise the same manoeuvre was repeated by the enemy; signal was made by the Ottawa to several vessels, among them the Pawnee, a vessel carrying a heavy battery, and also the Pembina and the Seneca, to follow her movements. The enemy retreated as we advanced, his purpose being to draw us within the line of fire of the forts. As

we learned later, our object was to gain a more accurate knowledge of the strength of the earthworks than we then possessed. When we got near the line between the two forts, which were two and five-eighths miles apart, both of them opened fire on us, and cut the rigging considerably of nearly all the vessels, without hitting the hulls. In the mean time our fire blew up a caisson in Fort Beauregard, and, as we learned afterwards, killed several men. Our object accomplished, we went out of action and anchored. General Horatio G. Wright, on the staff of General Sherman, and Captain John Rodgers, of the navy, then on the staff of Dupont, had been on board of the *Ottawa* for the purpose stated. About noon a steamboat came out on the flats to the west of our anchorage and opened fire at long range on the *Seneca*; the sea was glassy smooth, and it was quite calm. I directed the executive officer to call the crew of the eleven-inch gun to quarters and fire a shell at ricochet. He answered at once that he was ready, and asked permission to fire at an elevation. I said that I would fire the gun myself, and, taking hold of the lock-string, had the gun levelled and trained. The shell skimmed along the water like a duck; the man aloft said he saw it strike the steamboat, and when we saw the vessel again she had a white patch of plank on her side. On receiving the shell she turned and steamed directly into port. I learned afterwards that it was the flag-ship of Tatnall, and that in his temporary absence, Captain Maffit, mentioned in earlier pages, had gone out to have a little sport on his own account when about "half-seas over." The shell had lodged in the hog-braces, and had it exploded would probably have sunk the vessel.

About noon of the 5th of November, at nearly high water, the flag-ship crossed the bar and anchored a mile or so outside of us. Signal was made for officers commanding vessels to come on board. Instructions were given those in the main line headed by the *Wabash*, then to those commanding vessels in the flanking line on the right. The *Seneca* was the second in the flanking line, and the only vessel of the five that had been built for war-purposes.

We had barely time to return to our commands before signal

was made to get under way and form lines; before the latter was effected the flag-ship grounded on Fishing Rip Shoal, and stuck there for an hour or two, which made it necessary for the whole fleet to anchor. The next day was so windy that we remained at anchor. On the day following we made our attack. I take my introductory sentence from the official report of General Drayton, who commanded the Confederate forces: "At last the memorable 7th dawned upon us, bright and serene; not a ripple upon the broad expanse of water to disturb the accuracy of fire from the broad decks of that magnificent armada about advancing in battle-array, to vomit forth its iron hail with all the spiteful energy of long-suppressed rage and conscious strength."

At 8.30 the vessels were fairly in line; the main column was the Wabash, followed by the Susquehanna, Mohican, Seminole, Pawnee, Unadilla, Ottawa, Pembina, and sailing-sloop Vandalia, in tow of the Isaac Smith. The flanking column on the right was the Bienville, followed by the Seneca, Penguin, Curlew, and Augusta. The plan of battle as given us, and afterwards published officially, was for the two lines in close order to pass in, the main line directing its fire against Fort Walker on Hilton Head and the flanking line on Fort Beauregard on Bay Point. When well beyond the works the Wabash would turn towards Hilton Head, followed by the main line, and would pass around again and again, and when in face of the fort go very slowly, delivering their fire. The flanking line was to dispose of any force afloat, and then to take up an enfilading position north and west of Fort Walker. When our orders were given verbally by Dupont he said he knew Tatnall well, he was an officer of courage and resources, and it was not unlikely that he would endeavor in the confusion of battle to pass out for the purpose of destroying the army transports that lay within the bar. The senior officer of that line made no reply; after a brief pause I said that Tatnall could not do that; if the Seneca got within one thousand yards of his vessels he would be destroyed; they were very weak, and a ricochet fire could hardly miss them in smooth water. The flag-officer said he was pleased to hear me speak so confidently, and approved of my ricochet firing.

When we went in, Tatnall was on hand with four or five

steamboats, and opened fire from about the line between the two forts; but the Wabash yawed and fired a broadside at them, which caused them to move off rapidly.

When the Wabash had passed well above Fort Walker and turned towards Hilton Head, followed by the Susquehanna, the Bienville, the head of the flanking column, turned also, instead of pursuing and disposing of Tatnall and then taking up an enfilading position north of the fort, as instructed; later on, she passed into the main line ahead of the Mohican, and perhaps so disturbed the equilibrium of Godon, who commanded the Mohican, as to make him take up an enfilading position, which caused the vessels following the Mohican to do the same. Their fire was doubtless effective, but it was not as arranged in the plan of battle.

While the Bienville joined the other line, and pushed in ahead of the Mohican, the Seneca pursued Tatnall's vessels until they were nearly abreast of Skull Creek, and fired several eleven-inch shells at them ineffectively. The vessel was then turned towards the fort, in order to carry out instructions as before stated, but no sooner had she turned than Tatnall's vessels turned also. It may be that he thought the vessels were in retreat from the effects of the fire delivered from the forts. The Seneca was again turned towards Tatnall's steamboats, and he saw that he had to try conclusions if he kept on, and therefore thought it worth while to enter Skull Creek.

As soon as his vessels had disappeared behind a wooded point the Seneca was again turned towards the fort, and as she was passing along half a mile from the wooded shore-line, a body of Confederate troops indiscreetly opened fire with small-arms. A thirty-pounder rifle was directed at the smoke in the edge of the wood, and, as we learned afterwards, several of the men were killed or wounded.

We were soon delivering an effective enfilade fire, when the Pawnee took position and fired right over us, a sabot flying on board. The Seneca was then taken in as near the shore as the depth of water would permit, and, drifting with an ebb tide, was soon within effective range of an eight-inch bronze howitzer in broadside. The eleven-inch pivot and the thirty-pounder

rifle that had been in use throughout the engagement were active. On a visit to the fort after its abandonment by the enemy I could not but wonder that our fire had not blown up cartridges and loaded shell that were exposed to our line of fire.

During the engagement a rifle on an angle of the fort that was directed at us several times was finally disabled and then we were actually let alone. The guns in the sand forts were in great part disabled, and the traverses covered in partially with sand. A concise account will be found in "The Atlantic Coast," published by the Scribners, New York, 1883, and also of whatever other operations may be mentioned in this writing.

The fort was abandoned at about one P.M., after having endured the fire of the fleet for four hours. On leaving, the men marched to Skull Creek Landing, a distance of six miles. Along the road they left field-artillery and a considerable number of small-arms. About four o'clock I went on shore, and when I was looking over the works a black man approached from the hospital buildings; he informed me that he was the body-servant of General Drayton, the commander of the Confederate forces defending Port Royal. I took him to the flag-officer without delay, and said that from the information it would be worth while to send the Seneca into Skull Creek to intercept the troops that were then embarking at the landing. The flag-officer said that the entrance was intricate, and directed me to take the Seneca over to Bay Point to communicate with the Seminole, and in the event of the abandonment of Fort Beauregard to hoist our flag over it at sunrise. The Seneca left as directed; it was growing dark, and when near the point I looked in vain for the Seminole; she had gone up Broad River, as I learned the next morning. Not wishing to miss her, I had steam lights placed, and stood in so near that the bow of the vessel grounded on the Bay Point beach, which was abrupt; the traverses and embrasures of the fort were then seen outlining the horizon one hundred yards distant. We had a strong flood tide, and by sending the crew aft on a run, and backing the engine, the vessel was got off, after which no time was lost in reaching the flag-ship and stating the facts. I was directed to get under way at early daylight, proceed to Bay Point, and,

should the Seminole not be found, to make a reconnoissance, and if the fort was abandoned to land and hoist our flag.

Soon after sunrise, I landed with thirty armed men and went to the flag-staff on the end of a small frame house a few yards outside of the earthwork. I entered, and noticed several official blank-books lying on a rough table, then passed out and walked towards a strip of pine-trees lining the sea-beach several hundred yards distant. A few minutes later I heard an explosion, and saw a huge volume of smoke ascend where the flag had been hoisted, but flag and house had disappeared. A sailor walking near by had struck a wire stretched along and ignited a spur tube that had been placed in a quantity of loose powder under the house. A similar arrangement had been prepared to blow up the magazine, but was discovered on examination through the warning given us by what had occurred. At noon, under instructions, I turned the fort over to General I. I. Stevens, and two hours later went up Beaufort River, with General Thomas W. Sherman on board, the commander of the ten thousand troops co-operating with the naval force.

The object in going up the river was to see if any defensive works existed. Nothing was found; but when looking for such works it is surprising to see how many natural features here and there have similitude to them. The general was much pleased with a fine barge towing at the boom that had belonged to Tatnall and had been found by me on the marsh that morning: he said it was just such as he would have bought had he not been hurried when leaving New York. I told him it was at his service, and sent it to him the following morning, with oars and complete in fitments.

The next morning the Seneca was sent to Beaufort, with the Pembina and Penguin as backers; the distance was about fifteen miles, and no defensive works were found. On our reaching the wharf several mounted men rode away. Hundreds of negroes were on the wharf and on the streets; all the scows were in requisition, and were being loaded with furniture and personal effects of all kinds, provisions, and lumber to erect sheds elsewhere; on the part of the negroes it was an exhibition of wild confusion and great joy; they imagined that they were

setting out on a picnic for life. Only one white man was found; he was sitting at the post-office, and was brought on board of the Seneca. As directed, I gave assurances to him that all white peaceable inhabitants who would remain at home would be protected in life and property. The poor fellow seemed to be utterly dazed, and hardly comprehended the import of my words. He was sent on shore, and nothing more was seen of Mr. Allen.

We returned to Port Royal without delay, and reported the facts to the flag-officer. The negroes said that all the whites had left the island, and that many slaves had been shot by their masters while making an attempt to escape when being driven to Port Royal Ferry to be taken to the mainland.

Early the next day Admiral Dupont came on board of the Seneca, and, accompanied by several gun-boats, went to Beaufort. The head-quarters of General Drayton were visited, and a coast chart found that proved of great value; upon it were marked all the defensive works in his department, and the guns in position, in red pencil; it would have been complete had it contained the calibre of the guns and a description of the construction of the works.

The flag-officer employed all his available force in visiting these localities as soon as possible; nevertheless the enemy managed to carry off most of the guns that were of use, except those on Hilton Head and Bay Point, amounting, all told, to fifty-two, as stated by General Sherman, to whom they were turned over. He stated that eight or nine of them had been ruined or dismounted by our fire. The enemy reported eleven killed on Hilton Head, thirty-five wounded, and four missing; at Fort Beauregard, thirteen wounded. On board of the fleet eight men were killed and twenty-three wounded.

Admiral Dupont issued a proclamation stating that all peaceable inhabitants who would remain at their homes would be protected in life and property; only one family, on Parry's Island, remained, and that for but a few weeks, being then compelled to leave by the threats of their Southern friends, who regarded any contact with us as likely to produce serious defection, inasmuch as we were not at all inimical to them as individuals.

On the 24th of November, Captain John Rodgers, in command of the Flag, accompanied by the Seneca and the Pocahontas, was sent to the mouth of the Savannah River "to push his reconnoissance so as to form an approximate estimate of the force on Tybee Island and of the possibility of gaining an entrance." On our arrival we found the bar quite rough, and a fresh breeze from the sea. The ranges for entering having been destroyed, Rodgers came on board of the Seneca, which had a less draught than the Flag, and crossed the bar, the rough water being an advantage in showing the shoaler parts of the bar. When we got within range of the batteries the Seneca opened fire, and found they had been abandoned. This surprised us, as General Drayton's chart showed them to be favorably located for defence, and with a sufficient number of guns to have made a stout resistance. The Seneca was sent immediately to Port Royal to report the facts, and Rodgers took the Flag and the Pocahontas into Tybee Roads, where some of our vessels remained until the close of the war.

The reader may recall a conversation of mine with the mayor of Savannah in Baltimore the previous February. Either his term of office had expired, or he had resigned; and he had gone abroad, purchased the Fingal, a large iron steamer, loaded her with munitions of war, and brought her to Savannah by way of the Ogeechee River, which he entered a few days after our capture of Port Royal.

About the middle of December, Commander C. R. P. Rodgers left Tybee Roads on board of the Ottawa, followed by the Seneca and Pembina, to visit Warsaw Sound, where we found an abandoned fort as marked on the chart; the eight guns had been carried away; from the mouth of Wilmington River, bearing about west-northwest, three miles distant, we saw a large encampment, with five guns facing us, and one on another face. We afterwards crossed Ossabaw Bar and examined the Ogeechee and Vernon Rivers. We saw an incomplete earthwork on Green Island, then mounting eight guns, with a derrick in place for further construction. A large number of tents were seen here also. The enemy threw a heavy shell from a smooth-bore at the Pembina, which fell far short; a large rifle shell thrown



at the Seneca had admirable elevation, but the time of flight of the shell put us far enough ahead of the projectile to insure our safety.

Soon after our return to Port Royal the Seneca was sent with the Pawnee, under Commander Drayton, a brother of the Confederate general, to pay a visit to North Edisto, where ten years before I had been engaged on the survey of the bar and harbor. As we entered we shelled an earthwork that had been abandoned, and on examination we found that ten guns had been removed. It had two redoubts, well constructed, with a long covered curtain connecting them.

No sooner had our guns been heard in the surrounding country than we saw numbers of dense columns of white smoke going up into the clear blue sky; the stupid people were burning their cotton-houses in localities that were never visited by our forces during the war. The Seneca was sent up the river to White Point, and in chasing a small sail got aground near high water, and was held fast for thirty-six hours. The passing up of the vessel greatly alarmed Colonel Branch, who abandoned his tents and some other stores at their encampment a mile back of Rockville. His report states, "It is needless to say that had no demonstration been made to cut us off from John's Island, no retreat, save beyond the reach of the enemy's shells, would have been ordered, unless a heavy force had been landed at Rockville."

The following day Drayton landed a force at Rockville and captured forty-four Sibley tents and other stores. The negroes, knowing of the hasty retreat of the two hundred and ninety rifles, as Branch styled his force, doubtless possessed themselves of all the provisions they could carry away and secrete.

A large number of slaves, men, women, and children, came to Rockville and located finally on a belt of wood along the sea-coast of North Edisto Island, having between it and the solid land a broad marsh, which afforded them fair protection against a raid from the Confederates. The Penguin, that had been maintaining a blockade off the bar, was brought in and given supervision of this colony. Later on I was sent for some days to regulate matters at North Edisto, and on returning to Port Royal, as instructed, found that an attack was to be made

on batteries the enemy were establishing on Whale Branch, and near Port Royal Ferry, intending to come over and endeavor to capture a regiment that General Sherman had placed on Port Royal Island. A considerable force was sent from the fleet to co-operate with General Sherman, and the Seneca was sent up Whale Branch, seconded by the *Ellen*, a Brooklyn ferry-boat converted into a war-vessel, and carrying heavy guns, to attack a battery which was found under construction, but with no guns in position. Captain Elliott, of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, who came from the island, was directed to co-operate with me. He went over with a force of three hundred men and destroyed platform and magazine. When this was effected, as directed, the Seneca proceeded towards Port Royal Ferry, but at the divide of the tides got aground, remaining there until the following day, when we got over and took part in shelling a considerable force of the enemy that we saw from our mast-heads some distance in the interior. A colonel whose name I cannot recall was good enough to send me a box of wine in acknowledgment of shells thrown where they had done the most good. The enemy was driven off with no great loss, and had carried off all his guns save one. He made no further demonstration against the island.

After this affair the Seneca was sent to North Edisto, to regulate the black colony. It had increased to more than one thousand, although transportation was given all who wished to go to Port Royal by the passing gun-boats. They had a number of scows, and local knowledge of where sweet potatoes had been buried for winter use, and where cattle were to be found, and had ample time to help themselves to all that could be picked up. There was abundance of raccoon oysters, fish, and the heart of the palmetto, which makes a very good substitute for cabbage. They had made themselves shelter with boughs of palmetto leaves, and until spring opened had abundance of provisions, and then they went to Port Royal to work on the abandoned plantations.

Ten days later the Seneca was one of half a dozen vessels that had passed through Skull Creek close to the Savannah River, and near where Mud Creek empties into that river. The army

was planting a masked rifle battery on Venus Point, near by, to command the river between Fort Pulaski and Savannah. I was sent to ascertain whether we could get through Mud Creek if we wished to enter the river, and found that we could do so with a spring tide and southeast wind, when one can go almost anywhere with vessels of light draught between the marshes in that region.

The Seneca was recalled to Port Royal, and on the 26th of January went under Fleet-Captain Charles H. Davis, who was on board of the Ottawa, to make a demonstration against Savannah, the object being to make the enemy evacuate Fernandina and other points farther south. We had as a part of the naval force the Smith, Potomska, Ellen, and Western World, all insignificant in strength, and the army transports Cosmopolitan, Delaware, and Boston, having on board the Sixth Connecticut, Fourth New Hampshire, and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Regiments, numbering two thousand four hundred men, under General H. G. Wright. We entered Warsaw Sound the same evening; early the next morning General Wright and aide went on board of the Ottawa, and two companies of the Sixth Connecticut were sent on board of the Ottawa and Seneca, and we got under way and went into Tybee River. Owing to shoal water, it was half-past eight before we got in, and half-past one P.M. before we reached the point nearest Fort Pulaski on the land side, two thousand yards distant. No heavy guns were mounted on that side of the fort, and great preparations were in progress to transport them to bear on us. On reaching that part of the river nearest to the high land on Wilmington Island our progress was temporarily prevented by a double row of heavy piles across the channel. They were not difficult to remove, however.

The vessels anchored, and sent boats to examine the upper part of the river and the adjacent creeks. Observing a telegraph wire on Long Island, a long marsh lying between us and the river Savannah, I went on board of the Ottawa and reported the fact to the fleet-captain, who directed a junior officer commanding a gun-boat to cut it, and, turning to me, laughingly remarked, "I suppose you are sorry now that you did not cut

it." I said no; I thought it proper to bring it to his notice first. An hour or so later, I saw the officer returning who had been sent to cut the wire, and hailed him to ask if he had cut it. He replied he had not,—that he had not been able to get at it. My gig was immediately called away, and an axe and shears passed into the boat. I pulled along the marshy island until a slough was found, then "poled" the boat in by means of the oars as far as she would go, and then took to the marsh, on foot, where the mud was knee-deep, and in fifteen minutes the wire was cut in several places and the poles cut down.

I then went on board of the *Ottawa* and reported that, having been informed of the fact that the officer sent to cut the wire had not succeeded in doing so, I had gone, and had brought pieces of the wire. The destruction of telegraphic communication with Pulaski greatly alarmed the people in Savannah. At five P.M. Tatnall with five Confederate steamers anchored in sight at the mouth of St. Augustine Creek, several miles above us, in the direct water-way to Savannah, where we could have gone had we been ordered to do so, as the removal of the piles was easily effected. Tatnall's official reports show that nothing lay in our way had we endeavored to go to the city, except his force, which could have opposed no effective resistance. General Wright, as directed, made a reconnoissance of Wilmington Island.

Ever since the 8th of November the army had been completing a very well-constructed intrenched camp on Hilton Head Island, bordering on the deep water of the harbor for a mile and extending a considerable distance in the interior. The army had its orders from Washington, and either General Sherman had the belief that this was judicious or the War Department insisted upon this being carried out, instead of making use of the time, as might have been done with signal advantage. Although after our taking Port Royal we had very few eleven-inch shells, which were the vital force of the gun-boats, we still had enough to enable us to go through Skull Creek and put the army in possession of Savannah, had it desired our co-operation in that matter. There would have been nothing in the way but Fort Jackson, a little old brick fort that would have been knocked down by half a dozen heavy shells.

About eleven A.M. on the 28th of January five Confederate vessels with scows in tow endeavored to pass down the river to Pulaski. The low water prevented their vessels from being seen from the decks of the gun-boats lying close to the marsh in a narrow creek, and thus favored their safe passage. Captain Rodgers's force of half a dozen gun-boats was three statute miles distant from us, as measured on a good chart.

The object of the enemy was doubtless to carry necessary supplies to the fort should we cut off further communication between it and the city. On their return they chose dead low water, which brought the gun-boats on both sides so far below the marshes as to prevent the steamboats being fired upon with effect.

Early in the morning of the 29th, the *Ottawa*, followed by the *Seneca* and other gun-boats, got under way, and passed near Fort Pulaski an hour or so later, and by early dawn to the army transports we had left at anchor in Warsaw Sound.

Captain Rodgers with his gun-boats remained on the other side of the river, and the army transports in Warsaw Sound, as a menace to Savannah until we were ready to move on Fernandina, our intended point of attack, agreed upon by the flag-officer and General Sherman. For this purpose the flag-ship *Wabash* left Port Royal on the 28th of February, and on the 2d of March anchored off St. Andrew's Inlet, twenty miles north of Fernandina, with an interior water-communication between them known as Cumberland Sound, capable of passing vessels at ordinary high tides of twelve feet draught.

The flag-ship had with her a large number of gun-boats and army transports at anchor off the inlet. Admiral Dupont hoisted his flag on board of the *Mohican* and entered the inlet, followed by seventeen navy vessels and seven army transports carrying a brigade under General H. G. Wright, a considerable part of the force being that which had remained at anchor in Warsaw Sound before mentioned, in our demonstration on Savannah. As they entered the inlet these vessels presented a very formidable appearance, which was observed by the lookouts of the enemy, telegraphed to Brunswick near by, and thence to Fernandina. General R. E. Lee, who was in command of the Confederate

forces in that military division, had already brought to the notice of the authorities in Richmond the fact that the forts on St. Simon's and Jeckyl Islands had no value, inasmuch as St. Andrew's Inlet permitted the entrance of our forces to the interior water-ways to Fernandina and a large section of country; and by authority he had already removed the guns from the two islands named, to increase the defences of Savannah. The news of our arrival hastened the flight of the fifteen hundred troops from Fernandina, who had been at work for four days and nights dismounting and carrying off their heavy guns to defend Savannah; in that time they had succeeded in removing more than half the number, principally those guarding the sea-entrance.

At daylight the Pawnee left, to pass through Cumberland Sound, followed by nine navy vessels, of which the Seneca was third in line. The Pawnee and Huron succeeded in crossing the flats, or shoalest part, where the tides meet, but the remainder of us were held fast until the next high water, when we got through, with two transports, one having a battalion of marines on board, and the other the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment. We were without pilots, and had to grope our way as best we could. The Pawnee and Huron, which had cleared the flats, ran aground three miles from Fort Clinch, and were held fast until the next high water.

In the mean time the Ottawa had got over the flats, and, passing on towards the railroad bridge beyond Fernandina, had made an ineffectual attempt to intercept two trains, by firing upon them. They were the last, however, and Fernandina was thenceforth cut off from railroad communication with the interior.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Pass through Cumberland Sound—Take Possession of St. Augustine—Occupation of Jacksonville—White Flags—George Huston kills Lieutenant Sproston, and is himself killed—Neils Jonson—A Desperate Man—A Present of a Bear—Sounding Depth of Water at Charleston—Ossabaw Sound—In Command of the Sebago—Henry M. Blue—The Water-Witch—Relieved from Command of the Sebago—Assigned to the Monitor *Patapeco* at Wilmington—An Engagement—On Sick-Leave—Fort Sumter—Attack on Forts Moultrie and Beauregard—A Scout—A Council of War—Opinions in regard to the *Monitors*.

WHILE our division was passing through Cumberland Sound, the flag-officer had gone out of the inlet with the other vessels that had entered the previous afternoon, and a few hours later anchored as near the entrance to Fernandina as the depth of water would allow, and awaited our coming. When we took possession, which, as already stated, was done without a gun being fired, the garrison had left, taking with them eighteen of the thirty-three heavy guns that had been placed for the defence of the city.

After turning over the defences and city to the army, the naval force proceeded to St. Augustine and took possession without resistance; the two companies that had garrisoned the fort having left. The smaller gun-boats had preceded the flag-ship to the bar off the St. John's River; the water over the bar was so rough as to prevent any of them from crossing it, except the *Ellen*, which had much less draught than the others. She signalled that the enemy had abandoned the earthworks.

At high water on the afternoon of the 10th, the *Ottawa*, *Seneca*, and *Pembina* went in, striking several times on the bar, however. Every one of the three vessels named had a company of the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment on board. We anchored off Mayport Mills, three miles up the river. That night the whole western sky was illuminated by the burning of several saw-mills below Jacksonville. In this and in similar ways much more injury was inflicted on the Southern people

by their own forces than by us. As an instance of this, on February 14 the Confederate general at Brunswick informed General Lee that all the guns had been removed from St. Simon's and Jeckyl Islands, and added, "Before fully evacuating this position, I beg to bring to the consideration of the general the question of burning the town of Brunswick, for the moral effect it would produce upon the enemy." As the town was not burned, it may be inferred that General Lee did not approve of producing "a moral effect upon the enemy" at so great a cost to the citizens of the Confederacy.

At daylight the four gun-boats were on their way to Jacksonville, thirty miles from the bar at the entrance of the river. As we ascended the river, several Union flags were hoisted, and, in default of them, at every house, with few exceptions, a white flag was hoisted as a token that the occupants acknowledged our presence and wished to proclaim their neutrality. This acknowledgment was omitted on a pretentious house on the river-bank two miles below Jacksonville. On inquiry, I learned that it was the residence of a South Carolinian who had influence enough to be allowed to stay at home, and who, in recompense, was an ardent "whipper-in" of others, his poor neighbors. I thought it worth while to send a letter to this obtuse individual informing him of the presence of Union gun-boats, and pointing out the necessity of his hoisting either our ensign or a flag of truce, as otherwise he would suffer a penalty. He complied at once with my demands, and nobody from the gun-boats ever landed on his premises. I venture the opinion that he did not molest his neighbors or cause them to be molested for doing what I compelled him to do.

We anchored at noon off the wharf, and sent our three companies of troops on shore, who picketed the outskirts of the town. Two heavy pieces of ordnance in transit from Fernandina were found on the wharf. The Ottawa passed up the river as far as her draught of water would permit, which was Orange Mills, some sixty miles above Jacksonville, and found and raised the famous yacht America, which had been sunk in a creek.

The Seneca was kept in charge of St. John's River several months, with nominally a supporting force of five gun-boats, but



rarely with more than two or three, to patrol the river and prevent arms or military stores that had been landed in some of the numerous inlets on the Florida coast from being brought to Savannah.

A number of the poor people of this region had either avoided being drafted by taking to the woods, or had deserted from the army. A band of "Regulators" persecuted them, the leader being one George Huston, a Pennsylvanian who had lived in Florida for a number of years. It was supposed that this man's capture would secure the tranquillity of peacefully-disposed persons in that region. For the purpose of capturing him, a detail was made of forty men from the Seneca and thirty from the Patroon, and put under the command of the executive officer of the Seneca, Lieutenant John G. Sproston. The party landed at daylight, and proceeded to Huston's house. When still at some distance, their approach was discovered by a negro woman, who gave the alarm. On the arrival of our men at the house, several shots were fired from it, and, no precautions having been taken to guard the rear, the parties escaped in that direction. Huston made his appearance at the front door, armed with a double-barrelled gun, two pistols, and a bowie-knife. Sproston raised a pistol and demanded his surrender, and was immediately shot dead by Huston, who fired the other pistol and both barrels of the gun, slightly wounding a sailor. He was instantly shot and bayoneted, but did not die for two days. He was taken on board, and transferred to the Smith, where there was plenty of room. His wounds were necessarily fatal; he was a desperado, and died bewailing his hard fate in having killed only Sproston. The officer he had shot was able, courageous, and zealous, and an excellent, admirable gentleman.

When patrolling the river the Seneca was fired upon from Yellow Bluffs, some fifteen miles below the city, where the channel passes close to the bluffs. Two men were dangerously wounded, one a lookout at the foremast-head, and the other on the forecastle. At the time, I was standing on the horse-block with the pilot and an officer, and, although the hammock-rail netting that protected us to above the hips was well riddled, as well as the inside of the bulwark beyond us, we escaped injury from the dozen or more guns that had been aimed at us.

A few days later I learned that a Swede named Neils Jonson had been present when two field-pieces were thrown into a creek near by. I had him brought on board, and told him he would be held prisoner until he should agree to point out the spot where those field-pieces had been sunk ; he feigned to be silly, but was told that he was wasting his time and mine. Then he wept and said he could not do what I desired, for the "Regulators" would kill him if he did. A compromise was effected, resulting in the recovery of the guns, Jonson being given a paper stating that he informed us where they were in order to avoid being shot.

When the Seneca was lying off Jacksonville, I received frequent visits from Colonel Titus, a native Pennsylvanian who had lived in Florida for years. He was the son-in-law of Colonel Hopkins, then in command of the Confederate forces in the vicinity of Jacksonville. Titus was about thirty-five years of age, six feet in height, strongly built, with a tendency to obesity that showed a lack of sufficient exercise. He said he was a Union man who had been let alone, and lived some distance from the town. He was reputed a "desperate man," a character held in such repute in the old South that on one occasion a Savannah newspaper proposed the ending of the war by enlisting "ten thousand desperate men," who should start North and hew down everything in their way until peace was made. It was asserted that nothing would be able to impede the march of these ten thousand "desperate men." The same faith existed on the part of some of our people in the ragamuffins that were the terror of cities before their enlistment. A city bully is rarely a good soldier ; it is wonderful how soon he sobers down in the presence of an enemy who is willing to shoot him. Whether Colonel Titus was a "desperate man" or not, I do not know. He was disposed to be amiable when I saw him, and brought me a young bear, perhaps as a peace-offering, which I accepted ; he also offered to take me on a bear-hunt. This I declined with thanks, as I could not very well leave my duty of patrolling the river, however enticing a bear-hunt might be. The bear became a great pet on board of the Seneca, and proved very useful in licking up great masses of

"blind mosquitoes,"—small black insects that came in clouds and actually formed drifts at times on the vessel, as snow would on falling in a fresh breeze. They seemed to be a sweet morsel, and the bear never tired of licking them up. After my breakfast hour he would wait patiently until I came up the hatchway, and then would put himself on his hind legs and throw his fore-paws around me until given some lumps of sugar that I always brought with me when I came on deck in the morning. I gave the animal to the captain of the *Wabash*, who told me afterwards that when they were at anchor off Philadelphia he would climb to the main-top-gallant mast-head and there remain for hours, looking over the city. It seems extraordinary that so heavy and apparently clumsy an animal should go aloft and hang on there for any length of time. He had nothing to sit upon; nothing but his claws and muscle to support him. The death of this animal was tragic: had he been a human being he would have been called "too high-strung." On the return of the *Wabash* to Port Royal, as usual on Sundays the sailors were permitted to take boats and go on shore for recreation. They asked that the bear should accompany them, and the request was granted. It required much coaxing and lavish promises of sugar to get the animal to go over the ship's side and into a boat. As they neared the shore it became wild with excitement, and the men, in order to restrain it, passed the end of the boat's halliards around its neck. When they reached the beach they held the line, and on getting to the pine-trees near by they secured the end around a tree. The animal for a time walked around wildly in a circle, then lay down gently with his head between his paws and apparently went to sleep. When the sailors came to arouse it they found it was dead.

Soon after our return from the St. John's River the Seneca was sent off Charleston to blockade. On taking leave of the flag-officer at Port Royal, he said it was supposed the enemy was fortifying the southern end of Morris Island, as numerous tents were seen, and he would like to know whether it was a fact. I said if he would give the senior officer instructions to permit me to cross the bar he would soon learn the facts. On reporting for duty off Charleston I mentioned this conversation

to the commanding officer, and said that with his permission I would take soundings off Light-House Inlet and go in the next day, to which he assented. I took charge of the boat, sounded, took ranges, and dropped buoys.

I was not surprised to find a greater depth of water than Charleston bar had ever had before, owing to the sinking of the "stone fleet" the previous January, which was accredited abroad as an act of barbarism and as inflicting a permanent injury upon the harbor. The next day I took the Seneca in, and followed up the Morris Island beach, until within easy range of a house upon which a range-light had been placed, about half the length of the island north and south. East and west the island was not more than three hundred yards in width of solid ground. I opened fire with an eleven-inch shell-gun on this house, and thereby set a large number of men in motion who were encamped in the neighborhood. The shelving sand-spits favored their protection. I have never consulted the official records, to ascertain whether I did any injury. The Seneca passed on towards Fort Sumter until within easy rifle-range, and then turned, with a full head of steam, to get out of range as soon as possible. The fort opened fire on us with probably the only rifle in position; but before they had a proper elevation we had got beyond effective range. There were no guns in position on Morris Island at that time except those placed to breach Sumter by the "sovereign State of South Carolina."

In blockading, I asked the senior officer to allow me to take up position after night near the beach, inside of Rattlesnake Shoals, where the blockaders came in, but he refused. He looked upon the vessels being near the beach as dangerous, whereas it would only have been so after it became light, by which time I should have taken care to get out of range.

Three weeks later the Seneca was transferred to Ossabaw Sound; the flag-officer had information that led him to suppose that the Atlanta, an iron-clad built on the hull of the Fingal, was approaching completion at Savannah, and when ready to raid the coast would probably come out by way of Ossabaw Sound, as the Fingal, when running the blockade, had entered there. He sent the Sebago, the first of the "double-enders"

that had been completed, to Ossabaw Sound, and transferred me to the command of that vessel on August 8, 1862. The "double-enders" had rudders on both ends and side-wheels, more than ordinary speed, little draught of water, and heavy batteries. The *Sebago* had been in commission seven or eight months, under the command of various indifferent officers, who took no care of the men. A crew can soon be reduced by neglect to inefficiency and an unhappy condition of mind and body. Personally the transfer was not agreeable, but I felt gratified at the mark of confidence shown by the flag-officer. Lieutenant-Commander Henry M. Blue was ordered as executive officer a few days later, and proved an excellent one. I applied for and obtained four additional nine-inch broadside guns, with "contrabands" equal to the complement of men for them. In six weeks the men were anxious to go into a fight. Their food, clothing, comfort, and instruction at great guns and small-arms had been attended to, and "they felt their oats," as horsemen say.

The *Pawnee* was sent to support the *Sebago*, being the strongest vessel available at the time. When we arrived in Ossabaw Sound I sent to Port Royal a sailing bark that was employed on the blockade, and wrote the flag-officer that if the *Atlanta* made her appearance I would stand out from shore, and after reaching deep water would signal the *Pawnee* to engage her closely, and then I would endeavor to run her down with the *Sebago*. My idea met with the flag-officer's approval.

When blockading alone in these waters I would get under way when the sun went down and anchor just inside the bar, and early in the morning would return within the headlands to smooth water. On the 23d of September a small steamer was seen approaching, and signalled the number of the *Water-Witch*: I had served on board of that vessel, and recognized her. We beat to quarters for action, spread fires, unshackled the chain to slip it, and awaited her coming. When she came closer I recognized her commanding officer, Pendergrast, and then beat the retreat, which means putting things to rights and the men leaving their guns. Pendergrast came on board to fulfil his orders, and said dryly, "You seem to have been somewhat afraid of the *Water-Witch*." I replied good-naturedly that I had not been

frightened, but I thought the people on board of the Water-Witch would have been had she fallen into the hands of an enemy who was endeavoring to effect an entrance. It was my business to guard the entrance against the tricks of an enemy. Eight months later, the Water-Witch, under the command of the same officer, in those very waters, was captured by the enemy. Instead of exercising caution in getting under way in the evening and anchoring just within the bar, where he would have had a fair view all around, he lay at anchor close to the shore-line, where the shadows of the trees obscured the surface of the water. One dark squally night in June, 1863, he was boarded by one hundred and fifty men who came in seven cotton-barges and killed or captured every one on board except a "contraband" who jumped overboard and escaped. Had the Water-Witch been at anchor within the bar after night, as the vessel under my command had been, she would have been unapproachable by cotton-scows, and had the manœuvre been attempted the result would have been bad for the people in the scows.

When I was blockading the Ossabaw, aided by the Pawnee and a small gun-boat, I was more gratified that the Atlanta did not appear than I would have been had she hove in sight. Nevertheless we would have made the best fight in our power. She did not make her appearance until the following April, when she was captured by Captain John Rodgers in the monitor Weehawken, after he had fired the third fifteen-inch shell. The ~~Huron~~, also a monitor, had not the opportunity of getting in a shell. Yet the Atlanta would probably have been able to clean out a whole fleet of such vessels as were employed in blockading, and even of those built for vessels-of-war. At the time of her capture I was in command of the Patapsco, in North Edisto harbor.

Late in the fall I was glad to be relieved from the command of the Sebago and sent North to take command of one of the monitors then building. I was assigned to the Patapsco at Wilmington, Delaware.

At that time the art of handling even one-inch iron plates was in its infancy with us. The vessel was not ready to be put in commission until January 2: she left the Delaware break-

water on the 7th, under tow of the tug *America*, and entered Hampton Roads on the 8th, having been assigned there to guard those waters against an apprehended attack from iron-clads at Richmond said to be ready for service.

The battery of the *Patapsco* consisted of a fifteen-inch shell-gun, and one one-hundred-and-fifty-pounder rifle; the carriages having been made for two fifteen-inch shell-guns necessitated a casting called a "yoke," which was fitted into the sockets designed for the trunnions of a fifteen-inch shell-gun, to narrow the distance, and to receive the trunnions of the rifle. On target-practice the yoke soon ruptured, and was replaced by one made of bronze, which stood the test of firing.

We remained at Newport News until the 28th of January, 1863, when, the monitor *Lehigh* having taken our place, we dropped down to Hampton Roads under orders to proceed to Port Royal, which we did on the 30th, in tow of the *Pawnee*. We passed within the Hatteras shoals, which our pilot thought entirely safe with our draught, and struck twice slightly, greatly to my annoyance. The weather was threatening when we were off Beaufort, North Carolina, and we entered that port on the 2d of February in consequence. For several days we had a heavy gale, all around the compass. On the 8th, when the weather had settled, we went to sea, and reached Port Royal on the 10th, passing near enough to the vessels blockading Charleston to communicate with them.

We remained at Port Royal until the 26th, drilling the men and getting them up to their work. On the 27th we left for Ossabaw Sound, in tow of a steamer, and arrived on the forenoon of the next day, to take part in the bombardment of Fort MacAllister. Worden had bombarded it, in command of the *Montauk*, several days before. He afterwards destroyed the blockade-runner *Nashville*, while it lay aground up the river, twelve hundred yards from his position. The flag-officer wished to test the mechanical appliances of the monitors, so as to ascertain and if possible remedy any defects before the attack on Fort Sumter, for which they had been specially constructed. The monitors engaged, in addition to the *Montauk*, were the *Passaic*, Captain Percival Drayton, the *Patapsco*, Commander

Ammen, and the Nahant, Commander Downes. Three mortar-schooners were in the distance, and several gun-boats carrying eleven-inch shell-guns. We made a bombardment on the 3d of March for eight hours, damaging the traverses and embankments, but they were repaired the following night, although the mortar-schooners kept up their fire. Owing to the slowness of our fire, the enemy never exposed himself when a shell was on its way. Two of his guns were disabled, but that was about all the harm we did.

All the monitors left Ossabaw Sound on the 6th for Port Royal, in tow, as usual, but, of course, using their engines, the object of the tow being to keep them on a straight course, and also to help them along a little.

On the 31st all the vessels of the monitor class left Port Royal for North Edisto, a snug little harbor eighteen miles southwest of Charleston bar, where they lay until the evening of the 5th, when they were towed up and anchored off Charleston bar. At sunset the flag-ship *New Ironsides*, at anchor off the bar, made signal for the *Patapsco* to go across the bar, which had just been buoyed. She was followed by the *Catskill*; the vessels anchored a little to the north of the Light-House entrance, where we crossed, in mid-channel towards Charleston. The weather was quite hazy, and soon after anchoring a tug of the enemy came down to reconnoitre, but disappeared before we were able to throw a shell at her. Early the next day all the monitors came over the bar, and the *New Ironsides* followed when the tide was nearly full. It was still hazy; the ranges could not be seen, and, in consequence, the admiral had to forego his wish to attack Sumter on that day. We could make out the outlines of a small earthwork, afterwards known to us as Fort Wagner, on Morris Island, two thousand five hundred yards from Sumter.

The morning of the 7th was clearer. Signal was made at noon to get under way. In doing so, the *Weehawken's* chain fouled the grapnels attached to the "torpedo-catcher" which she had on her bows, and this delayed us more than an hour. Two of these "torpedo-catchers" had been built North and towed down: they were fifty feet in length, and were fitted to the bows somewhat like a boot-jack to a shoe, and then secured by chains.



The one attached to the Weehawken was quite heavy, and, having a different wave-motion from that of the hull of the vessel, it battered her heavily, and actually loosened the armor plating on her bows. The Weehawken led the line, with the idea of clearing the way by exploding torpedoes or grappling the wires and detaching them to prevent their explosion from batteries on shore. Following the Weehawken came the Passaic, Montauk, and Patapsco, in line ahead, then the New Ironsides, a broadside iron-clad with fourteen eleven-inch guns and two one-hundred-and-fifty-pounder rifles, and after her the Catskill, Nantucket, Nahant, and Keokuk, the last-named a so-called iron-clad that was riddled by every projectile that struck her.

I confess to having felt great impatience at the delay in forming the line, and at our slow progress, owing to the "torpedo-catcher" on the bow of the leading vessel. In the forenoon I said to some of the officers that nobody could say who would go under through torpedoes or otherwise, but I felt quite confident that when the sun went down Sumter would be a pile of brick-bats,—which, however, was not verified. Notwithstanding the few shells that struck it, no sooner had the vessels withdrawn than preparations were made to remove all the guns from the embrasures and fill the casemates with bags of sand.

General Beauregard, in charge of the defences, was an able engineer and artilleryman, and a day or so before our arrival had planted small buoys along the channel by which we approached and thus got the ranges in a practical way for all the heavy guns that bore on that channel; and there was a large number of them. As soon as our vessels came on a line with the buoys they encountered an accurate and overwhelming fire, which, owing to the lack of endurance of the monitors, their very slow fire, and the defects in working their guns, made the reduction of Sumter with the force we then possessed impossible.

I had previously ascertained the position of the magazine, in the southeast corner of Sumter, and had employed the hundred-and-fifty-pounder rifle on that angle when we came within range; on the fifth discharge the cap-square bolts were carried away, and the rifle was disabled for the remainder of the action: in one way or another the batteries of almost all the vessels were

disabled. While in action the hull and turret of the Patapsco were struck fifty-two times, and some of the blows were quite heavy. It may be well to inform the unprofessional reader that the "cap-squares" are iron bands passing over the trunnions to hold them down to the carriage, and that the "trunnions" are the arms, or pivots, upon which the gun rests and is elevated or depressed.

During the action the Patapsco was fifth in line, following the Montauk; she turned when near a line of buoyed nets, and from some obstruction was held fast until backed. She was about fifty minutes under a heavy fire from the enemy. A concise account of this action is published in volume iv. of the War series of the *Century Magazine* by Rear-Admiral Rodgers. In "The Atlantic Coast" will be found a statement of the number of shells fired at Sumter, and of the damage done by them; also the number of shot and shell fired by the enemy.

The morning after the attack the Patapsco was sent to Port Royal to guard against the Atlanta, which was then ready to come out. Four days later all the vessels of the monitor class were sent to Port Royal to effect repairs, many of them being very badly battered. The Weehawken and the Nahant were sent directly from North Edisto to Ossabaw to meet the Atlanta, with the result as already stated. On the 21st all the monitors save the two last-named were again towed to North Edisto by orders from the Navy Department, Drayton, in command of the Passaic, being the senior officer. He was ordered North on the 10th of May, and I then became the senior.

Two days later, a man was seen at sunrise making signals from the end of a marsh nearest the vessels. A boat was sent, and he was brought on board. He told us that Captain William H. Parker, of the iron-clad Chicora, in Charleston harbor, was in our waters with eight small row-boats fitted with spar torpedoes, for the purpose of attacking the monitors. He said the boats were in a neighboring creek, which we soon after blockaded, but the sluices between the salt-water creeks are so numerous as usually to admit of the escape of boats. The enemy, from the lookout on the church-tower at Rockville, had seen the deserter brought off, and knew that the chances of a successful

attack with such means as he then possessed were gone. A day or so later, the enemy observed from the same church-tower that the monitors had spars rigged out over the bows and sides, and lighter ones between their ends, with casks floating them at the surface of the water. In fact, they were fenced in, so that a row-boat could only reach their sides abaft the turret. The torpedo-boats thereupon returned to Charleston without attempting to attack us.

I suffered greatly from an attack of rheumatism in the back part of my knee-joints, the sensation being that of burning, as of fire, and preventing sleep. I asked a medical survey, and on the 8th of June was ordered North on sick-leave. I went to Richfield Springs, where I rode a great deal on horseback and took the water, and was soon quite well, or at least free from great pain. I was ordered late in August to return and report to Rear-Admiral Dahlgren without command, and not on his staff proper, with some other officers of my rank also. Dahlgren had the idea that it was worth while to keep several spare commanders on hand, as he would have kept spare spars that might possibly be required. I had reason to congratulate myself that I arrived on the morning of the 9th of September instead of the day before; otherwise I should probably have been taken prisoner in what was called an assault on Fort Sumter.

Within the previous six weeks Sumter had been reduced to a pile of brick-bats from Morris Island, at a very long range, greatly aided by the cross-fire from the monitors, especially those provided with heavy rifle guns. After this destructive fire was opened the enemy removed nightly his heavy guns, except a few on the inner face commanding that part of the channel. When Morris Island was evacuated he had less than a company of men in Sumter; the shelter for troops from the fire of an enemy was limited, and there was no object in maintaining a force in the fort.

Immediately on the evacuation of Morris Island, Admiral Dahlgren sent a formal demand to General Beauregard for the surrender of Sumter, and was informed that "he could have Sumter when he could take and hold it." The following day numbers of boats towed in from the vessels at anchor beyond

the bar left no doubt in the mind of Beauregard that an assault was meditated: he therefore put a large garrison into the fort as soon as it was dark, and the batteries of Forts Moultrie and Beauregard awaited an attack; when the alarm was given that the boats were nearing Sumter the water was literally swept by the projectiles of the enemy, and all those that had got on shore were invited into the fort and sent to prison. Of the four hundred who were in the boats, ten officers and one hundred and four men were taken prisoners, and three were killed. If after this formal demand for the surrender of the fort, and the ostentatious towing in of boats filled with armed crews, had the men been sent back to their vessels after dark, and our batteries on Morris Island and those of the monitors opened fire on Sumter, the enemy would have suffered terribly from the lack of shelter for the large force thrown into the fort under the impression that an assault would actually be made after giving formal notice to him and thus rendering its success impossible.

About this time the admiral had two boats with officers called "scouts," a novel term afloat, who were supposed to go within the harbor nightly and inform him of obstructions to the entrance. One of the officers, who was smilingly drunk at the time, pretended to have been up to Charleston and on the wharves. The admiral said to me that he had the idea of sending in a strong little chartered side-wheel steamer to run down the obstructions previous to making an attempt to enter with the monitors. I had already informed him of the observations I had made from the north end of Morris Island and from the deck of a monitor well up towards the entrance of the harbor: these points made a fair base for plotting lines of piling that had been intact in April when the monitors attacked Sumter, but now had large gaps from piles having been washed out. I had also plotted two lines of black barrel buoys which I supposed to be imperfectly moored, as at certain times of the tides they seemed to come together at two centres, like flocks of ducks. No floating obstructions were visible, and had there been booms made of logs and moored in the main channel, as stated by the scouts, from the many times I had observed the buoys and the rows of piles and plotted them, I should have seen some indi-

cations, as a ripple of water, or break. If he wished reliable information as to the character of actual obstructions in the main ship channel above Sumter, and would authorize my examination of that part of the harbor, I would get a suitable boat from some vessel in the fleet, and at the first favorable opportunity would go in from the Ironsides as a base, she being near the entrance. The admiral seemed pleased with the proposition, and gave me the requisite authority. My preparations were soon completed, among them being a light on the north end of Morris Island to prevent my becoming confused should the night be cloudy and my boat be chased. General Terry was good enough to have the light placed as requested. A little before midnight on the 22d of September I left the Ironsides in a six-oared boat with muffled oars; there was a light breeze, and, although the stars were visible, there was a haze. After getting up near Sumter a light grapnel was thrown overboard and dragged with about fifty feet of line out, in order to catch any submerged obstruction that might be in the channel. After getting pretty well in, and the head of the boat had been turned towards Fort Johnson and we had passed in sufficiently to see the light General Terry had put on Morris Island, to the westward, or right, of Sumter from our position, we lay on our oars, and the boat drifted slowly in, the tide being no longer strong; after it had almost ceased we pulled out slowly, keeping a little farther from Sumter than when we entered. I had the idea that we saw a small tug lying against the wall. Passing out slowly, a black object appeared quite suddenly on our port bow, some thirty yards distant. On approaching it, we found a number of barrel buoys blackened by a coating of coal-tar, huddled together, as I had observed from the shore at certain stages of the tide. We cut some of the rotten ropes that hung as pennants from the head-rope connecting the buoys, and took a quantity of it on board of the Ironsides. The next morning I went to the flag-ship and informed the admiral, who seemed incredulous; I told him that I was an old hydrographic surveyor, and knew just where I had been and what I had seen, especially as the position of the light on the north end of Morris Island affirmed my position. If he wished to enter the harbor

at any time with the monitors, I would guarantee to cut all the barrel buoys from the ropes and they would sink where they were, and would not foul anything. The object in placing these ropes was to foul the propellers of vessels entering the harbor. He still suggested "running down the obstructions" with the side-wheel steamer, and I insisted that there were no obstructions in the main channel other than the ropes supported by the buoys, although there might be, and probably were, torpedoes to explode by contact, or by wires from the shore. We afterwards learned that there were heavy boom obstructions in the Hog Island channel, close under Mount Pleasant, linked together by railroad iron. They subsequently broke adrift in a heavy gale and high tide, and were thrown up on Morris Island.

As stated in the memoirs of Admiral Dahlgren, he held a council of war on the 22d of October. Of this he says, "There were eight captains of iron-clads and two staff officers. The object was not to have the advice myself, but to comply with the request of the Secretary, who asked for the opinion of these officers. It began at eleven and finished at five. The four junior officers voted for an attack with seven iron-clads. The six seniors were averse. The intelligence was largely with the latter. . . . So my views were sustained. The majority were for waiting till reinforcements arrived in December."

Dahlgren had been ordered to the command with the implied obligation of taking Charleston with the iron-clads. In speaking to me privately of entering the harbor, about the time of the council mentioned, he clung to the idea of anchoring near the little fort, Ripley, only half-way between Sumter and the city. I insisted that the monitors, if anchored there, would be exposed to an all-round fire within damaging distance. If they entered they should go up Cooper River and into Town Creek, to cut the railroad communication with the interior. It seemed to me an injudicious move even with an increased force, on account of the probable loss of some of them by grounding, and of others through torpedoes and by capture, in which case, when repaired they would have furnished the enemy with the means of breaking the legality of our blockade, a condition that would have been gladly acknowledged by both Great Britain and France.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Sent North by the Admiral—Rumors of relieving Admiral Dahlgren of his Command—Report of Officers under Admiral Dahlgren to the Navy Department—Courts-Martial and Courts of Inquiry—Ordered to Temporary Command of the Shenandoah—She goes to Philadelphia to be put out of Commission—Lieutenant-General Grant visits Rear-Admiral Lee, on the *Minnesota*, at Hampton Roads—Leaves an Invitation for Commander Ammen to visit him at Culpeper—Letter from General Grant—Visit Mrs. Grant—Visit General Grant at Culpeper—Details of Visit—Talk of Boyhood Days—Ride over the Country—General Grant's Opinion of Generals Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, and Bragg—Present of a Meerscham Pipe—Return to Baltimore.

A FEW days after the council the admiral sent me on a visit North to state verbally to the Department the condition of affairs. There were rumors of an intention to relieve him of his command; but he still held it up to the evacuation of Charleston. On January 11, 1864, Dahlgren's diary states, "Among the letters was one from the Secretary and one from Fox, both prodigiously flattering, and asking for a good character for the monitors." The Department published at that time a large volume entitled "Armored Vessels," made up from newspaper correspondence and other authorities, but said nothing of a report made in common by all the officers who had commanded them up to that time, with the exception of Drayton and Worden, who afterwards read the report and entirely concurred in its statements. There were minor differences of opinion in relation to the monitors. Commander G. W. Rodgers thought the ground-tackle insufficient, from the vessel under his command dragging several times when at anchor in Edisto, and I thought we could anchor within Charleston bar and remain there, which was dissented from by the other commanders, and really only became practicable by having high coamings to the hatches and leaving the hatches off when lying at anchor. The report, written at the request of the Department, and never hitherto published in full, is as follows:

NORTH EDISTO HARBOR, S. C., May 16, 1863.

SIR,—We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the request of the Department, through Rear-Admiral Dupont, that we should report frequently with regard to the qualities of the vessels we command, and make any suggestions which experience may dictate for their improvement.

Believing that it would better serve the purposes of the Department to make a report in common, as far as there was no difference of opinion, we beg leave to submit the following :

1st. The ventilation does not appear to be sufficient. This subject is one of much importance, and deserves great consideration.

2d. In the greater number of the vessels, in rough weather, the leakage of water under the turret is a serious defect ; wetting the blower-belts, it causes them to stretch, stopping or retarding the blowers, with great injury to health, if not with actual danger of suffocation, causing reduction of steam, with detriment to management of vessel.

3d. The groove of the keel appears to be insufficient to carry off any considerable volume of water from leaks which may occur forward or elsewhere ; thus great danger may arise to the vessel from the water not reaching the pumps. We would recommend that a hand-pump of as great lifting power as possible should be conveniently fixed for use when the boilers are not in operation.

4th. The compass is so sluggish as not to indicate the position of the ship's head until some time after being on a given point, making its use quite unsatisfactory, and, as a guide, quite unreliable,—indeed, at sea without an object ahead, almost useless. This is believed to be caused by its nearness (four feet) to heavy masses of iron. In some states of the atmosphere the mirrors used for reflecting the compass are almost useless.

5th. We would recommend a spare grapnel-anchor, such as now used in this class, with the bolted or screwed arms unscrewed, to enable it to be stowed below, and when required it could be speedily fitted for use. This would require for working it a fish-davit of sufficient length to clear the side, with a gin-block capable of taking the chain.

6th. It is regarded as desirable, if not absolutely necessary, that the means for heaving the lead in a sea-way should be provided, and, as of the highest importance, that the soundings can be obtained when under the fire of the enemy.

7th. When the vessel is prepared for action the galley-pipe is removed, and, as this is necessarily the case in the presence of an enemy, difficulty in cooking food for the men is experienced. As this may be the case for a considerable length of time, it is suggested that the galley smoke-pipe should be run into the smoke-stack below deck. This would make it necessary to change the place of the galley, to an after coal-bunker perhaps, and to supply it with a proper ventilation.



8th. The liability of the turret to cease to revolve after receiving heavy blows has given us much solicitude; other damages from the same cause have been received, tending to destroy our aggressive power, as breaking the inside ring which supports the end of the gun-rails, thus allowing them to settle and disabling the gun. In another case a blow on the turret jammed a port-stopper, preventing entirely the use of the gun during the action.

A few small slits in the turret to enable the officer fighting the guns to see the horizon at different points, would do much to render the fire quicker than at present. If the space admitted of it, a means of passing ammunition without the necessity of laying the turret on particular angles, and of communicating by voice and otherwise with the turret-chamber from the pilot-house without making noise and delay, would render the fire quicker, and passing orders far less liable to mistake.

9th. The sight-holes of the pilot-house do not give the view actually necessary to judge of distances, observe the effect of the fire, make a proper reconnoissance, or to manœuvre with other vessels under fire; narrow horizontal slits, sufficient in length to give an extended view over considerable arcs, appear necessary to these objects.

10th. The deck-plating should be thicker, and the top of the turret and of the pilot-house stronger, than at present.

11th. The great loss in speed of iron vessels in salt water from fouling the bottom is well known. Already these vessels have little more than half the speed with the same number of revolutions that they had when put in commission.

12th. In regard to the armament, we speak with more diffidence. At a distance of about eight hundred yards, thought necessary for effective practice against brickwork, we found the vessels liable to such injuries as would in a short time disable them; indeed, a part of them were rendered unserviceable for the time.

The average time required to load, point, and fire the fifteen-inch gun in action does not vary much from seven minutes; it must be remembered that this controls the fire of the lighter piece, or, if that be fired oftener, it retards further the slow firing of the heavy gun. We regard a smaller calibre with a larger proportional charge of powder as desirable, at least when used against brickwork or stone.

13th. The gun-carriage is easily worked, but quite liable to get out of order, nor do we suppose it possible in a sea-way to work the guns with the present arrangements, even bearing in mind Mr. Ericsson's suggestion that it was expected that under such circumstances the guns should be laid fore and aft.

14th. It is said that decks of logs, to be covered with half-inch plate-iron, are now being fitted for these vessels, without the intention of cutting openings (to be taken out when deemed desirable) over the air-ports or the hatches. If such is the case, we do not doubt the result will be

most unfortunate, involving the loss of life and of health to those serving on board.

15th. Bulwarks of boiler-iron, sufficiently thick to protect from rifle shots, appear to be necessary when these vessels are employed on rivers whose banks furnish ambuscades; without them, the crews would be confined below, and suffer the inevitable consequence of a loss of health, or, if allowed to come on deck, without effecting an object, many would fall victims to the fire of sharpshooters.

We have confined ourselves to indicating such points as appear to us worthy of consideration: in relation to the remedies, no doubt a diversity of opinion must exist.

In relation to the qualities of the vessels, we would remark that they have been exaggerated into vessels capable of keeping the seas and making long voyages alone. Some of us have been in heavy gales in them, and indeed, from the amount of water in them, have had grave apprehensions of their loss. A gale of wind in them is by no means free from apprehension, even when the material is new and before the vessel has been weakened by working in a sea-way; the strength of material must always be severely tested in rough weather by the overhangs and the submerged guards. If a leak is sprung from this cause, a very short time will elapse before the vessel goes down. Before the wind in a heavy sea, these vessels are comparatively very easy; if caught near a lee shore in a heavy gale, even in tow of a powerful steamer, their loss would be almost a certainty.

When employed against vessels of any class known to us, in smooth harbors, they will hardly fail to be in the highest degree effective, and, when their bottoms are clean, would prove powerful rams against vessels of low velocity, or against vessels of greater velocity when embarrassed in intricate or narrow channels.

Possessing the advantage of a secure harbor, and choosing their time of exit, these vessels can, in our opinion, greatly harass a blockading force, making it necessary for wooden vessels to withdraw to such distances from the entrance of the harbors, especially after night, as would make the blockade very ineffective against the entrance of steamers.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, etc.,

JNO. RODGERS, Captain Weehawken.

DAN'L AMMEN, Commander Patapasco.

GEO. W. RODGERS, Commander Catskill.

D. M. FAIRFAX, Commander Montauk.

JNO. DOWNES, Commander Nahant.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,  
*Secretary of the Navy.*

My time, and that of several other spare officers, was principally taken up in courts of inquiry and courts-martial, held on

board of the Wabash, outside of the harbor bar, five miles from the Philadelphia, the flag-ship, a river-steamer lying in Light-House Inlet, which had from three to six feet of water at the entrance, according to the state of the tide. At eight o'clock in the morning we would be taken across Light-House Inlet bar in a small boat, then transferred to a tug, in which we crossed the bar of the harbor, and finally taken alongside of the Wabash in a ship's boat. As the vessel was anchored in the open sea, we would have to watch our chance in rough seas, with the vessel rolling, to get up her side without injury. After getting on board we were seated in a cabin that was kept insufferably hot, until the time of re-embarkation, usually after sunset, when, with the reverse operation, we would reach the Philadelphia, cold and wet from the spray breaking over the gunwale of the boat in crossing the bar. This exposure soon brought on my rheumatism again, and on application I was ordered North, and applied for duty on the off-shore blockade, where I would not be so much exposed as immediately along the coast-line.

In February, 1864, I was ordered to the temporary command of the Shenandoah, then undergoing repairs at the Norfolk Navy-Yard, with the expectation of going to sea on the off-shore blockade between the Bermudas and Wilmington; but the repairs were of such a nature that the vessel did not get to sea at all until about the 20th of April, when I took her to Philadelphia to be put out of commission for further repairs.

Grant had been made lieutenant-general, and on the 17th of March had taken command of all our armies, with head-quarters at Culpeper Court-House, Virginia. A month later he paid a visit to Rear-Admiral Lee, on board of the Minnesota, lying in Hampton Roads. He inquired after me, and expressed a desire to see me then, but, as his time was limited, said to the admiral he hoped I would pay him a visit at Culpeper as soon as possible. A few days later, when on my way to Philadelphia in command of the Shenandoah, the admiral gave me this message, and I showed him a letter from General Grant, as follows:

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, February 16, 1864.

DEAR AMMEN,—Your letter was duly received, and advice fully appreciated, particularly as it is the same I would give any friend: *i. e.*, to avoid

all political entanglements. I have always thought the most slavish life any man could lead was that of a politician. Besides, I do not believe any man can be successful as a soldier whilst he has an anchor ahead for other advancement. I know of no circumstance likely to arise which would induce me to accept of any political office whatever. My only desire will be, as it has been, to whip out the rebellion in the shortest way possible, and to retain as high a position in the army afterward as the administration then in power may think me suitable for.

I was truly glad to hear from you. I was once on leave of absence at the same time you were, and went from Clermont County to Cincinnati more to see you than for any other purpose. When I got there, found you had gone to Ripley by river. I believe the last time we met was in Philadelphia, in 1843. We have both grown older since, though time sets very lightly with me. I am neither gray nor bald, nor do I feel any different from what I did at twenty-five. I have often wished that you had been selected to command the Mississippi flotilla. I have no fault to find, however, with the naval officers who co-operated with me. I think Porter, Phelps, and some of the younger officers as clever men as I ever fell in with. I cannot complain of them, certainly, for I never made a request of them that they did not comply with, no matter what the danger. I know I caused Porter to lose one gun-boat against his judgment, and he never found fault.

Remember me to Mrs. Vandyke's family, and any other friends of mine in Cincinnati. I will be very glad to hear from you again.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

After the admiral had read the letter I remarked how appreciative the general was of Porter's co-operation, and asked if I might say, in case I visited him at Culpeper, as I would do if convenient, that all the admiral's available forces would be subordinated to the movements of the army against Richmond. The admiral replied, "Certainly: I will do all that I can to aid him."

In a day or so I reached Philadelphia and delivered the Shenandoah at the navy-yard. Before leaving the city for Baltimore, I made a short visit to Burlington, New Jersey, to pay my respects to Mrs. Grant. The occasion was opportune, as it was the 27th of April, the birthday of the general. I wrote to him of my visit to his household, and told him that I would be in Baltimore for a few days; if he would send a pass I would hope to pay him a visit. The pass arrived without delay, and I left

the next morning for Culpeper. On my arrival in the afternoon, the general received me very cordially, remarked that it was nearly twenty-one years since we had met at Philadelphia, and turned me over to Colonel Badeau, an old acquaintance, suggesting that he should take me to Pony Hill. We were soon mounted, and, accompanied by several officers, rode to the top of the hill, some three miles distant to the southwest, and saw the field-works of the enemy across the Rapidan. About ten o'clock the general sent for me, and we were alone until some time after midnight; he spoke of our boyhood, of the persons whom we knew in common, and, later, concerning army movements.

An important object of my visit, although not at all official, was to assure an effective co-operation of our naval forces. I told him that I had been authorized by Admiral Lee to say that, apart from the force requisite for the maintenance of the blockade on the coast of North Carolina, all other vessels under his command would be subordinated, as far as desired, to support army movements in any manner suggested.

Breakfasting the following morning with the general and his staff, he proposed a ride with me. We were accompanied by one orderly only. The course chosen was first to the northeast, and after passing over some miles we turned to the right. The country was an undulating plain, almost denuded of wood, and wholly destitute of fences. Here and there were encamped the different army corps that composed the principal part of the force that was about to cross the Rapidan. The general rode the finest horse, as he told me then and afterwards, that he had ever mounted,—a large, powerful bay. He was a half-brother of the famous Lexington, and was named Cincinnati. The general spoke of his intended movement on Richmond, and said that our army in the valley was already on the march, and that on the following day as I returned to Washington I would meet Burnside's corps; he did not feel at liberty to state the number of his army, but it was as large as he thought himself able to command, bearing in mind the difficulties of transportation. Were the troops with their supply-trains to be placed along the line of road to Richmond, which I think he said was seventy

miles, the head of the army would be there before the rear had crossed the Rapidan: he added, humorously, that he did not expect to reach Richmond in that order.

In reply to my inquiry, he said he supposed he had very reliable information as to the force of General Lee. As I remember, he reckoned it at one hundred and twenty thousand men, including the local forces in Richmond and Petersburg. He did not regard General Lee as the ablest general of the South; he, however, possessed the entire confidence and indeed affection of every one under his command, and such a man could not be an indifferent commander to meet. He considered General Joseph E. Johnston as a very able commander. Bragg, regarded simply in the light of a soldier, he thought very able; he was, however, so thoroughly detested by the people of the South that he would never prove a formidable adversary.

After a ride of three hours, having passed over more than fifteen miles, we approached Culpeper from the general direction of Pony Hill. As we passed another army corps, the general remarked, with something akin to enthusiasm, that he had the most thoroughly equipped army for field-work that he thought could be found on the globe; he would do the best he could with it; according to the newspapers, certain officers had said, give them this or that number of troops, and they would do this or that, but he would only promise to do his best. Some of our officers after a battle thought it impossible to move again until they were again thoroughly prepared, apparently forgetful that the enemy was making the best use of his time also; the result of an engagement was often only a question of relative exhaustion of resources; if the enemy's forces were worse off than his own as the result of a battle, he saw no reason why the enemy should not be pressed at once, notwithstanding any deficiencies in his own preparation.

That evening, which was Saturday, I was with the general at an earlier hour than the preceding; he had a meerschaum pipe which he was smoking, and which he presented me, stating that it had been purchased in Germany for him by request, but that it was too cumbersome for the field.

I left Culpeper in the morning train on Sunday, and the same

evening reached Baltimore, where I had a neuralgic attack for several days, followed by a badly-swollen face. Ten days after reaching Baltimore, I received a telegram from the Navy Department directing me to take charge of a draft of seamen on board of the Panama steamer *Ocean Queen*, off the Battery, New York, on the 13th of May.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

In Charge of a Draft of Men on board the *Ocean Queen*—Boatswain Bell reports for Duty with Two Hundred and Twenty Men—The Steamer gets under Way—At Midnight the Commander is sent for by some of the Men—They complain of having to sleep on Deck—Assault upon the Captain and Chief Engineer—Statement of Commander Ammen—Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, a Passenger—Desertions at Aspinwall—Return in the *Ocean Queen* to New York from Panama, and make a Full Report to the Navy Department—Remarks on the Mutiny—The Court-Martial—Courts-Martial organized, one to acquit and one to condemn—Decline to employ Counsel—Letter from General Grant—In command of the *Mohican*—A Clerk—A Swiss Steward who receives more Pay than the Commanding Officer.

I HAD barely time to reach New York at the hour named, and, either from having lost my satchel or from having checked it, I went on board of the *Ocean Queen* without other clothing than that in which I stood, and was indebted to a fellow-passenger for a change of linen. On my reaching the *Ocean Queen*, or soon after, a tug came alongside, and Boatswain Bell reported to me for duty: he was in charge of two hundred and twenty men, the greater number of whom had been serving in the army and through a recent order had been allowed to volunteer for the navy if they were seamen. Many worthless fellows called themselves seamen, and "Liverpool wharf-rats" formed a not inconsiderable part of the number: a more audacious and criminal set it would, as a whole, have been difficult to assemble outside of the walls of a prison. Perhaps half the number of the draft had some actual knowledge of sea duties. As soon as the men were mustered over the ship's side the *Ocean Queen* got under

way. The evening was cold and wet as we got to sea. At midnight I was called by the officer who had been relieved from watch: he said that several men of the draft wished to see me on deck. I inquired what they wished, and was informed that he did not know. I dressed hastily, and, going on deck, was met by four men. I asked them why they wished to see me. A man about thirty years of age, more than six feet in height, and well built, was spokesman. Their complaint was of the hardship of being compelled to sleep on deck, although they were entirely sheltered from the weather by the hurricane-deck. Calling me at that hour was in fact only for the purpose of seeing the man they had to deal with in carrying out an intended mutiny. A meeting had already been held by them to ascertain who among them could run the engines after they had taken possession of the vessel. Thirty-six hours later, fifteen or twenty of the leaders were in the port gangway of the Ocean Queen, and two of the four men who had me called at midnight had the captain and chief engineer actually by their throats, and were thrusting them back from the gangway, when I gave the order to fire on them, and shot the spokesman, who was the leader in the attack. In order to place the occurrence before the reader more concisely and clearly than I could otherwise do, I give the statement made by me on my trial by court-martial, following it with such further explanations as seem necessary to a clear comprehension of the affair.

The evidence in my case is now before you. It is ample, and, I trust, has convinced you that my conduct in the matter was justified by the circumstances, and that, in connection with the steps taken by Captain Tinklepaugh, it prevented a fearful scene of disorder, and possibly of national reproach and disgrace.

I have no desire or design to avoid, in the slightest degree, the responsibility which rests upon me. I acted as my convictions of duty prompted; I could not have done less than I did without self-reproach; and, whatever the event, I shall always be sustained by an inward consciousness that I did my duty,—my whole duty.

In order to enable you the better to appreciate the circumstances under which I acted, I propose now to give you a clear and connected statement of the facts as they appeared to me.

I was ordered by the Navy Department to take passage on board the Ocean Queen, on Friday, May 13, to receive on board that vessel and take



charge of a draft of two hundred and twenty men, intended for the Pacific Squadron, to accompany them to Panama, and, after delivering them to the senior officer present at that point, to return to New York.

Boatswain Thomas G. Bell, of the navy, was ordered to assist me. No marine guard or other assistants were assigned. The draft came from Philadelphia, and (although it was not in evidence) was principally composed of men who had been transferred from the army a short time before.

The *Ocean Queen* left the wharf at New York at about one o'clock P.M. She had on board (as Captain Tinklepaugh has informed you) about one thousand and forty passengers, excluding the draft; about one-third were women and children. It had been arranged that the draft should be received on board after the steamer left the wharf, and it was so done.

It is proper here to explain that on board that steamer the steerage and cabin passengers are divided from each other by means on the starboard side of a fixed bulkhead, and on the port side by a lattice, in which there is a gateway; and, by the rules of the vessel, all steerage passengers are forbidden to come abaft these bulkheads. The men composing the draft were steerage passengers. Owing to the crowded state of the steerage, the starboard side of the spar-deck, under the hurricane-deck, was appropriated exclusively to the men under my charge. Although uncomfortable and crowded, I should have much preferred, at that season of the year and for that voyage, living and sleeping there, to occupying a berth in the steerage.

About midnight that night I was called and told that my people wished to see me. I at once dressed and went on deck, where I was met by four men, two of whom I remember as John Kolley and Alfred Bussell, seamen (the deceased), who told me they were uncomfortable, had no place to sleep, and therefore had to wander about the decks; they finally said that whiskey would make it all right.

I replied that I knew they were uncomfortable; that in a day or two we would be in a pleasant latitude; and that, in the mean while, I would see what could be done to make them less uncomfortable; but that whiskey was quite out of the question, as it would make all wrong.

They left without any manifestation of disappointment or anger,—perhaps impressed with the idea that the interest I had expressed was the result of intimidation, and not of the disposition I have to care for the comfort and well-being of those under my command, and which I regard as a not unimportant part of the duty of all officers under whom men are placed.

The following morning (Saturday) all of the draft that I asked expressed themselves satisfied with their breakfast, although I found on inquiry that no vegetables had formed a part of it. I soon made a request to Captain Tinklepaugh on this subject, which he at once agreed to.

In the afternoon, at dinner, there was dissatisfaction,—at least on the part of twelve or fifteen, who threw overboard a number of pots and pans

containing food, and beat and abused the servants of the ship until they refused to do duty. Chief among these twelve or fifteen were Kelley and Bussell (the deceased); the object probably was to prevent the better-disposed men from getting anything to eat, and thus to make the dissatisfaction more general.

I at once detailed a number of the blacks belonging to the draft to reset and replenish the tables, and thus prevented the well-disposed from suffering.

The captain of the vessel was, not without cause, seriously concerned on account of this mutinous conduct and the very menacing and disrespectful expressions of my men, and told me he felt much disposed to put into Hampton Roads and put on shore at least twelve or fifteen, if not all, of the draft.

While I had to admit that the conduct and language of some of them were very mutinous and disrespectful, I told him I hoped he would not do this; that the delay would be great, and that I felt satisfied we could control the men.

The following morning (Sunday, 15th) the men appeared to be entirely sober,—the supply of liquor obtained through the steerage passengers having probably given out. Their breakfast consisted of hard bread, boiled salt beef of good quality, tea or coffee, and hominy and molasses. I was in the act of inspecting their breakfast, when I was asked to do so by Alfred Bussell, seaman (the deceased), in the most disrespectful terms and manner. After my inspection I became convinced that the object of the men was a difficulty irrespective of any treatment which it was in my power to have bestowed upon them.

Soon after breakfast I heard John Kelley and Alfred Bussell (the deceased) in conversation with Boatswain Bell,—my assistant in charge of the draft. They declared that they had eaten nothing since they had been on board; and that, if their dinner that day was not such as they wished, they certainly would go aft into the cabin and get what they desired. Kelley said he had once aided on board of a vessel-of-war to knock down a sentry over a spirit-room, and that they intended to do as well on board of the *Ocean Queen*; that he knew there was liquor on board, and they intended to have it.

The conversation, though addressed to Mr. Bell, was loud enough, and evidently intended for my ear. I replied that I hoped their dinner would be all they could ask; that I had spoken to the captain on that subject; but that their proposition to go aft and help themselves was quite out of the question; and if there was an attempt of that kind they would certainly be shot. They contemptuously replied that they were quite accustomed to being under fire, and felt no alarm whatever; and Kelley said that they regarded me as a very well disposed person; that he felt satisfied I would do anything in my power for their comfort, and therefore I had not been harmed.

I ask the court to weigh well this conversation, as given by Mr. Bell; as also the conversation about seven o'clock that morning between him and the same men; as also what Chief-Engineer Phelps has said in relation to the endeavors of the men to find some one capable of running the engines.

The conversation and manner of the men convinced me that they were bent on making serious trouble; it conveyed to me deep meaning, and revealed, or rather confirmed my belief in, the existence of a plot and purpose, too apparent to be doubted, save by a person without sufficient nerve to meet the crisis when it came.

I did not reply to the last remark, so insulting to my position and to the obligations which belong to the service; but I felt that by this total forgetfulness of their obligations the existence of the many passengers on board the vessel was seriously menaced. I turned to many of the men who composed the draft, and told them that if there should be violence on board the vessel I hoped all the well-disposed would absent themselves from the immediate scene, and that none should appear unless they wished to be participants; that they would communicate what I had just said to the other men, as I would regret very much if any of them should be killed by accident.

I have to congratulate myself upon this forethought, as my advice was implicitly acted upon, not only by those who had no evil design, but I think also by ten or fifteen of those who were willing to abet the leaders as far as they could do so without encountering the perils inseparable from a violent contempt of my authority, and of their obligations to society.

Shortly after this, Captain Tinklepaugh stated to me that the attitude of some of my men convinced him that he would be obliged to shoot some of them in order to insure the safety of his command and of the passengers intrusted to his care, and that he wished my presence when it became necessary. I told him that, if the necessity arrived, I thought it belonged to me to recognize it by giving the order to fire, to which he assented, but added that he hoped I would not defer it until the men overpowered us and had actual possession of the vessel. I told him I would guard well that point, and he appeared satisfied, although deeply concerned for the safety of his vessel.

This occurred about noon of May 15,—the date of the occurrences about to be narrated. Had Captain Tinklepaugh been less judicious in making his arrangements, or less considerate in his whole conduct, I could not answer for what the result might have been. The necessary preparations were made to meet an emergency.

Dinner-time (about two P.M.) came. I sat upon the hurricane-deck forward, overlooking the steerage passengers, and would have been blind indeed had I not seen that a crisis was at hand, from the manner of the people, who, huddled together with the draft, as they necessarily were,

could not have failed to overhear somewhat the plans and expressed intentions of my men.

When the dinner of the men was reported, the boatswain (Mr. Bell), whom I had previously instructed so to do, called the principal malcontents to look at and pronounce upon it. It consisted of very good fresh roast beef, boiled potatoes, hard bread of excellent quality, and tea or coffee. John Kelley and Alfred Bussell (the deceased) pronounced the dinner satisfactory, and added "perfectly so." Will the court mark well their words? for they prove that they had nothing to complain of, and that all their dissatisfaction had been but a pretext for the evil conduct intended, and which they now proceeded to try to accomplish.

These men now proceeded to the port gangway, for the purpose of forcing the gateway. On attacking the man placed to guard the gateway abaft, where steerage passengers are forbidden to go, they found Captain Tinklepaugh near at hand, supported by Chief-Engineer Phelps, Dr. Gibbs, of the vessel, Dr. Woodward (a passenger), Mr. Bell (boatswain), and some others, who had been made aware of the position of affairs. I was sent for by Captain Tinklepaugh, and, passing over the hurricane-deck, I arrived in time to see John Kelley, seaman, who was probably six feet three inches in height, and strongly built, struggling with Captain Tinklepaugh. Alfred Bussell, seaman, was also struggling with Engineer Phelps. A third man, who first tried to prevent an immediate attack, seeing that it could not be done, joined ferociously with the others.

On arriving, I saw that the authority of the vessel, as well as my own in the person of Mr. Bell, was violently assaulted.

Section 1st of Article 3d of the "Act for the better government of the Navy" is as follows: "The punishment of death, or such other punishment as a court-martial shall adjudge, may be inflicted upon any person in the naval service who, being witness to, or present at, any mutiny, *shall not do his utmost to suppress it.*" Here was the mutiny, and I did the duty the law imposed upon me. I did not hesitate to give the order to fire upon the mutineers.

Immediately upon reiterating the order, I fired with a revolver twice at John Kelley. On the instant half a dozen shots were fired by some of the other persons named as present. The immediate death of Alfred Bussell and of John Kelley within two or three minutes was the result.

I passed almost immediately over the hurricane-deck, and informed the men under my command that I had a word to say to them. When they had assembled, I stated that an attempt at violence had been met by force, and two or three of their number had been killed, which was perhaps more a matter of regret to me than to any one of them; that I had to thank all but a small number of them for their excellent conduct,—the more gratifying because it implied that they felt that they owed a duty to their country and to their flag. Three loud and spontaneous cheers greeted me, apparently from every man composing the draft. I trust that this honorable

court will not regard them as without meaning. The men were now directed to go to their dinner ; they obeyed, without excitement or confusion.

I had previously requested Captain Tinklepaugh to have the dead men decently laid out for burial, and sent some of their shipmates to assist ; and the prayers of the burial service were said over them when their bodies were committed to the deep.

After dinner, without any aid or support, I went among the principal men who had shown a mutinous disposition, and ordered five of them upon the hurricane-deck, stating that I wished to have them put in irons. Four made no reply ; the fifth said he would not obey my order, but changed his mind when I told him that he would obey instantly, or I would shoot him. The five were ironed, and kept on bread and water one or two days. We had no further trouble during the voyage ; but when we met the convoy (the U. S. steamer Neptune), I obtained a few marines, and the following day put the prisoners on board that vessel. I asked Captain Sanford, of the Neptune, to receive them, not because I had any apprehension of further trouble, but because Captain Tinklepaugh requested it.

I have thus, in as few words as possible, stated the facts in the case as they appear to me. You have the opinions of every witness asked, that no more was done than was necessary, and that any attempt to arrest the malcontents and confine them would have resulted in our own death. You cannot but be convinced of the purposes of Kelley and Bussell, and that, if they had not been completely foiled, no limit to their violence could well be assigned.

The honorable court will not doubt that, if a defiant and premeditated attack upon and personal violence to the captain of the vessel and those supporting him had been met in any other manner than it was, scores of the men whose conduct was unexceptionable would have been emboldened into contempt, if not into open mutiny. In that event, who can say what would have been the result ?

Pardon me a word or two upon what constitutes the offence of murder. It is a malicious, deliberate, purposed, and premeditated killing of a person. Manslaughter is *unlawful* killing ; but it has never been unlawful for an officer of the law to use such force, even to the extent of killing, as seemed to him at the time necessary, to enable him to do his duty,—the circumstances of the case afterwards showing that his opinion was reasonable, even though erroneous. Of the extent to which the naval or military officer may go in the just performance of his duties, it is not necessary for me to speak, as that is the province of this court.

This honorable court will bear in mind that of all the witnesses examined, there has been none who did not regard my action as of imperative necessity, and they have also stated that they have the same belief still. Captain Tinklepaugh also states emphatically that, had it not been for the agreement that, if the necessity existed, I was to give the order, he would have fired on the men before my arrival.

I ask an acquittal at your hands upon three grounds:

- 1st. That my duty required me to act as I did.
- 2d. The necessity of the case required it.
- 3d. Self-defence permitted it.

I beg the court to weigh well the facts presented in the evidence. I not only hope a full acquittal, but trust the evidence is of such a character as to show that the confidence the Department placed in me, by giving me charge of so many men, without other assistance than that of one officer, was not misplaced.

If the men failed to respect my authority in the beginning, they respected it in the end.

I have no regrets except that such a necessity ever came to me. Had I failed in my duty, had I done less than I did, this court, in common with my brother officers and the whole country, would have had to lament a fatal imbecility, and the narrative of the Ocean Queen might have been added to the book of horrors.

As for the dead, their desperate and determined character has been given in the testimony. They had forfeited their lives to the law; and they died only before the sentence of the law instead of after it; and the necessity of the case was such that no one of my brother officers could have failed to do his duty on that occasion, had it been his lot instead of mine.

I have not entered into an argument, nor do I consider it proper on this occasion that I should do so. I have endeavored fairly to present the case, and I believe the evidence is ample to convince the honorable court that I had but one course to pursue; that I did but my duty; and, painful as that duty was, the manner in which I performed it I trust will meet your sincere and entire approval.

Respectfully submitted,

DANIEL AMMEN, Commander.

BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD, August 10, 1864.

EXTRACT FROM CAPTAIN TINKLEPAUGH'S EVIDENCE.

*Question by the Court.*—Did you, or did you not, believe, at the time of the firing, and before it, that the safety of the ship, and possibly of the passengers, would be endangered unless the movements of the mutineers were forcibly arrested?

*Answer.*—I did so believe. I became fully satisfied in my own mind of the fact.

*Question by the Court.*—Was it, or was it not, in your judgment, then and now, necessary, in order to arrest the progress of the mutineers, to resort to the use of fire-arms?

*Answer.*—It was necessary, in my opinion. It became necessary. I am still of the same opinion.

*Question by the Court.*—If an attempt had been made to arrest and confine the mutineers at the gate, instead of firing upon them, what, in view

of the state of feeling shown by the other men, do you think would have been the result?

*Answer.*—I think the result would have been that they would have taken the ship from us.

*Question by the Accused.*—Did you observe, at any time, malicious conduct on the part of the accused to the men under his charge?

*Answer.*—None whatever. On the contrary, he addressed them and treated them at all times in a mild and gentlemanly manner. He told them repeatedly, in my hearing, that whatever could be done for their comfort should be; that he was sent there for that purpose, to see to their rights and comfort, and it should be done.

*Question by the Accused.*—Was the conduct of Commander Ammen cool and collected at all times, when you were present, especially during the attack in the port gangway, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 15?

*Answer.*—It was unusually so,—unusually cool and determined. So much so that I changed my mind; because he was so mild at first that I didn't expect when the time for action came he would be prompt. I found him, however, very cool and determined, prompt to act. Prior to that I thought he was very mild and easy.

*Question by the Accused.*—Would you have felt obliged to shoot the men who made an attack on you at the gateway on the port side of the Ocean Queen, in order to insure the safety of your command, had I not arrived the moment I did, or very soon thereafter, on the afternoon of Sunday, May 15?

*Answer.*—Yes, sir. I should have fired myself before he arrived, had it not been for the understanding that I was to act under his orders. I saw the necessity of doing it before he arrived there.

*Question by the Accused.*—Do you remember whether I expressed regret that it was necessary to shoot two or three men, when I addressed the draft of men?

*Answer.*—Yes, I heard Captain Ammen express himself so when he addressed the men. He expressed regret that he had been compelled to use force.

Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, was a passenger, and at my request took the sworn statements of all the officers and others on board who were cognizant of the facts. On the arrival of the steamer at Aspinwall, I asked Captain Sanford, of the Neptune, who had convoyed us into port, to place sentries on the wharf to prevent the desertion of the draft; this he did, but he refused to send an officer and marines with me to guard the men to Panama. After the cars left Aspinwall, when the train was running slowly, ten or a dozen of the men jumped

from the cars and took to the woods ; although they were shot at, so far as I know none of them were hit. Boatswain Bell and myself could not prevent the escape of the men from the five cars occupied by them.

Before leaving, I had sent a telegram to Commander Law, of the *Levant*, to have marines stationed around the depot on our arrival at Panama. This arrangement was a very disagreeable surprise to many of my draft, who would have preferred to desert there rather than along the road. A tug was in waiting, and an hour later the men were on board of the *Levant* and mustered around the capstan, when I told Commander Law the character of many of them. The men who had deserted along the line of road were all apprehended and brought on board, as I was afterwards informed by Commander Law.

As directed by my orders, on the delivery of the draft to the commanding officer at Panama I returned in the *Ocean Queen* to New York, leaving *Aspinwall* three days after our arrival. I made a full report to the Navy Department, covering nine pages of official paper, detailing every occurrence on board of the *Ocean Queen* from the time the draft was received until it was turned over to Commander Law at Panama, and enclosed with my report the sworn statements taken by Justice Field the day after the occurrence.

I awaited the action of the Navy Department in Philadelphia ; more than a week passed, and not even an official acknowledgment of my report was received by me. On a brief visit to Admiral Dupont, living near Wilmington, he inquired what I had heard from the Department, and was informed that it had not deigned even to acknowledge the receipt of my report. He asked whether it would not be preferable for me to ask a court-martial, in order to free myself not only from odium, but also from a legal prosecution in some civil court, which otherwise would always hang over me as a possibility and might be brought about at any time by some sharp lawyer who wanted a case or to black-mail. I replied that I had come to that conclusion, and the next day I sent a second letter to the Department, asking a court-martial, and giving my reasons for the request. The admiral asked who I intended to get to defend



me; I said I would not have a lawyer, for the reason that he would regard it as his duty to take all the points of the law in my defence, and at the end of the trial I would appear as having been acquitted through his cleverness rather than on the merits of the case. At this the admiral seemed much disturbed, and remarked, "In my judgment, you should have one of the ablest lawyers in the country to defend you." I replied that I recognized the fact that the Department was unfriendly, though without reason, but that I knew all the facts in connection with the affair; that any other conduct on my part would have been highly culpable, and this would appear from the sworn statements and be fully substantiated by all the testimony before the court when I was tried.

No reply was received to my second letter to the Department; a few days later, however, I received a visit from a gentleman who, after asking if I was Commander Ammen, said he had a very disagreeable duty to perform, as judge-advocate of a court-martial, in presenting charges to me. I replied that I was glad to see him, and would give the charges my attention. At that time the Department kept two courts-martial running, the one supposed to acquit, and the other to condemn those on trial. I was brought before the latter court, supposed to be like the Dutch judge who asked, "If he is not guilty, why bring him to trial?" Early in August, on the arrival of the *Ocean Queen*, I was brought before the court convened at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard; on being asked if I objected to any member of the court, I said no. I was then asked if I wished counsel, I replied that I only wished permission to consult with Commander James Parker, of the navy, during the progress of my trial. This disturbed the repose of the court somewhat, and I had half an idea that there would be a disposition to assign me counsel whether I wished it or not. The president of the court was a rear-admiral of good sense and character, with whom I had served as midshipman when he commanded a sloop-of-war on the coast of Labrador. He told me, weeks before, that he was ordered to hold me in close confinement, to which I replied that he knew me personally; I would not venture to express any opinion in relation to his duties, but I would say

that he could not get rid of me by any possibility before I was tried.

All those belonging to the Ocean Queen who were cognizant of the facts appeared as witnesses. The testimony was that before the men had called me up at midnight just after going to sea, a meeting had been held by them and a canvass made as to who among them could run the engines. It was supposed, though never ascertained to be a fact, that one of the draft who had opposed the piratical project had been thrown overboard, perhaps on the presumption that a man who had been mustered on board the preceding evening was not found on board afterwards; but he may have changed his clothing and gone on board of the tug again before she cast off from the vessel.

I was indebted to Commander James Parker, now a lawyer of note in New York, for his advice and assistance during the progress of the trial; he did not propose to take all the points of the law to clear me, but presented all the facts for the consideration of the court. The malice of the Department arose from my personal friendship for Admiral Dupont, and could extend no further than in releasing me from arrest in terms that implied that I had crawled through the meshes of the law. It was as follows:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, August 15, 1864.

SIR,—The Naval General Court-Martial by which you were recently tried, at New York, acquitted you of the charges preferred against you. After pronouncing this judgment, the Court proceed to state that "it appearing from the evidence, and not denied by the accused, that Commander Daniel Ammen, at the time and place mentioned in the specifications, was concerned in the killing of John Kelley and Alfred Bussell, seamen, the court do find that the same was done in the lawful discharge of the duty of the said Commander Daniel Ammen, as an officer of the United States Navy, and to suppress an attempted mutiny, and in the opinion of the court the same was justifiable homicide."

I am respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) GIDRON WELLES, *Secretary of the Navy.*

COMMANDER DANIEL AMMEN, U.S.N.

A few days after my release from arrest I received a letter from General Grant, dated August 18, relating to occurrences

of great interest to the public at that time. It was as follows : "Several times we have had decisive victories within our grasp, but let them, through accident or fault, slip through our hands. Our movement from Cold Harbor to the south side of the James was made with such celerity that before the enemy got a single regiment across the river our forces had carried the fortifications east of Petersburg. There was nothing, not even a military force, to prevent our walking in and taking possession. The officer charged with this work, for some unaccountable reason, stopped at the works he had captured, and gave the enemy time to get in a garrison and intrench it. On the 30th of July, again, by a feint north of the James, we drew most of the enemy on that side of the river, and whilst he was there (with my troops quietly withdrawing during the night) a mine, judiciously prepared, was exploded, burying a battery and some three hundred of the enemy, and making a breach in his works into which our men marched without opposition. The enemy was completely surprised, and commenced running in all directions. There was nothing to prevent our men from marching directly to the high ground in front of them, to which they had been directed to go. Once there, all the enemy's fortifications would have been taken in reverse, and no stand would have been made. It is clear that without a loss of five hundred men we could have had Petersburg, with all its artillery and many of its garrison. But our troops stopped in the crater made by the explosion. The enemy was given time to rally and reoccupy his line. Then we found, true enough, that we had the wolf by the ears. He was hard to hold, and more dangerous to let go. This was so outrageous that I have obtained a court of inquiry to sift the matter. We will peg away, however, and end this matter if our people at home will be but true to themselves. If they would but reflect, everything looks favorable. . . .

"The hope of a counter-revolution over the draft, or the Presidential election, keeps them together. Then, too, they hope for the election of a 'peace candidate,' who would let them go. 'A peace at any price' is fearful to contemplate. It would be but the beginning of war. The demands of the South would know no limits. They would demand indemnity for expenses incurred

in carrying on the war. They would demand the return of all their slaves set free in consequence of war. They would demand a treaty looking to the rendition of all fugitive slaves escaping into the Northern States, and they would keep on demanding until it would be better to be dead than to submit longer."

I met the general three months later, when he made some humorous remark about my having been tried for murder, to which I replied that the men I had charge of had been drafted from the army, and I had the idea that they were accounted sailors and drafted to the navy because they could not make soldiers out of them.

A month later I was ordered to the command of the Mohican, a steam vessel of seven guns, fitting out at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard to join Admiral Porter's force in the intended attack on Fort Fisher, known at the time to be a very strong sand fort. The enemy knew as well as we did that we would attack it as soon as we had the requisite force. I can bear testimony to the laborious exertions of the men building it up to the time of attack: wheeling barrows of sand, they followed one another in rows, going and returning, from "rosy morn to dewy eve." As I watched them from a distance, I thought how easy it would be for us to level the traverses and embankments that had cost them so many months of labor and which they were still adding to.

Soon after I had received orders to command the Mohican a friend asked if I had yet appointed my clerk; I said no, that I did not intend to be bothered with one; he said he regretted my intention, because a son of one of his intimate friends was desirous to go with me, and, as he had made several long voyages before the mast, was accustomed to sea life, and was also conversant with the duties of a clerk. I expressed a willingness to conform to his wishes, and, after talking over the matter, it was agreed that the young gentleman should mess and live in the cabin with me, which was allowed by Regulations. I had seen previously on board of some of the gun-boats some fancy clerks messing with the commanding officers, when there was a suspicion that they were on board quite as much to divide the

mess-bill as for any other purpose: so I insisted that the young gentleman should pay in the cabin only the same mess-bill that he would pay were he messing in the steerage.

My cabin steward was a very slow, stupid Swiss, who had been the steerage steward on board of the Seneca when I commanded that vessel. When he enlisted for the Mohican he received a large bounty to be credited to some State, and this bounty, with his pay and the value of his commuted ration, made his emoluments considerably more than my own during the seven or eight months that I commanded the Mohican. What added to the drollery of the situation was the fact that the father of the young gentleman who was my clerk and messmate was one of three partners who at that time paid an income-tax on half a million yearly, in the business of a large sugar importing house. He proved to be very intelligent and useful, and an agreeable messmate. At that time I paid fifty cents a pound for ham, and for other stores in proportion, and certainly did not serve my country during that period with great pecuniary benefit to myself, as my pay barely met my personal expenses; but taking it altogether, my command of the Mohican was a very satisfactory professional experience.

When the Mohican was undergoing repairs at New York the executive officer came to call my personal attention to the placing of bow timber frames on rotten ends beneath them. I told him that the government was desirous of having as large a force as possible to attack Fort Fisher, and I was not willing to look at the character of the repairs, lest I might consider it a duty to make a report that would prevent the Mohican from taking part in the bombardment. This may seem a specious way of quieting the conscience, but it was the best that occurred to me, and I have never been troubled over this dereliction.

The Mohican was put in commission on the 7th of October, and on the 28th left for Hampton Roads, arriving two days later. We found Admiral Porter and a considerable number of vessels under his command in the roads. Early in November we learned of the destruction of the iron-clad Albemarle, by Cushing, on the 30th of October, at Plymouth, North Carolina. When the news reached us I was on board of a transport with

General Grant, leaving for City Point, his head-quarters. I spent two days with the general, and was sent out under the guidance of General Babcock on the staff to take a look at the lines in front of Petersburg.

---

## CHAPTER XXIX.

At City Point—Meet General Grant—The General's Horse Cincinnati—Return to Hampton Roads—Beaufort—Bombardment of Fort Fisher—General Butler—Re-embark for Fortress Monroe—General Terry reaches Beaufort ready to co-operate with the Navy—Generals Terry and Comstock visit the Commander—Dressing the Ship with Green—The Mohican anchors at Port Royal—Message from Admiral Porter to General Sherman—News of the Capture of Wilmington—Return to Savannah—Call on Mrs. Anderson before leaving Savannah—Hardee escapes with his Army—Letter from Mr. Anderson—The Ogeechee—Hampton Roads—Washington Navy-Yard—Boston—Surrender of Lee's Army.

THERE was a railroad from City Point; we were sent out on a box-car, and our horses were in another car. It was curious to note the intelligence of the horses: on seeing a plank laid for them to walk into the car, they did so without further invitation or the least apprehension, and as we passed along they looked at the surrounding country with an apparent interest. The railroad had been laid to carry supplies to the troops on that part of the lines, and was up hill and down, on the grades that nature had established, very much as with common roads. The loads hauled were, of course, quite light, or the road would not have been practicable.

On our arrival at the terminus, the plank was placed, and our horses walked down and stood quietly awaiting our mounting. The general had done me the honor to send his horse Cincinnati, already mentioned in the account of my visit to Culpeper. It was the afternoon of a cold, raw day when we rode along that part of our lines usually visited in making an inspection, at some places within reach of small-arms. Afterwards we went to the head-quarters of General Hancock, whom I had previously met in Philadelphia when he was on leave

from wounds. After a smart ride over the country we went to the cars and were taken to City Point. When I met General Grant he asked how I liked the horse; I replied that I had ridden horses in parts of each of the four quarters of the globe; in Patagonia, at the Cape of Good Hope, in Chili, in California, in Central America, and in many of our States, from Maine to Mississippi, and had never backed a horse at all comparable to Cincinnati in stride, action, and docility; he was perfect. The general remarked again that he had never ridden his equal.

A day later I returned to Hampton Roads, and got permission from the admiral to shorten the wheel-ropes of the Mohican, in order to increase the battery by two more nine-inch shell-guns in broadside. We did all the work required with our own men. On the 10th the Mohican was sent to convoy a very valuable prize to New York. On seeing her within Sandy Hook we bore away for Hampton Roads, as instructed. At that time my face was very much swollen from neuralgia or rheumatism, and my limbs were very stiff, also: I had a fear that I might become incapacitated for duty before our bombardment came off. On the 24th the Mohican left Hampton Roads for the blockade off Wilmington until the arrival of the admiral, which did not occur as soon as he had hoped.

On getting into heavy weather at sea I found that the spars aloft were working the rotten frame of the ship, and took down the yards and topmasts on the main- and mizzen-masts; afterwards, by permission of the admiral, I sent them on shore for stowage in Beaufort, North Carolina, until the vessel was sent North, when I went into that port to get them. While blockading off Fort Fisher I anchored at different points, and by means of plotting the vessel from angles taken on tangents of coast-lines, or on points known, got the distance from the Mound battery at different times, and the vertical angle from base to summit, by which I calculated its height, my result being within two feet of what the height was stated to be after we had captured the fort.

Notwithstanding the activity of the admiral, it was the 18th of December when we left the anchorage off Beaufort, with by far the largest naval force that had ever been assembled under our

flag. We formed awkwardly, and then proceeded to the intended anchorage, twenty-five miles east of Fort Fisher, in the order of sailing directed. When we arrived, we found the army transports at anchor, and General Butler present in command of an army of ten or twelve thousand men. The next day the weather was not supposed to be favorable for landing the troops, and we remained at anchor. On the next day we had a heavy southwest gale. The army transports were said to be short of water, and got under way for Beaufort. We were anchored in seventeen fathoms of water, with hard sandy bottom. Nearly all the vessels dragged, some of them over a distance of miles; but when the gale moderated they steamed into position again and anchored. The wind had changed to the westward, making the sea smooth in-shore, and favorable for landing the troops north of the fort, as had been intended, but the transports were not at hand. At half-past ten on the night of the 23d, a powder-boat that had been prepared for the purpose was sent in and anchored off Fort Fisher at a supposed distance of three hundred yards from the beach. Fuses that were carefully laid were set on fire, and those employed in this work left in a boat for a steamer in waiting, and came off to the fleet. It was supposed by the projectors that the effect of this explosion would wreck the fort, whereas it was so slight that persons in the fort who witnessed it supposed that a blockader had blown up off the coast. I was awake when the explosion occurred, and saw through the bull's-eye in the side of the vessel the flash, resembling that of distant lightning. A dull sound reached us after a lapse of time, and two hours later we were enveloped for more than an hour in a dense powder-smoke, borne by a gentle westerly breeze.

As no information had been received from General Butler, and as the weather was favorable for landing troops and for a bombardment, the admiral had determined to explode the powder-boat and go in to attack the fort, as favorable weather could not be counted upon at that season. At daylight the different divisions of the fleet were under way, and steamed in towards Fort Fisher, the Ironsides leading, followed by the double-turreted monitor *Monadnock* and the single-turreted monitors *Canonicus* and *Mahopac*. They anchored in the positions as-



signed them in the plan of battle, and by noon opened fire on Fort Fisher, delivering their fire as directed. The *Minnesota* led the second line, followed by the *Mohican*, and the vessels anchored in reverse order, as did those following, the frigate *Colorado* being the next in line. The two other lines got into position with less success, but the fort was soon enveloped in bursting shells, the fire of the entire attacking fleet being directed at the guns in the particular parts of the fort assigned them. At sunset the wooden vessels withdrew from action, and anchored as directed by signal. About the same time General Butler's flag-ship and several other army transports made their appearance. On Christmas morning all the army transports had arrived, and General Weitzel, chief of General Butler's staff, went on board of Admiral Porter's flag-ship for the purpose of arranging "the programme for the day." Seventeen gun-boats were detached to aid in the debarkation of the troops, without any other means, however, than the boats usually carried by vessels of that class.

About eight o'clock that morning the admiral had signalled for officers commanding vessels to come on board of the flag-ship. As I had already breakfasted, and as the *Mohican* lay near, I was the first to obey the summons. The admiral asked what I thought of the bombardment of yesterday; I replied that it was fair; he said he considered it first-rate. I said that I saw a good deal of white water from the shells falling short, and that I had taken care to secure a proper elevation of the guns of the *Mohican* by sending an officer to the main-top to watch the striking of our shell and get a proper range, and had found the distance several hundred yards greater than I should have preferred.

The *Ironsides* and monitors had remained in position during the night, and fired slowly, from time to time. Soon after our return from the flag-ship, Commander Rhind was sent in a boat to sound ahead of the *Minnesota*, and when a depth of water was reached that would barely keep her off the bottom, she anchored, and the line was formed on her. The flag-captain came within hail in a tug and directed the *Mohican* to go in and make fast astern of the *Ironsides*, an order which was very

gratifying to us. And there we were firing slowly the whole day, aiming actually at the guns of the enemy. When we had thrown the last shell on board, from a distance of less than one thousand yards from the fort, we cast off from the stern of the Ironsides and went to a supply-vessel, where we filled and fused our shells, and took as many as could be stowed below, and were then ready for further operations.

The morning, which had been lovely, had changed into a sombre day; late in the afternoon the effect of our fire seemed to paralyze that of the fort. It was a magnificent sight for us, but for those in the fort it must have been something akin to what was enjoyed by the enemy in our attack on Fort Sumter previously mentioned.

Some three thousand men of our army force had been landed by three or four o'clock, and two bodies of the enemy, the one of seventy men occupying the Flag-Pond battery, and the other of two hundred and eighteen men and seven officers, manning what was known as the Half-Moon battery, both works being near where our forces had been landed, came in and surrendered. They could just as readily have gone up the sand-spit and on to Wilmington. Later in the day a reconnoissance had been made behind the curtain of the fort, and a Confederate flag that had been shot away from the pole by the fire of the fleet had been picked up and carried away by our troops, when General Butler came to the conclusion that the works were practically uninjured by our fire, and that he would re-embark his troops and proceed to Fortress Monroe, which he did.

The sea had become rough in the mean time, and when night came on the embarkation was suspended. Seven hundred of Butler's army were left on the beach under our protection, and their embarkation was not effected until noon of the 27th, owing to the roughness of the water. During the night of the 26th, had the enemy in the fort been "in feather," he would have come up the beach and captured these men, inasmuch as the gun-boats could not have rendered them any assistance.

On Christmas night the Mohican was at anchor three miles from the fort, and rolling so heavily that in writing I found it necessary to hold on to the table with one hand and to the

inkstand with the other. I was describing to General Grant the proceedings up to date, from my point of view. I said it was apparent to me that we could control the fire of the enemy. Whether the work could be carried by assault was a different affair. If it could not be so carried, a force could intrench north of the fort on the sand-spit, and on their flanks gun-boats could sweep the beaches; our torpedo-launches could either enter the river through the channels or be hauled over the spit, and, with calcium lights on the beach, the force intrenched on the spit, aided by the torpedo and other launches with guns, could prevent any blockade-runner from reaching Wilmington. So far as Fort Fisher was concerned, it would then serve the enemy no better purpose than if it were miles away at sea. It would be practically cut off from receiving any large amount of supplies, and would necessarily be abandoned. After the termination of the war General Grant told me that this letter had much to do in determining him to re-invest Fort Fisher, which was done as soon as the force could be brought down again.

After Butler left, all the fighting vessels of the fleet sailed for Beaufort, to take in a fresh supply of ammunition and make ready for another attack. On the 31st of December the Secretary of the Navy wrote Admiral Porter that "Lieutenant-General Grant will send immediately a competent force, properly commanded, to co-operate in the capture of the defences on Federal Point." On the 8th of January, General Terry, in command of this force, reached Beaufort, and was ready to operate at once. Coaling and taking in ammunition off Beaufort harbor in the face of a great deal of rough weather was a slow operation with the many large vessels that could not cross the bar. We had a very heavy gale for forty-eight hours, part of the time blowing directly on a lee shore, where we could see very heavy breakers not a mile away. In this gale the berth-deck of the Mohican, from her rotten frame, would sway to and fro one inch and a half over a given point of the enginery. We kept constantly a heavy head of steam on, our try-sails reefed and the sheets led aft, ready to try to claw off the shore, for it would have been impossible for us to steam head to sea and wind.

While in the harbor, General Terry was good enough to pay me a visit. The wind was very fresh at the time, and his boat was coming up astern. I went to the gangway to meet him, and, not seeing him there, was informed that he was coming up the Jacob's ladder at the stern of the vessel, where I went to receive him and his aide, General Comstock, both of them old and valued friends. Terry had the idea that it was too rough to come alongside, and chose to climb up a rope-ladder astern rather than have the annoyance of a heavy sea alongside. I expressed my great gratification at meeting them again, especially considering the purpose we had in view. After a pleasant conversation of an hour, they left, and I did not have the pleasure of seeing either of them again for years, as the *Mohican* was sent the morning after the taking of Fort Fisher to Port Royal, to carry a message to General W. T. Sherman, who had established himself in Savannah, three weeks before, after his march to the sea.

On the morning of the 13th of January, 1865, one hundred vessels (in round numbers) were at anchor twelve miles east of Fort Fisher. About three-fourths were vessels-of-war of all grades; the remainder were army transports, carrying twelve thousand men, under the command of General Terry. About sunrise they all got under way,—the iron-clads to attack the fort, and the wooden vessels-of-war and the transports to land the troops, with as much despatch as possible, some five miles north of the fort, on an open sand-beach.

The Ironsides led four vessels of the monitor class,—the *Monadnock*, with two turrets and four guns, and the *Canonicus*, *Mahopac*, and *Saugus*, with two guns each, making ten fifteen-inch spherical-shell guns. The Ironsides carried in broadside seven eleven-inch guns and an eight-inch rifle in broadside, a formidable battery against a sand fort, making, with the monitors, eighteen available guns. As soon as they were within eighteen hundred yards, the fort opened fire on them, which was quite disregarded until they anchored as near the beach as their draught would permit. The Ironsides was then about one thousand and the nearest monitor seven hundred yards from the fort. Then a shell or so was thrown from each vessel with a

carefully-studied elevation : as soon as they obtained the range they opened fire, which was actually maintained by some of them, without cessation, for three days and two nights.

In the mean time, the wooden vessels-of-war and the army transports had anchored near the beach, and the process of debarkation went on rapidly. A few shells had been previously thrown into the brushwood, to arouse any lurking enemy. At once a large herd of cattle, frightened at the bursting shells in the wood, rushed wildly to the beach. They had been provided for the garrison of the fort, but surrendered unconditionally, and were doubtless found useful auxiliaries.

At two P.M. half of the army force had landed. The second line of vessels, led by Alden in the Brooklyn, and followed by twelve gun-boats, left soon after, and anchored in position outside of the iron-clads and a little to the northward, so as to destroy the guns on the land face,—the intended line of approach of the land force in making an assault. The arrival of our line was the cause of increased activity in the batteries of the enemy : they had sobered down a good deal under the discipline of the iron-clads since the morning. The heavy vessels-of-war left the landing of the troops and got into position only a little before sunset, having been delayed an hour by the fouling of the screw of the Minnesota, the leading vessel, commanded by Lanman. The third division and the reserve line, composed of the weaker vessels, remained to complete the landing of the troops and all the stores, which was effected by noon of the next day.

I recall no sight during the war more superbly grand than the bombardment of that evening. As the sun went down and the shadows fell upon the waters, the waning light made the bursting shells flash out in the obscurity, as did the guns of the enemy,—so far as they were served against such odds. Far above, on the fleecy clouds, rested the rosy hues from the departed sun ; and underneath, in heavy masses, not high above the fort, lay the smoke-clouds of battle. It was superlatively grand. But soon the shadows darkened into obscurity, and the wooden ships were withdrawn from action. All that livelong night did the iron-clads send their shells, slowly and effectively,

and, as found necessary, they were supplied with ammunition from tugs, during that and the following night.

In the forenoon of the next day the wooden vessels of all classes came in on the lines assigned them, the frigates about a mile from the fort, and the double-enders forming another line, stretching away towards the entrance of the river, where the Mound and Buchanan batteries were located. The fleet, as before, directed their fire at the particular guns assigned them. The commanders of the vessels were satisfied and gratified at the effect of the shells on parapets, traverses, and the guns of the enemy. Fifteen-inch shells with bursting charges of thirteen pounds, eleven-inch shells with bursting charges of six pounds, did their work superbly, and even nine-inch shells with bursting charges of only three pounds were not to be despised, and, besides, there were a great many of them. Where the shells fell a crater would appear, and the ability of the enemy to fight the guns was in a large degree destroyed by the masses of sand continually thrown around them. As a result, some of his guns were feebly served, and the greater number were silent. When the fort no longer replied, the guns of the fleet would be made to fire slowly; one gun at a time from every vessel would then be directed, as at target-practice, against the particular object. The enemy at times would be induced by this slow firing to open fire again, but only to receive such a storm of shells in return as to quell him. One of my Confederate friends who was in the fort told me recently that the effect of the fire was so damaging and overwhelming that they literally could do nothing; great logs of wood, fifty feet in length, on the parapet, would be thrown from their beds and tossed in the air by a shell that had buried itself in the parapet. When nightfall of the second day came, and the wooden vessels were again withdrawn, certainly the fort had a sorry appearance, and many of the guns had been rendered useless.

In an interview that night, Admiral Porter and General Terry agreed upon an assault at noon on the next day. A naval contingent of sixteen hundred blue-jackets and four hundred marines was to assault the sea face; the movement was to be made from the northward along the beach to the northeast

bastion. The third day, until the time of the assault, which was about three o'clock, the fleet maintained a slow but constant fire on the fort, without being favored with a reply. During the night the army had made an extended line of pits close up under the stockade of the fort on the land side, and occupied them. When the assault came the movement was begun from them. The troops were managed in the most courageous and dexterous manner, and carried the seven most westerly traverses with little loss; then followed the most stubborn fighting from traverse to traverse, the huge shells of the iron-clads clearing the spaces between the traverses as the troops advanced, and thus the battle raged when daylight no longer served for firing shells; our troops had then carried the bastion and a traverse, or more, on the sea face. It was not until ten o'clock that the enemy laid down his arms.

The blue-jackets and marines under Breese moved as soon as the army began the assault; a certain number, as a skirmish-line, had dug trenches and pits at some distance from the north-east bastion, and occupied them in the forenoon. The body of the naval force landed later and advanced over a considerable stretch of open beach, and, of necessity, in masses; the loss was heavy, and although a part of the force actually reached the stockade at the bastion, its greatest use, unhappily, was to divert a very considerable number of the enemy from the land face, upon which the army attack was made. The fort was gallantly taken, although the naval assaulting column did not reach the parapet.

All that night, in the distance, the sky was lurid with the flames of the burning works, abandoned by the enemy. Although the battle was over, the hand of the destroyer yet lingered. At sunrise on the 15th the main magazine of the fort exploded, burying two hundred or more persons, friends and foes alike, beneath the falling masses. The explosion is supposed to have occurred from some drunken men entering the magazine with a light, expecting to find liquor. The army loss in killed and wounded is given at seven hundred, and the navy loss at three hundred and eighty-three, including twenty missing, supposed to have been blown up by the explosion.

Fort Fisher was regarded as one of the strongest earthworks

ever constructed as against ships. It mounted some forty guns, almost without exception of heavy calibre : fifteen of them were permanently disabled, generally on the land face. In the first bombardment a number of our Parrot guns burst, causing a serious loss of life. In the second bombardment the admiral issued an order forbidding the use of rifles. Against earth-works, when employed within two thousand yards, spherical shells serve a more effective purpose, in my belief, than the same weight of projectiles from rifles ; the latter have too much penetration, and the bursting charges are too small to form craters.

There were thrown by the fleet into Fort Fisher twenty-two thousand spherical shells, containing heavy bursting charges, and weighing no less than two million two hundred thousand pounds.

As we all know, a brick or stone fort can soon be destroyed by rifled guns of inconsiderable power at a distance of four thousand yards or more. Nevertheless, the superiority of spherical-shell guns against earth or stone works, when within a mile, is established in the belief of most naval men, and they would say the more guns brought against the earthwork the better. We have reason to believe that such batteries as we fought are quite within the control of the number of guns that can readily be brought against them by even an insignificant naval power. Perhaps for this reason naval officers of high rank in our service, without exception, so far as I know, regard favorably for land defence revolving turrets of large dimensions, known popularly as the "Timby system." Had our forts such appendages there would be no enfilading them, nor would it be possible to cover the guns with sand by shelling them, as can be done with sand-batteries. To insure satisfactory working of the turrets, it seems to me that they should be water-borne, which would be the least expensive foundation possible for such great weights.

Soon after the explosion of the powder-magazine, so fatal alike to friend and foe, I landed near the Mound battery, which was the most distant from the direct sea face, and also from the guns looking up the sand-spit over which our assaulting force had to advance.



Accompanied by my boat's crew, and passing along between the traverses in a sheltered spot, we came suddenly upon a woe-begone little officer of a North Carolina regiment, who was slightly wounded in the arm. He, in fact, disclosed himself, and was in a most indignant mood, by reason of a pointed order, not intended for his ears, that my boat's crew should not pick up clothing lying around. He informed me, with great emphasis, that he was not half as lousy as that fellow General Butler, that we had sent down there on the first bombardment to take the fort, and he hadn't done it. An indignant man is always honest, however unreasonable, in his belief, and, as I had not come there to argue abstract questions, I simply told him to join the procession, in order to deliver him over to the provost-marshal as a prisoner of war. We soon fell in with Admiral Porter and joined him, passing northward along the sea face, and afterwards the face looking towards the sand-spit and the sea lying northward of the fort. I fully subscribed to the continuous remarks of the admiral: "Well, this gun could not be served," etc. It was a scene of actual desolation. After we reached the bastion between the sea face and that looking landward, we saw lying between the traverses many brave, stalwart fellows in the sleep of death. Leaning against one traverse, in an easy sitting posture, was a handsome youth, who in life must have been a gentleman; his features were so natural that nothing but the glassy eye revealed the fact that he was dead.

For a month before our first bombardment the vessel I commanded had been blockading off the fort, and I had watched the continuous lines of wheelbarrows carrying sand to place on the casemates or bomb-proofs and build up traverses that we in a few hours of bombardment scattered and reduced to a purposeless mass. This labor, and the campaigns of the war, plain food, and the abnegation gone through, whether forced or otherwise, had built up splendid specimens of manhood, such as now covered the spaces between the traverses.

In relation to the bombardment, my friend Captain John Pembroke Jones, of the Confederate navy, of whom I have already made mention, wrote as follows:

“Thank you for the interesting notice of the Fort Fisher fight. As far as my experience went, that was your ablest effort in the great war. It was the triumph of pluck and persistence to take such a fortress from the open ocean in midwinter and so near the gales of Hatteras. I did not think the weather would permit you to succeed, but it remained calm and pleasant as if ordered for your benefit. The fire from the fleet was magnificent and fearful. I was in a bomb-proof on the sea face that was made of heavy gauging timber covered with sand, and I saw the whole fight face to face. After my bomb-proof was crushed by the continuous heavy shot and shells, I retreated on foot across the entire inner area of the fort, a long distance, and exposed to a shower of shell and fragments, indelibly impressed on my memory for life. There was in my path such a mass of smoking shot, shell and fragments mixed with the same just arriving, some rolling, some squealing over my head, some ricocheting, some bursting, and many smoking at the fuse as if about to burst as I stepped over them, that it looked like a section of Dante’s Inferno.”

When the Mohican was lying off Beaufort harbor, just before our leaving for the first bombardment of Fort Fisher, I went in and out of the harbor in my gig, through a boat-channel that passed close to the head of Shackleford Island, across which I would walk and get into the boat from the outer beach. On my last return to the Mohican, Sweeny, the coxswain, and one or two of the crew, asked permission to accompany me across the island. As we passed a spot where cedar-bushes abounded, Sweeny said, “Captain, when Farragut went into Mobile all the ships were dressed with evergreens: do you think Mr. Marvin would let us dress ship if we would take the bushes on board?” I said I thought he would,—that Marvin was a very good fellow. The bushes were cut and taken on board in the bows of the boat, and when I stepped over the ship’s side I was received, as is usual with commanding officers, by the executive officer. I told him of Sweeny’s request, and said he should permit the bushes to be kept on the quarter-deck until we were ready to go into action, when Sweeny would be sent for to display his taste in decorating the ship.

When off the fort and standing in to attack it, I told the executive officer to send for Sweeny and say he could set about dressing ship, which he and his assistants did, much to their satisfaction. I did not quite credit Sweeny's story about the ships being dressed when they went into Mobile, looking upon it as merely a diplomatic way of bringing his wish to my favorable consideration. We went through both bombardments without a scratch, while several of our fleet double the distance from the fort suffered from boilers exploded from the enemy's shells or from other casualties.

After the second bombardment, on the morning of the assault, Sweeny said to me, "Captain, you will not go on this assault without taking your gig's crew with you?" I said, "No, Sweeny: if I go, you will not have to volunteer: you shall go too." Younger officers than myself led the naval part of the assault, in which my gallant coxswain fell, with eleven others belonging to the vessel.

Soon after the explosion of the powder-magazine, when walking around the ruins of Fort Sumter I met Admiral Porter, as mentioned on a preceding page; before we parted he said, "On going on board of the Mohican you will find orders to proceed without delay to Port Royal and report to Admiral Dahlgren for duty. I have orders from the Department to send all the force no longer required to him. You will say on your arrival that I wish you to communicate personally with General Sherman with respect to my further movements against Wilmington. It will take one or two tides, or more, to get all the vessels intended across the inner bar of the river, and a day or so to drag for torpedoes as we go up the river, but in a very few days I will occupy Wilmington." I went on board, signed and sent to the flag-ship a report of our dead and wounded, and had to leave to our comrades of the other ships the duty of burying our dead left on the sea-beach in the assault. Those who wish to read of the desperate defence of Fort Fisher during and after its second bombardment, and of the heroic assault and capture of that work by our forces, will find a full account in "The Atlantic Coast," before referred to.

The next forenoon the Mohican was at anchor in Port Royal,

and I went on board of the flag-ship to report the arrival of the vessel to Admiral Dahlgren for duty under his command. I stated the request of Admiral Porter that I should communicate personally with General Sherman in Savannah and give him a confidential message. It was thought more convenient to send me in a tug through Skull Creek than for me to take the Mohican around by sea and anchor in the river below the obstructions some miles from the city. I left early the next morning, and was eight hours reaching Savannah; the tug was miserably slow, from her boiler-power being worn out and from her having a foul bottom. On reaching the head-quarters of General Sherman I told him that Admiral Porter had requested that I should see him to say that several days would probably pass before he could reach Wilmington, owing to the difficulty of getting his vessels across the inner bar, and additional time necessary to drag the river for the torpedoes that the enemy had probably planted in it. The general told me a message had just been flagged from Port Royal that Wilmington had been taken. I told him I felt sure it was a mistake, as I doubted even the arrival of any vessel from off Wilmington since I had brought the Mohican in, about thirty-six hours before; at all events, the vessels could not have got into the river and dragged it for torpedoes since I had left. The general said good news would keep, and he would not give it publicity until it should be confirmed. I sent the tug back immediately on my arrival at Savannah, and returned to Port Royal on board of the Leary, an army transport, thirty-six hours later. On my taking leave, General Sherman told me to say to Admiral Dahlgren that he intended to move as soon as the rains ceased, and that his march would cut off Charleston and insure its evacuation; so really there would be no advantage in taking Charleston, however ample his force might be.

Before leaving Savannah, I went to see the wife and family of my friend Anderson, who for many years before the war had been mayor of that city. After the taking of Fort McAllister, General Sherman was on the point of investing the city, when General Hardee, commanding the Confederate forces, escaped across the river into South Carolina with twelve or fifteen thou-

sand men to join General Johnston, Anderson's command being a part. With Mrs. Anderson were her three daughters, the eldest perhaps twenty years of age, the second fifteen, and the third eight or ten, and a son, still younger. On my being announced, the children came down pell-mell to see me, and greeted me in the most affectionate manner; the younger ones inquired when I had last seen them. I replied, "Never: you were born several years after I was last in this city." Mrs. Anderson came in after a time, and was a little stiff, although I saw she felt rather uncomfortable in that attitude. She soon taunted me by saying, "This is a nice business you are engaged in, coming along our coasts to rob us of our slaves." I said that was not at all the object of our visit; the slaves leaving them was a mere incident: besides, I was quite surprised at her expression in regard to the slaves; I recalled the fact that when I was last under her roof she had said that she wished Anderson did not own a slave,—that it imposed upon her not only great labor, but great disgust. I at that time consoled her by saying that nobody was a free agent, and they had to accept and bear it as a burden for which they were not responsible. Now, in her mind, the negro seemed to be a great comfort and a blessing, whereas years before she had regarded him as an annoyance and a sorrow.

Before I left the city I called again. I told Mrs. Anderson that she knew well the affectionate relation that had existed for so many years between her husband and myself, and, although I knew nothing about their financial affairs, I knew that war generally impoverished everybody whose property was within the march of armies, and if I could assist her financially it would be a great pleasure for me to do so. She was aware, too, that nobody was dependent on me, nor had I any obligation in life that demanded a call on my purse, which, although not large, was ample, I hoped, to meet her wants and those of her children. She thanked me, and said she thought they could get along very well without assistance; that she had in her house as boarders several officers of our army who were gentlemen, and she hoped she would be able to meet the family expenses. I told her it was my belief that her boarders would profit more from the

association than she would, from a pecuniary point of view. After my return to the Mohican at Port Royal it occurred to me that the very natural pride of Mrs. Anderson had caused her without sufficient reflection to refuse to accept what she actually needed, and for that reason I sent by express several hundred dollars to her, with a note saying that perhaps she might really need it, and, if so, she should keep it as a loan: if Anderson could repay me afterwards, very well; if not, it would make no difference, as I would not need it. In return, I received a very affectionate note of thanks, saying that she would gladly accept, and that she really needed the money. Before I went North I sent her as much more, and wrote that on my arrival North I should arrange for sending a monthly allowance sufficient to support her and her children until Anderson got home; virtually the war was over, and his marching around the country as a soldier under Hardee was pure nonsense; he would far better come home and take care of her and the children.

Two months later, and before I had made arrangements to carry out my expressed intentions, I received a letter from Anderson in Savannah, he having gone home on the disbanding of the army. He thanked me warmly for my kindness to his family, but expressed a doubt as to his ever being able to repay me,—which, however, he did a year or so later. I would not have accepted the face value of what I had sent, as I wrote him, had he not been one of the men who had aided in depreciating the currency, which in round numbers was two hundred and fifty for gold, and, when returned to me, perhaps one hundred per cent. discount.

On my return to Port Royal the admiral put the Mohican to towing coal-schooners to Charleston to supply the monitors and other vessels blockading. After some ten days and nights had been spent in this work, he ordered the vessel to the blockade of the Ogeechee River, to go as high up as possible. Owing to shoal water and piling, the vessel could get no higher than the vicinity occupied by the monitors when they shelled McAllister. As our forces were then in occupancy of Savannah, there could be no advantage to us in destroying a railroad bridge above us

which General Sherman would have destroyed had he wished, when he was there, and this destruction would have been necessary to the literal fulfilment of my order. The enemy had placed a great many torpedoes in the river, to explode by contact, one of which had done so under the bottom of the Montank, and would have sunk her had not circumstances favored her being kept afloat. Nearly one year after I had left the Ogeechee, I read in a newspaper of a schooner passing in those waters that had struck a torpedo and been sunk by it. It had probably been placed there more than two years before it had shown its efficacy.

In landing troops north of Fort Fisher at the time of the first bombardment, forty boats belonging to vessels-of-war were capsized, several men were drowned, and many were maimed, and the ammunition wetted, from the lack of adaptation of such boats to land troops on an exposed sand-beach in a rough sea. I designed a cask raft, went on one of the islands, selected the best timber available, cut it, brought it on board, whip-sawed it into planks, and constructed what is still known in the navy as the Ammen balsa. It served at least as a pattern to make others capable of landing troops and munitions on exposed beaches in surfs which would be impracticable with the boats which vessels-of-war usually carry.

The Mohican was kept in the Ogeechee until the 9th of March, as uselessly employed as ever vessel was. In washing ship around, the crew of a boat punched a hole through the side-planking a foot or more in length and several inches in width, through which a very fair view of the berth-deck could be had. This damage was effected by means of an ordinary boat-hook having a knob at the end of the spike part. I made an official statement and application for a survey on the vessel, and, as ordered, proceeded to Port Royal, where a survey was held and the vessel was directed to proceed to Hampton Roads, *via* Beaufort, to obtain the spars that I had left on shore there several months before. We sailed two days later. Off the capes of the Chesapeake we saw one of the most remarkable refractions that I have ever seen; vessels appeared that were below the horizon, and over them their inverted images, the

mast-heads touching. Such sights are rare: I suppose I have seen much the same perhaps half a dozen times in my twenty-one years passed afloat.

We entered Hampton Roads on the 15th, and received orders to take the vessel to Washington Navy-Yard. After lying there until the 2d of April, we were ordered to the Boston Navy-Yard, where we arrived on the 10th. The news of the surrender of Lee's army on the following day made the people absolutely wild with excitement; every one seemed filled with overflowing with liquor, and many unmistakably were so. Knowing the thoroughly rotten condition of the ship, I had felt a great deal of apprehension in bringing her North at that season of the year. Had we encountered a heavy gale, the chances of weathering it would have been much against us; but I said nothing about this to any one on board. On the 25th of April the vessel was put out of commission and the officers granted the usual leave. I left in the store-room under the cabin a small trunk, which was broken open before the next day, and my official and other papers taken: they were of no value to the thief, but their loss was a great inconvenience to me.

The civil war was over; we had a respite, with nothing to disturb the even tenor of our way. War is a sad thing; humanity justly shudders when well-meaning men, men without enmity, are pitted against one another, without any just cause for combat. There seems to be no explanation why wars are waged, and will be waged to the end of time, other than the unhappy fact that the prejudices of men far outweigh their reason.



## CHAPTER XXX.

In Command of the *Miantonomah*—Description of the Vessel—She is sent abroad—The Author detached—Consult with General Grant as to the Practicability of a Ship-Canal across the Isthmus—Proposed Visit to Secretary Seward—Discuss the Ship-Canal—Acquisition of Alaska—Visit to Francis P. Blair—An Unruly Horse—General Grant tells a Story of being thrown by a Colt, when a Boy—Visit to the United States of Admiral Tegethoff, of the Austrian Navy—The French in Mexico—General Grant "swinging around the Circle" with President Johnson and Admiral Farragut—Am appointed on a Board to examine Volunteer Officers of the Navy—General Grant as Secretary of War—He discourses of President Johnson—Governor Swann, of Maryland—Am ordered in Command of the Flag-Ship *Piscataqua*.

DURING the civil war our naval force was constantly increasing; and at its close we were just completing a class of steam-frigates fast for the time, and several improved vessels of the monitor type, among them the *Miantonomah*. That vessel was put in commission at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard in October, 1865. She was to be a show-ship at Washington, and I was ordered to the command. In speed, strength of hull, and comfort, the *Miantonomah* was a great improvement over any of the turret-ships built previously. She had no "overhang," as had the monitor class, and, as bilge-keels were not then in use with us, she had none; I was agreeably surprised, on getting to sea, to find that she did not roll so deeply as I had feared. Her steam-power was small for her displacement, and we were content to go along at the rate of eleven knots an hour in the Potomac on our voyage to Washington, where we arrived in November. Somebody in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard who wished the vessel to go down at sea had placed a quantity of wire in the valves; but his malice was ineffective, as it only caused them to leak. On our arrival, tens of thousands of people came on board to look at the vessel. At that time, in my belief, she was the strongest vessel-of-war afloat, being armed with four fifteen-inch guns, with relatively rapid and easy methods of serving them, as compared with other vessels of that time. The monitors

designed by Ericsson were singularly deficient in model and in steam-power. No one was better able to appreciate the factors that permit speed than he; in his mind, doubtless, the exact amount of flotation to carry the guns and the steam-power requisite to take them in and out of action at a low rate of speed constituted all that was necessary to their efficiency.

In the early part of 1866 the Navy Department determined to send the *Miantonomah* abroad. General Grant exerted himself in vain to prevent this unwise action. Her voyage furnished an incentive to European powers to compete in the construction of armored ships, which has continued in force to the present time, to the end that the last one built should be in point of size, armor plating, and battery more formidable than any that had preceded.

About the middle of April, on my application, I was detached from the command of the *Miantonomah*. A month later she left, accompanied by the *Augusta*, and visited most of the ports of Europe. She was received by the Russians at Cronstadt with special favor. From the newspaper accounts published in England at the time, the vessel was an astonishment to the British, and her superiority in power to any vessel afloat was acknowledged. At present, she would be a mere pygmy in size, armor plating, or armament, in comparison with almost every vessel that Great Britain would rely upon in the event of war.

During this winter in Washington, when in command of the *Miantonomah*, I saw much of General Grant, and brought to his notice the great importance of ascertaining whether a ship-canal was practicable across the American isthmus. It was a question that had to be settled, as Humboldt had suggested, by extended surveys before the United States could have a determinate policy, recognized by Jefferson in 1788, a third of a century later by Clay, and later still, in 1833, by Jackson, who sent a special agent to Central America to look into the matter. Yet some self-styled "Jeffersonian Democrats" consider the construction of the canal of little moment, and express entire indifference as to whether if constructed it shall be under American or European control. I shall have more to say on the subject in the following pages.

In February, 1866, General Grant proposed that I should go with him to see Mr. Seward ; and, in order not to trench upon his official time, we made our visit in the evening at his residence. The general stated his belief in the great advantage of making a thorough reconnoissance of the isthmus, and remarked that the route that offered the greatest advantages having been determined, the survey should be as perfect as possible, and, if the canal should be found commercially practicable, its construction should be forwarded. Before we left, General Grant suggested that we should pay Mr. Seward a visit at the Department at any time he might name. The Secretary named a day which General Grant said would not permit his attendance, as he was obliged to be in New York just then on official business, and he suggested that I should go, which was assented to. At the time named, I sent my card to Mr. Seward, and was informed that, owing to the death of Mr. King, of New York, who had committed suicide by jumping from a ferry-boat, he was in consultation with friends and could not see me. I left a message that at any time he might wish to see me I should be entirely at his service. Later on, the general told me that he would not go to see Mr. Seward again ; for that should he do so he felt satisfied he would hate him. I did not ask what had occurred, but had no doubt that he had seen Mr. Seward, and with that very result. Yet we see it stated of Secretary Seward that he was the ardent promoter of the canal inquiry, and the advocate of forwarding its construction.

One morning, on my going into General Grant's office, he asked if I had heard the news of the acquisition of Alaska by treaty. I expressed my surprise and gratification. The general remarked that he had not thought of it at all ; it had never been presented to him one way or the other. I said that there was little doubt in my mind that the deep-sea fisheries would be found very valuable, and, if so, they would attract a large population inured to the sea, which would secure to us the control of the Pacific, by having proper vessels-of-war on the west coast to dominate those seas, should we have a war. No nation would be disposed to dispute our supremacy of those seas when our advantages were so obvious. We already knew that the

salmon-fisheries were profitable, and there was reason to believe that the timber for knees on the Yukon River would prove of great value. I was not then aware that iron knees had already taken the place of wooden ones in ship-construction abroad, and were on the point of doing so with us.

General Comstock, chief of staff, came in, and had something to say depreciatory of the Alaskan acquisition. General Grant said that I thought very highly of it, and had given reasons worth considering. There are many obvious reasons to-day sustaining the advantage of that acquisition, but they will only be fully appreciated after the opening of the Nicaragua Canal, when the vast timber-supply of that region will be brought into requisition.

I had known the family of Francis P. Blair for a number of years. His third son, James, and myself were classmates and shipmates on board the frigate *Macedonian* when I entered the navy. The first person pointed out to me in Washington by my friend Hamer, who got me my appointment and brought me on, as already stated, was Mr. Blair. He said, "Look at that man riding so fast along the avenue: his political enemies call him 'Death on the Pale Horse.' You have heard of that picture, have you not?" For a considerable number of years before the civil war Mr. Blair had lived during the summer at Silver Spring, a locality six miles north of Washington, and later, he lived there the year round. He was a gentleman of rare humor and agreeability, always willing to laugh if the occasion warranted it. The only means of reaching Silver Spring at that time was by carriage or on horseback, and the latter was always my mode of going anywhere, in the region round Washington. Mentioning to General Grant that it was my intention to pay a visit to Mr. Blair, either he or General Comstock proposed that I should ride the latter's horse. At the hour named the horse was brought to my door, and I mounted. The animal was a powerful gray. On the road out, he did not seem to wish to go directly ahead, but would go sideways, and of course crossed the road again and again all the time, and pranced, so that when I had dismounted at Silver Spring, a distance of six miles, I reckoned that the horse had gone double that distance,

and I one-half more. Although the day was cold, his exertions had thrown his neck into a lather and wetted the reins, and when I mounted to return to Washington he carried me a good deal faster than I wished to go.

At Mr. Blair's there were several Southern gentlemen who had come out in a carriage. We dined with Mr. Blair, and it was late when we got ready to return. There was snow on the ground, and after the gentlemen had got some start into the main road, which, although macadamized, was very muddy, I mounted, and soon found that the humor of my horse had entirely changed; he no longer pranced nor wished to go sideways, but went straight ahead, and as fast as he could tear. I passed my Southern friends like a shot; they yelled after me to know why I rode so fast. It was quite involuntary on my part. Had I been able to hold the horse I should have told them it was his whim, not mine. The wetted reins slipped through my fingers, and he had it all his own way; and for a mile or two we went at a breakneck speed, much to my chagrin. On reaching the top of a considerable hill, with a steep slope before me, I wheeled the horse into the recess of a high board fence on the right, so that he had either to restrain himself, or to break his neck against it. My object in this manœuvre was to dismount, lead him down the hill, and remount at the foot of it, where a considerable up grade would give me an advantage in controlling him. This I did, but I had no sooner mounted again than he tore furiously up the hill, and on reaching the summit his wind was hardly impaired; away we went down the next slope at such a pace that a looker-on would have wondered what inspired the rider to such recklessness. We were on the Seventh Street road, and, seeing a large open plain on my right made bare by a recent large encampment of troops, I directed our course over it. The nearly full moon was sufficiently high to light the surroundings, and as I sped over that plain upon that powerful horse, I thought of the story of the Wild Huntsman that I had read as a boy, and smiled at it; but then came in a flash a sense of the reality; it was a question whether at any moment I would not have my brains knocked out. I lost my cap in my rapid flight; a ravine was

near at hand, worn in the clay, and I put the horse into that, and sped onward without abatement. On my right was Columbia College, and in front of it hundreds of army-wagons parked. I turned the horse among them to bring him up, either by breaking his neck or demanding his exertions in abating his speed. On his coming to a stand I dismounted, and found that my efforts to restrain him had sprained my right hip-joint; and yet, rather than ride him into the city I led him more than a mile, to his stable, of course without a covering for my head, for I had left my cap miles away. It might well have been called an unconditional surrender, and that horse was the only one that ever got the "weather-gage" of me.

When I told General Grant of this ride, tears came into his eyes, not tears of sympathy with a friend who has been in imminent peril, but of irrepressible enjoyment of the ludicrousness of my situation. Indeed, I may say of such a ride, that the man who made it is the only one who would not be amused at it. On a subsequent visit Mr. Blair "pumped it out" of me, and enjoyed it as much as General Grant. I never attempted to ride that horse again. General Grant said that my mistake was in not carrying an anchor and letting it go at the proper time and veering away cable to bring him up with a round turn.

The general then told me that when he was a boy and I had gone to sea he went to my father and asked the loan of a small sorrel colt that I had been in the habit of riding. My father said his only objection was that he feared the horse would throw him, that he threw my brother, who was eight years older than I, and every one who attempted to ride him, except myself. He replied that he was not at all afraid of being thrown. So the horse was bridled, and a saddle blanket strapped on, which was the way we rode as boys; he mounted, the colt went off at a gallop for some distance until he came to a small stream; when in the middle of it in an instant he threw his forefeet forward, and his head down, and the rider vaulted over his head into the mud and water. Having disposed of his load, the colt turned and ran home at full speed. Young Grant met my father coming in haste, fearing he had sustained some injury. On meet-

ing him my father expressed his gratification that no further mishap had occurred than his being wet and muddy.

In my riding since that time I have frequently been thrown by mules and donkeys, but, until two years ago, never by a horse. I was mounted on an animal that I had broken as a colt, very quick in its movements, but withal well disposed. As a colt it would kick at everything, and only quit that vicious habit from my always giving it sugar when it was brought up for my ride. The horse wished to turn, as usual, on a road, and I wished to go straight ahead, and, as the animal insisted on its movement, I drew the reins smartly around, and batted him with a whip, which caused him to rear and plunge and set to bucking in rough ground covered with high grass that concealed the ruts. In these irregular movements my hat flew off, and in an attempt to recover it I threw my right hand so far out as to lose my balance and fall over the neck of the horse into the grass, some distance ahead. I feared he would become frightened and in running step upon me. Instead of starting to run, however, he put his head down and began to crop the grass with great avidity; he had no idea that I had been thrown; in his idea I had only taken an unusual way of dismounting.

During the winter, Admiral Tegethoff, of the Austrian Navy, paid a visit to Washington. At his request I went with him to a reception of General Grant. We went early, and he had an agreeable interview; when it came to getting out it was found difficult; an immense crowd set steadily in, and after a fruitless endeavor for some time I suggested another mode of exit. We went through a back door and gained the street, much to the satisfaction and amusement of the admiral. He gave me a graphic account of the battle of Lissa, in which he gained a victory over a superior force. I shall have more to write in relation to this battle.

The presence of the French in Mexico was very distasteful to General Grant. He asked me whether in the event of a war with France our navy would be able to hold the ports of Mexico in the Gulf. I replied, "Yes; for the most part it is made up of rattle-traps, but we have vessels that will be able to do that work." Some months later, he told me that Mr. Seward had

written demanding the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico, and was very much surprised at the ready compliance of the French government. He said Sheridan was on the Rio Grande with seventy thousand troops, ready to cross over, and if the French were not willing to go he had the force to drive them out. Their being in Mexico was in itself an insult to us, and was based upon the false idea that we could not maintain the integrity of the Union.

After I left Washington I did not meet General Grant until he was "swinging around the circle" with President Johnson, accompanied by Admiral Farragut. When he passed through York, Pennsylvania, where I was then living, he sent me a telegram to meet him at the railroad station. Perhaps on no other occasion have I seen General Grant discomposed. He did not like "swinging around the circle." I lived until the autumn at York on leave of absence, and had the sympathy of Father Murray, who told me "he hoped I would soon get employment." I remarked that the Navy Department knew where I was, and I had great confidence that I would not be forgotten. Much to his relief, early in the winter "employment" was given me as a member of a board of officers appointed by a law of Congress for the examination and admission of such volunteer officers of the navy as were found adaptable. The Board was convened at Hartford, Connecticut, and had been sitting for several months without having examined many, owing to the length of time occupied in the examination of each one, and the fear inspired among the volunteer officers that it would prove of such a nature as to forbid their success. With an increase of the number of the Board a division of labor was made, and with a less expenditure of time a much larger number appeared and were passed upon. These examinations resulted in the admission into the navy of some fifty volunteer officers, who with a very few exceptions have proven themselves in every way worthy, and in many cases especially so. The following spring the Board convened at intervals in Washington as batches of officers arrived from abroad, or, if honorably discharged, obtained the requisite authority from the Department to be examined. When in Washington I had the pleasure of meeting General Grant fre-



quently. I usually was his guest and was invited almost daily to a drive over the country in a buggy, a recreation that he did not wish to forego. In the early autumn, owing to the perturbed condition of the political situation, he spoke freely to me. He is known as the "silent man," as the "sphinx" to interviewers, and to persons who approached him in whom he had no confidence; he knew well that they were not disposed to present what he said as he said it,—unless it suited their purpose, but to misrepresent all that he said to suit their ends; he had learned, too, that it was idle to attempt to contradict what these irresponsible men uttered as coming from him; therefore in their presence he was silent. At the time of his appointment as acting Secretary of War through the dismissal of Stanton, I was his guest; on coming home, he said to me, "I am now acting Secretary of War. I accepted the position reluctantly, and would not have done so at all, were it not to protect the Treasury against unjust cotton claims. Were an unscrupulous man Secretary of War, a mere scratch of his pen could defraud the country of many millions of dollars, and it was to avoid the possible appointment of such a man that I accepted the position." At a subsequent time he said that quite two hundred millions of dollars could have been stolen; a case which he had examined previously, and knew all about as fraudulent, had come before him so admirably hedged around with legal testimony that it could not have failed to pass; he sent for the applicant, who, upon being confronted with proofs that were undeniable, was forced to admit that the claim was fraudulent.

In October, 1867, on one of these drives, General Grant said that he believed that Mr. Johnson meditated a violent subversion of the government, and to that end Governor Swann, of Maryland, was his abettor. Swann was organizing his militia, and had made requisitions for field-artillery to which, under recent laws, the State was entitled, but he had "pigeon-holed" this requisition. He had sent General Emory over the State, and was well informed as to the organization; he had felt disposed to write Governor Swann that "he had his eye upon him," but had determined, on a full consideration of the situation, to write nothing, but simply to be prepared.

In October I went to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to the flag-ship Piscataqua, bound to the Asiatic station. A mutual friend of Rear-Admiral Rowan and myself had previously written me to inquire if I was willing to be ordered, and I replied certainly, that I did not think an admiral should go begging for a captain, but should name any one on the list eligible, and the Department should order him. In my belief "belonging to a service" implies *an obligation to serve*; and I have always endeavored to fulfil this obligation. It was, however, a disappointment to me, as I had hoped to get command of a vessel to go to the coast of Alaska, to ascertain the existence of cod and halibut fishing-grounds, and of timber suitable for naval purposes, which I thought from my reading would be found of especial value along the banks of the Yukon River. Even then, the time for the profitable use of wooden knees in large vessels had passed, but I had not become aware of the fact. On the other hand, the existence of immense forests of yellow cedar and of firs of several species was not known to me or the public. These forests extend from Puget Sound to the northwest for hundreds of miles, covering the islands of an immense archipelago, quite accessible to transportation, and without reservation the finest timber on the globe for utilization. The yellow cedar grows perhaps to larger dimensions on Princess Charlotte's Island than in any other locality, although it abounds in immense tracts everywhere north of Puget Sound in the region referred to. The Indians on that island make canoes by digging out the trunks of these trees, and sell them to other Indians on that coast. Such a canoe may be seen in the National Museum in Washington fifty-nine feet in length and of eight feet beam; another in the city of New York, at the Museum near Eighty-first Street and the elevated road, seventy feet in length, and of ten feet beam. The wood is easily worked, is very durable, does not warp, and when polished is as beautiful as maple. These timber lands will prove of immense value to Europe as well as to our Atlantic coast as soon as the Nicaragua Canal is completed, an event much nearer at hand than many intelligent persons have any idea of. The economy of its construction and maintenance is so satisfactory that were its traffic to be confined by law to the

products of the Pacific coast lying north of it, and to supplying the inhabitants with their commercial wants, it would even then be amply remunerative to the constructors. Although I had to forego a personal examination of this region twenty years ago, Commander Tanner, one of the volunteer navy officers already referred to, has recently examined the fishing-banks, with very satisfactory results. When the canal is once opened the Banks of Newfoundland, the coast of Labrador, and the Bay of Fundy will have little value relatively, and will sink into insignificance as political factors.

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

In Command of the Flag-Ship *Piscataqua*—Objectionable Smoke-Stacks—Sail for New York, and go into Dock—Proceed to Washington—Meet General Grant—An Unsatisfactory State of Affairs—President Johnson and General Grant—General Grant speaks of the Ship-Canal—A Drunken Hospital Steward—Desertions—Rio Janeiro—Mr. James Watson Webb, U.S. Minister—Consul Monroe—Visit to Corcovado—Simon's Bay—Description of the Country and City—Meet an Old Acquaintance, and commit a *Faux Pas*—Singapore—A Buddhist—The Eleventh Commandment—A Prodigal Son treated in a New Way—Manila—Lightning without Thunder—Cholera.

As I have already stated, much to my distaste, I was booked by a sense of obligation to go to the Asiatic Station, where I had been more than twenty years before, as navigator of the *Vincennes*. There are few officers who would have regarded a cruise in Alaskan waters at that time as being attractive in any degree, or as preferable to duty on the Asiatic Station.

The *Piscataqua* was put in commission October 24, 1867. I had previously inspected her, and had called the attention of the Department to the fact that she had "standing" smoke-stacks, instead of "telescopic" ones, such as are usual on board of vessels-of-war having a ship rig. I stated that this precluded the use of the main-sail, the name of which indicated its relative value; that in a voyage more than half around the globe, to reject the aid of the winds that a Creator has given to waft

people hither and thither, and to use steam instead, would subject us, and justly, to the ridicule of the naval world, and I asked why the smoke-stacks should not be made telescopic, like those on many of our vessels. I was told that the difficulty lay in making tight joints on the housing parts. I replied, "Give the vessel telescopic smoke-stacks, and I will make the joints tight by the use of a little clay and a canvas band." The change was made in rather a bungling manner, however, the smoke-stack when housed being so high that a great "*roach*" to the main-sail was necessary. I leave to the reader to find out what "*roach*" means, if the object does not explain it. A sister ship, the *Guerriere*, was then on the coast of Brazil, with standing smoke-stacks, the wonder of the naval world, doubtless; for no nation can afford to reject nature's gifts,—and we had just then passed through a civil war and were burdened with a debt of three thousand millions of dollars.

In the employment of sails without the use of steam at the same time, there was still a more serious defect, which I did not fully appreciate until after I had got to sea and made calculations, and had noted the retardation due to having to turn about one hundred feet of the shaft of the propeller, or "*screw*," as our English friends call it, which might just as well have been uncoupled one hundred feet farther aft, or just forward of the "*dead-wood*" at the stern.

On taking command, I had said to the engineer, "It seems to me that this will be a great retardation." "Very little," replied my scientific friend, "when the vessel has headway the shaft will turn, and after the revolutions commence it will turn almost without friction." I found the reverse to be the case, however, and thought of what the blocks said of the boatswain when they creaked. At a time when there were no friction rollers in blocks, if the latter were not carefully oiled there was great friction, and when they made a noise the sailors would say they were "*damning the boatswain*." So when at sea the vessel made a frightful thumping in turning over one hundred feet of the shaft, and I saw that she made only seven knots when otherwise she would have made ten, I could not help thinking that the thumps were damning the engineer who had made it necessary to turn a large

part of the shaft that could have been kept quiescent by uncoupling it as far aft as possible.

On the 7th of November we sailed for New York ; when at sea in a fresh breeze I tacked ship, an evolution which every nautical reader will understand. If the reader is ignorant in this matter, he is under no moral obligation to learn. A short sermon could have been preached while the vessel was "in stays," but she got around, despite the drag of her propeller and her length.

We were docked in New York for some purpose not now remembered, and during that time I was ordered to Washington, to take part in closing up the proceedings of the Examining Board for the admission of volunteer officers into the Navy. This was about the 8th of December, 1867. I specify the date, as what follows is of historic interest. I met General Grant on the steps of the War Department,—he was still acting Secretary of War,—and he invited me to his office. In our conversation I expressed the hope that things were in a more satisfactory shape than when I had last seen him. "On the contrary," he said, "I do not know what we are coming to. A few days ago I had a visit of an hour or more from President Johnson, who spoke on indifferent subjects until just before leaving, when he said, 'General, there is one question in which I feel a great deal of interest ; and that is, in the event of an open rupture between myself and Congress, on which side you will be found.' I replied, 'That will depend entirely upon which is the revolutionary party.'" Of course I regarded this as strictly confidential, and until my return to the United States, sixteen months later, made no mention of it, unless in a vague and general way. The general invited me to dine with him that day, and I accepted provided I should be permitted to leave on the evening train. After dinner, he was good enough to drive me to the dépôt, and on our way thither said that he greatly regretted that thus far he had not been able to advance the progress of the Canal question. I said it was a matter of no moment, as I felt sure he would be able to do so at some future time.

On my return to New York the *Piscataqua* was ready to leave the dry-dock, and as soon as possible we dropped down

from the navy-yard and anchored off the Battery, ready to sail for the Asiatic Station. The season was unusually severe; about the 13th the ice running in the river was so heavy as to make it troublesome for vessels at anchor; there were heavy snows, and the thermometer stood at  $15^{\circ}$  during the time. A drunken hospital steward gave us a great deal of trouble through his taking a large quantity of laudanum or some other narcotic: he was treated on board, and briskly walked up and down the deck between two attendants. He died nevertheless, and it was necessary to send for the coroner and to take his body on shore in very rough weather. The next day we dropped down to the "Horseshoe," to avoid the ice, and lay there a day or so until an easterly gale spent itself. Near us lay some European steamers in quarantine, having the Asiatic cholera on board at a season of the year when we suppose ourselves exempt from it, but during which in some parts of Russia it then prevailed with great fatality. Before leaving the anchorage off the Battery I had been directed by the rear-admiral to discharge an apprentice from confinement at the solicitation of his mother, who came on board for the purpose. On complying with this order, I had all the men in confinement brought to the mast, and said that we were about going to sea, and that all of them would be released with a "clean bill," but that if they had the idea that this would continue during the cruise they would find themselves woefully deceived. Just before we got under way off the Battery, I sent my aide on shore in the gig for the pilot, who had not come down at the hour named. I told the aide that he was sent to prevent desertion, as that would make a further report to the Department necessary; he was therefore not to leave the boat, but if he could manage to buy the morning's newspapers for me I should be glad if he would do so. Knowing that the boat's crew had always been sent without an officer, he thought he could go a few steps from the landing, where he knew there was a news-stand, without risk of a desertion; nevertheless two of the crew availed themselves of the opportunity and left. On the facts being reported, I took no immediate action, as I wished to spare the parents of my young aide a disagreeable suspense in relation to him. After the

pilot was discharged I suspended him from duty. A week later I sent for him, put him on duty, and said that I was aware he had left the boat to oblige me personally, which he had no right to do, in disobedience of orders. If he wished to continue as my aide, I had no objection; if he preferred that I should select another, I would do so: he preferred continuing, and remained in the position until I left the command of the ship.

Our voyage to Rio Janeiro was without incident. The *Piscataqua* being a steamer allowed our making an arc of a great circle as nearly as possible, not fearing to fall to leeward of Cape San Roque. When we got into the trades we hauled fires, and on reaching the southern limit of the northeast trades, in about 8° north latitude, we steamed across the calm-belt of one hundred miles more or less, and on entering the southeast trades hauled our fires again, making the voyage of more than five thousand five hundred miles in thirty days with a very small expenditure of fuel.

After a voyage of a month nobody could fail to appreciate the beauties of the approach to Rio, however many times he might have visited the port. They are exquisite and unequalled. At Petropolis, forty miles away, on a mountain-top, we found our minister, James Watson Webb, and his agreeable family, and on the opposite side of the harbor, known as Praya Grande, Mr. Monroe, of Ohio, our consul. We had the pleasure of a visit on board from him and his family. We gave the men a run on shore, and I invited the "young gentlemen," as midshipmen were styled, whose duties would permit, to accompany me to the top of Corcovado, a peak of three thousand feet, that overhangs the Botanic Gardens, in the beautiful valley and indentation known as Botafogo. Half a dozen of them accepted my invitation. We rode horses as high as practicable, perhaps within three hundred feet of the summit.

The horses were sent back under care of keepers, and after spending some time on the peak we scrambled down the southern face, which, although steep, indeed precipitous, is not dangerous to young and active men, as most of us were. The vegetation gave ample opportunity to hold on in descending. We were

soon in the Botanic Gardens, where I saw for the first time what is known in British India as the "jack-fruit" tree. It has a straight clean stem to a height of thirty feet or more, and fruit, shaped much like a pineapple, of forty pounds' weight, hangs from the body of the tree by a short strong stem. It does not grow in clusters like the cocoanut, but half a dozen or more are found here and there, hanging to the body of the tree, in various degrees of growth, from the embryo to the ripened fruit. It is a species of bread-fruit; but the bread-fruit (proper) has no seeds, while the jack-fruit has a large number of good size, that are boiled and eaten, and are more prized than the pulpy substance that is eaten as a substitute for bread. I have not tasted it, as I have the bread-fruit proper, which I consider very wholesome and agreeable, and a good substitute for bread. After a luncheon at one of the cafés that abound in the vicinity of Rio, where they serve "Camerona omelette" and have a delicious light red wine from Portugal that is, or was in times past, quite pure,—in this being unlike the fabricated French wines,—we took a stroll along the broad streets flanked by houses with ample porticos and gay with tiles of many colors, embowered in the most superb verdure. We walked down to the wharf, where we took a small steam ferry-boat with side-wheels and feathering paddles of English make, and of great speed, and were soon at the wharf at Rio. The streets of that city are so narrow that it would be impossible for two carriages to pass each other, and consequently all the corners of the streets have arrows painted upon them, showing the direction that carriages may take. It was a city of abominable smells and neglected hygiene, which has paid the inevitable penalty, in the establishment of deadly fevers of many types so related and yet so varied as to allow physicians little opportunity to diagnose the disease before the patient is dead. Fifty years ago the yellow fever was unknown in Rio; now it is rarely absent; and in pernicious and other fevers the city seems within the past ten years to have become almost as much a pest-hole as the Isthmus of Panama. At the time of our visit it was comparatively healthy, but a fortnight was too long to stay, and we were soon again at sea, to touch at Simon's Bay, on the south side



of the Cape of Good Hope, of which I made mention in my account of the cruise of the *Vincennes*.

The South Atlantic, both within the region of the trades and up to the fortieth degree of south latitude, is one of the most agreeable seas that I have visited. Calms are rare and of short duration, the temperature is delightful, and although rains and mists are found near the island of Tristan d'Acunha, heavy weather and squalls are infrequent. We sighted this island, where, years ago, whale-ships touched to get potatoes and other vegetables. It has no harbor, but the water is usually smooth under its lee. After a pleasant run of ten days almost entirely under sail, we anchored in Simon's Bay. It is a bight in a sandy coast, without a tree in sight, but the promontory of the cape, five thousand feet in height, and ranges of hills in the distance, relieve the appearance of sterility. All along the beach are the bones of whales in numbers, and years ago the "Golden Farmer," as he styled himself, had his fences made of the huge ribs of whales. Why he had a fence I could not see; there was no living beast to fence in or out. Why he called himself a "farmer," nobody could tell, as there was no arable land in sight. He had a sign in doggerel in alternating lines in four languages, informing the passers-by between Cape Town and Simon's Bay that he had all kinds of liquor for sale; and selling them was all the Golden Farmer did.

After a few days in port, and getting things in order, I sent word to the midshipmen that the next day I intended visiting the Constantia vineyards, starting from the vessel in the forenoon, and that I would be pleased to have any of them go with me who had no duties. Half a dozen of them accepted my invitation. After getting on shore we were all fairly mounted: the horses being brought in from a wide region of undefined limits where they were bred. They were well built and kept in good condition. Some two miles out we had to cross a broad sand-plain over which the tide ebbed and flowed, and the discharge of a considerable water-shed, but the rainfall is inconsiderable in that region. We were told that there were quicksands on it that were dangerous, but there was nothing to mark them. After passing this sandy plain the road leads over some

rocky hills with steep slopes, and winds along into the interior on the way to Cape Town. In daytime the road is not dangerous, but after night it is not safe. The ride was some fifteen or eighteen miles, and we arrived at the vineyards about two o'clock. Soon after sending in my card, I had the pleasure to see a fine-looking young lady enter the room. With the appreciation of the fair sex which had distinguished me long ago, I advanced and told her that I had had the pleasure of her acquaintance twenty years before, when the Vincennes was homeward bound from the coast of China. She received this intended compliment somewhat disdainfully, and remarked that perhaps I had met some of her elder sisters at that time. I did my best to apologize for my stupidity, but I felt that my attempt to recognize her as an old and long-cherished acquaintance had met with such disfavor that even the introduction of my half-dozen *protégés* did not free me from her resentment. We were taken to the vineyard by the gentlemen of the house, and to the wine-cellar, and two hours before sunset we were ready to set out, in time to pass the dangerous part of the road and the quicksands before dark. The young lady, however, insisted that we should stay to dine,—that dinner would soon be on the table; and of course we stayed. The sun was near the horizon before we left, and no moon to light us on our way. I had a half suspicion that the young lady revenged herself in this manner, and that she may have felt a shade of disappointment when there was no news of any mishap to the leader of the party. Since that time I have never told a young lady that I knew her twenty years before,—which shows that I was not even then too old to learn some things. We passed along over the rough road, over the treacherous quicksand, and then on board in half a gale of wind, in a rough sea, without damage. Old seamen long ago chanted, "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,"—a sentiment that is now no longer heard, or believed in,—except by a few of the ancients.

I gave the crew liberty to go on shore, and, although all the luxuries known to seamen were to be found at Simon's Bay, some of them drifted over to Cape Town, and I had to get them back with some little delay, and a cost of two pounds per man,—which *they* paid. I had an old quarter-gunner, a shipmate on

board of the *Bainbridge*, the ablest man that I ever came across in getting "the weather-gage" when it was a question of liquor and of breaking liberty. After thirty hours on shore, he would come on board, and, as is usual when the conditions warrant, would be marked "clean and sober." He would then say, "I have not come off to stay, but only to bring these things off that I have bought; my liberty is not out until sunset," and the officer of the deck would let him leave the vessel again; he would then get drunk and stay on shore until he was apprehended and brought off. He had done this to my knowledge on several occasions, and in consequence I told the executive officer that when English came off he was not to allow him to go on shore again. This was either forgotten or not carried out, and the neglect of it cost the man his life. He went on shore again, got drunk, stayed over his liberty, and had tumbled off a high stoop and bruised himself considerably, which resulted in erysipelas, that killed him before we reached Java Head. I buried him at sea, off the island of Krakatao, which a few years ago was rent in twain by a volcanic explosion.

After nearly a fortnight in port, we sailed, hoping to find the "brave west winds" for which the high latitudes of the Indian Ocean give such promise. They did not come, and, although we got well south, we had actually head-winds and calms, and for several days when south of the Mauritius an exceptionally high barometer. At last we had a "brave west wind" and an enormous sea: the wind lasted twelve hours, and then we had a calm with a heavy sea, very distressing to a vessel with long spars. On reaching port we learned that one of the severest hurricanes that had been known for years on the Mauritius had prevailed over that island for several days, blowing down houses and even stone fences. Usually in other seas the centre of a storm progresses from ten to thirty miles per hour, in that manner changing the direction of the wind and lessening the duration of the gale. We had crossed just ahead of it when it had turned to the south, to curve to the eastward farther along and pursue its way towards Kerguelen's Land. In consequence of these head-winds we were forty-four days in reaching Singapore, ten of which were passed after we entered

Anjier Straits. We anchored at Anjier Point ; it was gratifying to learn that a large filter had been established to give vessels pure water, instead of the foul water that we had got there on board of the Vincennes that had led to our frightful loss of life from dysentery. The supply of monkeys, of green turtle, and of cocoanuts seemed undiminished, and we obtained here that most delicious of fruits, the mangosteen ; it is found in perfection only in a few localities on the globe. After entering we were in an archipelago all the way to Singapore, with little depth of water, rarely over twenty fathoms. The currents are variable and strong, depending on winds far away, and there are many hidden dangers in coral-patches. The water is usually so clear that by keeping a man at the topmast-head coral-patches and reefs can be seen and avoided. We anchored after night when we wished to do so, and found the voyage very pleasant.

Singapore is on a perfectly flat surface ; the heat is considerable, but from the abundance of the vegetation and the even temperature all the year round it is as healthy as any tropical region known to me. The most delicious fruits of the tropics are found here in abundance, and the foreign population is hospitable and intelligent. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the officers of the garrison and of many British navy officers attached to the several vessels in the harbor. A very agreeable acquaintance was known to us as Whampoa, probably because he came from that town, on the Canton River, thirteen miles below the city of Canton. He was wealthy for a small community, and had such a fine collection of trees in a large ground that the city bought it from him for the use of the public. He then located two miles from the town, on a very rich alluvium with several deep ditches and canals running through it and small buildings spanning them. In the canals were numbers of fish of various kinds. He took me to see his animals,—among them an enormous boar with his tusks bent around almost in a circle, an evidence of great age. I remarked that we thought it more economical to kill a hog before he was two years old, upon which he made me an amiable bow. The pig-pens were as clean as possible ; they had a floor of small trees, and were partly over the water, and a Chinaman was there

to wait on the pigs, monkeys, and an enormous baboon, who looked at us gravely as we passed in review a considerable number of beasts, birds, and fishes, the latter brought to the surface by throwing food that floated on the top of the water. I can conceive the feeling of pity that Whampoia probably felt towards his visitor at my remark that a hog should not be allowed to reach the age of two years, when these animals were maintained in comfort as a token of gratitude to his Creator for the blessings which he and his family enjoyed. He was a Buddhist, and the Buddhists' eleventh commandment is that they must not harm the animal creation; his peace-offering was in the care of these animals. I was taken into his house, and cold tea without sugar and some sweetmeats were brought in, and his nice little children neatly dressed were presented to me, but he did not introduce the ladies of his household. He had a son, as I learned afterwards, whom he had educated near Boston, who knew so much that he cut off his "pig-tail" and put on our clothing, expecting when he reached his father to produce a stunning effect,—as he did, but it was in the nature of a recoil. He was put in a state of banishment and penance until his "pig-tail" grew, and when that was accomplished he appeared before his father with regulation bamboo splits an inch in length lashed to his finger-nails to protect them from being broken, and clothed in out-and-out Chinese toggery. The young man promised to sin no more, and he has kept his promise, although the father has been buried for more than ten years.

After a very agreeable ten days in port, we left for Manila on the last day of April. The sea was quite calm during the greater part of the voyage, and the water at a temperature of eighty-seven degrees, which made everything as hot as Tophet. A day or two out the admiral directed me to have the men exercised at sending up and down spars, which was extremely fatiguing. After the day's exercise I went to him and said that I had some experience in those waters, and that men could not exert themselves in such a temperature without a large sick-list and loss of life. He said that the men needed training of that kind. I answered that it could be given them when we got to Japan, where they could exert themselves without detriment,

just as on our own coast, and I hoped he would be good enough to defer the exercises until the conditions should be more favorable, to which he assented.

A low rate of speed brought us to Manila in ten days ; not only are the harbor and its approaches beautiful, but also the vast inclined plane lying to the westward, cultivated with care, and as variegated as a rich carpet. The mountain-peaks, at considerable distances apart, in the daytime are hidden by clouds, but after night the clouds disappear, and the peaks do not become obscured usually before eight o'clock. I was very much interested in the electric displays of nightly occurrence ; the lightning appeared to leap from peak to peak, and there was no sound of thunder. It did not occur to me then that perhaps the great elevation of these peaks prevented the sound from coming down into an atmosphere of much greater density. Sound is known to follow the lines of least resistance. Perhaps, indeed, the lightning seen was simply a reflection from invisible masses of clouds.

We had been in port only four days when we had eighteen cases of cholera under treatment ; there was but one thing to do, and that was to get under way and go to sea. The symptoms are the same as those of Asiatic cholera, and so is the treatment, and it is hardly less fatal, if people remain in port, than Asiatic cholera ; nevertheless there is a marked difference,—that it is not propagated by contact or clothing, as is the Asiatic cholera. Through our prompt action all our patients recovered, although there was every appearance of dying with Chaplain Bittinger and several of our men. Many of them would doubtless have died had we not gone to sea ; but with the gun-deck ports open, and under favorable conditions and careful treatment, they all recovered. Within the past ten years Manila had in one year three inflictions,—the true Asiatic cholera, which raged with extreme fatality, an earthquake that shook down many of the low buildings, and a hurricane that did much damage.

It is worth while to remark that of the industry on the Philippine Islands much the greater part is Chinese, and the same is the case at Singapore, and indeed pretty much throughout that very fruitful region known as the Indian Archipelago.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Arrival at Hong-Kong—Changes in Twenty-One Years—Amoy—Nagasaki—Description of the City—Measure Height of Island—Yokohama—A Biting Stallion—Tattooing—Take Admiral Rowan on the *Piscataqua* to visit Mr. Van Valkenburg, the American Minister—Description of the Capital City—A Visit from Admiral Ennomotto, of the Japanese Navy—Something of the Admiral's Subsequent History—Yokohama—Hiogo—Admiral C. H. Bell—Mr. Consul Mangum—A Doubtful Compliment as to One's Age—Nagasaki—Shanghai—The Foreign Merchants—Dining with the Governor of the Province—Description of the Dinner.

A PLEASANT run of four days under low steam-power brought us to the harbor of Hong-Kong, filled with shipping, and the mountain-side covered with houses. It had been more than twenty-one years since I was there, and the transformation from hastily-erected sheds for traffic and indifferently-built houses to large well-built warehouses and elegant residences, covering a water-front of two miles and extending up the steep hill-side to an elevation of more than twelve hundred feet, was very striking. The outlines of the summit ridge were still unbroken, peak Victoria having only a signal-tower upon it, with a small house for the officer's attendants. On my first visit it would have been difficult to get up, but fair roads, and steps at various points, had been made, so that, barring the exertion incident to climbing, the road was quite convenient. At that time the elevation was not known to the public, or at least I could not obtain it through inquiry, and I therefore determined to calculate it trigonometrically, and to test the accuracy of an aneroid by comparing it with that measurement. I turn to my book and give the results: from Channel Rocks measured as a base of 5115 yards, the top of signal-house was 1861 feet. From nearest corner of Kowloon Fort, taken as a base of 3465 yards, 1846 feet. Two aneroid measurements agreed—of course by accident—to within two feet, and gave 1855 feet. An aneroid is not a toy, and I would say that every gentleman of leisure not pinched financially might buy one and not only amuse

himself but obtain satisfactory results in measuring heights. In a careful reading of my aneroid at the foot and the upper platform of the Washington Monument in Washington City, the result was five feet short of the exact height.

On my last ascent to peak Victoria in company with my aide, we found a large number of men—perhaps one hundred—following us up the mountain-side in great haste. We were near the head of the depression that leads over to the workshops at Aberdeen when they overtook us. A gentleman told me if I did not wish to see a horrible sight I would better not go on. On inquiry I was told that an English officer had been murdered only half an hour before, at one o'clock, on an open road on the mountain-top, on a great thoroughfare, where hundreds of persons passed daily. The murderers were never caught; they got no booty except their victim's watch, and the chain, which was broken, leaving the bar at its end within his vest. The officer was a major; he had with him a very fierce bull-dog, which he doubtless thought ample protection, and so he proved so far as the robbery of his body was concerned, the few shillings in his pockets being undisturbed from the guard the dog kept over his dead master.

Some years earlier, the number of persons that disappeared after being taken into boats to reach their vessels after night became so great that it was found necessary to establish a very strict system of responsibility. The boats before had been licensed, but that did not serve; it was necessary for the policeman to call a particular number in, to see that the passenger got into the boat, and to hand a paper to the boatman which had to be signed by the officer in charge of the ship, acknowledging the safe arrival of the passenger; and this had to be returned to the policeman. There is a marked contrast in the character of the Japanese and that of the Chinese in regard to the instincts of humanity.

After a stay of more than three weeks the Piscataqua left Hong-Kong for Amoy, a short run of a day. We barely looked in for two days; what will be written of that city will appear in the account of a later visit. When we left, it was for Nagasaki, a port which I had never visited, and one of the most pictur-



esque harbors on the globe. Proceeding under low steam and sail, we reached the offing on the 18th. It was blowing very fresh and squally, but I had been too long on the Coast Survey to be timid about the approach. There was a heavy press of sail on the ship as we stood in with the land, with a "soldier's wind,"—that is, a wind in which a vessel may head the reverse course without difficulty. We soon had a pilot alongside, and in we went as fast as breeze and steam could carry us.

The admiral was anxious to reach Yokohama at an early day, which accounts for our brief stay of two days. In the voyage to Yokohama we kept so near the coast that the bays and promontories and mountain-ranges were within our field of vision without the aid of glasses. As we ran along under a fresh breeze, I saw a very beautiful small rocky island to seaward of us, the name of which I do not now recall, and I said to an officer, "Mr. B., be good enough to measure the height of that island." Although a graduate of the Naval Academy, he looked bewildered. I thereupon called my aide to my assistance, and, getting my sextant, we took compass bearings and speed, and did the work ourselves. My aide greatly enjoyed the perplexity of the officer, who was very desirous of finding out our results. I kept a chronometer in the cabin for the benefit of the midshipmen and myself, and when it was a question of verifying the position of the vessel I relieved the navigator from all fear of an error in his reckoning, which any one observer is liable to make. My sextant was always at the service of young officers, and my assistance, if desired, in making time comparisons or otherwise. Thus they had an opportunity of becoming practical navigators, and they greatly profited by it. As we approached Yedo Bay the wind was quite strong, and this increased the strength of the "Kuro-Siwo," or black water, corresponding to our Gulf Stream. I thought it probable that there would be a great increase of the current, and noted a danger, in that case, of the "Redfield rocks." I was on deck from two A.M. until daylight, and kept a bright lookout for them; although the sea was very rough, I suppose they would have been seen and avoided had they appeared immediately in our course. I knew afterwards, on sighting Green Island, that we had passed very

near them. The barometer was very low, full an inch below the normal, and with the wind on the quarter we carried sail so heavily that the mizzen-topsail sheets parted,—a fact which will indicate to a seaman that the wind was strong. The centre of the typhoon, as cyclones are called in those parts, did not pass over us, and we made our way at the rate of fifteen miles an hour up to the anchorage of Yokohama, some twenty miles above where the Columbus and Vincennes anchored when they visited Japan in July, 1846.

Yokohama was the outgrowth of the visit of Commodore Perry to this part of the bay eight years after the visit of the Columbus and Vincennes. Perry was an officer of rare merit, whose acts had more to do with the present relations of the Japanese and, incidentally, of the Chinese, with European nations than diplomacy and all other causes combined. I only mention this fact so that the reader, if he chooses, may look up Perry's Expedition to Japan, to be found in all libraries of note. In this expedition, too, he did more to educate our navy men afloat than any school of practice known to me.

The flat part of Yokohama was an extensive rice-field, very little above the level of the wide bay upon which it is situated, twenty miles below the great city of Yedo of that day, now known as Tokio. The Japanese have a singular habit of changing the names of cities,—the object, as I understand it, being to mark some epoch or changed condition. So early as July, 1868, when we arrived, the tops of the spurs of hills a mile in the interior and three hundred feet in height were covered with comfortable buildings occupied by merchants of all European nationalities, especially British and German. A considerable amount of grading had been done at various points to make broad and excellent roads to the hill-tops, and there was also a fine drive of some miles around, one part of the road overlooking "Mississippi Bay," a large shoal indentation below Yokohama. The whole country, far and near, was broken into low grounds of inconsiderable extent, with ranges of mountains varying in elevation from hundreds to thousands of feet. The peak of the volcano of Fusi-yama, almost a perfect cone, fifty miles distant, and partly covered with snow for a considerable part of the

year, was a beautiful feature in the landscape. The aspect of the country was that of an almost unbroken woodland, with here and there a field in cultivation. The different varieties of the bamboo give the appearance of woodlands, and cover all the country not cultivated or already wooded. There are in Japan and China some fifty or sixty varieties; what is known in Japan as the "mountain bamboo" grows to a diameter of eight inches, and some sixty or seventy feet in height. Growing in clusters of twenty or more stems, beautifully green and waving gracefully in the breeze, the effect of the bamboo on the landscape is charming. The shoots come out of the ground like huge pikes, and from the time that they are three feet in height, until they are forty, the daily growth is marvellous,—probably not less than two feet in every twenty-four hours for a fortnight. In Maryland a smaller variety has grown, under my own observation, one foot per day for ten consecutive days; it attains a height of only twenty feet in this locality, which is hot enough for it in summer, but has not the dampness necessary to give it growth. In the escarpments near Yokohama I observed masses of black earth and roots of bamboo ten feet in depth, the accumulations, doubtless, of centuries.

When at Yokohama an appreciative countryman gave me the use of a small, well-built bay stallion, which would hardly weigh more than five hundred pounds, and was not more than thirteen hands high,—almost a pony, in fact, but not such as one would wish to put a child upon. I found him disposed to bite, kick, and inflict any other possible injury to every human being who came near him. He was hard-mouthed, and wished to go at a breakneck pace, and that I indulged him in, so that we got along very well together. He was sure-footed, and would walk over a narrow plank with a firm step. One day when I was riding with Robeson, now a captain in the navy, the horse thought his chance was fair to seize Robeson by the leg; I felt the animal's thrust, and restrained him. Robeson seeing his nose quite near, gave him a blow with a heavy riding-whip, which he did not relish. On another occasion, being ridden by another officer who was careless, he seized Dr. Rhoades of the navy by the thigh, reared, and endeavored to throw him, and only after a vigorous

beating did he let go. Rhoades was taken to a tea-house, and afterwards carried on board ship, where he was confined to his bed for weeks. I learned afterwards that this vicious beast had killed two "*betto*s." In Japan none but men of high rank ride on horseback, and a *betto*, or attendant of the horse, always accompanies the rider on foot, and gets over the ground as rapidly as any professional runner. Indeed, even in that hilly country he will cover his fifty or sixty miles a day with ease, keeping just a little behind the horse to care for him whenever the rider wishes his services. The *betto* has a singularly light suit of clothing: it consists of a good strong bamboo hat, which protects his head from the sun and rain; and a garment without sleeves, that falls down to somewhat above his knees and is confined around his body by a girdle. His arms and legs are elaborately tattooed by a skilful artist, at a cost of say sixty or more dollars, a large sum where a laborer's daily pay does not exceed ten cents. In one sense this clothing is economical; it will last as long as the man does, and will never become ragged or dilapidated. To my personal knowledge, tattooing inflicts great pain; but we all know that delicate ladies will endure any amount of pain if they have the idea that it will make them look even a little prettier, and why should not the *betto*? I must not omit to mention his sandals, which are made of straw; a thong comes up between his big toe and the next one, and is tied to two other thongs that hold the heel and the sandal firmly to the foot. The dress is light and airy, and does not embarrass him in his vocation; he can travel almost as well with it as though he had no dress, and it is decent.

On the 4th of July I buried one of the marines, who had had phthisis when we left the United States; he and the old sailor were the only two who died on board of the *Piscataqua* during the seventeen months that I commanded her, manned by four hundred and fifty men and officers. A well-cared-for and well-regulated vessel-of-war makes a wonderful improvement in the crew, as every one knows who has gone on board of a vessel about to sail and has observed the shabby-looking set, many of them without much else than a frame to build upon, and who has seen the same men on the return of the vessel after a three-

years' cruise, well set up and cheery. What the fast cruisers and modern battle-ships will do for them I shall not venture to say.

Admiral Rowan had an invitation to pay a visit to our excellent minister, Mr. Van Valkenburg, accompanied by his staff, and he directed me to take the vessel up the bay to Yedo, which was done on the 10th of September. The admiral was good enough to make me one of the party, and I was two days on shore in that interesting city. The Daimios, or Lords, had in former times been obliged to spend a certain portion of their time at the capital of the Tycoon, and they had extensive grounds and *grande tenue*. The city looked in great part like an assemblage of country-seats enclosed in magnificent hedges of many kinds and separated by villages closely built, with residences and shops of artisans. As we passed along in the region of the official buildings, we met a body of twenty or thirty military officials, who when near us drew their revolvers and cocked them. Nervous people might have been shaken by this action, but we passed them and saluted in return, though not in the same manner, as though it had been a military presentation of arms; and perhaps it was so intended; if so, it certainly was an odd way of presenting arms.

After an absence of two days, I returned to the Piscataqua, lying about three miles from the shore, the water being barely deep enough to float the vessel over the muddy bottom. On getting on board, my aide informed me that he and some other of the young gentlemen had been on board of the Japanese flag-ship, and had been invited into the cabin and received politely; he added that the captain had asked whether I was on board, and had been told that I was not, but that I was expected the next day. I sent him soon after my arrival to present my compliments to the captain and say that I would be happy to see him whenever he might feel disposed to come on board. On the return of my aide I received a message that he would be on board at a given hour; at that time a boat left the Japanese flag-ship, and it was apparent, from the honors paid, that the rank of the officer coming on board was higher than that of captain. I received him at the gangway, and, after expressing

my satisfaction at his visit, said I should be pleased to know his rank, so that I might have the pleasure of firing the proper salute. He was Admiral Ennomotto, a thoroughly educated and agreeable gentleman, and he spent a couple of hours with me. I told him the salute that he named consisted of several guns more than was accorded a naval officer of any rank in any European navy, but in a Japanese port I could do no less than give him the salute given him by his countrymen. In our conversation he informed me that he had been educated in Holland, and that the frigate he commanded had been built in that country. She was a trim little steam vessel, with rifled battery and admirable small-arms, had fire-extinguishers of approved types, and, in short, was more thoroughly fitted out than the flag-ship that I had the honor to command. He spoke Dutch, French, and English very well; his English utterance and expression were very good. On his leaving I gave him his grand salute, and in reply received only the salute that was due to the flag of a rear-admiral by our Regulations. I was about having my gig lowered to send on board to say that in an exchange of salutes between European nations the same number of guns was always returned that had been given; but before the boat was lowered our flag was again run up on board of the Japanese flag-ship and the additional number of guns fired. On the return of our admiral I gave him my statement, which perplexed him; he was a stickler as to guns, and had he been on board would perhaps have ungraciously given the number of guns required for the salute of a Japanese admiral: so I was glad he was out of the ship. He was an admirable officer and gentleman, and I do not write this in any spirit of condemnation. Had he gone on board of the flag-ship of a Chinese admiral and been limited to the salute of that official, he would have received a salute of three guns, and I am sure he would not have been satisfied with that. I suppose I might as well confess here to a certain amount of indifference, bordering on contempt, for the custom of burning condemned powder in this way,—which is universal among all maritime powers. The next day I had the pleasure of paying my respects to Admiral Ennomotto, and spent some hours on board of his vessel. At

that time a civil war was in progress, and he belonged to the party of Satsuma, a daimio in the southwestern section of Japan, in hostility to the Tycoon, off whose capital he was lying at anchor. He did not interfere in any manner with the traffic that was carried on in native boats. Several years later, in an engagement in another part of Japan, his force was destroyed and he was taken prisoner. It was said that the captains and many of the officers under his command were beheaded, and that he was offered service under the Tycoon, which he declined ; he said that his head belonged to the Tycoon, but not his services. He was kept in prison for several years, and when Rear-Admiral John Rodgers was in command of our Asiatic Station I asked his kind offices in relation to Ennomotto's release, which was effected, whether through that or other influences I know not. Ennomotto is now, or has been up to a recent date, Minister of Instruction in Japan, and I doubt not has been able and honest. He wrote me a very earnest and kind letter after his release from prison.

After the admiral had spent a week on shore, we dropped down to our anchorage off Yokohama. The skies had become bright and clear, since our arrival at Yokohama. In the evening a street known as the "Benton-doré" was much frequented by the officers of all nations. Tables were spread along the fronts of the houses and out into the street, barely leaving room for passers-by, who always went in the same direction ; these tables were covered with lacquer-ware, and bronzes, and whatever else the dealers had that they thought might be prized by foreigners. As stated before, the country was suffering from a civil war, and the rich had to sell their works of art and whatever other superfluities they had in order to obtain money to buy food. When anything struck the fancy of an officer he would inquire the price, and would then either pass along or make a purchase, in which latter case, when the article was paid for, a hand from a man behind him would be thrust forward and would take the package, and both the purchaser and his self-constituted porter would pass on until they reached the end of the street, with a like occurrence, perhaps, at several places. Turning, they would pass out, and through another street, and

on reaching the boats the porter would hand over the articles to the coxswain of the boat, receive a quarter of an *itzebu* (about nine cents), say "sayonare" ("good-by"), and go on his way. In many years I have never heard of one dishonest porter, although they are all self-constituted, and are not even looked at with a view to identification. In the years that have elapsed since our visit I have never heard of a single case of murder of a foreigner in Japan from a mercenary motive, although there have been several from persons being rude and insulting,—in fact, from being ill-bred.

Returning from my rides often in the dusk of the evening, I would see small buildings in the ravines beneath the line of road, and the smoke rising from their chimneys; the inmates were reducing to ashes the bodies of the dead, a common custom in Japan, as also in China, where the burial of the dead would seriously affect the health of the living, as it certainly does with us in and near populous cities.

On the 29th of September we left our anchorage, and three days later were at Hiogo, in the Inland Sea of Japan, one of the most beautiful bodies of water on the globe. I recall its picturesque islands, bold promontories, and wooded heights with a sense of enjoyment of the vision in the past. Near Hiogo was a bold high peak, and upon it a temple which I reached with considerable physical exertion, and when there I looked far and wide over land and water of charming variety. Hiogo was the seaport of Osaka, the most opulent and beautiful city of Japan, with its broad canals, superb bridges over them, and paved shore-lines. It had been for centuries the residence of the Mikado, who was once the temporal ruler of the land as well as the spiritual, until virtually deposed by an ambitious Tycoon, who made his capital at the city of Yedo. A few years before our visit our rear-admiral Charles H. Bell endeavored to cross the shoal bar at the entrance of the river upon which the city is situated, some miles above. His barge was capsized, and he and several other persons were drowned on February 19, 1875.

Hiogo had already become a smart trading town in teas, bronzes, and other products of Japan. The bronzes of the city of Osaka, both ancient and modern, are simpler in design but



not less pleasing in effect than those of Tokio and of a city near Nagasaki, the name of which I cannot now recall. So, too, with their porcelain. The most expensive, and of rare beauty, was known to foreigners as Kagosima ware. A very gaudy ware, and some of it very striking, we saw at the town of Simonisaki, near the entrance of the Inland Sea. We remained four days at Hiogo, and gave ourselves five to pass through the sea into the open water on our way to Nagasaki and had practice at a target moored in open water to avoid accident. We had a pilot who was a Swede, and they are usually seamen: he surprised me by taking only a single bearing to put down his position on a chart. I endeavored in vain to teach him that another bearing, as nearly at right angles as convenient, would define his position on his line of bearing, but he evidently regarded that as altogether too complicated a proceeding, looking at me with a broad grin, such as a man gives who wishes to inform you "that he knows it all." In the narrow passage-way, where the tides were strong and irregular in set, near the town of Simonisaki, we met two British steamers, and when I was looking at something else I found that the idiot of a pilot had put the helm a-starboard, and that the vessel had already swung considerably; when a long vessel "has the swing" on her, it is very much the same as when a horse has the bit in his teeth. I therefore laid her broadside across the channel and stopped the engines, the pilot yelling at me that we would run on some rocks ahead. The captains of the vessels coming in were justly incensed at our disregard of "the rules of the road," but at all events they were fully informed as to our movement, and could have no excuse for running into us, as they would have had to go out of their way to do so. As soon as the vessels had passed, and I had the ship on her course, I called the pilot down out of the rigging, where he had ensconced himself, and asked him what had possessed him to leave the right shore-line to pass across the bows of the two steamers. He told me that we had no room on that side, whereupon I informed him, using other words, however, to convey my meaning, "that he was not one of the wise men of the East," and that very soon, if he did not take my advice, he would come to grief, as he did in fact some years later,

by running down a vessel and sinking either her or the vessel that he was piloting. We kept on our way, and at eight o'clock were in the open water, running along the coast-line for Nagasaki, with a fresh breeze and a fair current driving us on our course. We averaged more than sixteen knots hourly, carrying a fore-topmast studding-sail until the sun went down, when the numbers of fishing-boats off the coast made it necessary for us to shorten sail and reduce speed to avoid running over them. After night-fall, the whole sea near us was lighted up by the torches in the fishing-boats; I kept my watch on the fore-castle, and found a mechanical contrivance of a "helm-indicator" of great value in preventing our running over the boats that covered the waters. Although the night was quite dark, and there were no harbor lights, the bold outlines of the narrow entrance, and of a small island, enabled us to enter with entire security and find our way up to an anchorage. In the forenoon we had to shift our berth on account of the length of the vessel interfering with other vessels in swinging.

We were very much pleased to meet our excellent consul, Mr. Mangum, and his refined and intelligent wife, with both of whom we enjoyed long walks over the beautiful surrounding country, and an occasional visit to the islands lying off the entrance,—upon one of which there is a noted temple, reached by a long line of steps cut into the rocks. The whole surroundings of the harbor are picturesque in the extreme. On the right near the entrance, and extending for two miles, is the town, built on ground of moderate elevation, and beyond is a steep hill, with many beautiful trees on its side, which has been a burial-spot probably for thousands of years. I frequently walked or rode to the summit of this hill, and was much gratified at the polite attentions always paid to me by those whom I met. These "heathen" have the humanizing habit of visiting the graves of their parents and relatives and adorning them with plants and flowers. They take with them all the family and a nice luncheon, and seated under the trees enjoy the beautiful landscape. I was invited at times to join a family circle, with the kindness that belongs to well-bred people of whatever race. Going up a flight of stone steps several hundred feet in height on horseback seemed some-

what hazardous. It would have been bad for the rider, as well as for the horse, had the latter stumbled,—going down especially.

There are many customs of Asiatics which are diametrically opposite to those of Europeans, as is well known to most readers of travels. In the Japan of the past, the visitor left his shoes at the door, and kept on his hat; it would have been an unwarrantable liberty for him to take off his hat in making an ordinary visit. If a Japanese or a Chinaman of rank inquired your age, it would be a particular mark of interest and respect, and if informed that you were sixty, he would feign surprise, and say he had supposed that you were quite seventy or older, just as we would pretend to be surprised and assign ten years less age by way of compliment. A friend cannot manifest his regard more acceptably than in presenting a camphor-wood coffin, but that applies to the Chinese rather than to the Japanese. An old man is always treated with respect, and, if he be a relative, or a man of rank, with veneration,—the reverse of Young America's usual treatment of age.

We passed the month of October delightfully in Nagasaki, and then left for Wusung, just within the entrance of the Yang-tse-Kiang River, the large watershed of which may be seen on any ordinary school atlas. It is probable that the waters of this river drown more human beings in a decade than those of any other river on the globe. The approach to the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang would be dangerous were it not that Gutzlaff Island affords an excellent mark for entering, and if kept on a line of bearing, affords the means of getting well within the shoal grounds in smooth water, where excellent anchorage is found. The tides are very strong, and sweep along the coast almost at right angles to the mouth of the river. After a day's detention in the Yang-tse-Kiang, we reached what is known as the Wusung, on the 7th of November. There is a town here which has no European traffic; but Shanghai, twelve miles above, now an opulent city, had sprung into existence since my visit of twenty-one years before. The hospitality of the foreign merchants was unbounded, and, in my belief, was the cause of more deaths than the climate, which is malarial, with a bad type

of fever. While at anchor I frequently went on shore to shoot, and found in a thickly-populated region a considerable number of hare, and the "copper pheasant," which, as far as I can see, is very much like the English pheasant. The inhabitants do not live in villages, as in some other parts, but are usually separated; a considerable clump of bamboos invariably marks the site of a house, and at the same time conceals it.

One day we observed a Chinese boat with a crew and passengers of some twenty persons capsize in the river near us; there were dozens of other boats passing, going up or down the river; not one of them took the least notice of the mishap, but sailed by without pity. Had it not been for us, perhaps all on board of the capsized boat would have perished. I had boats called away, the people rescued, and, as I remember, the boat towed into shoal water, so that she should not drift to sea. Mentioning this circumstance to one of the merchants, he told me that three of his acquaintances who had a fine sail-boat had on one occasion gone up the river on a shooting-tour. Two of them were below, and the third was lying on the deck; a flaw of wind caused him to fall overboard, but the Chinaman did not in the least concern himself; when his friends came up from below they looked around with some alarm, and asked the Chinaman what had become of him: he coolly replied, "He go top-side," meaning that he had fallen overboard. The wretch had not even thought it worth while to inform his friends. There is a belief with the Chinese that when any one rescues a person from death he becomes responsible for the rescued person's future misdeeds, which otherwise would not have occurred.

The admiral was good enough to invite me to accompany him as one of a numerous suite of officers to dine with the Tou-ti, or governor of the province, which, by the way, has half as many inhabitants as the United States. The dinner was entirely Chinese in its *menu*, beginning with fruits, and ending with a lacquered pig. I had the bill of fare, but I regret to say that it has been lost. The pig is the only roast the Chinese make; it is often fifty or more pounds in weight, and is always served cold. Their only alcoholic drink was *samshoo*, a species of rum made from rice, very strong, and said to be very injurious. But one

plate, whether a stew or a vegetable, was served at a time, and cold tea without sugar or milk was handed round frequently. Many persons may have observed that navy men who have served on the Asiatic station rarely take cream in tea; this abstinence has become a habit through the fact that after they were weaned as children they had a prejudice against taking milk from a woman, which is the usual source of supply in China. We bade our friends good-by with the belief that their lavish hospitality had not inflicted on us any permanent injury.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sail for Amoy—The Admiral's Cabin—Ports stove in—General Legendre—Malodorous Amoy—Bengal Tigers—Visit to a Spanish Catholic Missionary—Return to Hong-Kong—Leave in the Steamer Great Republic for the United States—Yokohama—Measuring the Height of Fusi-yama—Arrive at San Francisco—Great Changes noted in San Francisco—Dr. A. J. Bowie—Arrive at Washington, and am assigned to Duty as Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks—Assigned to Duty as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation—Admiral Porter—The Isthmian Surveys assigned to me—A Commission appointed, General A. A. Humphreys President, Professor Peirce, and, later, Captain C. P. Patterson—Colonel Hopkins calls, at the Request of Cyrus W. Field, in Regard to Deep-Sea Soundings in the Pacific Ocean.

WE left our anchorage on the 15th of December, for Amoy. The northeast monsoon had fairly set in, as we found a day or so later. As we approached the Formosa Channel the short battering seas stove in the stern-ports in the admiral's cabin and flooded it with water. We were under sail only, and the admiral directed me to bring the vessel by the wind with as little delay as possible. It was about ten P.M., and there was a beautiful moon. I had no sooner settled the top-sails on the cap and hauled out the reef-tackles than I brought her by, and such another cracking I have never heard on board ship. The violent rolling actually unshipped many of the ladders leading from the spar-deck to the gun-deck, owing to the working of the frame of the ship. What surprised me greatly, afterwards, was the

fact that the copper lining of the magazines or shell-rooms, so near the line of keel, was badly cracked and split, from the working of the frame. After we had secured the stern-ports we bore away, and went along quite comfortably: we should not have known what a fierce little sea we had passed through had we not brought the ship by the wind. The powerful breeze sent us on our way rapidly, and in three days we were at anchor in the superb little harbor of Amoy, with rocks all around us, in shore-lines and hills almost destitute of vegetation.

Here we found General Legendre, who had been very kindly spoken of by all our officers who had visited that port. He had lost an eye, and was otherwise very much injured by the many wounds he had received in battle during our civil war. Not only was he able officially, but he was also a most agreeable and hospitable host. He had much to do with breaking up the infamous coolie trade carried on at that time, or a little later, principally between Macao and Soo-Chow and Peru, and later on was most useful to humanity in aiding the Japanese to conquer the wild tribes on the south of the island of Formosa and in forcing the Chinese to become their sponsors. This, of course, was after he had left the consular service.

The years that I had been absent from Amoy had apparently wrought no change in that city of strong and diverse smells; it seemed to me I could tell the streets by the different malodors. The same kinds of soiled silk-embroidered garments were brought on board for sale, as well as carved wood-work. It had not then occurred to me what a means of spreading all sorts of epidemics these garments might become. Typhus fever, scarlet fever, smallpox, and many other diseases may lie dormant in such garments for years. Had I thought of this I should have forbidden the traffic on board of the vessel. The wood-carving of Amoy is of a superior order; at Ningpo they have a method of sawing a log in cross-sections, then drawing patterns upon the blocks and punching the figures out. Every one of the ports at that time had some specialty not found elsewhere.

I was surprised to learn that in the rocky region not fifty miles distant Bengal tigers were sufficiently numerous to do a great deal of harm. I knew that these animals abounded on

the Amoor River beyond the fiftieth degree of latitude, as I had seen skins from that region upon which the hair was several inches long. The Bengal tigers, like the jaguars, take to the water naturally. They swim over the strait between the Malay peninsula and the island of Singapore, and are still numerous, notwithstanding the Chinese trap a considerable number.

Accompanied by Fleet-Surgeon Maccoun, I paid a visit to a Spanish Catholic missionary, Nicolas Guisa, a native of Barcelona, who had been sent to Manila and afterwards to Amoy, where he had now been for several years. He was much gratified at our visit, and told me he went frequently some fifty miles into the country to several missionary stations that had been established. I invited him to come on board and dine with me the following Sunday, and at the time appointed sent my gig to bring him. Before leaving he thanked me warmly, and said that my visit would free him in a great degree from petty annoyances to which he had hitherto been subjected by the Chinese. I asked how long he expected to remain; he replied, during his lifetime. He received letters only once a year from his family in Spain, who he told me were persons of rank. He was a remarkably intelligent and handsome man, and had the manners of a well-bred Spaniard, the best type of European courtesy. In the wilds of South America I have had occasion to remark the courteous and dignified bearing of men of the Spanish race, though intermixed with Indian blood, who wore sandals, a hat, and a poncho, with as little other clothing as was compatible with decency.

After fifteen days in port, we left for Hong-Kong, and arrived there the next day. During the prevalence of the northeast monsoon the climate of the coast of China is delightful. If you go to sea and have to beat to windward you find that there is too much of it, and you have a toilsome task; but that is a thing of the past. Steaming against it is not difficult, where the navigator is sensible enough to keep in along the coasts, sheltered by the headlands, and aided in some degree by counter-currents. We arrived at Hong-Kong on the 1st of January, 1869, and had the pleasure of meeting several old friends, our countrymen and others. On the 18th of February I left in the

Pacific Mail steamer *Great Republic* for the United States. The admiral had previously received instructions by telegram to send me home ; this was done by the Navy Department at the request of General Grant, who had been elected President of the United States the previous November.

The *Great Republic* was a large and comfortable steamer, and perhaps the last of side-wheel-steamers intended for long voyages in the open sea. We arrived at Yokohama on the 4th of March, the day upon which General Grant was inaugurated, and witnessed the unusual spectacle of snow lying on the ground for several days, while the volcano *Fusi-yama* stood out some fifty miles distant, snow-clad from summit to base. I could not forego an attempt to measure its height, which I had neglected to do previously ; turning to my note-book, I find it entered that our charts gave the height as 12,450 feet, and my calculations made it 12,409 feet, in which allowance was made for the rotundity of the earth. We sailed the next day, and were twenty days in reaching San Francisco. I did not fail to write my old friend Allan McLane, Esq., then President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, that he would have to give up old ways and take to the new ; it would not answer to have to slow down in the run, over this wide sea, especially at the moment when heavy seas came along, in order to allow the vessel to roll, so as to avoid breaking the shaft, one wheel being almost in the air and the other buried almost to its centre in the water. The course followed was not the arc of a great circle, nor an approximation to it, but a parallel of calms just outside the trade-winds, where the huge seas rolling in from the westward were unbroken at the surface and yet were so large as to prevent the steamer from exerting her full steam-power without endangering the shaft. A broken shaft on a side-wheel steamer in a wide ocean, to say the least, makes her a very "lame duck." One of the steamers of this line actually broke her shaft on her voyage.

On arriving at San Francisco, where I had not been since 1852, I noted the marvellous changes that had occurred, and had the satisfaction of meeting my old friend and shipmate Dr. A. J. Bowie, who had been a prominent physician of that city



for many years. It was late when I left his house, as he said, when I first proposed going, "Don't go yet ; we will never meet again ;" and, although he died only four years ago, we never did. The overland railroad had not then been completed ; there was still a gap of more than one hundred miles,—though it was completed while I was coming home by way of Panama.

There was nothing of particular interest in the voyage home, and about the 1st of May I arrived at Washington, and was assigned to duty as Chief of Bureau of Yards and Docks. It was not without misgivings that I took charge of that Bureau, and I said so to the President, adding that if I found I was not able to fulfil the duties I could resign. When I was ordered home the intention had been to send me to the Isthmus to make hydrographic surveys in connection with topographic work by an army officer, to determine upon the practicability of a ship-canal, if the physical conditions admitted of a commercial solution ; but other officers had in the mean time been assigned to that duty, and I remained a fixture in Washington for a good many years.

Admiral Farragut died in August, 1870 ; the following December, at the time Vice-Admiral Porter was nominated to fill the vacancy, I happened to be at the White House. Mrs. Grant, who had doubtless heard of a letter of Admiral Porter's, hereafter mentioned, asked me what I thought of him. I said that professionally I regarded Porter as the ablest officer we had ever had afloat in command of a large force. I went on to say that in the opinion of most navy men John Paul Jones was the embodiment of a great sea-captain, yet that perhaps had he been asked for his own estimate of his qualities he would have admitted that he thought well of himself as a sea-captain, but would have added, with pride, that his genius lay in writing love-sonnets and letters such as he addressed to Lady Selkirk. In like manner, if any one had the confidence of the vice-admiral, and could elicit his opinion of himself, it would be found that he thought well of himself as a sea-captain, but that he considered his strong point to consist in his ability to write despatches and letters. President Grant was engaged at the moment in taking leave of some visitors, but had overheard my remarks ; after the visitors left,

he turned to me with a humorous smile, and said, "Ammen, you know all about Porter; I have exactly your estimate of him afloat; he co-operated with me on the Mississippi, and I regard him as exceptionally able."

A day or so later, my duties called me to St. Louis; I had barely reached Cincinnati when I read the astounding private letter written by the vice-admiral to Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, just after the taking of Fort Fisher. It occurred to me instantly that some inkling of this had caused Mrs. Grant's inquiry. It had been conveniently brought to light to prevent the vice-admiral from being confirmed after he was nominated for admiral to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Farragut. I groaned both inwardly and outwardly on reading it, and congratulated myself that I was not in Washington and would not return before the miserable gossip was over. On reaching St. Louis I read a second letter, written by the vice-admiral in relation to the first. Then I lamented that I had not been in Washington, thinking that I might have prevented its publication. On my return the President told me that the vice-admiral had shown him the letter and asked his permission to publish it, and that he had said, "Certainly, if you wish to do so." I had served under the vice-admiral in the bombardments of Fort Fisher, satisfactorily to him and to myself, and although I had no particular intimacy with him, from my official status, and otherwise, I had the idea that I might have demonstrated to him the lack of logic and the utter impropriety of the second letter.

In 1886 Admiral Porter published his "Naval History of the Civil War." In order to impress upon a youth the great interest I took in his learning to write short-hand, I began the reading of this book to him, marking in pencil our daily progress. On looking at my marks I find it was laid aside on the seventy-fourth page, on account of the great number of errors and inaccuracies that I found in it. I should not have touched on this subject had it not been that I desire to palliate what seems to me to have been an unhappy idiosyncrasy of the admiral. From my personal intercourse with him I feel assured that he never wrote what he did not believe to be true; but what he believed he did not think worth while to inquire into,

as a matter of fact. He had the conviction that the earnestness of purpose of himself and others afloat, and their actual services, were not sufficiently regarded. He was a man of indomitable energy and courage, knew how to organize and command men, and, what is quite as important, saw to it that he had the necessary supplies and munitions, without which a force soon becomes inefficient. He was generous in his instincts, and desirous of doing justice to every one under his command,—a feeling which in fact is almost universal with great leaders of men, whether afloat or on shore.

As a broad criticism, more for the benefit of young officers than for other readers, I may say that I have had no personal acquaintance with any man of rank, and no recollection in my readings of any one who has commanded successfully, who imagined that he was made of other flesh and blood than the men under his command, and who thought that their hardships should not be his own.

On the promotion of Commodore Alden, I was assigned as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, in his place. On the occurrence of the vacancy, my old and valued friend Vice-Admiral Rowan had said to me, "Now you will apply for that Bureau." I replied that I had never applied for a Bureau, and never would; yet on some accounts I should be pleased to be appointed, for I would then ask to be placed in special charge of the Isthmian surveys at that time in progress, under the Navy Department, and I would endeavor to bring about the survey of the North Pacific Ocean and have special charge of that. Notwithstanding that no application was made by me, either directly or indirectly, I was appointed, and a few days later received the congratulations by letter of an old and valued friend; in reply I wrote that I did not consider it a subject of congratulation, feeling sure, as I did, that I would lose many old friends, and would gain no new ones, in making the assignments to duties that pertained to the Bureau. In his reply he assured me that this would not occur, it being the general belief that I would be just in recommending assignments. In less than six months he and myself spoke only as gentlemen do in meeting; he desired that I would protect him from a fancied

“indignity” that I had been willing to pass through, as I wrote him, when Chief of a Bureau.

In the discharge of the duties of this Bureau for a term of seven years, until I was made rear-admiral and then asked to be retired under existing laws, I am not conscious of having endeavored to visit the displeasure of the Department upon any individual as a mere exercise of power from personal considerations, nor am I conscious of having assigned duty to any one of my personal friends at the expense of the just claims of any brother officer. At that time it was a difficult position to fill, and perhaps is so still. I said to the Secretary of the Navy when I entered upon that duty that I would not make any nomination from personal considerations, and that when I submitted my list, if he chose to alter it, I would in good faith execute his instructions, for written above my signature was the phrase “by order of the Secretary of the Navy,” in all orders issued to officers.

I had the satisfaction of having the conduct of the Isthmian surveys assigned to my special direction, until March 13, 1872, when a commission was appointed by the President under a joint Congressional resolution, of which the President was General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Army Engineers, Professor Peirce, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, and, later, Captain C. P. Patterson, when he became Superintendent, with myself, as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. As junior member, I acted as secretary, and formulated orders or instructions for the surveys, which were discussed, often modified, and then submitted to the Secretary of the Navy with the information that they had been framed by the commission. They then received his approval and were issued over his signature.

Although I was able to get a preliminary force at surveying work in the Pacific, the classes of vessels were not suitable, and, the attempted survey lacking the favorable endorsement of a Senator from California, my very moderate estimates for vessels were stricken out of the appropriation bill. The survey beyond the coast was abandoned, but that of the coast itself was prosecuted beyond our southern boundaries along the peninsula of California and in the Gulf, and it has been continued along that

coast, though with insufficient means and inferior vessels, with very fair results and with credit to the navy.

The Secretary of the Navy sent for me one day and introduced me to Colonel Hopkins, who came at the request of Mr. Cyrus W. Field to ask that deep soundings in the Pacific Ocean be taken with the view of facilitating the laying of cables from our coast to Japan and elsewhere. The Secretary added, in a complimentary manner, that anything I would agree to he would endeavor to have executed. Colonel Hopkins went with me to my desk and explained briefly what was wished. He was informed that our appropriations did not include estimates for dynamometers, necessary for sounding in deep seas, but that the Bureau could properly furnish sounding-lines and other appliances to carry out the proposed objects. If Mr. Field would supply a dynamometer, the other necessary outlays would be met by the Bureau, and I would recommend to the Secretary of the Navy the detail of a vessel to make the soundings. An inquiry was made as to where a dynamometer could be found, to which I replied that I had no exact information in relation to such matters, but that if Mr. Field would furnish one such as was used on board of a Coast Survey steamer that had recently been sent to the Pacific, I should regard that as perhaps the best obtainable. In a month or so I was requested to inspect the instrument, on Greenwich Street, New York. At an early day I went on, and, upon stating my object at the machine-shop, was shown two small oscillating engines of beautiful action. I said they were all right, but that my object in coming on was to inspect a dynamometer, whereupon I was informed that the steamer referred to had no other fittings than two such engines, admirably adapted to haul up a line, but without any pretension to fitness for measuring the strain on the line, which of course is the only function of a dynamometer. As this left me in a dilemma, I had a steam engineer detailed who had been employed in laying marine cables for telegraphy, to design a suitable instrument for sounding, and make estimates of the cost, and requisition was made for a considerable amount of sounding-line of the best Italian hemp to meet the contingency of a failure in the use of wire, which, as I in the mean time had learned from the public prints, had been

successfully employed by Sir William Thomson off the coast of Scotland in considerable depths.

A short time before, Professor Baird, the Regent of the Smithsonian, had dropped into my office on a brief visit, and, on being informed as to my intentions, had suggested that I should write to Sir William, who was his personal acquaintance, and who he felt assured would render all the assistance in his power; this suggestion was acted upon without delay. I received a reply in a brief time, and, as requested, Sir William ordered two dynamometers and a supply of 22-gauge piano-wire, such as he had employed in the soundings above referred to, and sent me a published memorandum relating to the apparatus he had employed and the soundings he had made off the coast of Scotland. I observed that he employed a sinker of lead of twenty-seven pounds weight, and hauled it up, and, noting the tensile strength of the wire, saw that it would sustain eight times the weight of his plummet. I directed the officer charged with making the soundings to double the weight of the plummet employed by Sir William and fit it with the Brooke or some other detaching apparatus, as there could be no advantage in hauling it up, but necessarily would be a great loss of time, with greater liability to break the wire.

I had previously asked authority to detail Commander Belknap, then in the Pacific in command of the *Tuscarora*, to make these soundings, and had furnished him with all the information possessed by me in relation to such matters. On his arrival in San Francisco I wrote him, stating my ideas as to the very many theoretical advantages the wire had over hemp line, adding that, as I was not willing to see a failure on theoretical conditions, however satisfactory they might seem in every particular, I had sent also a dynamometer for the use of hemp line, which he was not to use, however, until he had exhausted every means to make the use of wire a success.

The advantages of the use of wire, in my judgment, were briefly as follows. With a weight of fifteen pounds per nautical mile, at a depth of even four miles the weight of the sinker and shaft would be as great as that of the wire used in sounding to that depth. Compared with hemp line it would have no surface-

friction, and no elasticity on the plummet's touching the bottom, which would in the use of a long hemp line be of such a nature as to prevent a dynamometer from indicating at once when the bottom was reached, and this difficulty would be greatly increased through ocean currents drifting bights of the line here and there at various depths, and through the slow descent of the plummet, from the same cause. Then the rapid deterioration of the hemp line, the great loss of time necessary in making a sounding, and the probable uncertainty of obtaining a satisfactory result in great depths, made it desirable that he should not employ the hemp line until he had exhausted all reasonable efforts at making the use of wire in sounding a success.

Very soon we had a telegram from Belknap, who had made very successful tentative soundings off the mouth of the harbor of San Francisco in a depth of eighteen hundred fathoms. To the ability of this officer is due the successful employment of wire from that time on, notwithstanding the minor difficulties, all of which he overcame as they presented themselves. A year or so later, I received a letter from Sir William, to whom we were so much indebted, informing me that he was about designing another dynamometer, as the one he had sent me was not a success; he, however, had entire faith in wire instead of a hemp line in effecting soundings. It was a great gratification to me to be able to inform him that what he had sent us had proved entirely successful. Subsequently I sent him the few modifications that had been found necessary. In his lectures Sir William was good enough to state that he had furnished his dynamometer to our navy, and that his apparatus had been perfected by us. The work done by Belknap was a line *via* the Sandwich Islands to the coast of Japan, and from the coast of Japan to Puget Sound, by way of the Aleutian Islands. As supposed by me, this chain of islands forms a bulkhead, holding up on its northern side a great plateau of moderate depth, while south of it the sea is quite deep, and, so far as known, the soundings are very regular in depth. About east-southeast of the southeast cape of Nipon, the principal island of Japan, the greatest depth of water then known was reached,—about five and a quarter statute miles,—and a specimen of the bottom obtained. An attached

thermometer was literally crushed. At a later period, one of our vessels found a small pocket in the Caribbean Sea of about the same depth. Other nations subsequently took up the use of the apparatus of Sir William, and, with the various modifications, or improvements, made by some of our officers and perhaps by those of other navies, it is so effective and in such general use that the bottoms of frequented seas are now fairly known.

Belknap also ran an open traverse off the coast from Puget Sound to San Diego from shore soundings to what are called by scientists true ocean depths,—about two thousand fathoms. In doing this work off Cape Mendocino, he put his plummet on bottom six thousand feet above that of the surrounding water, which was double that depth. Subsequent work led to the supposition that a submerged mountain-range exists off our west coast, parallel to the mountains on the land.

This traverse along the coast resulted from a visit of the elder Agassiz to the Navy Department and his expressing a desire that the true continental outline of our west coast should be determined to a depth of two thousand fathoms. He was informed at the time that it could not be immediately carried out, but that when a favorable opportunity occurred the work would be done.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Commodore Wyman—Determining Longitudes by Telegraphy—Method of Signalling—Lieutenants Very and Wood—Coast Defence—Calculations of Weights and Displacements—Ram designed by the Author—Delayed on Political Grounds—"It will come by and by"—Admiral Tegethoff—The Battle of Lissa—Ironclads—Advantages of Rams over Armored Ships.

COMMODORE WYMAN, then Hydrographer, laid before the Secretary of the Navy a comprehensive plan for the determination of longitudes by telegraphy. This work had its inception at that time, and a considerable development while I was Chief of the Bureau. I shall not enter into the amount of labor involved, but it may surprise the reader to learn that the exact



longitude of Lisbon was not known when these observations began and was determined by our parties. As a final result, in a verification of two lines of many thousands of miles, I may mention that the line from Greenwich, *via* Lisbon, the Canary Islands, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, to Cordova, in Tucuman, was connected with a line from Greenwich to Washington, thence to the west coast of America to Valparaiso, and thence to Cordova. The agreement in longitude of the two lines was within one yard in distance. When it is borne in mind that four minutes in time correspond to a degree in longitude, the result is surprising. Were this a solitary result, it might be considered accidental, but it is only one of a number of that nature that may well surprise the educated man. Now, although the longitude of Cordova, where Professor Gould connected these two lines of telegraphic determination, is of no importance to a navigator, it is of great importance that the coast-lines of the world should be known, and also that the great observatories should be connected with the utmost accuracy attainable.

When I took charge of the Bureau, the need of a good signal-book and a satisfactory method of night-signalling was well known, and both these objects were attained through the detail of competent officers. Prior to that time, night-signals were exceedingly confusing, and, until the introduction of what is known as Coston signals, were quite unreliable. The navy is indebted to Lieutenant Edward W. Very, who afterwards resigned, for the idea of using Roman candles in signalling, and to Lieutenant M. W. Wood, for the employment of a reversible pistol-barrel in firing them, as also for the use of a calcium light in a lantern triced up, and for manipulating the signalling from the deck by means of india-rubber tubing, and balls or cylinders, by which the flashes could be readily and properly produced, so as to be as intelligible as any code of signalling.

Not being satisfied with the manner of blinding signals proposed by the officer preparing the signal-book, I took that matter in hand myself, and, without knowing it at the time, adopted that of the Larrabee system, which cannot be ascertained by any number of recorded observations,—for the reason that the equivalents represent first one figure and then another. Should

the enemy obtain the "blind," until that fact was known he would of course be able to read the signals, but the substitution of another "blind," printed on paper of a different color to prevent mistakes, would keep him as much in the dark as ever.

For more than twenty years I have looked with great concern upon our very feeble means for the defence of our coasts. During that period, too, all the nations of the earth, except the United States, have been untiring in the construction of vessels-of-war, many of which are of enormous size, armed with guns of large calibre and throwing projectiles that seem of almost fabulous weight. Newspaper reports state that the heaviest guns made by Great Britain are now regarded with distrust, and much of the armor plating of her vessels-of-war is supposed to be inferior in quality. Should we pursue the same line of development at any reasonable cost we should find ourselves greatly inferior to several powers, any one of whom might be our adversary.

The appendix of the Report of the Secretary of the Navy of 1883 contains a letter from me on coast defence, which had the concurrence of General H. G. Wright, then Chief of Engineers. A month later General Sheridan read it, and was appreciative enough to have it copied in the archives of the War Department. Military men will agree with the statement that a proper coast defence requires a supplementary relationship between the land and the naval forces.

Twenty years ago I made tentative calculations of weights and displacements looking to the construction of an armored torpedo-boat with such thickness of armor, favored by the best practicable lines for deflection, as might give a fair immunity from projectiles. Little calculation sufficed to show that when enough plating was employed, the weight of the vessel would be sufficient to make her a formidable ram, provided a high speed were given her. For that reason I laid aside the idea of an armored torpedo-boat and took up the design for a ram, looking to favorable lines for speed, facility of turning, and the greatest practicable immunity from projectiles with a minimum of metal, through the use of such lines of deflection as were supposed practicable in a vessel capable of going to sea in heavy weather.

In 1881 I laid before a Naval Advisory Board calculations, plans, and specifications that had been carefully revised by the late John Lenthall, who had been our ablest Chief Naval Constructor for a number of years. In a final report the Board stated, —

“It is the opinion of the Board that a type of fast and handy marine rams would be especially valuable for such auxiliary defence. In determining the details of such a type, however, the Board was obliged to act entirely upon its judgment with regard to the possibilities, since experience with this type of vessels is entirely lacking throughout the world. But two actual types of such vessels are available on which to base a judgment: the first, a type designed by Rear-Admiral Ammen, U. S. Navy, whose correctness of details has never been tested by actual construction; and the second, designs of the British ram Polyphemus, now afloat, and whose main principles correspond with those of the American ram.

“After mature consideration, the Board is of the opinion that five rams of the general design proposed by Rear-Admiral Ammen should now be built, that these rams should be of about two thousand tons' displacement, and that they should be constructed of steel.”

But politics entered into naval appropriations at that time, and, although the construction of one or more rams was recommended by the Department, no attention was paid to the subject by the Naval Committee of the House, whose majority belonged to the party in opposition to the Administration.

Some years later I met Mr. Lenthall on the Avenue; he was then in bad health, and died soon after. He said, “What about the rams?” I replied, “Nothing whatever.” “No?” he said, with a faint smile: “wait; they will come by and by.”

In pursuance of law, a ram embodying my design is now under construction at Bath, Maine. Not having heavy guns, the officer who may command will not be diverted from running down the enemy. Provided amply with rapidly-firing guns, the ram would be able to deal with several of the best torpedo-boats that have yet been constructed, until they are capable of resisting rapidly-firing guns throwing twenty-pound projectiles;

such torpedo-boats will have to be carried "on their own bottoms," and will be difficult to maintain on the coasts of an enemy provided with rams.

If we regard the question of actual impregnability of construction against projectiles as the eventuality, it is apparent that five rams can be built at the cost of two of our battle-ships as now constructed, when fitted for sea with cost of batteries, and that the expense for maintenance of the five will be less than that for one battle-ship. The rams will long outlast the battle-ships, if hauled upon ways under shelter when not in use. Five rams would be able to patrol our coast in the face of any naval force that might be sent against us, but of course an able commander will always attack whenever the occasion is most advantageous to him, and most disadvantageous to the enemy. When the ram now building is completed we shall be able to proceed in further constructions on several lines that will make the armored ship of to-day unable to cope with her future adversaries. We can, in my belief, protect ourselves with very great economy against any fleets that might have for an object the destruction of our cities or the demand of a ransom. Rams can be built speedily and in any number required; in this they are quite unlike battle-ships.

As designed, the vessel now building has an elliptical keel, which will give great facility in turning, and also better lines for propulsion. When she was designed there were no large vessels-of-war known to me with a curvature of keel. Now, I believe, they are common, if not indeed universal. The cross-sections are elliptical, sponsoned out so as to make good lines for the deflection of projectiles, and sharp edges, which will serve to rip out the forward part of the vessel struck on the side, and crush in the fulcrum, when the vessel struck has head-way. The ram is built on longitudinal girders, and in fact, as a whole, is a well-constructed girder. Four several calculations for speed give a common result, in every regard assuring as compared with that of any vessel of the same displacement and horse-power.

Not long after the battle of Lissa, Admiral Tegethoff, who commanded the Austrian force, gave me a graphic account of it.

His flag-ship was very slow, but coming down with a fair wind increased her ordinary speed. In ramming the *Ré d'Italia* he actually *ran through her*; the most horrible sight that he ever saw, he said, was the severed parts sinking, with hundreds of men struggling in the water, most of whom were drowned. Persano, the Italian admiral, had left the *Ré d'Italia* at the beginning of the engagement and gone on board of the *Affondatore*, a vessel armed with two three-hundred-pounder casemated rifled guns. That vessel neither rammed nor used her battery effectively; so far as I have been able to ascertain, Persano "fell between two stools,"—not an uncommon occurrence. If a ram has no heavy gun there is obviously only one thing for the commander to do; and that fact cannot be forgotten.

A critic in *Colburn's Magazine* of September, 1866, concludes his discussion of the battle in these terms:

"If the battle of Lissa were to be taken as a criterion of what guns can do in an encounter between ironclads, it would be worth considering whether it would not be advisable to build ironclads for the express purpose of ramming, and instead of arming them with guns, putting the metal on their sides, so as to render them entirely impregnable to shot, since, if destructiveness be the desideratum of warfare, it can hardly be worth while to send a fleet of ironclads to sea carrying five hundred and thirty-one guns for the purpose of killing eight men and wounding forty."

This writer supposes that the great weight of an armored ship is necessary to make an effective ram, when in fact it would lessen her effectiveness. She could not be handled with the same celerity, which is everything in ramming.

A critic of the ram proposed by me said that all battle-ships had ram bows: he might as well have said that all men who carry swords are to be considered equally effective in their use, when the sword is the weapon to decide the combat.

Armored ships have repeatedly had their sides crushed in; the *Ré d'Italia* was actually cut in two and went down, and quite as readily as though she had been unarmored, for the reason that neither have an effective backing nor an arch formation, in which my ram construction differs. Besides, the curva-

ture of keel will favor the fore or after body pivoting on the stem of the ram bows of an armored vessel should she be rammed. Great speed is doubtless a requisite for an effective ram, not, in my belief, either to overtake or to sink an enemy, but to get rapidly in and out of action. When an enemy appears on a coast, a fleet of rams opposing armored ships has as much in its favor as regards opportunity, as an attempt to supplement the defensive operations of a land force by the use of battle-ships, has of disadvantage, especially over a long line of coast. A fleet of rams in readiness to attack an armored fleet would not have long to wait; a moderately rough sea, a fresh breeze, with a bright moon, or the early dawn, would offer advantages of attack that would not exist were it to be made by battle-ships. A good light is necessary to sight guns, and very little to run into a vessel; the huge hulls would be plainly in sight from the rams a mile away, and the latter would be invisible until quite near. They would have their steam at its best, and the armored ships would have theirs as it might happen. Nor could the ships hoist out their torpedo-boats with celerity and make use of them under such conditions.

After a ram attack would come the opportunity for the effective use of an inferior number of battle-ships and other vessels acting as a reserve, capable of completing a victory by towing into port the disabled vessels of the enemy. With fleets of rams of great speed at various points, it would be a bold and imprudent enemy that would enter Long Island Sound or one of our bays, with the ship-canals constructed as proposed in my paper so favorably regarded by General Sheridan. Let any one, expert or inexpert, figure to himself the number of battle-ships that would be required to make a fair defensive supplement to our land forces from Maine to Texas on the Atlantic, and from Puget Sound to San Diego on the Pacific. When could they be completed? what would they cost? and could they be as numerous at any one point of attack as a concentrated force of the enemy?

## CHAPTER XXXV.

The Nicaragua Canal—Report of the Commission—President Hayes approves in his Message—M. de Lesseps desires a Convocation of Engineers and Representatives from All Countries to meet in Paris and discuss the Isthmian Canal Question—President Hayes requests the author to go as Representative from the United States—I prepare in Writing what I propose to say—The Secretary of State approves it—Mr. Menocal goes with me—General Grant consents to place himself at the Head of a Movement to construct the Canal—He is prevented from Action by Various Considerations—A Concession from the Nicaraguan Government—The Eads Ship-Railway—History of Progress in obtaining a Charter for the Nicaragua Canal, with an Account of the Obstructions, both Open and Covert—The Matter mentioned to President Cleveland and General McClellan—The Ship Railway—General Remarks on an Isthmian Canal.

THE reader is already informed that in 1872 I was the junior member of a commission appointed by the President to examine into and report upon the canal question. At that time our government had several surveying parties on the Isthmus. After a lapse of nearly four years from the time of organization, during which it formulated orders unofficially, signed by the proper authority, directing the surveys then in progress, the commission made its final report February 7, 1876, one sentence of which is as follows:

“ That the route known as the ‘ Nicaragua route ’ possesses, both for the construction and maintenance of a canal, greater advantages, and offers fewer difficulties from engineering, commercial, and economic points of view, than any one of the other routes shown to be practicable by surveys sufficiently in detail to enable a judgment to be formed of their relative merits, as will be briefly presented in the appended memorandum.”

The Presidential succession soon after that time was a disturbing element, and no action was taken by General Grant during his term of office, which expired soon thereafter. Previous to his going abroad he called on President Hayes and urged action towards the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and asked me just before leaving the United States to remind the President of the very great importance of bringing it about under the

control and the auspices of our government. No action, however, was taken by President Hayes. It was a question beset with many difficulties; it had many enemies, honest and dishonest, many who were covert, and many who were outspoken. I have reason to know that President Hayes fully appreciated the importance of the question, and when the time arrived for giving the canal-construction his endorsement it was done in his message in the most earnest and emphatic manner.

In February, 1879, M. de Lesseps informed our government that he desired a convocation of engineers and representatives of all nationalities to meet at Paris on the 15th of May, to discuss the American Isthmian Canal question. President Hayes sent for me a month later and said he wished me to attend this so-called "Congress" under instructions from the State Department. After listening to several reasons from me why I should not go, he said that he regarded my going as important to our national interests. I replied that I had not looked at it in that light, and that, in deference to his wishes, I would at once make my preparations to go. With his permission I would write out what I proposed saying, on presenting the surveys that had been made by our government, and would ask that the Secretary of State make modifications if he desired to do so, and that I hoped this would receive his personal attention also; then I would feel assured that nothing would be said at the Paris Congress which would incur the disapproval of the Executive department of our government. This proposal received his assent and was carried into effect. I write with some degree of vanity that no changes were made in what was submitted for revisal. A translation was made into French, and copies in both languages were furnished to such delegates as wished them when the government surveys were presented by me to the Congress. I represented to the President, also, the necessity of Mr. Menocal's going to Paris, whether I went or not. I was not an engineer, as I had stated to him when giving my reasons for not wishing to go to Paris; and even were I capable of presenting the subject in a technical form, Mr. Menocal's presence would still be necessary, for he had made the surveys and had local knowledge of both the Nicaragua and Panama routes, without which a mere presentation of pro-



files, maps, plans, and estimates would be of little value. The President agreed to my proposition, and Civil Engineer Menocal, of the navy, was ordered to accompany me. The Secretary of State wrote our instructions, and we proceeded to Paris, arriving there just one day in advance of the sitting. Soon after our return, the State Department published in pamphlet form "Instructions to Rear-Admiral Ammen," etc., in which will be found our reports.

At this time there are few well-informed persons who do not know that, clever as M. de Lesseps was as a diplomatist, he nevertheless quite overreached himself in the "Paris Congress." It was supposed that Mr. Menocal and myself were very much chagrined at the decision, when it was, in fact, a subject of gratulation. The decision in favor of a sea-level canal at Panama was really momentous, and unfortunate for M. de Lesseps and his future stockholders, although that decision was his own procurement and brought about by him with difficulty. It was whether the French should control the only practicable route, which was through Nicaragua, or should waste hundreds of millions of dollars in vain efforts to construct a sea-level canal at Panama. Lesseps had already secured a pre-emption on an onerous Panama canal concession, and that doubtless blinded him. Had he chosen Nicaragua, in all probability at that time he could have obtained a concession, and ere this would have completed the canal and his stockholders would have been the envy of the world. Even M. de Lesseps cannot successfully "buck against nature," and that he had to learn at a cost of some three hundred million dollars of his too ignorant and credulous stockholders.

On my return from Paris I wrote an earnest letter to General Grant, then in Japan, stating that it seemed to me of the utmost importance to our national interests and welfare that we should construct the canal, and expressing the hope that he would send me a telegram without delay announcing his willingness to place himself at the head of a movement to construct it. A telegram of assent was received by me, and in due time two letters from him written before he left Japan, expressing more fully his intentions in relation to forwarding, as far as he could, the con-

struction of the Nicaragua Canal. He arrived at San Francisco on the 28th of September, 1879, and from that time on was beset by a number of influences all calculated to draw him away from his cherished purpose of contributing to the extent of his ability to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. There is but one description of man known to me who may be regarded as a "free agent." It is not the Czar, nor the emperor of any land; it is not the banker, nor the railroad "magnate," nor the farmer who is supposed to be exempt from prairie-fires and floods and to reap his harvest independent of all conditions of wind and weather, nor the more humble tiller of the soil whose farm lies on a hill-side embowered in fruit-trees and vines. It is the mildly insane man, whom nobody fears, and who walks around bestowing a benevolent smile on everybody. General Grant was not a free agent; the politicians said to him, "Do not desert us in our extremity;" the Southern man who had fought against him in a manly way said, "Be a candidate for the Presidency, and we will support you; we understand you now;" the banker said, "General, don't have anything to do with the Nicaragua Canal; you know Lesseps is all-powerful in France and will certainly build the Panama Canal; you know it is *the short route, and nothing but a sea-level canal will satisfy the demands of commerce*;" and the railroad magnates said, "If you will only go to Mexico and promote the construction of international railroads, you will achieve the greatest possible good." He was induced to go to Mexico, as much to thwart the construction of the Nicaragua Canal as to promote the railroad constructions. Previous to his going to Mexico, a "railroad magnate" assured General Grant that very soon they would carry wheat over the Southern Pacific Railroad and deliver it at as cheap a rate in Galveston and New Orleans as it could be brought by water were the Nicaragua Canal completed; yet after all these years we see no ship's cargoes of wheat brought over this road as promised—by way of discouragement. Need we wonder that General Grant was forced to succumb to the multiplicity of antagonisms to his desire to forward the construction of the Nicaragua Canal? Thus constrained, the general abandoned for the time any intended active participation in the project, although in a note to

me, written from the island of Cuba, he approved of the action of General Beale of Washington and myself,—namely, inviting a gentleman to form an initiatory society to ask a concession from the government of Nicaragua. For this purpose an agent was sent, after considerable delay, who arrived at Managua only two days in advance of M. Blanchet. The previous March this gentleman had agreed upon a concession with the Executive of Nicaragua, which afterwards failed of confirmation in their Senate by only one vote. Had that vote been cast the other way, or had not an agent been sent by our initiatory society, we should now find the French astride of the American Isthmus at Nicaragua. At that time M. Blanchet was the agent of M. de Lesseps.

The Paris Canal Congress, although obedient to the behest of M. de Lesseps, was unsuccessful in gaining a moneyed support for the Panama Canal, for the reason that very many able French engineers, and among them personal friends of Lesseps, could not see any merit in the Panama sea-level canal,—in fact, were keenly alive to its impracticability. Failing in his moneyed support, to set aside all doubt, as he said, in relation to the Panama sea-level canal, M. de Lesseps announced that he would set out in November for Panama, “see for himself,” and then be able to inform the French people just what the canal would cost. On his arrival at Panama he stated that the floods of the Chagres River were not an impediment, that the country was quite healthy, and that the facilities for constructing the canal were so satisfactory that he was enabled greatly to reduce the estimates of the Paris Canal Congress. He presented his views in the *North American Review* of January, 1830, and had this paper quoted and widely circulated in France. He had the temerity to write, “I do not hesitate to declare that the Panama Canal will be easier to begin, to finish, and to maintain, than the canal of Suez.”

Soon after my return from the Paris Canal Congress, the editor of the *North American Review* requested me to write a paper on the Congress, which I declined, stating that I had a report to make to the State Department, and did not intend to write further in relation to it. In December the editor informed

me that M. de Lesseps would have a paper in the coming number, which he felt assured would be at variance with my ideas in relation to the Panama Canal, and wished to know whether, if advance proof-sheets were sent me, I would be willing to present my ideas. I assented, and should the reader be interested he will find in the number of that magazine for February, 1880, what I wrote on that subject. More than ten years have passed, and the lapse of time has established the truth of what I then and there asserted.

Captain Eads, not an engineer, except in the popular estimation, had settled upon the practicability of the Tehuantepec ship-railway, and on the occasion of General Grant's visit to Mexico, accompanied him with Mr. Jesse Grant, the youngest son of the general, who the captain had discovered was remarkable in his talent for engineering, and in consequence he had made him an associate. Under such favorable auspices in Mexico, Captain Eads could not fail to obtain a concession, though coupled with much that was uninviting. He and his associates were guaranteed all the rights of Mexican citizens, but were denied the right to appeal to their minister for any supposed violation of their rights guaranteed by the concession. At the same time that Captain Eads was in Mexico and M. de Lesseps at Panama, an agent of the association that General E. F. Beale and myself had initiated obtained an excellent concession for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal.

The following winter (1880-81) the initiatory society had filed its concession in the State Department, published the full text of the concession, and asked of Congress *simply an act of incorporation.*

A favorable report on this act of incorporation, without proposing any subsidies or guarantees of any character, was not made until the "Special Committee" was supposed to be willing to report the Eads ship-railway bill favorably also, with an attached guarantee of fifty million dollars.

It was near the close of the session when these conditions were supposed to exist. When the chairman reported the bill to incorporate the Nicaragua Canal Company it was received without dissent; but when he attempted to report the Eads

ship-railway bill with a munificent subsidy a storm of indignation arose that was only quieted when, at the motion of the Honorable S. S. Cox, the bill was tabled.

This action of the House on the Eads bill caused him to act covertly for years, but he was none the less inimical and obstructive in preventing the incorporation of the Nicaragua Canal Company, and equally covert and intent on the same object was the munificently endowed American Panama Canal Syndicate, with its two and a half millions of francs yearly for five years, "to preserve American neutrality." These and other influences that I shall not name were effective in preventing the bill for the incorporation of the Nicaragua Canal Company from being brought up in the House,—an easy matter at that time.

In the mean time, M. de Lesseps was gaining his experience from the operations at Panama, and the conviction was forced upon him, or upon others whose opinions had weight with him, that the engineering difficulties at Panama were far more formidable than had been anticipated in making a canal, whether at the level of the sea or with any lockage that might be proposed. Then we find M. Blanchet in Nicaragua again, of whom mention has been made before as an emissary of Lesseps in Nicaragua. He was wandering around, and descanting in the Nicaraguan newspapers upon the advantage of joining Lakes Nicaragua and Managua by a canal following the bed of a small stream which at rare intervals empties a slight surplusage of Managua into the other lake, lying at a level of about fifteen feet below it. In the newspapers sent me I read his glowing presentations of the practicability of this canal between the lakes, promising that ere long he would open to their view a more extended prospect. He was hinting at what he would propose after the expiration of the concession held by the American initiatory association of which mention has been made; then he would propose again the project of the canal from sea to sea, which, as the reader is aware, had been agreed upon with him in March, 1879, and came within one vote of confirmation in the Senate of Nicaragua. I translated these published writings of Blanchet and took them to Mr. Frelinghuysen, who sent for Captain Phelps, then President of the Association hold-

ing the concession. As its duration was brief, action was taken by sending Commander Lull, of the navy, to Nicaragua. He had charge of the parties when the government surveys were made, and was favorably known; he secured a considerable extension of time for the concession, much to the gratification of Mr. Frelinghuysen, but which, unhappily, he did not know how to utilize.

There were many reasons at that time for my belief that M. Blanchet was in Nicaragua as a covert agent of M. de Lesseps. After Lull had gained his point M. Blanchet left Nicaragua. Had Lull been unsuccessful and the concession expired, M. de Lesseps would probably have come out in the rôle of a conciliating diplomatist, and perhaps would have said, "The Americans have a prejudice in favor of a lock-canal; but they don't know how to make canals. We will make a lock-canal to gratify them. For the present we will suspend our operations at Panama, and will make the canal by way of Lake Nicaragua. It will pay very well, and with a part of the proceeds from the tolls received, which will be large, and from our other resources, we will then complete our grand sea-level canal at Panama." But never afterwards would any work have been done at Panama, simply because the engineers on the work had learned, after some years of labor and a large expenditure of money, that all their efforts to make a sea-level canal would be futile, and that a lock-canal there would cost several times the amount that it would at Nicaragua, and besides, would be far inferior in every respect.

No sooner had Lull obtained an extension of time than Frelinghuysen became importunate for the Association to make a transfer of the concession to the government, notwithstanding the fact was pointed out to him that the attempt to do so would work its forfeiture by its own terms. Then he set about bullying the Nicaraguan government as to that, and proposed entering into a treaty to construct the canal in the joint interests of the two peoples, and to the exclusion of other nationalities, which the Nicaraguan government would not listen to for a moment. He then awaited the expiration of the concession to the Association, with the view of making a treaty with Nicaragua for the construction of the canal, and a special Envoy was

sent by that government, an Ex-President of that republic, General Zavala, a gentleman of marked ability and character, and, as is well known, a treaty was negotiated empowering our government to construct the canal. This treaty was confirmed by the Legislative authorities of Nicaragua, and was withdrawn from our Senate, after the inauguration of President Cleveland, for further consideration, and never placed before that body again, when the fact was well known at that time that had it remained before the Senate it would have been confirmed by a three-fourths vote of that body.

In the belief of Captain Eads, a promising future was opened up to him by the inauguration of President Cleveland. His assistant, Civil Engineer Corthell, went over the whole country delivering a lecture which he called the "Scientific Solution of the Inter-oceanic Problem," and doubtless demonstrated to many persons, by means of a stereopticon, the great ease, safety, speed, and economy with which a great ship and cargo could be taken out of the water and carried across what he called "the easy grades of Tehuantepec," which on the south face are more than one hundred feet per mile for more than five consecutive miles. He neither made any allusion to the elevation to be passed over, or troubled himself with presenting a profile. There was an audacity in this which I suppose grew out of Captain Eads's having convinced persons in authority of the great superiority of the plan of taking a ship on wheels and carrying her over five times the elevation and five times the linear distance of the prism required in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, besides encountering many other difficulties which I shall not now mention, having detailed them in two pamphlets published by me. Captain Eads was a man of rare plausibility; yet, with the surveys of Nicaragua just then executed showing a superior location, as he found out in time, he had taken up a heavier load than he was able to carry.

Two months after the inauguration of President Cleveland I was one of more than a hundred callers who in our turns passed before him. I stated briefly the object of my visit; for more than twenty years I had felt an interest in the Isthmian transit question, and I was the only living member of a commission

that had been appointed by President Grant in 1872 to examine into and report upon that question, which was done in 1876, after nearly four years of patient examination, based on accurate information, since which time, through further surveys, a much more advantageous location had been determined upon. I had been sent by President Hayes in 1879 to the Paris Canal Congress, and had ever since been in controversy with different parties. I held myself at his service at any time he might appoint, and thought that in an hour's time I might be able to give him all the information essential to making an intelligent study of the subject. The President smiled benevolently, and said that really he "found himself so occupied that until he had had his outing and returned to the city he would not be able to see me." I had been in correspondence with General McClellan on this subject; for years he had kept himself informed in relation to all Isthmian surveys as they progressed.

Not long after Mr. Frelinghuysen had obtained for our government, by treaty with Nicaragua, the right to construct the Nicaragua Canal, he had sent Mr. Menocal to make further examinations of part of a new location previously supposed practicable, but the practicability of which could not be absolutely assured until every foot of the route had been examined properly with instruments of precision. The supporters of Captain Eads in the Senate violently opposed allowing this further location of the Nicaragua Canal to be made, but their number was insignificant, and it was made, giving the route a distinctive feature of development, one of free navigation from sea to sea, with the exception of some twenty-eight miles of canal prism actually required, half of which distance can be dug by dredging-machines without any impediment.

General McClellan and Colonel John G. Stevens, of Trenton, New Jersey, then President and Chief Engineer of the New Jersey Railroad and Canal Company, made an appointment to come to Washington to examine the recent surveys. Unfortunately, the business affairs of General McClellan compelled him to go to Boston at the time appointed: he telegraphed to Stevens to go to Washington, and he would follow at the earliest opportunity. Colonel Stevens came to Washington, and



examined the data very carefully. They were entirely satisfactory to him, the more especially as an interior valley parallel to the left bank of the San Juan River and above the proposed dam at Ochoa would actually become a part of the free navigation in the transit of vessels, thus greatly lessening the amount of excavation required in construction. He then accompanied one of the ablest Democratic Senators to see the President, and stated clearly his ideas: he offered to make a technical exposition of the canal as located, and send it to the President, which proposal was accepted with thanks. A fortnight later I wrote to General McClellan suggesting that he should either write me or send me a telegram the day before he proposed coming to Washington, in order that he might be subjected to no delay in making his examinations of the surveys. The following morning I was shocked at learning of the sudden death of the general at his home, from either heart-disease or apoplexy.

Two or three weeks later, General William B. Franklin, who was the intimate personal friend of General McClellan, and had likewise a very full knowledge of Isthmian surveys, was in Washington. He was good enough to make a thorough examination of the new location, and, after satisfying himself fully in relation to its many advantages, went to see the President with the same Democratic Senator that had accompanied Colonel Stevens. As we neared the White House I wished to take my leave, but both the Senator and the general insisted on my going with them. When we saw the President the general spoke very emphatically and earnestly upon the subject; no doubt existed in his mind as to the very favorable conditions that assured the success of the canal on a commercial and very remunerative basis. The President appeared to listen with attention, but it was evident to me that what entered one ear passed at once out of the other. Two weeks later his first annual message appeared. It contained a brief mention of the Nicaragua Canal, but not one word of comment as to its practicability, notwithstanding the expressions of Franklin and Stevens above referred to, and this was followed by a very favorable expression of opinion as to the practicability of the Eads ship-railway, which was supposed to have satisfactory endorsements by experts and men of science.

In reply to a letter from me, I had one of some length from John Bourne, of London, so well known the world over that it seems superfluous to say he has no superior in Great Britain on such subjects. He regarded the ship-railway proposed at Tehuantepec as entirely impracticable, even had the conditions been far more favorable for construction than they were known to be. This letter was not received by me in time for publication in a pamphlet containing many letters from eminent practical men, all of whom regarded the ship-railway as wholly impracticable.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for July, 1890, I have seen the plan of a ship-railway now under construction in Nova Scotia, the conditions for which are very favorable as to grades and general solidity of land, with a promise of completion in the early part of 1892. The platform is to be placed upon two hundred and fifty wheels, similar, as far as shown, to ordinary car-wheels. An observer might regard every wheel as a pedestal, when in fact it is simply a tangent that will bear an equal weight upon an imaginary perfectly level road-bed, an utter impracticability if it is to extend over miles of distance and to be subject to all the conditions of rainfall and atmospheric changes. Should the outer rails be but one-sixteenth of an inch too high, and the inner ones that much too low, very insignificant differences in such constructions, it needs no scientist to recognize the fact that the outer wheels would bear the weight and the inner ones would not touch the rails. The same conditions of contact or suspension of wheels would obtain when considered longitudinally. We read of "springs and rams to equalize weights" in such cases, and in a year or so we will see how they do their work. It is with much pleasure that I see others than my countrymen trying this plan of transportation. The failure of this project under such favorable physical conditions would demonstrate how visionary is the idea of the railway across Tehuantepec if intended for the transportation of ships. There is an immense difference between the transportation of weights, considered distinctly, and the transportation of a mass of great weight, as is clearly shown by that distinguished bridge- and railroad-builder, the late W. W. Evans, in a letter written to me and published in one of my pamphlets.

During that winter Captain Eads was permitted to place on

exhibition in the basement of the Capitol what he called his model of the Tehuantepec Ship-Railway. It was a lifting-dock, no doubt well fitted to place a vessel on a cradle and raise her to the level of a railway, but there was nothing of the one hundred and fifty miles of railway to be built, for a good many miles over a low swampy region, where, as CortHELL said in his "Solution," a good solid road-bed would have to be made of at least two feet of broken stone. Had there been a model of the route, there would have been up and down grades, and steep ones at that, and cuts such as have never been made in railroading, and several "turn-tables" to change the course of the ship, as there were to be no curves, and, the summit having been reached, the steep grades on the southern slope of more than one hundred feet per mile, already mentioned.

Captain Eads brought forward Sir Edward Reed, for a time the architect of the British navy, and the designer of the Audacious class of armored ships, which when grounded on a smooth bottom, if left a foot or two below the line of flotation by a falling tide, would suffer a breaking of bracket-plates or other injury to their frames. Years before, he had stated before a Parliamentary commission that many merchant-ships with cargoes when grounded in the Clyde or the Mersey would be greatly injured almost as soon as they were no longer fully water-borne. Now he came prepared to say that the Eads ship-railway was just the thing to carry them from sea to sea; but the ideal vessel for such a transit he described as follows:

"I should say, as an American, if our ships are not adapted for this purpose at present, let them be made so, because the great problem you have to deal with is to transport this easily carried produce of grain; I would say, fling away for a moment the idea of a ship, and make a floating grain-car which you can take over a railroad; regard it simply as a big car for carrying grain; make it as strong as you like for railway purposes; make it whatever shape you like for railway purposes; and when you have quite satisfied yourself that you can carry your own grain in your own cars across the Isthmus, then I will undertake to make that go as a ship to California on the one side or to New York on the other."

Such vessels as Sir Edward proposed for us to navigate the ship-railway would certainly not compete with British bottoms on the high seas.

I examined Captain Eads's bill for the incorporation of the ship-railway company, and found it marvellously framed. Its provisions would give him and his associates ample reward without other act on his part than carrying a ship and cargo having a dead weight of three thousand tons from sea to sea. Indeed, this would not have to be done to secure them great benefits, as the sections were pronounced acceptable for transit, which included a considerable distance of supposed improved river navigation, and perhaps, on the west coast, of lagoon navigation. I reviewed Corthell's "Scientific Solution" and Captain Eads's bill in a small pamphlet entitled "The Certainty of the Nicaragua Canal contrasted with the Uncertainties of the Eads Ship-Railway." He proposed a series of guarantees operative in sections as they should be accepted by government inspectors, amounting to a total of thirty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars, the entire amount conditioned upon transporting the vessel as above from sea to sea, the natural and intended inference being that other vessels engaged in traffic would necessarily present themselves for transit. Fifty per cent. was proposed as the working expenses of the railway for the transportation of ships. I proposed in lieu of guarantee that our government should pay on all vessels under our flag, having a dead weight of two thousand five hundred tons or more, *as a bonus*, an amount equal to the toll-rate paid by the vessel, until the railway should have received thirty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars. Of course this did not suit Captain Eads and his associates. I stated that four years earlier I had read to Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, a letter of General Grant to Captain Eads, dated January 13, 1882. Stephens at once said, "Now I understand it all. Captain Eads would, under his bill, construct his ship-railway without any cost,—nay, with a very considerable endowment,—and then, without ever attempting, or indeed intending, to pass a ship from sea to sea, have several lines of railway and harbors for small vessels and a very profitable traffic in grain and other merchandise."

The following is a paragraph from General Grant's letter above referred to :

"But I now have your bill No. 430 before me, and its provisions are so entirely at variance from what I had been led to suppose you intended to ask, that I feel it my duty to notify you that I shall oppose it in its present form with all my ability. I do this because I feel that I have been deceived as to what you intended to ask, and also believe that if your present bill passes the government will be made responsible for six per cent. interest upon a large bonded indebtedness even should your enterprise prove a total failure."

In a pamphlet published by Corthell and Eads in relation to my pamphlet, a memorandum of a letter to Mr. Jesse R. Grant is given, from which I quote a paragraph :

"I regret it [the publication of General Grant's letter] because, having assured me in his last letter that he would throw no obstacle in the way of my measure, this use of his name by Admiral Ammen keeps in its way the most serious obstacle which it has to encounter, and furnishes to Ammen the only possible means with which he can hope to defeat my bill. He totally disregards the advice of your father, and is determined to use his name as long as he will permit it."

On page 48 of Eads's pamphlet is a letter from himself to General Grant, from which I quote :

"Will you kindly advise me by early mail whether, if the bill BE AMENDED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE SUGGESTIONS HEREIN CONTAINED, you will not be willing to withdraw all opposition to it?"

This letter is followed by the assertion that General Grant had written to Senator Miller explaining his [the general's] error in relation to the bill he criticised, and the statement that I necessarily knew of this letter and of General Grant's reply, which he does not produce. I have never heard of either of these letters, save through the publication of Captain Eads. It was found convenient to consider my pamphlet so grossly personal as to be unworthy of reply on the several points of objection that I presented,—though I had made use of no personality whatever. Nor did they believe one word that I attributed to

Mr. Stephens. All this, however, gave me little concern. I was held as an "ingrate" because I totally disregarded the advice of General Grant, who they asserted was my "benefactor."

While indifferent to the contents of their pamphlet so far as it related to myself, I was not willing that mis-statements in relation to the actual location of the Nicaragua Canal should go uncontradicted, and therefore at my leisure published another pamphlet, entitled "The Errors and Fallacies of the Inter-Oceanic Transit Question: to whom do they belong?" In this pamphlet will be found an exposure of these mis-statements, and an explanation of the character of the opposition to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. These pamphlets were sent to many public libraries and given a wide publicity. A few months later I received a letter from President Cardenas, of Nicaragua, acknowledging the receipt of them, and thanking me for the interest I took in the canal, as he was aware I had no private interests in connection with it. He stated that the Minister of Hacienda had forwarded me a bill of credit for five hundred dollars to meet my expenditures, and said that if more was required I was to let him know and he would see that they were covered. In my reply I stated that I was unwilling to take a dollar out of the treasury of Nicaragua, but would have no objection to a repayment of the money spent by me, in government lands on the island of Ometepe at their market value. My expenses had not yet reached five hundred dollars, but I supposed it likely that they would do so before my discussion ended. I tore the signature from the bill of credit and respectfully returned it to the Minister of Hacienda, with a letter of explanation as to my motives in doing so. I was not willing that a futile attempt at the construction of a ship-railway should throw the Nicaragua Canal construction into European hands, to our great humiliation as a people,—that we should grasp at a shadow and lose the substance.

In February, 1887, Eads, with his associates, was active in endeavoring to prevent the granting to our citizens of an act of incorporation to construct the Nicaragua Canal, for which at the time they had only a promise of a concession, and, aided by other hostile influences, he was successful. The captain was much

disappointed at meeting no opposition to the passage of an act of incorporation for his ship-railway shorn of any guarantee of bonds, but in defeating the passage of the Nicaragua bill his own was not brought up. From 1881 until the collapse of the Panama Canal project, the American syndicate, endowed with an annuity of a half million of dollars for five years, was active in preserving "American neutrality." In February, 1887, M. Colné, the secretary of that disreputable "combine," was in Washington, doubtless to prevent the passage of the act of incorporation for the Nicaragua Canal Company; he then published a telegram from M. de Lesseps, who "hoped the Nicaragua Canal would be made; the water being fresh, would serve for irrigation, but no vessel would ever pass through it." Months, if not years, before, Lesseps had abandoned the sea-level canal plan as hopeless, and considered favorably a "plan" for pumping water up thirty-three feet to the proposed summit, some one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. He set out with the erroneous idea that nothing but a sea-level canal would serve the traffic of the world; he ended with the absurdity of proposing to pump up water thirty-three feet to the summit, one-half higher above the sea than the proposed summit of the Nicaragua Canal!

Notwithstanding all the powerful influences that have stood in the way of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and the consequent delays, the continued surveys have made the project of its development highly satisfactory.

No water-way on the globe is so munificently supplied with a constant water-level or so well protected against the damaging effects of floods, through weirs to discharge the surplusage, and all this, too, will be effected with a greatly reduced cost in construction. The canal prism is reduced by these means to a length of less than twenty-eight miles, one-half or even more of which can be dug by dredging-machines. This admirable location has been secured by the untiring efforts of Civil Engineer Menocal and his assistants. In order to perfect it between Greytown and Ochoa Dam, no fewer than eighty miles of transit and level have been run recently, for every mile of location. Along the line forest-trees of enormous size, their tops covered

with vines, form a canopy that shuts out in great part even the light of the noonday sun, and the undergrowth is so dense that often to see twenty feet in advance a vista has to be cut which may disclose a steep ascent, or a swamp whose depth or width is a mystery that has to be solved by running a transit-line.

When I was Chief of Bureau of Navigation, and had official charge of the surveys, then run by young navy officers, I endeavored, in an annual report, to pay a just tribute to the ability and indomitable energy of those officers. All their labor was performed without a word of complaint, and, what was very satisfactory, not one officer or man, to my knowledge, lost his health in making surveys in Nicaragua, while many who were engaged on the Panama and Atrato-Napipi surveys became invalids,—one of whom was Lieutenant Frederick Collins, who had no superior known to me in the service.

As an illustration of the difficulty of penetrating these dense forests, I will mention what was told me by an English gentleman whom I met some months ago. He had been engaged in gold-mining in the Chontales district, some sixty miles east of Lake Nicaragua. A French gentleman purchased a gold-mine near him, and sent to Europe to get suitable machinery to work his mine. It was bought and shipped at considerable cost, and from the borders of the lake was transported over the rough mountain-roads with great difficulty and expense. When it was being set up, in cutting a line of sight with a machete,—a species of cutlass, in the use of which the natives are very dexterous,—a fine mountain-stream was discovered with abundant fall to answer all his purposes. Had he been a little more enterprising in prospecting he would have saved himself the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars. The Nicaragua Canal Company cannot be reproached for a like neglect; nothing would satisfy Mr. Menocal but the best possible location, and that he has secured, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is true, but with an economy of tens of millions in the construction of the canal, which will be the admiration of coming ages, and the greatest work that man has ever achieved for the benefit of his fellows.

The possibility of constructing a ship-canal across this conti-



ment has been the dream of enthusiasts and an object of research with scientists for centuries. Among the latter was Alexander von Humboldt, who wrote, "It would be imprudent, I here repeat, to begin at one point without having examined and levelled others; and it would be above all to be regretted if the work were undertaken on too small a scale; for in works of this description the expense does not augment in proportion to the section of the canals or the breadth of the water-channel. . . . The position of Nicaragua, by the position of its inland lake, and the communication of that lake with the Atlantic by the Rio San Juan, presents several features of resemblance with that neck of land in the Scotch highlands where the river Ness forms a natural communication between the mountain-lakes and the Gulf of Murray."

Had Baron Humboldt lived until his ideas had assumed a tangible form in the actual location of the Nicaragua Canal, he would have seen that great lake, one hundred and ten feet above the sea-level with a considerable part of its bottom below the level of the sea, spread out to within less than four miles of the free waters of the Pacific, and within about ten miles of the Atlantic, with low ground intervening,—not in the valley of a stream, but simply a flat land,—presenting no obstacle to dredging, nor any difficulty in keeping the channel clear when the work should be completed.

Long before these expressions of Humboldt, in his personal narratives, published in London in 1826, Jefferson, in 1788, being then in Paris, wrote to a friend in the United States, "With respect to the Isthmus of Panama, I am assured by Burgoyne that a survey was made and a canal appeared very practicable, but the idea was suppressed for reasons altogether political. He had seen and examined the report. This report, to me, is a vast consideration, for reasons political and philosophical."

Almost coincident in time with the expression of the ideas of Humboldt, Henry Clay was endeavoring to bring about an ascertainment of possibilities in relation to canal-construction, and in 1835 Jackson was no less earnest.

In a letter dated July 7, 1866, to Admiral Davis, then Super-

intendent of the Naval Observatory, General Grant wrote, "I regard it as of vast importance to this country that no European government should hold such a work. For this reason I have endeavored for the last year to get such a thorough survey made by the government of the United States through the territory of the Columbian government as would fully determine whether such a project is feasible, not doubting that, on the presentation of such feasibility, American capital and an American company, under some treaty that could be easily arranged between the two governments, would undertake it."

Through the surveys of our government subsequently made, the ideas of Humboldt were carried out,—namely, that it would be imprudent to begin a work of such magnitude without in advance making sufficient surveys to ascertain the topography of the whole Isthmus; and this was accomplished through years of labor.

At the Paris Canal Congress in May, 1879, I was authorized by President Hayes to say,—

"The long period of time over which the surveys of the United States have been prosecuted, designed to elucidate the problem of a ship-canal, indicates a persistent interest in this subject. I am happy to add that the present Chief Magistrate and his Cabinet are fully alive to the benefit to be derived from a full consideration of the construction of an inter-oceanic ship-canal, now that further researches of the topography of that region no longer promise commensurate rewards.

"In the consideration of a great work, such as the construction of a ship-canal across the American continent, we may well suppose that its permanency should be regarded as important as the selection of the route itself, involving the least cost of construction with the minimum of problems of doubtful cost in the execution of the work. With these points assured, the question becomes fairly debatable whether the physical conditions are to be considered too formidable to admit of the execution of the work,—in fact, whether a grand idea for the amelioration of the great commerce of the world can be put in execution, or must be perforce abandoned through the existence of difficulties too formidable in their nature to admit of an endeavor to overcome them."

When the treaty with Nicaragua as agreed upon between Frelinghuysen and Zavala was found not acceptable to the Executive branch of the incoming Administration, even with any modifications that Nicaragua might be willing to concede, since none were proposed,—such, for example, as rehabilitating the association of our citizens that had previously obtained a concession and actually held it more with a view to secure a national necessity than for personal gain,—on the expiration of the time agreed upon in the treaty a concession by the government of Nicaragua was open to the world, and especially, so far as the United States was concerned, to the subjects of Great Britain, or any other European power, from the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The government of the United States could not have made a valid protest had the subjects of Germany possessed themselves of a concession to construct that canal. Had such an event occurred, we may suppose that the citizens of the United States would not have regarded it with satisfaction; and yet neither in law nor in equity could they have found a just cause for complaint,—a protest, even, would have been puerile,—and thus we might have seen our coasting trade dominated by a foreign power through a canal which, when completed, would be found neutral just so far as that power should agree to its neutrality, beyond the free transit of vessels on equal terms in time of peace.

Under these discouraging conditions, a number of intelligent citizens of the United States formed an association, and, with a proper degree of secrecy, sent an agent to ask another concession for the construction of the ship-canal, which was obtained by them, despite Panama Canal agents and other adverse influences. The money and the time of our citizens were given to obtain success, we may believe with a considerable desire to promote our national welfare, while a munificent reward would result in the construction of the canal should they obtain a concession. As before, the obtaining of a concession was doubtful, and a failure to obtain it would have entailed a considerable loss of time and money. Nor has the company been idle since obtaining a concession and an act of incorporation. The thorough surveys already mentioned have given admirable results, illustrating a well-known fact, that in carrying out any grand undertaking the first

thing to do is to ascertain in advance just what has to be done. Nor has this been all that has thus far been accomplished. The efforts in progress for the restoration of the harbor of Greytown already yield tangible results, and with some eight or ten dredging-machines on hand, ready to operate, the harbor will soon be deepened and the canal prism dug to the first lock, some ten miles distant, so broad and deep that it may fairly be regarded as a harbor extension. Already a railroad is half built and operative along this line, and water-pipes are being laid to convey water from a reservoir in the hills to the workmen along the line and to the inhabitants of the harbor, as well as for the vessels that will soon visit that port in numbers.

The construction of a canal under an American company seems no less necessary to the peace of Europe than it is to the peace of Central America and a large part of this continent. The sudden and frequent "war-clouds" that threaten Europe should not be allowed to disturb the great water-route of the future, more important to us on this continent than to Europeans. Had the Panama Canal proved a success under French auspices, it would have been a bone of contention between France and her neighbors, and the toll-rates agreed upon in the concession would have made it a question whether anything would be gained by passing through the canal rather than around Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan. Thus we might have had an Isthmian canal without any great commercial advantage, and at a great military disadvantage, had the Panama route been practicable. Constructed by our citizens, under an act of incorporation from Congress, and fortified in such a manner through our government as to preclude pecuniary embarrassment during its construction, or foreign interference in the future, it may, when constructed, possess neutrality in a proper sense of the word, altogether different from the neutrality which would attach to it were it constructed by German subjects under an incorporation from his Imperial Majesty, or were it under the protection of the government of France. Authorized by the Executive Department of our government, I said at the Paris Canal Congress of 1879,—

"The people of the United States are not disposed to consider the construction of the canal solely with reference to the degree

in which the commerce and interests of the United States will be relatively benefited through its construction, as compared with the advantages that may accrue to other nations. Such a ship-canal cannot fail to be a great and common benefit, and especially in opening a rapid and easy transit between the Atlantic coasts of Europe and America with the western coast of America, and the speedy development of Australia. Regarding this inter-oceanic ship-canal, when constructed, as the greatest artificial highway that can be constructed, conferring benefits on all nations and peoples, the people of the United States consider its construction a matter of common interest, and the guarantee of its neutrality a duty common to all nations."

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, since the meeting of the so-called "Paris Canal Congress" in May, 1879, has given the subject of an Inter-Oceanic Canal attentive consideration. As is well known, this committee is chosen from the best-informed of both parties, especially as relates to our "foreign policy,"—if we may flatter ourselves that such a thing exists as a practical fact.

For the last two years that committee has wished to secure to this government the control of the Nicaragua Canal route, and to make the work an accomplished fact, economic in construction, and its peaceful use equal in all respects to all the nations of the earth. For the furtherance of these purposes, on the 10th of January, 1891, the committee submitted to the Senate a unanimous report in favor of the bill, which it earnestly recommended for consideration. Briefly, the bill provided as follows:

1. For a first (and only) mortgage of all the company's belongings, of every name and nature, to secure a loan of one hundred million dollars, the interest on which was to be guaranteed by the United States.

2. For the hypothecation to the government of seven-tenths of the Canal Company's stock.

3. For the issue and sale of the remaining stock in the event only of the proceeds of the bonds being insufficient to complete the canal.

4. For the appointment outright of six of the Board of Directors, with, by virtue of control of a majority of stock interests, authority to choose the remaining directors.

5. For the bi-monthly progress payments to the company in bonds for work done in construction, on certification of government engineers, and for payment in similar securities, on same proof, for work already done.

6. For the acquirement by the United States, in its option, after the completion of the canal, *at par value* of the ownership of the hypothecated stock, paying for the same by retirement and cancellation of the guaranteed bonds.

No more bonds were to be issued than would be required to provide funds to complete the canal, and this sum, in the opinion of competent judges, would not exceed from eighty to ninety million dollars. In this case the government would possess itself of a majority of stock, and would become, practically, the owner of the canal, without other cost than the lending of its credit.

Should the work fail under this government direction, then the mortgage would be foreclosed, and the government would possess itself of what had been accomplished, the franchise, and all the accessory rights.

When this bill was presented to the President of the Canal Company, he stated that, while he regarded its provisions, from a commercial point of view, as very unfavorable to the interests of the shareholders, yet, as the company existed as a corporation by virtue of a law of Congress, which could, at its discretion, be altered, amended, or repealed, at will, and as the Committee on Foreign Relations were unanimously of opinion that the terms of the original act ought to be modified, as recommended in their report, to secure to the government great national interests, he would advise the acceptance of the conditions imposed. This was finally agreed to by his associates, and by the Board of Directors of the Canal Company.

The bill as reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations has been discussed at length in the Senate, and its opponents have denounced its provisions as in effect the "granting of a subsidy." It soon became apparent that a fair and full consideration of the measure could not be had before the adjournment of Congress, and it was therefore withdrawn by the chairman of the committee.

The Canal Company is now free to proceed in the execution of the work in its own interest, with well-ascertained facts in relation to physical and commercial questions.

The company generously accorded to the government the terms proposed by the Committee on Foreign Relations, although the bill virtually placed the execution of the work in the hands of the government.

Whatever the outcome, the company cannot be justly accused of having selfishly delivered over the control of this grand work to British or other foreign capital, should such be the result.

The canal will certainly be completed, and under this confirmed concession. The opposition in Congress is injurious only to the interests of the government, and to the traffic, whether belonging to us or to other peoples, for the reason that the Canal Company will necessarily incur heavy expenses in raising the capital, and the interest thereon will be much greater than it would be were there a government guarantee. This increased cost will be paid by the traffic, and the tolls will probably be double what they would be were the work constructed under the bill proposed by the Committee on Foreign Relations. The traffic will be sufficient to yield fifteen per cent. on two hundred million dollars capital, should that amount be required to complete the canal.

It is very expensive to any country to have a body of legislators who have little knowledge of external affairs, and who denounce what they know little about. The so-called "subsidy," which has been so much condemned, would have been a fifteen-per-cent. government investment on seventy million dollars, with a half-rate of tolls, due to the government guarantee.

What the "control" of the Nicaragua Canal may eventually cost, no human being can tell. It may be a thousand million dollars and a hundred thousand human lives. Whatever it may be, it cannot be attributed to the indifference of the Canal Company to our national interests.

The construction of the canal is in able hands, the ablest that our country can produce, and failure to construct it I regard as impossible.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Desultory Observations on Men and Things—Choose a Country-House—Benefits of Horseback-Riding and Exercise—Francis P. Blair—George Bancroft—Observations on the City of Washington—Its Great Improvement, Advantages in Climate, Health, Location, etc.—The City Government—"Boss" Shepherd—Ex-Governor Dennison—The Presidential Reception—A Present of a Carriage from General Grant—Frequent Visits to him—The Ferry Story—Scurrilous Newspapers—Senator Conkling—The Cause of his Death—Mr. Colfax—General Beauregard—General Grant's Annoyances—Appointments in Louisiana—The Treaty with Santo Domingo—Fred Douglass—Race Prejudices not entertained by Naval Men—Senator Sumner and his Course on the San Domingo Matter.

IN the discharge of my duties as Chief of Bureau in Washington I found my time so much occupied that I chose a country home, where I could have my evenings for considering or preparing my work, and a horse to ride, which I consider almost indispensable to the health and well-being of every one having responsible duties. An old Latin proverb says that a sound mind requires a sound body. My whole experience goes to show that there is no means of insuring physical vigor comparable to exercise on horseback. If you wish to assure yourself what that exercise is doing for you, when riding lay your hand on your abdomen, whether your horse is walking, trotting, or galloping, and you will find that you are undergoing a "*massage*" treatment just where nature requires most assistance. Look around among your acquaintances and see if you can find one who rides on horseback who is not more vigorous than those of the same age who are content with an occasional or daily long walk, or who make exercise easy by a drive on a smooth road in a carriage carefully designed to lessen jolts.

As historic figures and illustrative of the efficacy of horseback-riding, I will recall to the memory of old Washingtonians the late Francis P. Blair and Mr. George Bancroft, both of whom for half a century took their daily rides in or near the city. Emperor Wilhelm of Germany, who died three years ago, at the age of ninety-one, rode on horseback almost daily to the



day of his death. It was said that in his last years the horse had to be brought between two platforms, upon one of which the Emperor stood in order to mount. He lived long and usefully, and will be a grand personage in all history.

In 1869 the city of Washington was called a "mud-hole," and certainly not without reason. During the winter season there were few streets that were not almost impassable at times from the mud, and during the summer the dust was intolerable. The Washington of to-day is surpassed by few cities in the world in the attractiveness of its construction, its adornments, and its advantages to visitors and residents, and year by year it will become still more attractive. Lying as it does fifty miles distant from the Blue Ridge, with the higher Allegheny range from fifteen to twenty miles beyond, the cold northwest winds do not readily descend to the lower grounds around Washington. They rarely last twenty-four hours, and then the southwest wind, blowing along the southeast face of the Ridge, comes from a milder climate. There are few cloudy days in Washington during the winter season; this fact was brought to my notice years ago by Mrs. Washington McLean, then living in Cincinnati, who had observed the remarkable difference between the two cities in this respect. During my boyhood days in Ohio I was often grievously disappointed from cloudless nights appearing to promise a fair day, when no sooner would the sun rise than clouds and snow or rain would come.

After a residence of twenty years in the vicinity of Washington, and some study of the weather maps of the United States, I have come to the conclusion that there is no locality between the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains where the climate is so good as that of Washington, especially during the winter season.

It required an able man and a bold effort to get Washington out of a mud-hole. "Boss Shepherd," as his enemies called him, was the man, and the bold effort consisted in laying down Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the Treasury Department in wooden blocks, which was followed by a grand celebration. The inhabitants walked with conscious pride a full mile without encountering a mud-hole! This was glory enough for one day.

Then the city was "parked," as the process was called of narrowing the carriage-ways in the streets, by which means the residences were enabled to have a broad ornamental grass frontage, with shrubbery or trees planted at will. Other streets were paved with wooden blocks, and as the blocks decayed they were replaced with asphalt, or heavy blocks of stone, with improved methods of laying, and an improved solidity of road-bed that makes the ordinary visitor of to-day look with satisfaction, and even pride, on the capital of our country.

The city government was taken out of the hands of its inhabitants, many of whom were transient and had no personal interests which would insure an honest and intelligent expenditure of money in the improvement of the city; indeed, previous experience had established the fact that there was a considerable number of persons of little character to lose, who were antagonistic to honest expenditures. Under provisions of law, commissioners were appointed by the President to determine upon improvements in the District; and it is the general impression of the tax-payers that no city in the United States has as much to show for the money expended, especially in streets and roads, as the city of Washington. Ex-Governor Dennison, of Ohio, was one of the early commissioners. In a conversation with me he said that he had accepted the appointment with the view of studying the problem of making municipal expenditures economical and honest, which he regarded as the most difficult problem of a popular government, by which is meant a government where persons are allowed to vote in relation to making expenditures who do not contribute through taxation to the funds required. Congressional legislation has imposed heavy taxes on the tax-payers of Washington for an expensive failure in water-works, and yet has put the execution of such works beyond the control of the city government; it has also provided for a large park, very ornamental, and very attractive to visitors, and for a zoological garden, to which the representatives of the people will point with pride as showing the liberality of Congress, and yet at the same time the tax-payers are made to meet one-half the expenses. There is a broad distinction between the tax-payers and the inhabitants of Washington; I

belong neither to the one nor the other, and on that account am the better able to write of a manifest meanness and injustice.

A few days before General Grant left for Mexico, in December, 1879, I was one of twenty persons, among whom were a number of Senators, the late Chief-Justice Waite, and other persons of distinction, at a dinner given the general. Among those present on this occasion there was entire unanimity of opinion that the city of Washington owed a debt of gratitude to "Boss Shepherd" which could be discharged in no more suitable way than by erecting in his honor a statue of heroic size. Mr. Shepherd was a man of fine personal appearance, and resembled in a marked degree the statue of General Ethan Allen, of Vermont, in the Capitol "Walhalla." He is now at Batopilas, Mexico, engaged in silver-mining, and, with his ability and energy, should make a fortune, if he has not already done so.

On the occasion of the dinner above spoken of, I left the house in company with the Chief-Justice Waite, and a distinguished gentleman who I had reason to believe was not favorable to the Nicaragua Canal project. As we walked along, the latter said, "Admiral, you make very good wine: wine-making is certainly more satisfactory and less laborious than canal-digging; I would suggest the advantage of pursuing that as the more profitable occupation." I of course thanked the gentleman for his good opinion of my wine. I did not meet him again, except for a few moments on one occasion on Pennsylvania Avenue, until after my return from Nicaragua in the summer of 1890, when I called to see him at his residence in Washington, and had the pleasure of telling him how favorable the physical conditions seemed to me on passing over the canal location. He asked if I continued to make wine; I replied that unhappily my grape-crops had failed, and that I had not the genius of the French, who could make wine without grapes.

One of the attractions to the inhabitants of Washington, as distinguished from its residents in the proper sense, consists in the Presidential receptions, particularly the night receptions, which have been literally crowded since the civil war. President Grant told me that some villanous fellow had tried on two

occasions to dislocate his arm at the shoulder by a peculiar twist and violent jerk in shaking his hand, and had immediately dodged into the crowd and disappeared. This hand-shaking was not onerous when the number of persons attending receptions was small, but now when tens of thousands present themselves the observance of such a custom is incomprehensible, not to say ridiculous. Many of the inhabitants of Washington go on all occasions "to pay their respects to the President," as they call it,—when once a year should suffice.

A year after I had established myself in the country on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, General Grant was good enough to offer me a two-horse carriage which he had used since his residence in Washington up to the time of his inauguration as President. I made use of it for a time, but found it too cumbersome, and placed it under shelter, where it remained for sixteen years. It has recently been put in the National Museum. Steel plates now form the bottoms of carriages, doing away with the "couplings" in ordinary use a quarter of a century ago, when this carriage was new, and one of the best manufactured at that time.

Up to the time that General Grant left Washington, I went to the city frequently on Sundays, and had a standing invitation to dine with him on that day when I found it convenient. On my arrival, which was usually two hours or more before the dinner-hour, it was his habit to take with me a long walk in a northwesterly direction, often five or six miles. One day we met two gentlemen, one of whom knew the President and introduced the other, who said, "General, I knew you when you kept Knight's Ferry near Stockton." The general smiled quizzically, and said that he had met a great many people who had known him when he kept that ferry. Ten years later, when he was returning East, after making his tour of the globe, he visited Stockton and made a few humorous remarks to the persons who received him. He said he had met thousands of people who informed him that they had been personally acquainted with him when he kept Knight's Ferry near by. It was an unaccountable mistake, however, as he had never been there except on one occasion before the present visit, and then

he was detained over-night by an accident. On one of the many Sundays that I walked with him the weather was raw and windy. On coming into the house the general proposed a glass of liquor, and, going into the dining-room, we were waited on by the steward. That was the only occasion on which I ever drank liquor in the White House or ever saw General Grant take it; and yet the vile newspapers denounced him as a sot! The Sunday press of that day was lying and depreciative in the extreme. During the last winter of his administration they were particularly abusive. They announced that the nation was disgraced by the Chief Magistrate reeling around the streets of the capital in a drunken condition. To my personal knowledge, at that time General Grant was actually abstemious, not taking even one glass of wine at his own table, which was amply supplied; and in years before, when he took wine, it was very sparingly, one or two wineglasses and no more. At these Sunday dinners he had naturally only his personal friends or those of Mrs. Grant. A frequent visitor was Senator Conkling, who was a stanch friend of the general, and the general was no less attached to him. The conversation was rarely political, unless in a brief way, and never malicious gossip, which is at some tables the essence of society talk. The Senator had a vein of quiet sarcastic expression that was interesting, sometimes relating to legislation and at other times to his political opponents. After General Grant left the White House I saw Mr. Conkling on one occasion only, at Wormley's, in Washington, some seven years ago. He had then retired from public life, and was suffering from chronic rheumatism; his magnificent physique had been impaired in a perceptible degree. I called upon him with my friend Ex-President Cardenas of Nicaragua in relation to forwarding the Nicaragua Canal construction. Mr. Conkling was no hypocrite, and it did not take long to discover that he was not favorably disposed towards the project, although he was perfectly courteous, as I always found him. He was doubtless well informed in relation to the indisputable merits of the route, as known even at that time. I formed the idea that the "rail-road magnates" or the American Panama Canal syndicate had employed him as an attorney to oppose the Nicaragua Canal,

which he could do in a passive way without difficulty or interference with his large and remunerative law practice.

Mr. Conkling fell a victim to the blizzard of March 12, 1888. One can hardly conceive how so many thousands could succumb to the violence of that fierce storm, and that, too, in the great cities, surrounded on every side by persons who would have been only too glad to take wayfarers into their houses and shelter them. The loss of life grew out of the attempts of many thousands to reach their homes when all public conveyance was suspended by reason of the impossibility of transit. The streets were filled with enormous wet snow-drifts, that soon became impassable even to a strong man. The greater number of those who struggled through the snow-drifts, like Mr. Conkling, died afterwards, victims to disease brought about through their exposure. My residence was near the southern limit of the blizzard. In the forenoon we had a steady heavy rain; near noon it turned to sleet, and later to snow falling so heavily that one could see through it only a few yards. There was a howling gale all the day and nearly throughout the night. Before night the roofs of houses were loaded with heavy masses of frozen snow; in the morning the snow was a foot deep on the ground and the thermometer with us stood at ten degrees. The four lines of telegraph-poles along the turnpike leading to the post-office were all blown down. The next day, mounted on a strong horse, I got to the post-office, a mile distant, by either riding around the butts of the poles or over them, as was found most convenient. It was a fortnight before the roads were open to wagons, and nearly a week before the wires were in operation to New York. South of Washington the storm was not of much force, and did little damage.

On one occasion I met at the White House Mr. Colfax, who was then Vice-President. I had met him but once before, when he delivered a lecture in York, Pennsylvania. The conversation turned on the Nicaragua Canal, when Mr. Colfax remarked that he hoped the President would not make its construction an administration measure; it seemed to him that the canal if built would injure the overland railroads, and therefore he did not look upon it with favor. The President said he had no idea of

making it a party measure, but in his opinion it was a question of great moment to the people of the United States. On another occasion I met General Beauregard, who was altogether an attractive acquaintance: he gave me some ideas in relation to matressing the banks of the Mississippi River, where a crevasse was threatened, by means of Mississippi "canes" as they are called, a species of bamboo, and the only kind that I know of in the United States, although there are fifty or more varieties in China and Japan, many of them superior in strength and usefulness to our variety.

I was sufficiently intimate with President Grant to be made aware of the many annoyances to which he was subjected politically and otherwise, in reference to which he might have exclaimed, as Jackson is said to have done, "God protect me from my friends; I can guard against my enemies." He said to me in relation to making appointments in Louisiana, that if he knew Democrats who were capable and honest he would appoint them, but that the mere fact of their being Democrats did not make them honest. I named a native Louisianian with whom he was acquainted, and said that gentleman had told me some years before there was no political honesty in his State, in either party. The President found it advisable after a time never to listen to verbal recommendations of any applicant for an appointment, requiring all recommendations to be made in writing. On several occasions these papers were a source of great annoyance and confusion to persons who denied being the sponsors of men who had been appointed partly at least on their recommendation. The President said that if Senator Conkling recommended any one he felt satisfied he had ascertained his fitness in advance, but if Senator — gave a recommendation, he was inclined to believe, from a long experience with the Senator, that the man recommended was unfit for the place.

About the year 1872 a treaty was entered into between our government and the government of San Domingo making provisions for the annexation of that country to the United States. In order that Congress should be fully informed as to the merits of the question, a commission was appointed by President Grant to visit Santo Domingo and report. The gentlemen appointed

belonged to both political parties, were known as representative men, and were supposed to be without bias in relation to the question. Although these gentlemen had originally diverse views, I believe they returned to the United States of one mind as to the expediency of annexing Santo Domingo, regarding the project with much favor. I noticed a statement in one of the speeches of Senator Sumner during their absence that Hayti and Santo Domingo being at war at the time, should the Commission fall into the hands of the former power they would, under the laws of nations, be treated as enemies. I had noted in other matters, perhaps in the Alabama claims arbitration, that his utterances were not supported by Vattel, or by any other authority known to me. On the return of the Commission I happened to meet "Fred Douglass," as he was called by the public; his face had been familiar to me for years, his physiognomy being one indicating great intellectual power, but I had never before had an opportunity to speak to him. I introduced myself, and said that I hoped his visit to Santo Domingo had been agreeable and interesting; I remarked that one had to get accustomed to the sea before a voyage became free from discomfort. Since that time I have met Mr. Douglass on several occasions, and have always been impressed by his ability, his manners, and his ideas in general. During our civil war Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, was good enough at times to invite me to take a family dinner with him; in conversation, on one of these occasions, he said that Douglass was the ablest speaker he had ever heard. A few days after the unveiling of the statue of Lincoln on East Capitol Street, April 14, 1876, the eleventh anniversary of Lincoln's assassination, on one of my visits to President Grant I said I had just read the oration of Douglass with great interest, and mentioned what Mr. Chase had said of him some twelve years before. The President said he had stood by the side of Douglass on that occasion; what I had read he had uttered, but what stamped him as an orator was actually an inspiration of the moment, and was not to be found in print. He had never heard the equal of Fred Douglass as an orator.

As we all know, there are race prejudices, and those of color



are stronger than any other. The habit of navy men, from travel and association with other races, naturally weakens or destroys this prejudice *per se*, in a great measure. When Commodore Tatnall visited the coast of Africa, at Liberia he invited the President of that republic and our minister to dine with him on board of the *Cyane*, and no doubt treated his guests with as much courtesy as if they had been white and of long lineage. Although Tatnall was a Georgian, and doubtless as a youth had the prejudices of those who surrounded him, as a man developed by contact with the world he would have regarded it as puerile to treat with depreciation any one whom he had invited to sit at his table. It does not alter the case to say that he would not have had such guests had he not been brought in contact with them officially. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the word, a character that is not borne out by the conventional gentleman of any period who might think himself grievously wronged should he find himself by accident, or in travelling, seated at table with a "nigger," no matter if the latter were cleanly in his person, refined in his tastes, and enlarged in his ideas.

After the return of the Commission from Santo Domingo, President Grant laid the facts before Congress for its action, and about that time paid a visit to Senator Sumner, who posed as the especial champion and friend of the negro. The object of the President was to discuss the advisability of the measure of annexation. Some time after, Senator Sumner delivered one of his many great speeches, the pith of which was that after a long conversation with President Grant he had been clever enough to make the President believe that he would support the annexation of Santo Domingo, when from what he had actually said the President should not have come to that conclusion. In his great speeches he would proclaim that as a "patriot" he could not do this or that, which at the time reminded me forcibly of what Johnson said of an asserted "patriotism."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

President Grant mentions the Advantages to be derived from the Annexation of Santo Domingo—The Marked Features of General Grant's Individuality—The Craze to be President—A Quotation relating to the Death of Charles the Fifth of France—The Epizooty—Chlorate of Potash as a Remedy—General Sherman's Criticism on a Road—Commodore Guest—A Rattlesnake—Surgeon-General Wood bitten by a Snake—How he was Cured—Attend the Reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Columbus, Ohio—Meet General Sheridan for the First Time—Meet General, afterwards President, Hayes—A Visit to the Institution for Mutes—The Fate of General Grant's Horse, Cincinnati—Nicaraguan Ministers to the United States—Don Emilio Benard—Don Max Sonnestern—Hon. Alex. H. Stephens—Dining with Mr. George W. Childs—General Grant advised to get some "Lawyers" when he should reach the Island of Penang—Outcome of this Advice—A visit to Ohio with General Grant—General Grant's Trip abroad—The Author becomes a Rear-Admiral and is retired—Endeavor to promote the Construction of the Nicaragua Canal—Kindly Feelings between Comrades of the Old Army—The Motives of Actors in the Civil War to be considered, not the Objects—Closing Remarks.

PRESIDENT GRANT spoke to me of the advantages which would accrue from the annexation of Santo Domingo. He thought it would lead to a considerable emigration of blacks, especially from those districts where they were maltreated. The discontented, the sick, and the lazy would naturally drift or be sent there, and the production of the island would be greatly increased. Northern capital would go there, and we should be supplied ere long almost entirely with sugar from that island, instead of from Cuba, which gave us an indifferent market in return.

There was no love lost between the President and Senator Sumner, either in the Santo Domingo affair or otherwise. The latter denounced the President as a brutal soldier who had transformed the White House into an army head-quarters and was surrounded with aides and orderlies. On the other hand, the President said little, even to those who were near him, in relation to the Senator, who regarded the country as lost on the reelection of Grant, whose majority was overwhelming, although the Senator had predicted his utter defeat.

The most marked features of the individuality of General Grant, in my opinion, were his patience, and an apparent lack of a sentiment of revenge, so prominent a feature in the character of weak men. He would scarcely give expression to any sense of the disgust that must, in some degree at least, be in the mind of any one when he sees himself traduced and has every reason to believe that not only is the object malicious, but also that lying, pure and simple, has been employed without stint.

In a conversation within the past few years with a distinguished Senator from a Southern State, I was not surprised to find that he was in accord with the views of General Grant in relation to the annexation of Santo Domingo, and, so far as I can judge, in practical humanity and in sympathy with the colored race he was far the superior of the late Senator Sumner, whose vocation would have been gone in great part had there been no grievance of the negro to parade. In the South generally, neither the old master nor his sons are disposed to treat the colored man with injustice or violence; but men known as the "crackers," who can neither read nor write, and who are not willing to learn, damn and otherwise abuse the "niggers," principally because as a race they use every endeavor to school themselves, perhaps in the vain hope that they will then not have to labor. They wish to learn any and every thing, with very little discrimination as to how useful it may be in gaining living. There is a very great difference between "schooling" and "education." Learning will not make a man useful unless he has the capacity to apply it, nor will it free its possessor from vice, or even crime of the deepest dye, even without the accessory pitfalls of drunkenness and other debauchery. Education I regard as that knowledge which best fits a man to pursue the vocation in life that the Creator has destined him for, and that circumstances will permit him to pursue.

What has always seemed to me a "craze," particularly after I witnessed the many annoyances that General Grant had to bear when President, is the intense desire of men in political life to become President of the United States. I find in my notes transcribed when in command of the Piscataqua in the Indian Ocean, a translation from some history not noted at the time,

and now forgotten. It relates to the death of Charles the Fifth of France.

“After having placed under his feet his perishable crown, the sacred crown of kings, he said, O crown of France, how precious thou art, and yet at the same time how vile!—precious as the symbol of justice, but the vilest of things if one considers the labor, the anguish, the perils of the soul, the pains of the heart, of the conscience, and of the body, into which thou throwest those who bear thee! He who should know these things well would leave thee to lie in the mud, rather than lift thee up in order to place thee on his head.”

When death came to Charles the Fifth of France, as sooner or later it will come to all, whether princes or peasants, this was the estimate he placed upon the worth of having “been born a king and ruling by divine right.” If we add to what he endured, all that we may suppose to come from the importunities of political friends, who insist that “without their influence the President could not have been elected,” and the demands for office for their friends, often of bad repute, accompanied by an intimation that if their recommendations are not complied with “they will no longer support the Administration,” even in measures deemed of great import, and, further, the lying vituperation of political enemies simply because he is the President, it becomes a mystery to the common mind why any one should give his heart and soul to the strife to be President. Better, like Henry Clay, say, “I would sooner be right than be President,” and remember Pope, who writes,—

“Honor and shame from no condition rise :  
Act well your part ; there all the honor lies.”

Two or three years after I had taken up my residence in the country the epizooty broke out in the North and ravaged that section, with a gradual progression to the South and West. It was a violent horse influenza, and had reached Washington about the middle of March. If animals were worked or uncared for, it was very often fatal. As usual at that season of the year, the weather was wet and cold, and one morning when I went into

the city I found not a horse-car running. In my walk to the Navy Department I passed a druggist's, and inquired as to remedies for the epizooty, and bought a bottle which I was told was in use at the North. I found myself suffering with very much the same symptoms as those under which the horses were laboring,—a violent cough, sneezing, and a running at the nose,—and sent a messenger to the dispensary for chlorate of potash lozenges, my usual remedy at that time for such symptoms. There being no lozenges on hand, some crystals were sent instead. On reaching the country in the evening I had another mile to walk from the station to my house, and, while plodding along in the mud, I observed the very speedy effect of the chlorate of potash crystals in stopping a running at the nose, and coughing and sneezing. By the time I reached my stable I had made up my mind that my symptoms were so similar to those of the horses suffering from the epizooty that I would prescribe for mine in advance of their attack, since its prevalence was so universal. On handing the medicine that I had bought of the druggist to the man at the stable, I gave him also the chlorate, and directed him to dissolve a teaspoonful of the crystals in a bucket of water and give one-third of it to each horse, with a teaspoonful of the mixture that I had bought, administering the dose twice a day. In a few days all the horses of my neighbors were suffering with epizooty, but mine were not attacked. A fortnight later I received a note from a friend, Surgeon-General Wood, of the navy, then just retired, in which he stated casually that his farm-work was much delayed from his horses being down with the prevailing epidemic, but that he found it yielded very readily to a treatment of chlorate of potash. This led me to pay a visit to General Grant, and state the facts, knowing that he had a considerable number of horses in the West, and also to General Sherman, there being in the army a large number of horses at that time. A month later I met General Grant, who said to me, with a smile, that I had caused him to be abused in the newspapers. I said that I had no recollection of having said or done anything that should cause him to be abused. He was quite indifferent to the abuse now, he said: it happened to be because his sixty-four horses near St. Louis had not had the

epizooty, while all the other horses in the county had it, and they said it was Grant's good luck again, when it was because he had written to the man in charge of his horses to adopt my preventive treatment. Later on, I saw the chlorate of potash treatment, as given by me, published as the army epizooty treatment.

General Sherman drove out to spend the day with me about that time, and met Commodore Guest, my brother, General Ammen, and myself, in a hollow, on our way towards Vansville on the top of the hill. From long habit in army life General Sherman took in the topography of the country at a glance: he asked what fool had laid out this road to take people up a hill just to make them go down on the other side and then up another hill again. I told him that the road had been laid out sixty years before, when it was supposed there was no corruption in politics; at the request of two distinguished lords of the soil the turnpike between Baltimore and Washington had by law to pass through Belleville near the Agricultural College, and Vansville, on the top of the hill he had just passed, and in consequence over half a dozen hills in succession to a large oak, to be seen on the crest of a hill nearly two miles distant. By passing around the hill he had ascended, and following up a valley, an excellent road location could have been secured to near that tree, instead of passing over a succession of ridges sixty or eighty feet in height, and making the distance greater than had the road been properly laid out.

In the afternoon we went to the house of Commodore Guest, and, returning, General Sherman noticed a pair of setter pups of mine who had their attention fixed on a spot in a brier-patch by the roadside. He asked what it was that they were looking at. I said I supposed they were after field-mice. He said no, and on looking closely saw they were gazing at what he took to be a rattlesnake. He told me to get a stick to kill it, and he would keep his eye on it in the meantime. The stick was brought, and the snake killed,—a large viper, which has yellow and black spots quite like those of a rattlesnake. It is venomous, but rarely fatal, from having weak fangs and withdrawing them quickly on striking. I have never known of more than two

persons who have been bitten by them, although they are common in this region; one of these persons was my friend Surgeon-General Wood, of whom I have just made mention, and the other was a colored man of whom he wrote me. Wood went into his garden, and was picking some vegetables, when he felt a sharp prick in the palm of his hand. He supposed it to be from a brier or a species of weed that is quite prickly and very common here, botanically of the potato family. He paid no attention to it, until his hand and arm began to swell greatly, and then on an examination he saw the marks of four teeth in the palm of his hand. He had the garden searched at the spot where he had received his bite. The viper was found under a cabbage-plant. These reptiles are extremely sluggish, and I suppose often pass a whole season without getting one hundred yards from their place of hibernation. Wood suffered intensely, and his remedies seemed of little avail until he adopted a suggestion of his daughter, which was to burn woollen rags and hold his hand over them, so as to get the smoke. From this he derived the greatest relief: he wrote me that he thought he would have died without this accessory treatment. In his letter to me he described the agony he suffered, and the fantastic dreams caused by the poison. A few months later he saw a pleasant-featured negro man who had lost a leg, and, feeling some interest in him, inquired how he had lost it. He was informed that it had been by the bite of a viper: he had lain down on a brush-heap and had been bitten, and it had been found necessary to cut off his leg to save his life. The man described his sensations with such accuracy, and they so resembled those that had been experienced by Dr. Wood, that the latter was quite startled by the narration.

In September, 1874, on the invitation of General Sherman, I attended one of the annual reunions of the Army of the Cumberland, held at Columbus, Ohio, and for the first time had the pleasure of meeting General Sheridan, also General Hayes, who afterwards became President of the United States.

The attendance of the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland was quite large, several thousand in number. We were shown the public buildings, and visited, among other points of

interest, an exhibition at the Institution for Mutes, which was an entire revelation to me. Ever since I have rejected the ordinary name of "Deaf and Dumb Asylums." The Institution was admirably kept, and the faces of the inmates were quite attractive. A mute about twenty-five years of age gave in pantomime a comical exhibition, alternating in character, between a patient who had been grievously wounded in his leg, and the physician who attended him. Finally the leg was sawed off, and the patient hobbled out on the other leg with the aid of crutches, and a look of supreme satisfaction on his face. Several of the mutes recited in sign-language "Sheridan's Ride," with wonderful effect on the audience, whether mutes or persons who knew nothing of the sign-language, doubtless in great part from the visitors looking at the audience of mutes.

On my return home, some days later, I found that General Grant's famous horse Cincinnati, mentioned in the account of my visit to Culpeper, had either broken a fore-leg by accident in a field where it seemed impossible that such an accident should occur, or else it had been designedly broken by some fiend. This latter supposition, however, I was not willing to credit. The poor animal had walked around all the night of the 18th, almost in a circle, and in the morning my brother, seeing his hopeless plight, had him shot to spare him further suffering.

These reunions of old soldiers and officers in times past were joyous occasions, but as the years have rolled on and the ranks have greatly thinned, and age and infirmity have come upon many, they are now rather like meetings of sympathy and of sorrow. Such seemed to me an immense assemblage at Columbus two years ago, perhaps fifty thousand men, many of them crippled, who had come from all over the country to meet their old comrades, as many of them said, for the last time. It was a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, an institution that does much good in taking care of the families of those who belong to the organization who stand in need of aid, and on account of this feature, I became a companion.

I dropped in to see General Sheridan after one of his visits to the Far West in 1884. After speaking of other matters, he said that the Indians would no longer be formidable. Instead



of relying on ponies to transport their families and tepees, they had adopted modern improvements and possessed themselves of light wagons, buggies, and anything they could tie their ponies to by means of ropes, thongs, or harness if they had it. Then the vehicles would be piled full of squaws and papposes and away they would go over the country in grand style. Should we have difficulties with them it would now be an easy matter to put our finger on them; they would be powerless, incapable of flight or of finding a refuge where they could not be readily reached.

Ever since our government Isthmian surveys began, Nicaragua has at various times sent able men as ministers to our government. One of the earliest of these was Don Emilio Benard, a gentleman of French parentage who received a considerable part of his instruction in Europe. He was in every respect a most attractive and agreeable gentleman. He died in October, 1879, universally regretted, and a great loss to his country. His assistant was Don Max Sonnestern, a German by birth, and a civil engineer by profession, who had gone to Central America when no longer young, and there learned Spanish and perhaps English. His sympathies were world-wide, and his language composite, using the word of any one of the three languages that came uppermost. This peculiarity prevented persons who understood but one language from having a clear comprehension of what he wished to express, but with a linguist his ideas as expressed were comprehended and valued. A few days before he was to leave for Nicaragua he paid me a visit, and said partly in English and partly in the other two languages that he was about leaving, and had not seen the President; should he return to Nicaragua without having seen him, he would be asked what good had come of his visit to Washington. "Very well," said I; "do you wish to see him now?" He said the sooner the better, as he would leave the city in a day or two. We went immediately to the White House, sent in our cards, and were received by the President, who asked us to take seats, and began a jocular conversation with me, as was his habit. We passed an hour or more very pleasantly, and then took our leave. When we got into the street

Don Max was in a superlative mood. He said, "Now I have seen the President, I can go back to Nicaragua! I wish to have the honor of taking you to the depot," where he knew I went daily to go into the country. I told him the train would not leave for some time, and I would go as I usually did,—in the street-cars. Don Max was importunate, and would not hear of it; he called a cab, and insisted upon my getting in, that he might have the honor of taking me to the depot. On our arrival he took formal leave of me; and as I sat half an hour waiting for the train to leave, I thought of the man who, after having been ridden on a rail, gravely said that he was grateful to his fellow-citizens for the attention they had shown him, but had it not been for the honor of the thing he would have preferred walking.

Don Max had made the acquaintance of Captain McRitchie, who commanded the Tallapoosa. McRitchie had spoken at times of his boy, and Don Max determined to present him with the most stunning suit of clothes that could be found for sale, which he sent with his compliments as a token of recognition of the attention McRitchie had shown him. The clothing was for a ten-year-old boy, when the "boy" was actually larger than his father. Long live Don Max! Everybody knows him in Nicaragua, and nobody knows him who does not admire his generous nature.

Several years before my retirement, I made the acquaintance of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, and subsequently during his residence in Washington I was a frequent and welcome visitor at his house. Every one who knew Mr. Stephens well had a strong personal attachment for him. Physically, he was quite small and weak: the wonder to me was that he could last a month from the time I first knew him; and yet he lived for years; his was not a listless existence, either, but one of a mental activity that was truly wonderful. He had been paralyzed for years when I first met him; I always found him seated in his wheel-chair, which he turned and managed in transit with great dexterity. He was affectionately attached to General Grant personally, and admired him greatly. He told me that his Southern friends would come to him during the period of great

anxiety prior to the inauguration of President Hayes and say, "Is General Grant bringing these troops here to inaugurate Hayes?" "No," said Mr. Stephens; "he is bringing troops here, if at all, for the prevention of disorder, and nothing else." General Grant was no less attached to Mr. Stephens, and frequently spoke of first meeting him at the Peace Conference at Hampton Roads. He was all wrapped up in clothing, and over all an ulster that reached to his heels. Mr. Lincoln on seeing him remarked that "he had never seen so small an ear that had so large a shuck."

Mr. Stephens, like myself, looked upon the construction of the Nicaragua Canal by our people as of vital importance to us, and only ten days before his death he wrote me a long letter, from Atlanta, Georgia, when Governor of his State, in which, after stating the whole question in a very able manner, he said that his only regret was that he could not be in Washington to forward the measure.

About the middle of November, 1875, I was in Philadelphia, and called to pay my respects to Mr. George W. Childs, to whom I was indebted for courtesies when at Long Branch on a visit to General Grant. He was good enough to invite me to dine with him on that or the following day, which I was pleased to do. I went a few minutes in advance of the hour named, in order to have a little chat with Mr. Childs, and when I went into the room I found Vice-President Henry Wilson in conversation with him. I complimented Mr. Wilson on his ruddy appearance; he seemed the picture of health, and likely to live many years. I had the pleasure of an introduction to Lord Houghton, as well as to several distinguished countrymen of our own, and was seated at dinner directly opposite Mr. Wilson. The occasion was a very pleasant one and the conversation animated. Two days later, I read with great regret that Vice-President Wilson had been stricken with paralysis in the Capitol building in Washington; he never rallied, and died a few days later.

Some months before President Grant left the White House, when discussing his intended travels, I said, "When you get to the island of Penang, in the Straits of Malacca, don't forget to

get some lawyers ; indeed, I shall be very much obliged if you will bring me one."

"Lawyers," said the general : "have we not enough lawyers already?"

"Yes," said I, "such as they are ; but the Penang lawyer is different : it is a very tough cane, with a knob on the end. I suppose they call them lawyers because if one is used against an adversary, the one with the lawyer gets the best of the argument. Indeed, it may be called a knock-down conclusion."

After the return of the general from his travels, although I met him on several occasions, he made no allusion to Penang, and the conversation was lost sight of by me. A month after his death, Harrison Terrell, his body-servant, brought me a bundle wrapped in canvas, in which I found five Penang lawyers, which General Grant had told him to give to me when he returned to Washington.

On the 4th of March General Grant's second term as President expired. For a year or more prior to that time, he frequently said, with a smile of satisfaction, that he counted the days when he would leave, like a school-boy looking forward to the holidays. He had told me of his intended visit to Ohio before going abroad, and asked me to accompany him, which I did in the early part of April. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grant and myself only. We went first to Cincinnati, where we were the guests of Mr. Washington McLean, a gentleman well known for his hospitality and cleverness.

The weather continued raw, and Mrs. Grant preferred to remain in the city while the general and myself paid a visit to Georgetown. We left early in the morning on the 10th of April in a light carriage with two wiry young horses. The roads were fairly good until we reached Batavia, a distance of some twenty miles, and were not very bad until we left Bethel, a distance of about fifteen miles from our destination. As a choice, the general drove around by New Hope. As we descended a muddy hill-side the carriage was nearly up to the hub in a tenacious clay, and we should have stuck fast had we been going up- instead of down-hill. Our arrival was expected ; it was an event for a quiet village. It was near sunset, yet we were received

with distinguished honors, and were the guests of Aunt Betsy King, who was a woman of thirty-five when we were some six and eight years of age, I being about two years the senior of the general. The next day there was a brass band in attendance; and the court adjourned to allow the general to have a reception on the spot. Our hostess yet lives, venerable in years and gifted with the affection of all who know her. Even then there were few whom we had known as children; some of these were poor and helpless, and were made glad with the charity that was bestowed by the general.

I preceded the general to Washington, having my official duties to perform. When he arrived he discussed his itinerary for an intended absence of two years. He left Philadelphia in May; and had he been a monarch, and arranged a grand occasion without regard to cost, nothing more enthusiastic in the way of a popular demonstration would have been possible. Shortly after the Navy Department extended to him an invitation to make use of our vessels-of-war in the Mediterranean, a circumstance which caused a great deal of low abuse from vile newspapers. Later on, when it was a question of the general's going to British India, and thence to China and Japan, the Navy Department wrote him, as I was told under instructions from the President, after a Cabinet meeting. The general was informed that the flag-ship *Richmond* would probably sail about the 10th of December and would reach Ceylon about the middle of January. The letter states, "If it is your purpose to visit British India, China, and Japan, it is possible that this vessel, being a flag-ship, will afford you more facilities and conveniences of travel than you will be likely to obtain by any other conveyance; and if you consider it desirable to join her *en route* to her station, upon notification of the fact the Department will immediately issue the necessary orders to carry out your wishes. . . .

"This route would undoubtedly furnish to you many opportunities of interesting observation and research, and if you shall conclude to avail yourself of the advantages of travel offered by the *Richmond*, the Department feels assured that, apart from the personal gratification to yourself of observing the tastes, customs, and wants of the inhabitants of the countries visited,

your intercourse with them would lead to more extended and intimate commercial relations between them and the United States. It is believed that your presence on board of a man-of-war in the ports visited by the *Richmond* will so arrest public attention as to bring prominently into view not merely the character and extent of our commerce, but the nature and extent of our institutions."

As clearly appears from the above, it was the intention of the President so to arrange the visit of General Grant to the East as to make it one of importance diplomatically and commercially, and it is a well-known fact that his visit to China and Japan did more to bring us into confidential relations with the people of those countries than any other event in our past history, save the opening of the ports of Japan through the ability of Commodore Matthew C. Perry.

During General Grant's tour he wrote me fifteen or twenty letters, some of them of six or eight pages, and all of them describing the countries he visited: Extracts from several of them are to be found in my "Recollections of Grant," in the *North American Review* for 1885. They all show acute powers of observation, and give expression to his ideas in relation to the different peoples of whom he wrote. In one of them he said that before a half-century we should have more of the Chinese than we could conveniently handle. In a subsequent conversation he said that the Chinese would soon import machinery for the fabrication of cotton, and soon after the opening of the Nicaragua Canal they would require more raw cotton from us than our entire crop then grown, which was some five millions of bales, and added that there was not such another cotton-producing region on the globe as that of Arkansas, and the adjacent cotton-growing lands.

In one of his letters from Southern Europe he wrote me that he had abandoned the idea of going around the world, and would return home the following spring or summer. A day or so after the receipt of this letter I met General Sherman, and told him the contents of the letter, and that I had written at once and urged the general not to give up his voyage as originally intended. General Sherman told me that he had received

a letter of the same tenor, and had written him immediately, as I had done, not to abandon his original intention. A month later, I received another letter from the general, stating that when he had abandoned the idea of his long voyage he had destroyed the itinerary for his guidance, and that he wished me to send another without delay. In preceding pages relating to the Nicaragua Canal I mention a telegram and letters received from General Grant when in Tokio. The photo-lithograph of one of them, given in the Appendix, cannot fail to interest the reader.

After his arrival in California, where he visited several points of interest, coming East, he tarried a few days in Galena and in Chicago. He wrote me briefly from both places, and named a day when he wished me to meet him in Philadelphia. His reception on his arrival at that city, about noon, was the most extraordinary I have ever seen, and after night there was a torchlight procession that seemed, as it passed under an archway thrown across Chestnut Street at the Continental Hotel, as though it would have no end.

On their arrival the general and Mrs. Grant were in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding the fatigues of travel and receptions journeying eastward. In a private conversation he told me his son in business had been quite successful, and by judicious investments had increased his means some fifty thousand dollars. This was gratifying to me, because, although the general was extremely simple in his personal wants, his family expenses were considerable. I observed at dinner and on other occasions that he abstained entirely from wines or liquors, as he had done during the last year or more of his Presidency. He had a high opinion of the Japanese, chatting, when dining, about their many good qualities. He had been in a village of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and, observing that there were no fastenings on the doors and windows of the houses, asked the reason, and was told, of course, that there was no necessity for them. My wife said, "Ammen tells me that Japanese babies don't cry, but I say he would know better if he had lived in a house with them." "No," said the general, with a droll smile, "Ammen is quite right: Japanese babies don't cry." That was

the last social occasion upon which I met the general and Mrs. Grant.

During General Grant's absence I had reached the rank of rear-admiral, and at my request, under the provisions of a general law, was placed on the retired list, five years before it would have been compulsory, for reasons that may be inferred from what I have said in these pages. Ever since my retirement I have endeavored to promote naval efficiency and national interests through the construction of the Nicaragua Canal under the tacit or actual control of our government, as our legislators might prefer.

Some two or more years ago, Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, convened a Board to provide life-boats for the navy, which made a report that was not satisfactory to him. I then thought it opportune to call his attention to what is known in the navy as the "Ammen Balsa," already mentioned as in use in the navy for more than twenty years. I suggested modifications which in my belief would make it the best life-raft known to seamen. The "balsa," was designed to land field-artillery, ammunition, and troops on an exposed beach, as was found necessary to be done north of Fort Fisher, during our civil war.

This letter was placed in the hands of the Chief Clerk of the Navy Department, but I never received an official notice of its receipt. Although busily engaged in matters of interest, I turned my attention to a practical development, not only in relation to the construction of the raft, but also as to the means by which it could be launched and passengers be safely and speedily "chuted" upon it, a matter of equal moment in the case of passenger steamers, where under ordinary conditions all the passengers would go down with the vessel if she should sink from collision or other cause. This is not a mere assertion of mine, but was truly and forcibly stated by Colonel Richardson, a correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, some time ago, on his return home after a trip across the Atlantic. After provoking delays, I have just now (November, 1890) had completed by Mr. Waters, of Troy, New York, at my own expense, a life-raft which I have reason to believe will fulfil its pur-



pose in a satisfactory manner and will be less expensive than the inefficient life-boats, as they are styled, with which ocean-steamer are now provided.

It is gratifying to believe that I have aided some of my worthy friends of the South to better their fortune, and I am willing to regard it as a fact that the virtues of myself and many others who served our flag during the civil war were rather geographical than inherent in us as individuals. It is self-evident that had we been under other influences geographically, and had our antagonists been subjected to those that in a great degree controlled us, our rôles during the civil war would have been reversed in almost every individual case; yet I take it as established that the success of our arms was no less necessary to the interests of the people of the South than it was to those of the people of the North.

It is well known that among the comrades of the old army and navy a kindly feeling has existed ever since the end of the civil war, and this has extended to endeavors at various times to aid our Southern friends. On the death of Captain Patterson, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, a dozen years ago, Rear-Admiral John Rodgers drew up a paper of recommendation of John M. Brooke, then Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, which was signed by all the navy officers of rank who knew Mr. Brooke. Unhappily for the appointing power, this recommendation was unheeded. Years before the civil war at times I visited General Joseph E. Johnston, then a captain of engineers, and I have always had a high appreciation of his character as a man and a soldier. Some years ago, meeting him in a street-car in Washington, I was pleased to observe that, notwithstanding the weight of eighty-odd years which he bore, he was still hale and active. On expressing my pleasure at meeting him, he said, with a smile, that a man a few days before had addressed him as Admiral Ammen, and he had given him a quarter of a dollar. I replied that the man was unfortunate in my not being near at hand at the time, as I certainly would have given him another.

In considering the civil war, were the motives of individuals on both sides regarded, and not the objects in view, in my belief

there would be a more kindly feeling in the minds of many persons. I may say that I have met but one intelligent individual who fought against us with whom I could not honestly fraternize. I have the honor to belong to the Loyal Legion of the United States, an organization which Companions may regard with pride. In the different assemblages for conviviality, and with the higher motive of fostering a broad and earnest sentiment of nationality, I have never heard expressed ideas that would have been objected to by any reasonable man who fought against us, and I feel sure that the large majority of the Companions of that Order have done quite as much as myself, and many of them much more, in advancing the interests of those who fought against us.

It is my belief that it would be agreeable to a very large majority of the Companions of the Loyal Legion to see formed of Southern men an extended Association having a common head and common objects with those of the Loyal Legion, and I doubt not were the members as carefully self-constituted there would be an earnest feeling of fraternization between the two organizations. Our great leaders, Generals Grant and Sherman, and others whom I need not name, have done all in their power to advance the fortunes of our late opponents, whose motives we should not question, yet whose object we may believe to have been illusory and baneful.

In the future we may hope from those who fought against us, and from their descendants, an earnest desire to promote the welfare of our common country, and a sentiment of broad nationality. The unhappy past was not of their seeking, nor of ours; they fought out gallantly and unselfishly the solution of the issues that were presented, and have added another to the numerous historic disproofs of that extraordinary fallacy that "the pen is mightier than the sword." During our civil war Captain Percival Drayton, a South Carolinian, of great professional and personal merit, pointed out to me the absurdity of this generally accepted aphorism. He said that the pen actually provoked all the great contests that had to be settled by the sword. At the end of our civil war our great leader said, "Let us have peace," and had it depended upon the leaders in the field, and their fol-





*Yours Truly*  
*U. S. Grant*

F. BUTLER & CO., PRINT.

lowers, peace would have existed from the time the forces hostile to the Union had laid down their arms.

Now that I have come to the end, many memories, extending over half a century, rise before my mental vision, of like import to those found in the preceding pages, and with them, all unschooled in Latin though I am, comes, quite unbidden, *Quantum sufficit*.



1860





Yours Truly  
W. A. Croft

F. BUTLER & CO., PRINT.





## APPENDIX

---

For several years I have been anxious that it be published in some form that might enable those acquainted with the impressions General Grant and the countries he had visited in his tour around the Canal to see the deep interest he felt in the project of the construction of the Canal by an American company, under such conditions as should free it forever from the malign influence of the French, and be a warrant that the company could not do otherwise.

In October last the very generous concession of the government was definitely confirmed, the company has met the demands of the grant. The expenditures have been the most gratifying results; and thus far the confidence of the public to invest in what might by uninformed persons be deemed an assured commercial success. No intelligent person can examine the very thorough data now obtainable on the construction of the canal, sanitary, engineering, and financial, and have a doubt as to the success of this great work. The reward it will yield as soon as operative,—which will be in a few years from this date.

My anxiety to have these letters published grew, and despite all my care, some of them had disappeared. Some remained had been mutilated in order to obtain a copy for general use: it is a silent witness to the fact that some persons are so ready to break the seventh commandment to possess the signature of another. I began to fear that should I die before these letters they might be scattered or lost. The letters, however, in expression, they give well-defined ideas of men and their views, and I saw them.

It may interest the public to know of my relations with General Grant, which began in my childhood. At the age of years of age, he being two years my junior. In 1836, until I left home on the 20th of November, 1836, I was a member of Congress, to enter the United States Army. Hamer, our member of Congress, got an appointment for me to the Military Academy at West Point. On his graduation he wrote me that he would be at Jones's Hotel in

time, and there I met him accordingly, and we spent several hours together.

In February, 1864, he was commissioned lieutenant-general of our armies. He was then at Nashville, Tennessee. I had been relieved from sea-duty, and was on my way from New York to Ohio, and stopped off at Baltimore a few days to visit friends, among others, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, the son of Mrs. Patterson of that city. Mrs. Bonaparte was an out-and-out "Union woman," and there were few of that class in Baltimore at that time. She was very clever, and remarked that already the newspapers were proposing to make Grant a political general, which if accomplished would destroy his usefulness in the field. I told her that the general and myself had been playmates as children, twenty-eight years before, and that we had met seven years later for a few hours, and, although there had been no correspondence between us in all these years, I felt sure that he had a kind regard for me, and that he would not be offended should I write him a warning not to allow himself to be destroyed by injudicious friends, who were endeavoring to inspire him with political ambition. I accordingly wrote to that effect after reaching Ohio, and the first letter given in the following pages is the general's reply. Its text follows very closely my line of presentation of the subject.

Six weeks later, General Grant was at Hampton Roads to arrange a plan of action against Richmond with Rear-Admiral Lee, commanding our naval vessels in those waters. He said to the admiral that he was very desirous of seeing me, but that his time was so limited that he could not await my arrival from Norfolk, although the admiral offered to send a tug immediately. He hoped, however, I would pay him a visit at Culpeper, and, if I determined to do so, I should not delay, as he would move as soon as his forces were ready.

On the Friday preceding his crossing the Rapidan and his advance into the Wilderness, I paid him a visit and spent thirty-six hours with him. I left on Sunday at noon, two days before he crossed the river. In relation to his movement against Richmond he wrote me a long and interesting letter, which requires no explanation.

The following November General Grant came from City Point to visit Admiral Porter, and remarked that he would have been pleased to see me, but that I was in New York. The admiral told him that I had arrived the previous evening, in command of the Mohican, and sent a tug for me. After the general had spent a few hours on board of the flag-ship, it was arranged that I should accompany him to City Point the following morning. I spent two days with him, and, at his suggestion, was sent out to look at the lines in front of Petersburg, with General Babcock as my guide. Our horses were taken some nine miles in the cars with us, and I had the famous horse "Cincinnati." On our return, General Grant asked how I liked my horse. I replied that I had never backed his equal. "Nor have I," said the general.

A few days after my return to the Mohican I sailed for blockade duty off Fort Fisher. On the night of the second day of the first bombardment, Christmas, I wrote General Grant my ideas in relation to the situation, which he told me afterwards in a measure determined him to make a second attack. His third letter relates in general to this affair.

I did not meet the general again until the end of the civil war, nor did I even then meet him frequently until the winter of 1865-66, when I was in Washington in command of the double-turreted monitor *Miantonomah*. Then we discussed the necessity of surveys to ascertain the practicability of an Isthmian ship-canal, and we paid Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, a visit. Later on, the general informed me that he had paid other visits to Secretary Seward, and that he would do so no more, from a fear that he would hate him, and he did not wish to hate any man.

In April, 1866, I went to York, Pennsylvania, to reside; when I visited Washington, which I did from time to time, I was the guest of General Grant. He had hoped to go abroad after the civil war in a vessel under my command, but Mr. Johnson's unhappy embroilment with Congress made it necessary for him to remain at home, much to his regret.

In the fall of 1867 I went to the Asiatic station in command of the *Piscataqua*, the flag-ship of Admiral Rowan. Previous to leaving I was frequently in Washington to settle up some unfinished business. At such times I was the guest of the general, who spoke to me earnestly and confidentially of the very grave situation and the probable intentions of President Johnson, all of which is detailed in my memoirs.

During my absence, General Grant became a candidate for the Presidency, much against his inclination, and after his election I was ordered home at his request, but did not arrive until two months later than he desired.

During the eight years of his Presidency I saw much of him. My residence was thirteen miles in the country, and, having a standing invitation to dine on Sundays at the White House, I did so frequently, usually going in early, and taking a walk of half a dozen miles with the general before dinner. On leaving the house on one of these occasions, he remarked that had I not pulled him out of the water more than forty years before he would have been spared a great deal of misery. I said that the American people had great reason to be thankful that he had had to endure it. He remarked that he would not be willing to live his life over again, were it a matter of volition; and, in reply to a question from him, I said I should not be willing to do so either, had I to start life again under the conditions that had fallen to my lot, as I should fear it would be a failure.

On the expiration of his Presidential term, at his request I accompanied him on a ten days' visit to Ohio. We drove some forty-five miles from Cincinnati to Georgetown, where we spent two days with several of our old friends. I know that the general's charities to some of the poor whom we had known as children were very acceptable at that time, and that

they were continued afterwards. Some time after the death of the general, an old lady in straitened circumstances wrote me that during the lifetime of the general she had "wanted for nothing." He was silent and generous in his charities.

Soon after he came East he went abroad. During his absence he wrote me frequently. In my letters to him I suggested that a traveller had much to interest and occupy his time, and that I did not expect him to write me frequently, if he wrote at all. Nevertheless, he was good enough to send me letters from many points, on men and things, giving his ideas in a briefer and more candid manner than is usual when writings are intended for the public eye. I feel sure that the reader will thank me for giving him the opportunity of perusing them.

It will be apparent from these letters that I was intimate with General Grant, and that he honored me with his confidence in a great degree. And I feel much satisfaction in the reflection that I never abused this confidence. I have never met a kinder friend than General Grant was to those whom he deemed worthy, nor a man who had a more honest and unselfish purpose in life. So far as I can judge from history, and so far as I know of men through association, General Grant should be considered in all time among the few great men in the history of the world. The military man will look upon him as a man of genius; the statesman of the future will regard with surprise the neglect of the many wise suggestions contained in his messages; the historian will feel assured that whatever errors there may be in his writings are not of his volition,—that what he wrote was conscientiously written, and that nothing was omitted knowingly, or with an intention to deceive. He never asked either military or political advancement, directly or indirectly, as he frequently assured me; and where in the world's history will be found another man of whom that can be said?

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb'y 16th, 1864.

DEAR AMMEN,—

Your letter was duly received, and advice fully appreciated, particularly as it is the same I would give any friend,—*i. e.*, to avoid all political entanglements. I have always thought the most slavish life any man could lead was that of a politician. Besides, I do not believe any man can be successful as a soldier whilst he has an anchor ahead for other advancement. I know of no circumstances likely to arise which could induce me to accept of any political office whatever. My only desire will be, as it always has been, to whip out the rebellion in the shortest way possible, and to retain as high a position in the army afterwards as the administration then in power may think me suited for.

I was truly glad to hear from you. I was once on leave of absence at the same time you were, and went from Clermont County to Cincinnati more to see you than for any other purpose. When I got there, I found

you had gone to Ripley by river. I believe the last time we met was in Philadelphia, in '43. We have both grown older since, though time sets very lightly with me. I am neither gray nor bald, nor do I feel any different from what I did at twenty-five.

I have often wished that you had been selected to command the Mississippi flotilla. I have no fault to find, however, with the naval officers who have co-operated with me. I think Porter, Phelps, and some of the younger officers as clever men as I ever fell in with. I cannot complain of them, certainly, for I believe I never made a request of them they did not comply with, no matter what the danger. I know I caused Porter to lose one gun-boat, against his judgment, and he never found fault.

Remember me to Mrs. Van Dyke's family, and any other friends of mine in Cincinnati. I will be very glad to hear from you again.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,  
CITY POINT, VA., Aug. 18th, 1864.

DEAR AMMEN,—

Your letter of the 2d inst. was duly received. I regret not having made better progress in whipping out the rebellion, but feel conscious of having done the best I know how. This army has fought desperately since leaving Culpeper, and has gained this substantial advantage: the enemy is afraid to fight it on an open field, whilst the Army of the Potomac feels confident of success whenever the terms are anything like equal. Several times we have had decisive victories within our grasp, but let them, through accident or fault, slip through our hands. Our movement from Cold Harbor to the south side of the James was made with such celerity that before the enemy was aware of it, and before he had got a single regiment across the river, our forces had carried the fortifications east of Petersburg. There was nothing—not even a military force—to prevent our walking in and taking possession. The officer charged with the work, for some unaccountable reason, stopped at the works he had captured, and gave the enemy time to get in a garrison and to intrench it. On the 30th of July, again, by a feint north of the James, we drew most of the enemy to that side of the river, and whilst he was there (with my troops quietly withdrawn during the night) a mine, judiciously prepared, was exploded, burying a battery and some three hundred of the enemy, and making a breach in his works into which our men marched without opposition. The enemy was completely surprised, and commenced running in all directions. There was nothing to prevent our men from marching directly to the high ground in front of them, to which they had been directed to go, and there all the enemy's fortifications would have been taken in reverse, and no stand would have been made. It is clear that without a loss of five hundred men we could have had Petersburg, with all its artillery and many of the

garrison. But our troops stopped in the crater made by the explosion. The enemy was given time to rally and reoccupy his line. Then we found, true enough, that we had the wolf by the ears. He was hard to hold, and more dangerous to let go. This was so outrageous that I have obtained a court of inquiry to sift the matter. We will peg away, however, and end this matter, if our people at home will but be true to themselves. If they would but reflect, everything looks favorable. The South now have every man in the ranks, including old men and little boys. They have no longer means to replace a man lost; whilst by enforcing the draft we have abundance of men. Give us half the men called for by the draft, and there will hardly be any resistance made. The rebellion is now fed by the bickering and differences North. The hope of a counter-revolution over the draft or the Presidential election keeps them together. Then, too, they hope for a Peace candidate who would let them go. A "peace at any price" is fearful to contemplate. It would be but the beginning of war. The demands of the South would know no limits. They would demand indemnity for expenses incurred in carrying on the war. They would demand the return of all their slaves set free in consequence of the war. They would demand a treaty looking to the rendition of all fugitive slaves escaping into the Northern States, and they would keep on demanding until it would be better to be dead than to submit longer.

My staff officers generally have been sick. I am the only one at headquarters that has escaped entirely. General Rawlins, Col. Badeau and Rowley are now absent, sick, and three others of the staff have been absent, but have returned improved. The health of the troops, however, is generally good.

I will be glad to hear from you at all times.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT,  
Lt.-G'L

About the time I received this letter, one of similar import was published, which I think had been written by General Grant to Senator Washburn.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,  
CITY POINT, Feb. 4th, 1865.

DEAR AMMEN,—

Your letter of the 16th of January is just received. You have no doubt seen by the papers that the very thing you so strongly hoped had already taken place. I mean, Butler had been removed at my request. The failure at Fort Fisher was not without important and valuable results.

I have long thought from the representations of army officers that the change you suggest in naval commander in South Atlantic should also be made. I do not, however, feel myself authorized to suggest changes of naval commanders, so long as their duties are confined to blockading.

When it comes to co-operation with the army in an attack, I do not hesitate.

Everything now seems to be progressing favorably. I am sending an additional force of about twenty-eight thousand effective men to Cape Fear River and New-Berne. These troops, or part of them, sailed this morning, and so far their destination does not seem to have been suspected even by our own people. Before the enemy are aware of it, I hope to have Wilmington, and, before they can prevent it, Goldsborough. This will make a formidable force to co-operate with Sherman. I shall also have the railroad in working order from Wilmington to New-Berne out as far as we occupy, and supplies thrown out for Sherman's use.

I have been a little negligent about answering your very welcome letters, but I am none the less glad to receive them. I will be very much pleased to hear from you whenever you can find time to write, and will answer when there is anything to say.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

You will see that Terry has been made a full major-general of volunteers and a brigadier-general in the regular army. I have also recommended him for the command now held by Foster.

In my letter to which the above is a reply, I stated that the navy had shown itself fully able to suppress the fire of Fort Fisher. Whether the fort could or could not be carried by assault under this condition, I would express no opinion. In case it could not be carried, however, a permanent lodgment of troops could be made on the sand-beach north of it, and intrenched north and south. An inferior force could be maintained, with intrenchments flanked by gun-boats, against any force the enemy could bring against it. Steam launches with howitzers could be got into the river, and with them on the watch, and batteries established sweeping the river, and calcium lights thrown over the water, no steamer that had run the blockade would be able to reach Wilmington. Fort Fisher would then be of no more use to the enemy than if it were located twenty miles out at sea, and the keeping up of supplies from Caswell, on the opposite shore, would be so difficult that Fisher would soon be abandoned by the enemy.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,  
November 6th, 1864.

DEAR AMMEN,—

Your letter was duly received. Of course I read your article in the *Army and Navy Journal*, and was delighted with it. Fearing that Grandfather Welles might not get up to the *Journal* of the 28th ult. during his term of office if left to his ordinary course of reading, I had the article cut out and sent to him. Knowing our intimacy, he will judge you to be the author, but it will take him until the 4th of March, '69, to draw his



inference. As he will likely cease to be Secretary of the Navy about that time, you are secure.

Mr. Dent was delighted with your invitation to him, and he may be able some time to make you a visit for a few days. We will not go away without providing him a home, however, with one of his children.

I shall not be able to leave Washington this winter. It is a great disappointment to me, but affairs have taken such a turn as to make this course necessary.

I cannot explain in a letter the reasons for this course. My going to Europe next spring—in fact, going at all during this administration—will depend on the course affairs take this winter.

My family, including Mrs. Dent, all send love to Mrs. Ammen. Whenever you come to this city we will expect you and your wife to stop with us.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

The following is the article spoken of by the general in the opening sentences of the above letter. It was written, to pass the time, during a steamboat journey down the Ohio from Wheeling to Cincinnati.

#### THE NAVAL COCKED HAT AND SWALLOW TAIL.

*To the Editor of the Army and Navy Journal.*

SIR,—Ominous sounds come from Washington that a strong deputation of influential tailors and hatters, whose works are sometimes regarded as the "chief end of man" by those who are not conversant with the "New England Catechism," aided perhaps by a few navy men, and particularly by that class who have dim recollections of foreign shores and keep up their nautical knowledge by an occasional visit to Hampton Roads or to Newport, have prepared and proposed having adopted as the naval uniform a cocked hat and swallow-tail coat, the likes of which have not been seen before for a long time.

It has been supposed by far the greater number of the quiet and passive souls who go to sea in the naval uniform that the pomp and glory of a cocked hat had definitely passed away; that the uncherished memory of it existed as an infliction of the past; that the "beauty of fitness" *did not* pertain to it even in the mind of the most sanguinary, and that hereafter it would appear only in old pictures or show-cases, as a pleasing evidence of the ameliorated condition of naval men.

But no sooner have the horrors of war fairly passed away than the horrors of dress seem to rise up to affright and to fill the mind with terrors as of the Inquisition. Can there be a class of men in the naval service who think that the high-road to all perfection is to *endure*? If so, let them inflict upon *themselves* the coarse hair undershirts worn by certain

orders of monks, instead of ostentatiously parading to the world what they are willing to endure, at least in dress.

If there are other naval men who give a tacit or an active support to the noble army of martyrs referred to, from a belief in the proverb "*il faut souffrir pour être beau,*" they may hope in the end to attain to the sublime abnegation of the first class, and in the mean time to have the gratitude and the admiration of the tailors as well as the fabricators of the *chapeaux bras*. There is another, a native and a homely proverb, perhaps forgotten since childhood; if the reminder should bring them back to their sweet infantile ways, then I shall feel recompensed in making the quotation, "pretty is as pretty *does*." Would it be possible to do anything in a cocked hat except to suffer?

If there are others who thoughtlessly would place upon officers a burden more than they can bear, let them pause and reconsider this gratuitous act of cruelty toward men who, as a whole, deserve well of their country. Let them picture to themselves a lengthy ceremonial within the tropics, and at the head of a devoted and woebegone-looking procession of officers of different ages and ranks, and in all the varied stages of exhaustion, an old fellow, red as a lobster, wet with perspiration, as though he had just emerged from the depths, his eyes almost closed to shield them from the sun, and evidently suffering enough to excite compassion in the breasts of the humane. Yet this man has done nothing,—that is, nothing to make it necessary to dress him without the least regard to health or to comfort and—may it not be added?—to elegance or taste. To be easy or graceful, a dress has to be habitual, in cut at least, as proof of which look at the awkward appearance made by laboring men when dressed in their "Sunday clothes;" nor does the officer appear in any but a ludicrous light when dressed in what he does not wear habitually. Of all the specimens that the reader may have seen in full dress, has he seen *one*, or one in a hundred, who has seemed easy or improved by his trappings? O injudicious friend, if you *are* one, pause and think what you propose inflicting if you have had aught to do in this matter!

Mr. Bumble the beadle wore a cocked hat. What sort of a fellow was he? Who knows what Mr. Bumble *might have been* had he not been educated in a cocked hat, or if in the pride of his heart he had not received it as the crowning glory of his exalted rank? How many naval Bumbles have become so through the instrumentality of the cocked hat, and the weighty paraphernalia which fosters the utterly impracticable and the useless!

If cocked hats *have to be*, then let them be placed on a pole and borne solemnly along by a messenger-boy, somewhat in the manner that the three-tailed bashaws parade their insignia of rank. The three tails would be quite as convenient, ornamental, and useful a head-dress as any cocked hat that has heretofore formed a part of our naval uniform; yet we have no account that the bashaws have ever worn them thus.

The swallow-tail coat, too, is far from being graceful or useful, yet it is less burdensome in every sense than the cocked hat. If left to the officers themselves, certainly not one in five would wish it. If these proposed changes are the result of the deliberations of a Board, let us suggest that the members composing it should visit the various naval stations dressed as proposed, for the purpose of eliciting the expression of a general opinion as to its fitness, and above all *as to the advantage of a change*. They could also have their photographs taken, back, front, and side view, and distributed to the various squadrons, such of them wearing a mask as wished to assert strongly that their personal vanity was not at all concerned.

By means of a cocked hat, big epaulets, a swallow-tail coat, and a big round belly, due to a want of sufficient exercise, many an officer that would have "passed muster" in ordinary clothes has been transformed into a ludicrous resemblance of a robin, while his ungracefulness of movement showed plainly that if he was "a bird" (in appearance) he could not hope to fly unless on the balloon principle.

O mighty shades of departed heroes, spare us the cocked hat, and, if possible, the swallow-tail coat! O humane men, members of societies for the suppression of cruelty to dumb brutes, cast one look of pity on the naval officer in full dress when he appears as it is said he will shortly do. You will not fail to extend your sympathy, and will wish him well, although you may not be able to aid him in this dire extremity.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,  
WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 23d, 1868.

DEAR AMMEN,—

Your welcome and very interesting letters, up to September, have been received. Since that date the Presidential election has taken place, and the result before this reached you. The Democracy made the most desperate and unscrupulous effort of their lives to change the result, but without effect. Now there seems to be a general acquiescence, North and South, in the result. Appearances now are about what they were in '65. I would write you a long letter on public and home affairs, but that I hope you will be on your way home soon after the receipt of this, if you are not before. I am not on speaking-terms with your venerable Chief, therefore cannot ask him to relieve you from your present duties. I did, however, some ten days since, write to Admiral Porter, asking him to effect your release. Immediately on writing that letter I went North, and have but just returned; so I do not know what success he met with. I know, however, the admiral came to Washington a day or two after the receipt of my letter. If you are not relieved by orders from the Navy Department, I hope your immediate commander will take the liberty to relieve you himself in time to reach here by the 4th of March, 1869, and trust to orders then justifying his action. I am anxious that you should be here at that time.

Mrs. Grant received a letter from Mrs. Ammen yesterday, from which we learn your family are now well. We hope to have a visit from her soon, when Mrs. Grant and myself will do what we can to make her time pass agreeably.

My family are all well. The children were much pleased with the presents received from you.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

This letter was written when I was in command of the *Piscataqua*, and was not received until our arrival at Hong-Kong on the 18th of February, 1869. Admiral Rowan then ordered me to return to the United States, and two days later I left for San Francisco in the American steamer *Great Republic*. My duties from that time forward having been in Washington, I have no correspondence of interest to the public until General Grant wrote me from London in relation to home affairs and a short visit to Switzerland, as follows:

BRISTOL HOTEL, BURLINGTON GARDENS, LONDON, W.,  
August 28th, 1877.

MY DEAR COMMODORE,—

I arrived here from the Continent yesterday, after a most pleasant visit of about seven weeks there, most of the time in Switzerland. There is no more beautiful scenery or climate for summer travel than Switzerland presents. The people are industrious and honest, simple and frugal in their habits, and would be very poor with all this, if it were not from the travel through their country. I wish their surplus population would emigrate to the United States. On our arrival here I found but few letters, but among them were yours and one from our mutual friend Borie. During my absence I will be glad to hear from you as often as you feel like writing. It is always interesting to me to get home news, and particularly from a friend. For the last eight weeks I have seen but few American papers, and am consequently behind in home news. The foreign papers, however, have been full of the great railroad strike, and no doubt exaggerated it, bad as it was. The United States should always be prepared to put down such demonstrations promptly and with severe consequences to the guilty. I hope good may come out of this, in pointing out the necessity for having the proper remedy at hand in case of need. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." One thing has struck me as a little queer. During my two terms of office the whole Democratic press, and the morbidly honest and "reformatory" portion of the Republican press, thought it horrible to keep U. S. troops stationed in the Southern States, and when they were called upon to protect the lives of negroes—as much citizens under the Constitution as if their skins were white—the country was scarcely large enough to hold the sound of indignation belched forth by them for some years. Now, however, there is no

hesitation about exhausting the whole power of the government to suppress a strike on the slightest intimation that danger threatens. All parties agree that this is right, and so do I. If a negro insurrection should arise in South Carolina, Mississippi, or Louisiana, or if the negroes in either of these States—where they are in a large majority—should intimidate the whites from going to the polls, or from exercising any of the rights of American citizens, there would be no division of sentiment as to the duty of the President. It does seem the rule should work both ways.

How long my stay abroad may be prolonged is somewhat problematical. I shall remain on this side of the water, however, all of next winter, and will avail myself of the Secretary's kind offer of a naval vessel to visit the seaport towns on the Mediterranean. I received a letter from Admiral Worden stating that he had received his orders in this respect,—giving me a copy of his instructions, which I had seen before,—to which I replied stating my plans. I wrote to the Secretary thanking him for the courtesy of his tender of a vessel, which letter I hope he received.

During the strike you must have been compelled to stay in the city, leaving the little Ammens to take care of themselves, or have resorted to private conveyance. In either case you have been taught the value of railroads to the country.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Ammen and the children, and asks me to say that she will miss you very much during our travels on board naval vessels.

Please present my kind regards to Mrs. Ammen and the children, and believe me,

Your sincere friend,

U. S. GRANT.

COMMODORE D. AMMEN, *U. S. Navy.*

HOTEL DE FRANCE, NICE, December 10th, 1877.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

On Thursday, day after to-morrow, we go aboard the *Vandalia* to make our examination of the Mediterranean. How much I wish you were in command to unfurl for the first time your admiral's flag! We breakfasted the other day with Admiral Le Roy, and saw all the officers then in port here. They seem to be a nice set of youngsters. They were not all at the breakfast, of course, but they came aboard the flag-ship, and I had the pleasure of meeting them. It would be pleasant to you to know how they all spoke of you. There was quite an expression of opinion among them placing you in the highest place in the profession. Of course I told them I owed you an old grudge as being responsible for the many trials and difficulties I had passed through in the last half-century, for nearly that length of time ago you had rescued me from a watery grave.

I am of a forgiving nature, however, and forgive you; but is the feeling universal? If the Democrats get into full power, may they not hold you

responsible? But, as you are about retiring, I hope no harm will come to you for any act of kindness done to me.

Our trip thus far has been most agreeable. The weather in Paris was most atrocious, but I got to see much of the people. My opinion of their capacity for self-government has materially changed since seeing for myself. Before coming here I did not believe the French people capable of self-government. Now I believe them perfectly capable, and that they will be satisfied with nothing less. They are patient, "and of long suffering," but there will not be entire peace and quiet until a form of government is established in which all the people have a full voice. It will be more republican than anything they have yet had under the name of a republic.

Give all our love to Mrs. Ammen and all of the children. Write to me often, and don't be disappointed if I do not answer each of your letters as received.

Yours faithfully,  
U. S. GRANT.

ROME, ITALY, March 25th, 1878.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

I have received three interesting letters from you since my last to you. You must excuse this, and continue to write, because I am always glad to receive your letters, as are all the family,—and they all read them; and then I am writing to so many persons that I cannot be prompt in my replies.

The winter's trip has been the most pleasant of my life. It has been entirely out of the usual course of travellers abroad, and has opened a new field. My whole family—or at least those with me—are such sailors that a home on shipboard was as comfortable as if on land, even when it was rough weather. The officers, without exception, were agreeable and did all they could to make us feel at home. Captain Robeson, the commander, was most attentive both to his guests and to his duties. I judge a more safe commander to a ship could not be found. The second officer, Lieutenant Caldwell, is a very superior man in education and acquirements, and especially so in all scientific subjects, and professional ones too. He is very much such a man as Comstock, who served on my staff, and whom you remember. If you do not remember him, you do his horse at least. The other officers are nice fellows, and some of them I think would make their mark if occasion presents itself. The third officer, Lieutenant Strong, is from the volunteers, and commands the respect of all others, from the captain down. It would be hard to convince any of them that a more thorough navigator is to be found in or out of the service.

Mr. Young, of the New York *Herald*, accompanied us during our naval experience, and to this place, and wrote very good and very descriptive letters. You have no doubt read them, so that I will leave out all account

of places. But my impression of peoples are that in the East they have a form of government and a civilization that will always repress progress and development. Syria and Asia Minor are as rich of soil as the great Northwest in our own country, and are blessed with a climate far more suitable to production. The people would be industrious if they had encouragement, but they are treated as slaves, and all they produce is taken from them for the benefit of the governing classes and to maintain them in a luxurious and licentious life. Women are degraded even beneath a slave. They have no more rights than the brute. In fact, the donkey is their superior in privileges.

I was in Constantinople at a very interesting time historically. The Russian army was but a few miles outside, and there was no barrier to their entrance. But the stolidity of the people is such that in the five days I spent in Constantinople I should never have discovered from the manner of the people, outside of the Sultan and a few of the high officials, that anything unusual had happened.

We spent five days in Athens on our way here. It is a beautiful city now. It is well built, well paved, and very clean. Considering that there was not a house where the present city stands, forty-five years ago, and that the opposition of the Turks has kept them from communication with the balance of Europe except by sea, they have certainly made wonderful progress. I hope they may have their territory increased as one of the effects of the present war, so as to give them more Greek population, more space, and a full chance to develop. It seems to me England, and the balance of Europe, except Russia, is interested in seeing such a consummation. But I am much more interested in home affairs. I have read the home papers much more attentively this winter than during the earlier part of my travels. Since the meeting of Congress I have felt almost discouraged at times. The legislation and the proposed legislation almost convinces me that, if the North does not rally, we who were so *unfortunate* as to serve on the Union side, *from a false sense of right*, might yet be required to get one of Andy Johnson's pardons to relieve us from responsibility as murderers, robbers, and illegal and unjustifiable invaders of the sacred soil of the South. I believe there is a settled determination to destroy the army and navy, and to reorganize it so as to bring back, with their lost rank, those who saw better than we did the right, and quit the service to follow it. Poor fellows! what a pity they were not successful! They would have such an opportunity now of showing their chivalry—by putting us all in State's prison.

The passage of the silver bill is very discouraging. It is dishonest in the extreme, although practically it may not work the harm contemplated by its main supporters. But it shows a willingness on the part of a majority of our present legislators to repudiate a portion of public and private indebtedness. The crime would be only greater in magnitude if they should repudiate the whole. The man who would steal your lamb

would not be a safe custodian of the old sheep. But let us hope that wiser counsels will prevail. Mr. Hayes, it seems to me, exercises but little influence with the legislation. This I suppose is partly due to the very slight majority he had in the Electoral College, and more to the Utopian ideas he got, *from reformers*, of running a government without a party. The Democrats have deceived him. I hope he will return to those who elected him. I believe he is a perfectly sincere man, purely patriotic, and a good Republican. But he has been wofully mistaken,—or I am, from a distant point of view. Give Mrs. Grant's love to Mrs. Ammen and the children, and mine too if you will, and write to me often. My address is Drexel, Harjes & Co., Paris.

Yours very truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

ADMIRAL D. AMMEN, *U. S. Navy.*

The quiet humor of the general is seen in his allusion to Comstock's horse, which I rode on a visit to Mr. Blair at Silver Spring, and my experience with which was a subject of far more merriment to others than it was to me during the actual time of the riding.

PARIS, FRANCE, May 25th, 1878.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

Since my last letter to you I have received two or three from you, the last one containing a copy of your reply to the two French gentlemen in regard to Inter-Oceanic Canal matters. I have been pestered, or rather refused to be pestered, by adventurers who desire to get me interested with them in an enterprise to build such a canal. Before I left Washington I called on Mr. Evarts specially to interest him in the matter of a canal by the Nicaragua route. I was in hopes he would take the matter up. I told him all about the surveys that had been made, the reports upon the surveys, how he could get access to them, etc., and that he could get fuller information at any time by sending for you. I advise that you call on the Secretary and bring the subject up. Edmunds is the only Senator that I know of who takes an interest in the subject. But he would interest others if the subject could be brought up in a tangible shape.

We have now been here for three weeks, will remain about three weeks more, and then go north through Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, back east to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Vienna, then visit Berlin and a few other Prussian places, and then find winter quarters either here, at Nice, or in Southern Italy. In June of next year I shall be in my Long Branch house, if spared to that time, when we will hope to have a visit from you and Mrs. Ammen.

I have visited the Exposition several times. It is quite a success, but, I think, no improvement on our Centennial show. The buildings and



grounds are far inferior to ours. Jesse sails for home on the 4th of June. Mrs. Grant joins me in love to Mrs. Ammen and the children.

Very truly yours,  
U. S. GRANT.

ADMIRAL D. AMMEN.

St. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, Aug. 13th, 1878.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

After spending two days at this place I went to Moscow, where I stayed five days, and returned this noon. On arrival found a large mail, in which was one from you, enclosing a paragraph about Murphy's bankruptcy and my losses in real estate. So far as I am concerned, there is not one word of truth in the statement. I never owned or purchased a piece of real estate in New York City in my life. I never owned any property in New Jersey—except the two houses at Long Branch which I now own—in my life. I never held a piece of property in my life, that I remember of, on which I owed anything. What I have—not much—is paid for. I have sold nothing to pay up debts. My farming experience in Missouri, while so far away myself, was expensive, and I sold out, and gave away stock, and rented the farm. That was several years ago. Had I gone out of office at the end of four years, when my salary was twenty-five thousand dollars a year, I would have been compelled to sell something—quite an amount—to have carried me out of Washington. But with my private income and increased salary, I came out at the end of eight years free from debt and without having incurred any loss anywhere in speculation. I am very sorry to hear what you say about —. I always thought well of him. In fact, I could never bear to think illy of any one whom I had selected for responsible positions, unless proven guilty. Calumny has been so rife since the war that it is unsafe to be prejudiced by what you see in partisan papers. But we will talk this matter over within a year.

I do not remember where my last letter to you was from. Since leaving Paris, however, I have travelled through Holland, North Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and a portion of Russia. The New York *Herald*, which comes by the same mail as your letter, gives an account of a portion of my visit to Germany. The statement is given very correctly, though from accounts I see in other papers the correspondent has fallen into some errors in regard to what I said about military matters. I never said, for instance, that my losses from the Rapidan to the James River, including killed, wounded, and missing, was less than forty thousand; that thirty-nine thousand would cover the whole. What I did say was that since Taylor's and Welles' letters, the public seem to have fallen into the idea that I lost one hundred thousand men in getting to the south side of the James, where I could have gone by boat, without loss, and ignore the fact that Lee sustained any loss; that while the returns given after battle, when every captain, colonel, and brigade commander would like to see our aggregate loss as small as possible, he did not wish to diminish his

importance in the fray by reducing his own losses : in fact, the greater his "killed and wounded and missing," the more his command might have been considered to have been hotly engaged. In this way every man not at the first roll-call after an engagement was reported in one of the above categories. In this way many men have been reported wounded two, three, or four times, in different engagements, but never lost a day, and now live to tell this honorable experience. In the same way many men are missing after an engagement, some turning up afterwards for duty and some as prisoners in the hands of the enemy. We captured and buried more of their men than they claim to have lost. I stated as my recollection that our actual losses before crossing the James River in actual killed or totally disabled was less than forty thousand,—probably thirty-nine thousand would cover it, but that Badeau's forthcoming book, which was taken from actual records, would show the figures with the greatest attainable accuracy. But it is only just to the *Herald* correspondent to say that I have not seen his letter, but only the criticisms in the *New York World*. Possibly he has been correct in his statement. I have seen his Berlin letter—sent, I think, from Hamburg—giving an account of the receptions, dinners, reviews, Bismark conference, etc., and they are correctly stated. There might be a question about the propriety of some things stated, but they are nevertheless correct so far as my memory could verify them. I hope I will find the other letter equally correct.

I have been very much pleased with the people of Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. They are a free, intelligent, honest, and industrious people. My reception among them was the most cordial, as indeed it has been everywhere. Here, in Russia, I have been surprised at the cordiality ; though there has always existed a traditional friendship between the two countries.

To-morrow we start for Warsaw ; from thence to Vienna. We will rest in Austria until about the right season for visiting Spain and Portugal. These latter states "done up," I will have been in every country in Europe, in Egypt, and Africa, and a little bit of Syria and Asia Minor, in Asia ; not much for an "old tar," but a good deal for a "landman."

I am glad that Mrs. Ammen is to keep you at home for the future. I believe your determination to retire was a wise one. If you had been an "old fogey," with a family of children all over thirty, I can see why you might want to be retained on the active list. But with five young children, —no telling how many to follow,—and the retirement being entirely voluntary, I look upon your course in the matter as entirely wise. I have had a number of letters from you since my last, and am always glad to receive them. Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Ammen and the children. Please present my regards also.

Yours very truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

I forgot that I wrote to you from here before going to Moscow.

GIBRALTAR, Nov. 15th, 1878.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

On my arrival here, three days ago, I found your letter of the 21st of October, and the very kind letter of the Secretary of the Navy tendering to me the use of the Richmond for an Eastern tour. I wrote to the Secretary at once, and said that I should have cabled, only that I had previously sent a message to you saying that I had determined on not going home by way of China and Japan, at least for this winter, and that no doubt you had communicated the message. I received your previous letter of the 15th of October, also. It seems a long journey to go from here to San Francisco by water for so little as there is to see along the coast. If I was alone, or with a party of gentlemen that could penetrate the interior of countries passed through, I should not hesitate.

We came here making our first stop, in Spain, at Victoria. The young king, hearing that I was on my way to Madrid, invited me to stop there where he was inspecting and reviewing some twenty-six thousand troops. I stopped two days. The Spanish troops make a splendid appearance. The next stop was at Madrid, for a week. Madrid is improving rapidly, and has evidently improved much in the last few years. It is now a beautiful city, with horse-cars running to every part. I saw but little evidence of improvement, however, elsewhere than in Madrid. It is hard to foretell the future of Spain. The people are good enough if, as you say, they could see any return for their labor. But, as it is, there seems to be no integrity among the ruling class. Those who do work receive but the barest subsistence. If a man raises a pig he cannot kill and eat it without paying an equivalent to five dollars of our money. The revenue-officers are so abundant that there is no chance of escaping any tax except by bribery, which is resorted to, to the extent of depriving the government of a very large percentage of its revenues. There is the greatest discontent, and the least thing would start a revolution. I have no idea that the existing state of affairs can last long. It will not be long before the experiment of a republic will be tried again, and probably with more success than the last time.

From Madrid we went to Lisbon, being in the cars two nights and a day. The country passed through is highly *uninteresting*. There is no place of interest to stop to break the journey, and, if there was, one would have to take up his travel at the same hour of the day, or night, he left off. It is two nights and a day between Madrid and Lisbon, whether you take thirty-six hours to make the journey, or a whole year.

Coming here, we made stops at Cordova, Seville, and Cadix. All of them are places of interest. On Monday we will have a run, by an English man-of-war, for Malaga, will visit Granada, and return to the sea-coast and go by steamer to Barcelona. From the latter place we will in all probability make our way to Paris, and remain quiet until about six weeks before the time to sail for home. I want to spend about a

month with Nellie before going back, and want to make a run through Ireland.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Ammen and the children, and her very kindest regards to yourself.

Very truly yours,  
U. S. GRANT.

ADMIRAL D. AMMEN, *U. S. Navy.*

On the receipt of this letter I wrote the general immediately that I hoped he would reconsider his determination to come home without having gone around the world. I said he would find Japan particularly interesting, and his visit to China and Japan would have an excellent result, in placing our people and our government in excellent relations with them; therefore it seemed to me very desirable that he should go around the world. I happened to meet General Sherman within a few days, and mentioned the above to him. He said he had received a similar letter from General Grant, and had written him almost in the same terms.

Later on, when the Richmond did not sail for two months after the time named to General Grant, I wrote him that he should not wait for her, as the season in British India would not wait for him. Let the Richmond catch up with him if she could,—which she did at Hong-Kong or Shanghai.

PAU, FRANCE, December 6th, 1878.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

On my arrival here, last night, I found a very large mail, and in it two letters from you. This is my first mail since leaving Gibraltar, from where I wrote you. At that time I had fully determined not to go by India, China, and Japan, and so wrote the Secretary of the Navy, saying, however, that if I determined otherwise before the departure of the Richmond from America, I would cable him. This morning I sent him a despatch that I would accept his offer of a passage on that steamer. I could not say much in a despatch, but I hope we will be able to join the steamer on the north side of the Mediterranean, somewhere between Marseilles and Palermo. This will extend my trip and make my arrival in America some months later than I had expected, probably extending the time into the late fall. Of course going by San Francisco I shall want to spend at least a month going over old ground with which I was familiar a quarter of a century ago. That quarter of a century does not seem half so long as the one which preceded it, and passed, since you and I first received instruction under John D. White, and a *long beech switch*, cut generally by the boys for their own chastisement.

Mrs. Grant wants me to say now that she regrets your retirement, because you might accompany us, and she has every confidence in you on your native element. I believe you are a first-class farmer besides.

I have not yet received your paper on the "Inter-Oceanic Canal," but )  
will read it with great interest when it reaches me.

I have preserved with great care a letter you wrote me as much as nine months ago, giving the route and places to visit on naval vessels, after leaving the Red Sea, until since leaving Gibraltar. But I destroyed it a few days ago. I would be very glad to get a repetition of it now.

I am very sorry, with Mrs. Grant, that you cannot be the commander of our proposed trip, and that Mrs. Ammen is not to be with us. Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Ammen, Mrs. Atocha, and the children. Regards to Mrs. A., Mrs. Atocha, and yourself.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

ADMIRAL D. AMMEN.

SINGAPORE, April 2d, 1879.

DEAR AMMEN,—

Since my letter of yesterday I have been thinking if I have been in any way remiss in not informing the Secretary of the Navy of my determination to proceed in advance of the Richmond. In thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that if there has been any neglect to complain of I am the one to complain. The Secretary was kind enough to voluntarily offer me a passage on the Richmond, which his letter said would leave the States for the Mediterranean on the 10th of December. I accepted, and was quietly waiting in Paris until I should hear of her passing Gibraltar before starting. I remained there until home papers of a later date than the 10th of December reached me, and, seeing no notice of her departure, I got Mr. Harjes to cable to Drexel to find out whether she had yet started. By this means I found that she would not leave until the 10th of January. If there is punctilio in the matter, why was I not informed? I also telegraphed to Admiral Pattison, who replied that he had not a word from the Richmond. I wrote to Le Roy three times, the third letter because so long a time had elapsed without a reply to my second that I feared he had not received it. An answer came, however, from a hotel in Nice, written evidently by his secretary and sent through Stevens in London, stating that he had been relieved, and that Captain Davis was in charge and would no doubt forward my desires in any way he could, if I would write to him,—or words to that effect.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

PEKING, CHINA, June 6th, 1879.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

I have now been in Peking three days, and have seen all there is of interest to see in this forsaken city. Since our arrival we have received an American mail, and with it your two letters of the 6th and 17th of April. I am delighted that you consented to be our representative at the Congress to discuss the question of the Inter-Oceanic Canal, because I do not believe there is another American who understands the relative advantages of the one feasible route over all others, nor who can state the

advantages and obstacles in the way of other routes as clearly as you can. If any of the officers who made surveys of any of the proposed routes for the canal had been sent, they would have been mere representatives of the particular route they had surveyed. It might have done to have sent all of them, as witnesses to testify to their work, but under one who had examined the whole field impartially.

I have found China and the Chinese much as you have often described it and them. It is not a country nor a people calculated to invite the traveller to make a second visit. But they are a people of wonderful shrewdness and industry, and are rapidly monopolizing the trade, as carriers, merchants, mechanics, market-gardeners, and servants, from Bombay eastward. Then, too, their leading men seem to have a thorough appreciation of the necessity for internal improvement, such as railroads, etc., but have a horror of introducing them with foreign capital and under foreign control. Their idea seems to be rather to educate a sufficient number of their own young men abroad to fit them as engineers, machinists, soldiers, sailors, etc., and then to make their improvements with their own men and means. My belief is that in less time from now than the half-century since you and I first went to J. D. White's school in Georgetown elapses, Europe will be complaining of the too rapid advance of China.

Mrs. Grant joins me in love to you, Mrs. Ammen, and the children, and also to Mrs. Atocha.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

ADMIRAL D. AMMEN, *U. S. Navy.*

TOKIO, JAPAN, July 16th, 1879.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

I have received several letters from you since I wrote last, the last one from Paris. I had previously read in the *New York Herald* the result of the Paris Conference on the Inter-Oceanic question, and of your triumph over deeply-seated prejudices. In my judgment it was very fortunate that you were selected to go, and consented.

We have now been nearly a month in this interesting country and among these amiable people. The changes, however, have been very great since you were here last, and there is much that you would not recognize. They have now a very perfect school system which enables all classes, male and female, to get a fair education. They have a Military and Naval Academy, both on a better basis than ours were for many years after their establishment. They have colleges for the higher branches, both for those going into the public service and those who wish to obtain the highest education attainable, for their own gratification. The gentlemen connected with the government in any way, and many merchants and other people, dress in European style, and not unfrequently the ladies do also. The Japanese are altogether the superior people of the East. I think I see, however, dawning a new era for China. They have been learning two

things from the experience of other Eastern countries; first, they must not mortgage themselves to European powers by borrowing their money; the second, the necessity of advancement with their own means and the employment of as few foreigners as possible as instructors. Their advance will therefore be slow until their own people are instructed sufficiently to become teachers. I see by the latest home papers that the Sultan of Turkey has carried out his design and sent me two Arab horses; I wish you would say to Beale, after giving him the respects of myself and Mrs. Grant, that I hope he will take care of them until I return. If he chooses to send one to any one having a brood farm, he is at liberty to do so.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant, Fred, and myself to Mrs. Ammen and the children,

I am yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

ADMIRAL D. AMMEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 28th, 1879.

MY DEAR AMMEN,—

We arrived here on the 20th, after a most pleasant and smooth sail of nineteen days from Yokohama. On my arrival I found a letter from you, and have received one since. But the kindness of the people here has prevented me from writing a single letter to any one until to-day. This is Sunday, and I have gone to another room, and consequently am "out."

I have had no time to read the Eastern papers since my arrival, and there are many that I have not seen; hence I do not know the present prospects of the Inter-Oceanic Canal. I approve, however, what you have done in the matter, and if the people of the United States will take hold of the Nicaragua route in earnest—the only practicable route, comparatively—I will give all the aid in my power.

I start for the Yosemite on Tuesday, and after my return go to Oregon, so that I shall not start East before about the 27th of November. Even then I do not expect to go east of Chicago before the holidays; but if I could do any good for the canal enterprise by doing so, I would go earlier.

The papers have told you of my reception here. It has been exceedingly friendly, and apparently by the whole people. I appreciate it, of course, very highly, but it makes hard work.

Give Mrs. Grant's love to Mrs. Ammen and the children, and remember me most kindly. If you see Beale, tell him that I shall write to him in a few days.

Very truly yours,  
U. S. GRANT.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Nov. 16th, 1879.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

Your letter of the 12th is just received, and the despatch referred to I have only just seen, although it was probably promptly delivered at the house while I was out.

Tokio, Japan

Aug. 7<sup>th</sup> 1879.

My Dear Admiral:

Your letter of the 2<sup>d</sup> of July reached me a few days since. After two days reflection on your suggestion of the point I should take - or consent to take if offered - in the matter of the Inter-Oceanic Canal, via Nicaragua, I telegraphed to the Sec. of the Navy, Washington: "Tell Ammen approve. Grant." I have



you received the dispatch!  
On the 27<sup>th</sup>, two weeks  
after this leaves Yokohama  
we sail for San Francisco.  
I do not feel half so  
anxious to get home as  
I did eighteen months  
ago. There is no country  
that I have visited  
however this side of  
Europe, except Japan  
where I would care to  
stay longer than to see  
the points of greatest inter-  
est. But Japan is a

most interesting country  
and the people are quite  
as much so. The changes  
that have taken place  
here are more like a  
dream than a reality.  
They have a public  
school system extending  
over the entire empire  
affording facilities for a  
universal school education  
to every child, male & female.  
They have a Military & a  
Naval Academy that com-  
pare well with ours in  
course taught, discipline and  
attainments of the students.  
They have colleges at several  
places in the empire on the

same basis of instruction as  
our best institutions. They  
have a school of science  
which I do not believe  
can be beat in any  
country. Already the great  
majority of their professors  
- even in teaching European languages  
- are natives. Most of them  
educated in the very institutions  
where they are now teaching.  
But I hope to meet you  
soon and then I will say  
more on this subject than  
I can to write in the limit  
of a letter.

Mr. Grant's ever love  
to Mr. Annan and the  
children. Please remember  
me kindly also.  
Yours truly,  
Wm. L. Grant.  
Adm! W. Annan

I do not expect to be east as far as Philadelphia before the 16th of December,—cannot well be, because I have promised to stop a day at Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, and Pittsburg, by the way, and have set December 9th for being in Indianapolis. If Mr. Franco desires to see me before I go East, and it is not too much trouble for him to do so, he might come West and meet me in Chicago. I will be back here as early as the 6th of December. I would be glad to meet him in Galena; but my accommodations there are small and the public accommodations are not attractive.

In regard to the Nicaragua Canal: It seems to me the concession should be made by a treaty between the United States and the Nicaraguan governments, and that there should be an act of incorporation by Congress. The former could be had without trouble or delay. The latter, I think, also might be obtained without trouble, and conditional subscriptions might be taken up without waiting for the concession.

The latter should amount to \$100,000,000 before any work is commenced. My idea is that subscribers should receive bonds, interest payable semi-annually, as the money is called for, and on completion of the work should receive stock to the full amount of the bonds. But all this would be determined after the organization of the company.

It is not certain now that I will be in Washington this winter, but make my head-quarters in Philadelphia during my stay in the East.

Mrs. Grant joins me in kindest regards to Mrs. Ammen and the children.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, Dec. 5th, 1879.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

I have received all of your letters, and noted their contents. Pierrepont has also written me in connection with Canal matters. He probably informed you of my answer. I have not heard whether I am to expect Mr. De Franco here or not. I rather hope now I will not; my time will be so taken up with engagements from this until Tuesday morning—when I leave here—that I fear I should be able to give him little time. However, if he comes I will manage to see him. I presume nothing can be done this winter to prevent my carrying out my plan of visiting Cuba and Mexico. The charter for a canal, and subscriptions can be raised without my presence. These obtained, a thorough survey of the route, and estimates of labor and costs, are the next things. I agree with you that a thorough survey of the Panama route should be made at the same time. If it should be the best route, it should be adopted. If it is not, it will be worth while to have the fact demonstrated, to stop all

[This part of the note was on the back of the signature of General Grant, which was torn off and appropriated.]

at first. One million seems to me enough to commence the surveys with.

The government, too, should furnish facilities from the navy,—in vessels, etc.,—to reduce the cost of surveys very materially.

I think now I will not go to New York before my return in the spring. This will give me time for work, if any should be necessary, in Philadelphia, before my departure.

[This part of the note, containing some other writing, and the signature of the general, was torn off by some unscrupulous lover of autographs.]

On the top of the note was written, in pencil,—

P.S.—Since writing this, I have received yours of the 3d of December, hence retain your draft of incorporation.

HAVANA, CUBA, February 8th, 1880.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—

When I last wrote you I neglected to say that I received the *North American Review* containing your article on the Lesseps canal. I had read the article while in Florida, together with some criticisms on it, characterizing it as more personal than argumentative. I could not see, for the life of me, that the criticisms had any foundation. Now that Congress has taken the matter up, there is more reason to hope that something may be done towards the solution of an Inter-Oceanic canal. Eads writes me in favor of his ship-railroad project, predicting for it success and a hasty completion when once commenced. Of course the route for such a road would be Tehuantepec. I never like to predict that a thing can't be done; but it seems to me that a ship with full cargo making a long land-voyage might prove unseaworthy when she got in the water again.

We leave here for Mexico when the steamer *Alexandra*—which sailed from New York yesterday—passes here. It is not my expectation to reach Galena before about the middle of May, nor the Eastern States until time to occupy my Long Branch house,—say about the first of July.

The authorities here have been extremely hospitable, as have been the people also. Last night there was a beautiful fancy ball given to us by one of our citizens. But Mrs. Grant and I could not have it in our hearts to go, having just heard of the death of my dear old friend, associate in the Cabinet, and travelling-companion, Mr. Borie. I knew he was weak, but hoped he had many years before him.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Ammen, Mrs. Atocha, and the children. With best regards to all of them,

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

GALENA, ILLINOIS, May 8th, 1880.

MY DEAR AMMEN,—

I have your letter of May the 4th, and received duly all your letters. I received probably about the time you did the proceedings of the Board of Trade of San Francisco on the subject of an inter-oceanic canal, and read it with great interest. I was going to send it to you, but supposed

from your known interest in the undertaking that you would likely receive it without my sending.

I shall not go East, unless something changes my mind, before breaking up here for the winter,—say about the 1st of December. My mind is not made up yet where to spend the winter, but probably in Washington and Florida.

My visit to Mexico was the pleasantest in all my travels, except possibly to Japan, and of the greatest interest to me. I feel that we may help both countries and help ourselves at the same time. Mexico is ripe now for improvements that will develop her great resources. If we do not take advantage of it and establish friendly and commercial relations, worth millions annually to each country, it will be our own fault. It takes me six to ten hours a day to read and answer my correspondence; otherwise I would prepare, with some care, articles on both Japan and Mexico. But I lack the time and the industry. Has Beale returned? Mrs. Grant has had several letters from Emily, but he had not returned at last accounts.

Please present Mrs. Grant's and my kindest regards to Mrs. Atocha, Mrs. Ammen, and the children.

Yours very truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 17th, 1880.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL AMMEN,—

I received your letter a week ago, and have wanted to answer it ever since. But the fact is I have not been allowed a minute to myself, from the hour of rising to a late hour at night, since I arrived in this city. I am now writing with company in the room, simply to say that I received your letter, and to ask you to say to Captain Phelps that I received one from him also. Say to him that I will aid the Canal enterprise in any way that I can, and that I will at least act as a director, subscribing enough to make me eligible for the position, and that I may accept the position of president if it is tendered, and with prospects of success. But as to the latter I must leave myself free for the present, because I must either reside in a cheap place or do something to give me immediate income. While this Presidential campaign lasts, it seems as if it will be impossible for me to do more than to see people. After that I hope to have more time for the real purposes of my coming East; that is, to interest capitalists in the construction of railroads in Mexico, and the building of an inter-oceanic canal. The latter is embarrassed by Eads' ship-railroad scheme and the Parisian scheme.

I hope to see you soon. I shall probably go to Washington for a day or two before long. Please present Mrs. Grant's and my compliments to Mrs. Ammen and the children.

Yours truly,  
U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 11th, 1881.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL AMMEN,—

We have now been in our new house nearly three weeks, and are beginning to get things in shape to receive all our worldly goods. Fred and his family will constitute a part of our family, and for the winter we expect Nellie and family. The other two boys are keeping house, Buck in his own house, and Jesse in a rented one. Buck has taken the "farming fever," and has purchased about two hundred acres on the Harlem Railroad, in Westchester County, about an hour from the city. He was fortunate enough to purchase from a city merchant who has recovered from the fever, and was able to purchase cheap. The farm is improved with fine stone fences around nearly all the fields, with barns for fifty to one hundred head of horses and cattle, a fine stone house with twenty-one rooms, all furnished, and large and small fruit already bearing. The house was rented out for the summer for one thousand dollars, and the land to a farmer on halves. Buck got one-half the rent for the house, and all the rent for the land, and got the whole for twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, less than the house and furniture would cost to replace. He is already beginning to stock up, and will no doubt be much pleased for a few years at least.

We are now ready to receive our goods from the navy-yard, Washington. May I ask if you will be kind enough to have them shipped to me at No. 3, E. 66th Street, by express? I enclose you the receipts for the goods, with the numbers on the boxes. In addition to the goods receipted for, there was a large family portrait sent some time after the other goods, and for which we have no receipt. Will you be kind enough to have all the pictures sent to care of Goupil, corner 22d Street and Fifth Avenue?

I wrote to you some days ago, saying that the buggies and harness at your farm might be sent to McDermot for sale, but asking you to accept the light buggy with harness, for your use about the farm.

With kind regards to all your family, very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, October 17th, 1881.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL AMMEN,—

The articles you were kind enough to have shipped for me all came to hand, in good order, on Saturday last. If you will be kind enough to have the balance of my goods at the navy-yard shipped as freight, I will be very much obliged.

With kind regards to all your family, very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

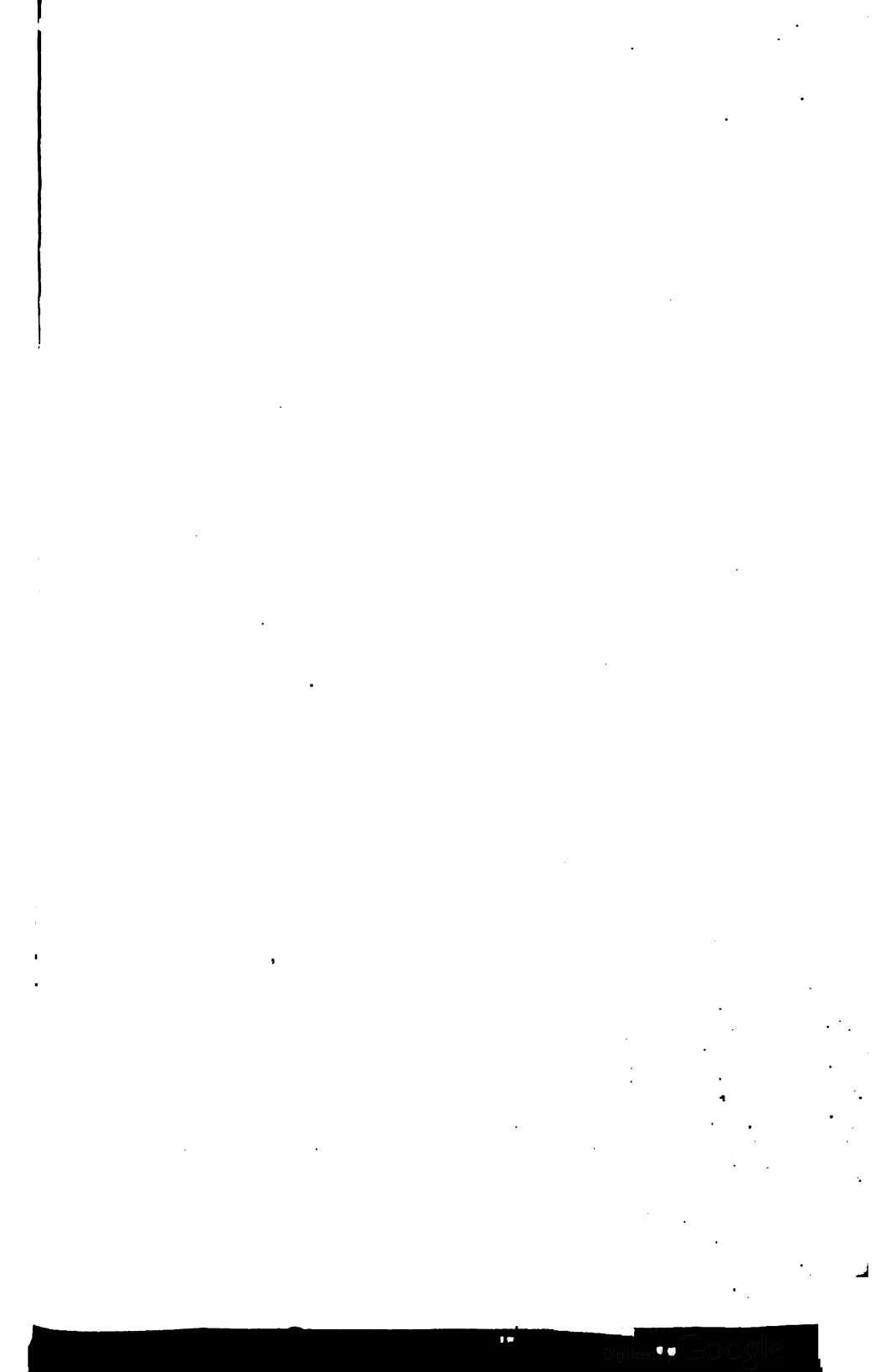
I met General Grant for the last time in Washington, in October, 1881. His residence in New York was distant from the part of the city visited by me at intervals. He was surrounded by new friends, and many of them, and it seemed to me that I would not be missed should I not call. I

have never had other than the most affectionate regard for him, and if in his illness he had sent a message that he wished to see me I would have been at his bedside at once, and have remained as long as he desired my presence. I never go to New York, when the weather and my time will permit, that I do not stand at an early hour in front of that lonely tomb; and I am sure that there is not one of all his old friends and comrades who does not wish to see his remains removed to Arlington. The memory of such a man belongs to a great people,—no less to those of the South than to those of the North. His resting-place should be there, surrounded by the tens of thousands who have fallen in battle, and by the sturdy companions of the war, as General Sheridan, and many others, and by those who in the near future will be gathered to their old companions in arms, who now rest at this burial-spot, which will be visited in coming centuries by multitudes who love their country, and who will wish to honor the remains of the illustrious men and the unnamed thousands who in a dire extremity aided in maintaining the life of a nation.

THE END.











R  
T  
L  
4

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any  
University of California Library  
or to the

NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY  
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station  
University of California  
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

- 2-month loans may be renewed by calling (510) 642-6753
- 1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books to NRLF
- Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days prior to due date.

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

**MAR 28 2000**

12,000 (11/95)

ALA-40m-2,'69  
(J6057s10)476-A-32

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

YC 50161

298657

*E 123  
111*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

**U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES**



005394600

