







By Frederic Stanhope Hill

The Romance of the American Navy
Twenty-Six Historic Ships



**THE BATTLESHIP FLEET AT ANCHOR IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR. THE
"MARYLAND" IN FOREGROUND**

(Copyright, 1908, by Enrique Muller)

The Romance
of
The American Navy

As Embodied in the Stories of Certain of
Our Public and Private Armed Ships

From 1775 to 1909

By

Frederic Stanhope Hill

Late United States Navy "

Author of "Twenty-Six Historic Ships," "Twenty Years at Sea," "The Story of
the 'Lucky Little Enterprise,'" "The Historic Continuity of the
Anglican Church," etc.

Illustrated

G. P. Putnam's Sons

New York and London

The Knickerbocker Press

1910

E182
.H636

COPYRIGHT, 1910
BY
FREDERIC STANHOPE HILL



The Knickerbocker Press, New York

©MA259198

11/19/23

Inscribed

IN RESPECTFUL MEMORY

OF MY GOOD FRIEND

GEORGE EUGENE BELKNAP

REAR-ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY

FOREWORD

IN considering a title for this record of the "Romance of the American Navy" it has been the thought of the writer to use the term "navy" not in its precise or strictly technical meaning, but as covering all vessels commanded or manned by American seamen, whether or not their vessels might, at the time, be included in the roster of the Colonial or American navy.

It is a noteworthy fact that in the Revolutionary War, and, later, in the War of 1812, not less than sixty of the most distinguished officers in our navy served for a time either in command or as officers on board privateers. Truxton, Hopkins, Talbot, Barney, Decatur, Porter, Biddle, Rodgers, Bainbridge, Little, Robinson, and Smith were all in this category.

To show how intimately connected the history of the United States navy has been with that of the privateers it is sufficient to state that in our first war the vessels built or purchased by Government numbered sixty-four, carrying one thousand two hundred and forty-two guns and swivels, which captured one hundred and ninety-six vessels. The privateers numbered seven hundred and ninety-two, carrying more than thirteen

thousand guns and swivels, which captured or destroyed nearly six hundred vessels.

In the War of 1812, the regular navy numbered only twenty-three vessels, carrying five hundred and fifty-six guns. This force captured or destroyed two hundred and fifty-four of the enemy's ships, public and private. The privateers, in the same war, numbered five hundred and seventeen vessels, carrying two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three guns, which took or destroyed one thousand three hundred prizes, valued at \$45,600,000, and captured thirty thousand prisoners, more than one thousand of whom were officers and privates of the regular English army.

It is a very striking fact that, as against these thirty thousand prisoners captured by our private armed ships, there were less than six thousand prisoners taken by our land forces in the War of 1812.

In both of these wars the heroic deeds of our privateersmen were unparalleled in the history of naval warfare. In September, 1814, at a public meeting held in Glasgow by special requisition of the Lord Provost, it was resolved unanimously:

That the number of (American) privateers with which our channels have been infested, the audacity with which they have approached our coasts, and the success with which their enterprise has been

attended have proved injurious to our commerce, humbling to our pride, and discreditable to the directors of the naval power of the British nation, whose flag, till of late, waved over every sea, and triumphed over every rival. That there is reason to believe that in the short space of less than twenty-four months above eight hundred vessels have been captured by that power whose maritime strength we have hitherto, impolitically, held in contempt. . . . and when in the plenitude of our power we have declared the whole American coast under blockade, it is equally distressing and mortifying that our ships cannot with safety traverse our own channels, that insurance cannot be effected but at an excessive premium, and that a horde of American cruisers should be allowed, unheeded, unresisted, and unmolested to take, burn, or sink our own vessels in our own inlets, and almost in sight of our harbors.

In view, therefore, of the undoubted fact that our saucy American privateers were such an important factor in determining the result of the first two wars of this nation, and that so many of the officers and men who fought in these private ships made their first essays in naval warfare as privateersmen, it seems to the writer that, in this volume at least,—side by side with the record of the officers and men of the regular establishment,—should be recorded some of the brilliant deeds of those privateersmen, untrained in military science, who by their

bravery, skill, and patriotism accomplished such extraordinary results.

In the preparation of this work the author has consulted the archives of the Massachusetts State Department, the libraries of the Boston Athenæum and Harvard University, the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion*, the *Life and Letters of Admiral D. G. Farragut*, J. F. Cooper's *History of the American Navy*, the *Biographical Memoir of Commodore Josiah Barney* by Mary Barney, 1832, Harris's *Life and Service of Commodore William Bainbridge*, Waldo's *Life and Character of Stephen Decatur*, Thomas Clark's *Sketch of the Naval History of the United States*, 1813, Higgin's *Naval Battles of the United States*, *Life and Battles of Paul Jones*, [Written by Himself], 1830, *Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy*, by A. C. Buell, J. F. Davis's *Naval Annals*, Maclay's *History of American Privateers*, Morris's *American Navy*, Roosevelt's *War of 1812*, London *Naval Chronicles*, Hollis's *The Frigate Constitution*, J. Butters's *American Bravery in the War of 1812*, Carital's *Life of Silas Talbot*, Wharton's *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, *The United Service Magazine*, Fanning's *Narrative*, Gardner Papers, *Naval Battles and Our New Navy*, H. W. Wilson's *The Downfall of Spain*, and her *Ironclads in Action*, Scharf's

History of the Confederate Navy, and many other contemporaneous publications.

The writer has freely availed himself of these sources, supplemented, in the parts dealing with the Civil War, by such matters as came under his immediate knowledge or personal observation as an officer serving with Farragut at the capture of New Orleans and in the Gulf of Mexico and, later, with Admirals Porter and Lee in the upper Mississippi River. He also gratefully acknowledges in the preparation of his work many valuable suggestions from Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, U. S. N., Retired, and from Rear Admiral George F. F. Wilde, U. S. N., Retired.

F. S. H.

CAMBRIDGE, November, 1909.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD	V
PART I.—THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE WAR OF 1812.	
CHAPTER I	
THE BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE	3

Conditions in the colonies immediately before the Revolution. Commencement of the legislative usurpation on the part of the mother country. A sloop from Madeira seized by the royal officers. The tea-party of 1773 results in Parliament enacting the Boston Port Bill. A congress of representatives from the different colonies convened and royal military supplies seized by the patriots in Rhode Island and New Hampshire. The fights at Concord, Massachusetts, and at Lexington follow. Actual commencement of the War of the Revolution. The first recorded sea fight in 1636. Capture by the patriots of the British cutter *Margaretta* in 1775 at Machias, Maine. Captain Mugford's capture of the British armed ship *Hope* and his contest with the boats from a British frigate. Captain Harding's capture of three British transports laden with troops and military supplies. The *Thorn* takes an armed brig and several other prizes. Capture of the *Gaspé* at Providence, Rhode Island.

CHAPTER II

COMMODORE JOSHUA BARNEY	20
-----------------------------------	----

Young Barney goes to sea at the age of thirteen. He becomes master of the ship *Sidney*, of Baltimore. Passage in a leaky ship to Gibraltar. Gives a bottomry bond for the cost of repairs and sails for Nice. Is imprisoned by the Sardinian governor for refusing his demands. Makes a journey over the Alps to Milan to interview the British Ambassador and returns in triumph to Nice. Sails for Alicante, Spain, where his ship participates in the Conde O'Reilly's expedition against the Moors. He returns in the *Sidney* to Baltimore and learns of the outbreak of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country. Offers his services to his own country as master's mate of the *Hornet* and hoists the first American flag seen in Baltimore. The *Hornet* chased by the *Roebuck's* tender and Barney's breach of discipline. He is ordered as lieutenant to the *Wasp* and later to the *Sachem* on his seventeenth birthday. Barney ordered to the *Andrea Doria*. Captures a snow and while in charge of her Barney is captured by H. B. M. *Perseus*. His affray on board the British ship with her purser. Is paroled. Marries and immediately sails as lieutenant of the *Saratoga*. She is captured by the British *Intrepid*, 74. Barney's imprisonment on the *Yarmouth*, 74, and his subsequent incarceration in the English Mill Prison. His sensational escape, disguised as a British officer. His wanderings and final escape to France. His return home after eighteen months' absence. Is given command of the Pennsylvania State

ship *Hyder Ally*. The capture of the *General Monk*. She is given into Barney's command as the *General Washington*. Barney sails in her for France bearing despatches to Franklin. In the War of 1812 Barney, as captain U. S. N. is given command of Chesapeake Bay flotilla and is wounded at the battle of Bladensburg. Receives sword of honor. His death in 1818.

CHAPTER III

THE "LUCKY LITTLE 'ENTERPRISE'" . . . 38

Officers afterward famous who served as junior officers in the *Enterprise*. Lieutenant Shaw's brilliant service in the West Indies. Summary of her captures. Lieutenant Charles Stewart takes command. She joins the Mediterranean squadron. Capture of the polacre *Tripoli*. Returns home and sails again for Mediterranean under command of Lieutenant Isaac Hall. Destroys an Algerine cruiser. Stephen Decatur assumes command. Destruction of the *Philadelphia* in harbor of Tripoli. The *Intrepid* sent in to Tripoli to destroy enemy's gunboats. Decatur's desperate combat with the enemy's gunboats outside the harbor. Attacks upon Tripolitan fortifications continue. Treaty of peace signed with the Bashaw. War of 1812 declared. *Enterprise*, as a brig, captures the privateer *Fly*. Her fight with and capture of the British brig-of-war *Boxer*. Funeral rites of the two commanders at Portland. Captain John Barry sails in the frigate *Alliance* for France. Takes a British privateer. Captures the *Mars* and the *Minerva*. Capture

of the *Atlanta* and the *Trepassy*. The *Constellation* captures the *Insurgente*.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN PAUL JONES 61

His birth and ancestry. Goes to sea at age of thirteen. Finds his brother William in Virginia. He inherits the estate, taking the name of Jones. His experience as a tobacco planter. Affray with an English lieutenant. The outbreak of hostilities. Jones offers his services and he is appointed on a commission for the purchase of ships of war. Is commissioned as a lieutenant in the Colonial Navy. His cruises in the *Alfred* and *Ranger*. Carries the news of Burgoyne's surrender to France. Captures the British ship *Drake* in the English Channel. Assumes command of the *Bon Homme Richard*. Desperate combat with the British frigate *Serapis* in English Channel, and her capture, his own ship sinking at end of the engagement. Jones received in France with high honors and invested by Louis XVI. with Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit. Receives Medal and Resolution from Congress. Returns home and is given state dinner in New York. Returns to France and is sent on mission to court of Denmark. Empress Catherine commissions him Rear Admiral in Russian Navy. The Liman campaign. Admiral Jones decorated with Order of St. Anne and promoted to Vice-Admiral. His death at Paris. The final formal ceremonies by order of United States Government at the Annapolis Naval Academy.

Contents

xv

PAGE

CHAPTER V

THE CRUISES OF THE PRIVATEERS "YANKEE," "GENERAL PICKERING," AND "PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL"	92
---	----

The *Yankee* makes six successful cruises. Large amount of prize-money from her forty prizes. Harraden's cruise in the *General Pickering*. Capture of the *Golden Eagle*. Fight with the *Achilles*. Last drawn battle. The *Prince de Neufchatel* beats off attack by boats of British frigate *Endymion*.

CHAPTER VI

THREE CRUISES OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTITU- TION"	106
--	-----

Commodore Preble sails to take command of the Mediterranean squadron. His midnight meeting with the British frigate *Maidstone*. War declared with England and Captain Hull sails in command of the *Constitution*. She escapes from a British squadron after a sensational chase. Her contest with H. B. M. frigate *Guerrière* and capture of the British ship. Boston greets Captain Hull on his return. The old ship sails again, commanded by Captain Bainbridge, and captures the frigate *Java*, after a severe fight. The English ship is blown up and Bainbridge returns to Boston to receive honors. The *Constitution* sails under Captain Stewart, on her third cruise. Off the Western Islands encounters the frigate *Cyane* and the sloop-of-war *Levant* and captures them both in an hour. The *Cyane* brought safely home and taken into our service. The *Levant* recaptured by the British.

CHAPTER VII

THE REMARKABLE CRUISE OF THE FRIGATE "ESSEX" AND HER CAPTURE IN VALPARAISO HARBOR	118
---	-----

The *Essex* sails from Salem in search of the frigate *Thetis* and captures British cruiser *Alert*. Capture of the *Nocton*. Porter decides to enter the Pacific. Captures the Peruvian cruiser *Nevada* and recaptures the whaler *Barclay*. Captures the whalers *Georgiana* and *Policy* and arms them as cruisers. Captures the *Atlantic* and *Greenwich* with abundant stores and provisions. Lieutenant Downes captures the *Catherine Rose* and *Hector*. *Rose* sent as a cartel to St. Helena with prisoners. Porter renames the *Atlantic* and commissions her with Downes in command. Grand jollification of the Fourth of July. Five of the prizes sent to Valparaiso in convoy of the *Essex Junior*. The *Essex* captures three more prizes and rendezvouses at the Gallapagos Islands. Captures the *Sir Andrew Hammond* and goes to Nukahiva to refit. With the *Essex Junior* starts for Valparaiso. The British ships *Phoebe* and *Cherub* come into Valparaiso in search of the *Essex*. The desperate fight of the *Essex* with the two British ships and the loss of the American ship.

CHAPTER VIII

THE "WASP" AND HER CONTESTS WITH THE "FROLIC" AND THE "REINDEER" AND "AVON." CAPTURE OF THE TENDER OF THE "HEBRUS"	136
---	-----

The *Wasp* captures the *Frolic*. The *Wasp* and *Frolic* retaken by the *Poictiers*. The second

Contents

xvii

PAGE

Wasp captures the *Reindeer* in English Channel. Also takes several other prizes and later sinks the *Avon*. *Wasp* cruises forty days in Channel, captures many prizes and is never again heard from. A dashing capture by boats of the tender of British frigate *Hebrus*.

CHAPTER IX

THE "HORNET" CAPTURES THE BRITISH SHIPS "PEACOCK" AND "PENGUIN" AND THE "PEACOCK" CAPTURES THE "EPERVIER." CAPTURE OF "MACEDONIAN" BY THE "UNITED STATES"	148
---	-----

Captain Lawrence captures the British ship *Peacock* off the Demerara River. The *Hornet*, in 1815, captures the *Penguin* and she is destroyed. *Hornet* chased by the *Cornwallis*, 74. The *Peacock* captures the *Epervier*. The *United States* captures the frigate *Macedonian*.

CHAPTER X

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON" .	159
--------------------------------------	-----

Captain Lawrence ordered to the command of the frigate *Chesapeake*. Difficulty in securing a crew for the ship. Captain Broke sends in a challenge. The *Chesapeake* sails from Boston. Incidents of the engagement. Captain Lawrence killed. Broke boards and the *Chesapeake* is taken.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE	170
-----------------------------------	-----

Perry ordered to Lake Erie to organize a fleet. Strenuous work to get his vessels ready to meet the enemy. The battle. Perry changes

his flag from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara* and leads her to victory. Burial of the American and English dead. Perry's despatches. His promotion and the various honors bestowed.

CHAPTER XII

THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG" AND THE CAPTURE OF THE "ST. LAWRENCE" 189

Captain MacDonough ordered to Lake Champlain. He builds his flagship the *Saratoga* in forty days, and gets his fleet ready for service. The battle at Plattsburg Bay. Captain Downie killed. His fleet defeated and surrenders. Honors to the victor. The privateer *General Armstrong* destroyed in the harbor of Fayal by boats from a British fleet. The privateer *Chasseur* captures the *St. Lawrence*.

PART II.—THE CIVIL WAR AND THE WAR WITH SPAIN

CHAPTER XIII

THE MUTINY OF THE "SOMERS" 201

Mutinies in the British Navy. Philip Spencer's entry into the service and his antecedents. Ordered to the brig *Somers*. His suspicious behavior on first part of voyage. Discovery of the plot. Details of the plan. Wales reveals the plot to Commander McKenzie. It is decided to place Spencer under arrest. Small and Cromwell also arrested. A court-martial ordered. The principals sentenced to death. Arrangements for the execution. Spencer confesses guilt. The three men are executed. Opinions of the

Contents

xix

public upon the case. Captain McKenzie tried by court-martial and acquitted. Loss of the *Somers* in Gulf of Mexico.

PAGE

CHAPTER XIV

ELLET'S STEAM RAMS IN THE FIGHT AT MEMPHIS	215
---	-----

Charles Ellet suggests the idea of constructing steam rams to the Secretary of War. He predicts the havoc to be wrought by the *Merrimac* if she comes out. After the contest in Hampton Roads Ellet made colonel and given authority to build rams on Western waters. Fort Pillow evacuated. The fight above Memphis. The *Monarch* sinks the *General Price* and the *Queen of the West* cuts the *General Lovell* in two. The *Monarch* disables the *Beauregard*. Colonel Ellet wounded. Complete victory over the Confederate river fleet. Death and state funeral of Colonel Ellet.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAPTURE OF THE "HARRIET LANE" AT GALVESTON	223
---	-----

The Confederate preparations for the assault upon the Federal fleet at Galveston. The first gun on New Year's morning the signal for the attack. The *Bayou City's* New Year's present. The *Neptune* sunk by a shot from the *Harriet Lane*. The *Bayou City* runs her aboard and carries her after the captain and executive officer are killed. The *Westfield* blown up with her commander. Escape of the *Clifton*, *Owasco*, *Sachem*, and *Corypheus*. Burial of Captain Wainwright and Lieutenant-Commander Lea. Sinking of the *Hatteras* by the *Alabama*.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC"	230
--	-----

The arming and equipping of the ram *Merrimac*. Her appearance in Hampton Roads in March, 1862. She attacks and sinks the U. S. S. *Cumberland*. The *Congress*, fast aground, is next attacked and captured. She is fired and her crew taken off. The *Merrimac* retires for the night. The *Monitor* arrives and prepares for the battle. The *Merrimac* comes down in the morning to complete the destruction of the fleet but is met by the *Monitor*. The duel between the two ironclads. Both are impregnable. The *Merrimac* retires and the victory is with the *Monitor*. Final destruction of the *Merrimac* and loss of the *Monitor* at sea.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS BY FARRAGUT	245
--	-----

The selection of a flag officer for the contemplated attack upon the defences of New Orleans. Farragut notifies his wife and enjoins secrecy. The fleet and the troops rendezvous at head of the passes. The character of the defences. Orders for running the batteries. Order of sailing. The night before the attack. The chain opened by Caldwell. The fleet under way. The *Hartford* grounded and is on fire. The ubiquitous *Manassas*. The *Varuna* sunk. The *Mississippi* destroys the *Manassas*. The *Brooklyn* sinks the *Warrior*. The *Kennebec* and *Winona* forced to return. Victorious fleet anchors at Quarantine. They proceed up

Contents

xxi

PAGE

the river, skirmish at Chalmette, and anchor off New Orleans. Wild disorder in city. Refusal of mayor to surrender. Landing of armed parties from fleet and flag raised over city. Arrival of General Butler and formal occupation of city by his force.

CHAPTER XVIII

BUILDING THE RED RIVER DAM 266

Combined naval and military movement undertaken on Red River. Porter's fleet ascends the river to Alexandria. News of reverses to Banks's army causes a retreat to be ordered. Rapid fall of the river prevents gunboats from getting below the falls. Colonel Bailey builds a dam and releases the gunboats from their perilous position. Summary of results.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RAM "ALBEMARLE" 277

The Confederate ram *Albemarle* built to control Albemarle Sound. Her contest with the *Southfield* and *Miami*. She sinks the *Southfield*. Captain Flusser killed. Engagement with the *Sassacus* whose boiler explodes and Federal fleet withdraws. First attempt to torpedo *Albemarle* fails. Lieutenant Cushing formulates plan for sinking the vessel, which is successful. Cushing's report of the affair. Admiral Porter's praise of Cushing. He receives thanks of Congress and is promoted. His services at taking of Fort Fisher.

CHAPTER XX

THE "KEARSARGE" AND "ALABAMA" FIGHT . 284

Arrival of the *Alabama* at Cherbourg. Captain Winslow hears of this at Antwerp. Sails at once to meet his enemy. Semmes

accepts Winslow's challenge and comes out to meet the *Kearsarge*. The battle in the channel. The *Kearsarge* the victor, receiving little damage. The *Alabama* sinks. Officers and crew saved by *Kearsarge* and English yacht *Deerhound*.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY 292

The crowning achievement of Farragut's naval career. The defences of Mobile Bay. Buchanan's formidable flagship the *Tennessee*. Farragut's arrangements for entering the bay. The fleet gets under way. Confederate fleet takes position in opposition. The *Tecumseh* blown up. The *Brooklyn* pauses and throws line into confusion. Farragut dashes ahead and takes the lead. Conflict with the *Tennessee*. Destruction and capture of enemy's gunboats. The fleet anchors. The *Tennessee* comes out from under the forts and is finally mobbed to death and captured. Farragut goes north after his victory and is present at surrender of Richmond with President Lincoln. Is made Admiral of the Navy by action of Congress. His European cruise in the *Franklin* and superb reception at foreign courts. Returns to United States and dies in 1870.

CHAPTER XXII

UNITED STATES SHIPS CAST ASHORE BY TIDAL WAVES AND HURRICANES. THE "MONONGAHELA," "DE SOTO," AND "WATEREE" CAST ASHORE BY TIDAL WAVES 303

The U. S. S. *Monongahela* carried ashore by a tidal wave at the island of St. Croix, and

is carried back by a receding wave to a reef in the harbor. As a result of the catastrophe two naval marriages are celebrated. The *De Soto* thrown ashore at St. Thomas and carried back by a receding wave. The *Wateree* thrown ashore at Arica, sold and converted into a summer hotel. Total destruction of the *Fredonia* with great loss of life. The loss of the U. S. S. *Trenton*, *Nipsic*, and *Vandalia* in a hurricane at Apia, island of Samoa, in March, 1889. The *Trenton* prepares for heavy weather, but the hurricane sets her adrift with four anchors down. The British ship *Calliope* slips, and narrowly avoiding a collision with the *Trenton*, after receiving the cheers of her crew, gets safely to sea. Comments of the English press. Fate of the *Vandalia* and death of Captain Schoonmaker. The survivors sent to San Francisco. Loss of the U. S. S. *Saginaw* and the 1500-mile trip of her boat in search of aid. Loss of Lieutenant Talbot in the surf at Kanai. Rescue of surviving officers and crew of *Saginaw*.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE" . . . 323

The battle-ship *Maine* ordered to Havana. She arrives and is moored to a buoy heretofore unused. Cool reception of officers by the authorities and public. The explosion on the night of February 15th. Reception of news of the disaster in the United States. The official investigation. Decision that explosion was caused by explosion of mine outside the vessel. Action of Congress and declaration of war with Spain. The *Ma-*

chias and *Winslow* go into Cardenas harbor to destroy Spanish gunboats; next day, with *Wilmington* and *Hudson*, they renew the attack. Brisk engagement. Death of Ensign Bagley. The *Hudson* tows the *Winslow* safely out and the *Wilmington* destroys the Spanish gunboats.

CHAPTER XXIV

DEWEY IN MANILA BAY 337

Secretary Long telegraphs to Dewey at Yokohama to be in readiness for war with Spain. Dewey's characteristic letter to his sister. He sails for Manila. Reconnoitres Subig Bay. Passes Corregidor and opens on Spanish fleet. Passes five times by the enemy's ships. Destroys Montojo's flagship and withdraws his ships for breakfast. The engagement renewed. Total destruction of Spanish fleet. Dewey made Rear Admiral and receives other honors from Congress and from his native State.

CHAPTER XXV

THE RACE OF THE "OREGON" AROUND CAPE HORN 346

Captain Edgar Clark ordered to command the *Oregon*, which is to join the fleet for the attack on Cuba. The *Marietta* to precede her and make advance arrangements for coaling. The *Oregon* enters the Straits of Magellan. Three days lost in transferring wool from the coal. Captain Clark warned of Spanish torpedo-boat at Monte Video. *Oregon* arrives at Rio de Janeiro safely. Receives news of Dewey's victory at

Manila. The torpedo-boat *Temerario* fails to materialize. *Oregon* arrives at Key West. Captain Clark congratulated upon successful voyage by Secretary of Navy.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOBSON SINKS THE "MERRIMAC" IN SANTIAGO HARBOR. 356

Admiral Sampson decides to obstruct the harbor by sinking the collier *Merrimac* in the entrance. Consults with Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson upon plans. Hobson formulates a plan and asks to be allowed to take the vessel in. His request granted. Volunteers called for. A general response. Seven selected. The ship stripped and arrangements made for speedy sinking. The start made. The *Merrimac* sighted by the picket boat. The batteries open upon her. Furious fire as the ship sinks. The crew cling to a catamaran and are rescued by Admiral Cervera. Hobson taken on board the *Reina Mercedes* as a prisoner. News of his capture sent off by flag-of-truce boat to Admiral Sampson. The prisoners sent to the Morro, where they are kept for a month before exchange.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET AT SANTIAGO 366

The elusive fleet at last placed at Santiago. The quiet Sunday morning of July 3d. Admiral Sampson starts for Siboney in the *New York* to confer with General Shafter. The signal "Enemy's ships coming out"

startles the fleet into activity. The *Maria Teresa* leads the hostile procession. She is quickly driven ashore a blazing wreck. The *Oquendo* next meets her fate and the *Vizcaya* follows suit. The *Gloucester* takes care of the *Pluton* and *Furor* and the *Cristobal Colon*, after a forty-eight miles' run, succumbs to the fire of the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* and runs ashore and surrenders. Complete annihilation of Spain's last and finest squadron.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CRUISE OF THE BATTLE-SHIP FLEET AROUND THE WORLD	373
INDEX	385

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<p style="text-align: center;">THE BATTLESHIP FLEET AT ANCHOR IN SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR. THE "MARYLAND" IN FOREGROUND <i>Frontispiece</i> (Copyright, 1908, by Enrique Muller.)</p>	
<p>JOSHUA BARNEY 20 From an engraving after a miniature by Isabey.</p>	
<p>COMMODORE ESEK HOPKINS 26 From a mezzotint portrait published by Thomas Hart in London in 1776.</p>	
<p>ISAAC HULL 44 From the painting by Gilbert Stuart.</p>	
<p>DECATUR'S STRUGGLE WITH THE ALGERINES 50 From the drawing by F. O. C. Darley.</p>	
<p>THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE "BOXER" 52 From an original painting.</p>	
<p>COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE 54 From the painting by Gilbert Stuart.</p>	
<p>UNITED STATES SHIP "CONSTELLATION" 60</p>	
<p>COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES 62 From the portrait by G. W. Peale.</p>	

	PAGE
JACOB JONES	64
From an engraving of the painting by Rembrandt Peale.	
STEPHEN DECATUR	98
From an engraving of the painting by T. Sully.	
COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE	108
From the painting in Faneuil Hall, Boston.	
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIERE," AUGUST 19, 1812 .	112
From the drawing by G. White.	
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA," DECEMBER 29, 1812 .	120
From a sketch by Lieut. Buchanan.	
THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "ESSEX" AND BRITISH SHIPS "PHOEBE" AND "CHERUB," MARCH 28, 1814	126
From an old woodcut.	
JOHNSTON BLAKELEY	130
From the painting by Gimbrede.	
DAVID PORTER	134
From an engraving of the painting by J. Wood.	
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "WASP" AND THE "FROLIC," OCTOBER 18, 1812	136
From an old print.	

Illustrations

xxix

	PAGE
ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT	140
From a photograph taken in New Orleans in 1862.	
ISAAC CHAUNCEY	144
From an engraving of the painting by J. Wood.	
THE "HORNET" AND THE "PEACOCK"	154
From an old print.	
JAMES LAWRENCE	160
From an engraving by Leney of the por- trait by Stuart.	
LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS LUDLOW	164
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON," JUNE 1, 1813	168
From the painting by J. E. Schetky.	
THE ARRIVAL OF THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON" AT HALIFAX	170
From an old print.	
THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE	172
OLIVER H. PERRY	180
From an engraving of the painting by J. W. Jarvis.	
THOMAS MACDONOUGH	190
From an engraving of the painting by J. W. Jarvis.	

	PAGE
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC"	216 ^v
From an old print.	
THE SINKING OF THE "MONITOR"	242
From the engraving by John Sartain after the drawing by J. Hamilton.	
REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AND FLEET-CAPTAIN PERCIVAL DRAYTON ON THE DECK OF THE "HARTFORD" IN MOBILE BAY IN 1864	246 ^v
From a photograph.	
THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE RED RIVER DAM	268
Drawn by William J. Wilson.	
LIEUTENANT CUSHING'S TORPEDO BOAT SINK- ING THE "ALBEMARLE" IN ROANOKE RIVER, N. C.	280
From an old woodcut.	
UNITED STATES SHIP "KEARSARGE"	286 ^v
THE "KEARSARGE" SINKING THE "ALABAMA" OFF CHERBOURG	290 ^v
THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864	292
From an old woodcut by G. Gibson.	
THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD "TENNESSEE"	294
From a photograph taken at Algiers, La., in 1864.	
ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY	338
UNITED STATES CRUISER "OLYMPIA"	342

Illustrations

xxxix

	PAGE
UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP " OREGON " . . .	348 ✓
U. S. S. " CONNECTICUT " AT HAMPTON ROADS .	374 ✓
(Copyright, 1908, by Enrique Muller.)	
ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS	378 ✓
(Copyright, 1907, by Enrique Muller.)	
THE FORWARD DECK OF A MODERN BATTLESHIP	382 ✓
(Copyright, 1908, by Enrique Muller.)	

PART I

The War of the Revolution

and

The War of 1812

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNING OF THE STRUGGLE

PREVIOUS to the War of the Revolution the North American Colonies possessed no naval force, the defence of their seacoast and the protection of their commerce being entrusted to the British navy. Yet a large number of the colonists were more or less acquainted with naval affairs. The merchant vessels owned in the numerous seaports that had grown up within the colonies contributed to form a large body of brave, hardy, enterprising, and experienced seamen, who, in the early years of the eighteenth century, as one hundred years later, in 1860, were ready and willing to officer and man a navy that was to be created in a dire emergency.

As early as 1748, when the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was declared, five hundred vessels are said to have cleared from Boston alone, in a single year, and four hundred and thirty to have entered that port. This was exclusive of coasting vessels. The trade of New York and Philadelphia was somewhat less than that of Boston.

About this time it became a practice among the gentry of the American provinces to cause their sons to be entered as midshipmen in the royal navy. It is generally known that George Washington was intended for such a life and that the tender affection of his mother, who could not be persuaded to part with her favorite son, alone prevented his entry into the British naval service.

Immediately after the peace of 1763 the legislative usurpation on the part of the mother country began, which twenty years later terminated in the independence of the colonies. Fresh attempts to enforce the hated Navigation Act were made in 1768 and at Boston a sloop from Madeira, loaded with wine, was seized by the royal officers and placed under charge of the *Romney* man-of-war. A mob collected and the public officers were speedily compelled to seek protection in the castle. This overt act of violent resistance to authority on the part of the patriots was soon followed by the famous "tea party" in 1773, which brought forth from Parliament in retaliation the Boston Port Bill, a high-handed measure that denied the people of the town all direct participation in its commerce, produced much distress in Boston, and caused great indignation throughout the country.

Events now moved quickly and the colonists began to prepare seriously for an appeal to

force to recover vested rights that they had lost. A Congress of representatives from the different colonies convened and a system of organization and concert was adopted to unite as many as possible in the fast approaching struggle.

Laws having been passed in England in 1774 prohibiting the exportation of arms or military supplies to American ports, the cannon and powder of the Crown were seized by the colonists at various points. Twenty-six guns of different calibres were thus found on Fort Island and carried to Providence, and, in all, the Rhode Island people are said by these bold measures to have got possession of forty guns. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a body of four hundred men marched to the castle at the mouth of the harbor, kept the small garrison in check, and breaking open the magazine carried off one hundred barrels of powder.

Among other depots of war material one had been made by the patriots at Concord, Massachusetts. The attempt to destroy this by General Gage brought on the famous fight at Lexington, which was the actual commencement of the War of the Revolution.

Within twenty years after the first settlement of Plymouth, ship-building and navigation began to occupy much of the attention of New England and as every vessel of any size carried light guns the early commerce of the period

had most of the characteristics of an armed trade.

The first recorded sea engagement that probably ever occurred between inhabitants of the American colonies and enemies afloat was the rather remarkable conflict between John Gallop, captain and owner of a trading sloop of twenty tons, and some Narragansett Indians.

In May, 1636, Gallop, in his little vessel, manned by himself, one man, and two boys, was compelled by stress of weather to bear up for a refuge near Plum Island, in Long Island Sound, where he discovered close to the shore a pinnace, very similar to his own, which he at once recognized as that of a Mr. Oldham, who to his knowledge had lately sailed on a trading expedition with a crew of two white boys and two Narragansett Indians.

Gallop hailed, but receiving no answer, he ran closer in, when he discovered fourteen Indians lying on the deck of the pinnace. A canoe manned by Indians and loaded with goods had just started for the shore. Gallop's suspicion that Oldham had been overpowered by the savages was confirmed by the Indians slipping the cable of the pinnace and standing off before the wind in the direction of Narragansett Bay.

The brave fellow, undaunted by the superiority in numbers of his opponents, at once made sail in chase and running alongside of the pinnace fired a volley of duck shot point blank at

the Indians. The savages, having swords, spears, and some firearms, attempted a resistance, but Gallop by the rapidity and precision of his fire soon drove them below. Fearing to board, in the face of such odds, Gallop allowed the pinnacle to drift to leeward, while he hauled his own vessel by the wind, and then, putting his helm up, ran down with a free sheet on the weather quarter of the pinnacle, striking her with such force as to nearly capsize the little vessel.

The Indians were now so much alarmed that six of them rushed frantically on deck and leaped into the sea, where they were all drowned before they could reach the shore. The sloop was again hauled off and Gallop lashed his anchor over the bows in such a way that as he ran the pinnacle down the second time the fluke of the anchor was forced through the frail side of the little vessel, making an opening through which Gallop and his crew opened fire on the Indians sheltered in the hold.

Finding it impossible, however, to dislodge his enemies in this manner, Gallop loosened his fasts and hauled up to windward a third time to renew his ramming tactics, when four or five more Indians jumped overboard and speedily shared the fate of the others in the rough water. An unarmed Indian now appearing on deck and, by signs, offering submission, Gallop ran his shallop alongside, received his

captive, and, binding him hand and foot, put him safely in the hold. Another man soon appeared and was also bound, but, on second thought, fearing to increase the number of his prisoners, Gallop decided to throw him into the sea and let him take his chance.

Only two Indians now remained in the pinnace, but as they had got into the cabin and, being armed, were difficult to dislodge, Gallop, like John Gilpin, being of a prudent turn, providently removed all the goods that remained to his own sloop, stripped the pinnace of her sails, and, taking her in tow, hauled up for the islands again. The wind, however, freshened to such a degree that Gallop finally decided to cut the pinnace adrift and abandon her.

The body of Mr. Oldham was found on board the pinnace fearfully mangled, the flesh still warm. The report of Captain Gallop of this affair induced the Governor of the Massachusetts Colony to send a punitive expedition, under Endicott, against the Narragansetts, which inflicted much injury to their dwellings and crops.

The first colonial sea-fight after the battle of Bunker Hill was the curious partisan conflict at Machias, Maine, that resulted in the capture of the British armed cutter *Margaretta*, Lieutenant Moore, in June, 1775. The cutter had been ordered to Machias, with two sloops in convoy, to obtain lumber for the construction of barracks for the royal troops occupying Boston.

News of the commencement of hostilities having reached Machias soon after the arrival of the *Margaretta* the patriots of that settlement determined to frustrate this effort of the royal government to obtain the needed building materials.

Since his arrival at Machias Lieutenant Moore had made himself very obnoxious to the villagers, especially by his arrogant demand that the liberty pole on the village green be taken down, under threat of opening fire upon the town. A public meeting was called and voted not to take the pole down and word was privately sent out to the surrounding settlements for aid. On Sunday, May 10th, the inhabitants began to assemble, armed with such muskets as they could collect. An incident is related in the *History of Machias* that clearly shows the temper of the people in those days. The men who came from Pleasant River were short of powder, having only two or three charges each. One of them, Josiah Weston, in his haste having forgotten his powder horn, his wife Hannah, seventeen years old, accompanied by her sister, followed the trail through the woods, carrying a bag of ammunition weighing forty pounds; and reached Machias the next day.

It was planned to capture Lieutenant Moore and his officers in church, on Sunday, but unfortunately Moore, who sat near the window, saw the assailants gathering, became suspicious,

and escaped, with his officers, by the open window to the shore, where he gave the alarm. Springs were at once got upon the *Margaretta's* cable and by way of intimidation a few harmless shots were fired over the town, before the cutter got under weigh and dropped down the river. The townsfolk, however, followed the little vessel and harassed her from the high banks of the river, until she ran into the bay, where, at the confluence of the rivers, she anchored.

But the patriots were not yet satisfied and the following morning, Monday, May 11th, four young men took possession of the lumber sloop *Unity* and bringing her alongside a wharf announced their intention of capturing the royal vessel. A party of forty men was soon collected and with twenty guns, many of them fowling pieces, thirteen pitchforks, a few scythes, and ten or twelve axes, they made sail on their daring adventure against a vessel armed with four light guns in broadside and fourteen swivels, with a trained crew of regular seamen. Lieutenant Moore seems to have used every available means to avoid a collision, even resorting to cutting away his boats, which were in tow, as the sloop came up with him.

At last finding that his assailants were rapidly gaining upon him he opened fire, and a man was killed on board the sloop. The fire was immediately returned by a man named Knight,

from an old-fashioned "wall piece," loaded with slugs. This discharge not only killed the man at the *Margaretta's* helm but also cleared her quarter-deck of combatants, and, as the cutter broached to, the sloop's crew, delivering a general discharge of musketry, boarded, as the vessels came together. Lieutenant Moore endeavored to repulse the boarders by throwing hand grenades, with considerable effect, but he was shot down and the vessel was soon taken possession of. The loss on both sides is said to have been twenty killed and wounded.

This affair, that has been called "the Lexington of the sea," was a sudden, unorganized rising of the people against a regular force. The party was originally without a leader, but at the last moment Jeremiah O'Brien was chosen by his comrades to command the sloop, and under his orders the armament of the captured *Margaretta* was transferred to a sloop. A month later she sailed on a cruise, actually capturing two armed English vessels, carrying jointly eight guns and sixteen swivels, sent out from Halifax to secure O'Brien. The skill and daring displayed by this partisan leader in these two affairs secured the attention of the Colonial Council and O'Brien was appointed a captain in the marine of the colony and sent to sea with his prizes with orders to intercept vessels bringing in supplies to the royal forces.

Captain O'Brien was equally successful in this

duty, recapturing a schooner that had fallen into the hands of the enemy and also a cutter and two barges with thirty-five men, under the command of a lieutenant of the royal navy. Later O'Brien commanded several privateers and was captured by the British in 1780, confined for six months in the *Jersey*, prison-ship, and finally was sent to England and incarcerated in the Mill Prison. He escaped from this place, however, and crossed the English Channel to France in a fishing boat and returned to America, just as hostilities ended. One of our torpedo boats is named the *O'Brien* in honor of this Captain Jeremiah O'Brien.

In May, 1776, General Artemas Ward, who had been placed by Washington in command of the Continental forces in Boston, after its evacuation by the British, commissioned Captain Mugford, an adventurous Marbleheader, and gave him command of the small schooner *Franklin* of fifty tons, armed with four guns. After having commissioned Mugford, however, General Ward, influenced by reports derogatory to the captain's character, despatched an express revoking his orders, but fortunately, as it proved, Mugford had already sailed.

The *Franklin* had not fairly got out of the bay when she sighted a large armed ship, the *Hope*, a vessel of three hundred tons, mounting six guns and loaded with military supplies for the British garrison lately in Boston. Notwith-

standing the British squadron under Commodore Banks was in sight in Nantasket Roads, Mugford bore down on the *Hope* and, by a *coup de main*, boarded her without serious opposition. While the Americans, however, were busily engaged in taking possession of their prize, the English captain ordered his men to cut her top-sail halliards and ties, with a view of impeding the sailing of the ship, thereby giving the boats of the squadron time to come up. But Mugford, sensible of the danger he was in, threatened the seamen with immediate death if the captain's orders were obeyed, and by his resolute manner deterred them from the attempt at rescue until he had brought the ship through Broad Sound into Boston harbor. His prize proved of enormous value to the Continental arms, as her cargo included fifteen hundred barrels of powder, one thousand carbines, a number of gun carriages, and a complete assortment of artillery implements and pioneer tools.

As soon as Mugford saw his prize safe in port he again put to sea, but the tide making against him, he anchored for the night off Pudding-gut Point. At daybreak next morning he discovered thirteen man-of-war boats pulling toward him from the English fleet. The gallant captain at once prepared for repelling boarders, by getting springs on his cables, tricing up boarding nettings, and having a quantity of twelve-pound shot heated red hot in his galley. As the

boats drew near he opened so murderous a fire as actually to sink five of them before they got alongside. The crews of the remaining boats attempted to board, but they were received with hot shot dropped into the boats and those of the crew that managed to climb up the *Franklin's* side had their hands cut off as they laid them over the gunwales of the schooner.

The brave Mugford, while making a blow with his cutlass at one of the enemy, received a mortal gunshot wound in his breast. Retaining his presence of mind, however, he called to his lieutenant, "I am a dead man, but do not give up the vessel, you will be able to beat them; if not, cut the cable and run the schooner on shore!" In a few moments the gallant fellow expired. The lieutenant ran the schooner on shore as directed and the boats withdrew with a loss of seventy men in the short but fatal engagement. The American loss was only one man killed, beside the gallant Mugford.¹

The Connecticut Colony brig *Defence*, fourteen guns, Captain Seth Harding, was working out of Plymouth Bay early on the morning of June 17, 1776, when a desultory firing to the northward attracted the attention of her commander, who at once crowded sail in the direction of the cannonading. About dusk he fell in with four small American schooners, which had been

¹ *Pennsylvania Magazine.*

having a running fight with two British transports, the *Annabella* and the *Howe*, that had proved too heavy for them. After beating off the schooners, the transports had gone into Nantasket Roads and anchored for the night. One of the schooners was the *Lee*, 8, Captain Daniel Waters, the other three were privateers.

After consulting with the other captains, Harding stood into the Roads and at about eleven o'clock he anchored between the transports, within pistol shot. Some hailing now ensued and Captain Harding boldly ordered the enemy to strike. A voice from the larger English vessel answered, "Ay, ay—I'll strike," and a broadside was immediately poured into the *Defence*. The Americans responded and a sharp action, that lasted more than an hour, followed, when both British vessels surrendered. These transports contained nearly two hundred soldiers of the Seventy-first Regiment, the same corps as those shortly after taken by the *Doria*, and among the officers was Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, commanding the regiment. At the close of the fight the *Defence* was a good deal cut up aloft and had nine men wounded. The British loss was eighteen killed, and a large number wounded. Among the slain was Major Menzies, the officer who had answered the hail in the manner above mentioned.

The next morning the *Defence* sighted a sail in the bay and gave chase, capturing another

transport, the *John and George*, with six guns, having more than one hundred men of the Seventy-first Regiment on board. Thus did nearly three hundred men of one of the best corps in the British army fall into the hands of the Americans through the daring of the commander of this light cruiser. The *Defence* was lost in 1779 in the ill-fated Penobscot expedition.

Captain Daniel Waters, who so successfully aided in the capture of the two British transports, received a commission in the colonial navy in recognition of his gallant conduct in that affair. In 1778, while in command of the sixteen-gun ship *Thorn*, Captain Waters fell in with the British sixteen-gun brig *Governor Tryon* in company with the *Sir William Erskine*, 18, Captain Hamilton. Waters at once closed with the two British vessels and after an action lasting two hours, in which the English Captain Stebbins was killed, compelled both vessels to surrender. On the passage home Captain Waters captured the ship *Spartan*, eighteen guns and ninety-seven men, after an action of fifty minutes, and although his prize the *Governor Tryon* escaped under cover of night, just before reaching Boston, he brought the *Sir William Erskine* and the *Spartan* safely into port.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "GASPE"

One of the early acts of resistance to the

Crown occurred in 1772 in the waters of Rhode Island. A British vessel of war had been stationed on the coast to enforce the laws, and a small schooner called the *Gaspé*, with a light armament and twenty-seven men, was employed as a tender to run into the shallow waters of the coast. On June 17, 1772, a Providence packet that ran between New York and Rhode Island named the *Hannah*, commanded by a Captain Linzee, hove in sight of the man-of-war, on her passage up the bay. The packet was ordered to heave to, in order to be examined; but her master refused to comply; and being favored by a fresh southerly wind that was sweeping him out of gunshot, the *Gaspé* was signalled to follow. The chase continued for twenty-five miles, under a press of sail, when the *Hannah* coming up with a bar, with which her master was familiar, and drawing less water than the schooner, Captain Linzee craftily led the tender on a shoal, where she struck. The tide falling, the *Gaspé* was not in a condition to be removed for several hours.

The news of the chase was quickly circulated among the citizens of Providence. A strong feeling was excited among the population and toward evening the town drummer appeared in the streets assembling the people. As soon as a crowd was collected the drummer led his followers in front of a shed that stood near one of the stores, when a man disguised as an

Indian suddenly appeared on the roof and proclaimed a secret expedition for that night, inviting all of "stout hearts" to assemble on the wharf precisely at nine, disguised like himself. At the appointed hour most of the men in the place collected at the spot designated, when sixty-four of the stoutest were selected for the undertaking that was in view.

This party embarked in eight of the launches of different vessels lying at the wharves, and taking with them a quantity of paving stones, they pulled down the river in a body. The commander of this naval expedition is supposed to have been a Captain Whipple, who afterward held a commission in the colonial navy. On nearing the *Gaspé*, about two in the morning, the boats were hailed by a sentinel on deck. This man was driven below by a volley of stones. The commander of the *Gaspé* now appeared and, ordering the boats off, he fired a pistol at them. This shot was returned from a musket and the officer was shot in the thigh. By this time the crew of the *Gaspé* had assembled and the party from Providence boarded. The conflict was short but decisive, the schooner's people being knocked down and secured. All on board were then put in the boats, and the *Gaspé* was set on fire. Towards morning she blew up.

Great indignation was excited among the British sympathizers by this bold step and the

The Beginning of the Struggle 19

government offered a reward of £1000 for the leader of the party and £500 to any person who would discover other parties implicated, but no arrests were made.

CHAPTER II

COMMODORE JOSHUA BARNEY

IN the brilliant record of this distinguished sea officer are found combined all the elements of romance and adventure formerly considered necessary to the construction of the old-fashioned three volume novel, such as delighted the hearts of our ancestors.

Joshua Barney, one of fourteen children of William and Frances Holland Barney, was born June 6, 1759, at Bare Creek, which afterward became a part of the city of Baltimore, Maryland. In 1772, at the age of twelve, after a probationary term of one year in a pilot boat, young Barney made his first voyage to sea, in a little brig bound to Cork. During the next two years he made several other voyages to European ports and at fourteen he had attained such proficiency in his profession that he was made second mate of the ship *Sidney*, although he was still rated on the ship's papers as an apprentice.

In December, 1774, the *Sidney* sailed from Baltimore for Nice, but the vessel had scarcely cleared the Capes of Virginia before she sprang a leak and was forced to put back to Norfolk for repairs. There the first mate quarrelled with



JOSHUA BARNEY

From an engraving after a miniature by Isabey

the captain, left the ship, and when the vessel finally went to sea Barney was promoted to his place. A few days after sailing the master, Captain Drysdale, was taken ill and died within a week, thus leaving Barney, at the age of fourteen years and six months, thrown upon his own resources, with all the responsibilities attached to the command of a leaky ship, with a valuable cargo, and a large crew to manage and control.

After burying the commander, young Barney turned his attention to the safety of the ship, and for three weeks it was necessary to maintain incessant labor at the pumps, supplemented by bailing with buckets from the fore peak and after run, to keep the vessel afloat. After weary weeks of this work, as they entered the Mediterranean a heavy gale set in, the leak increased, and it became evident that they must put into Gibraltar as their only hope of safety. There the young captain made application for a permit to enter the King's Dock, where it was found three months would be required for the needed repairs.

It can be readily understood that a very vexatious problem was presented to the British authorities in the appearance of a lad, not yet fifteen, borne on the ship's papers as an apprentice, coming into port as master of a ship, laden with a valuable cargo of grain. Barney, however, was fully equal to the occasion and fortunately found, in the firm of Murray & Son,

wise and competent advisers, who, upon the young man's personal responsibility, advanced him \$3500.00, taking as their security a Bottomry Bond, made payable ten days after the arrival of the repaired ship at Nice. Arrived at the destined port young Barney's troubles were renewed and an unexpected opportunity was presented for testing the courage, determination, and wonderful powers of resource that marked this man's character through life.

The consignees of the cargo of wheat, believing that neither they nor the ship could be held legally responsible for the contract of a minor, and an apprentice, determined to evade, if possible, the payment of the bond. Barney, however, was equally determined that the bond should be paid, as agreed, from the proceeds of the cargo. The merchants remonstrated and menaced, but the young man's resolution was not to be shaken. He was then summoned before the Governor, who commanded him to instantly commence the delivery of the cargo to the consignees, or bear the consequences, but Barney stubbornly persisted in his refusal to deliver the grain until the just claims of Messrs. Murray were satisfied. His Excellency, now thoroughly incensed, ordered the presumptuous stripling to leave his presence. Barney, very composedly, retired, but at the foot of the stairway he was surrounded by a guard of soldiers, arrested, and without ceremony was committed to prison.

After several hours of incarceration in a filthy Sardinian dungeon and taking the sober second thought, for which he had full opportunity, Barney decided that it might possibly be wiser to dissemble, and thus avoid the possible confiscation of his ship. He accordingly sent word to the Governor that he was ready to yield the point in contest and accept his liberty on the proffered terms. The young man was at once set free and he returned to his ship, where his first step was to hoist the British flag at her peak and beneath its folds he informed the Sardinian officer, temporarily in charge, that if he continued his attempts to discharge the cargo, he should consider his ship as captured by a superior force and should abandon her, but, he added, "I shall leave my colors flying, that there may be no pretence hereafter of ignorance as to the nationality to which this insult has been offered!" Rather bold words these, under the circumstances, for a lad of fifteen!

Barney at once mustered his crew and with them went on board an English ship lying in port, whence, with the assistance of young Mr. Murray, who had come on from Gibraltar, he made an appeal to the British Ambassador at the Court of Sardinia. Barney, accompanied by Mr. Murray, set off at once for Milan by post-chaise, to present their claim in person. The only record preserved of this strange jour-

ney is in Barney's journal, which reads: "We crossed the famous Alps, so noted for snow and difficult travel, on mules, we passed through Switzerland and arrived at Milan."

The fiery indignation with which the young mariner described the invasion of his ship by the Sardinian soldiery evidently communicated itself to Sir William Lynch, for the next day the Ambassador presented the matter to His Sardinian Majesty in person. Three days later this international incident was closed by Barney's return in triumph to Nice to meet an obsequious Governor, anxious to conciliate him. As a result the full debt to Messrs. Murray was speedily discharged, the whole expense of the journey to Milan was reimbursed and the Governor actually paid a formal visit to the ship to apologize for the trouble caused and for the unfortunate imprisonment of the young commander. The Governor further offered to pay any sum he chose to demand by way of satisfaction, which Barney very graciously declined to accept.

His business being thus satisfactorily finished, Barney sailed in the *Sidney* for Alicante in Spain, where he arrived just as the royal expedition for the punishment of the Dey of Algiers, under the Conde O'Reilly, was about sailing. To his great annoyance his vessel was detained for employment in the transportation of troops. The fleet comprised six line-of-battle

ships, twelve frigates, and fifty-one smaller vessels, with three hundred and forty transports, carrying thirty thousand troops, one of the most splendid and formidable martial arrays that Europe had ever before witnessed. The fleet anchored before Algiers on July 1st and controversies and dissensions at once began between the naval and military commanders. It was not strange then, under these circumstances, that when the landing of the army finally took place, the victory of the Algerines, who confronted the Spaniards, was practically assured and the repulse of the assailants, with great slaughter, was complete.

Barney returned to his native shores in October and on entering Chesapeake Bay learned that his countrymen were in a state of rebellion and that the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill had already been fought. With this exciting news seething in his mind he presented himself at his owner's counting house.

"Who are you, sir?" queried the surly old merchant, looking up from his desk.

"I am Joshua Barney, sir, master of your ship *Sidney*, just arrived," was the answer.

"Master of my ship, are you, sir? And how dare you, an apprentice boy, presume to take command of a ship of mine?" was the response.

The "apprentice boy" threw on the desk the ship's papers and the accounts of the very profitable voyage. "Read these, sir," he replied,

and turned away to the window. The astonished old gentleman put on his spectacles, took up the bundle of papers, and slowly and with increasing astonishment read them through, then rising from his chair he seized the young man's hand, exclaiming: "Captain Barney, you are welcome home, sir! I am glad to see you. I congratulate you heartily upon your safe return! Your conduct, throughout, meets my cordial approbation, sir, and I am proud that I have so deserving a young man in my employ! Take a seat, sir; we shall see what is to be done, immediately."

Thus ended this truly eventful voyage of nine months, in which Barney, sailing as an apprentice boy, had been, for eight months, captain of the ship and, under most trying conditions, had brought her safely home, with satisfactory profit to her owner and with credit to himself.

Scarcely allowing himself time for a visit to his mother, our young sailor at once offered his services to his country, now in arms, and he was ordered, as master's mate, to the ten-gun sloop *Hornet*, Captain Stone, then fitting out at Baltimore. There he began recruiting a crew for the vessel and by a piece of special good fortune it was his honorable duty to hoist at sunrise, upon a staff placed before his rendezvous, to the music of fife and drum, a new American flag, sent by Commodore Ezek Hopkins from Philadelphia. This was the first flag of the new



COMMODORE ESEK HOPKINS

From a mezzotint portrait published by Thomas Hart in London in 1776

nation that had been seen in Maryland. A great crowd was attracted by the sight of this new flag and before sunset Barney had enlisted a full crew for the colonial cruiser *Hornet*.

While returning from a cruise down the coast of South Carolina, in December, the captain of the *Hornet* was informed by a pilot that the British frigate *Roebuck*, 44, was at anchor in the Delaware roads and that her armed tender was making prizes of American vessels off the capes. Captain Stone, a Bermudian, with little stomach for fighting, stood to the northward, hoping to avoid the enemy, but before reaching Cape May, the tender was sighted and, the *Hornet's* guns being housed, the British vessel bore down, thinking she was a coaster. Without waiting for orders, Barney immediately ran out one of the guns and, with a lighted match in hand, stood prepared for a shot at the approaching enemy, but, to his surprise, Stone ordered him not to fire, "as he had no inclination for shedding blood." At this Barney so far forgot discipline as to throw the match staff at his commanding officer, who only avoided the missile by a rapid movement, the iron point of the staff sticking in the poop-house. By this time the enemy, discovering that his antagonist was an armed vessel, and of superior force, sheered off and escaped, to the great disgust of Barney and the crew of the *Hornet*, who had been assured of making her a prize. Upon the

arrival of the vessel in Philadelphia Stone left her and abandoned his career in the navy, for which he was manifestly unfitted. Barney remained in command of the *Hornet* until she was put out of commission, when he volunteered for the *Wasp*, Captain Charles Alexander, a Scotchman and a most gallant officer.

In his new field of duty Barney soon found full scope for useful and daring work in cutting out vessels captured by the frigate *Roebuck* and in co-operating with Commodore Hazelwood's fleet of row galleys in the defence of the Delaware River. The young officer's efficient service in this direction attracted the favorable attention of Captain Alexander, so that when that gentleman received from Congress a commission as captain in the navy, he warmly recommended his young volunteer to the attention of the Marine Committee and as a result Barney was also honored with a commission as lieutenant in the navy of the United States, and ordered to the sloop *Sachem*, Captain Robinson.

On June 6, 1776, the seventeenth birthday of Lieutenant Barney, the *Sachem* sailed from Philadelphia on a cruise and a few days later encountered a heavily armed letter-of-marque brig, with whom she joined issue. For two hours the combat raged, before the enemy finally surrendered, the British loss in killed and wounded amounting to nearly half her crew.

The *Sachem* also suffered severely; every officer, except the captain and Barney, was either killed or wounded, while more than a third of the crew were disabled. Putting Barney, his first lieutenant, on board the prize, Captain Robinson returned to Philadelphia, with both vessels, where Robinson and Barney were detached from the *Sachem* and ordered to the *Andrea Doria*, a fine fourteen-gun brig, then ready for sea.

Robinson's orders were to proceed to the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, to take in a quantity of arms and ammunition deposited there for the Continental States. On leaving St. Eustatius the *Andrea Doria* captured the British brig *Racehorse*, Lieutenant Jones, with twelve guns and a picked crew. The engagement was a vigorous contest of two hours' duration in which the British vessel was badly cut up and had many officers and men wounded. Mr. Dunn, second lieutenant of the *Doria*, was placed in charge and the two vessels made for the Delaware in company. A few days later an armed snow was captured and Lieutenant Barney was placed in charge of her with a small prize crew, which he increased by several volunteers from the English prisoners. On the 27th of December, after a most tempestuous voyage, Barney got into the harbor of Chincoteague, where he anchored to rest and refresh his wearied crew. On January 3d, when near Cape Henry, he was chased by a ship of war and while endeavoring to make

sail to escape, his English prisoners mutinied and refused duty.

Singling out the evident leader of the mutineers, Barney ordered him on peril of his life to return to his duty, the man refused, and the young lieutenant at once shot him through the shoulder. This evidence that their commander was very much in earnest quelled the outbreak, but it was, unfortunately, then too late, the pursuing ship was upon them, and Barney, with a poor grace, surrendered to H. B. M. ship *Perseus* of twenty guns.

A thoroughly characteristic incident occurred while Barney was a prisoner on board this ship. While off Charleston a number of paroled English prisoners were sent off to her. One of these men, in the presence of Barney and the purser of the *Perseus*, was complaining of the treatment he had received from the "rebels," and stated that they "had been used very ill, having received nothing to eat but bad rice mixed with sand." The purser, waxing hot at this statement, turned fiercely around to Barney and, without a word, gave him a blow with his fist.

With the quickness of lightning Barney—prisoner as he was—returned the blow with such force as sent the purser sprawling over one of the quarter deck guns and before he could be restrained followed the blow up by kicking his antagonist down the hatchway. A tumult ensued, in the midst of which Captain Elphin-

stone appeared on deck and ordered both the combatants to follow him to his cabin. As a result of his investigation of the affray the commander rebuked the purser for his unprovoked attack upon a disarmed prisoner, offered Barney, on his own part, a most gentlemanly apology for the insult, and permitted him to be included in a list of paroled prisoners and sent on shore in exchange for an English lieutenant lately captured by the Americans.

Barney was again captured the following March and held as a prisoner for five months on board the *Jersey*, prison ship, in New York harbor. Finally, on being exchanged, in February, 1779, his old commander, Captain Robinson, selected him as his first officer for a fine letter-of-marque of twelve guns. On the way to Bordeaux they beat off, after a severe fight, the British privateer *Rosebud*, of sixteen guns, carrying one hundred and twenty men. In this engagement the enemy lost forty-seven men. Returning from France they were more fortunate, capturing a letter-of-marque of sixteen guns, which Barney took command of and brought safely into Philadelphia.

Having now arrived at the mature age of twenty years, and being in receipt of a goodly sum in prize money, our hero decided to take unto himself a wife, and, after a rather brief wooing, he led to the altar Miss Harriet Bedford, of Philadelphia. It being war time the

honeymoon was necessarily short and Barney was soon ordered, as lieutenant, to the Continental ship *Saratoga*, 14, Captain John Young. In two days after leaving port the *Saratoga* captured a fine ship and two brigs, with valuable cargoes and carrying, jointly, sixty-two guns, with upwards of two hundred men.¹ The next day Barney's prize, the *Charming Molly*, was captured by H. B. M. ship *Intrepid*, 74 guns. The *Saratoga* escaped, but was never after heard from; it is supposed that she foundered at sea.

The tide of fortune seemed to have ebbed for a time for Barney, for Captain Malloy, of the *Intrepid*, treated him with the utmost cruelty during the whole passage to New York, keeping him on the poop, exposed to the weather and the severities of a cold snowstorm without warm clothing or bedding. In December, 1789,² he, with seventy other officers, was put on board the *Yarmouth*, 74, by order of Admiral Rodney, and sent to England. For fifty-three days these officers were confined in the hold of the ship, thirty feet below the upper deck, in a close apartment without air, and supplied with insufficient food and with water of the worst quality. In

¹ The contest with the ship, the *Charming Molly*, was conducted with spirit and promptitude. Running alongside, Captain Young delivered his fire and threw fifty men on the enemy's deck, when a fierce but short struggle ensued that ended in the capture of the ship. Lieutenant Barney led the boarders, and the crew that he overcame is said to have been double that of his own party.

this wretched confinement, unfit for the vilest criminals, these gentlemen were kept on the passage from New York to Plymouth.

As a result of this barbarous treatment a pestilence broke out among the prisoners and eleven of them died before the ship reached port. On their arrival in Plymouth the survivors, pale, emaciated, and feeble, were ordered on deck, but none of them was able to stand erect, many of them could not stand at all, while the effect of the sudden light of day—from which they had been excluded for nearly two months—upon the weak and dilated pupils of their eyes is described by Barney, in his journal, as being “insufferably severe.”

The wretched prisoners were at once removed to a prison ship and were later sent as “rebels” to the Mill Prison, where they found between two and three hundred of their unfortunate countrymen already incarcerated.

The record of Barney’s sensational escape from this formidable stronghold in the disguise of a British officer; his wanderings through the surrounding country; his escape from the inhospitable shores of Britain in a lugger bound across the Channel to France; the capture of the little vessel by an English privateer and the enforced return of Barney to England; his escape from the privateer and his renewed wandering in disguise, until friends were at last found who concealed the escaped

prisoner in their house, until a little fishing vessel was purchased in which he was safely carried to the friendly shores of France,—all these are related at length in Barney's journal. This truly romantic story, the details of which were amply verified by the official investigation made by Admiral Digby, is but another verification of the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

Barney remained on the Continent until November, 1781, waiting for a favorable opportunity to return home, and it was not until December that he reached his native shores, having been absent eighteen months without receiving a word from his family, which he now found increased by the presence of a fine little boy, his first-born child.

Five days after his arrival at Philadelphia the State of Pennsylvania honored Lieutenant Barney with the command of their ship the *Hyder Ally*, of sixteen guns and one hundred and ten men. He at once entered with ardor upon his new duties and, thirteen days later, sailed with a convoy of merchant vessels. In the lower bay two ships and a brig were discovered standing for them. Signalling his convoy to return to the river, Barney kept astern of the ships, covering them from the enemy. One of the two British ships came within pistol-shot, delivering a broadside as she approached. The *Hyder Ally* at once opened her ports and as the enemy

ranged up for boarding, Barney called out in a loud voice to the man at the wheel, "*Hard a port*"—meanwhile sending a messenger with an order to have the wheel put *hard a starboard*. By this manœuvre the enemy's jibboom caught in the fore rigging of the *Hyder Ally*, giving her a raking position, and in twenty-six minutes twenty broadsides of grape, canister, and round shot were poured into the helpless ship.

Her flag came down in less than thirty minutes, but the frigate, a little way astern and rapidly coming up, remained to be dealt with. Sending his first lieutenant and thirty-five men on board the prize, with orders to make all sail and push up the bay, Barney covered her retreat with the *Hyder Ally* until, finding herself out-sailed, the frigate abandoned the chase and anchored. It was then, only, that Barney learned from his lieutenant in charge the gratifying news that their prize was H. B. M. ship *General Monk*, Captain Rogers, R. N., with twenty guns and one hundred and thirty-six men—nearly double his own weight of metal and with a fighting force greater by a fourth than his own. The British loss in this engagement was twenty killed and thirty-three wounded. Among the former were the first lieutenant, purser, surgeon, boatswain, and gunner; among the latter, the commander and every officer on board except one midshipman. The *Hyder Ally* had but four killed and eleven wounded.

The capture of this fine ship in the presence of the British frigate *Quebec* was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war, and in recognition of it the Legislature of Pennsylvania presented Captain Barney with an engrossed vote of thanks and a gold-mounted sword. The United States purchased the *General Monk*, re-named her the *General Washington*, and took her into the service, giving the command of her to Captain Barney. On the 18th of May Barney was ready for sea and sailed in the *Washington* with a large convoy, bearing despatches for Franklin at the French Court. He returned, bringing \$600,000 in gold for the Government, and also the welcome news that the preliminaries of peace had been signed.

After the termination of the war Barney returned to France and entered the service of the French Government, receiving the commission of *Chef de Division* in her navy. In the War of 1812, Barney was commissioned Captain in the United States Navy and was appointed to the command of the flotilla organized for the defence of Chesapeake Bay. He was very active in this service and was severely wounded at the Battle of Bladensburg. For his gallantry on that occasion he received a sword of honor from the city of Washington.

Captain Barney died in Pittsburg, Pa., in 1818 at the age of fifty-nine. His widow survived him and in 1832 wrote an interesting

biographical memoir of her distinguished husband. The son, born during Captain Barney's captivity in England, was a member of Congress from Baltimore, 1825-1829, and died in Washington, D. C., in January, 1856, aged seventy-two years.

CHAPTER III

THE "LUCKY LITTLE 'ENTERPRISE'"

IT is very doubtful if the naval history of any nation can show a more brilliant record, for a vessel of her size, than was made during the first fifteen years of the past century by the little twelve-gun schooner *Enterprise*, afterward rigged as a brig.

During her very active service in the West Indies, in the war between the United States and France in 1798-99, as well as later in the Mediterranean, where she took part in our conflict with the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli, the *Enterprise* invariably gave a good account of herself, as might have been expected when we note the men, afterward famous in our naval history, who as lieutenants commanded her.

Among these were sturdy Isaac Hull, ten years later the gallant commander of the *Constitution*, and Stephen Decatur, whose heroic exploit in the destruction of the *Philadelphia* in the Bay of Tripoli was but the prelude to a long and brilliant career, that culminated in 1815 in the absolute humiliation of the Barbary Powers by the squadron under his command. Other captains of the little *Enterprise* were

Charles Stewart, who, when in command of the *Constitution*, captured the *Cyane* and *Levant*; and James Renshaw, who for nineteen months was a captive at Tripoli. David Porter of *Essex* fame, father of the late Admiral of our Navy, served as a junior lieutenant in the *Enterprise* in the operations against Tripoli, and among her officers at that time were midshipmen James Lawrence, "the Bayard of the Sea," who gave up his life on the deck of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*; Joseph Bainbridge, and Thomas Macdonough, who gained the glorious victory over the British fleet on Lake Champlain.

Early in 1799 the *Enterprise* was built and equipped at Baltimore, Maryland. She was about one hundred and sixty-five tons, and her armament was twelve six-pounders, with a complement of about seventy men. On April 1, 1800, the *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant John Shaw, had a smart brush with a brig, showing Spanish colors, near the Mona Passage. The stranger had eighteen guns of heavier calibre than the American, and the action lasted for twenty minutes, the brig continuing to fly the Spanish flag. At last both vessels withdrew, each convinced that a mistake in nationality had been made.

Lieutenant Shaw, finding it necessary after this contest to make some repairs, went into St. Thomas. While there he was challenged to fight a French lugger of twelve guns outside

the harbor, but the Frenchman failing to keep the appointment, Shaw sailed for St. Kitts, capturing a small privateer on the way, and a few days later he captured the letter-of-marque *Seine*. This was quite a desperate fight, the Frenchman having twenty-four killed and wounded, while the *Enterprise* had several wounded but none killed. Two weeks later the *Enterprise* captured the six-gun privateer *Citoyenne* and sent her into St. Kitts. The French loss in this engagement was fourteen killed and wounded, while the Americans had but eight wounded.

Returning to St. Kitts, the *Enterprise* refitted, and, upon going to sea, fell in with the same lugger that had challenged her a month before at St. Thomas, and actually captured her without firing a shot, very much to the surprise and gratification of Lieutenant Shaw, who had anticipated a severe fight. Shortly after this, while near Guadaloupe, the French privateer brig *L'Agile* was encountered and, after a brief contest, was carried by boarding, the French losing twelve killed and wounded, while the *Enterprise* had only three wounded.

In July the *Enterprise*, while becalmed, was approached one night by a French privateer brig. Evidently thinking the American was a merchant vessel, the brig had her sweeps out and was coming down upon her expected prey. A breeze sprang up, however, and the *Enter-*

prise, getting the wind first, trimmed and made all sail and started in chase of her adversary. The Frenchman, finding to his surprise that he had caught a Tartar, attempted to make off before the wind under studding-sails. But the Yankee schooner had the heels of the privateer, and keeping in her wake, and within musket-shot, Lieutenant Shaw made it very unpleasant for the Frenchman by a well-directed fire of small-arms. At last the *Enterprise* drew abeam of the brig, and the two vessels then engaged at close quarters. During the fight the Frenchman's foretopmast was carried away, taking with the wreck several men who were aloft endeavoring to secure the spar, and although the brig made no effort to save her drowning men, Captain Shaw humanely lowered a boat and picked them up. Then, running alongside the French vessel, and pouring in a rapid fire, Shaw soon forced her to surrender. The prize proved to be the *Flambeau*, mounting twelve nine-pounders, with a crew of one hundred and ten, while the *Enterprise* only had twelve six-pounders and eighty-three men. The French loss was forty killed and wounded, while the Americans, with their usual good fortune, lost only ten men.

A month later the *Enterprise* chased for five hours, and finally captured, the French privateer *Pauline* of six guns and forty men; and in September she took the letter-of-marque *Gua-*

daloupenne of seven guns and forty-five men. This made a grand total for six months for the *Enterprise* of eight privateers, with an aggregate of forty-seven guns and three hundred and eighty-four men, captured, and four American merchantmen recaptured.

Returning to the United States, Lieutenant Charles Stewart was ordered to the command of the *Enterprise*. In May, 1801, the *Enterprise*, then commanded by Lieutenant Andrew Sterett, sailed for the Mediterranean in the American squadron under the command of Captain Richard Dale, who was ordered to make a demonstration in force against the Bashaw of Tripoli and the Bey of Tunis, in view of the probability of a declaration of war by Tripoli, which, as it proved, had actually at that time been made, although the news of it had not been received at Washington. The immediate cause of this war was the dissatisfaction of the Bashaw of Tripoli and the Bey of Tunis with the amount of tribute they were receiving from the United States, which they considered insufficient as an indemnity for refraining from the capture of American vessels.

Upon the arrival of the American squadron at Gibraltar, the frigate *President* and the *Enterprise* were sent to Algiers, and subsequently the *Enterprise* was ordered to Malta. While cruising off that island on August 1, 1801, she fell in with the Tripolitan war polacre *Tripoli*,

of fourteen guns and eighty-five men, and an action was at once begun, which lasted three hours. During this desperate fight, the Tripolitan three times surrendered, but when the *Enterprise* sent a boat to take possession, the enemy twice reopened fire and rehoisted their colors. Exasperated by this treachery, Lieutenant Sterett determined to sink the polacre, and opened fire, but the Tripolitan commander at last threw his flag into the sea, begging for quarter. Lieutenant David Porter was again sent to secure the prize, which this time he accomplished. The Tripolitan loss was fifty killed and wounded, while, strange as it may seem, the Americans had no loss whatever. Sterett dismantled the polacre, throwing all her guns overboard, and ordered her to make for the nearest port. For this gallant affair Lieutenant Sterett was promoted, and Congress voted him a sword, while each member of the crew received a month's extra pay.

The Tripolitan commander did not fare as well, for upon the arrival of the polacre at Tripoli the Bashaw ordered her wounded captain to be mounted on a jackass and paraded through the streets, and afterward to receive five hundred bastinadoes. So terrified were the Tripolitans at this event that the sailors abandoned their cruisers fitting out, and only with the greatest difficulty could men be procured to navigate them.

Under orders from Washington, the *President* and the *Enterprise* returned to the United States in December, to avoid wintering in the Mediterranean. In May, 1802, the *Enterprise* again sailed for those waters, accompanying a squadron commanded by Commodore Victor L. Morris, which included the frigates *Chesapeake*, *Constellation*, and *New York*, and the corvettes *Adams* and *John Adams*. The frigates *Philadelphia* and *Essex* had remained on the station.

During this cruise the *Enterprise*, while commanded by the gallant Isaac Hull, then a lieutenant, actually cornered a Tripolitan twenty-two-gun cruiser one night, driving her to seek refuge in a narrow bay, and holding her there until daylight, when the frigate *John Adams* coming down to the assistance of the plucky little schooner, the two American vessels stood in shore, opened fire, and soon afterward the cruiser blew up with all on board.

On December 23, 1803, the *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, captured a Tripolitan ketch, the *Mastico*, bound for Constantinople with female slaves for the Sultan's harem. Decatur had already proposed to Preble to run into the harbor of Tripoli at night with the *Enterprise* and destroy the *Philadelphia* that had been taken possession of by the Tripolitans on November 1st, after she had grounded near the entrance to the port, but the commodore would not sanction the plan.



ISAAC HULL

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

He decided, however, to send in the *Mastico* on this venture, and the officers and crew of the *Enterprise*, having captured the ketch, claimed the honor of taking her in for this perilous expedition. Every man and boy on board volunteered for the occasion, but as the crews of other ships also demanded recognition, six officers from the *Enterprise* and six from the *Constitution* were selected. Sixty-two men were also chosen from the crews of the two vessels, and these, with an Italian pilot, manned the *Mastico*.

Entering the harbor of Tripoli on the evening of February 15, 1804, the *Mastico* was permitted to drift quietly close alongside of the *Philadelphia* without exciting suspicion, and then, led by the gallant Decatur, and followed by his brave officers and men, the frigate was boarded, the crew of four hundred Tripolitans were driven in panic overboard, and the ship was fired. The daring Americans then escaped from the harbor, followed by the Tripolitan gunboats, and safely passing through a hail of shot and shell from batteries mounting one hundred and fifteen heavy guns, reached their ships with but one man wounded.

The *Philadelphia* burned furiously, until at last the magazines ignited and a terrific explosion rent the ship into fragments and her destruction was complete. Nelson, who was then blockading Toulon, declared this "the most bold

and daring act of the age," and Congress manifested its high appreciation of Decatur's bravery by promoting Lieutenant Decatur two grades, to Captain, and voting him a sword of honor.

After this successful raid, the *Mastico*, under Decatur, was taken into the service and very appropriately called the *Intrepid*, but her career under our flag was to be brief. A month later Preble decided to send her into the harbor as a floating mine, for the purpose of destroying the Tripolitan gunboats. In charge of Master-Commandant Richard Somers, the *Intrepid* was filled with powder, explosive shells, and combustibles, and with three officers, Somers, Midshipman Henry Wadsworth (an uncle of the poet Longfellow), and Joseph Israel, with a crew of ten men, she ran in on the night of September 4, 1804, with a fine leading breeze. Unfortunately the ketch grounded on the rocks at the entrance to the harbor, where she was immediately attacked by three Tripolitan gunboats, and in pursuance of his avowed intention not to be taken alive, it is believed that Somers fired the magazine of his vessel, blowing her up in the midst of his enemies.

Although this attempt to destroy the Tripolitan gunboats failed, Captain Preble vigorously continued his bombardment of the fortifications, and on August 3d sent in the six gunboats with the *Enterprise*, covered by the fire of the *Con-*

stitution, to destroy the Bashaw's gunboats and galleys in the harbor.

The terrace of the Bashaw's palace was crowded with spectators to behold the chastisement the Bashaw's gunboats would give the Americans if they approached too near. But soon the shells from our flotilla began to fall in the town, and the inhabitants fled to the suburbs, while the Bashaw retreated to his bomb-proof room.

This proved to be one of the most stubborn fights of the war, a hand-to-hand combat that in its various exhibitions of desperate personal courage recalls the feats of the paladins of old. Stephen Decatur, who led the second of the two divisions, with three gunboats, kept to windward and closed with one of the eastern divisions of nine Tripolitan gunboats, boarding one of them with only fifteen men. The captain of this vessel, a large, powerful man, was singled out by Decatur, who charged him with a boarding pike, but the Turk seized the weapon, wrested it from his assailant's hands, and turned the pike against its owner. Decatur drew his sword, parried the thrust, and made a blow at the pike, with a view of cutting off its head, but his sword hit the iron and broke at the hilt, leaving Decatur helpless. As the Turk made another thrust with the pike, the gallant American partially averted it with his arm, but received the point in the flesh of one breast.

Pushing the iron from the wound, Decatur sprang within the weapon and grappled his antagonist, the pike falling between them. The Turk's muscular strength, however, overcame the American and he fell across the gunnel of the boat. In this position Decatur managed to draw a small pistol from the pocket of his waistcoat, passed the arm that was free around the body of the Turk, pointed the muzzle in and fired. The ball passed entirely through the body of the Mussulman and lodged in Decatur's clothing. At the same instant he felt the grasp of his foe relax and he was liberated.

During this *melée* a sergeant of marines interposed between his commander and another Turk, who was about to cleave Lieutenant Decatur's skull, receiving the sabre stroke on his own arm, which was nearly severed by the blow. By this time the other thirteen Americans had overcome the thirty-one Tripolitans, and hauled down the colors of the gunboat.

Decatur left her in charge of Lieutenant McDonough and eight men, and laid another Tripolitan gunboat on board, carrying her, also, after a desperate engagement of a few minutes. These two captured boats had thirty-three men killed and twenty-seven were made prisoners, nineteen of them wounded.

Lieutenant Trippe had an equally exciting experience. He boarded a Tripolitan boat with only Midshipman Jonathan Henley and nine

men, his boat falling off from alongside before any more could join him. He was thus left to conquer thirty-six men with only eleven. For a time the victory seemed doubtful. Trippe received eleven sabre wounds, some of them dangerous. The blade of his sword bending, he, like Decatur, also closed with his antagonist and both fell. In the struggle Trippe wrested the Turk's sword from him, and with it stabbed his antagonist to the heart. After fourteen of the Tripolitans had been killed, the surviving twenty-two surrendered to the eleven Americans, and the gallant Trippe brought his captured gunboat off in triumph.

Lieutenant Somers, not able to fetch far enough to windward to co-operate with Decatur, fell upon the leeward division of the enemy, and with his single boat, attacked five full-manned Tripolitan boats within pistol-shot. After a desperate fight he defeated and drove them, in a shattered condition and with the loss of many men, to seek refuge under the cover of the rocks.

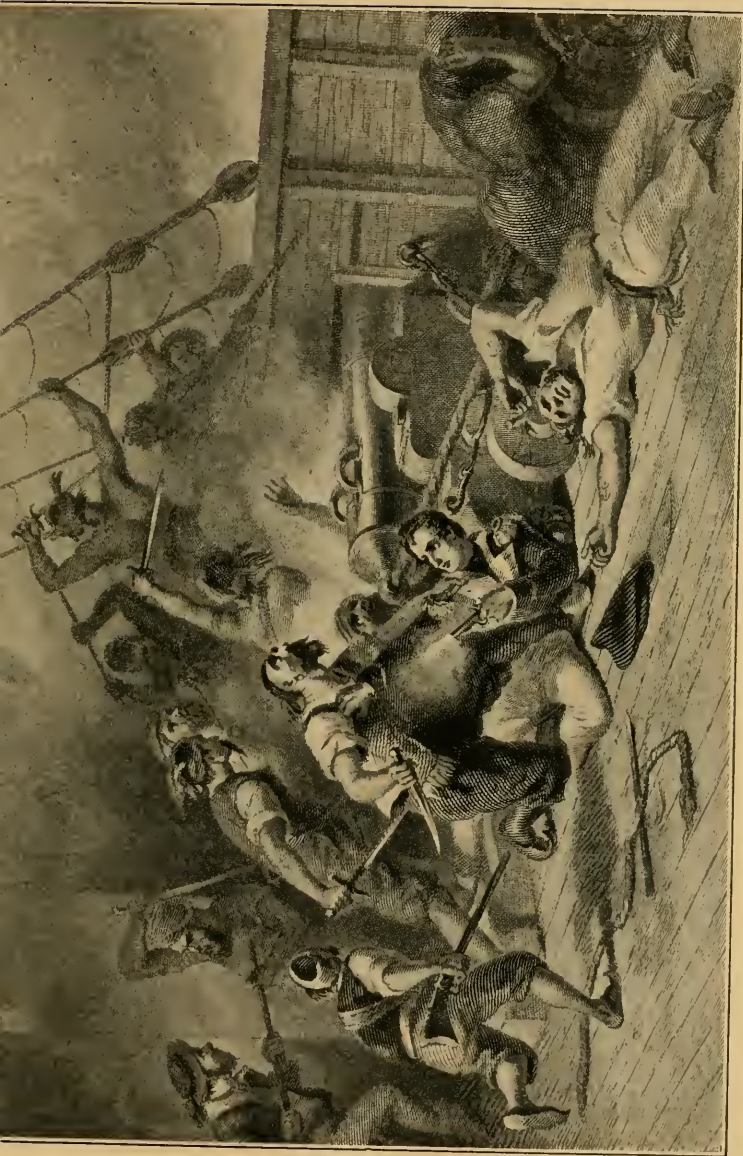
Lieutenant James Decatur (brother to Stephen) engaged one of the larger Tripolitan gunboats. After losing a greater part of her men she surrendered, but as James Decatur stepped on board of his prize, the Turkish captain treacherously shot him through the head, and she escaped while the Americans were recovering the body of their unfortunate commander.

The result of this fight was the capture of three gunboats, and the destruction of three others. The Americans also brought off one hundred and three prisoners, beside leaving many killed and wounded, while our loss was only fourteen killed and wounded.

The attacks upon the fortifications at Tripoli were continued by Preble, but the resistance of the enemy was very stubborn. As winter was coming on, the *Enterprise* and several of the smaller vessels of the fleet were sent to Syracuse, while Captain Preble returned to the United States in the *John Adams*, being relieved in command of the station by Captain Samuel Barron, who came in the frigate *President* in September, 1804.

The results of Captain Preble's operations before Tripoli, up to this time, had been highly satisfactory, and very great damage had been inflicted upon the enemy. The Pope made a public declaration at this time that "the United States, though in their infancy, had in this affair done more to humble the Antichristian barbarians on that coast, than all the European states had accomplished for a long series of years."

In the spring of 1805, the American fleet having meanwhile been greatly increased, active operations were again begun, with such success that by June 3d a treaty of peace was signed by which the Bashaw relinquished all claim to



DECATUR'S STRUGGLE WITH THE ALGERINES

From the drawing by F. O. C. Darley

further tribute and exchanged the American prisoners from the *Philadelphia* for the Tunisian prisoners held by our forces, and the long war honorably ended. The American fleet then returned home, and the *Enterprise* was laid up in ordinary. Congress voted a gold medal to Commodore Preble, and swords to the officers of his squadron.

In June, 1812, war was declared with Great Britain. An effort was at once made to rehabilitate our Navy, and the *Enterprise*, transformed from a schooner into a brig, was armed with fourteen eighteen-pounder cannonades, and two long nine-pounders, with a crew of one hundred men. Master-Commandant Thomas Blakely was put in command, with orders to look out for English privateers on the coast of Maine, as twelve years before the *Enterprise* had been sent to the West Indies after French freebooters.

With her usual good luck the little vessel was not long in finding a quarry, and in August, 1813, she captured the privateer *Fly*. Soon after, Lieutenant William Burrows, a very gallant young officer who had served with Preble in the *Constitution* during the Tripolitan war, was ordered to command the *Enterprise*, and on September 1st he sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in quest of several privateers that had been reported in the vicinity of Monhegan, Maine.

On September 4th, while near Pemaquid Point, Maine, Burrows sighted a brig at anchor in a small inlet, which he recognized as a vessel of war, and which proved to be H. B. M. *Boxer*. He at once cleared ship for action, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes at the peak and at each masthead. The British brig leisurely got under way, fired several guns, and stood out seaward, with her colors also flying from each masthead.

While the two vessels were standing out, the *Enterprise* leading, Lieutenant Burrows directed that one of the long nines should be brought aft and run out of a stern port in the poop cabin. As it was found that some of the fixtures interfered with the attainment of a proper elevation on the gun, the captain called the carpenter with his broad-axe to cut away the woodwork. This attracted the attention of the crew, many of whom had been in the *Enterprise* for some time, and they got the idea that Burrows was arranging to run from the Englishman and use the stern chaser in defence. It was not until the first lieutenant relieved their minds on this point by the promise of a speedy fight with the enemy, that entire harmony was restored.

At 3 P.M., Burrows, having completed his preparations, shortened sail, tacked, and edged away toward the *Boxer*, the two vessels approaching on different tacks. At 3.20 they both



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE "BOXER"
From an original painting

kept away, and as they ranged alongside, the *Enterprise* opened with her starboard and the *Boxer* with her port guns. The *Enterprise* drew ahead, keeping up her fire, and as she passed the *Boxer's* bow the helm was put astarboard and she sheered across the Englishman's fore-foot, delivering the fire of the long nine, which had been run out of the cabin window, twice at half pistol-shot distance, with telling effect. The *Boxer* then kept away and drew up on the quarter of the *Enterprise*, both vessels exchanging broadsides, but the American brig, keeping ahead of her antagonist, again sheered across the *Boxer's* fore-foot, and again raked her with the long nine. At this time the Englishman's maintopmast came down, bringing with it the topsail yard, and the *Enterprise* holding her position continued the raking fire. Very early in the action Lieutenant Burrows had been mortally wounded by a musket-ball, but the brave fellow had refused to be taken below, and throughout the action he was stretched on deck with a hammock beneath his head. As he fell he cried to his first lieutenant, "Never strike that flag!" Lieutenant Edward McCall, who assumed command, had never before been in action, but he proved fully equal to the occasion and fought and manœuvred the vessel with great skill. At 4 P.M., the fire of the enemy ceased and a voice was heard hailing, "We have surrendered."

“Why don’t you haul down your colors?” returned McCall through his trumpet.

“We can’t, sir; they are nailed to the mast,” was the reply.

A boat was lowered, and McCall, boarding the *Boxer*, found that her commander, Captain Samuel Blyth, had been killed at the first broadside from the *Enterprise*, and that, in all, the English had twenty-eight killed and fourteen wounded, while the *Enterprise* had but one killed and thirteen wounded, three of whom, however, died the next day.

Captain Blyth, who was a very gallant officer, equally noted for his gentleness and humanity, had been one of the pall-bearers a few weeks before in Halifax at the funeral of Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*. Stimulated by the good fortune of Captain Broke of the *Shannon*, Blyth had sailed in the *Boxer* in search of the *Enterprise*, expressing his determination to “lead another Yankee into Halifax harbor.”

When Lieutenant McCall returned to the *Enterprise*, he at once brought Blyth’s sword to Burrows, who was still stretched out on deck where he had fallen. As the young commander grasped the sword in both his hands and pressed it to his breast he murmured, “I am satisfied.” Soon after his body was laid out in his own cabin, covered with the flag for which he had given up his life, “a smile on his lips,” as one of his officers wrote to his wife.



Wm Bainbridge

COMMODORE WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, U.S.N.

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

An extract from a letter from Commodore Hull to Commodore Bainbridge, dated September 10, 1813, is of special interest, as it gives the testimony of an intelligent personal witness. Hull says:

I yesterday visited the two brigs, and was astonished to see the difference of injury received in the action. The *Enterprise* has but one eighteen-pound shot in her hull, one in her mainmast, and one in her foremast; her sails are much cut by grape-shot, but no injury was done.

The *Boxer* has eighteen or twenty eighteen-pound shot in her hull, most of them at the water's edge; several stands of grape-shot in her side, and such a quantity of smaller grape that I did n't undertake to count them. Her masts, sails, and spars are literally cut to pieces; several of her guns are dismantled and unfit for service. To give an idea, I inform you that I counted in her mainmast alone three eighteen-pound shot holes.

I find it impossible to get at the number killed, as no papers are found by which we can ascertain it. I, however, counted upwards of ninety hammocks that were in her nettings, besides several beds without hammocks. I have no doubt that she carried one hundred men on board.

The exact number on board the *Enterprise* was one hundred and two.

On September 7th, after the arrival of the *Enterprise* at Portland with her prize, the bodies of the two commanders were brought on shore

in ten-oared barges, rowed at minute strokes by masters of ships, and accompanied by a procession of almost all the barges and boats in the harbor. Minute guns were fired from the vessels, the same military ceremony was performed over each body, and the cortege moved through the streets, preceded by the selectmen and municipal officers, and guarded by the officers and crew of the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*. Captains Burrows and Blyth were buried side by side in the Portland cemetery, where their tombs may still be seen.

THE "ALLIANCE" CAPTURES THE "ATLANTA"
AND THE "TREPASSY"

In February, 1781, Captain John Barry sailed from Boston for France in the *Alliance*, 32, with Colonel Laurens on board, charged with an important mission to the French Court. On the passage over she took a British privateer and, after landing her passengers, in company with the *Marquis de la Fayette*, captured the privateers *Mars*, twenty-six guns, and *Minerva*, ten guns. After parting with her consort, the *Alliance* continued her cruise and on the 28th of May two sails were made out standing directly for her.

It was late in the day, and the strangers, when near enough to remain in sight during the darkness, hauled up on the same course as the *Alli-*

ance, evidently with a view to defer the action till morning. At daylight the next day, it was nearly a dead calm, and when the mist cleared away, the strangers were seen at no great distance with English colors flying. They were a sloop-of-war of sixteen guns and a brig of fourteen guns. The sea was perfectly smooth, and there being no wind, the two light cruisers were enabled to sweep up, and to select their positions, while the *Alliance* lay almost a log on the water, without steerage-way. Owing to these circumstances it was noon before the vessels were near enough to hail, when the action at once began.

For more than an hour the *Alliance* fought to great disadvantage, the enemy having taken position on her quarters, where only a few of the aftermost guns would bear on them. The advantage possessed by the English vessels in consequence of the calm, at one time indeed gave the enemy the greatest hopes of success, for they had the fight mainly to themselves. While matters were in this state, Captain Barry received a grape-shot in the shoulder and was carried below. This added to the disheartening condition of the Americans and the enemy seemed entirely confident of success.

Just at this time the ensign of the *Alliance* was shot away, whereupon the British left their guns and gave three cheers for victory; but at the same moment a light breeze struck the

Alliance, she came under steerage-way, and a thundering broadside from her starboard battery sent the enemy again to their guns. Thus the entire condition of things was changed, and after a manly resistance both the English ships were compelled to haul down their colors. The prizes proved to be the *Atlanta*, 16, Captain Edwards, with one hundred and thirty men, and the *Trepassy*, 14, Captain Smith, with eighty men. Both vessels were much cut up and had conjointly sustained a loss of forty-one men killed and wounded. The *Alliance* lost eleven killed and twenty-one wounded. Captain Barry made a cartel of the *Trepassy* and sent her into an English port with the prisoners, but the *Atlanta* was unfortunately retaken by the enemy's squadron off Boston harbor.

THE "CONSTELLATION" AND "INSURGENTE"

In the early part of the year 1799 the frigate *Constellation*, Commodore Thomas Truxton, mounting forty-eight guns, was cruising in the West Indies. About noon of February 9th, the island of Nevis being fifteen miles distant, the *Constellation* sighted a ship to the southward, which proved to be the French frigate *Insurgente*, 36, Captain Barreant. Hoisting his colors, Commodore Truxton bore down and the French commander, after first setting American colors, showed the French ensign, and fired a

gun to windward, by way of challenge, keeping meanwhile under easy sail.

At 1.15 P.M. the French ship hailed, and, as the *Constellation* ranged alongside, both ships opened fire, and a very spirited action immediately ensued. The French fired high, evidently intending to cut up the *Constellation* aloft, and her sails and rigging consequently suffered severely. The foretop-mast was badly damaged near the lower cap, and young Midshipman David Porter, who was stationed in the foretop, finding that he could not make himself heard on deck, cut the stoppers and lowered the yard, thus preventing the fall of the top-mast.

Meanwhile the *Constellation's* fire was telling, and she soon forged ahead of the French ship, and, crossing her bow, poured in a terrific raking fire. Then taking position on her starboard bow, Truxton held his place fully an hour, receiving and pouring in broadsides, when he drew out of the thick smoke of battle, wore round and, hauling across the stern of the French frigate, was just about to rake her again with his whole broadside, when at 3.30 P.M. she struck her colors.

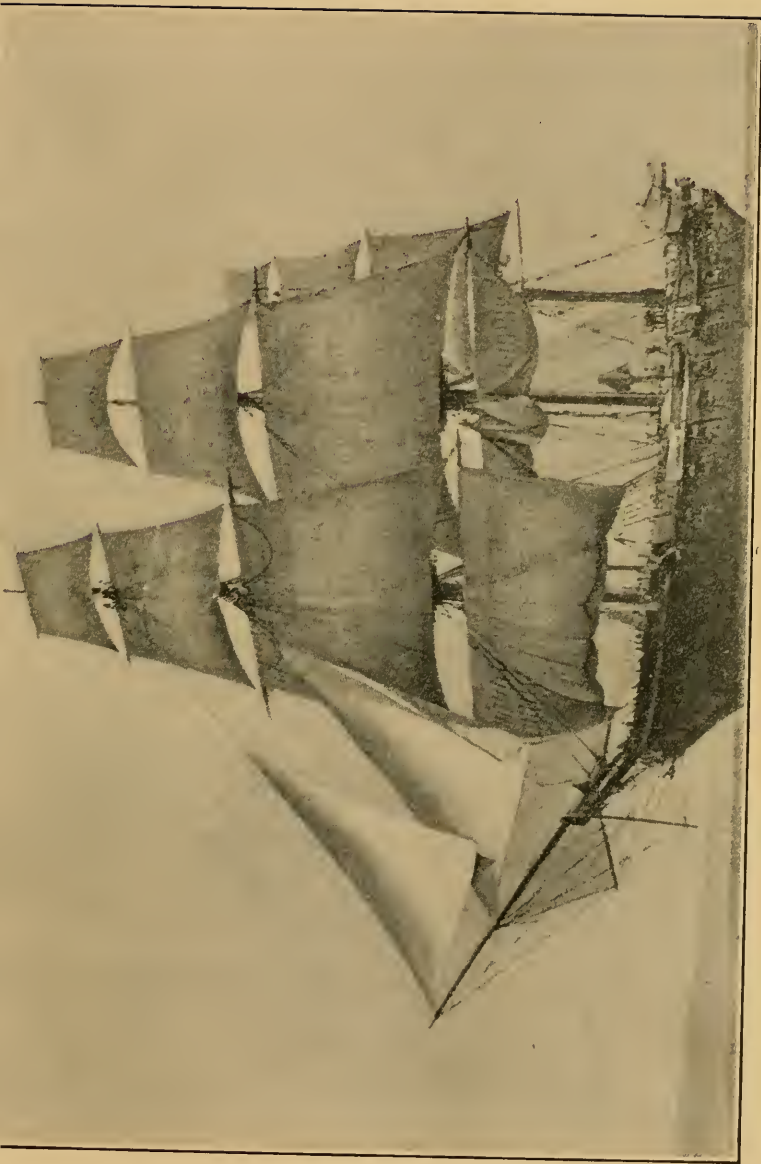
Lieutenant Rodgers and Midshipman David Porter, with eleven men, were at once sent on board the prize to take possession and superintend the removal of the prisoners. After removing the dead, caring for the wounded, and transferring about half the prisoners, it came

on to blow heavily, darkness set in, and the ships became separated. Lieutenant Rodgers now found himself in a very precarious position, in charge of a disabled ship and one hundred and seventy-three able-bodied prisoners, who were already showing a disposition to rise on their thirteen captors.

The gratings for the hatchways had been thrown overboard, and Mr. Rodgers could find no handcuffs, but, being a man of great personal strength and indomitable resolution, he succeeded in first securing the firearms from the arm chest, and afterward in driving the Frenchmen down into the lower hold. He then stationed a sentinel at each hatchway with positive orders to shoot any man who should attempt to appear on deck.

The gale lasted three days and nights and during all that time Rodgers and young Porter, with their eleven men, not only stood guard over their prisoners, but handled the sails of their frigate, and when the weather moderated brought her safely into St. Kitts, where Commodore Truxton was anxiously awaiting news of his prize.

The American loss in this spirited engagement was only one killed and three wounded, while the *Insurgente* had twenty-nine killed and forty-one wounded. The *Insurgente* was refitted, taken into our service, and, under Captain Alexander Patrick Fletcher, sailed on a cruise in July, 1800, and was never afterward heard of.



UNITED STATES SHIP "CONSTELLATION"

CHAPTER IV

JOHN PAUL JONES

IN dealing with the romantic features in the history of the American navy the very remarkable record of Captain John Paul Jones, that reads, throughout, more like romance than veritable history, demands a special chapter. Born July 6, 1747, at Arbigland, on the north shore of Solway Frith, in Scotland, the fifth child of John Paul, gardener to the Honorable Robert Craik, the lad, after receiving a limited education at the parish school of Kirkbean, made his first voyage to sea, before he was thirteen, in the brig *Friendship*, bound for the Rappahannock River. John's elder brother, William, had married and settled in Virginia several years earlier as manager of the estate of his adopted father, William Jones. As John passed some time with his brother William, on this voyage, while the brig was loading with tobacco, his prepossessions in favor of America and his sympathy with colonial sentiment were naturally fostered by his associations.

After several more voyages, in which John Paul was rapidly advanced, first to second and

then to chief mate, his vessel, the *King George Packet*, was put into the slave trade, on the west coast of Africa. At the end of the second voyage, however, the young man declined to make a second adventure. On settling up his accounts he received \$5000.00 as his share of the profits of the voyage. Returning to England, he soon obtained the command of the ship *John*. In 1769 Jones again visited the Rappahannock and found that his brother William had, upon the death of his benefactor, William Jones, come into possession of the Jones estate, which, by the terms of the will of the deceased, was to fall to John Paul, as residuary legatee, at the death of William, provided that the young man then assumed the name of John Paul Jones.

For several years John continued in command of his ship, an indefatigable student, meanwhile, not only of the science of navigation and of maritime matters generally, but also of the French and Spanish languages, in which he became so proficient that in after years he readily made himself a master of French literature during his residence on the continent. His brother died of lung fever in 1773 and John Paul Jones, by which name he was thereafter known, at the age of twenty-eight abandoned the sea and took up, for a brief period, the life of a colonial planter, on an estate of three thousand acres with thirty negroes.

The clouds of war, however, were already be-



The hero PAUL-JONES

COMMODORE JOHN PAUL JONES, U.S.N.

From the portrait by G. W. Peale

ginning to gather about the colonies and at a public ball in Norfolk, early in 1774, Jones had an affray with a young British naval officer who, in the heat of discussion, declared that, in case of a revolt in the colonies the insurrection would be easily suppressed, if the courage of the colonial men was on a par with the virtue of the colonial women. Jones at once knocked the officer down, and, after his friends had removed him to his ship, awaited a demand for satisfaction, meanwhile selecting his second and preparing his duelling pistols. To his surprise, however, the ship sailed for Charleston and nothing further was heard of Mr. Parker, the English lieutenant, who was a relative of Admiral Sir Peter Parker. During that winter Paul Jones made the acquaintance of Thomas Jefferson, Colonel Washington, and Philip Livingston of New York, and as hostilities became more imminent Jones assured these gentlemen that his services would be at the disposal of the colonies whenever they might be needed.

While in New York, in the early spring of 1775, Jones was informed by William Livingston of the battle of Lexington, the news of which had just reached that city. Jones at once wrote to Joseph Hewes begging him to keep his name in memory when Congress took any provision for creating a naval force. This appeal met with a ready response and at a session of the

Naval Committee of Congress, held June 24th, the chairman was authorized "to invite John Paul Jones, Esquire, gent, of Virginia, Master Mariner, to lay before the Committee such information and advice as may seem to him useful in assisting the said Committee to discharge its labors." As a result of this meeting Jones was requested to act as a member of a commission of experienced persons in selecting and purchasing certain vessels for Congress. Robert Morris, Nicholas Biddle, and two other merchant captains were associated with Jones and five vessels were purchased under this resolve, among them the *Alfred*, which ship, pierced for sixteen guns, became Commodore Esek Hopkins's flagship with Paul Jones as first lieutenant. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the expedition to the island of New Providence, its capture, and the fight with the British frigate *Glasgow*, in Long Island Sound, of which contest Jones, in his diary, says: "I took my share of the dishonor which attended the first essay of American arms by sea with the *Glasgow*." It was certainly a very different contest from that which was to make the name of Paul Jones illustrious three years later, when the *Bon Homme Richard* met the British frigate *Serapis* in deadly conflict in the English Channel.

On the 1st of May, 1776, Lieutenant John Paul Jones was ordered by Commodore Hopkins to the command of the schooner *Providence*,



JACOB JONES

From an engraving of the painting by Rembrandt Peale

to carry to New York two hundred soldiers that had been lent to the squadron by General Washington while the ships were short of men. On August 8th, Jones received his commission as captain from John Hancock, the President of Congress; and in October he was ordered to command the *Alfred*, and sailed in company with the *Providence* on a cruise to the northward. Off Louisburg he captured the *Mellish*, a large ship bound for Quebec, having on board eleven thousand stand of arms, several brass field-pieces, and over ten thousand suits of clothing for the British army. He also captured a letter of marque with a rich cargo for Liverpool, in addition to a number of smaller prizes. Jones brought the *Mellish* and her valuable cargo safely into Dartmouth, and the welcome news of this bountiful supply of clothing for his ragged army reached General Washington just before he recrossed the Delaware and won the battle of Trenton.

On May 9, 1777, Jones was notified by the Marine Committee that he was to take the *Amphitrite*, a French ship of twenty guns, from Charleston to France, where he was to assume command "of one of those fine frigates" that Mr. Deane had notified Congress could be purchased in France. But these orders were later superseded by others giving him the command of the *Ranger*, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where, on June 14, 1777, Jones hoisted the new

national flag, this being the first time it was displayed on board a man-of-war. This flag had thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with thirteen white stars in a blue field. Twenty-six guns were provided for the *Ranger*, but Jones only mounted eighteen six-pounders, as the ship was very crank.

He sailed on November 1st, carrying despatches that gave the important news of Burgoyne's surrender, and arrived at Nantes on the 2d of December, having captured two brigantines on the voyage. In acknowledging the receipt of his despatches, Jones wrote, "I will spread this news in France in thirty days," and he came so near fulfilling his promise that on the thirty-second day after leaving Portsmouth he landed in Nantes.

On the morning of December 5th, Jones placed his despatches, written by Washington and Jefferson, in the hands of Dr. Franklin in Paris. The receipt of this important intelligence induced King Louis XVI. "to consider favorably the overtures of the Commissioners of the United States," and it was hoped that our Commissioners would be permitted to fit out and place under the command of Jones the fine ship *Indien*, 46, then just completed at Amsterdam. The British Minister to the Netherlands, however, denounced the vessel to the States-General as an American ship-of-war in disguise, exactly as Mr. Adams did in the case of the Laird ram, built in Liver-

pool for the Confederate government in 1864; and the *Indien* project fell through, to the great disappointment of Captain Jones.

Jones now took the *Ranger* from Nantes to L'Orient and fitted her out. On February 13, 1778, he received from the French squadron in the outer road of Brest the first salute from a foreign naval power ever accorded to the American flag. On April 10th, the *Ranger* sailed from Brest for the west coast of Ireland, but the second day out a westerly gale set in and Captain Jones decided to run up through St. George's Channel into the Irish Sea. At Whitehaven he landed on April 22d, and after spiking the guns in the two small forts, which were only garrisoned by a few coast-guards, he set fire to several ships in the basin and sailed away before the arrival of two sloops-of-war sent for the protection of the place. The same day, Jones bore up for the north shore of Solway Frith and made his famous descent on St. Mary's Isle, the castle of the Earl of Selkirk, hoping to carry off the Earl and hold him as a hostage for the better treatment of American prisoners then in England. His design was frustrated, however, by the absence of the Earl from the castle.

On the afternoon of April 23d, the *Ranger* stood across the Irish Channel, and the next morning Jones learned from some fishermen, whose boats he picked up and who were very

ready to give the desired information, that the British sloop-of-war *Drake*, Captain Burden, the guard-ship at Carrickfergus, was coming out in search of him. Jones had looked in at Carrickfergus on the 21st, and had the wind served would have attacked the *Drake* at that time. "So now," as he says in his journal, "to save trouble I ran down again, hove to off the mouth of Belfast Lough, and waited for the *Drake* to work out, which saved me the pain of going in after her." As the *Ranger* hove to off Carrickfergus on the 24th, the *Drake* sent out one of her boats to reconnoitre, and Jones succeeded in decoying this boat alongside the *Ranger* and captured the midshipman and five men that formed her crew. The *Drake*, with wind and tide both against her, worked out of port slowly, and it was nearly sundown when she got within hail. The *Drake*, coming up astern of the *Ranger*, hailed, "What ship is that?" Jones answered, "The American Continental ship *Ranger*. Come on, we are waiting for you!"

Both ships fired, almost at once, the *Ranger* a trifle the first. The range was little more than that of musket-shot, and the fire of the Americans was consequently very deadly. The engagement was kept up for nearly an hour, when, the *Drake's* rigging being very much cut up, her fore- and main-topsail yards came down on the caps, and, as she fell off, Jones luffed

under her stern, and with the starboard tacks on board came into a position to rake his enemy, when her colors were at once struck and the *Drake* was surrendered by her second lieutenant, the captain and first lieutenant having been killed during the engagement.

The *Drake* was a new ship, less than three years off the stocks, mounting twenty guns, sixteen nine-pounders, and four four-pounders, with a complement of one hundred and fifty-seven officers and men. The *Ranger* had fourteen nine-pounders and four six-pounders, and one hundred and twenty-six officers and men. The British loss was nineteen killed, including the captain and first lieutenant, and twenty-eight officers and men severely wounded. The Americans lost two killed, including Lieutenant Wallingford, and six wounded, one mortally. The *Drake* received one hundred and seven shot, thirty-six at or below the water-line; while her upper works were wrecked, five guns dismantled, her standing and running rigging much damaged, and her foremast seriously weakened—a striking evidence of the superior gunnery of the Americans.

Jones now continued his cruise around the west coast of Ireland, although after manning his prize he had but eighty-six officers and crew remaining on board the *Ranger*. When Jones appeared off Brest on the evening of May 8th, the French frigate *Belle Poule* stood out and

hailed, "Who are you, and what is your prize?" To which Jones responded: "The American Continental ship *Ranger*, of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones; and the man-of-war prize is His Britannic Majesty's late ship the *Drake*, of twenty guns. The other prize a-lee is a merchant ship, not armed."

Jones was directed to anchor for the night under the lee of Roscannel Point, and the next day he took his vessels into the inner harbor, where his prize was visited by hundreds of officers and officials, among them the Duc de Chartres, and for the time the American captain was the hero of the hour. But within a month his troubles began, and Jones was actually compelled to sell his prizes to provide means for paying and feeding his crew, as his draft on the American Commissioners for 24,000 livres was dishonored.

At last, after infinite difficulty and no end of diplomatic intrigue, M. de Sartine, in a letter to Franklin, stated that King Louis XVI. had decided to purchase and put at the disposition of Captain Jones the *Duras*, an old high-poop Indiaman, then at L'Orient. To the *Duras* were finally added, through the influence of the banker M. le Ray de Chaumont, four other vessels—the *Pallas*, 32, and the *Vengeance*, 12; two purchased merchantmen; the *Cerf*, a large cutter, and the *Alliance*, 32, a ship built for war purposes.

The *Duras* originally carried her guns on one deck, with a certain number of light pieces on the quarter-deck and forecastle; but Jones had twelve ports cut in the gun-room below, where he had six old eighteen-pounders mounted, very unfortunately, as it subsequently proved. When ready for sea, the *Duras*, renamed the *Bon Homme Richard*, in honor of Dr. Franklin, mounted twenty-eight twelve-pounders on the gun-deck, eight nine-pounders on the forecastle and the quarter-deck, and six eighteen-pounders below—making forty-two guns in all. In view of the desperate fight that was awaiting him on the coming cruise, Jones was very fortunate in securing for the *Richard*, just before he sailed, one hundred American seamen, who had meanwhile been exchanged for the captured crews of the *Drake* and other British ships. With this accession he had one hundred and fifty sturdy Americans in his crew.

On the morning of August 31st, the west coast of the Hebrides being abeam, the *Richard* captured the British letter-of-marque *Union*, mounting twenty-two six-pounders, laden with a cargo of naval and military stores for the British forces in Canada, and carrying a valuable mail, including despatches from the British Government to Sir Guy Carleton in Canada, and Sir William Howe at New York.

After an attempt, rendered ineffectual by a heavy northwest gale, to attack the port of

Leith, the *Richard* and the *Pallas* worked to the southward, and on the 22d of September, Jones discovered a fleet of colliers anchored under the lee of Spurm Head, in the mouth of the Humber, under convoy of a frigate. Just before dark, while meditating an attack on the fleet, the little *Vengeance* ran under the lee of the *Richard* and informed Captain Jones that the Baltic fleet had put into Bridlington Bay, under convoy, and were awaiting a shift of wind to enable them to fetch the Downs.

Ordering the *Vengeance* to stand down to the southward and eastward and notify the *Alliance* that the next rendezvous would be Flamborough Head, Jones laid his ship's head north-northeast, signalling the *Pallas* to keep on his starboard quarter and not to lose sight of the *Richard*.

In the morning, both the American ships were out of sight of land, and, as the wind was light, they were all the forenoon beating up for Bridlington Bay. As they were hauling up on the starboard tack, the whole Baltic fleet came running out before the wind, for Scarborough, the two convoys covering their rear and flank.

Jones at once hauled his ship up to the wind in the endeavor to get, if possible, between the land and the larger ship, and, as the breeze was light, the whole afternoon was consumed in accomplishing this manœuvre; but by sun-down he had succeeded in getting into the desired position.

The vivid extract that follows describing the dramatic battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, famous in American history, is taken from Herman Melville's *Israel Potter, or Fifty Years Exile*.

As the ships neared, a hazy darkness overspread the water. The moon was not yet risen. Objects were perceived with difficulty. Borne by a soft moist breeze over the gentle waves, they came within pistol-shot. Owing to the obscurity, and the well-known neighborhood of other vessels, the *Serapis* was uncertain who the *Richard* was. Through the dim mist each ship loomed forth to the other vast, but indistinct, as the ghost of Morven. Sounds of the tramping of resolute men echoed from either hull, whose tight decks dully resounded like drum-heads in a funeral march.

The *Serapis* hailed twice. At the instant of the second hail, she was answered by a broadside. For half an hour the combatants deliberately manœuvred, continually changing their position, but always within shot fire. The *Serapis*—the better sailer of the two—kept critically circling the *Richard*—making lounging advances now and then, and as suddenly steering off; hate causing her to act not unlike a wheeling cock about a hen, when stirred by the contrary passion. Meanwhile, though within easy speaking distance, no further syllable was exchanged; but an incessant cannonade was kept up.

At this point, a third party, the *Scarborough*, drew near, seemingly desirous of giving assistance

to her consort. But thick smoke was now added to the night's natural obscurity. The *Scarborough* imperfectly discerned two ships, and plainly saw the cannon fire they made; but which was which, she could not tell. Eager to befriend the *Serapis*, she durst not fire a gun, lest she might unwittingly act the part of a foe. As when a hawk and a crow are clawing and beaking high in the air, a second crow, flying near, will seek to join the battle, but, finding no fair chance to engage, at last flies away to the woods, just so did the *Scarborough* now. Prudence dictated the step; because several chance shot—from which of the combatants could not be known—had already struck the *Scarborough*. So unwilling uselessly to expose herself, off went for the present this baffled and ineffectual friend. . . . Through this sardonical mist the face of the Man-in-the-Moon—looking right toward the combatants, as if he were standing in a trap-door of the sea, leaning forward leisurely with his arms complacently folded over upon the edge of the horizon.—this queer face wore a serious, apishly self-satisfied leer, as if the Man-in-the-Moon had somehow secretly put up the ships to their contest, and in the depths of his malignant old soul was not displeased to see how well his charms worked. There stood the grinning Man-in-the-Moon, his head just dodging into view over the rim of the sea:—Mephistopheles prompter of the stage.

Aided now a little by the planet, one of the consorts of the *Richard*, the *Pallas*, hovering far outside the fight, dimly discerned the suspicious form of a lonely vessel unknown to her. She resolved to engage it if it proved to be a foe. But ere they

joined, the unknown ship—which proved to be the *Scarborough*—received a broadside at long gun's distance from another consort of the *Richard*, the *Alliance*. The shot whizzed across the broad interval like shuttlecocks across a great hall. Presently the battledores of both batteries were at work and rapid compliments of shuttlecocks were very promptly exchanged. The adverse consorts of the two main belligerents fought with all the rage of those fiery seconds who in some desperate duels make their principal's quarrel their own. Diverted from the *Richard* and the *Serapis* by this little by-play, the Man-in-the-Moon, all eager to see what it was, somewhat raised himself from his trap-door with an added grin on his face. By this time, off sneaked the *Alliance*, and down swept the *Pallas*, at close quarters engaging the *Scarborough*; an encounter destined in less than an hour to end in the latter ship's striking her flag.

Compared to the *Serapis* and the *Richard*, the *Pallas* and the *Scarborough* were as two pages to two knights. In their immature way they showed the same traits as their fully developed superiors.

Thus far the *Serapis* and the *Richard* had been manœuvring and chasseur to each other like partners in a cotillion, all the time indulging in rapid repartee.

But finding at last that the superior manageable-ness of the enemy's ship enabled him to get the better of the clumsy old Indiaman the *Richard*, in taking position, Paul, with his wonted resolution, at once sought to neutralize this by hugging him close. But the attempt to lay the *Richard* right across the head of the *Serapis* ended quite other-

wise, in sending the enemy's jib-boom just over the *Richard's* great tower of Pisa,¹ where Israel was stationed; who, catching it eagerly, stood for an instant holding to the slack of the sail, like one grasping a horse by the mane prior to vaulting into the saddle.

"Aye, hold hard, lad," cried Paul springing to his side with a coil of rigging. With a few rapid turns he knitted himself to his foe. The wind now acting on the sails of the *Serapis* forced her, heel and point, her entire length, cheek by jowl, alongside the *Richard*. The projecting cannon scraped; the yards interlocked; but the hulls did not touch. A long lane of darkling water lay wedged between, like that narrow canal in Venice which dozes between the shadowy piles, and high in air is secretly crossed by the Bridge of Sighs. But where the six yard-arms reciprocally arched overhead, three bridges were both seen and heard, as the moon and wind kept rising.

Into that Lethean canal—pond-like in its smoothness as compared with the sea without—fell many a poor soul that night; fell, forever forgotten.

As some heaving rent coinciding with a disputed frontier on a volcanic plain, that boundary abyss was the jaws of death to both sides. So contracted was it, that in many cases the gun-rammers had to be thrust into the opposite ports, in order to enter the muzzles of their own cannon. It seemed more an intestine feud than a fight between strangers. Or rather it was as if the Siamese Twins, oblivious of their fraternal bond, should rage in unnatural fight.

¹ The poop.

Ere long a horrible explosion was heard, drowning for an instant the cannonade. Two of the old eighteen-pounders before spoken of as having been hurriedly set up below the main deck of the *Richard* burst all to pieces, killing the sailors who worked them, and shattering all that part of the hull, as if two exploded steam-boilers had shot out of its opposite sides. The effect was like the fall of the walls of a house. Little now upheld the great tower of Pisa but a few naked iron stanchions. Thenceforth not a few balls from the *Serapis* must have passed straight through the *Richard* without grazing her. It was like firing buck-shot through the ribs of a skeleton.

But further forward, so deadly was the broadside from the heavy batteries of the *Serapis*—levelled point-blank, and right down the throat and bowels, as it were, of the *Richard*—that it cleared everything before it. The men on the *Richard's* covered gun-deck ran above, like miners from the fire-damp. Collecting on the fore-castle, they continued to fight with grenades and muskets. The soldiers also were in the lofty tops, whence they kept up incessant volleys, cascading their fire down as pouring lava from cliffs.

The position of the men in the two ships was now exactly reversed. For while the *Serapis* was tearing the *Richard* all to pieces below deck, and had swept that covered part almost of the last man, the *Richard's* crowd of musketry had complete control of the upper deck of the *Serapis*, where it was almost impossible for man to remain unless as a corpse. Though in the beginning the tops of the *Serapis* had not been unsupplied with marks-

men, yet they had long since been cleared by the overmastering musketry of the *Richard*. Several, with leg or arm broken by a ball, had been seen going dimly downward from their giddy perch, like falling pigeons shot on the wing.

As busy swallows about barn-eaves and ridge-poles, some of the *Richard's* marksmen, quitting their tops, now went far out on their yard-arms, where they overhung the *Serapis*. From thence they dropped hand-grenades upon her decks, like apples, which growing in one field fall over the fence into another. Others of their band flung the same sour fruit into the open ports of the *Serapis*. A hail-storm of aerial combustion descended and slanted on the *Serapis*, while horizontal thunderbolts rolled crossways through the subterranean vaults of the *Richard*. The belligerents were no longer, in the ordinary sense of things, an English ship and an American ship. It was a co-partnership and joint-stock combustion-company, of both ships; yet divided, even in participation. The two vessels were as two houses, through whose party-wall doors have been cut: one family (the Guelphs) occupying the whole lower story; another family (the Ghibelines), the whole upper story.

Meanwhile, determined Paul flew hither and thither like the meteoric corposant-ball, which shiftingly dances on the tips and verges of ship's rigging in storms. Wherever he went, he seemed to cast a pale light on all faces. Blacked and burnt, his Scotch bonnet was compressed to a gun wad on his head. His Parisian coat, with its gold-laced sleeve laid aside, disclosed to the full the blue tattooing on his arm, which sometimes in fierce ges-

tures streamed in the blaze of the cannonade, cabalistically terrific as the charmed standard of Satan. Yet his frenzied manner was less a testimony of his internal commotion than intended to inspirit and madden his men, some of whom, seeing him, in transports of intrepidity stripped themselves to their trousers, exposing their naked bodies to the as naked shot. The same was done on the *Serapis*, where several guns were seen surrounded by their buff crews, as by fauns and satyrs.

At the beginning of the fray, before the ships interlocked, in the intervals of smoke which swept over the ships as mist over mountain-tops, affording open rents here and there—the gun-deck of the *Serapis*, at certain points, showed, congealed for the instant in all attitudes of dauntlessness, a gallery of marble statues—fighting gladiators.

Stooping low and intent, with one braced leg thrust behind and one arm thrust forward, curling round towards the muzzle of the gun, there was seen the *loader*, performing his allotted part; on the other side of the carriage, in the same stooping posture, but with both hands holding his long black pole, pike-wise, ready for instant use—stood the eager *rammer and sponger*; while at the breech, crouched the wary *Captain of the gun*, his keen eye, like the watching leopard's, leering along the range; and behind all, tall and erect, the Egyptian symbol of death, stood the *matchman*, immovable for the moment, his long-handled match reserved. Up to their two long death-dealing batteries, the trained men of the *Serapis* stood and toiled in mechanical magic of discipline. They tended those

rows of guns, as Lowell girls the rows of looms in a cotton factory. The Parcæ were not more methodical; Atropos not more fatal; the automaton chess-player not more irresponsible.

“Look, lad; I want a grenade, now, thrown down their main hatchway. I saw a long pile of cartridges there. The powder monkeys have brought them up faster than they can be used. Take a bucket of combustibles, and let’s hear from you presently.”

These words were spoken by Paul to Israel. Israel did as ordered. In a few minutes, bucket in hand, begrimed with powder, sixty feet in air, he hung like Apollyon from the extreme tip of the yard over the fatal abyss of the hatchway. As he looked down between the eddies of smoke into that slaughterous pit, it was like looking from the verge of a cataract down into the yeasty pool at its base. Watching his chance he dropped one grenade with such fatal precision that, striking its mark, an explosion rent the *Serapis* like a volcano. The long row of heaped cartridges was ignited. The fire ran horizontally, like an express on a railway. More than twenty men were instantly killed; nearly forty wounded. This blow restored the chances of battle, before in favor of the *Serapis*.

At this juncture the *Alliance* again appeared, for the second time in the engagement, and, running across the bow of the *Richard* and the stern of the *Serapis*, raked both ships indiscriminately with round-, grape-, and bar-shot. This, notwithstanding Jones (as he testified at the court-martial of Captain Landais) “con-

stantly called from the *Richard* for him not to fire, but to lay the enemy alongside." From this fire, Master's Mate Caswell and several men were wounded. After firing several broadsides the *Alliance* again ran off to leeward and took no further part in the action.

Captain Pearson, who seems to have been fertile in expedient, now let go his larboard anchor, hoping, as his ship brought up, she might drift clear of the *Richard*; but it was calm, and as the lashings held, the two ships, lashed together, swung to the anchor. Jones not only kept up his deadly musketry fire, but by constant hammering with the three nine-pounders on his quarter-deck, he had nearly cut in two the mainmast of the *Serapis* ten feet above her deck. As an evidence of the havoc made, meanwhile, by the sharpshooters, Dr. Bannatyne, the English surgeon, says: "No less than eleven men were shot at our wheel, seven of whom were killed outright, and all, without exception, were struck by musket-balls."

At this period of the fight the mainmast of the *Serapis* fell, carrying with it the mizzen-topmast. Soon after, Jones mustered a boarding party of twenty-five or thirty sailors, each with a cutlass and two pistols, and a few with hatchets, and headed by Acting-Lieutenant John Maynant, they boarded the *Serapis*, landing in the waist at the break of the top-gallant-forecastle. As Maynant's feet struck the deck,

a sailor struck a sharp boarding-pike through the fleshy part of his thigh, but the lieutenant shot the Englishman at the same moment, killing him instantly. The American boarders carried everything before them, and Captain Pearson, seeing they were in full possession of the fore part of his ship, seized the halliards of the ensign and lowered the flag of the *Serapis* himself.

But the confusion was so great that for several minutes the firing from the gun-deck of the *Serapis* and from the marines of the *Richard* continued, until Maynant called to Lieutenant Dale: "He has struck; stop the firing. Come on board and take possession!" Dale at once swung himself on board and, going aft, said to Captain Pearson: "I have the honor, sir, to be the first lieutenant of the ship alongside, which is the American Continental ship *Bon Homme Richard*, under command of Commodore Paul Jones. What ship is this?"

"His Britannic Majesty's late ship, the *Serapis*, sir," was the response, "and I am Captain Richard Pearson."

"Pardon me, sir," said the young American courteously, "in the haste of the moment, I forgot to inform you that my name is Richard Dale, and I must request you to pass on board the ship alongside."

The first lieutenant of the *Serapis* coming up from below at this moment, and seeing the

American officer, inquired of his captain, "Has the enemy struck, sir?"

"No, sir," responded Pearson; "I have struck."

In his journal, Jones describes the formal surrender as follows:

Captain Pearson now confronted me, the image of chagrin and despair. He offered me his sword, with a slight bow, but was silent. His first lieutenant followed suit. I was sorry for them, for they had fought their ship better and braver than any English ship was ever fought before, and this fortune of war came hard to them. I wanted to speak, but they were so sad and dignified in their silence I hardly knew what to say. Finally, I mustered courage and said, as I took the swords and handed them to Midshipman Potter at my elbow: "Captain Pearson, you have fought heroically. You have worn this sword to your own credit and to the honor of your service. I hope your sovereign will suitably reward you." He bowed again, but made no reply, whereupon I requested him and his lieutenant to accompany Mr. Potter to my cabin.

It was midnight when this most remarkable sea-fight ended, and upon inspection it was found that the *Richard* had seven feet of water in her hold, although the pumps were constantly running, double-manned by the English prisoners. The lashings that held the ships were now cut and they drifted apart. After mustering the crew it was found that the *Richard* had sixty

killed and over one hundred and twenty wounded; nearly every twelve-pounder gun in the starboard broadside was dismantled or disabled, the starboard side of the ship had been fairly driven in, almost to the water's edge, abreast of the *Serapis's* lower tier of eighteen-pounders, and her rudder was cut entirely off, in fact she was a hopeless wreck.

It was at once apparent that she could not be kept afloat, and, in fact, had it not been almost calm, with an unusually smooth sea, the *Richard* would have surely sunk long before the battle ended. The work of removing the wounded American officers and crew to the *Serapis* was at once begun, but it was not until nearly evening of the following day that this task was completed. The crew and the English prisoners were also transferred, and then, last of all, Paul Jones, leaving the *Richard* alone with the dead for whom she made a fitting sepulchre, stepped into his boat and bade adieu to the gallant ship with whose fame his name will always be associated.

In his journal, Jones says:

The ensign-gaff, shot away in action, had been fished and put in place soon after firing ceased, and our torn and tattered flag was left flying when we abandoned her. As she plunged down by the head at the last, her taffrail momentarily rose in the air; so the very last vestige mortal eyes ever

saw of the *Bon Homme Richard* was the defiant wavering of her unconquered and unstricken flag as she went down. And as I had given them the good old ship for their sepulchre, I now bequeathed to my immortal dead the flag they had so desperately defended for their winding-sheet!

This flag had an uncommon history. It was made from pieces of their best silk gowns by the young ladies of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to hoist on the *Ranger*, on July 4, 1777, and it was the first American flag to be saluted by the guns of a European naval power at L'Orient. Jones carried it with him to the *Bon Homme Richard* when he assumed command of that ship. When he returned to America in 1781, he met Miss Langdon, one of the original donors, to whom he said that it was his ardent desire to bring the flag, with all its glories, back untarnished to the fair hands that had given it to him four years before. "But, Miss Mary," he added, "I could n't bear to strip it from the poor old ship in her last agony, nor could I deny to my dead on her decks, who had given their lives to keep it flying, the glory of taking it with them!"

"You did exactly right, Commodore," she responded. "That flag is just where we all wish it to be—flying at the bottom of the sea over the only ship ever sunk in victory. If you had taken it from her and brought it back to us, we would hate you!"

After taking command of the *Serapis*, Jones at once rigged jury-masts, and after tossing about in the North Sea for ten days with head winds and bad weather, the fleet bore away for the Texel, where they anchored October 3d. On the passage they narrowly missed falling in with the British ship *Edgar*, 74, that was in search of them.

At the Texel the five hundred and four British prisoners were landed, and after months of tedious negotiations, and very sorely against his will, Jones gave up his prisoners and his prizes to his patron, the French king, and assumed command of the *Alliance* in December, 1779.

On Christmas Day he ran through the Straits of Dover and down the English Channel, and then cruised as far south as Corunna. While off that port, his crew sent Jones a petition, which read: "We respectfully request you, sir, to lay us in the *Alliance* alongside any single-decked English ship to be found in these seas, or any double-decked ship under a fifty." This petition from the veterans of the *Serapis* fight affected their captain very sensibly.

Paul Jones was received with extraordinary honors at the French Court, and was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit by Louis XVI., while he was courted by the nobility and became the hero of the day in Paris.

In 1781, Jones returned to the United States, where he received the thanks of Congress, a commendatory letter from General Washington, and he was given charge of the construction of the *America*, 74, the first line-of-battle ship built in the United States. When completed, this fine vessel was presented to the King of France as compensation for the loss of the *Magnifique*, stranded in Boston harbor while serving in the Revolutionary War. The *America* was later captured by the British from the French, and was incorporated into the English navy.

On October 16, 1787, Congress passed a resolution that a medal of gold be struck and presented to Chevalier Paul Jones, in commemoration of the valor and brilliant services of that officer in command of a squadron of American and French ships under the flag and commission of the United States, off the coast of Great Britain, in the late war; and that the Honorable Thomas Jefferson, Minister of the United States at the Court of Versailles, have the same executed with the proper devices.

The Secretary of Foreign Affairs was ordered by Congress to prepare a letter to be signed by the President, embodying the above resolution, which Jones was to deliver "into the hands of His Most Christian Majesty."

Before he left the United States, for France, in 1787, Congress recommended the settlement

of Jones's claim for "pay, advances, and expenses," amounting to £9784 16s, 1d., "or such part thereof as may, consistently with the existing condition of the Treasury, be practicable." As the Board of Treasury could pay only £2000 on account, Jones declined to accept any part at that time, and it was not until July 6, 1848, that Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the benefit of the heirs-at-law of Paul Jones, in full settlement of this claim.

Before the gallant Commodore sailed from the shores of America for the last time, he was entertained at a grand dinner in New York, on November 10th, by John Jay, at which forty guests were at table. On November 11th, Jones sailed in the ship *Governor Clinton*, and was landed at Dover nineteen days later. In London he stayed one week, having confidential letters for our Minister, Mr. Adams, and he then passed over to Paris, where he remained until January, 1788, when Mr. Jefferson sent him to Copenhagen as Plenipotentiary Agent. At the Danish Court he received special attention, and became a great favorite with the royal personages. While at Copenhagen, the Russian Minister, Baron Krudsner, laid before Jones a definite proposition from the Empress Catherine, of Russia, in her own handwriting, offering him the command of her naval forces in the Black Sea, to co-operate with the army under General Suwarrow. His rank was to be "Captain-

commandant with the rank of major-general." Jones accepted the offer, with the proviso that his rank should be rear-admiral, and this was finally granted.

Notwithstanding the natural jealousy of this American sailor promoted over their heads, the Russian naval officers recognized the great ability and desperate courage of their new Admiral, and in the engagements with the Turks during the Liman campaign they supported him admirably. In the action of June 17th, in which the Russian and Turkish fleets were each of about the same size, the Turks lost nine of their large ships and twenty gunboats, with three thousand casualties, while the Russian loss was one frigate and six gunboats sunk, with seven hundred killed and wounded. The following October, the Empress invested Jones with the Order of St. Anne, and promoted him to Vice-Admiral; but, disgusted with the intrigues of the Court and the intolerable jealousy of Prince Potemkin and General Nassau-Siegen, he gladly accepted a year's leave of absence, and after visiting Warsaw, Vienna, Munich, and Amsterdam, Jones arrived in Paris, in May, 1790, where he remained until July 18, 1792, when he died of dropsy of the breast, just as he had been appointed, at the special request of Jefferson, United States Commissioner for treating with the Dey of Algiers on the subject of peace and of the ransom of Americans held in captivity

by that power. In his last moments, while gasping for breath, Jones bequeathed—by the hands of Gouverneur Morris—"the sword of honor" he had received from King Louis of France to Richard Dale—"my good old Dick,"—as he called the gallant officer who had been his first lieutenant in the *Bon Homme Richard*, the *Alliance*, and the *Ariel*.

The French National Assembly ordered a public funeral for "Paul Jones, Admiral of the United States of America," and Cambon moved that "the President of the Assembly shall forthwith name twelve members, including himself, to represent our desire to so honor the memory of such a man." Jules Marron, rector of the Protestant Consistory of Paris, pronounced the funeral oration, and Bertrand Barère delivered from the portico of the Palace of Justice an oration upon "The Freedom of the Sea," extolling the achievements of his dead friend.

One hundred and thirteen years later, in June, 1905, the remains of John Paul Jones were removed from the place of their interment in Paris and, after a brilliant funeral pageant through the streets of the French capital, were delivered on board the United States steam frigate *Brooklyn* at Cherbourg. Thence, accompanied by three vessels of war, they were taken to Chesapeake Bay, where they were received by Rear-Admiral Evans, with eleven ships of war, and escorted to Annapolis. There, within the pre-

cinets of the Naval Academy, in the presence of the President of the United States, the Governor of Maryland, and a vast concourse of representatives of the Old World and the New, they were reinterred with military honors.

Thus ended one of the most impressive demonstrations of international honor ever paid to a naval hero.

CHAPTER V

THE CRUISES OF THE PRIVATEERS "YANKEE," "GENERAL PICKERING," AND "PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL"

A FAVORITE name for our private armed ships in the War of 1812 was "*Yankee*." Thus we find in the annals of the privateers the *Yankee*, the *True-Blooded Yankee*, the *Yankee American*, and the *Yankee Porter*. In this sketch, however, we shall deal with the six cruises of the original vessel, the *Yankee*. She was a fast sailing brig of one hundred and sixty-eight tons, mounting fourteen nine- and six-pounders in broadside and a twelve-pounder long-tom amidships. She was manned, mainly, by Rhode Island seamen and commanded by Captain Oliver Wilson.

She sailed from Bristol the middle of July, 1812, and about noon, when off Halifax, Nova Scotia, she sighted a large ship, evidently well armed. Captain Wilson's crew went to quarters and the *Yankee* approached the enemy on her weather quarter. She showed English colors and Wilson at once fired the first broadside.

The stranger promptly responded and a sharp action, at close quarters, ensued, in which the American marksmen in the *Yankee's* tops took an active part, shooting the English helmsman. This caused the English vessel to fall off from the wind, and in the confusion Captain Wilson luffed across his enemy's bow and delivered a series of terrific raking broadsides, the riflemen, meanwhile, keeping up such a deadly fire that the Englishman was forced to surrender. The prize proved to be the British privateer *Royal Bounty*, Captain Henry Gambles, a fine vessel of six hundred and fifty-eight tons, mounting ten guns, but manned by only twenty-five men. She was very much cut up in hull, sails, and rigging, having been struck by more than one hundred and fifty shot. She had two killed and seven wounded, among the latter her commander and one of her officers. After sending her prize into a home port, the *Yankee* continued her cruise, capturing several other vessels, among them the *Eliza Ann*, from Liverpool, with a full cargo of British goods. With this prize the *Yankee* returned to Boston.

About the middle of October the *Yankee* sailed, on her second cruise, to the West Coast of Africa. After capturing the British sloop *Mary Ann*, of four guns, with a cargo of gold dust, ivory, and carved wood, valued at \$28,000, she joined issue with the schooner *Alder*, six guns. This was a stubborn fight and was only

successful when, after blowing up the quarter-deck of the enemy, by which her commander and six of the enemy were killed, the vessel surrendered. The next prize was taken farther down the coast, where a brig was found anchored under the guns of what appeared to be a formidable fort. Captain Wilson, however, actually cut this vessel out from her haven and brought her out at night to his anchorage. She proved to be the *Fly* with a cargo valued at \$36,000. Continuing the cruise, the *Yankee* captured the brig *Thames*, of Liverpool, with a \$40,000 cargo; the brig *Harriet and Matilda*, carrying eight guns; the brig *Shannon*, ten guns; the schooner *George*, taken by a bold dash one evening into Tradetown; and the schooner *Alfred*. The *Yankee* returned to Bristol in March, 1813, having taken, in one hundred and fifty days, eight vessels with property valued at very nearly \$300,000.

On May 20, 1813, the *Yankee* sailed, this time under command of Captain Elisha Snow, and two days out of port captured the brig *William*. On the 30th they fell in with the brig *Thames* of fourteen guns, and after an hour's fight captured her, the second of her name taken by the *Yankee*. The cargo of cotton in this vessel was sold for \$110,000. The *Yankee* was now nearing the coast of Ireland, and when in sight of land she captured the sloop *Earl Camden*, which was sent into France. Eight days later, while

still in sight of the Irish coast, she took the brigs *Elizabeth* and the *Watson*, each loaded with cotton, and sent them into France. These two cargoes were valued at \$140,000. The next day the brig *Mariner*, laden with rum and sugar, valued at \$70,000, fell captive to the active little *Yankee* and was also ordered to France.

Captain Snow, now deeming it prudent to leave the Irish coast, stood out to sea and on July 23d a vessel was sighted, which declined to heave to. Snow hoisted American colors and a pennant, and sent a shot from his long-tom to emphasize his demand, whereupon the stranger displayed Spanish colors and responded with a stern gun. The *Yankee* was gaining rapidly on the chase and as she neared her Snow fired a lee gun, upon which the chase luffed up and opened with grape from her stern guns. Believing, now, that he was dealing with an Englishman in disguise, Snow responded so vigorously that after half a dozen broadsides the Spanish colors came down. Sending a boat on board Snow found, to his chagrin, that the vessel was the Spanish privateer *Nueva Constitucion*, a ship of three hundred tons, with six twenty-four and two twelve-pounders. Joint apologies were now in order, and the two vessels separated after their profitless combat.

On August 20, 1813 the *Yankee* returned to Bristol, having in these three cruises captured

twenty-two English vessels, without the loss of a man. She sailed on a fourth cruise, on September 13th, commanded by Thomas Jones, and in forty-nine days made eight captures, with cargoes valued at \$200,000. In June, 1814, the *Yankee* again sailed under the command of Captain Elisha Snow, making a short but very successful cruise during which she captured four vessels, one of enormous value, the gross receipts from the sale of her cargo being nearly \$600,000. In her sixth and last cruise before the termination of the war, the *Yankee* took six vessels. The last, the *General Wellesley*, of six hundred tons with sixteen guns, was captured only after a running fight of several hours. This prize, valued at \$250,000, was lost on the bar in entering Charleston harbor, and all her original crew, with two of the American prize crew, perished in the wreck.

To sum up the work of this extraordinarily successful little vessel: In her six cruises she captured nine ships, twenty-five brigs, five schooners, and one sloop,—forty vessels in all—and she seized or destroyed property of the value of \$5,000,000, and sent into Bristol, Rhode Island, \$1,000,000 worth of goods. On the fifth voyage of a few weeks, the owners of the *Yankee* received as their share of the profits a quarter of a million dollars, Captain Snow's share was \$15,789, a cabin boy's \$700, and the negro servants each received \$1121.

THE CRUISES OF THE "GENERAL PICKERING"

One of the most daring and successful among the many brave commanders of our early privateers was Jonathan Haraden, of Salem, a worthy descendant of the old English sea-rovers that ravaged the Spanish Main. He was born in Gloucester, that nursery of sturdy seamen, in 1745. In 1776, soon after the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain, he was appointed a lieutenant of the privateer brig *Tyrannicide*, Captain Fiske, carrying fourteen guns, with one hundred men. She belonged to Richard Cabot, of Salem, father of George Cabot, President of the famous Hartford Convention, and great-grandfather of Henry Cabot Lodge, the present senior United States Senator from Massachusetts.

The *Tyrannicide* speedily captured a royal cutter, bound from Halifax to New York, carrying important despatches, and a few days later she had an engagement with the armed schooner *Despatch*, carrying eight guns, twelve swivels, and thirty-one men. At the end of an hour's fight the *Despatch* surrendered, her commander and seven men being wounded and one killed, while the vessel was very much cut up. The American loss was one killed and two wounded. In July the *Tyrannicide* captured the armed ship *Glasgow* and made thirty prisoners; the next month she took the brig *St. Lawrence* and the

schooner *Three Brothers*. In the following month, in company with the privateer *Massachusetts*, she attacked the British bark *Launsdale* and, after a struggle lasting three hours, captured her.

On the 27th of March, 1779, while off Bermuda, the *Tyrannicide* fell in with the English armed brig *Revenge*, carrying fourteen guns and eighty-five men. After some manœuvring for position, the two evenly matched vessels came to close quarters and the Americans succeeded in bringing their brig close alongside their adversary. The two crews fought each other with desperate valor over the low bulwarks, each, in turn boarding and being repelled, until at last the captain of the *Revenge*, having a large number of men killed or wounded and two of his broadside guns dismounted, called for quarter and surrendered. In this contest the Americans had eight men wounded. This was the last capture made by the *Tyrannicide*; for the following summer, in the unfortunate Penobscot expedition, she with twelve other privateers was destroyed to prevent falling into the hands of the enemy.

After this active experience in sea warfare, Haraden found little difficulty in obtaining command of the one-hundred-and-eighty-ton privateer *General Pickering*, of sixteen guns. In April, 1780, he sailed for Bilboa, Spain, with a cargo of sugar, and on the outward voyage,



STEPHEN DECATUR

From an engraving of the painting by T. Sully

on May 29th, he was attacked by a British cutter, mounting twenty-two guns. Although greatly overmatched, Haraden, after a combat of two hours, succeeded in beating his antagonist off and proceeded on his voyage. As a partial compensation, however, for this profitless fight, as the *General Pickering* entered the Bay of Biscay, at night, she came upon the British privateer schooner *Golden Eagle*, mounting twenty-two guns and carrying sixty men.

Haraden at once ran alongside of the stranger, called upon her to surrender and, trusting to the darkness to conceal his strength, boldly announced that his vessel was an American cruiser and that he would blow the privateer out of water if she did not at once surrender! Vivid recollections of the fateful cruise of Paul Jones in the *Ranger* and, later, in the *Bon Homme Richard*, the previous year, lingered in the memory of the British seamen of the day, so, taken completely by surprise, by the appearance of the *Pickering* at close quarters, and awed by the bold threat of her commander, the *Golden Eagle* at once surrendered. The English captain, when he came on board of his captor, was, however, very naturally, greatly humiliated at having given up his vessel without a blow to such an inferior force.

A few days later, early in the morning of June 3d, as the *Pickering* and her prize were near the entrance to the port of Bilboa, a large

armed ship hove in sight, which Haraden learned from the captain of the *Golden Eagle* was the privateer *Achilles* of London, mounting forty-two guns, with a complement of one hundred and forty men.

The Yankee captain laid down the spy-glass with which he was examining the approaching ship and nonchalantly observed: "She is a bit bigger than we are, but I shan't run from her," then turning to the officer of the deck he said: "Keep the ship on her course, sir."

The wind fell light, and before sunset the *Achilles* had recaptured the *Golden Eagle*, that had fallen to leeward, placed a prize crew on board of her, and, learning the character and force of the *General Pickering*, began to beat up to windward to obtain a favorable position for attacking. Meanwhile night came on and the commander of the *Achilles* deferred the contemplated attack until daylight, feeling quite confident that his prize was easily within his grasp. Haraden does not seem to have been the least discomposed at the prospect before him of an unequal fight with the powerful *Achilles* the next day; for it is recorded that "he took a sound night's sleep and in the morning recruited a boatswain and eight seamen from among the English prisoners on board his ship."

Meanwhile the news that a pair of British and American warships were about to fight in full view of the port had spread through Bilboa,

and crowds of people gathered, eager to witness a naval battle, which promised a novel sensation for the public, far surpassing a bull fight. The coming of night, however, disappointed the spectators. The rising sun of June 4th, nevertheless, found a multitude of Spaniards gathered on the hillsides, impatiently waiting for the promised spectacle. The *Achilles* at once began the attack, standing down for her expected prey with hearty cheers from her crew. Haraden, however, had placed his ship overnight near certain shoals in the harbor, in such a position that, as the British ship approached, she would be exposed to a raking fire, and the wind dying out as she came into range, the Americans were enabled to keep up a murderous fire upon their foe for nearly two hours from their long-tom before the *Achilles* could get into her desired position.

At last, getting within range, the British ship opened with her broadside guns and made every effort to get into closer quarters, but Haraden maintained his position in shallow water, meanwhile keeping up a steady fire upon his antagonist. It is said that at the last, running short of shot, he ordered the gunner to load with crowbars, a number of which he had taken from a prize. The flight of this novel ammunition produced the utmost consternation among the British and, it is said, precipitated the final defeat of the English ship. After three hours of

this desperate engagement the *Achilles*, with a decimated crew, made sail to escape.

Haraden at once followed, in hot chase, and offered a reward to the gun's crew which should carry away one of the Englishman's spars, but without avail. The *Pickering* succeeded, however, in recapturing the *Golden Eagle* with a British prize crew on board, and with the second officer of the *Achilles* in command.

The excited onlookers of this spectacular contest from the shore now crowded into small boats and, wildly enthusiastic, formed an escort for the *General Pickering* and her prize as they came into the inner anchorage. It is stated that, when she anchored, it was almost possible to have walked dry shod ashore over the small craft that swarmed about the vessel. When Captain Haraden landed, so great was the enthusiasm of the Spaniards over the heroic defence of his little vessel, that they raised him on their shoulders and bore that victorious commander in triumph through the city. Mr. Robert Cowan, an onlooker of the fight, writes:

The *General Pickering* in comparison with her antagonist looked like a longboat by the side of a ship. As for Captain Haraden he fought with a determination that seemed superhuman, and, although in the most exposed positions, where the shot flew around him, he was all the while as calm and steady as amid a shower of snowflakes.

Returning to the United States from Bilboa in October, while off Sandy Hook, Captain Haraden fell in with three armed vessels, the ship *Hope*, of fourteen guns, the brig *Pomone*, of twelve guns, and the cutter *Royal George*, of fourteen guns. By a series of skilful manœuvres Haraden succeeded in separating these vessels and, after an action of an hour and a half, actually captured all three of them and sent them into port as prizes.

On the next cruise the *General Pickering* fell in with a heavily armed king's packet, homeward bound from the West Indies. After an engagement of four hours Haraden found that he had expended all but one round of ammunition and that it was necessary to haul off to repair damages. Having speedily effected this, he rammed home his last round of shot and boldly running alongside his antagonist, declared that he would give them exactly five minutes to haul down their colors and that, if they did not do so at the expiration of that time, he would send every man of the crew to the bottom of the ocean. Then running up the red flag, the signal for "no quarter," he coolly took out his watch and, standing where he could be plainly seen by the enemy, he called out the minutes as they expired.

This singular summons from the desperate Yankee had the expected effect. The dreadful suspense, as the minutes ticked off, was too

much for the nerves of the already demoralized Englishmen, and before the expiration of the allotted time the colors came down. On boarding the prize her decks were found covered with dead and wounded men and streams of blood were oozing from her scuppers.

The last record of Captain Haraden is while he was in command of the *Cæsar*, fourteen guns, on June 5, 1782, just two years after his extraordinary fight with the *Achilles*. He fell in with an English armed ship and a brig and joined combat with them both. For two hours neither side could gain a decisive advantage, regarding which Captain Haraden quaintly notes in his journal "both parties separated, sufficiently amused."

In October, 1909, a tablet was placed upon the house in Salem where he died in 1808. At the ceremony one of the speakers declared that "Captain Haraden captured more than one thousand guns from the ships of the enemy in his various cruises."

THE "PRINCE DE NEUFCHATEL"

The *Prince de Neufchatel*, of New York, was a new and splendid vessel mounting seventeen guns and carrying one hundred and fifty men, and under command of Captain Ordranax, was a very fortunate privateer. During a single cruise she was chased at different times by

seventeen armed British vessels and by good fortune escaped them all, bringing home goods valued at \$300,000.00 and much specie. On her last cruise in October, 1814, while off Nantucket, she was attacked by five armed boats from the British frigate *Endymion*. The privateer at the time was very short-handed, having only thirty-six men at quarters, the remainder of her crew being absent in prizes.

Early in the forenoon the engagement began. The attacking boats divided as they approached for the assault, one coming on each side, one under the stern, and one on each bow, having in all one hundred and eleven men in the assaulting party, a number three times greater than the privateer's crew. The attack and the defence were equally desperate, but within the space of twenty minutes the British were repulsed and actually forced to cry for quarter. One of the boats had gone to the bottom with forty-one out of forty-three of her crew, while the other boats were fearfully cut up. The larger portion of the English force engaged were killed, wounded, or made prisoners, while the privateer's loss was but seven killed and twenty-four wounded.

The privateer then made sail and, having greater speed than the frigate, she succeeded in escaping from her foe and arrived safely in Boston on the 15th of October, 1814.

CHAPTER VI

THREE CRUISES OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"

THE frigate *Constitution* or "*Old Ironsides*" as she has been affectionately styled, is the last existing tie that links the old navy with the new; and that she still holds a most conspicuous place in the national interest of the present generation is shown by the hundreds of pilgrims, from all parts of the country, who each year visit the old ship at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Since her first cruise, in the summer of 1798 under Captain Samuel Nicholson, when she was in the West Indies during the brief French War, down to the beginning of the Civil War, when as a training ship for Midshipmen she made the voyage from Newport to Annapolis, in charge of Lieutenant Commander P. C. Johnson, she had always been in more or less active service. On this last cruise the *Constitution* was started from Newport in tow of a tugboat, but, disdaining this ignominious aid, the good old ship soon ran away from her tug and, for a time logged thirteen and a half knots, as though to show what she could still do, as she made her own way to her haven at Annapolis.

In 1803 Commodore Edward Preble sailed from Boston in the *Constitution* bound for the Mediterranean, to take command of the squadron in the operations against Tripoli. When near the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, one dark night, they suddenly found themselves near a large vessel, evidently a ship of war. The crew were at once silently brought to quarters and Preble hailed "What ship is that?" The same question was returned from the stranger, in reply to which Preble gave the name of his ship and repeated his first question. Again the question was returned instead of an answer, and again the *Constitution's* name was given, without receiving other reply than the repetition, "What ship is that?"

Preble's patience was now exhausted, so taking the trumpet he hailed, "I am now going to hail you for the last time. If a proper answer is not returned I will fire a shot into you." A prompt answer instantly came back: "If you fire a shot, I will return a broadside." Preble then hailed: "What ship is that?" The reply was, "This is His Britannic Majesty's ship *Donnegal*, eighty-four guns, Sir Richard Strahan, an English Commodore. Send your boat on board." Under the excitement of the moment Preble leaped on the hammock netting and responded: "This is the United States ship *Constitution*, forty-four guns, Edward Preble, an American Commodore, who will be damned

before he sends his boat on board any vessel." Then turning to the crew he cried, "Blow your matches, boys." The conversation here ceased and soon after a boat came alongside with a lieutenant from the frigate *Maidstone*, who offered apologies for the seeming rudeness, that was caused by the fact that the English ship was taken unawares and thus parleyed to gain time to get their men to quarters. The apology was accepted and the incident closed.

During the next two years the *Constitution* was kept in a state of constant activity in the various operations of the war with the Barbary States, which have been referred to more at length in a previous sketch, and it was a great relief when at last hostilities were terminated by a satisfactory treaty being negotiated by Preble, which ended the war and the payment of tribute forever.

War was declared against England on June 18, 1812, and it was during this struggle that the *Constitution* gained her chief laurels. Three days after the declaration of war the *Constitution*, Captain Isaac Hull, sailed from Washington and on July 17th fell in with the British squadron of four ships, the *Africa*, 64; *Shannon*, 38; *Belvidera*, 38; and *Æolus*, 32. A sensational chase, lasting sixty hours, ensued, from which the *Constitution* escaped by her extraordinary speed aided by the splendid seamanship of her commander. Hull then made for Boston, whence



Edward Preble.

COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE, U.S.N.
From the painting in Faneuil Hall, Boston

he sailed again on August 2d, and standing to the eastward skirted the coast of Nova Scotia and passed across the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence to a point near Cape Race. Then heading to the southward, at two o'clock on the 19th, a sail was discovered, which one hour later was made out to be a frigate, sailing by the wind on the starboard tack; this ship proved to be H. B. M. *Guerriere*, 38, Captain Dacres. She maintained her course and the *Constitution* approached her rapidly, the wind being fresh, so that at five o'clock they were but five miles apart. The *Constitution* then took in all light sails, made ready for action and beat to quarters, the crew greeting the call with three hearty cheers.

The *Guerriere*, meanwhile, ran up a British ensign at each masthead, and backed her mainsail, waiting for her enemy to come up. At 5.05 P.M. she fired her starboard broadside at long gun shot, then wore round immediately, and discharged her port broadside, but two shots in all taking effect. The *Constitution* hoisted an ensign and a jack at each masthead and began firing with her bow guns as she could bring them to bear, but Hull's object was not to commence the action seriously until quite close. For three quarters of an hour the fight continued in this way, the *Guerriere* wearing from time to time, to fire a broadside, and the American ship yawing to avoid being raked and then firing her bow guns.

At last, tiring of these dilatory tactics, Hull wore round, set his light sails and headed directly for his adversary, who now bore up, so that the two ships were sailing in the same direction, the *Constitution* to windward. At 6.05 the bows of the American frigate began to double on the quarter of the English ship. As the *Constitution* drew slowly ahead she opened with her forward guns. The crew of the other guns had remained quietly at their quarters while their ship was thus running up alongside of the *Guerriere*, waiting in silence for the order to fire. Several of them were killed beside their guns and Lieutenant Morris became very impatient to begin firing, but Hull restrained him until at last the order came. Then the guns poured forth their volleys, and in ten minutes the enemy's mizzen-mast went by the board, one of the American crew calling to his mate as it went over the side, "Damn it, Jack, we have made a brig of her!"

The *Constitution* passed ahead about two hundred yards, still keeping up a tremendous fire, and luffed short round on the *Guerriere's* bow to prevent being raked. In doing this the *Constitution* shot into the wind, got sternway, and fell foul of her antagonist. As the vessels touched both parties prepared to board, but the musketry fire on both sides prevented this. The *Constitution* then filled her sails and shot ahead. Just at that moment the foremast of the *Guer-*

riere fell, carrying with it the mainmast and leaving the vessel a helpless wreck, wallowing in the trough of a heavy sea.

The *Constitution* now hauled a short distance ahead secured her masts, rove new rigging, and at seven o'clock stood down and took a favorable position for raking, when the jack that had been kept flying on the stump of the mizzenmast of the *Guerriere* was lowered and Captain Dacres surrendered. When Lieutenant George C. Read went on board to take possession, he found the spar deck a horrible spectacle. The masts and yards were hanging over the side, many guns were dismounted, and the bodies of the dead and dying were lying as they had fallen, among the tangle of ropes and rigging. The hull was in a sinking condition and in places two port-holes had been knocked into one.

At daylight the next morning the officer in charge hailed the *Constitution* to say that the *Guerriere* had four feet of water in her hold and there was danger of her sinking. Captain Hull at once sent his boats, removed the prisoners, and set the wreck on fire. In a quarter of an hour she blew up. The *Constitution* then sailed for Boston with her prisoners, arriving August 30th.

Congress voted Captain Hull a gold medal, with silver medals for the officers, and \$50,000 prize money for officers and men. A public

dinner at Faneuil Hall was also given in honor of Captain Hull and his officers.

The *Constitution* again sailed from Boston, on October 27th, under command of Captain William Bainbridge, who had meanwhile relieved Captain Hull, and in company with the *Hornet* she arrived off San Salvador on the 13th of December. On the 29th, at 9 A.M., the *Constitution* sighted two sails, one of them a large frigate, the *Java*, as it proved, standing directly for the American ship. At 12 M. the *Constitution* showed her colors and the stranger set the British ensign, both ships standing off from the land. At 1.20 P.M. Bainbridge furled his light sails and tacked toward the enemy and at 2 P.M. the action began on both sides, each ship manœuvring for position. As in the light wind that prevailed the English ship sailed best, he soon forged ahead and kept away with a view to cross the *Constitution's* bow, but was foiled by her wearing. The ships were a little too far apart for the eighteen-pounders of the English ship and she tried to close, in order to use her carronades more effectively, while Bainbridge maintained a judicious distance, until his opponent had been seriously weakened. The *Java*, being the faster ship, attempted three times to pass around the *Constitution's* bow for raking, but Bainbridge avoided him each time, by firing a broadside and quickly wearing around on the other tack, under cover of the smoke.



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIERE," AUGUST 19, 1812

From the drawing by G. White

About an hour after the action began the *Java* lost her bowsprit and jib-boom and her commander, Captain Lambert, at once attempted to lay his enemy on board, but as the ships came in contact the *Java's* foremast was carried away and at the same time her commander fell, mortally wounded by a shot from the maintop of the *Constitution*. At 3.15 her maintopmast was shot away just above the cap. At 3.55 her mizzenmast went by the board. Thus in less than an hour the *Java* lay a dismantled wreck, everything above deck, excepting part of the mainmast, being swept by the devastating fire of the Americans, while few of her guns could be handled on account of the wreckage.

At 4.15 the *Constitution* hauled ahead to repair her rigging and examine injuries, and at 5 P.M. she wore round and stationed herself on the bow of the *Java*, which soon after surrendered, and Lieutenant Parker was sent on board to take possession, after a combat lasting two hours.

The *Java's* loss was forty-eight killed and one hundred and two wounded. The *Constitution* lost twelve killed and twenty-two wounded, Captain Bainbridge being among the latter. The *Java* was literally picked to pieces, as though in a target practice. Her foremast was first cut away near the cat-harpins, and later a double-headed shot took it off about twenty feet above the deck. The maintopmast went early, and

the mainmast fell as the *Constitution* hauled off. The mizzenmast was shot out of the ship a few feet from the deck, and the bowsprit near the cap. Her hull was also greatly injured. The *Constitution*, on the other hand, did not lose a spar. She went into action with her royal yards across and came out of it with all three of them in the places; in fact she could have gone into action with another ship an hour later.

After lying by his prize two or three days to remove all the prisoners, Captain Bainbridge had the *Java* blown up. The *Constitution* thereupon made sail for St. Salvador, where she paroled and landed her prisoners. On February 27th, Bainbridge arrived in Boston after a successful cruise of four months. Congress again voted medals for the Commander and officers of the *Constitution*, and Bainbridge, like his predecessor, Hull, was the hero of the hour in Boston.

Soon after her arrival in Boston the *Constitution* went to the Navy Yard for a thorough overhauling and, under the command of Captain Charles Stewart, the good old ship sailed on December 18, 1814. On the 20th of February, while cruising in the neighborhood of Madeira, two sails were sighted. The nearest was the British frigate *Cyane*, 34, Captain Gordon Thomas Falcon; the other, the sloop-of-war *Levant*, 21, Captain the Honorable George Douglas. At four o'clock the *Cyane* made sail to join her consort,

and, meanwhile, the *Constitution* was bearing down upon them under studding-sails. She opened fire at five o'clock on the *Cyane*, but the shot fell short. The two British ships, meanwhile, were in consultation, and endeavored to get to windward of the *Constitution*, with an evident intention of delaying the action until nightfall, when, under cover of the darkness, they might hope to cripple their antagonist.

Failing, however, to outwind the *Constitution*, the British ships at six o'clock ran up red English ensigns and formed in line with the wind on the starboard beam, the *Levant* ahead. The *Constitution* hoisted her colors five minutes later and opened the action by firing a shot between her two adversaries. Broadships were at once exchanged and for fifteen minutes a very hot action was kept up. The sea was covered with a light mist, the moon came out, while dense masses of smoke hung to leeward of the combatants. When it cleared away, the *Constitution* was found abreast of the *Levant* with the *Cyane* luffing up astern to deliver a raking broadside. This was the crucial moment, but Stewart, splendid old seaman, grasped the opportunity, delivered a tremendous broadside at short range into the *Levant*, then, hidden in the smoke of his own guns, braced the after sails aback, and as his ship gathered sternway, poured a heavy fire into the *Cyane*.

As the *Levant* wore to come to the assistance

of the *Cyane*, the *Constitution's* sails were again filled and, as she shot ahead, two broadsides were fired into the stern of the *Levant* as she came to the wind. At this juncture Captain Falcon, seeing the hazardous position of the *Levant*, gallantly stood in between the *Constitution* and his consort and the *Levant* drew out of the combat to repair damages. The *Cyane* then attempted to go off before the wind, but the *Constitution* wore short around and gave her a raking fire over the stern, and as she luffed up and fired her port broadside, Stewart placed his ship within hail, on the port quarter of the *Cyane*, where she was practically at his mercy. Captain Falcon then fired a lee gun and hoisted a light in token of surrender, just forty minutes after the first broadside had been fired. His ship was hulled a number of times between wind and water, five carronades had broken loose, her rigging was badly cut up, and the main- and mizzen-mast were seriously injured. Lieutenant Hoffman was sent on board the prize with a small crew and her officers were removed to the *Constitution*.

At 7.45 Captain Stewart filled away in pursuit of the *Levant* which had been reeving new braces and repairing damages. At eight o'clock the ships passed each other and exchanged broadsides when the *Constitution* headed around her opponent's stern and raked her. Captain Douglas, now discovering for the first time that

the *Cyane* had struck, attempted to escape; but it was too late. His wheel had been shot away by the last broadside and his lower masts were badly damaged, so after a chase of half an hour he surrendered. This ended the last great fight of the *Constitution*.

The *Constitution* and her prizes were chased by a British squadron and the *Levant* was retaken from her anchorage at Porto Praya, but the *Cyane* was brought safely into New York and was finally taken into our service. The arrival at New York of the *Constitution*, after her third successful contest with British ships-of-war, caused very general rejoicing, and Congress awarded Captain Stewart a sword of honor and a gold medal. The colors of the *Cyane* and *Levant* are still preserved as precious relics at the Naval Institute at Annapolis.

The skilful manner in which Captain Stewart handled his ship in this engagement has been the subject of universal praise among nautical men. In a naval combat where one ship is engaging two, it is a most unusual thing for the single ship to avoid being raked by one or the other of her antagonists. But in this fight the *Constitution* was not once subjected to a raking fire, while, on the contrary, she repeatedly raked both of her antagonists, backing and filling in the smoke of battle and forcing the British ships down to leeward in a most brilliant series of manœuvres.

CHAPTER VII

THE REMARKABLE CRUISE OF THE FRIGATE "ESSEX" AND HER CAPTURE IN VALPARAISO HARBOR

ONE of the most romantic and eventful cruises ever undertaken by a single ship in the history of the American navy was that of the United States frigate *Essex*, 32, under the command of Captain David Porter, in the Pacific Ocean.

The *Essex* was built in 1799 by subscriptions from the patriotic citizens of Salem, and was presented to the Government for the purpose of protecting American commerce and, in the language of the donors, "to chastise French insolence and piracy." The good ship sailed for the Indian Ocean under command of Captain Edward Preble in December, 1799, and was the first United States vessel to double the Cape of Good Hope, as later, in 1813, she was the first of our naval ships to go around Cape Horn. From 1802 to 1805 the *Essex* took part in the operations against the Barbary Powers in the Mediterranean, under Captains Barron, Bainbridge, Decatur, and Stewart, and in 1811 she was in Commodore Rodgers's squadron on our coast.

Porter sailed July 2, 1812 on a cruise in

search of the British frigate *Thetis*, 36, reported to be bound for South America with a large amount of specie. On July 10th, he encountered a fleet transporting a British regiment from Barbadoes to Quebec, under convoy of the frigate *Minerva*, 32, and he succeeded in cutting out one of the vessels, with one hundred and ninety-seven soldiers on board. On August 13th, he captured, after a brief engagement of eight minutes, the British ship-sloop *Alert*, 18, which was the first capture of an English cruiser in the War of 1812.

After taking the crew out of the *Alert* Porter now had five hundred prisoners on board the *Essex*, nearly double his own complement, and only by the vigilance of young Farragut, who was a midshipman on board, was an attempt to capture the ship prevented. Overhearing the discussion of the plot, while he feigned sleep in his hammock, Farragut informed the captain of what was going on and he at once gave the alarm of "Fire." The crew quickly rushed to quarters and the prisoners were secured. Porter then threw the *Alert's* guns overboard, made her a cartel and sent the British prisoners under parole to Nova Scotia. The *Essex* returned to the Delaware September 7th, after a cruise of sixty days, in which she had captured nine prizes, recaptured five American vessels, and had taken over five hundred prisoners.

On October 28th the *Essex* sailed from the

Delaware and on December 11th captured the British packet *Nocton*, ten guns, with \$55,000 specie on board. Later, while off Bahia, Porter was falsely informed that the *Montague*, 74, had raised the blockade of the *Bonne Citoyenne* and that the *Constitution* and *Hornet* had put to sea. Ignorant of the two brilliant victories of these latter vessels, he decided upon the daring scheme of doubling the Horn and making a cruise in the Pacific, subsisting upon the enemy while he made an unexpected blow at British commerce in an ocean where they least expected to find a foe.

The *Essex* rounded the Horn in February, 1813, encountering severe gales, and at Valparaiso learned that Chile had declared her independence of Spain. Leaving this port in March, he captured the Peruvian cruiser *Nevada*, 15, which had lately taken as prize two American whalers, the *Walker* and the *Barclay*. Throwing the Peruvian's guns and ammunition overboard, Porter allowed him to go, with a warning against further depredations upon American vessels. After painting his ship, to resemble a Spanish merchantman, Porter resumed his cruise and, fortunately falling in with the *Barclay*, in charge of her Peruvian crew, he recaptured her, after an hour's chase, and putting her in charge of one of his officers, with a prize crew, ordered her to the Galapagos.

On April 29th, he captured the British whaler



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "JAVA," DECEMBER 29, 1812

From a sketch by Lieut. Buchanan

Montezuma with fourteen hundred barrels of sperm oil, and the same day, the wind having gone down, took the whalers *Georgiana* and *Policy* with his boats. On these last two vessels were a large number of impressed American sailors who gladly enlisted in the *Essex*. These three prizes, with their cargoes, were worth half a million dollars. As they were all armed, Porter transferred the guns from the *Policy* to the *Georgiana*, which was pierced for eighteen guns, thus giving her a battery of sixteen light guns, and fitted her out as a cruiser. Lieutenant John Downes, with forty-one men, was then sent on board the *Georgiana*, the American flag was hoisted at her peak, and she fired a salute of seventeen guns, which the *Essex* returned with nine guns, the first salutes ever fired by American men-of-war in the South Pacific Ocean.

On May 28th, while cruising near Charles Island, a sail was sighted to the northward and after chasing all day the *Essex* ran down and captured the British letter-of-marque *Atlantic*, eight eighteen-pounders. While taking possession a sail was seen, and putting a midshipman and eleven men on board the *Atlantic* she was sent after the stranger, the *Essex* following. Night came on, but the chase was kept up until the vessel was overtaken and captured. She proved to be the British letter-of-marque *Greenwich*, which had sailed from England in convoy of the *Java*.

To the great satisfaction of Porter, abundant stores were found on board the new prize, including one hundred tons of fresh water, badly needed by the *Essex*, and also eight hundred large tortoises, which kept the American ships in fresh provisions for a month. There were also quantities of cordage, canvas, and paint, so that nothing was wanting for refitting the improvised squadron, which now included the *Essex*, forty-six guns and two hundred and forty-five men; *Georgiana*, sixteen guns and forty-two men; *Greenwich*, ten guns and fourteen men; *Atlantic*, six guns and twelve men; *Montezuma*, two guns and ten men; *Policy*, ten men, and *Barclay*, seven men,—in all, a fleet of seven ships, with eighty guns and three hundred and forty men, in addition to eighty prisoners, who were now becoming an incumbrance.

Having now more ships and prisoners than he could well handle, Porter made sail for the mainland and on June 19th anchored in the river Tumbez. Lieutenant Downes, who was cruising offshore, captured a few days later the *Catherine*, eight guns and twenty-nine men, and the *Rose*, eight guns and twenty-one men. Sending twenty men and prize masters on board these vessels, left Downes with only twenty men and boys to guard the fifty prisoners. The same day he chased and captured the privateer *Hector*, eleven guns and twenty-five men, after a running fight, in which the prize lost her maintop-

mast and had two men killed and six wounded.

Downes now found himself with three prizes on his hands and with but ten men in the ship to sail the *Georgiana* and guard seventy-three prisoners. So, taking a portion of the *Rose's* cargo out of her and throwing her guns overboard, he made her a cartel and, paroling his prisoners, he put them on board, directing them to make for St. Helena, while the *Georgiana*, with her two remaining prizes rejoined Porter at Tumbez on June 24th.

Porter now promoted Lieutenant Downes to Master-Commandant, giving him command of the *Atlantic*, renamed the *Essex Junior*, with twenty guns and sixty men. The reorganized squadron sailed June 30, 1813, and on the following Fourth of July the three larger vessels fired salutes of seventeen guns and, as Porter's journal says, "the day was passed in the utmost conviviality," which can be readily believed under the peculiarly happy conditions then existing in the little squadron, so strangely brought together under the American flag in the Pacific Ocean.

Five days later, Porter ordered Downes to convoy the *Hector*, *Policy*, *Catherine*, *Montezuma*, and *Barclay* to Valparaiso. Midshipman Farragut, then twelve years of age, was ordered to the command of the *Barclay*, but, in consideration of his tender years, the former English master of the ship was sent in her, as a kind

of dry-nurse for the future distinguished Admiral of the American navy.

After appointing a rendezvous for the *Essex Junior*, in September, Captain Porter in the *Essex*, with the *Greenwich* and *Georgiana*, made for the Galapagos Islands. On July 13th, three sail were sighted, and the American ships started in chase. The *Essex* with her two consorts overhauled and captured the *Charlton*, ten guns, the *Seringapatam*, fourteen guns and forty men, and the *New Zealander*, eight guns and twenty-three men. Porter stripped the *Charlton* of her armament, transferring her guns to the *Seringapatam*, and putting forty-eight paroled prisoners on board started this, his second cartel, for Rio de Janeiro. On the 25th, the *Georgiana*, with a full cargo of oil, was sent home, while the *Essex*, *Greenwich*, *Seringapatam*, and *New Zealander* made for the Albemarle Islands. August 4th, the fleet anchored off James's Island, and, after changing the appearance of his ships by his favorite device of repainting them, Porter put into Banks Bay with his squadron.

After a few days' rest the *Essex* again sailed on a cruise, this time alone. On the 15th of September, by keeping up the appearance of a whaler, with his royal-masts housed and ports closed, he was able to get within gunshot of a large British whaler, having a letter-of-marque, which he captured. This ship, the *Sir Andrew*

Hammond, twelve guns and thirty-six men, had escaped from him in July after a long chase.

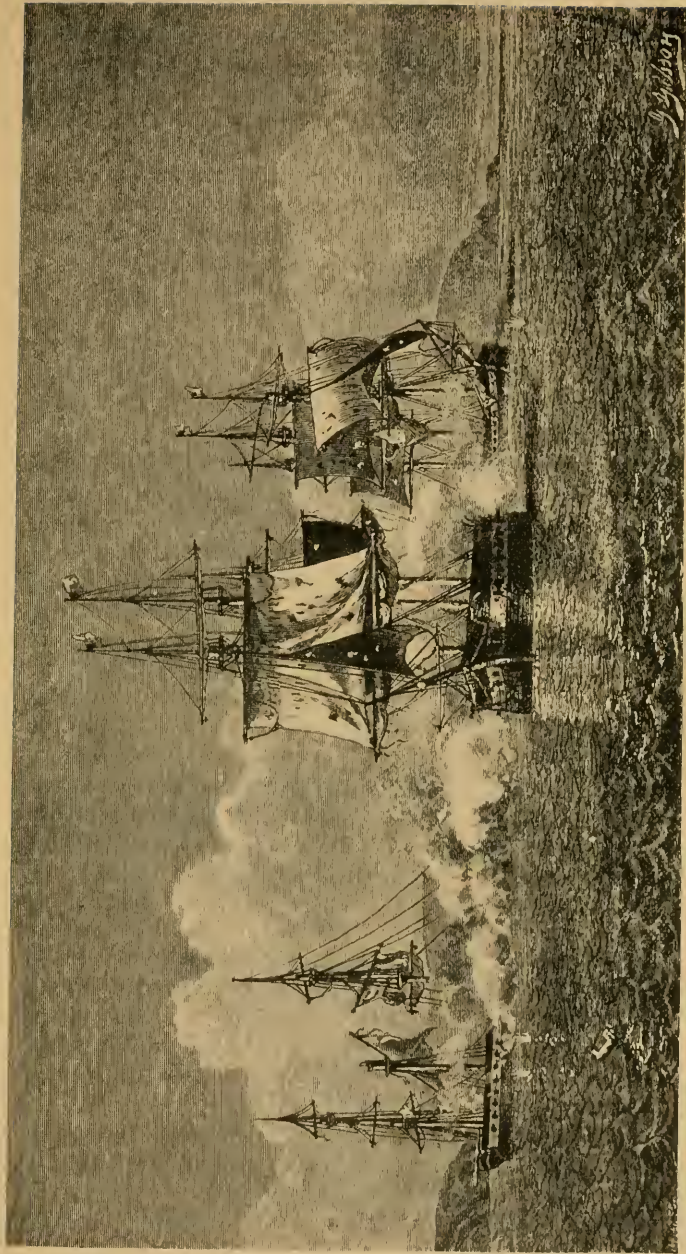
But this pleasant game was to come to an end. The news of the successive captures of these British ships had reached home, as Porter learned upon his return to Banks Bay, where the *Essex Junior* joined him on her return from Valparaiso. Downes also brought the unwelcome news that several heavy English frigates were out in search of the *Essex*, and Porter determined to winter at Nukahiva, in the Marquesas Islands, where he could overhaul and refit his ships in safety.

On the 23d of October, the *Essex*, *Essex Junior*, *Seringapatam*, *Sir Andrew Hammond*, and *Greenwich* anchored at Nukahiva. Here Porter landed, and in pursuance of his policy of capturing everything in sight, he took formal possession of the island in the name of the Government of the United States, and gave it the name of Madison's Island. After erecting and arming a fort to command the bay, the *Essex* was stripped, her stores were landed, she was smoked out to free her of rats with which she was infested, and she was then thoroughly overhauled and refitted. In December, having completed fitting the *Essex*, Porter determined to go to sea in search of nobler game than he had yet encountered. Leaving the three prizes in the harbor, in charge of Midshipmen Feltus and

Clark, with a garrison of twenty men in the fort, under Lieutenant of Marines John M. Gamble, Porter sailed on December 12, 1813, in the *Essex*, in company with the *Essex Junior*, for the coast of South America. This was destined to be the close of one of the most remarkable cruises, in many respects, ever recorded in the naval history of any nation.

The two vessels reached Valparaiso, February 3d, where Porter learned that the British frigate *Phoebe*, 36, Captain James Hillyar, was on the coast looking for the *Essex*. On February 7th, a reception and ball was given on board the *Essex* for the officers and citizens of Valparaiso. The next morning the *Essex Junior*, which had been cruising outside, signalled, "Two enemy's ships in sight." At that time half the crew of the *Essex* were on shore on liberty, while the ship was still in disorder from the festivities of the previous night.

Porter at once fired a gun and hoisted a recall for all boats and men, but before they were on board, the *Phoebe*, 36, with the ship-sloop *Cherub*, 18, Captain Tucker, entered the harbor. Captain Hillyar, being informed by an English mate, who went off in a shore boat, that half of the crew of the *Essex* were on shore, ran in with the *Phoebe*, on the wind, and bore down for the *Essex*, both ships having their crews at quarters. As the *Phoebe* rounded the quarter of the *Essex*, she luffed up on the starboard



THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "ESSEX" AND BRITISH SHIPS "PHOEBE" AND "CHERUB," MARCH 26, 1814

From an old woodcut



bow of the American frigate, the two ships being within fifteen feet of each other.

At this moment, Captain Hillyar, who had met Porter in the Mediterranean several years before, stood on an after-gun and said: "Captain Hillyar's compliments to Captain Porter and hopes he is well." Porter replied from the quarter-deck: "Very well, I thank you, but I hope you will not come too near, for fear some accident might take place which would be disagreeable to you." Then, waving his trumpet, kedje anchors were at once run up at the yard-arms of the *Essex*, ready to grapple the *Phoebe* should she close.

Captain Hillyar immediately braced his yards back, saying that if he fell aboard he begged to assure Captain Porter it would be entirely accidental. "Well," replied Porter, "you have no business where you are. If you touch a ropeyarn of this ship I shall board instantly." Then, hailing Lieutenant Downes, he told him to be prepared to repel the enemy. Upon this the *Phoebe* slowly backed astern, her yards passing over those of the *Essex* without touching a rope, and she anchored half a mile astern. But in accomplishing this manœuvre the English ship was directly exposed to a raking fire from the broadside of the *Essex*, while the *Essex Junior* could also have raked her under the stern.

A day or two afterward Hillyar met Porter on shore and thanked him for his forbearance,

assuring him that he need be under no apprehension of his breaking the blockade. But there is every reason to suppose that he had expected to find the *Essex* unprepared and in a condition to be carried by boarding when he entered the harbor.

For six weeks the two British ships stood guard over the *Essex*. Then Porter learned that several other British frigates were expected, and having little confidence in their respecting the neutrality of the port, he determined to put to sea. On the 28th of March the *Essex* parted her port cable in a heavy southerly gale and dragged her starboard anchor to sea. Finding the blockaders were close in to the western side of the bay, Captain Porter took in his topgallantsails, set over single-reefed topsails, and braced up to pass to windward, but just as the *Essex* was rounding the Point of Angels a heavy squall struck her, and, before the topsail-yard could be got down, the maintopmast went over the side, carrying the men who were furling the topgallantsail overboard, where they were drowned.

Porter wore round and ran into a small bay and anchored about three quarters of a mile from a one-gun battery and within pistol shot of the shore.

The *Phoebe* and *Cherub* at once bore down upon the *Essex* as soon as Hillyar saw that Porter was disabled, and the *Essex* prepared for

action, as it became evident that the English commander did not intend to keep his word. Flags were flying from every mast of the *Essex* and everything was made ready as far as possible, but the attack was made before springs could be got on her cables. The American ship was anchored so near the shore as to preclude the possibility of Captain Hillyar's passing ahead of her; so the two English ships came cautiously down, the *Cherub* taking her position on the starboard bow of the *Essex*, and the *Phoebe* under her stern. The attack began at 4 P.M. Some of the bow-guns of the American frigate bore upon the *Cherub*, and, as soon as she found this out, the sloop ran down and stationed herself near the *Phoebe*. The latter had, meanwhile, opened with her broadside of long eighteens from a position in which not one of Porter's guns could reach her. Three times springs were got on the cables of the *Essex* in order to bring her round till her broadside bore, but in each instance they were most unfortunately shot away as soon as they were hauled taut. Three long twelves were then got out of the stern-ports of the *Essex*, and with these an animated fire was kept up on the two British ships, Porter's intent being especially to cripple their rigging. A good many of the American crew were killed during the first five minutes, before the *Essex* could bring any guns to bear; but afterwards she did not suffer much, and at

4.20, after a quarter of an hour's fight between the three long twelves of the *Essex* and the whole thirty-six broadside guns of the *Phoebe* and *Cherub*, the latter were actually driven off. The British ships wore and again began with their long guns; but, these producing no visible effect, both of the British ships hauled out of the fight at 4.30 P.M. But their damages were soon repaired, and the two ships stood back again for the crippled foe, determined to end the affray. Both stationed themselves on her port quarter, the *Phoebe* at anchor, with a spring, firing her broadside, while the *Cherub* kept under way, using her long bow-chasers as she could bring them into play effectively. Their fire was very destructive, for they were out of reach of the *Essex's* carronades, and not one of her long guns could be brought to bear on them. At 5.20 Porter cut his cable, and tried to close with his antagonists. After many ineffectual efforts sail was made. The flying-jib halliards was the only serviceable rope on the *Essex* uncut. That sail was hoisted and the foretopsail was let fall, though the want of sheets and tacks rendered both sails almost useless. Still, the *Essex*, under this short canvas, drove down on her assailants, and for the first time got near enough to use her carronades. For a minute or two thereafter the firing was tremendous, but after the first broadside the *Cherub* hauled out of the fight in great haste,



JOHNSTON BLAKELY

From the painting by Gimbrede

and during the remainder of the action she confined herself to using her bow-guns from a distance. Immediately afterward, the *Phoebe* also discreetly edged off, and opened from her long eighteens, out of range of Porter's carronades.

The carnage on board the *Essex* had now made her decks look like shambles. One gun was manned three times, fifteen men being slain at it, its captain alone escaping without a wound. There were but one or two instances of flinching; the wounded, many of whom were killed by flying splinters, while under the hands of the doctors, cheered on their comrades, and themselves worked at the guns like fiends as long as they could stand. At one of the bow-guns was stationed a young Scotchman, named Bissly, who had one leg shot off close by the groin. Using his handkerchief as a tourniquet, he said, turning to his American shipmates: "I left my own country and adopted the United States to fight for her. I hope I have this day proved myself worthy of the country of my adoption. I am no longer of any use to you or to her, so good-bye!" With these words he leaned on the sill of the port and threw himself overboard. Lieutenant J. G. Cowell had his leg shot off above the knee, and his life might have been saved had it been amputated at once; but the surgeons already had rows of wounded men waiting for them, and when it was proposed to him that he should be attended to, out of

order, he replied: "No, doctor, none of that; fair play's a jewel. One man's life is as dear as another's; I would not cheat any poor fellow out of his turn." So he stayed at his post and died from loss of blood.

Finding it hopeless to try to close with his antagonists, the *Essex* now stood for the land, Porter intending to run his ship ashore and burn her. But the Fates were against him, for when she had drifted close to the bluffs, the wind suddenly shifted, took her flat aback, and paid her head inshore, exposing her to a raking fire. At this moment Lieutenant Downes, commanding the *Essex Junior*, pulled out of the harbor in a boat, through all the fire, to see if he could be of any assistance to his commander. Three of the men with him, including an old boatswain's mate, named Kingsbury, had come out, as they said, expressly "to share the fate of their old ship"; so they remained aboard the *Essex*, and, in their places, Lieutenant Downes took some of the wounded ashore, while the *Cherub* kept up a tremendous fire upon him. A shift of the wind gave Porter a faint hope of closing, and once more the riddled hulk of the gallant little American frigate was headed toward her foes. But Hillyar, determined to take no chances, put his helm up to avoid close quarters. The battle was his already, and the cool old captain was too shrewd an officer to leave anything to chance. Finding that he

could not close, Porter had a hawser bent on the sheet-anchor and let it go. This brought the ship's head round, keeping her stationary; and from such of her guns as were not dismounted and had men enough left to man them, a broadside was fired at the *Phoebe*.

To add to the chances against her, the *Essex* now caught fire; the flames came bursting up the hatchway, and a quantity of powder exploded below. Many of the crew were knocked overboard by the explosion and drowned; others, thinking the ship was about to blow up, leaped into the sea and tried to swim to land. The frigate had been shattered to pieces above the water-line, although, from the smoothness of the sea, she was not harmed enough below to reduce her to a sinking condition. The carpenter reported that he alone of his crew was fit for duty; the others were dead or disabled. Lieutenant Wilmer was knocked overboard by a splinter and drowned; his little negro boy, "Ruff," came up on deck, and, hearing of the disaster, deliberately leaped into the water and shared his master's fate. Lieutenant Odenheimer was also knocked overboard, but afterward regained the ship. A shot, glancing upward, killed four of the men who were standing by a gun, striking the last one in the head and scattering his brains over his comrades. The only commissioned officer left on duty was Lieutenant Decatur McKnight. The sailing-

master, Barnwell, although terribly wounded, remained at his post until he fainted from loss of blood.

Of the two hundred and fifty-five men aboard the *Essex* when the battle began, fifty-eight had been killed, sixty-six wounded, and thirty-one drowned ("missing"), while twenty-four had succeeded in reaching shore. But seventy-six men were left unwounded, and many of these had been bruised or otherwise injured.

It was evident that nothing now remained to be done, and at 6.20 the *Essex* surrendered and was taken possession of, after one of the most sanguinary and gallantly contested battles in naval history. The *Phoebe* had lost four men killed, including her first lieutenant, William Ingram, and seven wounded; the *Cherub*, one killed, and three, including Captain Tucker, wounded. Total, in both ships, five killed and ten wounded. This difference in loss was natural, as, owing to their having long guns and the choice of position, the British had been able to fire ten shots to the Americans' one.

This spectacular engagement had been witnessed by thousands of spectators who crowded the shore. The ships were so near the land that at one time several of the *Phoebe's* shot struck the beach. During the action, Mr. Poinsett, the American consul, made formal protest to the governor against this breach of neutrality and demanded the protection of the batteries for the



DAVID PORTER

From an engraving of the painting by J. Wood

Essex. But to this reasonable request he received an evasive reply.

Captain Porter now entered into an arrangement with Captain Hillyar, under the provisions of which the *Essex Junior* was converted into a cartel, and a passport was given, by means of which all the survivors of the *Essex* came home. Thus terminated this most enterprising and singular cruise, its end proving as disastrous as its commencement had been fortunate.

Farragut, then thirteen years of age, was a midshipman on board the *Essex* during the fight and a very dramatic account of it is given in his journal. The young man says in criticism:

In the first place I consider that our original and greatest error was in attempting to regain the anchorage; as being greatly superior to the enemy in sailing qualities I think we should have borne up and ran before the wind. If we had come in contact with the *Phoebe*, we should have carried her by boarding; if she avoided us, as she might have done by her greater ability to manœuvre, then we could have taken her fire and passed on, leaving both vessels behind until we replaced our topmast, by which time they would have separated, as, unless they did so, it would have been no chase, the *Cherub* being a very dull sailer. [He adds:] If these were not my reflections at the time, it was because I had always been in the habit of relying on the judgment of others; but they have certainly been my opinions as far back as I can remember to have thought on the subject.

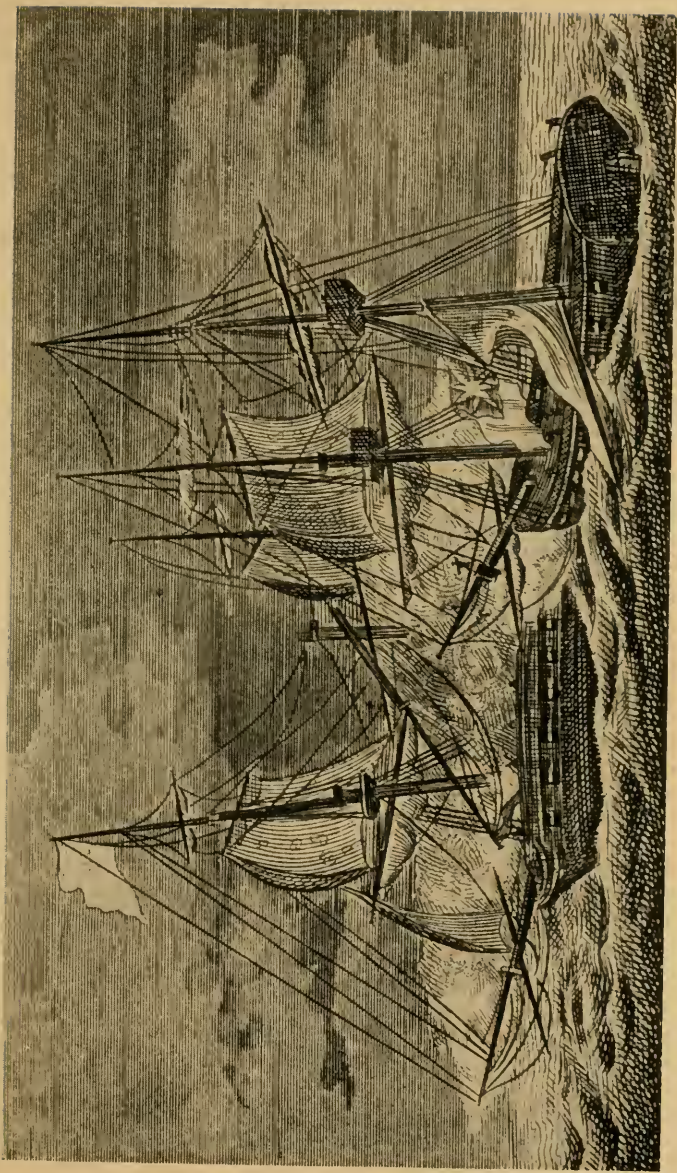
CHAPTER VIII

THE "WASP" AND HER CONTESTS WITH THE
"FROLIC" AND THE "REINDEER" AND "AVON."
CAPTURE OF THE TENDER OF THE "HEBRUS"

A BRISK combat—or, as Admiral Farragut would have styled it, "one of the little elegancies of the profession"—was the fight in the War of 1812 between the United States ship-sloop *Wasp* and the British brig-of-war *Frolic*, which resulted in her capture by the American cruiser.

The *Wasp*, 18, Captain Jacob Jones, with one hundred and thirty-eight men, left the Delaware on November 13, 1812, and ran off southeast, to get into the track of the West India traders. Encountering a heavy gale the next day she lost her jib-boom and two men who were upon it. On the 17th, the weather having moderated, she sighted several sails which proved to be part of a convoy of merchantmen from Honduras bound for England, under convoy of the *Frolic*, 19, Captain Thomas Whingates.

In the gale of the 16th, in which the *Wasp* had lost her jib-boom, the *Frolic* also lost her main-yard and both vessels had passed the next two days in repairing damages. On the 18th



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "WASP" AND THE "FROLIC," OCTOBER 18, 1812

From an old print

the *Wasp* sent down topgallant-yards, close reefed her topsails and bore down for the *Frolic* under short fighting canvas. The *Frolic* lashed her damaged yard on deck and hauled by the wind under her boom mainsail and close reefed foretop-sail, hoisting Spanish colors, to decoy her adversary and to permit her convoy to escape. By 11.30 A.M. the ships were close together, running on the starboard tack, parallel and not more than sixty yards apart, and the firing began, the *Wasp* from her port, and the *Frolic* from her starboard battery. The fire of the Englishmen was very rapid, they delivering three broadsides to the *Wasp's* two, both crews cheering loudly as the ships plunged and wallowed through the water. There was a heavy sea running, left by the late gale, which caused the vessels to roll and pitch severely. The Americans fired as their port side was going down, aiming at the *Frolic's* hull, while the English fired on the upward roll, their shot going high.

The spray flew in clouds over both vessels, which rolled the muzzles of their guns under water, but in spite of this, the firing was spirited and, in the main, well directed. In five minutes the *Wasp's* maintop-mast was shot away and it fell across the port fore and foretop-sail braces, thus rendering her head yards unmanageable. Ten minutes later her gaff and mizzentop-gallant mast came down, and by twelve o'clock every

brace, and most of her rigging was shot away, so that it was actually impossible to brace her yards.

But, meanwhile, the *Frolic*, in turn, had suffered dreadfully in her hull and lower masts, and her gaff and head braces were also shot away. The slaughter among her crew was also very great, but the survivors still kept at their guns with dogged courage. At first the two vessels ran side by side, but the *Wasp* gradually forged ahead, until her bends rubbed against her antagonist's bows. Here the vessels came foul, the *Frolic's* bowsprit coming in over the quarter-deck of the *Wasp* and passing over the heads of Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle, who were standing by the capstan. This forced her bows up into the wind and enabled the Americans to throw in a close and devastating raking fire that swept the deck of their adversary.

The impetuosity of the *Wasp's* crew could now no longer be restrained; Jack Land, a seaman from New Jersey, leaped on the *Frolic's* bowsprit. Lieutenant Biddle then mounted the hammock-netting to board, but got his feet entangled in some rigging, and one of the midshipmen seizing his coat-tails to help himself up, the lieutenant tumbled back on the deck. As the ship rose to the next swell Biddle succeeded, however, in getting on the *Frolic's* bowsprit, on which were already one or two seamen of his own ship, but, to their surprise, no one was

found to oppose them. A terrible spectacle was presented to the victors. Scarcely any of the English crew were standing: a lieutenant, bleeding from many wounds, was leaning against the companion-way and a sorely wounded quartermaster clung to the wheel. Every living officer on board was wounded and two were dead. The decks were strewn with dead and dying, and the water that washed from side to side across the deck, as the brig rolled, was dyed with blood.

The victorious Americans pushed their way through the dead and wounded to the quarter-deck, where the surviving officers dropped their swords in submission, as Lieutenant Biddle himself hauled down the British flag at a quarter past 12—just forty-three minutes after the action commenced. The *Frolic's* masts went by the board almost immediately after.

The *Frolic's* total loss was over ninety; thirty being killed outright. The *Wasp* had five men killed and five wounded.

The *Frolic* had scarcely been taken possession of when a large sail was seen standing toward the scene of combat. Instructions were at once given Lieutenant Biddle to make the best of his way to Charleston with the prize and the *Wasp* began to make sail, with the intention of continuing her cruise, but on loosening her sails and turning out the reefs from her topsails they were found to be nearly in ribbons cut by the

shot of the enemy, and she was thus prevented from making her escape. The stranger, who proved to be H. B. M. *Poictiers*, 74, hove a shot over the *Frolic*, in passing, and ranging up near the *Wasp*, both vessels were captured. They were taken into Bermuda and Captain Jones and his crew were paroled and soon after returned home.

On May 1, 1814, the new *Wasp* sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, under command of Captain Johnston Blakely, on a cruise. She ran off the coast without molestation, keeping to the eastward, until, on June 28th, at quarter past 4 A.M., being then in the chops of the English Channel, she sighted two sails a little forward of the lee beam.

The weather was fine, the wind light, and the sea exceedingly smooth. While keeping away in the chase, another sail was sighted on the weather beam, and Captain Blakely brought his ship up to the wind to close with this most weatherly of his antagonists.

At 10, the chase showed English colors and began to signal. At noon she repeated her signals and fired a gun. At 1.15 P.M., Captain Blakely, believing he could weather the chase, tacked. The Englishman also tacked, and stood off manœuvring for the weather-gage. The *Wasp* now fired a gun to windward and showed her ensign, and the enemy, a large man-of-war brig, accepted the defiance, and at 2.32 P.M.



D. G. Farragut

ADMIRAL DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, U.S.N.

From a photograph taken in New Orleans in 1862

The "Wasp" and her Contests 141

tacked and hauled down her staysails as the *Wasp* took in her light sails.

At 2.50 Captain Blakely, seeing that his opponent would weather him, made another tack, while the Englishman ran up his flying jib to close, and crept down on the weather quarter of the American, about sixty yards distant, firing his forecastle gun five times into the *Wasp* before she could bring a gun to bear.

This galling fire for eleven minutes, from a twelve-pounder loaded with round and grape at such short range, was borne by the crew of the *Wasp* with the utmost steadiness and subordination. The men stood quietly to their guns until they could be brought to bear and then served them with a vigor that was shown in the wreck they made of their enemy.

The British captain made a most gallant fight from first to last, and his approach on the *Wasp's* quarter was a very excellent piece of seamanship, but fate and the odds were against him. As the English brig drew ahead, Captain Blakely put his helm down and, luffing up, made a half-board, firing from aft forward as his guns bore. As the water was smooth and the fire was deliberate, every shot told with terrible effect.

The enemy now kept away, running the *Wasp* aboard on her starboard quarter at 3.40, the vessels fouling. The English crew, led by their commander, who fell dead in the attempt, made

several determined attempts to board, but were each time repulsed with the utmost steadiness. At 3.44 Captain Blakely gave the order to board, when his men quickly sprang into the rigging of the English brig with loud shouts, and within one minute after they reached her deck the British ensign was lowered, the action having lasted but nineteen minutes after the *Wasp* fired her first gun, or twenty-eight minutes from the time the English ship opened the engagement. The only unwounded officer left to surrender the vessel was a master's mate.

The prize proved to be H. B. M. brig sloop-of-war *Reindeer*, Captain William Manners, mounting eighteen twenty-four-pound carronades and one bow gun, with a complement of one hundred and eighteen men. Her loss was twenty-five killed, including Captain Manners, and forty-two wounded, among these the first lieutenant and master. The *Wasp* had five killed and twenty-two wounded, including two midshipmen, who subsequently died.

The *Reindeer* was literally cut to pieces in a line with her ports, her upper works, boats, and spare spars being one entire wreck, and when the breeze sprang up the next day her foremast fell. As the British ship was so seriously damaged Captain Blakely burned her, and after putting a portion of his wounded prisoners on board a neutral vessel proceeded to L'Orient with the *Wasp*, reaching that port on July 8th.

The "Wasp" and her Contests 143

Captain Blakely remained in port refitting until the 27th of August, when he sailed for another cruise. Within two days he captured two prizes, and on September 1st cut out a vessel loaded with guns and military stores from a fleet of ten sail of merchantmen convoyed by the *Armada*, 74. In attempting to seize another he was chased away by the enemy.

That same evening, while running free, four sails were sighted, two on the larboard and two on the starboard bow. The *Wasp* was hauled up for the most weatherly of the four, and at 7 P.M. the chase began signalling with flags, lanterns, rockets, and guns. Blakely paid no attention to these, but kept his course, and by 9.20 he had the enemy on his lee bow within hail, and ordered her to heave to, which she declined to do. The *Wasp* then fired a gun at her. The shot was at once returned, when Blakely put his helm up and passed to leeward to prevent the enemy from escaping, both vessels hailing.

At 9.29 the *Wasp* ranged up alongside and opened the engagement with a broadside, and the firing was continued at close range with great severity, although the darkness was intense and a heavy swell was running. At ten the fire of the enemy had ceased, and Captain Blakely hailed to learn if she had surrendered. But as no reply was given and a few more guns were fired from the English ship, the *Wasp*

poured in another broadside and the enemy's mainmast went by the board.

At 10.12, as there was no response to his guns, Captain Blakely hailed again and asked if she had surrendered, and was answered in the affirmative. The *Wasp's* boat was then lowered to take possession, but as she struck the water another vessel was seen coming up fast astern and the boat was at once rehoisted and the crew were sent back to their guns. At 10.36 two more sails were sighted astern and it became necessary to abandon the prize.

Captain Blakely ran his ship dead off before the wind, in order to reeve new braces in place of those shot away, trusting to induce one of the strangers to follow where he could try conclusions with him apart from his consorts. But as the British vessel got within range of the *Wasp* she hauled her wind across the American's stern and fired a broadside, but then as the *Wasp's* first antagonist was firing guns of distress she abandoned the chase and returned to her crippled friend.

It was afterward learned that the defeated vessel was H. B. M. brig *Avon*, 18, Captain the Hon. James Arbuthnot. The brig that followed the *Wasp* was the *Castilian*, 18, and one of the other vessels in sight was H. B. M. *Tartarus*, 20. The *Avon* was so much cut up that she sunk, her crew being saved by the *Castilian* with great difficulty. The *Avon's* loss was from



ISAAC CHAUNCEY

From an engraving of the painting by J. Wood

The "Wasp" and her Contests 145

thirty to fifty. The *Wasp* had only two killed and one wounded.

On September 12th, the *Wasp* took the brig *Three Brothers*, and on the 14th, the brig *Bacchus*. Both these vessels were scuttled, and on the 21st, in latitude $33^{\circ} 12'$ N., longitude $14^{\circ} 56'$ W., near the Azores, she took the brig *Atlanta*, 8.

As this was a valuable prize, Midshipman Geisinger was sent home in charge of her, and she arrived safely in Savannah, November 4th, bringing the last direct intelligence ever received of the *Wasp*.

Some time afterward it was learned from the master of the Swedish brig *Adonis* that on October 9, 1814, he was chased by a ship and later boarded by a boat from the U. S. S. *Wasp* in latitude $18^{\circ} 35'$ N., longitude $30^{\circ} 10'$ W. The Swede had on board as passengers Acting-Lieutenant McKnight and Master's Mate Lynn, both of the *Essex*, who had been exchanged at Valparaiso by Captain Hillyar. These gentlemen were transferred to the *Wasp* at their own request and the vessels parted. This was sixteen days after Mr. Geisinger left the *Wasp*, and is the last that was ever heard of the gallant little vessel.

During the forty days the saucy little *Wasp* was cruising in the English Channel, from June 2d to July 6th, and from August 30th to September 1st, she captured and destroyed one

ship, one bark, one galliot, six brigs, and one schooner, beside burning and sinking two British man-of-war brigs; and from September 1st to the 21st she destroyed two brigs and sent one home as a prize. And this sharp work was actually done while the English Channel was patrolled by a British fleet numbering thirty-five ships of various sizes, mounting over one thousand guns.

CAPTURE OF THE TENDER OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE
"HEBRUS"

A dashing little affair was the capture of the tender of the British frigate *Hebrus* in January, 1815. Captain Dent, who was in command at Charleston, South Carolina, obtained information that a party of officers and men belonging to the *Hebrus*, Captain Palmer, were watering at one of the islands in the vicinity and he directed Lieutenant Lawrence Kearney to proceed outside with three barges to cut them off, while a party of militia endeavored to assail them by land. The frigate was at anchor outside, out of gun-shot, but as soon as she perceived the design of the Americans, she fired guns and made other signals of recall, when two of the boats pulled toward her, and a tender, that contained a strong party, attempted to run out also.

Fortunately the wind shifted, bringing the *Hebrus* to windward of the American barges,

but the tender was still to leeward of them. Discovering his advantage, Lieutenant Kearney determined to make a dash at the latter, regardless of the frigate and of the two boats that were pulling off. The *Hebrus*, perceiving the danger in which her tender was now placed, made the greatest exertions to save her. Shots were fired at her own cutters to drive them back to the assistance of the tender, and a third boat was sent from the frigate with the same object. The frigate also opened fire on the American barges with much effect, one shot taking off the head of a man at Lieutenant Kearney's side. But this gallant officer, disregarding everything but his object, laid the tender aboard in the steadiest manner, and carried her off directly under the guns of the frigate to which she belonged. The *Hebrus's* launch was also taken, her people having hurried on board the tender when the alarm was given. The tender had a carronade and six brass swivels in her, beside small arms. The prisoners captured numbered forty.

A few days later Lieutenant Kearney, with twenty-five men in the launch captured from the *Hebrus*, went out and captured another tender, belonging to the frigate *Severn*, with a crew of thirty or forty men. Lieutenant Kearney was later in command of the *Enterprise* in the Mediterranean squadron, 1816-1819.

CHAPTER IX

THE "HORNET" CAPTURES THE BRITISH SHIPS
"PEACOCK" AND "PENGUIN" AND THE "PEA-
COCK" CAPTURES THE "EPERVIER." CAPTURE
OF "MACEDONIAN" BY THE "UNITED STATES."

THE *Constitution* and *Hornet*, the latter under the command of Captain James Lawrence, sailed from the United States in October, 1812, and on February 24, 1813, while off the mouth of the Demerara River, a brig was sighted to leeward and the *Hornet* started in shore, in chase, until she found herself in less than five fathoms of water. The chase showing English colors, and having all the appearances of a vessel-of-war, Lawrence determined to attack her. While beating around the Carabana bank, which lay between the *Hornet* and the strange brig, another sail was made on the weather quarter, evidently edging down on the *Hornet*. Lawrence, however, continued working to windward in pursuit of his first chase until 4.20 P.M., when the second vessel showed English colors and was made out to be a large man-of-war brig.

The *Hornet* was at once cleared for action and the crew went to quarters, the ship being kept close to the wind to gain the weather-gage,

the enemy running free. At 5.10, feeling assured that he could weather the *Englishman*, Captain Lawrence broke out his colors and tacked. The two vessels were now standing toward each other, both close by the wind, the *Hornet* on the starboard and the enemy on the port tack. At 5.25 they passed each other within half pistol-shot, delivering the fire of their batteries as the guns bore. The *Englishman* suffered severely in the hull from this first fire, while the *Hornet* was untouched, save aloft, where one man was killed in the mizzen-top by a round shot, two were wounded in the maintop, and, strange to say, the pennant of the ship was cut off by a deflected shot.

As the *Englishman* cleared the *Hornet's* stern he put his helm hard up, intending to wear short round and rake with his starboard guns, but Lawrence saw the manœuvre, and immediately imitated it, bringing the *Hornet* down on the enemy's quarter where she closed, pouring in such a terrific fire that the English captain was killed, with many of his crew, and within fourteen minutes after the first shot, the enemy not only lowered his ensign, but at once hoisted it in the fore rigging as a signal of distress, and at 5.40 his mainmast fell.

Lieutenant J. T. Shubrick, who was sent on board to take possession, soon returned with the information that the prize was H. B. M. sloop-of-war *Peacock*, 20, Captain Peake, and that she

was fast sinking, having already six feet of water in her hold. Lawrence at once anchored and despatched his third lieutenant and a midshipman with boats to take out the wounded, with orders to anchor the prize, and, if possible, to save the vessel. Every exertion was made to that end: the *Peacock's* guns were thrown overboard, the shotholes at the water line were plugged, the pumps rigged, and recourse was even had to bailing. But all efforts to save the prize were of no avail, for suddenly the brig lurched and then settled, in five and a half fathoms of water, carrying down with her three of the *Hornet's* and nine of the *Peacock's* crew, who were below. As her masts remained above water four of the English sailors saved their lives by running into the foretop. The launch floated from the *Peacock's* deck as she went down and a number of men scrambled into the boat and, having no oars, were forced to paddle with pieces of boards toward the *Hornet* until they were taken off by her cutters.

In this brief engagement the captain of the *Peacock* and seven men were killed and thirty-three were wounded. The *Hornet* had but three wounded, and by nine o'clock that night, new sails were bent, the ship cleared and she was ready for action if the brig inshore, the *Es-piegle*, 18, had decided to come out and attack her. Finding that he had one hundred and forty-seven prisoners on board, a number greater

than that of his own crew, and his water and stores running short, Lawrence decided to return to New York, where he was warmly received and Congress granted him a medal and a sword of honor. He was promoted to post captain and by sad mischance was ordered to the command of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*.

In March, 1815, the U. S. S. *Hornet*, then under the command of Captain James Biddle, while off the island of Tristan d’Acunha, sighted a vessel which proved to be the British brig-sloop-of-war *Penguin*, 19, Captain Dickenson. She was new the previous September and carried one hundred and thirty-two men. As she was looking for American privateers she approached the *Hornet* head on to conceal her broadside battery. When the strange sail was sighted from aloft Captain Biddle was just clewing up her top-sails, but he at once sheeted them home and made all sail to the westward in chase. The wind was fresh and the *Penguin* was to windward, but without manœuvring the *Hornet* hove to, to allow her antagonist to close, then filled her maintop-sail and yawed, wearing occasionally to prevent being raked.

At 1.41 being within musket-shot, the *Penguin* hauled to the wind on the starboard tack, hoisted a St. George ensign, and fired a gun. Upon this challenge the *Hornet* luffed upon the same tack, broke out her flag, and the action began with heavy broadsides. The two vessels kept up a

very sharp fire for fifteen minutes, gradually closing, until Captain Dickenson put his helm up and ran the *Hornet* aboard on the starboard side, the *Penguin's* bowsprit coming in between the main and mizzen-rigging of the American and projecting over her deck.

As the ships closed Captain Dickenson fell, mortally wounded, but Lieutenant McDonald made a gallant effort to lead his men on board the *Hornet*, an effort that failed through the unwillingness of the British sailors to follow their brave leader. "We tried," said McDonald afterward, "but found the men rather backward and so, you know, we concluded to give it up." The American crew had been called to repel boarders, but, finding no opponents, they were preparing, in their turn, to board the *Penguin*, when they were recalled by Captain Biddle. A heavy sea was running and as the *Hornet* forged ahead the *Penguin's* bowsprit carried away her mizzen-shrouds, stern davits, and spanker-boom, and she swung around on the American's port quarter, where neither ship could bring her broadside guns to bear. Afterward the *Penguin's* foremast fell on board the *Hornet*, covering her port guns so they could not be used.

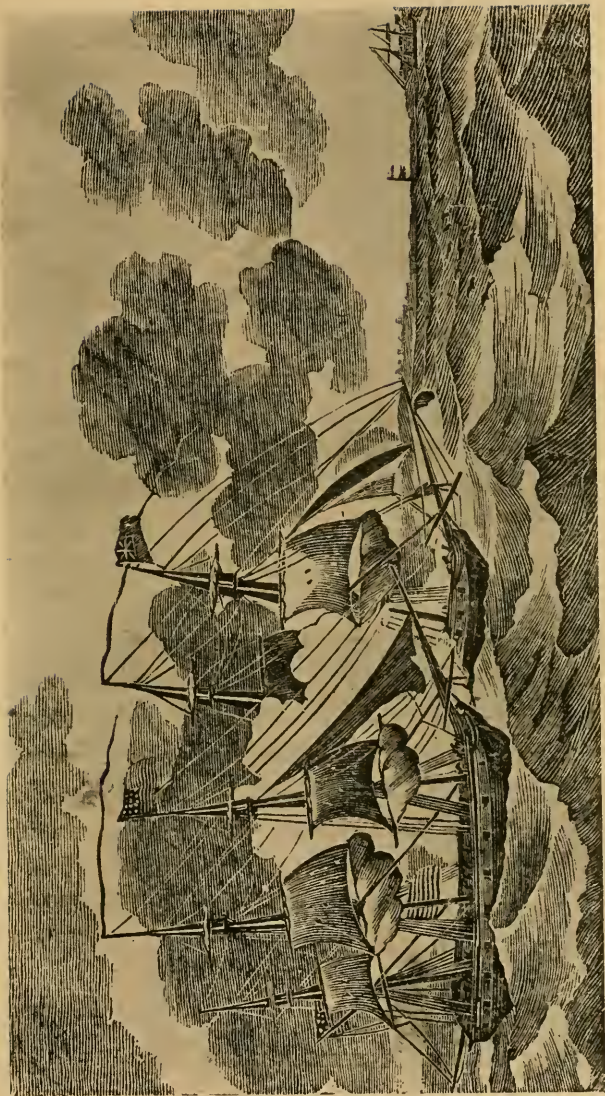
Captain Biddle now wore his ship round to bring the starboard battery into play, when one of the English officers called out something which Biddle understood to be "surrender" and

directing his marines to cease firing he jumped up on the taffrail. At that moment two marines on the *Penguin's* forecastle, not thirty feet distant, fired at the American captain, one of the balls inflicting a severe wound in the neck. An immediate volley of musketry from the *Hornet* killed both the marines, and as the ship drew ahead, the *Penguin's* foremast went overboard, breaking her bowsprit short off. The *Hornet* at once wore, bringing a fresh broadside to bear, and at 2.02, as she rounded to, a score of men sprung up on the forecastle of the *Penguin*, holding up their hands and shouting that they had struck. This was twenty-two minutes after the first gun was fired.

The *Penguin's* hull was riddled, her fore-mast and bowsprit gone, her main-mast tottering and most of her starboard guns dismantled, while she had lost one third of her men, fourteen killed and twenty-eight wounded, or forty-two in all. The officers of the *Penguin* said that during the action a thirty-two-pound shot came in through their larboard after port, carried away six legs, killed the powder-boy of the division, capsized the opposite gun on the starboard side and passed through the port into the sea. The *Hornet* had not been struck by a single round shot in the hull, nor was a mast or spar materially injured, although her rigging was a good deal cut up. Her loss was two killed and nine wounded. The *Penguin* was so cut up that,

after taking out her stores, Captain Biddle ordered her to be destroyed.

That day the U. S. *Peacock* and *Tom Bowline* joined company with the *Hornet*, and the prisoners from the *Penguin* were sent to Rio de Janeiro in the *Tom Bowline* as a cartel, while the other two ships continued their cruise to the East Indies. On April 27th they were chased by the British seventy-four-gun ship *Cornwallis*. The *Peacock* being a swift ship easily escaped, but the *Hornet* was pursued for two days, meanwhile throwing overboard her launch, anchors and cable, spare spars, and everything about the decks, cutting away her top-gallant fore-castle and finally in the effort to escape casting into the sea all her guns but one. The shot from the *Cornwallis's* bow chasers were flying about the *Hornet*, fortunately but three striking her, but the gallant Biddle held on until about 2 P.M. on the second day the breeze freshened and worked to the westward, bringing the *Hornet* more to windward, when she began to draw away from her pursuer and by half-past 9 that night the *Cornwallis* abandoned the chase and the poor little *Hornet*—or what was left of her—escaped. In sorry case indeed, with but one gun, and neither anchor, cable nor boat, the proud victor over the *Peacock* and the *Penguin* made the best of her way to St. Salvador, where Captain Biddle heard the news of peace between Great Britain and the United States, and, after re-



THE "HORNET" AND THE "PEACOCK"

From an old print

fitting, sailed for New York, having fought and won the last regular action of the war at sea.

Upon his arrival Commander Biddle learned that he had been promoted to post captain while at sea. The citizens of New York gave him a state dinner, his native city, Philadelphia, presented him with a service of plate, and Congress awarded him a gold medal.

The *Peacock*, 18, Captain Warrington, went to sea from New York in March, 1814, and while cruising along the Florida shore on April 29th, three sails were made to windward under convoy of a large brig-of-war, which edged away for the American ship, covering her convoy, meanwhile. The two vessels were soon within range and a close action commenced. The enemy, as usual, fired high and the *Peacock* received two thirty-two-pound shot in the quarter of her fore-yard from the first broadside of the enemy, which rendered her head sails nearly useless. This injury compelled the *Peacock* to fight running large and prevented much manœuvring on her part, the combat being decided eventually entirely by gunnery, which was so strikingly effectual that at the end of forty-two minutes the enemy struck. The prize proved to be H. B. M. brig *Epervier*, 18, Captain Wales.

She was very badly injured, having received forty-five shots in her hull, and she had twenty-two killed and wounded. Her maintop-mast was over the side, her main boom was shot away,

her foremast was tottering, her bowsprit badly wounded, standing rigging much cut, and she had five feet of water in her hold. The *Peacock* received very little injury, that done to her fore-yard excepted, while her hull escaped entirely, not a round shot touching it. She had no person killed and only two wounded. In one hour after the retreat from quarters was beat the *Peacock* had her fore-yard fished, and in all respects was ready again to engage an enemy.

The *Epervier* struck at 11 A.M. and by sunset her captors had her in condition to carry sail. It was only by the greatest exertion, however, that she was at first kept from sinking. She was sent home in charge of Lieutenant Nicholson. On our coast she was chased by a British frigate and narrowly escaped capture, but at last succeeded in running into Savannah, Georgia.

CAPTURE OF THE "MACEDONIAN" BY THE FRIGATE
"UNITED STATES"

In October, 1812, Commodore Stephen Decatur sailed from Boston in the frigate *United States*, 44, and on the 25th sighted a large sail to the southward and eastward, running free. The stranger, having come within a league, wore around on the same tack with the *United States*, and, as soon as she was within range, opened fire. Finding the enemy on his weather quarter, Decatur delivered his port broadside, wore

around and came up to the wind, on the other tack, heading northerly. Having passed her antagonist, the *United States* delivered her starboard broadside and wore again, bringing her once more on the same tack as her adversary, both ships, meanwhile, keeping up a heavy cannonade.

In this manner the action continued about an hour, the English ship suffering severely, while she inflicted very little injury on her antagonist. At length the stranger's mizzen-mast came down over her lee quarter, having been shot away about ten feet above the deck. She then fell off and let her foresail drop, apparently wishing to close. As the ships came together, the shot of the *United States* did fearful execution, the foresail soon being in ribbands, the fore and maintop-masts over the side, the main yards cut away in the slings, and the foretop-mast tottering. The American ship now filled her sails, gathered fresh way, and tacked, and as the stranger was drifting down, nearly before the wind, almost unmanageable, Decatur had no difficulty in crossing her wake, while his crew still kept up their fire.

As the *United States* filled her mizzentopsail in preparation for stays, it is said the enemy, under the impression that she was about to run away, gave three cheers and set a union jack in the main rigging. When, however, the American ship was seen luffing up to close, the jack

was lowered. As the *United States* crossed the stern of the English ship, the firing having ceased on both sides, Decatur hailed and demanded the name of his antagonist and whether she had surrendered. He was answered that the ship was H. B. M. *Macedonian*, 49, Captain John Surnam Carden, and that she had struck. This was just ninety minutes after the commencement of the action.

On taking possession, the ship was found to be fearfully cut to pieces, having received no less than one hundred round shot in her hull alone. Of the three hundred men on board, thirty-six were killed and sixty-eight wounded. The *United States* lost five killed and seven wounded. Her rigging was a good deal cut, but she was hulled a very few times. She lost one of her topgallant masts only.

Decatur secured the *Macedonian's* fore- and main-masts, rigged a jury mizzen-mast, and sent his prize into Newport. Upon the arrival of the *United States* at New London on December 4th, Decatur's brilliant service was acknowledged by a vote of thanks from Congress and a gold medal, with a silver medal for each of the officers. The State of Virginia also presented swords of honor to Decatur and to his officers.

CHAPTER X

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON"

THIS ill-fated action, in which the brave Captain Lawrence was to lose both his ship and his life, was practically the only naval duel in the War of 1812 fought between fairly equal combatants, in which the Americans were the losers. James Lawrence, who has been justly called "the Bayard of the Sea," was born in Burlington, New Jersey, October 1, 1781. He received his appointment as midshipman in 1798, and for special gallantry was made acting lieutenant two years later, while commanding a gunboat, as second in command to Decatur, in the expedition to destroy the captured frigate *Philadelphia*, under the walls of Tripoli. He received his lieutenant's commission in 1802; in 1808 he was first lieutenant of the *Constitution*, and later was in turn in command of the *Argus*, *Vixen*, and *Wasp* in Commodore Preble's squadron. In 1811 he was promoted to captain and placed in command of the *Hornet* and in her, in February, 1813, off Demerara, he captured the British brig *Peacock*, 20, after a brief but bloody engagement of fourteen minutes, as has been already related.

The *Hornet* returned to Boston after this victory and in recognition of it the Navy Department ordered him to the command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, then fitting out at Boston.

A few days after this Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke of the British frigate *Shannon*, then cruising in the offing, sent in to him a very courteous challenge to engage his ship, promising a fair meeting and pointing out to Lawrence that he could not otherwise hope to get to sea in the presence of the British squadron. In view of the fact that Lawrence had sent in a similar challenge to the English man-of-war *Bonne Citoyenne* at San Salvador, Brazil, he could not very well decline Broke's missive although the *Chesapeake* was in no sense fit to go to sea. Most of her old crew, their time being up, had left, angry at not having received what they considered as their due share of prize-money. It was very hard to get sailors, most of them preferring to ship in privateers where the chances of earning prize-money was very great. In consequence of this an unusually large number of foreigners were shipped for the *Chesapeake*, including forty British and a number of Portuguese. These last were peculiarly troublesome, one of their number, a boatswain's mate, finally almost bringing about a mutiny among the crew, which was only pacified by giving the men prize-checks. At the last moment, a few of the *Constitution's* old crew came aboard, and



JAMES LAWRENCE

From an engraving by Leney of the portrait by Stuart

Shannon stood off under easy sail, and at 3.40 hauled up and reefed topsails, to bring her into fighting trim. At 4 P.M. she again bore away with her foresail brailed up, and her maintop-sail braced flat and shivering, that the *Chesapeake* might overtake her. An hour later she again hauled and lay to under topsail, topgallant-sails, jib, and spanker. Meanwhile, the breeze having freshened, the *Chesapeake* had taken in her light sails and came down very fast, as if eager for the fray, under fighting canvas, top-sails, and jib. The *Shannon's* maintopsail was filled at 5.30, to keep the ship under control, and the *Chesapeake*, hauling up her foresail, gallantly steered straight for the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. As the English ship was running with the wind a little free, there was an anxious moment on board of her, during which it was uncertain on which side the *Chesapeake* was about to close. Broke was afraid that Lawrence would pass under the *Shannon's* stern, rake her, and engage her on the quarter, which seemed the probable manœuvre under the circumstances, but either overlooking or chivalrously waiving the advantage presented, Lawrence luffed up within fifty yards upon the *Shannon's* quarter, and laid his enemy fairly alongside, yard-arm and yard-arm. At 5.30 the first gun was fired from the British ship the *Chesapeake* replying with her whole broadside, which was very destructive. At 5.53 Lawrence,

finding his ship was forging ahead of the enemy, hauled up a little. The *Chesapeake's* broadsides were doing great damage to her enemy, but she was suffering even more than her foe. The men in the *Shannon's* tops could hardly see the deck of the American ship through the cloud of splinters, hammocks, and other debris that was flying across it. Man after man was killed at the wheel: the fourth lieutenant, the master, and the boatswain were slain, and at 5.56, having had her jib-sheet and foretopsail tie shot away and her spanker brails loosened so that the sail blew out, the *Chesapeake* came up into the wind, exposing her quarter to a raking fire from her antagonist's broadside, which beat in her stern-ports and swept all the men from the after guns. One of the arm-chests on the quarter-deck was blown up by a hand grenade thrown from the *Shannon*, which spread a fire accompanied by a thick smoke, causing much confusion on the upper deck.

The *Chesapeake* now got sternway and was slowly paying off when the two frigates fell aboard, the *Chesapeake's* quarter pressing upon the *Shannon's* side just forward of the starboard main-chains, and the vessels were kept in that position by the fluke of the *Shannon's* anchor catching in the *Chesapeake's* quarter-port.

When Captain Lawrence perceived that the ships were likely to fall foul of each other, he

directed the boarders to be called, but unfortunately the bugler, who had been substituted for the drummer, was a negro, and he had become so much alarmed at the effect of the conflict that he had concealed himself under the stern of the launch; when found he was completely paralyzed by fear, and was totally unable to sound a note. Verbal orders were accordingly sent below for the boarders to come on deck. At this critical moment Captain Broke ran forward and ordered the ships to be lashed together, the great guns to cease firing, and the boarders to be called away. The *Shannon's* boatswain, one of Rodney's veterans, sprang into the chains and at once set about securing the vessels, which he succeeded in doing, although his right arm was well-nigh hacked off by an American seaman with a cutlass before he had accomplished his task.

Meanwhile, all was confusion on board the *Chesapeake*; Lawrence, conspicuous by his stature and his uniform, had been shot through the body, as the ships closed, by Lieutenant Law of the British marines. He fell dying and was carried below, exclaiming, "Don't give up the ship!" Lieutenant Ludlow had been mortally wounded. At this juncture the third lieutenant, W. S. Cox, came on deck from the main battery, but, utterly demoralized by the conditions that confronted him, he basely ran below without attempting to rally the disheartened men,



LIEUTENANT AUGUSTUS LUDLOW

and was court-martialed afterward for his cowardice.

Captain Broke stepped from the gangway rail of his ship to the muzzle of the *Chesapeake's* aftermost carronade, followed by about twenty of his men. As they came aboard, the *Chesapeake's* crew deserted their quarters and, led by the cowardly Portuguese boatswain's mate, ran below. Among these cravens was Midshipman Deforest. The only resistance offered to the boarders on the quarter-deck was made by the chaplain, Mr. Livermore, who advanced firing his pistol at Broke. The English captain at once returned the compliment by a stroke from his sword that nearly hewed off the arm of the chaplain militant. The marines, who were stationed on the spar deck, true to the traditions of their corps, behaved well. Of the forty-four men, fourteen had been killed, including Lieutenant James Brown and Corporal Dixon, and twenty, including the two sergeants, Irvin and Harris, were wounded, so that there were left unwounded of the marine guard but one corporal and nine men, although, as a matter of fact, several of these had been knocked down and bruised in the mêlée.

The English boarders, therefore, found at first little resistance except from the fire of the *Chesapeake's* mizzentopmen, who mortally wounded Mr. Samwell and killed Lieutenant Watt, until they were driven from the place by one of the

Shannon's long nines, that was trained upon the top. At the same time the men in the *Chesapeake's* maintop were driven out of it by the fire of the *Shannon's* foretopmen. Lieutenant George Budd, who was in charge of the main-deck battery, now for the first time learned that the enemy had boarded, as the spar-deck men came crowding below, and he at once called upon his people to follow him, but the foreigners held back and only a few veterans followed him up. As soon as Budd reached the upper deck, although but a dozen men were with him, the gallant fellow attacked the enemy as they came from the quarter-deck along the gangway, repulsing them for a moment and killing the British purser, Aldham, and captain's clerk Dunn; but the Americans were overwhelmingly outnumbered and were soon dispersed, Lieutenant Budd being wounded and knocked down the main hatchway. Lieutenant Ludlow, already mortally wounded, struggled up on deck, followed by two or three men, but he was at once disabled by a sabre cut. On the forecastle a few seamen and marines turned to bay, in an endeavor to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Captain Broke, still leading his men with brilliant personal courage, attacked the first American, who was armed with a pike, parried the blow from it, and cut down the man. Attacking another he was himself cut down and was only saved by a seaman, who slew his assailant. One

of the half dozen marines in the group of Americans using his clubbed musket killed one of the Englishmen, and so stubborn was the resistance of this little body of men, that for a moment the assailants gave back, having lost several killed and wounded, but, quickly rallying in response to Broke's renewed onslaught, the boarders closed in on their doomed enemies and slew them to the last man. A few straggling shots were fired up from below, but a well-directed volley down the hatchway soon silenced this attempt and resistance was at an end. At 6.05, just fifteen minutes after the first gun had been fired, and but five minutes after Captain Broke came on board, the *Chesapeake's* colors were struck.

Of the *Chesapeake's* crew of three hundred and seventy-nine men, sixty-one were killed or mortally wounded, including her captain, the first and fourth lieutenants; the lieutenant of marines, the master, boatswain, and three midshipmen. Eighty-five were severely and slightly wounded, including both the other lieutenants, five midshipmen and the chaplain; total, one hundred and forty-eight, the loss falling almost entirely upon the American portion of the crew.

The *Shannon's* loss was thirty-three killed or died of their wounds, including her first lieutenant, purser, captain's clerk, and one midshipman, and fifty wounded, including the captain and boatswain; total, eighty-three.

The *Chesapeake* was taken the next day into Halifax, where Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were both buried with military honors. Subsequently the remains of both officers were restored to the United States and received with public honors at Salem. Judge Story delivered an oration there and they were buried in state in Trinity Churchyard, New York City, where there is a monument to Lawrence's memory. Captain Broke was made a baronet and Lieutenants Wallis and Falkiner were both promoted to commanders.

Roosevelt, in his *Naval War of 1812*, in commenting upon this action very justly says:

Accident had little or nothing to do with the gaining of this victory. The explanation of it is perfectly easy; Lawrence and Broke were probably exactly equal in almost everything that goes to make up a first-class commander, but one had trained his crew for seven years, and the other was new to the ship, to the officers, and to the men, and the last to each other. The *Chesapeake's* crew must have been of fine material, or they would not have fought so well as they did.

Captain James Lawrence was a man of noble stature and fine personal appearance, he was chivalrous, generous, and just, a superb sailor, much beloved by his friends, but quick and impetuous in his feelings and sometimes manifested his anger on the quarter-deck, but in all critical



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON," JUNE 1, 1813

From the painting by J. E. Schetky

situations his coolness was remarkable. His humanity and kindness of heart were as conspicuous as his courage. His deportment during the battle in which he fell was noble and inspiring and the loss of his ship may be largely imputed to his death. His dying words, “Don’t give up the ship!” have passed into a nautical rallying cry and were emblazoned on Perry’s signal flag two months later at Lake Erie, when the *Lawrence* led the American fleet to victory.

CHAPTER XI

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

IN the naval history of the United States a special halo of romance has been thrown upon the name of Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, the youthful hero of the Battle of Lake Erie. Oliver came of excellent fighting stock, his father, Captain Christopher Raymond Perry, having commanded in 1798 the Revolutionary cruiser *General Greene*. Earlier in his life, he was captured in a privateer and held as a prisoner at Newry, Ireland, where he met and wooed his first wife, Sarah Alexander. She was a woman of uncommonly strong character, of high intellectual power and rare social grace, training her children with extraordinary care to high ideals of life and duty. After the fight on Lake Erie, some of her neighbors declared that it was in reality "Mrs. Perry's victory." Of her five sons, Oliver Hazard, Raymond H. J., Matthew Galbraith, James Alexander, and Nathaniel Hazard, all were officers in the navy, and of her three daughters, two married officers of the navy.

Oliver, born August 23, 1785, was carefully trained by his mother, who fitted him to com-



THE ARRIVAL OF THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND THE "SHANNON" AT HALIFAX

From an old print

mand others by teaching him early to obey, and inspired him to action by reciting to him the deeds of her military ancestors, her grandfather having been an officer in the Scotch army and a signer of the "Solemn League and Covenant" of 1660. Young Oliver received his appointment as midshipman in 1799 and made several cruises in his father's ship in the West Indies, and was in her when she participated in the reduction of Jacmel under Commodore Talbot. Subsequently he served under Preble in the Tripolitan War, and as acting lieutenant commanded the *Nautilus* in 1804, and served as commander of a fleet of seventeen gunboats off Newport harbor during the embargo of 1810. In 1811, while master-in-command of the schooner *Revenge*, he was wrecked on the rocks off Watch Hill, Rhode Island. At the outbreak of the war with Great Britain, Perry was appointed master-commandant and resumed the command of the gunboats off Newport. Later, failing to obtain the command of either the *Hornet* or the *Argus*, he applied to be transferred to Sackett's Harbor, under Commodore Chauncey.

On February 17, 1813, Perry was ordered to take such officers and men from his gunboat flotilla as were suitable and report to Captain Chauncey. With the promptness that was so marked a characteristic of this young officer, within four days after receiving these orders he had selected and despatched, in three de-

tachments, one hundred and fifty men under Masters Thomas C. Almy, Stephen Champlin, and William Vigneron Taylor, for Lake Ontario.

In these modern days, when detachments of soldiers and sailors are sent flying across the continent in luxurious trains of steam-cars, it is difficult to realize what it meant for that little body of sailors to force their way in winter through the untracked wilderness that lay between the shores of Long Island Sound and Lake Ontario. Their progress was slow and weary, and often perilous, and it was a full month before Perry and his little band arrived at their destination, after a journey on foot, in sleighs, and at times in canoes down Oswego River to its mouth, where they took boats for Sackett's Harbor.

On March 16th Perry left Sackett's Harbor for Presque Isle, now called Erie, where he was assigned by Chauncey the task of equipping a fleet for the protection of Lake Erie. Arriving at Erie, March 27th, he found that two brigs, the *Niagara* and *Lawrence*, were nearly completed. They were one hundred and twenty-nine feet long, with twenty-nine feet beam, of five hundred tons burden, constructed of white and black oak, with chestnut frames and oak sheathing. Two gunboats were also nearly planked, and the schooner *Scorpion* was just begun. But, although the hulls of his ships



THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

were well forward, neither sails, rigging, guns, nor ammunition had yet been provided for them. So our young commander was compelled to make another weary journey in person to Pittsburg for these supplies, which, after tiresome delays, he at last obtained.

On the 26th of May, Perry joined Captain Chauncey on Lake Ontario for the attack on Fort George, and was assigned to command the boats in the difficult task of debarking the troops, under Colonel Winfield Scott, that co-operated in the movement, which finally resulted in the evacuation of that stronghold by the British on May 27th.

One result for the American army of this success was the subsequent evacuation of Fort Erie by the British, which left the Niagara River open, and Captain Perry thus succeeded in getting the captured brig *Caledonia*, the purchased schooners *Somers*, *Tigress*, and *Ohio*, and the sloop *Trippe* unopposed out of the Niagara River, where they had been heretofore blockaded by the enemy. In accomplishing this work Perry tracked the vessels with several yokes of oxen up the stream to Erie, against the swift current, and, after infinite labor, brought them safely out into the harbor. He found, however, that there was less than seven feet of water on the bar, and another important obstacle to his farther progress was the presence of Captain Robert Heriot Barclay's fleet at the entrance of

the lake where that British officer was maintaining a very strict blockade. Captain Barclay was an old and skilful seaman of approved courage, who had served under Nelson at Trafalgar, where he was severely wounded, and he had lost an arm in another engagement with the French. Lieutenant Buchan, who commanded the *Lady Prevost*, had also served with distinction under Nelson. It was therefore against these proved, veteran commanders that our young captain was to try conclusions.

Captain Barclay kept himself well informed, through spies, of the preparations being made by Perry; and, on August 2d, as the Americans did not seem yet ready to move, the English captain, relaxing his vigilance for the moment, sailed across to the Canadian side of the lake. It was afterward said that he had gone to accept an invitation to a public dinner.

Perry promptly grasped the opportunity thus presented and at once proceeded to get the *Lawrence* over the bar. Her guns were hoisted out and landed, as well as all other heavy material, two large scows were brought alongside, filled with water to bring them down to the water's edge, and heavy timbers were then run through the brig's ports and blocked up from the scows. On the afternoon of the fourth of August the water was pumped from the scows, the brig was lifted two feet, and was thus floated down to the bar. To the great disappointment of Perry,

however, it was found that the *Lawrence* was still too deep, and it became necessary to repeat this operation before she would pass over the bar. This work occupied the entire night, and, just as the *Lawrence* passed over the bar, next morning, Barclay's vessel appeared in sight. The Englishman exchanged a few shots with the schooners which were covering the, as yet, unarmed *Lawrence*, but, fortunately for the Americans, Barclay decided for unknown reasons not to bring on an engagement at that time and hauled off. The *Niagara* passed over the bar readily, and Perry proceeded to get his little squadron ready for immediate service. His most pressing need was men, as he had only sailors enough for one ship. In an urgent letter to the Secretary of the Navy the young captain says: "Give me men, sir, and I will acquire both for you and myself honor and glory on this lake or perish in the attempt." To Commodore Chauncey he writes, pleading: "For God's sake and your own and mine, send me men and officers and I will have the enemy in a day or two." But in response to this appeal only a few men, and those of an indifferent kind, were sent to him, and, hearing that the enemy proposed to send an expedition against him to burn his ships, Perry at once threw up hasty breastworks to protect his vessels against an attack by land. By the end of July, Perry mustered three hundred men to man his ten vessels, a large number of whom

had been seriously affected by the weather and by the drinking water, which had produced diarrhœa. This paltry force was increased to four hundred and ninety, mainly by a reinforcement from General Harrison of one hundred Kentuckians, of whom three-quarters were green hands, soldiers, and negroes. And with this force, on September 10th, he won his glorious victory.

On the 18th of August, Perry sailed on a cruise to break his men in to their duties, and, sending the *Ohio* down the lake, the other vessels went in to Put-in-Bay.

At daylight on September 10, 1813, the British fleet was sighted to the northwestward, and the American fleet at once got under way, sometimes towing with boats, as the wind was light and baffling. Perry hoisted at the peak of the *Lawrence* a large motto flag, bearing the dying words of the gallant commander of the *Chesapeake*, "Don't give up the ship!" Barclay's fleet was in close column, heading southwest, in the following order: *Chippeway*, 1; *Detroit*, 19, Captain Barclay; *Hunter*, 10; *Queen Charlotte*, 17; *Lady Prevost*, 13; and *Little Belt*, 3.

Finding it difficult to weather Bass Islands, Perry determined to wear and run to leeward of them. His sailing-master suggested that this would cause them to engage the enemy to leeward. "I don't care," replied Perry, with determination, "to windward or to leeward,

whichever it be, they shall fight to-day!" But as he spoke the wind shifted and the American fleet fortunately fetched to windward of the islands and retained the weather-gage. The American ships came down with the wind on the port beam in column ahead obliquely: The *Ariel* 4, Lieutenant John H. Packet; and *Scorpion*, 2, Master Stephen Champlin, leading, both on the weather-bow of the *Lawrence*, 20, Captain O. H. Perry; next the *Caledonia*, 3, Lieutenant Daniel Turner; *Niagara*, 20, Captain Jesse D. Elliott; *Somers*, 2, Lieutenant A. H. M. Conklin; *Porcupine*, 1, Acting-Master George Serrat; *Tigress*, 1, Master Thomas C. Almy; and *Trippe*, 1, Lieutenant Thomas Holdup.

As it was close to the dinner hour, the noon-day grog was served to the men with biscuit, and after that was consumed every one went to quarters, and Perry passed through the ship, inspecting every gun and speaking a word of encouragement to the men. Seeing some of the *Constitution's* crew with whom he had served he said, "Well, boys, are you ready?" They touched their hats and answered, after the fashion of the day, "All ready, your honor!" As he came to the men from his former Newport flotilla, many of them the sons of his old neighbors, he said: "I need not say anything to you. You know how to beat those fellows." Perry then retired to his cabin, and, after destroying his private papers, wrapped his public documents

in lead ready to be thrown overboard in the event of capture.

Barclay expected an easy victory, and, as his ships bore down on the American fleet at eleven o'clock, the bugle sounded from the *Detroit*, and the whole line gave three sturdy British cheers. The ships had been lately painted, their rigging was freshly tarred down, and they presented a very fine appearance, with ensigns and pennants flying from peaks and mastheads.

The *Detroit* opened the action with a shot from her long twenty-four-pounder to try the range, which fell short, but the second struck and passed through the *Lawrence*, as the *Scorpion* responded with her long thirty-two. At 11.55 the *Lawrence* opened with her long twelves; at 12 M. she began to fire her carronades, but their shot fell short. By this time the action became general, although, as the wind was so light, the sternmost of the American vessels were not within range. As the *Lawrence* closed very slowly she suffered severely before her short broadside guns came into range, as she was receiving the concentrated fire of the thirty long guns of the *Chippeway*, *Detroit*, and *Hunter*, and every brace and bowline was shot away. Meanwhile, the *Caledonia*, *Niagara*, and *Somers* were engaged at long range with the *Hunter* and *Queen Charlotte*, while the smaller American vessels were engaging the *Prevost* and *Little Belt* far astern. By 12.20

the *Lawrence*, with the *Scorpion* and *Ariel*, came to close quarters, with the *Detroit* and *Chippeway* at canister range, and about this time the *Ariel's* long twelve burst, while one of the *Scorpion's* carronades, in consequence of overloading, was upset down the hatchway. Fortunately, the *Caledonia* drew into the fight with the *Hunter*, but the *Niagara*, well at a distance, was almost entirely uninjured.

For fully one hour Perry fought three ships, receiving the concentrated fire of the *Detroit*, *Hunter*, and *Lady Prevost*, while he was practically unsupported. One by one the guns of the *Lawrence* were dismounted, her spars were shattered, and her sails were hanging in shreds and tatters, while out of a complement of one hundred and three men, eighty-three had been killed and wounded. The first lieutenant, John J. Yarnall, came to Perry with his face covered with blood and said: "All the officers of my division are disabled. Can I have others?" Perry sent his personal aids, but in a few minutes Yarnall returned, saying: "Those officers have been cut down; I need more." Perry replied: "I have no more to give you. You must endeavor to make out by yourself." "All right, sir," was the cheerful response, as the lieutenant returned to his division. Three times this gallant officer was wounded and taken to the cockpit, but each time he returned to his post after his wounds were dressed.

Perry had several very narrow escapes. One of the after-guns seemed to be disabled, and Perry advanced to see what was the matter. The captain of the gun, one of the *Constitution's* crew, said, "I can fire it, sir," and was just about to do so when a twenty-four-pound shot passed through his body and he fell at Perry's feet. Lieutenant John Brooks, in command of the marines, was speaking to Perry when he was struck in the thigh by a cannon-ball, which carried him across the deck. Shrieking with pain, he implored Perry to shoot him and end his agony.

In the cockpit of the *Lawrence*, which was above the water-line, the carnage was fearful, several men being struck by shot while they were undergoing operations. Midshipman Henry Lamb, after having his shattered arm dressed, was struck in the side by a twenty-four-pound shot and instantly killed, while an Indian sailor was killed in the same manner. Yet, when Perry called down to know if any of the wounded could pull a rope, several of the gallant fellows crawled up on deck to do what they could.

By half-past two, with the aid of Chaplain Breeze and Purser Hambleton, Perry had fired the last gun that was left mounted on the deck of the *Lawrence*, and it was evident to him that the *Niagara* must be brought up to save the day. He therefore gave orders to Lieutenant



OLIVER H. PERRY

From an engraving of the painting by J. W. Jarvis

Yarnall to hold out to the last, and, manning his boat with his brother James and four seamen, he was shoving off from the *Lawrence*, when Hosea Sargeant hauled down the blue flag with the motto, "Don't give up the ship!" and tossed it to Perry in the stern-sheets of the cutter.

For a time the battle smoke concealed this movement from the sight of the enemy, but at last they opened upon the boat, one shot striking her, but fortunately not inflicting serious damage, and Perry reached the *Niagara* and, climbing up her side, assumed command of the ship, hoisting his broad pennant and the signal flag bearing Lawrence's dying words at the masthead.

As he came over the side, Captain Elliott met Perry and asked how the day was going. "Badly," was the reply. He had lost nearly all his men and the *Lawrence* was a wreck. Elliott then asked what the gunboats were doing so far astern, and he offered to bring them up. Perry consented and Elliott left in the *Lawrence's* boat on that mission. Perry at once backed the *Niagara's* maintop-sail, hauled up the main-trysail and, putting the helm up, squared the yards and bore straight down with the freshening breeze for the enemy, setting his topgallant-sails, and making signal for close action. This bold manœuvre was received with hearty cheers by the American fleet, which seemed to be at

once inspired with renewed life for the second stage of the conflict.

As Perry bore down on them, the *Detroit* made an effort to wear to bring her starboard battery to bear, as seven of her port guns had been disabled by the fire from the *Lawrence*. In doing this she fouled the *Queen Charlotte*, and the two British ships lay together, head and stern, as the *Niagara*, breaking the enemy's line, backed her maintop-sail and passed slowly under the bows of the *Detroit*, pouring a deadly raking fire of grape and canister into both vessels with her starboard battery. At the same time she was raking the sterns of the *Lady Prevost* and *Little Belt* with her port battery, while the Kentucky riflemen in the tops were busily picking off every enemy visible on their decks.

In obedience to Perry's signal, the *Caledonia* followed the *Niagara*, pouring in her broadside; while the *Ariel*, the *Somers*, now commanded by Elliott, and the *Scorpion*, *Tigress*, and *Porcupine* came down with the breeze and tackled the other British vessels with furious onslaught.

At 2.30, when Perry shifted his flag from the *Lawrence*, the British believed the victory was theirs, and loud cheers resounded through their fleet as the American broad pennant came down from the disabled flagship. Thirty minutes later, at 3 P.M., an officer appeared on the taff-rail of the *Hunter*, waving a white handkerchief on a boarding-pike as a token of surrender, and

Perry had thus snatched victory from defeat, and, for the first time in her long and brilliant naval history, an entire British fleet surrendered at discretion.

At this signal the fire of our vessels ceased, and Perry, again changing his flag, took his boat and returned to the *Lawrence* that he might receive the surrender of the British fleet upon her battle-scarred decks.

As Perry reached his ship the heroic survivors of her crew who could walk greeted their commander in dignified silence, but with deep emotion. Few were unwounded, all were battle-stained, and the decks were slippery with blood, like the floor of a slaughter-house, and littered with broken spars, dismounted guns, and shattered timbers. As the British officers came on board they carefully picked their way over the bodies of the slain as they came aft to surrender their swords, which Perry requested them to retain, inquiring with deep interest for Commodore Barclay and the other wounded officers.

The loss in the *Lawrence* alone was twenty-two killed and sixty-one wounded, out of a total loss for the squadron of twenty-seven killed and ninety-six wounded, or eighty-three in one ship out of a total of one hundred and twenty-three for the twelve vessels. The British loss was forty-one killed and ninety-four wounded. Commodore Barclay reported that every commander and every officer second in command of his fleet

were disabled. When the *Niagara* bore down and delivered her raking fire, Barclay received a grape-shot in the right shoulder which broke the shoulder-blade to pieces. The gallant captain had already been wounded, earlier in the action, in the thigh.

After receiving the surrender of the British fleet, Perry took an old letter from his pocket, and, on the blank sheet, wrote to General Harrison as follows:

DEAR GENERAL: We have met the enemy, and they are OURS!—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

Yours with great respect and esteem,

O. H. PERRY.

To the Secretary of the Navy he wrote:

SIR: It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,

Your Obt. Servant,

O. H. PERRY.

Hon. William Jones,

Secretary of the Navy.

The day after the battle Perry shifted his

flag to the *Ariel*, and, putting all the sick and wounded on board the *Lawrence*, sent her to Erie as a hospital-ship. He also visited Captain Barclay on board the *Detroit* and proffered his sympathy and every available comfort to the wounded prisoner, with the assurance that his parole should be effected, which that officer finally obtained at Perry's personal request.

At nine o'clock on September 11th, the officers killed in action on both sides were buried near the shore of the lake at Put-in-Bay with military honors. Perry and the American and British officers marched two and two, and the drums and fifes of both squadrons played the "Dead March," while minute-guns were fired from the ships of both squadrons.

The comparative force of the two combatants in this fight is variously stated, no two accounts agreeing exactly. Roosevelt asserts that the superiority of the Americans in long-gun metal was nearly as three is to two, and in carronade metal greater than two to one. He gives Perry nine vessels, of 1671 tons, with 532 in crews (416 fit for duty), his vessels throwing 936 pounds of metal in broadside. To Barclay he awards six vessels, of 1460 tons, with 440 in crews, the British throwing 459 pounds of metal in broadside.

But, even granting these figures are correct, it must be remembered that the *Niagara* and three of the American schooners were prac-

tically out of the fight until after the *Lawrence* had been disabled, and also that the *Ariel* and *Scorpion* each lost one of their thirty-two's in the very beginning of the fight. The thirty-five long guns of Barclay's fleet, to Perry's fifteen, was also an important advantage, as a great portion of the action was fought at long range and the *Lawrence* was severely cut up by the *Detroit's* long guns before she could bring her carronades into effective play.

It is also an important factor that Barclay's fleet was manned by one hundred and fifty seamen from the royal navy, eighty hardy Canadian sailors, and two hundred and forty British regular soldiers; while Perry's crews were made up mainly of raw recruits and volunteer soldiers, with a few sailors brought overland from New England. When the *Lawrence* went into action she had thirty-four of her complement of one hundred and thirty-seven on the sick-list.

The result of this victory was momentous in the extreme, for had it gone the other way, General Proctor, with the Indian chief, Tecumseh, was at Malden with five thousand men, ready to cross the frontier and lay waste the territory of the United States. But, on September 23d, Perry carried General Harrison's army across the lake, and, at the battle of the Thames, Proctor was signally defeated, and Tecumseh, a brave and relentless enemy of the Americans, was killed. Four days later Perry co-operated

with the army in the reoccupation of Detroit, and our northwest territory was soon freed from British occupation.

Perry was at once promoted to Captain, and received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal. The city of Boston presented him with a set of silver; other cities voted him thanks, while the country rang with the public rejoicings. A gold medal was also awarded by Congress to Captain Elliott, silver medals to each of the commissioned officers, and swords to the nearest male relatives of the officers killed in battle. Congress also voted \$255,000 prize-money to the captors of the British fleet, of which sum Commodore Chauncey (who was on Lake Ontario when the battle was fought) received the lion's share—\$12,750, while Perry would have had only \$7140, if Congress had not voted him \$5000 additional compensation.

On October 25, 1813, Perry resigned his command on Lake Erie and was ordered to the command of the new frigate *Java*, then fitting out at Baltimore, and he was subsequently with Decatur in his operations against Algiers. While commanding the naval station in the West Indies, Perry died of yellow fever in Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad, on August 23, 1819, and his body was sent home in a man-of-war to his native town, Kingston, Rhode Island. A monument was there erected over his grave, while both at Newport and Cleveland, Ohio, statues

have been set up to the memory of this brilliant naval officer.

At the conclusion of the War of 1812, the *Lawrence*, with other vessels of the squadron, was dismantled and laid up, and she was subsequently sold.

CHAPTER XII

THE BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG" AND THE CAPTURE OF THE "ST. LAWRENCE"

TOWARD the close of the summer of 1814 it became apparent that the British meditated an important movement on the frontiers of New York and Vermont. Large bodies of troops who had seen service in the Peninsular War were poured into Canada, and it became known that a heavy detachment, under General Sir George Prevost, was advancing upon Plattsburg. A regular force of American troops, under General Macomb, quite inadequate to resist the attack, were awaiting the British force. In such a campaign as this promised, with Canada as a base, the command of Lake Champlain became of great importance, as it flanked the march of the invading army for more than a hundred miles and offered great facilities for forwarding supplies to the army.

In August, 1814, Master-Commandant Thomas Macdonough was appointed to the command of the American naval forces on Lake Champlain, with headquarters at Plattsburg Bay. Macdonough received his midshipman's warrant

in 1800 and he was one of the young officers who accompanied Decatur in his perilous feat of burning the *Philadelphia*, February 16, 1804. Macdonough was sent out to Lake Champlain to relieve Lieutenant Sydney Smith, who had lost his two vessels to the British; and it was Macdonough's task to construct a new naval force on the lake and to endeavor to regain our supremacy on those waters.

The young commander went to work with a will and within forty days from the time the trees had been standing in the forest that furnished the timber of which the *Saratoga* was built at Vergennes, Vermont, she was launched and immediately received her armament of eight long twenty-fours and eighteen smaller guns. The brig *Eagle*, twenty guns, the schooner *Ticonderoga*, 17, and the sloop *Preble*, 7, with ten gunboats, carrying sixteen guns, were also soon ready for service. The British commander, Captain Downie, had in readiness to oppose this force the frigate *Confiance*, thirty-nine guns, the brig *Linnet*, sixteen guns, the sloops *Chubb* and *Finch*, eleven guns each, and thirteen large galleys armed with one gun each.

On Sunday morning, September 11th, the British squadron stood up to Plattsburg Bay, where the American fleet awaited them at anchor in line formation. There was little breeze and the British ships formed a line parallel to the Americans. The *Eagle* opened the action



THOMAS MACDONOUGH

From an engraving of the painting by J. W. Jarvis

The Battle of Lake Champlain 191

with a broadside which fell short, when the *Saratoga* at once replied, Macdonough himself sighting and firing the first gun, the shot raking the deck of the *Confiance* and shattering her wheel. The brave Downie, however, held his fire, working his ship nearer to the *Saratoga*, and not until he had anchored in a favorable position did he return Macdonough's fire.

When this manœuvre was effected, however, he opened a hot and very accurate broadside fire, which was terribly destructive, forty of the Americans being killed or wounded within a few minutes, Mr. Gamble, the First Lieutenant of the *Saratoga*, among them. But the return fire of the American flagship was equally destructive and, one of her shot striking a gun on the deck of the *Confiance*, it was thrown from its carriage striking Captain Downie, who was instantly killed by the shock, although his skin was not broken.

By this time the *Saratoga's* starboard battery, with the exception of one gun, was either dismounted or disabled, and Macdonough let go a stern anchor and with springs on the stern cable winded the ship to bring her port battery to bear. The *Confiance* attempted the same manœuvre, but, when half warped, she hung and, thus exposed to the raking fire of the *Saratoga* and the *Eagle*, she was compelled to strike within fifteen minutes. The British sloop that was opposed to the *Eagle* and the one engaging our galleys

also struck, and the British galleys, finding the day was lost, incontinently made off and escaped by using their sweeps.

The ships on both sides were badly cut up, the *Saratoga* having fifty-five shot-holes in her hull and the *Confiance* one hundred and five, while the smaller vessels were equally injured. In this long and bloody conflict the American loss was fifty-two killed and fifty-eight wounded. The British loss was about three hundred killed and wounded.

The consequences of this victory were immediate and most important. During the action Sir George Prevost had skirmished in front of the American works and was busily making preparations for a more serious attack. As soon as the fate of the British squadron was ascertained, however, he made a precipitate and unmilitary retreat, abandoning military stores and supplies. From that moment until the end of the war the northern frontier was cleared of the enemy.

In recognition of his victory Macdonough was promoted to Captain and received a gold medal from Congress, while the State of Vermont presented him with an estate at Cumberland Head, overlooking the scene of the engagement, a property which is still held in the family.

THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG"

The most desperate combat recorded in the

history of privateering during the War of 1812 was that maintained by the brig *General Armstrong*, of New York, Captain Samuel G. Reid, seven guns with a crew of ninety men, including officers.

On the 26th of September, 1814, at eight o'clock in the evening, the *General Armstrong* lay at anchor in the harbor of Fayal, Azores, when, in flagrant violation of the laws of neutrality, four large and heavily armed launches, carrying one hundred and sixty men, from the British flagship *Plantagenet*, 74; the frigate *Rota*, 44; and the brig *Carnation*, 18, were observed pulling into the harbor heading toward the *General Armstrong*. The moon was shining brightly and, as soon as the boats approached, Captain Reid hailed them, but received no answer.

The boats and the privateer opened fire simultaneously and the attacking party was soon repulsed with great loss, the *Armstrong* losing one man killed, while her first lieutenant was wounded. At midnight, however, the attack was renewed by fourteen launches, carrying about five hundred men. A furious conflict ensued, which lasted forty minutes, no quarter being given on either side. The enemy, however, were at last repulsed with a loss of one hundred and twenty killed and one hundred and thirty wounded.

Captain Reid, now convinced that his oppo-

nents were determined upon the destruction of his vessel at any odds, commenced warping the brig under the guns of the castle, and called upon the commandant for the protection to which he was entitled by international law in a neutral port. His precautions were speedily justified, for at daylight the *Carnation* was seen standing in to the harbor, where she took position and opened a deliberate and heavy fire upon the privateer.

Reid, nothing daunted, promptly responded and the rapidly delivered fire from her long-tom very soon caused the *Carnation* to withdraw. The *Armstrong*, however, was much damaged and, as Captain Reid saw that his case was hopeless, as the Portuguese Governor declined to aid him, he ordered his vessel scuttled and abandoned her. The British forces then boarded the *Armstrong*, and set her on fire. Incredible as it may appear, while the English lost over three hundred in killed and wounded in this desperate encounter, the American loss was but two killed and seven wounded.

In addition to the glory won by the bravery of this heroic resistance to the British squadron, Captain Reid and his men undoubtedly saved New Orleans from capture by the delay caused by this attack. The English fleet engaged was part of a squadron then gathering at Jamaica for the purpose of seizing New Orleans, and the object of the attack upon the *Armstrong* was to

capture her and make her a useful auxiliary in that work. She so crippled her assailants, however, that they did not reach Jamaica until full ten days later than the expedition expected to have sailed. Had the fleet approached New Orleans ten days earlier than it did, the city would have been, without doubt, an easy prey to the British, for General Jackson had not then made his arrangements for its defence.

Upon his return to the United States Captain Reid was given a public dinner by the Virginia Legislature, and the judges of the Supreme Court of New York gave him a vote of thanks and a sword of honor, Tammany Hall presenting him with a service of plate. Captain Reid was subsequently appointed a sailing-master in the United States Navy, holding that office until his death, January 28, 1861.

THE “CHASSEUR” AND “ST. LAWRENCE”

In January, 1815, the privateer brig *Chasseur*, 16, Captain Thomas Boyle, sailed from Baltimore, Maryland. On her cruise she made eighteen prizes, and in manning these vessels she reduced her crew of one hundred and fifteen men to eighty. She was then chased by the *Barassa* frigate and, to escape her, lightened by throwing overboard ten of her long twelves. These guns were later partially replaced by adding eight nine-pound carronades taken from a

prize, but as she had no nine-pound shot the nine-pounders were loaded, as a makeshift, with one four-pound and one six-pound shot.

On February 26th, while two leagues from Havana, the *Chasseur* fell in with the British man-of-war *St. Lawrence*, Lieutenant H. C. Gordon, mounting twelve twelve-pound carronades and one long nine, carrying between sixty and eighty men. Captain Boyle, mistaking the *St. Lawrence* for a merchant vessel, at once closed with her and a brief but bloody action ensued. At 1.26 P.M. the *St. Lawrence* fired the first broadside, within pistol-shot, to which the *Chasseur* responded with her great guns and with musketry. Captain Boyle then tried to close, so as to board, but, having too much way on, shot ahead under the lee of his antagonist, who put her helm up to wear under the *Chasseur's* stern. Boyle, however, followed his antagonist's manœuvre, and the two vessels ran along side by side, the *St. Lawrence* drawing ahead, while the firing was very heavy. Then Captain Boyle put his helm a-starboard and ran his adversary aboard, when, in the act of boarding, the colors of the *St. Lawrence* were struck at 1.41 P.M., fifteen minutes after the first shot.

Of the *Chasseur's* crew five were killed and eight wounded, including Captain Boyle, slightly. Of the *St. Lawrence's* crew six were killed and seventeen wounded. The *St. Lawrence* had originally been an American priva-

teer called the *Atlas*, and was captured by the British and taken into their service. At the time of her capture the *St. Lawrence* was bearing important despatches and a number of officers, as passengers, from Rear Admiral Cockburn to the British expedition against New Orleans. The night of her capture the masts of the *St. Lawrence* went by the board and, not desiring to bring home so many prisoners, Captain Boyle made a cartel of his prize and sent his prisoners by her into Havana.

PART II

The Civil War and the War with Spain

CHAPTER XIII

THE MUTINY OF THE "SOMERS"

THE highest crime known to the law is treason, because it draws into its train the perpetration of all other crimes. On the sea, and in the narrow confines of a ship, the crime of mutiny corresponds in enormity, as in its general character, with treason. It is an endeavor to overturn the government of the ship, which is a portion of the floating sovereignty of the country, and murder and piracy follow in its train.

In the history of the British navy there have been several mutinies, including the famous mutiny of the *Bounty*, in the Pacific Ocean in 1789; the mutiny at Spithead in 1794, followed later by the mutiny of the Nore, and, in 1797, the sanguinary mutiny of the *Hermione*, when all her officers were murdered and the vessel taken into the Spanish port of La Guaira and surrendered to the authorities, Spain being at that time at war with England. A very similar case was that of H. B. M. ship *Danae*, in which the officers were all murdered and the ship carried into Brest, in 1800.

But the United States has been more fortu-

nate in that respect, for the conspiracy on board the brig *Somers*, that was nipped in the bud, is the only incident of that character recorded in the history of the American navy.

On the 12th of September, 1842, the U. S. brig *Somers*, Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, sailed from New York, bound to the coast of Africa, bearing despatches for the U. S. S. *Vandalia* on that station. The *Somers* was a small, swift brig of two hundred and sixty tons, pierced for fourteen guns, but mounting ten, with a complement of one hundred and twenty, including twelve officers, nine ordinary seamen, and six landsmen, the remainder being naval apprentices from the naval training school on board the U. S. S. *North Carolina*.

The commander, in his twenty-seven years of service, had gained honors in other fields of exertion beside his profession and had won a distinguished name. Among the junior officers was Acting-Midshipman Philip Spencer, a son of John C. Spencer, of New York, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President John Tyler, and a nephew of Captain William A. Spencer, U. S. N., who had had the young man under his special supervision until, being ordered to the Mediterranean squadron, he had placed him in care of Junior Lieutenant William Craney of the *North Carolina*.

Craney's guardianship of young Spencer, however, resulted disastrously to that officer, as

the youngster was not only intemperate, but disinclined to submit to discipline, and as an outcome of an attempt at punishment for his offences political influence was brought to bear to such an extent as to end in Craney leaving the service. Spencer meanwhile had been transferred to the U. S. S. *John Adams*, on the Brazil station, where his vicious indiscretions gained him the censure of the Navy Department and the young man only escaped a court-martial through his father's influence and his promises of amendment.

Before entering the navy, in 1841, Spencer had been at Union College, Schenectady, where his reputation for misbehavior in refusing to conform to the discipline of the school and for a strange addiction to piratical adventure was singularly pronounced. With such antecedents, better conditions for the development of these abnormal traits could scarcely have been found than was presented by Spencer's orders to the *Somers*—a rakish, swift-sailing, armed brig, bound on a cruise to the coast of Africa.

During the voyage, it was observed that the young man associated very little with the other officers, but was continually intimate with the crew. He drew from the purser large quantities of tobacco and cigars, which he distributed among the apprentices, whose favor he seemed desirous to secure. On the day before leaving New York he gave money to Ordinary Seaman

Elisha Small; on the passage to Madeira he gave at one time fifteen dollars to Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell; he also corrupted the wardroom steward and induced him to steal brandy from the mess, which he drank himself and distributed among his favorites of the crew.

After leaving Madeira, on her passage to the coast, the influence of Spencer seemed to be gaining an ascendancy, while his intimacy with Cromwell, Small, and others of the crew was observed to increase. His manner toward his messmates became more reserved, but among the crew he was loud and blasphemous in his abuse of the commander, declaring that it would give him real pleasure to roll that officer overboard from the maintop.

The final discovery of the mutinous plot came about in this way. With Purser's Steward James M. Wales the Commander had a slight difficulty after leaving Madeira, which probably led Spencer to believe that the steward could be drawn into his designs. The *Somers* had left Cape Palmas on the 11th of November for the United States, intending to touch at the island of St. Thomas for fresh provisions and water.

On the night of November 25th, while Wales was standing forward by the bits, Spencer came up and after a few remarks about the weather, requested the man to get on top of the booms, as he had something very important to communi-

cate to him. After taking this position Spencer prescribed an oath of most solemn secrecy, and then, with great seriousness, revealed his plans.

According to Wales's account, Spencer said he was then leagued with about twenty of the brig's company to take the vessel, murder all her officers, and enter upon a career of piracy. The plan and stations of the men were arranged in a paper concealed in his cravat. Spencer requested Wales to feel of his neck handkerchief, and he said, on his examination, that there was a rumpling which showed that there was paper in the back part of it. The affray was to be commenced some night when Spencer had the mid-watch.

Several of his confederates were to engage in a fight on the forecastle. Spencer was then to order them to the mast, and under pretence of settling the difficulty he was to call Lieutenant Rogers, the officer of the deck, whom the men were to seize, as soon as he came to the gangway, and throw overboard. The keys of the arm-chest, Spencer said, he could lay his hands on at any moment, armed men were to be stationed at the hatches to prevent any one from coming on deck, and the mutineers would then have the brig in their possession.

Spencer said he should next proceed to the cabin and murder the commander, with the least noise possible, after which, with some of his men, he would penetrate the wardroom and

dispose of the officers, who had no arms, except the first lieutenant, who had an old cutlass, which he should take care to secure before the affray commenced. This accomplished, Spencer said he should go on deck, and cause the two after-guns to be slued around so as to command the vessel's decks from a raking position. He would then cause all the crew to be called on deck and, after selecting from them such as would suit his purpose, he would have the remainder thrown overboard, particularly the small apprentice boys, who were useless, except as biscuit consumers. This done the brig was to proceed to Cape San Antonio, or to the Isle of Pines, and there take on board one who was familiar with their intended business, and who was ready and willing to join them. Then was to commence the career of piracy.

Wales stated that Spencer dwelt with great complacency upon the details of his plan and the pleasures that it promised. Prizes were to be captured, and after taking from them whatever would be of use, the crews were to be murdered, except such women as might be on board, who were to be reserved for a more brutal purpose, and the ships were to be scuttled, that no clue should remain.

Wales said he was too much astonished to make any reply, and Spencer then called up Small, whom he addressed in Spanish. Small looked surprised at what was told him, but

Spencer remarked, in English: "Oh, you need not be under any apprehension on his account, as I have sounded him pretty well, and find him one of us." Small responded "that he was very glad to hear it." He was then called away about his duty, and Spencer made overtures to Wales, offering him the place of third in command, if he would join in the conspiracy.

Thinking it prudent to dissemble, Wales said he was favorably disposed to the plan, and as they parted, Spencer assured him if he lisped a syllable of what had been communicated to him he would be murdered, either by himself or some other, and that, go where he might, his life would not be worth a straw, if he betrayed the plot.

Wales promised secrecy, but resolved at once to communicate all that he had heard to the commander. He found himself, however, so closely watched by Small or Spencer that he was foiled in his attempt that night, but the next morning he succeeded in imparting his information to Mr. Hieskell, the purser, who in turn communicated with Lieutenant Gansevoort and he with the commander, without creating any suspicion.

Captain Mackenzie was at first inclined to treat the matter with ridicule, as the whole affair seemed too monstrous for belief, yet he directed the lieutenant to keep a careful watch upon Spencer and to report everything that appeared suspicious in his movements.

Later in the day Gansevoort, who had been an anxious observer of what passed, urged upon his commander the wisdom of taking some active measures at once, recalling to him the fate of the officers of the *Bounty*, whose power was overthrown by one man in the early morning watch, and of the officers of the *Hermione*, butchered and thrown overboard while the captain was murdered in his cabin. Captain Mackenzie replied that he should do nothing hastily; they must all keep a sharp lookout and at evening quarters he would decide what course it was best to pursue.

When the drum beat that night for quarters, the commander, in the presence of the officers on the quarter-deck, directed the lieutenant to arrest Spencer and place him in irons, ordering further that he should be put to instant death if he was detected in speaking to or holding communication with any of the crew. Spencer was searched, but nothing was found upon him except a few scraps of paper. In a razor case in his locker, however, a piece of white paper was discovered on which was written in Greek characters, which were read by Midshipman Rogers, a list of four names marked "certain," five others marked "doubtful," and fifteen others, including the doctor, marked "to be kept *nolens volens*." The names of those assigned to "the wheel," "arm-chest," "cabin," "wardroom," and "steerage," were also in the

list. Spencer's name was down, with others, for the three last stations, the duties of which, it will be remembered, consisted in murdering the commander and his officers.

Two days later, on November 28th, Small and Cromwell were placed under arrest, and on November 30th, McKie, Wilson, and Green were also put in irons, and all were confined on the quarter-deck, the contracted dimensions of the little brig affording no other place secure against an attempt at rescue. But here it was difficult to prevent them from communicating with each other and they interfered essentially with the management of the vessel.

At the time these six men were arrested it was the evident intention of the commander to take them to the United States for trial. But during the confinement of the prisoners, sullenness, discontent, inattention to duty, disobedience of orders, the sure precursors of open acts of violence, were manifested by the crew.

Feeling the necessity of immediate action, therefore, and desiring counsel, Commander Mackenzie addressed to his officers a letter, in which he called upon them to take into deliberate and dispassionate consideration the present condition of the vessel, and the contingencies of every nature throughout the remainder of the cruise, and to furnish him their united counsel as to the proper course to be pursued.

Immediately upon the receipt of this letter

the officers assembled in the wardroom and commenced the sworn examination of witnesses. The whole day was passed in the performance of this duty, without interruption and without regular food. The commander remained in charge of the deck, with the three young midshipmen on constant duty.

On the morning of December 1st the officers again assembled in the cabin and after further consultation addressed the commander a letter expressing their unanimous opinion that the safety of the vessel demanded the immediate execution of Acting-Midshipman Philip Spencer, Boatswain's Mate Samuel Cromwell, and Seaman Elisha Small, who,

in our cool, decided and unanimous opinion have been guilty of a full and determined intention to commit mutiny on board of this vessel of a most atrocious nature, and that the revelations of the circumstances having made it necessary to confine others with them . . . we are convinced that it would be impossible to carry them to the United States and that the safety of the public property, the lives of ourselves and of those committed to our charge require that they should be put to death, in a manner best calculated, as an example, to make a beneficial impression upon the disaffected. This opinion we give bearing in mind our duty to our God, our country, and to the service.

This document was signed by all the seven officers on board. The commander concurred

in the opinion of his officers and immediate measures were taken for carrying the sentence of the court into effect.

On December 1st, as the drum beat to quarters, Captain Mackenzie and his officers, in full uniform and wearing side arms, appeared upon the quarter-deck. The shrill whistle of the boatswain's mates called, "All hands on deck to witness punishment!" The crew mustered in silence on the spar-deck. In obedience to an order from the officer of the deck two top-men lay aloft and dropped three lines, rove through blocks, from the main-yard to the deck.

Captain Mackenzie then approached Spencer and said: "I will give you ten minutes to prepare any message you may wish to send to your parents."

Falling on his knees the young man ejaculated: "Sir, I am not fit to die!"

"At least," responded the commander, "as an officer, set to the men you have deluded the example of dying with decorum!"

Spencer then recovered himself and gave no further token of fear, seemingly communing with himself in silent prayer.

The commander then passed to the other side of the deck and made the same announcement to Small and to Cromwell. The former answered: "For me, sir, I have nothing to send. I have no one to care for me but my poor old mother!"

After making a protest against his illegal punishment, Spencer finally admitted its justice and confessed that while on board the *Adams* and the *Potomac* he had meditated the project of becoming a pirate.

The ten minutes grace, first accorded, was lengthened to sixty before eight bells (twelve o'clock) struck. As the condemned men were being placed in line Spencer begged Small's forgiveness for having led him into trouble and then turned to Mackenzie and penitently asked his pardon. The commander took the young man's hand and expressed his full forgiveness in strong and sympathetic language, adding, "You must remember I have high responsibilities to fill to the Government, the flag, and to the crew of this vessel."

"You are right, sir," Small answered, "you are doing your duty and I honor you for it. God bless the flag and prosper it." Then turning to the men who manned the whips, he exclaimed, "Now brother topmen, give me an easy death!"

The drums rolled, the signal gun was fired, and as its smoke slowly rose the three unfortunate men were run up to the yard-arm and the brig's sails were filled away by the wind!

The writer, who as a boy was then making his first voyage to sea, remembers distinctly the tremendous excitement caused by this tragedy when the *Somers* returned to New York. The

The Mutiny of the "Somers" 213

court-martial, held upon Commander Mackenzie, at his own request, convened at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, February 23, 1843. It was presided over by Commodore John Downs and comprised, in addition, twelve of the most distinguished officers of the service, and their deliberations extended over forty days, the longest naval court-martial on record.

By the final report Commander Mackenzie was honorably acquitted of the charge of murder on which he was arraigned, and the report was approved by President Tyler.

Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr., author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, wrote of the case:

I must say no one ought to found an opinion upon the issues of this conspiracy without first seeing the *Somers*. You would hardly believe your eyes, if you were to see, as the scene of this conspiracy, a little brig, with low bulwarks, a single narrow deck, flush fore and aft, and nothing to mark the officers' quarters but a long trunk-house, or companion-way, raised a few feet from the deck, to let light and air in, such as you may have seen in our smaller packets, which ply along the sea-board. You feel as though half a dozen resolute conspirators could have swept the decks, and thrown overboard all who opposed them before aid could come from below. And in coming on deck (which seemed to me more fearful than anything else in the officers' condition) the officers would have to come up the steps and through the small companion

scuttles, at which a couple of men could easily have cut them down, or shot them as they appeared. . . . In short no one, at all acquainted with nautical matters, can see the *Somers* without being made feelingly aware of the defenceless situation of those few officers.

Charles Sumner, in commenting upon the case, said:

Over all errors of judgment under such circumstances of necessity, the law throws its ample shield. Whatever the commander does in such an emergency in good faith and in the conscientious discharge of his duty, believing it to be necessary to the safety of his ship or of the lives of those on board, receives the protection of the law.

Commander Mackenzie was very severely criticised for not having held his prisoners until the *Somers* reached St. Thomas, only two days after the execution took place and, although his conduct was defended by many others, there is no doubt but the affair embittered the remainder of his life.

One blustering day in the spring of 1847, while the *Somers*, then under the command of Raphael Semmes, later of the Confederate navy, was on the blockade of the Mexican coast she attempted to intercept a vessel trying to run into port, when a sudden tropical squall knocked the brig on her beam ends and the *Somers* sank out of sight in ten minutes carrying down with her twoscore souls.

CHAPTER XIV

ELLET'S STEAM RAMS IN THE FIGHT AT MEMPHIS

IN January, 1862, more than two months before the *Merrimac* made her memorable attack upon our fleet in Hampton Roads, Charles Ellet, Jr., an eminent civil engineer wrote:

It is not generally known that the rebels now have five steam-rams nearly ready for use. Of these two are on the lower Mississippi, two are at Mobile, and one is at Norfolk. The last is doubtless the most formidable, being the United States steam frigate *Merrimac*, which has been so strengthened that in the opinion of the rebels she may be used as a ram. But we have not yet a single vessel at sea, nor, so far as I know, in course of construction, able to cope at all with a well-built ram. If the *Merrimac* is permitted to escape from the Elizabeth River, she will be almost certain to commit great depredations on our armed and unarmed vessels in Hampton Roads.

He continued by saying that he had in vain called the attention of the Navy Department to this fact and almost hesitated to allude to it again.

On March 8th the *Merrimac* appeared, and,

as Ellet predicted, wrought her work of havoc and destruction, that was only stayed by the timely appearance of the *Monitor* on the following day. Upon this startling verification of his neglected admonitions Ellet was at once summoned to the War Department and, after a short conference with Mr. Stanton, received a commission as colonel in the army and was sent to St. Louis with full authority to purchase, refit, man, and command any number of vessels deemed necessary in his judgment to meet and defeat the fleet of ironclad rams then known to be building on the lower Mississippi River. Ellet hastened west and immediately commenced his preparations, but in May, while his work was still in progress, news came that the Confederate river defence fleet had attacked our fleet of gunboats near Craighead's Point and had disabled two of them.

Colonel Ellet, receiving most urgent telegrams from Stanton to hurry his rams forward, at once despatched five of them down the river under the command of his brother, Lieutenant Alfred W. Ellet, a young man nineteen years of age, who before the end of the war became a brigadier-general of volunteers. These boats were still incomplete and work upon them continued as they proceeded to the scene of action. Upon the approach of the fleet Fort Pillow was evacuated by the Confederates and all that stood between Flag Officer Charles H. Davis and



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND "MERRIMAC"

From an old print

Memphis was the Confederate river defence fleet of eight vessels. Davis's fleet of five iron-clads included the *Benton*, *Cairo*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, and *St. Louis*. Ellet with the rams *Queen of the West*, *Monarch*, *Lancaster*, and *Switzerland*, proceeded down the river, until at dawn, June 6th, at a point a mile above Memphis, the report of a gun was heard from the Confederate vessels.

Colonel Ellet was standing on the hurricane deck of the *Queen* at the time. He immediately sprang forward, waved his hat to attract the attention of his brother on board the *Monarch*, and loudly hailed: "It is a gun from the enemy! Round out and follow me! Now is our chance to go in and win!"

Ellet expected the three rams would follow his lead, but, by a misunderstanding of the signals, the *Lancaster* was run on shore and her rudder became disabled, and the *Switzerland* remained behind, not participating in the engagement. Had these two rams taken their share in the fight, though the general result would not have been changed, it is not at all probable that a single ship of the enemy would have escaped.

It was a beautiful morning, the air clear and perfectly still, just such another as the day when the *Monitor* joined issue with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads. By this time Flag Officer Davis's gunboats had opened fire on the enemy

and the reports of guns on both sides were loud and rapid. A heavy wall of smoke was formed hanging low across the river, so that the position of our vessels could only be seen by the flashes of their guns. Under a full head of steam the *Queen* plunged boldly right into this wall of smoke and was lost sight of, all but her tall pipes, which reached far above the smoke. The *Monarch* closely followed her leader, aiming for the *General Price*, which was on the right wing of the advancing Confederate line.

The *Queen*, selecting the *General Lovell* as her prey, made directly for her in the centre of the line of battle. The *Lovell* tried to back out of the way, but in so doing presented her broadside to her antagonist, upon which the *Queen* plunged straightway into her exposed side. The crash was terrific: the *Lovell's* sides were crushed in as if made of pasteboard and the unfortunate vessel, cut almost in two, sank in the turgid waters of the Mississippi as she fired her last broadside.

The water was at once full of swimming and drowning men, and the *Benton*, Davis's flagship, with splendid humanity, sent her boats, while the battle raged, to the assistance of the enemy. One of these boats was swamped in launching and two of the crew came near drowning. The tug *Jessie* also hastened to the rescue, but it was estimated that fully fifty of the *Lovell's* crew were drowned. The *Monarch*, meanwhile, had

struck the *General Price* a glancing blow, which cut her starboard wheel clean off, and disabled her from further participation in the fight.

As soon as the *Queen* was free from the wreck of the sinking *Lovell*, she was attacked by two of the enemy's vessels, the *Beauregard* on one side, the *Sumter* on the other, and in the mêlée one of her wheels was disabled. At the same time Colonel Ellet, who was standing exposed on the hurricane deck, received a pistol-ball in his knee, but lying prone on the deck he ordered the *Queen* to be run, with her one wheel, to the bank of the river, where he received the surrender of the *General Price*, upon her making the Arkansas shore. The *Monarch* meanwhile drove down the *Beauregard* with a well-directed blow, which crushed in her side, completely disabling her, and passed on to the *Little Rebel*, the Confederate flagship, which vessel, having already received from the *Cairo's* fire a shot through her steam drum, was endeavoring to escape. The *Monarch* pushed her hard and fast aground and then, turning her attention to the sinking *Beauregard*, took her in tow, made prisoners of her crew, and towed her to a bar, where she sank to her boiler deck and finally became a total loss.

It was then only that Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet learned that his gallant brother had been wounded. The characteristic orders he received from his disabled commander were: "Continue

the pursuit as long as there is any hope of overtaking the flying enemy!"

Flag Officer Davis's gunboats were, meanwhile, gallantly doing their share of the work of the day. The higher speed of Ellet's rams enabled them to pass through the intervals in the Federal flotilla and the latter, coming after them, completed with their batteries the work which the rams had so successfully begun. Thus they secured the surrender of the *General Bragg*, after she was set on fire, and saved her. The *Jeff Thompson* burned and blew up with a tremendous report. The *Van Dorn*, sole survivor of the Confederate fleet, escaped to be afterward burned by the enemy in the Yazoo River, in order to prevent her falling into our hands. The *Sumter* had not been injured, but the hot fire of the *Carondelet* and the *Louisville* so disconcerted her pilot that he ran the vessel ashore on the Arkansas bank, where she was deserted by her crew.

And so ended this spectacular combat that left the Mississippi open to our gunboats and to river commerce, during the remainder of the war, from Cairo to Vicksburg.

Toward the close of the engagement Colonel Ellet, being informed that a white flag had been raised in Memphis, immediately sent his young son, Medical Cadet Charles Ellet, on shore with a party of three men and a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the city. They landed

and delivered Colonel Ellet's despatch to the mayor and received his reply. Then, surrounded by an excited and threatening crowd, they proceeded to the post-office, ascended to the roof, and while stoned and fired upon by the mob below, young Ellet lowered the Confederate colors and raised the Stars and Stripes over the city of Memphis. This incident occurred some hours before the formal surrender of the city by the mayor to Colonel G. N. Fitch.

Colonel Ellet's wound was not at first considered dangerous, but complications ensued and on June 18th, on board the *Switzerland*, he passed away, his devoted wife and young daughter being with him at the last. A state funeral was accorded his remains in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The boats constituting the ram fleet of the Mississippi River were simply river steamers hurriedly strengthened and braced to sustain a severe shock. Colonel Ellet wrote to Secretary Stanton: "The boats I have purchased are illy adapted for the work I shall require of them; it is not their strength upon which I rely, but upon the audacity of our attack, for success." He did not rely on heavy ordnance; at the battle of Memphis there were no firearms on board his rams, except a few short carbines and some revolvers: his reliance was upon the prows of his vessels. He desired, as far as possible, to protect the vulnerable parts of his ship,

the boilers and engines, and, with simply enough men, as crew, to handle the boat with certainty and despatch, to run the gauntlet of any fire that could be precipitated upon him, and drive his ram deep into his adversary. At the Memphis fight not a splinter was raised from either of the rams, except the disabling of one wheel of the *Queen*, and not a man sustained the slightest injury except Colonel Ellet.

The battle of Memphis was, in many respects, one of the most extraordinary naval victories on record. For two unarmed, frail, wooden river steamboats, with barely men enough on board to handle the machinery and keep the furnace fires going, to rush to the front between two hostile fleets, and into the enemy's advancing line of eight protected, heavily armed and fully manned vessels, sinking one, disabling and capturing three, and carrying consternation to the others, was a sight never before witnessed. The opening gun from the *Little Rebel* was fired at 5.40 A.M., the rams engaged at 5.55, and the last gun from the *Van Dorn*, as she escaped at the end of the fight, was discharged at 6.43 A.M. This decisive battle thus lasted one hour and three minutes, nearly five thousand of the citizens of Memphis turning out, and crowding the levée, to witness the fight, the ladies in the assemblage being nearly as numerous as the men.

CHAPTER XV

THE CAPTURE OF THE "HARRIET LANE" AT GALVESTON

ONE of the most mortifying and disastrous reverses our naval forces encountered during the Civil War occurred in January, 1863, at Galveston, Texas. In June, 1862, the port of Galveston was evacuated by the Confederate forces and our naval and military authorities took possession. In December, the United States ships occupying Galveston harbor were the steamers *Harriet Lane*, Commander Richard Wainwright; *Westfield*, Commander William B. Renshaw; *Clifton*, Lieutenant-Commander H. Wilson; *Sachem*, A. V. Lieutenant A. Johnson; with the armed schooners *Velocity* and *Corypheus*; the army transport *Saxon*; and the coal barks *Elias Pike* and *Cavallo*. The land force included three companies of the Massachusetts forty-second regiment, numbering three hundred and sixty men; certainly a very respectable combined force, and one that ought not to have been very easily dislodged.

The fleet was anchored off Galveston in the narrow channel between Fort Point and Pelican Island. The troops were housed in buildings

at the end of a long wharf, under the guns of the ships; the landward approach to their position was impeded by two lines of strong barricade and communication with the shore was further cut off by the removal of portions of the wharf in front of this obstruction.

The Confederate army reports show that Major-General Magruder, C. S. A., secretly inspected the position in December, and formulated a plan for the attack that was so successfully carried out the following month. Captain Leon Smith, a former Californian, was entrusted with the arrangements for the naval movement and he fitted up, at Houston, the steamers *Bayou City* and *Neptune* with bulwarks of cotton bales, built into their sides. The *Bayou City* was also armed with a rifled thirty-two-pounder, mounted on her bow. The *Neptune* carried two howitzers, and one hundred sharpshooters, detailed from two Texas regiments, were placed on board the two vessels. About midnight, on December 31st, these boats moved down to the bay, taking positions above the town, and waited for their co-operating land force to open the fight.

At dawn of day on January 1, 1863, the first gun was fired on shore and the two boats at once steamed down for the Federal fleet. As they approached the *Harriet Lane*, swinging to her anchors with a strong ebb tide, the battle began, the first shot from the enemy striking

her behind the wheelhouse. Captain Wier, in command of the *Bayou City's* bow gun, sighted it for a second shot, when one of the crew cried out: "Give them a New Year's present for me."

Wier responded: "Well, here goes for your New Year's present," and, as he pulled the lock-string, the gun exploded, killing him and wounding several others.

The *Bayou City*, under full head of steam, then struck the *Lane* a glancing blow, as she swung to the tide; the *Neptune* at the same time came up on the starboard side, getting in a severe blow; but, as she passed astern, a shot from the *Harriet Lane* struck the *Neptune* at the water-line, causing her to make water fast, and she sheered off to the channel and speedily sunk in eight feet of water. By this time the *Bayou City* had rounded to and with head upstream ran again into the *Lane*, striking her fairly abaft the larboard wheel, running her bow so far under the gunwale and wheel that the two vessels held fast together. The riflemen on the Confederate boat kept up a deadly fire, meanwhile, from behind the cotton bales upon the crew of their antagonist, until her deck became a scene of slaughter.

The order to board was now given and the Confederates, led by Major Smith, swarmed on the deck of the *Harriet Lane*. Commander Wainwright fell, fighting hand to hand with

Major Smith; Lieutenant Lea, the executive officer, was also killed, early in the fray, and Acting-Master W. F. Monroe was mortally wounded. It is not very strange, then, that the demoralized crew of the vessel, thus deprived of their officers, were quickly driven from the deck, taking refuge below.

The *Owasco*, which had been anchored below the town, coaling, got under weigh as soon as the fight began, and moved up to the assistance of the *Harriet Lane*. Owing, however, to the narrowness of the channel she was, for some time, unable to bring her guns to bear on the enemy's vessels and, upon getting within range of them, her men were driven from her forward guns by the galling fire of the Confederate sharpshooters, now on board the *Harriet Lane*. Every one of her rifle gun's crew, fifteen in all, were wounded and one was killed by this destructive fire. Perceiving, therefore, that the *Harriet Lane* had been captured, the *Owasco* backed down below the *Sachem* and *Corypheus*. Before the *Harriet Lane* had been taken the *Clifton* went to the assistance of the *Westfield*, that had got ashore, and neither of these vessels succeeded in getting into action in time to be of aid to our captured steamer.

In the end Commander Renshaw fired the *Westfield* to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy and she blew up with a tremendous explosion. She was seen to part or burst out

forward, and when the smoke cleared away there was no sign of life about her. Renshaw perished in the destruction of his ship. The *Clifton*, the *Owasco*, and the two schooners were all of the fleet that escaped capture or destruction. The loss of life included Commanders J. M. Wainwright and W. B. Renshaw, Lieutenant-Commander Edward Lea, Acting-Master W. F. Monroe, Lieutenant C. W. Zimmerman, and Engineer W. R. Greene. Three of the crew of the *Harriet Lane* and fourteen of the *Westfield* were killed and five wounded, while one hundred were landed on shore as prisoners. On the Confederate side there were twelve killed, including Captain Wier, and seventy wounded.

In the boarding party from the *Bayou City* was Dr. Holland, of Houston, who, some years before, had met Commander Wainwright, then the first lieutenant of the frigate *Merrimac*, at a dinner given by the authorities at Southampton, England. The doctor never saw Wainwright again alive, but, to his astonishment, in the dead body of the commander of the *Harriet Lane*, lying in his blood on her decks, he recognized his fellow-guest of years before. The son of Wainwright, a lad of twelve, was found, after the heat of the mêlée, weeping bitterly by the dead body of his father.

Another melancholy encounter on the deck of the captured vessel was that of Major Lea, of the Confederate army, who found, in her dying

lieutenant, Edward Lea, his own son. His father knelt by him and the young man expended nearly his last words in making arrangements for his wounded comrades. When told by the surgeon that he had but a few minutes to live and asked to express his wishes, he answered, "My father is here," and spoke not again. In company with his commander he was buried with appropriate honors. The remains of Commander Wainwright were removed to the North, soon after the war closed, but the grave of Lieutenant-Commander Lea can still be seen in the Episcopal cemetery at Galveston, covered with a plain marble block, inscribed:

EDWARD LEA

LIEUT.-COMMANDER U. S. N.

BORN 31ST JANUARY 1837

KILLED IN BATTLE JANUARY 1ST 1863

"MY FATHER IS HERE."

By an order, dated the very day of this engagement, January 1, 1863, Lieutenant-Commander Lea had been detached by Rear Admiral Farragut from the *Harriet Lane* and was directed to report at New Orleans for the command of the mortar boats of the squadron.

But disaster to our naval force at Galveston did not end with this affair. Ten days later a steamer appeared in the offing one evening and the U. S. S. *Hatteras*, which had been ordered

The Capture of the "Harriet Lane" 229

down by Farragut with the *Brooklyn*, under Commodore Bell, upon the receipt of the news of the Galveston affair, was sent out to investigate the stranger. She proved to be the Confederate cruiser *Alabama*, Captain Raphael Semmes, who, after answering Commander Homer C. Blake's hail with the reply, "This is Her Majesty's ship *Vixen*," suddenly changed to, "This is the Confederate ship *Alabama*," as he opened fire upon the *Hatteras*, at one hundred yards distance. After a brief engagement of twenty minutes, in which the *Hatteras* was repeatedly hulled and set on fire in two places by exploding shells, she sunk in water so shallow that her mast heads remained above water. Captain Blake and his crew were saved by Semmes, and were paroled and landed at Jamaica.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DUEL BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC"

THE most dramatic sea fight in our naval history, and, in its subsequent influence upon the naval warfare of the world, undoubtedly the most momentous conflict of the nineteenth century, was the duel between the ironclads *Merrimac* and *Monitor*, in Hampton Roads, on March 9, 1862.

In April, 1861, at the outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South, the Federal authorities having decided to abandon the Norfolk Navy Yard, the steam frigate *Merrimac* was scuttled, hastily fired, and sunk in shallow water, her upper works burning to the water's edge. Later the hulk was raised by the Confederate authorities and taken into dry dock, where the central part of the hull, for something more than half of its length, was cut down to within three or four feet of the water-line, to form the gun-deck of a floating battery. The entire hull was then plated with iron to a depth of about six feet below the water-line. A casemate of novel construction was built on this gun-deck and pine beams, a foot square and

fifteen feet long, were placed side by side, like rafters, at an inclination of forty-five degrees, projecting over the sides of the vessel, like the eaves of a house, their ends dipping two feet below the water. Upon these beams were placed two layers of oak planks, four inches thick, one layer horizontal, the other vertical. This was first overlaid with bars of iron four and a half inches thick and afterward a layer of railroad iron was superimposed. The stem and the stern of the ram were then plated with steel, and the stem was also provided with an iron ram, capable of dealing a severe blow under water. Her armament was eight eleven-inch guns in broadside, with two one-hundred-pound Armstrong guns mounted forward and aft. In consequence of the enormous weight of this protective armor the *Merrimac* was found, when she came out of dry dock, to have a draft of twenty-five feet, which, of course, prevented her from fighting in shallow water. A contemporary writer describes this strange vessel, as she came ploughing through the water, as "looking like a half-submerged crocodile."

On the 8th of March, 1862, the U. S. frigate *Congress*, 44, and the sloop-of-war *Cumberland*, 24, were lying at anchor, just to the westward of Newport News Point, while at intervals up the roads toward Fortress Monroe were anchored the *Minnesota*, 54; the *St. Lawrence*, 50; the *Brandywine*, 50; and the *Roan-*

oke, 50, a fleet mounting over two hundred guns, with nearly two thousand men. By an unfortunate chance Commander William Bradford, of the *Cumberland*, was absent from his ship on court-martial duty, leaving Lieutenant George Upham Morris in charge. Commander William Smith, of the *Congress*, had also been detached, leaving Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith in charge. Paymaster McKean Buchanan, of the *Congress*, was the brother of Captain Franklin McKean Buchanan, of the *Merrimac*.

It was an unusually beautiful spring morning, bright and clear, the boats of the fleet were idly swinging at the ship's booms, the men's clothes were hanging to dry in the rigging. The *Cumberland* rode at single anchor, with her sails loosed for drying; it was a veritable picture of peaceful quiet in the bay. For several days there had been rumors in the fleet that the *Merrimac*, or the *Virginia*, as the Confederates had renamed the ship, was nearly ready for sea, but these stories, brought by escaping contrabands, being conflicting, they obtained scant credence. At 12.45 o'clock smoke was seen coming from a nondescript vessel running down the bay. The call to quarters immediately sounded, sails were furled, wash clothes came down, and the batteries were manned in readiness for action.

The *Merrimac* steamed leisurely down past the *Congress*, at a distance of three hundred

yards, firing her bow gun at the frigate, which disabled every man but one at one of her guns, and receiving the combined broadsides of the *Congress* and *Cumberland*, the balls of which rattled from her iron sides like hail from a roof. This was the first actual test of the defensive power of the Confederate vessel, and nothing could have been more satisfactory to her commander. The *Merrimac*, scatheless after this terrific fire, now moved slowly across the bows of the *Cumberland*, manœuvring for a position to ram, meanwhile keeping up the fire of her forward guns upon the doomed ship. One shot passed through the starboard hammock netting, killing and wounding nine marines at an after gun, and for some time the ironclad monster, from a distance of about three hundred yards on the starboard bow, continued to rake the unfortunate *Cumberland* with every shot.

This carnage continued for some time, not a man flinching from his post; the dead were carried over on the other side of the deck and their places were quietly taken by others, each man loading and firing as fast as the guns could be worked. After about fifteen minutes the *Merrimac* backed, then headed for the *Cumberland* at full speed, striking her on the starboard bow, knocking two of her ports into one and driving her ram deep into the ship, below the water-line. Planks, beams, and knees gave way like laths before this blow, leaving a ragged

opening into which a man might have passed, and through which a torrent of water poured into the hold. Following the blow the *Merrimac*, with some considerable difficulty, backed out, having lost her ram, swung around broadside to the *Cumberland* and Captain Buchanan hailed, "Will you surrender?"

"Never," replied Morris; "I'll sink alongside of you first."

At this the ironclad reopened her fire. The first shot passed through the sick bay, killing five men, and the broadsides continued without cessation, each shot reaching a vital part. Sick bay, berth-deck, and gun-deck were soon covered with dead and wounded, while for half an hour the pumps of the *Cumberland* were constantly worked, in the vain hope of throwing out the water as fast as it rushed in through the yawning chasm in her bow. The forward magazine was soon flooded, leaving the after magazine as the only supply for keeping up a defence. In thirty-five minutes the water had risen to the main hatchway and the ship keeled over, nearly ready to sink. The wounded on board were then removed from the cockpit to the upper deck. All this time the *Cumberland* kept up her fire, no gun being abandoned until the water, creeping up toward the stern from the sinking bow, drowned the gun's crews out. And during all this time but one man was seen on board the ironclad. Near the close of the fight he showed

himself from a port, when a shot from the sinking ship cut him in two.

By this time the *Cumberland's* deck was covered with dead and wounded and slippery with blood, some of the guns were run in, as they had last been fired, many of them bespattered with blood, broken rammers and blackened sponges lay about in all directions. Still the survivors fought on, each man anxious for "one more shot." At last the order was given for every man to look out for himself. Even then, as the waters closed over the *Cumberland*, the last gun was heard. It was fired, half under water, by Matthew Tenney, from a gun just awash. The gallant fellow attempted to scramble out of the open porthole abreast of him, but the water rushing in swept him back and he went down in the sinking vessel, in fifty-four feet of water. The survivors of the crew succeeded in swimming ashore.

The *Merrimac* now steamed toward the *Congress* and, taking position one hundred and fifty yards astern of the frigate, raked her fore and aft with shell, the fuses cut short, so that each one exploded inside the ship. The first shot killed seventeen men at a single gun and during all the engagement hardly a man was merely wounded; most were killed outright, the head or shoulder being shorn off, or the body cut in twain. Surgical aid was useless, and, after the first fifteen or twenty minutes, the surgeon did

not even pretend to amputate a limb. The most he could do was to apply a tourniquet to stop bleeding and administer stimulants to prevent prostration. "The only insignificant wound which I dressed," he said, "was that of a man who had his hand taken off!"¹

The *Congress*, being fast aground, could meet the terrible broadsides of the *Merrimac* only from her two stern guns. These were soon disabled, one being dismounted, while the other had its muzzle shot off. Lieutenant Smith, in temporary charge, being killed, the command devolved upon Lieutenant Prendergast, who, at 4 P.M., finding that not a gun could be brought to bear upon his antagonist, and that his ship was disabled and on fire in several places, while the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke*, three miles distant, were fast aground, reluctantly ordered the colors of the *Congress* hauled down and surrendered to Lieutenant Parker of the *Merrimac*. The iron-clad's tenders took about thirty prisoners from the *Congress*, but the shore batteries, keeping up their fire, drove the Confederates off and the remainder of the crew swam on shore before the *Congress* blew up. When the veteran Commodore Joseph Smith, on "Black Sunday" in Washington, heard that the *Congress* had sur-

¹ About this time Captain Buchanan of the *Merrimac* was wounded by a rifle-ball and had to be carried below and the command of the Confederate ram devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby A. P. R. Jones, her executive officer.

rendered, his first words were: "Then Joe's dead. He'll never surrender his ship." It was so: his son died early in the action, struck in the chest by a shell fragment.

The low tide prevented the *Merrimac* from getting within range of the *Minnesota* and the other vessels of the Federal fleet, so at seven o'clock she withdrew to Sewall's Point, her commander evidently satisfied with the results thus far accomplished.

In the whole history of the American navy there had been no such record of disaster or of sacrifice for the honor of the flag as was shown in this sad day's work—a frigate and a sloop-of-war destroyed, with a loss of two hundred and fifty officers and men killed, drowned, and wounded, while three other frigates were huddled aground under the guns of Fortress Monroe to avert destruction. And all this accomplished in an afternoon by a single vessel with but two of her men killed and eight wounded! The dread news of the combat was telegraphed all over the Northern States that Saturday night, and the most gloomy apprehension of what might occur the next day prevailed.

But the tables were soon to be turned. About nine o'clock that night Ericsson's *Monitor*, after a stormy passage from New York, entered Hampton Roads and anchored. A new and as yet untried antagonist had appeared upon

the scene, whose powers were yet to be tested.

Seen at a distance she appeared an insignificant and far from a formidable craft. Lying low in the water, she might have been taken for a raft, having nothing above board but a round turret amidships, a small pilot-house forward, and a diminutive funnel aft. But it was on board that her real strength was shown. Her armor was five inches thick and she had practically two hulls, the lower having sides inclining at an angle of fifty-one degrees from the vertical line. The turret, revolved by steam power, was an iron cylinder nine feet high, twenty feet in diameter, eight or nine inches thick and about the portholes eleven inches in thickness. The armament was two eleven-inch Dahlgren guns, which ran in for loading. Her propeller was hidden beneath a hood.

As soon as Lieutenant Worden anchored and heard the news of the disastrous conflict that had occurred that day, he began active preparations for battle; the ship was cleared for action, and by the light of the burning *Congress* the *Monitor* steamed up the bay and reported to Captain Marston of the *Roanoke*. Marston had received orders to send the *Monitor* to Washington, but, in view of the present exigency, he wisely disregarded these orders and directed Worden to anchor close to the *Minnesota*, which was still aground, and to be prepared to protect her.

The "Monitor" and "Merrimac" 239

The already almost exhausted officers of the *Monitor* worked all that night in making ready for the morrow's fight, but when at eight o'clock on Sunday morning the *Merrimac* was seen steaming down toward the *Minnesota* to finish her uncompleted work, they cheerfully went to quarters, eager for the fray and very confident of victory.

Never were antagonists apparently so unequally matched. The *Monitor* was only one fifth the size of her antagonist and appeared even smaller, for she presented to sight nothing but her flat deck, just above the water, and her low, square pilot-house and circular turret.

As the *Merrimac* came within range, heading for the *Minnesota*, Captain Van Brunt opened upon the ironclad with all his broadside guns and the ten-inch pivot-gun, "a broadside," as he said, "which would have blown out of the water any timber-built ship in the world," but it was absolutely ineffectual. In return the *Merrimac* fired one of her terrible seven-inch shells, which went crashing through the *Minnesota* amidships, tearing four rooms into one on the berth-deck, and starting a fire. The *Monitor*, meanwhile, steamed out and challenged the Confederate ram to combat.

The *Merrimac* opened upon her new antagonist at once with all her guns, the shots flying over the low deck. A few struck the turret; but all, except one, glanced off, leaving hardly a mark.

One one-hundred-pound rifle bolt struck fair and square, penetrating half through the nine inches of iron and breaking off, leaving the head sticking in the wound.

The speed of the two vessels was about equal, but the *Monitor's* light draught gave her an advantage in choosing her fighting ground. Once the *Merrimac* grounded and the *Monitor* steamed round and round her foe trying bow, stern, and sides in search of a vulnerable point. Her shots, however, even at point blank, in striking the sloping sides of the *Merrimac* glanced off harmlessly.

The Confederate vessel, getting afloat again, and finding her antagonist invulnerable, now turned her attention to the *Minnesota* and bore down upon the frigate, head on, receiving the full broadside of fifty solid shot without any damage, but replying with a single shell from her rifled bow-gun, which went through the boiler of the tug *Dragon*, which lay alongside the *Minnesota*, blowing her up and killing and wounding seven men.

The *Monitor* now interposed, compelling the *Merrimac* to shift her position, and she steamed down the bay toward deeper water, closely followed by the *Monitor*. Reaching the desired position, she turned sharp around, and ran at full speed against her little antagonist, but the iron prow, which had crashed through the stout frame of the *Cumberland*, left scarcely a mark

on the armored side of the *Monitor*, upon whose turret and pilot-house she now unavailingly concentrated her fire.

The crucial moment for the anxious observers of this mighty duel from the decks of the *Minnesota* came when, at 4.45 P.M., the *Merrimac* was seen to turn and, accompanied by her tenders, the *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown*, head up the bay apparently for the *Minnesota*. It was, therefore, a great and unexpected relief when it was found that the Confederate vessels had no intention of continuing the fight, but were making for their refuge at Craney Island.

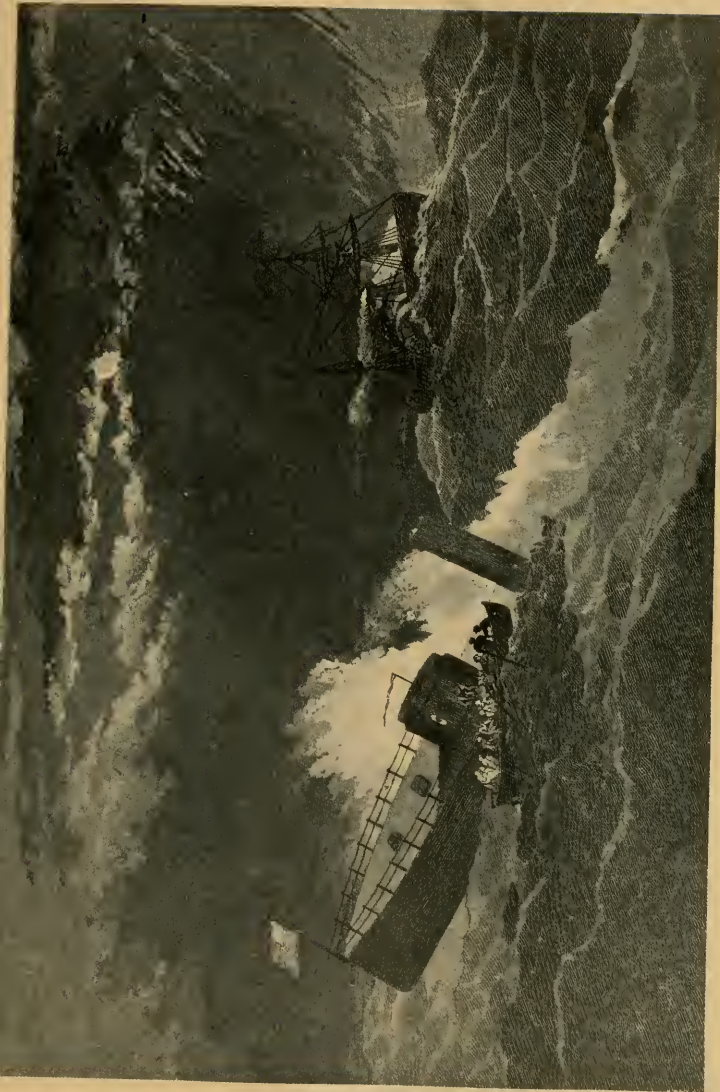
Such, in brief, was the memorable fight of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, which, if estimated solely by the actual loss inflicted or suffered by the combatants in the first contest between iron-clads, would be described as a harmless duel. No man on board the *Merrimac*, it was affirmed, was injured by the heavy shot of the *Monitor* or the terrific broadsides of the *Minnesota*. On the Federal side Lieutenant Worden was looking from a narrow loop-hole in the turret, when at 11.30 a shot from the *Merrimac* struck square against the pilot-house and fragments of cement were driven into his face, blinding him and forcing him to give up the command to Lieutenant Green. Other than Worden no man was seriously harmed on board the *Monitor*.

The *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, exposed to

this terrible ordeal, both proved themselves invulnerable against any fire which had ever before been brought to bear by one ship against another. The conclusion was inevitable that wooden ships were to be of no further use in naval warfare and that the great navies of the world had been practically annihilated.

The *Monitor* and *Merrimac* never again tried their strength against each other. For a month they lay, one in the lower roads, the other at the mouth of the Elizabeth River; the *Monitor* occasionally going up toward the river for observation, but always drawing back when her enemy appeared.

The two governments recognized that it would be unwise to risk losing their main defence. If the *Merrimac* was taken the water approach to Richmond would be in the hands of the Federals. If the *Monitor* was disabled Hampton Roads would be in the power of the Confederates. All the movements of the rival ironclads were therefore feints, with no definite object. It was a relief, then, when on the 11th of May Commander Tatnall, then in command of the *Merrimac*, learning of the abandonment of Norfolk by the Confederate authorities, ran the ram ashore and set her on fire, fore and aft; after burning fiercely for an hour she blew up. So entire was the destruction of the noted vessel that no fragment was ever discovered of sufficient size to enable any one to describe the details



THE SINKING OF THE MONITOR

From the engraving by John Sartain after the drawing by J. Hamilton

of her construction. The *Merrimac*, said Tattall, in his report, "no longer exists."

On December 29, 1862, while in tow of the steamer *Rhode Island*, the *Monitor* sank off Cape Hatteras in a very heavy gale. The boats from the *Rhode Island* succeeded in taking off most of her officers and men, Commander Bankhead being the last man to leave the sinking ship. The last seen of the *Monitor* was at midnight when she drifted away, the red light gleaming from her turret. She must have gone down a few minutes after, carrying with her twelve of the sixty-five men on board. The *Monitor* was lost just eleven months from the day she was launched.

Mr. Thomas Dudley, who at the time of the battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* was United States consul at Liverpool, expressed the following deliberate opinion: "This fight between these two ships did more to preserve the peace between England and the United States than any other event that took place during the war." The Count of Paris, in his *History of the War*, refers to the action as "the naval combat which marks the greatest and most sudden of all revolutions that have been effected in the science of maritime warfare." Admiral Columb, an officer of the English navy who has given much time and study to the subject of naval warfare, declared that "in the American Civil War the deciding battle was that fought

between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, and no one can doubt," he adds, "that if the *Merrimac* had gained the victory there would scarcely now be the United States of America. The fate of that nation was determined then and there."

CHAPTER XVII

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS BY FARRAGUT

AFTER the series of unfortunate events that marked the campaigns in Virginia in the summer of 1861, the National Administration, fully aware that the loyal North required substantial victories, raised large armies and vastly increased the naval establishment. On the upper Mississippi a flotilla was speedily organized, under the able direction of Flag Officer A. H. Foote, who soon gained decisive victories in co-operation with the army, under Brigadier General Ulysses S. Grant, at Forts Henry and Donelson.

But the authorities justly felt that the capture of New Orleans was the most important step toward opening up the Mississippi River, which, from above Memphis to the Gulf of Mexico, was still in the possession of the Confederates. It has been said, on good authority, that in selecting an officer to command the proposed expedition against New Orleans, the qualifications of various officers were secretly discussed at Washington and the choice gradually dwindled down to three. Secretary Welles claimed the credit of selecting Farragut, and

Commander Porter was sent, as a friendly intermediary, to ascertain whether the service would be agreeable to him.

The result was that Farragut was ordered to report in person at Washington and he obeyed the summons with alacrity. Among his papers a brief note to his wife, dated December 21, 1861, appears, which reads:

Keep your lips closed and burn my letters; for perfect silence is to be observed—the first injunction of the Secretary. I am to have a Flag in the Gulf and the rest depends upon myself. Keep calm and silent. I shall sail in three weeks.

On February 2, 1862, Farragut sailed from Hampton Roads in the steam-sloop *Hartford*, which was destined to be his home for the remainder of the war and to bear him safely through severe trials and dangers to the termination of the great struggle. General Benjamin F. Butler, commanding the military force designed to co-operate with Farragut's fleet, sailed from Hampton Roads, on February 20th, with fifteen thousand men, in transports, arriving at Ship Island, the rendezvous of the expedition, March 20th.

At a point about thirty miles above the head of the Passes of the Mississippi River, the lowest favorable locality for defence before reaching the Gulf, the United States Government had erected two forts, St. Philip on the left or north



REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT AND FLEET-CAPTAIN PERCIVAL DRAYTON ON THE DECK OF THE "HARTFORD"
IN MOBILE BAY IN 1864

From a photograph

bank, and Jackson a little farther down stream on the right. In 1815 a single fort at this point had held the British fleet in check for nine days, though they threw into it more than a thousand shells. But in the present defences Fort Jackson, with its water battery, mounted seventy-five guns and St. Philip about forty. These guns included columbiads, mortars, and rifled pieces, but were mostly smooth-bore thirty-two-pounders. The works were garrisoned by about fifteen hundred men, commanded by Brigadier General J. K. Duncan. Just above the fort lay a Confederate fleet of fifteen vessels, including the ironclad ram *Manassas* and the *Louisiana*, an immense floating battery covered with railroad iron. Just below Fort Jackson a chain was stretched across the river, supported at intervals by small dismasted vessels. A company of sharpshooters ranged up and down both banks to give the forts intelligence of the movements of our fleet.

To accomplish his task of breaking through the obstructions, passing through between the forts, and conquering the Confederate fleet, Farragut had six sloops-of-war, sixteen gunboats, a mortar flotilla of twenty-one schooners, each carrying a thirteen-inch mortar, and five other auxiliary vessels. The fleet carried over two hundred guns and was by far the most powerful naval expedition that had, up to that time, ever sailed under our flag. General Butler

had, as said, on board his transports fifteen thousand men to hold whatever Farragut might capture.

The mortar fleet, under the immediate command of Commander Porter, was lined upon the right side of the river, close to the banks, their mastheads concealed by green boughs. On the 18th of April they opened fire, throwing shells weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds into Fort Jackson, on which their fire was concentrated. For six days and nights this fire was kept up unremittingly, throwing nearly six thousand shells, but the main result, which Commander Porter had anticipated, the breaking in of the casemates and dismounting the guns of the fort, was not accomplished.

During these six days Farragut's patience was sorely tried. He never had much faith in the mortars, and now he determined to try his own method. He had already issued general orders to his commanders to prepare their ships in every way possible for the supreme test of running the batteries, and he now issued the final orders, giving the programs of sailing for the different ships.

On the night of April 21st, Lieutenant C. H. B. Caldwell was sent up in the *Itasca*, accompanied by the *Pinola*, Lieutenant Crosby, under command of Commander H. H. Bell, to cut the chain which was stretched across the river. The *Pinola* had the inventor of a new submarine

petard on board, which he placed under one of the hulks, but in endeavoring to explode it the wire broke and it was useless. Lieutenant Caldwell then coolly boarded one of the hulks and, knocking out the pin, unshackled the chain, let it slip, and the passage was opened. This bold feat was performed under a very heavy fire from the first, but fortunately no one was injured.

Farragut had intended to lead the column of ships in the *Hartford* in passing the forts, but in the final disposition he gave up that post to Captain Theodorus Bailey, at his own earnest request, who hoisted his own red flag on the gunboat *Cayuga*. The order of sailing was to be as follows: first division—*Cayuga, Pensacola, Mississippi, Oneida, Varuna, Kathadin, Kineo, Wissahickon*; centre division—*Hartford, Brooklyn, Richmond*; third division—*Sciota, Iroquois, Kennebec, Pinola, Itasca, Winona*. As early as April 6th Farragut had reconnoitred the forts in broad daylight, going up within gunshot of Jackson in the *Kennebec*, where he sat in the cross-trees, glass in hand, till the Confederate gunners began to get the range of his ship. The attempt to pass the forts, it was finally decided, should be made in the night of April 23d to 24th, and, as the moon would rise about half-past three in the morning, the fleet was warned to expect the signal for sailing about two o'clock. On the 23d the forts hardly fired a shot all day, although Porter kept up a terrific bombard-

ment from the mortar fleet. Soon after midnight the hammocks were brought up and stowed in the nettings and the work of clearing the ships for action began. At five minutes before two the silent signal to weigh anchor—two ordinary red lights at the peak of the flagship—was displayed, but it was half-past three before all the ships were aweigh.

The Confederates had now become aware that a movement was in progress, and blazing rafts and bonfires illuminated the scene as Porter's gunboats and the *Portsmouth* moved up stream to engage the batteries in advance of the fleet. Captain Bailey's division of eight vessels led off, passing through the opening made in the cable the night before, and both forts promptly opened on the *Cayuga* as she passed the hulks. In five minutes she was pouring grape and cannister into St. Philip, and in ten minutes she had passed out of range of that work and found herself surrounded by eleven Confederate gunboats. Three of these attempted to board her at once, but an eleven-inch shot, at close range, was sent through one of them and the disabled vessel immediately ran aground and burned up. The Parrott rifle on the forecastle drove off another vessel, and Bailey was preparing to close with a third, when the *Oneida* and *Varuna* came up to the assistance of the *Cayuga*. The *Oneida*, under a full head of steam, ran into one of the

enemy's boats, cutting her nearly in two, and left her to float down stream a helpless wreck. Firing right and left into the others, the *Oneida* then went to the assistance of the *Varuna*, which was ashore on the left bank of the river, sore beset by the *Governor Moore* and another Confederate steamer. The *Varuna*, rammed by them both, sank in fifteen minutes, but not until she had so crippled the *Governor Moore* that she surrendered to the *Oneida*.

The *Pensacola* steamed steadily and slowly by the forts, using her eleven-inch pivot gun and rifled eighty-pounder with deadly effect, and receiving a terrific fire in return, as her loss of thirty-seven men fully indicated. The *Mississippi* was more fortunate and escaped with small loss. After passing Jackson, she encountered the ram *Manassas*. In a brief encounter she disabled her adversary and, after riddling her with solid shot, boarded the vessel, set her on fire, and sent her drifting down the river, where she blew up. The smaller gunboats of Bailey's division passed the forts without serious damage or loss of life.

At 4.30 A.M. the *Hartford*, in attempting to avoid a fire-raft, grounded on a shoal near St. Philip. At the same time the ram *Manassas* pushed a fire-raft up under her port quarter and, in an instant, the flagship was on fire. A part of her crew immediately went to fire quarters

and subdued the flames, while the working of her guns was steadily continued and the ship was backed off into deeper water, her head turning down stream. With some difficulty the *Hartford* was again turned against the current and she continued on up the river, firing broadsides into the enemy's vessels, as they appeared, and into Fort Jackson, as it came into range. The *Brooklyn* ran over one of the hulks, and, becoming entangled in the raft, suffered a raking fire from Jackson. She was also butted by the *Manassas*, which seemed ubiquitous that morning, and was finally engaged by the Confederate steamer *Warrior*. This was an unfortunate encounter for the enemy, for the *Brooklyn* planted eleven five-second shells in her antagonist, all of which exploded, setting the vessel on fire, and she was run ashore. The *Richmond*, a slow ship, steamed steadily along, giving and receiving a steady succession of broadsides from forts and ships and preserving her place in line until the forts were passed and the signal was made from the flagship: "Anchor and go to breakfast." The third division of gunboats did excellent work in passing the forts, but the *Itasca*, receiving a shot in her boiler in front of Jackson, was compelled to turn down stream; the *Kennebec* became entangled in the raft and was delayed until too late to pass the forts, and the *Winona* was also forced to return, being delayed by the rafts.

And so the victory was won and a feat was accomplished thus far unparalleled in naval warfare. Starting with seventeen wooden vessels, Farragut had passed with all but three of them, against the swift current of a river but half a mile wide, between two powerful forts and a formidable water battery garrisoned by fifteen hundred men, his course impeded by blazing fire-rafts, and by a fleet of fifteen vessels, two of them ironclad. He had captured or destroyed all of the opponents, and had accomplished all this with the loss of but one of his smaller gunboats. The total loss of life in the fleet in this great battle was thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-seven wounded.

Farragut at once pushed on up the river, to the Quarantine ground, where the fleet anchored, meanwhile sending Captain Boggs, of the ill-fated *Varuna*, in a boat through the bayous in the rear of St. Philip down the river to communicate with General Butler and Commander Porter and request them to get the troops up to New Orleans as speedily as possible.

When the sun rose on the Federal fleet on the morning after the fight, it shone on smiling faces, even among those who were suffering from their wounds. Farragut received the ardent congratulations of his commanding officers, who flocked on board the *Hartford* in response to the signal from the flagship, with the same quiet imperturbability that he had exhibited through

the eventful battle. While he showed deep feeling for the men of his fleet who had been killed or wounded, he did not allow time to be wasted in vain regrets, but had the general signal made, "After breakfast push on to New Orleans," so intent were his thoughts upon following up his glorious victory to the end.

The present writer, then a young division and watch officer on board the *Richmond*, obtained permission from Captain Alden of that ship to go on shore at the Quarantine station, abreast of which our ship was anchored, and haul down a large Confederate flag that was insolently displayed from a tall flagpole at the camp. Just as my armed boat was shoving off from the ship Captain Alden hailed me and said: "You had better first stop at the flagship and obtain the flag officer's permission, before you go on shore."

Accordingly I steered for the *Hartford*, then anchored on our port bow, and was shown down into the cabin just as Commander Charles S. Boggs was coming up from his interview with the flag officer in which he had given him the particulars of the destruction of his ship, the *Varuna*, by the Confederate gunboats the night before. Farragut was pacing up and down in his cabin with a very thoughtful face, as I was shown in. His face brightened, however, as with youthful eagerness I delivered my message.

"Why, certainly, Mr. H——," he responded cheerfully, "go ahead and pull down all the

rebel flags you can find, and then make my compliments to Captain Alden, give him my hearty congratulations, and tell him to be all ready to get under way to go up the river after breakfast." I pulled ashore and secured my coveted flag, and in addition, to my very great surprise, received the surrender of a party of officers of the Louisiana Home Guards, stationed at the Quarantine, who, indeed, seemed only too glad to thus find an easy and honorable termination to their term of service. Turning the bundle of officers' swords, which I found rather an impediment, over to Captain Broome, of the Marine Corps, who came on shore with a detail of marines a little later, I returned to my ship with my Confederate flag still in my possession.

The fleet steamed up the river during the day, greeted from time to time, as we passed the plantations, by groups of curious negroes on the river bank who stealthily signalled congratulations to us. The planters' houses displayed very conspicuously from their porches large white sheets or table-cloths, evidently intended as flags of truce. At dark the fleet anchored, but soon after midnight a great blaze of light being seen up the river, the vessels got under way, fearing an attack by fire-rafts, of which we had had so much unpleasant experience before passing the forts, but they did not materialize. At six o'clock in the morning a large steamer, loaded

to the guards with cotton and all ablaze, came drifting down stream and an hour later two other boats in the same condition passed.

About eleven o'clock we sighted Chalmette, four miles below the city, where we had been informed heavy batteries had been placed on both banks, and having in mind memories of Jackson's defence of the city from this point in 1814, we were quite prepared for some warm work. The *Brooklyn* was in the advance and at the first shot from the enemy she opened with her eighty-pound Dahlgren gun, firing twenty-one shells into the battery on the left bank and a couple of broadsides into that on the right bank, which was supplemented by a few shells from the flagship, upon which the enemy's batteries, such as they were, were evacuated.

The fleet then steamed quietly on to the city, passing close to the levées, which were swarming with a howling and infuriated mob of both sexes waving Confederate flags and calling out abusive names to the ships as they passed. Just as the vessels arrived abreast of the Custom House, and anchored in a line off Canal Street, a torrent of rain came pouring down from the heavens, accompanied by rumbling thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which for a short time somewhat thinned the menacing crowd. As we anchored, burning steamers, barges, and vessels loaded with cotton came drifting down, blazing

with fire. Among them was the very formidable Confederate ironclad *Mississippi*, just fired by order of General Lovell, to prevent her from falling into our hands. The sole purpose of the mob seemed to be destruction, and thousands of bales of cotton and hogsheads of sugar on the levée were given to the flames to gratify their insensate wrath.

The story of the subsequent negotiations for the surrender of New Orleans reads like a grim farce, which might at any moment have been turned into a tragedy; for all the time they were going on, the furious mob, and the city which sheltered it, lay at the absolute mercy of the guns of the Union fleet.

Soon after noon of the 25th, Farragut despatched Captain Theodorus Bailey, his second in command, with Lieutenant George H. Perkins, in a boat bearing a message to the chief authorities, whoever they might be, demanding the surrender of the city. The two officers stepped ashore, amidst deafening cheers for "Jeff Davis and the South" and groans for "Lincoln and the Federal fleet" from the howling mob.

Captain Bailey, who was perfectly self-possessed amidst the clamor, ordered the boat to lay off a short distance from the levée, where it was to wait his return, and Lieutenant Perkins asked from one of the most respectable of the crowd to be directed to the City Hall.

After some delay a person was at last found who consented to act as guide and, surrounded by the angry mob, the two officers made their way, with considerable difficulty, to the City Hall. After the exchange of formal salutations, Captain Bailey announced to the mayor that he had come from Flag Officer Farragut to demand the surrender of the city and the hoisting of the American flag upon the public buildings. Mayor Munroe, a weak man, declared that he had no authority to surrender, as General Lovell was the military commander, and as for himself, he declined to pull down the Confederate flag or to hoist the American flag.

After some little time passed in rather acrimonious conversation, General Lovell came in and he was introduced by the mayor to Captain Bailey, who again announced his errand. Lovell, however, declined to surrender the city: he said that he had evacuated New Orleans with his troops; it was defenceless and, he added, "Farragut could shell the city if he chose." The general thereupon retired, leaving the city authorities to take such course as they thought proper. The result of the interview therefore was that Captain Bailey had to return to report to Farragut that there was no one on shore willing to surrender the city. Colonel W. S. Lovell and one or two other of the Confederate general's staff, who were present during the interview, very courteously escorted the Union officers

to the landing, followed at a discreet distance by the mob, which was somewhat restrained, as they neared the levée, by the frowning guns of the *Pensacola*, that with ports triced up had anchored close inshore, near the foot of Canal Street, and whose starboard broadside battery was manned ready to level destruction upon the crowd in the event of any overt act being perpetrated.

Farragut was both amused and puzzled by the report of Captain Bailey, but he decided to wait one day for further developments. The next morning, Saturday, April 25th, a boat came off an hour after daylight with a message from Mayor Munroe. The bearers were his private secretary, Mr. Marion A. Baker, who as a boy had been known to Farragut, and Mr. McClelland, chief of police. The purport of the missive was a notice that the City Council would meet at ten o'clock that day and that the Federal commander should at once be apprised of the result of their deliberations. Farragut replied by the same messenger that he had come to reduce New Orleans to obedience to the laws of the United States. The city must be surrendered, all hostile flags must be hauled down, and that of the United States must be hoisted on all public buildings by noon; there must be no more outrages upon loyal people, and the rights of persons and property must be secured.

This message produced no tangible results, and

the next morning, May 26th, the flag officer sent Lieutenant Albert Kautz, with Midshipman John H. Read and a guard of twenty marines, under command of Second Lieutenant George Heisler, to deliver a formal demand for the surrender of the city. The boat landed on the levée in front of a howling mob, more violent and boisterous even than the day before, which thronged the river front as far as the eye could reach. On landing, Lieutenant Kautz had the marines draw up in line and attempted to reason with the mob, but soon found it an impossible task. He then thought to clear the way by bringing the marines to an aim, but women and children were at once shoved to the front, while the angry crowd behind cried, "Shoot, you d—d Yankees; shoot!"

Fortunately at this moment Lieutenant Kautz espied an officer of the City Guards, whom he hailed and told that he had a message for the mayor which he wished to deliver. The Confederate officer begged him to leave the marines on the levée, for he felt sure that to march them through the streets of the city at that time would provoke a conflict. Kautz prudently yielded to the advice of the officer and sent the marines back to the ship, retaining only one non-commissioned officer with a musket.

Tying his handkerchief, as a flag of truce, on the bayonet, Lieutenant Kautz, with Midshipman Read and one man, then took up their

march for the City Hall, accompanied by a crowd jeering and "cursing in three languages," as the young midly who accompanied him afterward stated to his comrades at the mess-table.

The mayor, through his counsel Hon. Pierre Soulé, again declined to surrender the city formally, but the learned counsel astutely remarked "as the navy had the force, they could of course take possession." Meanwhile the crowd outside the City Hall increased in numbers, howled and stormed and was gradually becoming more violent and difficult to restrain. Above the din intermittent cries were heard inviting "the—Yankees" to "come out and be run up to lamp-posts!" At this juncture Mr. Soulé, who was manifestly growing nervous, suggested to Lieutenant Kautz that it would save trouble to all concerned if he would take his party to the levée in a carriage from the rear exit of the City Hall. It was proposed that Mr. Marion Baker, the mayor's secretary, should go with the officers in the carriage while Mr. Soulé addressed the mob from the front entrance. He did not hope to have the mob obey him, he said, but he believed he could hold their attention with his fiery eloquence long enough for the carriage to get to the landing, by the back streets, unmolested.

The stratagem succeeded and the rapidly-driven carriage reached the levée and the officers entered their waiting boat before their baffled

and infuriated pursuers came up with them. Few persons ever knew what an important service Mr. Soulé thus rendered to New Orleans.

Early on the morning of the 26th, a boat's crew from the *Pensacola* raised a flag over the Mint, and unwisely left it without a guard for its protection. On the following day, Sunday, 27th, while, in accordance with a general order from Farragut, the ships of the fleet were at divine service and offering up "thanks to Almighty God for deliverance from great peril in the passage of the forts," the report of a gun from the maintop of the *Pensacola*, anchored abreast of the Mint, startled the fleet, and at once sent the crews of the various ships to quarters. The gun was fired in consequence of the discovery of a man on the roof of the Mint hauling down the American flag.

All eyes were at once turned upon the flagship, in anticipation of an order to the fleet to open fire, but no notice was taken by Farragut of the incident, quiet was speedily restored in the ships, and the service proceeded.

But Farragut had now evidently determined to adopt sterner measures and on the 29th he decided that the time had come for him to take formal possession of the city. He accordingly sent an expedition on shore under command of Fleet Captain H. H. Bell, with Lieutenant Kautz as second in command, with a detachment of sailors and two boat howitzers, as artillery, as-

sisted by Midshipmen John H. Read and E. C. Hazeltine. A battalion of marines, two hundred and fifty strong, under the command of Captain John L. Broome, was added to the force. Landing at the foot of Canal Street, near Lafayette Square, the marines were drawn up in line and the brass howitzers, glittering in the sunlight, were loaded with shrapnel, as an object-lesson to the crowd, which, no longer noisy, now looked on silent but still angry and threatening.

The line of march was then taken up to the Custom House, where Captain Bell, Lieutenant Kautz, and a boatswain's mate carrying the American ensign entered the building. The New Orleans postmaster, who was present as an official, received the officers cordially, saying: "Thank God you are here. I have been a Union man all the time. I was appointed by Buchanan, not by Jeff Davis; he only allowed me to remain." The postmaster then showed the officers to the roof of the building, where a flagstaff was found, the boatswain's mate bent on the flag and as Captain Bell gave the order "Hoist away!" the Stars and Stripes arose over New Orleans.

Captain Alan Ramsay, U. S. M. C., with a detachment of marines from the *Richmond*, was left to guard the flag, and the line of march was taken by the column to the City Hall. Captain Bell there entered the mayor's room and said: "Sir, I have come in obedience to orders

to haul down the State flag from this building." The mayor, his voice trembling with emotion, replied very dramatically: "Very well, sir, you can do it; but I wish to say that there is not in my entire constituency so wretched a renegade as would be willing to exchange places with you."

Captain Bell visibly restrained himself from reply to this very offensive speech and asked that he might be shown the way to the roof. The mayor replied by referring him to the janitor, whom he would find outside, and the officers left the room and found their way to the roof where the State flag was hauled down from the flagstaff by Captain Kautz and the boatswain's mate, the great crowd in the street looking on in sullen silence. No flag was hoisted in its place for the reason that the City Hall was not United States property. Lieutenant John C. Harris, U. S. M. C., was left with a guard of marines to occupy the building and to enforce order. This guard remained in occupancy until May 1st, when the troops of General Butler occupied the city.

As one of the officers in the naval contingent of the expedition for the conquest of New Orleans, the present writer does not hesitate to say that it was a very great relief to the officers of the fleet, and, I think I may venture to say, to its commander, when on May 1st the transport *Mississippi* arrived at the levée and

General Benjamin F. Butler with his contingent of troops occupied the city and at once proceeded to enforce with a firm hand law and order in the heretofore turbulent city of New Orleans.

At noon on May 1st the *Mississippi* lay at the levée and the disembarkation of the 31st Massachusetts and the 4th Wisconsin regiments commenced. When all were landed and the regiments formed, the general and his staff marching at the head on foot, the troops moved steadily on, the surging masses crowding the sidewalks hurrahing for "Beauregard, Bull Run, and Shiloh" and cursing the Yankees. The Custom House reached, the troops bivouacked for the night in an upper story. Strong guards were posted and the rage of the mob was soon exhausted. The next morning General Butler's proclamation announced to the citizens that New Orleans was again under the flag of the Union.

The mob that escorted General Butler and his troops to the Custom House that day was the last of its kind that under his iron sway was ever permitted to manifest itself in the streets of the Crescent City.

CHAPTER XVIII

BUILDING THE RED RIVER DAM

AFTER the fall of Port Hudson, on July 8, 1863, Admiral Farragut was desirous of at once commencing operations against Mobile, in accordance with his instructions from the Navy Department. General Banks, in command of the Department of Louisiana, however, was informed by General Halleck that there were important reasons, other than military, why the movement to restore the flag in Texas should be made first and with the least possible delay, and a combined naval and military operation by the Red River was indicated as the best mode of carrying out that object.

The first attempt to "plant the flag in Texas" led to the very unfortunate expedition to Sabine Pass in September, which was a dismal fiasco. On the 1st of March, 1864, General Sherman came to New Orleans and immediate arrangements were made to send ten thousand troops to join Admiral Porter at the mouth of the Red River for a proposed naval and military operation against the Confederate forces in that department.

Admiral Porter's fleet, assembled at the mouth

of the Red River on March 12th, included the formidable river ironclads *Eastport, Essex, Benton, Lafayette, Choctaw, Chillicothe, Ozark, Louisville, Carondelet, Pittsburgh, Mound City, Osage, Neosho*, and the light draught gunboats *Ouachita, Lexington, Fort Hindman, Cricket, Gazelle, Juliet*, and *Black Hawk*, the last bearing the admiral's flag.

This was distinctly the most formidable naval force that had ever been collected in western waters. It was under a commanding officer courageous and experienced, full of energy, and remarkably fertile in resource. It was manned by officers and men veteran in river warfare, after two years of arduous experience on the Mississippi and its tributaries. This powerful fleet was reinforced by ten thousand of Sherman's old soldiers, under General A. J. Smith, and the navy felt that there would be few laurels for them to win, little dreaming of the dangers, hardships, and possible loss of a portion of this splendid squadron that was in store for them in the crooked, narrow, and turgid stream, whose high banks furnished the most favorable positions for artillery and the deadly sharpshooter.

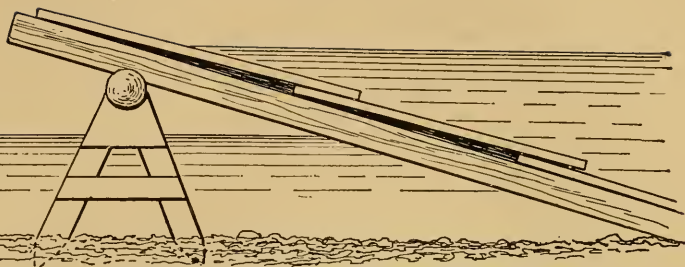
On March 12th the fleet and the thirty army transports moved up the Red River. The main body of naval vessels turned off at the Atchafalaya to cover the landing of Smith's force at Simsport, whence that body was to march to Alexandria, to effect a junction with Banks's

army. The *Eastport*, *Osage*, *Fort Hindman*, and *Cricket* were ordered to go ahead and clear the river of any obstructions they might encounter.

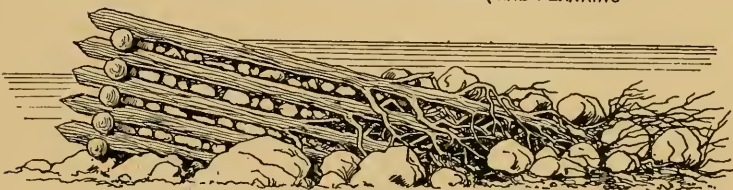
On the 14th, the advance squadron found a row of piles across the river, below Fort De Russy, supported by a second row bolted to the first, while a perfect forest of trees had been cut and floated against them, with their branches interlaid with the piles. An entire day was occupied in removing this annoying obstruction, and before the gunboats had finally pushed through and had arrived in proximity to the fort the guns of the attacking Union forces were heard, so that for fear of injury to them the fleet could fire only a few rounds at the water-battery.

The capture of Fort De Russy was a dashing and gallant affair, General Mower actually riding into the fort at the head of his attacking column. The advance of the gunboats, however, was delayed by their despatch boat getting entangled in the obstruction, which afforded time for the Confederate transports, plainly in sight, to escape from our fleet.

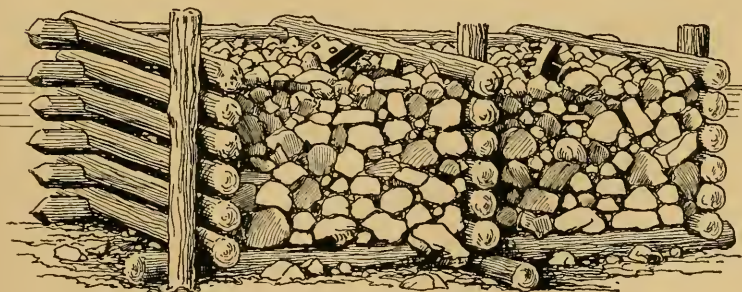
By March 16th nine gunboats had arrived at Alexandria, about ten miles above Fort De Russy, and Lieutenant-Commander T. E. Selfridge was ordered to occupy the town with one hundred and eighty men until the arrival of General Smith's forces. On the 29th fourteen of the squadron left Alexandria for the upper



BRACKET DAM - MADE OF TIMBER AND PLANKING



DAM OF FELLED TREES WEIGHTED WITH STONES.



LOG CRIB FILLED WITH STONE &c.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE RED RIVER DAM

Drawn by William J. Wilson

river, the *Eastport* and *Osage* being in the advance. As the squadron advanced, the enemy's scouts set fire to all the cotton within ten miles of the river bank. Millions of dollars' worth of it were thus destroyed, and so dense was the smoke that the sun was obscured and appeared as though seen through a smoked glass. One Sunday morning a man was seen, from the *Eastport's* deck, in front of a handsome house waving a white handkerchief. Captains Phelps and Selfridge stopped their boats and going on shore accosted him. He proved to be a brother of Captain Colhoun of our navy. He had taken no part in the war, but the previous night the scouts had burned five thousand bales of his cotton and his gin-house. The total loss to Mr. Colhoun, estimating the cotton at its market price, was fully \$2,000,000. Yet he was but one of the many innocent persons who suffered the loss of all their property through this indiscriminate destruction. The gunboats were now beginning to suffer from want of coal, and each day, after tying up at the bank for the night, the plantations were ravaged of their fence rails as far as the eye could see. So that between the Confederates destroying their cotton and the Federals levying upon their fences the unfortunate planters' lot was a hard one indeed.

April 3d Volunteer Lieutenant J. P. Couthouy, a very gallant officer commanding the *Lexington*, was shot by a guerrilla from the bank, a few

miles above Grand Ecore. On the 7th Admiral Porter shifted his flag to the *Cricket* and left Grand Ecore for Shreveport accompanied by the *Osage*, *Neosho*, *Fort Hindman*, *Lexington*, and *Chillicothe*, convoying twenty transports containing Kilby Smith's division of the Sixteenth Army Corps, a rendezvous being agreed upon with the army at Springfield Landing, one hundred and ten miles by the river below Shreveport. The river at this time was stationary, at a lower stage than usual at the season, and there was barely water to float the gunboats.

April 10th the fleet arrived at Springfield Landing, meeting with no very serious obstruction beyond the usual amount of bushwhacking, to which by this time they were quite accustomed. Here the river was found obstructed by the sinking of a large steamer, the *New Falls City*, across the channel. Admiral Porter also here obtained news of the disastrous battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hills on the 8th and 9th of April, through a courier who brought word that our army was falling back upon Grand Ecore.

Porter at once held a council of his commanding officers on board the flagship and it was decided that the fleet must go back, and the perilous return of the gunboats to the Mississippi was at once begun. There were but half a dozen vessels, two of which were "tin clads," to protect the long line of transports. The river

was rapidly falling; its narrowness and its high banks afforded the best possible opportunities for harassing attacks, and the bends of the stream were so short that it was with the greatest difficulty they were rounded by the heavier vessels of the fleet. In fact it became necessary to lash the transport *Black Hawk* to the quarter of the *Osage* to render her manageable in the swift current. On the 12th the Confederate General Green, with three or four regiments of cavalry and three guns, posted in ambush on the bluff near Blair's Landing, attacked the fleet and the transports as they were descending from Loggy Bayou. A very brisk engagement ensued, the enemy coming on in column of regiments, protected by the high and almost perpendicular banks, and pouring in a terrific musketry fire upon the boats at a distance not exceeding one hundred yards. The great guns of the *Osage*, loaded with grape and canister, were served with great effect, and after a prolonged engagement, lasting one hour and a half, the enemy retreated with a loss of over four hundred killed and wounded. Among the dead was the Confederate leader, General Thomas Green, a very famous partisan fighter.

By the 13th all the gunboats were back at Grand Ecore, and as fast as the vessels could pass the bar they made their way toward Alexandria. On the 15th the gunboat *Eastport*, the largest vessel of the fleet, was sunk by a torpedo

eight miles below Grand Ecore. She was got afloat on the 21st, but on the 26th she ran hard and fast aground fifty miles farther down the river and was abandoned and blown up by her commander.

At Alexandria General Hunter was met bearing fresh and very positive orders from Grant to bring the ill-fated expedition to an end. But, orders or no orders, it was, of course, impossible to abandon the vessels of the navy in their present perilous situation, with the river falling and an active enemy on both banks.

From this impending disaster the country was saved by the genius and skill of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey, of the 4th Wisconsin regiment, and by hard and willing work on the part of the officers and men of the army. After the capture of Port Hudson, Bailey, by means of wing dams and a central boom had floated the abandoned Confederate transports *Starlight* and *Red Chief*, and he now proposed to rescue the imprisoned fleet in the same way. Although the work looked to be stupendous, the engineer officers of the army reported it practicable, and active operations were at once commenced by order of General Banks.

The river had fallen more than six feet since the fleet had, with great difficulty, ascended the rapids and for a mile and a quarter the rocks were now bare. There were but three feet four inches of water in the channel, while the gun-

boats needed at least seven feet. The current ran nine miles an hour, the total fall was thirteen feet, and at the point just above the lower chute, where Bailey proposed to construct his dam, the river was seven hundred and fifty-eight feet wide, with a fall of six feet below the dam.

The problem confronting Bailey was to raise the water above the dam seven feet, backing it up so as to float the gunboats over the upper fall. To that end a wing dam was constructed of large trees, the butts tied by cross-logs, the tops toward the current, and kept in place by weighting with stone, brick, and brush. From the south bank, where large trees were scarce, a crib was made of logs and timbers, filled in with stone and with bricks and machinery taken from the neighboring sugar-houses and cotton-gins, that were freely levied upon. The space of about one hundred and fifty feet between the wings was closed by sinking across it four of the large coal barges belonging to the navy.

This gigantic work, begun on the 30th of April, was finished on the 8th of May. The water having been thus raised five feet four and a half inches, three of the light-draught gunboats passed the upper fall safely on that day. On the morning of the 9th, however, the tremendous pressure of the pent-up waters drove out two of the barges, making a gap sixty-six feet wide, and swung them against the rocks below.

Through this gap the water rushed in a tor-

rent. Admiral Porter at once galloped round to the upper fall and ordered the *Lexington* to run the rapids immediately. With a full head of steam she made the plunge, watched in the breathless silence of suspense by the army and the fleet, and greeted with a mighty cheer from the spectators she rode in safety below. The *Osage*, *Neosho*, and *Fort Hindman*, that were waiting just above the dam, followed their leader safely down the chute; but as the water shoaled six gunboats and two tugs were still imprisoned above.

Bailey, undaunted, now constructed three wing dams at the upper fall: a stone crib on the south side, and a tree dam on the north side just above the upper rocks, and just below them, also on the north side, a bracket dam, made of logs raised at the lower end on trestles and sheathed with plank. Thus the whole current was turned into one narrow channel. A further rise of fourteen inches was thus obtained, making six feet six and a half inches in all; and this new task by incredible exertions was completed in three days and three nights. Hawsers were then run out from the gunboats to the shore and these, with the united force of three thousand willing men, enlivened with a band of music, dragged the vessels over the bottom till they floated in the deeper water beyond, and the remaining gunboats thus passed free of the danger on the 12th and 13th of May.

For this superb feat of engineering, which saved Porter's fleet from impending destruction, Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey very justly received the thanks of Congress and was made a brigadier general. Vestiges of his dam remained for years after the war, and the channel of the river was driven toward the south shore, where a large slice of the bank was washed away at the upper end of the town.

The Red River campaign was very unfortunate for both sides and gave cause to no end of quarrels and bitter recriminations. The Confederate General Taylor was relieved by Kirby Smith; Banks was overslaughed, and Franklin quitted the department in disgust, while between the Union general commanding and the admiral communications were exchanged that were anything but complimentary.

An unfortunate incident occurred during the building of the dam, when two of the light-draught gunboats, the *Signal*, and *Covington*, while convoying the *Warner*, a quarter-master's boat, down the river were attacked at Dunn's Bayou, by a force of six thousand Confederate troops with twenty-five pieces of artillery. The gunboats gallantly rounded to and opened the fight, but the fire of the enemy was so severe that their boilers were perforated and their steam pipes cut. This unequal contest was continued for five hours, when Lieutenant Lord of the *Covington* landed his crew and set fire to

his vessel. The *Signal* unfortunately had too many wounded to pursue a like course and she fell into the hands of the enemy.

On the 21st of May the squadron and transports reached the Mississippi, and thus ended the humiliating Red River expedition. The navy lost the gunboats *Eastport*, *Covington*, and *Signal* and the pump-boats *Champion* No. 3 and No. 5. The total naval casualties in killed, wounded, and missing were one hundred and twenty exclusive of the crews of the pump-boats, which lost about two hundred men.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE RAM "ALBEMARLE"

AFTER the capture of Roanoke Island in 1862 by the Federal forces, the Confederates found the waters in the rear of Richmond, upon which they depended largely for the introduction of military supplies, as well as for the export of cotton, seriously threatened. After two ineffectual attempts to expel their enemies from Pamlico Sound, the Confederate authorities, therefore, determined to construct an armored vessel of the *Merrimac* type, and Commander James M. Cooke, an able and experienced officer of the Confederate navy, was detailed, in January, 1864, to superintend her construction at Edward's Ferry, some miles up the Roanoke River. The plan of this ship, to be called the *Albemarle*, provided for a vessel to act in shallow water and her armament was to be two one-hundred-pound rifles.

The *Albemarle* was finally completed and on April 19, 1864, she came out, the high water enabling her to pass the obstructions that our forces had placed in the river to prevent her descent. She was met by the United States ships *Southfield* and *Miami*, but, avoiding the

latter, the *Albemarle*, at full speed, dashed for the *Southfield*, driving her ram ten feet into the doomed vessel. The two ships were entangled and the *Southfield* instantly began to sink, carrying down with her the *Albemarle*, whose bow was actually under water and through whose forward ports a flood was pouring, when the *Southfield* rolled off the ram, and the *Albemarle* righted herself.

The *Miami*, Lieutenant Flusser, meanwhile came up and, at very close quarters, fired a nine-inch shell at the *Albemarle's* side. This, as it struck, shattered, and the fragments, flying back, instantly killed the gallant Flusser. The *Miami* then withdrew, leaving the *Albemarle* in undisputed possession of the upper waters of Albemarle Sound.

A large fleet of wooden ships was at once gathered by the Federal authorities and on May 5th the *Albemarle* again came down to battle, accompanied by two smaller vessels. The ram opened fire on the ships and after a brief engagement the *Sassacus* backed, and then came with tremendous force at the *Albemarle* under a full head of steam, using oil and cotton waste in her furnaces. She struck with a speed of eight knots on the starboard quarter of the ram, depressing the *Albemarle's* stern and twisting her own bow, in the collision. Meanwhile, as the *Sassacus* swung around, the ram fired two one-hundred-pound shells through her, piercing

her boiler and filling the ship with scalding steam. For thirteen minutes the combatants were hidden in a dense cloud of steam, and then the *Albemarle* retired, very well satisfied with the result of her second day's work.

It having become painfully evident that this formidable ram could not be destroyed by the wooden ships, an expedition from the fleet was undertaken by Coalheaver Baldwin, with four volunteers, having four torpedoes in a boat. They landed on the night of May 25th, in a branch of the Roanoke, above the point where the *Albemarle* lay at anchor. Their plan was to float the two torpedoes, connected by a line, down on the ram where they were to be exploded by Baldwin. The plan miscarried, as the torpedoes fouled a schooner. Baldwin was discovered by a sentinel and with his companions took refuge in a swamp, where they lay for two days before they escaped.

The final and successful attempt to destroy the *Albemarle* was conducted by Lieutenant William Barker Cushing, a young officer only twenty-one years of age, who formulated a plan for destroying the ram in June, while he was in command of the U. S. S. *Monticello*. He submitted his plan to Rear Admiral Lee, in command of the squadron, who gave him leave of absence with permission to carry his project into effect. Proceeding to New York Cushing applied for one of the new steam picket launches,

invented by Chief Engineer W. W. Wood, and his request was granted. She was brought down to Albemarle Sound, fitted with a twelve-pound howitzer mounted in the bow, and with a torpedo attached to a spar twenty-eight feet long.

On the night of October 27th, with a picked crew of thirteen officers and men, Cushing ran up to Plymouth. In his modest official report of what followed he says:

The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was about eight miles, the stream averaging in width some two hundred yards, and lined with the enemy's pickets. A mile below the town was the wreck of the *Southfield*, surrounded by some schooners, and it was understood that a gun was mounted there to command the bend. I therefore took one of the *Shamrock's* cutters in tow, with orders to cast off and board at that point, if we were hailed. Our boat succeeded in passing the pickets, and even the *Southfield*, within twenty yards, without discovery, and we were not hailed until by the lookouts on the ram. The cutter was then cast off and ordered below, while we made for our enemy under a full head of steam.

The rebels sprung their rattle, rang the bell, and commenced firing, at the same time repeating their hail and seeming much confused. The light of a fire ashore showed me the ironclad made fast to the wharf, with a pen of logs around her about thirty feet from her side.

Passing her closely, we made a complete circle,



LIEUT. CUSHING'S TORPEDO BOAT SINKING THE "ALBEMARLE" IN ROANOKE RIVER, N. C.

From an old woodcut

so as to strike her fairly, and went into her, bows on. By this time the enemy's fire was very severe, but a dose of canister at short range served to moderate their zeal and disturb their aim. Paymaster Swan, of the *Otsego*, was wounded near me, but how many more I know not. Three bullets struck my clothing, and the air seemed full of them.

In a moment we had struck the logs, just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo boom was then lowered and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang and exploding it at the same time that the *Albemarle's* gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her.

The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and removing my own coat and shoes. Then springing into the river, I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us.

The most of our party were captured, some were drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in another direction. I met Acting-Master's Mate Woodman, of the *Commodore Hull*, in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp, close to the fort. While hiding

a few feet from the path, two of the *Albemarle's* officers passed, and I judged from their conversation that the ship was destroyed.

Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro in to gain information and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding through another swamp, I came to a creek and captured a skiff, belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock the next night, had made my way out to the *Valley City*.

President Lincoln sent a message to Congress specially recommending that Lieutenant Cushing receive a vote of thanks "for his important, gallant, and perilous achievement," and the young officer was promoted to Lieutenant-Commander on 27 October, 1864. Rear Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the squadron, issued a general order in which he said:

The gallant exploits of Lieutenant Cushing previous to this affair will form a bright page in the history of the war, but they have all been eclipsed by the destruction of the *Albemarle*. The spirit evidenced by this officer is what I wish to see pervading this squadron. He has shown an absolute disregard of death or danger, and will no doubt be suitably rewarded by the Government, which reward he well deserves. Opportunities will be offered to all those who have the energy and skill to undertake like enterprises; and twenty volunteers are wanted at this moment to perform a like

service. The chances are death, capture, glory, and promotion.

In response to this request for twenty volunteers for extra hazardous duty it is an interesting fact, indicative of the spirit of the service, that seventy-seven officers, one hundred and forty-nine men, and the entire crew of the U. S. S. *Tuscarora*, at once volunteered their services.

In the final and successful attack upon Fort Fisher, Cushing, under a constant and heavy fire, buoyed out the channel in a small skiff, continuing the work for six hours, until completed. In the assault on the fort he led a force of seamen and marines from the *Monticello* and, amid a fire which cut down his men in windrows, he crossed a hundred yards of sand, rallied his men, and lent such efficient assistance to the troops that before midnight the fort was surrendered.

On January 21, 1872, Lieutenant-Commander Cushing was advanced to the grade of Commander, being the youngest officer of that rank in the navy. Soon after this his health failed and he died in Washington, December 17, 1874.

CHAPTER XX

THE "KEARSARGE" AND "ALABAMA" FIGHT

WHILE our armies were fighting the terrible battles in the Wilderness, in 1864, and the whole country was in a state of feverish anxiety, a piece of news was flashed across the Atlantic that gave more general satisfaction to the people at large than the intelligence of a hard-won battle in Virginia. It was the announcement that the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* was at the bottom of the English Channel, sent there by the guns of the victorious *Kearsarge*.

For the past two years the successful operations of the *Alabama* had attracted the attention of Europe as well as America, for she made her *début* as a warship by plunging in among the American whaling fleet off Fayal, in September, 1862. During the next eighteen months the *Alabama* had seemed to be everywhere, burning, sinking, and bonding sixty-nine vessels, and finally, in January, 1863, she succeeded in decoying the U. S. S. *Hatteras* out from the fleet blockading Galveston, and in a lively contest of fifteen minutes sent her to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico.

“Kearsarge” and “Alabama” Fight 285

Early in 1862 Captain John A. Winslow, U. S. N., was sent in command of the U. S. S. *Kearsarge* to cruise on the coast of Europe in search of the *Alabama* and other Confederate vessels. For some time Winslow blockaded the *Rappahannock* in the port of Calais, but after two months, in despair of getting to sea, her commander dismantled the ship and she was laid up. Later, while the *Kearsarge* was at Antwerp, in May, 1864, Winslow received a despatch informing him that the *Alabama* had put into Cherbourg, France, for repairs. The *Kearsarge* at once sailed for that port and took up a position off the famous breakwater.

Captain Semmes was now for the first time placed in a position where he would either have to fight the *Kearsarge*—a ship as nearly as possible of the same size as his own and with an equal armament—or decline the combat altogether. So he sent out a challenge to Captain Winslow, which that officer immediately accepted. The news of the approaching naval battle soon spread, as it was telegraphed in all directions, and as a natural result crowds came down from Paris and from places in the vicinity to see the fight, yachts collected, and wagers were freely laid upon the result of the contest.

At length, on Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, the *Alabama*, having made all her preparations, steamed out of Cherbourg, accompanied by the French ironclad *Couronne*. The morning was

exceptionally fine, the sea calm, with a light haze on the water, not sufficient to obscure the movements of the ships. The French frigate accompanied the *Alabama*, until she was beyond the marine league of French jurisdiction, and then withdrew.

The *Kearsarge*, sighting the *Alabama* at 10.30 A.M., at once headed seaward to draw Semmes as far as possible from shore, so that, in case of his vessel being partially disabled, she could not readily escape by running into French waters. Both vessels then cleared for action, pivoting their guns to starboard, and as the *Kearsarge* came around, the *Alabama* sheered, slowed her engine and fired a broadside, which did no damage to her adversary. Winslow at once increased his speed, striving to strike his enemy with full force, but the *Alabama* again sheered and opened fire. The ships were now brought broadside to broadside, at a distance of about seven hundred yards, and as both vessels were under a full head of steam they were forced into a circular movement, steaming in opposite directions round a common centre, with the current setting them to the westward.

The firing of the *Alabama*, throughout the engagement, was very rapid, but also very wild. During the first eighteen minutes not a man was injured on board the *Kearsarge*. Then a sixty-eight-pound Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks, near the main rigging,



UNITED STATES SHIP "KEARSARGE"

“Kearsarge” and “Alabama” Fight 287

and exploded on the quarter-deck, wounding three men at the after pivot gun, one of whom died later. This, strange as it seems, was the only casualty among the crew of the *Kearsarge* during the whole engagement. The firing of the *Kearsarge* was very deliberate and especial pains were taken in sighting the two eleven-inch pivot guns. At the distance at which they were fired, about half a mile, they were terribly effective. One shell disabled a gun on board the *Alabama* and killed and wounded eighteen men. Another exploded in her coal-bunker and completely blocked the engine-room. Other shells tore great gaps in her sides, and it soon became evident that the *Alabama's* race was run.

For an hour this fire was exchanged, the *Kearsarge* suffering very little, while almost every one of her shot struck the *Alabama*, crashing through her sides, exploding within her or upon her decks, and sweeping away her crew, many of whom were literally torn to pieces by the fearful missiles. She was thus rapidly being reduced to a wreck, her decks were strewn with the dead and wounded, and the water was pouring in through the gaps in her sides.

Semmes now made one last desperate effort to escape from his antagonist, and suddenly bore up for the French coast, making all sail that he could to help his disabled engines. But he was too late. The *Alabama* was rapidly sinking, and the water which poured into her soon

put out the fires in her boiler-room. One or two more shots brought down her flag. For a moment it was uncertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away, but soon a white flag was shown and the fire of the *Kearsarge* ceased.

In a moment more another gun was rashly fired from the *Alabama*, which was at once returned and then the *Kearsarge* steamed ahead and ranged across the *Alabama's* bow, with the idea of sinking her, but, the white flag being again shown, the attack ceased. A boat now came from the *Alabama*, with an officer, to announce that Captain Semmes had surrendered and asking for aid to remove his crew from the sinking ship. The only two boats of the *Kearsarge*, in condition to use, were at once lowered, but before they could reach her they saw the *Alabama* settle by the stern, raise her bows high up in the air, shake her mizzen-mast over the side, and plunge down to the bottom.

The crew were left struggling in the water and the boats of the *Kearsarge* picked up as many as they could and hailed the English yacht *Deerhound*, that had steamed up meanwhile, requesting them to assist in saving the prisoners. Both parties saved such as they could. When no more were to be seen floating, the Americans, to their great surprise, found the yacht making off at full speed, instead of delivering the prisoners she had picked up, among them Captain

“Kearsarge” and “Alabama” Fight 289

Semmes, the commander of the vanquished *Alabama*.

In his official letter to Captain Winslow, Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, says:

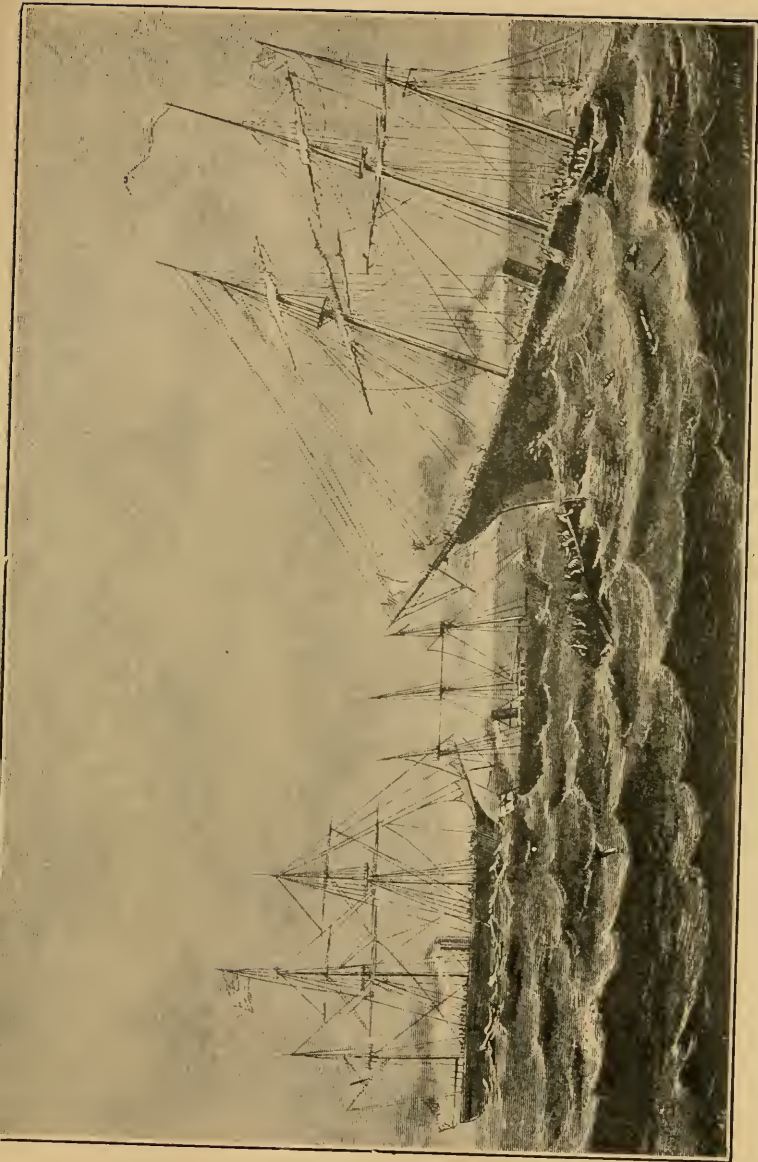
The *Alabama* represented the best maritime effort of the best English workshops. Her battery was composed of the well-trying thirty-two-pounders of fifty-seven hundred weight, of the famous sixty-eight-pounder of the British navy, and of the only successful rifled one-hundred-pounder yet produced in England. The crew were generally recruited in Great Britain, and many of them received superior training on board her Majesty's gunnery ship the *Excellent*. The *Kearsarge* is one of the first gunboats built at our navy yards, at the commencement of the Rebellion, and lacks the improvements of the vessels now under construction. . . . The President has signified his intention to recommend to Congress that you receive a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore. Lieutenant Commander James S. Thornton, the executive officer of the *Kearsarge*, will be recommended to the Senate for advancement ten numbers in his grade.

It was stated, soon after the fight, that the *Kearsarge* was “an ironclad in disguise.” Replying to this Captain Winslow says in his official report:

The *Kearsarge's* battery consists of seven guns, two eleven-inch Dahlgrens, four thirty-two-pounders, one light rifled twenty-eight-pounder. The battery

of the *Alabama* was one one-hundred-pounder rifled and six thirty-two-pounders; that is one more gun than the *Kearsarge*. In the wake of the engines, on the outside, the *Kearsarge* had stopped up and down her sheet anchor chains. These were secured by marline to eyebolts, which extended some twenty feet, and this was done by our own crew. The whole was covered by light plank to prevent dirt collecting. It was placed there to protect the engines when there was no coal in the upper part of the bunkers, as was the case when the action took place. The *Alabama* had bunkers full, and was equally protected.

The *Kearsarge* went into action with a crew of one hundred and sixty-two officers and men. The *Alabama*, by report of the *Deerhound* officers, had one hundred and fifty. The action lasted one hour and two minutes, from the first to the last shot. The *Kearsarge* received twenty-eight shots above and below, thirteen about her hull; the best shots were abaft the main-mast, two shots which cut the chain stops, the shell of which broke the casing of wood covering; they were too high to damage the boilers had they penetrated. The *Kearsarge* was only slightly damaged, and I supposed the hot work of the action had just commenced when it ended. Toward the last the *Alabama* hoisted sail to get away, when I laid the *Kearsarge* across her bows, and would have raked her had she not surrendered, which she had done, and was trying to get her flags down, showing a white flag over the stern. The officers of the *Alabama* on board the *Kearsarge* say that she was a perfect slaughter-house and was completely torn to pieces.



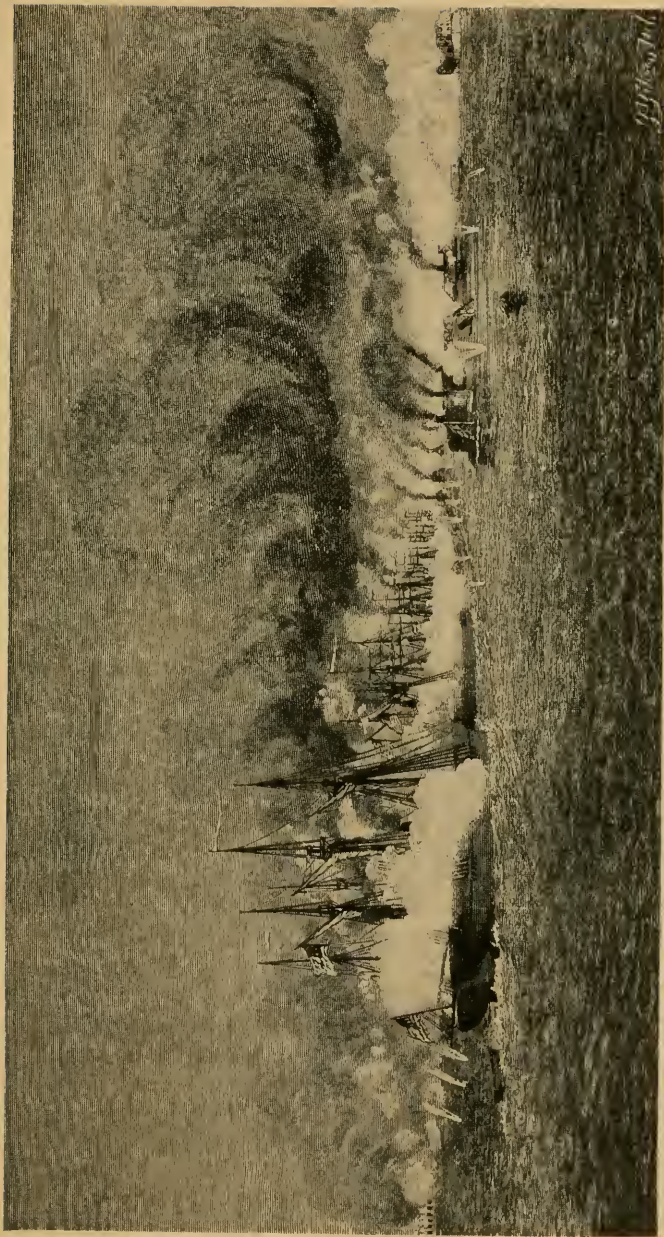
THE "KEARSARGE" SINKING THE "ALABAMA" OFF CHERBOURG

CHAPTER XXI

THE BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY

THE battle of Mobile Bay was the most brilliant action in which Farragut took part and it was to be, as he himself felt, the crowning achievement of his naval career. It was also the first and only time in which Farragut had under his immediate command modern ironclad vessels as part of his fleet. The defences of the bay consisted mainly of three forts, Morgan, Gaines, and Powell; the first a brick bastioned work with walls four feet, eight inches thick, with an armament of eighty-six guns, rifled thirty-twos, ten-inch Columbiads, and two seven- and eight-inch Brooks rifles. In the bastion, flank, and water batteries were forty additional guns, of various calibres. The garrison numbered six hundred and forty men. Fort Gaines was a star-shaped work of brick, with thirty guns mounted.

On the flats, southward and eastward of Gaines, innumerable piles were driven to obstruct the passage of vessels and from these two lines of torpedoes extended toward Fort Morgan, terminating at a point a few hundred yards from that fort, indicated by a red buoy. This



THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864

From an old woodcut by G. Gibson

channel, left open for blockade runners, was within close range of the guns of the fort. Auxiliary to this land defence, about five hundred yards northward from Fort Morgan, lay the formidable ironclad steamer *Tennessee*. She was two hundred and nine feet in length, with a projecting iron prow two feet below the water line. Her sloping sides were covered with an armor from five to six inches in thickness, and she carried six Brooks rifled guns in casemate, two of which were pivot, throwing solid projectiles of one hundred and ten pounds. Her weak point was her steering gear, which was badly arranged and much exposed. Near her were anchored three wooden gunboats, the *Morgan*, *Gaines*, and *Selma*.

Farragut, as usual, issued carefully prepared orders to his commanders, covering every possible contingency, and arranged his order of battle, the wooden ships to pass the forts in pairs, a gunboat lashed to each of the heavier ships, as follows: *Brooklyn* and *Octorara*; *Hartford* and *Metacomet*; *Richmond* and *Port Royal*; *Lackawanna* and *Seminole*; *Monongahela* and *Kennebec*; *Ossipee* and *Itasca*; *Oneida* and *Galena*.

At half past five on the morning of August 5th, the Admiral, still sipping his tea, quietly said to his flag captain, "Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way." In one minute answering signals came from every ship of the

fleet, the wooden vessels taking up their respective positions and steering for Sand Island Channel, while the four monitors filed out and formed in single column to the right of the wooden ships, the *Tecumseh* first, followed by the *Manhattan*, *Winnebago*, and *Chickasaw*.

The Confederate fleet had, meantime, taken position in line of echelon across the channel, with their port batteries bearing on our fleet. The *Tennessee* was a little westward of the red buoy and close to the inner line of torpedoes. At 6.47 the *Tecumseh* opened fire and Fort Morgan responded. As the wooden vessels came within shorter range Farragut signalled "closer order," which was promptly obeyed, each vessel closing up to within a few yards of the one ahead, and a little on the starboard quarter, thus enabling such of the ships as had chase guns to bring them to bear.

The fleet was now subjected to a terrible raking fire for fully half an hour, before they could bring their broadsides to bear with effect. At last, however, the *Brooklyn* and *Hartford* were enabled to pour in their broadsides and speedily drove the Confederate gunners from the barbette and water batteries.

The Admiral, meanwhile, in his anxiety to have a clear and unobstructed view of what was going on, had, after his customary fashion, gone a few ratlines up the main rigging of the *Hartford*, and, as the smoke increased, he



THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD "TENNESSEE"

From a photograph taken at Algiers, La., in 1864

ascended, step by step, until he had reached the futtock shrouds, below the main-top. Captain Drayton, observing this, sent Quartermaster Knowles up with a line, who passed a few turns around the Admiral, and there he remained until the fleet entered the bay.

By half past seven the ironclad *Tecumseh* was well up with the fort and drawing slowly by the *Tennessee*, having her on the port beam, when she suddenly reeled to port and went down instantly, with almost every soul on board, destroyed by a torpedo; Captain Craven, in his eagerness to engage the ram, had passed to the west of the fatal buoy. If he had gone but his breadth of beam eastward of it, he would have been safe. This appalling disaster was not at first realized by the fleet. Some supposed the *Tennessee* had been sunk and cheer after cheer rang out from our ships. But Farragut, from aloft, saw the true state of affairs and his anxiety was increased when he saw that the *Brooklyn*, just ahead, had suddenly stopped. He hailed his pilot, Freeman, above him in the top:

“What is the matter with the *Brooklyn*? She must have plenty of water there.”

“Plenty and to spare, Admiral,” replied the sturdy pilot; “but her screw is moving; yes, I think she is going ahead, sir.”

If that were true, it was glorious news indeed! But no! she backed. Backed full upon the flagship! thus arresting the advance of the whole

fleet; so that the rear pressed upon the van, the van upon the rear, and all was disorder and confusion! The enemy, not slow to comprehend this condition of affairs, took advantage of their opportunity, and, manning all the guns from which they had so recently been driven, poured in a murderous fire upon our fleet, which met with but a feeble fire in response. "At this critical moment," writes an eye-witness, "the batteries of our ships were almost silent, while the whole of Mobile Point was a living line of flame." The slightest vacillation then, on the part of the admiral, and the battle would have been lost and the greater part of our fleet destroyed. But Farragut was the man for the occasion and fully equal to the emergency. His great qualities as a naval commander, which were apparent to all who were near him in times of extreme peril, were never more conspicuous than on this trying occasion. Danger there was and disaster there might be ahead, he knew, but astern was sure defeat and dishonor, and there could be for him but one course to steer, that leading straight into Mobile Bay, where the Confederate vessels were awaiting him. But between him and the Confederates interposed the *Brooklyn*, and how to get by her was the problem, for she lay right athwart the *Hartford's* hawse, bows on to Fort Morgan.

"What's the trouble?" was shouted through a trumpet from the flagship to the *Brooklyn*.

“Torpedoes,” was the answer.

“Damn the torpedoes,” said Farragut. “Four bells, Captain Drayton. Go ahead, Jouett, full speed!” And the *Hartford* passing the *Brooklyn* assumed the head of the line and led the fleet to victory!

Then was made manifest the soundness of the Admiral’s judgment in lashing his vessels together by pairs; for the *Hartford* going ahead, while the *Metacomet* backed, the bows of the flagship were swung to the westward until clear of the *Brooklyn’s* stern, when both vessels gathered headway.

Farragut then called to Jouett, “Send a boat to pick up those poor fellows from the *Tecumseh*.” Jouett, who had anticipated the order to save the drowning men, had already despatched a boat on this humane mission in charge of Acting-Ensign Henry C. Nields. Starting from the port quarter of the *Metacomet*, and steering the boat himself, this mere boy pulled directly under the battery of the *Hartford* and around the *Brooklyn* to within a few hundred yards of the fort, exposed to the fire of both friends and foes. After he had pulled a little distance from his vessel, he seemed suddenly to reflect that he had no flag flying, when he dropped the yoke ropes, picked up a small ensign from the bottom of the boat, and unfurling it from its staff, which he slipped in the stern sheets socket, he threw it full to the

breeze amid the loud cheers of his men. "I can scarcely describe," says an officer of the Confederate ram *Tennessee*, "how I felt at witnessing this most gallant act. The muzzle of our gun was slowly raised, and the bolt, intended for the *Tecumseh*, flew harmlessly over the heads of that glorious boat's crew, far down in the line of our foes." After saving Ensign Zettich, eight men, and the pilot, Nields turned and, pulling for the fleet, succeeded in reaching the *Oneida*, where he remained until the close of the action.

A Confederate officer stationed in the water battery at Fort Morgan says the manœuvring of the fleet at this juncture, when the vessels seemed to be in inextricable confusion and at the mercy of their guns, was a magnificent sight. When the *Hartford* dashed forward, they realized that a grand tactical movement had been accomplished.

The *Hartford* was nearly a mile ahead before the line could be straightened, but the vessels were soon able to pour in a storm of shell, shrapnel, and grape, that completely silenced the batteries. As soon as the torpedo-ground was passed, Buchanan in the *Tennessee* saw Farragut's blue flag and made a dash to ram the flagship, but it failed and the ships merely exchanged shots. The *Tennessee* then made for the *Brooklyn*, but she sheered and avoided her adversary, receiving, however, her broadside at

one hundred yards, which perforated her sides, doing great damage. The ram then turned her attention to the *Richmond*, but her shot passed over that vessel, which also avoided her blow. The *Monongahela* then, gathering way, attempted to ram the *Tennessee*, but the two vessels collided at an acute angle, a shell from the ram exploding on the *Kennebec's* berth-deck. The *Tennessee* now made for the *Oneida*, running under her stern and delivering two broadsides, wounding Captain Mullaney, who lost an arm in the affray. The ram then returned to her anchorage under the guns of Fort Morgan.

Farragut then made the signal: "Gunboats chase enemy's gunboats"; and our smaller vessels at once cut loose from their consorts and started in chase, as directed. The *Selma* and *Gaines* were speedily disposed of and the *Morgan* escaped up the bay to Mobile, leaving the *Tennessee* as the only antagonist to be cared for by the fleet. The ships now came to anchor about three miles up the bay, and soon the *Tennessee* was seen steaming directly for the flagship.

Farragut at once signalled: "Attack the ram, not only with guns, but bows on at full speed." The *Monongahela* dashed for the ram at full speed, but the *Tennessee*, swerving, caused the blow to strike obliquely. The ram at the same time fired two shots at her antagonist, piercing her through and through,

while the shots from the *Monongahela* rolled harmlessly down her sloping sides. The *Chickasaw* also gave the ram one of her solid bolts, which penetrated but did little damage. The *Lackawanna* came next at full speed, but her bow was stove in by the impact fully three feet above and five feet below the water line, while the ram received but a slight shock, and moved steadily for the *Hartford*. The flagship now took the aggressive and, following the *Lackawanna*, struck the ram a fearful blow, pouring in a broadside at close range, meanwhile, but neither had any effect whatever.

But now the monitors *Manhattan*, *Winnebago*, and *Chickasaw* had closed on the *Tennessee* and by steadily hammering away at her with their heavy shot gradually shot away her smoke stack and her steering apparatus, while her port shutters were jammed and one fifteen-inch bolt penetrated her armor. Lieutenant Wharton, one of the officers of the *Tennessee*, thus describes the effect of this first discharge at close quarters of one of the monstrous fifteen-inch solid shot of the *Manhattan* against the casemate of the *Tennessee*:

The *Monongahela* was hardly clear of us when a hideous-looking monster came creeping up on our port side, whose slowly revolving turret revealed the cavernous depths of a mammoth gun. "Stand clear of the port side," I cried. A moment after a thunderous report shook us all, while a blast of

dense, sulphurous smoke covered our port-holes and four hundred and forty pounds of iron, impelled by sixty pounds of powder, admitted daylight through our side, where before it struck us there had been over two feet of solid wood, covered with five inches of solid iron. This was the only fifteen-inch shot that struck us fair. It did not come through; the inside netting caught the splinters, and there were no casualties from it. I was glad, however, to find myself alive after that shot.

Flag Officer Buchanan was sorely wounded in the leg about this time and the active command of the *Tennessee* devolved upon the fleet captain, Commander J. D. Johnston, who at last was compelled to surrender the ship.

This great victory cost the Union fleet three hundred and thirty-five lives. Of the one hundred and thirty in the *Tecumseh* but seventeen were saved and one hundred and thirteen were drowned. The other casualties in the fleet were fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded. On August 6th Fort Powell was evacuated and blown up, on the 8th Fort Gaines surrendered to the navy, and on the 23d Fort Morgan surrendered, and Mobile Bay was again opened to the commerce of the world.

Having now successfully completed his work in the Gulf, Farragut returned to the North in December, where he was received with every possible honor. In April, 1865, he was present

with President Lincoln when Richmond was occupied by our troops, and a few days later he visited Norfolk, Virginia, his old home. On July 25, 1865, Congress passed a law creating the grade of Admiral, which had never before existed in our navy, and the office was immediately conferred upon Farragut. The next year, July 28, 1867, he was given command of the European squadron and hoisted his flag on the *Franklin*, Captain A. H. Pennock, his brother-in-law.

During the next eighteen months the Admiral, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, who had special permission to take passage on board the *Franklin*, visited the principal ports of France, Russia, Sweden, Norway, England, and the cities of the Mediterranean, receiving everywhere marks of the most distinguished consideration from the principal courts of Europe.

Admiral Farragut's last official duty was to take charge of the naval obsequies of George Peabody, when the remains arrived at Portland in H. B. M. ship *Monarch* in January, 1870. On August 15, 1870, at the age of sixty-nine, Farragut quietly passed away surrounded by his family and loving friends, including many of his comrades in arms. His remains were accorded a public funeral and Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars for a colossal bronze statue of the Admiral, which is placed in Farragut Square, Washington.

CHAPTER XXII

UNITED STATES SHIPS CAST ASHORE BY TIDAL WAVES AND HURRICANES. THE "MONONGAHELA," "DE SOTO," AND "WATEREE" CAST ASHORE BY TIDAL WAVES

ON the afternoon of November 18, 1867, while the U. S. S. *Monongahela*, Commodore S. B. Bissell commanding, was at anchor off the town of Frederiksted, on the Danish island of St. Croix, the weather being calm and pleasant and the barometer standing at 30° 15', a violent trembling of the ship was observed, resembling the blowing off of steam from the boilers. This shock lasted some thirty seconds and immediately afterward the water in the bay was observed receding rapidly from the shore. The current, however, changed almost immediately, and bore the ship toward the beach, carrying out all the chain cable through the hawse pipe, and drawing the bolts from the kelson to which it was secured, without the slightest effect in checking the terrific force with which the ship was carried toward the shore.

Another anchor was ordered to be let go, but in a few seconds the ship was in too shoal water for the anchor to be of any avail. When within

a few yards of the beach the reflux of the tide checked the ship's speed for a moment, and a light breeze from the land induced Commodore Bissell to set the jib and foretop-mast staysail, hoping to pay the ship's head off shore and thus get her into deeper water. But, to his consternation, when the sea returned it came in the shape of a wall of water twenty-five or thirty feet high, carrying the *Monongahela* over the warehouses and landing her, perfectly upright, in the first street fronting the bay, directly in front of the office where Alexander Hamilton, of Revolutionary fame, served in his boyhood as a clerk. The reflux of this wave, however, carried the ship back toward the beach, leaving her nearly perpendicular on a coral reef, where she quietly keeled over to an angle of fifteen degrees.

All this was the work of but three minutes of time, and soon after the waters of the bay subsided into their naturally quiet condition, leaving the ship and her crew high and dry on the reef. During her progress toward the beach the *Monongahela* struck heavily two or three times. The first lurch carried the rifle gun on the forecastle overboard. Had the ship been carried by the wave ten or fifteen feet further out, she must inevitably have gone on her beam-ends, probably resulting in the entire destruction of the vessel and in the loss of many lives. Providentially only three men were lost; these

were in the boats moored at the booms, at the time the earthquake shock commenced, and these boats were all swamped.

On learning the facts in the case the Secretary of the Navy promptly despatched the U. S. bark *Purveyor* to St. Croix, with Thomas Davidson, naval constructor, for the purpose of getting the *Monongahela* afloat, if possible. The necessary repairs were at once made to the bottom, keel, and rudder part, the ship was caulked, launching ways two hundred and forty feet long were built, eight large anchors with nearly one thousand fathoms of chain cable were laid out, and the work of moving the ship was commenced. Twenty-five days later the *Monongahela* was successfully floated in fourteen and a half feet of water, and on May 21st the ship steamed out of the bay, arriving at New York at 8 P.M. on June 1st.

The *Monongahela* was later converted into a sailing ship, in which shape she was useful for many years. One romantic incident of this ship's wreck at St. Croix was the engagement and subsequent marriage of two of the *Monongahela's* officers to two fair Danish ladies of the island, who took pity upon the forlorn state of these shipwrecked mariners.

On the same day that the *Monongahela* was cast ashore at St. Croix, the island of St. Thomas was shaken by the most violent earthquake that had heretofore been known in the history of

the island. The U. S. S. *De Soto* was swept from moorings in the harbor by the terrific force of the tidal wave that followed sharp upon the shock. Both of the ship's cables snapped and she was thrown violently upon the iron piles of a new wharf, lately constructed, but, fortunately, the receding wave carried the *De Soto* again into deep water and she sustained little injury.

The U. S. S. *Susquehanna*, also at anchor in the harbor at the time, fortunately succeeded in getting to sea from her dangerous position without any damage.

THE "WATEREE"

On the 13th of August, 1868, the U. S. S. *Waterree*, Commander James H. Gillis, and the U. S. storeship *Fredonia*, Captain G. W. Doty, were lying quietly at anchor, off the port of Arica, Peru. At 5.05 P.M., as the officers of the *Waterree* were coming up from dinner a rumbling noise, accompanied by a tremulous motion of the ship, was observed. This increased in force rapidly, until it was evident that an unusually severe shock of an earthquake was taking place. The officers rushed on deck and to their dismay saw the town of Arica, the plains around and the highland to the southward, enveloped in clouds of dust, while huge rocks were falling from the crest of the Moro into the sea. As the

wind carried the dust away, it was evident that a great number of houses had fallen, while the inhabitants were seen frantically rushing hither and thither in the street nearest the sea. The whole city was soon but a mass of ruins, scarcely a house being left standing.

Meanwhile the ship continued to shake fearfully, as if in a huge caldron of boiling water. Orders were at once given to secure the ship's battery, have the second anchor ready to let go, chain ready to veer, and the hatches battened down. At 5.20, as there were no indications of the sea coming in, Captain Gillis had a boat called away, and taking Surgeon Winslow and the paymaster he went on shore to see if he could render any assistance to the sufferers. There he met Captain Doty, who directed him to send on board the *Wateree* for as many men as could be spared to aid in extricating the bodies of those buried in the ruins, among whom was the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Johnson of the *Wateree*. But it was found to be impossible to get the boat to the wharf again as the sea was, by this time, rapidly receding. Captain Gillis, however, took a party and fortunately succeeded in recovering the body of Mrs. Johnson, before the water reached the place where she was buried in the ruins.

To return to the *Fredonia*: Passed Assistant Surgeon Dubois and the paymaster left the ship about 5.30 to aid the sufferers on shore. At that

time the water seemed calm and no rising or falling was apparent. After landing the surgeon sent the boat back to the ship, but when about half way, she was met by a current which carried her half a mile to the northward and there encountered another current which swept her back almost alongside the *Fredonia*, when the men managed to reach their ship.

The two survivors of that boat's crew said they found every preparation had been made on board the ship for the expected tidal wave. Chain had been hauled on deck, ready for letting go the sheet anchor, hatches were battened down, sail set, and the launch made ready for hoisting out. In the course of two hours, the men state, while still at her anchorage in six fathoms of water, the sea retired bodily, leaving the *Fredonia* on the bottom, where she at once careened over on her side and, in a few moments, in a great wall and with the force of an Alpine avalanche, the sea returned, breaking the ship into atoms and washing every living being off.

After this, they say, they saw no one, save the wardroom steward, who, with them, regained and clung to a portion of the wreck until about 3 A.M., when the steward, through fatigue or delirium, lost his hold and his life. During the whole night the sea rose and fell, there being seventy-five distinct shocks felt, and the sea was agitated as by a thousand adverse currents,

yet in some way these two sailors managed to live it out and after daybreak, sorely battered, wounded, and almost exhausted they were rescued by one of the boats of the Peruvian cruiser *America*.

At 5.32 P.M. of August 13th the *Waterlee* commenced dragging her anchor. A second anchor was let go which brought the ship up. Four men were stationed at the wheel and after a few minutes there was a sudden reflux and the ship swung to seaward and more chain was veered away, to ninety fathoms. There was an ebb and flow of the sea for some little time, the water being covered with floating débris. Between 6 and 7 P.M. there was another tremendous rising of the sea and, as it receded, the ship was violently swung seaward, the deck stoppers parted, the chain flew rapidly out of the hawse pipes, tearing away the compartments between the chain lockers. The ship now began to drift rapidly seaward, when the sea, very suddenly, commenced to rush in again, a severe strain came upon the chains and the starboard one parted close to the hawse pipe and the ship rapidly drifted toward shore.

At this time the Peruvian cruiser *America* went on her beam ends and terrible groans and cries were heard proceeding from her crew. The English bark *Chanarcille* was also cast on her beam ends and wrecked. At 6.55 the *Waterlee* drifted shoreward, among the breakers, and

several heavy seas broke over her, but did little injury. Life lines were now got up fore and aft and at 7.20 P.M. the ship took bottom, close up to a high bank, about four hundred and seventy yards from and twelve feet above high water-mark. When first beached the *Watercree* was lying about broadside to the sea coming in, but was finally washed around until she lay head on the beach.

Commander Gillis reports that he had the height to which the solid sea wave rose measured and found it to be forty-two feet and five inches, while the wash was from ten to fifteen feet higher. To show the power of the waves it is a noticeable fact that almost all the bodies which were recovered were absolutely naked. Nine bodies from the *Fredonia* were found, recognized, and buried, some showing few bruises, others horribly mutilated. Two American ladies lost their lives in this calamity, one Mrs. Dyer, wife of the executive officer of the *Fredonia*, the other Mrs. Johnson, who was crushed to death in the arms of her husband, while he was bearing her from the house on shore in which they were dwelling, whilst by a miracle he himself escaped.

The only persons saved from the entire crew of the *Fredonia* were Captain G. W. Doty, Paymaster W. W. Williams, Passed Assistant Surgeon F. L. Dubois, Master-at-Arms Charles Seville, and Quartermaster August Tanner.

It being found by report of a board of survey that the cost of launching the *Waterree* would be much greater than her value, the ship was sold as she lay, and she was finally converted into a summer hotel.

THE LOSS OF THE U. S. S. "SAGINAW" AND THE 1500-MILE TRIP OF HER BOAT IN SEARCH OF AID

On October 28, 1871, Commander Montgomery Sicard, in command of the U. S. S. *Saginaw*, a small side-wheel steamer of three hundred tons, with two guns, started from Midway Island, in the Pacific Ocean, for Ocean Island, one hundred miles to the westward, to rescue any seamen that might have been wrecked there. Ocean Island was out of the ordinary track of vessels in that part of the Pacific, it was uninhabited, was without water, and had little vegetation. There would, therefore, be little chance of sustaining life for any one unfortunate enough to be cast away upon its inhospitable shores.

It was surely by the very irony of fate that the gallant commander and the officers and crew of the *Saginaw* were destined themselves to spend an extended term upon this desolate and lonely island.

On October 29th, while the *Saginaw* was running slowly in the darkness, she suddenly ran on an uncharted reef, outlying the island for which she was bound, and speedily became

a wreck. With great exertion and by the exercise of much energy and skill all on board, officers, men, and a wrecking party that had been taken from Midway Island, were safely landed, with a small allowance of provisions and materials rescued from the wreck.

Cast upon the shores of an uninhabited island, with the most scanty means of subsistence, out of the range of travel, and more than one thousand miles from the nearest port of refuge or relief, Commander Sicard then displayed the benefits of the comprehensive education and the careful training he had received in the preparation for his naval career. A strict system of discipline was at once established, with the most careful rules for daily life. Whatever could be saved from the wreck was secured and properly cared for. Measures were immediately taken to keep up the health and spirits of the crew. Fresh water was each day distilled by means of an old boiler, taken from the wreck, and everything was carefully organized to avoid the slightest waste of provisions, material or labor.

Upon examination the captain's gig was found to be the boat best fitted for service and she was carefully overhauled, repaired, provisioned, and equipped for a voyage of fifteen hundred miles to Honolulu, where Commander Sicard had decided to send her for assistance. Lieutenant John G. Talbot, executive officer of the

Saginaw, volunteered to take charge of her and four men also volunteered to accompany him on the long and perilous trip.

All being ready, on November 18th, the boat left Ocean Island amid the hearty cheers of their shipmates and after a tedious passage of thirty-one days, during which they encountered terrible difficulties, much privation, and intolerable suffering they at last arrived, on December 19th, off the Island of Kauai, one of the Hawaiian group.

They had previously lost their oars in a storm and in consequence, in attempting to land in the surf, Lieutenant Talbot and three of his men, already very much exhausted by privation and suffering, were unfortunately drowned. William Halford, alone of the boat's crew, survived and reached the shore with the despatches from Commander Sicard. Mr. Pierce, our Minister to the Sandwich Islands, at once chartered a vessel, which, with a Hawaiian steamer tendered by the local government, sailed for Ocean Island and in due time rescued the officers and crew of the *Saginaw*.

After the departure of the captain's gig from Ocean Island, work upon the construction of a small schooner from the wreck of the *Saginaw* was vigorously pushed by Commander Sicard, and this vessel was rapidly approaching completion when the rescue party from the Hawaiian Islands reached the shipwrecked party.

The Secretary of the Navy says in his report:

The death of Lieutenant Talbot closed a career of unusual promise and in it the navy lost a brilliant and beloved member, a skilful sailor, an accomplished officer and a Christian gentleman. It is difficult to estimate how much of danger and suffering, perhaps of death, was saved through the courage and endurance of that gallant boat's crew.

THE HURRICANE AT SAMOA AND THE LOSS OF THE
AMERICAN SQUADRON

Few of the great calamities at sea can be compared in tragic interest and varied dramatic effects with the catastrophe at Apia, island of Samoa, in March, 1889. Early in the year, in consequence of the increasing friction between the German officials and our consular representatives in Samoa, the U. S. ships *Nipsic* and *Vandalia* were hurried over to Apia, followed shortly by Rear Admiral Kimberly in the *Trenton*. All these vessels came to the support of the *Adams*, Commander Richard Leary, who had intervened with his vessel to prevent the German cruiser *Adler* from shelling the village of Apia. Commander Leary notified Captain Fritze, of that vessel, "If you fire upon the village you must fire through the ship which I have the honor to command and I shall not be answerable for the consequences." This speech

gave to the over-zealous German officer pause for thought and meanwhile, to Leary's infinite relief, Admiral Kimberly arrived on the scene with the *Trenton*.

The *Trenton* arrived on the 11th of March; on the 12th and 13th the wind had been steadily freshening all the time from the south but, as yet, there was little sea. The barometer was low and in anticipation of heavy weather the Admiral ordered lower yards sent down, the topmasts housed, steam raised, and storm main- and mizzen-staysails bent. As just before the arrival of the *Trenton* there had been heavy gales at Apia, the local pilots did not expect a hurricane, but predicted merely heavy rains.

Admiral Kimberly, however, was not quite so optimistic, yet he could not but believe that with steam up, four heavy anchors down, and his top-hammer housed, he could safely ride out any probable gale—he did not anticipate a hurricane.

At midnight on the 15th the *Trenton* was riding to her four anchors, with long scope of chains, with steam to relieve the straining cables, hatches battened down, all hands on deck, and men at the wheel. The wind was howling, yet the ship rode steadily, considering the very heavy seas that were rushing into the harbor and steadily increasing in power and magnitude with the wind. When striking the ship great sheets of water were thrown up from

the bows and borne by the wind over the lower mastheads, then falling on deck deluged it faster than the scuppers could free it. The air was filled with foam and spray, so that in the gusts one could hardly look to windward, for the eyes could not bear the pain of the constant beating spatter. On shore people had to protect their eyes and faces by holding up shingles, or whatever they could find, to keep from being blinded by the drifting sand borne along by the gale.

This was the condition of affairs when a report came from the main deck that the starboard bridle port was stove in by the sea, killing one of the crew. As this port was about four feet square, such an opening meant incalculable danger to the ship, and it required immediate attention, though certainly attended with great risk. Gunner Westfall in his report says:

At 7.30 A.M. I heard the word passed that the starboard bridle port on the gun-deck had been burst in by the sea, and I knew that the ship was gone if we did not keep the water out in some way. I called for volunteers and went forward. Every plunge the ship made, water came pouring in through a space six feet by four, completely flooding the gun-deck. I ordered capstan bars and hammocks to be brought at once, and we began our fight for life. A capstan bar was needed outside the ship to hold in place the material that we were using to block the port with, and with the help of

one man I got it in place; then I saw that the two tackles must be hooked to the bar so that we could pull our barricade in place. No one would go out to put the straps on the bar, and I said, "Well, I will go." The men begged me not to attempt it, and even tried to hold me back; but I went out, at what I thought a favorable opportunity, and did the work. It was not a moment too soon, however, as a monstrous sea came in as I was being hauled back, and God help me if I had been five seconds later. Then we got a table, and, standing it up with both tackles hooked behind, we began to pile hammocks in front, and for five hours we had the most desperate struggle. As every sea came in we would be knocked down, and, what was worse, some of the barricade would be driven in. Oh, God! what discouragement! I didn't dare to give in, however, for if I did the men would give up, and all would be lost, so we worked on. After each sea knocked us flat, we would get up and with a cheer make a rush for the barricade, stuffing in mattresses and using capstan bars to ram them home with. At last we got a good barricade built, but still the water came in fearfully, so we built another barricade of lumber, abaft the first, and forced the water to run out through the water-closet chutes, and thus very little water ran aft.

Now comes some one saying, "Mr. Westfall, the ventilator holes are open on the spar-deck and the water is pouring down them," so I called Boat-swain's Mate Gray and asked him if he would go on the fore-castle with me, and nail some canvas over the hole. We went up on the spar-deck, and crawled along to the fore-castle and got to work. About one

minute afterward we were both struck by a sea and were hurled one hundred feet aft. When I recovered my senses two men were dragging me out from a mass of wreckage near the main-mast. I tried to stand; no use, the last sea had been too much; I was half drowned and my right foot was hurt. Thus ended this trying incident.

All this time the sea was increasing until the waves were running mountains high and, yielding to the tremendous strain, the *Trenton's* chain cables parted, one after another, until at last the ship was riding to the starboard sheet anchor alone, with ninety fathoms of chain out. At 7 A.M. the wheel was wrecked with a crash, the two helmsmen were thrown over it, and their legs were broken, beside suffering other injuries. This was caused by the breaking of the rudder-post and the unshipping of the rudder. From this time on there was nothing to be done to control the drift of the ship but through the use of the storm try-sails. Water was also gaining in the hold over the pumps and before 10 A.M. the furnace fires were extinguished and the Admiral knew that losing the use of the steam pumps the water could not be kept down by the hand pumps, as it was coming in through the hawse holes in volumes.

The hand pumps were, nevertheless, manned and four hundred pairs of strong arms kept them going to the chanty "Blow a man down," when on looking astern into the thick curtain of misty

haze the hull of a large ship was discerned advancing slowly, very slowly, now up high on the crest of the sea, and then down so low that only her tops could be seen. It was the English ship-of-war *Calliope* bearing directly down upon the *Trenton*. Taking her chances of being sunk by collision at her anchors, or running the gauntlet of the reefs for the open sea, she had slipped her cables and passed the *Trenton* so closely as to put her foreyard over the deck of the American ship and as she lifted to the sea and rolled to port she just cleared the *Trenton*, and managed also to clear the outside reef by some sixty yards.

The English Captain Kane writes:

Throughout the whole gale nothing affected the crew of the *Calliope* and myself so much as when passing the American flagship *Trenton*, which was lying helpless with nothing to guard her from complete destruction, the American Admiral and his men gave us three such ringing cheers that they called forth tears from many of our eyes; they pierced deep into my heart, and I will ever remember that mighty outburst of fellow feeling, which I felt came from the bottom of the hearts of the noble and gallant Admiral and his men. Every man on board the *Calliope* felt as I did, it made us work to win. God bless America and her noble sailors.

The London *Telegraph* said of this incident:

We do not know in all naval records any sound which makes a finer music upon the ear than that cheer of the *Trenton's* men: it was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood, the doomed saluting the saved; it was pluckier and more human than any cry ever raised upon the deck of a victorious line-of-battle-ship; it never can be forgotten and never must be forgotten by Englishmen in speaking of Americans.

The *Trenton* slowly dragged her laboring way all the remainder of that long day to the end of the anchorage, fortunately not striking the reefs as she swerved from one side of the harbor to the other, and, after pounding on the hard coral bottom, the ship gradually brought up and gave up her life alongside of her submerged sister, the *Vandalia*, whose masts, bowsprit, and forecastle were the only visible parts of her left above the water. Her lower rigging and tops were crowded with her crew and officers, who were rescued by sending rockets with lines attached into her tops, thereby establishing connection between the two ships. When the *Trenton* finally brought up on the beach alongside the *Vandalia*, she gradually settled down and sunk by her side.

The *Vandalia* lost forty-three men and four officers, including her commander, Captain C. M. Schoonmaker, who was drowned. The schoolmaster of the *Vandalia* writes:

About 3 P.M. after our ship struck, there were

left on the poop Captain Schoonmaker, Lieutenants J. W. Carlin and A. W. Sutton, Paymaster Arms, and about eight of the crew, the rest having taken to the rigging. The paymaster received a cut over his right eye, which seemed to stun him and the next large wave, coming high, broke his hold on the rail and carried him away. The next to go was Lieutenant of Marines Sutton. He seemed stunned and lay down on the deck making no effort to save himself and he was carried away on the top of a swell. Captain Schoonmaker lay between the Gatling gun and the howitzer, on the port side. One of the legs of the Gatling broke and he was fearful of its falling and crushing him. Lieutenant Carlin, back of the captain, rendered all the assistance possible, but it was of no use. Sea after sea breaking over him gradually weakened him, until a great wave striking us broke the captain's hold and he was swept away into the sea, striking the rail as he went over. The succeeding wave took him and he was seen no more.

The *Nipsic*, which had lost seven men, was finally hauled off the beach and saved by the efforts of her executive officer, Lieutenant J. M. Hawley. The surviving officers and crews of the *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic* were sent to San Francisco in a chartered steamer.

The German *Adler* was lifted by the waves over the edge of the reef and landed over one hundred and fifty feet on its table-like surface,

on her side, with her deck facing the shore and perpendicular to the reef on which she lay. Part of her keel was torn off and she lost twenty men.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MAINE"

NO record of romantic incidents in the history of the American Navy would be complete that omitted an account of the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana in February, 1898—an incident that became the prelude to a momentous struggle that six months later left Spain stripped of all her colonial possessions in both hemispheres and with her naval power annihilated.

For two years the United States Government had been striving zealously to fulfil her treaty obligations towards Spain, and only at the last was our ambassador authorized to demand the recall of Captain-General Weyler from Cuba under threat of our armed intervention. With an ill grace Spain acceded to our demands and Captain General Blanco was sent October 2, 1897, to relieve Weyler.

In April, 1897, the *Maine*, under command of Captain Charles Dwight Sigsbee, was ordered to the North Atlantic squadron, commanded by Rear Admiral Montgomery Sicard. On October 12th, she was sent to Port Royal, where she remained until November 15th, when she was

ordered to Norfolk, and, on December 12th, proceeded to Key West, with orders to be in readiness to steam to Havana at a moment's notice.

During the last months of the year 1897, soon after the recall of Captain-General Weyler, our consular representatives in Cuba pointed out to the home government the desirability of a visit to Cuban waters of one or more of our national ships to accustom the people to the presence of our flag and our warships in the fulfilment of their mission of protection to American citizens and their interests. In compliance with these requests, and after conference with the Spanish authorities, it was decided on January 24, 1898, to send the *Maine* to Havana, and our Government was officially notified that it was the intention of the Spanish Government to send their armored cruiser *Vizcaya* to New York, as a return of our courtesy.

On January 25th, the *Maine* entered the port of Havana, and she was taken by a government pilot to a mooring-buoy where no man-of-war had ever before been moored, and but rarely a merchant ship. During the next few days Captain Sigsbee and his officers made the usual visits of ceremony upon the Captain-General and other high officials of Havana, and these visits were returned; but a noticeable lack of warmth in the ceremonious visits was observed, while the attitude of the Spanish residents of Havana

to our officers was distinctly reserved and in some cases almost insulting. It was made very evident in many ways that the visit of the *Maine* was anything but welcome.

On February 15th, at 9.40 P.M., while several officers were on shore, and nearly all the crew were asleep in their hammocks, a terrific explosion, followed by a second shock, tore the forward part of the *Maine* into pieces, causing her to sink almost instantly to the bottom, in thirty feet of water, with the loss of two officers and two hundred and sixty-four men out of a total of twenty-six officers and three hundred and thirty-one men.

Captain Sigsbee was sitting at the table in his cabin, just closing a letter to his family, when he felt the crash of the explosion. He says in his report:

It was a bursting, rending, and crashing sound, or roar, of immense volume, largely metallic in its character. It was succeeded by a metallic sound—probably of falling débris—a trembling and lurching motion of the vessel, then an impression of subsidence, attended by an eclipse of the electric lights and intense darkness within the cabin. I knew immediately that the *Maine* had been blown up and that she was sinking. I hurried to the starboard cabin ports, thinking it might be necessary for me to make my exit in that way. Upon looking out I decided that I could go by the passage leading to the superstructure. I therefore took the

latter route, feeling my way along and steadying myself by the bulkheads. The superstructure was filled with smoke and it was dark. Nearing the outer entrance I met Private Anthony, the orderly at the cabin-door at the time. He ran into me, and, as I remember, apologized in some fashion, and reported to me that the ship had been blown up and was sinking.

Captain Sigsbee reached the quarter-deck, where he found the executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, and other officers, and learned that the exact time of the explosion was 9.49 P.M. He then proceeded to the poop-deck and ordered the executive officer to post sentries all around the ship, "but soon saw there were no marines available and no place forward to post them."

About this time fire broke out in the mass forward, over the central superstructure, and the only two remaining boats were lowered to assist in saving the wounded, in conjunction with the boats that had by that time arrived from the steamer *City of Washington* and the Spanish frigate *Alphonso XII.*, which were at once sent to the relief of the *Maine*.

The shocking news of this disaster appeared in all the principal newspapers of the United States on the morning of February 16th, in a brief despatch from Captain Sigsbee to the Navy Department, in which he prudently added to the particulars given the words, "Public

opinion should be suspended until further report."

Since that other telegram that brought to the North the news of the opening of the Confederate batteries upon Fort Sumter, thirty-seven years before, nothing had so stirred the hearts of the American people as this appalling calamity. The lesson of self-control conveyed in Captain Sigsbee's calm words was indeed needed to prevent a great popular outburst of rage at that moment. But with admirable restraint the people and their representatives in Congress awaited further developments.

Preparations were at once made for an expert examination of the wreck of the *Maine*, and Rear Admiral Sicard, commanding the squadron at Key West, presided in a Court of Inquiry, composed of Captain W. T. Sampson of the *Iowa*; Captain French E. Chadwick of the *New York*; Lieutenant-Commander William P. Potter, executive officer of the *New York*; and Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix as Judge Advocate. Divers were sent to Havana and professional wreckers from New York were secured. After a deliberate and very careful examination, a report was sent to the President, and by him communicated to Congress on March 28th.

After a technical description of the condition in which the board found the hull of the *Maine*, the report says:

In the opinion of the Court, this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at about frame eighteen and somewhat on the port side of the ship.

The Court finds that the loss of the *Maine* was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

In the opinion of the Court the *Maine* was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines.

The Court also found "that no evidence has been obtainable fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons."

The testimony taken before the Court was given with the report, and the almost universal opinion of the country was confirmed that the *Maine* had been deliberately and treacherously destroyed by the Spaniards. That this opinion was shared by the Administration was shown by the fact that closely following upon the receipt of the report of the Court of Inquiry, on April 11th, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations sent in a report endeavoring to fix the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine*. This report says:

It is the opinion of your committee, having considered the testimony submitted to the Board of

The Destruction of the "Maine" 329

Inquiry, in connection with further testimony taken by the committee and with the relevant and established facts presented by the events of the last three years, that the destruction of the *Maine* was compassed either by the official act of the Spanish authorities or was made possible by a negligence on their part so willing and gross as to be equivalent in culpability to positive criminal action. . . . It is established that the *Maine* was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, in position under her in a Spanish harbor, at a place where she had been moored to a buoy by the express direction and guidance of the Spanish authorities. Explosive contrivances of this character are almost exclusively government agencies of warfare. There is no operation of a pacific character for which they can be employed, excepting the removal of wrecks or of harbor obstructions. They are not to be had in any place of private sale. . . . The entire contrivance is a mechanism of a somewhat complicated character, not generally understood except by special manufacturers or by military or naval officers who have been instructed how to operate it. Such mines, when sunk in harbors, are almost invariably discharged by an electric current conducted over a wire leading from the engine of destruction to some place on the shore where a battery can be housed, guarded, and attended by trained operators. They are now placed, or made ready to be placed, in all important harbors; it may fairly be presumed that they had been placed in the harbor of Havana, the history of the last three years being considered.

Soon after, President McKinley sent in his

famous message to Congress on Cuban affairs, asking Congress to empower him to end hostilities in Cuba and to secure the establishment of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations.

This message was referred to the Foreign Relations Committees of both Houses, and on April 13th they reported as follows:

Resolved, That the President is hereby authorized and directed to intervene at once to stop the war in Cuba, to the end and with the purpose of securing permanent peace and order there, and establishing by the free action of the people thereof a stable and independent government of their own in the island of Cuba; and the President is hereby authorized and empowered to use the land and naval forces of the United States to execute the purpose of this resolution.

This resolution passed the House by a vote of 324 to 19 and was sent to the Senate, where a new report was presented and sent back to the House for concurrence; but it was not until April 18th that an agreement was reached between the two bodies, by which the Senate majority resolutions were adopted, as follows:

Whereas, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, cul-

The Destruction of the "Maine" 331

minating as they have in the destruction of a United States battle-ship with two hundred and sixty-six of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forward by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited: Therefore,

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

First. That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second. That it is the duty of the United States to demand and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third. That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth. That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and assert its determination, when this is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

These joint resolutions were adopted by 42

to 35 in the Senate and 311 to 6 in the House. They were approved by the President on April 20th, and a copy was sent early on the morning of the 21st to the Spanish Minister Señor Polo y Bernabe, who at once asked for his passports and left the country. The Spanish ministry, having heard of the passage of the resolutions by Congress, sent our Minister his passports on April 21st, and war with Spain was declared on April 25, 1898, as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

First. That war be, and the same is, hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the twenty-first day of April anno Domini eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain.

Second. That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect.

Thus, within sixty-four days after the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, Spain and the United States had entered into a contest of arms that ended eighty-two days later—on August 12, 1898, when the protocol of peace

was signed in Washington by M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, acting under the authority of the Spanish Government. The termination of hostilities was followed by a treaty of peace, by which Spain was forever divested of all her remaining American colonies, as well as her possessions in the Philippine Islands and Guam, while her navy had been practically swept from the ocean in the battles of Manila Bay and Santiago. Perhaps never before in history had retribution been so swift and so decisive, and Spain had certainly very good cause to "Remember the *Maine!*"

AN AFTERNOON AT CARDENAS

During the month of May, 1898, the gunboat *Machias*, Commander John F. Merry, the *Wilmington*, Commander C. C. Todd, the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, Lieutenant John B. Bernadou, and the revenue cutter *Hudson*, Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, were blockading the coast of Cuba, from Cardenas to Matanzas. It had become known to the blockaders that three small Spanish gunboats were lying at the wharves in Cardenas, and the matter of getting at these vessels was the current topic of discussion among the officers of the little fleet.

Cardenas Bay is a great shoal water lagoon, twenty-five miles long and six wide, shut off from the sea by a long peninsula on the west and having an irregular chain of small islands.

The main channel had but ten and one half feet of water at one place and but fifteen feet in several miles of its course, so that the Spanish ships felt reasonably safe at their pier. But, after consultation with the commanding officers, Commander Merry, as senior officer, on May 9th sent the *Winslow* into the bay to endeavor to draw the enemy. Lieutenant Bernadou ran his vessel up to within a mile or so of the town and opened fire upon it with his little one-pounders. The *Machias* followed her to the chain of islands, where the water shoals, which was as far as it was prudent for her to go. The fire of the *Winslow* seemed to exasperate the enemy and one of the Spanish gunboats steamed out in chase. Retreating slowly the *Winslow* enticed the gunboat out until she came within long range of the *Machias*, when Commander Merry opened fire, landing a six-pound shell at the first shot. The Spaniard at once turned and made the best of her way back to her pier. A channel mine was exploded at the same time near the *Winslow*, but it did no damage.

On the morning of the 11th a channel, not often used, was sounded out and at one o'clock in the afternoon, the *Wilmington*, the *Winslow*, and the *Hudson* passed through this and ran up the bay toward the town, the *Winslow* leading, as she had the lightest draught of the three vessels. Arriving at a point within a mile and a half of the town the *Wilmington* stopped, and

Lieutenant Bernadou was ordered to run in and cut out one of the Spanish gunboats. It was no light task for the little torpedo-boat to undertake, to run a mile and a half to cut out a vessel, larger than herself, defended by the guns of two other gunboats and by the troops on shore, but Bernadou did not hesitate a moment and drove the *Winslow* at full speed for half a mile toward the town. Then he found his ship running between lines of little red buoys, which seemed to mark a channel, but he was soon undeceived when a shore battery opened fire with an accuracy that showed the buoys were placed to mark the range.

The second shot crashed through the *Winslow's* bow and passing aft completely wrecked her steering gear, leaving her helpless. A moment later one of the Spanish gunboats began firing, and the *Winslow* was not slow in replying from her three one-pounders. The next shot from the battery knocked a large splinter of steel from the *Winslow's* deck. It buried itself in Bernadou's groin, making a serious wound, but he bound a towel around it and shoved a one-pound shell into the towel, as a tourniquet. That checking the flow of blood, Bernadou ran aft to get the hand steering-gear rigged. Before he could get there, however, another shot wrecked that also and as he paused to consider what next to do, a man from below reported one boiler pierced and one engine wrecked by a

shell. The *Winslow* was now lying motionless under the combined fire of three of the enemy's gunboats and a shore battery.

It was now that the great resourcefulness of our men was shown. The boiler was spouting scalding steam, but the engineers cut off its connections and disconnected the smashed engine cylinder. Then with one boiler and a part of an engine brave Bernadou ordered them to steam ahead to change the range of the enemy's guns. Having no steering-gear, however, the *Winslow* was nearly unmanageable, and Ensign Worth Bagley was stationed at the engine-room hatch to pass orders below to go ahead or back, from time to time. Suddenly a shell came on board and struck Bagley, who staggered forward to the signal mast, clutched at it vainly, and sank down dead with his arms around it. A half dozen others were knocked about the deck, although not seriously injured. Then came the *Hudson* to the rescue and sturdy Captain Newcomb brought his vessel within reach and throwing a towline to the *Winslow* started off regardless of the fire of the Spaniards, as leisurely as he might have taken a lighter in tow in the North River. A shot parted the line, but he came alongside and made fast again, while the *Wilmington* steamed up in range, shot one of the gunboats to pieces, and fired the town with her shells. Our loss in the affair was five killed and three wounded.

CHAPTER XXIV

DEWEY IN MANILA BAY

ON Friday, February 15, 1898, at 9.40 P.M. the battleship *Maine* was blown up while at anchor in the harbor of Havana. Ten days later, on Monday, February 25th, the Navy Department sent the following cablegram to Commodore George Dewey at Yokohama, Japan :

Secret and confidential. Order the squadron, except *Monocacy*, to Hong-kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war, Spain, your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders. [The *Olympia* had previously been ordered home.]

In this connection, in a letter to his sister, from Hong-kong, written early in April, Dewey says:

We are still waiting for the declaration of war, to begin our work out here. I have seven men-of-war all ready for action, and, should war be the word, I believe we will make short work of the Spanish reign in the Philippines. The insurgents are ready to rise at our first gun, and long before

this reaches you we may be masters of Manila and the Philippine cities. . . . I believe I am not overconfident in saying that with the force under my command, I could enter the Bay of Manila, capture or destroy the Spanish squadron and reduce the defences in one day.¹

The *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, and the *Petrel* were then at Hong-kong; the *Baltimore*, at Honolulu; the *Boston*, at Chemulpo, Corea; and the *Concord*, at sea between Yokohama and Chemulpo. April 7th Dewey was cabled to "land all wood-work, and stores not necessary for operations," on April 21st he was notified that "war may be declared at any moment," and, on April 24th, he received the final momentous telegram, "War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors." The same day, at the request of the Governor of Hong-kong, the *Boston*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, and *McCulloch* left port, followed the next morning by the *Olympia*, the *Baltimore*, and the *Raleigh*. These vessels assembled in Mirs Bay, on the mainland of China, thirty miles from Hong-kong, and on April 27th they started on the voyage, of six hundred miles, across the China Sea, to the Philippines. With the little fleet

¹ *Dewey's Life and Letters*, p. 198.



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

were two supply steamers Dewey had purchased, the *Nanshan*, with three thousand tons of coal, and the *Zafiro* with six months' supplies for the ships.

On the morning of April 30th the little squadron arrived off Cape Balinao, on the island of Luzon, about one hundred miles north of Manila Bay, and steamed leisurely down the coast at a speed of eight knots. Suspecting that Admiral Montojo might come out to meet them, the *Baltimore*, *Boston*, and *Concord* were sent ahead at a higher rate of speed, to reconnoitre Subig Bay, but no signs of an enemy were found when the entire fleet arrived at five o'clock.

It was learned later that Montojo had been at Subig Bay from the 26th to the 29th of the month, but had then returned to Manila and anchored his fleet in line of battle across the mouth of Bacoor Bay, where the Cavite naval station is situated. He was notified by telegraph from Subig Bay that the American fleet left there at seven o'clock on the evening of April 30th. He was still further informed of Dewey's presence, at midnight, by the gun fire off Corregidor.

Steaming quietly on past the northern entrance to Manila Bay, shortly after eleven o'clock that night, Dewey turned to the eastward and proceeded into the larger opening, called Boca Grande, which, being five miles wide, practically precluded any danger from torpedoes.

There were batteries of heavy rifled guns, however, on Corregidor and the small island, El Fraile. The squadron was steaming in column, no lights showing, and the crew were called to quarters as the ships headed in, fully expecting an attack from the batteries. But strange to say no sign came from the enemy until the *McCulloch* came abreast of Corregidor, when a few shots were fired from El Fraile, that did no damage. It was now a few minutes after midnight of Sunday morning, May 1st, and the initial danger being safely passed, Dewey, ever thoughtful of his crew, allowed the men to lay down between the guns to get such rest as was possible, in readiness for the important work before them.

At daybreak the ships were off the city of Manila, which was about four miles distant, and at 5.15 A.M. three batteries in or near the city began firing at them at too long range for effect. Steaming slowly onward, the *Olympia* leading, the little column of ships took a course about parallel to the Spanish line of battle abreast of Cavite when Dewey gave the word, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," and at 5.15 A.M. the battle began, the signal "Fire as convenient" flying from the yard-arm.

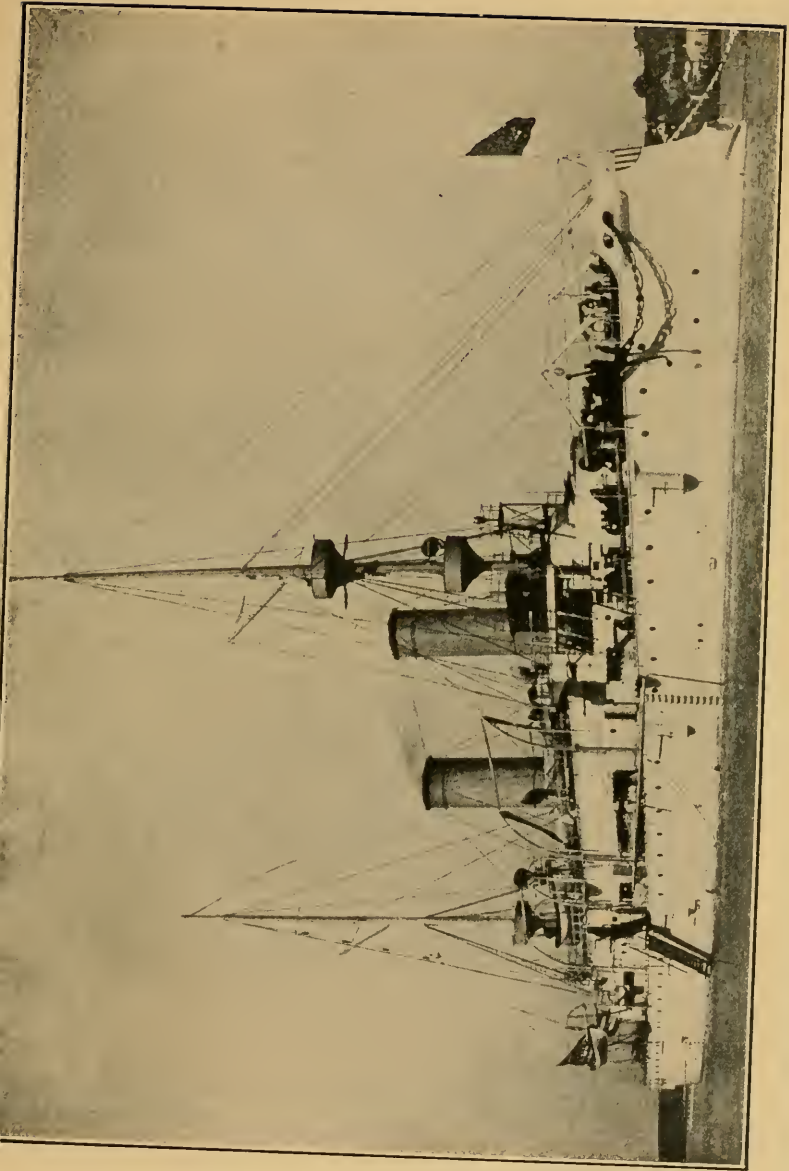
As the two eight-inch rifles in the *Olympia's* forward turret were discharged the forward guns of the other ships were fired, and the fleet stood down for the centre of the Spanish line,

the enemy meanwhile keeping up a most rapid fire. One large shell burst less than one hundred feet ahead of the flagship, a fragment cutting her rigging directly over the head of Dewey and his flag-lieutenant on the bridge. Almost at the same moment another shot passed under the bridge and cut a piece out of the deck. Still the *Olympia* stood down for the enemy, and when assured that he was within proper range, the Commodore signalled the fleet "Open with all the guns," and then pandemonium reigned indeed.

Keeping up a continual fire, the squadron steamed past the anchored enemy in stately procession, at a range of a mile and a half, until reaching the Cavite forts, when, slowly turning, they repassed the Spaniards, pouring in a deadly fire from their starboard batteries. Early in the engagement two torpedo launches came out toward the *Olympia*, but one of these was speedily sunk and the other disabled by the secondary battery of the flagship. At 7 A.M. as the ships were coming down the Spanish line for the third time, Dewey signalled the fleet to prepare to anchor, but his plans were changed by an unexpected move on the part of the Spanish Admiral, who at that moment slipped the cables of the *Reina Cristina*, and steamed rapidly toward the *Olympia*, with the evident intention of coming to close quarters. She had only fairly got under weigh, however, when the *Olympia* con-

centrated a fire upon her that was unendurable. One shell struck the bridge where Montojo was standing, but he escaped with a slight wound. Another eight-inch shell exploded on the fore-castle, putting four guns out of action. Her steering-gear was soon shot away, her sides were riddled, most of her guns were disabled, and her motive-power was quickly crippled. As she turned to run inshore her stem was presented to the *Olympia* and a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound eight-inch shell struck it fairly, tearing its way through everything until it exploded near one of the boilers, ripping up the protective deck, killing and wounding sixty men, the captain of the flagship being among the killed.

Admiral Montojo, finding his ship on fire and sinking, her sides crushed in, and her deck a shambles, left the *Reina Cristina*, lowering a boat in the midst of the battle, and rowed to the *Isla de Cuba*, where he hoisted his flag. After steaming to the east the American ships again turned and passed the enemy a fourth time, pouring in their combined fire until the *Castillo* was in flames, as well as the *Reina Cristina*. Five times our ships had thus passed the Spanish line, each time the number of their enemy decreasing, until, it having been erroneously reported to the Commodore that only fifteen rounds per gun remained for the five-inch rapid-fire battery, Dewey turned to the executive



UNITED STATES CRUISER "OLYMPIA"

officer, Lieutenant Rees, and inquired, "What time is it, Rees?"

"Seven forty-five, sir."

"Breakfast-time," responded the Commodore; "run up the signal, 'Cease firing and follow me.'" And Dewey, recognizing that the men had been working for two hours with tense nerves at the guns, in the magazines, and in the stoke-holes, determined to give them a short respite for a breathing spell.

As the signal was broken out, the *Olympia* led the way beyond the range of the enemy's guns and, as the men came up from below and saw for the first time the burning Spanish wrecks astern, the boatswain's whistles sounded the welcome call to breakfast. It was then that the telegram from Manila was sent to Madrid:

Our fleet engaged the enemy in a brilliant combat, protected by the Cavite and Manila forts. They obliged the enemy with heavy loss to manœuvre repeatedly.

It is strange how history repeats itself, but Dewey, in this instance, repeated the "manœuvre" of his old master Farragut at the passing of the forts below New Orleans, and again at Mobile Bay, in withdrawing his squadron for consultation, redistribution of ammunition, if necessary, and, incidentally, for a very welcome breakfast, before closing up at the moment the business in hand.

For three grateful hours the men lay, stretched out on deck, in the shade, enjoying their respite and then Dewey ordered the *Baltimore* in to reopen the fight. By 11.16 o'clock her guns were heard and then the other ships followed, this time to an attack upon the forts. The little *Petrel*, with four six-inch guns, being of light draft, steamed close in to the Spanish vessels and ship after ship was soon in flames by her close range fire. Meanwhile the heavier ships for an hour and a half were pouring in a well-directed fire upon the forts, until at last the Spanish flag came down, a white flag was displayed, and the day was won!

The Spanish loss in vessels sunk was, *Reina Cristina*, *Castillo*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*; burned, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marquis del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, *Isla de Mindanao*; captured, *Rapido* and *Hereules* tugs, and several small launches. Admiral Montojo reported his loss as seventy-eight killed on board, and twenty-three on shore, a total of one hundred and one, while two hundred and eighty were wounded. On our side eight men were slightly wounded, while our ships were practically uninjured and could have gone into battle, if necessary, the next day without any repairs.

The glorious news of this complete and brilliant victory, by which the entire Spanish fleet in the East had been destroyed at a single blow,

was received at home with the wildest enthusiasm and the whole country rang with Dewey's name. By a joint resolution passed May 9, 1898, by a standing vote in Congress, the thanks of the American people were tendered to Commodore Dewey, he was promoted to Rear Admiral, and \$10,000 was appropriated for the purchase of a jewelled sword of honor for him, while his native State ordered a statue of the hero to be placed in the State House at Montpelier, Vermont.

CHAPTER XXV

THE RACE OF THE " OREGON " AROUND CAPE HORN

NOTHING more romantic occurred in the brief history of the Spanish War than the superb dash of fifteen thousand miles around Cape Horn, made by Captain Charles E. Clark in the ironclad *Oregon*, to bring his formidable ship from San Francisco to Santiago in time and in condition to contend with Cervera's fleet. By a most happy chance also it was the *Oregon's* thirteen-inch shell that, at the last, induced the commander of the *Cristóbal Colón* to turn inshore, after a chase of forty-eight miles from Santiago, and beach his vessel, the last survivor of Cervera's ill-fated fleet.

An officer of the *Colón* said, after the battle:

The projectiles of the *Oregon* began reaching us at 1 P.M. and that, together with the fact that it was impossible to fight with the after guns on account of the *Colón's* lack of large calibre pieces, and the certainty of being overhauled by the whole American fleet in a few hours, left us no other remedy than to run our ship ashore in order to avoid useless sacrifice of life.

On March 12, 1898, the Secretary of the Navy

telegraphed Captain McCormick, of the *Oregon*, at Tacoma, Washington:

When in all respects ready for sea, proceed to Callao and await further orders. In view of the present critical condition of affairs, the *Oregon* should leave San Francisco at the earliest possible date and arrive at Callao as soon as practicable.

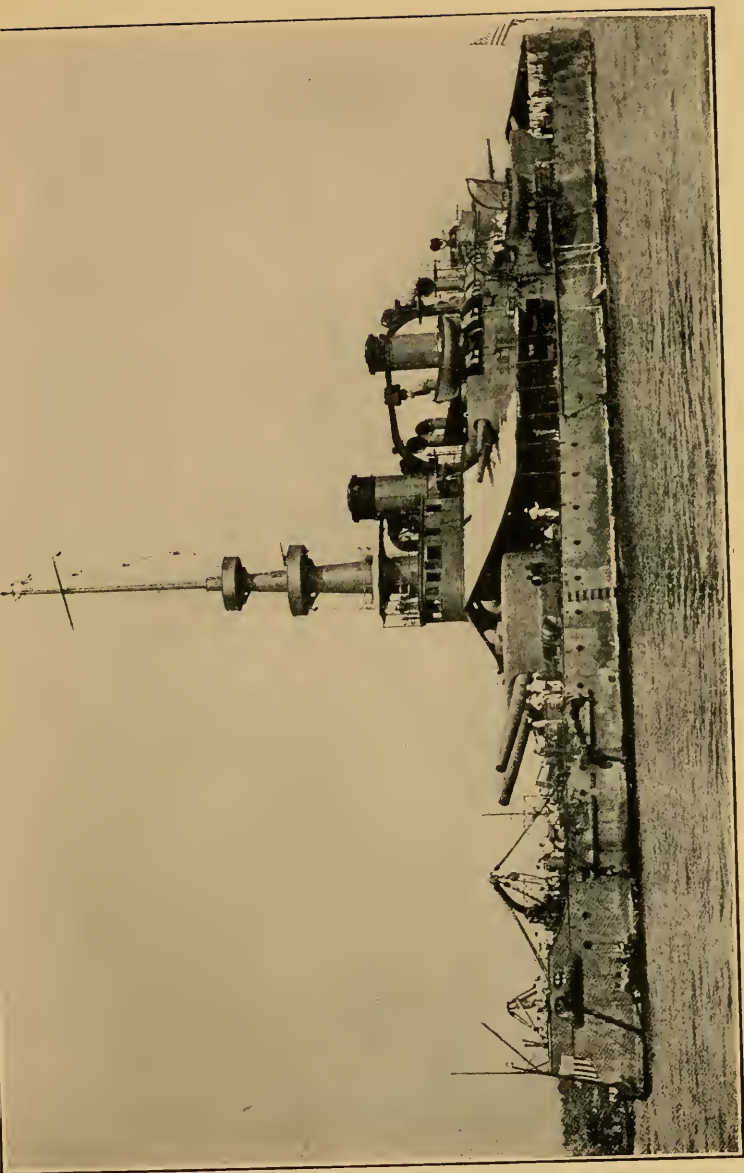
Captain McCormick having become incapacitated for duty by ill-health, Captain Charles Edgar Clark was detached from the *Monterey*, and assumed command of the *Oregon*, March 17th, and sailed from San Francisco on his long and perilous voyage March 19th. The Navy Department issued orders on March 22d to the *Marietta*, then at San José de Guatemala, to precede the *Oregon*, in order to make advance arrangements for coal, and to facilitate in every way the passage of this battle-ship, so sorely needed to reinforce the fleet in Cuban waters.

The *Oregon* had a good run down the coast and arrived at Callao April 4th, having made an average speed of 10.7 knots. Captain Clark remained only eighty hours in port, taking, in that time, eleven hundred tons of coal, which Commander Symonds had ready in lighters in advance of the *Oregon's* arrival. The *Marietta* left Callao on March 31st for Valparaiso, where she had been ordered to make similar advance arrangements. When Captain Clark left Callao, he had one boiler still under repair. Before

sailing he telegraphed Secretary Long that if coal could be provided for him at Sandy Point, Patagonia, he could make Bahia without stopping at Valparaiso on the Pacific side, or at Montevideo on the South Atlantic coast. In accordance with this request, Long telegraphed the *Marietta* at Valparaiso to go ahead to Sandy Point and secure six hundred tons of coal, if possible, and from that point to accompany the *Oregon* to the North Atlantic.

The *Oregon* had comparatively good weather after leaving Callao, although the heavy Pacific swell, increased by fresh southerly winds, made the ship pitch heavily, the jack-staff at times disappearing under the solid seas that swept over everything but the superstructure deck; but Captain Clark felt that the condition of affairs at home warranted him in driving the noble ship at a high rate of speed.

He entered the Straits of Magellan the afternoon of April 16th, in a terrific storm, with rain so dense that the shores could not be seen and no soundings could be obtained. For a time the ship was really in great danger, but just before dark, in a brief lull, the anchors were let go in thirty-eight to fifty-two fathoms of water, on a rocky shelf, fringed by islets and reefs, and they fortunately held through what Captain Clark reported were "some of the most violent gusts I have ever experienced." Before morning, however, the gale moderated, and, getting under



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "OREGON"

way, the *Oregon* anchored off Sandy Point on April 17th, the total run from Callao having been made at the rate of eleven and three quarter knots an hour.

To his great annoyance, Captain Clark found that the hulk at Sandy Point from which the coal contracted for by Commander Symonds was to be furnished was loaded above the coal with wool, and the crews of the *Oregon* and *Marietta* were engaged three precious days in the tedious work of transferring the wool and taking in the coal. During this time, the crew, who were working by watches, bravely declined to take their hammocks from the nettings, catching a few hours' sleep on deck between shifts, to expedite the coaling. On the twenty-first the two ships sailed, but Clark found that the *Marietta's* low rate of speed delayed him, and it was not until the afternoon of the 30th of April that they reached Rio de Janeiro.

Captain Clark had been warned that the Spanish torpedo-boat *Temerario* was at Montevideo, and that her commander knew the *Oregon* was on her way north. In consequence, during the run from Cape Horn, the lights on the American vessels were carefully screened at night and the battery was kept in constant readiness, four guns' crews in each watch being stationed at the guns. The men exhibited the most admirable spirit during this period of the voyage; the engineer officers voluntarily doubled

their watches when high speed was made, and some of the firemen remained at their posts until they were actually carried out of the fire-room insensible.

At Rio de Janeiro Captain Clark received official notice that war had been declared between Spain and the United States on April 21st, that the *Temerario* had left Montevideo for Rio de Janeiro, and also the more stirring news that Cervera's fleet of four armored cruisers, "heavy and fast," with three torpedo destroyers, had sailed April 29th from Cape Verde to the west, "destination unknown." The Secretary telegraphed:

Must be left to your discretion entirely to avoid this fleet and to reach the United States by the West Indies: You can go when and where you desire. The *Nictheroy* [the purchased Brazilian cruiser] and the *Marietta* subject to the orders of yourself.

The next day, May 1st, came a cable, "Do not sail from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, till further orders. LONG." This was followed on the 2d of May by a conflicting despatch: "My telegram of May 2d countermanded. Carry out former instructions, contained in my telegram of May 1st, to proceed with *Oregon*, *Marietta*, and *Nictheroy*."

On May 3d another telegram reached Captain Clark that stirred the blood of the officers and

men of his little fleet to fever heat when its glorious news was made known, and consoled them for all the toil and danger of their past month's voyage. It read:

Inform the Department of your plans. The Spanish fleet in Philippine Islands annihilated by our naval force on the Asiatic station. LONG.

Clark at once cabled the Department that, in view of the possibility of encountering Cervera's fleet, he should keep off the Brazilian coast and would make all haste for the United States, coaling at sea from the *Nietheroy* if necessary.

Meanwhile, as there was the chance of the *Temerario* coming into Rio, Captain Clark sent an officer to the Brazilian Admiral, explaining to him that the *Oregon*, a \$5,000,000 battle-ship, might be disabled or even destroyed by the torpedo vessel of the nation that had blown up the *Maine*, and that Captain Clark relied upon the Brazilian naval forces present to prevent any such act of hostility. But, Captain Clark added, "if the *Temerario* enters the harbor and approaches the *Oregon* with a hostile purpose, I must destroy her!"

The American Minister having arrived during the afternoon and the situation being explained to him, he immediately communicated with the Brazilian government, and Captain Clark got under way with the *Oregon* and went farther up the bay, leaving orders with the *Marietta* to

send her steam launch to the *Temerario* if she appeared, to inform her commander that if she approached within half a mile of the *Oregon* she would be immediately sunk. The Brazilian government was exceedingly courteous in this matter and stationed a cruiser at the entrance of the harbor with orders to stop the torpedo-boat, or if she were permitted to enter, to convoy her to an anchorage well up the bay. During the stay of the *Oregon*, this cruiser and the fort at Santa Cruz swept the entrance to the bay with their search-lights every night, and the Brazilian officers showed by their acts that their expressions of sympathy and hopes for the success of the *Oregon* on her voyage were genuine.

On the morning of May 4th, the *Nictheroy* being ready, the *Oregon*, with that cruiser and the *Marietta* in company, sailed from Rio de Janeiro, but, finding that his progress was much delayed by the inferior speed of these ships, Captain Clark touched at Bahia, Brazil, on the 8th of May, and telegraphed the Navy Department to that effect, informing the Secretary "that he had left them near Cape Frio with orders to their commanding officers to go home as best they could, or, if necessary to avoid capture, to beach their vessels." Captain Clark added, to reassure the Department as to his own safety and his opinion of his chances against Cervera's fleet if he should encounter them:

The Race of the "Oregon" 353

The *Oregon* can steam fourteen knots an hour for hours and in a running fight might beat off and even cripple the Spanish fleet. With the present amount of coal on board will be in good fighting trim, and could reach the West Indies. If more should be taken here I could reach Key West, but in that case, belt armor, cellulose belt, and protective deck should be below water-line. Whereabouts of Spanish fleet requested.

Secretary Long immediately responded:

Proceed at once to West Indies without further stop in Brazil. No authentic news of Spanish fleet. Avoid if possible. We believe that you will defeat it if met.

The Naval War Board at Washington fully discussed the advisability of despatching assistance to the *Oregon* in view of the possibility of her being waylaid by Cervera's squadron, that had been last heard of at the Cape Verde Islands. It was wisely decided, however, that, under existing conditions, such a course was inadvisable and that it would be better to leave Captain Clark to pursue his own course, an eminently wise decision, as it proved.

The *Oregon* sailed from Bahia on the evening of the 9th of May, and, without further trouble, anchored off Bridgetown, Barbadoes, May 18th, at 3.20 A.M., having made an average of 11.73 knots during her last run. As she had come from Brazil, the ship was quarantined and the

Governor of the island sent Captain Clark a polite letter enclosing a copy of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality dated April 23d.

Having taken in four hundred tons of coal, the *Oregon* sailed from Barbadoes; and on May 24, 1898, anchored off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and, after communicating with the Department, was ordered to Key West, where she arrived May 26th. The Secretary of the Navy telegraphed Captain Clark and his officers and crew the congratulations of the President and the Department upon their safe arrival and "the completion of your long and remarkably successful voyage." To this Captain Clark responded, on May 29th:

SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the Department's telegram of yesterday, which was received and read to all hands at muster the same evening, causing great enthusiasm and spontaneous cheers. That the officers who have labored so faithfully and intelligently to bring the ship around in an efficient condition for fighting and steaming, and especially that the crew, who individually and collectively have made all sacrifices and who for two weeks have asked for nothing but the privilege of doing extra work that might hasten the progress of the ship, should be mentioned and congratulated, affords me, as the commanding officer, especial gratification.

At 11 P.M., on May 30th, Sampson, in the *New York*, with the *Oregon*, *Mayflower*, and *Porter*,

left Key West for Santiago. At 6.55 A.M., on the 31st, he spoke Commodore Watson's flagship, the *Montgomery*, and, leaving him in command at Key West, he made signal to the other three ships to form column on the *New York*, and stood to the eastward at a speed of thirteen knots. On June 1st, Rear Admiral Sampson arrived off Santiago in the *New York*, with the *Mayflower*, *Porter*, and the *Oregon*; and on the 2d the vessels of the fleet were arranged off the entrance to the port in a semicircle, the radius of the arc from the Morro being six miles by day and three to four miles at night. The *Oregon's* place in this circle was fifth from the eastern side, between the *New York* on the starboard hand and the *Iowa* on the port side.

The *Oregon's* important share in the work of Sampson's fleet in destroying Cervera's formidable vessels is told in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI

HOBSON SINKS THE "MERRIMAC" IN SANTIAGO HARBOR

AFTER it was satisfactorily decided that Admiral Cervera had taken his hitherto elusive fleet into the harbor of Santiago, Admiral Sampson, feeling that it would be very good policy to keep them there, out of harm's way, decided to prevent the possibility of the escape of the Spanish ships from the harbor, under cover of a blustering night, by obstructing the channel. Captain Converse, of the *Montgomery*, suggested taking the steam collier *Merrimac*, already at Santiago, for that purpose, and the suggestion meeting Sampson's approval, steps were at once taken for putting the scheme into execution.

The Admiral's plan was to run the *Merrimac* in on the flood tide at early daylight, under her own steam, and run her ashore just inside Morro Castle, at the narrowest part of the channel, using her port helm so that the flood-tide would swing her stern up-stream and across the channel, where it was assumed she would ground and rest. Then, by opening all the sea-valves the collier would sink, and it was expected that the channel would be completely obstructed.

Sampson sent for Mr. Hobson, assistant naval constructor, who had been with him on the *New York*, and asked his opinion as to the best method of causing the *Merrimac* to sink. Mr. Hobson said that, in his opinion, the opening of the sea-valves would not cause the ship to sink quickly enough. After considerable pondering over the plans he left the cabin, with the understanding that he would consider other plans, and on May 30th he brought the Admiral a perfected and detailed scheme, involving the use of ten torpedoes. Sampson says:

He had thought out every detail, even to the smallest point. It was at this time that Hobson requested the privilege of commanding the expedition. . . . I was greatly impressed with the faith and the absolute fearlessness which Mr. Hobson displayed. Not in the least particular did he show a particle of doubt of success. He had developed the whole plan to such a degree that no one had, or probably could have had, the matter so completely in mind. For this reason alone, prudence demanded that he should be intrusted with the principal command.

As soon as that point had been decided, preparations went on apace, torpedoes, fuses, etc., were completed, and volunteers were called for to man the collier. To this call the response was immediate and most gratifying, as seven hundred men at once offered their services for the places of the seven required, and the crews of the

different ships pressed upon Mr. Hobson, using all kinds of arguments to persuade him to take them. It was as though a great favor was being asked and every means must be taken to have it granted. It was finally arranged, however, that the executive officer of the *New York* should send word to the men to be selected.

After very arduous work in stripping the *Merrimac* of all unnecessary gear and fitting the torpedoes intended to aid in sinking the vessel, on the early morning of June 3d the *Merrimac*, with her crew of seven brave men and one young officer in command, started under a slow head of steam on her daring enterprise. The moon was about an hour and a half high and, steering for the Morro, the vessel was running straight down the reflected path of light. To clear this they stood to the eastward of the course and crept along obliquely, at about four knots speed. As they stood on, the outlines of Morro and other shore objects became clearer and clearer. The blockading vessels were now miles astern and when the *Merrimac* arrived at a distance of about two thousand yards there could be no further question of surprise, so the order was given "Full speed, ahead!" "Steady a-starboard!"

The *Merrimac* at once responded as if animated, and foam began to fly under her bows, as she stood down toward the entrance. The

men were now directed to put on their revolver belts and life belts. As the ship forged ahead the excitement and anxiety of the little crew became intense, and as they drove down the exact course, Estrella opened up and then the Morro drew higher in the sky and the western side of the entrance, though dim as expected, showed in the moonlight the bald spot of the sea battery on top.

The *Merrimac* was now within five hundred yards of the enemy, making nine knots, and, almost at her goal, was as yet apparently undiscovered. Another ship's length was covered and then a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. But no crash followed. The projectile must have passed astern! Another flash—another miss. Then the night glasses showed to the anxious crew a picket boat, with rapid-fire guns, lying in the shadow. She was evidently making play for their exposed rudder.

Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir!" called Charette from the bridge to his commander. Hobson now estimated his distance from Morro Point at about three ship's lengths, or but one ship's length from the point at which it had been decided he should stop his ship. At that moment a huge projectile passed across the bridge and struck something. The order was telegraphed to the engine-room

“Stop,” and the answer pointer indicated that the order was received.

As the ship slowed down a swell seemed to set her stern to port and her bow swung heavily toward Morro, coming within thirty feet of the rock, before the *Merrimac* recovered from the sheer.

“Hard a-port,” shouted Hobson. No response of the ship. “Hard a-port I say,” he repeated.

“The helm is hard a-port, sir, and lashed,” was the response. The steering gear had evidently been shot away at the last moment, and the ship was still charging forward straight down the channel!

The anchors were at once let go, and the torpedoes for sinking the ship were exploded. Meanwhile the rapid-fire and machine-gun batteries on shore had all opened up at full blast and projectiles were exploding and clanging, making a very pandemonium. The sinking ship was just in front of Estrella, lying about two thirds athwart the channel, the bow to the westward. Hobson and his crew had gathered on the lower deck, where they were screened from the incessant musketry fire from the troops in the adjacent batteries, and the enemy's shells were meanwhile cutting up the upper works of the *Merrimac*. All firing was at point-blank range, at a target that could not be missed, the Socapa batteries with plunging fire, the batteries of the Spanish fleet with horizontal fire,

the striking projectiles and flying fragments producing a grinding sound, with a fine ring in it of steel on steel.

The *Merrimac* now gave a premonitory lurch, then settled to port, and the firing suddenly ceased. The vessel lowered her head, like a faithful animal proudly aware of its sacrifice, bowed below the surface, and plunged forward. The stern rose and heeled heavily, stood still for a moment, then started downward, the ship righting as she went under water.

As she sunk the catamaran that had been thoughtfully provided for such a contingency floated near the men in the water and they all assembled about it, clinging to its sides for support. Hobson directed his men not to speak a word, but to cling to the catamaran and await developments. In this condition they remained, the air very chilly and the water positively cold, and in spite of their best efforts two of the men began to cough, yet they remained there without a murmur fully an hour. As dawn broke, a beautiful bugle strain went up from Punta Gorda battery; broad daylight then came, and a steam launch was seen approaching the floating men. When it was about thirty yards off, Lieutenant Hobson hailed. The launch stopped and backed and a squad of riflemen appeared from beneath the awning with guns ready.

Hobson called out again, to ask if there was

an officer in the boat, as, if so, an American officer wished to speak with him with a view to surrendering himself and seamen as prisoners of war.

The stern curtain was raised, an elderly officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down. Hobson struck out for the launch and climbed on board aft with the assistance of the officer, who, hours afterward, he learned was Admiral Cervera.

Then the launch steamed down to the catamaran and the seven men climbed on board, two of them in the last stages of exhaustion and requiring to be lifted in from the water, and the whole party were prisoners in Spanish hands.

The Americans were taken on board the cruiser *Reina Mercedes* where they were treated with the utmost consideration by their captors, who at first supposed them to be the sole survivors of an American vessel-of-war that had been sunk by the Spanish batteries and the fleet in endeavoring to force her way into the harbor. A little later Hobson was given facilities for sending out to Admiral Sampson a brief note informing him that the *Merrimac* was sunk and that he and his men were being kindly treated as prisoners of war. This communication after being carefully scrutinized was sent out to the fleet under a flag of truce by Admiral Cervera; and articles of clothing and a small sum of

money for the prisoners was brought back from the *New York* by the same boat.

The next day, by order of General Linares, the prisoners were removed to the Morro Castle, where, through the influence of Mr. Ramsden, the British Consul, their cells were made more habitable than they were at first, and through the kindly offices of the Spanish naval officers many little luxuries were introduced for Lieutenant Hobson's comfort. Indeed, throughout the term of the imprisonment of the Americans the generous conduct of the Spanish naval officers was in very marked contrast to that of the army officers.

After the preliminary arrangements for their confinement had been made, Charette, one of Hobson's men, was permitted to visit his commander. He referred to the situation they had passed through together and said: "Every man would do it again to-night, sir." Lieutenant Hobson says that throughout the whole term of their imprisonment the men showed the most remarkable spirit of cheerfulness, and although they did not have the support of kind words and courteous visits, as he had, yet never did they exhibit signs of anxiety or fear. The Spanish soldiers at first taunted them, as they would Cuban prisoners, called them desperadoes, accused them of fighting for money, making signs of dealing out coin, and passed their fingers across their throats and shook their heads to indicate

the fate that awaited them. The Americans, however, only smiled at such taunts and actually laughed at the gruesome mockings.

On the 6th of June the Morro, where Hobson and his men were confined, and the harbor of Santiago were subjected to a general bombardment from the fleet, which lasted all that day. The castle was struck many times, and twice at a point immediately over Hobson's cell, and, as a result, the prisoners were removed the next day to Santiago, by order of General Linares. This was a most agreeable change for the Americans, as they were now confined in the Cuartel Reina Mercedes, on the eastern edge of the city, beside the large military hospital, where the lieutenant's quarters were in marked contrast to the barrenness of his cell in the Morro. He was also visited here by Consul Ramsden who brought him the news of the death of Captain Acosta of the *Reina Mercedes*, who was mortally wounded with five others in the late bombardment by our fleet. Hobson felt this very sorely, for Acosta had treated him with the greatest consideration when he was first brought as a prisoner on board the *Mercedes* by Admiral Cervera. The lieutenant was also made very happy, the first day of his confinement in his new quarters, by a cablegram sent from Brooklyn in care of Admiral Cervera, bringing a message of kindness from the Southern Society of Brooklyn, which made him feel that he was not

forgotten by friends at home. Mr. Hobson was here served, for the first time since his captivity, with a course dinner in prison, served by a soldier acting as butler. "There were seldom fewer than three courses at dinner," he says jocosely:

frijoles, rice, and beef, sometimes sardines; then, for a long time, a bit of the guava jelly, left in my cell by a kind Sister of Charity from the hospital; and for a while fruit, which the British consul sent. When the courses were through, the soldier cleared the table and served a small cup of hot, black coffee.

But it was not by any means all cakes and ale for the prisoners during the next thirty days that elapsed before their final exchange. Sickness, the natural consequence of close confinement in a tropical climate, broke out among his men, and it was with great difficulty that Hobson, through the intervention of the British Consul, at last obtained permission to have his men removed from their close cell to the hospital for treatment. By assiduous attention to diet and by incessant physical exercise within his cell, Hobson managed to retain his own health and on July 7th, when he and his men were at last permitted to pass through to General Shafter's lines, he rode a horse with perfect ease. Then he learned for the first time of the destruction of Cervera's fleet two days before.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET AT SANTIAGO

WHILE Dewey was annihilating the naval power of Spain in the East, Admiral Cervera, with a much more powerful squadron of modern ships than Montojo had at Manila, left the Cape Verde Islands on April 29th, and was leisurely making his way toward the island of Cuba. His squadron consisted of the armored flagship *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the *Vizcaya*, and the *Almirante Oquendo*, each of seven thousand tons, armed with two eleven-inch guns, ten 5.5-inch, and the usual secondary battery; the slightly armored cruiser *Cristóbal Colón*, and the torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor*, *Pluton*, and *Terror*. The destroyers had a record of thirty knots and the armored cruisers of twenty knots speed.

The appearance of such a formidable squadron in the vicinity of our coast caused the greatest uneasiness, more particularly from the fact that its destination was kept a close secret and it was not known where it might strike. It was a tremendous relief, therefore, when it became definitely known that the "disappearing squadron," as it was popularly called, was at

last safely located in Santiago harbor and that Admiral Sampson's powerful squadron was keeping the Spanish ships closely blockaded.

On Sunday, July 3, 1898, while the morning mist was still hanging about the Cuban hills the battleship *Massachusetts* and the *Suwanee* left their station at four o'clock for Guantánamo, where they were to coal. At 8.50 the flagship *New York* made the signal "Disregard movements of Commander-in-chief" and, in company with the *Ericsson*, swung out of line and steamed toward Siboney, where Admiral Sampson was to meet General Shafter, at his request, for a conference.

At 9.31, while making ready for church service on board the ships, a gun from the *Iowa* startled the fleet and attracted immediate attention to her signal, "Enemy's ships coming out!" Although the *Iowa*, having trouble with her boilers, had only steam enough to move her about five knots, Captain Evans, in obedience to Sampson's general order, headed his ship at once for the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the leading Spanish ship, and by 9.40, at a range of six thousand yards, he fired the first gun at the enemy.

The Spanish vessels, bright in their fresh paint and brilliant with battle flags, came out of the harbor at a speed of from eight to ten knots, a beautiful sight, in the following order, and at a distance of about eight hundred yards

apart: *Infanta Maria Teresa*, flagship; *Vizcaya*, *Cristóbal Colón*, and the *Almirante Oquendo*. Following, at a distance of about twelve hundred yards, came the torpedo-boat destroyers *Pluton* and *Furor*. The Spanish flagship at once responded to the *Iowa's* gun with a full broadside delivered at the *Indiana* and the battle began in earnest as the Spanish ships fled to the westward, pursued by our fleet. The destroyers were the first to meet their fate; they had two full miles of open water to cross before they could reach any of our ships and meanwhile the smaller guns of the *Indiana*, the *Oregon*, and the *Texas* were playing havoc with them, as they cleared Socapa Point. Commander Wainwright, in the little *Gloucester*, also steamed boldly for them and at close range his six-pounders speedily finished their career; the *Furor*, crippled, turned and ran for the beach, while the *Pluton* was literally cut in two by a large shell which struck her amidships, and she sank at once in deep water.

Meanwhile the chase of the larger Spanish ships was going on and the *Maria Teresa* was being literally cut to pieces by the concentrated fire of the fleet. An eight-inch shell struck the shield of one of her 5.5-inch guns, passed through it, and ranged aft, where it exploded. Another entered the ship just under the after barrette, ranging aft, and exploded on the gun-deck with such effect that all the men in that

locality must have been either killed or wounded, while the upper deck beams were ripped and torn, the bulkheads shattered, and the fire-main cut. Two twelve-inch shells also entered below the berth deck, exploding and completely wrecking the after-torpedo compartment. In addition to the terrific devastation effected by the large projectiles there was a perfect rain of four-, five-, and six-inch shells, that burst in every direction, setting fire to the woodwork of the ship and driving the men from their guns.

Admiral Cervera stood on the bridge in the midst of this storm of shot and shell and several men were killed or wounded about him. "It was like hell," said one of the Spanish officers, after the battle. "Shells were bursting around us on all sides." Captain Concas was wounded, the second in command could not be found, the fire aft in the Admiral's cabin was developing so fast that Cervera gave orders for the after magazine to be flooded, but the smoke was so thick below that the valves could not be reached and nothing was done. Fearing a great explosion the Admiral decided that further resistance was absolutely hopeless and at 10 A.M. he headed his flagship for the beach, aflame from bow to stern, where the survivors were rescued by the *Gloucester's* boats, Cervera surrendering to Commander Wainwright.

The turn of the *Oquendo* came next; every gun that would bear from four of our ships was

concentrated upon her until she also, at 10.30 A.M., turned in the wake of the flagship and flaming from every port drove upon the beach, where, striking at full speed, her stern settled down and with a crash she broke in two amidships, but a half mile west of the *Maria Teresa*. The *Vizcaya* sustained the race with the squadron for fifteen miles farther before she finally met her fate at the hands of the *Oregon* and the *Brooklyn*. It was 11.15 o'clock before Captain Eulate, unable longer to sustain the storm of shot and shell that poured upon his devoted ship, turned her head to the beach and ran his ship ashore at Asseraderos. Captain Eulate was taken on board the *Iowa*, severely wounded in the head. He tendered his sword to Captain Evans, who, amidst the cheers of the crew, courteously refused to accept it. Lieutenant Luis Fajado y Pinzon of the *Vizcaya* climbed up the *Iowa's* side with some slight assistance, stood at attention and saluted, while his left arm hung only by a muscle. None of the wounded Spanish officers groaned or murmured.

The *Colón*, now the last survivor of the fleet, had thus far kept inside of the other Spanish ships and had consequently escaped much of the murderous fire that had destroyed them. She was heading to the west, in the direction of Havana, at a great speed, pursued by the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn*. The *Oregon*, from being next to the easternmost ship when the alarm sounded,

had passed rapidly ahead of the other battle-ships by a remarkable burst of speed, and was now almost abreast of the *Brooklyn*, which position she maintained to the end, using her forced draft and exceeding, at times, her contract trial speed. It was then that Chief Engineer Milligan came up from the stoke-hole and begged Captain Clark to fire one gun to encourage his fainting men below and the Captain accordingly ordered one of the thirteen-inch guns fired, although the shot fell short of the mark.

The chase continued for two hours, the initial speed of seventeen knots of the *Colón* gradually diminishing while that of the pursuers was visibly increasing. At ten minutes before 1 P.M. the *Oregon* began firing her forward thirteen-inch guns, throwing shells near and over the chase and the *Brooklyn* fired some smaller guns soon after. At 1.15 the *Colón* turned in toward the beach, ran ashore near the mouth of the Rio Tarquino, fired a gun to leeward, and hauled down her flag. Then Commodore Schley, in appreciation of her superb work, signalled "*Oregon*, well done."

The *Colón* was boarded by Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn* to whom she was surrendered. He found her practically uninjured, but her sea-valves had been treacherously opened and the *Colón* soon filled and turned over on her starboard side, leaving a part of her port quarter exposed. The surviving Spaniards of the fleet

were taken from their burning ships and were sent to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where they remained as prisoners of war, until they were exchanged.

At the battle of Manila Bay it took Dewey seven hours, including the three hours taken for breakfast, to destroy the Spanish fleet and silence the Cavite forts. In the combat at Santiago, from the first appearance of the *Maria Teresa* until the surrender of the *Cristóbal Colón*, exactly three hours and forty-four minutes elapsed.

The outcome of this amazing victory was the absolute annihilation of Cervera's fleet, with a loss to the Spaniards of three hundred and fifty killed and drowned; one hundred and fifty-nine, including ninety-nine officers, wounded; and one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four made prisoners. On our side but one was killed and two wounded. The enormous disparity between the loss on the American and the Spanish side was even greater in this engagement than in Dewey's brilliant victory at Manila.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CRUISE OF THE BATTLE-SHIP FLEET AROUND THE WORLD

IN the late spring of 1907 the Navy Department decided to send the Atlantic fleet, composed of sixteen fine battle-ships, and an auxiliary flotilla of small vessels, on an extended practice cruise to the Pacific coast. It was proposed to spend the month of March, 1908, in Magdalena Bay, Mexico, for target practice, and the advance programme contemplated a return to the Atlantic coast about February 22, 1909.

After completing their work at the Jamestown Exposition and the summer manœuvres, target practice, etc., the vessels of the fleet dispersed to the several navy yards for final preparations, which, in view of the extended cruise contemplated, were naturally very carefully attended to. The week beginning December 9, 1907, the fleet assembled at Hampton Roads with Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans as commander-in-chief.

The vessels of what was designated as the United States Atlantic Fleet were: First squadron, *Connecticut*, flagship of Rear Admiral Evans, *Kansas*, *Vermont*, *Louisiana*. Second division (Rear Admiral W. H. Emory), *Georgia*,

New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia. Second squadron (Rear Admiral C. M. Thomas), third division, *Minnesota, Ohio, Missouri, Maine.* Fourth division (Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry), *Alabama, Illinois, Kearsarge, Kentucky.* Torpedo flotilla (Lieutenant-Commander H. I. Cone), *Whipple, Truxton, Lawrence, Hopkins, Hull, Stewart.* Auxiliaries, *Panther* (repair ship), *Culgoa* and *Glacier*, storeships, *Ajax* (collier), *Arethusa* (storeship for flotilla), *Yankton* (tender).

This list of varied auxiliary vessels shows what wise and careful preparation was made in advance for any possible contingency that might occur on the voyage. They all remained with the fleet, practically in their company, until the arrival of Admiral Evans at Magdalena Bay.

All the preparations being completed, President Roosevelt reviewed the assembled fleet at Hampton Roads, bade the officers and crews Godspeed, and on December 16th the ships sailed. This, the most powerful collection of warships ever assembled under the American flag was about to undertake the longest cruise—of 14,000 miles—that any fleet of similar force had ever made. There were about fifteen thousand officers and men on board the ships and the value of the vessels was fully \$100,000,000. The departure of this fleet excited the liveliest interest, not only in our own country, but through-



U. S. S. "CONNECTICUT" AT HAMPTON ROADS
(Copyright, 1908, by Enrique Muller)

out the civilized world and the records of the various stages of the cruise were printed broadcast and read with the deepest interest.

As the ships passed out by the Capes of the Chesapeake after the President's review the bands of the different ships played the national airs interspersed with the more homely melodies "Home, Sweet Home," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Auld Lang Syne." The correspondent of the New York *Sun* related the following characteristic incident of the departure of the *Louisiana*:

A staff officer of that ship showed the attitude of the naval man. He had told his wife and family exactly where to go in a remote but conspicuous place on the ramparts of old Fort Monroe so that he could distinguish them easily with his glass. He had told them he would be on the after bridge. When the ship came near the station of his family he stole far out on the bridge, fixed his glass on the family group and waved and waved his handkerchief. The answer came quickly and the flashes seemed to be wigwags, such as a naval officer's wife might be expected to know.

The officer stood it for about two minutes. Then he pulled himself together sharply, turned, and walked away over to a group of his mates.

"Did you make out your people, Jones?" asked one of them who had noted what was going on.

"I believe they were over there somewhere in the crowd," was the reply, with an apparently unconcerned smile. He had finished with that side of

his existence. His duty was now to his ship. And so the ships passed out to sea.

Later that day a message was signalled to each ship announcing that the President had authorized the commander-in-chief to inform the officers and men that after a short stay on the Pacific coast the fleet would return home by way of the Mediterranean. And thus one of the puzzles about the final destination of the fleet was settled, to the great delight of officers and crew.

On December 23d the fleet arrived at Trinidad, Port of Spain, where they were most cordially received, Governor-General Jackson being an old friend of Admiral Evans. On Christmas Day a grand reception was given on board the *Minnesota* to all the officers of the other ships and the bluejackets of the fleet had a special Christmas dinner of turkey and the usual accessories.

The ships were coaled at Trinidad and the crews received shore liberty, which was greatly enjoyed. The fleet sailed on the 29th for Rio de Janeiro, briefly pausing on the sixth of January for the visit of Neptune Rex, which was duly celebrated when the ships crossed the equator, the land-lubbers at that time being initiated into the "solemn mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep." Lieutenant F. T. Evans, the son of the commander-in-chief, was one who was initiated during this festival.

The Cruise of the Battle-Ship Fleet 377

The fleet arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 12th and their reception by the enthusiastic Brazilians was absolutely overwhelming. During the ten days' stay in that beautiful harbor there was one incessant round of festivities for officers and men, from the time the signal "Welcome American fleet" snapped out from Fort Santa Cruz at the entrance of the port, until the departure of the fleet on January 22d. Officers and men universally declared Rio to be not only the "City of all Delights," but the "City of All Hospitality."

On the evening of January 26th the Argentine fleet, under command of Admiral Hipolito Oliva, came out to sea to meet the American ships off Buenos Ayres and give Rear Admiral Evans a salute of fifteen guns—a full Admiral's salute. The Argentines evidently could not believe that such a magnificent fleet could possibly have been sent around the world under the command of a Rear Admiral. The *Connecticut*, in strict compliance with naval etiquette, responded to this salute gun for gun, and the men of the foreign vessels broke into loud cheering as our ships passed them with their bands playing.

On February 1st, the fleet arrived at Punta Arenas, commonly known as the "jumping-off place of the earth," as it is the southernmost settlement of any size of civilized people in the world. As the ships' launches swung into the landing place at this forlorn, dreary, and

desolate place they found an enormous sign reading, "Special prices for the American fleet." This legend was found to state the exact truth, especially as to furs, one of the principal articles of barter. Fox-skin rugs that had been selling for \$25 immediately went up to \$40. Guanaco skins were elevated from \$10 to \$15. Seal skins underwent a raise from \$50 to \$75. This was an exemplification of hospitality to the strangers that was unappreciated by the visitors. The ships were coaled here and sailed on the 7th of February, having stayed one day longer than the programme indicated, to respond to the courtesy of the Chilean government in sending their cruiser the *Chacabuco* down to Arenas to greet the fleet.

The passage through the dreaded Strait of Magellan was comparatively uneventful and after passing safely through into the Pacific the fleet on February 15th sailed in stately procession in and out of the harbor of Valparaiso, saluting President Montt as they had saluted President Roosevelt at Hampton Roads when our vessels left home. On the green hillside was observed in letters of white the word "Welcome." Upon closer observation it was discovered that this was a human sign made by sailors or naval cadets dressed in white, who lay for fully an hour quietly on the ground. Three men were required to make the height of a single letter of this unique signal. As our fleet rounded



ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS
(Copyright, 1907, by Enrique Muller)

The Cruise of the Battle-Ship Fleet 379

Point Angeles the sixteen American battle-ships belched out a salute of twenty-one guns to the President of Chili, to which Fort Valdivia responded with the same number of guns. The same salutes were again exchanged near Fort Callao, where President Montt was stationed on board the *Chacabuco*.

Greetings equally warm-hearted were exchanged with the Peruvians at Callao when the fleet arrived at that port on February 20th. Here officers and crew had an opportunity of visiting Lima, founded by Pizarro in 1535. A bull fight was one of the special attractions to the visitors at Lima and six bulls of famous stock were provided for the "grand gala" for the Americans. A trip over the wonderful Oroya railroad was also arranged for the officers, and in return for the many courtesies Admiral Evans gave a dinner to President Pardo on board the *Connecticut*. Then, on the 29th the American fleet passed out to sea, accompanied by the Peruvian cruiser *Almirante Grace*, with the Peruvian President on board, and sailed for Magdalena Bay.

On March 12th, Admiral Evans's fleet arrived at Magdalena Bay, Mexico, two days ahead of schedule time, to the very great relief of the Navy Department, whence the eventful passage of the vessels around Cape Horn and up the coast of South America had been carefully and anxiously watched. Admiral Evans at once

notified the home authorities that his ships were actually in better shape than when they left Hampton Roads; their crews were in splendid health and in first-class fighting condition and were ready for any duty to which they might be detailed within an hour's notice.

The time for the fleet target practice had now arrived and for the next month every ship was kept at work in good earnest at battle practice, or firing at a target that simulated in size and distance the ship of an enemy, the range having to be found out. "Record" practice was also made on certain days to qualify gun pointers and to find out the best shooters in each ship. Magdalena Bay is considered one of the finest places in the world for this practice. It is a splendid sheet of water, about fifteen miles long and ten wide, with a narrow entrance, good water just deep enough for safe manœuvring, and an excellent anchorage. A line of sharp-crested hills shuts it in from sight of the Pacific. There is only one small hamlet of about twenty dwellings on the inside of the bay, so that the fleet, cut off from all the world, was perfectly secluded for the important work they had in hand.

The exciting business of the cruise now began; all the festivities that had preceded it were for the time forgotten. Just before the shooting began a perceptible calm, a stillness came over the ship. Officers and men steady them-

selves with a supreme effort to keep cool and the spirit to do or die takes possession of the ship. The guns go bang, bang, and boom, boom, good cheer pervades every compartment, and it's "That's fine Bill!" "Hit 'em again!" "Sock it to 'em!" "Soak 'er!" "You're doin' great!" "Never mind, that's only one miss!" "Bully boy!" And as the riddled target is brought on board to be repaired the anxious men, full of excitement, crowd around it while the umpires examine the rents to make their decisions as to the result. The real preparation for all this work had begun as soon as the fleet left our coast and there had been daily drills for hours at Morris tube practice all the time at sea during the past four months.

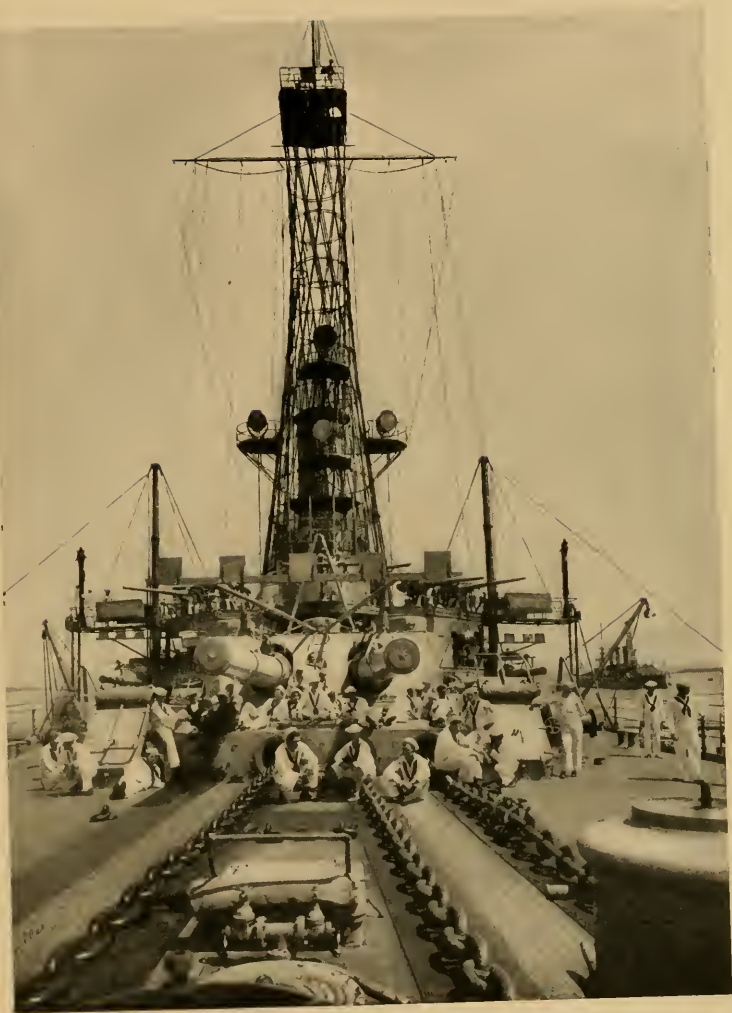
And so in this most valuable practical work the time passed until April 11th, when the fleet sailed for California. After brief pauses at San Diego, San Pedro, and Santa Barbara, to show the vessels to the inhabitants of these sections, the fleet reached San Francisco on May 6, 1908, after the longest cruise ever made by a fleet of battle-ships of any navy. The log recorded in round numbers thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty sea miles covered in sixty-one sailing days. The government now knows by actual experience that in seventy-eight days, without undue speeding, a fleet of battle-ships could be readily sent from the Chesapeake to San Francisco.

All naval officers agree that professionally the cruise was of the very greatest benefit to both officers and men. The ships also had been shaken down, and had become a coherent force. A large quantity of work had been done on each vessel such as is usually done in navy yards, and many repairs had been made by the force on board the accompanying repair ship, at no cost to the government.

One great drawback to the full enjoyment of the cruise was the condition of health of Admiral Evans. His old enemy rheumatism took a sharp grip on him and other complications followed. At times he was in the most serious condition and it was only his indomitable pluck that enabled him to support the voyage until the ships reached the Golden Gate and to direct all their important movements so that when the vessels arrived in port Admiral Evans led the forty-two ships into the harbor of San Francisco in his flagship.

The next day Secretary Metcalf, as the personal representative of the President, reviewed the combined fleets and on May 8th Admiral Evans formally gave up the chief command to Rear Admiral Thomas and was taken in a wheeled chair to the dining-room of a hotel where a banquet to Secretary Metcalf and the officers of the fleet was being given.

There Admiral Evans, wan and feeble and scarcely able to stand, electrified his audience



THE FORWARD DECK OF A MODERN BATTLESHIP
(Copyright, 1908, by Enrique Muller)

by declaring impassionately that what the country needs is "more battle-ships and fewer statesmen." The next day Rear Admiral Thomas hoisted his flag as commander-in-chief, to be relieved five days later by Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry. Sperry took the fleet to Puget Sound to give the people there a view of their new ships and, as at San Francisco, there was the usual round of entertainments for the fleet until the vessels were in readiness to resume the voyage around the world.

The arrival of the fleet at San Francisco marked the real end of the cruise. All that followed was merely a succession of banquets and revels that made up charming features of a pleasure jaunt, delightful to the officers and men, but that were of no very special advantage to the service.

A pleasant incident indicating the generous thoughtfulness of Admiral Sperry occurred on the passage of the fleet to Honolulu when the Admiral diverted the course of the ships and arranged their speed so as to pass the leper island of Molokai during daylight, steaming close in to the land, that the unfortunate people might have the pleasure of witnessing the spectacle and seeing an evidence, perhaps for the only time during their lives, of the naval power of their country. Another course of target practice was had at Manila Bay, which admirably supplemented the work at Magdalena

Bay. At New Zealand, Australia, Japan, and in China there was a renewal of the lavish hospitality, both official and private, that characterized the earlier days of the cruise and in the Mediterranean ports the testimonials of good will and friendship from the native authorities were intermingled with the hearty welcomes from many American friends.

And now with our country a recognized world power, happily at peace with all the nations of the earth, with our Navy second only to that of Great Britain, we close these fugitive sketches of a few of the many romantic incidents in the career of our ships of war during the past century and a half.

It is a far cry indeed from those early days, when the plucky little schooner *Enterprise* bore her part so sturdily in defending the honor of our flag on both sides of the Atlantic, down to this latest peaceful passage of our sixteen monster battle-ships forty-five thousand miles around the world. Yet they returned to our shores as they left them, fourteen months before, all ready for a fight or a frolic—this episode in itself the greatest and happiest romance in all the century's history of our Navy.

INDEX

A

Achilles, 100, 101, 102,
 104
Adams, 44
Adams, 314
Adams, John Q., 4, 88
Adonis, 145
Alabama, Confederate, 229,
 284-301
Alabama, ironclad, 374
Albemarle, 277-282
Alden, Captain James, 254
Alder, 93
Aldham, purser, 166
Alert, 119
Alexander, Captain, 28
Alexandria, 272
Alfred, 64, 65
Alliance, 56, 57, 58, 60, 75,
 80, 81, 86, 90
Almirante Oquendo, 366,
 369
Almy, Master Thos. C., 174,
 177
Alphonso XII., 326
America, 87, 309
Amphitrite, 65
Andria Doria, 29
Annabella, 15
Apia, 314
Arbuthnot, Captain, Hon.
 James, 144
Arethusa, 374
Argus, 145
Ariel, 177, 179, 186
Armada, 142
Arms, paymaster, 321
Atlanta, 58
Atlantic, 121

Atlas, 197

Avon, 144

B

Bacchus, 145
Bailey, Capt. Theodorus,
 249, 250, 251, 257, 258,
 259, 310, 371
Bailey, Lieut.-Col., 272, 273,
 275
Baker, M. A., 259, 261
Baldwin, coal-heaver, 278
Baltimore, 338, 339, 344
Bankhead, Com'd'r, 243
Banks, Gen. N. P., 266, 267,
 272, 275
Bannatyne, Dr., 81
Barclay, Capt. Robert H.,
 173-178, 183-186
Barclay, 120
Barney, Commodore Joshua,
 20-36
Barnwell, Master, 134
Barrassa, 195
Barreant, Captain, 58
Barron, Captain Samuel, 50,
 118
Barry, Captain John, 56,
 57, 58
Bayou City, 224, 225
Beauregard, 219
Bell, Commander H. H., 248,
 262, 263, 264
Belvidera, 108
Benton, 217, 218
Bernadou, Lieut. John B.,
 333-336
Biddle, James, 138, 139, 151,
 152, 154, 155

- Biddle, Nicholas, 64
 Bilboa, 98, 99
 Bissell, Commodore S. B.,
 303, 304
Black Hawk, 267, 271
 Blake, Captain Homer C.,
 229
 Blakely, Capt. Johnston,
 140-144
 Blanco, Captain-General,
 323
 Boggs, Commander C. S.,
 253
Bon Homme Richard, 64,
 71-85, 99, 291
Bonne Citoyenne, 120, 160
Boston, 338, 339
Bounty, 201, 208
Boxer, 52-56
 Boyle, Capt. Thos., 195, 196,
 197
 Bradford, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 232
Brandywine, 231
 Breeze, Chaplain, 180
 Brest, 69
Brooklyn, 90, 249, 252, 256,
 293, 294, 295, 296, 297
 Broke, Capt. P. B. V., 159,
 160, 161, 162, 164, 165,
 167, 168
 Brooks, Lieut., 180
 Broome, Captain, 255, 263
 Brown, Lieut. James, 165
 Buchan, Lieut., 174
 Buchanan, Capt. Franklin,
 232, 234, 236, 298, 301
 Buchanan, Paymaster Mc-
 Kean, 232
 Budd, Lieut. George, 166
 Burden, Captain, 68
 Burgoyne, General, 66
 Butler, Gen. B. F., 246, 253,
 265
- C
- Cabot, George, 97
 Cabot, Richard, 97
Cairo, 217-219
 Caldwell, Lieut. C. H. B.,
 248
- Caledonia*, 173, 177, 182
 Callao, Fort, 379
Calliope, 319
 Cambon, M. Jules, 333
 Campbell, Lieut.-Col., 15
 Cape Verde Islands, 353,
 366
 Carden, Capt. John S., 158
 Cardenas Bay, 333-336
 Carleton, Sir Guy, 71
 Carlin, Lieut., 320
Carnation, 194
Carondelet, 217, 220, 267
 Carrickfergus, 68
Castillian, 144
Castillo, 342, 344
Cavallo, 231
 Cayuga, 249, 250
 Cervera, Admiral, 347, 356,
 362, 369, 372
Chacabuco, 378
 Chadwick, Captain F. E.,
 327
 Chalmette, 266
Champion, 276
 Champlin, Stephen, 172,
 177
Chanarcille, 309
 Charette, 363
Chasseur, 195, 196
 Chauncey, Commodore, 171,
 175, 187
 Cherbourg, 285
Chesapeake, 159-163
Chickasaw, 294, 300
Chillicothe, 267, 270
Chippeway, 176, 178, 179
Choctaw, 267
Chubb, 190
City of Washington, 326
 Clark, Capt. C. E., 346-
 354
Clifton, 223, 226
 Cockburn, Rear Admiral,
 197
 Columb, Admiral, 243
 Concas, Captain, 369
Concord, 338, 339
 Cone, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 374
Confiance, 190, 191, 192
Congress, 231, 232, 236

Conklin, Lieut. A. H. M., 177
 Connecticut, 372, 377
 Converse, Capt., 356
 Cook, Captain, 371
 Cooke, Com'd'r J. M., 277
 Cornwallis, 154
 Corypheus, 223, 226
 Count of Paris, 243
 Courronne, 285
 Couthouy, Lieut. J. P., 269
 Covington, 275, 276
 Cox, Lieut. W. S., 158
 Craven, Captain, 295
 Cricket, 267, 268, 270
 Cristobal Colon, 346, 366, 370, 371
 Cromwell, Boatswain's Mate, 204, 209, 211
 Culgoa, 374
 Cumberland Head, 192
 Cumberland, 231-235
 Cushing, Lieut. W. B., 279-283

D

Dacres, Captain, 109
 Dale, Lieut. Richard, 82, 90
 Dana, R. H., 213
 Danae, 201
 Davidson, Thomas, 305
 Davis, Flag-Officer C. H., 216-220
 Deane, Mr., 65
 Decatur, Lieut. James, 149
 Decatur, Stephen, 38, 44, 45, 47, 48, 49, 118, 156, 158, 190
 Deerhound, 288, 290
 Defence, 14, 15, 16
 Deforest, Midshipman, 165
 Dent, Captain, 146
 De Soto, 306
 Despatch, 97
 Detroit, 176, 178, 179, 182, 186
 Dewey, George, 337-345, 366
 Dickenson, Captain, 152
 Dixon, Corporal, 165

Don Antonio de Ulloa, 344
Don John of Austria, 344
 Doty, Capt. G. W., 306, 310
 Douglas, Capt. Hon. George, 114
 Downes, Lieut. John, 121, 122, 127, 132
 Downie, Captain, 190, 191
 Downs, Commodore John, 213
 Dragon, 240
 Drake, 68, 69, 70
 Drayton, Captain, 293, 295, 297
 Dubois, Dr., 307, 310
 Dudley, Thomas, 243
 Duncan, Gen. J. K., 247
 Duras, 70, 71
 Dyer, Mrs., 310

E

Eagle, 190, 191
Earl Camden, 94
 Earl of Selkirk, 67
Eastport, 267, 271, 276
Edgar, 86
El Correo, 344
Eliza Ann, 93
Elizabeth, 95
 Ellet, Cadet Charles, 220
 Ellet, Col. Charles, Jr., 215, 216
 Ellet, Lieut.-Col., 219
 Ellet, Lieut. Alfred W., 216
 Elliott, Capt. Jesse D., 177, 181, 182, 187
 Elphinston, Captain, 30
 Emory, Rear Admiral, 373
Endymion, 105
Enterprise, 38-60
Enterprise, brig, 147
Æolus, 108
Epervier, 155, 156
 Ericsson, 237
Espiegle, 150
Essex, 39, 118-135
Essex Jr., 123-127, 132, 135
Essex, ironclad, 267
 Estrella, 359, 360
 Eulate, Captain, 370

Evans, Rear Admiral, 90,
370, 373, 379, 382
Excellent, 289

F

Falcon, Capt. Gordon
Thomas, 114, 116
Falkiner, Lieut., 168
Farragut David G., 119,
123, 228, 229, 245-264,
266, 292-300, 343
Fayal, 193
Finch, 190
Fitch, Col. G. N., 221
Fly, 51
Flambeau, 41
Fletcher, Capt. Alexander
P., 60
Flusser, Lieut., 278
Foote, Flag Officer A. H.,
245
Fort de Russy, 268
Fort Fisher, 283
Fort Gaines, 292
Fort Hindman, gunboat,
267, 268, 270, 274
Fort Powell, 292, 301
Franklin, 12, 14
Franklin, Benjamin, 36, 66,
71
Franklin, frigate, 302
Franklin, General, 275
Fredericksted, 303
Fredonia, 306, 308, 310
Freeman, pilot, 295
Fritze, Commander, 314
Frolic, 136-139
Furor, 366, 368

G

Galena, 293
Gallapagos Islands, 124
Gallop, John, 6, 7, 8
Galveston, 223
Gamble, Capt. Henry, 93
Gamble, Lieut., 126, 191
Gansevoort, Lieut., 207, 208
Gaspé, 17, 18
Gazelle, 267

Geisinger, Midshipman, 145
General Armstrong, 192, 193,
194

General Bragg, 220
General Lezo, 293
General Lovell, 218, 219
General Monk, 35
General Pickering, 97-104
General Price, 218, 219
General Washington, 36
General Wellesley, 96
Georgia, 373
Georgiana, 13, 21
Gillis, Commander J. H.,
306, 307, 310
Glacier, 374
Glasgow, 64, 97
Gloucester, 338, 369
Golden Eagle, 99, 100, 102
Gordon, Lieut. H. C., 196
Governor Clinton, 88
Governor Moore, 251
Governor Tryon, 16
Grand Ecore, 271
Grant, General U. S., 245
Green, General Thos., 271
Green, seaman, 209
Greene, W. R., 227
Greenwich, 121
Gridley, Captain, 340
Guadaloupenne, 42
Guerriere, 109

H

Halleck, General, 266
Hambleton, Purser, 180
Hamilton, Alexander, 304
Hamilton, Captain, 16
Hampton Roads, 215, 230-
242, 374, 378
Hancock, John, 65
Hannah, 17
Haraden, Jonathan, 97-104
Harding, Capt. Seth, 14, 15
Harriet Lane, 223-228
Harrison, General, 176, 184,
186
Harris, Lieut., 264
Hartford, 246-265, 293-300
Hatteras, 228, 229, 284

Havana, 323, 324
 Hawley, Lieut. J. M., 321
 Hazeltine, Midshipman, 263
Hebrus, 146
Hector, 122
 Heisler, Lieut. George, 260
 Henley, Jonathan, 48
Hercules, 344
Hermione, 201, 208
 Hewes, Joseph, 63
 Hieskell, Purser, 22, 53
 Hillyar, Capt. James, 126,
 127, 128, 129, 132, 135
 Hobson, Mr., 357-365
 Holdup, Lieut., 177
 Holland, Dr., 227
Hope, 12, 13
 Hopkins, Commodore, Ezek.,
 64
Hopkins, 374
Hornet, 26, 27, 28
Hornet, 120, 148, 152, 153,
 154, 159, 171
Howe, 15
Hudson, 333, 334
Hull, 374
 Hull, Isaac, 38, 44, 55, 108-
 114
 Hunter, 176, 178, 179, 182
Hyder Ally, 34

I

Indiana, 368
Indien, 66, 67
Infanta Maria Teresa, 366,
 367, 368, 370
Insurgente, 58, 60
Intrepid, 32, 46
Iowa, 368
Iroquois, 249
Isla de Cuba, 342, 344
Isla de Luzon, 344
Isla de Mindanao, 344
Itaska, 248, 249, 252, 293

J

Jackson, Fort, 247, 251
 Jackson, General, 195
 James Island, 124

Jamestown, 241
Java, 112, 113, 114, 121, 187
 Jay, John, 88
Jeff Thompson, 220
 Jefferson, Thomas, 63, 87
Jersey, 31
John Adams, 44, 50, 203,
 212
John and George, 16
 Johnson, Com'd'r, 106
 Johnston, Com'd'r J. D.,
 301
 Jones, Capt. Jacob, 136-140
 Jones, Capt. John Paul, 61-
 90, 291
 Jones, Hon. Wm., 184
 Jones, William, 62
 Jupiter Inlet, 354

K

Kane, Captain, 319
Kansas, 373
Katahdin, 249
 Kautz, Lieut. Albert, 260,
 263, 264
 Kearney, Lieut., 147
Kearsarge, 284-292
Kearsarge, ironclad, 374
Kennebec, 249, 282, 293, 300
Kentucky, ironclad, 374
 Key West, 354
 Kimberly, Rear Admiral,
 314, 315
King George, 62
 Kingsbury, Boatswain, 132
 Knight, 10
 Knowles, quartermaster, 295

L

Lackawanna, 293, 300
Lady Prevost, 174, 178, 182
Lafayette, 267
L'Agile, 40
 Lamb, Midshipman Henry,
 180
Lancaster, 217
 Landais, Captain, 80
 Langdon, Miss, 85

- Laurence, James, 39, 148-151, 159-168
 Laurence, Colonel, 56
Lawrence, 172, 174-175, 177-187
 Law, Lieut., 164
 Lea, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 227, 228
 Leary, Commander Richard, 314
Lee, 15
 Lee, Admiral, 279
Levant, 114, 115, 116
Lexington, 267, 269, 270, 274
 Lexington of the sea, 11
 Lexington, battle of, 63
 Lincoln, President, 282, 302
 Lineres, General, 363, 364
Linnet, 190
 Linzee, Captain, 17
Little Belt, 176, 178, 182
Little Rebel, 219, 222
 Livermore, Chaplain, 165
 Livingston, Philip, 63
 Livingston, William, 63
 Louis XVI., 70, 86, 90
Louisiana, 247, 374
Louisville, 217, 220
Louisville, ironclad, 267
 Lodge, Henry Cabot, 97
 Long, Secretary, 348, 350, 351, 353
 Lord, Lieut., 275
 Lovell, General, 258
 Lovell, Col. W. S., 258
 Lynch, Sir Wm., 24
 Lynn, Master's Mate, 145
 Ludlow, Lieut., 162, 166, 168
- M
- MacDonough, Thomas, 39, 48, 189-192
Macedonian, 158
 Machias, 8, 9
Machias, 333, 334
 MacKenzie, Com'd'r A. S., 202-214
 Macomb, General, 189
- McCall, Lieut. Edward, 53, 54
 McCormack, Captain, 347
McCullough, 338, 340
 McDonald, Lieut., 152
 McKie, seaman, 209
 McKinley, President, 329
 McKnight, Act'g.-Lieut., 152
 McKnight, Lieut. Decatur, 133
 Magdalena Bay, 373
 Magellan, Straits, 378
Magnifique, 87
 Magruder, Major-Gen., 224
Maidstone, 108
Maine, 323-333
Maine, 374
 Manassas, 247, 250
Manhattan, 294, 299, 300
 Manila Bay, 337-344
 Manila forts, 343-372
 Manners, Capt. Wm., 142
Margaretta, 8, 9, 10, 11
Marietta, 347, 350, 352
 Mariner, 95
 Marix, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 327
Marquis del Duero, 344
 Marquis de la Fayette, 56
 Marston, Captain, 238
 Mars, 56
Mastico, 44
Massachusetts, 98, 367
Mayflower, 354
 Maynant, Lieut. John, 81, 82
Mellish, 65
 Melville, Herman, 73
 Menzies, Major, 15
Merrimac, 215, 217, 227, 230-244, 277
Merrimac, collier, 356-362
 Merry, Com'd'r J. F., 333, 334
Metacomet, 293, 297
 Metcalf, Secretary, 382
Miami, 277, 278
 Midway Island, 311
 Milligan, Chief Engineer, 371
 Mill Prison, 33
Minerva, 119
Minnesota, 374, 376

Minnesota, 231, 236, 238,
 239, 240
Mississippi, 249, 250
Mississippi, Confederate, 257
Mississippi, transport, 264,
 265
Missouri, 374
 Mobile Bay, 292
 Molloy, Captain, 32
Monarch, 302
Monarch, British ship, 217
Monitor, 216, 217, 230-244
Monocacy, 337
Monongahela, 293, 300, 303,
 304, 305
 Monroe, Acting Master, 227
 Monroe, Mayor, 258
Montague, 120
Montezuma, 121
Montgomery, 356
Monticello, 279, 283
 Montojo, Admiral, 342, 344
 Montt, President, 378, 379
 Moore, Lieut., 8-11
 Morris, Com'd'r Victor, 44
 Morris, Gouverneur, 90
 Morris, Lieut. G. U., 232,
 234
 Morris, Lieutenant, 110
 Morris, Robert, 64
Mound City, 267
 Mower, General, 268
 Mugford, Capt., 12, 13, 14
 Mullaney, Capt., 299
 Murray & Sons, 21-24

N

Nanshan, 339
 Nantes, 67
 Nelson, Horatio, 45, 174
Neosho, 267, 270, 274
Neptune, 224, 225
Nevada, 120
 Newcomb, Lieut. F. H., 333,
 336
New Falls City, 270
 New Jersey, 374
New Orleans, 245-265
New York, 44
New Zeland, 124

Niagara, 172, 175, 177-184
 Nicholson, Capt. Samuel,
 106
Nichteroy, 350, 352
 Niels, Ensign H. C., 297,
 298
Nipsic, 314, 321
Nocton, 120
North Carolina, 202
Nueva Constitucion, 95

O

O'Brien, Capt. Jeremiah, 11,
 12
Octarara, 293
 Ocean Island, 313
 Odenheimer, Lieut., 133
Ohio, 173, 176
 Oldham, Mr., 6, 8
 Oliva, Admiral, 377
Olympia, 337-345
Oneida, 249, 250, 251, 293,
 298, 300
 Ordranax, Capt., 104
Oregon, 346-355
Osage, 267, 268, 270, 271,
 274
Ossipee, 293
Ouachita, 267
Owasco, 226, 227

P

Pallas, 70, 72
 Palmer, Captain, 146
Panther, 374
 Parker, Admiral Sir Peter,
 63
 Pardo, President, 379
Patrick Henry, 241
Peacock, 149, 150, 154, 155,
 159
 Peake, Captain, 149
 Pearson, Capt. Robert, 81,
 82, 83
Penguin, 151, 152, 153
 Pennock, Capt. A. H., 302
Pensacola, 249, 250, 262
 Perkins, Lieut. Geo. H., 257
 Perry, Capt. C. R., 170

Perry, Capt. O. H., 169-187
Perseus, 30
Petrel, 338, 344
 Philip, Fort St., 246, 250, 253
 Pierce, Minister, 313
Pinola, 248, 249
 Pinzon, Lieut. L. F., 370
Pittsburg, 267
Plantagenet, 193
 Plattsburg Bay, 189
Pluton, 366, 368
 Poitiers, 140, 354
Policy, 121
 Polo y Bernabe, Señor, 332
Pomone, 103
Porcupine, 177, 182
 Port Bill, Boston, 4
 Porter, David, 39, 43, 59, 118-135
 Porter, David D., 246, 248, 250, 266, 270, 274, 275, 282
Porter, 354
Port Royal, 293
Portsmouth, 250
Potomac, 212
 Potter, Israel, 73, 76, 80
 Potter, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 327
 Potter, Midshipman, 83
Preble, 190
 Prendergast, Lieut., 236
 Prevost, Gen. Sir Geo., 186, 189, 192
 Puget Sound, 383
 Punta Arenas, 377
Purveyor, 305
 Put In Bay, 185

Q

Quebec, 36
Queen Charlotte, 176, 178, 182
Queen of the West, 217, 218, 219, 222

R

Rachorse. 29
Raleigh, 338

Ramsay, Capt. Allen, 263
 Ramsden, Consul, 363
Ranger, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 85, 99
Rapido, 344
Rappahannock, 285
 Read, Lieut. G. C., 111
 Read, Midshipman J. H., 260, 263
Red Chief, 272
 Rees, Lieutenant, 343
 Reid, Capt. S. G., 193, 194, 195
Reina Cristina, 341, 342, 344
Reina Mercedes, 362, 364
Reindeer, 142
 Renshaw, Com'd'r W. B., 223, 226
Revenge, 98
Revenge, 171
Rhode Island, 243
Richmond, 249, 252, 254, 263, 293
 Rio de Janeiro, 377
Roanoke, 231, 236
 Robinson, Captain, 28, 29, 31
 Rodgers, Lieut., 59, 118
Roebuck, 28
 Rogers, Captain, 35
 Rogers, Midshipman, 208
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 168, 185, 374, 378
Rose, 122, 123
Rosebud, 31
Rota, 193
Royal George, 103

S

Sachem, 28, 29, 223, 226
Saginaw, 311, 313
 Sampson, Capt. W. T., 327, 354, 367
Santiago, 356
Saratoga, 32
Saratoga, corvette, 190, 191, 192
 Sargeant, Hosea, 181
 Sartine, M. de, 683

Sassacus, 278
Saxon, 223
Scarboro, 73, 74, 75
 Schley, Commodore W., 371
 Schoonmaker, Capt. C. M.,
 310, 321
Scorpion, 172, 177, 178, 179,
 186
Scotia, 249
Seine, 40
 Selfridge, Lieut.-Com'd'r,
 268, 269
Seminole, 293
 Semmes, Capt. Raphael, 214,
 229, 285, 286, 289
Serapis, 64, 73-86
Seringapatam, 124
Severn, 147
 Seville, Charles, 310
 Shafter, General, 365, 367
Shannon, 94
Shannon, frigate, 108, 159-
 163
 Shaw, Lieut. John, 39
 Sherman, General, 266, 267
 Ship Island, 246
 Shubrick, Lieut. J. T., 149
 Sicard, Com'd'r Montgome-
 ry, 311, 312, 323
Signal, 275, 276
Sidney, 20, 24, 25
 Sigsbee, Capt. C. D., 323-
 327
Sir Andrew Hammond, 125
Sir William Erskine, 16
 Small, Elisha, 202, 210, 211,
 212
 Smith, Capt. Leon, 224, 225
 Smith, Com'd'r Wm., 232
 Smith, Commodore Joseph,
 236
 Smith, Gen. A. J., 267, 268
 Smith, Kirby, 275
 Smith, Lieutenant, 236
 Smith, Lieut. Sidney, 190
 Socapa, 360
Solway, 67
Somers, 173, 177, 178, 182
Somers, brig, 201-214
 Somers, Richard, 46, 49
 Soule, Pierre, 261, 262

Southfield, 277, 278, 280
Spartan, 16
 Spencer, Jno. C., 202
 Spencer, Philip, 202-214
 Spencer, Wm. A., 202
 Sperry, Rear Admiral, 374,
 383
 Stanton, Secretary, 216, 221
Starlight, 272
 St. Croix, 303, 305
St. Lawrence, 195, 196
St. Lawrence, brig, 196, 197
 St. Mary's Isle, 67
 St. Thomas, 305
 Stebbins, Captain, 16
 Sterrett, Lieut. Andrew, 42,
 43
 Stewart, Charles, 42, 114,
 116, 118
Stewart, 374
 Stone, Captain, 26, 27
 Story, Judge, 168
 Sumner, Charles, 214
Sumter, 219
Susquehanna, 306
 Sutton, Lieut., 321
Suwanee, 367
 Swan, Paymaster, 281
 Symonds, Com'd'r, 347, 349

T

Talbot, Commodore, 171
 Talbot, Lieut. J. G., 312,
 313, 314
 Tammany Hall, 195
 Tanner, August, 310
Tartarus, 144
 Tatnall, Com'd'r, 242
 Taylor, General, 275
 Taylor, Master M. V., 172
 Tecumseh, 186
Temerario, 350, 351, 352
Tennessee, 295, 298, 299,
 300, 301
 Tenney, Matthew, 235
Terror, 366
Texas, 368
Thames, 94
Thetis, 119

- Thomas, Rear Admiral, 374, 383
 Thompson, Jeff, 220
Thorn, 16
 Thornton, Lieut.-Com'd'r, J. S., 289
Three Brothers, 145
Ticonderoga, 190
Tigress, 173, 177, 182
Tom Bowline, 154
 Toulon, 45
Trenton, 314-322
Trepassy, 58
 Trinidad, 376
Tripoli, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46
 Trippe, Lieut., 48, 49
Trippe, 173, 177
Truxton, 374
 Truxton, Commodore, Thos., 58, 59, 60
 Tucker, Captain, 126, 134
Tuscarora, 283
 Tyler, President John, 202, 213
Tyrannicide, 97-104
- U
- Union*, 71
United States, 156, 157, 158
Unity, 10
- V
- Valdivia, Fort, 379
Valley City, 282
 Valparaiso, 123, 125, 378
 Van Brunt, Captain, 239
Vandalia, 202, 314, 320, 321
Van Dorn, 220, 222
Varuna, 249-254
Velocity, 223
Velasco, 344
Vengeance, 70, 72
Vermont, 373
Virginia, 374
Virginia, Confederate, 232
Vixen, 159
Vizcaya, 324, 366, 370
- W
- Wadsworth, Henry, 46
 Wainwright, Com'd'r Richard, 223-228
 Wainwright, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 326, 368
 Wales, Captain, 155
 Wales, purser's steward, 204, 205, 206, 207
Walker, 120
 Wallingford, Lieutenant, 69
 Wallis, Lieut., 168
Warner, 275
 Warrington, Captain, 155
Warrior, 252
 Washington, George, 4, 63, 65, 87
Wasp, 28, 159
Wasp, ship, 136-147
Wateree, 306, 309, 310, 311
 Waters, Capt. Daniel, 15, 16
Watson, 94
 Watt, Lieutenant, 165
 Welles, Secretary G., 245, 289
 Westfall, Gunner, 316, 317
Westfield, 223, 226, 227
 Weston, Josiah, 9
 Weyler, Captain-Gen., 323, 324
 Wharton, Lieut., 300
 Whingates, Capt. Thos., 136
 Whipple, Captain, 18
 Whitehaven, 67
 Wier, Captain, 225
William, 94
 Wilmer, Lieut., 133
Wilmington, 333, 336
 Wilson, Capt. Oliver, 92, 93, 94
 Wilson, Lieut.-Com'd'r, 223
 Wilson, seaman, 209
Winnebago, 294, 300
Winona, 249, 252
Winslow, 333, 334, 335, 336
 Winslow, Capt. J. A., 285, 286
 Winslow, Dr., 307
Wissahickon, 249
 Wood, W. W., 280
 Woodman, Mate, 281

Worden, Lieut., 238, 241

Y

Yankee, 92, 93, 94, 95*Yankton*, 374*Yarmouth*, 32Yarnall, Lieut. J. Y., 179,
181

Young, Capt. John, 32

Z

Zafiro, 339

Zettich, Ensign, 298

Zimmerman, Lieut. C. W.,
227

TWENTY-SIX HISTORIC SHIPS

The Story of Certain Famous Vessels
of War and of their Successors in the
Navies of the United States and of the
Confederate States of America from
1775 to 1902

By **FREDERIC STANHOPE HILL**

Late U. S. Navy

Author of "Twenty Years at Sea," "The Story of the Lucky Little
'Enterprise,'" etc.

With an Introduction by George Eugene Belknap
Rear Admiral (Retired) U. S. N.



8°. With 32 Illustrations. Net, \$3.50. By mail, \$3.75

Admiral Bradford writes concerning this volume as follows: "A most interesting work. The Bureau has directed the Commandant of the Navy Yard to include the title of this book in the list from which the libraries of the officers are selected. The work must possess permanent value for the Navy."

"Mr. Hill has selected his matter and presented it in such an attractive form that his book stands alone in its way, and includes what heretofore required many volumes."—*Boston Transcript*.

"One thing concerning the book is certain, and that is its value as an educational force of great attractiveness. He has by careful presentation given in moderate compass all the general reader and many students desire to know concerning the great naval duels of the United and the Confederate States of America."—*Baltimore Sun*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York

London

The United States Naval Academy

Being the Yarn of the American Midshipman (Naval Cadet) showing his Life in the old Frigates and Ships-of-the-Line, and then at the Naval School at Annapolis; and how that Institution became a famous Naval College, meanwhile making him into the most Accomplished and Versatile young Seaman in the World; together with some Reference to the Boys best suited for the Navy, and what they must do and know to get into the Naval Academy, and what they have to expect while there: and also many Pictures, all properly stopped to the Yarn as it is handsomely paid out.

By PARK BENJAMIN

Of the Class of 1867

8°. Fully Illustrated . . . net \$2.50

“Mr. Park Benjamin has a taste for historical research; he is a practised writer; he has a keen sense of humor, not unduly restrained by a reverence for authorities, and he has a lively style of his own. Thus he is well equipped for his work, and has been able to weave a somewhat incongruous and not altogether enlivening mass of material into an interesting narrative.”—*Army and Navy Journal*.

New York—G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS—London

"The best summary at present available of the political history of the United States."

FRANK H. HODDER, Professor of American History in the University of Kansas.

American Political History

1763-1876

By **Alexander Johnston**

Edited and Supplemented by

James Albert Woodburn

Professor of History and Political Science, Indiana University; Author of "The American Republic,"

"Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States," etc.

In two parts, each complete in itself and indexed, Octavo.

Each, net \$2.00

1. **The Revolution, the Constitution, and the Growth of Nationality. 1763-1832.**
2. **The Slavery Controversy, Secession, Civil War, and Reconstruction. 1820-1876.**

These volumes present the principal features in the political history of the United States from the opening of the American Revolution to the close of the era of the Reconstruction. They give in more convenient form the series of articles on "American Political History" contributed to Lalor's "Cyclopedia of Political Science, Political Economy, and Political History," by the late Professor Alexander Johnston.

"These essays, covering the whole field of the political history of the United States, have a continuity and unity of purpose; introduced, arranged and supplemented as they have been by Professor Woodburn (who contributes a very necessary chapter on the Monroe Doctrine) they present a complete and well-balanced history of the politics of the United States."—*Hartford Courant*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

New York

London

American Orations

FROM THE COLONIAL PERIOD
TO THE PRESENT TIME

Selected as specimens of eloquence, and with special reference to their value in throwing light upon the more important epochs and issues of American history.

Edited, with introductions and notes, by the late ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, Professor of Jurisprudence in the College of New Jersey.

Re-edited, with new material and historical notes, by JAMES A. WOODBURN, Professor of American History and Politics in Indiana University.

FOUR VOLUMES,

EACH COMPLETE IN ITSELF AND SOLD SEPARATELY

Crown octavo, gilt tops, per volume, \$1.25

Set, four volumes, in a box . . . 5.00

Half calf, extra 10.00

SERIES I. Colonialism—Constitutional Government—The Rise of Democracy—The Rise of Nationality.

SERIES II. The Anti-Slavery Struggle.

SERIES III. The Anti-Slavery Struggle (*Continued*)—Secession.

SERIES IV. Civil War and Reconstruction—Free Trade and Protection—Finance and Civil-Service Reform.

"Regarded merely as studies in language, these orations contain some of the most eloquent and persuasive speeches in the English tongue. But more than this, the present collection has a permanent historical value which can hardly be overestimated. The very spirit of the times is preserved in these utterances; and, presented in this cogent form, history in a peculiar sense repeats itself to the reader, who feels the impulse of past events and the vitality of great principles behind them."—*School Journal*.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

R R 3.5 . 1





OBBS BROS.
BINARY BINDING

AUGUSTINE
FLA.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 529 603 6

