

HEROES OF THE NAVY — IN — AMERICA



BY
CHARLES
MORRIS



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THE UNITED STATES AND THE MACEDONIAN

HEROES OF THE NAVY

IN AMERICA

BY

CHARLES MORRIS

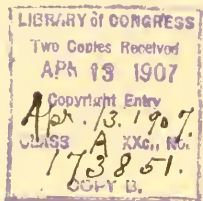
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HEROES OF THE NAVY



JEREMIAH O'BRIEN AND THE HAY- MAKERS OF MACHIAS

THE history of naval events in the United States presents us, by way of preface, with two rather amusing incidents, in which the colonists showed their detestation of King George III. and his edicts in a contemptuous fashion. The first was that scene in Providence harbor in the early morning of June 18, 1772, when a party of men disguised as Indians attacked the armed schooner "Gaspé" with paving stones for weapons, captured it and burned it to the water's edge. The second was that memorable event on the night of December 17, 1773, when another party of men in Indian garb boarded the tea-ship "Dartmouth" in Boston harbor and flung her unwelcome cargo overboard to make a tea-party for the fishes.

These were not naval events in the true sense. It was landlubbers that did the work. And, for that matter, it was landlubbers still who were the actors in the first scene of actual naval warfare in our country's history—the bold haymakers of Maine and Jerry O'Brien, their gallant leader. We must tell this story, for it is in its way a notable one, as being the first in which the genuine Yankee spirit was shown upon the "briny deep."

The 19th of April, 1775, had passed and the "Min-

ute Men" of New England were swarming in wrath around Boston, to avenge the patriots shot down on Lexington green. The tidings of this event spread rapidly in some quarters, slowly in others, and it was not until twenty days later that rumors of the tale of Lexington crept up to the little town of Machias, on the far northern coast of Maine.

No proud port was Machias. A seaside village rather, its people mainly haymakers, for it lay amid grassy meadows beside its bay. But there were woodsmen among its population who knew how to swing an axe and bring down the giants of the Maine forests; and it had, no doubt, its share of men of the sea, for the ports of New England in those days were often busy scenes of ocean ventures.

The people of Machias did not love King George. All the tall, straight trees in their woods were reserved to make masts for British ships, and no woodsman dared set axe to one of their giant pines for fear of seizure by the agents of the king.

It was not to their liking, then, when, on a May morning in 1775, a small fleet sailed into their quiet harbor, consisting of the "Margaretta," a British armed schooner, and two sloops sent to get lumber for the fortifications at Boston.

The news that war had broken out and that the "Minute Men" were in arms around Boston was like a torch to the patriot sons of Machias. They hastened to plant a liberty pole on the village green and were very ill-disposed to supply Captain Moore of the "Margaretta" with the lumber he demanded. As for his order to them to cut down their liberty pole and his threat to fire upon them if they did not, they heard these with defiance.

There were bold souls in Machias, men more disposed to take than to give. Their fellows farther south were besieging Boston. Here lay a king's ship. Why not make a bold stroke for the cause by capturing it? A plot was quickly formed, a group of ardent patriots meeting in the woods near the town and laying plans for their daring enterprise. It was proposed to seize Captain Moore and his officers on Sunday when they were ashore attending the village church and then attack and capture their ship.

Prominent among the conspirators were six stalwart fellows named O'Brien, sons of an Irish resident of the town, and one of these in particular, a daring young colonist named Jeremiah, took a leading part in the events that followed. Messengers were sent to a neighboring settlement for help, every one was pledged to secrecy, and the plotters waited in excited anticipation for the coming Sunday.

The looked-for day dawned. All seemed to go well, Captain Moore coming on shore to attend the village church, without a thought that men with arms occupied some of the seats, and that some bold fellows sat directly behind him, intent on his capture. But near by was an open window, the river was in plain view, and as the service went on he saw some men crossing it, muskets in hand.

He knew the people to be in a dangerous mood. There were other suspicious movements on the shore. Evidently something was afoot. Quick to take alarm, he sprang from his seat, reached the window with a bound, leaped through, and was off for the beach almost before his foes in the church could leave their seats.

His waiting boat quickly put him on board, and on

reaching the deck he ordered some shots to be fired over the town to intimidate the people, numbers of whom were now hurrying to the water-side. Not liking the looks of things ashore, Captain Moore had the anchor lifted and sailed several miles down the bay, where he came to anchor again under a high bank. It was not a safe place of shelter, for the townsfolk had followed him along the shore, and one of them called from the bank, bidding him to surrender and threatening to fire if he refused.

“Fire and be hanged!” was his defiant reply, and some shots were exchanged, but the anchor was soon raised again and the “Margaretta” ran out into the bay, where she was beyond the reach of the village conspirators.

Here he seemed safe and the project at an end, but there were men in Machias of daring spirit, and the next day told a different tale. There lay the sloops in the harbor. Where a schooner could go a sloop could follow, and on Monday morning four of the venturesome young men of the town, moved by a sudden impulse, boarded one of the lumber vessels and took possession.

Their easy feat was followed by three hearty cheers, which roused the people and brought a crowd of them to the wharf where the sloops lay. Foremost among them was Jerry O'Brien, “an athletic, gallant man,” as the records say. On reaching the wharf he called to those on board:

“What is in the wind?”

“We are going for the King’s ship,” answered Joseph Wheaton, one of the captors. “This craft can outsail her, and if we have men and guns enough we can take her.”

“My boys, we can do it!” cried the bold Jerry, with an enthusiasm that sent the crowd off in a hurry in search of arms.

A sorry show of arms they found with which to attack a vessel well supplied with cannon, for the “Margaretta” boasted four six-pounders and twenty swivels, each firing a one-pound ball. All the hay-makers could muster were twenty guns, with enough powder and shot to make three loads for each. One of these was a “wall piece,” a musket too heavy to fire from the shoulder. The rest of their weapons consisted of thirteen pitchforks and twelve axes. Men were plenty, but only thirty-five were chosen, the most athletic of the throng. Among them were the half-dozen O’Brien brothers, and Jerry, a village leader in all matters that called for decision, was elected captain. Setting sail on the “Unity,” the sloop they had taken, away they went for the first naval battle of the Revolutionary War.

Captain Moore saw his foes coming and apparently did not like their looks any too well, or had good reasons of his own for avoiding a fight, for he hastily got up anchor again and fairly ran away. His quick movement was no lucky one, for in going about the main-boom swung across so sharply that it struck the backstays and broke short off.

This was an ugly accident for a runaway, but chance enabled the British captain to quickly replace the broken spar, for a merchant schooner lay near by at anchor. Laying the “Margaretta” beside this vessel, he made no ceremony in robbing it of its boom to replace his, and in a brief time was under sail again, heading for the open sea with a timidity that seemed strange under the circumstances, as his vessel was

strong enough in cannon to make short work of the "Unity," if he had chosen to fight.

Meanwhile time was passing and Captain O'Brien, with his amateur crew, was fast coming up. The sloop proved the better sailer of the two, and the last tack had brought it so close aboard that Captain Moore now cut adrift his boats in his eagerness to escape. For a British captain dealing with "rebels," he seemed strangely timid. Not until the "Unity" was within striking distance did he make up his mind to fight, showing the new spirit that animated him by firing a gun. This was followed by a broadside, but the guns were apparently badly aimed, for though one man fell dead, no other harm was done to vessel or crew.

The eager patriots retorted with a volley of musketry, the wall-piece being fired by a dead-shot moose-hunter of the backwoods, who aimed so truly that he picked off the man at the helm and sent everybody scurrying from the schooner's quarter-deck.

Left to take care of herself, her helm swinging free, the schooner broached to, and in a moment more the sloop, then very close at hand, crashed into her. In an instant more the axemen and haymakers were tumbling over the rail and a hot affray was in progress, the schooner's crew, with Captain Moore at their head, rushing up to repel the eager boarders.

The killing of the helmsman and the boarding of the schooner had in an instant overcome all the superiority it possessed by virtue of its armament, and hand to hand the battle went on with such weapons as could be seized. With muskets, pitchforks and axes the patriots shot, thrust and cut at the British crew, who fought valiantly with cutlasses, hand grenades, pistols, and

boarding pikes, Captain Moore flinging grenades fiercely at his foes. But when a musket-ball stretched him dead upon the deck, his men lost heart and drew back, the Yankees poured hotly upon them, and in a minute more the "Margaretta" was theirs.

The fight had been fast and furious, for twenty men, more than a fourth of all those engaged, were killed and wounded. Thus ended the haymakers' fight, the opening event in the ocean warfare of the Revolution. The "Margaretta" was greatly the stronger, in men, in guns, and the skill and training of captain and crew, yet she had been taken by a party of landsmen, with muskets against cannon and pitchforks against cutlasses. It was a victory of which they could well be proud.

This is not the end of the story of Jerry O'Brien, the hero of the haymakers' fight. He had now under him a fighting crew, cannon and ammunition, and before him the open ocean, offering prizes and glory to men of his mould. Taking in the "Margaretta," landing his prisoners, and shifting the cannon and small arms of the captured vessel to his swifter sloop, which he renamed the "Machias Liberty," he set sail on a privateering cruise, the first, so far as history tells us, in American annals.

The British naval authorities, eager to punish O'Brien and his men for their daring act, soon gave them an opportunity to show their mettle. On hearing of what they doubtless considered his audacious presumption, they sent down two armed schooners, the "Diligence" and the "Tapanagouche," from Halifax to deal with the bold Yankee-Irishman. But Captain O'Brien knew something about handling a ship, as he had already proved. By skilful movements he suc-

ceeded in separating the cruisers and then dashed on them one at a time in the bold manner in which he had dashed on the "Margaretta." As a result, he brought them both in as prizes to Watertown, Massachusetts, and handed them over to the colonial authorities.

As may be imagined, the brave O'Brien, America's pioneer privateer captain, found a generous welcome awaiting him. Men of his calibre were wanted, and as soon as his vessels could be refitted he was sent to sea again, with three vessels under his command, commissioned to cruise for the British supply ships bound for Boston.

We must deal briefly with the remaining career of the bold privateer of Machias. For a year and a half he cruised off the coast, taking a number of prizes. He finally took command of a new privateer, the "Hannibal," but in this he came to grief. While cruising off New York he was chased by two frigates and captured, and for six dismal months lay a captive in the terrible "Jersey" prison ship. Afterwards, sent to England and confined in Mill prison, he escaped and made his way back to America. The war was now at an end, and the rest of his life was spent in peaceful pursuits at Machias, where he died in 1818. Among the descendants of this Maine hero was the noted New Hampshire Senator, John P. Hale.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE, CAPTAIN OF THE FIRST AMERICAN FRIGATE

THE Navy of the United States of America had its birthday on Friday, the 22d of December, 1775. Armed vessels were already afloat, bearing the rattlesnake flag of the rebel colonies, and bold mariners like Jerry O'Brien and his haymaker crew were troubling the British upon the seas; but it was not until this date that Congress took steps to organize a navy by the appointment of officers to command the small armed fleet then ready for use.

Esek Hopkins, Esq., was made commander-in-chief of the fleet, a rank upon the waters the counterpart of that of Washington upon the land. Yet of him we can only say that he proved unsuited to the post of distinction given him and was soon removed from command. Four captains were chosen for the four ships in commission, Dudley Saltonstall being assigned to the "Alfred," Abraham Whipple to the "Columbus," John D. Hopkins to the "Cabot," and Nicholas Biddle to the "Andrea Doria." Of the lieutenants chosen there was only one who attained to fame, the immortal John Paul Jones. Captain Abraham Whipple, tradition tells us, had commanded the paving-stone captors of the "Gaspé," but Captain Biddle alone won a heroic place in the later sea history of the war.

Born in Philadelphia in 1750, Nicholas Biddle gravitated to the sea, entered the British navy at the age of twenty, and had the honor of serving with the future Lord Nelson, then, like him, a boy. He came back

to his native land when it struck for liberty, and owed to his naval experience his appointment to the "Andrea Doria."

This was a brig, named for the famous Genoese sailor, and, like the "Cabot," was armed with fourteen four-pounders. The "Alfred" and "Columbus" were ships carrying nine-pounders. Such was the insignificant squadron with which the proud American Navy began its career.

The first naval battle was fought on April 6, 1776, on which day Commander Hopkins and his ships came suddenly upon the "Glasgow," a well-armed British sloop-of-war. The "Glasgow" was ably handled, its captain alert, its crew well trained, and though over-matched by his opponents, its captain knew his business far better than they, fought them briskly for an hour or two, and sailed away when the unequal contest grew too hot. In this sharp but brief fight Captain Biddle took an active part, though the British captain won what little credit was gained.

It need only be said further of this first naval battle by an American fleet, that there was no lack of valor shown, but much lack of skill, and of its captains Nicholas Biddle was the only one who afterwards showed himself a hero of the waves. After refitting his vessel, he put to sea again on May 16, and for four months cruised between the capes of the Delaware and the Maine coast, picking up prizes at a satisfying rate. In all, he captured ten vessels, one of which was retaken, the others reaching port in safety. When he at length followed them into port only five of his original crew remained. All the rest had been sent away in prizes and replaced by volunteers from the captured craft.

Short, however, were the careers of Captain Biddle

and his little brig. Both came to disastrous ends, but neither before they had made their mark. The "Andrea Doria" was the American champion in the first even sea-fight of the Revolution—though not under her original captain. Captain Isaiah Robinson was now in command, this being his reward for capturing, on July 6, 1776, two days after independence was declared, with the sloop "Sachem," a British vessel of four guns.

In the "Andrea Doria" he was sent to the Dutch port of St. Eustatius to get arms and ammunition for the American navy, and here had the honor of receiving a salute from the governor of the port—the first salute given to the flag of the young Republic. The compliment did not please the British government, for complaint was made and the offending Dutch governor lost his post.

On his way home Captain Robinson had his fight. When off the west end of Porto Rico he met with the British brig "Racehorse," which had been sent out to intercept him, and for two hours those tropical waters echoed to the roar of guns, as the first square fight between a British and an American warship took place. The "Andrea Doria" lost four killed and eight wounded in the battle, the "Racehorse" losing considerably more, among them her commander, Lieutenant Jones, who fell with a mortal wound. On his fall the crew surrendered and Captain Robinson brought his prize safely to port at Philadelphia. This was her final cruise, for that city was soon after taken by the enemy and the gallant little brig was burned to save her from falling into their hands.

The fate of Captain Biddle was more heroic than that of the "Andrea Doria." Of him it has been said

that "Liberty never had a more heroic defender," and he certainly went down in a blaze of glory. The reputation gained by him in his first command brought him the captaincy of the "Randolph," the first completed of the squadron of thirty-two-gun frigates ordered by Congress in 1775.

In this new craft he sailed from Philadelphia in February, 1777. When off Cape Hatteras the masts of the "Randolph" were sprung in a gale, and he had to put into Charleston for repairs. On sailing again he showed his skill and activity by bringing in six prizes within a week, one of them a twenty-gun ship called the "True Briton." He did not go out again that year, for a blockading fleet held him locked up in Charleston harbor until March, 1778.

During his detention the state of South Carolina, inspired by his success, fitted out four cruisers, carrying in all sixty-four guns. When these were ready Captain Biddle took them out to try conclusions with the blockading fleet, but it did not wait for him. Finding the coast clear, he sailed south to the Caribbean Sea, and in its waters, on the 7th of March, 1778, came to the final event in his career.

Cruising with his little squadron eastward of the island of Barbadoes, he fell in on that day with a great British man-of-war, the ship-of-the-line "Yarmouth," Captain Vincent. Biddle could have run away with credit to himself, for the "Yarmouth" was a much larger and stronger vessel and carried twice his number of guns, all of greater calibre. His consorts, the South Carolina cruisers, were of no use, for their guns were too light to pierce the stout hull of the British ship, so he signalled them to run for safety. As for himself, flight was out of the ques-

tion, even if it had been in his thoughts, and he ranged up boldly to meet his powerful antagonist, despite the fact that he was like a game-cock defying an eagle.

Yet for all their disparity in strength, the "Randolph," with her thirty-two small guns, for a full hour held her own against the "Yarmouth," with her sixty-four large ones, fighting broadside to broadside. The gallant Biddle was wounded, but he would not let his men carry him below, and lay directing the fight from his quarter-deck.

While thus engaged the catastrophe that was to end his career came. In some way the powder in the "Randolph's" magazine took fire, and the good ship was fairly blown out of the water, her sides rent and torn and fragments flying in all directions. Some of them fell flaming on the deck of the "Yarmouth," while an American flag, rolled up so as to be ready to replace the one flying if it should be shot away, came down unsinged on the fore-castle.

The men on board the "Randolph," 315 in all, appeared to have shared the fate of their ship and commander, and Captain Vincent, supposing that they had all perished, set out in pursuit of the four fleeing cruisers. But he had suffered too severely in the fight to overtake them, and on March 12, five days later, returning to the same waters, he found a piece of the "Randolph" still afloat, with four men upon it. These, the sole survivors, were rescued. The loss of the "Yarmouth" in the battle was five men killed and twelve wounded.

Thus perished, in an unequal and a supremely daring contest, one of the most gallant among the naval heroes of the Revolution.

JOHN PAUL JONES, AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS NAVAL HERO

THE 14th of June, 1777, is notable in our annals as the date on which Congress adopted the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the new Union. It is also notable in our naval history, for on that day Captain John Paul Jones, the most famous of our naval heroes, was appointed to the command of the eighteen-gun ship "Ranger." The two events were brought together when Jones reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where his ship lay, for he hoisted with his own hands the newly-chosen flag to her peak, this being the first occasion in which "Old Glory" was flung to the breeze on a ship of the American Navy.

Glorious as he made himself in American naval history, John Paul Jones was not a native of our soil, but was born in 1747 on the estate of Arbigland, in Scotland. His father was a gardener named John Paul, and this was the name borne by the boy in his early life. At twelve years of age he was placed in a store at Whitehaven, an English seaport town, and here the lad took a fancy to the sea and learned all he could about ships and sea life. He grew so eager to try it for himself that at thirteen he was put as a sailor boy on the "Friendship," a ship bound to Virginia for a cargo of tobacco.

For a number of years the youthful adventurer served as a sailor, but an ocean event made him a captain before he was twenty years of age. A fever broke out on the ship when in mid-Atlantic, carrying

off the captain, the mate, and a number of the sailors. No man on board knew anything about navigation, but the boy, John Paul, had made no small study of the art and now took command of the ship. He did his work so ably that when he brought the vessel safely into port the owners were so pleased with his ability as to make him its captain.

The young sailor had taken a fancy to America during his first visit. He had a brother living on the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, whom he visited several times in his voyages, and grew so in love with the country that when his brother died he gave up life on the sea and took up a farmer's life on his brother's estate.

It was during his residence in Virginia that he took the name of Jones, calling himself John Paul Jones. Why he did so is not known. Theories are given, but none of them are proved. All that we are here concerned in is the fact that it was under this name he won his great fame, he being usually known in history by the name of Paul Jones, the John being dropped by most writers.

When the colonies broke into rebellion in 1775 and Congress took steps to form a navy, Jones was prompt to offer his services to the young Republic, and succeeded in getting himself appointed first lieutenant on the "Alfred," the flag-ship of Commodore Hopkins. As such he had the honor to hoist the first American flag to the masthead of an American naval vessel. This was a yellow silk flag, bearing the picture of a pine tree with a rattlesnake coiled at its root, and the motto "Don't tread on me." We have already told how he duplicated this honor in being the first to raise the Stars and Stripes on an American ship of war.

Jones had been offered the command of the "Providence," a twelve-gun brig, but he modestly declined, saying that he did not know enough to be a captain and was hardly fit to be a first lieutenant. But Commander Hopkins soon saw that he was a born seaman, and on the 10th of May, 1776, he ordered him to take command of the "Providence," with the duty of carrying troops and convoying merchantmen along the coast. This work he performed with admirable skill, managing to avoid the British warships that swarmed in those waters and to bring men, guns and food in safety to Washington, then in New York. Congress saw that here was a man of worth, and soon after, on August 8th, raised him to the rank of captain.

Paul Jones was now fighting for an independent nation, not for rebel colonies, for independence had been declared and a new spirit animated all men concerned. Captain Jones soon showed his skill and alertness in a dramatic feat. He had been bidden to cruise for prizes between Boston and the Delaware, but took it upon himself to stretch his territory down as far as the Bermudas. Off these islands, on September 1, the lookout sighted what appeared to be a group of merchantmen, five in number.

Jones, eager for prizes, began beating up to the largest of the group, but suddenly found himself dangerously close to a twenty-eight-gun frigate, the "Soleboy." His boldness had got the little "Providence" into a tight place, and how to get out was a difficult problem. Tacking hastily, he sailed away, the "Soleboy" hot foot after him, and for nearly four hours of a sharp chase managed to keep out of gunshot.

The "Providence" was a good sailer, but the frigate proved a better, and steadily gained on her until at last

she was less than a hundred yards away and in position to yaw round and give the little brig her full broadside. It was the time for surrender, if Captain Jones had any such thought, for the iron hail from the frigate's guns threatened to rend the little brig into fragments. But Captain Jones had no such thought.

He passed the word to the men to stand ready to square away before the wind and set all sail promptly when the word came, while others were posted with lighted matches at the cannon on the lee side, and a quartermaster stood by to hoist the American flag.

The critical moment arrived. Just as the "Soleboy" was about to fall off, the little brig spun round on her heel square across the frigate's bows, the broad flag rose gracefully to the truck, and the guns of the "Providence" sent their iron hail hurtling along the enemy's deck. At the same moment the studding sails were set on both sides alow and aloft, and before the sudden dismay ended on the frigate's deck the swift-footed "Providence" was out of the reach of her guns and drawing rapidly away. The "Soleboy" fired more than a hundred round shot in the subsequent pursuit, but not a ball reached her, and off she went like a bird before the wind, easily now outsailing the frigate on this course.

This is an example of the kind of man Paul Jones was. The idea of surrender seems never to have entered his mind. He was a man to fight to the death and go down with his flag. Not long afterwards he had a second adventure of the same sort. He was now off the coast of Nova Scotia and letting his men have a day's sport in fishing for codfish, when another British frigate, the "Milford," came bowling up to spoil their sport. Another chase began, but in this

Captain Jones soon found that he had the fastest ship and began to play with the frigate, shortening sail so as to keep just beyond the range of her guns. The "Milford" kept up a steady fire, rounding to at intervals to send broadsides that only ruffled the surface of the sea, while Jones tormented and infuriated the British captain by contemptuously answering each broadside with a musket shot. When he had all the fun of this kind he wished he spread his sails and soon left the lumbering frigate miles behind.

The cruise of the "Providence" was in other ways a notable one. In less than two months the little brig captured and sent in sixteen prizes and burned some others. Soon after Jones was made captain of the "Alfred," the ship on which he had begun his naval career, and with this he had the good fortune to capture the brig "Mellish," whose lading included ten thousand uniforms for British soldiers, a splendid present to Washington's half-clad men.

After sending the "Mellish" in he came upon a fleet of coal vessels in foggy weather and boldly carried off three of them without the frigate that convoyed them suspecting that anything was wrong. Two days later he came upon and snapped up a British privateer. The "Alfred" was now short of food and water and had four prizes to look after, and Captain Jones fancied it about time to make for port. But he was not to get there without a new adventure, for his old antagonist, the "Milford," came in view. He could not play with her now; he had his prizes to care for; skill and shrewdness were needed to save them. He told his prize captains to keep on as they were, no matter what signals he might make, and when night came on he hoisted two lanterns to his tops. Soon the course of

the "Alfred" was changed, and the "Milford" followed, thinking probably that the Yankee was out of his wits, thus to blazon his path. When morning dawned the "Alfred" was still in sight, but the prizes were gone except the privateer, whose captain had failed to obey orders and stupidly followed the lantern lights. The result was that she was retaken. That afternoon a squall of snow came upon the seas, and the Yankee craft, "amid clouds and darkness and foaming surges, made her escape." A few days later the "Alfred" sailed into Boston harbor and her cruise was at an end.

The events so far narrated formed the apprenticeship of Paul Jones as a hero of the seas. The days of his mastership were still to come, and this was to be in other waters than those in which his first years as a fighter had been passed. It was the work of these later years, yet to be told, that made him the greatest figure in the naval history of America and, to a certain extent, of the world. It is with the remarkable deeds of these years that we are now concerned.

For a time after his return to Boston it looked as if the naval career of Paul Jones was at an end, instead of in its beginning. Politics were at play in the young Republic, and there seems to have been jealousy on the part of Commodore Hopkins, who had done so little, of the man who had done so much. At all events, his ship was taken from him and given to another captain and he was ordered back to the little "Providence." And in the new list of naval captains that was made by Congress while he was taking prizes upon the high seas his name stood eighteenth in order, instead of near or at the head as it should justly have been placed.

We have told in the opening page of this record how, on the 14th of June, 1777—six months after he brought the “Alfred” into Boston—Paul Jones was made captain of the “Ranger,” an eighteen-gun ship built at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and how he raised the new flag of the Union to its peak. It was the first time this banner of glory had floated in the air above an American ship, and it was to win its greatest meed of honor at his hands.

There was new delay; money was scarce and supplies for the ship were hard to get; they came slowly, and it was November 1 before the “Ranger” spread her sails and began her notable career. She was bound for France, but she proved a slow sailer and the port of Nantes was reached without any prizes being picked up except a couple of small brigs engaged in the fruit trade.

The American commissioners in France, Benjamin Franklin at their head, had meanwhile been having a fine frigate secretly built in Holland, and this they proposed to put under the command of Captain Jones. But the secret leaked out and came to British ears, and such a storm of protest was made that the Dutch authorities did not dare let the Americans have her. So Jones, bitterly disappointed, was forced to content himself with the slow-footed “Ranger.”

He sailed from Nantes February 10, 1778, convoying some American merchant ships to Quiberon Bay, and here he won the first international honor to the new flag, for when he saluted the French standard, the admiral in command at Quiberon gracefully returned his salute. It was the first recognition of the Stars and Stripes in foreign waters and by the warships of a European power.

Captain Jones had it in mind to do the boldest thing yet attempted by an American ship. England was invading America and doing what mischief she could along its shores. He proposed to carry the war into English waters and let the islanders feel how war seemed when brought home to them. Taking a number of prizes in his cruise, he bore away for the port of Whitehaven, the shipping town he had lived in when a boy and from which he had first gone to sea.

One would think that sentiment would have kept Captain Jones from seeking to injure this place of his boyhood memories; but there is no sentiment in war, and it may be that his memories of Whitehaven were not of the best. At any rate he made that port his goal, and would have entered the crowded harbor torch in hand, but for a storm which forced him, for the present, to give up the attempt. The weather also kept him from attacking a fleet of merchantmen he met, so he headed across for the Bay of Carrickfergus, Ireland, at the head of which the city of Belfast stands.

Picking up a fisherman outside, he learned that a man-of-war, the "Drake," a larger craft than his and carrying more men and more guns, lay at anchor in the bay. He made an effort to take this craft by a midnight surprise, but things went wrong and the "Ranger" got into so awkward a situation that Jones was obliged to abandon the project, leaving the lookout on the "Drake" in a quandary as to what was the matter with that badly-handled merchantman.

The "Drake" was to find out a few days later, but just for the present Paul Jones had other work in hand. He stood across again for Whitehaven, sailed at night into the harbor, which was crowded with shipping, over two hundred vessels in all, and prepared to give

John Bull a much needed lesson in the amenities of war. Outrages had been inflicted by British ships on the American shores, and Captain Jones said that he proposed "to put an end, by one good fire of shipping, to all the burnings in America."

It was an enterprise of the utmost daring, success in which depended upon its audacity. Sending Lieutenant Wallingsford in one boat to fire the shipping, he went ashore in another boat, took by surprise the two small forts that guarded the harbor and spiked their guns, then looked across the harbor for the flames which he expected to see rising from the ships. None were to be seen. For some reason unknown Wallingsford had failed to do his work.

Jones in haste ran back to the beach, set fire himself to a large ship in the midst of the fleet, broke open a barrel of tar and flung the contents upon the flames he had kindled, and then hurried ashore again. It was time. The people had taken the alarm, sprung from their beds, and were hurrying in crowds to the water-side. But there stood bold Captain Jones, pistol in hand, and ordering them to retire, in such strenuous tones that they fell back with a wild haste that was rather amusing. Then he sprang into his boat again and was rowed hastily away. The affair had miscarried, for the townsmen put out the fire on the burning ship, but Great Britain had been thrown into a thorough fright and thenceforward its people looked upon Paul Jones as a pirate of the first rank, for whom, if caught, there was to be but one end—the rope.

He proposed to stir them up further still. In addition to burning the shipping he had planned to take prisoner a great lord, to be held as a hostage for the proper treatment of American prisoners. On the Isle

of St. Mary, across the bay, stood the mansion of the Earl of Selkirk, a nobleman for whom his father had worked as a gardener. But here, too, his plans went amiss, for the earl, luckily for himself, was not at home. To satisfy his men Captain Jones allowed them to carry away the silverware of the earl, for which act of brigandism the "pirate" was afterwards much threatened and berated, despite the fact that when the plate was sold for the benefit of the men, Jones bought it in at a cost of \$5,000 and sent it back, with his compliments, to the earl.

The next event in the stirring career of Paul Jones had to do with the "Drake," the warship he had failed to capture in Carrickfergus Bay. He still had a hankering after that trim craft, and on the morning of April 24, three days after his former visit, he hove to off the bay, and for several hours kept backing and filling in the waters outside. The captain of the "Drake," curious to know what this stranger wanted, sent an officer out in a boat to ask him his business. It was not until the young fellow got on board that he found he was on the deck of a Yankee cruiser.

By this time the captain of the "Drake" had taken the alarm and knew that he had an enemy with which to deal. He now got his vessel under way and came out to try conclusions with the daring foe. The fact that an American cruiser lay off the bay spread rapidly, signal fires were kindled on the neighboring hilltops and five excursion boats from Belfast followed the "Drake" out into the channel, crowded with people eager to see the insolent Yankees whipped and taken.

The tide ran wrong, the wind was light, and it was not far from sundown when the "Drake" came within fighting reach. Then her colors rose to her peak.

Instantly the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the masthead of the "Ranger."

"What ship is that?" hailed the "Drake."

"It is the American ship 'Ranger.' We are waiting for you. The sun is little more than an hour from setting. It is time to begin!" roared back Captain Jones. "Hard up with the helm," he called to the man at the wheel.

The "Ranger" wore round. The "Drake" did the same. In a few minutes they were drifting before the wind side by side and broadsides were hurtling from both ships. For an hour this cannon play was kept up, and then, just as the sun was going down behind the Irish hills, a cry for quarter was heard on the "Drake," and the battle—as pretty a sea-fight as is often seen—came to an end. The "Ranger" had won.

It was none too soon for the "Drake," for by this time she was a sorry spectacle. Her fore and main-topsail yards were early cut in two; then the mizzen-gaff was shot away; then the jib dropped into the waves; the rigging and sails were rent into rags. On deck blood ran freely from the scuppers; the commander, Captain Burdon, was shot dead, and the first lieutenant fell mortally wounded. Two flags had been shot away before the cry for quarter came, and forty-two of the crew were killed and wounded, while the "Ranger" had lost but two killed and eight wounded. The odds had been against the "Ranger," but Paul Jones was her captain, and he was a man who knew how to handle a fighting ship and who fought to win.

Back in triumph to France sailed Captain Jones with his prize, leaving consternation in his wake. It has been written of the exploits of this famous cruise that "The news of the brilliant achievements of Paul Jones

electrified France and appalled England." We may be sure that America was electrified also when the news reached its shores.

A man who could do work like this was wasting his time as captain of an eighteen-gun ship. So felt Franklin, and so felt France, which had now become an ally of America. He had in him the stuff to make a great admiral, and it was decided to give him a more important command. But the delay in doing so was exasperating. It was May 8, 1778, when he sailed into Brest after his brilliant cruise. It was February 4, 1779, when he was again put in command of a ship. And he would not have gained it then if he had not read a wise saying in the "Poor Richard's Almanack" of his friend Franklin: "If you wish to have any business done expeditiously and faithfully, go and do it yourself."

So, after endless delays at Brest, he went to Paris, where he was handsomely received and where he soon cut the threads of red tape that had tied up his business. He got his ship—but such a ship! It was a great, wall-sided, rotten timbered, old East India trader, that had outlived its usefulness in that capacity and was now to be turned into a warship and sent against England's famous men-of-war. The affair seemed ludicrous, and only a man in despair of getting any ship at all would have ventured to sea to fight in such a craft. As it was, her new commander was to give the old ship immortal fame. The name of the "Bonhomme Richard" ("Poor Richard"), as Jones named her, will have place in history as long as naval annals exist.

The new commodore wished to give his new craft an armament of eighteen-pounders, but, finding that it would cause more delay to get them, he had to take

twelve-pounders instead, which were placed on the main deck, the six eighteen-pounders he succeeded in getting being placed on the deck below, three on a side. Nine-pounders were mounted on the forecastle and quarterdeck, there being about forty guns in all and a crew of some three hundred men, including, besides Americans, natives of almost every maritime land. For first lieutenant he had Richard Dale, a man lately escaped from a British prison and a seaman of his own type.

Such was the flagship of Paul Jones's new fleet. To it were added a thirty-six-gun frigate, the "Alliance," a thirty-two-gun ship, the "Pallas," a brig, the "Vengeance," and a man-of-war cutter, carrying eighteen small guns.

Though it was on February 4 that Captain Jones was ordered to take command, it was not until June 19 that he was able to set sail. And then he had fresh trouble to contend with, for Pierre Landais, a weak-headed Frenchman who had been made captain of the "Alliance," proved insubordinate and on the first night out ran his ship foul of the "Bonhomme Richard," injuring both ships so that they had to put back into port. It took two months more to repair the damage and get to sea again.

One great good, however, came from this evil hap, for a number of American prisoners who had just been exchanged came over to France, and more than a hundred of them enlisted under Captain Jones. These men were a noble aid to him in the great fight that was to come.

Finally, on August 14, the sails were spread once more and the small fleet left harbor on its great cruise. We do not propose to tell the smaller events of this

voyage in British waters. It will suffice to say that prizes were taken; that the ships were separated by a gale and came together again; that Captain Landais made further trouble; that a proposed land attack on Leith, near Edinburgh, failed through the timidity of the French captains; and that, on the 23d of September, the "Bonhomme Richard" and her three remaining consorts, the "Alliance," "Vengeance" and "Pallas," were jogging along off the Yorkshire coast of England, when, doubtless to their delight, they saw a fleet of forty-two sail rounding Flamborough Head.

That these were merchantmen under convoy of two warships Captain Jones was soon assured, the more so when he saw them scattering like a flock of birds before a hawk in response to a signal from the larger frigate. Onward came the British frigates, the "Serapis," of fifty guns, and the smaller "Countess of Scarborough," of twenty-two six-pounders, boldly facing the four hostile ships that awaited them.

The wind was light; night was at hand; before the vessels reached each other the sun had set and night was coming down over the hills. When they came together they were two to two, the "Vengeance" being too far away to take part, and the "Alliance" being held aloof by the disgruntled Captain Landais.

It was seven o'clock when the two larger vessels met, the "Pallas" at the same time ranging up to the smaller British frigate.

"What ship is that?" hailed the "Serapis."

"I can't hear what you say," answered Captain Jones, suddenly deaf in his desire to gain time to draw nearer.

"What ship is that?" soon came again the hail.
"Answer or I shall fire."

The answer came in a broadside from the American guns, echoed immediately by the British. The great battle had begun.

This first fire seemed to spell disaster for Jones and his ship, for two of the three eighteen-pounders of his lower deck broadside burst in firing, their crews being all either killed or seriously wounded. No more guns were fired from that deck, the gun crews being called up to the main deck guns.

For an hour after that initial fire the two ships drifted onward side by side, the guns being worked with desperate energy, the roar of conflict in the air. At the end of that time the "Bonhomme Richard" seemed in desperate straits. The ten eighteen-pounders in the broadside of the "Serapis" had battered her flanks until the six ports of her lower deck were rent into a broad gaping cavity, while her other side was in nearly as bad a condition, the balls passing through and plunging into the sea beyond. Here the British gunners had their own way, for the bursting of the guns prevented any return. And in the rolling of the vessel some of the eighteen-pound shot pierced the "Bonhomme Richard" below the water line, so that she was "leaking like a basket."

The "Serapis," having the advantage of the wind, now drew ahead, Captain Pearson having it in view to lie across the bows of his antagonist and rake her. But his manœuvre did not work to his liking, his ship getting close in front of the "Bonhomme Richard," so that the jib-boom of the latter lay over his stern. As the vessels were now situated no gun could be brought to bear on either ship and for the time the firing ceased.

"Have you surrendered?" hailed Captain Pearson.

NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE BONHOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS—1779.



“ I have not yet begun to fight,” was the grim answer of John Paul Jones.

The ships soon drifted apart, and in the confused gyrations that followed the jib-boom of the “ Serapis ” finally got foul of the mizzen rigging of her antagonist. Captain Jones took quick advantage of the opportunity, seizing a hawser and lashing the spar of the “ Serapis ” to the mizzen mast of his own ship. Stacy, the carpenter, uttered an oath as the hawser became entangled. Jones reproved him in these dignified words :

“ Don’t swear, Mr. Stacy. In another moment we may all be in eternity, but let us do our duty.”

When the ships were fast he cheerfully said, “ Well done, my brave lads, we have got her now.”

In the movements of the ships the spar broke, but the lashings were thrown over its stump, an anchor which dropped on board was similarly secured, and the two ships were held together stem to stern, their starboard sides opposed. The hour was shortly after eight o’clock.

Such a fight as now began has rarely been seen in any waters. The ships lay so close together that the gunners of the “ Serapis,” on running across to work their starboard guns, could not open the closed portlids, and were obliged to fire through them, blowing them off. The guns were muzzle-loaders, and each gun crew, in driving a charge home, had to thrust the handle of the rammer through the enemy’s port before it could be got into the gun’s bore. Never had there been closer and hotter work.

But the British had decidedly the advantage in number and weight of guns, and one by one silenced those of the “ Bonhomme Richard,” until in the end only

two guns, nine-pounders, were left in service on the fighting side of the ship. These Captain Jones was working with unceasing vigor with his own hands, firing double shot from one at the mainmast of the enemy and grape and canister from the other to sweep her deck. He wheeled over a third from the port side and kept undauntedly at his work.

The situation had grown desperate in the highest degree. Below the ship was leaking like a riddle and had caught on fire in several places from the wads of the British guns. Up came the chief surgeon to say that the cots of the wounded were afloat and the ship ready to sink, and that they must surrender or go to the bottom. There was five feet of water in the hold and the fire was approaching the magazine. In the midst of this fearful dilemma the "Alliance" for the first time came into the combat, firing a broadside as she approached. The two ships were practically one and the "Bonhomme Richard" got the bulk of the shot, ten or a dozen of her men falling killed and wounded.

"You are firing into the wrong ship!" warned the sailors.

The dastardly work seemed intentional, for another broadside was fired, now square into the "Bonhomme Richard's" side. Then the traitorous Landais drew off, having done all the harm he conveniently could to his own consort. It was high time to surrender; the ship was whipped. But Paul Jones was not whipped and he fought sturdily on, firing, repelling boarders, keeping alive the spirit of his men, heedless of the stunning fact that his ship was sinking and burning beneath his feet.

Below a new peril had arisen. Two or three hundred prisoners, taken from captured prizes, were con-

fined there, and at this perilous interval the master-at-arms, sure that the ship would sink, set them free, telling them to save themselves. Englishmen all, far outnumbering the crew below decks, the ship seemed in their hands.

In a panic of terror the gunner ran to the poop-deck and seized the signal halliards to haul down the flag, crying:

“Quarter! For God’s sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!”

Paul Jones heard the words, and in an outburst of rage flung an empty pistol at the man’s head, hurling him headlong down the hatch. He then bade Lieutenant Dale to go below and see why no more ammunition was coming up. To the consternation of the brave Dale, he found the lower deck thronged with the released prisoners. All seemed lost, but his ready wit saved the ship.

“To the pumps!” he cried to them. “The ‘Serapis’ is sinking; you must keep this ship afloat or the whole of us will go to the bottom.”

Scared and cowed by this, they went to the pumps and to the work of fighting the fire, and were kept busy till the end of the affray. But one of them, a merchant captain, crept through the yawning ports to the British ship and told those he met of the Yankees’ desperate plight, giving them new courage and spirit in the hope of speedy victory.

The advantages of the Britons were not total. During the frightful contest the marines in the mast tops of the American ship had helped by their fire to clear the upper deck of the “Serapis,” and one of these now saw an opportunity for still more effective work. As the ships lay lashed together the mainyard of the

“Bonhomme Richard” stretched well over the main hatch of the “Serapis.” Below lay a heap of gun cartridges piled behind the guns, which the powder boys had laid there ready for use. Taking a bucket of hand grenades out on the yard, the alert marine began lighting and dropping them on the enemy’s deck, aiding effectually in driving the crew below. At length he managed to let one fall through the open hatch on the heap of cartridges below.

In an instant there was a terrible explosion. Some twenty of the crew were blown to pieces by the bursting cartridges, and most of the remaining men were wounded or were scorched and burned by the flashing powder, many having all their clothes torn off. Nearly all the men were below, for the marines in the tops and Paul Jones with his grape and canister had fairly cleared the upper deck of the “Serapis.”

Thus for minute after minute and hour after hour went on the terrible fight, Paul Jones raging like a Viking of the North, now seizing a pike and leading his men to repel boarders, now driving skulkers with loaded pistol to their work, now working his three quarterdeck guns with his own hands, biting deeper with every shot into the mainmast of the “Serapis” and again and again sweeping its upper deck with charges of canister.

In the end Captain Pearson stood alone on his quarterdeck. Ruin lay everywhere around him. Numbers of his men had been killed and wounded; his mainmast was tottering; many of his guns had been dismounted; his opponent was fighting still with the fury of a Berserker; he did not know that the opposing ship was sinking and burning. He had reached the limit of his staying power, and, all his courage gone,

he rushed to the halliards and pulled down the flag with his own hands. Who can say what feelings pulsed through the soul of Paul Jones at that supreme moment of triumph, when in ringing tones he gave the order to his men to "cease firing." It was now the hour of 10.30. The desperate battle had gone on for three hours and a half.

Before Lieutenant Dale could spring on board the "Serapis" to take charge of the captured vessel down came its wounded mainmast, pulling the mizzen-topmast with it in its fall. He went aft to where Captain Pearson stood leaning on the taffrail, his face in his hands.

"The ship has struck," said the dejected captain in a melancholy tone, and he bade an officer who had come up from below to call off the men from the guns.

The next interesting scene in this nautical drama was that in which Pearson offered his sword to his conqueror. The old account—which may not be a correct one—credits him with saying:

"It is painful to deliver up my sword to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck."

"Sir, you have fought like a hero," said Captain Jones; "and I make no doubt your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner."

His sovereign did; he made him a knight. When Jones heard of it, he said with a chuckle:

"He deserved it. If I should fall in with him again, I'll make him a lord."

We have given so much space to the story of this great fight that we must shorten what remains to be told. While the battle was going on, the "Pallas" had captured the "Countess of Scarborough," after a two-hours' fight. As for the captain of the "Alliance,"

his conduct can be accounted for only under the theory that he was partially insane.

Paul Jones hoped ardently to keep the old "Bonhomme Richard" afloat, but she was hopelessly hurt, and after a vain effort to save her he was forced to let her go to the bottom, the flag under which she had won floating in triumph at her peak as she vanished under the waves.

With all souls on board the remaining ships, he put in to the Dutch port of Texel on October 3, rather to the dismay of the Dutch authorities, who did not know what to do with this unwelcome visitor. The British Ambassador tried to make them return the prizes and hand the Americans over to him as pirates. This was more than Holland could in honor consent to, but in the end, after two months of negotiating, Jones put to sea in the face of a blockading fleet.

He left port in a fierce gale, sailed boldly down the Straits of Dover near enough to land to count the warships in the Downs, and reached the Spanish port of Corunna on January 16. On his voyage he passed British ships-of-the-line, but none attacked him and he came safely and triumphantly into port.

On reaching Paris, Paul Jones was hailed as the greatest of ocean heroes. His victory was looked upon as marking a new era in ocean warfare. Every honor was paid him by the American Commissioners. King Louis XIV. gave him a gold-hilted sword suitably inscribed and the Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit. At the opera he sat in the Queen's box and the audience cheered him to a man. Later that evening a laurel wreath was suspended above his head, but he left his seat, "an instance of modesty which is to this day held up as a model to French schoolboys."

Reaching America in the autumn of 1780, he was made the honored guest of the nation, a gold medal voted him, and the rank of head of the navy conferred upon him. Meanwhile, Great Britain, with a spiteful smallness that reflects no credit on that great nation, was denouncing him as a pirate and offering a reward of ten thousand guineas for him, dead or alive.

By this time the exigencies of the service had reduced the American navy to five ships. Another was building, the "America," a seventy-four-gun ship-of-the-line, and Captain Jones was chosen to command this noble ship. But before she was launched a French man-of-war was wrecked in Massachusetts Bay, and the American Congress, to show its appreciation of the aid of France, presented the "America" to that nation. All that was left for Paul Jones to do was to hoist the flags of both countries over the ship as she glided from her ways into the water.

In 1788, some years after the end of the war, Jones entered the Russian service as rear admiral, but without giving up his American citizenship, and holding himself subject to a call at any time from the government of the United States. Russia was then at war with Turkey, and as commander of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea he won repeated victories. But a quarrel with a Russian admiral, and the refusal of the British officers in the Russian service to fight under him, led to his resignation a year later.

He was subsequently appointed United States Consul at Algiers, but before the slow mails of that day brought him the tidings of his appointment, he died in Paris, July 18, 1792.

This is not the end of the story of Paul Jones. The United States continued to look upon him as its great-

est naval hero, and in later years the desire arose to have his honored remains buried in American soil. But all records of his place of burial had been lost, and a long search was needed before his body could be found in its obscure burial place. Success was attained in 1904; his embalmed body, which had defied the ravages of time, was brought in all honor to the land he had fought for, and it now lies interred at Annapolis, in the grounds of the Naval Academy, as the most suitable resting place for so great a hero of the seas.

RICHARD DALE, PAUL JONES'S "RIGHT ARM OF STRENGTH"

IN our story of John Paul Jones brief mention was made of his gallant lieutenant, Richard Dale, who has been justly called his "right arm of strength" in the famous fight with the "Serapis," since his readiness and courage went far to save the "Bonhomme Richard" from capture. This brave fellow had a career before and after he served on the "Bonhomme Richard," and throughout his career showed a courage and spirit that makes him worthy of a chapter to himself.

Born near Norfolk, Virginia, in 1756, the early life of Richard Dale bore an interesting resemblance to that of his future great commander, for, like him, he went to sea at a very early age, twelve years in his case, and was captain of a merchant ship at nineteen, when the war of the Revolution broke out.

In his early career in the navy he seemed in doubt which side to take. A lieutenant in the Virginia state navy in 1776, he was captured and imprisoned at Norfolk, and was induced to enlist in an English cruiser fighting against the state vessels. In this new field of action he was wounded, and while lying in bed recovering he made a resolution "never again to put himself in the way of the bullets of his countrymen."

His first service in his country's cause was on the brig "Lexington," under Captain William Hallock, on a cruise to the West Indies in quest of powder and other military stores. Returning, well laden with this much needed material, the "Lexington" had the ill

fortune to fall in with the British frigate "Pearl." Captain Hallock, unable to run away, promptly surrendered.

But a high sea rendered the transfer of the crew to the "Pearl" difficult and dangerous, and after a few of them had been taken off, the British captain decided to leave the remainder on their own vessel, under a prize crew, which had orders to follow the "Pearl."

As the night came on the wind grew fiercer and the seas higher, the storm being so severe that the prize captain lost all fear of danger from the Yankee prisoners under his control. So, leaving a crew on deck to work the brig, he invited the officer of the deck below, that they might warm themselves up with a mutual glass of toddy.

The British officer did not appreciate the Yankee spirit. There were bold fellows among the captives, and they had a daring leader in Master's Mate Dale, who, with others, quickly organized a plot to seize the craft. Gliding stealthily along the deck in the darkness and storm, they suddenly laid hands on the unsuspecting crew, the helmsman was knocked from the tiller and a new man took his place, the companion-way was secured and the too-trusting officers fastened below, and the vessel was theirs. Away headed the "Lexington" under Dale and his fellows for Baltimore, which was safely reached and the prize crew handed over as prisoners of war.

The "Lexington" was destined to be captured again in her later career, and this time with a different ending. Sent to France in 1777, she joined the "Reprisal" in a career of preying on British commerce, the two succeeding in sending numerous prizes into French ports. Misfortune afterwards came to

them both. The "Reprisal" foundered in a storm and the "Lexington" fell into British hands. She was captured by a smaller vessel, the "Alert," after a long fight, in which all her ammunition was fired away and her crew left helpless.

Dale was still on board with his old rank of master's mate, and shared the cruel imprisonment to which all the men of the "Lexington" were condemned. Thrown into prison on a charge of high treason, they were shamefully treated, the conduct of the prison officials towards them being brutal in the highest degree. So nearly starved did they become that a dog which strayed into their yard was killed and eaten to appease their hunger.

Their place of detention was Mill Prison, Plymouth, the one from which, as already told, Captain O'Brien escaped at a later date. Dale made a double escape from this gaol. The first time he joined some enterprising fellows who made their way out by digging a tunnel under the prison wall. Reaching London, they embarked on a vessel about to clear for Dunkirk, but they were captured by a press gang and, being recognized as Americans, soon found themselves under lock and key again. Dale spent forty dismal days in the "black hole" of the prison for this escapade, and was afterwards sent there for forty days more for singing rebel songs.

A year later Dale made another attempt, and this time with better fortune. In some way he procured a British uniform—how he did it is not known, as he would never tell—but dressed in it he walked boldly out of the jail in open day and was never seen there again. This time he succeeded in crossing the channel and reaching France in safety.

Paul Jones was then engaged in fitting out the "Bonhomme Richard" at Brest for her memorable cruise. He needed munitions and he needed men—good men, men who knew how to handle a ship and had the heart to fight. To him, one day, came a young sailor who said that he had been master's mate on the "Lexington," had lately escaped from a British prison, and was open for a berth that would give him a chance to pay back some of the debt he owed the British. His name, he said, was Richard Dale.

This was one of the kind of men that Captain Jones was on the lookout for—an American, a sailor, and a fighter—and he at once engaged him as master's mate of the "Bonhomme Richard," employing him in the outfitting of the old ship. He soon found that he had a first-class man in Dale, one who knew a ship inch by inch and had in him the go of a dozen ordinary dock workers. Highly pleased with his intelligence and activity, he made him his first lieutenant, and it was with this rank that Dale sailed on that momentous cruise. Next to Jones himself the victory over the "Serapis" was due to the zeal, courage and alertness of Richard Dale.

During the great fight with the "Serapis," Dale was everywhere, inspiring the men with his courage, watching keenly every movement of the enemy and taking instant advantage of it, and carrying out the orders of his superior with a loyal intelligence that must have given intense satisfaction to the hard-fighting captain of the "Bonhomme Richard." We have said something about Dale's doings in our story of Paul Jones. A more detailed account of them is here in place.

It is to Lieutenant Dale we owe an amusing anec-

dote of the gunners on the two ships as they were fighting hand to hand, with ports almost touching. He tells how he saw a gun's crew of his men racing with one in the "Serapis" in a strife to get loaded first. Each gunner had to poke his rammer handle through the port-hole of the enemy in order to ram the charge home.

"Fair play, you infernal Yankee!" roared the Englishman, as he thrust his rammer through the port.

"Mind your eye, you blasted Johnny Bull," retorted the Yankee, making the same movement.

In this special instance, as Dale relates, the English gunner got the start, and fired with such effect that the Yankee cannon was dismounted.

Dale's service to Captain Jones was especially great at that critical moment when the prisoners on board the "Bonhomme Richard," almost equalling in numbers the entire crew of that ship, were set free by a panic-stricken sub-officer. Going below to learn why the gun cartridges had ceased coming up, he found the ship in a frightful confusion between decks, the freed prisoners in a state of wild turmoil, rushing about like loose cattle. The situation was one of imminent danger. If these fellows, Englishmen all, should have time to regain their wits and learn the state of affairs, they might attack the defenders of the ship, a fatal contingency under the circumstances.

Dale saw the danger at a glance, and his quickness of wit in an emergency saved the situation.

"To the pumps, you fellows!" he shouted. "The 'Serapis' is ready to sink and we will all of us go to Davy Jones if this ship is not kept afloat. Here, some of you, get buckets and fight the fire. Your lives depend on yourselves."

In a few minutes he had them all busily at work, panic-stricken at his words of warning, eagerly manning the pumps and fighting the flames furiously. New gangs were set at work as the old ones gave out, and until the battle ended no respite was allowed them, no time to think or conspire. Dale walked about among them, inspiring them to greater efforts by remarks that the "Serapis" was fast settling and might at any minute go down.

Fortunately the desperate contest was near its end. The explosion of the cartridges on the fighting deck of the "Serapis" soon followed, and quickly afterwards Captain Pearson, terror-stricken, at the awful calamity, hauled down his flag. In a minute more Lieutenant Dale, sent by Paul Jones to take charge of the prize, was swinging himself to the deck of the "Serapis," followed by a few of the crew. What took place is thus stated in an old number of the *British Journal*:

"As he made his way aft he saw a solitary person leaning on the taffrail in a melancholy posture, his face resting upon his hands. It was Captain Pearson. He said to Dale:

"'The ship has struck.' While hurrying him on [the victorious ship] an officer came from below and observed to Captain Pearson that the ship alongside was going down.

"'We have got three guns clear, sir, and they'll soon send her to the devil.'

"The captain replied: 'It's too late, sir. Call the men off. The ship has struck.'

"'I'll go below, sir, and call them off immediately,' and he was about to descend when Dale, interfering, said:

“ ‘ No, sir ; if you please, you ’ll come on board with me. ’ ”

So much for this story, which shows that the alert lieutenant was still alive to the situation. He did not propose to let this fighting fellow go below and perhaps do as he had threatened in defiance of Captain Pearson’s order. It was a chance not safe to take in the condition of the “ Bonhomme Richard.”

Jones and Dale were both wounded in the fight, the captain receiving a wound in the head which afterwards seriously affected his eyes, the lieutenant being hurt by a splinter, though he did not know of it till the battle was over. While sitting on the binnacle of the “ Serapis ” and giving orders to get her under way, he found that she did not move when her sails were full. Not knowing that she had been anchored during the battle,—being in the shallow water near shore,—he sprang up to see what was wrong and fell at full length on the deck, disabled by the wound of which so far he had been ignorant.

We may be sure that the gallant Dale rendered efficient service to Captain Paul Jones during his subsequent adventures before reaching France, and that he shared a fair measure of the glory gained by captain and crew. He left Holland with him in the “ Alliance ” and crossed the Atlantic with him on the “ Ariel.” He figured later on in another bold affair during the naval war of the Revolution.

He was now an officer on the “ Trumbull,” a twenty-eight-gun frigate that sailed from Philadelphia in August, 1781, as an escort for a fleet of merchantmen. Half manned, and with a considerable number of her crew Englishmen who had shipped with the hope of helping their country, and many others landsmen, she

put to sea, and while off the capes of the Delaware was attacked by the British frigate "Iris" of thirty-two guns and another ship of unknown name. Ranging up on the two sides of the "Trumbull," they poured their broadsides into her.

Captain Nicholson, though so utterly overmatched, returned the fire, but at the first broadside the Englishmen in the crew left their posts and fled in a body to the hold. The landsmen, of whom there were a goodly number on board, were frightened by their action and followed their flight. The vessel was apparently lost. With but half her full complement to begin with, only some fifty Yankee seamen were now left to fight the enemy.

But among these fifty was Richard Dale, late lieutenant of the "Bonhomme Richard," and some other gallant fellows, not the sort of men to surrender without a fight. With one ship against two, fifty men against some seven hundred, and twenty-eight guns against fifty or more, they fought the "Trumbull" for an hour with the persistency and valor of Paul Jones, sixteen of the valiant fifty falling during the fight.

The flag was still bravely flying when a third British ship, the "General Monk," came up, and took position to rake the "Trumbull" at short range. Only when the case became thus hopeless did the gallant fellows leave their guns and only then was the flag hauled down. Lieutenant Dale had taken part in another affair as striking in its way as that of his earlier career, and for the fourth time he was a prisoner in British hands. Fortunately for him, the war was now near its end and he was soon exchanged, he afterwards serving in privateers and on merchant ships.

Dale was commissioned a captain in the United States navy in 1794, but saw no active service until 1801, when he was put in command of a "squadron of observation" sent to the Mediterranean, where the pirates of Tripoli and Algiers were making serious trouble for American merchantmen. The appearance of Dale and his four ships soon brought the Dey of Algiers to terms, but the Bashaw of Tripoli continued defiant, and on the 1st of August a fight took place between the schooner "Enterprise" and the Moorish war vessel "Tripoli," in which the latter was taken after a desperate struggle.

Unluckily for Dale, his instructions prevented him from undertaking any serious work, and the most he could do was to prevent the corsairs of the Tripolitans from making captures. His skilful handling of his squadron, however, brought a merited compliment from Lord Nelson, England's famous admiral. Nelson, after observing the movements of Dale's ships, made the remark that in the handling of American ships there was a nucleus of trouble for the British navy. The truth of this remark was demonstrated a decade later.

Weary of the kind of work to which his orders confined him, Dale resigned in December, 1802, leaving the Americans to the more effective work of the following year in the Mediterranean. The remainder of his life was passed in Philadelphia, in the enjoyment of a sufficient estate for his needs, and in that city he died in 1826.

JOHN BARRY, THE IRISH CHAMPION OF THE DELAWARE

FOR twenty-eight men in a rowboat to capture a ten-gun schooner with a crew of one hundred and sixteen men was an exploit to be proud of. Captain John Barry, a gallant Irishman of Revolutionary days, was the hero of this notable act of valor, which was but one of the deeds that gave him rank among the naval heroes of America. The story of this bold fighter is amply worth telling.

Born in County Wexford, Ireland, in 1745, the bold Barry came to America about 1760, and thenceforth made that land his home when he was not on the waters of the broad Atlantic. Barry was a true sea-dog, following the sea from childhood, and being master of a vessel at the age of fifteen. He gained wealth in mercantile enterprise. In 1775, when thirty years of age, we find him serving as captain of the "Black Prince," a packet ship plying between London and Philadelphia, into which latter port it came when Congress was looking about for some vessels suitable for naval purposes. The "Black Prince," a stoutly built ship, was the best that came to their notice, and was bought to serve as the flagship of the new fleet, being renamed the "Alfred," after Alfred the Great. It was the vessel which, after serving as the flagship of Commodore Hopkins, was for a time commanded by Paul Jones.

Captain Barry, being thus left without a ship, applied to Congress for employment, and in February, 1776,



COMMODORE JOHN BARRY
From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

was appointed captain of the armed brig "Lexington," which, while Commodore Hopkins with his fleet was fighting the "Glasgow" off the Long Island coast, put out from the Delaware on a cruise.

On April 17, when off the Virginia capes, Captain Barry fell in with a small craft, the "Edward," carrying about half the number of the guns of the "Lexington," and with a crew of only thirty-five men, while Barry had more than twice as many. But it was his first cruise in a warship and Barry lacked skill in his new line of duty, while on the other hand Lieutenant Boucher, of the "Edward," was brave and skilful and fought his little craft with great valor. The result was that it took the "Lexington" more than an hour to force her to surrender. It was an honor to Barry, for this was the first capture made by a ship of the American navy.

In our story of Richard Dale the later career of the "Lexington" is related. Captain Barry had meanwhile been transferred from her to a more important command, that of the new frigate "Effingham," then building in Philadelphia.

It proved an unsatisfactory assignment for a man of his active spirit, since before the ship was ready for sea a British army had swooped down on Philadelphia, and the "Effingham," the "Washington," and some other vessels were caught in a trap. To save them from the enemy they were taken up the river to White Hill, New Jersey. But this was too near to Philadelphia for them to seem safe, and orders soon came from Mr. Hopkinson, of the Navy Board, to sink the "Effingham."

This order made Captain Barry's Irish blood very hot. He had a sharp debate with Hopkinson over the

sinking, declaring that with the ten guns he had and the thirteen guns on the "Washington" he could make a good fight against any force the British would be likely to send against him.

As the talk went on Hopkinson made some personal remarks, to which Barry replied in anything but a courteous tone. He said some hard things about the members of the Board and stormed fiercely about the order to destroy a ship that was able to fight. In the end, much to his disgust, he was obliged to sink the ship, and later, by order of Congress, had to apologize for his strong language, which he did with very ill will. Time vindicated the brave Barry, and proved that he was quite right in his opinion that the ship could have been saved.

Here now was Captain Barry without a ship and burning with eagerness for a fight. Bent on getting at the British in some way, he determined to try and go down the river past the city, and one night set out with four rowboats manned by twenty-seven men, passing between the shore and the ships in the stream. Some soldiers saw the boats and a few shots were fired, but they passed on without damage and by daybreak were down the Delaware beyond the zone of danger.

Barry kept on till he reached Port Penn, where there was a small fort manned by American soldiers. On the opposite side of the river lay four transports laden with food for the army in Philadelphia, and on guard over them was a large schooner, the "Alert," carrying ten guns.

Here was the opportunity wanted by Barry, who was "spoiling for a fight." It was broad daylight; the "Alert" had eight men to his one; it had a wide-awake name; yet without hesitation the bold Irishman

made a daring dash for it, under imminent peril of being sent to the bottom. As it proved, dash and boldness told. Before the British could get their sleepy wits into working order the boats had dashed up to the schooner and the men were eagerly clambering up her sides, cutlass in hand. Leaping on deck, Barry at their head, yelling like madmen, cutting and slashing in wild fury, the dismayed British sailors on deck dropped everything and ran below in fright. Without delay, Barry clapped on the hatches and in a jiffy was master of the craft.

It was a feat almost without precedent. In open daylight a party of twenty-eight men, headed by a "wild Irishman," had captured a ten-gun schooner manned with one hundred and sixteen men—officers, seamen and soldiers. Barry had well proved his capacity as a fighting captain. He carried his prisoners to Port Penn, and delivered them to the garrison there.

This gallant feat took place on the 26th of February, 1778. With a deck under his feet and the broad Delaware Bay under his keel, Barry now made things lively for the British foe, patrolling the river and bay, capturing the food ships that came up stream and cutting off supplies to such an extent that the army at Philadelphia began to suffer for food and to feel some of the privations that Washington's army was experiencing at Valley Forge.

Two months of this work was more than Lord Howe could stand, and a frigate and sloop-of-war were sent from Philadelphia down the river to drive away this troublesome wasp that was stinging the British lion. This was a force much too great for Captain Barry to deal with, and finding these water-hounds hot on his track, he ran the "Alert" into Christiana Creek,

hoping to get her into water too shallow for his heavy pursuers to venture in after him.

As it proved, the frigate was too fast and chased him so closely that he was forced to abandon the schooner and take to his boats. But before doing so he turned two of the guns downward and fired balls through her bottom. The water was pouring into the hold of the "Alert" when Barry and his men struck out for the shore. A broadside from the ship came hurtling after them, but all the effect it had was to bring a cheer of defiance from the gallant tars, who soon reached the land and sprang ashore. Here they saw with delight the schooner sink before a boat's crew from the frigate could reach her deck. Barry led his men back to White Hill through the woods.

The two war vessels now went for the transports at Port Penn. The shore battery here was made of bales of hay, not very serviceable material against cannon-balls, but it was manned by sharpshooters, who fought till their captain fell with a mortal wound. They then set fire to the vessels and fled to the woods.

The exploit we have described was one of the most spectacular yet performed by an American captain and brought Barry high popularity. Congress saw that in him they had a bold fighter, and the British recognized in him a dangerous foe. Howe sought to turn him over to the British side, offering him twenty thousand pounds in money and the command of a frigate if he would desert the American cause. He soon found that he was not dealing with a Benedict Arnold. Barry sent him the following answer:

"Not if you pay me the price and give me the command of the whole British fleet can you draw me away from the cause of my country."

Congress rewarded him for his patriotism by giving him the command of the frigate "Raleigh," then lying at Boston. His career in this new ship was a remarkably brief but very eventful one. Sailing from Boston on September 25, 1778, three days later he had lost his ship and was wandering with his crew in the forest wilderness of Maine. Ill fortune had pursued him from the outset.

When he left Boston it was with two merchant ships in charge. Setting sail in the early morning, by noon two sails were sighted to the south, and Captain Barry signalled the convoy to steer close-hauled while he ran down for a closer look at the strangers. The light wind made his progress slow and it was near sundown before he found he had two British frigates before him.

The odds were too great and he signalled the merchantmen to sail back for port, taking the same course himself till darkness came upon the sea, when he turned back to his former route. At day dawn he found himself in a fog-bank, so thick that nothing could be seen, and until noon it kept around his ship. When it lifted he found, to his chagrin, that the two British frigates were still in sight to the southward, sailing in a course parallel to his own.

For the next three hours there was a hot chase, the "Raleigh" being close-hauled and put under full sail, the enemy following at top speed. Then down came another fog and all things were blotted out again. Heading once more to the eastward, the "Raleigh" now ran on till the dawn of the 27th, when Barry took in all sail and kept his ship under bare poles, to render it difficult to see, while he searched the horizon for the hostile ships. Failing to see them, he made sail once more, heading southeasterly.

But the British bulldogs were not to be thrown off the track. At 9.30 they came in sight again and the "Raleigh" was now headed to the northwest, reeling on before "a staggering breeze" at a pace that soon dropped the Britons below the horizon. Unfortunately, by noon the wind failed her, while it still kept with the British ships, which now rapidly gained upon the American, the fastest of them being near at hand by five o'clock.

Captain Barry's only hope now was to fight and cripple this cruiser before her consort could come up, and, as the record states, "the 'Raleigh' edged away, brailing her mizzen and taking in her staysails." Crossing the bows of the enemy, Barry dropped down abreast, hoisting the American flag as he did so. The British flag at once rose to the enemy's peak.

The next instant they were at it, broadside answering broadside, but instead of crippling his foe, Barry suffered that fate himself, the second British broadside carrying away his foretopmast and mizzen-topgallant mast. This gave the Briton decidedly the advantage, and while the Americans were clearing away the wreck the frigate shot ahead and began firing at long range.

The case had now grown desperate for the brave Barry. In vain he strove to come up with and board his enemy, her better show of canvas enabling the frigate easily to keep beyond his reach. The other ship was fast coming up, and in his crippled condition it was madness to think of fighting with two foes, each his match. Fortunately the coast of Maine was not far distant, some of its bordering islands being visible, and there seemed no hope left for himself and crew but to run his ship ashore. Night was coming on; the breeze was failing. Setting all sail, he headed

for the island coast. The wind sank until the three ships were merely drifting landward, red fire spurting from the sides of the two nearer ones and the cliffs echoing to the roar of cannon, as they kept up the fight through the gloom of night.

At midnight the first frigate drew off for an interval, but the second now came into the fight. Soon after the "Raleigh" grounded and Barry went ashore with a part of his men, leaving the others to keep up the battle. To save the ship seemed hopeless, and he was determined to fire her before leaving her, but before the boats could return for the remaining men a scared officer on board lowered the flag.

Captain Barry and the men with him escaped to the mainland and suffered many hardships in making their way through the woods to the settlements. The "Raleigh" ended her career as a member of the British navy, her captors being the "Unicorn," of twenty-eight, and the "Experiment," of fifty guns. It had been an eventful but unfortunate three days' cruise for the gallant Barry.

February, 1781, found Captain Barry in command of the "Alliance," the ship with which the French Captain Landais had done such treacherous work in the great battle of the "Bonhomme Richard" and the "Serapis." In it Barry took Colonel Laurens to France, and afterwards carried Lafayette home after the victory at Yorktown. On his first visit to European waters he had one of the sharpest fights in his career. While out on a cruise, in which he captured several privateers, he found himself on May 27 in an exasperating situation.

He fell in with two British vessels, each smaller than his own, which made a bold attack upon him. The day had been a quiet one, and as the two hostile ves-

sels came up the "Alliance" lost every breath of wind. All sail was set, but the canvas flapped against the yards, and the vessel lay "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

The strangers were a brig and a sloop-of-war. They wanted to fight as badly as Captain Barry did, and as sailing was impossible they got out sweeps and rowed up to the American. A weary time they had of it, for it took them six hours to get within gunshot distance, but when there they had it at first all their own way.

They had decidedly the advantage of the "Alliance." She was too big to be moved by sweeps, and lay motionless upon the water while her foes took safe positions at short range under her quarter and opened fire. The two together had fifteen guns in their broadside, while Barry had only three nine-pounders with which he could reach them, and his position was decidedly an awkward one.

Barry raged with all his Irish fury, bidding his men to fight and begging for a wind, but before the fight was old he was struck in the shoulder by a grape-shot and felled to the deck. As he was being carried below a shot tore away the flag of the "Alliance," and the British cheered lustily, thinking the ship to be theirs. Soon, however, the flag was flying again.

Yet the "Alliance" seemed doomed. The ship was being badly cut up and could make scarcely any reply to the fire of the enemy. A lieutenant came down where Captain Barry lay raging under his wound.

"We cannot handle the ship and are being cut to pieces," he said. "The rigging is in tatters, the fore-top mast is in danger, and the carpenter reports two ugly leaks. Eight or ten of our people are killed and

more are wounded. The case seems hopeless, sir. Shall we strike our colors?"

"No!" roared Barry. "Let her sink first! If the ship can't be fought without me, then carry me on deck."

The lieutenant went up and reported what Barry had said. The story soon got to the men.

"Good for Captain Barry!" they cried. "We'll stand by the old man."

Yet, as the lieutenant had said, the case truly seemed hopeless; but, just as the surrender of the "Alliance" appeared inevitable, a ripple was seen in the water, a breeze rose, the sails filled, the ship glided forward and yielded to her helm, and in a minute or two more she rounded up and came swinging in between her two antagonists. It was now broadside for broadside, and the tars of the "Alliance," furious at their late helplessness, poured in shot so fast and furious from their eighteen-pounders that the gunners of the enemy were driven from their pieces. Just as Captain Barry was brought on deck with his wound dressed their flags came down. They proved to be the sixteen-gun brig "Atlanta" and the fourteen-gun "Trepassy."

Barry had the honor in the next year of fighting the last naval action of the war—the last of all being the capture of the "General Monk" by a privateer. On March 7, 1782, he sailed from Havana in the "Alliance," carrying a large sum in specie to the United States. In company with him was the "Duke de Lauzan." They were not long out of port before a squadron of three British frigates was encountered and Barry put his ship under sail to escape, signalling the much slower "Lauzan" to throw her guns overboard and follow.

The appearance of a fifty-gun French ship on the weather bow at this juncture changed the situation, and Captain Barry now wore round and waited for the nearest English ship, expecting the Frenchman to join him. A hard fight followed, continuing for fifty minutes, at the end of which the English captain hung out signals of distress. As the Frenchman had failed to come to his aid, Barry was obliged to let his hoped-for prize haul off under cover of his consorts. The English ship, the "Sybille," had suffered heavily, having eighty-seven killed and wounded, while the "Alliance" had lost but fourteen.

With this battle Barry's career as a fighting captain ended. When the new navy was established in 1794 he was made senior officer, with the rank of commodore. He superintended the building of the "United States," and afterwards commanded it. Death ended his career in 1803.

In 1906, a century and more later, the city of Philadelphia ordered the erecting of a statue of the old sea-hero in Independence Square, an honor of the highest type, for on this sacred soil no statue had ever before stood.

BENEDICT ARNOLD AND HIS BRILLIANT DEFENCE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

IF Benedict Arnold had been possessed of principle and patriotism as well as valor, he would to-day stand high in the pantheon of American heroes, for he ranked among the ablest and most daring of the soldiers of the Revolution. But the twin demons of envy and discontent changed him from a patriot into a traitor, and he is looked upon in America as the Judas of the struggle for liberty. As for Great Britain, it bought him and then despised him. It got little for its bargain, beyond seducing a good fighter from the ranks of the army, for the service he gave it was not worth its cost.

Yet before he turned traitor Arnold had done fine work and won a high reputation as a soldier, and the military history of the Revolution cannot be told without giving ample space to his exploits. And he figured also in its naval history, as the hero of one of the most brilliant events of the war. It was an inland combat, Lake Champlain being its seat, but the story of the naval triumphs of the Revolution would not be fitly told unless Arnold were given full credit for his daring deed on that mountain-girded liquid plain.

We have penned biographical sketches of the champions so far treated, but as Arnold took part in our naval history only in one day's fight, we may dismiss his career with a paragraph. Born at Norwich, Connecticut, January 3, 1740, he became a soldier, then a merchant, then a bankrupt, charged with dishonesty,

then a colonel in the Revolutionary army, and the leader of a famous expedition through the pathless forests of Maine against Quebec. Here he fought so bravely that he was made brigadier general. His memorable fight on Lake Champlain came next, and he fought with desperate valor at Saratoga against Burgoyne. But anger at the appointment of major generals over his head, and a reprimand by Washington for his dishonesty and rapacity in pecuniary affairs, soured his soul and roused his vindictive spirit, leading to the act of treason in which he sought to deliver West Point to the enemy. As a colonel in the British army his exploits were of little service to those who had bought him, and he passed his later life in England "shunned and despised by everybody," except King George and those who had tempted him to infamy. He died in 1801, leaving four sons, all of whom became officers in the British army.

Now let us return to Arnold's one naval exploit. In 1776, after the failure of Montgomery's expedition against Quebec, Sir Guy Carleton, commander of the British forces in Canada, laid plans to repay the Americans for their invasion of that country by a like invasion of New York, his design being to reach Albany and, by connecting with the forces in New York city, cut off New England from the remainder of the colonies. It was the same plan which Burgoyne afterwards attempted and signally failed in. What would have been the result of Carleton's earlier attempt had he not been checked at the outset is impossible to say. As it turned out, Benedict Arnold baffled him on the waters of Lake Champlain.

Lake Champlain, as most readers know, stretches in a long line from southern Canada into New York state.

Below it extends Lake George, near the southern end of which the Hudson River begins its course. The Richelieu River connects Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, so that there is a navigable water-way from Canada well down towards Albany. This formed a natural channel of invasion from Canada and one that was followed at various epochs in American history. Montcalm sought it in 1757, Carleton and Burgoyne in the war for liberty, and Prevost in 1814. It is with Carleton's effort that we are here concerned.

Sir Guy Carleton, leading his forces up the Richelieu, encamped at St. John's, at the north end of Lake Champlain. The nearest American fort was at Crown Point, many miles down the lake. Not far south of this, on the divide between Lake Champlain and Lake George, stood old Fort Ticonderoga, famous in the French and Indian War, and which Arnold had helped Ethan Allen to capture the year before. Such was the situation in the early autumn of 1776.

A wilderness of woodland enveloped the lake, its best roadways the Indian trails. The liquid surface of the lake formed the only available route southward for a large force, and this Carleton proposed to take. But to do so he would have to build a fleet, for the rapids of the Richelieu forbade the ready bringing of vessels from the St. Lawrence. It would need to be a strong fleet at that, for it was well known to Carleton that the Americans did not intend to let him gain control of the lake without a hard struggle.

Carleton, therefore, set his men at work, soldiers, sailors and artisans, felling the trees of the forest and converting them into vessels. Three of his ships, indeed, were built in England, being so constructed that they could be taken to pieces and carried through

the forest from the St. Lawrence to St. John's, there to be put together again. The smaller vessels were built on the spot, October being well advanced before the work was done. In the end he had such a fleet as the waters of Lake Champlain had never before borne, twenty-five vessels in all. Of these twenty were gunboats, but some of these were of large size. A thousand men manned this lake fleet, about seven hundred of them being trained seamen, and it carried eighty-nine cannon of varied calibre.

Of the ships sent from England, the "Inflexible" was a 300-ton ship, carrying eighteen twelve-pound guns. A schooner, the "Maria," carried fourteen, and another, the "Carleton," twelve guns. There was a great scow, named the "Thunderer," armed with eighteen guns, and a gondola of seven guns, the gunboats being armed with one gun each. In addition Carleton had a large number of Indian allies, prepared to paddle down the lake in their canoes.

While this formidable expedition was under process of preparation, the Americans had not been idle. The task of coping with Carleton was assigned to Benedict Arnold, who had recovered from the wound he had received at Quebec. An army officer, at the time in command of militia, mostly untried farmers, he seemed utterly unsuited to the mission given him. But Arnold was in every way a capable man, full of courage and energy and of ample resources. He had seen some service at sea, so that the task before him was not quite a new one. And a number of shipwrights and sailmakers were sent him from the coast, while guns were provided to arm his fleet when built. As for material for his boats, it grew all around him in the trees of the forest, with the axes of the farmers and

woodsmen to convert it into ship timber and the skill of the shipwrights to fashion this into war craft.

At the head of all was Arnold, a veritable Trojan of the wildwood, driving, directing, inspiring, running over with energy, ready to meet every emergency that arose, letting nothing deter, nothing discourage him. Rapidly the woodland trees took on the shape of boats and vessels, every effort being made to keep pace with the British builders, and the month of October found Arnold ready with a fleet of fifteen vessels of various types.

Largest of them was the "Royal Savage," a schooner of twelve guns. After her came the ten-gun sloop "Enterprise," the eight-gun schooner "Revenge," three eight-gun and one six-gun galleys, and eight gondolas, two of them carrying five guns and the remainder three guns each. The American fleet thus carried eighty-eight guns to eighty-nine of the British, but they were inferior in weight, the largest being eighteen-pounders to the British twenty-fours. Of men there were only seven hundred, and these of very different calibre from Carleton's "picked seamen," they being, as we are told, "a miserable set; indeed, the men on board the fleet in general were not equal to half their number of good men." They did not lack courage or good will to fight, but they were landsmen, with no knowledge whatever of naval affairs.

It was fortunate that there was a man of the spirit of Benedict Arnold, a Viking of the West, at the head of this fleet of homespun vessels, or they would have made but a sorry show. As it was, while they were not victorious, they gave Sir Guy Carleton such a taste of the American fighting power that his deep-laid plans vanished into thin air.

At break of day on the 11th of October, 1776, the little American fleet was drawn up in battle-line in a good situation for defence, anchored in a line across the north end of the strait between Valcour Island and the mainland, just south of where the city of Plattsburg now stands. A long cape called Cumberland Head runs down here nearly to the head of the island. Arnold had brought his flotilla up the lake to this point, as a good spot to meet the British as they came down from St. John's.

The day was such a one as Carleton had been waiting for. A strong wind from the north was drawing down through the valley between Vermont's Green Mountains and the Adirondacks of New York. There was a cool snap in the air, the sky was clear, everything seemed propitious, and at sunrise the British fleet came at a rattling pace down the lake, passing Cumberland Head and sailing down the east side of Valcour Island, without discovering that a foe lay hidden behind its thick-grown forest shade. Not until they had passed the island and opened up the view from the south did they see Arnold's moored and waiting fleet.

The sight was not to Carleton's liking. It would not do to leave his rear exposed to attack, and he felt it necessary to give up the advantage of the fine breeze and seek to drive these Yankee wasps from their nest. Down went the helms, the vessels rounded up, oars were got out on the gunboats, but the wind was so strong that it was ten o'clock before the head of the fleet reached the channel in which the Americans lay.

Arnold did not wait for them. Taking the galley "Congress" for his flagship, and followed by two other gondolas and the "Royal Savage," he went down before the wind to meet the enemy. They came within

reach of the gunboats at eleven o'clock and the battle began, those inland waters for the first time in their history trembling to the roar of cannon from fighting ships. It is not sure whether this attack was due to Arnold's eagerness to get at the enemy, or a mishap by which the boats were set adrift. It did not prove a fortunate one, the fire of nearly the whole British line being centred on this vanguard of the Americans. The result was that Arnold soon had to seek the support of the remainder of his fleet and in doing so met with a serious loss, the "Royal Savage" being so severely damaged as to become unmanageable. Her men ran her ashore and took refuge on the island, leaving her to be set on fire by the British. Here they were in desperate straits, for the woods were full of Indians whom Carleton had sent on shore to annoy the Americans.

The larger British vessels were not able to enter the sound, but the gunboats and gondolas were rowed up till within musket-shot distance, and soon a furious battle had begun, broadside answering broadside, grape and round shot hurtling through the air, and the dense smoke of the conflict drifting into the forest depths, which echoed back the roar of battle.

Arnold, on the deck of the "Congress," handled his little fleet with the skill of a born admiral, keeping in the thickest of the fight, cheering his men to their utmost efforts and at intervals firing a gun himself, now at the foe, now at the yelling Indians in the woods.

For six long hours this desperate encounter was kept up, the Americans not yielding an inch, Arnold still inspiring them with voice and act, and doing such damage to the enemy that at five o'clock they drew off out of easy range of the American guns and from a

distance kept up the battle till darkness had fallen over forest and lake.

By this time the Americans were in a bad plight. The greater part of their powder had been exhausted, several of their boats were full of holes—one sinking after the fight ended. The "Congress" had been hulled a dozen times, had a number of shots between wind and water, and would have sunk but that her farmer crew plugged up her wounds and fought on. As for the British, two of their gunboats were sunk and one had blown up.

The situation was a perilous one. If the Americans stayed there till morning the larger British ships would be brought up and their case made hopeless. Arnold saw that only one way to safety lay before him. The night came on to his liking, dark and stormy, with a strong gale from the north. The anchors were quietly raised, and the boats glided away, one after another, each showing a light to the one that followed but shading it from British eyes. In this way they slipped unseen through the British line, Arnold, on the "Congress," taking the post of danger in the rear. Not until morning dawned did the British discover that their foes had vanished. The Americans were then ten miles down the lake.

Here they halted for repairs, sank two of the gondolas that were past mending, patched up the others as well as they could, and set out again, hoping to reach shelter at Crown Point before they were overtaken. The wind had changed to the south and they were obliged to take to their oars, but it delayed the British as much as it did them, and the day passed without the enemy coming into sight. Not until the morning of the 13th did they appear.

The chase was kept up until noon, at which hour Crown Point was still some leagues away. The "Inflexible," Carleton's flagship, which had taken no part in the previous battle, and the schooners "Carleton" and "Maria" were in the van, the first named alone being more than a match for all Arnold's remaining force. At noon the pursuers were within gunshot distance and the weary Americans had to drop their sweeps and take to their guns again. But, desperately as Arnold had already fought, he showed a still more unconquerable spirit on this day.

By this time the American fleet had become much scattered, the "Enterprise," the "Revenge," and some of the smaller vessels having pushed on beyond reach of the foe, leaving the remaining galleys and gondolas to continue the fight.

The first broadside from the enemy so injured the shattered gondola "Washington" that nothing but surrender remained for it. But Arnold trained the guns of the little "Congress" upon the big "Inflexible" and fought it unflinchingly, while the other vessels daringly assailed the schooners, a running battle being kept up for two miles, until one-third of the crew of the "Congress" were killed and their craft reduced to a wreck that was incapable of doing any further damage to the enemy.

Beaten, fairly whipped into rags, the indomitable Arnold and his men had still no thought of surrender. By his order the remaining craft were run ashore in a creek near by and set on fire, he fighting off the enemy with the "Congress" until their crews were safe on shore. Then the "Congress" followed, Arnold defiantly standing guard on the stern while his men set her on fire and sought the shore. His flag was kept

flying and he stood by it until the flames had such hold that he was sure no Briton's hand could strike his country's standard. Then the brave fellow sprang into the water, waded ashore and joined his men, who made the forest aisles ring with their cheers. Forming his men in military order, he led them through the woods to Crown Point, ten miles away. Two hours later the Indians reached this point, but the Americans were gone.

Thus ended one of the noblest fights the inland waters of America ever saw. The British had paid dearly for their victory, and Carleton had been treated to an example of Yankee pluck and endurance which he was not likely soon to forget. After that day's fight his ardor cooled. If a flotilla like this could give him so much trouble, what would he have to expect from an attack on the strong walls of Ticonderoga and the swarms of fighting farmers he would meet in traversing the wilderness farther south?

He sailed on to Crown Point, the small garrison of which left it at his coming, and he exchanged some shots with the men at Ticonderoga. But hope of success in his enterprise had vanished, and he soon returned to Canada, his deftly-laid project of invasion given up. Arnold, the soldier-sailor, had snatched victory out of defeat. His purpose was to check Carleton in his invasion, and this he had accomplished, his defeat being thus the most glorious in the annals of the American navy, since it had all the effect of a triumph.

SAMUEL TUCKER, THE BOLD MARINER OF MARBLEHEAD

THE following amusing story is told of a fighting hero of the Revolution. On a day early in 1776 a uniformed rider made his appearance in the straggling old town of Marblehead, in Massachusetts, and diligently inquired for a man of the name of Samuel Tucker. He rode on to a certain house to which he was directed, and saw there a weather-beaten man, roughly dressed and actively at work in the yard. An old tarpaulin hat covered his head and around his throat was loosely knotted a handkerchief. Taking him for a laborer, the man called from his horse:

“Say, my good fellow, can you tell me if the Honorable Samuel Tucker lives here?”

The workman straightened himself up and cast a quizzical glance at the inquirer.

“Honorables, honorables! I’ve a notion there’s no man of that name in Marblehead. You must be looking for one of the Salem Tuckers. I’m the only Samuel Tucker in this town.”

“I was told to stop at a house standing alone, with its gable-end to the sea. This is the only house of that kind I’ve seen.”

“Well, if that’s the case, maybe I’m the Tucker you want, though I don’t hitch no ‘honorables’ to my name. Here I am; what have you got to say?”

“If you’re the man, I’ve got a commission for you from General Washington to take command of the armed schooner ‘Franklin,’ now building near Boston.”

“Washington, eh? Well, I reckon I’m your man, and glad enough to get the chance for a hit at the bloody Britishers. Jest walk in, young man, and we’ll talk it over.”

A true downeaster was Samuel Tucker; rough, plain-spoken, with no varnish upon him, yet a bulldog of a fighter and a patriotic American of the first grade. From boyhood he had served an apprenticeship in British war-vessels, yet with the first whisper of a war for liberty he made his way home to cast in his lot with his countrymen.

Born at Marblehead in 1747, the son of a ship-master, he early acquired a taste for a salt-water career, and at eleven years of age ran away from home by shipping as cabin boy on the “Royal George” sloop of war. He continued partly in the naval and partly in the merchant service until 1775, and an anecdote is told of him when acting as second mate of a Salem merchant ship which shows the mettle of which he was made.

In those days the Mediterranean Sea was infested by pirate craft from the Moorish ports of Northern Africa, and many a peaceful merchantman was taken by them, its cargo plundered, and its crew sold as slaves. On Tucker’s first voyage from Salem the ship he was on was chased by two of these craft, pirate corsairs from Algiers. All sail was set, but the brigand sea-hounds proved too swift and the ship was rapidly overhauled. The crew was in a panic, and the captain sought courage in rum, being soon too drunk to handle his vessel.

In this emergency Mate Tucker came to the rescue. Taking the helm in his own hands, he put it hard down, heading the ship straight for the pirates. They

awaited him, now sure of a capture. But Tucker knew what he was about. If less speedy, the Yankee schooner was easier to handle than the lateen-sailed Algerines, and by skilful steering he got his vessel between the two corsairs in such a position that they could not fire at him without damage to themselves.

The Moors made every effort to get out of this awkward situation, but Tucker deftly held his place between them until night, near at hand, had spread its veil of darkness over the scene. Then he slipped away and by daylight was safe in port. Such a man was Samuel Tucker, of Marblehead, bold, fearless, a skilled seaman and able manœuvrer.

Having served as an officer in the British navy, he was in London when the Revolution began. His courage and ability were so well known that he was offered a commission in either the army or navy, if he was ready to serve "his gracious Majesty."

But Samuel Tucker was an American first of all, and this offer roused his Yankee ire. He broke out angrily and rudely: "Hang his gracious Majesty! Do you think I am the sort of man to fight against my country?"

Words like these were dangerous in London in those days. The report of what he had said stirred up the authorities, a charge of treason was laid against him, and he had to make hasty flight for safety. For a time he was hidden in the house of one of his friends, a country inn-keeper. He finally succeeded in getting on shipboard and in this way got back to his native land.

Tucker was as well known in America as in Europe as an able and experienced seaman, and his services were soon in demand. When Washington took com-

mand of the army besieging Boston, he found it sadly lacking in munitions of war and almost destitute of powder. Transports were continually bringing supplies of this kind to the British in Boston, and he determined to divert some of this material to his own use. He did not wait for Congress to act, but had several small vessels armed and sent out in search of prizes, commissioning them as Massachusetts cruisers. Strictly speaking, they were privateers. It was for one of these that he chose Tucker as captain on the 20th of January, 1776, and sent him his commission, as stated.

He could not have chosen a better man. Not content to wait for the "Franklin" to be got ready, the impatient Tucker took command of a small armed schooner and set out on a cruise, soon bringing in a British transport, laden with such useful material that he received the thanks of Washington and the whole army. This was but a foretaste of his later work. With the "Franklin" and the "Hancock," which he later commanded, he swept the seas around Boston, capturing and sending in no fewer than thirty prizes during the year 1776, one of them "a brigantine from Scotland worth fifteen thousand pounds."

This work was of inestimable advantage to Washington. Some of these prizes were taken by a mere show of force; for others he had to fight hard. On one occasion, when he attacked and captured two British prizes, the battle took place so close to Marblehead that the captain's wife and sister, hearing the sound of cannon, went to the top of a high hill near by and through a spy-glass had the satisfaction of seeing their captain fight and win.

In March, 1777, the value of Captain Tucker's services had become so well recognized that he was put

in command of the frigate "Boston," and in this, in 1778, he had the honor of conveying John Adams to France, as envoy from the United States. The voyage was one filled with exciting incidents, and Adams did not reach France without serious danger of going to a British prison instead.

There were many days of storm, in some of which the "Boston" came well nigh being wrecked. At one point in the voyage a squadron of three British men-of-war was encountered and the "Boston" had to make a rapid run for safety. She outsailed two of the pursuers, which were soon dropped far behind, but the third, a better sailer, kept up the chase and pressed her closely. Fortunately night was at hand, the wind rose to a gale, and cloud and deep darkness settled down on the sea. All night the "Boston" ran on, and when morning dawned no British ship was in sight.

A little later a large armed vessel was met, more nearly his own match, and Captain Tucker decided to fight, notwithstanding his important mission. His distinguished passenger was as ready for this as himself, and was so full of battle fervor that when the drum called the men to quarters he seized a musket and joined the ranks of the marines.

"Come, Mr. Adams, this won't do," said the captain earnestly. "I cannot permit you to risk your life and must request you to go below."

Adams listened with a stubborn look and made no sign of obeying. Tucker now laid a hand on his shoulder and said firmly:

"Mr. Adams, I am commanded by the Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France. You must go below."

There was no mistaking the meaning of those words. Adams smiled and obeyed. Some accounts of this incident, indeed, say that the burly captain picked his small passenger up in his arms and carried him bodily to a place of safety below, but this is probably an imaginative embellishment.

The fight began with a broadside from the stranger. Tucker gave no reply. Other shots came, but still the "Boston" kept silent. Some of the old tars beginning to grumble, the captain turned to them and said, in his quizzical way:

"Hold on, lads. I want to get that egg without breaking the shell."

Soon gaining the advantageous position he sought, he poured a broadside into the enemy that raked her from stem to stern. This proved quite sufficient. Down came the flag in haste and the egg was taken with unbroken shell. Shortly afterwards the envoy was safely landed in France.

In 1779 Tucker took five valuable prizes, and when convoying a fleet of merchantmen from Holland with supplies for the American forces he captured the frigate "Pole." In August of the same year he took the sloop-of-war "Thorn."

Captain Tucker was a born humorist, a man in the habit of saying odd and amusing things. He did odd things also. Of the various anecdotes told of him we may relate the following. So many had been his captures, and the British found him so sore a trouble, that they made active efforts to put an end to this annoyance. On one occasion he fell in with a British frigate that had been sent out for the express purpose of bringing him in as a prize.

As she came up Tucker played the fox, hoisting the

British flag. He was hailed by the stranger, and replied that he was Captain Gordon, of the British navy, and was on a cruise in search of the "Boston," commanded by the rebel Tucker.

"If I can sight his ship I'll carry him to New York, dead or alive."

"Have you ever seen him?" came the hail.

"I can't just answer to that, but I've heard a good deal about him. They say he is a tough customer."

Tucker meanwhile had been deftly handling his ship so as to get it into a raking position. He had just succeeded when a sailor in the British tops excitedly cried:

"Below there, look out! That is Tucker himself!"

The shrewd Yankee had got the Englishman into a tight place. As they lay the "Boston" had him at a great disadvantage and could have swept his decks from stem to stern. Recognizing this, the captain struck his flag and the ship was taken without a gun being fired.

At the time of the capture of Charleston, in 1780, Tucker's ship formed one of the American squadron at that city, and he became a prisoner of war. He was soon exchanged, however, and, being without a ship, he took command of one of his former prizes, the sloop-of-war "Thorn," and went out with her on a privateering cruise. After being out several weeks he met an English twenty-three-gun ship, which sailed up in a belligerent fashion.

"She means to fight us," said Captain Tucker. "She is pretty strong, but if we lay ourselves alongside her like men we can take her in thirty minutes. If we don't go as men we have no business to go at all. I leave it to you, lads. Let every man of you who is

ready to fight go down the starboard gangway; all the others go down the larboard."

The whole crew went down the starboard.

Captain Tucker now handled his ship as he had promised, and succeeded in laying her side by side with the enemy. The firing began, the Englishman using his guns with poor effect, the "Thorn" replying with a destructive fire. This was kept up for thirty minutes, when there came a cry of distress from the British deck.

"Quarter! For God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking. Our men are dying of their wounds."

"How can you expect quarter while your flag is flying?" demanded Tucker.

"Our halliards are shot away."

"Then cut away your ensign staff, or you'll all be dead men."

This was done and the firing ceased. The English had suffered severely, more than a third of the crew being dead and wounded, while the deck was crimson with blood.

A turn in the tide of Captain Tucker's good fortune came in July, 1781, when his vessel was taken near the mouth of the St. Lawrence by the British frigate "Hind." It was the first time he had been beaten in a fight, and then only by being heavily overmatched. Held prisoner on Prince Edward Island, he escaped and made his way to Boston. From there he apologized by letter to the officer who had held him in charge and at his own request was paroled.

After the war Congress gave special thanks to Captain Tucker for his valuable services. For a number of years afterwards he was occupied in convoying packets from the United States to Bremen, and in 1792

settled down in Maine as a farmer. The year 1813 found him again on the deck of a war vessel, he making a brilliant capture of the privateer "Crown," which had been harassing the coast of Maine.

But age was now bearing upon Captain Tucker and he retired from the service, subsequently residing in Massachusetts, where he held several important public posts. He died on the 10th of March, 1833.

JOSHUA BARNEY AND THE CAPTURE OF THE "GENERAL MONK"

JOSHUA BARNEY, famous especially for his brilliant exploit in Delaware Bay at the close of the Revolution, was a native of Baltimore, in which city he was born on June 6, 1759. Like many of our naval heroes, he was trained from boyhood upon the sea, leaving school and taking to the life of a mariner at ten years of age. There was an incident in his early life much like one in that of Paul Jones. On his last voyage to Italy the captain died, and Barney, the only one on board who understood navigation, took his place, carrying the vessel safe to port and back home again. He was then less than seventeen years old.

When the first American naval squadron was formed there was added to it a ten-gun sloop called the "Hornet," and an eight-gun schooner, the "Wasp." Barney served in both of these, beginning his career as master's mate of the "Hornet," in which he saw some active service as a member of Commodore Hopkins's fleet. The most important work done by this fleet was the capture of New Providence, in the Bahama Islands, and the bringing away from there of a hundred cannon and a large quantity of military stores.

Barney was subsequently transferred to the "Wasp," and in the fight of the latter with the brig "Tender" he behaved so gallantly that he was promoted lieutenant. His first command was the temporary one of the little sloop "Sachem," with which he captured a British privateer. A period of ill-fortune followed.

Put in charge of his prize, he was captured while bringing it in and was imprisoned in the terrible prison-ship "Jersey," a veritable *inferno*, whose inmates were treated so barbarously that few of them survived. Barney fortunately succeeded in gaining his release. He afterwards served on the "Andrea Doria," and was an officer of this vessel in the West India cruise in which she captured the "Racehorse," as already related.

After this adventure the young mariner went out as captain of a merchant vessel, which was armed for safety, and in Barney's hands made excellent use of its cannon. Chased by a British war-vessel, the "Rosebud," of sixteen guns, he escaped in an original manner. Loading one of his cannon with a crowbar, he fired this new kind of cannon-ball at the "Rosebud" when within gunshot distance. The missile, whirling through the air, struck the sails of the British craft, tearing them to rags, and finally hit and cut a big slice out of the foremast. The "Rosebud" had had its petals well plucked, and Barney's vessel sailed unmolested away.

In 1778 he was made first officer of the "Virginia," a twenty-eight-gun frigate, recently built and destined to quick misfortune. While on her way down the Chesapeake at night she ran aground on a shoal. The next morning two British warships appeared near by and the "Virginia" was doomed. In her position it was hopeless to attempt to fight, and Captain Nicholson, who was in charge of some very important papers, deemed it his duty to save these rather than to stand by his vessel. He and his crew took to the boats and rowed ashore, abandoning their vessel to the foe. Nicholson was afterwards cleared of blame in this matter by a Congressional investigation.

All do not seem to have escaped from the "Virginia," for we are told that Lieutenant Barney was captured and remained a prisoner for five months before he was exchanged. His later career was a somewhat checkered one. As second officer of a privateer, in 1779, he helped to take and bring to Philadelphia a valuable prize, but he was again captured soon afterwards and held prisoner until a second time exchanged.

He was now assigned as a lieutenant to the sloop-of-war "Saratoga," and during his next cruise was put in charge of a boarding party which attacked the British ship "Charming Molly." Though the ship's crew outnumbered his party three to one, his attack was so impetuous that she was captured and was put under Barney as prize-master. The result was scarcely to his liking. On their way in they were overhauled and taken, and for the fourth time the brave Barney was a prisoner of war.

He was taken to New York, and after a period of detention there was sent to England. Like others of whom we have spoken, he succeeded here in escaping, and though a price was set on his head by the prison authorities he kept out of their clutches, finally making his way back to his own country.

We now come to the most famous event in Joshua Barney's career. Hitherto he had been acting in a subordinate capacity and had chiefly reflected glory of which to boast. We have now to tell how, as captain of the "Hyder Ali," he figured in a famous event and made the final prize in the naval war of the Revolution.

The "Hyder Ali" was not in the naval service of the country, but was a merchant ship bought by Pennsylvania and fitted out as a state cruiser. It was not adapted in build to serve as a warship, but the state

was in immediate need of a convoy for a fleet of merchantmen waiting to sail, so eight gunports were cut on either side of the ship and sixteen six-pounder cannon mounted, her crew numbering one hundred and ten men. Such was the vessel of which Barney was appointed captain on the 8th of April, 1782, the fleet of merchantmen being put under his charge.

It was a service not without danger, even at that late period of the war. The lower waters of Delaware Bay were apt to be infested by British cruisers, and here the chief peril lay. On reaching the vicinity of Cape May, Barney saw that serious work was laid out for him. Before him in the lower waters of the bay loomed up three British warships, the frigate "Quebec," the sixteen-gun brig "Fair American," and the "General Monk," a sloop-of-war, carrying sixteen twelve-pounders and two long six-pounders.

In face of such a fleet the "Hyder Ali" was like a dove before a hawk. Captain Barney saw that there was no safety for his merchantmen except in flight, and signalled them to make their way at full speed up the bay. They obeyed, scattering like a flock of frightened birds, with the exception of one, under a foolhardy captain, who fancied that by hugging the land he could escape the cruisers and get safely to sea. He paid for his daring by his vessel becoming a British prize.

The "Hyder Ali" sailed up the bay in the rear of the fleeing merchantmen and the squadron of warships came hotly on his track, the frigate taking a side channel with the idea that it would prove a short cut by which the fugitives could be headed off. Captain Barney saw this movement with delight. He knew the nature of that "short cut," and that the "Quebec" would soon find itself in shoal water. Before it could

turn back on its course and reach open water again he would have ample time to deal with its consorts.

On came the other two, the "Fair American," a swift-footed privateer, well in the lead. Barney put his ship in fighting trim and awaited her, expecting a battle, but the privateer was out for prizes rather than glory, and sailed by with a harmless broadside, chasing the fleeing merchantmen and leaving the sloop-of-war to deal with their convoy. Barney let him pass. The "General Monk" was coming up at a quick gait and was quite enough for him to take in hand as it carried double his weight of metal.

The keen-witted American prepared for the coming fight in a shrewd manner. Marshalling his officers and men, he said to them:

"I want you to go opposite to any orders I may give. If I tell you to prepare for boarding you must understand that you are to stay at your guns and fire at the word. If I order you to give a broadside you must get ready for boarding." To the helmsman he said: "If I tell you to port your helm you are to put it hard-a-starboard. Do you understand?"

"Aye, aye!" answered the tar.

Thus instructed, the men awaited the moment for action. Up came the sloop-of-war, her captain fancying that he was going to make an easy prize, as the "Fair American" had been allowed to pass without a shot. When within hailing distance he cried:

"Strike your colors, or I will fire."

The two vessels were now scarcely a dozen yards apart.

"Hard a-port your helm! Do you want her to run aboard us?" roared Barney to his helmsman.

The order was heard on board the enemy, whose

captain gave orders to meet the expected movement. But the seaman put his helm hard a-starboard, as directed, and the "Hyder Ali" swung round in front of the enemy, the jibboom of the "General Monk" catching in her fore rigging, where it remained entangled during the short action that followed.

Barney had gained a raking position, in which it was not necessary to give his men special orders, and in a moment they poured in a broadside that swept the deck of the enemy from stem to stern. This was kept up as fast as they could load and fire, while the British captain, unable to get out of his awkward position, was able to do little damage with his guns. In less than a half-hour more than twenty broadsides were fired, scarcely a shot missing its mark. The "Monk" was helpless and down came the proud British flag. Twenty men had been killed and thirty-three wounded in the brief fight, while Barney's ship had only four killed and eleven wounded.

In its way this was a capture of signal importance, for the "Monk" had been a highly troublesome enemy of the Americans, having taken no fewer than sixty prizes within two years. Barney did not even wait to ask her name, but put a prize crew on board and told them to make the best of their way to Philadelphia. His victory had been gained none too soon, for the frigate was making all haste to get into deep water again and take a hand in the game.

The prow of the "Hyder Ali" was now turned toward the "Fair American," but the privateer captain had seen the fate of his consort and had no taste for that sort of fighting, so he put about to slip away by the inshore route. As a result he soon ran aground. He would have been an easy prize, but for the "Que-

bec," which had now got out of the side channel and was coming up under full sail. One broadside from the guns of the frigate would have settled matters for good for the "Hyder Ali," and Barney prudently took to flight. Fortunately his ship was a swift sailer and soon showed a broad space of open water between herself and her big pursuer.

When the cruiser and her prize reached wharf at Philadelphia the staid people of the Quaker City had a realization of the horrors of war such as had never before met their eyes. The ships came in as they had left the fight, with all its sanguinary marks upon them. Rent and tattered sails, torn and severed cordage, split and shattered bulwarks, and deeply blood-stained decks told a terrible tale, while the dead still lay, torn and dismembered, where they had fallen, and the wounded bled and groaned below. Captain Barney had won the last and one of the most signal naval battles of the war, and had gained for himself a high standing among the naval commanders of the young Republic.

His services were recognized and rewarded, Pennsylvania presenting him with a gold-hilted sword and Congress making him a commodore. He continued in the naval service, still a very young man, he being only twenty-two years of age when he captured the "General Monk." Assigned to the frigate "Washington," he cruised in the West Indies, and in the autumn of 1782 was sent to France with despatches for Dr. Franklin. On his return he brought back news of the signing of a preliminary treaty of peace.

Engaging in business in Baltimore in 1793, he went with Monroe to France in 1794, and while there carried the American flag to the National Convention.

He joined the French navy in 1795 and commanded a squadron in the West Indies, resigning in 1800 and returning to his native city.

When the second war with Great Britain came on in 1812 Barney was still a hale man of middle age, being fifty-three years old. He immediately took part, beginning his work as captain of the privateer schooner "Rossie," of fourteen guns and one hundred and twenty men. The "Rossie" was a light-footed craft, well fitted to run away from too strong an enemy, though running was not to Barney's taste. He found plenty to do. In a forty-five-days' cruise he captured fourteen vessels. On going to sea again a month later he found the waters infested with British frigates, and had often to show his skill in running. Yet he succeeded in taking fresh prizes, one of them giving him an hour's fight. The vessels and cargoes taken by him were estimated as worth nearly \$3,000,000, though much of this wealth went to the ocean depths, several of his prizes being sunk.

In the next year (1813) he was given the command of a fleet of gunboats in Chesapeake Bay, but there was very little for him to do until June of the following year, when the British ascended that inland sea in some force. On the 1st of June he went in pursuit of two British schooners, but before he could overtake them a stiff breeze from the south made such a swell that the gunboats had to retreat. The schooners followed and attacked, but were beaten off by a hot fire from the gunboats. On the 7th the British force in the bay was strengthened by a sloop-of-war and a razee—a line-of-battle ship with her upper deck cut off. This reduced her to the dimensions of a frigate, but one with heavy timbers and a superior weight

of metal, she being usually made a fast ship, as a result of her lightening.

Commodore Barney's flotilla was now in the Patuxent River, a branch of the Potomac, and here on the 8th a fleet of ships and barges came up to scout for the Yankees. Barney retreated two miles upstream to get in water too shallow for the frigate's deep draught, and then anchored his boats in a line across the mouth of St. Leonard's Creek. Here he was attacked by a strong force of barges, twenty-two in number, accompanied by two schooners, the whole manned by 800 men. Barney's force consisted of thirteen barges and 500 men.

A sharp encounter took place, continuing much of the day, the enemy meeting with far the greater losses. They then converted the siege into a blockade and began to plunder the surrounding country, carrying off what they desired and burning the remainder. Reinforcements were now sent to Commodore Barney and another sharp engagement took place on the 26th, the result being the withdrawal of the enemy.

In August the British returned in much greater force, bringing an army for the projected movement on Washington and Baltimore. Their approach created a flurry at Washington and panicky orders were sent to Barney to burn his boats and come to the defence of the capital. This was a hasty and ill-advised order, and Barney obeyed it greatly against his will, afterwards leading his men, about four hundred in number, to join a force gathering for the defence of Washington.

In the land fighting that ensued Commodore Barney and his men did the best fighting of any body of men on the ground, but he received a severe wound that

brought his fighting days to an end. Had he been given a really efficient force in the Chesapeake, the capture and burning of Washington could have been averted, the lack of preparation there being a flagrant example of the manner in which the land part of that war was generally conducted. Commodore Barney lived for several years afterwards, being naval officer at Baltimore in 1817. He subsequently set out on a western trip to take up some land he had purchased, and died on the journey, December 8, 1818.

THOMAS TRUXTON, PRIVATEER AND VICTOR IN THE WAR WITH FRANCE

THE chief fame of Thomas Truxton was gained in 1799 and 1800, during the naval war with France in those years, but he was also a leading spirit among the Yankee privateers of the Revolution, and gave the British naval establishment no small amount of trouble by his daring and success. He and his fellow-privateers swept the seas to such an extent that during the war the prizes numbered more than 700, of which 559, valued at some \$13,000,000, were brought into port. Of one fleet of sixty vessels from Ireland for the West Indies, thirty-five were captured by privateers. And in this active work the dashing Truxton bore a full share.

Born at Jamaica, Long Island, on the 7th of February, 1755, and brought up in sight of salt water and smell of salt air, he early developed an appetite for the sea and began his ocean career at twelve years of age, serving for years on merchant vessels and British warships. In 1775, at the outbreak of the Revolution, being then twenty years of age and captain of a merchant vessel, his vessel was seized while he was transporting gunpowder to the colonies and its cargo confiscated.

Reaching Philadelphia with a desire to repay himself for his loss, he became lieutenant of the privateer "Congress," and sailed in her to the West Indies, where he took part in the capture of several valuable

prizes. In June, 1777, he was made captain of the ten-gun privateer "Independence," and made a cruise to the Azores, where he took a number of small prizes, and later on had the good fortune to fall in with a large convoy from the Windward Islands. Frigates protected the fleet, but Truxton boldly dashed in and succeeded in cutting out three large vessels, one of them being better armed and manned than his own craft. Its strength was of little avail against the onset of a daring seadog like Truxton.

On his return to port with his prizes Truxton took command of the "Andrew Caldwell" and afterwards fitted out a new privateer, the "Mars," arming her with twenty-four guns, and now sought a field of peril, but one likely to be rich in spoil, the English Channel. Here were prizes galore for the bold privateer, and he picked them up in gratifying numbers, sending so many to Quiberon Bay that his captures "in a great measure laid the foundation of Lord Stormont's remonstrance to the French court, against the admission into her ports of our armed vessels and cruisers." This remonstrance was not heeded, there being at that time a growing hostility between Great Britain and France which was soon after to develop into open war.

Truxton afterward occupied himself in a wholesale fashion, fitting and sending out privateers from Philadelphia, which captured numerous prizes and brought in supplies of great value to the army. Being subsequently deputed to carry Consul-General Thomas Barclay to France in the "St. James" privateer, a twenty-gun vessel, he met on the way a thirty-two-gun ship, carrying double his number of men. This ship had been sent out from New York with the express purpose of intercepting and capturing him,

but sadly failed in its mission. A sharp fight ensued, in which Truxton handled his strong antagonist so severely that it decided to let him alone.

The following anecdote is told of this encounter: A ball from the British ship passed through the side of the "St. James" and lodged in her mainmast. The story goes that "A fine fore-castle hand named Jack Sutton, perceiving the ball the moment it struck the mast, seized it, ran with it to a gunner, and said: 'Here, gunner, take this shot, write post-paid upon it, and send it back to the rascals,' which the gunner lost no time in doing."

On his return home Truxton brought the most valuable cargo received at any American port during the war.

This homeward journey was made in the ship "Commerce," a vessel armed with fourteen guns and carrying fifty men. On his way he met with a British brig of superior strength, and a fight ensued lasting some twenty minutes. Then a frigate came in view and Truxton hoisted sail and took to flight. In the fight he had one man killed and two wounded, while the British loss amounted to thirty-eight.

Truxton continued thus engaged throughout the Revolution, taking no command in the regular naval service, but doing work of the utmost usefulness as a privateer captain. When the war ended he engaged in the maritime mercantile traffic, trading with Europe, China and the East Indies, and spending much of his time upon the seas until 1794, when the re-establishment of the navy was ordered, and Truxton was among the captains appointed by President Washington to the new ships ordered to be built.

These embraced six frigates, the "Constitution,"

the "President," and the "United States," sister-ships of forty-four guns each, and the "Chesapeake," the "Congress," and the "Constellation," of thirty-six guns each. Truxton was appointed to the "Constellation" and directed to superintend its building.

These vessels were ordered to be built on designs furnished by Joshua Humphreys, a Philadelphia Quaker, but a shipbuilder of thirty years' experience and the ablest in his craft in the United States. His doctrine was that our ships ought to be fast enough to fight or run at will, and strong enough to be equal to any ship afloat. With this in view, he proposed that they should be made longer and broader than the prevailing type, but not so high out of the water. On this model, he said, they could carry as many guns on one deck as other ships did on two, and fight them to better advantage, while their form would give them staunchness in the water and enable them to carry a greater spread of canvas, thus giving them superior speed. The correctness of this theory was abundantly proved in the subsequent naval wars of the United States, Humphreys's theory being long followed in the building of American war vessels.

One of these wars was near at hand. The revolutionary Republic of France, in its desperate struggle with the hostile powers of Europe, began to play havoc with the American merchant trade, capturing and confiscating many American vessels laden with merchandise not contraband of war, on the simple plea that they were bound to ports of nations at war with France.

The depredations by French ships on our commerce became so serious that in 1798 the American government determined to put a stop to them, declared

all treaties with France abrogated, and, without declaring war, authorized its cruisers "to capture any French vessel found near the coast preying upon American commerce." This authorization stirred up many of the old tars of the Revolution, and numbers of men who had smelt powder in the late war came forward to man the warships of the nation. Even before the treaties were abrogated the "Constellation" had set sail, with Truxton in command, and with her the "Delaware," under Stephen Decatur, father of the famous sea hero of the same name. They began their work off the capes of Delaware Bay, finding there the French ship "Croyable," which was known to have taken several American ships. She was at once seized and sent in as a first warning to France that this business must stop.

The "Constellation" made the West India waters her cruising ground, and here, on the 9th of February, 1799, while bowling along before a stiff breeze between the islands of Nevis and St. Kitts, the lookout aloft reported a sail to leeward. The wind was fresh from the northeast, and, spreading studding sails, the good ship bore swiftly down before it, Truxton having an idea that this might be one of the craft of which he was in search.

But just as they had caught the wind in their broad spread of canvas a black squall struck the ship, and "all hands to shorten sail" was the cry. The crew were quick to recognize the peril and stripped the ship with nervous haste, in time to save her spars; but the other ship was less alert and when the squall had passed it was seen that her maintopmast had gone by the board. She had changed her course and was now heading for the port of St. Eustatius.

Spreading sail again, the "Constellation" was soon close up, her flag afloat in the breeze. The other ship responded by hoisting the American colors, but when a private signal was shown no answer came. Soon after she hauled down the Stars and Stripes and sent up the French standard, firing a gun in defiance.

On came the "Constellation," furling her upper sails as she bowled along. The enemy hailed as she came near, but no reply was made. The hail was repeated when the ships were about ten yards apart and Truxton's reply was now given in a broadside.

The Frenchman instantly returned the fire and his helm was shoved hard down. His purpose was to luff up yard arm to yard arm and board his antagonist. In this was hope for victory, for his ship swarmed with men, at least a hundred more than the "Constellation" carried.

Truxton saw his design and was quick to evade it, easily escaping the crippled Frenchman, crossing his bows and raking him as he passed. His starboard battery now came in play, and he continued his broadsides until his superior sailing power again carried him ahead of the French cruiser, when he crossed her bows and raked her a second time.

The fight continued for some minutes longer, though the Frenchman had by this time all the eighteen-pounders on his main deck dismounted and had only his twelve-pounders left. But he fought pluckily on until the "Constellation" once more drew ahead and prepared a third time to cross his bows and rake him. The fight had now grown hopeless and the French flag came down.

The prize proved to be the "Insurgent," Captain Barreaut, a ship which had been cruising in those

waters for several months, much to the detriment of the American West India trade. The "Constellation" was the stronger in weight of metal, though weaker in men, and the accident to the Frenchman gave the American the advantage in sailing power. Captain Barreaut fought pluckily, but his gunnery was inferior, for the "Constellation" lost but five men in killed and wounded, while the "Insurgent" lost seventy. The strict discipline on the "Constellation" is shown by the fact that one of the men killed was shot by Lieutenant Sterrett for deserting his post.

The later story of the "Insurgent" was one of immense credit to the men of the "Constellation." Lieutenant John Rodgers and Midshipman David Porter, with eleven men, were sent on board to superintend the transfer of prisoners, but while doing so the wind freshened to hurricane force, and the ships were blown asunder with 173 of the Frenchmen still on board their own ship. This was a serious situation for the thirteen men of the prize crew, yet on the third day afterwards they brought their charge safely into St. Kitts, where Truxton, with the "Constellation," anxiously awaited them.

The thirteen had at once the gale to fight and the captives to guard, while all the hatch-gratings, shackles and handcuffs had been thrown overboard after striking colors. Fortunately the Frenchmen had no officers and no resolute leaders and suffered themselves to be driven below the hatches, at each of which one armed man was stationed, with orders to shoot any one who sought to come up. Thus, without sleep or rest, they worked the ship and guarded their prisoners for three nights and two days, and in the end brought them safely in, an almost unprecedented feat.

The capture of the "Insurgent" excited great attention, and Truxton was warmly commended throughout Europe for his act. England, the great enemy of France, was especially gratified, and the merchants of Lloyd's Coffee House presented him with a service of plate worth 600 guineas, handsomely engraved with a picture of the action between the two ships.

During the remainder of that year Truxton helped to clear the West Indies of privateers and buccaneers, and on the 2d of February, 1800, he had a second battle with a French man-of-war, on more even terms than the former one. In fact, in this fight the French ship, the "Vengeance," was considerably the stronger, but Truxton compelled her to fight and in the end forced her to yield.

It was on a Sunday night that the two ships came together, the "Constellation" overtaking the "Vengeance" only after a long chase, for the Frenchman had sought to escape. As he drew up on the weather quarter of the enemy he ordered strict silence among his men until he gave them the word. He then hailed the "Vengeance," which replied with a broadside, some of the balls taking effect.

The "Constellation" continued to draw ahead without a shot or a sound, while the guns of the "Vengeance" kept up their work. The strain on the men, who were kept waiting at their guns, grew almost unbearable, as they stood in grim silence, but Truxton sternly ordered them to keep to their posts until they got the word and bade them then to aim at the hull, to load with all speed, but not to fire hastily or without careful aim.

The time at length came. The ship had reached

the wished-for position. He gave the word and the guns went off with one general crash, shrieks and death cries from the enemy telling of the havoc wrought. The men obeyed orders, loading quickly, but not firing a gun without deliberate care, the pieces growing so heated by the rapid work that water had to be poured on them to cool them off. At midnight the fire of the enemy, which had been decreasing, ceased entirely and the victory seemed won. In fact, it is said that their flag had been lowered twice during the fight, but the thick smoke blinded the gunners and the American fire compelled the French gun crews to go to their pieces again.

As it was, the battle ended none too soon for the "Constellation," for her main standing rigging had been completely shot away. The captain called all hands to send up preventers, but before they could do their work the mast fell, carrying overboard Midshipman James Jarvis and a number of men, all but one of whom were lost. Jarvis might easily have escaped, but with a fine sense of discipline he kept to his post till the mast went, facing death in the interest of duty. Recent writers have held up this action of young Jarvis as a splendid example of American heroism, and justly so.

The loss of her mainmast robbed the "Constellation" of her prize, the "Vengeance" taking the opportunity of her crippling to slip away in the darkness and make harbor at Curaçao. She had 160 killed and wounded, while the loss on the "Constellation" was less than forty.

There were other fights, between vessels of smaller calibre, during this brief undeclared war, but Truxton had the credit of fighting the two important battles



THE "CONSTELLATION" AND THE "VENGEANCE"

and of winning in both. The trouble ended in a treaty of peace between America and France, which was ratified by the United States Senate, February 3, 1801, just a year after Truxton's last fight.

Congress honored him with a gold medal, and he was soon after transferred to the "President" and promoted to commodore, in command of the West India squadron. In 1802 he was put at the head of the expedition against Tripoli. As such he asked for a captain for his flagship, a common practice in later years, but the democratic President Jefferson construed the demand as a step towards introducing aristocratic conditions in the navy. He therefore dropped Truxton's name from the naval list. Truxton's later life was passed in part on a New Jersey farm and in part in Philadelphia, of which he was Sheriff 1816-19. He died there May 5, 1822.

EDWARD PREBLE AND THE WAR WITH THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

ENGLAND showed a bitterly revengeful spirit against Paul Jones for his raid on Whitehaven and on Lord Selkirk's castle, defaming him as a pirate, offering a reward for his head, and threatening to hang him if captured. In doing this she conveniently ignored the fact that one of her own captains, acting strictly under orders, had done a far more outrageous deed without a word of reprobation on the part of the British authorities. This was the bombardment and destruction by fire of the town of Falmouth, Maine, by Captain Mowat, in revenge for the acts of the privateers, a thousand unoffending men, women and children having their homes burned to ashes at the beginning of the freezing Maine winter for acts with which they had nothing to do.

It was a barbarous deed, one of which Paul Jones would doubtless have been incapable, and, like all such deeds, it did far more harm than good to its perpetrators, since it inspired the colonists with indignation and revengeful feeling and roused them to sterner efforts to win their liberty. The women and children of Falmouth—Portland, as it is now named—were forced to take refuge from the late October chill in hastily constructed huts of bark and brush, and among these fugitives was a lad of fourteen, named Edward Preble, who was afterwards to make himself a name among the able naval commanders of the United States.

Born in Falmouth on the 15th of August, 1761, and brought up in that busy Maine seaport, young Preble was still a schoolboy when his native town was destroyed. He early developed an inclination for the sea, which grew so strong that to prevent him from running away from school to ship's deck his father put him as ship's boy on one of the vessels of the Massachusetts state navy, which were sent out at the suggestion of General Washington to do privateer duty on the New England coast, and supply the army at the cost of its enemies with greatly needed munitions of war.

The youthful seaman saw some active service in this field of duty, and in 1779 was made a midshipman on the twenty-gun ship "Protector," under Captain John Williams, one of the most daring of the privateer captains. In June the "Protector" met the British privateer "Admiral Duff," a ship in all respects her equal, and for an hour the two ships fought, yard arm to yard arm, the combat ending in the British vessel blowing up. Of her crew only fifty-five men were picked up. On its return from this cruise the "Protector" tried conclusions with the frigate "Thames," of thirty-two guns, and after a running fight forced her to draw off.

During a second cruise the "Protector" met her fate, she being taken and her crew made prisoners. Young Preble, still only a boy of eighteen, was for a time confined in the "Jersey" prison ship at New York, but was soon released. Returning to Massachusetts and reporting the loss of the ship to the Legislature, he was promoted first lieutenant, and in 1781 was made second in command of the "Winthrop."

This gave him his first opportunity for an inde-

pendent exploit, he being sent at the head of fourteen men to attack a British ship lying in the harbor of Castine, Maine, and protected against direct assault by land batteries. The exploit was a daring and desperate one, but young Preble achieved it successfully. He boarded and captured the ship and took her safely out under a severe cannonade from the land batteries, carrying her to Boston and handing her over to the authorities.

This was Preble's chief personal exploit during the war, which soon afterwards ended, but it was one that gave him great credit. He continued at sea for many years afterwards, engaged in the merchant service. In 1798 he was appointed a lieutenant in the reconstructed naval establishment, and in January of the following year was put in command of the brig "Pickering," which was occupied on scouting duty. His appointment to a captaincy came on May 15, 1799, when he was assigned to the thirty-six-gun frigate "Essex" and sent on a cruise to China and the East Indies for the protection of American shipping in those waters. On his return he convoyed home a fleet of fourteen merchant vessels from Batavia.

In June, 1803, Preble was appointed commodore of the Mediterranean squadron, which had been in those waters for two years under Commodore Dale, engaged in an unsuccessful effort to put an end to the piracy of the Moors. Taking the frigate "Constitution" for his flagship, Preble proceeded to the Mediterranean, and on October 19 went on shore with a small following at Tangier, then a nest of pirates, and by his resolute bearing secured the release of all captured American vessels and renewed the treaty of 1786. For the first time the Sultan of Morocco was compelled to respect

the United States and to remove all obstructions to American commerce.

He next gave his attention to Tripoli, and here, on the 31st of October, a serious disaster happened to the American squadron, in the loss of the frigate "Philadelphia" and the capture and imprisonment of her officers and crew. The story of how, while chasing a Tripolitan cruiser, this fine ship ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli, within three miles of the city, will be told in our sketch of William Bainbridge, her captain. We are here concerned only with Preble's part in the unfortunate affair, which was an endeavor to rob the Tripolitans of their prize.

Captain Bainbridge, though closely confined in the Bashaw's castle, succeeded in conveying a suggestion to Preble that, as the "Philadelphia" was hopelessly lost to the Americans and as the Tripolitans were preparing to make use of her as a war vessel, an effort should be made to destroy her. It might be done by a party of Americans entering the harbor at night in a suitable vessel, firing her, and getting away again.

Preble accepted the situation. He did not fail to recognize the hazardous nature of the project, but success was possible and on this he acted. As for getting volunteers to undertake the enterprise, that was not difficult, since there was scarcely a young officer in the squadron or a seaman in the fleet who would not have eagerly taken the risk. The principal applicants were Lieutenant Charles Stewart, who commanded the brig "Siren," and Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, commander of the schooner "Enterprise," which had already won fame in those waters. Decatur was finally chosen, while Stewart, with the "Siren," was selected to go with him and be ready

to pick up his crew if they should be obliged to take to their boats. As regards the details of this daring enterprise, which proved in every way successful, they must be left for our sketch of Decatur, Preble having no concern in it except that he laid out the plan and chose a fit man to undertake it. The fame of the exploit itself belongs solely to Decatur.

Though the "Philadelphia" went up in flames, her captain and crew still lay in close and severe imprisonment, the Bashaw of Tripoli showing his resentment at the loss of his valued prize by confining the men of the "Philadelphia" in a cold and damp room in his castle, their only light being from an iron grating in the ceiling, and keeping them there till he was forced to terms by Preble and his ships.

Eager to obtain the release of Bainbridge and his men, Preble now began a much more vigorous attack on Tripoli than it had ever before been subjected to. For this purpose he prepared a flotilla of gunboats, each carrying a long, heavy gun, and two barges, on each of which was mounted a thirteen-inch brass mortar, these loaned him by "his Sicilian Majesty."

With these a number of attacks were made upon the pirate stronghold, the first and most spectacular being on the 3d of August, 1804. Six gunboats, in two divisions, were sent in to attack the enemy's fleet, under the command of two of the most daring young officers in the squadron, Stephen Decatur and Richard Somers. An account of the desperate fight which took place between the first section of these boats and those of the Moors must be reserved for the sketch of Decatur's career, and it need simply be said here that the Tripolitans fought like demons and were overcome only after a battle of unexampled ferocity.

Meanwhile Somers, finding that his boat could not follow the inside route taken by Decatur, rounded the opposite end of the reef and for a time faced five of the Moorish gunboats, his other boats coming up later and aiding to put the enemy to flight. The result of the enterprise was the capture of three Moorish gunboats and the sinking of three others.

While the gunboat flotilla was doing this good work Preble entered the harbor with his flagship, the "Constitution," and the smaller vessels of the squadron, sailing close under and firing on the batteries of the enemy, which were several times silenced, and bombarding the city. He failed to silence the batteries permanently from the fact that the Bashaw had twenty-five thousand soldiers at his command, each battery being remounted from this force as soon as the ships ceased firing at it.

The admiration of foreigners was excited by the admirable handling of the "Constitution," which boldly entered the harbor, tacking and making sail as neatly as if in a friendly port and firing with the precision of ordinary gun practice. And the daring and skill of the Americans in a hand-to-hand fight were so marked that the Tripolitans afterwards avoided any such close personal encounters with them.

Several other attacks were made on the Moorish stronghold, the Bashaw offering terms after each, but none of a kind which Preble was ready to accept. A variety of incidents took place in these attacks. In one of them a heavy shot penetrated the room in the castle in which the American prisoners were confined, covering Bainbridge with fragments from the wall and carrying away the coverings from the bed in which he lay.

On another occasion a hot shot from a shore battery penetrated the magazine of one of the gunboats and blew it up. Though the bottom of the boat was opened and she began rapidly to fill, the men and the gun they were loading were not injured, and when the smoke cleared away Midshipman Spence and his men were seen still at work around their gun. As the boat sank they, with three cheers for the flag, fired their last shot, with the water lapping around their feet. They then sprang overboard, were quickly picked up, and at once returned to the work of fighting the enemy.

The most notable, but most unfortunate, event of the siege took place on September 4, in which Master Commandant Richard Somers and a number of other brave volunteers lost their lives. Commodore Preble, "desirous of annoying the enemy by all means," conceived the perilous project of sending a fireship among their shipping. For this the ketch "Intrepid," which had been used in the destruction of the "Philadelphia," was employed. Her lading for the enterprise consisted of a hundred barrels of gunpowder, a large number of shells and a quantity of old iron, while in a room well aft a heap of combustibles was placed. The plan was to send her in among the Moorish shipping in the guise of a blockade-runner, then set her quick-burning material on fire. From this a train led to the magazine, regulated to burn fifteen minutes before reaching the powder. This was calculated to be time enough to let the crew escape in their boats.

Volunteers for the dangerous enterprise were numerous, Somers being chosen among those who offered. He was accompanied by two midshipmen, one of whom had smuggled himself on board, and ten seamen. The night chosen was a favorable one, a



THE DANGER OF THE "INTREPID"

low fog covering the water and a fair wind filling the sails. At 8 o'clock they set out, gliding silently away into the gloom.

Several small cruisers were sent in to pick up the fugitives as they came out or cover the retreat of the ketch, if necessary, and from the deck of the foremost of these, the "Nautilus," she was watched, as well as the darkness permitted, Midshipman Ridgeley, with the aid of a powerful glass, following her shadowy movement between the gunboats that lay in the mouth of the harbor. As he continued to look a signal gun was fired from the shore, followed quickly by the roar of every gun in the batteries on that side of the harbor and a commotion among the gunboats that guarded the channel.

An instant later the sky glared with a lurid outburst of flames and a frightful explosion was heard. A deafening roar followed and a shock was felt that sent a quiver through the ships outside the bar. In the next instant came the splash and patter of shells and timbers in the water, with cries of fear and distress from the city. Then all sounds ceased and absolute silence reigned.

That is all that is known of the fate of gallant Richard Somers and his daring followers. Whether the explosion was designed or was an accident is unknown. In vain the American cruisers patrolled the channel all night long, firing guns and rockets at intervals, in the forlorn hope of rescuing some survivor. In the morning one of the enemy's gunboats was missing and the Tripolitans were seen hauling three others, badly shattered, up the beach. The "Intrepid" had utterly disappeared, and with her every vestige of her gallant crew, except that a num-

ber of unrecognizable white bodies were afterwards recovered and buried on the beach.

Immediately after this unfortunate incident Commodore Barron, who had been sent out to relieve Preble, reached the squadron. But the work had been done, and to Preble belongs the credit. There were no further hostilities, though the force was increased until the squadron consisted of five frigates and as many smaller vessels, with a dozen or more gunboats and bomb barges. And the stubbornness of the Bashaw was affected also by a rebellion in his dominions, the capital of his chief province being captured by American aid. The alarmed Bashaw hastened to offer terms of peace, agreeing to deliver up all American prisoners for \$60,000 ransom and never to trouble American commerce again. These, being Preble's original terms, were accepted. The fleet then sailed to Tunis and dictated under its guns terms of peace to the ruler of that country. In this way America put an end to the reign of terror which had existed in the Mediterranean for centuries.

Preble's recall was mainly owing to his state of health, which was greatly broken. Congress honored him for his good work by voting him a gold medal, while each of his officers was presented with a sword of honor, and a month's extra pay was given each man of his crew. After his return home he rapidly declined in health. President Jefferson offered him the Cabinet position of Secretary of the Navy in 1806, but he was too ill to accept it, and he died at Portland, his native place, on August 25, 1807.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, A NAVAL HERO OF THREE WARS

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, a famous commander in the war with Tripoli and the later war with Great Britain, and who showed his alert Yankee wit in the naval war with France, was a native of Princeton, New Jersey, where he was born May 7, 1774. He was the first of the naval commanders with whom we have to deal who took no part in the Revolutionary war, but throughout his life he showed himself a true son of the sea, shipping before the mast at the age of fifteen and continuing in the merchant and naval service till his death.

At the age of eighteen he was first mate on a merchant vessel and in his pioneer voyage in this capacity gave evidence of his daring and ability. A mutiny broke out on the ship, the mutineers seizing the captain and being on the point of throwing him overboard when they were attacked by Bainbridge and the second mate. After a lively fight of short duration they succeeded in quelling the mutineers and rescuing the captain. Doubtless his readiness on this occasion was the cause of his being made captain the next year.

An incident is told which still more clearly shows his character. This took place in 1796, he being then captain of the ship "Hope." The British practice of boarding American merchantmen and taking from them men claimed to be British subjects was then growing common, and Bainbridge was subjected to this when on his way home from London, his ship

being boarded by officers from a British warship and he compelled to muster his crew. The mate, an American, was named McKinsey, and the lieutenant decided from his name that he must be a Scotchman. At Bainbridge's suggestion McKinsey took refuge in a stateroom and with pistols defied the lieutenant, who thereupon carried off a common sailor. Bainbridge told the lieutenant as he left that he would repay this outrage by taking a man from the next British merchantman he met. Five days later he met a British brig that had more men than he and eight guns to his four, and carried out his threat in spite of a stout resistance by the captain of the brig.

In 1798 Bainbridge was made a lieutenant in the new navy and put in command of the "Retaliation." This ship had been the French "Croyable," taken off the Delaware capes by Truxton and sent to Philadelphia, where it was given this new name and sent out under the American flag. Its voyage did not prove a fortunate one, the French soon gaining possession again of their former craft.

Two consorts sailed with the "Retaliation," the "Montezuma" and the "Norfolk," and on the 20th of November they came within sight of two small squadrons. They separated to learn the character of these vessels, Bainbridge seeking one squadron and his consorts the other. On coming close up he found that he had to deal with two French frigates, the "Insurgent" and the "Voluntaire," each with more than double his number of guns.

To fight would have been madness, and when he sought to run he was soon overhauled by the "Insurgent" and forced to surrender. He was taken on board the French flagship, the "Voluntaire," while the

“Insurgent” set out in pursuit of his consorts. The French captain courteously declined his sword and treated him with civility, permitting him to go to the forecabin with the other officers to watch the chase.

The sight was an inspiring one to the French, though hardly so to their captives, for the “Insurgent,” with a great spread of canvas, rapidly gained on the fleeing Americans. She was nearly close enough to open fire when Captain St. Laurent, of the “Voluntaire,” said to Bainbridge:

“Pray, sir, what is the force of those vessels?”

“The ship carries twenty-eight twelve-pounders and the brig twenty nine-pounders,” said Bainbridge, in a tone of assurance.

The answer alarmed St. Laurent. This was a strength that outmatched the “Insurgent,” which carried thirty-six guns, and the captain signalled for her to return. The “Insurgent” obeyed, though evidently much against the will of her captain, for when he came within hail he cried, in a voice that manifested some anger:

“Sir, why did you recall me? Only for your signal I should have had those vessels in ten minutes.”

“You do not know, sir, the strength of the vessels you were chasing,” replied St. Laurent. “Your ship is not strong enough to contend with a force of twenty-eight twelve-pounders and twenty nine-pounders, which those ships carry.”

At this the captain of the “Insurgent” gesticulated violently, evidently in a very excited state of mind, and he shouted back:

“Sir, they have nothing heavier than sixes. Do you imagine this ship could have anything to fear from such guns?”

St. Laurent turned to Bainbridge and asked him angrily:

"Did you not say, sir, that those ships carried twenty-eight twelve-pounders and twenty nine-pounders?"

"Yes, sir," said Bainbridge, hiding a covert smile; "and if I thought that I could have done more to save the ships by telling you that they carried twenty-four-pounders I would have cheerfully done so."

Three months later the "Insurgent" had an opportunity to test her strength against the "Constellation," a vessel of her own strength. In this encounter her captain showed himself a good fighter, but he lost his ship, as we have already told, to the brave Truxton.

Bainbridge was taken by his captors to Guadeloupe, a French island of the Lesser Antilles, where there were already a large number of American captives, taken from merchantmen seized by French cruisers. Bainbridge's protest against this, and his general representation to the governor of the island of the illegal acts of the French cruisers, led the latter to restore him his ship and to release these men, who were brought back by him to the United States.

Bainbridge was now promoted master and put in command of the "Norfolk," with which he cruised in the West Indies, and on October 8 captured the French lugger "Republican." He was transferred to a new field of duty in the following year. For twenty years before that time the United States had been paying tribute to Algiers, on the condition that the corsairs of that state would not molest our commerce. Other nations similarly paid tribute, on the plea that it was cheaper to do so than to keep fleets in the Mediterranean. Against this insolence of the Barbary states

Captain Bainbridge was one of the first to show a spirit of rebellion.

In May, 1800, he was put in command of the "George Washington" and sent with the annual tribute to Algiers. This was paid much against his will, and when the Dey of Algiers bade him to carry an embassy to Constantinople with tribute to the sultan he refused to do so, saying that this was no work for American ships. The Dey replied that the Americans were his slaves, since they paid him tribute, and they therefore must do as he ordered. On the advice of the American consul Bainbridge at length consented, but indignantly expressed the hope that the next tribute he delivered would be from the mouths of his cannon. He proceeded, however, to Constantinople, where he was the first to show the American flag and was very well received.

Trouble with Tripoli broke out in the following year, the ruler of that country complaining that we did not send him as much tribute as was due him. He went so far as to declare war against the United States. This act precipitated the contest that put an end to the exactions of these piratical states.

On May 20, 1801, a "squadron of observation," under Captain Dale, was ordered to the Mediterranean, Bainbridge going with it in command of the "Essex." Dale's instructions prevented him from taking any very effective measures, but in 1803 Commodore Preble was sent to command the squadron and was given much more freedom to act. In the new squadron Bainbridge was put in command of the frigate "Philadelphia," and as such soon found himself the victim of a serious disaster and a captive in the hands of the Bashaw of Tripoli.

The "Philadelphia" had been placed on blockade duty off the harbor of the Tripolitan capital, and near the end of October was driven from her station by a furious gale. She returned on the morning of the 31st. The brig "Vixen," which had aided her in the blockade, was not in sight, the only vessel visible being a corsair, that was stealing into the port.

Bainbridge at once gave chase, and gained rapidly before the fine breeze that filled his sails. But the corsair hugged the coast and it was soon found that the "Philadelphia" was getting into shoal water. Bainbridge did not know that the case was really worse than this, that he was running among reefs, with the channels of which the corsairs were familiar.

On went the frigate at a good pace, and soon her bow guns began to throw shot at the corsair, the chase continuing until the walls of the city became visible scarcely three miles away. For some time the men throwing the lead had steadily reported eight fathoms of water, but suddenly the cry came of seven fathoms, and in a few seconds more of six and a half. In an instant the helm was thrown hard over and the ship came up to the wind, headed seaward, but the next moment, with a severe shock, she struck the reef. The bow rose six feet out of water, many of the men were hurled prostrate by the shock, and the cordage and masts creaked dismally under the tremendous strain.

The good ship was in a very perilous position. Every effort was made to get her off, the guns forward being thrown overboard or run back to reduce the load at the bow and even the foremast cut away, but all to no avail. She was hard and fast on the reef. Quickly the enemy's gunboats came out and opened

fire on the stranded vessel. The Americans replied with the few guns that could be brought to bear, but as the tide ebbed the ship keeled over until nothing could be done with the guns and they were in a helpless state. Recognizing that the vessel could not be got off and that defence was impossible, Captain Bainbridge now had the magazine flooded, the pumps disabled, holes bored through the ship's bottom, and at five o'clock her flag was hauled down.

For a time the Tripolitans held aloof, fearing some treachery, but as night fell they boarded the ship, and at once began to plunder, taking everything they fancied, even to the clothing of some of the men. In all 315 men surrendered, among them, in addition to Bainbridge, several officers who were to make their mark in coming years.

Two days later the Tripolitans succeeded in getting the vessel off the reef during the high tide, enhanced by the heaping up of the waters by a strong north wind. The holes in the hull had been stopped up, cables were attached to her stern, and by bringing a strain on these the frigate was hauled off. The guns, anchors and most of the shot that had been thrown overboard to lighten her were recovered, and the Bashaw was immensely gratified that he had gained a fine American-built ship at no cost to himself.

Nineteen months elapsed before the attacks of the American fleet forced the Bashaw to give up his captives. Within that time the "Philadelphia" had been destroyed, the suggestion that this be done coming from Bainbridge, who wrote a letter with lime juice—which becomes legible when heated—and had it delivered through the aid of the Danish consul at Tripoli, who showed throughout the kindest attention to the

Americans. Bainbridge was afterwards, in accordance with custom, tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship, but of course was honorably acquitted, the proceeding being a mere matter of form.

After his release, in June, 1805, Bainbridge returned home and for some years afterwards was employed as a merchant captain, but in the winter of 1811, when war with Great Britain seemed at hand, he hastened home from St. Petersburg, making a rapid overland journey through Sweden.

On reaching Washington he, in company with Captain Stewart, urged the government, which had for years paid little attention to the efficiency of the navy, to put it in better condition for effective service and give American seamen an opportunity to display their skill and heroism on the ocean, the department proposing to hold the ships back for harbor defence. He was immediately promoted to the rank of commodore, and in October, 1812, sailed from Boston in command of a squadron consisting of the "Constitution" and the "Hornet." The "Essex" was to meet him off the Delaware, but failed to do so, and after the coast of Brazil was reached the "Hornet" was left blockading the British warship "Bonne Citoyenne" in the harbor of Bahia, after in vain challenging her to come out and fight. Leaving her there, the "Constitution" sailed on a cruise down the coast until about thirty miles southeastward from Bahia.

On the morning of December 29, while the ship was moving along under short sail before a gentle breeze from the northeast, a hail came from the lookout aloft to the effect that two sails were visible to the north and inshore. As it was afterwards learned, these were a British frigate, the "Java," and an Amer-

ican merchant ship, the "William," which had been captured two weeks before.

All on deck of the "Constitution" watched these distant vessels with eager interest, especially when they were seen to part company, one heading towards the "Constitution," the other taking a different course. The natural conclusion was that the former was a warship out for prizes or eager for a fight.

An hour passed away and then the coming ship hoisted a number of small flags, private signals of the British navy. Commodore Bainbridge answered with the American private signal. As neither could read or reply to the other, it was evident that they were of different nations, and the "Constitution" was headed southeasterly so as to get more sea-room in the event of a battle. The "Java" at once headed after her, and for the next two hours there was a race, in which the British ship proved much the fastest and rapidly gained on the American, it following a course that would give it the weather gauge.

It was nine o'clock when the strangers were first sighted. It was past one when they came within near vicinity. The men on the "Constitution" had finished their after-dinner smoke when they were ordered to clear the ship for action and the American flag was hoisted to the breeze. The "Java" now showed the English colors and squared away in an effort to cross the "Constitution's" stern and rake her with a broadside. This purpose was defeated by the alert Bainbridge, and the two ships luffed up again on the port tack and ran on at about a half-mile apart. It was just two o'clock when the firing began, the shots from the "Java" reaching the "Constitution," while her own fell short.

From this time on the firing was continuous, the smoke filling the air till each ship was shrouded from view, and the distance gradually decreasing until they were within musket shot. This fact proved unfortunate for Commodore Bainbridge, for as he paced his quarterdeck a musket-ball from the "Java" struck him in the thigh. By good luck it was a flesh wound only, and he was able to remain on deck, supporting himself near the wheel and directing the battle.

Forging ahead, the "Java" now sought to cross the "Constitution's" bows and rake her from this position, but the latter squared away as quickly and escaped the intended fire. Headed westward and within short range of each other, the two ships now kept up the fight hotly, but the swift "Java" soon forged ahead again and once more tried to cross the "Constitution's" bows. This time she got in a partially raking fire, diagonally across the deck, one round shot striking the wheel of the "Constitution" and knocking it to pieces, while it drove a copper bolt from it deep into the leg of the commodore.

Though twice wounded, the brave Bainbridge still refused to go below. In fact, he continued to direct the movements of his ship while the surgeon was cutting out the bolt and bandaging his leg. In spite of the loss of the wheel, the vessel could be handled, there being a tiller below decks, with tackles to handle it, while a line of midshipmen was stationed to pass the word to the helmsman.

The two ships had swung round until they now headed eastward, the "Java" having so far held the weather gauge and thus being able to choose her position. Weary of this, Bainbridge at length determined to run directly for her, taking the risk of being

raked, and to bring the vessels yard arm to yard arm. It was a perilous manœuvre, and would have proved serious to the "Constitution" had the English gunners known how to aim. As it was, they blazed away wildly and wastefully, while the Yankee tars made every shot tell as their ship ranged up under the "Java's" lee bow.

Seeing this, Captain Lambert, of the "Java," took the same risk that his foe had done, heading his ship towards the "Constitution" with the purpose of boarding, but in doing so got a frightful raking fire, while the marines in the American tops poured a shower of musketry into the gathering ranks of the boarders. The sails of the "Constitution" were backed to hold her in this favorable position, and round shot, grape and canister were poured in destructive fury upon the foe, sweeping her decks and cutting away her spars. The bowsprit of the "Java" was soon shot away. Five minutes later her foremast fell. The "Constitution" now overreached her bows, wore round, and brought her fresh broadside to' bear, and as the enemy was swung round by the drag of the wrecked foremast, she wore again and gave her the port broadside. This was a wrecking fire. Down came the "Java's" maintopmast, followed by the gaff and boom of the spanker, and finally, at five minutes to four her mizzenmast was cut off and crashed down, carrying her last flag with it. But the British fought with such unyielding pluck that, though their ship was now a helpless wreck, it was ten minutes more before their fire was silenced.

As the cheers of the Yankee seamen rent the air, John Cheever, a bold fellow from Marblehead, who was lying apparently dead upon the deck, opened his

eyes and asked what the noise was for. On being told that the enemy had struck, he lifted himself on one arm, waved the other around his head, gave three cheers, and fell back dead.

The "Constitution" now drew off to repair the few injuries she had received, leaving the prize to await her pleasure. As she sailed back every spar was in place and the ship practically in as good shape as when the fight began. On her approach a British flag was seen waving from the stump of the mizzen-mast, and she ranged up for another broadside. Then the stubborn Britons hauled down their flag and at last acknowledged defeat.

When the "Java" was boarded she was found in a frightful condition and with dead and wounded strewn everywhere. Her captain had been mortally wounded more than an hour before, and the obstinate fight that followed had been kept up by Lieutenant Chads, and this in spite of the fact that he was severely wounded. On both sides the fight had been gallantly sustained and the ships admirably handled, the result being due to the greatly superior gunnery of the Americans. There are conflicting statements of the losses, but Bainbridge's report that he had twelve killed and twenty-two wounded to nearly sixty killed and over a hundred wounded on the "Java," is probably close to the facts. As for the "Java" herself, she was found to be such a wreck that she was not worth the labor of bringing home. She was therefore set on fire and blew to pieces when the fire reached her magazine.

Thus ended one of the most evenly and hotly contested naval battles in American history. On his return home Bainbridge got a most enthusiastic recep-

tion. The people of Boston, where he landed, showed their delight in processions and banquets. Congress voted him a gold medal and gave silver medals to his officers, while \$50,000 was donated to the crew. As for the "Constitution" herself, the people honored her by giving her the famous sobriquet of "Old Ironsides."

This one great victory was Bainbridge's chief contribution to the naval history of the war of 1812. In 1815 he commanded a squadron sent to the Mediterranean to deal with the Barbary states, which were growing troublesome again. Peace with Algiers was made soon afterwards, and other disputes were settled. During the remainder of his life Bainbridge was engaged in various naval duties, as commandant at navy yards, etc. In 1819 he commanded the new line-of-battle ship "Columbus." He served as second to Decatur in his fatal duel with Commodore Barron. His career closed in death on the 28th of July, 1833.

STEPHEN DECATUR AND THE BURNING OF THE "PHILADELPHIA"

THE fame of Stephen Decatur was gathered on many fields of conflict, but the exploit by which he is best known is the spectacular attack on and burning of the frigate "Philadelphia" when a prize to the Moors in the harbor of Tripoli. In its way this exploit displayed such bold resolution and cool intrepidity as to give it a leading place in our naval history, while it had in it so much of the spice of bold adventure as to bring Decatur an undying renown. But he shone in other scenes of warfare, as will be seen in the following sketch of his career.

Stephen Decatur was born at Sinnepuxent, Maryland, January 5, 1779, the son of a naval officer of the same name who served in the Revolution and in the naval war with France. His grandfather was a French naval officer, who came to America in 1740, his naval inclination being thus hereditary.

Decatur entered the navy as a midshipman in 1798, in his twentieth year, his first cruise being to the West Indies with Captain John Barry, where he saw some service against the French. He was promoted lieutenant in 1799. In 1801, when the navy was reduced to peace proportions after the naval war with France, Decatur was included among the officers of that rank who were retained on the list. In May of that year he sailed in Captain Dale's squadron to the Mediterranean, on the expedition against the Moors, as an officer of the "Essex," under Captain Bainbridge.

An interesting anecdote is told of him in this connection. While the "Essex" lay in the harbor of Barcelona, Captain Bainbridge was insultingly treated by the commander of a Spanish gunboat, and the next night, when Decatur and some other officers went ashore, they were similarly treated by the same officer. This was too much for the hot blood of the young lieutenant. Going to the guard-boat the next morning, he asked for its captain and was told that he was on shore. He left this message for him:

"Tell him that Lieutenant Decatur, of the frigate 'Essex,' pronounces him a cowardly scoundrel, and that when they meet on shore he will cut his ears off."

The next step in the affair was a letter to Captain Bainbridge from the commandante of the port, requesting him to keep his lieutenant on board so as to avoid a quarrel between him and the guard-boat captain. Bainbridge's reply to the cool request was that if the captain did not know how to treat American officers as gentlemen he must take the consequences.

The upshot of the affair was that the insolent captain was forced by his superior to make a humble apology, while the king, on hearing of the affair, gave orders that officials should "treat all officers of the United States with courtesy, and especially those attached to the United States frigate 'Essex.'"

Having been transferred to the "New York," he was at Malta on one occasion when a midshipman, a mere boy, was insulted by an English bully, a noted duellist, whose purpose was to get up a duel with one of the American officers. He got more than he bargained for. Decatur offered to be the young fellow's second and decided that they should fight by being

placed back to back, and at the word to walk forward two steps, whirl around and fire. The English second demurred to this as a murderous demand, but Decatur insisted on it, as the only way to put the young officer on an equality with the skilled duellist.

That night the midshipman was given an empty pistol and thoroughly trained in the work he was to do, and the next morning his training enabled him to get in his shot first and kill his antagonist. There was such a stir made about this duel that Decatur returned to the United States to avoid international difficulties, the slain man having been the secretary of the governor of Malta, who was greatly incensed at his loss.

In November, 1803, Decatur rejoined the fleet, then lying before Tripoli, under Commodore Preble, and was put in command of the twelve-gun schooner "Enterprise." In this vessel he captured a Tripolitan ketch called the "Mastico," and took it to Syracuse, where the American fleet then lay. The project of destroying the frigate "Philadelphia," which then lay in the harbor of Tripoli close to the castle and batteries, after being lost in the manner already described, was then in contemplation, and Decatur eagerly asked permission to undertake the work with his vessel, the "Enterprise." Others also applied, but Decatur was finally chosen, the captured "Mastico" being selected instead of the "Enterprise," as its rig would enable it to enter the harbor without arousing suspicion.

A crew of sixty-two picked men and thirteen officers were put on board this vessel, and on February 9, 1804, it set sail for Tripoli, the brig "Siren," under Lieutenant Charles Stewart, going with it to lie off the harbor and pick up the fugitives if they should

have to take to their boats. Among the officers on board were two midshipmen, Thomas Macdonough and James Lawrence, who were to win their meed of fame in later years.

A furious gale was blowing when the expedition reached the vicinity of Tripoli, and for six days the two vessels tossed on the waves, the weather not being fit for the enterprise until the 16th. Seven more volunteers were then taken from the "Siren," the men divided into gangs, each with a special duty to perform, the combustibles examined and found to be in order, and at nine o'clock at night the little vessel sailed into the harbor, taking the channel which the "Philadelphia" had followed to her loss.

When the lights of the city came well into view, all the crew except six men disguised as Moors concealed themselves, some going below, some lying on the deck behind the bulwarks. The wind failed them as they got well in, but the ketch drifted onward towards the great hull of the "Philadelphia," plainly visible in the moonlight. The crew seemed to be awake and alert, lights showing through all her ports.

It was about ten o'clock when the "Mastico" came near the frigate, it being steered so as to run afoul of the frigate's rigging at the bowsprit. Hailed by a sentinel, the Maltese pilot answered that the ketch had lost her anchors during the gale and wished to make fast to the anchors of the "Philadelphia" until others could be procured. While this talk with the pilot went on two of the disguised sailors got into a small boat and carried a line to a ring-bolt on the frigate's bow, and men on deck began to haul up the ketch, those lying under the bulwarks catching the rope and helping in the work. Meanwhile the Tripolitans had

sent a small boat with a line to aid in fastening the ketch, but this the two sailors in the boat took from them, saying in broken Maltese that they would "save the gentlemen the trouble."

The result was unfortunate. While the ketch was being hauled in by the bow line, the tension on this stern line turned her broadside on, so that the Moorish spectators who were looking over the side of the frigate were able to see the men lying under the bulwarks and pulling away on the line. Instantly the stratagem was suspected and the cry of "Americano! Americano!" was raised.

Immediate and decisive action was now necessary. Springing to their feet, the sailors ran back with the line, giving the ketch a vigorous send forward. A Tripolitan cut the rope, but the ketch glided on with the impetus it had received. Grapnels were thrown, and at the cry from Decatur of "Boarders away!" a wild leap was made for the frigate's rail. Midshipman Morris was the first on board, with Decatur close behind, and the rest swarming over like cats.

The Tripolitans were taken by surprise. In an instant the quarterdeck was cleared. Then the men charged back in a line, cutlass in hand, driving the dismayed crew before them. Taken by panic, many of the Tripolitans leaped overboard, while others ran below—to meet death at the hands of the sailors who had climbed through the ports. So swift was the work that in ten minutes all resistance was at an end and a rocket was sent whirling up to advise the men on the "Siren" of their success.

Already the combustibles were being brought on board and the work of destruction went on with the utmost rapidity. The firing gangs spread through



DECATTER BOARDS THE "PHILADELPHIA"

the ship, Midshipman Morris heading the crew that sought the cockpit, the lowest attainable point. But so quick were those above him in their work that Morris and his men had barely time to escape before the swift springing flames cut off all egress. When the upper deck was reached flames were already shooting from the portholes on both sides. Into the ketch the men tumbled in frantic haste, Decatur being the last to leave the burning ship. They had been on board the frigate but twenty-five minutes in all.

There was serious difficulty, however, in getting the ketch away. She swung round under the ship's stern, with flames pouring from the cabin windows into the cabin of the ketch, where the ammunition of the expedition had been stored. Only at that moment was it remembered that the line at the stern still held fast. This severed, the crew, with their big sweeps, eight on a side, were able to get clear of the blazing ship and make way towards the sea. They had not gone far before the tarred rigging of the frigate caught fire and the flames ran rapidly to the masthead, illuminating the whole harbor with their light, while the great vessel stood out a magnificent spectacle, with all her spars and rigging shown in lines of fire.

The Tripolitans meanwhile hastened to their forts, and soon cannon balls were plashing in the water around the fugitive craft. The distance was not great, but haste and excitement rendered the aim bad, and only a single shot hit the ketch, this passing through a sail. The guns from the batteries were soon echoed by those from the frigate, these being heated by the flames. But before they were all discharged the fire reached the magazine, and with a terrific shock and roar and a blinding sheet of flames the huge vessel

was torn into fragments, which were scattered far and wide over harbor and shore. It was the funeral gun of the good ship "Philadelphia."

Meanwhile the little "Mastico" had got beyond gunshot, and soon her intrepid crew reached their companions waiting without, not a man of them lost and only one wounded. Thus ended what Lord Nelson truly called "the most bold and daring act of the age." To reward those who took part Congress made Decatur a captain and voted him a sword, and to all the men was given two months' extra pay. As for the "Mastico," she was renamed the "Intrepid." The Bashaw of Tripoli showed his exasperation over his loss by confining the late crew of the "Philadelphia" in a damp apartment in the castle, lighted only by an iron grating and keeping them there till he was forced to make peace and set free his captives.

Six months later Decatur took an active part in another enterprise, one in which hard fighting replaced keen strategy. This was the attack of August 3 on the defences of Tripoli. Of the six gunboats that were sent in, Decatur commanded the foremost three and bore the brunt of the hard fighting that took place. His brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, was in charge of one of the boats. The enemy awaited the onset with nine well manned and armed boats.

Decatur opened fire with a gun that had been loaded with a thousand musket balls in a bag, and the next moment was on board the foremost boat and driving back its crew with an irresistible charge, the Tripolitans tumbling over the rail or down the hatch in their haste to get away. Their captain had been killed, his body being riddled with fourteen balls from the great gun.

Meanwhile James Decatur had attacked another boat, to be met with treachery instead of force. The Moorish captain hauled down his flag at the first fire, but when the young lieutenant came up to take possession treacherously shot him dead. During the confusion caused by this unexpected attack the boat hauled off.

But the murderer did not escape. Word reached Decatur of the dastardly deed, and in an instant he was in fierce pursuit of the fleeing barbarian, pouring in a volley of grapeshot and musketry as he approached, and leading an indignant rush of boarders as he came up, he selecting the captain to deal with himself. A hand-to-hand fight followed, fierce and desperate, the Tripolitan being a powerful and savage fellow, while fury gave Decatur double strength.

A brief, hot contest with pike and sword took place, Decatur being wounded in the chest and arm and his sword breaking off at the hilt. Then, leaping at the assassin, he grasped him, and in a moment the two were wrestling and struggling for victory. At this critical moment a Tripolitan aimed a blow at Decatur's head, his life being saved only by a deed of rarely equalled heroism. The only American near him was a seaman named Reuben James, both of whose arms had been disabled. But he sprang forward, thrust himself between and caught upon his head the blow aimed at his captain.

The struggling antagonists now fell to the deck, the Tripolitan on top, but each with one arm free, and each drawing a weapon, the Tripolitan a long knife, Decatur a pocket pistol. Fortunately for the latter he was an instant the quicker and shot the Mussulman through the heart, killing him instantly. It is

pleasant to be able to say that the gallant Reuben James recovered from his wound and lived to serve his country for many years afterwards.

The third boat, commanded by Sailing Master John Trippe, made as good a fight and ended the contest in the same manner as in the other two, with the death of the Moorish captain. As it chanced, the two boats swung apart when only these two officers and nine men had boarded, leaving the eleven to face the whole barbarian crew. Trippe saw there was but one hope for victory, to kill the Tripolitan captain. But he proved to be a fellow of great strength and agility, who had sworn on the Koran to conquer or die. In the fight that followed Trippe received no less than eleven wounds, and at last was forced down with one knee on the deck. But in this position he caught the captain in an unguarded moment and thrust him through with a pike. This ended that remarkable fight, in which eleven men killed fourteen of their antagonists and captured the remaining twenty-two, without a man being killed on their side. We have elsewhere told the story of the work of Richard Somers in this fight, and of his final fate in command of the "Intrepid," in which Decatur had won such glory.

Decatur continued in the navy after the close of this war, commanding the "Chesapeake," and in 1810 the "United States." Relations with Great Britain were now growing very strained, and more than one act of partial hostility took place. In one of these the "United States" figured. While cruising off Sandy Hook she fell in with the British ships "Eurydice" and "Atalanta." Decatur had his men at the guns, simply as a matter of precaution; but while he was exchanging hails with one of the Britons a

gun was discharged and a ball struck the British ship. An impatient gunner had pulled his lanyard, perhaps purposely to try and force a fight, but as he said it was done by accident the incident passed off. The shot was probably sent to show what American seamen thought of the British policy of impressment.

Of the famous naval events of the war that followed Decatur was the hero of one of the most striking, that of the capture of the "Macedonian." War was declared on June 18, 1812, and the ships of the republic were soon afloat, eager for prizes. Among them the "United States" left Boston on October 8, as one of a squadron, but soon parted from the others and headed eastward for a cruise between the Azores and the Canary Islands. On the morning of the 25th a sail was seen off the weather beam, and soon after it was observed that she was making sail as if in chase of the "United States."

The event proved this to be a stout new British ship, the "Macedonian," whose captain had been told at Madeira that the American frigate "Essex" was expected to cruise in those waters and had put out in hopes of capturing her. On seeing a warlike-looking stranger he fancied this was the ship he was out to meet and he changed his course to intercept her. He found the stranger quite ready to meet him half way, Decatur spreading sail and heading towards his ship.

When their signals made it evident that they were enemies, Decatur made an effort to get to windward of his foe, but he found the "Macedonian" too swift and well handled for this. Shortly after nine o'clock the battle began with some harmless feelers from each ship, but they soon came within range, and during the half hour that followed there was as stiff a fight

as has often been seen. The Yankee tars worked their guns so rapidly that the thick cloud of smoke they raised made the Englishman believe that the "United States" was on fire. But as usual in that war the American gunners knew how to handle their guns far better than their antagonists. Few shots were wasted and the "Macedonian" was being badly cut up, while the "United States" was little harmed.

Decatur walked along the gun-deck to watch the work of the men and to cheer them to their task. As he stopped at one gun he said:

"Aim at that yellow streak along her side. Her spars and rigging are going fast enough. She needs a little more hulling."

At another gun he heard a gunner say to his mate after the mizzen-topmast of the "Macedonian" had fallen:

"Hey, Bill, we have made a brig of her."

"Take good aim, my lad, and we'll soon turn her into a sloop," said Decatur. And they did, for her fore-topmast soon followed. Shortly afterwards the main-topmast was shot away.

Before this happened the captain of the "Macedonian," desperate at his losses, had made a vigorous effort to close in and board his antagonist, but Decatur was too alert to permit this, and as the ships came nearer the destruction on the English ship was redoubled. By eleven o'clock the "Macedonian" had become a wreck, unable to continue the fight, and the "United States" ceased firing. Of her spars only the mizzen-topgallant mast was gone. The "United States" now eased off to make some swift repairs to her rigging, but quickly came back and ranged across the stem of the Englishman.

Meanwhile Captain Carden had called a council of his officers. Lieutenant Hope urged that they should fight till they sank, but the others had no fancy for such hopeless folly, and as the "United States" came up the British flag went down. The actual fight had lasted an hour and a half. In that time only seven men were killed and five wounded on the "United States," while the "Macedonian" had lost forty-three killed and sixty-one wounded and all her upper spars were gone.

Fortunately for Decatur, he was able to bring in his prize, far as he was from home. Two weeks of calm weather followed the battle, and in that time new spars were put in place, new sails bent on, new back-stays and shrouds set up, and on December 4 the "Macedonian" came to anchor at New London, soon afterwards proceeding to New York. A season of national rejoicing followed, Decatur was feted and feasted, Congress gave him a gold medal and each of his officers a silver medal, while many states and cities took steps to do him honor. For the time being he was the country's great hero.

His later career was less fortunate. In June, 1813, he was blockaded by a British fleet in the harbor of New London with the squadron under his command, the ships being kept there till the end of the war, every effort to break the blockade failing. In the summer of 1814 he was transferred to the "President," then in New York harbor, and ordered to sail with a squadron to the East Indies, but the blockade there was strict and it was not until January 14, 1815, after peace had been concluded in Europe—though this was not then known in the United States—that he took the "President" out during a night of tempest.

He sailed to meet misfortune. On crossing the bar at Sandy Hook the vessel grounded, and for an hour and a half, till the tide raised, lay pounding on the sands. When she got off she was badly "hogged and twisted," having fairly broken her back. At daylight she found herself in the presence of several ships of the British blockading squadron and hotly chased by the "Endymion," which was so situated that it could cut up the "President" with its guns without receiving a shot in return. Decatur made an effort to run her down and board her, but the "Endymion" was swift enough to keep out of his way, and a fierce fight took place at musket range, both vessels suffering, the "Endymion" being so severely dealt with that she was well nigh wrecked.

But it was impossible to fight her to a finish, for two other ships, the "Pomone" and the "Tenedos," were close at hand, and Decatur's only safety lay in flight. He was hotly pursued, and overhauled at eleven o'clock at night. To fight then, with one-fifth of his crew disabled, his ship badly crippled and with a force more than four times his own opposed to him, seemed to Decatur madness, and after the first broadside from the "Pomone" he hauled down his flag. He has been blamed for yielding too readily, but no one can accuse him of lack of courage, and he doubtless shrank from a fruitless sacrifice of his crew.

As we have said, this battle was fought after the treaty of peace had been signed, as was soon learned. In May, 1815, Decatur was despatched, with a squadron of nine vessels, to his old fighting ground, the Mediterranean, where the Barbary states had taken advantage of the war to show their teeth again.

A second squadron was fitted out, under Commo-

dore Bainbridge, but before it reached the Mediterranean, Decatur had brought the trouble to an end. The main difficulty was with Algiers, which had a naval force of considerable strength, having for Admiral "Rais Hammida, the terror of the Mediterranean." His flagship was the forty-six-gun frigate "Mashouda."

Decatur met him with his squadron on the morning of June 17, off Cape Gatte. On finding himself in the presence of a strong force of the enemy Hammida made all sail for Algiers, not far away, but was soon overhauled. Good fighter as he was, he could do nothing with one ship against a squadron. In fact, he was killed almost at the beginning of the fight. His successor fought sturdily, keeping up the battle for a half hour, but, surrounded as he was by three strong ships, surrender was inevitable. Soon afterwards the squadron picked up another prize, the "Estido," a twenty-two-gun brig.

Decatur was now ready for an interview with the piratical Dey of Algiers. His mode of dealing with him was decisive and in some respects amusing. Arriving off Algiers on June 28, the captain of the port came on board, and was asked by Decatur where the Algerian navy was to be found.

"By this time it is safe in some neutral port," was the reply.

"Not the whole of it," answered Decatur. "We have already captured the frigate 'Mashouda' and the brig 'Estido,' and your Admiral Hammida is killed."

When the port captain declared that this was false, the lieutenant of the "Mashouda" was brought forward to confirm the statement. The captain at once

changed his tone from insolence to humility, and asked that hostilities should cease till a treaty could be made on shore. Decatur firmly replied:

“Hostilities will go on until a treaty is made; and a treaty will be made nowhere but on board the ‘Guerrière’” (his flagship).

The next day the captain came out with full powers to negotiate. Decatur presented his terms, including the release of all Americans held in slavery and the property taken from them. The Algerian objected to this, saying that the property had been too widely distributed. Decatur sternly replied:

“As it was unjustly taken, it must be restored or paid for.”

The next point objected to by the captain was that of relinquishing all tribute, and he also declined to pay for a Salem brig that had been captured under a previous dynasty. He took the opportunity to impress on Decatur how great a man was the present ruler, Omar the Terrible. But Decatur did not yield a jot before the name of Omar the Terrible, and even refused to grant a three hours’ truce.

“Not a minute,” he said. “If your squadron appears before the treaty is signed by the Dey and the American captives are on board, I shall capture it.”

The only concession Decatur was willing to make was the return of the “Mashouda.” An hour after the captain left an Algerian man-of-war appeared in the offing. Here was the opportunity for a useful object lesson. The ships were prepared for action and were showing signs of getting under way when the port captain’s boat was seen approaching, flying a white flag, as agreed upon. The treaty had been signed, every claim of the Americans had been con-

ceded, and the prisoners, ten in number, were on board. Some of these knelt on the deck to thank God for their release, while others hastened to kiss the American flag.

There were two more of the Barbary states to be dealt with, Tunis and Tripoli. Decatur sailed from Algiers to Tunis and forced the Bey of that country to pay an indemnity for his disregard of treaty obligations during the late war. This done, he repaired to Tripoli, the Bashaw of which country unwillingly agreed to pay a similar indemnity and also to release some Danish and Norwegian prisoners he held. All this accomplished, Decatur returned to the United States. He had put a final end to the piratical acts of the Moors, which had continued for centuries, and all civilized Europe thanked him for his work, while President Madison eulogized him in his message to Congress.

Decatur was subsequently appointed Naval Commissioner, residing in Washington, and with Commodores Rodgers and Porter engaged in building up a new navy. A quarrel with Commodore Barron soon ensued, arising from some remarks made by Decatur concerning this officer, the difficulty leading to a duel. This was fought at Bladensburg, near Washington, March 22, 1820, the result being that Barron received a severe wound in the hip and Decatur was shot in the abdomen. The wound proved mortal and he died the same night.

JOHNSTON BLAKELEY AND THE STORY OF THE "ENTERPRISE" AND THE "WASP"

WE have said so much about the captains and commodores of the navy that it seems not amiss to devote a chapter to two famous little vessels and the gallant fellows who commanded them and on their decks upheld the honor of the American flag. These were the schooner "Enterprise," which has been denominated "the luckiest ship in the American navy," and the sloop-of-war "Wasp," one of an unlucky series of "Wasps."

The "Enterprise" has already come into our pages as the craft with which Decatur captured the "Mastico," but it had done good work before that. Built in the year 1800, on the best lines known in that day, and armed with twelve six-pounders, the schooner-rigged "Enterprise" was sent to the West Indies, under Lieutenant John Shaw, to deal with the French privateers, which were preying upon the American merchant ships in that region. Here in six months she captured eight French vessels and recaptured four American ships from French prize crews. One of her captures was "L' Agile," a vessel of her own strength and commanded by a captain noted for his daring, and the "Flambeau," a considerably stronger vessel, which fought until forty out of its one hundred and ten men had fallen. Another stirring fight was with the privateer "Seine," which lost twenty-four out of fifty-four men before surrendering.

This war ended, the "Enterprise" was sent to the Mediterranean as part of Captain Dale's squadron. It was now commanded by Lieutenant Andrew Sterret, the man who had shot down a sailor on the "Constellation" for deserting his gun during her fight with the "Insurgent." Sterret was to display a spirit of the same decided kind in his present voyage.

On August 1, 1801, the "Enterprise" came within sight of the "Tripoli," a warship of the nation whose name she bore. She carried fourteen guns and eighty men. The fight between these ships was notable for the treachery of the Tripolitan and the spirit of the American. After a hot fight, two hours long, the flag of the "Tripoli" came down. Lieutenant Porter was sent in a boat to take possession, while the men of the "Enterprise" occupied themselves in repairing damages. At this the corsairs raised their flag and opened fire again.

Back to their guns ran the men, and the battle was renewed and kept up till the pirate flag came down a second time. This was a ruse, as before, for when Porter had set out once more to take possession the flag went up and the guns began to play as before. This example of Moorish honor exasperated Sterret.

"Sink the damned treacherous hounds to the bottom!" he roared, and the men started in with a will to obey his order, pouring in their shot with such rapidity as to throw the pirate captain into a panic of fear. He not only hauled down his flag, but he threw it into the sea and, bowing his head, begged for quarter. More than half his crew had been killed and wounded, while the "Enterprise" did not lose a man. The finale of the story is interesting in its way. While Congress voted a sword to Sterret and a

month's pay to his crew, the corsair captain, when he reached Tripoli, was bastinadoed and paraded through the streets on a donkey for surrendering.

In 1803 Lieutenant Stephen Decatur commanded the "Enterprise," and with it captured the "Mastico," the vessel he used in his famous expedition against the "Philadelphia." We meet the "Enterprise" again in the war of 1812, but now a strange change had come upon her. The navy department had converted her from a schooner into a brig, replaced her twelve six-pounders by fourteen short eighteens and two long nines and added forty men to her crew. This change, while it added to her fighting power, robbed her of her superior speed, so that she had become "too slow to run without becoming strong enough to fight." As it proved, however, she managed to escape in every chase and to put up some very good fights.

At the opening of the war the "Enterprise" acted as a coast-guard against privateers between Cape Ann and the Bay of Fundy, under the command of Master Commandant Johnston Blakeley, a brave seaman from North Carolina, and in the summer of 1813 under Lieutenant William Burrows. In the work assigned her, that of driving off privateers, the "Enterprise" was very successful, but on September 4, when near Portland, Maine, a brig became visible that showed indications of being a man-of-war. In expectation of a fight, Burrows cleared ship for action. The stranger seemed equally eager for battle, for it hoisted the British flag, fired four guns, and stood out to sea.

Lieutenant Burrows did the same, and in order to be prepared should the stranger prove a faster sailer and overhaul him while too near shore for a fair fight,

he ordered one of the stern windows of the vessel to be enlarged to a port sufficient for one of his long guns. The order for this work was heard with displeasure by the crew, who thought that Burrows, who had been on board but three days and was not known to them, proposed to run instead of fight. They asked a midshipman to tell the captain that the men wanted to fight, and the youngster told the executive officer that the men were growling at the captain's order. He soon quieted them by telling them that their captain had no thought of running away.

By three o'clock in the afternoon Burrows had gained the offing he desired, and the vessel wore round and headed for the enemy. They kept on without firing until within pistol-shot range, when simultaneously a broadside came from each ship. Damage was done on each, several men having been cut down at one of the quarterdeck guns of the "Enterprise," leaving the crew short-handed. As the men seized the tackles to haul out the gun for the next round, Burrows took hold to help them, bracing his foot against the port sill. At that moment a canister shot from the enemy came through the port, struck him in the upper part of the leg, glanced along the thigh-bone and buried itself in his abdomen. It was a frightful wound, but the gallant fellow refused to be carried below, crying out in his agony that "the colors must never be struck."

Lieutenant McCall, however, was obliged to take command, and he proved quite equal to the work, continuing the fire with vigor. Finding that his vessel was the better sailer of the two, he forged ahead, ran across the bows of the enemy, and raked her with his port battery. Then, luffing up and backing his head-

yards, he raked her again and again with the starboard battery.

The enemy kept up the fire with what guns they could bring to bear, but they were being badly punished, and an officer at length shouted that they had surrendered, but could not lower their colors, for the flags had been nailed to the masts. Men were sent aloft and with considerable trouble ripped the ensigns loose and brought them down. The brig proved to be the "Boxer," Captain Blythe, who had ordered the flags to be nailed fast, saying that they should never come down while he lived. Nor did they, for he was killed about the same time that Burrows was mortally wounded. The latter lived till the sword of the British captain was brought to him. He grasped it firmly, saying: "I am satisfied. I die content." In a few minutes more he was dead.

We may tell in a few words the later story of the "Enterprise." Slow as she had become through the change in her rig, fortune more than once saved her from capture, she escaping several times from British frigates, once after being chased for seventy hours. On this occasion the "Enterprise" was on the southern coast in company with the brig "Rattlesnake." Being chased by a British frigate, the two vessels separated, the frigate keeping on the track of the "Enterprise" instead of pursuing her swifter consort. For three whole days the chase was kept up, the wind proving variable and baffling throughout and each change being to the disadvantage of the British ship. Several times she nearly overhauled the Yankee brig, but on each occasion a shift of wind favored the latter or a calm came on in which her boats could tow her. A final breeze placed her far to windward of the

enemy, and before the wind filled the frigate's sails the "Enterprise" ran out of sight and made her escape.

Having reached Charleston, she was employed there as harbor guard until the war ended, and went with Bainbridge to the Mediterranean in 1815. Thus this, the luckiest of American ships unless we except the old "Constitution," survived the disasters of three wars, fought many battles without doffing her flag, and lasted until she had fairly rotted away in the service of the nation.

It has been said above that Johnston Blakeley was the first commander of the "Enterprise" in the war of 1812. This brave fellow had a brief but glorious later career, well worthy of a place in this work. Born in Ireland in 1781, he was brought as an infant to this country and spent his boyhood years in Wilmington, North Carolina, being educated in the University of that state. He entered the navy as a midshipman in 1801, was made a lieutenant in 1807, and as master commandant was in command of the "Enterprise" during the early part of the war with Great Britain. On July 24, 1813, he was transferred to the sloop-of-war "Wasp."

We have spoken in the opening of this sketch of an unlucky series of "Wasps." There were three of them in the American navy in all, the first, a little eight-gun schooner, being burned at Philadelphia in 1777 to keep her out of British hands; the second, the story of whose famous fight is important enough to be left for a separate sketch, being finally lost at sea. The third, with which we are now concerned, met with the same unfortunate end to her career, but first made her mark in a very striking manner, winning a

name for herself and for her brave commander, Johnston Blakeley.

This third "Wasp" was a beautiful little ship, large and heavy among the sloops-of-war of her day, and, like her predecessors, swift-footed, she being designed to outweigh and outsail the British ships of her class. Replacing the lost "Wasp," the story of which will later be given, this third of the name sailed from Baltimore on May 1, 1814, evading the British blockaders and heading straight for the waters of England. Like Paul Jones, Blakeley proposed to let the enemy feel the hand of war at home.

His opportunity came on June 28. In the early morning of that day two ships were sighted and the "Wasp" ran down under full sail for a closer look at them. She had not gone far before a third sail appeared on the weather beam and Blakeley hauled up to see what this craft was like before going farther, for the British Channel, in whose mouth he then lay, was likely to be sown thickly with the bulldogs of the English navy.

Seeing that she was not the size of a frigate and that she was coming his way, Blakeley waited for her, and at ten o'clock the two ships were close enough together for the Briton to show private signals. These Blakeley could not answer, and, seeing that he had an enemy to deal with, he manœuvred with the hope of getting the weathergauge. Failing in this, at 1.50 o'clock he fired a gun to windward and hoisted the American flag. His antagonist instantly answered the challenge and bore down upon the "Wasp."

The breeze was light, and it was 3.15 before they came within good fighting distance, being then less than sixty yards apart. At this distance the British

ship opened fire with a twelve-pounder on her fore-castle and kept it up with this gun until five charges had been fired. No response came from the "Wasp." Captain Blakeley was waiting for the enemy to come nearer. At 3.26 he was ready and luffed up as if to cross her bows, opening fire as the guns began to bear, and for a short time the gunners on both sides did their utmost and the smoke of battle hung densely in the air.

The British fought with desperate valor, but the "Wasp" surpassed them in weight of metal and especially in marksmanship, and eight minutes of this fierce fight so cut up the sails of the enemy that she became unmanageable and drifted afoul of the American ship, in a position that exposed her to a destructive raking fire.

A brave fellow was her captain, a fighter of the true Paul Jones type. Early in the fight he had been shot by a musket ball through the calves of both legs, a very painful but not disabling wound. As his ship fouled the "Wasp" a grape-shot pierced both his thighs. This severe wound brought him to his knees, but, struggling to his feet again, he called for boarders and put himself at their head, sword in hand, leading them to board the enemy. As he was climbing into the rigging two musket balls from the maintop of the "Wasp" struck him in the head and, still brandishing his sword, he fell back dead on his own deck.

His fall ended the contest. The British boarders recoiled, the Americans boarded in turn and swept the dismayed crew back into their hold, and at 3.44, eighteen minutes after the first fire from the "Wasp," the ship was hers, it being surrendered by the captain's clerk, the highest officer left. It proved to be

the brig-sloop "Reindeer." There was little of a ship left. While the "Wasp" had suffered but slightly, the "Reindeer" was so terribly cut up that it was impossible to carry her even to the near-by French ports and she was set on fire and burned.

The "Wasp" put in at L'Orient to refit, sailing again on August 27, and having the good fortune to meet another British warship in a four days' cruise. It was on September 1 that this event took place. Earlier that day the "Wasp" fell in with a fleet of ten merchantmen, guarded by the "Armada," a seventy-four-gun ship-of-the-line. The "Wasp" dashed boldly in, took and fired the brig "Mary," laden with military stores, and was seeking another prize when the big "Armada" came up and drove her away.

Night was coming on when the "Wasp" sighted another sail, one of a squadron of three brig-sloops that were chasing a privateer. The "Avon," the slowest of them, had been left behind and was alone when the "Wasp" came close up at about nine o'clock at night. To the British hail of "What ship is that?" Blakeley replied: "Heave to and I'll let you know who I am," and fired the twelve-pounder with which the "Reindeer" had begun her fight, and which had been transferred to the forecastle of the "Wasp."

The battle that ensued was short but furious, the British tars firing with what Lord Douglas calls "uncircumspect gallantry," the Americans replying with what the same author speaks of as "wary caution." The result was frightful for the "Avon." The first broadside, of bar shot and lagrange, cut her rigging in every direction; the second brought down her mainsail; in a short time her mainmast fell over the rail and her fire began to die away. At ten o'clock it

ceased altogether and Captain Blakeley asked if she had struck. The answer came in a feeble fire that lasted twelve minutes more and then silence reigned again. This time, to Blakeley's hail, the answer came that they had struck.

At this moment, before the prize could be boarded, the luck of the "Wasp" turned, a new enemy being sighted, and soon two separate sails were seen bearing down towards the scene of contest. They were the consorts of the "Avon," brought back to her aid by the roar of the guns. This was too much for the "Wasp" to face and she spread her wings in flight, carrying with her two dead and one wounded men and leaving forty-two dead and wounded on the "Avon." Blakeley had done his work effectually. The "Avon" was leaking like a riddle when her friends came up, and neither the work of the men at the pumps nor of the carpenters at the leaks sufficed to save her. At twelve o'clock the work of transferring her crew began, and at one her bow plunged under the water, her stern rose high in the air, and she sank from sight.

This was not the last of the "Wasp's" work in that field. On the 12th and the 14th she captured merchantmen, and on the 21st she met and took an eight-gun privateer, the "Atalanta"—formerly a Baltimore privateer, named the "Siro." A prize crew was put on board this vessel under Midshipman David Geisinger and she set sail for America, all the crew writing home and Blakeley sending his official report of the battle with the "Avon." Those letters were the last ever received from the "Wasp," and, except for one word more, from that moment the good little ship became an ocean mystery.

Word was brought from sea by the Swedish bark "Adonis" that she had been spoken on October 9 by a sloop-of-war named the "Wasp," and that two American officers on parole who were on the "Adonis" as passengers left her for the warship. This is the last authentic news about the tight little cruiser. There was a rumor that an English frigate came into Cadiz about this time, much crippled and with a severe loss in men, said to be due to an engagement with a heavy American corvette, which disappeared so suddenly in the night that it was thought she had sunk. Another rumor tells of how two English frigates chased an American sloop-of-war and that the three ships were struck with a heavy squall, in which the sloop suddenly disappeared.

This is all that is known or rumored about the good little vessel and her brave captain and crew. She never came into port again, but, more fortunate than her predecessors of the name, she sank with the halo of victory around her and at the close of a glorious career, and left a meed of honor for the men who sailed and fought her.

ISAAC HULL AND HIS WORK WITH "OLD IRONSIDES"

NEVER was America so elated or England so astonished and dismayed as by the news of the capture of the "Guerrière" by the "Constitution," the first and one of the most spectacular among the many naval victories of the war of 1812. The man to whose courage and skill this famous achievement was due was Captain Isaac Hull, one of America's ablest mariners and most daring heroes of the sea. The events of his life are full of interest.

Born at Derby, Connecticut, March 9, 1773, the son of a Revolutionary officer who died while he was young, his uncle wished to send him to college but the active boy preferred the sea and at the age of sixteen he began his maritime career as cabin boy on a merchant vessel. As such he was soon able to show his daring spirit, for the ship was wrecked and the captain owed his life to his cabin boy, who bore him up in the waves and got him safely ashore. As a result of his energy and ability he was himself made captain at the age of twenty of a ship trading with the West Indies.

On the reorganization of the navy, young Hull was chosen on the new naval list, being given the rank of fourth lieutenant and assigned in 1798 to the "Constitution," launched the year before. With this ship he was for years afterwards identified. Some Englishmen who inspected the "Constitution," called her in derision "a pine box." The time was to come when

they were to learn that the "pine box" was one of the best ships afloat.

In 1801 Hull, then first lieutenant of the "Constitution," had the earliest opportunity to show his mettle. The naval war with France was on, and in the Haytian harbor of Puerto Plata lay the French privateer "Sandwich," a vessel well placed for defence, it being in position to rake any craft entering port, while it had the added protection of a good shore battery. Lieutenant Hull was selected by his captain to cut out this craft, and entered the harbor at night in the sloop "Sally," which was well filled with sailors and marines from the "Constitution." He succeeded by a sudden dash, sending the marines ashore to carry the battery and spike its guns, while with his sailors he boarded and captured the privateer. She was sent to a home port, but the capture was afterwards admitted to be illegal and her owners were indemnified for their loss. During the same cruise Hull acted as sailing master in a day's race between the "Constitution" and an English frigate, and won the race and the wager—a cask of wine.

Master commandant in 1804, he was put in command of the brig "Argus," one of three small cruisers that formed part of Preble's fleet in the Mediterranean and took part in the bombardment of Tripoli. Promoted to the rank of captain in 1806, he was assigned to his old ship, the "Constitution," and given the duty of carrying Joel Barlow to France as United States Minister and taking to Holland the specie to pay the debt due that country since Revolutionary times.

As is well known to readers of history, the naval force of the United States suffered more than one

insult from British warships in the times of strain preceding the war of 1812. This came from the claim of Great Britain to take seamen owing allegiance to that country from any ship on which they were found. In this way not only British but American subjects were impressed from merchant ships, and even our men-of-war were not free from the insolent demands of the press-gang. The "Constitution" was one of the ships on which this was attempted—as it proved, with anything but success.

The incident took place in 1811. Captain Hull had sailed to Texel to pay the interest on American bonds held there, and on his return called at Portsmouth, England, having some business with the American Legation in London. During his absence in London a British officer brought word to the "Constitution" that an American deserter was then on the warship "Havana," and would be returned if sent for. The next morning the executive officer, Lieutenant Morris, sent a boat for the man, but the "Havana" refused to give him up without an order from the admiral. The latter, when applied to, said that the man claimed to be a British subject and therefore would not be returned.

That was one side of the story. The other side came the next night, when a deserter from the "Havana" boarded the "Constitution," and replied, when asked of what nationality he was: "An American, *sor.*" Here was a chance for Lieutenant Morris to get even. He sent word to the captain of the "Havana" that a deserter from his ship was on the "Constitution," but when an officer was sent to take him back Morris mildly informed him that the man claimed to be an American, and therefore could not be given up.

This defiance caused a thrill among the British naval officials, and some time after two frigates shifted their berths and anchored where the "Constitution" would be likely to foul one of them in getting under way. Morris, suspecting a trap, at once raised anchor and moved his ship to a new berth, but he was hardly anchored again before the two frigates once more came up and anchored in his way.

This was the state of affairs when Captain Hull came back from London in the evening. He was **not** the man to be caught napping. On hearing of what had taken place he ordered the ship to be cleared for action, and with loaded guns and battle lanterns burning he spread his sails, raised his anchor, slipped past the British ships, and put to sea. He had not gone far before the two frigates were under sail and after him. He kept on for some time under a press of canvas, then, seeing that one of the pursuers had dropped far behind, he backed his mainyard and waited for the other.

"If that fellow wants to fight, we won't disappoint him," said Hull.

When the frigate came within hail the men on the "Constitution" were ready at their guns and full of eagerness for a fight. On came the Briton, but when its captain saw the loaded guns facing him and the plain signs of Yankee readiness he turned short on his heel and, like a dog with his tail between his legs, ran back for home. The retreat was a humiliating one after his braggart show.

On her return from Portsmouth, the "Constitution" was laid up in Chesapeake Bay to be cleaned and coppered, war being declared before this work was finished. She was floated as soon as possible, and

a new crew, numbering about four hundred and fifty men, was shipped. Green hands, the most of them, new to duty on a ship-of-war, but good material, as all the American crews at that time proved to be. Even the landsmen showed themselves able and willing and the seamen quickly acquired skill in the handling of guns. They were well fed, well treated and full of manly spirit, very different in character and treatment from the impressed and unwilling scum of the seaports with which the British warships of that period were largely manned. The difference in condition was shown in their work.

The "Constitution" was quickly destined to an interesting experience, somewhat like that of the little "Enterprise" when it escaped a British frigate after a three days' chase. Sailing from the Chesapeake on July 12, 1812, for five days the "Constitution" beat up the coast, the airs being light and baffling and progress slow. Then, on the 17th, she came in sight of a squadron of warships off Egg Harbor. There were four of them, and Hull at first kept on, fancying they were the Americans under Commodore Rodgers.

Two hours later another sail appeared far away to the northwest. It was now four o'clock, but the wind was so light that at sundown this ship was still too distant for her signals to be made out. The wind now shifting to the south, Hull made better headway towards the stranger, and at ten o'clock he hoisted his secret night signal, showing it for an hour. As no answer came, he decided that the stranger was an enemy, and concluded that the ships inshore were also British. It was evidently the part of wisdom to get out of such dangerous company, and he now "hailed off to the southward and eastward and made all sail."

It was a wise move, for he was really in very great peril. As it afterwards proved, the single ship towards which he had sailed was the frigate "Guerrière." The others were the ship-of-the-line "Africa" and the frigates "Shannon," "Belvidera" and "Eolus." They had with them the American brig "Nautilus," which they had recently captured.

As for the "Guerrière," Hull did not try to avoid her. He simply sought to draw her away from the rest before fighting her. The two ships were but half a mile from each other when Captain Dacres of the "Guerrière" first saw the squadron inshore. He signalled, and as no answer was given—they falsely assuming that he knew who they were—he set sail to escape, supposing they were Americans, and had gone some distance before he discovered his mistake. But the ships inshore had meanwhile found wind enough to bring them within the danger limit, and at 5.30 in the morning, when the wind failed the "Constitution," her position was one of the greatest hazard. Three of the ships were less than five miles away, and the "Guerrière" was in pursuit. Thus began the most famous race between war vessels known to American history.

In the absence of wind, Hull's only hope lay in his boats, and he sent all these out with tow lines, their crews towing the ship to the southward. The enemy on seeing this did the same, and they went further, since they attached all the boats of the squadron to two ships.

By this means, and the aid of the faint zephyrs that at intervals arose, they gained rapidly, the "Shannon" being near enough by six o'clock to open fire. The shot failed to reach. Hull now deter-



THE ESCAPE OF THE "CONSTITUTION"

mined to show what he could do, and had a long twenty-four brought up to the poop, from which, at seven o'clock, he returned the fire. This ball also fell short, but it warned the British captain not to trust himself too near, as his boats' crews would be in danger. The British vessels, however, could be towed out to each side of the "Constitution" and in this way have her at a fatal disadvantage if a wind should spring up.

In this serious dilemma Lieutenant Morris came to the rescue. He had had experience in kedging—towing a ship by means of an anchor carried ahead with a line to draw up to. Sounding showed that the water was little over one hundred and fifty feet deep and he suggested this plan, which Hull eagerly embraced.

A boat was sent ahead with a small anchor, carrying out a half-mile of ropes and cables knotted together. When the anchor was dropped the men hauled vigorously in on the line, with the effect that the speed of the vessel changed from one mile to about three miles an hour. Another anchor was meanwhile dropped and this work was kept up until the frigate had made a substantial gain in distance.

All day long the kedging process was continued, light breezes at times swelling the sails and enabling the boats to be called in, then dying out and rendering kedging again necessary. But after an hour or two the British caught on to the device and began kedging also, and by two o'clock the "Constitution" was in serious danger again. At three a light breeze rose and filled out the sails for the next four hours, when it failed and they had to take to the boats again.

Thus it kept on all night long, and by four the next morning the "Belvidera" and the "Eolus" had

gained positions well up on the two sides of the American ship. There was a light breeze, and as Hull's only course was one that would bring him within range of one of his enemies, he chose the "Eolus." He passed her within range of her long guns, but without drawing her fire. This gave him a chance again; the ships of the enemy being once more all astern. He thus escaped the threatening danger of being surrounded. The line-of-battle ship had now dropped so far behind as to be out of the race. During that day there was more wind than on the day before, and by taking every advantage of it the "Constitution" gained slightly, having by noon put three and a half miles between her and the nearest foe. For the first time, during their thirty-six hours of almost constant labor, the men had a chance for rest, and soon officers and men were sleeping soundly on the deck, though Captain Hull did not for a minute leave his post. By four o'clock the old trouble returned, the wind failed, and the men had to take to the boats again.

With hopeful eyes the Americans now saw indications of a stirring change. A heavy cloud to south and east gave promise of one of the black squalls common off the American coast. To deceive the English, who were not familiar with these signs, Hull kept the boats out still, the men on deck meanwhile being kept in readiness to take instant steps to shorten sail when the wind came. Not until the critical moment were the men in the boats called in, and they had barely got on board when the squall struck the ship. Looking at the enemy, Hull saw with satisfaction that the men were climbing aloft and hastily furling everything, and that, having no time to get in their boats, they had cut them loose to shift for themselves. Down

came the rain and vapor, hiding the "Constitution" from British eyes. Instantly the sails, which had been simply dropped loose, none of them being furled, were spread again, and away the good ship "went on an easy bowline at the rate of eleven knots an hour."

The squall had saved the "Constitution." When it passed off she had gained miles on the enemy. That night the winds were again light and baffling, but by keeping his sails wet Captain Hull managed to get speed out of every breath of air, and when day dawned again the pursuers were so far in the rear that only their higher sails were visible. Shortly after daybreak the British gave up the chase in despair, and the "Constitution" squared away for port, to take in another supply of water to replace that she had started to lighten ship. From Friday afternoon to Monday morning the chase had kept up, being in character and result one of the most remarkable ever seen.

We must now hasten on to the great event in Captain Hull's career, the famous fight with one of his late pursuers, the "Guerrière," the contest which opened the great game of American naval victories during that war. On August 18, when in the northern New England waters, a privateer captain informed him that the day before he had seen a British frigate sailing southward. The "Constitution" was headed in that direction, and just before two o'clock of the next day came from aloft the welcome hail of "Sail-ho!"

It proved to be a large ship heading to the southwest, and by 3.30 o'clock the "Constitution" was near enough to make out that it was a British frigate, and also that it had no thought of flight, for it was waiting for the Americans with the British flag dis-

played. It was the "Guerrière," a ship that had for a year been engaged in impressing seamen from American ships. Captain Dacres fancied that he would have as easy work now as with a merchantman, for when he saw the American flag flying at the mast-head of the stranger, he said to his crew:

"There is a Yankee frigate; in forty-five minutes she is certainly ours. Take her in fifteen and I promise you four months' pay." This was not especially boastful in Dacres. It was the common sentiment of British naval officers at that time. They had not yet had their lesson.

At about 4.20 the "Guerrière" opened fire and kept it up at intervals while Captain Hull was shortening sail, he meanwhile replying with an occasional shot. Finding that the "Guerrière" was keeping out of easy range, Hull spread his maintopgallant and fore-sails and drew closer, a big shot at length striking his hull and doing some damage. This kept on for some time without a return, despite the impatience of the men, Hull replying to all questions if they should open fire: "Not yet."

At length they came so close that the stern of the "Constitution" overreached the quarter of the "Guerrière" a few yards away; her guns were brought to bear; then, stooping till "he split his knee-breeches from waistband to buckle," Hull straightened up again and shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Now, boys; pour it into them!"

They obeyed with a fierce yell; the guns seemed to roar out in one grand explosion; the balls tore and rent through the timbers of the "Guerrière," leaving death and ruin in their track. It was 6.05 o'clock. For the next fifteen minutes the roar of artillery and the

crash of musketry were incessant. The ships lay yard arm to yard arm, and every shot told. But the British fired in mad haste; the Americans used haste only in loading and fired with deliberation, aiming for spar or hull. At the end of the fifteen minutes the mizzen-mast of the "Guerrière" fell. Waving his hat, Captain Hull shouted:

"Hurrah, my boys! We've made a brig of her."

As it chanced, the mast held by its rigging and dragged in the water, bringing the ship partly around. The "Constitution" forged ahead, swung across her bows, and poured in a raking broadside. Down came the "Guerrière's" mainyard. Then, swinging round before the wind, the "Constitution" raked her with the port battery. So close now were the ships that the bowsprit of the Briton stood over the American's quarterdeck. For a few moments the two ships hung together and both sides made movements to board. Then the "Constitution" pulled clear, opened fire again, and down with a crash came the badly wounded main and foremasts of the "Guerrière," leaving her a floating and leaking hull. Less than thirty minutes had passed since the "Constitution" fired her first broadside. Seventy-nine of the "Guerrière's" men lay dead and wounded, while on the "Constitution" only fourteen had fallen.

Hull now drew off for hasty repairs to his rigging, but soon came back with loaded guns. There was no flag flying on the "Guerrière." When asked if he had surrendered, Dacres hesitated, and with great reluctance finally admitted that he had. When brought on the "Constitution," he made a formal offer of his sword, but Hull refused to accept it.

"No, no," he said, "I will not take a sword from

one who knows so well how to use it; but I'll trouble you for that hat."

Those words referred to the fact that Dacres and Hull had met before the war, and Dacres had bet a hat that, if they ever met, the "Guerrière" would whip the "Constitution." Hull had accepted the bet—and had won.

We shall only say further of this fight that the "Guerrière" was such a hopeless wreck that nothing remained but to set her on fire and blow her up, and that Hull and his crew received a rousing welcome when the "Constitution," draped from peak to deck in bunting, sailed into Boston harbor, the victor in the first great naval contest of the war. In fact, it was the first important success in the war, by land or sea, and had a special significance in teaching the world that the navy of Great Britain was not invincible, as had been claimed for it. It was the first of many object lessons in naval warfare during that conflict, and as the first was received with the wildest enthusiasm.

A banquet was given to the officers of the "Constitution" in Faneuil Hall, presided over by ex-President Adams, the first advocate of a national navy in the Colonial Congress. Congress voted a gold medal to Captain Hull and silver medals to his officers, and gave \$50,000 to the crew. Lieutenant Morris was given a piece of silver plate by the people of his native town, Lieutenant Wadsworth a sword by his fellow-townsmen of Portland, Maine, and Midshipman Morgan and Taylor swords by the state of Virginia. There was no longer any doubt of the prowess of our navy; the nation went wild with exultation, and that veneration for "Old Ironsides" began which was to

be added to by the later memorable achievements of the "Constitution."

With this fine victory Captain Hull passes out of history as a hero of the sea. Bainbridge succeeded him in command of the "Constitution," which not long afterwards fought its phenomenal contest with the "Java." Captain Hull became a member of the Naval Board, and after the war was variously engaged—as commander of the navy yards at Boston and Washington, and as commodore of the Mediterranean and Pacific squadrons. From 1839 to 1841 he commanded the ship-of-the-line "Ohio," flagship of the European squadron. After retiring he resided at Philadelphia, where he died in 1843, his last words being: "I strike my flag." Death was the only antagonist to whom he was ready to strike his flag.

JACOB JONES AND HIS GREAT FIGHT IN A HATTERAS GALE

JACOB JONES, a native of Delaware, he being born near Smyrna, in that state, in March, 1768, gave no indication in his early career that he would become famous as a victor upon the sea. He never set foot on deck until he was past thirty years of age. Studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, he practiced it for some years at Dover, Delaware. But the profession was not to his taste, and he deserted it in 1792 to become clerk of the Supreme Court of Delaware for Kent County. This, too, he grew weary of after seven years' service, and on April 10, 1799, he entered the navy as a midshipman, perhaps the oldest "middy" ever known in our naval establishment.

His first term of service was on the "United States," under Captain John Barry, in a cruise to the West Indies. From her he was transferred to the "Ganges," and afterwards to the "Philadelphia." He was on this ship in that perilous adventure when it ran aground in the harbor of Tripoli and fell a prey to the piratical Moors. Jones shared the sorry fate of Captain Bainbridge and his crew, being imprisoned for nineteen months in the castle of the Bashaw until the latter was forced to release his captives.

After his return to the United States Midshipman Jones was raised to the rank of lieutenant and, after serving for a time at the New Orleans naval station, was put in command of the sloop "Argus." In April,

1810, he was transferred as captain to the "Wasp," the second of the three ships of that name. Making a voyage to Europe as a bearer of despatches, he returned home in 1812, after war had been declared against Great Britain. In this war Captain Jones was to show the stuff of which he was made and win a great name for the little "Wasp."

We have told the story of the final "Wasp" and of how well she fought under Captain Blakeley. We have now to tell that of her predecessor, "Wasp" the second. A little craft she was, rigged like a ship and rated as a sloop-of-war, but of about the size of a small ocean schooner of to-day. Her armament consisted of sixteen short thirty-twos and two long twelves. After reaching America, Captain Jones had his ship thoroughly overhauled and refitted for the service that lay before it, setting sail from Philadelphia on October 13, 1812, with one hundred and thirty-seven men on board. His purpose was to haunt the track of British merchantmen trading with the West Indies.

The "Wasp" plunged into a storm almost at the start, losing two men on the 15th. These men were at work on the jib when the ship, in a fierce plunge down a wave, buried her bowsprit so deeply in the stormy waters that when she rose it snapped off with the men upon it.

The gale continued to blow hard for two days, the sea rising to ugly dimensions, but the "Wasp" fought her way through the heaving waves till the night of the 17th. By this time the wind had fallen a little, though it still had the force of a gale. The "Wasp" was not alone in the storm. At near midnight a number of lights were seen, showing that several

vessels were abroad in the tempest, seeking to weather the gale.

This was interesting to Captain Jones, who was abroad in search of wandering craft, and he hauled to the wind, that he might keep them in his vicinity during the night. Daylight came in due time, and he saw before him a sight much to his liking—a fleet of six big merchantmen, under charge of a brig of about the size of the “Wasp.” The task before Captain Jones, if these should prove to be enemies, was no light one, for in addition to the armament of the brig, some of the merchant ships carried guns, and might have the pluck to use them. It afterwards appeared that the brig was the “Frolic,” Captain Whingates, and that the convoy had originally been composed of fourteen ships, bound from British Honduras to England. The storm had scattered them, only six remaining in sight of the brig.

Sure that he had an enemy before him, and bent on finding this out in the most expeditious way, Captain Jones brought his ship into fighting trim and squared away for the fleet. The “Frolic” had sprung her mainyard and was making repairs when day broke, but she at once bore up to meet the coming stranger. Yet the necessity of carrying very short sail in so heavy a wind made their approach a slow one, and it was after eleven o'clock when they came close enough to reach each other with their guns.

The “Frolic” hoisted a Spanish flag, a ruse which did not deceive Captain Jones, and he held to his course until the two ships, both running almost before the wind, were less than sixty yards apart. The “Wasp” had the better situation, being a little to windward. For a few minutes they ran on in this

way, and then from Captain Jones came the hail: "What ship is that?"

It brought a prompt response. The Spanish flag came down, and up went the standard of England; and as it was mounting aloft a broadside was fired. Fortunately for the "Wasp," this was done with that lack of skill so often shown in the English gunnery of that day, the guns being fired just as a strong blast keeled the brig over, so that the balls whistled harmlessly through the upper air. Jones waited until his ship rolled over on a wave towards the enemy, and then delivered his broadside, the balls striking squarely in the "Frolic's" timbers.

The battle that followed was one of remarkable character, being fought in the teeth of a Hatteras gale. Though the wind had fallen somewhat from its storm proportions, it was still tempestuous and the seas heavy, the ships rolling and wallowing as they fought. The rammers, as they were thrust into the guns, at one moment pointed at the clouds and the next dipped into the foam that rose to the sills of the ports. At times even the muzzles of the guns dipped into it, while spray in masses splashed over the bulwarks. The smoke from the guns was instantly swept away by the wind, so that the gunners had always a clear view and could aim with effect.

The howling of the winds had little effect upon the gunners, who worked in wild excitement, the roar of the pieces drowning the noise of the gale. Loading and firing with frantic haste, shouting and cheering as the balls struck, there seemed a double set of demons abroad, those of the storm and those who disdained the wild winds in their warlike rage. But the battle continued as it had begun, the Englishmen fir-

ing in haste, sending three broadsides to the Yankees' two, and wasting the bulk of their metal; the Americans waiting till the roll of the ship brought their guns into position to do the best work before they pulled the lanyards. The result was that while the hull of the "Frolic" was frightfully rent and torn, scarcely a ball struck the side of the "Wasp," the execution done her being in the rigging and spars.

Here the "Wasp" was badly cut up. Four minutes after the first broadside her maintopmast was shot through and fell. Ten minutes later the mizzen-topgallant mast suffered the same fate. At twenty minutes from the beginning of the action every brace and most of the rigging was shot away. But the wind drove both ships along side by side, and the fight kept on. In the plight of the "Wasp" the "Frolic" could easily have hauled away on the port tack and escaped, but her captain was there to fight it out, not to flee. There was too much genuine Anglo-Saxon blood present on both sides for either to think of running away.

The "Wasp," squared away by the falling of the maintopmast, now drew ahead and somewhat across the bow of the "Frolic," and the two ships came so close together that some of the men on the "Wasp" touched the bows of the enemy with their rammers as they reached out to swab the guns. Then, with a crash, the ships came together in such a position that two of the guns on the "Wasp" pointed through the bow-ports of the "Frolic" and directly along her gun deck. At that instant the word to fire was given, and the balls swept the full length of the deck, doing fearful execution.

The next wave caused the "Wasp" to forge ahead until the bowsprit of the enemy caught fast in her

mizzen rigging and the two ships were held firmly in contact. The men had wished to board at the first touch, but the captain held them to their guns. He now wished to fire a second broadside, but the excited fellows were past holding back. One athletic chap, Jack Long, a Jerseyman, who had at one time been impressed in the British service, caught his cutlass between his teeth, seized the rigging of the bowsprit of the "Frolic," and swung himself upward. "Come down!" roared Captain Jones, but Jack had no notion of obeying, and a dozen others were rushing from their guns to join him. Seeing this, Jones recognized that the men were past stopping and gave the order to board.

Lieutenant Biddle sprang on the bulwarks to lead, but his feet caught in the hammocks. Little Midshipman Baker seized his coat-tails to help himself up, and a surge of the ship flung them both back on the deck. Jack Long was left alone on the enemy's deck. But Biddle was quickly up again and had joined him. Others followed along the bowsprit, and soon a dozen were on the deck. They saw Jack Long standing alone, without an enemy in his front, and gazing aft over a nearly empty deck. A quartermaster, bleeding from a wound, stood firmly at the wheel; three officers, two of them hurt, were grouped at the taffrail beyond. That was all—not another living man was visible, though the dead were there in numbers, and the water that washed in at the scuppers was reddened with their blood.

The British flag was still flying, but when Lieutenant Biddle and the men started aft the three officers who stood there threw down their swords, and one of them turned away, his face buried in his hands.

Biddle himself hauled down the flag and reported to Captain Jones the surrender of the ship.

It came none too soon, for another raking broadside would have left scarcely a man unhurt on the ship. When the Americans went below they found the deck covered with the wounded, less than twenty out of the hundred and two of the crew being unhurt. The captain and first lieutenant were badly wounded and two others of the officers killed. The masts were so badly cut that, shortly after the vessels drifted apart, the main-mast broke short off at the deck and the foremast twelve feet above. The hull was shot full of holes. As for the "Wasp," she had five men killed and five wounded, nearly all of them struck while aloft. The battle had lasted just forty-three minutes, and had been fought while the ships were rolling and plunging in a cross sea.

We have now to tell the unlucky outcome of Captain Jones's signal victory. Placing a prize crew on the "Frolic," he began to make what repairs he could aloft, hoping to overhaul some of the merchantmen of the convoy. He had scarcely begun this work when a sail was seen rising to windward. Thinking that it might be one of the merchantmen, the men hurried their labors. When it came in fuller view they ceased working, for it was evident that the new-comer was a large war-vessel. It proved to be the "Poitiers," a seventy-four ship-of-the-line, coming in time to rob Captain Jones of the fruits of his victory.

Fight and flight were alike out of the question, and the "Poitiers" picked up the "Wasp," and her victim, and carried them both to the Bermudas. The "Wasp" was gone from the American navy, but it

proved of no advantage to the British, into which it was taken without change of name, for it was lost at sea without having been able to strike a blow against its late owners.

Captain Jones and his crew soon obtained an exchange, and returned home to be received with honor and enthusiasm. A gold medal was voted him by Congress, and silver ones to his officers, and the crew received \$25,000 to repay them for the loss of their prize money. The state of Delaware presented Jones with a handsome piece of plate. He had hitherto ranked only as a lieutenant on the naval list, but in March, 1813, was raised to the rank of captain and given command of the late British frigate "Macedonian," which Decatur had taken and brought to the United States.

There was no other notable deed to the credit of Captain Jones during the war. In 1815 he was with the "Macedonian" in Decatur's Mediterranean squadron, and was present at the disciplining of the Dey of Algiers. Later, from 1821 to 1824, he served as commodore in command of the Mediterranean, and from 1826 to 1829 of the Pacific squadron. At later dates he held several home positions in the naval establishment. His shore duties included that of commander of the Baltimore squadron, port captain of the harbor of New York, commissary of the United States Naval Board, and governor of the Philadelphia Naval Asylum. He died in Philadelphia, August 3, 1850.

JAMES LAWRENCE, WHOSE DYING WORDS WERE "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

ONE phrase made one man famous. This man was James Lawrence, with his historic "Don't give up the ship!" Spoken at a critical moment and indicating an inflexible spirit, it has been taken as representative of the highest type of the American character. A young man still when he nobly died for his country's honor, James Lawrence was born in Burlington, New Jersey, October 1, 1781. He began the study of law in 1794, and of navigation and naval tactics in 1796, and became a midshipman in the navy in 1798, his first cruise being to the West Indies in the ship "Ganges."

Serving as an acting lieutenant in 1800, he was promoted to that rank in 1802, and as such was present at the siege of Tripoli by Commodore Preble and was one of that intrepid band that captured and burned the "Philadelphia" under the guns of the Moorish batteries. He was the first officer under Decatur in this daring adventure, the first officer of the "Enterprise" in the bombardment of Tripoli, and as commander of a gunboat made the capture of an Algerian vessel.

After his return to the United States Lawrence was put in command of gunboat No. 6, and in 1807-08 served as first lieutenant on the "Constitution." During the years 1808-11 he was successively in command of the "Wasp," the "Vixen," and the "Argus,"

three of the smaller vessels of the navy, and in the latter year he was raised to the rank of captain and assigned to the "Hornet." These were the days when seamen were being taken by force from American merchant ships, on the theory that they were British subjects—the fact being that little discrimination was used and American citizens were frequently taken.

While this was bad enough when peaceful merchantmen were treated in this way, it became a rankling offence when American men-of-war were dealt with in the same arbitrary fashion. The first case of the kind was that of the "Baltimore" in 1798. While conveying some merchantmen from Charleston to Havana, this ship was stopped by a powerful British squadron, consisting of three ships-of-the-line and two frigates, and five of its men were taken by force. The second insult of this kind came in 1805, Lieutenant Lawrence being its victim. He was then in command of a small gunboat in the Mediterranean. Falling into the midst of the British fleet, he was stopped and three of his men taken off, in defiance of his protests. Lawrence had to bottle up his indignation, but he got his revenge in later years, when the "Hornet" met the "Peacock." These insults were at that time swallowed tamely by the American administration. They were received with less equanimity in later years and were among the chief causes which led to the declaration of war in 1812.

The "Hornet," which Lawrence commanded at this epoch, was classed as a sloop-of-war. Originally a brig, she, like the "Wasp," was given a three-masted rig at a later date, being armed with eighteen short thirty-two and two long twelve-pounders.

In the latter part of 1812 the "Hornet" left Boston in company with the "Constitution," the "Essex" being ordered to join them off the capes of the Delaware, which she failed to do. They were bound on a long voyage to the East Indies for the destruction of the enemy's commerce in those waters, but circumstances prevented them from reaching their destination. These circumstances were that they found more lively work awaiting them in South American waters, the "Constitution" having her memorable passage-at-arms with the "Java" and the "Hornet" finding similar active work to do.

On arriving off the port of Bahia, in Brazil, they found the British warship "Bonne Citoyen" at anchor in the harbor. This ship was an excellent match for the "Hornet," being of the same size and nearly the same armament. And the "Bonne Citoyen" had a good record to her credit, for in 1809 she had fought and captured a French frigate of the largest class. But when Lawrence challenged Captain Greene to go outside of neutral waters and have a square fight for the honor of their flags, the British captain declined. Although both Lawrence and Bainbridge promised that the "Constitution" should not interfere, Greene replied that he was not ready to trust such a promise and that Bainbridge's duty to his flag would constrain him to break his word.

The fact is, cowardice was his real reason, for when Bainbridge took his ship away, on that memorable expedition in which he met the "Java," Captain Greene still remained in the harbor. And when the "Constitution" left Bahia, on January 6, 1813, on its way home to refit, Lawrence still held the "Bonne Citoyen" a fixture in the harbor, its captain declining

to fight. He continued to blockade the cowardly Greene until the 24th, when a British seventy-four came within sight and the "Hornet" found it convenient to seek another resting place.

Lawrence now set sail on a cruise along the coast of South America, in which he made several prizes, one of them being a brig called the "Resolution." This carried \$25,000 in specie, for which he found room on his own ship, and then burned the brig, it not being convenient to send her in. Such was the type of incidents met by him until February 24, when the "Hornet" reached the mouth of the Demerara River, in British Guiana, and there espied at anchor a war-brig, the "Espiegle."

While seeking an opportunity to get at this ship, which lay in British waters and was therefore fully open to attack, another sail came in view. In Lawrence's words, the "Hornet's" look-out, "at half-past three P.M. discovered another sail on our weather quarter, edging down for us. At twenty minutes past four she hoisted English colors, at which we discovered her to be a large man-of-war brig, beat to quarters, cleared ship for action, and kept close to the wind in order, if possible, to get the weather gauge."

Lawrence succeeded in this, after an hour's evolutions by both vessels, then brought the "Hornet" round from the port to the starboard tack and headed her across the bows of the enemy, who was coming up on the port tack. Thus for fifteen minutes the two ships, flying their colors and sailing in nearly opposite directions, drew nearer and nearer until the hour of 5.25. Then, passing each other "within half-pistol shot," both opened fire, not in broadsides, but firing gun after gun as they could be brought to bear.

The shots from the Briton flew high, killing one and wounding two men in the "Hornet's" tops. Those of the "Hornet" squarely struck the enemy's hull and did much mischief there.

Passing in an instant of time the two vessels changed their course, the "Peacock," as the British ship was named, wearing round before the wind, the "Hornet" squaring away across her stern. In five minutes' time they were close together again, the "Hornet's" bow against the enemy's quarter and her guns playing with murderous speed and skill. The British captain fell dead, the crew shrank from the terrible hail that swept their decks, and, at 5.39, their flag came down, the fight having lasted just fourteen minutes.

The work of the Americans had been immensely effective. While their ship had scarcely suffered at all, the "Peacock" was fairly shot to pieces. Her main-mast fell just after the flag came down, and she was shot so full of holes that the water poured in much faster than it could be pumped out. It was impossible to save her, and her men were taken off as rapidly as possible. But she sank so quickly that three Americans and nine Englishmen who were below were lost. As she went down quietly into the smooth and shallow waters, four of her men climbed into the fore-rigging, which stood above the surface, while the men on deck were saved by scrambling into the launch, which lay in the booms amidship and floated clear as the ship sank. As it proved, only a single British ball had struck the "Hornet's" hull, and that glanced off without damage. There were found to be three impressed Americans in the crew of the "Peacock," one of them a relative of Captain Lawrence's wife. They had requested to be spared from firing on their coun-

trymen, but Captain Peake had driven them to the guns and one of them was killed.

The "Peacock" disposed of, the "Hornet" had another possible fight on her hands. The "Espègle" lay only six miles away during the action, and Lawrence expected to have her to deal with, but she did not come out. As she evidently did not want to fight and as the "Hornet's" crew were on a short allowance of water, Lawrence waited only until the next morning, and then set sail north, putting all hands on a half-ration of water. There were 277 men on board, half of them prisoners.

Hull, Decatur, and Bainbridge had been met with an enthusiastic reception on their return home from their victories, and the same reception awaited Lawrence when the news of his victory got abroad. As usual in such cases, Congress voted a gold medal, but this time it was to go to his nearest living relative, since before the vote was taken Lawrence had ceased to live. Promoted, as a further reward, to the command of the frigate "Chesapeake," the honor cost him his life.

Lawrence had asked for the "Constitution," but was sent, much against his will, to the "Chesapeake." He disliked her from the fact that she was looked upon as the unlucky ship of the navy, she having heretofore had no good fortune in her cruises. When Lawrence took command she was practically without a crew, most of her men having left her, their time of service having expired and there being a dispute about prize money. Among those left on board, there was a considerable number of foreigners, thirty-two of them being Englishmen, while the boatswain's mate, who had much influence over them, was a Portuguese.

Lawrence made all haste to fill up his crew, but good seamen were difficult to find, the privateers having picked up many of the best men. The crew he got together was one of varied elements. It had a fair number of experienced men, but a larger number of green, untrained hands.

The "Chesapeake" was being fitted out for a voyage eastward, to pick up British ships bound for the St. Lawrence. The "Hornet" was to join her at Cape Canso. Meanwhile the port of Boston was under blockade by a ship-of-the-line and the frigate "Shannon," Captain Broke, one of the ships that had chased the "Constitution" in its sixty hours' run. Eager for a fight with the "Chesapeake," of whose presence and preparation he was well aware, Broke induced the captain of the larger ship to leave him alone on blockade, as an incitement for the Americans to come out. He felt sure in his own mind of beating them.

An able man was Broke, one of the ablest then in the British navy. Instead of dealing with his men in the slovenly manner of other captains of his time, he had taken a lesson from the Americans and carefully trained them in the handling and firing of guns, his ship being about the only British craft afloat at the time whose crew had been taught the art of aiming carefully and shooting straight.

Eager for an opportunity to try the mettle of his crew of trained gunners, he wrote a challenge to Lawrence, inviting him to come out and fight, "ship to ship, to try the fortunes of our respective flags." Lawrence did not get this missive, which was like that he had sent the "Bonne Citoyen." He did not wait for it. On learning that a single British frigate lay out-

side, he was all eagerness to meet and try conclusions with it, inspired by the feeling which past success had aroused in the American heart, that no British ship was a match for an American one of equal strength. He took no account of the question of equal preparation.

Carried away by a boyish desire "to be at them," and heedless of the lessons of prudence and judgment, he was all on fire to try conclusions with the Englishman, and did not wait a day after getting the last of his men on board before he spread his sails and moved out of the harbor. The men did not know the officers; they did not know each other; they did not know their places at ropes or guns; they were utterly untrained to work together. The haste, indeed, was such that the last who came on board were not even given time to stow away their clothes and hammocks, but were put at once to the work of getting the ship under way. It was a piece of midsummer madness of the most lamentable kind.

Six years before, in June, 1807, the "Chesapeake" had gone to sea in a similar state of ill-preparation. In no sense ready for sea, she had put out from Norfolk, having among her crew several deserters from British ships. In this condition she had been boarded by officers from the frigate "Leopard" with the demand that these men should be given up. On refusal to do so, the "Leopard" had opened fire and kept it up for twelve minutes, without her crew being able to return a shot. Three men were killed and eighteen wounded, Captain Barron among the latter, before he hauled down his flag and reluctantly consented to give up the men.

This experience of the ship should have been a warning to Captain Lawrence, but it was not. Spread-

ing full sail, he drove before the wind out of the harbor, inspired by but one thought, to get at the enemy, trusting to luck and American pluck for all besides. The event proved that American judgment and caution were equally necessary.

On the way out Captain Lawrence spoke to the men, seeking to inspire them with his own enthusiasm, but the members of the old crew, led by the Portuguese boatswain's mate, interrupted him by demands for their prize money. In the emergency Lawrence yielded to their claims, called them to the cabin, and gave them checks for the prize money due. As it proved in the end, this concession did not remove their discontent.

The "Shannon" was waiting when the "Chesapeake" came out. At 5.50 P.M. Lawrence luffed up and backed his mainyard within fifty yards of the "Shannon's" weather quarter. He had the opportunity of wearing up under her stern and raking her, but chivalrously desisted from doing so. At the hour named the first gun was fired from the "Shannon," and the battle was on, both sides loading and firing rapidly, but the well-trained gunners of the "Shannon" doing far the most execution.

The marksmen in the tops of the "Shannon" swept the deck of the "Chesapeake" with a shower of musket balls, shooting three quarter-masters at the wheel in quick succession, striking Lawrence in the leg and mortally wounding Lieutenant Ludlow. Grape and musketry were fast driving all the men from the upper deck. A hand grenade flung from the "Shannon" fell in the arms chest on the lee quarter-deck of the "Chesapeake," exploding it and filling the air with smoke and splinters. The rigging was badly cut.

There was no one forward to see the orders of the captain obeyed; everything was amiss. The "Chesapeake" was being forced by the wind stern on into the "Shannon," and ten minutes after the first shot was fired the ships were afoul.

Lawrence called for boarders, but the negro bugler had vanished and only a few men answered his call. All these could do was to seek to repel boarders. At this moment a ball struck Captain Lawrence in the abdomen, inflicting a mortal wound. He was carried below. A few minutes afterward, noting that the firing had slackened, he called out:

"Tell the men to fire faster and *not give up the ship!* The colors shall wave while I live!"

It was an order that could not be carried out. In the confusion following Lawrence's fall, Captain Broke had led his men in an impetuous charge to the deck of the "Chesapeake," and a hand-to-hand fight was going on with the few men there to meet him. For a few minutes the fight was a desperate one. Captain Broke was cut down with a blow that split his skull and exposed his brain. The Americans fought stubbornly, but the help they should have had from below did not come, the rascally Portuguese taking the gratings from the lower hatch and leading the foreigners down to the hold. In a few minutes the struggle was over, and at 6.05 British hands hauled down the American flag. They had captured the "Chesapeake" in just fifteen minutes.

Then to Halifax went the "Shannon" in triumph with her prize, Captain Lawrence in ignorance of the loss of his ship, for he had grown delirious, and repeated over and over again the last order he had given: "Don't give up the ship!" He died just before Hali-

fax was reached. Captain Broke was also delirious, but had the better fortune to recover from his wound.

The body of the slain hero was received with every mark of honor in Halifax, and his corpse and that of Lieutenant Ludlow were subsequently brought back under a flag of truce to New York. Here they were buried in Trinity churchyard. On the deck of the "Constitution," the ship on which he first received promotion, were engraved his last words, "Don't give up the ship." And on his monument in old Trinity yard may to-day be read the inscription:

"Neither the fury of battle, the anguish of a mortal wound, nor the horrors of approaching death could subdue his gallant spirit. His dying words were:

"'Don't give up the ship.'"

CHARLES MORRIS AND THE CRUISE OF THE "ADAMS"

It is an interesting fact that many of the men who afterwards became prominent in naval history were concerned in the loss and the burning of the "Philadelphia." Among those taken captive at the loss of the frigate were Captain Bainbridge and Midshipman Jones, the stories of whose careers we have given, and Lieutenant Porter, yet to be described. And among those who took part in the burning of the frigate were Stephen Decatur and James Lawrence, already treated of in our pages, Thomas Macdonough, the future hero of Lake Champlain, and Charles Morris, with whose career we are at present concerned. It is not from his natural interest in Morris as a namesake of his own that the author of this work introduces him in this work, but from the prominent part he played in many naval events, and the valor and ability which he possessed.

Charles Morris was born in Woodstock, Maine, July 26, 1784. His father was a purser on the frigate "Congress," on which he himself was appointed midshipman when of proper age, his first cruise being to the West Indies, during the naval war with France. While chasing a small French privateer near shore the "Congress" came unobserved by her officers over a rocky shallow bottom. A minor officer pointed out the fact to Midshipman Morris, who quietly sought the captain and told him of the ship's danger. Without looking for himself, the captain instantly ordered a

change in her course, and only then glanced over the side. It was with a shudder that those on board saw the imminent peril of shipwreck they had escaped.

Morris was soon transferred to the "Constitution" and in her took part in the siege of Tripoli. Here his most prominent service was in the famous attack on the "Philadelphia." We have described this stirring incident in our sketch of Decatur, and need only speak here of the active part played in it by Midshipman Morris.

When the call of "Boarders, away!" rang through the ship, there was an eager competition to be first on board. Midshipman Laws sprang for an open port of the frigate, but his pistols caught and held him for a moment; Decatur slipped in his leap, while Morris sprang like a cat over the rail and had the honor of being the first on board and in the furious charge on the Tripolitans, which soon drove them from the deck. The next thing to be done was the firing of the ship, which needed to be accomplished at breakneck speed. In the rush for this purpose the young midshipman had the post of danger, being leader of the men selected to fire the cockpit, the lowest point to be reached. No time was lost in this, the combustibles being quickly placed and effectively kindled. But when Morris and his men rushed for the upper deck again they found themselves in a position of imminent danger. The kindling above had been so promptly done and the fire had spread so rapidly that flames and smoke were already sweeping through the lower deck and out of the open ports, and they had to rush through fire and flame to reach the upper deck. Decatur was there, anxiously awaiting them, and the next moment they all tumbled over the rail into the "Mastico,"

Decatur, the last to leave the deck, having to make a long leap, for busy hands were already pushing the ketch from the blazing frigate.

The next event of importance in the siege was the gunboat attack under Decatur and Somers in August 3, in which Morris took an active part. After this action he was transferred to the "Argus," Lieutenant Hull, and in this capacity was sent out on the night of August 5 in charge of a boat's crew, with orders to patrol the entrance to the harbor. While thus engaged, he found himself suddenly in the presence of a vessel, which was quietly making its way out by the harbor channel. Without waiting to learn the force he had to deal with, Morris impetuously boarded this vessel with such suddenness that he carried her by surprise. He then found that he had captured a friendly craft, the vessel proving to be a French privateer which had put into the harbor of Tripoli for water.

We have already told, in our sketch of Captain Hull, the next important incident in Morris's career. Promoted lieutenant in June, 1804, and remaining attached to the "Constitution," he was the executive officer of that vessel in 1811, when her teeth were shown to a British frigate off Plymouth harbor. This story has already been told, and need only be briefly repeated. When informed by a British officer, in the absence of Captain Hull, that the "Havana," lying near by, had an American deserter on board, who could be had by sending for him, Morris sent a boat next morning with an order for the man. The captain of the "Havana" sent back word that he could give him up only on an order from Admiral Sir Roger Curtis. Morris then sought the admiral in person, but was in-

formed by him that the man would not be given up, as he claimed to be a British subject.

The whole thing looked like a premeditated insult, but Morris had his revenge. The next night a deserter from the "Havana" boarded the "Constitution," claiming to be an American, though evidently of Irish birth. Morris now turned the tables very neatly on the admiral, sending word that he had a British deserter on board, then, on his being sent for, mildly declining to give him up, as he claimed to be an American.

This has been before told, and also how two British frigates tried to entrap the "Constitution" and pursued her when she left the harbor. As the foremost frigate came up within gunshot a fight seemed imminent. The guns were shotted and the men ready. Morris walked along the gundeck to encourage them, but found that they needed no encouragement. The captains were bringing their guns to bear upon the enemy, and the men, many of them stripped to the waist, were all eagerness for the fight to begin. Had not the Briton turned tail and run, the attack on the "Chesapeake" might then and there have been avenged.

The time was soon to come when the men of the "Constitution" would be free to fire. War broke out between the two countries, and that good ship was quickly upon the waves. Her first adventure was that already described, in which she escaped from a powerful British squadron after a sixty hours' chase. Several times during this chase she was in imminent danger of capture, and her escape in what seemed the most hopeless situation of all was due to the readiness in an emergency of Lieutenant Morris. The men were

out in their boats, towing the "Constitution" in a calm, but she was fast being overlapped by her pursuers. At this critical juncture Morris gave the suggestion that saved her from British hands. He had before seen a vessel carried through crooked channels by kedging—that is, by dropping an anchor ahead and drawing up to it by a long line. Sounding the depth, he found that the ship was in water only one hundred and fifty-six feet deep, and suggested the expedient to Captain Hull. The shrewd captain was quick to adopt it, and soon had his ship out of its ugly place.

We must now go forward to that famous date of August 19, 1812, when the "Constitution" met one of her late pursuers, the "Guerrière," and won the first great victory in American naval history since the days of John Paul Jones. Lieutenant Morris was still executive officer of the "Constitution," and at the request of the impatient gunners he three separate times asked the captain for permission to fire, Hull each time calmly replying, "Not yet, sir."

Our readers already know what took place when Hull at length gave the word. When the ships ran afoul Lieutenant Morris was prompt to take advantage of the opportunity. Seizing a rope which dangled from the bowsprit of the "Guerrière," and climbing up, he passed a few turns of the main brace round that spar with the purpose of holding the vessels together. At this moment he was shot through the body by a marksman in the enemy's top and fell heavily to the deck. Yet, severely as he had been wounded, he was on his feet again in a few minutes and back at his post, and kept on foot till the surrender took place.

So far we have dealt with Morris as a subordinate

officer. We have next to do with his career as commander of a vessel. It was one, indeed, not marked by any scene of victorious battle, but it reflected credit on him as an able officer. Promoted captain, and recovering from his severe wound, he was assigned to the "Adams," then lying at Washington. At the opening of the war this ship was rated as a twenty-eight-gun frigate. She was altered for service into what was called a corvette, a somewhat puzzling term. A dictionary of marine terms of that time defines "corvette" as "a general name for sloop-of-war and all vessels under twenty guns." But the Americans applied it to larger vessels, and used it to include the largest ships that had only one deck of guns and neither poop nor forecastle. As rebuilt, the "Adams" was lengthened and armed with thirteen eighteen-pounders on each side and a long twelve for a bow-chaser.

Assigned as captain to this ship, with Lieutenant Wadsworth, who had been next to him on the "Constitution," as first officer, Morris set sail on the night of January 18, 1814. There was a blockading squadron of British war-vessels in the Chesapeake, but the night was dark and boisterous, and the "Adams" drove down the bay at a twelve-knot pace. The darkness was intense; there were no beacon lights along the bay, and the result was that the ship suddenly found herself thumping over a bar. Twice she struck heavily on the sand, but the heavy swells lifted her clear, and when the captain found that she did not leak he decided to keep on.

Getting to sea without further adventure and without molestation from the blockaders, the "Adams" headed across the Atlantic for the coast of Africa, her

chosen cruising ground. Here she jogged along from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, and then put out to the Canaries and the Cape de Verde Islands, taking a few small prizes laden with palm oil and ivory, but meeting no vessel of larger size.

On March 25 the "Woodbridge," a large Indiaman, was encountered and overhauled. The weather was thick at the time, but it suddenly cleared while they were taking possession of the prize, and Captain Morris found himself in the presence of a fleet of merchant vessels convoyed by two large frigates. Here was company that it was necessary to get away from in all haste, and he set out under full sail, hotly pursued by the Britons. Skill and speed saved him from capture, but it took him a whole day to throw the sleuthhounds from his track.

This ended the cruise of the "Adams" in those waters. Returning to the American coast, Captain Morris brought his vessel into the harbor of Savannah on May 1. On the same day the British brig "Epervier" came in under a prize crew. She had been taken by the corvette "Peacock" and proved a valuable prize, carrying \$120,000 in coin.

On May 8th the "Adams" took to the seas again, now sailing to the Gulf Stream with the hope of intercepting a merchant fleet from Jamaica. He found it, but it was convoyed by almost a fleet of war-vessels, embracing a ship-of-the-line, two frigates and three brigs. Evidently the British admiralty was growing nervous over the exploits of the American cruisers. For two days Morris kept the "Adams" on the track of this fleet, seeking for prizes, but he could not draw the warships away in chase, they keeping so close to their charge that he gave them up in disgust.

He then made his way, via the banks of Newfoundland, to the Irish coast, and here picked up a few prizes, but on July 15th "stumbled across the eighteen-pounder thirty-six-gun 'Tigris.'" Morris had the ill-fortune in this cruise to meet no vessel of his own size. The "Tigris" far outmatched him, and his only hope to avoid capture lay in flight. But he had a swift hound on his track in the British cruiser, and to lessen weight had to throw overboard all the guns taken from the captured vessel, his heaviest anchors and finally some of his own guns. In the end the wind died down to a calm, when Morris repeated the tactics with his ship which he had formerly employed on the "Constitution," towing her away from the heavier "Tigris." In this way he increased the distance so greatly that when the wind rose again he soon dropped his pursuer out of sight.

It seemed to be the mission of the "Adams" to be chased and to escape. It was on July 15th that she was chased by the "Tigris." On the 19th two new frigates got on her track, and she had to take to the race-course again. The wind was strong, but Morris spread every inch of canvas his ship could carry, and for forty long hours the "Adams" sped away across a strong sea, hotly pursued by the swiftest of the British frigates. The "Adams" did not lack speed, but she had an even match in her pursuer. During all that period she trailed on just beyond gunshot, the "Adams" rushing at top speed through the heaving waves, the Briton following with equal speed, while Captain Morris paced his deck day and night without rest, and doubtless his pursuer did the same. For full four hundred miles this close chase continued, with neither side gaining or losing. Then, as night

fell again, a squall came on that hid the "Adams" from sight. At once Morris up helm and headed away on another tack, and when day dawned his pursuer was no longer to be seen.

Thus four times he had the ill-fortune to meet with a force he dared not attack, and each time he carried his ship away in safety. But the "Adams" was nearing the end of her career, though not as a prize to the enemy. Scurvy broke out among the crew, and she was headed across for Portland, Maine. Once again the ship ran aground and once again floated off without harm. While in a fog on the Maine coast she struck on a ledge of rock that lifted her bow six feet out of the water. Fortunately the next tide floated her, and she kept on her course.

Yet she was too badly strained to continue afloat. While chasing a British brig, the "Rifleman," the press of canvas set her leaking at the dangerous rate of nine feet of water per hour, and to save his ship from sinking Captain Morris was forced to run her into the Penobscot, ascending that river twenty-seven miles to Hampden, where he proposed to heave down the ship and repair her leaky bottom.

He did not get the opportunity. A powerful British fleet lay off the coast, consisting of two line-of-battle ships, three frigates, three sloops and ten troop transports, its purpose being to attack Machias. The "Rifleman" met this fleet and informed its admiral of the presence of an American corvette in the Penobscot, and measures were at once taken for its capture.

The approach of the British ships was soon made known, and Morris prepared to meet the attack by taking nine of his lighter guns ashore and planting them on the bluff overlooking the wharf. These he

put under Lieutenant Wadsworth, taking charge of the wharf himself. Thirty or forty artillerymen joined him, and a force of several hundred militia came to his aid—half-armed and utterly worthless.

The attack came on September 3d. The total force sent into the assault, in barges and boats, numbered fifteen hundred men, including six hundred troops. Against such a body of experienced men defence was hopeless with the force under Captain Morris's command. With his crew on the wharf he checked the flotilla, and the militia fled, without firing a gun, on the approach of the land force, leaving him to face a body of trained soldiers and marines eight times his strength. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to do. He set fire to the ship and marched away without losing a man except those too sick with scurvy to move. Spiking their guns, the crew divided into small parties and made their way through the woods to Portland. The work of the "Adams," under its able commander, had been in making a number of successful escapes from superior force and in finally being saved from capture by going up in flames.

The subsequent career of Captain Morris must be briefly told. Made a commodore, he commanded the Gulf squadron in 1816-17 and the squadron on the coast of Buenos Ayres 1819-20, and in 1825 commanded the "Brandywine" when it conveyed Lafayette back to France. He served also as naval commissioner, as inspector of the navy yards of England and France, as supervisor of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography at Washington, dying in the latter city January 27, 1856.

DAVID PORTER AND THE NOBLE DEFENCE OF THE "ESSEX"

OF the many great fighters in the American navy there were few that equalled, there were none that surpassed, David Porter in daring and intrepidity. From first to last his history is one of acts of impetuous courage, and his name stands very high in the annals of our navy. Born at Boston on the 1st of February, 1780, he came from sea-loving stock, his grandfather and father both making the waters their home, and the latter, David Porter, Sr., taking part in the naval work of the Revolution and being held captive for a time in the infamous "Jersey" prison ship.

The younger David went to sea with his father in a trading vessel at the age of sixteen, and took part in the defence of the crew against a British press-gang, which was fought off after several men had been killed and wounded on each side. In his second voyage the ship was boarded and the crew impressed by a British frigate. True Americans, young Porter and most of his comrades refused to do duty for their kidnappers, and in consequence were put in irons. Brought to the mast to be whipped to obedience, the youthful patriot broke away from his guards, leaped overboard, and swam to a Danish ship lying in the harbor. Here he was not molested and sailed in the friendly ship to Europe, but on his voyage home he was again impressed on a British man-of-war.

Here he was brutally treated, perhaps on account

of his indignant and independent attitude, but he once more succeeded in escaping and made his way back to the United States, where he entered the navy as a midshipman in 1798. Assigned to the frigate "Constellation," he was on that ship in its active cruise against the French in the West Indies and took part in its two victorious engagements.

After the capture of the "Insurgent," February 9, 1799, Lieutenant John Rodgers and Midshipman Porter, with eleven men, were sent on board to take charge of the prize and superintend the transfer of the crew. In the midst of this work and while 173 of the Frenchmen were still on board, a hurricane descended on the two ships and blew them apart. Critical was the situation of the unlucky thirteen, with a West India gale and more than twelve times their number of enemies to face, yet they did it heroically and successfully. The two young officers had the pluck for the occasion. Driving their prisoners below and placing an armed man at each hatchway with orders to shoot any one who attempted to come up, they worked the ship with the others, without sleep or rest, for three days and two nights, and brought her safely to the harbor of St. Kitts, where they found the "Constellation" awaiting them, her captain hopeless of seeing them again. Men capable of a feat like this were born with the qualities necessary to success in naval warfare.

Promoted lieutenant in 1799, Porter was assigned to the schooner "Experiment," which was attacked by ten picaroon barges while convoying some merchantmen. The pirates were driven off and the fleet was saved, but Porter received a wound in the fight. Subsequently, under Captain Charles Stewart, who was now assigned to the "Experiment," he saw some sharp service, and

showed his daring spirit in brisk affairs with several French privateers, attacking one of these in a pilot boat with fifteen men, and taking it without the loss of a man, though the privateer lost heavily.

As may be seen, young David Porter was an officer of extraordinary intrepidity, and amply capable of holding his own under extraordinary circumstances. When Captain Dale's "squadron of observation" was sent to the Mediterranean in 1801, Porter went with it as lieutenant of the "Enterprise," and took part in the fight with the war polacre "Tripoli," which we have already described. Twice Porter set out in a boat to take charge of the prize after its flag was lowered, and twice the Moors opened fire again. Only on the threat of Lieutenant Sterrett to sink the treacherous craft did the flag come down for good.

In April, 1802, Porter, in association with Midshipman Lawrence, had an adventure on his own account. A fleet of eleven coasters laden with wheat, which was badly needed in Tripoli, had slipped through the blockade and into the harbor, much to the delight of the Tripolitans, whose food supply was running short. They drew the coasters on shore and made a breastwork of the bags of wheat, but they were attacked by Porter, who led an assaulting party in small boats into the harbor. He had superior forces, well defended, to fight against, but the Moors lost heavily and he succeeded in setting fire to the vessels before retiring to his boats. It is said that the Moors on this occasion defended themselves by throwing handfuls of sand in the faces of their assailants, hoping thus to blind and disable them. It was a bold affair, though of little utility, for the Tripolitans managed to extinguish the fire before much damage was done.

Transferred later as lieutenant to the "Philadelphia," Porter shared in the fate of the crew of that unfortunate vessel and lay for nineteen months a captive in the Bashaw's castle while his fellows on the sea were straining every nerve to bring about their release. After the work of the expedition had ended, Porter returned home, where, on April 22, 1806, he was promoted master commandant. As such he was put in charge of the naval forces at New Orleans and captured three French privateers that had entered the Mississippi. In 1811 he was given the command of the frigate "Essex," with whose striking career he was to be identified in the coming war.

The "Essex" had originally carried twenty-six long twelve-pounders and sixteen twenty-four-pounder carronades, but in spite of vigorous protests of Captain Porter this armament was changed, twenty of his long twelves being taken away and replaced by sixteen thirty-two-pounder carronades. She threw much more metal than before, but could not throw it nearly so far. She was capable of doing good work if within the narrow range of the short carronades, but could be shot to pieces without return by a ship with long-range guns. This change, made by the super-wise Navy Department, was to prove disastrous to the "Essex" in the end. If Porter had possessed his full battery of twelve-pounders on a certain famous occasion, he might have made history in a different shape.

Porter's first cruise began in July, 1812, shortly after the declaration of war had been made. He was after the British frigate "Thetis," which was known to be on its way with specie to South America. Failing to find his hoped-for prize, he captured a few merchant vessels, and on the night of July 10 found himself in

the vicinity of a convoy of seven merchantmen. It was a moonlit night, but the sky was well overcast with clouds, so he adopted the ruse of posing the "Essex" as a merchant ship. Her height was concealed by a partial dropping of her top-gallant masts, the guns were run in and the ports closed, and the running rigging left slack, in true merchant style.

In this guise the "Essex" made her way unsuspected into the fleet, Porter talking with some of the captains and learning that they were carrying a thousand soldiers from Barbadoes to Quebec, and were guarded by the thirty-two-gun frigate "Minerva." After this had gone on for some time one of the captains suspected something wrong and began to signal the "Minerva." At once Porter threw open his ports and compelled the captain to follow him out of the fleet. This was done without alarming the other vessels, and when boarded the prize was found to have nearly two hundred soldiers on board.

It was now three o'clock in the morning. Daylight came before another prize could be made. Porter set up his masts again and took in the slack of his rigging, and, an evident man-of-war, sailed towards the convoy. When within gunshot distance he hove to and awaited the "Minerva." The latter did not accept the challenge, her captain taking her into the midst of the fleet, where he could have the support of the troops on the transports with musketry and such cannon as these carried. We owe to David G. Farragut, who was a midshipman on the "Essex," an account of this affair. He says that "the captured British officers were very anxious for us to have a fight with the 'Minerva,' as they considered her a good match for the 'Essex,' and Captain Porter replied that he would gratify them with

pleasure if his Majesty's commander was of his taste." Their indignation was extreme when they saw what they called the base cowardice of this commander.

On August 13 the "Essex" had another encounter, a ship being sighted to windward that looked like a man-of-war. Porter tried the same ruse which had been successful before, putting out drags over the stern to diminish his speed and handling his sails in the manner of a merchant ship. The trick fully deceived the stranger, which came bowling down towards the "Essex," above which was shown the British flag. As she came near and fired a gun the "Essex" hove to until she had passed under her stern to leeward.

Then there was a sudden change. The "Essex" by this trick had won the weather gauge, and now filled away her mainsails, cut loose the drags, replaced the British colors with the American, and threw open her ports, running out her guns. This rapid revolution in appearance was hailed with three cheers by the British crew, who, in their usual hasty fashion, blazed away without waiting till their guns bore on the enemy.

The men of the "Essex" had been taught a better use of their guns. The fire was not returned until all her guns bore, when she gave the stranger a broadside whose effect was absolutely stunning. The fight was completely taken out of the crew of the enemy, all of whom and all the officers but three were severely reprimanded for cowardice at the subsequent court-martial of the captain. In a panic, they tried to veer off and run away, but a few minutes brought the "Essex" again alongside; whereupon the stranger fired a musket and lowered her flag. She proved to be the corvette "Alert," a ship much inferior in force to the "Essex," but capable of making a far better fight than she

had done. Not one of her men was killed and only three were wounded, but she was shot so full of holes that when the Americans reached her deck there were seven feet of water in her hold.

She was repaired and saved, however, and the two ships sailed away together, the "Essex" continuing her cruise. Yet she was not in the safest condition, being crowded with prisoners much exceeding her own crew. These included the soldiers from the transport and the men from the "Alert," while she had sent out two prize crews. The prisoners were well aware of this and concocted a plan to capture the ship, the coxswain of the "Alert's" gig being the leader. The discovery of the plot was due to young David Farragut. While lying in his hammock he saw the coxswain with a pistol in his hand, looking around to see if all was in order for the movement. Coming to where Farragut lay, he looked at him earnestly, but the boy feigned sleep and the man passed on.

As soon as he was out of hearing the alert midshipman sprang up and ran to the cabin, where he told the captain of his suspicions. Porter was the man for an emergency. Leaping from his berth and running from the cabin, he began to shout in stentorian tones: "Fire! fire!"

This alarming cry threw the mutineers into hopeless dismay. To the crew it meant only the fire-drill to which they had been carefully trained. Porter had even gone so far in this training as to build fires that sent up volumes of smoke through the hatches, thus teaching them to deal with what seemed a real fire. As a result, they were quickly at their quarters, cool and steady. Turning them on the mutineers, the conspiracy was immediately quelled. The prisoners were after-

wards sent to St. John's, Newfoundland, on the "Alert" as a cartel.

The men of the "Essex" were to have one more adventure before their cruise ended, their ship being chased by the "Shannon" and another frigate when off St. George's bank. A third ship was seen in company with the two, and Captain Porter thought that he had excellent warrant to have business elsewhere. Yet running away was not to his fancy, and he devised a plan that might give him one of his pursuers.

His men had been as carefully trained for effectively boarding an enemy as to deal with fire, and their weapons were kept in the best condition. Porter's scheme was, when night fell, to tack ship, run alongside his selected prey, and board her while under full sail. He estimated her speed at about eight knots an hour, and that his ship would foul her on the cross course at four knots, and a kedge anchor was prepared, hanging by a cable from the end of the mainyard, so that it could be dropped on the enemy as the two ships crashed together. Excellent as the plot seemed, it failed to work. At the proper time the "Essex" tacked, but the enemy was not where he had hoped to meet her, and was not found. Sixty days the cruise lasted, and then Porter returned, having captured nine prizes and more than five hundred prisoners and retaken five American vessels from prize crews. The capture of the "Alert" took place just six days before that of the "Guerrière," and was thus the first capture of a British naval vessel in that war.

Such is the story of the first cruise of the "Essex." The second and more notable one began on October 28, 1812. As has already been said, the "Essex" was expected to meet the "Constitution" and the "Hor-

net," and proceed with them to the East Indies, but she failed to do so. Capturing on her voyage a brig containing \$55,000 in cash, and receiving a letter from Commodore Bainbridge at Fernando de Noronha, Porter proceeded to Cape Frio as directed, there to learn of the fight of the "Constitution" with the "Java," her return homeward and the sailing north of the "Hornet." This departure of his consorts left Porter free to act, and he determined to round the Horn and cruise in search of the British shipping in the South Pacific.

It was a new field of naval effort, and proved to be a rich one. Setting out from the Brazilian coast on January 26, 1813, Captain Porter made his way southward and westward through a series of misadventures. First a severe form of dysentery broke out that threatened to attack the whole crew. Porter knew nothing of medical science, and in those days nothing was known of the modern method of dealing with contagious diseases, but he brought his common sense to bear, adopted sanitary measures of a rigid character, and cleaned the ship and the crew so thoroughly that the epidemic quickly disappeared.

Trouble of a different character came in rounding the Horn. They ran into terrible weather, in which the high seas so tossed and battered the little frigate that its gun-deck ports were broken in, its extra spars were swept overboard and some of its boats crushed by the torrent waves. So terrified did the boatswain become in one of these assaults that he screamed out:

"We are sinking! The ship's side is stove in!" and a panic broke out among the crew that it needed all the captain's resolute will to overcome.

But Mocha Island was reached in March, and the crew had rest and recreation, the island being overrun

with half-wild hogs and horses from which they obtained a good supply of salted meats. Reaching Valparaiso, it was learned that Chile had declared its independence of Spain. Then began the work of making prizes, the first ship taken being the Peruvian cruiser "Nereyda," which had been capturing American whalers. Porter threw overboard all its guns and arms, and then let it go, with a letter of warning to the Spanish viceroy of Peru.

His work of capture among the British whalers soon began, his ship being first altered in appearance so as to make her look like a Spanish merchant vessel. In a short time the "Barclay," "Montezuma," "Georgiana," and "Policy" were overhauled. Then on May 28 the "Atlantic" and "Greenwich" were added to the list of prizes. Several of these ships had rich cargoes, and their supplies of spare spars, cordage, and canvas enabled Porter to refit his battered ship. In June, while the "Essex" lay in Guayaquil Bay, the "Georgiana," a sixteen-gun ship, with forty men, was sent out on a cruise under Lieutenant Downes. He was successful in capturing the "Catharine," the "Rose," and the "Hector," the latter after a sharp fight. When Downes came in he had only ten men to work his ship, all the others having been sent out as prize crews. At Guayaquil the large and swift "Atlantic" was converted into an American cruiser, under the new name of "Essex Junior," and sent to convoy a part of the fleet of prizes to Valparaiso. During the succeeding months four other prizes were taken, and in October Porter bore away for the Marquesas Islands, where he could give his ship the overhauling it sadly needed.

Meanwhile news of the havoc the "Essex" was making among British shipping in the Pacific had

reached England, and several frigates were sent out, with orders to capture it at all hazards. Thus Porter, on leaving the Marquesas, where he had to suppress a plot among his prisoners and an incipient mutiny of his own men, captivated by the delights of that tropical island, had perils to face such as he had not met in his former successful cruise. The "Georgiana" and the "New Zealand" were sent home, both laden with full cargoes of oil, and both to be captured by British blockaders within sight of port. Some were sent off as cartels with captives, others were left for the time at the Marquesas, and in December, 1813, the "Essex" and "Essex Junior" set sail on their final cruise, one that was to end in disaster and captivity.

Valparaiso was reached on February 3, 1814. Here Porter was told of a British frigate, the "Phœbe," that had for some time been seeking him along the coast. On the night of the 7th a grand reception was given to the dignitaries of the city, and while it was in full blast news came from the "Essex Junior," which had been stationed outside on guard duty, that two sails were in sight and that they showed British colors. They proved to be the "Phœbe" and a smaller warship, the "Cherub." One unlucky fact under the circumstances was that half the crew of the "Essex" were then on shore, having a good time, and doubtless imbibing freely the heady native wine of the country.

The mate of an English merchant ship in the harbor jumped into a small boat and rowed out to tell his coming countrymen of the state of affairs, and Captain Hillyar, of the "Phœbe," hastened to take advantage of the opportunity. Valparaiso was a neutral port, but that troubled him little, as he did not look for any active interference. He had been sent out to capture

the "Essex" and did not propose to let any small matter like this stand in his way.

Leaving the "Cherub" outside, Hillyar steered straight for the "Essex," and kept on until he had ranged up within fifteen feet of her side. He did so to find, to his discomfiture, that due preparation for his coming had been made, and that Porter had his men at their guns, ready and eager to fight. This sight cooled his ardor, and instead of opening fire, he conveniently remembered that he had met Porter before in the Mediterranean, and called out with studied politeness:

"Captain Hillyar's compliments to Captain Porter, and hopes he is well."

"Very well, I thank you," said Porter, somewhat grimly; "but I hope you will not come too near for fear some accident might take place which would be disagreeable to you."

That accidents were impending was evident enough, for the decks of the "Essex" were crowded with men ready to board. Hillyar at once braced his yards back, and called out in an agitated tone that he had no intention of coming so near and was sorry he had done so. Porter's answer was pointed enough:

"Well, you have no business where you are. If you touch a rope-yarn of this ship I shall board instantly!"

The next moment the "Phœbe" was slipping away. Even then a fight was imminent, for a drunken fellow below was on the point of firing his gun when he was knocked down by the lieutenant in charge. So near the two ships came to a fight that would doubtless have ended in the capture of the "Phœbe," for the "Essex Junior" was near by to aid. Captain Porter had respected the neutrality of the port under very aggravating circumstances. As for Captain Hillyar, he had

been ordered to "capture the 'Essex' with the least possible risk to his vessel and crew," and this order he proposed to obey strictly.

A few days later Porter challenged Hillyar to meet the "Essex" with the "Phœbe" alone and fight it out for the honor of their flags. Hillyar agreed and both sides prepared for a fight. But when the "Essex" came out of the harbor and some shots were exchanged, the "Phœbe" squared away for the "Cherub," which had been sent to leeward to be out of the fight. Evidently Hillyar did not intend to take any chances.

Porter in this brief movement had found that he had the fastest ship of the two, and as he had learned that a squadron of British war vessels was expected soon at Valparaiso, he decided to make sail for the open sea, so as not to be caught in a trap. And then the misfortunes of the "Essex" began. While clearing the southwest point of the harbor before a heavy wind a sudden and violent squall struck her with such force as to carry away the maintopmast, with the men who were aloft furling the top-gallant sail. Seeing the awkward dilemma of the Americans, the two British ships instantly gave chase, and Porter turned to seek his old anchorage. But again the wind proved unfriendly, shifting so that, with his crippled ship, he could not make it. He was forced to run into a small bay and drop anchor near shore.

Porter was now at a frightful disadvantage. The robbing of the "Essex" of its long-range guns had crippled it fatally for such a situation. He had only six long twelve-pounders against more than thirty long-range guns on the two hostile ships, and they had only to stand off and batter the "Essex" without possibility of a return. This they did, yet even as the case stood

Porter managed to make himself felt so shrewdly that at the end of a half-hour his antagonists had to haul off to repair damages. The "Phœbe" had seven holes at her water-line, and her rigging was badly cut up. But the "Essex" had suffered very severely and when the enemy opened fire again Porter found it impossible to bring his few effective guns to bear.

The wind having shifted, he now ordered his crew to slip the cable and make sail, but he found that the running gear had been so cut up that only the flying jib could be spread. Under this little bit of canvas, and with his square sails flapping loosely in the wind, he put out until able to reach the enemy with his short guns, only to find that they hastily made sail to get beyond his range. Baffled, he was not yet conquered. He turned his ship again towards the shore, determined to beach her, fight to the last shot, and then blow her to pieces rather than to give her up.

Once more the elements proved treacherous. The wind again shifted, caught the sails aback, and the "Essex" was left drifting off shore, a helpless target for the guns of the enemy. An explosion below sent the men rushing to the deck, many of them with their clothing ablaze. Fearing that the fire had reached the magazine, numbers of the crew, and even some of the officers, jumped overboard and swam for shore. Of the two hundred and fifty men of the crew only seventy-five were left fit for duty, and the balls of the enemy were still pouring relentlessly in, without the possibility of a return. All hope was at an end and, at 6.20 P.M., after a resistance worthy of Paul Jones, "the painful order was given to haul down the colors." Thus, after one of the most heroic fights in history, was taken the only American frigate, with

the exception of the "Chesapeake" and the "President," captured in that war.

We may briefly close this long narrative. The final fate of the "Essex" was to be sent to England, where she was added to the British navy. The "Essex Junior" was disarmed and sent as a cartel to New York, carrying the American prisoners. Off New York she was detained by British cruisers so long, on the plea that Hillyar had no right to issue a safe conduct, that Porter and a boat's crew left her and rowed ashore in a fog. The "Essex Junior," released, soon came in also.

Porter's career embraced only one more scene of war. After serving as commissioner of the navy from 1815 to 1823 he was sent to the West Indies to operate against the pirates in that quarter. He had considerable success in breaking up their haunts, but in 1824 certain indignities against American interests and insult to an American lieutenant by the Spanish authorities of Foxardo, a Porto Rican port, led Porter to interfere and force an apology from the Foxardo authorities. His action on this occasion did not meet with approval at home. He was suspended for six months by a court-martial, and he indignantly resigned his commission.

The whole business was an unfortunate one, and the scurvy treatment of the hero of the "Essex" was far from warranted by the circumstances. Porter carried his indignation so far as to enter the Mexican service, being made commander-in-chief of the navy of the Republic. Returning to the United States in 1829 he was appointed consul general at Algiers, and in 1831 was made United States Minister at Constantinople. He died in that city March 28, 1843.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, THE HERO OF LAKE ERIE

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, who in one battle won well-nigh the highest fame in American naval history, was born in Newport, Rhode Island, August 21, 1785. His father was a captain in the navy during the Revolution and the naval war with France, and the son began his service in the United States navy April 7th, 1797, as a midshipman under his father's command in the West Indies. Transferred to the "Adams" in 1802, he took part in the war with Tripoli in company with many others who were later to become famous. He continued in the Mediterranean in 1804-05 as a midshipman on the "Constellation," was promoted lieutenant in 1805 and given command of the little "Nautilus," and during the years of the embargo against foreign commerce (1807-09) commanded a fleet of gunboats off Newport harbor. Transferred to the "Revenge" in 1809, his vessel was wrecked in the following year.

As yet Perry had played a minor part in our naval history, but his time was at hand. Promoted captain after the opening of the war with Great Britain, he was ordered back to Newport to take charge of the gunboat flotilla, and was kept at this small duty, despite his appeals for a more active service, while some of his former comrades were winning laurels on the high seas.

At length a new field of service opened. The naval war was not confined to the ocean waters, but there

had been some active operations on the great lakes between Commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario and Lieutenant Elliott at the foot of Lake Erie, and the British of Canada. Conditions in this region were growing more critical, there seemed danger of the British getting full possession of the northwest, and on the 17th of February, 1813, an order reached Captain Perry to join Chauncey with "all the best men of his flotilla."

This was an order to Perry's heart. Rusting in inaction at Newport, he was eager for service, and before nightfall had sent fifty picked men westward in sleds over the winter snows. One hundred more were despatched on the following days, and on the 22d he set out himself with his brother, an ardent boy of thirteen. The sleighing was good, but the way was long and difficult, most of it being through an unbroken wilderness, and it was March 3d before Sackett's Harbor was reached. Thence, after a two weeks' wait with Chauncey for a threatened British attack, he proceeded to Presque Isle, the site of the present city of Erie, and the base of operations projected by the Navy Department.

Erie was well selected in view of the intention to fight for the control of Lake Erie, as it had an easily protected harbor and could receive supplies from Pittsburg nearly all the way by water. Reaching this locality, now not as a subordinate to Chauncey, but with a distinct mission of his own, Perry found building operations well under way, the keels of two twenty-gun brigs having been laid and three gunboats partly built. But there was reason to believe that the British meditated an attack on this ill-defended post, and arms and ammunition were wanting. Perry soon had things

moving in a lively way, sending Captain Dobbins, the shipwright, to Buffalo for means of defence and hasting himself to Pittsburg to forward certain Philadelphia carpenters from that point and to arrange for the forwarding of canvas, rigging, and other ship supplies.

On his return, learning that Commodore Chauncey, who had been operating with success on Lake Ontario, was about to attack Fort George, near the mouth of the Niagara, Perry set out in haste for Buffalo in a row-boat on the night of May 23, and reached Chauncey's camp after a strenuous effort, taking a very active part in the fight that followed. The enterprise was completely successful and led to the British abandoning the whole line of the Niagara River.

During his absence the two brigs building at Erie were launched. They had been hewn out of the forest, the lumber of trees that had been waving to the breeze in the morning being in some instances fitted into a warship before night. The success at Fort George, by clearing the Niagara of British troops, had opened the way for Perry to get out some vessels that were lying at Buffalo, and he hastened to take advantage of the opportunity. These included the brig "Caledonia," which Lieutenant Elliott had captured by a brilliant dash some months before, and four smaller vessels. They were "tracked" by long lines drawn by men and oxen against the swift current of the river for six days, and reached Erie in time to escape the enemy, who were out in force looking for them.

The month of June was now well advanced, but Perry's unceasing activity brought on an attack of bilious remittent fever that threatened to prostrate him. Yet he did not give way to it. He knew too

well the danger of delay. The British were actively preparing for him and had a vessel, the "Detroit," larger than any of his, on the stocks at Malden, on the Detroit River. Haste in equipping his fleet was indispensable, and, despite his sickness, he gave several hours daily to the work of fitting out his vessels and training his men in the handling of ships and guns.

Men were especially needed, and he sent an urgent appeal for them to Chauncey couched in the following terms: "For God's sake, and yours and mine, send me men and officers, and I will have them all in a day or two." He received some men in return, "a motley set, blacks, soldiers, and boys." But by the end of July he had gathered about three hundred men, too few for the work that lay before him, but putting him in a better position. It is well to state here that on August 10th he was joined by Lieutenant Jesse D. Elliott, who had done such good work on the Niagara, with one hundred officers and men of first-class kind, some of the men having served on the "Constitution" and aided in the sinking of the "Guerrière." Later on some soldiers were sent him by General Harrison.

A difficult task lay before Perry after he had finally succeeded in converting the forest trees into stanch warships. The bar at the mouth of the harbor which had protected his vessels while building was too shallow for them to cross. The six feet he had expected to find was not enough for the draught of his brigs, but on sounding he found that the waters had sunk until there were only four feet on the bar. This added greatly to the difficulty before him. The smaller vessels crossed the bar without difficulty, but the two large brigs needed to be lifted across in the face of the

watchful enemy. These vessels had been named the "Niagara" and the "Lawrence," the latter in memory of Captain Lawrence, whose heroic death on the "Chesapeake" had recently taken place.

The method of carrying these vessels across the bar was ingenious. Two large scows, built for the purpose, were filled with water till their decks were awash and then firmly attached to the sides of the "Lawrence" and the water pumped out. The brig, thus lifted, was now hauled forward till it came hard aground on the bar. The lifting process needed to be repeated, and this time the vessel was carried safely over. The "Niagara" was then successfully handled in the same manner.

The British had been carefully on guard to prevent the passing of the bar, but on the night of August 4th Captain Barclay, an experienced seaman who had fought under Nelson at Trafalgar, seeing no signs of active operation, had left the station to take part in a banquet given in his honor at Port Dover, on the Canadian side of the lake. Perry took quick advantage of the opportunity, working diligently all night to get his vessels in open water outside the bar. While he was thus engaged Barclay was making the following remark to his entertainers:

"I expect to find the Yankee brigs hard and fast on the bar when I return, in which predicament it will be but a small job to destroy them."

He did not make allowance for Yankee ingenuity, and lost his opportunity through his fondness for good living, arriving before Erie the next morning just as the sailors were giving the "Niagara" her final lift over the bar. Seeing that he had come too late and that the job before him had grown from a small to a

large one, he squared away for Malden, where the "Detroit" lay yet uncompleted. Perry soon followed up the lake with his fleet and sought harbor at Put-in Bay, a lake anchorage sheltered by a chain of islands. Near by was the camp of General Harrison's army and Perry had an interview with the general on the 18th, with the view of a descent on the British station at Malden.

There followed a severe return of his fever, and a similar sickness prostrated many of his men, the fleet doctor himself becoming so ill that he had to be carried on a cot to visit the sick. Under these circumstances all movements against Malden had, for the time, to be abandoned. On September 1st the fleet ran out for a look at Malden, but found the British ships so close under the protection of shore batteries that nothing could be attempted. Barclay was waiting for the completion of the "Detroit." Back to Put-in Bay they went. On the 9th a boat attack was decided on, but events were near at hand that rendered this unnecessary and gave Perry the opportunity he wanted.

He had now nine vessels under his command—the large brigs "Lawrence" and "Niagara," and the small brig "Caledonia," the schooners "Ariel," "Scorpion," "Somers," "Porcupine," and "Tigress," and the sloop "Trippe." The big brigs were each armed with two long twelves and eighteen short thirty-twos, the heavy long guns being placed on the smaller vessels, there being four long twenty-fours on the "Ariel" and a long thirty-two on each of several of the smaller boats.

The British had six vessels only, the new ship "Detroit," somewhat larger than the "Lawrence"; the ship "Queen Charlotte," smaller than the new American brigs; the brig "Hunter," the big schooner "Lady

Prevost," the small schooner "Chippeway," and the big sloop "Little Belt." These could throw a much smaller weight of metal than the American vessels, but the guns were more advantageously distributed, the long-range heavy guns being on the larger vessels, while the smaller craft carried nothing larger than a long twelve each. As to men, the British had somewhat the greater number.

Such was the comparative strength of the fleets that met on the historic 10th of September on Lake Erie's waves. Early that day Captain Barclay set out for Long Point, the British depot for supplies. Provisions were running short, and must be had even if a battle should need to be fought to get them. Perry's men were keen on the lookout for such a move, and at daybreak on the 10th came from aloft the inspiring cry of "Sail ho!"

In a moment everybody was astir; the boatswains' whistles called the men to the capstans, and at the command of "Up anchor" the vessels were soon free to move. But the wind was unfavorable for leaving the harbor, and the crews had to resort to oars in aid of their sails. The instructions to the commanding officers chiefly consisted in the brief but famous one of Nelson: "If you lay your enemy close alongside you cannot be out of your place."

On reaching the open waters the enemy was sighted five or six miles away, and the ships were headed towards him, though the light and uncertain wind interfered much with progress. Perry for some time sought to gain the windward position, but at length gave up the effort and decided to square away under the lee of the islands, replying to the sailing master's remonstrance that this would bring him to leeward of

the enemy: "I don't care, to windward or to leeward; they shall fight to-day."

But again the wind shifted, this time a favorable change to the south, and the Americans, now having the weather gauge, were put before it and ran down with free sheets upon the enemy. The ships were formed in line of battle on the plan decided upon, and all hands ordered to clear them for action. In the midst of this a roll of bunting was brought up from below and handed to Perry. On unfolding it, there were seen in great white letters upon a blue field Lawrence's dying words:

"Don't give up the ship!"

"My brave lads," said Perry to his men, "this flag bears the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" came in a hearty response, and up to the main truck sped the significant flag.

It was now about ten o'clock. The wind continued light, and a broad space still divided the two fleets. To hearten the men for the work before them Captain Perry now ordered food and the usual allowance of grog to be served. The mess kits were then cleared away and needful precautions for the coming fight taken, such as drenching the decks with water to render harmless any loose powder that might be scattered, and sprinkling a layer of sand so as to give the men a good footing, even if the decks were wet with blood.

Barclay meanwhile had hove to his ships and was awaiting the Americans, the vessels drawn up in close array, in a line square across the wind, the little "Chippeway" and the big "Detroit" at the head. Against these Perry advanced in the "Lawrence,"

his flagship, the little "Ariel" and "Scorpion" leading the way. With these he headed for the "Detroit," leaving the remainder of his fleet to come up as rapidly as possible and to deal with the other British craft.

All being thus disposed, the squadron moved slowly onward before the light and baffling wind, Perry pacing his deck impatiently, stopping at intervals for a word to the gun crews, all of whom he found eagerly preparing for the fray. At one gun were men from the "Constitution," the most of them stripped to the waist and with handkerchiefs tied round their heads to keep their hair out of their eyes.

"I need not say anything to *you*," he remarked; "you know how to beat those fellows."

At another gun stood some of his old gunboat men.

"Ah, here are the Newport boys!" he said cheerily; "they will do their duty, I warrant."

The cheers he got in response showed well the spirit of the men.

The vessels of the squadron rather drifted than sailed towards the enemy, and as noon approached the nearest vessels were still a mile apart, while the rear of the American fleet lay far behind. Far separated as the flagships now were, almost beyond the range of the best guns of that day, the impatience of the British gunners had grown beyond restraint and a gun roared from the "Detroit," its ball plunging into the water before reaching its goal. In a minute or two more a second ball, with better aim, came crashing through the bulwarks of the "Lawrence." The battle was on.

Barclay, who had seventeen long guns in the "Detroit" against two in the "Lawrence," was naturally anxious to fight at long range; but Perry kept on

without replying, holding his course in silence for ten minutes more, the first shot on the American side coming from the little "Scorpion" at the head of the line. It wanted five minutes to noon when this pioneer American gun spoke out. The "Caledonia" and the "Niagara" fired also, though the latter was at very long range. Soon the "Lawrence" and the "Detroit" were hotly at work, the roar of cannon grew incessant and rising smoke filled the air, in a measure cutting off the vessels from the sight of the soldier and civilian spectators, who had gathered in numbers on the neighboring shores of the lake.

As the "Lawrence" drew nearer the great disadvantage of her position became apparent. The close grouping of the British ships brought her within as easy range of the "Hunter" and the "Queen Charlotte" as she was of the "Detroit," while the more distant "Lady Prevost" was able to reach her with the three long guns of her battery. Thus she was forced almost alone to bear the fire of nearly the whole British squadron. At noon the "Lawrence" was still too distant for her short guns to reach the "Detroit," and Perry passed the word by trumpet down the line for all the vessels to close in as fast as possible—an order obeyed, as well as the faint wind would permit, by every officer except Elliott on the "Niagara," which, for some unaccountable reason, held back.

In a short time more the "Lawrence" was in a most perilous position, the "Detroit," "Hunter," and "Queen Charlotte" having her under their guns, the "Hunter" being so situated as to rake her fore and aft, while she had only the little "Scorpion" and "Ariel" for support. There were only seven long guns on

the three vessels to thirty-two on the British ships, yet in spite of these odds Perry drove the "Lawrence" steadily onward until within easy musket range of the "Detroit," working his guns for all they were worth, though frightfully overmatched by the force bearing upon him.

Terrible soon became the scene now upon the decks of the seemingly doomed ship. Balls crashed through the bulwarks, carrying death to many and transfixing others with the splinters they hurled to right and left. Blood flowed like water under the men's feet. On the lower deck matters were still worse, the ship being of such slight draft that the wounded could not be carried to a place of safety, numbers of them being killed as they awaited the surgeon's aid. The roar was incessant, the smoke blinding, and a very pandemonium of horror reigned.

Through all this frightful turmoil Perry stood on his quarter-deck, cheering on his men, his little brother beside him, with no evidence of fear on his face. As they stood two musket balls passed through the boy's hat; then a splinter was driven through his clothing; finally he was knocked headlong across the deck, and Perry's face paled at the sight. But it proved to be only a flying hammock that had struck him, and in a minute he was on his feet again.

"All the officers in my division are cut down," asked Lieutenant Yarnall, his face covered with blood from a splinter that had been driven through his nose; "can I have others?"

Others were given him, and he went forward again. In a short time he was back with a similar request.

"I have no more officers to give you," said Perry; "you must make out by yourself."

He did make out, aiming and firing the guns with his own hands—a duty which Perry himself was later forced to perform, like Paul Jones of old. He kept at this until he had not enough men on the quarter-deck to aim and fire the one gun left in service. Going to the hatchway, he asked for a man from the surgeon. One was sent, and two others in succession, but still Perry was obliged to repeat the demand.

“There is not another man left to go,” said the surgeon.

“Then are there none of the wounded who can pull on a rope?”

At this appeal three men crawled up the hatchway ladder to help with the gun-tackles. These, with aid from the purser and chaplain, rolled the gun out, while Perry aimed and fired it.

This was the last gun fired from the “Lawrence.” The next broadside from the enemy left not a single gun that could be worked. The vessel itself was a wreck. Her bowsprit and masts had been in great part shot away, while her hull was riddled. Only fourteen men remained unhurt in her crew of more than a hundred. Twenty had been killed. But the American flag and the blue banner, with its motto, “Don’t give up the ship!” floated still, and Perry remained inspired by its spirit. For two hours he had kept up a fight seemingly hopeless from the start, and he was still far from the thought of surrender.

During these two fateful hours the “Niagara” had kept out of the battle, but now, with a fresher breeze in her sails, she was coming briskly up, headed for the right of the British line. Her route would take her a quarter of a mile or more from the “Lawrence.” The sight of this unharmed vessel aroused a new hope

in the mind of the gallant commander. On her deck he might be able to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Action quickly followed thought. Throwing off the blue jacket he had so far worn, he put on his uniform coat and ordered a boat with four men to be lowered on the side of the "Lawrence" out of the fiery storm. His boy brother sprang into the boat with the men.

"Yarnall," he said to his faithful lieutenant, "I leave the 'Lawrence' in your charge, with discretionary power. You may hold out or surrender, as your judgment and the circumstances shall dictate."

Then, taking his pennant and the broad banner, with the Lawrence motto, which had been hauled down and given him, he climbed down into the boat and ordered his men to pull away for the "Niagara." As soon as the boat was seen from the British fleet and the purpose of the American commander guessed every gun that could be brought to bear was turned upon it, the water all around being churned by round-shot, grape, canister, and musket balls. Through this torrent of shot Perry stood erect in the stern of his boat, intent on inspiring his men with courage, the flag and pennant draped round his shoulders. As they neared their goal a round-shot plunged through the side of the boat. Perry took off his coat and plugged the hole with it, and thus the side of the "Niagara" was reached.

The crisis of the battle was now reached. Stepping on the deck of this fresh ship, amid the loud cheers of the crew, Perry saw at a glance that a splendid opportunity to turn defeat into victory was in his hands.

"How goes the day?" asked Elliott. Distance had prevented him seeing for himself.

"Bad enough," replied Perry. "Why are the gun-boats so far astern?"

"I'll bring them up."

"Do so."

Springing into the boat that had brought Perry up, Elliott rowed away. As he did so Perry's pennant and the blue flag of the "Lawrence" were hauled aloft, bringing ringing cheers from every American ship except the "Lawrence" herself, on which Yarnall, not having a gun that could be fired, hauled down his flag to prevent the useless butchery of his crew.

On all other vessels hope had replaced doubt and dismay. Putting up his helm, Perry drove his new flagship square for the British squadron, which was now so bunched that in a few minutes he was in its midst, firing from one battery into the "Chippewa" and "Lady Prevost," from the other into the "Detroit," "Hunter" and "Queen Charlotte." The effect of the close fire on them was disastrous. Already severely injured by the guns of the "Lawrence," this hot fire from a fresh ship was annihilating. The "Detroit" and the "Queen Charlotte" tried to swing around and meet him, but fouled each other, while Perry, ranging ahead, rounded to and raked them both.

The other American vessels were joining in as they came within range, and Barclay stood aghast at the slaughter and destruction hurled on his hitherto seemingly victorious ships. The crew of the "Lady Prevost" fled from the deck, leaving their commander, Lieutenant Buchan, alone on the quarter-deck with bleeding limbs and staring eyes. The tempest of shot and the torrent of destruction were more than even British valor could stand, and eight minutes after

Perry's signal dash into their line a man came to the rail of the British flagship, waving a white handkerchief tied to a boarding pike. It was the signal of surrender. Perry was victor in one of the greatest battles of the war.

Two of the British vessels sought to escape, the "Chippewa" and the "Little Belt," but they were pursued by the "Scorpion" and the "Trippe" and brought in as captives, Captain Champlin, on the "Scorpion," as he had fired the first, now firing the last gun in the fight.

In honor of the good ship in which his great struggle had been made, Captain Perry accepted the surrender of the British officers on the deck of the "Lawrence," amid the frightful scene of ruin and carnage which it presented. But the British had left as frightful scenes on their own decks, for the "Niagara" had amply avenged her consort in the destruction wrought.

This narrative might be extended much farther, but we must close it with the famous despatch to General Harrison, in which Perry announced his victory:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop."

The news of the victory spread with great rapidity through the nation, and was everywhere received with enthusiastic rejoicing, for it was felt that it had definitely turned back the tide of British success in that quarter and saved the settlers of the northwest from the terrible visitation of the Indian allies of the British. Harrison, aided by Perry, followed it up with an invasion of Canada, found Proctor and his army in retreat and completely defeated them at the battle of the Thames, Tecumseh, the Indian leader, being killed. The northwest was saved.

Perry and his officers and men received high honors from Congress and the states, and he was long looked upon as one of the greatest heroes of the war. There were scenes of interest in the remainder of his life, but so much space has been given to his one supreme achievement that we must briefly end the tale.

He took part in the defence of Baltimore when attacked by the British fleet and army, and after the war commanded the "Java" under Decatur in the Mediterranean. Given the command of a commodore in 1819, he was sent to the West Indies, his squadron consisting of the "John Adams," "Constellation" and "Nonsuch," his purpose being to deal with the pirates of that section. Reaching the Orinoco in July, he proceeded up that river in the light-draft "Nonsuch" for three hundred miles to Angostura, then the capital of Venezuela. Here obtaining compensation for certain outrages to American shipping, he returned down the river. But yellow fever had broken out in the crew. It seized him in the night as the river's mouth was neared, and on the 23d of August, 1819, just as the ship was entering the harbor of Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, the hero of Lake Erie died.

THOMAS MACDONOUGH AND THE WINNING OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

ON a second of the inland seas of North America another famous naval battle was fought, Perry's victory on Lake Erie being followed in the following year by a spectacular victory on Lake Champlain, of which Thomas Macdonough was the hero.

Born at Newcastle, Delaware, on December 23d, 1783, Macdonough begun his naval career as a midshipman in 1800. The first notable events in his career came in 1803 and 1804, when he took part with others of later fame in Preble's blockade and bombardment of Tripoli. Reaching the Mediterranean as an officer of the fated "Philadelphia," he was, fortunately for him, spared the cruel imprisonment which fell upon the remainder of the ship's company.

In her cruise the "Philadelphia" overhauled off Cape de Gatt a Moorish warship, the "Meshoba," belonging to Morocco, with which the United States was not at war. But beside it lay an American ship, and beneath its deck were found American prisoners, so the "Meshoba," as a piratical craft, was held to be a fair prize, and was left at Gibraltar under Macdonough as prize master. This fortunate circumstance saved him and his prize crew from the dismal fate of their fellows.

Macdonough's connection with the "Philadelphia," however, was not yet ended. Serving under Decatur in the "Enterprise," he again set foot on the deck of his old frigate as a member of that gallant party

which, on the night of February 16, 1804, boarded the captured frigate in the harbor of Tripoli, set her on fire, and left her a blazing beacon before the castle of the Bashaw, sailing triumphantly away under the fire of the Tripolitan batteries.

On that second notable occasion, six months later, when the flotilla of gunboats under Stephen Decatur and Richard Somers dashed into the harbor of Tripoli and attacked its defenders in their own waters, Macdonough was on Decatur's boat, and when the leading Tripolitan gunboat was boarded and Decatur dashed along one of its narrow gangways, Macdonough dashed neck and neck with him along the other, and his sword grew red in the brief but bloody fight that ended in the capture of the prize. That he took an active part in the remainder of this fierce contest scarcely need be said.

An anecdote is told of Macdonough during his service in the Mediterranean that is worth repeating as an indication of his character. In 1806, a midshipman still, though acting as lieutenant on the little brig "Siren," he was left in charge of the brig one day while the captain was ashore at Gibraltar. During this interval a boat put off from a British frigate in the harbor and rowed to an American merchantman which had just come in and anchored near the "Siren." When the boat set out to return there was one more man in it than before. Noting this and learning from the captain of the merchantman that one of his men had been impressed, Macdonough set out in haste with a boat's crew of armed men, overtook the frigate's boat, and took back the impressed seaman by force.

Not long after the captain of the frigate came in a hot rage to the "Siren" and curtly demanded of Mac-

donough why he had "dared to take a man from one of his Majesty's boats." Macdonough invited the irate captain to the cabin of the "Siren," but he refused to enter it and repeated his question with threats. He would bring his frigate beside the "Siren" and take the man by force, he declared.

"I suppose," said Macdonough, with a glitter in his eye, "that your ship can sink the 'Siren,' but as long as she swims I shall keep the man."

"You are a very young man and a very indiscreet young man," replied the angry visitor. "Suppose I had been in the boat. What would you have done?"

"I would have taken the man or lost my life."

"What, sir! Would you attempt to stop me if I were now to try to impress men from that brig?"

"I would; and, to convince yourself of this, you have only to make the attempt."

Still in a fume, the British captain entered his boat, first heading towards his frigate, then turning towards the merchant brig. Macdonough immediately set out in his boat with an armed crew, rowing in the same direction. The threat was enough; the haughty Briton rowed round the brig without attempting to board her, and then put off for his own frigate. He had suffered a severe moral defeat. The whole operation had apparently been done to show his contempt for the little Yankee warship, but the "Siren" and her bold lieutenant had decidedly come out ahead.

Promoted lieutenant in 1807, there is nothing special to record about Macdonough until 1813, when he was made master commandant and sent to take charge of the naval forces in Plattsburg Bay, Lake Champlain. This lake was of importance from its position on the gateway to New York, the route which Montcalm had

followed in the old French war, which Carleton had attempted to follow when checked by Arnold in the Revolution, and which there was reason to believe might be tried again. Perry had stopped invasion by the way of Lake Erie; Chauncey was still engaged in operations for the mastery of Lake Ontario; but Lake Champlain was of great importance in the struggle now under way, and the defence of it was intrusted to Macdonough, as that of Erie had been to the equally youthful Perry.

The only means of naval warfare which the new commander found on the lake intrusted to his care consisted of two small armed sloops, the "Growler" and the "Eagle." These he sent out in chase of three British gunboats, which were pursued so eagerly that the sloops came unwittingly within range of a fort and of several other gunboats, and, hotly attacked, were forced to surrender. The lake was thus left without an American armed vessel on its waters.

Macdonough felt it necessary to replace this loss without delay, and to do so took possession of a merchant sloop, which he armed with seven long nine-pounders, naming it the "Preble." In the early spring of the next year he began the building of a ship, to be called the "Saratoga," laying her keel at Vergennes, on Otter Creek, Vermont. At this place were iron works to supply the bar iron needed, forests in abundance for timber, and a foundry which in time turned him out nearly two hundred tons of shot for his guns. He found here also a merchant steamer, the machinery of which had the trick of getting out of order in every voyage, so he took out its engine and fitted it up as a schooner, naming it the "Ticonderoga."

News coming to him that a British expedition for the destruction of his vessels was projected, he prepared for it by sending a force of seamen and militia to a battery near the mouth of the creek. An attack was made on this by gunboats on May 14, 1814, but after an hour's exchange of fire the assault ceased and the gunboats retreated. A few days later Macdonough brought his small squadron out of the creek and, with the gunboats he added to his three vessels, had a force that made him master of the lake for the time being.

He was none too soon, for the British in Canada had in project an invasion like that undertaken by Burgoyne in the Revolution, with the purpose of holding the line of the Hudson and cutting off New England from the other states. In addition to the captured sloops "Growler" and "Eagle," they had built a brig, the "Linnet." But these were too small to meet Macdonough's present force and the keel of a frigate was laid, of some twelve hundred tons burden. This was launched at Isle-aux-Noix in the Sorel River, the outlet of the lake, on the 25th of August, 1814.

So far the contest had been one of the saw and the adze. Learning what his antagonists were doing, Macdonough now went back to Vergennes, laid the keel of a brig on July 29, and worked on her with such diligence that she was launched on August 16, having been built in nineteen days. She was of the size of Perry's brigs, the "Lawrence" and "Niagara," being of nearly five hundred tons burden. Named at first the "Surprise," she was afterwards called the "Eagle." Such was the force with which the Americans fought the battle of Lake Champlain.

It consisted of the corvette "Saratoga," the brig

“Eagle,” the schooner “Ticonderoga,” and the sloop “Preble,” in addition to which there was a flotilla of ten gunboats. They carried in all eighty-six guns of various calibre, and nearly nine hundred men. On the other hand, the British had their new frigate, the “Confiance,” the brig “Linnet,” and the two vessels captured the year before from the Americans and now named the “Chubb” and the “Finch.” In addition were twelve gunboats, the total number of guns and men not differing much from those of the American fleet, though the British had the preponderance in long-range guns.

Such were the naval forces with which the mastery of Lake Champlain was to be gained for one or the other side. The coming contest meant much to the Americans, as victory for the British might prove very serious, Sir George Prevost, governor general of Canada, being on his way to Plattsburg with an invading army of 11,000 men, veterans most of them, who had fought under Wellington in Spain. Against these General Macomb had at first only 1500 regulars, though several thousands of militia joined him later, among them being 2500 of those Green Mountain Boys who had fought so bravely in former years.

It is a matter of interest that the struggle for Lake Champlain took place not far from where Arnold had fought his desperate battle nearly forty years before, Macdonough making his stand in Plattsburg Bay, behind the peninsula known as Cumberland Head and not far north of Arnold's station at Valcour Island. The advantage of this position was that the British squadron, in coming down the lake with a fair wind, would have to round up against the wind to reach the American ships, thus giving the latter the

weather gauge. Meet them they must. They did not dare to go down the lake and leave the American squadron in their rear. Such was the state of affairs on that memorable 11th of September, 1814, when was fought the greatest naval battle, aside from that of Lake Erie, that American inland waters have ever known. To Thomas Macdonough, lieutenant in rank, commodore only by courtesy, was opposed Captain George Downie, an older man and one of much wider experience in naval warfare. Yet as the event proved, in this case as in that of Captain Perry, youth and courage counted high.

Macdonough, on taking his stand in Plattsburg Bay, anchored his vessels in a line nearly north and south, the "Eagle" at the north end of the line, being so near Cumberland Head that it would not be easy to pass her and double up on the Americans. The other vessels in order were the "Saratoga," the "Ticonderoga," and the "Preble," the gunboats supporting this weak end of the line. Macdonough had further arranged to drop an anchor, if necessary, at the stern, with cables so arranged that the ship could be "wound"—in nautical phrase—that is, swung round so as to present the opposite broadside. This precaution calls for mention here, as to it the ultimate victory was due.

Such was the state of affairs on the morning of Sunday, September 11, 1814. It was a beautiful morning, with a pleasant northerly breeze, one favorable for the southward movement of the British fleet. That it was to be a day of battle many felt assured, and two parties of spectators waited with interest and anxiety for the event, the British troops under Sir George Prevost, encamped in Plattsburg on the north bank of Saranac River, and the American militia, lying

behind their breastworks on the southern side of the same stream. In the lake off the point of Cumberland Head a look-out boat awaited to give warning of the coming of the foe.

At eight o'clock this boat was seen to leave its station and row swiftly into the bay, with signals displayed. Instantly there was a brisk stir on the awaiting ships, and the drums were heard calling the men to quarters. Shortly afterwards the white sails of the new British frigate were visible above the trees on Cumberland Head, and soon the whole squadron rounded the point. Well aware of the position of the American squadron, they rounded up into the wind, heading towards the awaiting line, the sloop "Chubb" at the north end of their formation, the brig "Linnet" next, then the frigate "Confiance" and the sloop "Finch," the flock of gunboats closing the line.

Silently the Americans awaited them. "Macdonough, who feared his foes not at all and his God a great deal, knelt for a moment, with his officers, on the quarter-deck." Then they rose with earnest faces and stood in resolute demeanor at their posts.

The first shot came from the "Linnet" while still a mile away. It fell short. A little later others came, aimed at the "Saratoga," all of them plunging into the water except one, but this produced a notable effect. Crossing the rail, it struck and knocked to pieces a chicken-coop in which was a pet fighting cock belonging to one of the sailors. The released bird at once flew valorously to a position in the rigging, flapped his wings vigorously and crowed with all the power of his lungs. Shouts, cheers and roars of laughter from the sailors followed this demonstration, which doubtless some of them hailed as a tocsin peal of victory.

The first shot in return to the British guns came from the "Saratoga," aimed and fired by Macdonough himself. It was an effective one, striking the "Confiance" near her port hawse-pipe, killing or wounding several men on her gun-deck, and ending by smashing her steering wheel.

The battle was now fully on, the "Chubb" and "Linnet" facing the "Eagle," the "Confiance" abreast of the "Saratoga," the "Finch" fronting the "Ticonderoga," and the guns on both sides at work to their full capacity. In a moment almost the "Chubb" was out of the fight. One broadside from the "Eagle" so disabled her that she drifted away with more than half her crew killed and wounded. A shot from the "Saratoga" as she passed brought down her flag, and she was taken in charge by an American midshipman, who took her in near to the Plattsburg shore.

While this was going on, Captain Downie brought the "Confiance," from which no shot had yet been fired, into within a few hundred yards of the "Saratoga," where his anchor was dropped. Then, from double-shotted and well-aimed guns, a broadside was fired of almost annihilating force. The shock on the "Saratoga," as the tempest of iron plunged through her timbers, was frightful. Of her men more than a hundred were hurled prostrate as she reeled and shivered before the terrible concussion, forty of them being killed or wounded. Peter Gamble, her first lieutenant, was among the slain.

A part of the broadside of the "Confiance" was now directed against the "Eagle," which was already in a hot fight with the "Linnet." The fire upon her soon became so fierce that she was obliged to cut her cable and move out of danger. Passing back of the "Sara-

toga," she took a new position between it and the "Ticonderoga," and soon her guns were effectively at play on the British flagship. The "Linnet" now turned all her guns on the "Saratoga," in aid of the "Confiance," and, for the time being, the battle seemed strongly in favor of the British.

Yet Macdonough was fighting his ship for all she was worth. Like Perry on Lake Erie, he took charge of a gun himself, loading and firing with a precision of aim that told with deadly effect. He was in the heart of the fight, and narrowly escaped death. While bending over his gun, a shot from the "Confiance" cut the spanker-boom in two, a piece of it knocking him senseless to the deck. The alarm cry, "The commodore is killed!" ran along the deck, but he soon disproved it by rising to his feet. He was quickly prostrated again by a new and strange missile, the head of a gun-captain, shot off and hurled against him with stunning force. Before this Captain Downie, the British commander, had been killed, Lieutenant John Robertson, a brave and capable man, succeeding him.

To Macdonough, when he gained his feet again, the case looked desperate. The "Linnet" lay in a raking position, and its fire was so effective that many of his guns were dismantled. The gunboats had driven the sloop "Preble" out of the fight. The "Ticonderoga" had disabled the sloop "Finch," which had drifted down and gone aground on Crab Island, but she was being hotly attacked by the British gunboats, which gave her and the American galleys all they could attend to. Thus the "Saratoga," with what aid the "Eagle" could give in her new position, had opposed to her the "Confiance" and the "Linnet," on which were concentrated the great bulk of the British guns.

The "Confiance" was firing hot shot from some of her guns, and had more than once set her antagonist on fire. So destructive was the fire that the time came when Macdonough had not a gun left in condition to use on the fighting side of his ship.

The case now looked worse than desperate for the Americans, but Macdonough proved equal to the occasion, at this critical moment putting into effect that famous example of marine tactics that gave him the victory. Calling his men, he bade them drop the anchor hanging at the stern, and then to haul on the spring hawser leading to the forecastle. In a moment the ship began to swing round before the wind as if on a pivot. For a moment her stern was pointed at the frigate and a raking shot that struck her bulwarks sent splinters flying that tore off all the clothes from Peter Blum, the sailing master, though leaving him unharmed. In a minute more the "Saratoga" had swung fully round and presented her fresh broadside to the enemy and her guns quickly began a destructive play.

Taking example from this evolution, the men of the "Confiance" were put at the same work. But, done hastily and without previous preparation, it proved a failure of the most disastrous kind. When half round, in a position to be raked and in which she could not bring a gun to bear, the vessel stuck fast, and, do what they could, it was impossible for the crew to move her out of her perilous position. Her case was hopeless. Torn and rent by the guns of the "Saratoga," which bore upon her defenceless stern and raked her to her bows, and unable to fire a gun in return, only utter ravage and ruin awaited her, and, with sore heart, her commander ordered the British flag to be pulled down.

The "Saratoga" was then swung by the hawser until her guns bore on the "Linnet" and greeted her with a stunning broadside. Her captain bravely returned the fire for a time. But, finding that the flagship had struck, that the "Finch" and "Chubb" had surrendered, that the gunboats had been driven off by the "Ticonderoga," and that his own vessel was in a desperate state, her masts deeply cut into, her rigging in tatters, and water pouring in at shot holes in her hull, he felt that he had done all that honor demanded, and down came his flag. Two hours and fifteen minutes had passed since the battle fairly began, and Macdonough was now lord of Lake Champlain. The rooster in the rigging had not crowed in vain.

As the smoke drifted away from the ships and the patriots on shore saw that only the Stars and Stripes floated to the breeze, a shout arose such as those green hills had never echoed before. As for the British at Plattsburg, brought there to invade the American states, utter silence told their feelings, and when night came with storm Sir George Prevost, regardless of the fact that his veterans outnumbered the Americans, regulars and militia, two to one, slipped secretly from his camp and made his way in craven flight back to Canada, perhaps with the fate of Burgoyne troubling his recreant soul. It is said that the chagrin of his defeat led to his death.

The only vessels to escape were those of the British gunboats which had not been sunk. Pursuit of them was out of the question, as all the vessels were reported to be in a sinking state and every man was needed at the pumps. The Americans had lost in the fight fifty-two men killed and fifty-eight seriously wounded, with others slightly hurt. The British loss was at least

three hundred, probably more, as no complete report was made.

The battle over, Macdonough wrote as follows to the Secretary of the Navy: "The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops-of-war of the enemy." The religious tone of this report was in consonance with his prayer on the quarter-deck before the battle began.

The victory of Macdonough was recognized by Congress in its usual manner, by the voting of gold medals to Macdonough and his captains, and silver medals to the other officers, he being also promoted post-captain. The crews were duly rewarded with prize money and extra pay. A more substantial reward came to the victor from the states of New York and Vermont, which he had saved from the perils and outrages of invasion. New York voted him two thousand acres of land, while Vermont bought for him a farm of two hundred acres on Cumberland Head, overlooking the scene of his victory.

The remainder of Macdonough's life was uneventful, and may be told in a paragraph. After the war he was engaged in the foreign and home service, his last command being as commodore of the Mediterranean squadron. His health breaking down here, he was brought home in a trading vessel sent by the government. He died on this voyage, November 16, 1825.

SAMUEL CHESTER REID AND THE GAL- LANT DEFENCE OF THE "GEN- ERAL ARMSTRONG"

THE war with Great Britain was approaching its end when the famous exploit we have now to describe took place. On the night of September 26, 1814, in the harbor of Fayal, Azores Islands, an American privateer captain had the effrontery to try conclusions with a whole squadron of British warships and the fortune to save his ship from capture at their hands. This gallant fellow was Samuel Chester Reid, with whose career we have now to deal.

The hero of our story was born in Norwich, Connecticut, August 25, 1783, the son of an officer of the royal navy who had been taken prisoner at New London, Connecticut, in 1778, and had afterwards resigned his commission and entered the American service. The son began his career on the ocean in 1794, at eleven years of age. He was taken prisoner by a French privateer and detained for six months. Then becoming a midshipman in the United States Navy, he served on the sloop-of-war "Baltimore," and was afterwards a sailing master in the navy. When war broke out with Great Britain in 1812 he was commissioned captain, and as such, in September, 1814, took command of the brigantine "General Armstrong," sailing on the 9th and running the blockade of the British squadron off Sandy Hook. As yet Reid had made no mark in the war. He was to make a substantial mark in the present cruise.

The "General Armstrong" had been on the seas as a privateer through most of the war, and had taken nineteen prizes. Mounting at first eighteen long nine-pounders and one long twelve, she was afterwards deprived of twelve of her nine-pounders for use in a fort, these being replaced by a forty-two-pounder, placed amidships and intended for use as a "long tom." Such was her armament when Captain Reid began his voyage, with instructions from the owners to cruise near the Madeiras and seek to make prizes from the Brazil traders. He was advised to be particular in strictly prohibiting any plunder or depredation. As it proved, his cruise was destined to be a brief one, and the "General Armstrong" to close her career in a blaze of glory.

Leaving New York, he was chased by two big ships of the blockading fleet, but ran away from them. Then, standing across the Atlantic, he entered Fayal Roads on the 26th of September, and anchored there for the purpose of getting a supply of water and of fresh provisions. He felt safe in those waters, for John B. Dabney, the American consul at Fayal, told him that no British cruisers had been in that quarter for several weeks. But that same day, about sundown, while the consul and some friends were visiting the privateer, a British war-brig, the "Carnation," suddenly appeared rounding the northeast cape of the harbor.

Fayal was a neutral port, and Consul Dabney was sure that the British would respect its neutrality. Reid had his doubts of this, for in those days the rights of weak powers were little regarded. This they were soon to learn. As Reid states, as soon as the "Carnation" took on a pilot "she hauled close in and let go her anchor within pistol-shot of us." As she anchored,

two larger vessels appeared in the harbor's mouth, the frigate "Rota" and the line-of-battle ship "Plantagenet."

It was quickly evident that the "Carnation" meant hostilities. She exchanged signals with the new-comers, and dropped all her boats into the water, one of them rowing off to the "Plantagenet." Seeing that there was mischief in the air, Captain Reid got his ship ready for action, lifted his anchor, and, with the aid of long sweeps, rowed his vessel away from the enemy and close inshore. The moon was shining brightly, and every move could be seen as easily as by daylight. No sails were set on the "Armstrong," the wind being very faint, but as soon as the captain of the "Carnation" saw his proposed prize in movement, he set sail in pursuit, at the same time manning four boats with armed men and sending them after her.

With the overwhelming force against him, it seemed madness for Captain Reid to attempt resistance, but it was soon evident that he proposed nothing less, for he dropped his anchor, got springs on his cable, and tied up a stout rope net all round the vessel, one not easy to cut or to climb over. Then, as the boats came near, he hailed them again and again. No reply was made, and no indication shown that his hail was heard other than to quicken their stroke. Their intention was now so evident that it became necessary either to yield or to fight. Reid daringly decided on the latter and opened fire upon the approaching boats.

They returned the fire and dashed on at their best speed. But the guns of the "Armstrong" now spoke out with a will, and before they reached her side, they had been so severely punished that the fight was quite taken out of them. Some of the men demanded

quarter, while the others turned the boats around and rowed back in all haste. How many of their men suffered is not known, but the "Armstrong" had one man killed and its first lieutenant wounded.

Knowing well that this was but the beginning of the affair, Reid now had his vessel hauled in close to the shore, a pistol-shot away from the Portuguese castle that stood there, mooring her head and stern to the beach and calmly awaiting the next move of the enemy. His men waited for the coming fight with a resolution like his own, and on shore the whole population of the place, the Portuguese governor among them, gathered on the surrounding heights to watch the fray.

The next movement was not long delayed. By nine o'clock the "Carnation" was seen coming in, covering a large fleet of boats. Leaving her, they took shelter behind a reef of rocks not far from the "Armstrong." Not till midnight did they make the expected dash, coming up in three divisions of four boats each.

Captain Reid waited until they were within close range before opening fire, and then gave them a staggering shot from his "long tom." Returning the fire with carronades, boat-howitzers, and muskets, they dashed for the schooner, cheering as they came. Meeting them with a round from his four remaining cannon, Reid and his men now sprang to face them at the schooner's rail, the sailors seeking to cut their way in with cutlasses, the marines attacking with muskets and bayonets. But the Yankees stood valiantly at their posts, shooting, stabbing, and slashing back. From their point of vantage they did immensely more harm than they received.

There were more than three hundred, perhaps nearly

four hundred, of the British to the eighty-eight Americans, and they had attacked the ship from three quarters, but not a man of them was able to stand for a minute on the "Armstrong's" deck. Only at the fore-castle did the defence for a moment weaken, the second lieutenant being killed and the third lieutenant wounded, but Captain Reid charged with his victors from the quarter-deck and drove the last boat from the ship's side. Two boats were captured, "literally loaded with their own dead. Seventeen only had escaped from them both"—by swimming to the shore. Several boats were destroyed. "In another boat under our quarter, commanded by one of the lieutenants of the 'Plantagenet,' all were killed save four." Consul Dabney states that the British officers admitted to him "that they had lost in killed, and who had died since the engagement, upward of one hundred and twenty of the flower of their officers and men. The captain of the 'Rota' told me that he lost seventy men from his ship." This for the killed and mortally wounded; how many less badly hurt there were is not stated, but the number was probably large. On the American side the loss is stated at two killed and seven wounded. Certainly in few naval battles of the war did the British sustain a greater loss than in this unwarranted attempt to capture a privateer in neutral waters, and in none was there so great a discrepancy in losses on the two sides.

The Americans remained on guard during the remainder of the night, but their assailants had had their fill of boat attacks. At three o'clock in the morning Captain Reid landed at Consul Dabney's request, and was told that the governor had sent a note to Captain Lloyd, of the "Plantagenet," begging him to

cease hostilities. His reply was that he would take the privateer if he had to batter down the whole town in the effort.

As it was evident from this that all hope of saving the schooner was at an end, Captain Reid sent his wounded ashore and had all the effects of the crew landed, but remained to fight for his vessel to the last gasp. At daybreak the "Carnation" came in and opened fire, to which Reid replied so effectively that the brig was forced to draw off to repair damages to her rigging. On her return Captain Reid, having fought his vessel to the last gasp, scuttled and abandoned her. The British were quickly on board and set her on fire, and in a blaze of glory the "General Armstrong" ended her career.

Captain Lloyd, deeply chagrined at the result, now declared that two deserters from the Sandy Hook blockading fleet were in the privateer's crew and demanded that they should be brought before him. The Portuguese governor obeyed, sent a force to the mountains where the Americans had taken refuge, and brought the crew back for inspection by the British officers. The expected deserters, however, were not found among them, and this final effort failed. Not knowing, however, what new move might be made by the irate captain of the "Plantagenet," Captain Reid now took possession of a deserted convent, fortified it, and ran up the flag of the "Armstrong" above its walls. He was left there undisturbed. Captain Lloyd could not afford another attack against these sharp-shooting and hard-hitting Yankee privateersmen. The affair detained the British squadron a week in the harbor, a delay that told in favor of the Americans in a far-off field. The ships were bound for Jamaica, to

reënforce the fleet gathered there for the attack on New Orleans, and their delay at Fayal gave General Jackson so much more time to prepare that city for defence. Thus Captain Reid's brave fight had an important influence upon the fortunes of the Americans in the last great land battle of the war.

The news of the fight at Fayal in due time reached the United States, and was received with enthusiasm and delight. Captain Reid landed at St. Mary, Florida, on his return, and was received with an ovation at every city on his way north to New York. That city gave him a silver service and the State voted him a gold sword as testimonials for his gallant defence, while Congress made him a post captain and the President appointed him harbor master at New York city.

The famous "long tom" of the "General Armstrong" was presented to the United States by the King of Portugal in President Harrison's administration, and is now held as one of the naval treasures of this country.

In his later career Captain Reid made himself prominent in various ways. He invented and erected the first marine telegraph between the highlands of Navesink and the Battery at New York, published a code of signals for all vessels of the United States, and established a lightship off Sandy Hook. He possessed a strong inventive talent, and in 1826 invented a new system of land telegraphy by which he demonstrated that news could be sent from Washington to New Orleans in two hours' time. This far surpassed any system then in use, and a bill was introduced in Congress for its adoption, but before any action was taken upon it the Morse system of electric telegraphy

was invented and threw into the background all other systems known.

One of the most interesting events connected with Captain Reid has to do with the American flag. As first formed this flag had thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, corresponding to the number of the original States, but in 1794, after the admission of Kentucky and Vermont, these were increased to fifteen each. This was the flag that waved over American ships and strongholds during the war with which we are here concerned, and the one whose "broad stripes and proud stars," floating from the ramparts of Fort McHenry at Baltimore, inspired Francis Scott Key to write his famous national song, "The Star-Spangled Banner." This flag is still in existence, in the possession of a descendant of Colonel Armistead, the gallant defender of Fort McHenry. It has fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, the stripes each two feet wide and the stars two feet from point to point. It is thirty feet wide, and in its present dilapidated condition thirty-two feet long, though its original length was probably not less than forty feet.

But the time came when it was necessary to make a change. Four new States were successively admitted, ending with Indiana in 1816, and a committee was now appointed to decide what change should be made in the flag. During the considerations of the committee Captain Reid was asked to make a design for the flag which would properly represent the increase of the States without destroying its distinctive character. He at once suggested that the stripes should be reduced to thirteen, to represent the original states, and that the stars should be increased to the actual number of states, a new one being added for

every new state admitted. He further recommended that the stars should be arranged in the form of one great star, whose brilliancy should represent the Union, and illustrate the national motto, *E Pluribus Unum*. A law was passed to this effect, being approved April 4, 1818, though it did not designate how many points the stars should have or how they should be arranged. The first flag under the new design was made by Mrs. Reid, the wife of the designer, its stars being arranged to form one great five-pointed star. It was flung to the breeze from the flag-staff of the House of Representatives, April 14, 1818, though the law did not come into effect till the 4th of July.

Captain Reid, who had long been out of the navy, reëntered it in 1842, and retired in 1856. He died at New York January 28th, 1861, his last words being, "Now I shall solve the great mystery of life."

CHARLES STEWART AND THE FINAL VICTORY OF "OLD IRONSIDES"

THE United States did not shine in the land operations of the war of 1812, but it found a field of glory on the ocean that astonished the natives, dismayed the British lion, and took from England all warrant for her proud boast, "Britannia rules the waves." During that war America proved herself the real ruler of the waves, winning a multitude of victories and leaving to England only her capture of the "Chesapeake" to boast of. Her taking of the "Essex" was a result of untoward circumstances, and Porter showed that, had he been given an even chance, he would have carried off the honors of the fight. We have described many of these gallant contests for the mastery of the seas. There is one more to be told in which the brave old "Constitution" added a final star to her crown of glory. It was fought after peace—unknown to the contestants—had been declared, and thus fitly comes in at the end of our record of that war.

Charles Stewart, the winner of the victory alluded to, was born in Philadelphia, July 28, 1778, and at thirteen years of age began his maritime career as cabin boy on a merchant vessel sailing from that port. In 1798, when twenty years of age, he commanded a vessel in the India trade, and in the same year was made a midshipman in the United States service. He was promoted to a lieutenantcy in 1799 and assigned to the frigate "United States," Decatur and Somers being his fellows in his first cruise. His first separate com-

mand was of the "Enterprise," a vessel whose career we have already described. In July, 1800, he was assigned to the schooner "Experiment" and sent on a cruise against the French privateers in the West Indies. Here he captured the privateers "Deux Amis" and "Diana," and recaptured several American vessels that had been taken by them or others. During the same cruise Stewart had the good fortune to rescue sixty women and children, who had been wrecked when escaping from the negro revolution in Santo Domingo, a service which the Spanish governor recognized in a letter of thanks to the President.

His next field of service was in the Mediterranean, where, still a lieutenant, he commanded the little brig "Siren" in Preble's squadron. When the plan for destroying the "Philadelphia" was broached, he was an eager contestant for the honor of commanding the expedition. It was given to Decatur, but Stewart was sent with him in the "Siren" to lie off the harbor and pick up the adventurers if they were obliged to take to their boats. Fortunately, this was not necessary. The blazing rigging of the frigate and the wild fire of the Tripolitan batteries advised Stewart of the success of the daring enterprise, and he was the first to congratulate Decatur on his brilliant success.

Stewart was one of the last to bid good-by to the brave Richard Somers when he entered the harbor of Tripoli on that daring fire-ship expedition from which he was never to return. Before going Somers took a ring from his finger and broke it into three pieces, giving one to each of his intimate friends and old companions, Decatur and Stewart, and keeping the third for himself. The pieces were to be kept as

mementos of him if he should not return, and for such mournful duty they served.

Promoted captain in 1806, he was assigned to the "Essex," but during the years from 1806 to 1812 he was engaged in the merchant service. When the tocsin of war again sounded, however, he was prompt in returning to his old field of duty and, with Bainbridge, strongly protested against the cautious policy at first adopted by the Government of withdrawing all its war vessels from the ocean. His vigorous assurance that American seamen had whipped the British before and could do it again induced the Secretary of the Navy to change this policy, or at least to give our captains a trial on the high seas. Soon the vessels of the Republic were demonstrating that Stewart and Bainbridge were correct.

Stewart's first command in this war was in the frigate "Constellation," but this good ship was so closely blockaded by the British in Hampton Roads that it failed to get out during the war. He was transferred later to the "Constitution," but with her also was destined to a long delay before he could get to sea, the ship being found in such a condition of decay after her return from her victory over the "Java" that she had to be hauled out and fairly rebuilt. The greater part of her crew were sent to the lakes, some of them helping Perry in his memorable fight, others aiding Chauncey in his operations on Lake Ontario.

It was December 30th, 1813, before Stewart was able to set sail. Boston, like all our ports at that time, was blockaded by a British squadron, but he found no difficulty in eluding the cruisers and gaining the open seas. This first cruise, however, added little to his

fame or that of the "Constitution." Heading for the Windward Islands and the coast of Guiana, he was out for seventeen days without seeing a sail. It was February 14th, 1814, before a British ship came in sight. This was the sixteen-gun war-schooner "Picton," which he overhauled on the coast of Surinam, capturing her and a letter-of-marque that was under her convoy.

On his way northward Captain Stewart had what he deemed the good fortune to fall in with a British frigate, but he soon had the ill-fortune to lose her. This was the thirty-six-gun ship "La Pique." By this time the British captains were not so eager to engage American ships as they had been at the opening of the war, and Captain Maitland, of the "La Pique," had written orders from the Admiralty not to engage a ship of the weight of the "Constitution." Met with off the coast of Porto Rico, he took advantage of the coming on of night to make a run through the Mona passage, and escaped his pursuer.

Stewart soon afterwards had to make a run himself, as he met two British frigates, the "Junon" and "Tenedos," each his full match, off Cape Ann. Before this double force there was nothing for it but to run, and by throwing overboard provisions and starting the water supply he got the "Constitution" into the harbor of Marblehead. This port was undefended, but the British frigates did not venture in for an attack; nor were they able to prevent Stewart from getting back to Boston.

It was neither easy to get into nor to get out of port in those days of strict British blockade, and the "Constitution" remained cooped up in harbor until December 17th, when she took advantage of the temporary

absence of the blockading ships from their posts to slip out again. The news that this dreaded ship was on the ocean once more soon spread and, as we are told, "thereafter British ships-of-the-line maintained a double look-out and their smaller frigates sailed in couples, while their sloops-of-war stood away from every sail that bore the least resemblance to the 'Constitution.'" "

In less than a week Stewart had picked up his first prize, this being the merchant ship "Lord Nelson," taken off the Bermudas. Thence sail was made for the Madeira Islands and from there northward to the waters of Portugal, where for several days the "Constitution" cruised within sight of the Rock of Lisbon. The war was now over, the treaty of peace having been signed, but of this the ships at sea were not aware and the naval warfare continued unabated, as did that on land so far as the assault on New Orleans was concerned. The treaty was signed at Ghent on Christmas Eve, 1814, but Stewart's great feat did not take place until nearly two months afterwards.

On February 18th, 1815, he put his ship in chase of the great liner "Elizabeth," not knowing what he was after, but a smaller sail led him off her track and the merchant ship "Susan" fell into his hands. While he was thus engaged the "Elizabeth" put in at Lisbon, where her captain learned that the "Constitution" was prowling outside. As it happened, Captain Dacres, formerly of the "Guerrière," was there in command of the frigate "Tiber" and eager for a brush with his old foe. The two hastened out in search of the daring Yankee craft, but did not find her, for the "Constitution" was now winging her way swiftly south again, with the Madeiras for her goal.

On the day after the event described the following

curious conversation took place on the deck of the American ship, as told by Richard Watson Gilder in "Hours at Home." A group of officers were standing on the quarter-deck bewailing their ill-luck in having met no foe of equal force in their cruise, when Captain Stewart, who overheard them, said :

"I assure you, gentlemen, that before the sun again rises and sets you will be engaged in battle with the enemy, and it will not be with a single ship."

Presentiments often came to Captain Stewart, and they proved true so often that he had come to believe in them. The event proved that he was not wrong in this strange prediction, whatever its source.

At noon of the next day, February 20, the "Constitution" had reached a point about one hundred and eighty miles in a northeast direction from Madeira, and was moving easily along before a light breeze from the east. At one o'clock came from aloft the ever-welcome hail of "Sail ho!" and in an instant all on deck were on the *qui vive*. The sail lay a little off the port bow of the "Constitution," and all sail was at once made in chase. An hour later a second sail was seen some distance in advance of the first. It looked as if the strange prediction was coming true.

The first ship was now lifting, and her sides seemed to display the ports of a fifty-gun ship—the fact being that she had false ports painted along her side. Captain Stewart doubted if she was as large as this seemed to make her, but philosophically remarked :

"Be this as it may, you know I promised you a fight before the setting of to-day's sun, and if we do not take it now that it is offered, we can scarcely have another chance. We must flog them when we catch them, whether she has one gun-deck or two."

As it was afterwards learned, the ship in question was the small frigate "Cyane," and the second was the ship-rigged sloop-of-war "Levant," the two together not being a full match for the "Constitution." But they evidently proposed to fight her, for as the American frigate came bowling along before the wind the "Cyane" was seen signalling to her consort, and a little later wore round and spread all sail to join her. An accident to the "Constitution" at this juncture delayed the pursuit, the freshening breeze breaking the main-royal-mast short off under the pressure of its canvas. For the next fifteen minutes there was a lively time on deck and aloft, then a new mast was got up, sail spread again, and the chase resumed at top speed. At five o'clock the "Constitution" was close enough up to try a few shots with her bow-chasers, all of which fell short.

The "Cyane" and "Levant" were now near together and both stripped down to fighting canvas. Soon, however, they made sail again, probably with the purpose of putting off the fight till nightfall, to obtain what advantage the darkness might give. But it was quickly evident that delay was out of the question, the "Constitution" being too close upon them, and they came back to the starboard tack, the "Levant" in advance, the "Cyane" about two hundred yards astern. At 6.10 o'clock the "Constitution" lay to windward of the two ships and about two hundred and fifty yards away, with the "Cyane" on the port quarter and the "Levant" on the port bow.

Stewart now opened fire on them both, they actively replying, and the batteries of the three ships were kept hotly in play for the next fifteen minutes, by which time the smoke had grown so dense around them that

CAPTURE OF THE CYANE AND LEVANT BY THE CONSTITUTION



the fire of the "Constitution" was stopped in order to learn the position of the ships. It was found that the "Constitution" had forged ahead and now lay directly opposite the "Levant." This had thrown the "Cyane" out of range of her guns and given her more sea-room, and she was seen to be on the point of luffing up across the "Constitution's" stern.

There followed an example of brilliant ocean tactics rarely witnessed in the midst of a battle. Greeting the "Levant" with a staggering broadside, Stewart threw the sails of his main and mizzen-masts flat aback and braced in his foresails till they just fluttered in the breeze, the effect being to drive the frigate sternward across the bow of the luffing "Cyane" and forcing her to fill away. A broadside greeted her as she did so, and keeping the two ships side by side Stewart poured his missiles so fiercely into her that the men were driven from their guns and their fire almost ceased.

At 6.35 a new example of Captain Stewart's splendid seamanship was shown. The "Levant," lying in advance and out of the line of fire, began to luff up in order to rake the American frigate. But Stewart was not to be caught napping. As she sailed up to cross his bows he filled his sails, put up his helm, and, running forward, crossed under the "Levant's" stern, raking her as he passed, and so fully taking the fight out of her that she gave up the contest for the time being and ran away.

The "Cyane" at the same time was wearing round before the wind as if to escape also, but Stewart put his ship on her track and, crossing her stern, raked her as he had done the "Levant." For a few minutes more an exchange of shots took place, and then, as the "Consti-

tution" ranged up beside her in position for a full broadside, down came her flag. The fight, so far, had lasted just forty minutes. Sending a prize crew on board to take possession, Stewart put his ship in chase of the "Levant" and had not gone far before he was surprised to see her coming back. Her captain was evidently not the man to desert a friend in an emergency.

They came together at 8.50, just two hours after the surrender of the "Cyane," and broadsides were exchanged. Satisfied now that his friend had fallen and that all hope of victory was gone, Captain Douglas made a vigorous effort to escape. It was too late, the "Constitution" was quickly on the track of the fleeing ship, and at 9.30 was reaching her with its bow-chasers. The gallant Douglas had done his best, flight and fight had become alike hopeless, and down came his flag. The double battle was won.

Thus closed, with victory for the Americans, the last battle of the second war with Great Britain. As the "Constitution" had won in the first important naval contest, so she had won in the last. The British loss in the battle was forty-one killed and wounded; the American loss was fifteen—three killed and twelve wounded.

Some interesting anecdotes are told of events that followed the battle. While the British captains were with Stewart in the cabin of his ship a midshipman came in to ask if the men could have their evening grog. As the time for it had passed before the battle begun Captain Stewart asked if they had not had it already. The midshipman replied, much to the surprise of the Englishmen:

"No, sir. It was mixed ready for serving, but the

older sailors of the crew said they did not want any 'Dutch courage' on board and capsized the grog-tub into the lee scuppers."

Later on the two British captains got into a hot argument, each claiming that the loss of the battle was due to false movements made by the other. Stewart stopped the quarrel by saying:

"Gentlemen, there is no use in getting warm about it. It would have been all the same whatever you might have done. If you doubt that I will put you all on board again, and you can try it over."

There was a sequel to this battle of much importance, that must now be told—one in which Captain Stewart again showed that he was an expert in the art of handling a ship. On the 10th of March the "Constitution" and her two prizes put into the harbor of Porto Praya, in the Cape de Verde Islands. The next day, while the Americans were busy in transferring their prisoners to a merchant brig to be used as a cartel and a thick fog lay low over the water, a large sail was seen from the deck entering the harbor. There had been no lookout aloft and the Americans were caught napping.

Soon after two other large sails were visible above the fog and it was evident that three frigates were coming in. That they were English there was no doubt and it looked as if Stewart and his prizes were caught in a trap; but he proved equal to the emergency. Signalling to his prizes to follow he cut his cable and so well-trained were his men that within ten minutes from the time the first sail had been seen the "Constitution" and her prizes were under sail and standing out of the harbor hugging the east side of the bay, while the new-comers were entering from the south. They had shown no canvas higher than their top-sails,

so that nothing of them was visible above the fog, and though the British prisoners that had been landed began firing signal guns from the batteries on shore, the incoming frigates saw no signs of an enemy.

Not until the north point of the harbor had been cleared and the open sea reached were any higher sails set, and then the look-outs in the British tops were astonished to see a spread of canvas suddenly appear above the fog. In all haste, the frigates—the “Newcastle,” “Leander,” and “Acasta,” late of the Boston blockade—put themselves on the track of the fugitives, but the latter got a fair start and the “Constitution” soon proved herself the better sailer. The two prizes, however, were in danger, especially the “Cyane.”

Noting this, Stewart signalled to the “Cyane” to change her course, the result being that she got clear away, the pursuers keeping on the track of the other two. Later on, seeing that the “Levant” was in similar danger of capture, Stewart signalled to her to tack. To his astonishment all the British frigates did the same, chasing the little sloop-of-war while the “Constitution” was left to sail away free. In some way they had come to think her the principal craft. The end of the affair was that the “Levant” was chased by her three big pursuers back into Porto Praya harbor, where they fired at her for fifteen minutes without a single shot hitting her hull. Then Lieutenant Ballard, who commanded her, hauled down his flag. It is said that Sir George Collier, who commanded this squadron, committed suicide ten years later, because his utter failure in this affair was thrown into his face at a public meeting.

The “Cyane” reached New York April 10th, but it was May before the “Constitution” came into Boston

harbor, and captain and crew first learned that the war had long been over. But the victory they had won made them the heroes of the period. The people gave Stewart the title of honor long before bestowed on his ship, that of "Old Ironsides," while honors were bestowed upon him by Congress and the legislatures of Pennsylvania and New York.

The remainder of his life was a quiet one. From 1816 to 1820 he commanded the Mediterranean squadron, and until 1824 that of the Pacific, where he compelled the annulment of a paper blockade that interfered with American commerce. He was a naval commissioner, 1830-32, and in charge of the Philadelphia Navy Yard 1838-41, 1846, and 1854-61. Promoted senior commodore in 1856, he was made rear admiral on the retired list in 1862. The remainder of his life was spent on his country-seat at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he died November 6, 1869.

We cannot close this chapter without some parting words about the "Constitution,"—the "Old Ironsides," in popular phrase. No other vessel in our navy has had so glorious a history. In her brilliant career she had captured three frigates and a sloop-of-war, seven times ran a blockade, twice made remarkable escapes from squadrons, never lost a commander, and never had more than nine men lost in any engagement.

The time came when decay seized upon her timbers, and she was about to be broken up, when she was saved by Oliver Wendell Holmes by the aid of a stirring poem. In our own day danger has again threatened her aged timbers, but patriotic sentiment has come to the rescue and she is to be restored in her original lines. We may fitly close this chapter with the poem mentioned.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay! tear her tattered ensign down;
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle's shout
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY AND THE OPENING OF JAPAN TO THE WORLD

THERE are heroes of peace as well as heroes of war, even in the naval service, victories won without cannon shot or battle yell, and one of the most signal of these in our history was the opening to the world of the long-locked empire of Japan. This was achieved only through a resolute effort of the type of that which wins battles, and the man to whom it was due is worthy of our admiration.

Matthew Calbraith Perry, the hero of this famous exploit, was a younger brother of Oliver H. Perry, of Lake Erie fame, being born at South Kingston, Rhode Island, April 10th, 1794. He was admitted, through his father's influence, in 1809 as a midshipman in the navy, and was assigned to the schooner "Revenge." In 1810 he was transferred to the frigate "President," and in 1813 was commissioned lieutenant and ordered to the "United States." This was after the one great feat of this frigate, the capture of the "Macedonian," and Perry had no opportunity to make his mark in that war, his ship being held in close blockade in New London during its later years. When Decatur left the "United States" for the "President" in 1814 Perry went with him, but in the same year he was transferred to the "Chippewa," and was not in the "President" when it was captured by a British squadron.

The war ended, Perry served in the Brooklyn Navy Yard till 1819, in which year he sailed as executive officer of the ship "Cyane" to Africa, the purpose of the

expedition being to found a free negro colony on Sherbro Island, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. This locality was found to be so unhealthful that he selected a district on the coast to replace it, and was thus instrumental in founding the colony of Liberia, now an African republic. In 1821 he took part in the schooner "Shark" in that series of conflicts with the West India freebooters in which his brother had died two years before.

In the following years he was variously engaged on sea and land, and received several grades of promotion, but did not reach the rank of captain till 1837. While on recruiting service in Boston (1826-30) he founded the first naval apprenticeship system in the United States. In the latter year, in command of the corvette "Concord," he conveyed John Randolph, as American Minister, to St. Petersburg, this being the first American man-of-war to enter Russian waters. A high rank in the Russian Navy was offered him, but he declined to leave the service of his native country and returned to the United States.

For several years afterwards he was kept on duty at Brooklyn Navy Yard, as superintendent of the school of gun practice at Sandy Hook, and in studying the tides on the coast. He also aided in founding the "Naval Magazine." An important innovation in the navy during this period was the substitution of steam for the sail as a motive power. In this Perry was greatly interested, and he commanded the first steam war vessel of the United States, the "Fulton II," from 1838 to 1840.

Promoted commodore in 1841, the command of the South Sea Expedition was offered to Perry, but declined by him. Subsequently he introduced the Fresnel

light at Navesink lighthouse, planned the construction of the "Missouri" and the "Mississippi," the first steam frigates in the United States Navy, and commanded the squadron sent to Africa for the abolishment of the slave-trade, as provided for in the Ashburton treaty.

It will be seen from the above list of achievements that, though Perry had no opportunity to distinguish himself in war, he was kept reasonably busy in affairs pertaining to peace, and was a man prompt to promote the introduction of new ideas. Not until 1846, when war broke out between the United States and Mexico, was the American Navy called upon for hostile action, and as Mexico possessed no navy its service was confined to the bombardment of Vera Cruz and attacks on points of minor importance, none of them calling for heroic effort.

One of the latter was conducted by Perry, who commanded the steam frigate "Mississippi," and on October 17th was directed by Commodore Conner to proceed against Frontera, an important point at the mouth of the river that separates Yucatan from Mexico proper. Perry had with him a number of smaller vessels, suitable for river work, and with the steamer "Vixen" and two schooners he dashed over the bar at the river's mouth, taking the Mexicans by surprise and quickly capturing the shipping that lay there, with the fort and the town. He then proceeded with two vessels to the city of Tabasco, seventy-two miles upstream, and captured it with three shots. In this easy manner Yucatan was cut off from Mexico during the war.

Meanwhile Conner was preparing to support General Scott's expedition against Vera Cruz, and on March

10th, 1847, began the bombardment of that city. On the 21st Perry relieved Conner—who had completed his term of service in that section—and continued the bombardment for a few days more. It ended on the 25th, the firing ceasing at the request of the Mexicans. On the 28th the city surrendered and the work of the navy in that war was practically at an end. It was a conflict that offered some chance for distinction on land, but none on the sea, and the navy and its officers had no opportunity to shine.

We now come to the story of the exploit that gave his great reputation to Matthew Calbraith Perry—the opening of Japan. For several centuries that island empire had been rigidly closed against intercourse with the western world. The missionaries of the various sects had brought about this policy by their squabbles and their interference in political matters, the result being a prohibition of all intercourse with Japan except a fragmentary commercial one with the Dutch, who were allowed to send a trading ship to the port of Nagasaki once a year. Once a year also some of the Dutch emissaries at this port were permitted to visit the capital, where they had to crawl up to the throne of the ruler on their hands and knees and crawl out again in the same degrading fashion. In this way the Japanese got a few European goods and learned all they cared to know about what was going on in the world, while learning also to despise their visitors.

This was a state of affairs that could not well continue indefinitely. Commerce in the Pacific grew rapidly in the nineteenth century. China was forced to open some of her ports, and the rigid seclusion of Japan grew more and more annoying to the western nations. The Russians, near neighbors to Japan from their

Siberian seaports, tried to gain entrance to the empire, but utterly failed. One of their captains who ventured to land was seized, and for a year or two kept in close captivity. Even sailors whose vessels were wrecked on the coast were held as prisoners, and it took much trouble to obtain their release. On the other hand, when Japanese were wrecked on the shores of Siberia and sent home after excellent treatment, no thanks were returned. The authorities regarded them as having lost citizenship in Japan. As may be seen, the system was one of the utmost rigidity. The Japanese were determined to have nothing to do with foreigners.

(It was America that induced them to change their minds, and it took a man of the force and firmness of Commodore Perry to bring about this change. He was not the first to make the attempt. In 1831 President Jackson sent a man to the far East to see what could be done in the way of promoting American commerce in that region. In 1845 Commodore Biddle was sent with two war vessels to see if a treaty could be made with Japan. His mission utterly failed, the treatment given him amounting to a gross insult. But the Government of the United States had decided that the seclusion of Japan must come to an end, and in 1852 Commodore Perry was selected for this delicate and difficult mission, one needing no small amount of judgment, energy and dignity of demeanor. Perry proved himself admirably adapted to the task.

Leaving Norfolk on March 24th in the steamer "Mississippi," it was April 6th of the next year (1853) before he reached Hongkong, on the Chinese coast. Here lay a squadron consisting of the steamer "Susquehanna" and the ships "Saratoga" and "Plymouth." These he added to the expedition, taking the

“Susquehanna” for his flagship, and on the 8th of July entered the Bay of Yedo, on whose liquid surface no steam vessel had ever before been seen.

A mist lay heavy upon the waters as the great vessels rounded the cape in the early morning and entered the long-sealed bay; but it rose before a warm sun as they glided onward between green banks and amid a swarm of junks and fishing boats, coming and going. It was with astonishment and alarm that the boatmen gazed upon these strange craft, moving up the water without sails, churning it into a foam with their great side wheels, and towing the frigates behind them as though they were small ship’s boats. It looked like the work of magic to their unaccustomed eyes.

Coming well up into the bay, the ships dropped anchor and lay there as if they had come to stay, much to the discomposure of the authorities on shore, who had a better idea of what this meant than the ignorant natives. Scarcely had the anchors been dropped than several guns were fired from a neighboring point and a number of boats put off from shore, bearing petty officials, their purpose being to warn off these insolent interlopers. But not a man of them was allowed on board, those that sought to climb the sides being forced back at the bayonet’s point. An interpreter on board gave them to understand that no one not of the highest rank would be received on the vessel’s deck. Meanwhile all the ships had been put in battle order, in case an attack should be made. Commodore Perry knew that he had a difficult task before him, and was determined not to deal with the small fry of officialdom.

This resolute behavior of the Americans had its effect. There now came out a personage who was evidently of considerable note and who proved to be the



THE MISSISSIPPI'S CUTTER IN THE BAY OF YEDO

vice-governor of the district. After some parleying he was allowed to come on deck, though given to understand that he was not of importance enough to deal with any officer but one of low rank, a lieutenant being assigned to meet him. He bore an order for the ships to leave the harbor immediately, saying that no foreigners could be dealt with except at Nagasaki, where the Dutch had their trading station.

Lieutenant Contee replied that such a proposition was disrespectful, if not insulting, that they had come with a message from the President of the United States to the ruler of Japan, and that it would be delivered only to an official of the highest rank and at the point near the capital where the squadron now lay. He then said indignantly that he considered the guard boats around the vessels as an insult, and that if they did not go away they would be driven away—with cannon if necessary. The vice-governor at once ordered the boats away. He was given to understand that if the governor did not accept the message the ships would go up the bay to the capital and deliver it to the Shogun directly.

The vice-governor made two visits, it being on the second that he declared the letter could be received only at Nagasaki. The resolute bearing of the Americans caused him to retire in a state of great agitation to consult with those higher in authority. That night watch-fires blazed on the shore and the watch-boats kept on the water, though at a respectful distance from the ships. The next morning the governor of the district came on board. Commodore Perry would not see him, but deputed two captains to meet him, they giving him to understand that he was too low in rank to meet the deputy of the American President.

By this time the Japanese were thoroughly impressed with the dignity of their visitors, whom they found to be of very different calibre from the Dutch traders. After a long parley the governor consented to receive the letter, but insisted that the answer must be sent to Nagasaki. He was given to understand that the answer would be accepted only where they lay. And, finding that the governor used different terms when speaking of the Shogun and the President, it was demanded that he should use the same term for each ruler. This brought from him an apology.

He finally, finding the Americans unyielding, said he would have to appeal to the throne for instructions, and that it would take four days to get a reply. As the capital was only a few hours away such a delay seemed unnecessary, and three days was all the captains would agree to.

“I will wait until Tuesday, the 12th of July, and no longer,” was Commodore Perry’s ultimatum, and the governor was told that if an answer did not come in three days the ships would move up to Yedo and the American commodore would go ashore there and call at the palace for the Shogun’s answer. This settled the matter. The determination of the Americans was too much for the governor, and he yielded to their demands.

In illustration of the Japanese character and their eager thirst for information, it may be said that three men accompanied the governor in the capacity of reporters, who carefully noted all that was said, asked many questions themselves, peered about the ship and made abundant notes of all they saw of interest. It was the first example seen of that spirit of investigation which the Japanese have since so abundantly

shown and which has had so much to do with their remarkable progress.

During the three days of waiting the Americans were not idle, but showed a similar spirit of investigation. Boat parties were sent four miles up the bay, with orders to sound and examine its waters. The governor protested that this was against the laws of Japan. He was answered that it was in accordance with the laws of America, and the soundings went on. On the second day the "Mississippi" steamed up the bay after the boats. This act increased the agitation on shore. At the end of the three days word came that the Shogun would send a high officer to receive the letter. It would not be answered immediately, but an answer would be returned in due time through the Dutch or the Chinese. The commodore rejected this as insulting, and said that he would come for the answer himself, after a proper time had elapsed.

The reception of the letter took place two days later and was an occasion of much ceremony. The commodore went ashore in his barge, attended by fourteen boats, carrying guards of honor, the advance boat being accompanied by two others containing the governor and vice-governor of Uraga. A band of music accompanied and a thirteen-gun salute roared out from the ships' sides. On shore a guard of four hundred marines and sailors lined up to receive the commodore, who was borne by Chinese carriers in a sedan-chair to the building provided for the occasion. Two negroes, selected for their size and dignity of bearing, carried the box containing the letter of the President and the credentials of the commodore, which were inclosed in gold-mounted cases. Two others in gorgeous uniform flanked the sedan-chair of the commodore.

No special ceremony marked the reception of the documents. The Princes of Idsu and Iwami, splendidly attired, were present as the envoys of the Shogun, and the letter in its case was placed in a large scarlet-lacquered box, a formal receipt being given. The affair ended with the following words on the part of the princes:

"Because this place is not designed to treat of anything with foreigners, so neither can conference nor entertainment take place. The letter being received, you will leave here."

"I shall return again, probably in April or May, for an answer," said the commodore.

"With all the ships?"

"Yes, and probably with more."

Perry, however, took steps to show that he did not propose to be ordered away. On returning to the "Susquehanna," he proceeded up the bay to the point where the "Mississippi" lay. Here anchor was dropped, the spot being later known as the "American anchorage." The next day the "Mississippi" was sent ten miles higher up, to a point within eight or ten miles of the capital and from which the crowded shipping at its lower end could be seen. Having thus demonstrated that he did not intend to go until he was ready, he turned back and on the following day left the bay, much to the relief of the islanders.

Shortly after his departure news was received of the death of the Shogun, the great military chief who then ruled Japan in place of the Emperor. Perry accordingly deferred his return until the next year, entering the Bay of Yedo again on February 12, 1854. He had now with him three steamers, the "Susquehanna," "Mississippi," and "Powhatan," with the

sailing vessels "Lexington," "Vandalia," and "Macedonian" in tow.

A question now arose as to where the reply should be received. The Japanese wished it to be at a point far down the bay. Perry insisted on going up the bay to the capital, and sent up his boats to sound the channel. Finally a point was chosen nine miles from the city, opposite the village of Yokohama—now the site of the large city of this name. Here receptions were held on the 8th and the 13th of March, the reply being given at the first, the presents which the Americans had brought at the second. These consisted of agricultural implements, rolls of cloth, firearms, and other articles, the most valuable being a small locomotive and car, which ran on a circular track set up for the purpose. What most astonished and interested the Japanese was a mile of telegraph wire, set up so that messages could be sent. The proud islanders took good care, however, to show no signs of surprise.

The important feature in all this was the reply of the Shogun—the Tycoon, as the Americans at that time understood his title to be. This admitted that the demands relating to the return of shipwrecked sailors, the supplying of coal, water, provisions, etc., were just, and also agreed to open another harbor besides that of Nagasaki, but asked for five years' delay before this was done. The commodore declared that he would not consent to this long and needless delay, nor that Americans should be put under the same severe restrictions as the Dutch and Chinese. He demanded three harbors, but finally consented to two—Simondo in Hondo Island, and Hakodate in Yezo.

The ceremony over and three copies of the important treaties formally exchanged, Commodore Perry re-

laxed the severe dignity he had so far maintained. A dinner was given on his flagship to the Japanese princes and officials which they highly enjoyed. What they particularly approved of was the champagne, under the influence of which one little fellow grew so hilarious that he sprang up and embraced the commodore like a brother, an affliction which Perry bore with good-humored patience.

He had reason to be good-humored, for he had won the greatest victory ever gained by an American ship, a moral victory which in its results changed the whole aspect of the eastern world. In fact, Japan, though not yet aware of it, had thrown down the wall of seclusion behind which it had so long dwelt. At the new treaty ports Americans were given far more freedom of movement than had ever been accorded at Nagasaki, and not many years elapsed before the other commercial nations obtained treaties and the scope of that given America was extended, the port of Yokohama, where Perry's treaty had been received, being made a treaty port instead of Simondo. Since then Japan has grown to be one of the great nations of the world and dates its emancipation from old ideas to the visit of Commodore Perry, whom it reveres as one of the great men of the world and practically the father of the new Japan.

The hero of the opening of Japan did not long survive the date of his great achievement, living barely long enough to see its first results, and dying in New York city March 4, 1858. A bronze statue to his memory has been erected by Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, in Truro Park, Newport, and Japan has accorded him a similar honor, at the scene of his great achievement.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT ADMIRAL

DAVID G. FARRAGUT, whose name stands high on the roll of naval heroes alike of America and of the world, was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, July 5, 1801, the son of a Spanish gentleman of Minorca, who had emigrated to the United States and fought in the Revolution and the War of 1812. When seven years of age young Farragut was adopted by Captain David Porter, to whose father Mr. Farragut had rendered an important service, and he gained his first naval experience under that able commander. Entering the navy in 1810, at the remarkably early age of nine, his war experience began in 1812, when eleven years of age, he being a midshipman in the "Essex" throughout the war that followed. He kept a journal while on this ship, and we owe to him various interesting details of its career.

To him we are indebted for the stories of the adventure with the "Minerva" and the capture of the "Alert," also the prevention of the taking of the "Essex" by the British prisoners on board. These incidents we have given in the sketch of Commodore Porter. He wrote down also many interesting bits of description of the adventures of the "Essex" in the Pacific, during which he was made captain of a prize-crew when only twelve years of age. This was on the British whaler "Barclay," which was ordered to proceed to Valparaiso under convoy of the "Essex Junior."

The British captain of the "Barclay" had agreed to act as navigator, but for some reason he was angry at the order to go to Valparaiso, and refused to follow the "Essex Junior," saying "that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders." He then went below in a rage to get his pistols.

Farragut, young as he was, was not daunted by this action. He ordered an able seaman to have the main-sail filled away, and then called to the captain "not to come on deck unless he wished to be thrown over-board." The boy's voice must have been very resolute, for the captain stayed below. Farragut then reported the affair to the commander of the "Essex Junior," and in the end the Briton agreed to submit to him as captain. Not many boys of twelve would have handled such a situation with such firm decision, and the character of the man was well outlined in this action of the boy.

Farragut's journal gives many graphic details of the final fight and capture of the "Essex," of his share in which he says, "I performed the duties of captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me." He tells of being sent below for some gun-primers, during which, while going down the ward-room ladder, the captain of the gun directly opposite was struck in the face by an eighteen-pound shot and fell back on him. They tumbled down the hatch together, he narrowly escaping being crushed by the weight of a two-hundred pound corpse. He continues:

"I lay for some moments stunned by the blow, but soon recovered consciousness enough to rush up on deck. The captain, seeing me covered with blood, asked if I was wounded, to which I replied: 'I believe

not, sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'where are the primers?' This first brought me completely to my senses, and I ran below again and carried the primers on deck. When I came up the second time I saw the captain fall, and in my turn ran up and asked if he was wounded. He answered me almost in the same words, 'I believe not, my son; but I felt a blow on the top of my head.' He must have been knocked down by the windage of a passing shot, as his hat was somewhat damaged."

With Farragut's later career, until the opening of the Civil War, we must deal more rapidly. Taken prisoner with the captain and crew of the "Essex," he was soon released and spent the next year or two at school in Chester, Pennsylvania, where Captain Porter resided. The years that followed were passed partly in naval duty and partly in school. In 1820, when on his way home from Italy in the merchant ship "America," they were chased by a supposed pirate, whereupon he promptly took command and prepared for defence. In 1822 he was in command of the "Greyhound" in Porter's operations against the West Indian pirates, and in 1825 was a lieutenant on the frigate "Brandywine," under Captain Morris, when it took Lafayette home to France.

During the following years he was variously engaged on sea and shore, being in 1833 sent to Charleston harbor during the nullification troubles, at the same time that General Scott was sent there in a military capacity. Farragut was for some years on duty at the Norfolk Navy Yard, served at intervals on the "Boxer," the "Constellation," and the "Erie," and in 1841 was promoted commander and assigned to the "Delaware" and subsequently to the sloop-of-war "Decatur." He

was ordered to duty during the Mexican war, but unavoidable delays prevented his getting there in time to take part in the naval operations, and all that came to him in that region was an attack of yellow fever. Appointed commander of the navy yard at Mare Island, California, in 1854, he was promoted captain in 1855, commanded the "Brooklyn" from 1858 to 1860, and in 1861, on the outbreak of the Civil War, was at home on waiting orders. Up to this date he had had no opportunity to make his mark as a fighting son of the sea. The opportunity was now at hand.

A man of southern birth and making his home at Norfolk, Virginia, an earnest effort was made to get him to support the Confederate cause. But he was not of the type of localized Americans, and though he was deeply concerned about the coming war, when the time for action came he let it be plainly known that he proposed to stay by the old flag under which he had fought for fifty years. This open statement brought about a change of attitude in his neighbors, and he was told that his views were out of place in the atmosphere of Norfolk. "Very well," he calmly replied; "then I will go somewhere else." There is also a legendary statement that he said: "Mind what I tell you—you fellows will catch the devil before you get through with this business." Removing to a residence on the Hudson, he reported himself "ready for duty," and awaited a call from the Government. It came early in 1862.

David D. Porter, son of the old commodore, was on blockade duty off the Mississippi in the summer of 1861, and conceived the idea that the river could be forced and New Orleans taken. This idea was accepted at Washington, but Porter was too low in rank to

command such an expedition, and was asked to name a suitable captain. He named Farragut, his old home companion and brother by adoption, and the suggestion was acted upon.

The offer of leadership in this important enterprise was eagerly accepted by Farragut, whose long experience in naval affairs thoroughly adapted him to it, and on February 2d, 1862, he sailed from Hampton Roads in the steamer "Hartford," arriving at Ship Island, in the Gulf, on the 20th. Here he gathered a fleet consisting of eight men-of-war and nine gunboats of two guns each. In addition there were twenty mortar schooners with six gunboats to protect them, these being put under Porter's command.

Farragut had a difficult task before him. Two strong forts, Jackson and St. Philip, had been built beside the river, about seventy miles below New Orleans, at a place where the stream made a sharp bend. They were made more formidable by a barrier chain stretched across the river from side to side. In addition the river was defended by eleven armed steamers and an iron-clad floating battery, the "Louisiana," which, fortunately for Farragut, was not sufficiently completed to use its steam power and was moored near the forts. The most effective floating defence was the ram "Manassas," which had created a panic in the blockading squadron some months before. Fire-boats were also prepared, and the Confederates rested in full confidence of victory in the event of an attack.

To attack so formidable a series of defences by a fleet of wooden vessels was indeed a perilous enterprise, but Farragut was not the man to hesitate or weigh possibilities too closely. He took every precaution he could think of, however, including the drawing

of chain cables down the sides of the ships as a partial protection and piling bags of coal, sand, ashes, and other materials to secure the engines and boilers from danger. The rigging was stripped down to the top-masts, and here howitzers, protected by boiler iron, were planted on platforms. There were various other precautions, among them the lashing of leaf-covered branches to the masts of the mortar boats so that they could not be distinguished from the trees along the river banks.

Such was the state of affairs on the morning of April 18th, 1862, when the mortar schooners, moored to the banks about two miles below Fort Jackson, opened fire from their mortars on this fort. Once every ten minutes each mortar was fired, and this was kept up incessantly for six days. Meanwhile the fleet had advanced nearer the forts, and on the night of the 20th the gunboat "Itasca" succeeded in breaking the barrier chain. While the mortar boats dropped their shells in a shower on Fort Jackson, occupying the attention of its garrison, two of the hulks that carried the chain were boarded, and it was found that the anchor chain of one of them could be slipped. This was done and the hulk drifted away, leaving the chain to sag down. Then the light craft "Itasca" was taken over the chain at a narrow opening, and, going some distance up stream, it came down under full steam, its speed aided by the strong current. The sagging chain was struck a vigorous head-on blow, the boat's bow lifted more than three feet out of the water, then the chain broke and down stream she came. The barrier was broken and the passage clear.

On the 23d of April Farragut issued orders for an advance that night, and at two o'clock the next morn-

ing two red lanterns at the mizzen peak of the "Hartford" gave the welcome signal. "All hands up anchor!" was the cry, and by three o'clock all the vessels were under way, while Porter's mortars, firing as fast as they could be loaded, were dropping their fiery bombs in and around Fort Jackson in an almost unbroken stream.

The enemy were on the alert, and as the "Cayuga" passed through the broken barrier at 3.30, followed closely by the great "Pensacola," a storm of flame and iron burst from the forts, while huge piles of wood heaped along the banks were fired, illuminating the stream. The Confederate steamers could be seen along the banks, and farther up the blaze of fire-ships was visible. In a few minutes the river was turned into a veritable *inferno*. The fleet quickly came abreast the forts, and its rapid broadsides, mingled with the deafening explosions from the guns on shore, the bursting of the bombshells from Porter's boats, and the lurid blaze from the watch-fires, made up a scene of fiery terror rarely witnessed.

Soon down came the blazing fire-rafts to add to the horrors of the conflict. The "Hartford" was caught by the first of these. She had grounded in the smoke and was trying to back off when the flaming barge came upon her and was pushed by the Confederate tug "Mosher" against her side. In an instant the paint on the ship's side was blazing, and the men at the guns drew back from the heat.

"Don't flinch from that fire, boys!" shouted Farragut; "there's a hotter fire than that for those who don't do their duty."

But as the flames soared higher and the good ship seemed doomed, even Farragut threw up his hands in a

moment of despair and exclaimed: "My God! is it to end in this way?"

The tug was meanwhile holding the raft against the "Hartford's" blazing side, but a half-dozen shells sent her reeling away, to sink with all on board. At the same time the nozzle of a fire-hose was turned on the flames, and the spurting water soon drowned them out. The "Hartford" was saved.

"The passing of the forts Jackson and St. Philip was one of the most awful sights and events I ever saw or expect to experience," Farragut has said, and certainly nothing like it has ever been seen elsewhere in American waters. Down came the Confederate fleet to mingle in the combat, the guns of St. Philip echoed those of Jackson, and the foremost vessels passed upstream, the roar of guns from slip and shore being incessant and the smoke almost impenetrable. New fireships came downward in full blaze; the ram "Manassas" plunged through the fleet, doing what harm she could until driven ashore; the iron-clad "Louisiana" poured broadsides at the passing vessels; but by the time the sun rose all the forts had been passed, the Confederate boats were sunk except a few that had escaped, and the great river was clear. A splendid victory had been won. The Confederate flag still floated above the two forts, but their doom was sealed. They surrendered on the 28th. At one o'clock in the afternoon of April 25th the fleet lay in triumph before New Orleans, and the fate of the Crescent City also was sealed. The losses in the desperate battle in the fleet had been only thirty-five killed and one hundred and twenty-eight wounded.

In July Farragut was promoted to the rank of rear admiral. This was a new grade in the American navy,

first borne by him, the highest commission previously being that of captain. The title of commodore was given by courtesy only. Before this time the victor had passed up the river and attacked the batteries at Vicksburg, but found them to be impregnable from the level of the stream. He was subsequently engaged in the Gulf, where he captured a number of Texas ports, including Galveston and Corpus Christi, though Galveston was afterwards retaken by the Confederates. Ordered in March, 1863, to coöperate with General Grant in his operations against Vicksburg, he attempted to pass the batteries at Port Hudson. Two of his vessels, the "Hartford" and "Albatross," which were lashed together, succeeded after a desperate struggle, but the others were disabled and dropped down the river. The "Mississippi" grounded and was burned to save her from capture.

After the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, there was no further naval work needed in the Mississippi, and Farragut turned his attention to Mobile, a strongly defended Gulf port. As it happened, General Banks had taken all the troops that could be spared on the useless and costly Red River expedition, and for six months the admiral had to wait. He could get no soldiers to aid in the attack or to hold the place when captured. During this enforced delay, the Confederates were busily strengthening their works and had ample time to finish and bring down the iron-clad "Tennessee." They had also the opportunity to sow the channel thickly with torpedoes, leaving a pass one hundred yards wide for the blockade runners. It was August 4, 1864, before Farragut got the ships and troops he needed, and on the morning of the 5th he was ready to go in.

The fleet he now possessed consisted of four monitors, of the type of the pioneer "Monitor" that had fought so notably in Hampton Roads. The wooden vessels, which had been prepared for the fight much as in the Mississippi, were fourteen in number, the "Hartford" being the flagship as before. At 5.30 the signal to move rose to her mast-head and by 6.10 the leading vessels were crossing the bar. The pass between the torpedoes, marked by a red buoy, lay under the heaviest guns of Fort Morgan, but for it they headed, though many on board were sure that they were heading straight for the gateway of death.

Mobile Bay is in shape like a great bell, thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide. At the mouth there are two islands, the channel between them being not more than a mile wide. On each island was a fort, built by the Government before the war, and then in Confederate hands. Fort Morgan mounted some thirty guns and Fort Gaines twenty-one. In the water near by nearly two hundred torpedoes had been planted, some made of beer-kegs and some of tin. In addition were three gunboats, of small account, and the powerful iron-clad "Tennessee," commanded by Franklin Buchanan, who had commanded the "Merrimac" in its great fight with the "Monitor."

In went the Union ships, firing as they came near the fort, but not bringing a shot in reply. Not until the leading vessels were opposite Fort Morgan was a shot fired, and then there came a veritable hell of flame and an ear-splitting roar. Fortunately for the fleet, the guns were not well aimed, and scarcely a ship was struck, while the return fire drove many of the men in the fort from their guns.

At the head of the Union line was the monitor



THE ADMIRAL LASHED TO THE RIGGING.

"Tecumseh," the captain of which, eager to reach the iron-clad "Tennessee," ventured to leave the channel marked by the red buoy and steer straight onward. It was a fatal movement. Suddenly her bow was lifted out of the water. She lurched heavily from side to side, and then went down head-first. She had struck one of the torpedoes. Of her whole crew only the pilot and a few men in the turret escaped. Captain Craven drew back to give the pilot the first chance and the heroic fellow went down with his ship.

Farragut, meanwhile, had climbed to the main-top of the "Hartford" to be above the smoke. He saw the "Brooklyn," next in line to the "Tecumseh," halt and begin to back, throwing the whole line into confusion and holding the "Hartford" under the hottest fire of the fort until her gun-deck was turned into a slaughter pen. As he ranged up beside the "Brooklyn" he angrily asked what was the matter.

"Torpedoes," came the reply.

"Damn the torpedoes! Follow me," he yelled, and the bold admiral took the head of the column, rushing squarely into the torpedo nest. Their primers were heard snapping as they struck the ship's bottom, but by good fortune not one exploded. The "Tecumseh" was their only victim. Captain Drayton, now seeing the admiral clinging to the shrouds under the main-top, sent up a sailor to fasten a cord from one shroud to another, to prevent his falling in case he was struck. To this extent the story is true that Farragut was lashed to the shrouds.

The fort passed, the "Tennessee" remained to be dealt with. This powerful iron monster rushed through the Union fleet, doing little damage to any of them, but causing a rapid scattering. Then, when near

the fort, she turned to come back. Breakfast was just being served to the men on the "Hartford" when the word was passed that she was coming, and the men ran hastily back to their guns. There was no hesitation on any of the ships. "Ram her!" was the order, and ram her they did, the "Hartford" in the lead. But neither guns nor ramming bows did much damage, and the ships quickly became so crowded that the "Lackawanna" struck the "Hartford" by mistake, and narrowly missed sinking her and killing the admiral, who stood near the point where she was struck.

Meanwhile the three remaining monitors were coming up at full speed to take the place of the wooden ships in the attack. This onslaught of three to one was more than the "Tennessee" could bear. Her smokestack was shot away, her bow and stern port shutters were jammed so that they could not be moved, her steering gear was carried off, and Admiral Buchanan was wounded. The ship could not be steered nor the fire returned. She was in a helpless state and was being so frightfully battered that nothing remained but to haul down the flag.

The fight was at an end, and Mobile closed against blockade-runners. Fort Gaines was shelled and surrendered the next day. Fort Morgan was invested and shelled on the 22d, and surrendered on the 23d. Farragut's war record was at an end. His health demanding some relaxation, he sailed soon after for New York in the "Hartford," ship and commander alike now famous. He was warmly welcomed at New York, where a number of wealthy men testified their admiration in a gift of \$50,000. The rank of vice-admiral, new to the United States, was created for him by Congress. This was not enough. The figure of the

brave commander in the rigging, fighting his ship above the smoke, amid a tempest of shot and shell, made him the idol of the American people, and on July 25, 1866, Congress honored him with the special title of Admiral, as the highest rank they could confer. His services being no longer demanded, he retired to his home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson. In 1865, in command of a squadron, he visited many European ports, receiving the highest courtesies from all nations. He returned in 1868, and died at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 14, 1870.

DAVID DIXON PORTER AND THE OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER, of old "Essex" fame, left three sons of warlike proclivities, one of them, Theodore, being killed in the Mexican War, and the other two, David and William, taking prominent parts in the naval work of the Civil War. The most famous of these, David Dixon Porter, was born at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of June, 1813, in the height of his father's career. When eleven years of age he was on his father's ship in the cruise of the latter against the West Indian pirates, and two years later, when his father was in command of the Mexican navy, he was made a midshipman in the service of that young republic.

The youthful officer served with credit in the war between Mexico and Spain, his duty in this field coming to an end when serving in Cuban waters in the "Guerrero" under his kinsman, David H. Porter. An attack was made on two warships that were convoying a merchant fleet, but the sound of the cannon brought up a large Spanish frigate, and after a desperate fight, in which Captain Porter and eighty men were killed, the "Guerrero" was forced to surrender. The fourteen-year-old midshipman was imprisoned for a time at Havana, but was soon released and made his way home.

In 1829 he entered the United States Navy as a midshipman, and spent the following twelve years in the Mediterranean and on the Government Survey, no

events of note happening. Promoted lieutenant in 1841, he served in the frigate "Congress" in Brazilian waters, and in 1845 was stationed at the Washington Observatory. In the Mexican War he took a spirited part in every action on the coast, being acting captain of the "Spitfire" in the fights at Tuxpam and Vera Cruz. After the war ended he returned to his former work on the coast survey, and being given a four years' furlough in 1849, engaged in outside duty as a commander of the California mail steamers from New York to the Isthmus. This service led to an interesting exploit in his career. The "Black Warrior" affair in Cuba induced the Spanish authorities to forbid entrance of American ships to Havana, and when Porter appeared at that port in the "Crescent City" and ran under the guns of Morro Castle he was ordered to halt and withdraw. His reply was characteristic of the man.

"My ship carries the United States flag and the United States mail," he said, "and, by the Eternal, I will enter the harbor of Havana!"

Enter it he did, and not a gun was fired. His daring and audacity had utterly dismayed the Spanish officials.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Porter held the commission of commander in the navy, and was assigned to the steamer "Powhatan" and sent to the relief of Fort Pickens, at Pensacola. This and other work, including a long chase of the privateer "Sumter," was followed by a period of blockade duty off the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi in the summer of 1861. This led to one of the greatest naval exploits of the war. Porter collected all the information he could about the river and its defences, gaining much

useful information from the fishermen, and, conceiving the idea that the river might be forced and New Orleans taken, went to Washington and laid the project before the Secretary of the Navy. The plan seemed feasible, but Porter was too low in rank to command so important an expedition and was asked whom he considered a suitable man.

"David G. Farragut," was his reply, and Farragut was chosen.

We need go no farther into the details of this famous expedition, which has been sufficiently described in our sketch of Farragut. It has been told there that Porter's share of it was as commander of the mortar-boats, which he made to look like river-side trees by lashing green boughs around their masts. His share of the work was to bombard Fort Jackson, the nearer fort, and for six days the boats threw shells at the rate of one hundred and twenty an hour by day, and one-third this number by night. On an average about nineteen hundred shells were thrown each day. On the night of the attack shells were poured into the fort at such speed that they formed an almost unbroken fiery arch in the sky, rendering the working of the Confederate guns a source of the greatest danger.

After passing the forts, Farragut left to Porter the details of their surrender, and while negotiations were going on under a flag of truce the iron-clad "Louisiana" came drifting down on the fleet in a sheet of flame. She had been set on fire by her commander, but fortunately the flames reached the magazine and she blew up before any damage was done.

The taking of New Orleans was followed by operations under Farragut at Port Hudson and Vicksburg, but on October 1, 1862, Porter was given the command

of the Mississippi squadron, being promoted to the rank of rear admiral. This squadron consisted of a number of iron-clad gunboats, constructed by the famous engineer, Captain James D. Eads, and several unarmored steamers. William D. Porter, an elder brother of Admiral Porter, had also been busy at this work and had converted a St. Louis ferry boat into one of the most formidable gunboats of the war, naming it after his father's old ship, the "Essex." This was the river fleet which, under Flag Officer Foote, greatly aided General Grant in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. It then engaged in the capture of the forts on the upper Mississippi, the river being opened as far down as Vicksburg by July 1, 1862.

Admiral Porter's squadron consisted of a number of light-draft steamers covered with half-inch iron and known as tin-clads, and a class of heavy boats plated with two or three-inch iron, one of them having six-inch plating on the casement. These carried eleven-inch Dahlgren cannon. With this fleet he gave active aid in the operations against the formidable forts at Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

In addition to the fleet above, there were several gunboats below Vicksburg, including the "Essex," under William D. Porter, while the Confederates had here a powerful iron-clad, the "Arkansas." The latter came to its end in early October, the "Essex" coming upon it while it lay helpless in the mud in which it had been stranded. As the crew could not move it, they set it on fire and escaped, the Confederacy thus losing the strongest of its floating batteries.

Admiral Porter began his operations against Vicksburg in November, in a series of expeditions through the bayous of the Yazoo River country, with the

hope of turning the Confederate defences; but these efforts ended in failure, while the gunboat "Cairo" was destroyed by a torpedo. In early 1863 Porter sent Colonel Charles E. Ellet down past the Vicksburg batteries, in his ram, "Queen of the West." Delayed by defects in her steering gear, it was full day when the ram started, but Ellet, a fellow of infinite daring, stopped in the midst of his perilous journey to ram and set on fire a steamer beside the river, and then went on without losing a man. The "Indianola," an armored boat, was soon sent to join him. Misfortune attended this enterprise, the "Queen of the West" running aground and the "Indianola" being attacked by rams and sunk.

An amusing event followed this disaster. The Confederates, now in control of this section of the river, attempted to raise and repair the "Indianola," when, on the morning of February 26th, there was heard a furious cannonading at Vicksburg, and it was reported that a Union gunboat was running the batteries. A panic ensued. The four steamers around the "Indianola" took to flight, and the men on the wreck, which had been brought near shore, loaded its two big guns, set them muzzle to muzzle, and fired them to destroy them, then running away. It was a joke they did not relish when it was learned that the "gunboat" was a dummy which Porter's men had set adrift for a lark.

Shortly after this, on March 14th, Farragut made his second trip up the river and ran past Port Hudson, holding this section of the stream while Porter sent down two of the Ellet rams to increase his force. About the same time another effort was made to get behind Vicksburg by way of the Yazoo bayous, ending in failure as before.

These futile efforts were followed by a more successful one, Porter taking the larger part of his fleet down past Vicksburg on the night of April 16th, in support of Grant's projected movement down the west side of the stream. A furious fire from the batteries gave peril to the movement, but beyond the sinking of one transport, the "Henry Clay," no serious damage was done. On the 29th the works at Grand Gulf were attacked, the fleet pounding at them all day. But the batteries lay seventy-five feet above the river and were not harmed, while the fleet lost seventy-four men in killed and wounded. On April 30th Grant crossed the river, and on May 3d Porter returned to the works at Grand Gulf, which he found to be evacuated. The surrender of Vicksburg on July 4th and the subsequent evacuation of Port Hudson opened the river to the Union forces through all its length. Porter had rendered the greatest assistance to General Grant, for which he received the warm thanks of that appreciative officer. Operations in that quarter would now have been at an end but for the useless expedition under General Banks, up the Red River, which was ordered in 1864, Shreveport, four hundred miles up the stream, being its destination. From a military point of view it amounted to nothing, but it came near proving serious to Porter's fleet, which accompanied the expedition, and reached Alexandria, above the rapids. There the greater part of it was caught by the fall of the water, ten gunboats and two tugs being left above the falls. For a time it seemed as if they would have to be abandoned, but they were saved by Joseph Bailey, an officer in a Wisconsin regiment, who had been a log-driver and knew how to deal with a jam.

The rifts were a mile long, and the river at their

head nearly eight hundred feet wide. Bailey's plan was to raise the river by building a dam, for which work he had the aid of two regiments of foresters from Maine. Eight days sufficed for the work, the water on the rifts being raised more than six feet by the dam. But just when success seemed sure two coal barges which had been sunk in the centre of the dam were carried out by the weight of the water, which rushed through the gap in a fierce torrent. At this moment the gunboat "Lexington" was at the head of the rifts, ready to follow the other boats that had gone down. Porter stood on the bank. He saw that the water level would quickly fall, and in a stentorian voice he shouted:

"Go ahead!"

In a moment more the "Lexington" was speeding down the heaving waters, rolling heavily from side to side, and tossed wildly upon the leaping waves. Thousands watched her with stilled voices, but when she rushed out safely into the quiet waters below a mighty shout rent the air.

Three others followed to safety, but by this time the water had fallen too much for the remainder to venture. By the expedient of building wing dams on the rifts above Bailey succeeded in raising the water sufficiently to float the others, and the entire fleet was saved. Joseph Bailey was the hero of this exploit, for which he received the thanks of Congress and promotion from lieutenant colonel to brigadier general.

Later that year Admiral Porter was transferred from the Mississippi to the James River, and in September was assigned to command the naval forces in the attack on Fort Fisher, at the entrance of Cape Fear River, North Carolina. General Butler, who

commanded the land forces, proposed to explode a vessel, loaded with over two hundred tons of powder, within a few hundred yards of the fort, thinking that the concussion would cause so much damage that the stronghold could easily be taken. This was done on December 23, but the explosion left the fort unharmed. During the following two days the fleet bombarded the fort, but Butler failed to follow this up with a land assault, and the whole enterprise failed.

In January, 1865, Porter was back again, accompanied now by General Terry, with six thousand men. The fleet heavily bombarded the fort on the 13th and 14th, and on the 15th the troops, assisted by a naval column, made a furious assault, carrying the fort and finally closing the port of Wilmington, which for years had been a chief source of supplies to the Confederacy through the efforts of blockade runners.

There is little more to say of Porter's connection with the war. Returning to the James River, he accompanied President Lincoln to Richmond after its fall, penetrating the length of the river with his smaller gunboats. He thus practically opened and closed the naval war, having fired the first gun at Pensacola, April 17th, 1861, and nearly the last near Richmond in 1865.

Porter was given the rank of vice-admiral in 1866, and was superintendent of the Naval Academy for two years. After the death of Farragut, in 1870, he was raised to the rank of admiral, this high grade being abolished after his death, February 13, 1891, though it was later restored for Admiral Dewey. Porter was the author of several works, including a "Life of Commodore David Porter" and a "History of the Navy in the War of the Rebellion."

WILLIAM BARKER CUSHING AND THE SINKING OF THE "ALBEMARLE"

As all our readers are probably aware, the practical use of iron-clad vessels in warfare began in the American Civil War, the Federal authorities building a number of vessels of the "Monitor" type that did good service, and iron-plating various river boats on the Mississippi; the Confederates plating a number of vessels, few of which succeeded in doing any serious damage. The most effective work on their side was done by the formidable "Merrimac" in Hampton Roads, which played havoc with the wooden squadron there until checked in its career of destruction by the "Monitor." The next to have any measure of success was the "Albemarle," built on the Roanoke River, and designed for action against the North Carolina blockading fleet.

The "Albemarle" was a flat-bottomed boat, designed to cross the shoals at Hatteras Inlet, and plated with two layers of two-inch iron. She was operated by two engines of two hundred horse-power each, and carried one-hundred-pounder Armstrong guns in bow and stern, in addition to broadside guns. This boat, powerful for those days, was begun in January, 1863, but was not ready for action till April, 1864. On the 17th of that month it left its moorings, and at midnight on the 19th attacked the gunboats near Plymouth, at the mouth of the Roanoke. Piles had been driven by the Union forces to keep her up the river, but high water carried her over them without difficulty, and she rushed

down on the two gunboats on guard, the "Miami" and the "Southfield."

These were on the lookout for such a visit, and had been joined together by long booms and chains, the "Albemarle" being expected to strike in between them and be held at short range under the muzzles of their powerful nine-inch Dahlgrens, the projectiles of which it was thought would easily penetrate her armor. Instead of that she crossed the bow of the "Miami" and rammed and sunk the "Southfield." Captain Flusser, of the "Miami," fired at her bravely enough, but a shell broke into pieces against her sides and one of its fragments bounded back and killed him where he stood. The "Miami" thereupon fled, and Plymouth, which had at the same time been attacked by a Confederate force under General Hoke, surrendered.

On May 5th the "Albemarle" had a brush with a Union squadron gathered to put her out of service. The "Sassacus" rammed her, but did little harm, while her guns almost ruined the Union ship, which was only saved by the engineer, who kept at his post in spite of cut pipes and escaping steam. Other vessels attacked the "Albemarle," but she escaped without injury and returned to Plymouth. Here she was tied up to the wharf to await the completion of a similar ship that was being built. This delay was fatal. A Union officer had his eye on her and devised a plan that led to her destruction. This striking exploit we have now to tell.

William Barker Cushing, the hero of the sinking of the "Albemarle," was a very young but very daring officer, born at Delafield, Wisconsin, November 24, 1842. As a boy, he served as page in the House of Representatives at Washington, and in 1857 was appointed as a cadet in the Naval Academy. He re-

signed, for some reason unknown, on March 21, 1861, but volunteered in the naval service in May, and was appointed master's mate in the North Atlantic blockading squadron. On the very day of his arrival in Virginian waters he had the fortune to capture a tobacco schooner valued at \$30,000, the first prize taken by the navy during the war.

By July, 1862, he had obtained a lieutenant's commission through repeated "acts of successful daring." Taking part in Rowan's attack on Elizabeth City, he was given command of the gunboat "Ellis," captured there. With this little craft his chief "acts of successful daring" were performed. Ordered to attack Jacksonville, intercept the Wilmington mails and destroy the salt works at New Juliet, he succeeded in the most of these, securing the mails, capturing the town—where two prizes were taken—and destroying a Confederate camp. On his return, November 25, 1862, he got into the wrong channel, and the "Ellis" ran aground. He transferred his crew and ship property to one of his prizes, but defended the "Ellis" with a single pivot gun and six volunteers against a sharp fire from shore until this grew so hot that he was obliged to fire the "Ellis" and take to flight. He now rowed for a mile and a half in an open boat under Confederate fire, and escaped unharmed. Such was the character of Cushing's bold exploits, of which there were others in the North Carolina rivers and sounds, and such the man who, in October, 1864, proposed to undertake the destruction of the "Albemarle," at imminent risk to himself.

John L. Lay, a naval engineer, had about that time invented a torpedo boat consisting of a light steam launch with a long spar protruding from its bow and

carrying a torpedo, to be fired by a string leading from its trigger to the launch's bow. A dangerous enough affair it was—to the man who operated it, as he was entirely unprotected from musketry fire—but Cushing was not the man to stop to think of that. He was quite ready to try the boat, with all its risk, and brought one of them down from New York to Albemarle Sound.

As to the actual danger, it was made tenfold greater by "newspaper enterprise." Some reporter got hold of the news of the project, and printed the whole story. As a result, the Confederates took special pains to defeat any such undertaking. Double rows of pickets were driven into the river below Plymouth, a regiment of soldiers was stationed about the wharf, a boom of logs was placed around the "Albemarle," so far off that no torpedo spar could reach her over it, and sentries and lookout guards were kept on duty day and night. The affair was thus made so dangerous and the chances of success so slight that it seemed madness to undertake it. Yet Cushing did so and succeeded.

It is true that the young lieutenant did not know of all these precautions, but he knew enough to be sure his enemies would be on the alert on that night of October 26, 1864, when he set out on his perilous enterprise. Up the river went the launch, towing a ship's cutter loaded with armed men. But all went wrong, the launch grounded, day broke before it could be got afloat, and he had to give up the project for that day. The next night he started again. The night was dark. The engines were new and worked without noise. They passed the lookout sentinels a mile down-stream without being seen or heard. They arrived opposite the ironclad, and then for the first time the boom of logs was seen.

Failure seemed to impend. The torpedo could not reach the ship's side over those logs. His first thought was to land, board the "Albemarle" and try to carry her out bodily. But at that instant came the hail of "Boat ahoy! What boat is that?" from a wakeful sentry; then a musket shot rang out, followed by a rattle of musketry from the sentinels on shore. The ship's crew, called hastily to quarters, came tumbling up in confusion from below. The expedition seemed an utter failure, but Cushing did not think so.

Casting off the cutter, with orders to those in it to pull for life, he ran his launch out into the stream, swung her around in a wide circle to gain speed, and then headed straight for the boom. A storm of bullets came from the deck of the "Albemarle," but a discharge from the howitzer of the launch scattered the soldiers, and in an instant more the sloping bow of the launch struck the logs. Half submerged and slippery with river slime, they yielded to the impact, and the launch shot up and over them, and plunged into the water inside the boom. The muzzle of a great gun was shoved out of a port of the ironclad, but Cushing lowered the spar under her hull, raised it till he felt the torpedo strike her bottom, and then pulled the trigger-string. There came two simultaneous reports, the loud roar of the hundred-pounder, whose ball rushed out above their heads, and the muffled roar of the hundred-pound dynamite torpedo, which tore a great opening in the ship's hull. In a minute she began to sink.

The great wave made by the torpedo filled the launch, which also sank, but Cushing and his crew sprang into the stream and swam away. The final result was that one man was killed and one drowned, the others, except two, being captured. Fortunately,

one of the two who escaped was Lieutenant Cushing, and the story of his escape is, in its way, as interesting as that of his exploit.

While most of the swimming crew were captured, the commander of the launch was sought for in vain. A bonfire was kindled on the wharf, but it failed to reveal any swimming form. After some search the boats returned, their rowers satisfied that he was drowned. The fact was he had already reached shore—on the Plymouth side—and flung himself down, chilled and exhausted. He was near the walls of a fort, with a sentry pacing steadily above. There was a bushy swamp near by, but how should he reach it? Half the distance was made in a dash while the sentry was walking away from him. As he lay, waiting for another opportunity, four men passed close by, but failed to see him. He dared not venture another dash, but finally reached the swamp by wriggling slowly on. Under its screening bushes he made his way onward, and by day-dawn was at a safe distance from the fort.

From the swamp he succeeded in reaching a cornfield near by, and now for the first time found it safe to stand upright. On reaching the other side, to his dismay, he came unexpectedly face to face with a man. Fortunately it was a man with a black face, and the second glance told him he was safe. In those days no Union soldier had occasion to fear a black face. For that matter, the old negro was little blacker than himself, after his crawl through the mud. Telling him who he was, he sent him into the town for news, waiting in the cornfield for his return. An hour brought back his dusky messenger, smiling with delight.

“What news?” asked Cushing.

“Mighty good news, massa. De big iron ship’s gone

to de bottom, suah, and the folks say she'll neber get up ag'in."

"Good! She's done for, then? Now, old man, tell me how I can get back to the ships."

The negro gave him what directions he could, and the fugitive took to the swamp again. The bushes were so thick and tangled that he could scarcely see ten feet in advance, but, guiding himself by the sun, he went on, hour after hour, at two o'clock reaching the banks of a narrow creek. As he crouched in the bushes beside it voices reached his ears, and gazing warily out he saw across the stream a party of seven soldiers who had just landed and were tying their boat to the root of a tree. Taking a path that led upward, they stopped at some distance from the stream, sat down, and began to eat their midday meal.

Here was an opportunity. The chance was a desperate one. He might be seen and caught. But he was a man to whom such a chance appealed, and he was thoroughly weary of wandering through mire and thorns. Slipping noiselessly into the water, he swam the stream, untied the boat, pushed it cautiously from the bank and swam beside it down the stream until it had drifted out of the range of sight of its late occupants. Then he clambered in and rowed away as fast as possible. As for the soldiers—well, they were left to digest their meal; he saw no more of them.

It was a long journey down the crooked and winding stream, but its bushy and swamp-lined banks saved him from observation, and shortly after nightfall the winding waters told him that he was on the Roanoke. On he rowed till midnight was at hand. For ten hours he had been at that exhausting toil. But now his gladdened eyes saw before him the dark hull of a gunboat.

"Ship ahoy!" he shouted.

"Who goes there?" demanded the startled lookout.

"A friend. Take me up."

In a brief time the gunboat was in motion. This might be some Confederate ruse—possibly a torpedo in this strange guise. Boats were lowered and rowed towards him.

"Who are you?" came the hail.

"Lieutenant Cushing, or what is left of me."

"Cushing!" The voice was excited. "And the 'Albemarle?'"

"Will never trouble you again. She lies in a muddy grave on the bottom of the Roanoke."

Loud cheers followed this welcome news, and the exhausted man was quickly on board, where the story of his gallant deed excited all hearers to enthusiasm. His act was as signal for cool daring as that famous one in which Decatur destroyed the "Philadelphia." On starting out on his enterprise Cushing had said, with a laugh, "Another stripe or a coffin." The stripe came to him, and also the warm thanks of the Naval Department and the enthusiastic appreciation of the people, with whom Cushing had made himself a hero.

He subsequently, during the siege of Fort Fisher, buoyed the channel for Porter's fleet, being under fire in an open boat for six hours. In the final attack on the fort he led a company of sailors and marines. After the war he served on the Pacific and Asiatic stations, commanding the "Lancaster" and the "Mau-mee," and in 1872 was promoted commander, the youngest of that rank in the service. He was then in a state of ill-health, and died at Washington December 17, 1874, then only thirty-two years of age.

GEORGE DEWEY AND THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

AFTER the close of the Civil War there was nothing but routine duty for the United States Navy until April 25th, 1898, on which day war with Spain was declared, and an eight-word cablegram flashed over continents and under seas to Commodore Dewey at Hongkong. These were the significant words: "Capture or destroy the Spanish squadron at Manila." Never were orders more quickly or completely carried out. In less than a week from the date of this message the Spanish squadron at Manila had ceased to exist. It is our purpose to tell how this signal work was done.

Long before that date George Dewey had been in the naval service of the United States, and he had shown the kind of man he was with Farragut on the Mississippi. Born at Montpelier, Vermont, December 26, 1837, he entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1854, graduating four years later and serving on the frigate "Wabash" in Mediterranean waters. He was on leave of absence when the Civil War broke out, but immediately reported for duty, being promoted lieutenant on April 19, and ordered to the "Mississippi," on which he was second officer in Farragut's great fight with the forts below New Orleans. In passing Fort St. Philip this ship came under the fire of the fort at such close range that the gunners in fort and ship exchanged hostile compliments in the shape of hearty curses.

Dewey's first special display of valor and coolness

in danger came when Farragut's fleet was running the batteries at Port Hudson. In this perilous operation the "Richmond," disabled by a shot, turned back, retarding the "Mississippi," which ran aground on the flats under the guns of the fort. In this dilemma Dewey showed the steadiest courage. The ship was riddled and set on fire by the enemy's batteries, but he stayed on board under fire until he had spiked all her guns and then escaped with the captain in a small boat. The crew had meanwhile made their escape by swimming. As the opposite side of the river was reached the flames reached the magazine and the "Mississippi" was blown into fragments.

In July, 1863, Dewey was in the gunboat flotilla that engaged the batteries below Donaldsonville, and later on took part in the "Colorado" in the two attacks on Fort Fisher. In March, 1865, he was promoted lieutenant commander and was variously engaged in the following years, his first independent command being on the "Narragansett" in 1870. He was on this vessel for five years, being made commander in 1872. After several years of duty on the Lighthouse Board he returned to sea duty in the Asiatic squadron, commanding the "Juniata," and in 1884, on the completion of the coast despatch boat "Dolphin," the first vessel in our new navy, Dewey was assigned to her with the rank of captain.

Commanding the "Pensacola," the flagship of the European squadron, from 1885 to 1888, he was for years afterwards on shore duty in various capacities, gaining the rank of commodore in 1896, and taking command of the Asiatic squadron at Hongkong, China, January 1, 1898. He fancied himself "shelved" at this far-off station, but it proved a fortunate assign-

ment for him, as it put him in position to perform the great feat of his life, one for which his fearlessness, coolness in danger, and long experience admirably adapted him.

Events moved rapidly after Dewey reached Hongkong. In February the battleship "Maine" was sunk by a torpedo in Havana harbor. As no reparation could be got from Spain for this outrage, and as the war spirit ran high in the country, a declaration of war with Spain was issued on April 25, and on the same day the order noted above was sent at lightning speed to the commodore of the Asiatic squadron, ten thousand miles away.

Dewey wasted no time. England having declared itself neutral, he was obliged to leave the British port of Hongkong and fall down to the Chinese station of Mirs Bay, where all preparations were hastily completed. On the 27th of April, two days after the message had reached him, his squadron steamed away into the broad seas, headed for the Philippine Islands, a group of tropic isles that for centuries had been under the dominion of Spain. In Luzon, the largest and most northerly of these islands, was the large city of Manila, the centre of Spanish power in the East. And here, in Manila Bay, were forts and ships. Whether the Americans were headed for victory or death no man could have foretold. To all appearance George Dewey did not stop to think of any such contingency. The order was given—it was his duty to obey.

For three days across the China Sea the good ships steamed straight onward, and on the morning of Saturday, April 30, the men on the leading ships saw a green and beautiful shore rising above the waves and beheld far away the faint blue lines of the mountains

of Luzon. Along this tropical coast they headed southwardly, stopping to look into a bay on their way for possible Spanish ships, and at nightfall reaching a position near the entrance of Manila Bay. Here the ships were slowed up to wait for darkness. There were known to be forts guarding the entrance, and it was the part of wisdom to avoid the fire of these forts if it could be done.

The Bay of Manila is a splendid body of water, running many miles into the land, the city of Manila lying twenty miles inland from the entrance. This entrance is narrow and midway between its headlands lies a small, low island. On this were the batteries guarding the entrance. As Manila had cable connection with Europe, it was well known that its people would be advised of the war, and probably keenly on the lookout for American men-of-war. This being the case, caution and prudence were necessary.

Waiting until midnight was near at hand, the vessels were again got under way, steaming slowly onward until the dark headlands of the harbor's mouth became visible as darker shadows in the gloom of night. The moon was in the sky, but gray clouds veiled it and darkness lay on the scene. On went the ships, all their lights out except a small electric light at the stern of each as a guide to the next in line. Like shadows they glided in, swiftly and silently. Not a sound came from the forts. The sentinels seemed fast asleep.

Suddenly, after some of the ships had passed the danger point, the forts waked up. A rocket shot high into the air, lighting up the surface of the bay. Then came a deep boom and a sheet of flame, and a shell whizzed out and plunged hissing into the sea beyond.

Some shots were fired back, but in a few minutes more all the ships were safely past the batteries and in Manila Bay. The first point of peril had been left behind.

Morning was at hand when, from the decks of the speeding ships, a distant group of lights were visible, like faint earth-stars. Manila lay low before them, and as dawn whitened in the sky there grew visible the gleam of white sails and the buildings of the city rising behind them. These were merchant vessels, not the warships of which they were in search; but Dewey knew where to find these, and they were soon visible, lying across the mouth of the little bay of Cavite, a few miles south of the city. Six days had passed since the order came from the opposite side of the earth, and already the hostile fleets lay face to face.

Let us stop here and review the situation. Dewey had under him seven fighting vessels, the "Olympia," his flagship; the "Baltimore," "Boston," "Raleigh," "Petrel," "Concord," and the revenue cutter "McCulloch," with a collier and a supply ship. The Spanish vessels were ten in number, the "Reina Christina," "Castilla," "Don Antonio de Ulloa," "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," "General Lezo," "Marquis de Duero," "Cano," "Velasco," and "Isla de Mindanao," with a transport. The Americans had the largest ships and the best guns, but they were in strange waters and the Spaniards were at home, which made a considerable difference in their favor. The ships were drawn up in a line across a narrow passage, with a fort at each end of the line. They had laid dynamite mines under the water; they knew all about soundings and distances, and if they had attended properly to their business would have known how to aim so as to

hit a mark at any distance within range. With all this to their advantage, they certainly seemed to have the best of the situation and it looked as if the daring Americans were about to attack an impregnable line.

Dewey was well aware of all this, but he did not let it influence his action. Like Farragut and Nelson, he took the offensive from the start, and concentrated his fire upon the strongest ships, one after another, with terrible effect, the fire of his gunners being notable for its terrific rapidity and wonderful accuracy of aim, while that of the Spaniards was notable only for the opposite qualities.

But we are in advance of our story, and must return to its details. The sight of the Spanish ships stirred up the American commodore as the sight of the goal near at hand gives spirit to a noble racer. No sooner were these ships discerned in the dawning day than the American squadron, the Stars and Stripes floating at every mast-head, rushed towards them, the "Olympia" in the lead, the other ships following in line.

As they swept before the city the great guns in its forts roared out defiance. Then, as Cavite was reached, its batteries and ships poured in their fire. Through all this the American ships swept grandly on, not firing a gun. On the bridge of the "Olympia" Dewey stood, exposed to the storm of Spanish shot and shell, like Farragut in the rigging at Mobile. He had selected a place where he could see, and peril was a secondary consideration. As the "Olympia" drove on two mines exploded in front of it. Had they been delayed a few seconds later the good ship would probably have been sunk like the "Tecumseh" at Mobile, but they had been fired too soon, and the flagship was

safe. We do not know if Dewey used the expressive words of Farragut at Mobile, but the "Olympia" did not swerve from her course. Torpedoes were mere passing incidents at that critical moment.

"Remember the 'Maine,'" roared an old sea-dog at this moment, and the shout went through the ship. Dewey was peering from his exposed post at the hostile line.

"You may fire when you are ready, Captain Gridley," he said, at length. Gridley was quite ready. In an instant a great eight-inch shell from the "Olympia" went screaming through the air. This was the signal that was anxiously awaited throughout the squadron. The fire of the "Baltimore" and "Boston" followed, and each ship took it up in succession as it came into position, pouring shot and shell on ships and forts. The fire came back, fast and furious, but there was a remarkable difference in accuracy of aim, the American missiles rarely failing to reach their mark, while hardly a single shot from the Spanish guns struck a ship. Not an American was killed or wounded, while the Spanish fell by scores. Bad gunnery by the Spanish crews made the conflict strikingly one-sided.

Getting out of range, the "Olympia" turned back, bringing her other battery into action and followed by the other ships, and six times in this way the Spanish line was passed and its ships torn by shot and shell, the roar of the fight continuing incessantly from its start.

This frightful punishment was more than the Spaniards could bear. Admiral Montojo, maddened by his losses, made a fierce dash out with his flagship, the "Reina Christina," proposing to cut the "Olympia" in two; but in an instant the whole of the American



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THE ANNIHILATION OF THE SPANISH FLEET IN THE HARBOR OF MANILA

fire was concentrated on this one ship, riddling it with a frightful storm of iron hail. Seeing that he would be sunk if he kept on, Montojo quickly turned to run back, but as he did so the ship was raked from stem to stern by an eight-inch shell, which did fearful damage, killing men by scores, blowing open the deck, exploding one of the boilers, setting the ship on fire. The brave Montojo fought on, but the white smoke of flames ascended from the hold and his ship seemed wounded beyond hope.

A second desperate effort was made by two torpedo boats, which came speeding out. They met with a similar reception. In an instant they were being riddled by rapid-fire guns, and in a few minutes one of them went to the bottom like a stone while the other turned and ran ashore.

Two hours of this dreadful work practically ended the fight. All of the Spanish ships had been riddled and three of them were in flames. Dewey thought he could safely give his men a rest and a breakfast, and see how affairs stood with him. The ships, therefore, steamed away. As it proved, almost no harm had come to them, the Spanish firing having been a frightful waste of shot and shell. Eight men had been slightly hurt by the explosion of a box of powder, but none by a Spanish shot.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the squadron returned. The Spanish flag was still defiantly flying, but most of the ships were in flames, and some had sunk. They began to fire again and for an hour more kept up the one-sided contest. By that time all their ships were blazing and not one of them was afloat. They lay on the bottom of the shallow bay, with their upper works above water. The battle was won.

The American people were wild with delight when the news of Dewey's signal victory reached them. Few of them had ever heard his name before, but now he was looked upon as a national hero. "Dewey on the bridge" was taken as a fine counterpart of "Farragut in the shrouds." Congress voted him thanks and a handsome sword, and had medals struck for distribution for every man on the ships. The rank of rear admiral was given him, and in 1899 he was commissioned admiral, a rank previously borne only by Farragut and Porter. It was felt that, however unevenly matched were the two fleets, Dewey had taken the most perilous chances in bearding the enemy in his lair and in risking all the perils of mines and torpedo boats in his gallant dash. The general verdict upon his achievement was voiced by an eminent naval critic, who said:

"This complete victory was the result of forethought, cool, well-balanced judgment, discipline, and bravery. It was a magnificent achievement, and Dewey will go down in history ranking with John Paul Jones and Lord Nelson as a naval hero."

Many at this day may look on this as an extravagant eulogy, thinking that, whatever Dewey was capable of doing, what he did was not worthy of such high praise. But that he took desperate chances and fought with the spirit of a naval hero none can doubt.

Dewey afterwards aided the army in the capture of Manila, and left for home in the "Olympia" in April, 1899, receiving an enthusiastic ovation in a number of cities after landing on his native shores.

Since his return Admiral Dewey has resided at Washington, where he has acted as a member of the

Philippines Commission, as president of the Schley-Sampson Board of Inquiry, and in other prominent capacities. For a number of years past he has officiated as senior member of the General Board of the Navy, and has several years of active duty awaiting him before the age of retirement and rest on his laurels will come.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON AND THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC"

THE three months' Spanish war was too brief to yield opportunity for many deeds of daring by flood or field. The only naval battle was that at Manila, and there the inefficiency of the Spanish gunners converted what might have been a desperate conflict into a one-sided work of slaughter. Dewey and his men boldly dared unknown perils, but the chances of war proved to be all on their side.

In West Indian waters the service narrowed itself into the siege and bombardment of several Spanish strongholds, followed by the scenic effect of the sinking of the Santiago squadron. But this was a chase, not a battle, a frightful pounding of the Spanish ships until they all went to the ocean bottom. Not for an instant had they the ghost of a chance, and all the affair demonstrated was the alertness of the American captains and crews, and the speed and power of the warships of the new American Navy. The only bit of actual daring displayed was that of Lieutenant Wainwright, late of the unfortunate "Maine." In his little armed yacht, the "Gloucester," he boldly faced the Spanish torpedo boats "Furor" and "Pluton," and poured on them such a hail of shot that they were both sunk. He also had the bold assurance to attack one of the Spanish cruisers as it came steaming out of the channel, and to bring his little craft under the fire of the Spanish batteries. The only actual fighting that day was done by the brave Wainwright.

But while this went on there lay as a prisoner in Santiago a young American who had done a deed of superb courage, one which at the time excited the enthusiastic plaudits of his fellow-citizens and is still ranked among the daring exploits of our naval heroes. It was of the type of those of Decatur in the burning of the "Philadelphia" and of Cushing in the sinking of the "Albemarle," and equally claims a place in these pages, despite the fact that the enterprise failed. Heroism should be measured by the boldness of the effort, not by the success of the exploit, and in this respect Richmond Hobson may claim to be put in the same rank with the two men named, the sinking of the "Merrimac" in Santiago harbor being one of those examples of signal valor in which men trust themselves in the very jaws of death.

Richmond Pearson Hobson was of Southern origin, being born at Greensborough, Alabama, August 17th, 1870. His grandfather had for many years been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina and his father had served in the Confederate army. Entering the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he graduated in 1889, and on July 1, 1891, was promoted assistant naval constructor. His active service began on the "Chicago," with the squadron of evolution in the Mediterranean, and in the expedition to Brazil to recognize the flag of the new Brazilian republic, after which he was sent for a three years' course of special study abroad. This was spent in Paris, where he received a diploma with distinction in naval construction and design.

Returning in 1893, he was engaged in various fields of shipbuilding work till 1897, when he organized and conducted a post-graduate course in constructive en-

gineering at the Naval Academy. During the Spanish war he was in Admiral Sampson's flagship, the "New York," at the bombardment of Matanzas and San Juan, and the subsequent siege of Santiago. It was during the latter that the exploit here under consideration took place.

In Santiago harbor lay a squadron of fine Spanish cruisers, the "Maria Teresa," Admiral Cervera's flagship; the "Viscaya," the "Oquendo," and the "Cristobal Colon," with the two torpedo boats already mentioned. Outside the harbor had gathered a great fleet of battleships, cruisers, monitors, gunboats, etc., far surpassing the Spanish ships in strength. The only hope of the latter was to steal out of the harbor under cover of night and make a dash for the open sea. Once out of the close cage in which they lay, they might do some serious damage to American interests before they were overtaken, and Admiral Sampson was concerned about this awkward possibility. How was it to be prevented? The only way that seemed available was to block up the narrow channel leading to the harbor by sinking a ship across its width, thus confining the Spaniards in the place of shelter they had sought. Young Hobson volunteered for this perilous task.

The project was one of extreme danger, as those attempting it would very likely be brought under the guns of the Spanish batteries and the ships in the harbor, with only the narrowest chance of escape. Admiral Sampson did not like to send any one on such a desperate enterprise, but Hobson insisted on going, and was at length permitted to try. He had no trouble in getting seven volunteers to take the risk with him. American jack-tars have never been backward in risking death in exploits of peril.

Let us tell this story without dealing with preliminary details, going forward to the night of June 3, 1898, in which it was accomplished. The night was a dark one. Somewhere in the sky was a moon, but heavy clouds blotted out its light. Midnight had passed and the morning hours were moving on, when a dark object left the side of the "New York" and glided silently away towards the harbor's mouth. It was an old steamship, the "Merrimac," which, converted into a collier, had brought a load of coal to the fleet. Six hundred tons of this coal still lay in her hold, for it was proposed to sink the "Merrimac" and do it quickly, and a sufficient weight was needed for this purpose.

The harbor of Santiago may be compared to a great, misshapen water-bottle, and the channel leading to it to the bottle's neck. The plan devised was to sink the "Merrimac" across this slender neck and thus cork up the ships in the bottle. The collier was to be taken in to the narrowest part of the channel, then anchored and made to swing across its width by aid of the rudder. In this position it would be sunk. For this purpose a row of torpedoes had been ranged along the inside shell of the ship, with electric wires arranged to set them off at the proper time. This done, all on board were to spring overboard, swim to the little boat that was towed astern, and row at all speed out of the harbor, where a young officer in a ship's cutter would pick them up. The scheme was well devised, but it was subject to a hundred contingencies and there was little hope of carrying it through without rousing the Spanish sentries and drawing the fire of the forts. In fact, the odds were ten to one that none of the daring eight would escape alive, and that the old ship would

not live through the storm of shot and shell which she was almost certain to call forth.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when the "Merrimac" entered the mouth of the channel. Here between the lofty headlands it was very dark. There was not a light on the ship and not a sound was heard. Had the Spaniards not been keenly on the alert all might have gone well. As it proved, they were not taking chances, but had a small picket boat moving about on the lookout for invasion of any sort.

This vigilance was the chief difficulty in the way of success. The men on the boat saw a black mass gliding in, like a deeper darkness in the dense gloom. What it was they knew not. It might be one of the American warships stealing into the harbor under cover of the night. At all events, it was a thing of questionable character, and they fired several shots at it, one of which hit and severed the rudder chain. It was this chance hit that turned the enterprise from a success into a failure.

The alarm shots roused the Spaniards in the forts, and in a trice dozens of them were at their stations. What was this thing of gloom, gliding ghostlike into the harbor? Was it an American battleship? Was all the fleet following it in? There was no time to lose in idle questions, and the guns of Morro Castle and of the batteries on the hillsides bounding the channel opened fire and poured a storm of bullets on the venturesome ship. Soon the Spanish cruisers in the harbor joined in, firing down the channel, and a frightful din succeeded the late silence. Nor was this all. As the "Merrimac" drove onward a dynamite mine exploded; but it went off behind her, and its only effect was to add to the din and fling a torrent of water into the air.



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LIEUTENANT HOBSON ON THE MERRIMAC

Fierce and furious was the cannonade, but the "Merrimac," hidden by the darkness and the smoke of the guns, went on unharmed. Keenly alert were Hobson and his men. Shot and shell screamed and whistled in the air around them, but they kept to their posts and pushed her steadily onward, regardless of the iron storm, until the narrow part of the channel was reached. Then the anchor was dropped and the engines reversed, Hobson setting the helm to swing her round. The ship failed to respond, and he now first learned that the rudder chain was cut and all steering power gone. That picket boat shot had spoiled the well-laid plan. The ship could not be swung cross-wise in the channel, and the best they could do was to sink her lengthwise, with the hope that this might close the passage.

Several men were below, one with a sledge to break open the sea-doors in the ship's bottom, another to keep the engine going till warned to flee. As these men appeared on deck Hobson touched the electric button. In an instant a dull roar came from below, and the ship wildly pitched and rolled. That touch had exploded a thousand pounds of powder and blown great jagged holes in the ship's sides, through which the water poured in a torrent. As she began to settle Hobson and his men sprang over the side into the water, the slower ones being hurled overboard by the shock. The next instant the "Merrimac" went down like a stone, and wild cheers of triumph arose from forts and ships. The Spanish gunners fancied that they had sunk an American battleship.

The bold adventurers swam for the boat in which lay their forlorn hope of escape. It was gone. A shot had carried it away. The eight men were left swim-

ming about with scarcely a chance of escape, for they felt sure that if they swam ashore they would be killed by the infuriated soldiers; yet if they stayed where they were speedy drowning seemed their lot.

They owed their lives to a fortunate chance. Just before leaving the "New York," an old catamaran—a kind of raft—had been thrown on the ship's deck, with the thought that it might be of service in such an emergency as this. It had been tied by a rope to the ship's deck, and now lay floating above the sunken vessel. By good luck the rope was a little short, pulling the side it was fastened to under the water, while the other side rose a little above. Hobson and his men got under the high side of the raft and held on to it by putting their fingers through the crevices. "All night long we stayed there with our noses and mouths barely out of the water," says Hobson.

Boats quickly put out from the shores, and the passage was closely searched; so quick indeed were they that the fugitives were barely under the float before one of them rowed close up. For the remainder of the night they kept moving about. To those under the float the water at first was warm, but it quickly seemed to grow cold and they felt their fingers aching and their teeth chattering. Luckily for them, none of the boatmen seemed to pay the least attention to the old catamaran which was bobbing about on the surface. Finally the situation grew so trying to the fugitives that one of them left his place and started to swim ashore. Hobson sternly called him back, and he obeyed, but the voice was heard and several boats rowed up, their inmates looking curiously about, but no one thinking of investigating the float.

It was fear of the soldiers that kept Hobson from

revealing himself, but after day-dawn, when a steam launch full of officers and marines came close up, he ventured on a hail, satisfied that some officer of rank was on board. His cry was heard with seeming consternation. The launch backed hastily off and the marines stood ready to fire. Only the voice of an officer kept them from firing when the fugitives suddenly appeared from under the float. Hobson swam towards the launch and called out in Spanish: "Is there an officer on board?" When an affirmative answer came he shouted again: "I have seven men to surrender." In a minute more he was seized and pulled on board the launch.

He was a sorry-looking object, having been at work in the engine room of the collier and being covered with oil, soot, and coal-dust. Admiral Cervera, who was on the launch, looked at him dubiously until he pointed to his officer's belt, which he had put on before sinking the "Merrimac." The admiral then said: "You are welcome." His treatment and that of his officers was courteous from that time on. In fact, the daring of the adventurers seemed to appeal to him strongly.

The prisoners were taken ashore and locked up in Morro Castle, but the admiral was considerate enough to send out an officer with a flag of truce to the fleet reporting their safety. In his letter to the admiral of the fleet Cervera expressed admiration of their courage and promised that they should be well treated. He kept his word throughout, though they were more severely dealt with when they fell into the hands of General Linares, in command at Santiago. Their captivity continued about five weeks, when Hobson was exchanged for a Spanish lieutenant, and his seven

brave followers for fourteen privates. They received a most enthusiastic welcome on their return to the ship, Admiral Sampson embracing Hobson in the warmth of his greeting, while the crew fairly swallowed up their returned comrades in their delirious delight.

Before this happened the gallant Cervera was himself a captive, and his ships were destroyed. The "Merrimac" had only partly closed the channel, a passage being left open beside it, and on the morning of July 3d the squadron came out and sought to escape by flight, with the result that the ships were followed and sunk. But the admiral was looked upon as a guest rather than a captive, for the American people could not forget his generous treatment of Hobson and his men, and felt like lionizing their involuntary visitor.

Hobson was thanked by Congress for his feat and promoted to the grade of naval constructor, a rank equivalent to that of lieutenant.

His reception by the people was ultra-enthusiastic, his action being regarded as a deed of the highest heroism. Later on he was charged with the inspection of the Spanish wrecks and the operations to save them, the "Maria Theresa" being lifted. In the following year he was sent to Hongkong to oversee the repair of three Spanish ships raised at Manila.

Hobson resigned from the navy in 1903, and afterwards ran as a candidate for Congress. He especially became an active advocate of a powerful navy, making hundreds of speeches in all parts of the country in favor of this and doing his utmost in advocacy of making the United States the greatest sea power in the world.

THE END

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