

On A Man-of-War.

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SERIES OF NAVAL SKETCHES,

BY

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Savez Read was the pirate of the Taconey that cut the Caleb Cushing out of Portland, and afterward ran the C. H. Webb down the Mississippi. Read was leader of the second section in French, and when marching to recitation used to look back and say,

“Catch pied, now you fellows,”

for catch step, and as he always said,

“Savez ?”

for “do you understand ?” they always called him Savez Read.

You remember how ten fellows were dismissed for tarring and feathering Foote, of my class, and the midshipman had a court of inquiry to find out exactly who did it ?

Tom Fister, of Berks County, Penn; he seceded during the war, had been bragging of how much he had done, until he found that they were to be punished for it when he became as innocent as a dove.

Savez Read was president of the court, and he cross-examined Tom somewhat as follows:

“You didn’t hang out of your window for two hours with a d—d big rope with a running noose in it to catch Foote when he came by ?”

“No, sir.”

“You didn’t run round the rear of building No. 3 with a pail of tar crying, ‘Come on fellows, we’ve got him,’ did you?”

“No, sir, I was only running down to the gas house to see what they was going to do with him.”

The evidence being too strong, Tom was convicted and all ten were dismissed. They went up to Washington, however, and after being the lions for a week, were re-instated in their own class.

You know Jug M—— committed suicide out in China. Zimmerman was blown up in the Westfield off Galveston.

Charley Swasey was killed on board the Scioto, and there is only half a dozen left out of a class that had altogether 116 in it. Well, twenty-two years make great changes, and, my boy, we are getting along in years though we don’t realize it.

Old Don Roget, he was professor of Spanish; when we came to the sentence in Ollendorf,

“Have I the horse that you have?”

each class, every year, used to insist on an explanation, resulting somewhat as follows:

“One ting cannot be in two places at the same time, except it be a bird that can fly very quick; two tings cannot be in the same place at the same time, unless there be room for both of dose tings; two per-

sons cannot sit in the same chair, at the same time, unless de chair be wide enough for both of dose persons; true, one might sit in de oder's lap, but dat is not it."

"You will now proceed after de explanation."

He hated musk, and the midshipmen used to go up with high standing collars, all scented with musk, and he would have to dismiss the class and air the room.

One day "Savez" Read carried up a Lubin bottle filled with sulphuretted hydrogen, and while vainly trying to get the glass stopper out, he dropped it on the floor and it rolled to the middle of the room; of course everybody laughed. Don said,

"Mr. Read, I will report you for making a laugh."

"I didn't make a laugh."

"You dropped dat bottle."

"Yes, but I didn't go to do it."

"Did you drop dat bottle to make a laugh or did you not?"

"I did not."

"Very well, I will report somebody. Mr. Hoag I'll report you because you laughed *first*, and Mr. Schley, I'll report you because you laughed *loudest*; I am never tired of making reports,"

and he *did*. Pinkey Hoag turned even pinker with restrained laughter, but got six demerits just the

same. He told Ned Furber that those French poodles would be Creoles if born in the United States.

I never shall forget Mug Foster; they called him Mug because he always had a sore lip. He was at the academy eighteen months, and he always had a boil on his upper lip that swelled his face up and made him unhappy. He roomed with Adj. Wharton when a fourth class man. Wharton got his name from Foster's telling how he used to make him march up and down the room while he gave the orders as he would if he were adjutant,

“Fust captains to the front and centah — mawch,”

“Front,”

“Repawt,”

“Posts,”

“Mawch.”

The best of the joke was, that Wharton was both adjutant and subadjutant of first and second class, being a very smart fellow, and would have been a credit to the service if he had not chosen to go south with his state. Sardine Graham, S., was a smart fellow too, and stood two in the class. Old Sardine is a clerk of court in Alabama, I think, with seven children all the same size.

Do you remember how old John W—— used to sneak round in rubbers to catch us visiting or smoking? and how old Billy M—— skipped upstairs like

any midshipman, and then came down, scooping 'em all very much, like any officer in charge?

They used to say that John Taylor Wood would come into a building and tap on the steam pipes, to indicate an officer coming, and then wait for a few minutes so as to give them all a chance to be ready for inspection. I think that we were better behaved for being treated decently, don't you?

Those bugle calls to recitation and study hours, I can whistle them as readily as I could twenty years ago. You remember how some of our class spiked the morning gun so that they couldn't fire it for reveille.

Count Segur was professor of fencing and drawing while we were fourth class,

“Get on, young gentlemen, get on.”

I used to get him talking and he would tell stories and draw almost all of my picture. What stories he used to tell, and how he used to exaggerate them:

“Young gentlemen, one day I was riding on a mule on the Isthmus of Panama, and had stood up in order to make a sketch; I suddenly caught a view of both oceans, a thing never before seen, I was sketching rapidly when my mule started, and I was suspended by my eyelids over a frightful precipice; I never lost my presence of mind, however, and completed my sketch before I came down. Get on.”