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PRINCE AND
BOATSWAIN

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Author of "The Recollections of
a Rebel Reeper".

(Houghton Mifflin Co)

PRINCE AND BOATSWAIN

Sea tales from the recollection of

Rear-Admiral Charles E. Clark

as related to

JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

and

JOHN PHILIP MARQUAND

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INTRODUCTION

ONTARIO APARTMENTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 5, 1914.

Dear Jimmy:

What genuine pleasure the sketches you published, and those you intend to, have given me, but I want to put in my oar about the latter, feeling that I have the right in memory of the days "befor de wah" when we were midshipmen on board *Old Ironsides*. What a dear little rebel you were at fourteen, too small to tackle me, or for me to thrash fairly, so we used to quarrel and make up, with the shadow of the cruel war impending, about whether Fort Sumter could be taken, or whether the crack New York Seventh regiment would start out to put down the rebels or the Yankees, and as to whether the "Plug Uglies" would stop any abolitionists who might want to go through Baltimore to invade the South.

When I tell you that Admiral Farragut once ran me out of his cabin; that Prince Pierre d'Orleans bribed me, and that the only "P. J." lied to me (he was the boatswain when I was the executive of the old *Hartford*), that Cushing was my guest, and that Jones, who followed him as courageously and more intelligently than Porthos did d'Artignan, was my shipmate; you may

June 16 2 1914
J. M. Morgan

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allow that I have had some experiences to tell of as well as yourself. One of my auditors long ago was little Margaret Fuller, not the gifted Margaret, Marchioness d'Ossoli, but her niece and namesake. Now her son, John P. Marquand, has been taking down some of my yarns and I hope taking off some of the rough edges at the same time. Now it seems to me you and he could combine or collaborate and get out an interesting volume. You served with "Savez" Read, and fought in several battles with him, so you could write him up from personal knowledge. He would make a good running mate in print for Cushing, for while not so fortunate as the latter, Read was as wonderfully daring.

Shall I write to Marquand and have you get together?

Always your attached friend,

C. E. CLARK.

The foregoing letter is responsible for the publication of this little volume of sketches of naval heroes we personally knew, and sea stories we heard in our youth, especially the nautical fables of that inimitable spinner of yarns, "Boatswain P. J. Miller," whose ability as a seaman was only equaled by his wild exaggerations. Rear Admiral Clark, Commander of the *Oregon*, and I entered the U. S. Naval Academy at the same time in 1860. The class was at once placed on board of the *Old Ironsides* where its members received their first nautical training; afterwards it was known as the

“Brood of the Constitution.” They were rushed through the school in three years, and those who staid by the flag were graduated in time to participate in the naval battle of Mobile Bay, and the attack on Fort Fisher. They became Lieutenant Commanders before many of them could raise mustaches. In the Spanish War the four biggest fighting ships of Sampson’s fleet at Santiago were commanded by members of this class, and three others of the “brood” commanded ships under Dewey at Manila, while others rendered distinguished services in other engagements. Those of the class who cast their lot with the South at the outbreak of the Civil War served the “lost cause” faithfully until the end, and several of them were promoted for gallantry in action.

In every war many gallant, daring and reckless deeds are performed by men in the subaltern grades, but generally they are known only to their comrades, and are soon forgotten. Statues and monuments are restricted to Admirals and commanding officers, and it was for the purpose of keeping fresh the memory of the brave acts of some of the juniors that these sketches were written.

Monuments commemorating naval victories are rare, and statues of naval heroes are still more scarce. This probably is owing to the fact that sailors spend so much of their lives on the high seas that they lose touch with their home people, and as the years go by all local interest in them vanishes. This is particularly

true of the South which to-day boasts of possessing more monuments to the memory of its dead soldiers than any other land on the face of the globe, but who ever saw a monument to its naval heroes? Yet if the object of war is to do damage to one's antagonist, the navy of the South did far more harm than its army, and the navy of the Union by cutting the Confederacy in two and sealing up its ports, was the real cause of the collapse of the South. Then, as we have no monuments for the young heroes, either north or south, let us perpetuate in print reminiscences of the gallant feats of our comrades for the satisfaction it affords ourselves.

JAMES MORRIS MORGAN.

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PRINCE ALFRED, R. N., AND P. J. MILLER,
U. S. N.

JOHN PHILIP MARQUAND

ON sea or on land there was no one more commonly talked of in the naval service than old Boatswain P. J. Miller. There are still some among the older officers who remember him, and there are few who have not heard about him in the mess rooms, an old, gray-headed man with bright, piercing eyes, and a long and rather solemn looking face.

In the old days, when the first night watch was called at eight bells, old "P. J." would gradually edge his way after to where the officers off duty would be having a smoke in the weather gangway. He had no particular business there save a longing to gratify the one desire which always got the best of him, a craving to engage the line officers in conversation. He had no use for anyone who was not a sailor. A moment's lull, even the briefest pause in the talk, and there would be the Boatswain ready to take the floor, and hold it too, for the rest of the evening. Then he would pour out the wondrous stories of his adventures, increasing in their startling and impossible qualities in direct proportion to the rank of the listening officer. For "P. J.'s" mind resembled a highly polished, yet distorted mirror, where little things became highly colored and magnified to a degree which sometimes caused his listeners' minds to stagger with incredulity. Each mole hill was a mountain, for him, and every mountain reached beyond the limits of infinity far into the realms of the fourth dimension. No matter how trivial the incident, it always

contained possibilities upon which "P. J." could enlarge to his own satisfaction, and the amazement of his auditors. If he had remained in one place all his life, doubtless his adventures would have become famous, for the mind of the true artistic sailor *raconteur* soars contemptuously over naked uninteresting facts. "P. J.'s" life was filled with varied experiences. He had visited nearly every land during his long sea service. No nook or corner was strange country to him, and there were few famous persons he had not seen, and those he had not met he imagined that he knew personally, in fact, intimately. So taking this as a basis upon which to build the fabrics of his imagination, it is no wonder that "P. J.'s" yarns have come to be regarded as little classics in the service and are worthy to be handed down to future generations of officers.

It should always be remembered that outside of his specialty, yarn spinning, Boatswain Miller could be depended on in the serious work of life as an absolutely truthful man, and in his calling as a practical seaman he had no superior.

One night he drifted aft bent upon engaging the officer of the watch in conversation, and this was the way he opened the "seance": "Flyin' fish you was a speaking of. I see one of 'em in a race for his life with a dolphin when he was becalmed in the horse latitudes in the old St. Mary's. Round and round the ship they went, everybody a watchin', and that flyin' fish's skips was gettin' shorter an' shorter. All at once when he was little forward of our port beam he took a big fly right across the ship between the fore and main riggin' and we all lined up and give him three cheers as he went over. But say, that dolphin had duve under the ship and when the flyin' fish came down he

landed square in his mouth. Yes, them dolphins like to play under the bow of a ship same as porpoises right in the foam and smother; probably they think it's a big whale they can beat and keep crossin' his bows just to show off, but you know they weren't doin' that much with the old Brandywine Frigate, Flyin' Brandywine you know she was called, when she had everything pullin' alow and aloft. We was a tearin' along once, royals in, but the topmost stunsail holdin' on, when down came a big porpoise from to windward and made for our bows, but not gettin' there, not much; he came to about by the starboard cathead, and then we had it, first Brandywine and then porpoise, then porpoise, and then Brandywine. The First Lieutenant he came forward—no, I'm a liar, it was the Captain—(Mr. Miller had an idea that by saying that's a lie, candid persons would accept the rest as the truth). Sez he to me, 'Mr. Miller,' sez he, 'I'll beat that porpoise if I take every stick out of her; what she can't carry she can drag,' and we just cracked it on all night. The next morning when I turned out and went on deck there was that porpoise right off the cathead and holdin' right on, but I'm a liar if there wasn't a chunk of sweat on the end of his nose bigger'n your fist."

The surgeon on board the flagship *Hartford* on the Asiatic station happening to show a tiny bottle of ottar of rose to his messmate, Mr. Miller, who was standing off and on, boarded in the smoke. "Ottar of Roses is it, Doctor? Constantinople is the place for that. When I was aboard the *Franklin* with Admiral Farragut up the Mediterranean we had left the Dardnelles and was a runnin' down through the Arkepelago with Sicily to starboard and Cyprus to port, more'n a thousand miles apart them two, so what that old galley

proper Ulysses and the rest of them ancient Greasers meant about how if you bore off of Sicily you'd fall foul of Cyprus is what I can't make out. Well, Mrs. Farragut, you know she was along with us that cruise, she luffed up alongside of me and sez she, 'Mr. Miller, sir,' sez she, 'did you get any of that there Ottar of Roses when we was up in Constantinople?' 'Mrs. Farragut,' sez I, pullin' off my cap, 'Mrs. Farragut, I clean forgot all about it.' 'Well,' sez she, 'Mrs. Miller must not suffer because of your neglect. Go down and get a bottle.' So I went down to the steerage and washed out a quart beer bottle and Mrs. Farragut she fished out a demijohn of Ottar of Roses what she had under the bunk and got a funnel and we filled her up chock a block, never spilled a drop, but the Aurora was that thick you could lean up against it."

A lieutenant who was listening longed for more; and he knew how to get it too.

"Why, you old bloward," he said, "I don't believe you were on board the *Franklin* with Admiral Farragut."

"Wasn't aboard the *Franklin* with Admiral Farragut?" indignantly shouted "P. J." "Where could you have been that you didn't hear about it? You know there are a lot of young officers hanging around the Bureau of Navigation in Washington who are prejudged agin me because they never had a chance to be taught any seamanship by me when they was at Annapolis as I was not on duty there when they was learning the difference between a granny and a square knot, and it ain't my fault now if they don't know a swab from a squilgee. They are just jealous of the sailor officers I turned out—like you. 'Didn't go in the *Franklin* with Admiral Farragut?' Ha! Ha! I'll tell you the joke

on them about that. The Admiral he goes into the Bureau of Navigation and sez to the Chief, sez he: 'Who am I going to have with me aboard my flagship?' And the Chief sez, sez he: 'A fine lot of officers, sir, all of the highest rank in their grades, sir.' Sez the Admiral: 'Let me see that list.' And the Chief puts it before him and he runs his finger down it and all he sez is, 'Hum, hum, hum' until he comes to the name of that lubber Brown who them fellers had put down for Boatswain instead of me; and then the Admiral's eyes flashes fire, and he sez to the Chief, sez he: 'If "P. J." Miller don't go as Boatswain of that ar ship, David G. Farragut don't go as Admiral!' All that yarn about his shouting for a blue pencil when he came to my name and his saying: 'If "P. J." goes as Boatswain of that ar ship, David G. Farragut don't go as Admiral. There can't be two Admirals in my fleet!' is a wholesale, made-up lie!

"'Didn't go in the *Franklin*,' didn't I? Why, sir, it is the solemn truth, long as I followed the sea both in the navy and the merchant service, I hadn't ever seed it blow 'til one day in the Baltic. Of course you think you have seed it blow but you haven't. It blew so hard that day that it took the oakum out of the seams of her spar deck, and blew the tar out of her weather rigging! Why, sir, the main topsail yard of the *Franklin* stood seventy feet above her water line, and you can put me down for a liar if she didn't push the lee-yardarm ten feet into the sea every lu'ard roll she made! Mrs. Farragut, she come on deck. You can always trust a lady's instinct to pick out the ablest seaman in any clump of men when danger is around. Mrs. Farragut walks right up to me without looking at any of the rest, and sez she to me, sez she: 'Mr. Miller, it is blowing and I am frightened.' Now I hated to lie

to a lady, but what would you have done in my place? Blast my tarry toplights and t'gallant eyebrows if I didn't look her square in the eyes, and say: 'No, Madam; it is only a cap full of wind and will soon be over; you had better go below;' and she sez, 'I'll do it, Mr. Miller, for I feel safe as long as you ar on deck.' And goldurn my lying tongue if I had ever seen it blow before, myself.

"Ain't many of you officers know how friendly the Admiral and me was when we was off duty and no one was around. We had made many cruises together, and each knew what a sailor the other feller was, and we had a respect for each other, if we did call each other by our first names when we was alone. The Admiral, he come on deck after his wife went below. He took a turn on the quarterdeck, and then he comes over to where I was holding on to a belaying pin, and he sez to me, just natural like: 'P. J., it's blowing.' And I sez: 'Dave, what the devil is the use of trying to fool such a sailor as you ar? You know durned well it's blowing.' Then he takes two or three more turns on the deck and comes back to me looking worried, and sez, quite confidential like: 'P. J., I wouldn't acknowledge it to any other man aboard this here ship, but I never seed it blow before!' I stuck out my fin and sez: 'Dave, put it thar. I never did either,' and we shook hands on it. He walked away looking somewhat anxious, and then he comes back, and sez: 'P. J., I've got thirteen leftenants, all edicated at Annapolis, aboard this here ship, and you can put me down for a liar if you are not the only man in her I feel safe in trusting the deck to in this kind of weather.' 'Put it thar agin, Dave,' sez I, and we shook once more, and then he sez, sez he: 'Thar is no use for two such sailors

as David G. Farragut and P. J. Miller being on deck at the same time. I am going below, and if you want me call me.' I sez: 'That's all right, Dave. You go below and get some rest, for if she ain't humored it's going to jump the sticks out of her if she is scudding only under bare poles.' Dave, he went below with a grin of satisfaction on his mug because he knowed I was going to stay right thar to advise those 'pink tea' leftenants as to what was best to do to ease her. Now that was at about two bells in the forenoon watch on a Monday morning, and you can put me down for a liar if I ever left that ar deck until eight bells on the following Saturday afternoon. How is that for a long watch?"

Mr. Miller's admiration for persons of rank was best shown in his constant recurrence to the friendship existing or imagined to exist between Prince Alfred, Queen Victoria's second son, lately created Duke of Edinburgh and promoted to the rank of Captain in the Navy, and himself.

"Do you know where I first met the Prince?" he would say. "I was in one of the Palace gardens in Alexandria, Egypt, when he was a little squirt of a midshipman and was playin' with a young Keedive. They had changed caps. Alfred had on the red fez and the little Keedive was struttin' round in Alfred's uniform cap. Then Alfred proposed swappin' jackets, but the young Keedive was a little suspicious, for his jacket had diamond buttons, so sez he,—pointin', 'Is them buttons of yours gold?' 'No, sir,' sez Alfred, gettin' his back up, 'they ain't gold, not any, but they is the button of the Ryal Navy and I wouldn't swap 'em for all the diamonds in Egypt.' 'Right you are,' sez I, slappin' him between the shoulders, so he spun half around.

'Put it thar,' sez I, holdin' out my hand, and you bet we've been the fastest of friends ever since.

"Why, do you know if I should meet Prince Alfred he would put out his hand and say, 'Put it thar, P. J., put it right thar. Come off to supper, knife and fork always laid for you, P. J.' When the big review came off at Spithead the Prince sez he to me, 'P. J., you come off to my ship, I shall stay aboard. If I went off to the yacht the Queen she'd say, "my son, your place to-day is on board your own ship."' They was drawn up in two lines, ironclads in one and line of battleships and steam frigates in the other, yards manned and flags and streamers flyin'. The Queen she come along in the Ryal yacht and just as she was passin' one of them tall masted frigates a boy on one of the t'gallant yards lost his grip on the life line and came tumblin' down end over end, splash into the water; but afore he had time to go under far, one of them sub-leftenants standin' in the gangway leaped overboard, grabbed and held on to him 'till a boat was lowered and picked 'em up. She started to pull back when an order came from the Ryal yacht for to come alongside. Well, that there youngster had to climb aboard drippin' like a wet swab and march up afore the Queen with her side boys, all dukes and earls, you bet, and she a wearin' that big Coroner diamon. They used to sit on it in Scotland when they was crowned and so they called it the Coroner stone. The Queen she shoved her hand down into her reticule and pulled out a Bath Medal or ribbon and pinned it on to that young water-soaked life saver's breast.

"Well, sir, when he backed off—you know you have to go astern when leavin' royalty—you bet the water that was running' down his face wasn't all from his hair,

for he knowed every man Jack in the fleet, from the Admiral down, was a envyin' of him.

"The next year we was layin' at Cherbourg and heard there was to be another review, so we up killick and over we goes to Spithead. They was drawn up just as before and me on board the Prince's ship again. The yacht had just poked her nose in between the two lines when down came a boy from aloft and overboard went an officer.

"The Queen ordered for to stop her, but she was goin' a good lick and just as she came alongside another square rigger down came another boy and overboard went another feller in full uniform. The yacht had about brought up by this time, but drifted along to the third ship and down came another boy and a life saver after him. Well, the Queen she see right off what was up, or else she didn't have Bath ribbons and medals enough to go round, so she sung out fer to go ahead.

"The Prince was just splittin' his sides with laughter. Sez he: 'P. J., there'll be more of it, P. J. Them subs, you see they can't sing out to the boys not to drop, and the boys all they're thinking of is the ten pounds they've been promised, so down they'll keep coming.' 'Well,' sez I, 'how 'bout the Queen's feelings?' 'Oh,' sez he, 'she's worried 'bout them boys coming down so far, and some mad too, or pretends to be, just for show, but really she's just sorry for them subs, knowin' what they ar aken for.'

"The Prince knew what he was talkin' about. Every time the yacht went by a ship a rescue exhibition was pulled off just to the Queen's taste. Well, not that exactly, I must tell the exact truth, as I always do. Not to her taste of course, because she didn't like such things going on. Well, they just kept it up. Mark

me down for a liar if they wern't splattering water the whole length of the line and the Queen never got a more regular salute."

Great was the excitement of that fateful day when the *Galatea*, with the Duke of Edinburgh on board, entered the harbor and anchored near the American flagship. The midshipmen swarmed about the old boatswain, cheering and congratulating him. "He's come! Your friend is here!" they cried. "Must have run in on purpose to see his old chum P. J. Knife and fork always laid for you now."

The visits of ceremony were exchanged and the next day the Prince came on board in his capacity as a Captain to call on the American Admiral. The Captain and officers were on the quarterdeck, the guard of Marines was paraded on the opposite side, and the crew stood at attention forward. Mr. Miller was at his post of duty in the starboard gangway with set lips, ignoring as best he could the hectoring jeers of the midshipmen, who missed no opportunity to dodge forward in the port gangway and sing out, "He's comin', your friend's almost alongside, don't forget to put out your hand when he tells you to put it thar." Amidst the whistling of the pipes and roll of drums the Prince stepped on board. He greeted the Captain and officers, acknowledged the salute of the guard and then gave a quick and seaman-like glance forward. All at once his eye fell upon the boatswain and with a surprised and gratified look he exclaimed, "Well by Jove, if you haven't got my old friend P. J. Miller on board." Then striding forward, "Well, P. J., old P. J., put it there, put it just there. Come off to see me. Knife and fork always laid for you, P. J. Don't you forget that."

History has recorded no defeat more complete. The officers stared in blank astonishment and the rout of the midshipmen was seemingly irretrievable. Even the victor seemed overcome by the magnitude of his success, and when the Prince and Captain walked swiftly aft to the Admiral's cabin he retired to his quarters. Afterwards, when the ship and battery were inspected and the Prince, in passing, greeted him heartily and the Captain gave him a meaning glance, he only returned a lack-luster stare. Suffice it to say, as the days went by, a reaction set in, many became skeptical, and while the Captain maintained a discreet silence, there were those who recalled the fact that he and the Prince had served on the same station several years before and that there had been an opportunity for them to communicate on the preceding evening.

But enough had occurred to justify P. J., who had been effusively greeted by the Prince, in absorbing later the whole Royal family, and the next cruise he could be heard telling expectant listeners about his first meeting with Her Majesty Queen Victoria. "When I first see the Queen it was at Portsmouth and she had just come down from London to run over to Cowes and was a standin' on the wharf. Some one must have pinte me out, fer I was called, and marched over to her, hat in hand. Sez she to me, 'Mr. Miller,' sez she, 'air you the Mr. Miller my son Alfred has so often spoken to me about? Mr. Miller,' sez she, 'I am delighted to meet you, I am really overjoyed.' 'Mrs. Guelf,' sez I, a makin' of her my best bow, 'Mrs. Guelf, I thank you.'"

CUSHING

JOHN PHILIP MARQUAND

OF all the heroic figures the Civil War produced none stands out more strongly than that of Commander William Buckingham Cushing. His adventures, it has been said, have spoiled romance, and one may truly assert that no character, even in the most vivid pages of fiction, can compare with Cushing in courage, recklessness, or determination. Though his exploits defied the extremes of audacity, and though it often seemed that he was walking toward certain destruction, there is evidence of clear thought and cool judgment in all of his plans. Always quick to act, always using all his strength in the right direction, and never hesitating for an instant to face the gravest odds, Cushing surmounted every obstacle and broke through every barrier that stood in this way. It was said that his luck never deserted him, but his luck was always backed by the dauntless spirit of a true adventurer, and when we read of the awe in which he was held by the Confederates, we see how it is possible for a real individual to actually surpass the reputation of the guardsmen of Dumas.

Cushing was born in Wisconsin, but the family came from eastern Massachusetts, so that it was the land of the Puritan that really gave to America the three Cushing brothers, who will always be remembered as a trio of incomparable heroes. Howard was killed while fighting the Apaches, and was always spoken of with admiration by his uncivilized enemies. Alonzo, a young artillery officer, died where the monument

marks at Gettysburg the so-called "high water mark of the rebellion." Desperately wounded with five of his six guns dismantled or disabled he fired the last one with the Confederates at the muzzle and went down as they rushed over the wreck of his battery. The surgeon who attended him said later that one if not two of the wounds that the officer received before the charge came were in all probability mortal.

Cushing entered the naval academy at the age of fourteen. Though he was dropped three years later, he was almost immediately restored to the regular service, when he enlisted as a volunteer. At nineteen he commanded a small steamer that was destroyed in one of the entrances to Pamlico Sound, but instead of surrendering, he captured and brought off a vessel of the enemy. One of his exploits at Suffolk, Virginia, caused President Lincoln to ask whenever Cushing came to Washington that he give a personal account of what he had been doing. The famous destruction of the *Albemarle* was accomplished when Cushing was twenty-one, and this not only gave us control of the Carolina Sounds but released a squadron of the Union fleet for employment elsewhere. Before Cushing got inside the boom which lay in front of the *Albemarle* his little launch was fired upon both by the ship and by the troops on shore. Cushing backed the launch and returned, driving her on or over the boom where she was torn to pieces by one of the broadside guns. Before she foundered, however, Cushing with his own hands placed the torpedo and pulled the lanyard which brought the *Albemarle* to destruction. Of all the volunteers who went in the launch, Cushing alone escaped death or capture and was picked up in the Sound the next day by the *Valley City*. The incident of the *Albemarle*

has been fully dealt with in all the official reports of the war, but a new light has been thrown on Cushing's adventures by Acting Ensign Jones,* who was with Cushing and Master's Mate Howth on several occasions, and who has told most vividly his own personal experiences and impressions.

Cushing's love for excitement generally impelled him to go into the enemy's country. Once there, he was ready to take instant advantage of any opportunity which might help him towards the object he had in view. He sized up every situation in a second, and often threw his life in the balance, but his calculations never failed. There was something serenely confident about him, and the dynamic force of will that he held in reserve made him the master of every crisis. Men obeyed him instantly, for not his example alone, but his very presence commanded immediate respect. In the rather rough and fragmentary memoirs of Ensign Jones, we see Cushing as he appeared to his followers a daredevil charging into the midst of the enemy's lines, a captain willing to run his ship into the mouths of the Confederate guns to save his comrades. One of Jones' land adventures with Cushing is quoted below:

"After running the *Montello*," he writes, "in as far as possible and avoiding the chance of discovery from the forts at the entrance of the Cape Fear river, the men, all volunteers, amounting I think to about eighteen, and Cushing, Howth, and I got in the boats, shoved off, and pulled in shore. We entered the river safely, and, after a five or six mile pull up stream, ran

* Acting Ensign Joseph E. Jones last served on board the *Vandalia* in 1868. Another Joseph E. Jones was transferred to the regular service and reached the grade of lieutenant commander.

to the east bank where we landed, hauled the boats up in the bushes, posted sentries and told the men to go to sleep. Early in the morning we explored a little and found we were near the road that evidently led from Fort Fisher up to Wilmington. So we stationed a lookout there and went back to our camp. While coming up, Cushing had satisfied himself that the *Raleigh*, and perhaps another ram or ironclad we were anxious about in the fleet, were either myths or under water. No doubt that was the main object of the expedition, but Cushing always wanted to be inside the enemy's lines, often saying: 'Go where they have no idea of your going and then you are all right.' After breakfast I got restless and went up where the sentry was posted near the road. As he told me he was thirsty I let him go down for a drink while I kept a lookout. Suddenly my ear caught a sound to the southward and then I distinctly heard the tread of a horse. There was a large tree close to the road and I jumped behind it. I saw just enough to convince me that the rider was a soldier and that he was riding carelessly with no thought of an enemy. You bet your dear life I was thankful I was a thin chap and I kept edging around the tree so as to be just opposite all the time. When I felt sure he was (or his horse's head was) about up with the tree I jumped out, grabbed the bridle and stuck my revolver up under his nose. It didn't take him a second to size up the situation and come down handsomely. I marched him and led the horse down to Cushing who was delighted, seeing he had the mail from the fort. We took anything that looked official and turned the rest over to the men, as there might be something of importance in the private letters. I remember the racket they made (or wanted to make, for of course we had to keep reason-

ably quiet) over a promotion some corn cracker had been given to corporal. Pretty soon the dazed prisoner made some remark about the 'other' and Cushing cut in 'Oh, there is another. Now, Jones, you look out here and I'll bag him.' We sat there reading the mail when there came an outcry, a shot, and Cushing crashed down through the bushes and shouted, 'Give me that fellow's horse! I jumped out too quick and the chap turned and when I fired I missed him, worse luck!' Before I could remonstrate or have a word to say, Cushing was on that horse's back and tearing for the road. I chased him, but got only another sight of him as he went skurrying up the highway and then disappeared. I went back to Howth and tried to work it out, but as the minutes, and finally an hour, went by, it became too much for me. I never hated and loved that daredevil as much as I did that miserable hour, and you bet my heart jumped when I saw him riding back down the road. When he came I could not help breaking out: 'Now, captain, was that the right thing for you or for the rest of us, to go riding round the enemy's country in uniform?' But he just laughed. 'No, Jones,' he said, 'there wasn't so much danger to me personally, everybody was taking to the woods when I went whooping past after that man of mail, probably taking me for the advance agent of a cavalry raid, and I knew you would get out to-night all right if they didn't smoke you out before dark. As it stands with that fellow loose, word will get down to the fort and they will be buzzing about our ears first thing we know.' Indeed the sun, that never moved so slowly, was well up in the sky when one of the lookouts reported a boat coming up the river. We soon made out that she was manned by soldiers, and heavy weather they were making of it.

The way they were staring at everything along the shore made us sure they wanted somebody—and we knew who. Well, we lay low, I tell you, clutching our rifles, with our candidates all picked out, if the order came to fire; but they kept crabbing it along and, as the tide was running up, I began to breathe a little more freely, thinking they would go past, when all of a sudden Cushing jumped down to the beach and yelled out, 'Hard a-port and pull in here or I'll blow the last one of you out of the water. Keep those rifles straight up. Mind that.' When they came in and landed, their arms were thrown into the river and they were escorted to a little cleared place, seated in a circle and the guards were told in their hearing to blow the brains out of anyone who ventured to move. 'You see,' said Cushing, 'after they had gone a little further they would have turned back and begun to beat the bush; then when the others come along they would have roused us out.' Sure enough another boat was made out lumbering along like the first. We scooped her in the same way, then another. The net was getting pretty full and one or two of the officers seeing how small a force had taken them in began to take on and bluster a bit, but Cushing said: 'There, that will do, it is a little tough, but you see you had no option and had to come down, so try and be reconciled and anyhow you have got to keep still. No more talk. Talking will be dealt with hereafter same as moving.' When the welcome darkness came, we broke their oars, marched them into their boats and set them adrift. Then our boats were run down and we shoved off giving them cheer, or a jeer, in answer to their salutations, and made for the river's mouth. The moon came up and one time I thought we were in for it as we saw several boats, one of them under sail, but by good

management and hard pulling we got through and reached the ship in the mid watch.—Perhaps a better example of Cushing's reckless courage is seen in the rescue of part of his crew from below the ramparts of Fort Fisher.

“I had a far worse scare than that one morning,” Jones continued. “I had parted company some way with the captain and tried to come out the New Inlet. The men were played out; light began to show in the east and finally I made out the ramparts of Fort Fisher seemingly right over us and I almost thought I could see and hear the sentries. Even the suggestion of Libby Prison failed to get more than a momentary start, and blank despair settled down upon all hands. Then with almost a sob the coxswain shouted, ‘We are saved, there is the *Monticello!*’—and there she was, sure enough, backing right in, and we knew Cushing was on board and would pick us up or lose his ship. Just as I made him out standing on the rail he caught sight of us and yelled, ‘Here, Jones, grab this buoy and hold on while I snake you out. They will see us any moment and just rip the stuffing out of us.’ The way he jumped us over the seas would have made my hair stand up at any other time, but we were only too glad to take any chances then with blue water.”

Of Cushing's attempt to capture General Hebert, commanding the defences of Wilmington, and his staff in their headquarters, Jones says: “Cushing sent for me one evening and said, ‘This looks a good night for calling on your enemies. What do you say to making one on the Commander-in-Chief inside?’ Of course the plan met with my approval and with a very select party, about ten in all, we left the ship near Fort Caswell and pulled up past it to the village of Smithville.

A little above or below it there was a large house near the shore and towards this we pulled noiselessly and landed. I thought we were taking the biggest kind of a risk for the house ought to have been well garrisoned and there were troops all about it. As it turned out, strange to say, the latter served us the best kind of a turn, but that was simply rare luck, and yet Cushing, by taking chances that he did, was entitled to some. Well, we went up to the house and Cushing ordered two of the men to the rear, two to either side with orders to arrest or drive back anybody who attempted to escape, and then we marched up to the front door and entered without further ceremony. To say that my heart wasn't thumping while we were groping along the hall and entering the darkened rooms would be just anything but the truth. The silence seemed all the more ominous because we had certainly seen one or more lights when we were out in the river. At last Cushing whispered, 'Strange, isn't it, suppose we go outside again!' Perhaps even he wanted to draw an easy breath. We were hardly out when the yeoman who was one of the party came up and said, 'Captain, a man just tried to get out of the second window on my side, so I stuck my revolver up in his face and he got back.' 'Oh, they are here all right,' said Cushing, 'at least one of them, so, Jones, come on and we'll beat up his quarters.' Entering the room Cushing coolly struck a match, held it up and then giving a cry or growl sprang into a corner. I had just a glimpse of a man crouching there and then all was pitch darkness again. I stood there trying in my excitement to keep from pressing too hard upon the trigger of my revolver. The struggle, if such it was, lasted but a moment and then to my indescribable relief I heard the captain's

contained words, 'Strike a light, Jones; there are some matches on the table.' He never missed anything even when he was jumping like a wild cat. The light showed him sitting upon a man in uniform, out of whose face all expression had vanished unless it was terror and surprise. 'Get up,' said Cushing, 'and move quietly if you value your life.' When we reached the boat and had shoved off he (the prisoner) recovered himself enough to ask, 'Where have you come from?' 'Outside,' answered Cushing. 'Who are you?' 'I am Major Brown, chief engineer of the fortifications. Are you Captain Cushing?' 'Yes, why do you ask?' 'Well, I don't know of anybody else who attempts such things as this, and do you know when you gave that spring for me I had even then a suspicion and a great feeling of relief too, if you will believe me, in seeing your Yankee uniform. You are too late now to do more mischief for the camp is aroused so I will tell you how you missed the General. He and the other two who were playing cards with me are probably still lying low in the bushes, for we thought it was a mutiny of our troops. They got out ahead of me when your party was discovered and as you know your fellow interfered when I tried to leave. You see this is another instance of your amazing luck, but you will slip up one of these days, mark my words.'

"The next day the captain signalled to the senior officer for permission to send in a flag of truce and I was detailed for the duty. I landed at or a little below Fort Caswell and gave my message which was to the effect that Major Brown was a prisoner on board our ship and as he came away hurriedly he had only the clothes he was then wearing, so Captain Cushing had sent to ask that his trunk be sent off. I recall that the

Colonel who was at the head of the party that received me was also named Jones, and he flew into a great rage over the effrontery of Captain Cushing, who pulled an officer out of his quarters and then wanted his clothes. When he had raved sufficiently I said, 'Colonel Jones, Captain Cushing, fearing that you would take some such view of the matter told me to point out to you the likelihood of his taking you some night and then you would realize the propriety and humanity of his action.' This struck him flat aback. He gasped for a moment and then blurted out, 'Oh, he'd do it, he'd do it. At least he'd try it and I don't want to be the object of his attentions. Send for Brown's clothes and hurry. Get them off before dark to that fellow; Cushing will come ashore to look for them and there will be more trouble!'"

It may be added here that Cushing never did meet his match in spite of the Major's prediction. He continued his career to the end of the war, but died a few years later. The men who sailed with him are fast dropping away, and some of his achievements are almost forgotten, but the courageous spirit of Cushing is with us still. When the nation is in the throes of another war, the country villages will produce other Cushings to uphold the glory of American arms.

“SAVEZ” READ

JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

LIEUTENANT CHARLES W. READ, of the Confederate navy, had such an adventurous career that anyone reading an account of it would be justified in thinking that he was a creature of the imagination who had stepped bodily out of the pages of one of Dumas' novels. He was born in Yazoo county, in the state of Mississippi, in 1840. His parents were not in affluent circumstances, and all the education he received before entering the Naval Academy at Annapolis was obtained in what was then called the “Free school.” At the age of fourteen he entered a printer's establishment in Jackson, Miss., and learned to set type. When sixteen he received an appointment as an “Acting Midshipman” and commenced his studies at Annapolis. He was a protégé of Mr. Jefferson Davis, afterwards President of the Southern Confederacy.

The dashing and gallant Lieutenant Cushing, of the U. S. Navy, who destroyed the Confederate ironclad *Albatross*, was at Annapolis with Read. Cushing did what midshipmen called “bilged” (failed to pass his examination), and a distinguished naval hero once described Read's scholastic triumphs by saying: “After a magnificent struggle extending over four years ‘Savez’ Read triumphantly graduated at the foot of his class!”

In a four years' course at the Naval Academy he managed to acquire one solitary French word, which was “Savez”; he repeated this word until it became a fixed habit with him and he contrived to ring it in at the end of almost every sentence he uttered. Hence

his soubriquet of "Savez" Read, a nickname, he was, one day, to make famous on land and sea. "Savez" graduated in 1860, and was at once ordered to the *Powhatan* frigate, aboard which vessel he was shipmate with Admiral George Dewey. He had scarcely been in her a year when the state of Mississippi seceded, and of course "Savez" resigned and entered the Confederate navy as a midshipman.

During the first few months of the war the Confederate government fitted out two small steamers at New Orleans to cruise against northern commerce. The famous *Sumter* was one, and the *Marquis de la Habana** whose name was changed to *McRae* (after

* In 1860, the U. S. sailing sloop-of-war *Saratoga* was lying in the harbor of Vera Cruz, Mexico, when two steamers appeared in the offing. They would not show their colors, and the Commander of the *Saratoga* determined to make them do so. There being no wind, he employed two little tugboats to tow his ship out to them. They fled to an island near Sacrificious, to the southward of Vera Cruz. The *Saratoga* followed them, and found them at anchor. Putting some marines on the tugs, he ordered them to board the strangers and demand to see their papers and their flag. On the approach of the tugs the two vessels opened fire on them, and in fifteen minutes some twenty-two men were killed and wounded. But a breeze springing up the *Saratoga* brought her broadside to bear and in a few seconds compelled the supposed pirates to surrender. They proved to be the *Marquis de la Habana* and the *General Miramon*, recently purchased in England for the purpose of assisting in a revolutionary movement inaugurated by General Miramon. Lieutenant R. T. Chapman was placed in command of the *Marquis de la Habana* as prize master with orders to take her to New Orleans and turn her over to the Admiralty Court and prefer the charge against her "that she belonged to an unrecognized

Fort McRae), was the other. “Savez” Read was ordered to duty as sailing master on board the *McRae*. It was on the *McRae* that I first met “Savez,” and I must confess he was not much to look at. He was about five feet six inches in height and delicate in appearance. His face was not at all a distinguished one. His manner was deferential and gentle, as was his voice, which was also somewhat effeminate. Although he lived in the ward-room with the lieutenants, he never put on airs with the other midshipmen on account of his being the “Acting sailing master.”

I soon became very intimate and chummy with Read, who, because I was not only very young, but also small for my age, made a great pet of me. I very soon got to calling him “Savez” when off duty, as the older midshipmen, who had been with him at Annapolis, did. Here commenced an intimacy which lasted many years. Little did I dream in those days that I was skylarking with a real hero—the idea would have seemed absurd.

When ready, the *McRae* dropped down the river to the Head of the Passes to await a chance to run the blockade. The opportunity fortunately never occurred, for the *McRae* would not have lasted a week as a commerce destroyer. At her top speed she could not make

revolutionary government, and that she was a pirate on the high seas.” Within a few months after making this charge, Chapman was a Lieutenant on board the Confederate cruiser *Sumter*, formally called the *Habana*, belonging to an unrecognized revolutionary government, and branded by the United States government as a *pirate on the high seas*.

The *Habana* and the *Marquis de la Habana* were fitted out as cruisers at the same time, the former having been bought and the latter seized by the Confederate government at the outbreak of the war.

over seven knots, and her coal supply was very limited; worse than this, her engine broke down every time she was forced. But despite these drawbacks, "Savez" was very enthusiastic, and in the privacy of the steerage he used to tell us what he would do were he captain. It was true, he said, that the *McRae* drew thirteen feet of water, but if she could not run out of the "Pass-a-l'outré" or the Southwest pass on account of the heavy ships of the blockade lying in the channels, why could we not run out of the south pass where there were no blockaders? He did not believe that there was not a sufficient depth of water, the pilot's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Anyhow the mud bottom was soft and oozy. Read inwardly fussed and fumed at his disappointment, but nevertheless the *McRae* never got to sea. The idea was given up, and we returned to New Orleans, where old Commodore Hollins, who had been a midshipman in the frigate *President* when she was captured by the British fleet in the war of 1812, made her his flagship as he was to command a squadron of gunboats on the river.

I saw Read the first time he was ever under fire. This was on the night of October 12, 1861. The United States fleet had crossed the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi and taken up a position at the Head of the Passes, making it impossible for even blockaders of the lightest draught to elude their vigilance. Commodore Hollins determined to drive them away. Accompanied by the little ram *Manassas*, a tugboat covered with railroad iron, the paddlewheel towboat *Ivy*, carrying two little guns, the river tug *Tuscarora*, with two small guns, and two fire rafts, the Confederate States fleet (?) proceeded to the attack in the dead of night. The United States fleet consisted of the flag-

ship *Richmond*, twenty-six heavy guns, the sailing sloops-of-war *Preble* and *Vincennes*, one carrying eighteen and the other twenty-two guns, and the steam gunboat *Water Witch*, of five guns. These vessels were lying at anchor. The *Manassas* rammed the *Richmond*, but, owing to the fact that the latter had a coaling schooner alongside, she wrecked, not the *Richmond*, but herself, as the hawser from the schooner tore away her funnels and smoked her crew out from below. She had torn only a few planks from the *Richmond's* bow, and then floated with the stream against the river bank where she lay in the mud, helpless. The Federal vessels at once opened fire with their broadsides, tearing innumerable holes through the darkness while we *Rebs*, safely out of range, wondered what they were shooting at. We then cut loose our fire rafts. The spectacle was magnificent, but that was all, as they floated harmlessly down the stream without doing any damage. The fires burned out, and all was darkness and silence again. When daylight came, to our amazement, we found that the object of our attack had been attained, for there in full sight was the Federal fleet fleeing down the Southwest Pass, and making all speed for the Gulf of Mexico! Of course we pursued them. No little fice dog can resist the temptation of chasing a mastiff if he sees the big dog put his tail between his legs and run.

In crossing the bar the *Water Witch* and *Preble* passed out to sea safely, but the *Vincennes* and *Richmond* with their great draught were not so fortunate. The former grounded with her stern pointing up stream and the latter broadside on. The *McRae*, which carried only seven guns, engaged the *Richmond* at long range, our Commodore knowing full well that the

latter vessel alone could whip the Gulf of Mexico full of such craft as we had.

The little *Ivy* ran up to the stern of the *Vincennes*, where the latter could not bring a gun to bear, and tossed shells into the cabin windows until the crew of the *Vincennes* abandoned her and sought safety aboard the *Richmond*. During the action, the *McRae* being under steam, with sails furled, "Savez," as Sailing Master, had little to do, and I, as the Commodore's aide, had less. I went over to where Read was standing on the poop deck, languidly gazing on the fray, as though he was not an interested party in what was going on. In a low tone of voice, so as not to be heard by the Commodore, or our Captain, he expressed the opinion that we ought at least to run alongside of the *Vincennes* and destroy her, and also spoke contemptuously of the dreaded broadsides of the *Richmond* which protected her. He did not seem to mind the shells that were exploding over and around us, any more than if they had been mosquitoes singing in the air.

After this action all idea of the *McRae* going to sea as a cruiser was abandoned and she became the flagship of the small squadron of gunboats which were to do duty on the river. With the exception of the Captain, Read, another midshipman, and myself, all the officers were detached. Lieutenant Warley, who had been our executive officer, was a stern disciplinarian. Everybody feared him and consequently walked a chalk line, but the gentle Read who succeeded him as "first Luff" was very young, and the crew at once determined to take chances and try him out at the first opportunity. They had not long to wait. Read at first restricted his punishments to delinquents to mild

reprimands which only convinced them that he was an easy mark.

The Captain and watch officers, who were unacclimated, were soon stricken with fever and the doctor sent them ashore. Only the two little midshipmen besides Read were left aboard to handle the crew, which was fast becoming unruly, and the crew numbered some ninety men.

Late one afternoon the ship's company returned aboard having been ashore on liberty. They were noisy and seemed in an ugly humor. For a time Mr. Read ignored their conduct and passed it over in silence until some of the half-intoxicated ones said that they wanted more liquor and that they meant to have it, and proposed to lower a boat and return ashore. When this threat was reported to Read he quietly said to one of the midshipmen: "Go below and put on your side arms and return to me." When the middy reappeared on deck, Read said to him with that peculiar drawl of his and without the slightest excitement: "Shoot down the first man who touches a boat-fall without my orders." The men who heard the order looked astounded, and did not seem to be able to comprehend the change which had suddenly come over the placid youth whom they had sized up as a weak and slack disciplinarian. They moved away from the boats and gathered together in twos and threes and were evidently somewhat worried, Mr. Read meanwhile, languidly strolling around the quarter deck, listlessly looking toward the city where the evening lights were commencing to twinkle. His mutinous crew did not appear to interest him in the least.

I happened to have the first watch that night. As I have said before I was only fifteen years of age, and

very small for that age. At seven bells there was a disturbance on the berth deck and I went to the forward hatchway and commanded; "Silence! fore and aft!"—and to my consternation a voice answered: "Ah, sonny, go and tell your mammy she wants you," at which witty retort there was a roar of laughter from the men who should have been in their hammocks. Again I commanded silence, and again the sailors jeered me. I looked down the hatchway and saw that not only had they not turned in according to orders, but they had lighted candles, card playing was going on, and worst of all, they were drinking. It was afterwards discovered that they had located a barrel of whiskey in the spirit room and had bored a hole through the bulkhead of a coal bunker and through the head of the barrel; with the assistance of a piece of lead pipe they had drawn off all the whiskey they wanted.

Not being able to enforce my orders I went to Mr. Read's stateroom, and after awakening him told him what was going on on the berth deck. He leaped from his bunk, hustled on his uniform, buckled his sword belt around him and was off on a run, with little me following him. He fairly plunged down the hatchway when he got to it, and the next thing I heard was the ring of his sword blade as it came in contact with the heads of the mutineers. I also heard yells of pain and savage oaths, these latter followed by pleadings for mercy, and then I saw a stream of men scrambling up the hatchway, helter-skelter, in a mad rush to avoid Read who was bringing up the rear, his sword working like a flail as it came down on the heads of the laggards. I expected to see much bloodshed, but he was only striking them with the flat of his blade. The men had discovered that the gentle Read

had been metamorphosed into an infuriated demon, and that he could make his soft voice roar like a "bull of Bashan." "Aloft! every mother's son of you!" he fairly yelled. Some seemed disposed to hesitate until they saw him draw his pistol and then they too scampered up the rigging. Some of the men showed an inclination to stop in the lower shrouds, but the angry officer urged them to climb higher and higher until some of them had reached the royalmast rigging, from which lofty altitude they commenced to complain piteously that there was no room for more men. "Then lay out on the yards!" commanded the supposed *easy mark*. When the whole crew was safely roosted aloft, Read who had recovered his equanimity and his natural tone of voice simultaneously, drawled out: "The first man who steps down a rattling, I will shoot the feet off of him!" And there they perched through the weary hours of the night like so many crows roosting on the limbs and vines which hung from dead trees. Daylight came to their relief at last and the Boatswain's whistle commenced to pipe. Read ordered them down from aloft, and the daily routine of the ship commenced by washing the decks. No further punishments were inflicted and no reference was again made as to the misunderstanding, now cleared up, as to who was the first "Luff" of that ship, and it was not very long before these same men fairly idolized their young executive officer.

Union ironclad gunboats were being built at St. Louis and on the Ohio river. They were nearing completion, and the Confederates had fortified "Island No. Ten," and New Madrid, Mo., a few miles below. The Confederate flotilla consisting of four river steamboats which had been converted into gunboats by pro-

tecting their boilers with railroad iron, and the placing of guns on their decks, and the *McRae*, now with her topmasts and top hamper removed, as the flagship, were hurriedly sent up the river to reinforce the land defences. The *McRae's* draught was more than thirteen feet, and the voyage up the river was a long and perilous one for her. Few of the natives had ever seen a sea-going ship before and the inhabitants of the towns turned out to gape open-mouthed at her. A boat propelled by a screw was a mystery to them, and wherever we stopped we were asked where we kept our paddle wheels. The first heavy fog that settled down on the river was taken advantage of by the ship to get us into trouble. She rammed the levee, and with the whole state of Mississippi to choose from, she selected the plantation of Mr. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, to cut a large slice of real estate out of.

After many weary days and nights, and many groundings, we arrived at New Madrid, and then our troubles commenced in earnest. General Pope's army had crossed what was supposed to be an impassable swamp, made a detour, and taken New Madrid in the rear. The place was defended by some thirty-five hundred raw recruits and two small forts which had been built with regard to defending it from gunboats on the river front. General Pope with his thirty thousand men, instead of walking into the town and taking possession, laid siege to it, and it was evident that he proposed to capture it by regular approaches. The fighting was lively and continuous. Our gunboats lay in line of battle in front of the town, the line extending from the upper to the lower forts, the *McRae* in the center, at the head of the main street. The stage of the river

was such that despite our great draught, we laid alongside the levee, the muzzles of our guns being just above the river bank, and thus we had the whole state of Missouri for a breastwork. Our low-lying makeshift gunboats, without a sign of bulwarks, were not so fortunate, they had to stay out in the middle of the stream so as to bring their guns to bear, whereupon the enemy's sharpshooters amused themselves by picking the men off their exposed decks. It was on account of this sniping that Commodore Hollins ordered the town to be destroyed by fire.

As Pope approached nearer and nearer, our green volunteers became panic-stricken and wanted to quit, and they put no trust in "Savez" Read's assurance that in the position in which the *McRae* was "we could hold the place until the day of judgment."

During the siege Pope's artillery built batteries on the river below us, thus cutting off our transports, and supplies. It was our business to drive away or silence these guns. It was heart-breaking work because they would not stay silenced. We would drive them away from one spot and the next day go down again to see that the way was clear for our boats, when suddenly a harmless looking row of young cottonwood trees would gracefully bow to us and fall crashing into the river, the splash being instantaneously followed by the roaring of guns as a deadly fire was poured into us. At other times an innocent pile of cord wood would suddenly tumble down and the guns behind it would pour shot into us until we drove them away.

One morning while lying in line on the east side of the river, in fancied security, we went to breakfast, but we did not eat it, for just at that moment the trees on the opposite side of the river fell into the

stream and a hot fire was poured into us. This was a stronger battery than we had yet fought, and they had thrown up formidable earthworks. Soon the gunboat *Polk* received shots between wind and water which put her *hors de combat* and the other boats were much cut up, one mischievous shell exploding in the pantry of the *Livingston*, smashing every piece of crockery in it. Never before was ever seen such a complete wreck as that room was—and crockery was scarce too in the Confederacy.

As soon as we could get under way we fought the battery from a position in the middle of the river. I heard Read say to the Captain, "If we stuck her nose into the mud in front of that battery we could drive those fellows out with canister," and the Captain replied, "Yes, Mr. Read, but they have canister as well as ourselves." "Yes, Captain," said Read; "but this canister game is one which always makes somebody tired and want to quit. Those soldiers in the Battery can leave whenever they want to, but with as little power as this ship has, we would have to stay there until a towboat came and pulled us out of the mud—Savez?"

On another occasion he begged the Captain to lay the *McRae* alongside the bank and let him carry a battery by "boarding," assuring the Captain that the crew would follow him anywhere. But the Captain would not see any advantage in the plan.

The *McRae* was under continuous fire for three weeks at New Madrid, and then news came that one of the heavy Federal ironclads had run the gauntlet at "Island No. Ten." New Madrid was doomed, and it was decided to evacuate the place at once.

After the evacuation of New Madrid and "Island

No. Ten,” the *McRae* was hurried down to New Orleans, which city was in great danger from Admiral Farragut’s fleet.

Commodore Hollins was relieved from the command of the Mississippi river flotilla, and the *McRae* was rushed down to Forts Jackson and St. Philip to assist in preventing the Union fleet from ascending the stream. The tale is an old one and has often been told. On the night of the 24th of April, 1862, Admiral Farragut’s fleet cut through the raft of logs that extended across the river, and his heavy sea-going ships-of-war, under a terrific fire, ran the gauntlet of the two powerful forts. Above the forts the only vessels commanded by Confederate naval officers were the ironclad *Louisiana*, the ram *Manassas*, the *Governor Moore*, and the *McRae*. There were also some fifteen powerful towboats, commanded by river men, each carrying one or two guns. It was expected that these boats would be very effective, acting as rams. At the first crash of the great guns, with one notable exception, these boats were rushed ashore and set fire to by their crews. The little *McRae* wandered about in the midst of Farragut’s fleet, first receiving the broadside of one heavy sloop-of-war, and then another, until her decks resembled shambles. Her guns were knocked off their carriages and rolled along the deck, crushing the dead and wounded alike. Her Commander, Lieutenant Huger, was struck in the groin by a grapeshot, but insisted on remaining in command, and for a few more moments directed the movements of his ship until a canister bullet cut a gash in his temple, knocking both him, and the seaman who was supporting him, to the deck. Read now insisted that the Captain be taken below and into his cabin where, although he was exposed to the enemy’s

fire, still there were comforts for a dying man which of course could not be had on deck. Captain Huger, gasping for breath, feebly protested against being carried below, and when, despite his entreaties, Mr. Read ordered the men to lift him up, he piteously begged Read not to surrender his ship, saying: "I always promised myself I would fight her until she was under the water!" Read promised the Captain he would fight her as long as she floated, and, much comforted, the gallant man was carried below to die.

The guns of the *McRae* were all soon dismantled and all the riddled ship could do was to lie in the storm of shot and shell for the rest of the night during which she was on fire half a dozen times. Of the *McRae's* officers only Read and one little midshipman were left.

When day broke the *McRae* was the only vessel left with the Confederate flag flying. The Union fleet was above the forts, and New Orleans was at its mercy.

Admiral Farragut with his flagship, the *Hartford*, was lying at the Quarantine station, four miles above the forts. Read sent his only small boat, that was not too badly riddled to float, over to the *Hartford* with the request that the *McRae* be allowed to pass up the river to New Orleans to seek medical assistance for the Captain and the great number of wounded men on board.

Admiral Farragut asked "why Mr. Read did not haul that flag down;" and when informed of Read's promise to Captain Huger before the latter lapsed into unconsciousness, he said: "Tell Mr. Read to bring the *McRae* alongside the *Hartford*, and if she will float I will allow her to proceed and will decide what I will do with her when I arrive at New Orleans."

The *McRae* slowly made her way up to the city; anchored off what was known at that day as the "slaughter house" point at Algiers, on the opposite side of the river from New Orleans. The ship by this time was rapidly filling with water and the men at the pumps were exhausted. The wounded were hastily carried ashore, and as the last boat left the side Read cut the sea-pipes to hasten her sinking. He then jumped overboard—swam to the shore—and made the best of his way to "Camp Moore" where he joined the Confederate troops which had evacuated the city.

As the *McRae* was about to disappear beneath the muddy waters of the Mississippi the Confederate flag was still flying from her peak, but when it was only a few feet above the surface a boat from one of the Federal men-of-war, which by this time had arrived in front of New Orleans, dashed up to the sinking ship and hauled it down. But she came within a very few inches of going to the bottom with her colors flying, as Read had intended she should. Admiral Farragut regarded the *McRae* as a prize, and he and his officers severely criticised Read for having cut the sea-pipes, but we must remember that Read was very young and inexperienced at the time for such a responsible position, and we will have to leave to the future unbiased historian, and officers who are learned in naval ethics, to pass on the propriety of his conduct on that occasion.

With the remnant of the *McRae's* crew, Read went from Camp Moore to Port Hudson on the Mississippi, where strong batteries were being erected with the object of staying Admiral Farragut's triumphal progress on the river. Read was given the command of one of these batteries and always claimed that in the fight with the fleet, shots from his guns destroyed the

sidewheel frigate *Mississippi*, of which Admiral Dewey was then the executive officer. "Savez" had been at Annapolis at the same time Admiral Dewey was there.

From Port Hudson Read was ordered to join a peculiarly constructed ironclad ram which had been built in a corn field. Her engines were of the usual weak-powered makeshift variety in common use in the Confederate navy. The name of the ram was *Arkansas* and Read was one of her lieutenants. Her crew was also a makeshift one, composed as it was of soldiers who had never been aboard a boat before and a few sailor men.

The *Arkansas* went down the Yazoo river and soon encountered a squadron of Federal ironclad gunboats, running through them under a terrific fire. She then ran through Admiral Farragut's fleet of wooden sea-going sloops of war, in all seventeen vessels, exchanging broadsides with them as she passed, and, wonderful to relate, she arrived at Vicksburg. Officers and men were loud in their praises of the coolness Read had displayed while under the terrific broadsides of the Federal men-of-war and the confidence his example had instilled into the crew. Vicksburg was being besieged at the time and was also being bombarded from every direction. After putting her killed and wounded ashore, and receiving some much needed repairs, for the *Arkansas* had been badly cut up in her passage through the fleets, she proceeded down the river with the object of getting to Baton Rouge in time to assist the Confederate army which was advancing to the attack on that place, but unfortunately for her, while being pursued by the Federal ironclad *Essex*, her machinery broke down a few miles above Baton Rouge, and she was run ashore and destroyed

by her own crew who escaped in their fighting togs, which were not much to speak of.

On the levee, not very far from where the *Arkansas* blew up while her loaded guns were exploding from the heat of the fire raging inside of her, a number of young girls who had taken refuge from Baton Rouge at Doctor Nolan's plantation, were standing, among them were two of my sisters. The crew of the *Arkansas* had to pass by them, and “Savez” Read afterwards told me that he never realized before how thin his gauze summer undershirt was. “Savez” was not only a very modest young fellow, but where ladies were concerned he was at that time very bashful. He told me that he never had been so scared in his life as he was when those young ladies came forward and offered him hospitality. (See Naval War Records, “A Confederate Girl's Diary,” &c.)

And now commenced the most romantic and thrilling part of “Savez” Read's interesting naval career.

The Confederate cruiser *Florida*, commanded by Lieutenant Maffitt, had just made a most sensational dash through the blockading squadron at Mobile, and was being fitted out in that port for the purpose of destroying American merchant ships on the high seas. Maffitt requested that Read should be ordered to his vessel as one of her lieutenants.

When ready for sea the *Florida* lay in Mobile Bay for some time awaiting a favorable opportunity to run through the blockading fleet which had now been largely increased to prevent her escape.

Captain Maffitt in his private journal, kept while lying in Mobile Bay, makes the following entry: November 4th, 1862, “Lieutenant C. W. Read, the last lieutenant I personally applied for, joined; this officer

acquired a reputation for gunnery, coolness, and determination at the battle of New Orleans. When his commander, T. B. Huger, was fatally wounded he continued to gallantly fight the *McRae* until she was riddled and unfit for service. . . ." Dec. 1st. ". . . Our tarry has far exceeded my expectations, and all hands are very restive. Lieutenant Read suffers particularly in this and has become somewhat bilious; every passing squall is to him a fine night for going out, even though it be of fifty minutes' duration only. The gentlemen knew nothing of my orders, nor that having formed plans with Admiral B. (Buchanan), who controls me, I shall abide by them, notwithstanding all their presumed superior judgment." (See Naval War Records.)

At last there was a favorable opportunity and one dark night the *Florida*, with half a gale of wind behind her, succeeded in running through the blockade. She was seen, however, and the U. S. S. *Oneida* and *Cuyler*, started in pursuit. The *Florida's* sails were of great help, and the *Oneida* was soon lost sight of, but the *Cuyler* held on for eighteen hours before she too was lost in the night.

The *Florida* then commenced her work of destruction, and one day when off the Windward Islands she captured a nice-looking little brig called the *Clarence*. Read made one of his modest proposals to Captain Maffitt, which was, to give him command of the brig and twenty picked men, and a twelve-pound howitzer, and with that force he would run into Hampton Roads where there were several gunboats. He would go in at night and the Federals would not suspect him of being anything else but a harmless merchant brig. He would so mismanage her, he said, that she, apparently by

accident, would collide with the selected gunboat, and with his crew he would jump aboard her and without making any noise capture her with the cutlasses, and then it would be easy to escape to sea. The *Clarence* he would set adrift and the enemy could have her in exchange. It would be a good bargain as the latter vessel had not cost Maffitt anything. Maffitt granted his request.

But “the best laid schemes of mice and men gang oft alee.” Several neutral vessels spoke the *Clarence* and from them Read learned that the vessels in Hampton Roads were all on the lookout for the *Florida*, expecting her to attempt just such a trick as he proposed to carry out. With the enemy on the alert, wonderful to relate, “Savez” decided that it would not be prudent for him to enter Hampton Roads which was a favorite rendezvous for the North Atlantic squadron. Read then had his carpenter shape a couple of quaker guns out of a spare spar and these he mounted forward and aft so as to make his battery look more formidable when he wanted to intimidate a merchantman.

He made only two captures while in the *Clarence*, and these by accident. He saw them to leeward, and they not suspecting his true character, allowed him to drift down to them. The *Clarence*, although she was a trim-looking craft and had graceful lines, for some unknown reason was very sluggish in the water. “Savez” described her sailing qualities to me by saying, “that with all sail set, and half a gale of wind behind, it would take her all day to pass a bunch of seaweed.”

One day he found himself in company with a smart-looking bark. She was clipper-built, and her long skysail poles stamped her as a New Englander. Read instantly decided that she was the craft he wanted.

But how was he to catch her? If he gave chase it would alarm her and she would have at once crowded on all sail in an effort to escape, and in that case the *Clarence* would have had about as much chance of overhauling her as a land tortoise would have of heading a frightened deer. But Read played a trick that made her speed of no avail. He played on her kindly feelings. He ran the stars and stripes up at half mast, with the Union down at that. The *Tacony*, for such she proved to be, ran down to the *Clarence* to find out what was wrong with her, and before the merchant skipper could catch his breath the *Clarence* had fouled his bark and "Savez" Read and his crew had possession of her. Under the command of Read, the *Tacony* became the terror of the New England coast, so much so, that to this day "Savez" is spoken of in those latitudes as "Tacony" Read.

The *Tacony* now left fire after fire to mark her wake. While chasing one prize she passed a man-of-war which was looking for Read but thought he was aboard a brig and let the harmless-looking bark pass without molestation. When Read captured the prize her Captain asked him if he had not seen the warship. "Yes," said Read, "but I was after you not him." The Captain then told Read that the man-of-war had boarded him an hour before and warned him that the "Pirate" Read was in those waters. He actually burned ships off the great port of New York, and played havoc up the New England coast. Several times he was in company with armed United States ships that were searching for the brig *Clarence* and her "pirate crew." He captured a large ship which had some nine hundred emigrants, so called, but Read found that most of them had signed agreements to

enlist in the Union army, doubtless as substitutes. This ship was a white elephant on his hands, as of course he could not burn her with all these people aboard, and he could not find any neutral vessel to transfer them to. After several hours he was compelled to bond her for \$150,000.

He went up as far as the Georges Bank where he fell in with some three hundred fishing schooners and amused himself by exploding a shell from his howitzer to see them scatter away like a flock of frightened seagulls. In relating the incident to me “Savez” said, “In this way I raised Cain—and the price of fish in Boston at the same time.”

He captured another emigrant ship with seven hundred aboard and of course had to bond her. When his boat boarded one of the prizes the mate received them with the remark: “Well, I suppose you too are hunting for the pirate Read? I have been kept up all night by you gunboat men ‘heaving us to’ and asking if we were pirates. You are the fifth in eight hours. If we were the pirate you wouldn’t dare come near us. Oh go on!” In less than fifteen minutes his ship was a blazing wreck.

It had become known by this time that it was the bark *Tacony* that was doing the damage, and Read knew that to escape capture he must change to another vessel. He captured the ninety-ton fishing schooner *Archer*, transferred his howitzer and crew to her, and burned the *Tacony*. He had not been in the *Archer* many hours when a man-of-war spoke him in the night and asked if he had seen the *Tacony*? Naturally the answer was “No,” and the cruiser proceeded on her fruitless search.

Read now decided that he needed a steamer in his

business and the only way to get one was to go into Portland Harbor and help himself. He headed the *Archer* for the port and about four o'clock in the afternoon passed under the guns of Fort Preble and anchored among the shipping. The steamer he wanted was not there, but the Revenue cutter *Cushing* was anchored near by. The *Cushing* carried one thirty-two pounder pivot gun and a twenty-four pounder, and her crew was composed of forty men.

When night came the moon shone brightly and many light-hearted parties in tugs and rowboats, with laughter and music, were enjoying themselves on the water, while not far away the lights of the city, somewhat dimmed by the bright moon, twinkled.

At midnight when everything had quieted down, Read manned his two boats and going alongside the *Cushing* boarded her, taking her crew by complete surprise. So unexpected was the attack that the capture was effected without bloodshed. The crew of the *Cushing* was quickly confined between decks, and her anchor weighed. The wind having died away, Read had to man his boats and tow the cutter by the fort and to the entrance of the harbor before a light air came to their assistance. The boats were then recalled and hoisted to the davits. But the breeze was so light that they had made only some twelve or fifteen miles when day broke and they saw the Bangor steamer headed for Portland, and worse than this, on board of the steamer was the new Captain of the *Cushing*, who knew her well, and was on his way to assume command of her. On his arrival at Portland he informed the authorities that the cutter had been kidnapped. They were so surprised that they could hardly believe him. Guns, soldiers and some two or

three hundred civilian volunteers were hastily put on board of the Bangor steamer and accompanied by a number of tugs she went in pursuit of the *Cushing*. By this time the news had been telegraphed up and down the coast and steamers were hurrying to the fray from every direction. Five were already around the *Cushing* when the ball opened.

There were only six rounds of solid shot on the deck of the *Cushing*, and neither threats nor persuasion could induce Lieutenant Davenport, the prisoner commander of the cutter, to divulge where the key of the magazine could be found.

One of the steamers started for the *Cushing*, but "Savez" ricocheted a round shot over her and she hastily went back to her consorts. Then two of the steamers made a detour and came at him from seaward while several tugs did the same thing from the land side, evidently with the intention of ramming or boarding the cutter. By the time they were close aboard Read had expended all his ammunition, and putting his prisoners and crew into the boats set fire to the *Cushing* and rowed over to one of the vessels and surrendered. Of course when the fire reached the magazine of the *Cushing* she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

Read and his men were allowed to go on board the steamer only one at a time; the arms of each one of them were tied behind his back as he stepped on the deck. The civilians on board were in favor of hanging them at once, but the regular soldiers would not permit it.

Lieutenant Collins of the army, who was on board of the *Forest City*, the vessel to whom Read surrendered, in his official report of the affair says: ". . . nor did I fire on the boats, as it was impossible to distinguish

the rebels from the prisoners in their hands. They were all accordingly received as prisoners. . . ." (See Naval War Records.) *

* To those who are blessed with a humorous vein the following official communication from the Collector of Customs at the port of Portland will afford some amusement as showing the wonderful self-denial and generosity a man actuated by a sense of patriotism and unselfishness can be capable of when a great occasion calls for it.

Custom-House, Collector's Office,
Portland, Me., July 7, 1863.

Sir: I herewith send you a copy of an alleged ransom bond given by the master of the ship *Shatemuc*, for the sum of \$150,000, and also a list of the vessel's papers, which, with the aforesaid bond, were found in the private carpetbag of Lieutenant Read, of the *Archer*.

The district attorney concurs with me in recommending that the vessel's papers be retained here for the present, until we can learn whether they will be required as evidence in certain proceedings which may grow out of the capture of these men.

The bond I hold, subject to your order, *waiving any personal claim* (the italics are mine—J. M. M.).

I am, very respectfully, your ob't servant,

Jedediah Jewett,
Collector.

Hon. Salmon P. Chase,
Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Wonderful must have been the workings of Jedediah's mind that he could have imagined he was entitled in any way to a share in Read's prize money, especially when we remember that it was the ransom bond of a ship owned by one of Jedediah's compatriots!

"Savez" Read's violent methods in taking possession of

Read was now taken ashore and imprisoned in Fort Preble. His proximity to the city of Portland, despite the fact that he was a close prisoner in a garrisoned fortress, must have made some people nervous, if we may judge from the following extract of the official report of Major Andrews, commanding the post:

“. . . You can form but a faint idea of the excitement now existing among the people of Portland and vicinity. Rumor follows rumor in rapid succession, and just before daylight this morning some one from the vicinity of the post went to the city with a fresh rumor which set the whole city in a ferment. The bells were rung and men, women, and children soon filled the streets, and were rushing hither and thither in aimless fright.

“I would respectfully suggest that the prisoners be sent from here as quietly and expeditiously as possible, as I do not think it safe for them to be placed in the custody of the citizens, and while the present excitement continues, I feel obliged to mount so large a guard that one-half of my force are on duty every night. . . .”
(See Naval War Records.)

other people's possessions was only equaled by the lavish prodigality with which Jedediah Jewett, in his mind, gave them away. In a further communication to the Secretary of the Treasury the Collector said: “The armament (of the *Archer*) is undoubtedly that which the *Tacony* received from the *Florida*, and I will take the liberty to recommend that you authorize me to present the howitzer to the city of Portland, and the guns, pistols, etc., to the officers and leading men who volunteered their services as a slight, but to them no doubt valued, token that the government appreciates their zeal and promptness in the capture. . . .” (See Naval War Records.)

Another interesting extract taken from the Naval War Records is found in an official report of the cruise of the gunboat *United States* which was also in search of the *Tacony*. It is made by Lieut. Commander Richard W. Meade, Jr., and dated "Off New York" July 1st, 1863. ". . . In conclusion, Admiral, although too late to participate in the affair off Portland, the cruise of this vessel has not, I think, been wholly barren of results. The bold attempt of this daring rebel had well-nigh succeeded. Had he escaped from Portland (which, I am inclined to think, he would have done had he found the ammunition in the cutter) he must have been overhauled by this vessel next day, as I cruised directly to the eastward of him, with the wind due west. I cannot help regretting that I did not fall in with him, as in that event Captain Read and the crew of *Florida No. 2* would scarcely be prisoners of war in Fort Preble. . . ."

It is well for the reputation of American civilization that Captain Meade did not capture "Savez" Read, for those who knew Meade best believed that had he done so he would have been rash enough to have carried out his hardly concealed threat that he would have hanged him, and Read was a protégé of and a great favorite with the President of the Confederacy.

A few years before the death of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, she told me while talking about "Savez" Read that when Mr. Davis heard the rumor that "Savez" was to be hung, he flew into a towering passion and swore that if a hair of Read's head was hurt, he, Mr. Davis, would hang the ten federal officers of the highest rank then held in Confederate prisons. And like Captain Meade, Mr. Davis would not have hesitated to carry out his threat.

Much to the relief of the terror-stricken citizens of Portland, Read was soon sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he found several of his brother naval officers, also incarcerated.

Read was not the sort of man who could calmly reconcile himself to the idea of patiently waiting in prison until by some good stroke of fortune he would be exchanged and sent back to the Confederacy. He had been but a short time in Fort Warren before he conceived a plan of escape which by all but one of his companions was regarded as a mad project.

In the casement where they were confined there was a chimney which once opened upon the parapet of the Fort, but it had been carefully stopped up with bricks and mortar, and was supposed to be absolutely secure. With pocket knives, which had been overlooked when they were searched, and an old rusty ice-pick, which had been found in a crevice in the stone wall of their temporary cell, Read commenced to dig his way through bricks and mortar, to liberty.

The débris was secreted in and under the bunks of the prisoners, and some of it was actually laid on the stone floor and covered with their garments, escaping detection because there were no pegs in the walls to hang their clothes on.

Night after night, “Savez” picked away, the other prisoners letting him stand on their shoulders until he had reached a sufficient height to quarry out for himself a foothold in the chimney.

While thus at work, Read got a quantity of lime in one of his eyes which caused him intense suffering, and of course he could not ask the army surgeon to give him relief as the lime would have exposed the whole plot, so in silence he suffered and pertinaciously

worked on, with the result that the sight of his right eye was permanently injured.

After many nights of painful toil, "Savez" found himself in the open air. Crouching behind the chimney top he waited for the appearance of his companions. Lieutenant Alexander, C. S. N., next made the attempt to follow him up the flue, but, being a larger man than Read, he got stuck, and for a time could neither go any further up, nor could he get down. In these desperate straits his fellow prisoners climbed on each others' shoulders and by main force pushed him through the narrow hole with the result that he left much skin and nearly all his clothes behind him. None of the other prisoners, after witnessing Alexander's predicament, could muster up sufficient nerve to attempt the feat.

Watching for a favorable moment, when the nearest sentry was walking away from their hiding-place, Read and Alexander crept down to the beach to a spot where some old sailcloth and other dunnage had been piled preparatory to its being carted away. Judging that it was near the time for the "grand rounds" to make its periodical tour, the two young officers hid under the dunnage.

Soon came the guard, and one of the soldiers stopped and asked what the object, indistinctly seen in the darkness was, at the same time thrusting his bayonet into it. The bayonet passed through Read's thigh but he never uttered a sound, and another soldier told the man with the bayonet that it was nothing but old dunnage, and that it was wet, and he would have a time cleaning the rust off his weapon in the morning. The soldier ran his fingers over the bayonet dripping with Read's blood, and coolly remarking, "It is wet," caught step, and marched on with the rest.

The officers of the garrison had a pleasure boat which they used for sailing parties and fishing excursions. She was anchored in front of the fort, and only a short distance from the shore. She was built on the same lines as the boats used by fishermen in that locality. Read and Alexander swam out to her, raised her small anchor, and put out to sea with the intention of making their way in that frail craft to Halifax, N. S., from which place they could go by steamer to Bermuda and from thence run the blockade into a southern port.

When day broke, by good luck, they found themselves in the midst of a fleet of several hundred fishing boats, all similar in appearance to the one they were in. Soon many warships appeared in search of the escaped prisoners, but Read felt convinced that they could not board and examine all those fishing vessels before night, and that if they did not overhaul his little craft before darkness set in he would be able to escape in the night. But unfortunately his wound was paining him very much and Alexander begged him to lie down in the bottom of the boat and to try to get some sleep. "Savez" impressed upon his companion the importance of not doing anything that might attract the attention of their pursuers, but to watch the other boats, and do exactly as they did. After a while, "Savez" seemed to be dozing. Something went wrong with the jibsheets, and Alexander, not wishing to disturb his sorely injured friend, thought that he would run forward, straighten out things, and get back to the helm before anything much could happen. But alas! he misjudged the quickness of his craft. She flew up into the wind and went about before he could get back to the tiller. The men-of-war instantly singled her out, and at once boarded and captured her.

It so happened that on board of the ship to which the prisoners were taken there was an officer who had known both of them when in the old service. He asked their names, and when told "Brown, and Jones" and that they "were poor harmless fishermen" he returned to Read and said: "I thought you were my old shipmate 'Savez' Read and I was going to treat you like an officer and a gentleman, but as you are only a common fisherman, into the 'Brig' you go, in double irons, until further orders!"

"Savez" told me that was too much for him, suffering as he was, so he simply replied: "Sam, you are not going to treat an old shipmate that way, and me badly hurt too?" He was at once sent below and confined in the "sick room" where his wound and his eye were attended to. And back to Fort Warren he went, never again to escape until he was exchanged.

The above is the story as it was told to me by Read one night on board of the C. S. S. *Patrick Henry* in the autumn of 1864, when that ship was doing duty on the James river, below Richmond, as guard ship, receiving ship, and school ship. All the cartels with prisoners when they came up from Harrison's landing, had to stop alongside the *Patrick Henry* and discharge their human freight. It so happened that I was on the deck when Read, emaciated and dishevelled, came across the gang plank from the cartel with a hundred or more other Confederate prisoners, and he remained aboard as the guest of the ward-room officers for several days. He was still limping from his bayonet wound, and was still much troubled by the condition of his eye. "Drury's Bluff," the main river defence of Richmond, was situated about seven miles below the city, and naval batteries, Wood, Brooke, and Semmes, were

still further down the river. These batteries were located on a tongue of land formed by the windings of the stream; Semmes, the farthest down, was just opposite where the Union troops were digging the "Dutch Gap" canal, and was completely enfiladed by the Federal batteries on the opposite side of the river. Gunboats were scarce in the Confederacy, and Read was sent to Battery Wood where they were only engaged occasionally at long range with the enemy. "Savez" was not a long range fighter, and soon grew restless. His ever busy mind soon concocted a scheme whereby he could get an independent command. He submitted a plan to the Secretary of the Navy in which he proposed to destroy the big double turret monitor *Onandaga* which was known to be at City Point, the headquarters of General Grant. Like all of Read's schemes it was very simple and principally consisted of action. He asked the Secretary for a wagon and mules, eight men, and a torpedo. Not a very unreasonable request when it is remembered that he proposed to attack one of the most powerful ironclads then in the United States navy. However, Read did not intend to capture her with the wagon. He knew where a river tug, which was used to tow the U. S. quartermaster's schooners, usually tied up alongside the river bank at night at a point supposed to be absolutely safe from attack.

Read was given the outfit he asked for and started with his little expedition, making a detour inland to escape observation from the river. On his way he cut a sapling for a torpedo pole and put it on the wagon. His outfit for fighting ironclads was nearly complete. He found the tug where he expected her to be, and of course jumped aboard in the night and took possession

of her without meeting with any resistance. He then fastened his torpedo to one end of the pole and the other end he made fast to the tug's bow, and here was a Confederate torpedo boat complete. With this equipment he started down the river. He had not proceeded very far when day broke, and turning a sharp bend in the stream he came suddenly upon three schooners loaded with hay for "Uncle Sam's" army. He now found himself in a quandary. If he passed the schooners and left them unmolested, they would give the alarm. He saw a steamer's smoke and concluded that she was a gunboat coming up the river. He instantly decided to burn the schooners and tug, and escape by the land route, if possible. Setting fire to his prizes, he ran the tug alongside the river bank and landed with his crew. He then applied the torch to the tug and sent her drifting down the stream, while with his men he sought the cover of the undergrowth. The territory in which he soon found himself was debatable ground. Would he escape? It depended entirely upon whose scouting parties would fall in with him first, Federal or Confederate.

The day after he landed from the tug, towards twilight, he heard the sounds of horses' hoofs and quickly concealed his men behind a rail fence alongside of which the bushes were growing quite thick. Along came the cavalry, evidently not suspecting that an enemy was near. One-half of the regiment had nearly passed by when an eagle-eyed scout detected the blue sailor shirts of Read's men, and the gleaming of their gun barrels resting on the top rails of the fence. Instantly he let out a yell. "We are ambushed, boys!" he cried; and others shouted: "Don't shoot, we surrender!" The commander of the cavalry dashed back

to where the commotion was greatest, while the advance of his regiment galloped off in a *sauve qui peut* race. Read, who for convenience, was wearing a blue * shirt like his men, stepped into the open and innocently asked the Colonel if he had any extra horses. The Colonel replied that he had a few which he had recently captured and that he supposed Read could have them, and everything else he chose to take, as he, the Colonel, was in a trap from which he could not hope to extricate himself without a useless sacrifice of life. The horses were brought, and the Colonel was astounded to see only eight men besides “Savez” come out of the bushes. It was not until his men were mounted that Read asked what regiment it was to whom he was indebted for such timely accommodation. He had known for some minutes that they were Confederates. The Colonel then asked Read who he was, and “Savez” gave him the shock of his life by saying in that low whiney voice of his, “I am Lieutenant Read of the Confederate navy. I only want to escape from the Yankees and get back to Richmond!”

This episode came near having a very serious ending. Read, chagrined at the futility of his expedition, wrote a report of it in which he tried to be facetious, saying: “Sir: In my recent expedition I captured three schooners loaded with hay, one tugboat, and a regiment of Confederate cavalry.” The contents of the report became known and the indignant Colonel challenged Read. The latter, sore over his failure, wanted to visit his ill humor on somebody, so he eagerly accepted the challenge. Fortunately rumors of the impending duel reached the ears of higher officials who promptly put a stop to it.

* The uniform of the U. S. sailor was blue.

In the winter of 1864-5, things were looking very black for the Confederate cause. It was felt by all that something must be done and done quickly if we were to stand any chance of succeeding. We had at that time three small ironclads, the *Virginia No. 2*, the *Richmond* and the *Fredericksburg*. It was decided to send these vessels down the James river and try to capture City Point, General Grant's headquarters. But the Union troops had put a boom across the river at Howlett's, below our last battery on the stream. "Savez" volunteered to go in a rowboat and cut this boom so that our ironclads could pass.

On the north side of the river the Union forces had a chain of fortifications, mounting very heavy guns, and supported by some thirty thousand troops. At the time of which I speak I was stationed at Battery Semmes, in front of Dutch Gap. One dark night, being on duty, I was standing near the river bank when a rowboat, propelled by muffled oars, suddenly shot her nose into the mud near my feet. So noiselessly had she approached that she was upon me before I was aware of her presence, and I must confess that I was somewhat startled when I heard Read ask who I was. I told him and he stepped ashore and informed me that he was on his way down to Howlett's to cut the boom, and that our ironclads would follow later, and then added: "Now remember, 'Youngster,' if they open on me you work those guns of yours so fast that they will have to turn their attention to you." Then he put his arms around me and added: "Good-bye, Jimmie, I only wish you could go with me."

Then he stepped into his boat and disappeared in the darkness.

It was a very quiet night, as quiet nights went at

Battery Semmes. There was only an occasional mortar shell bursting over the place, and after the sound of the explosion died away one could almost feel the stillness. Suddenly what appeared to be the light of a firefly flashed for an instant in the bushes on the other side of the river and I heard the crack of a musket, soon to be followed by another, and another, until the river bank seemed to be brilliantly illuminated by innumerable lightning bugs and the rattle of musketry became continuous. Poor "Savez!" I knew they had detected him, and I had little hope of ever seeing him again. But I had little time to spare in speculation as to the fate of my friend, for soon our ironclads like huge black ghosts glided by, and my turn had commenced. The Union "Bowler" battery opened first and was quickly followed in succession by "Signal Hill," the "Crow's Nest," and the "Dutch Gap" batteries. There was one prolonged roar of great guns, which on our side we added to by working our heavy pieces of artillery for all they were worth. For hours this was kept up and it was a great relief when towards morning the fire slackened and at last died away. What had become of our shipmates in the ironclads? Had they safely run the gauntlet, or had they been sunk? We did not know until late in the day, when we learned that Read had cut the boom, and the ironclads had passed the upper batteries safely, and that the *Fredericksburg*, the weakest of all of them, had passed through the obstructions, but that the *Virginia* and *Richmond* had been so unfortunate as to ground under the guns of the lower battery at Howlett's. The *Fredericksburg* was ordered to return, and then a U. S. Monitor *Onandaga* appeared and what she did not do to our helpless "tinclads" is not worth de-

scribing. That night they returned up the river subjected to the same fearful smashing they had experienced while going down the night before. The *Virginia No. 2* had her bow, broadside, and stern armor smashed in, and was almost a wreck. An officer who saw Read's small boat at Howlett's told me that one could not place his hand on a spot on her side which had not been perforated by a bullet. Read had lost several men in killed and wounded, but with his usual luck in battle had escaped unscathed.

The days of the Southern Confederacy were now numbered. Richmond was evacuated, and "Savez" Read disappeared as it were from the face of the earth. None of his former shipmates knew what had become of him. Lee surrendered, Johnson surrendered, Kirby Smith surrendered, and the United States government was congratulating itself upon having suppressed the rebellion, when lo, they were rudely awakened to the fact that they had not yet made terms with "Savez" Read.

When Richmond fell, "Savez" made his way to the Red river where he took possession of a very fast and powerful double walking-beam engined towboat carrying one gun. She was called the *Webb*. After protecting her exposed boilers with cotton bales, he intended to attempt to carry her to Cuba. This indeed was a desperate undertaking. It would be necessary to run through a squadron of Union ironclads at the mouth of the Red river, and for a distance of some three hundred miles from that point to New Orleans, at intervals there were gunboats and fortifications to be passed. At New Orleans was a fleet of sloops of war, and below that city were the two formidable forts of Jackson and St. Philip.

Nothing daunted by this prospect Read started. He got through the ironclads at the mouth of the Red river, and then cutting the telegraph wires, proceeded down the Mississippi; but before he could cut the telegraph below Donaldsonville, a message had been sent to New Orleans that he was coming. The sloops-of-war lying in front of that city honored the gallant "Savez" with salutes of broadsides as he passed them. The *Webb* had a pole torpedo on her bow, and Read determined suddenly to blow up at least one of his tormentors and turned the *Webb* athwart the stream for that purpose, when the speed of the *Webb* combined with the force of the current snapped the pole and the torpedo drifted alongside and lodged against the buckets of her wheel. Her engine had just been stopped in time to prevent her paddles from exploding it. Read jumped overboard himself and cleared the deadly weapon away from his vessel, climbed back aboard and went on down the river pursued by several ships of the Union fleet. He had several torpedoes, and at once fitted another one to his bow.

He wanted to time himself so that he would pass the big forts, Jackson and St. Philip at night, but as ill luck would have it, when some thirty miles below the city looking across the land in a bend on the river he descried the twenty-six gun sloop-of-war *Richmond* apparently coming up stream. Instantly "Savez" determined to torpedo her. But his pilot convinced him that to do so he would have to pass very close under her broadside and then come up stream, which manœuvre would necessitate the *Webb* being under fire for some time. Besides the *Richmond* would then be above him and would force him down to the forts in daylight and it would be impossible for the frail

towboat to survive that ordeal. "Savez" then ran the *Webb* ashore under the fire of the *Richmond*, and set fire to her. He did not know that the engines of the *Richmond* had broken down and that she was at anchor. But "Savez" said that he had been several times subjected to the fearful broadsides of that particular ship, and felt that the *Webb* could never survive one of them at close range. He escaped into the marsh where he was in danger of being eaten by alligators, and was in fact devoured by mosquitoes, only to be captured after all of his sufferings.

In the winter of 1865-6, "Savez" Read was in New Orleans and came to see me. He was very much down on his luck, and told me that it would be necessary for him to go to sea before the mast. I begged him not to think of doing such a thing, but he mentioned several other young officers who, like himself, had given up a life's career in the United States navy for the Southern Confederacy and had gone to sea as common sailors, and he thought what was good enough for them would be good enough for him. Talking further with him he unfolded a scheme he had by which he could make a lot of money if he only had a little capital. He knew of a small brig that was laid up at New Orleans, principally on account of her small carrying capacity. She looked like a smart craft, and he felt sure that her owners would like to get rid of her, and if he could only get hold of that brig, he knew of a small island in the West Indies which was not much frequented by ships, and where fruit could be bought for a mere song. He would turn the brig into a fruiterer, bring his fruit to New Orleans or other gulf ports and ship it north by steam, etc.

At the time I was one of the very few ex-officers of

the Confederate navy who had any money. I gave “Savez” the amount necessary and in less than a week he had his brig fitted out and had taken his departure.

Several months passed without my hearing anything from him, when to my surprise one day he walked into my office. I asked him how the fruit trade was getting on, but the question seemed to bore him. He simply said that “no man could make a living at it without going into *side lines*.” I then asked him what had become of his brig, and he replied that he did not know. The Custom house officials had made life unbearable, they all seemed to have some personal grudge against him, and rather than be persecuted by them any longer he had just left the brig in their charge in a small gulf port, and that if they did not have any better luck than he had had with her, he was sorry for them. His peculiar smile spread in ripples over his mouth; his eyes twinkled; and he said it would be a great favor to him if I would not mention having seen him, as he was living in a secluded street in the French part of the city, and he did not want to cause any more excitement among the revenue officials, that they would cool off in a little while, and then he would be friendly with them again.

What “Savez” had done to incur the enmity of the Customs officials he never would tell me; but I had my suspicions that the business on the “*side*” lines meant a little harmless smuggling. At all events we never saw his brig nor my money again.

Shortly after this interview another Read (“E. G.”) came on the scene. He was the man whom “Savez” beat for the honor of being foot of the class when they graduated at Annapolis. E. G. Read, like his namesake, had proved himself a splendid officer in the

Southern navy. His present mission was to find "Savez" Read. He told me that there was big money to be made if he could only find "Savez," that there was a war going on in the Republic of Colombia, and that one of the sides to it wanted to buy a gunboat and had the money to pay; that he knew where the boat was to be had that would suit them, but the only trouble was that time and dry rot had not treated her kindly, and the would-be purchasers insisted that she should be delivered in one of their ports; that a seaworthy certificate would be impossible to get, so she would have to slip out of the port of New York *à la* Confederate cruiser, without clearance papers; that the sea off Cape Hatteras could be very nasty at times, but nevertheless if he could only get hold of "Savez" Read he was sure the voyage could be negotiated successfully.

I piloted E. G. Read to "Savez's" retreat, and of course the latter jumped at the offer. That night they departed for New York.

They were lavish with bright paint on the ancient craft, and procuring two or three light guns they put them, and a lot of ammunition, down in the hold, and without troubling the Customs officials for a clearance, one night they put to sea, and what is more remarkable, they reached their destination, and turned the boat over to its new owners, receiving the stipulated price in exchange.

Instead of returning at once to the United States, Read remained in Porto Caballos for some time, and in that time he got into communication with the revolutionary leader. He represented to that worthy the hopelessness of his cause now that his opponent had such a splendid gunboat, and offered for a sum of money to capture the *fine man-of-war* and deliver it to him.

The offer was instantly accepted. Read then gathered together a baker's dozen of the waifs he found loafing around the dock, seized a shore boat, rowed out to the gunboat in the night, climbed on to her deck and carried her by boarding before the astounded and sleepy crew knew what was happening—and out to sea he carried her.

He delivered her safely to her new purchaser and then skipped for the British island of Trinidad which is very near the coast. From there he wrote a letter to the President of Colombia, who had originally bought the vessel, expressing deep regret that circumstances, “over which he had no control,” had compelled him to carry off the Colombian navy, and at the same time, offered for the *same* consideration, to retake, and bring her back! “Savez” seemed to regard that old boat as an endless source of revenue to him, but the President awakened him from his dream of untold wealth by rudely intimating that he would hang him if he ever again put foot in the Republic of Colombia.

What became of the money Read earned in his peculiar ship brokerage business I could never get him to tell me. One thing certain is that within a very short time after his Colombia escapade he did not have a cent and was very glad to get a place as an apprentice pilot at the mouths of the Mississippi river.

In time he became a full branch pilot and the last time I saw him was in 1883, when I was a passenger in the steamer *City of Mexico* coming from Vera Cruz to New Orleans. The Captain of the *Mexico* was an old friend of mine, and when we arrived off the “Jetties” who should come on board as pilot but “Savez” Read. Naturally we fell into each other's arms and were delighted to meet again after many years. The Cap-

tain turned the ship over to Read, and as we were walking toward the bridge "Savez" nudged me and laughingly said, "Jimmie, wouldn't she make a bully blaze?"

Captain McIntosh instantly said: "I want you fellows to stop that kind of talk; I don't care if the war has been over for years; I don't feel safe with you two pirates aboard!"

Read had as kindly a heart and was as lovable a man as I ever knew, and he undoubtedly was the hero of the Confederate navy.

The hardships "Savez" Read had undergone proved too much for his constitution at last and his health failed him to such an extent that he was compelled to retire from the life of exposure to the elements necessary in a pilot's calling. He was made one of the Harbor Masters of the port of New Orleans and died in 1890.

OLD SALTS, KINGS AND HEROES

JOHN PHILIP MARQUAND

THE old sea captains are gone now, gone the way of the old sailing vessels, lost somewhere in a tangle of shrouds and ratlines. With them the spirit of the old man-of-war is lost too, and replaced by ideas of speed and neat efficiency, which have yet to entirely prove their worth. Grim, terrible old fellows the captains were, with a volley of oaths at the tips of their tongues, and a rope's end in their hands, which they were always ready to apply to the back of any midshipman who might be conveniently near. A rude, hard life out on a stormy sea, that seemed, perhaps, a little wider and more mysterious than it does to-day, made them proud, arrogant, and autocratic, hating the conventions which bound society on land, and gave them a liking for nothing but the life of a sailor. As the years went on, and they worked their way to the front from midshipman to commander, their viewpoint gradually narrowed. When they were given a captaincy, they had generally arrived at the conclusion that nothing on land was worth a pail of bilge water. Seamanship was the only thing that counted in their estimation, and gunnery and navigation were the great essentials in the education of a gentleman, true accomplishments, which were to be rated above everything else. Stubborn and brutal, but at the same time bold, resourceful and daring, the old captains of the 30's and 40's were sure to command the respect, if not the admiration of everyone they met. The stories of their doings, of how they threw customs and manners to the winds, and said

what they really thought without caring to whom they said it, never failed to shock, but at the same time gave a secret thrill of pleasure to all who listened.

Their fierce uncertain tempers were never forgotten by those who sailed under them. Their likes and dislikes, many of them strange and childish, formed such a never-ending source of gossip for the ward-rooms, that they soon became twisted and exaggerated to the last degree. But just as the boldly incongruous lines of a cartoon give the key to a man's appearance, these legends of our old naval officers afford a definite insight into their character. The burly, weather-beaten figure of Morgan becomes more real when we hear how he clapped the Duke of Tuscany on the back, and we can sympathize with John Percival's railings against "Hay Seeds" and "Sea Lawyers." In fact, these few yarns are all that are left of men whose steadfastness and frank simplicity make one of the finest traditions of the service.

Of all the old sea-dogs none was more didactic and more of an autocrat than Captain Morgan. He called a spade a spade, and no one could make him change his opinion, for what he said he meant, and, moreover, he never hesitated to speak his mind. Like most of his fellows he had a peculiar hatred for affectation and display. Thus when an officer, who sailed under him once, had a delightfully aristocratic way of spelling his name, which differed greatly from the pronunciation, Morgan would speak to him about it at once.

"Pronounce yer name as you spell it," he would growl, "or spell it as you pronounce it! I'll have no sailing under false colors aboard *my* ship." Not only this, but his stubborn intolerance carried him still further.

Once when his frigate was in a foreign port, a young English officer came aboard with the usual offer of services, but Morgan only glanced at him with a savage scowl.

"What did you say the name of your ship was?" he asked finally.

"The *Paarl*, sir," replied the officer with a slight drawl.

"*Paarl*," said Morgan sharply, "'*Paarl*.' And how do you spell '*Paarl*'?"

"P-E-A-R-L."

"That don't spell '*Paarl*'; it spells '*Pearl*'!"

Moreover, Morgan cared little or nothing for administration on shore, and showed none of the fine, formal courtesy for which so many of our officers like Decatur, Perry, Macdonough and Stewart were noted. Instead, he displayed a gruff informality toward his distinguished visitors, which, perhaps, had a more personal ring in it than a more diplomatic welcome. When the King of Naples visited Morgan's ship—he was, no doubt that "*Bomba*" of odious fame, whose government Gladstone called the "*Negation of God*"—Morgan came forward at once to greet him.

"Hello there, King. Come right aboard!" was all he said.

It was the same when the Grand Duke of Tuscany came aboard at Leghorn. There was a pretty rough sea which shook up the ducal barge and its occupants considerably in its long row from land, but Morgan was fully aware of the inconvenience his Grace must have suffered.

"Glad to see you, Grand Duke," he said. "Sorry you had such a rough pull off, and you feel a little rocky, I should judge from your looking so yellow round the gills. But come right ahead aft, and I'll give you

a good stiff glass of American Rye Whiskey—that'll settle your bilge for you."

Strangely enough the nobility seemed rather to like this sort of treatment, which was so different from the usual expressions of genteel civility which they naturally expected, and they always enjoyed the gruff old captain, who thought no one on land was worthy even to be compared with a really good sailor.

Commodore John Percival, commonly known in the Service as "Mad Jack" was another officer of the old school. His curious conduct towards the midshipmen caused his name to be heralded far and wide by all the youngsters who ever served under him. When the boys were studying for examinations, John Percival's kindness toward them knew no bounds. At such a time he allowed them to study in his cabin, and even permitted them to be impertinent, cheerfully tolerating their familiarities. When the examination was over, however, a far different régime set in. The fact that midshipmen had to study other than professional subjects roused the old officer to a blind, intolerant fury, as it did all the other old sea-dogs of the time. When the midshipmen passed, they became "Sea Lawyers, damned LL. D.'s" in his estimation; his cabin was forbidden ground once more, and the sight of one of them on deck never failed to rouse his ire.

"Mad Jack's" admiration for Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV, the predecessor of Queen Victoria, knew no bounds, and he always spoke of her with the profoundest respect. When she spent the winter at Naples, she lived on board the one-hundred gun ship-of-the-line *Hero* over which Percival never doubted she had full command. When he first heard of a queen on ship-board, his interest was immediately awakened,

for he was suffering severely from the gout at the time, and there was very little going on to attract his attention. He spent most of the day sitting in the stern gallery of his frigate, with his foot on the rail, and from there he could see everything that was going on aboard her Majesty's battle ship. Queen Adelaide soon heard about the peculiarities of the gouty old fellow, and as the winter wore on, it became her habit to have her boat pulled under the frigate's quarter that she might inquire after the Commodore's health. As their friendship increased, Percival began to point out what he thought might grow to be defects in this model of seamanlike virtue.

"I notice you go ashore a good deal," he called out. "A very bad habit to get into, your Majesty."

"Do you really think so, Commodore?" Queen Adelaide answered.

"Sure of it, your Majesty! Take my word for it as a seaman," Percival replied eagerly.

Often after that when Queen Adelaide was out in her boat, she would pull under the stern of the American ship to reassure the Commodore.

"Not going ashore this morning," she used to say, "I'm just out for a little pull around the harbor." "Oh! that's all right, your Majesty," the Commodore would always say. "No harm in taking to the boats all you like, and there is no better way than a pull about the ship when you want to see if the 'lifts and braces are down to the square mark.'"

Sometimes when Queen Adelaide praised the weather old Percival's rugged countenance would relax into a pleasant smile. "Fine weather, your Majesty," he would say, "a grand drying day and I see you have taken advantage of it and scrubbed hammocks."

"Yes, indeed," she answered, "I am always on the lookout for a good drying day. I am so glad you think we did right, Commodore, to scrub the hammocks this morning."

So to the end of his days a note of admiration would creep into the old officer's voice when he mentioned the Queen.

"And I'll bet she swings in a hammock," he often said, "or sleeps in a cot at any rate—no four-poster for *her*, by Gad!"

Rank and royalty were as mysterious to the sailor of the young American navy as it was to most of the officers. Like so many of our modern radicals, the sailors could never learn just what an earl or a "dook" was, or what particular use he was to humanity in general. When a sovereign visited an American ship the crew would stand at quarters, and stare in open-mouthed wonder at the train of servants, and gentlemen-in-waiting, all in glittering uniforms.

Once when the King of Portugal came on board one of our ships at Lisbon, he was attended by a fairly large crowd of retainers clad in gold lace and "haberdashery" of every description. Their uniforms made such an impression on the crew that the sailors thought that every man-Jack of them possessed some regal quality far superior to the rank of the quietly dressed monarch they attended. After the king with his ministers and several persons of high rank had gone aft to the cabin, the remaining attendants drifted about the deck, examining with a sort of patronizing curiosity the maze of ropes and blocks that surrounded them. Finally, a very much decorated one leaned against a wind-sail, which every sailor knows is a canvas tube calculated to carry fresh air into the lower regions of a

man-of-war. The wind-sail obligingly collapsed, the attendant doubled up like a jack-knife, and, with an agonized scream, disappeared from sight through the hatchway. Fortunately he landed on a pile of canvas, and before he had ceased bounding about, the quartermaster marched up to the officer of the deck, and saluted gravely.

“One of them kings, sir, has just fell down the main hatch.”

The sailors of the old man-of-war were different from those of to-day. Like their captains they led a harder life, an existence which gradually soured their natures. They cursed the ship that carried them and the wind that drove it. They grumbled at their food, the weather, their officers and their companions. With the cynical calm of pessimists they gazed on the world about them, and found that nothing was really right. A clear day was a weather breeder, and a stormy day was bound to become worse. In their leisure moments there was nothing for them to do, but to sit on the forecastle and chew their quids of tobacco, while each endeavored to outdo the other in the game of finding something wrong. During the watches they would sit in quiet meditation staring into the blue of the horizon, thinking about nothing in particular, but always gazing into the distance with every sense alert. The long hours aloft, when clouds on the horizon grew larger and darker, and the wind rose suddenly from nowhere, taught them, perhaps, that nothing on the sea was ever right, that every change of the weather stood for a subtle menace. They finally applied this maxim to their everyday life, whether rightly or wrongly is not for us to say. Yet below this forbidding exterior there lurked a spirit of kindness, bravery and patriotism. They stood

by their captains and their ships with a stubborn courage, no matter how much they might grumble among themselves, and in a crisis they were always ready and efficient. The frigates have given place to the steel clad ships, and younger and brighter men have taken the place of the grizzled old sailors before the mast. There is no quarter gunner sitting in a sour, moody silence as he polishes the metal work on his piece, growling sometimes at kid-gloved visitors who rub their "great paws" all over the guns; but the grumbling still goes on, though on a somewhat smaller scale. On the old frigates the quartermasters were the members of the crew in closest touch with the officers. As they were stationed aft, they heard much of the conversation of their superiors, and always listened with eager attention. They used to stand with a great spy glass ready to report any signal or sail to the officer of the deck.

"The second cutter's just returning, sir," they used to say with inflexible precision. "There's two officers and three gentlemen aboard."

Whether this subtle distinction was intended as a slur on the service was never determined.

There is a story of one of the old quartermasters which is fairly typical of the average sailor of the time. After the war of 1812 and victory and defeat were still live memories to both American and English officers, a spirit of bitter rivalry was rife between the two navies. Many are the duels that were fought on the beach of some lonely tropical island, and more numerous still are the tales of repartee and the cutting remarks which were interchanged in place of pistol shots. Yet, in spite of the bad spirit that was so prevalent, the usual courtesies were always punctiliously observed. Thus

it happened that an English officer was once asked to dine on board an American vessel in the harbor of Calleo. The meal passed pleasantly enough until the officers sat on deck with their cigars, and the talk began to run on smart ships and smart crews. By getting his host to tell a story first, the Englishman was always able to tell one far more impressive, since he cared only for effect and nothing at all for truth. This was naturally irritating to the American, but even more so to the quartermaster who was on duty. He listened with fixed attention, and his regard for his captain's powers as a conversationalist became less and less as the evening went on. Finally the captain became desperate.

"How soon have you seen the lower masts taken out in your service?" the English officer inquired politely.

This time the captain determined to put forth a figure which would leave his guest in tongue-tied astonishment. After a moment's hesitation he called up the most plausible lie he could think of.

"When I was in the *Raritan* frigate," he said, "we were ordered to go up to Norfolk, strip ship and go out of commission. We went alongside with royal yards across—and you'll not believe me (but it's so!) we whipped out the lower masts in four hours and twenty minutes, and had 'em on the dock!"

As four days in the shortest time it could possibly take to finish such a job, the Briton might well have been at a loss for a better story, but he only nodded carelessly.

"Ah, fair enough," he said, "but when I was on the *Swiftsure*, ship-of-the-line, we had what you might really call a smart crew. We were ordered to Spithead to take out the lower masts and pay off—and d'ye know

our bullies just twitched 'em out in two hours and forty minutes!"

The old quartermaster snorted indignantly. He could not stand this sort of thing for a moment longer, so he stepped forward and saluted.

"Excuse me for puttin' my oar in, sir," he said, "but I've seen it done quicker'n that in our service."

Hoping for a lie even greater than one he could wish to tell, the captain jumped at the chance.

"When was that, quartermaster?" he inquired.

"*Constitution* and *Guerriere*, sir. Our crew took out all three lower masts in just twenty minutes!"

There was an uncomfortable silence and the quartermaster smiled sourly, for this was exactly the time it took to convert the British ship into a useless wreck. A moment later the Captain reprimanded him and sent him below, but after the Englishman had gone the quartermaster received as full a measure of grog and praise as he might have expected for an act of personal bravery.

Under such men as Captain Morgan and Commodore Percival nearly all the Civil War officers received their training. It was a rough school, but none the less effective. Admiral Farragut was the most famous of the scholars. By one of his achievements, the timely capture of New Orleans in later years, he prevented the recognition of the Confederacy by France. The proclamation had already been written, but when the news came that the only large city of the south had fallen and that the Mississippi was closed, Louis Napoleon withheld his signature. No one could have supposed that Farragut was to render such an incalculable service to his country, when he was a midshipman on board the flagship of the American squadron

in the Mediterranean. At that time he had two mess-mates named Chauncey and Clinton. The former was the son and the latter the nephew of Commodore Chauncey, who commanded the fleet. Naturally the commodore kept an anxious eye on the careers of his young relations, and paid only a little attention to the future hero.

One evening the three youngsters received permission to visit the frigate *United States*, but as there was a dance on board of the *Ontario*, they ventured to go there instead. Such a breach in orders brought down on their heads the wrath of both their captain and commodore. "After many angry expressions," Farragut writes in describing the adventure in his journal, "he (the commodore) sent me below, under arrest. As I was anxious to learn how the other boys would fare, I crept silently to the cabin door and looked through the key-hole. There was Clinton sprawling on the deck and young Chauncey standing before his father, who was bestowing on him all the angry epithets in his vocabulary until at length he slapped him over, and upon the boy's regaining his feet, repeated the dose. When they came down into the steerage, Clinton said to Chauncey, 'Why didn't you do as I did—lie still when he first knocked you down? You might have known the old codger would knock you over again when you got up.'"

In spite of this partiality, the young relations never really amounted to much, while Farragut, the neglected, became our greatest naval hero whose instant decision at "Mobile Gate" was as momentous as that of Nelson at St. Vincent or the Nile.

The great seaman, who like the great soldier, must be born, not made, can never become a real menace to

his country's liberties. West Point, which proved in the great Civil War that its existence was essential to the existence of the nation, and which furnished a number of able generals for both Federal and Confederate armies, will always have such a limited number of students, that the danger of our training a military genius, who can dazzle and then trouble, need not be seriously regarded.

We have the habit of running away with anything in the shape of a hero, but generally get tired and drop him. Indeed he is in luck if he escapes being trampled on. But suppose the real article comes along, wants the Presidency first as an honor, then as an occupation like a Mexican President and finally decides like Louis Napoleon, that a *coup d'état* is better for the country and for him than frequent elections. Everybody knows that until we have waked to the need of a single term rule the best place for heading him off would be at the third term barrier, but the two attempts that were made to jump it, occasioned little resentment or alarm.

Said a member, in one of the Capitol restaurants, "There's no law against a man being president, three, four, or even ten times, but if he made any break we could impeach him." "Impeach him!" echoed his companion. "He would send over to Fort Myer for a squadron of cavalry and run us all out; and his crowd would shout louder than ever."

Hero worship, often absurd, and sometimes dangerous, is more lasting where a warlike prince is the object. Any monarch, however, who possesses the average amount of courage and intelligence, and who makes it very uncomfortable for his neighbors, may come to be regarded by his subjects as a hero, and many historians

who fail to realize what it means to the striking force of an army to have a leader whose word brings instant punishment or reward will assign him a place on the list of great warriors.

Louis the "Grand Monarque" started out to conquer and get the rating of a great general, but his courage failed him. He was present at the passage of the Rhine, so that became at once a great military achievement, and a subject for artists and poets, and at Mons, he got near enough to see a horse struck by a cannon-shot, as the picture in the Louvre painstakingly shows. But when Luxembourg, who beat the English, their king, and allies for him, at Steinkirk and Neerwinden, wanted to fight a battle, he dared not stay with the army to get the glory.

Frederick the Great, having started a land-grabbing war, ran away from a battle his army was winning. No doubt he got rattled as any soldier is liable to, and bolted, riding as furiously as Sheridan at Winchester only it was at the end instead of the beginning of the fight that he was "twenty miles away." He could not be dealt with, according to his own and other military rules, being a monarch, and knowing that outside of Prussia, he was being lampooned and derided, he became perfectly desperate, and fought desperately. Rosebach and Leuthen were astonishing victories, but Kunersdorf, after his previous experience with the "ragged crew," does not seem to have been any better than New Orleans or Cold Harbor.

Alexander the Great was a remarkable fellow who did great stunts, but the Ten Thousand had already shown him that Persia was an easy mark, for its king and his reputed million did nothing against them, beyond a treacherous attack upon their leaders. He knew

that Agesilaus, and earlier, Cimon, the general of little Athens, with anything like his backing, would have attempted the conquest. In fact the Greeks no longer took into account the number of Asiatics opposed to them.

Gustavus Adolphus, so conscientious and capable in preparation, was not always successful in Poland, even with the advantage of numbers. In Germany he deservedly won a pitched battle, and after being worsted by Wallenstein, he began another, which he would have won, had he lived. A good record for any commander, but given his authority in the field and at home, what would not Banner or Torstenson have done?

When the Roman world and civilization—such as it was—seemed lost, Claudius, Aurelian and Probus restored the boundaries and revived the glories of the empire. But they were peasants, and then soldiers, before they became emperors and they came to the throne in an almost uninterrupted succession, because each successively had proved himself the bravest and most worthy. Heraclius, whose campaigns were more remarkable than those of any other Roman emperor, though not a peasant, was not a prince by birth, and only took the field when compelled to.

Napoleon, the greatest of emperors, was first the greatest of captains. Having secured a throne for himself, he proceeded to find seats for his brothers, Louis being ordered to marry Hortense and Jerome to repudiate his young American wife. Josephine was then put aside, and the way cleared for an imperial line, but her descendant, and not his slipped on to the throne. Bernadotte, remotely connected with the Bonaparte family, became King of Sweden by a fluke, and then for fight-

ing against Napoleon, and the land of his birth, was allowed to keep the crown for his family. This was hard indeed, for Napoleon had no love for Bernadotte from the first, and when he joined the allies regretted most keenly that he had not court-martialed him after Auerstadt, as Davoust suggested. But this at the time would have brought out too much. Auerstadt was the most brilliant victory ever won by a French army and Napoleon wanted to palm it off as a part of his own much bulletined battle of Jena, where he overpowered a much inferior force. Davoust knew that he had the main Prussian army on his hands and sent for help, but Napoleon, alluding to his glasses, said, "The marshal must see double," and left him to fight double his numbers. After that, Napoleon and the Prussians had the same object in view; to reduce in print the odds at Auerstadt, and exaggerate the pressure that came from Jena. Bernadotte must have been wandering about that day like Grouchy, Napoleon's scapegoat, the day of Waterloo. But Grouchy had only twenty thousand men, so whether he held a portion of Blücher's army in check, or came with him to Waterloo, signified little, from a military, and nothing from a moral point of view.

Napoleon knew when he left Elba, that he was involving France in a hopeless war with all the Great Powers, for he had just found her unequal to the contest with much of Western Europe, under the rule of his family. He knew too that he was dealing only with the vanguard of the Allies, at Ligny and Waterloo, so that he must be overpowered a few weeks later. School histories teach the youth of England and America, that the French under Napoleon, and the English under Wellington, were having what the latter called "a

pounding match" and that Blücher put an end to it, late in the evening. In reality, the battle was lost or won, hours before, when the Prussians under Bülow attacked on the right. The French were then outnumbered, and even had they all been veterans, they could hardly have been expected to carry a strongly held position in front, while their flank was being assailed. Such a situation would have demoralized any army. Napoleon, however, kept right on, sacrificing his brave soldiers, and when the battle and his empire were irretrievably lost, he put in the Old Guard. But he didn't put himself at its head, to die, sword in hand. More than one general has refused to survive a defeat, but this emperor and military prodigy, who was wholly responsible for all the carnage, and all the resulting misery and humiliation, having seen the last two battalions formed, where he knew they would resist to the end, rode off at full speed. Thus it is, that the hero whose career was the greatest, has shown mankind the ending that was the meanest.

Arnold, who aptly compares Hannibal and Napoleon as commanders, followed by Liddell and others, says that the efforts of the first ended at Zama and the second at Waterloo. He ought to have added that Hannibal was compelled to fight when he knew it meant defeat because Scipio refused to treat with him and because his countrymen were not willing to submit to the demands of Rome.

Hannibal is the great wonder in military history, the more so because we must depend upon his implacable enemies and their subjects for a knowledge of his character and of his deeds. Even his wonderful strategy was regarded as a kind of Punic treachery, although the Romans admit that he sent the ring of the dead

Marcellus to his bereaved family, while *they* threw the severed head of his brother Hasdrubal, into his camp. As he was made to swear, when a child, that he would war upon the dreaded enemy of his country, hero worship, in this case, seems to have a legitimate excuse.

Livy tells about defeats inflicted by the Romans after Cannae, but Hannibal received only one small re-enforcement from home, the famous twenty-six thousand he brought with him into Italy were wasted in battles and marches, and yet for years the Romans gave him the right of way. Even after Hasdrubal's army was destroyed, Nero, like all the other consuls, was afraid to attack Hannibal.

Nearly all that Polybius tells us about Zama, he heard from the Romans, especially from the Cornelian family, and from his friend, Scipio the Younger. The Romans had the cavalry that day, and the fresh Carthaginian levies, who were quickly routed, were ridden down, as any troops would have been, who had lost their formation. So it is evident that Hannibal's "Old Guard" who retired with him from the field to become his support as a reformer in Carthage, must have stood unbroken and unconquered to the end. Liddell says the Romans were content to have him leave Italy with his laurels, and so the pieces fit together better, if it is assumed that Scipio was content to have him leave the field of Zama. How unlike the ending at Waterloo! But it must be remembered that the great Corsican was fighting for himself, while the great Carthaginian fought for his country.

Many regard Abraham Lincoln as the greatest of statesmen but he is rarely spoken of as a strategist, much less as our nearest approach to a military genius,

yet he was so considered by General W. F. Smith, "Baldy," whose opinion cannot be lightly set aside. After the campaign that ended with Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain Smith, who was the engineer of the victorious army, was referred to by the President, the Secretary of War, the Chief of Staff and General Grant as the one best fitted for the most important command—that of the Army of the Potomac. (See letter of the Assistant Secretary of War, C. S. Dana, dated Dec. 31, 1863, published in Part 3, Vol. 31, War of the Rebellion Records.)

Lincoln's fame is secure, so the proof that he was best able to command our armies or knew when it was best not to interfere with their movements is not needed. Had he lived we may be assured that he would have testified eloquently to the services of those whose names could not appear on the enlistment or pension rolls.

Americans could not realize how great during the Civil War had been the sacrifices made for this country by the common people of England and even by those of France governed though she then was by an emperor who had destroyed their republic and had sent his troops under Oudinot to crush the Roman republicans. The French historian Martine after referring to the widespread feeling that freedom's battle was being fought out in America and to the devotion of his own people to our cause adds that, "The attitude of the common people of England at this time was noble in the extreme."

General Grant also wrote, "I am told that there was no time during the Civil War when they were able to get up in England a demonstration in favor of secession, while they were constantly being gotten up in favor of the Union or, as they called it, in favor of the North.

Even in Manchester, which suffered so fearfully from having the cotton cut off from her mills, they had a monster demonstration in favor of the North at the very time when their workmen were almost famishing."

The services of Grant have been recorded by his grateful countrymen in marble and bronze but not those of our great English champions, Cobden and John Bright. Let us hope that following the completion of the Lincoln Memorial a temple may be erected or, better still, a hospital or an asylum endowed in commemoration of the heroism and fortitude of poor English men and women who suffered and saw their children suffer that the American Union should be preserved.

“JIM JOUETT”

JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

THE friends and admirers of the late Rear Admiral James E. Jouett, U. S. N., during his life ranged in rank from Admiral Farragut to Billy Barlow, the smallest powder monkey in the fleet, and Billy only ranked “Dennis,” the ship’s mascot pig. Jouett’s civilian friends varied in status from millionaires who felt honored by his acquaintance, to dead beats who drained him of his substance, as he was a recklessly generous man. They all (behind his back) called him “*Jim Jouett*.” When he was retired from active service he bought a large house and a small farm in Maryland. It was located near Sandy Spring, probably the most unique town in America. It contains only three or four residences, but possesses besides these a fine library, a grocery store and post office (combined), two banks with hundreds of thousands of dollars of deposits, and a local insurance company which has outstanding policies amounting to some forty millions of dollars in value. The town is situated in the midst of prosperous farms owned by Quakers.

It was, at first, a mystery why the old Admiral, with his lurid sailor vocabulary, should have chosen the home where he was to pass his last days, among these gentle and non-swearing people, but the secret was disclosed when his pack of hounds arrived. The country was overrun by foxes, and it was the delight of his life to chase them on moonlight nights simply for the joy it afforded him to hear, what to him, was the sweetest music in the world, a pack of hounds in full cry.

His favorite sitting room was enclosed by glass and furnished and arranged like a Captain's cabin in the old sailing men-of-war. In the summer he spent his days sitting under a huge chestnut tree where he laughed and joked the hours away, surrounded always by a lot of young people who loved to listen to his jolly stories. Once, and once only, was he tempted to leave this, to him, earthly paradise. He was lavish in his hospitality and generous, to a fault, with his money. His pay was not proportioned to his big heart, and he needed more money—to give away. In an unlucky moment he listened to the siren tongue of a seedy looking real estate agent from the land of flowers, and this poverty stricken individual convinced the Admiral in an hour's conversation that it was easy for anybody to become a millionaire. It was only necessary to buy, for a mere song, ten acres of barren land in Florida. Plant three hundred orange trees to the acre. In little or no time each tree would produce three thousand oranges. And with oranges at five cents apiece—well, make the calculation for yourself!

The Admiral sold the "Anchorage" as he called his dearly loved home, and it was bought by a lady who had an interesting family of children. The lady also took a few select summer boarders to help out her income. The Admiral soon wearied of Florida and longed to hear once more the music of his hounds as they gape tongue in chase of the "wily one" over hill and dale in the neighborhood of the loved "Anchorage," so he returned to his old home as a boarder. But he never seemed to realize that he had sold the property, and resumed his rôle of master. His word was law with the other boarders as well as with the mistress of the establishment. On the other hand, if a barn needed a

new roof, or fences were to be built, or the house repaired, the Admiral ordered it done at his own expense. He presided at the head of the table, and summarily ordered the discharge of uncongenial guests—and they went too!

The gentle Quakers in the neighborhood liked the whole-souled sailor despite the rumors that they heard about his sometimes emphasizing his conversation with a big big “D.” Such talk as the Admiral could roll off in moments of excitement excited their curiosity, and the beauty of it was that the Admiral was in blissful ignorance of the fact that he sometimes swore.

One day two Quaker ladies came to the “Anchorage” and apologized to the lady of the house, saying that they feared they had come to see her under false pretences. The lady of the house asked how that could possibly be. “Well,” replied the Quakeress, “the truth is we have heard so much about the Admiral’s swearing we thought we would like to hear it ourselves.” The hostess pointed to a path which led down to a small stream, a short distance from the house, and told them that the Admiral was building a dam for an ice pond and had about twenty men at work there. If they would pass near the spot, she thought they would hear sufficient swearing to last them for the rest of their lives. In a little while they returned and were asked if they had heard the Admiral swear. One of them replied: “Yes, Annabel, but we were very much disappointed.” “Heard the Admiral swear, and were disappointed?” cried the amazed lady of the house. “Yes, Annabel,” replied the Quakeress. “Coming from him it did not sound like swearing at all. It only seemed like a way he had of hurrying those lazy niggers along!”

I spent several summers at the "Anchorage," as a boarder, and during those periods was the constant companion of the old hero, for a real hero he was. We had much in common as we were brought up in the same school of naval discipline, and both of us when relieved from the restraint were disposed to feel a little coltish, for men of our age, and sometimes liked to kick up our heels when the halter was taken off. We had both "sailed o'er the main" and had seen many strange sights in many strange lands, and we were not apt to throw a fit, or glare savagely, if anybody told us that he, or she, had seen oysters growing on trees.

Admiral Jouett belonged to the class of 1847, a date famous for the many able and gallant officers it had furnished to the navy, and also for the mischievousness and deviltry of these same officers when they were midshipmen. The Admiral told me that on one occasion when he had been "caught in the act" while perpetrating some particularly heinous practical joke on board of one of the old-time frigates, he was summoned to the cabin to have sentence passed upon him. The stern commander was in a towering rage and arose from his seat, and said: "Mr. Jouett, I have always been an unbeliever, but you, sir, have converted me. There must be a hell to send the date of '47' to."

He told me an amusing story of how he procured a chicken for dinner when he commanded the fast gunboat *Metacomet* in the Gulf blockading squadron. He had been without fresh provisions for some time and he longed for chicken. He was close inshore and the water was shallow; naturally he was anxious about his vessel, and throughout the night he stood on the bridge trying to concentrate his mind on the care of his ship, but he could not succeed in doing so. Fried chicken, roast

chicken, boiled chicken persistently kept running through his thoughts. The weary night passed at last, but there was such a dense fog when day broke that he could scarcely see the fore-castle. He longed for fried chicken for breakfast more than ever. Suddenly he heard a sound that made him fear for his sanity. He wondered if he had thought so much about chicken that he had fouled his brains. Was that a cock's crow he thought he heard, or was he going daft on the subject? He could not believe his own ears, so asked the officer of the deck if he had heard the sound. The watch officer looked amazed at the question, and intimated that although he did not live there, and was in fact a stranger in those parts, yet from his experience on a farm when a boy, he hardly thought there were many henroosts in that particular part of the Gulf of Mexico. But he had hardly finished his scarcely veiled sarcastic remarks concerning the habitat of the domestic barnyard fowl, when, plainly as could be, was heard the ringing "cockadoodledoo" of an unmistakable chanticleer! The first thought that flashed through Jouett's brain was that some unknown current had carried his ship close to the low lying land and that he must be some twenty miles out of his reckoning. He was worried for a moment, but again the challenge of the rooster penetrated the fog and the man of action asserted himself. He swore a mighty oath that he would have that chicken if he had to bust the bottom out of the fastest gunboat in the United States navy! He ordered the officer of the deck to go ahead at full speed, and then amazed the man at the wheel by ordering him to "steer for that chicken!" Sounds are deceptive in a fog, so they steered first one course and then another, trying to locate the sound, when suddenly,

almost alongside, the clarion notes of the rooster rang out his defiance. The fog lifted at that moment and Jouett discovered that he was not only going to have chicken for dinner but that he also had in his power a most valuable prize in the shape of a blockade runner who had lost her bearings and was lying idly on the sea waiting for the fog to lift.

Jouett's luck in catching blockade runners was almost phenomenal. He captured the fast *Kate Dale* with eight hundred bales of cotton on board after a long chase, when he commanded the *Cuyler*; he "brought her to" with his guns. The blockader had no sooner stopped than the engines of the *Cuyler* broke down. Had the *Kate Dale* gone on for ten minutes more she would have escaped. Jouett's share, as Captain, of the prize money, amounted to thirty thousand dollars! His prize money for the war amounted to nearly a hundred thousand dollars. One can obtain some idea of the value of the captures when it is remembered that the Admiral of the fleet has a big share, every man-of-war in sight when the capture is made has a share, and every man on board the ship down to the powder monkey has a share.

An officer told me that he was with Jouett in the frigate *Santee* engaged in blockading the port of Galveston during the early part of the Civil War; he said that although Jouett was a strict disciplinarian, and would swear at the sailors when anything went wrong, he was the best loved officer on the ship. As an instance of the affection he was held in by the men, he mentioned one occasion when a sailor bungled something Jouett had ordered him to do, Jouett not only swore at the man, but also gave him a kick which sent him sprawling on the deck. Everybody expected to hear the man

demand to see his Captain which would have resulted in the court-martial of the lieutenant, but instead of that the fellow, cap in hand, walked up to his officer and said: "Now, Mr. Jouett, after that, you will take me in the boat with you if you go fishing this morning, won't you?"

It was while aboard this same frigate *Santee*, when she was blockading Galveston in November, 1861, that Jouett conceived the idea of cutting out the steamer *General Rusk*, which had been converted into a Confederate gunboat carrying several heavy guns. He was given command of the expedition consisting of two launches propelled by oars, and each carrying a small howitzer. It was in the night. He succeeded in passing the forts, which protected the entrance of the harbor, unobserved, and also passed by the *Royal Yacht*, a small Confederate gunboat, carrying one thirty-two pounder and a twelve-pounder howitzer, which was acting as guard ship. Unfortunately his boat ran aground on a sandspit and the other launch which was following ran into her, smashing a number of oars, and making a great racket, alarming the Confederates on shore and the vessels in the harbor also. He saw it would be impossible to take the *General Rusk* by surprise; so he decided to capture the *Royal Yacht* at least. Directing the second launch to board her on the starboard bow, he laid his own boat alongside the waist, fired his howitzer, and one man jumped aboard the *Royal Yacht*. But the recoil of the gun had pushed the launch away and the rapid tide quickly carried her astern of the gunboat. Jouett got his men to the oars as quickly as possible, but met with another *contre temps*. The second launch had not boarded on the starboard bow as ordered, but had drifted astern

on the port side, and suddenly seeing Jouett's boat, mistook her for one of the enemy and opened fire with her muskets, killing Jouett's pilot. Then the second launch turned tail and fled, and was seen no more that night. Arriving alongside the gunboat again, Jouett leaped aboard, followed by his men. There was a lively fight on the deck in which several were killed and wounded on both sides. While this was going on the shore batteries opened fire upon them. The Confederates were driven forward and sought safety down the hatchway which led to the berth deck. One of the last to give way suddenly turned around and rammed his boarding pike, the pole of which was something like two inches in diameter, through the muscle of Jouett's arm and through his right side, perforating his lung and pinning him against the foremast. Jouett seized the shaft of the pike where it protruded from his body, and he and the Confederate sailor struggled for possession of the weapon, wrenching it loose from the mast. They fell on the deck and the shaft of the pike was broken on a corner of the hatchcombing, leaving about a foot of it sticking out of Jouett's body. The Confederate with the other end of the broken shaft fled below. Sickened and faint, Jouett wrenched the blade of the pike out of his body, that crude surgical operation causing a profuse flow of blood. Gasping for breath, on account of the injury to his lung, he quickly twisted a piece of his woolen shirt and with his finger thrust it into the gaping wound. He struggled to his feet and found himself alone on the deck. The last one of his men, who supposed their leader was killed, was disappearing over the rail to seek safety in the launch. Jouett ran to the taffrail, and as the boat drifted under the *Royal Yacht's* stern, he jumped into

her, and with drawn revolver forced his men to row back to the prize. He led them aboard, and to the forward hatchway, down which he called to the gunboat's crew to surrender. This they refused to do. He then led his men down into the black hole and after another hand to hand fight the crew of the vessel agreed to give up. Jouett ordered them to sit down, and while seeing that his order was being obeyed, he was startled by hearing the cry "*Santee!*" which was the signal previously agreed upon for every man to take refuge in the boats. Instantly he was again deserted by his men who rushed frantically on deck and, leaping into the launch, shoved off. Jouett hastily telling his prisoners that he would kill the first man who showed his head above the hatch went on deck himself to find out what was the matter. Again he found that he had been deserted. He rushed to the taffrail and saw the launch disappearing in the darkness. He called to the men to come back, but made no impression upon them until he cursed them for cowards and dared them to go back to the *Santee* and tell their shipmates how they had deserted him after the prize was captured! The men then came back. Jouett went to the hatchway and ordered the Confederates to come on deck; this they refused to do. He then told them he was going to drop amongst them a shell with a lighted fuse, and setting a match to a fire ball he dropped it down the hatchway and they scampered up on deck where they were seized, put in the launch, and safely secured. Jouett then set fire to the *Royal Yacht* and pulled for the open sea on the way to which he came near being wrecked in the breakers, so closely did he steer to them to avoid his pursuers from the other Confederate boats which had by this time started after him.

Suffering intense agony from the gaping wounds in his arm and body he was for more than three hours in his open boat before daylight enabled him to see where the *Santee* lay "hove to," awaiting him. He was taken aboard and of course at once received the surgeon's much needed attention.

When Jouett set fire to the *Royal Yacht* he thought very naturally that he had destroyed her, but he had neither the science nor the practice in the gentle art of burning ships possessed by the southern navy officers who served on the Confederate cruisers, and his fire was such a poor one that the crew of the gunboat *Rusk* which reached the scene a few moments after Jouett's departure, easily extinguished it.

The *Royal Yacht* afterwards was fitted out as a blockade runner and while engaged in that business was captured. (See Naval War Records.)

Jouett, although not a large man, was possessed of extraordinary strength and vitality; he not only recovered from his severe wounds, but in a few months was able to take command of the cruiser *Cuyler* in which he made several very valuable prizes:

From the *Cuyler* he was transferred to the command of the *Metacomet* attached to Admiral Farragut's fleet, and he was undoubtedly Farragut's favorite captain.

On that awful day of carnage at Mobile when Admiral Farragut's fleet forced its way through the passage between Forts Morgan and Gaines and engaged the powerful Confederate ram *Tennessee*, and other gunboats, the *Metacomet* was lashed alongside of the flagship *Hartford*.

Before the war commenced Jouett had an intimate friend, a lieutenant in the navy, with whom he had made several cruises, and the men were sincerely attached to

each other; but when the war came on, his friend, Lieutenant Murphy, not only went south, but insisted on Jouett going with him. Jouett was just as earnest in trying to persuade his chum to remain by the flag. As is usual, when friends seriously quarrel, they parted in anger.

At the battle of Mobile Bay while the *Hartford* was engaged with the ironclad ram *Tennessee*, the Confederate gunboat *Selma* took up a position where she was doing the *Hartford* great damage. There was a strip of shallow water between them over which only vessels of light draught were supposed to be able to pass. Jouett begged Admiral Farragut to let him cast loose from the *Hartford* and go over and engage the *Selma*. Admiral Farragut, who was never disposed to spoil sport of that character, consented, and the *Metacomet* was soon speeding on her errand of destruction. There was a man stationed in the chains of the *Metacomet*, with a line made fast around his waist to keep him from falling overboard. He was busily engaged in heaving the lead. His monotonous chant could be plainly heard on the bridge where Jouett was standing. The sailor kept on calling less and less depth of water. "By the deep three and a half!" (fathoms) and then came, "By the scant three!" as the water shoaled rapidly. When it came uncomfortably close to the draught of his ship Jouett yelled to the man: "Stop heaving that lead, you d—d fool! Can't you see you are making me nervous? I am going on anyhow if I bump the bottom out of her." But he did not "bump" the bottom, and the *Metacomet* and the *Selma* were soon engaged in a hot fight. The Captains of neither vessel knew who commanded the other gunboat, and so they went on hammering each other. Murphy,

Jouett's former friend, who commanded the *Selma*, was badly wounded in the arm and his executive officer, Lieutenant Comstock, was cut in two by a shell, and many others on the *Selma* were killed and wounded. The *Selma* was fairly riddled by shot and shell.

Captain Murphy seeing his boat was a perfect wreck and in danger of sinking, had the only boat that was not completely in splinters, lowered, and getting into it went over to the *Metacomet* with the intention of asking the Captain, whoever he might be, to help him save his wounded. Before he reached the side of the *Metacomet* Jouett had appreciated the situation and had lowered his boats.

When Murphy stepped on to the *Metacomet's* deck he had his injured arm in a sling and in his right hand he carried his sabre. When he saw that it was his one-time intimate friend, and later enemy, who had defeated him, it was too much for him. Instead of stating like a sensible man the request he had come to make, he drew himself up in all of his dignity, and in a most tragic manner, said: "Captain Jouett, the fortunes of war compel me to tender you my sword!" Jouett's merry eyes commenced to twinkle, and he replied: "Pat, don't make a d—d fool of yourself, I have had a bottle on ice for you for the last half hour!" Tears gathered into the eyes of victor and vanquished, while the *Metacomet's* crew looked on with open-mouthed amazement at this strange meeting. The first lieutenant of the *Metacomet* saved the situation by suggesting to his Captain that Captain Murphy's arm needed attention and it would be well to take him down into the cabin.

When the *Tennessee* surrendered, Admiral Buchanan, her commander, was taken aboard the *Metacomet*. He

was badly wounded, and Jouett had him laid on a sofa in his cabin. After the surgeon had got through dressing his injury, a tray full of good things, to which the Admiral had long been a stranger, was placed on a chair and pushed up to the injured officer so that he could help himself. Murphy took his seat at the table with Jouett and was hungrily feeding himself with his one good hand. “Admiral,” he said to Buchanan suddenly, “Jim Jouett spoiled the greatest oration that ever could have been made by anybody.” “How was that?” inquired the Admiral. “Why,” replied Murphy, “I was about to make a speech when I surrendered, but he cut me short with his rudeness.” “Well,” said Admiral Buchanan, “if Jouett had only let me know what he was going to give me for breakfast, I would have surrendered two hours ago!”

I was staying at the “Anchorage” when Admiral Jouett died. A week or ten days before his death this sturdy old sailor was out with his dogs, in the night, chasing foxes. He was then some seventy-four or five years of age.

I had his body taken to my house in Washington and he was buried from there with all the naval honors due his rank, and when the bugler sounded taps over his grave in Arlington, although he had innumerable friends, I doubt if any of them grieved more sincerely for him than did the ex-Confederate midshipman who had been his devoted friend for so many years.

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