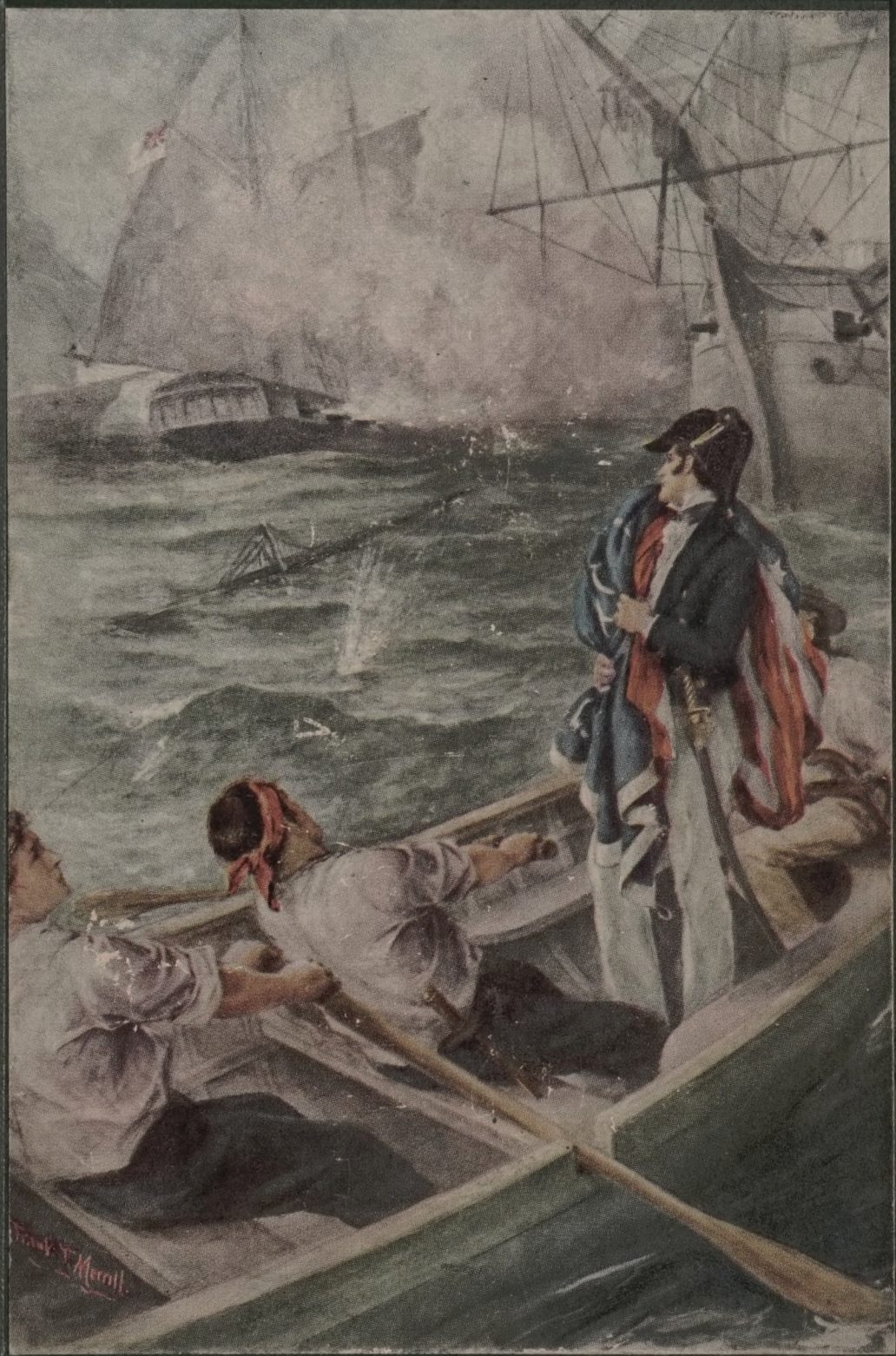


# “DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP”



CHARLES S. WOOD



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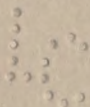
“PERRY STOOD ERECT WITH HIS BLUE BANNER  
AROUND HIM”



“DON'T GIVE UP THE  
SHIP!”

By  
CHARLES S. WOOD

Illustrated by  
FRANK T. MERRILL



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TO

FRANCIS BAIL PEARSON this book is  
dedicated in grateful appreciation  
of his interest and assistance in the  
author's work for young people.



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“DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!”





# DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

## CHAPTER I.

### The Search on the Jennie B.

**I**T was a beautiful morning in July, 1807, near the end of the month. A stiff breeze was blowing off the sound, and the air was cool and salty, and down by Brant Point the tide was racing swiftly into Nantucket harbor. Along the shore of the outer bay, instead of the usual gentle lapping of the waves on the beach, a surf was pounding, and the water was slimy with seaweed which had been torn from its bed, and was now being tossed in long windrows high up on the beach. From the south shore three miles away came the heavy roar of the surf, as the great wall of water fell incessantly on the beach.

These were the only signs here of the great gale, which had swept the coast of New England. But its destructive force was hurled in vain along a coast, where but little shipping was afloat. A few years before wrecks of coasters and foreign ships would have been strewn along the sea front from Eastport to New York. Now the vessels were rotting idly at the piers in safe harbors, and the ocean was nearly as bare of sails as it was when Columbus ventured his little fleet on the virgin waters of the Western World.

Why and how this great shipping business had been destroyed will be seen as this little story unfolds.

Harry Macy was sitting on the high steps in front of a large house which faced the bay. It was such a house as may be seen there today, a house built of the old oaks which once grew upon the island, and its sides were covered with weather-stained shingles. A great square chimney rose above the roof in the center, and along the ridge extended a wide railed platform, called "the walk." At one end was a ten foot pole with a black weather-vane, shaped like a whale, which pointed over the outer bay to the north.

Harry was a sturdy boy, twelve years old, bright in mind and strong of body, just such a boy as you would like for a chum, if you were spending a summer by the sea. He could do with ease many of the things, which boys, who live away from the water, long to do. He could pull an oar in a heavy fishing dory, or sail a cat-boat, even when the sea was high, and the boat slipped along through the white caps,

"With a wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
And a wind that followed after."

Harry could swim across the harbor and back again, and he knew how to throw and haul his line through the breakers to catch blue fish or cod. He had even caught a shark, a man-eater or blue dog, and carried some of its teeth in his pocket for good luck.

Of course, being a Nantucket boy, his great ambi-

tion was to go on a whaling voyage. But no whalers went out any more, and there were no ships in the harbor, and even the schooners and sloops in the coasting trade had all gone to safer harbors, or had been captured, or destroyed. It was of this Harry was thinking this morning, instead of running about with his companions in his usual lively way. Behind him he could hear his mother having a morning chat with her neighbor, Mrs. Gardner, and in the yard he saw his brothers and sisters in their old clothes and barefooted, playing their childish games. His trousers were darned and patched, and his shirt was an old one of his father's made over to fit him, and now much worse for its hard usage.

"Where's your shipmate, Harry? Who are you talking to?"

Harry turned and there was his dory-mate, Ike Coffin, whose bare feet made no noise in the grassy lane.

"Was I talking? I must have been thinking out loud. I wish we were shipmates on a whaler, or a merchant-man bound for Havana. I'm tired of doing nothing. I want to work and earn money to help mother, and to buy me some new clothes this fall. What am I going to do when school begins, or where will we get money to pay the teacher?"

"Well, then you will get out of going," said Ike,

who was always in difficulties with the teachers, and happy when school terms were over.

"I want to go to school when I can't go to sea. If I can't be a sailor, I will be a business man. I'm going to be at the head of something, but I'd rather be a captain aboard a clipper."

"Didn't you get wool this spring?"

"Not enough to make the cloth we need. You remember when shearing day came we couldn't find all our sheep. Some of them died on the commons last winter, and our clip was a small one. When mother carded and spun it, there wasn't yarn enough to make much cloth."

"Mebbe your sheep didn't die. The brand might have been changed."

"What do you mean, Ike? That couldn't be? There's nobody on the island would do such a mean trick on mother."

"Don't be too sure. That man Mooney is getting rich pretty fast. He's mean enough to steal the lobsters out of old Daddy Swayne's pots. He had more sheep than his share on the commons last spring, and Levi told him they wouldn't allow him to keep so many this year. Some of them couldn't understand how his flock got so big in two years."

"Do the s'lectmen think he changed mother's brand to his?"

"They didn't say so. They looked at his brands pretty close."

"I'll ask Levi about it. Come on now."

"No. Lets go down to Matt Swazey's shop. He's going up to Wanwinet after dinner, and if he will let us go along we may get some blue fish."

"I want to ask Levi about the sheep."

"You can see him when we come back."

"I'm going to Levi's now. That's too mean a trick to stand, and I want to know all about it."

"Don't get mad about it now, Harry. They couldn't be sure about it, or they would have told your mother at the time, so she could make her complaint to the s'lectmen."

"Moony's a stranger. Do they know anything about him?"

"He's an Englishman."

"Another British oppressor to rob us of our property and rights. They think the ocean is an English pond, and that nobody can sail a boat on it without asking leave of them."

"My father says Napoleon is the real cause of our troubles with England. He wants to be king of all Europe, and England won't let him have it. So he is fighting England, and when he captures England and gets all her ships, then he will sweep all our ships off the oceans, and tell us just what we can do."

"Your father is a federalist and they all hate France, and say Jefferson is an ally of France."

"There's a lot of good sense in what he says. He don't stand up for England, but he thinks we ought not to go to war. He says the President is right in trying to avoid a war."

"The people are angry enough to go to war. Think of what happened last year when the Leander fired on the sloop, Richard, at New York and killed the helmsman, Pierce. Think of what the British war ships are doing all along the coast, and the men they have impressed, like my father. We are poor and ragged and sometimes hungry, because they captured him from a coasting vessel, and he can't come back to work for his family. We wouldn't be any worse off in a war than we are now. We are not ready for war, but we can get ready if we have to."

"What are you boys talking about?" Mrs. Macy asked, coming to the window. "It sounds like you were reciting a history lesson in school."

"We are talking over what the men say every night on the long wharf, Captain Coffin and Captain Chase, and Uncle Hiram, and Levi and all of them. I tell you, mother, the people are getting fighting mad."

"Well, Harry, you can cool off now by going up to the mill with a bushel of corn. We can get it ground as soon as Daniel Hussey's grist is ground. Ask Cousin Ruth to lend you her wheel-barrow, and then

we can give her some of the meal. She needs it, poor woman."

"But mother, I was going up to Levi's store. Do you know if the brand on some of our sheep was changed?"

"Don't you go blustering Levi about that. I know all about it. You get the corn ground this morning, or you may have to go clamming for your supper."

"We want to go out with Matt Swazey after dinner and try for blue fish."

"You can do that. I would like to have a fish."

The boys went up a lane, that was only ten feet wide, to a small cottage, where Ruth Chase lived all alone. Her only son, Peter, had been caught by a press gang in Liverpool, and killed at sea in a battle with a French warship. His mother was now a childless widow, but she was not allowed to suffer for food, for nearly all the families on the island were related, and the unfortunate ones were taken care of in a kind way. There were other families, whose fathers or sons had been taken by English vessels from the coasters. The business of the Nantucket men, which was whaling and the coasting trade, had been entirely broken up by the oppressions of the English. The people had gone back again to primitive conditions. Their food came from the sea and from their gardens, and their clothing from the sheep on the commons.

The wind mill was on a low hill, south of the village,

and the boys did not have an easy task pushing the wheelbarrow through the sandy streets and roads. They could hear the wheel creaking, and see the big sails slowly sweeping up and down long before they reached it. As they came near, Ike ran up the slope and caught a sail as it was coming down, and hung on until it began to rise again on the other side. His ride was shortened by the angry miller, who seized him by the leg and gave him a hard jerk, which sent him sprawling in the clay bank, where he lay for a minute rubbing his knees and leg.

"I'll larn ye to let my sails alone. Must I hev my wheels and stones stopped by yer putting the cargo of yer lazy carcass on the sails? Try it agin, an I'll rig up a jury mast, an tie ye to it, an give ye a taste o' the cat."

Ike scrambled up in a hurry and got out of reach of the miller's hands, and Harry came up and asked if he was ready to grind his mother's corn. The miller answered him, in a surly tone, that he must wait his turn, but as Harry saw the hopper was nearly empty, and there was no other grist in sight, he knew he would not have long to wait.

Ike grew bolder and came in, and the two boys examined the machinery. When the Hussey grist had run out, the wind had veered around to the northwest, and the miller slipped off the gearing, and went out to set his sails. The upper part, or hood of the mill,



carrying the shaft, was framed separately from the rest of the mill, and moved around on wheels over a circular plate. On the side opposite the big wheel was a long timber fastened to the hood, and slanting down to a wheel which ran on a circular track around the mill. By this means the top could be turned around and the sails brought into the wind.

The miller leaned his weight against this timber which he called his rudder, and the boys put their hands to it, and slowly the heavy frame was turned until the sails were brought around several points. Then the miller adjusted his gearings, and the machinery hummed merrily, and the air grew dusty as Harry's corn was ground. The miller did not thank the boys for their help, but his crusty manners thawed a little, and he civilly answered some of their questions. When the grist had run out he took out his toll, and Harry made ready to take his meal home.

"There's a sail off Tuckernuck. It's a sloop." Ike said coming in.

"How d'ye know? You can't see a sail from here," said Harry.

"You bin aloft on my rudder-pole, you raskil. I'll skin you for that."

Ike, however, kept out of the miller's reach, who was too curious about the sail to chase him. He climbed the stairs inside to a window, and saw the sloop running in as close as she could on a lee shore.

"Looks like the Jennie B. and Captain Bunker spies danger." The miller turned his glass to the east. "There's another sail off Great Point. Bunker wants to run in here before she picks him up but he can't do it. If she be an English sail, somewhat will happen in the harbor."

The boys raced off for home a good deal faster than they came. When they reached Center Street, they saw the old captains out on their walks, glass in hand, and down by the wharf knots of excited men talking, while others were rushing along to the road up the cliff.

Now the glasses were turned on Great Point, and before long a thin column of smoke rose, and in a few minutes another signal fire was lighted, and its message of smoke carried over the island. Then the watchers knew that an English war vessel was passing through the sound, and was shaping its course toward the harbor. The sloop was now well past Tuckernuck and sailing fast before the wind. Signals were flying already from the Trot Hills, and the sloop was crowding on all sail. In a half hour she crossed the bar, while the British schooner was still several miles in the offing. They watched her on her long tack, hoping her course would not be changed; but when she reached the right point men were seen to go aloft, the braces were hauled about, and the helm put hard a lee. The white wings filled again, and in less than

an hour the schooner came racing around Brant point, and dropped her anchor in the Bay. The boys by this time had run down to the wharf, and Harry's eyes grew round with wonder, and his heart was pumping like an engine, when he read on the white side of the schooner the name "Tigress."

"See there Ike! She's the Tigress! I must know whether father's aboard her. Do you think the captain will let him come ashore?"

"No such good luck for him. If the captain knows he's a Nantucket man, he will put a guard over him."

"I'm going to watch close and find out. He'll give us some signal, or send us a message. If I was to go out the captain would let me see him."

"Perhaps he will try to escape. You keep quiet till he makes some sign."

Now the boys got interested in what was taking place on the Tigress. An officer hailed the sloop.

"What ship is that?"

"The Jenny B."

"Where from?"

"New Bedford."

"Where bound?"

"Boston with corn, flour, and sugar."

A boat was lowered, and an officer and several marines soon boarded the sloop. The officer insisted on examining the cargo. The sugar was in French

boxes, and it was ordered to be brought out as contraband goods. Captain Bunker protested in vain.

He went aboard the *Tigress*, and had a stormy interview with the captain, but with no result except to anger the Englishman. Captain Bunker said he would enter complaint of the robbery with the Secretary of State, and the English Government would be compelled to make good the loss. The captain's answer to that was a derisive laugh.

When the sugar had been transferred, the officer ordered Captain Bunker to muster his crew on deck. Although he saw another outrage was to be imposed on him, he was obliged to submit. The lieutenant looked at the sailors and declared two of them looked like Englishmen. They swore they were Massachusetts men, from Cape Cod. One of the marines said he knew them, and gave them names they never heard of, and then another marine declared he had seen them on board an English ship. The two sailors indignantly denied that they had ever served on English vessels, but the lieutenant ordered them to get into his gig, and carried them off to the *Tigress*. All this caused a great stir among the men on the wharf, and made them very indignant over the outrages. But as they did not know what this tyrannical captain might do next, they could do no more than make a strong protest against his illegal actions.

## CHAPTER II.

### William Macy Surrenders Himself.

In the meantime, Harry and Ike untied a small boat, without waiting to ask Levi Coffin if they might use it. He probably would have refused, for there was no telling what this arrogant Englishman might do with the property of the islanders. Harry was too impatient to know whether his father was on board to remain quiet on the pier. He hoped to see him, or get a word or two from him, before he sailed off again. So he pulled out as if to take a look at the Tigress. As they passed around the schooner, he saw a man's head close under the hull, and a rope hanging above him. The man held up a hand, and motioned to them to sheer off up the bay, and then he dived. In a moment he came up nearer, and then dived again. This soon brought him near, and Harry started as he saw the man's face, for it was his father.

"Keep quiet, boy, I'm your daddy."

He floated around to the larboard side of the dory.

"Is any one looking this way on the Tigress?"

"No, there's no one on the larboard. They are watching the Jennie B."

"Pass your painter under the thwart, and give me a holt."

He took the rope, and kept in the shadow of the boys, while they pulled hard towards the Shimmo shore a half mile away.

"There's some kind of a muss on shipboard," said Ike. "It looks like they've missed you, and are mustering the crew. There's an officer pointing this way, and he's sent a man aloft."

The next minute the officer hailed,

"Boat ahoy, pull to the ship."

"Pay no attention, boys. Row hard."

There was a puff of smoke and a musket cracked, and a bullet struck the water too short to reach them. The boys pulled steadily ahead. Then one of the schooner's guns was fired, but the shot went over them. This did not stop the boys, who were now getting into shoal water, within two hundred yards of the shore.

"I'll run for it, Harry, and I know where to hide. They are lowering their gig. Run your boat in the inlet, and hide in the swamp."

Long before the gig came up the boys had run their light boat into a cove, and were safely hidden. Harry's father had run for a smuggler's cave, and he knew the searchers would not find him. The lieutenant came in a yawl with more men, and they patrolled the beach, and searched among the bushes for an hour, but found no one. The captain sent a boat ashore, and demanded the return of the deserter, but

the selectmen knew nothing of his escape, and could do nothing about his return. The captain vented his anger on the Jennie B. He fired several shots at her, riddling her rigging, and cutting down her mast, and then, because the boys had aided in the escape of his sailor, he sent a shot into a group of children gathered near Brant Point light. Fortunately no one was hurt. The girls screamed, and the boys grew pale with fear, and all scattered, hardly daring to look around. They climbed up the sandy cliff, and sneaked back through the lanes into the village, and not a child showed itself on the beach until the sails of the Tigress were sinking below the western horizon.

But the Tigress remained in the harbor for several hours, and did not sail until she had committed another injury whose evil consequences lasted for years, and laid a burden on Harry's shoulders that was heavy for so young a lad.

Captain Tompson was enraged at the desertion of Macy, not only because he was a first class seaman, and too valuable a man to lose, but also because the desertion of seamen was a very serious matter on all the English war vessels in American waters. The men were discontented because they were cruelly treated, and their pay was small. When the American commerce was flourishing sailors were in demand, and wages were sometimes three times what seamen

received in the English navy, or on their merchant vessels.

The captain now discovered that Macy was a Nantucket man, and although the fact made his retention illegal, it did not deter Captain Thompson from making strenuous efforts to recover him. When Lieutenant Smith reported that there were two Nantucket lads in the crew of the Jennie B, he cunningly devised a scheme for securing the deserter that would have done credit to a savage Shawnee Indian. He sent the lieutenant back to the sloop with a double crew, and told him to bring the two young men back, if he had to go ashore to find them, and if any protest was made to order their parents to come aboard the Tigress.

The young men were not, in fact, a part of the regular crew. They wanted to get back to their homes from New Bedford, and agreed to work their passage. One of them was James Mitchel, the son of a poor widow, and the other was Tom Starbuck, the only son of Thaddeus Starbuck, an old and wealthy sea captain, who lived in one of the big houses on Center Street. One son had been lost at sea, a daughter died in her youth, and only Tom was left.

The boy was wild and head-strong, and his father had a hasty temper, and the two did not get along peaceably. The father wanted him to study, and the boy was wild to go to sea. He seemed to delight in



the worst companions he could find, and would not listen to his father's advice, and the antagonism between them grew so great, that Tom left home on a passing schooner, early in the spring and had not been heard from since. Now, with empty pockets, the prodigal was coming back home.

Captain Starbuck was all broken up by the message sent to him by Captain Bunker, that his son had been impressed on the Tigress, and Mrs. Starbuck was completely prostrated. As soon as he could leave her, he went down to the wharf, and heard all the story. It was plain that the boys were taken as hostages to compel the return of William Macy. He induced the selectmen to go out with him to hold an interview with Captain Thompson. The British commander was very arrogant, making many threats, but the selectmen were bold and dignified in their replies, holding out a resolute front against such acts of oppression. But Captain Starbuck was ready to compromise.

"What do you want to release my boy? He's not fit for a sailor. He is only sixteen years old."

"I'll not release either one unless I get Macy back."

"I will pay you a hundred dollars, twenty pounds to ransom Tom."

"I don't want your money."

"Then I'll make it one hundred pounds."

"I say I don't want your money. Bring that

deserter aboard and you can take the two boys ashore. You need not waste time on any other terms."

"I cannot get Macy, nor can I compel him to come aboard again. You haven't made his life on shipboard an easy one, so that he wants to ship again with you."

"You are compelled to acknowledge that Macy is a Nantucket man, and not a British subject, and that your detention of him would be illegal. Therefore your seizing of these boys is a double crime. All these facts will be laid before the President and Secretary of State."

Captain Thompson listened to Levi Coffin's statement. Then his face hardened.

"The Tigress will sail at high tide this evening. If Macy is aboard then, the boys will be put ashore. I care nothing for all your protests and the proclamations from your President. You need not waste time here, but go and find Macy."

The selectmen when they reached the pier urged Captain Starbuck to take up the proposal, and try to induce Macy to go back. Levi Coffin and Martin Hussey went with him, in one of the four-wheeled box carts, toward the Shimmo shore. They found William concealed in a smuggler's cave, and had a long talk with him. At first he would not listen to any proposition. Liberty was too sweet to be given up again. His family needed him. They would starve without his support, and it was his duty to

take care of them. Besides war was coming, and he was not one to join the enemy, and fight against his own flag.

“You need not be concerned about your family. I will provide for them, as if they were my own children?” said Captain Starbuck. “They will be kept in comfort, and the children sent to school.”

“I can’t do it. If you knew the tyranny of that brute of a commander, you wouldn’t ask me to go back. It’s a flogging I’ll get as soon as he clears port, and bread and water for a week.”

“Think then what Tom will suffer under him. That boy won’t bear restraint. He is violent in temper and stubborn. He will be flogged to death. Or if that should not happen he will be ruined by bad company.”

“You should have brought him up differently.”

“I have tried in vain to make him an industrious, sober boy. His mother has done everything for him but in vain. She is broken-hearted now, and I fear she will not live long if he is carried off. You do not know how frail she is.”

This last appeal touched William Macy, for Mrs. Starbuck had been a good friend to him in his youth. The captain saw his advantage, and followed it up, and repeated his promise to look after the family until Macy returned. Finally it was settled. Captain Starbuck offered to pay William a hundred dollars that day, but he declined it, leaving it to the captain’s

honor to keep his word when Mrs. Macy needed it. For he had thirty English pounds sewed up in his clothing which would be all they would need for some months, and he did not want to feel dependent on any one.

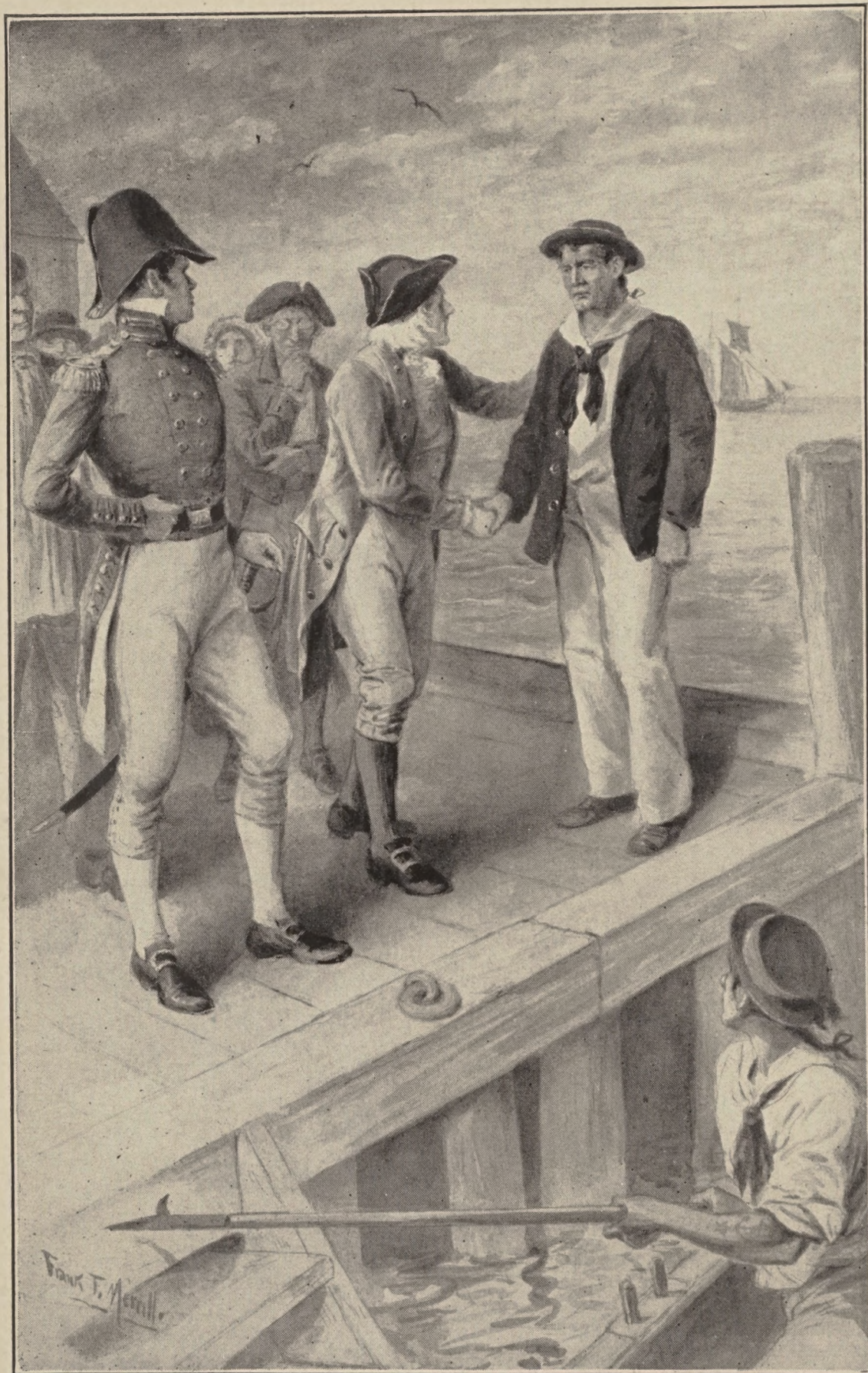
William got into the cart and went home, but the joyous greeting of his wife and children was soon turned into sorrow, when they heard that he was going back to the Tigress. He had little time to be with them, for all the town people were like one family, and they wanted to see William before he went away again.

Mr. Macy charged Harry to be a good boy, to work hard, to take good care of his mother and his brothers and sisters.

"I may never see you again, my son, but if I live, I will come back. They will watch me close, but I may get another chance to escape. In three years my enlistment as they call it will expire, and perhaps I will be released."

Mrs. Macy clung to her husband feeling sure she would never see him again. She begged him to stay, and let the boys be taken. But nothing could change Mr. Macy's purpose, having given his word, although he was a tender-hearted man, and his wife's tears and pleading wrung his heart. At last in the middle of the afternoon he tore himself away from her and the children, and passed out of the mass of cousins and





CAPTAIN STARBUCK IN A TREMRLING VOICE THANKED  
MR. MACY FOR HIS MAGNANIMOUS ACTION

aunts, who filled the house, and thronged about the door, and flocked with him down the streets. The long wharf was black with men and women, and he could hardly press his way through the friendly throngs, who insisted on taking the hand of this noble man, who was sacrificing himself for young men who were hardly worthy of such costly devotion.

The selectmen had sent word to Captain Thompson, and a boat manned by sixteen sailors was waiting near the pier. When William appeared at the steps with the officials, the boat was pulled in.

"Get aboard, Macy," the lieutenant ordered. "We have you now, and you will not get another chance to desert."

Then Captain Starbuck, with the breeze fluttering his white hair, clasped Mr. Macy's hand, and thanked him in a trembling voice for his magnanimous action.

"Lieutenant Smith, this man has made a noble sacrifice in surrendering himself to your service, for which you have no claim. I hope your commander will appreciate his conduct and treat him well, for he deserves high honor."

"He will get what he deserves," the lieutenant answered in a hard sneering voice. The hearts of all who heard his words were filled with apprehension, and a swift murmur of sorrow and anger passed through the crowd of William's friends. The lieutenant did not give them any chance at an attempt to

rescue him. As soon as the transfer was effected, the men pushed the boat from the pier, the boatswain gave the word, and the oars flashed in the water. In a few moments the men were at the capstan lifting the anchor and others were manning the yards. In an hour the schooner was far off beyond Tuckernuck, and what was taking place on her decks was hidden from observation by the bulwarks. The men on the walks turned their glasses constantly to the vessel, but they could see nothing of William Macy. Whether he was confined in the brig or tied up to a mast and flogged, was left to conjecture. They believed that the captain wanted him back because he was a good seaman, and that he could not help feeling some admiration for his nobility of conduct, and so they hoped that he would not be severely treated. On the other hand the cruel spirit he had shown towards unoffending Americans, and his arrogant disregard of their rights, gave good reason to fear that Macy would be very harshly treated. No word came of his fate, and Mrs. Macy expected none, and for many days she went about her humble duties under a cloud of anxiety and sorrow, which was lightened some but not dispelled by the sympathy of her neighbors and friends.

As for Harry he seldom forgot his father. His reverence for him was deepened by his last act of sacrifice, and his love for him grew stronger by his daily anxious thought for him. His own sufferings



led him to perceive more clearly the hardships inflicted by the British upon seamen and their families, and the ship owners and merchants all along the coast of the United States, from Maine to Georgia. Millions of money would not replace the financial loss, and God alone could count the tears and measure the heart throbs of the suffering ones.

This hard experience had a greater influence on Harry's character than anything which had happened in all his twelve years. What he had learned at school, and his teacher's influence, had made him proud of his country. But now he realized that he was a part of it. All were suffering loss, poverty, and deep sorrow, and he was one of them. The time was coming when the nation must rise up, and assert its rights, and dare to maintain them. He must not be idling away his time in useless play, but be getting ready to do a man's part, when the hour for action struck.

## CHAPTER III.

### The Man From the Chesapeake.

But all the exciting occurrences of this eventful day had not yet transpired. When the masts of the Tigress were sinking below the horizon, Captain Bunker announced that he had a wounded man from the Chesapeake concealed on board.

“A man from the Chesapeake! and wounded!” exclaimed Levi Coffin. “What has happened to the Chesapeake?”

“The British war frigate, the Leopard, fired on the Chesapeake, disabled the ship, killed three men and wounded eighteen.”

“Impossible! It’s an act of war!”

“Aye! ’Tis, Levi. An unprovoked assault on a vessel of the American navy, and an insult to our flag. It’s the most outrageous of all the outrages the insolent Englishmen have committed. I didn’t suppose that tyrannical captain of the Tigress had yet heard of it, and I didn’t know what he would do if he should learn it on my sloop.”

“We wondered why you were so afraid of him. We understand now. Tell us what happened.”

“It was all Admiral Berkeley’s doings, and the English government is responsible for it. It was no

accident. He heard that deserters from the English fleet had enlisted on the Chesapeake, and sent the Leopard from his headquarters at Halifax to Hampton Roads to stop the Chesapeake and search her. I suppose now all their vessels have orders to search for deserters, and as this vessel was coming from that direction, I thought I had reason to try to get away from her. You can see I was right in my apprehension. Look at the condition of my vessel. It's going to cost me a tidy sum to refit her, and then, there's the sugar they stole. But that's not what hurts me most. Think of the shame of being handled so by these Englishmen, whom I hate from the bottom of my heart, without our having any chance to strike back. War would be no worse for us than such a pusillanimous condition of things."

Captain Bunker's vigorous and angry sentences were freely blackened with oaths, which need not be repeated here. Martin Hussey was a Friend, to whom swearing was ordinarily very offensive, but his loyal heart was so stirred by this strange story that he forgot to utter a protest against the profanity.

"Who is the Chesapeake man?" he asked.

"Jim Patterson of Portland, a good seaman and a fellow of intelligence and good spirit. His right arm was broken, and he got a furlough of six weeks while his ship is being refitted."

"How did it happen our ship was so crippled? Couldn't she defend herself?"

"No. She hadn't a gun ready to fire. It was the worst piece of mismanagement you ever heard of; just like all the naval affairs under Jefferson. We have a big commerce, thousands of vessels, and hardly a single warship anywhere ready to defend them. What do you think of such fool-hardy neglect of property, worth many millions of dollars, and of the lives of the seamen who are carrying it?"

"I will go with thee to the sloop, and bring the man to my home, and Susannah will nurse him up while thou art refitting thy vessel."

"Friend Martin, your kindness comes just at the right time. He is not doing well. His arm is in bad shape and needs daily dressing, and he should have more nourishing food than we have in our cook's galley."

There was renewed excitement in Nantucket, when this strange piece of news passed in a short time from mouth to mouth. Another great crowd was at the pier when James landed, and there were many offers of help to the wounded sailor. In a few days he was so much better that he was able to sit on the stoop, and there was always a group of boys or men to keep him company, or a woman or two to bring him some tempting delicacy. He protested in vain, saying he would die of indigestion, if he ate one-fourth of the

chicken, jelly, rolls and cake they brought him, and that he wished his mates on shipboard could share the feast with him.

“Don’t tell me they are neglected. The good people of Norfolk have taken care of them.”

“Surely, such an excitement as the attack on our ship created in Norfolk you never saw anywhere. The stores were all deserted and closed up. The people thronged the open spaces and wharves to learn all about the assault. The British consul was frightened, as well he might be, and locked himself up in his house. The people would not let any water, meat or green stuff be carried to any of the English ships. All the men had crape on their sleeves. When Captain Douglass, the English commander of the fleet in Lynn Haven Bay, sent a hostile message to the mayor about the conduct of the citizens he got a pretty stiff answer. The mayor sent him word that the people of the United States could not be frightened by threats or intimidated by his menaces.

“Does thee say there is a fleet of English warships in the Chesapeake Bay?” Susannah Hussey asked.

“Yes. They keep a fleet there all the time, just as if it was an English sheet of water. They act as if they had forgotten the Revolution, but we have not forgotten. You should have heard the people talk all along the coast. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Wilmington, New York were boiling over. The murder of

Pierce did not arouse them so. They would stand by the President if he would declare war."

"The President cannot declare war, but he could easily make war, if he were so weak or wicked. He is wise and will use every means to make England redress this wrong and many others.

"But Mrs. Hussey—" Patterson began

"Thee must not give me any title. Use the plain language and call me Susannah."

James smiled as he replied, "I will call thee mother, for thou art the most motherly and tender-hearted woman I have seen since I left my own home. But I was going to say, the people are greatly disturbed, because the President has left the country unprepared for defence by land and sea. They demand a strong navy as a protection of the sea coast and of our merchant vessels."

"I do not believe in war, James, either on land or sea."

"Well then, mother, to prevent war, you should advocate a strong navy. At this time, at least, a strong nation would be allowed to keep the peace. England would respect the rights of the United States if she knew we would defend them from any attack. But seeing us so weak she takes what she pleases, and insults us every day. She is a big bully, and you know the bully does not attack the strong, but picks out those who are weaker than himself."

“There is reason in thy talk. It may be that our weak condition tempts unprincipled officers to attack our ships, steal our goods, and murder our seamen. They are far from home, and perhaps forget their instructions. I cannot think the English government sanctions such wicked acts.”

“They may not order them to do such things, but the officers know they will not be rebuked for doing so. It was the Admiral in command of the English navy in American waters, who issued that order to attack the Chesapeake. The President may demand his removal, but if he is removed it will be by promotion.”

“James, thee is surely mistaken in such a charge.”

“That is the opinion of some of our best and wisest men in Washington.”

At this moment Susannah remembered her dinner, and went to the kitchen, from which savory odors of a fish chowder and hot rolls came floating through the house, and gave pleasing anticipations of an excellent dinner. Harry Macy and Ike Coffin had been sitting on the steps listening with deep interest to the vigorous discussion. Mother Hussey was a woman of good intellectual abilities, which she sometimes exercised when the spirit moved her in the Friend's meeting. But James Patterson was also a good talker. He had been a seaman for several years, and in the navy for three years. He had an open, frank counten-

ance, and very agreeable manners. He had used his eyes and ears well, and remembered what he had learned. He had the ability to understand the drift of public affairs, and the policy of England and Napoleon, and the underlying causes of the trouble they were forcing upon the United States.

The boys looked upon James as a hero, and they hung around the stoop whenever he was out of doors. Now they saw he was alone, and seemed ready to talk to them, and it was too grand an opportunity to be lost; so they eagerly begged him to tell them the whole story of the attack on the Chesapeake.

James Patterson took out his pipe and a little deer-skin bag, filled with Virginia tobacco, while the boys waited with eager expectation for the beginning of the story of the attack.

"I don't like to smoke when Mother Hussey is out here," he said as he filled his pipe, "and I wouldn't think of smoking in her clean, sweet-smelling house. But if you boys want to hear about what happened to my ship, one of you may bring me a coal to light my pipe, and then we can have as comfortable a talk as if we were sitting under the gunnel or on the fok'sel, after the sunset gun is fired, and the ship bowling along with all sails set."

Harry ran around the house to the kitchen and soon returned with a live coal in a clam shell.

"You didn't bring it in your bare hands?"



"I cal'late I could do it if I had to, but I wouldn't burn my fingers for nothing."

"I'll tell you when one of our officers didn't wait for tongs or clam shells, but brought a burning coal in his hands to fire a gun."

"Hurry on and tell us all about it. I knew we hadn't heard half the exciting things you could tell."

"If you want to hear it all I must tell you how I came to enlist on the Chesapeake. I was on the sloop, Fannie, bound from New Orleans to Boston. About the middle of April we were abreast of Hatteras when there came on a gale, that split our mainsel to ribbons, and drove us under bare poles almost on the beach. But we weathered it out, and crept along under what canvass we could stretch till we rode out the gale. Then our captain put into Hampton Roads, and went up to Norfolk to refit. We were all busy stretching new sails when he sent me ashore to buy a cable.

Now I wan't long about it, only taking time to make the best bargain fer our skipper, and perhaps hailing a maid or two who went by under full sail. When I came back to the slip with a colored boy wheeling down my cable in a barrow, the boat was gone, and I looked for the Fanny and she was under sail far down the river. There was no way I could reach her then, and for half an hour I drifted around, not knowing what port to make. Then a sailor came by who asked if I was looking for the Fanny.

"Ay," I said, "and she has marooned me here on a strange beach."

"You are Patterson? Your skipper left a message. He heard some men had deserted from the English war vessel, *Melampus*, and the captain was mad and going to get even, and he was afraid he would be stopped and searched, and some of his men impressed, and leave him short-handed, so he made sail in a jiffy. He said for you to return the cable, and join the *Fanny* when you could."

"I won't be in a hurry to join. He can go to Davy Jones' locker for all I care. He knew where I was, and could have hailed me before he hauled up his anchor."

My money soon ran short among the sharks that bleed poor Jack ashore, and I began to look about for a chance to ship. Then I met Lieutenant Sinclair, and he soon had me anchored down on his books for the *Chesapeake*, and in three days he sent twenty of us up to Washington, where she was lying, slowly getting ready for sea. She was to go out to the Mediterranean to relieve the *Constitution*, and was overdue now.

But I must tell you what I saw in Norfolk for it is part of the tale, and I think had much to do with the murderous attack on our ship. The day after I was left ashore, I was cruising down Main Street, and taking note of the goods in the windows and the fine

ladies as they sailed down the coast with all colors flying and the bands playing, when I saw a couple of gay-looking young bloods coming up from the river, and behind them a heavy-built, proud-looking man, in the splendid dress of an English sea captain. He looked as if he owned land and sea, and we were the dust under his feet. The young swells were a lieutenant and a midshipman. The lieutenant hailed a tar on the opposite side of the street, and then the three men tacked about, and after a minute I luffed over that way, for I saw the breeze was blowing up a right smart gale of a row. I heard the big bloke say in a lordly tone.

“Jenkyn Ratford you have deserted from your ship, and disgraced yourself by leaving your duty. Go back at once to the Halifax. Walk right down to the pier and I’ll put you aboard.”

But Ratford set his eyes on the captain and cursed him to his face.

“Don’t lay hands on me, you devil. I’ll never go aboard your ship again. I’m a free man. I’m an American. I’ll never be a slave on an English ship again. Curse you, I say, and I hope the Yankees will blow the Halifax where she belongs.”

“I’ll have you yet, you insolent whelp.”

“I tell you I’m an American. I never was an Englishman, and you don’t dare take me again.”

“You are an Englishman and a deserter, and I’ll

hang you in chains from the Halifax," the commander roared out, his face red and arm shaking with passion.

Some sailors in the crowd said he was Lord James Townshend, the captain of the Halifax, lying in Lynn Haven Bay. Ratford went off, for the English dared not touch him in Norfolk, and the commandant went to the consul's house, and they made out a list of a dozen men, who had deserted from their vessels, and were said to be enlisted in the American navy.

I asked the tars what all the row was. They said that about a month before the Halifax was weighing anchor, and five sailors lowered the jolly-boat. That young midshipman ordered them to hoist it in, but they drew their knives and said they would kill him. He was so frustrated he made no alarm until the men had dropped into her. A shot was fired at them as they pulled off, and a boat lowered but they escaped. The story was, that all the men had enlisted for the Chesapeake, but I saw no one but this Ratford.

There were other desertions. It was in March that they had a big party on the Melampus. The gig was made fast to the stern but not hoisted in, after bringing some ladies aboard. Several men slipped over the side and rowed off, and the watch did not see them at first. When the alarm was given a gun was shotted and fired, and another, but they got off to the Virginia shore without a scratch. Three of them came

into Norfolk and were enlisted by Sinclair, and they were working on the Chesapeake when I joined her.

I don't know anything about the others, but those three men were just as genuine American-born as you and I. One of them was a black man from the west part of Massachusetts. His name was Dan Martin. He was pressed from the brig Neptune in 1805. Now you know a nigger is not an Englishman. Another of them, pressed at the same time and place, was William Ware of the eastern shore of Maryland, who was known by our Master-Commandant to have been born near his home. The third man was John Strachan, also from Maryland, as anybody would know by his talk. He had been taken two years before at Cape Finistere. But the English have grown so bold, since they meet with no resistance from us, that they pay no attention to Yankeeism like mine or yours, or to southern dialect. If they want a man they call him a Yorkshire or a Cornwall man, even if he talks like a darkey."

## CHAPTER IV.

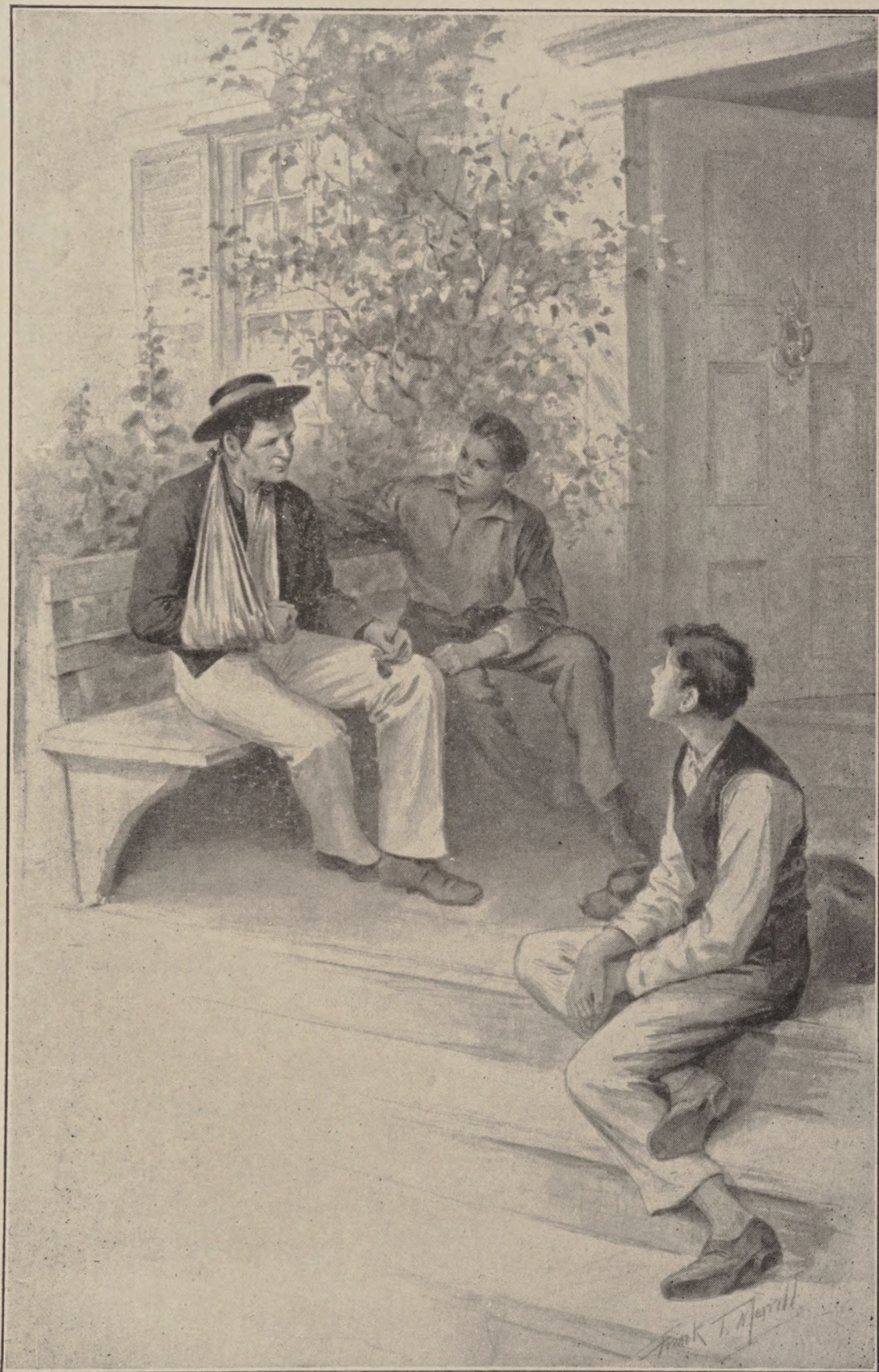
### The Leopard And The Chesapeake.

Patterson's pipe nearly went out as he was talking. He shook out the ashes, and said he wouldn't smoke any more till after dinner, and then went on with his story.

“When our squad reached the navy yard, they put me on a stage with a long handled spade to scrape off the barnacles on the bottom of the Chesapeake and my mate on the job was Ratford. But when I spoke to him he said his name was not Ratford but Wilson, and that he was an American. I did not ask him any questions, for if there was going to be trouble I did not want to know anything about it. The other men, who deserted with Wilson or Ratford, did not stay long on the Chesapeake, but slipped off, and disappeared entirely.

The English did not let the matter drop. The captains complained of the desertions to the consul, and he put the trouble before the government at Washington through the English minister. Lieutenant Sinclair was ordered to enlist no more English deserters. The captains informed the admiral in command, and he resolved to take his own way to stop it.

If ever a vessel, calling itself a thirty-six gun frigate,



PATTERSON SHOOK THE ASHES FROM HIS PIPE AND WENT  
ON WITH HIS STORY





was not ready to go to sea, where a strong squadron of an unfriendly navy was riding at anchor at the mouth of our own waters, the Chesapeake was that vessel. Not a gun was ready for use, and a good many of them we took aboard at Norfolk, where we lay for a couple of days, and they were not even mounted. The new sails were lying unrolled on the decks. The heavy supplies and ammunition were not stowed away, nothing was in place where it could be found when wanted, and instead of the neat and orderly appearance of a man-of-war, the decks were littered up with supplies of all descriptions. The crew of three hundred and seventy-five men had not been drilled, and many of them had just been taken on board. The vessel was four months overdue and Captain Barron, instead of putting everything in shipshape before sailing, with all this confusion aboard hoisted anchor on the morning of June 23rd about eight o'clock, and dropped down the bay and stood out to sea.

What happened to us was no accident, although it was unexpected by Captain Barron, who was too easy and slipshod in his management. What happened had been ordered by the head of the English navy in America, and the spy-glasses of the English officers showed them how helpless our vessel was, and what an easy task it would be to humiliate us and insult our flag.

They seemed friendly enough as we sailed by, but we noticed that they flew some signals in the foremast tops, and that the Leopard, lower down the bay, let go her sails and stood out to sea. Now, that should have put our officers on their guard, but instead of making ready for a challenge, they were, in a leisurely way, beginning to clear the sails and freight from the decks.

Not much had been accomplished by three o'clock when we tacked ship to the northeast, being now out of sight of land. Then the Leopard bore in on us until she was within hail. Her captain, Humphreys, spoke the Chesapeake, and Captain Barron replied. The Englishman asked if we would carry some despatches to Europe, which was a customary courtesy, and our captain replied that he would. So they sent off a boat, but the paper the lieutenant handed our captain was a copy of an order from Admiral Berkeley to search the Chesapeake for deserters. The note of Captain Humphreys mentioned six vessels from which English sailors had deserted, but said nothing of the Melampus. Captain Barron replied that he had no deserters on board and refused to permit a search to be made.

Now, boys, this was the biggest piece of cheek the English captains had showed us. Their government had given Berkeley no such authority. But he thought they would wink at it, if he overstepped his orders,

and took on himself to decide one of the most delicate subjects of dispute between the two countries, and off-hand to insult the American flag, and to commit an outrage that was a just cause of war.

The English officer pulled back to the Leopard, and Captain Barron ordered us all to quarters, and began to clear the ship for action. But what could be done with the decks still littered up with all that heavy cargo, which had been put aboard at Norfolk. Cartridges could not be found to fit the guns that were mounted; rammers were under the litter somewhere, and swabs and balls were anywhere but in their right place. Officers were scurrying around, calling for this and that, and ordering the men to turn over piles of stuff to find the necessary articles.

Meantime Captain Humphreys hailed again, and our captain replied that he did not understand. Then the Leopard sent a message that he could understand—a ball across our bow, but Captain Barron took no notice of it. A few minutes later the Leopard bore up and fired a broadside, but Captain Barron continued on his course, while the officers were working over the guns to load and fire them. Another broadside poured into our doomed ship, and the mainmast fell and the foremast was broken, and men were falling on the decks, splinters were flying, and the rigging was badly cut up.

Another broadside struck us, and that was the one

that caught me. I was standing near the mizzenmast when some of the shot flew over us and others tore great holes in our hull. One struck my arm as I was lifting a sail that was still lying on the pile of cannon balls in the run. I thought my arm was torn from its socket, and then a great spar came down on me, and for a moment I didn't know whether I was living or dead.

Then I heard Captain Barron shout, "For God's sake, Lieutenant, fire off one gun before the flag comes down."

"The loggerheads are all cold," was the answer.

But at that moment Lieutenant Allen came running from the cook's galley with a live coal in his bare hands, and laid it on the touch hole, and the gun went off with a roar.

"You've hulled her," the captain said, and then ordered the flag to be hauled down.

What a wreck our vessel was! All her sails, rigging, and spars were riddled with grape and cannister. The main and foremasts were down, and the mizzenmast broken, and twenty-one shot had torn great holes in our sides and hull. There was three feet of water in our hold, and she was leaking badly. Worst of all, three men were dead and eighteen wounded.

Worst of all, did I say? No! Far worse was the mustering, and the taking of those three men, Dan

Martin, Bill Ware and Jack Strachan, all Americans as much as you and I are Americans, so born and raised. But Wilson, or Ratford, was not in the line, and those English tars searched our vessel high and low, as if they had been told he was aboard. At last they found him among the barrels and ballast in the hold, and dragged him out, cursing them, and swearing that he was not an Englishman, but an American.

The three men also protested earnestly against being taken off, declaring that they were true American-born citizens of the United States, and our captain maintained, that it was a clear violation of law for the English officers to take them. But what was the use to speak of law to such arrogant violators of all rights and international usages, as these men, who were no better than pirates.

Boys, imagine our deep disgrace. Our beautiful vessel nearly a wreck, our men killed and wounded without cause, our fellow-citizens seized as criminals and their just rights violated, and our flag insulted; the flag we revere and love.

Captain Barron sent word to the English captain to come and take possession of his prize; but he disclaimed any intention of capturing the ship, and sailed back to Lynn Haven Bay with the men he had seized.

It was not more than fifteen minutes that we were in that storm of iron hail, but it nearly finished us. If our ship had been ready for action, the result would

have been very different, if the Leopard had alone attacked us; but in all probability, if the English had not known that we were helpless, Captain Douglass would have sent out another frigate to aid the Leopard.

Captain Barron set the pumps to work, and ordered the wreckage cleared away. Then a jury mast was rigged up, and sails stretched, and slowly we sailed back again to Hampton Roads, while the surgeons were working over the wounded men in the cock-pit.

In the afternoon we dropped anchor, and Captain Barron sent a boat with eleven of our wounded men into Norfolk, and such an excitement was produced by our landing as I have never seen in my short life. Some fishermen had heard the firing, and spread the story that the Leopard had sunk the Chesapeake; and when we came in, and the true nature of the outrage was revealed, the people were wild with anger and ready for mischief. The men either closed or deserted their stores, clerks and buyers were with the crowds at the wharf, or thronging the streets.

Some English officers happened to be ashore when the stir began. They hastened to their boats, at first walking, but soon on a run with a hooting crowd at their heels, pelting them with rotten vegetables. The British consul shut up his house, and did not show himself on the street for days.

The citizens adopted spirited means of showing their indignation. The mayor called a mass meeting,

and no one stayed away. They resolved that no supplies of any kind should be sent to the British ships, and that any man who would attempt to do this would be an enemy to his country. They appointed a committee to correspond with the people in Baltimore and other cities, and resolved to wear crape on their sleeves.

One of the finest citizens asked me to go to his house, and to make my home there, and his wife and daughters treated me as nicely as if I had been the President, and so it was with all our wounded men. They acted as if we were heroes, and the best of the land was none too good for us. If my arm had not hurt so much, that would have been the happiest time I ever enjoyed.

The excitement spread all over the coast, and the people seemed ready for anything, and it seems a wonder that some mischief was not done that would have precipitated war with England. There was a sloop full of water casks for the *Melampus* near Hampton village. When the men discovered it, they went aboard and broke up every cask.

Of course, the men knew that Captain Douglass of the *Bellona*, who was commander of the squadron, would resent any actions that infringed on what he considered English rights. So they begged Captain Decatur to bring his gunboats down the Elizabeth river. None of them were ready, but Decatur is an

energetic man, and prompt to do what must be done, and as full of fight as a game chicken. He set every man to work that Sunday morning, and the next day four gunboats, fully armed, manned, and provisioned came down to Hampton Roads.

Instead of lying off the village of Hampton, Decatur anchored in the Roads, for he did not believe the Chesapeake was safe. A few days later the *Melampus*, *Leopard*, *Triumph* and *Bellona* sailed up, and formed in line of battle, and we were glad Decatur was there to protect our disabled frigate.

Captain Douglass knew the militia was ordered out, and he did not land a force to secure supplies. He sent in a formal complaint to the mayor, and threatened "that unless the resolutions were immediately annulled, not a vessel should go in or out of Norfolk. The British flag never had been and never should be insulted with impunity."

The mayor was not flustered. He reminded Captain Douglass that it was the fourth of July, and the people of the United States were not to be frightened by threats, or intimidated by menaces. Then Captain Douglass drew in his horns, and made some explanations, but the Norfolk men did not relax their vigilance, and the warships went back to their anchorage."

"What became of the men they took from the Chesapeake?" Harry inquired.

"They were tried by court martial. Ratford was



condemned to death, and Lord James did not wait to hear from England or even from Berkeley. He hanged him from the fore yard arm of the Halifax."

"But what about the others?" Harry asked.

James saw that Harry was thinking of his own father's fate and answered guardedly.

"I don't suppose they treated them very harshly. They were condemned by the court martial, but the sentence was probably suspended until they hear from their home government. If the President is firm they will have to put those men back on the deck of the Chesapeake with apologies, or go to war."

"Did they whip them? That is what I want to know."

"I don't think they did. But they were condemned to have five hundred lashes apiece. That's to make an example to deserters."

"What? Five hundred lashes! It would kill a man," Harry exclaimed almost on the verge of tears. "My father! My father! Did you go back to such horrid cruelty as that?"

"Aye! my boy. It would kill a man, and that would be a mercy. For if a man survived, his body would be marked for life, and his spirit broken. That is worse than death."

Harry was so crushed by the awful thoughts of his father's sufferings, that he could think of nothing else. James tried to divert him from his anxious forebodings

by suggesting that as his father was such a valuable seaman, Captain Thompson would not really injure him.

"Don't feel so bad, Harry! I don't believe he had more than a dozen lashes if he got any."

"But you know how cruel Captain Thompson was. Remember what he did. That's proof enough of what he would do. Oh! I wish father had not surrendered, and had let Tom Starbuck have a taste of what he deserves, the drunken, idle lout! We will never see father again!"

James put his left arm around Harry.

"Cheer up, Harry! Don't take it so hard. Believe me, when I honestly say, that I don't think your father was seriously punished. The captain, if he is anything of a man, must appreciate such nobility as he exhibited, and treat him all the better for it."

At this moment Susannah came out to call James to dinner, and Harry went home to tell the story to his mother. It was heart-rending to Mrs. Macy also, but after a while her faith in God brought her some comfort, and helped her to comfort Harry by the hope that God would take care of his father.

James made many friends in his short stay on Nantucket. He was bright and intelligent, and could repeat the opinions of the prominent men he met, as he journeyed up from Baltimore. He was also very social, with agreeable manners, and was in every way

worthy of respect and confidence. But in a few days Captains Bunker had put in new masts and spars, and had patched up his riddled sails, and James went aboard and sailed away to his home in Portland. He did not return to Nantucket, but this was the beginning of a close and valuable friendship between him and Harry, when a few years later they met again and became companions in labor and hardship.

These events were of tremendous importance to Harry Macy. They made him think and feel. They gave him a deep sense of the injustice inflicted on him, and his family, and upon thousands of other families. He resolved to be a man, to take his father's place in supporting the family, and when he was older, he would stand with the men of America in demanding justice from England.

Meantime he heard the men of Nantucket talking about the situation. They expected war would follow, but they were astounded at the patience of the President. He did not call Congress together until October, on the plea that Washington was an unhealthy place in summer. He issued a proclamation, long and tedious. He sent Dr. Bullus to England to demand the restoration of the men, and heavy damages, and the removal of Berkeley. He ordered the gunboats to be put into commission, and the governor of each state was ordered to call out and equip its quota of one hundred thousand men.

In fact, the President knew that the country was not prepared for war, and that England was ready and willing to try the issue, and so he waited for the war fever to subside before Congress came together. But the people felt that this was an inadequate response to the demands of the situation, and that war must be the final method of compelling the English government to respect the rights of American seamen and American commerce.

## CHAPTER V.

### A Tempting Proposition.

When William Macy returned to the deck of the Tigress he knew what hardship and cruelty he must endure, because he had more than once witnessed such dreadful scenes, and had heard many tales of the lash on other ships. Almost unlimited power over the lives of the seamen was given to the captain of an English warship. A man who claimed to be an American, and who hated the English flag and service, and who had been retaken after deserting, would live under suspicion. If the lieutenants and petty officers held a spite against him, and laid all the most arduous and unpleasant or dangerous work upon him, there was no redress. There was no easy way of making complaint to the captain, or hope of his giving it any attention if it reached him. If a sailor grew sullen, cruel punishment would be his portion, and if he died under the lash, no officer would be called to account for it. Perfect obedience alone prevented the narrow confines of a ship, less than two hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, from becoming a prison, and the life aboard a wretched slavery.

With this dreary prospect before him, William Macy consented to undergo it, because it seemed to

be his duty to rescue these boys from a cruel life, and to make Mrs. Starbuck's last years a little happier. He thought of some days in his own youth, when she had helped to make a man of him, and this seemed to be the time and way, hard though it was, to show his gratitude, and he was buoyed up by the feeling of security about his family. Captain Starbuck would provide for them till Harry was grown, or until he returned. If he never saw them again, they would not suffer want, for he could trust them with the captain.

For a while all went well with them. They missed their father, and Mrs. Macy was very sad when she thought about his hard lot on shipboard. But Nantucket women were used to the absence of their men, and bravely bore their lonely life, when their husbands were at sea for years at a time. Mr. Macy's case was far worse than the ordinary absence, but she hoped for the best, and tried to be cheerful in her trial, and felt uplifted by a far greater respect for her husband, because he had shown such manliness.

Harry went to school, and studied hard. He went clamming in the early morning, if the tide was low, and sometimes had a chance to fish. The money his father left was enough to provide for their meager wants all through that year and in the winter. Captain Starbuck came to see them, and often brought them a

bluefish or a quarter of mutton, but Mrs. Macy assured him that they were in no need of help at present.

If those easy times had continued, these chronicles of Harry Macy's growth and adventures would never have been written, for there would have been nothing unusual to relate. In all probability, Harry would have grown up taking life easily, as thousands of boys in good circumstances do. His life would have been useful, but uneventful. If he had not felt the pangs of hunger, and his old clothes, worn thin by a boy's rough usage, had not let the cold wintry winds bite his arms and legs, and if his proud spirit had not felt the sting of poverty, then he would have had little incentive to work hard, and by doing so to develop all the powers of his mind and body, so as to make the most of what was in him.

Then the daily sufferings of his mother and sisters and brothers awakened his sympathy for other people, and aroused that strong sense of injustice, and that passion for independence and for the protection of the common rights of the people, which grew with his years and became the pervading and guiding spirit of his life.

It is often in the school of hardship that strong characters are developed. It is there that ambition is awakened. It is necessity which sharpens the wits. Necessity compels effort, and effort develops and perfects strength. In time, strength is recognized and

gains respect and confidence, and leads to place and power and larger usefulness.

When the winters are severe the harbor at Nantucket becomes closed by ice, and great cakes of it are piled up along the shore. At this period no mails were received in the middle of winter, and the little island was entirely shut off from communication with the rest of the world. These weeks of seclusion were often made a little brighter by social gatherings, and some original entertainments. The islanders called these times their trumpery days. They made an effort to forget their troubles, and to laugh over their discomforts, and to make the best of their hard lot.

It was on one of these cold, foggy nights in February that Captain Starbuck joined a merry party, which invaded the house of Sarah Macy, bringing baskets of good things to eat and a gallon or two of cider. There was much fun and good cheer and singing and story-telling, and the family were heartened up by the sympathy of their neighbors.

The next day Captain Starbuck was suffering with a cold, then his lungs were sore, and rapidly he grew worse with double pneumonia. In three weeks he passed away, leaving his wife prostrated with grief, and worn out by taking care of him. Misfortunes followed rapidly. Tom, the only son, instead of becoming a staff and comfort to his mother, showed his depraved tastes, and the instability of his character,



by abusing the new freedom which followed his father's death. He spent his time with some of the worst men on the island, and then fled with them to the coast, when their wickedness became known. Mrs. Starbuck had tried in every way to lead him to do right, but he refused to obey or to listen to her. When he disappeared she sank under her troubles, and in a month followed her husband to the grave.

Captain Starbuck had named a cousin in Boston as his executor, and had left his property in trust until his son was twenty-five years of age. There was only a verbal agreement with William Macy, and no mention of it was made in the will, or any writing left by Captain or Mrs. Starbuck. The executor declined to make any provision for Mrs. Macy's relief, on the ground that he could not do it legally, and might be held liable for any sums he paid her. Just as the money was exhausted which her husband had given her, Mrs. Macy was left destitute, except for such little money she and Harry could earn, in a community where every one did their own work.

With the end of this term Harry's school days were over. Every morning, when the tide was on the ebb he raked out clams, or looked for crabs, and ran along the beach to pick up drift wood. After breakfast he went out to the farms in Quaise, and thought himself fortunate when he was hired for a shilling a day (sixteen and two-thirds cents). When he could

get no work, he would sometimes borrow a horse and cart of Levi Coffin, and gather up seaweed along the beach, and sell it to some farmer for a few cents a load, or take produce in exchange.

When the fishing was good, and there was no work to be done, Harry would get Ikey Coffin or Sam Gardner to go with him to Sconset. It was a long walk of seven miles, and hard work throwing and hauling the long line out into the surf, but it paid well, for they got a good many bluefish and cod in this way.

In the summer there was another great storm, and Harry went up on the cliff, and watched the great billows rolling up on the beach. He was restless to be out among them. The sea was his inheritance. The blood of sea rovers and sailors was in his veins. The salt air filled him with vigor, and the roar of the waves was like a voice calling, calling,

“Come away, and we will bear you to strange lands, and give you many adventures.”

The wind seemed to be lifting him, as if it would carry him out to sea. Can you understand such a boy's feelings, when the wild waves and winds were drawing him out into the life of freedom and adventure on this great mysterious ocean, and his home duties were chaining him fast to the land?

It was on this breezy day that the first great temptation came to Harry. He saw from the cliff a sail on the horizon, now lifted high on the waves, now

almost out of sight in the trough of the sea. When it grew bigger he ran down to Captain Folger's house, and asked him what sloop it was. He said the Jenny B. was coming in with a load of wood from Wood's Holl.

Harry was at the wharf when she made fast, looking for a job of unloading the wood. Captain Bunker called him aboard to get a letter for his mother. Harry hoped it was from his father, but the captain told him it was from John Nickerson, his mother's cousin, and that he was fitting out a whaler. Proud of his letter, and eager to know what was in it, Harry ran home, and waited impatiently while his mother opened and read it. She seemed pleased, and then a perplexed and a worried look came into her face; then she threw the letter down in dismay and cried out.

"Oh Harry! I can't let you go!"

"What is it mother? Oh! does Captain John want me to go with the Bedford Boy?"

"Yes. He offers to send you as cabin boy. You would be gone three years, and I cannot have you go. Your father may never come home. If you were lost at sea, or captured by the British, I would be left forlorn."

"Oh mother! I want to go on a whaler. You know it, for that's what the Nantucket men do. But you are a woman and can't know how much I want to go.

I almost feel as if I would never be a man, if I do not go on a whaling voyage."

His mother smiled although there were tears in her eyes.

"You are only a boy now. You cannot tell what you will want to be when you are a man."

"Oh yes, I can. I will be a seaman. I know it now, as well as I will know it when I am twenty-one, and can choose for myself. You do not know how I feel. There is no other life like sea-life, and I will find my way to it."

"Oh my son! My first-born! You must take your father's place while he is gone. You must not think of leaving me now."

Then Mrs. Macy threw her apron over her head, and sat down by the kitchen table, shaking violently with grief and sobbing aloud. Harry knew his mother's tender heart, but he had never sounded its depths, and he was much surprised by her unusual agitation and sorrow. He knew how bravely she had been bearing her accumulating troubles and anxieties, and when, for the moment, she had broken down, it revealed how keen had been her suffering, and how heavy was the burden on her heart.

Mr. Nickerson had made a fair proposition. He offered to advance a small sum on Harry's wages, and to give him a small share in the cargo. If the voyage

was successful, he would bring home a nice little sum of money, more than he could earn at home.

Harry slipped out to tell Ike and Sam about it. Then he went down to the wharf to hear what the captains would say about the voyage, for he knew they would be discussing it. Some of them thought it might be a good venture. The vessels were rotting at the wharves, while the hated embargo kept them from all foreign trade. The risk of capture and loss might be placed against the certainty of their dropping to pieces if they were not used. Others prophesied nothing but disaster. The vessel would be captured, and the crews impressed on English warships.

To Harry's delight Martin Hussey was inclined to favor the venture. He did not think the English would have any ground for seizing a whaler, because she would not be engaged in any foreign trade, and they would not trouble her crew for they would know they were all New England men. The voyage would not be an infringement of any of the obnoxious orders in council, by which England had blockaded the coast of Europe and forbidden trade with French colonies.

Harry was much encouraged by this, and went home to tell his mother what Martin had said, and he asked him to come up to the house and talk it over with his mother. But all the arguments were of no avail. Mrs. Macy refused to let Harry go, saying, she

needed his help at home, and she would not let him take the risk of being captured by the British.

Ike and Sam had come back with Harry and they hung around on the front steps, listening to Martin's talk as it came through the open window. When he went away they whistled to Harry, and he came out.

"I say it's a shame your mother won't let you go," said Ike. "You won't have another chance like that very soon. You may be grown up before another whaler goes out. She ought to think of that."

"I'd go anyhow if I wus you," Sam drawled out in his lazy way.

"It's hard to stay at home. All the men of Nantucket who are worth their salt have struck their whale. Daddy did before he was twenty. If he was home he would tell me to go. I know he would. Then mother would not object."

"I'd go anyhow. You can slip aboard the Jenny B. and hide until she's past Great Point, and Cap. Bunker wouldn't bring you back then."

"You wouldn't have sand enough to do it. You're just talking, Sam Gardner."

"I mean what I say. An' if you don't go, I've a mind to slip over to New Bedford, an' ask your cousin to take me, 'stead of you."

"Much you'll do that. I know you wouldn't ship for any three year voyage. But I must clean the fish

for dinner." Harry went back to the woodshed, and the boys went down to the wharf.

Sam's suggestion stuck in Harry's mind, although he knew it would be unworthy and selfish to leave his mother at such a time to bear all the burden of supporting the family, and to add to her anxieties. He tried again to persuade her to let him go.

"You cannot go, Harry. My mind is made up and you cannot convince me it is right for you to go." She answered very decidedly. Then she added.

"You ought not to ask me. You ought to see that it is your duty to stay with me, and that is what your father would expect you to do while he is gone, and we have little hope of his ever coming home again. He told you to be a help to me. You know that."

Harry had no reply ready for such a strong statement of his duty, and he knew it would be of no use to try to change his mother's mind. But it was a sore disappointment, and he was not yet convinced that his mother was right. There was so much on his side of the argument, that he was not ready to give up the chance of going on this voyage. He wanted to be alone and think it out; so he slipped away to the cliff before the boys came around after dinner.

## CHAPTER VI.

### Harry Stands By The Ship.

To understand Harry Macy's feeling and difficulty you must remember that he was the descendant of seamen, and that the love of the sea was bred in him. Then all his early training and environment added strength to that natural bent. The tales he heard of endurance and daring were sea tales. The high adventures of his boyish heroes were the mastering of the monsters of the deep, and the conquering of the winds and waves even in the face of a tempest. No deeds of Western frontiersmen or rangers could equal those conflicts with the titanic forces of nature. The best training he could get for a sailor's life would be on a whaling voyage, and it would be like an engineer's license or a scholar's diploma, to be able to say, when he asked for a mate's place, "I have struck my whale in the Pacific ocean."

As he sat there on that bright July afternoon, with the breeze bringing in the salty air from the ocean, and the waves swelling and flashing before him, his heart seemed to swell in tumultuous harmony with the wild waters below him. He was ready to revolt against the hard circumstances, which seemed to be fettering his life like iron bands. Why should he not



run off and take a place on a ship, as other Nantucket boys had done more than once? He would be doing more to support the family than by remaining on Nantucket. The hateful Embargo had broken up all commerce, except a little coast trade. The natural business of Nantucket was destroyed, and there was no way of earning a steady living there.

He had not fought his battle out when there was a light step behind him, and a basket came down over his head, and a girl's voice whispered,

"Guess, and I'll let you free."

"It's Ruth Chase I know," Harry answered, jumping up and pulling off the basket.

"You look as troubled as if your ships had all been wrecked. What's the trouble, Harry?"

"That's about it, Ruth. I feel as if my ships had all been wrecked."

"And you a boy only thirteen years old, and all your life before you. That's silly!"

"I have a grand chance. Cousin John wants me to go on a whaler, and mother won't let me go. You know what that means to a boy who intends to be a sailor. No! You can't know or understand! You are only a girl!"

"And so you are sulking here as if it was not a duty for you to stay home with your mother."

"I'm not sulking."

"Then may be you are thinking about running away, and trying to persuade yourself to do that."

Harry made no answer, and Ruth saw that her shaft had gone home to the mark. She dropped her berry basket, and sat down beside him. Harry and Ruth had been playmates from the days when they began to toddle about, being about the same age in years, but in maturity of thought and feeling the girl, of course, was older than the boy.

"I can understand some of the fine things about such a voyage. I would love to go down the coast of South America and see Rio Janeiro, and Buenos Ayres, and sail around Cape Horn and stop at Valpraizo, and then sail for months on the great Pacific and perhaps stop at some of those islands, as beautiful as Paradise. Think of tasting all those luscious southern fruits and fresh cocoanuts, and seeing those magnificent flowers of the tropics. And then I can imagine how splendid it is to fight a great whale, a hundred feet long, and get a big cargo of oil, and come home with a pocket full of money for your mother."

"Well, Ruth, I must say you have more imagination than I supposed. You get some of the fine things, but not all of them by any means. What I'm thinking of is learning to sail a big ship, and to be a whaling-captain myself. I'd soon get to be a mate after such a voyage, and then step up to be a captain."

"Your ambition is growing like Jonah's gourd all

in a day. But what if, in the meantime, your mother's heart was broken by the uncertainty, not knowing what had become of her boy, and by the anxiety about your safety. When you came home in three years,—we'll think you will get back unharmed,—and you find your mother in her grave, what will you think of yourself then, Harry Macy?

“Besides there is a practical side to your running away. It will be a great disappointment to you. Your cousin John won't take you without your mother's consent, and you will have to go as a stowaway, and and you will not be wanted, and will be cursed and kicked and get no wages for your labor.” Harry made no answer and Ruth went on talking.

“You remember years ago there was a fishing smack on the Banks, and in a gale their mast was blown overboard. They hailed their mates in another sloop, and asked them to cast anchor and stand by till they could come aboard. But instead of helping them, the other sloop sailed away, and those poor fellows were never heard of again. Now your mother is in a storm and she has lost her captain. She has hailed your ship, and asked you to stand by till the storm is over. If you sail away and leave her to weather the gale alone, you will always feel ashamed of it.”

“You are letting daylight into the dark hold of this clipper. How do you get to see things so clearly, Ruth?”

Ruth was not ready to answer this question, for she did not care to have Harry know all that was hidden in her own mind. But she said, briefly,

"We know each other pretty well, Harry; so it is not surprising if I guessed what you were thinking about, when I saw you lying there, thinking so soberly."

"Mother has trouble enough. I will not add to her load. I'll stand by the ship, 'till the storm is over," Harry said as he rose up. "Instead of lying here I might be out fishing, and if I had good luck, sell them to Captain Bunker to take back to New Bedford. Were you going after berries?"

"Yes and I must go on, and if I find a good many I will bring your mother some."

"I saw a good many beyond the old Tom Macy house, between the little pond and Washing Pond. Good luck to you."

As Harry stood there looking off at sea, he caught a glimpse of some dark object, rising on top of a wave and then sinking out of sight. He pointed it out to Ruth, and they watched it slowly floating in toward the cliff. They went along the cliff, and Harry's keen eyes soon discovered the sharp bow of a boat. He ran down to a house on the edge of the village, and borrowed a glass, and they saw it was an empty boat, with just enough water in it to make it ride well.

Harry was all eagerness to take possession of his

lucky find. He ran at the top of his speed to find Ike and Sam, and then borrowed a dory, and, hoisting a small sail, started out to make sure of his boat, before any one else should pick it up. When they came up to it they saw that it was of a different shape from any Nantucket boat, and the men who had seen much of foreign shipping said it looked like the English jolly-boats. There was no name on it, only a number 4 painted on the side. It was thought to be a jolly-boat, or an officer's gig from an English warship, and that it had been in the water for some time. Harry was called a lucky boy to find it, for it would make a good fishing boat, and the three boys could easily sail or row it.

Now Harry went into the business of fishing with all his energies, and he got a good string of bluefish which he sold to Captain Bunker the day he sailed. The boys went out every day, and sailed to and fro, rolling and pitching, through the rips, with their trolling lines out far astern; or where they saw a "slick," tossing and hauling with great rapidity while the boat drifted about. Good fortune seemed to follow them, and a good store of dried and salted fish was laid up for winter use. Then came the halcyon days of August, when the sea was often as still as a pond, and the fish refused the most tempting bait, and the boys often came in late in the evening, tired and sore

from hard rowing when there was no wind to haul them in, and without a fish to reward their toil.

This was discouraging, and although Harry knew there would be better fishing later on, he was getting down-hearted. One evening a rough sailor, who went by the name of Black Dick, saw Harry in the lane and asked him to come down on the marsh, for he wanted to tell him of a good thing. Black Dick did not bear a good reputation, but the worst that Harry knew about him was that he drank deep and swore hard, and was a smuggler. Since the establishment of the long embargo, which the people read backwards and called the "O-grab-me act," smuggling had become very common, and so many respectable merchants and owners of schooners and sloops engaged in it, that the dishonesty of the practice was often forgotten.

People excused themselves by saying 'the government has broken up our trade and we must get our living by the sea, so we will run in the sugar from the West Indies, and the English shoes and cotton goods from some small ports in New Brunswick.'

A good many other people would quietly buy the goods which they knew were smuggled and say nothing about it. So a smuggler was not considered a very bad man after all. However Harry's mother did not believe it was right, and had taken pains to talk to Harry about it, for she feared he might get mixed up

in such shady transactions, when he was old enough to ship as a seaman on a coasting vessel.

It was growing dark, but Harry fearlessly followed Dick down to the shore, rather wondering why he asked him to go so far out of the village. He understood the reason for it very soon after the man told him to sit down on the beach in sight of Coatue Point.

"I wouldn't ask many boys to do this work, fer they don't know how to keep their mouths shet. It's a good thing I'll tell yer about, an ye'll git yer share if yer promise not to blab. I want yer to swear right now, you'll never say a word to anybody of my talking to you or what I say."

"All right, Dick. I'll tell nobody. You can depend on me."

"That's good, my boy. Now I tell you what I want yer to do. You've been over on Coatue many a time an you know there's a little higher place where there's a clump of bushes. It's about a half a mile up shore."

"Yes. I know the place."

"Well, I want yer to go over there, and when yer see Job's coffin overhead, yer will show a light out to sea. Ye must wait there until ye see a coaster come in over the bar. Then ye can git in yer boat, an foller her up the harbor, an' help unload. When she's unloaded we'll put some sugar, an' calliker goods in yer boat for you to take home, an' a little barrel of

good Jamaky fer yerself, or yer mammy in case of sickness.”

This was a big proposition to Harry. He knew it meant comfort for the whole family, and it would come in such an easy way. He knew his mother wouldn't approve of it, but perhaps she would take the things gladly, like a good many other people did. But how could he get away for the night without her knowing it?

Dick kept quiet, letting him think it over for a few minutes.

“What ye say, boy? Is it a go?”

“I don't see how I am going to get away from the house without my mother knowing it.”

“Yer are not much of a boy, if ye haven't learned how to slip out of a window after all are a-bed.”

“I tried that once and got caught. My mother would be sure to hear me.”

“If ye can't do that much yer haven't got as much sand as I thought. Tell yer mother yer going to stay all night with one of the boys.”

This last proposition opened Harry's eyes to the real character of the business. He had dallied with the temptation, thinking it would be such a real help to his mother. That seemed to make it not very bad. But Harry was a truthful boy, and if he had to begin by telling a lie, and go on with what was really a dishonest transaction, condemned by the laws of the



country, he would have nothing to do with it.

"I'll keep my word. I will tell no one about this business, but I cannot help in it."

"What's that yer say? Are ye a white-livered chicken, afraid to be out in the dark?"

"I'm not afraid on sea or land. What is there to be afraid of? If this business is right, why don't you sail right in by daylight, and land your goods on the wharf?"

"I asked yer to do this fer ye are a likely boy, and ye hev a boat. We are short-handed, and want some un to do this. If I'd knowed ye were such a little saint I'd hev asked a smarter lad. Ye can trot home to yer mammy, an' if ye find yer boat missin' tomorrow, mebbe ye'll wish ye'd had more sense."

This time Harry was scared, but he was shrewd enough to say nothing. He jumped up out of reach of Black Dick's long arms, and ran back toward town. A curse and muttered sentence, "Take that," warned him to dodge, and he luckily avoided a good sized stone which flew past him. He ran home and told his mother he thought his boat was not safe, that he wanted to hide it. So he got in and softly paddled in the shadows along the bay shore, until he reached a little cove on the swampy, south shore, beyond the village. Here he pulled it out among the bushes, and up above the reach of the tide. He was a happy boy

the next morning, when he found it just where he put it.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Robbed by Napoleon.

Discouraging days followed, and with all his searching Harry could find little work. He heard that men were needed in the hay fields in Massachusetts, and that later there would be a good corn crop and that the apple trees were loaded with fruit. He talked about it with his mother, and she consented to his going over to New Bedford to ask her cousin to help him find work. He sent him out to a farm back of New Bedford. The man was a hard working farmer, whose son was sick, and there was more work than one man could do. He was a driver, but not unkind. He called Harry at four o'clock, and before breakfast he helped to feed the stock and curry the horses, and also milked three of the six cows. All day long he worked in the hayfield and when that crop was gathered, they went into the corn field, topping the stalks and stripping the leaves. Then there were potatoes to dig, apples to pick, and corn to husk. When Thanksgiving Day came the work was done, and Harry received his scanty wages and went back to New Bedford.

John Nickerson was pleased with the lad's diligence and efficiency. He questioned him about his education

and took him into his warehouse. He was to do the chores in the family and a porter's work in the warehouse, and have his board and two dollars a week. Harry thought that was a good offer, and was glad to take the place as a beginning, for he wanted to be a shipping clerk; so he studied at night, practiced writing, and while he was rolling barrels or piling up boxes, he made up sums of multiplying and adding them up, or computing the value of their contents.

Harry sent his mother twenty-five dollars, and she wrote him to buy himself some cloth and have a warm suit of clothes made for the winter. Harry had some new ideas about using his money. He heard his cousin and the other merchants talk about the repeal of the embargo, and the revival of commerce. So Harry asked Mrs. Nickerson if his old suit would do if it was mended up. She laughed a little at the boy's shrewdness, and offered to fix it up for him, and made it look fairly well.

As the spring of 1809 advanced the prospect of the embargo being lifted grew brighter. Then came news of favorable negotiations with the English agent in Washington. June 10th the President issued a proclamation that the embargo was lifted so far as to permit trading with England and her colonies. This was a great relief to the merchants, and ships were being scraped and refitted for early use.

Captain Nickerson had not waited for the news. He

had obtained private information of what was coming, and had his brig, the *Ellen N.*, all ready early in May, and he bought up a good cargo before prices advanced. Harry caught the speculative fever, and took all his money, and bought a small stock of produce, which he stowed away in the hold. When the first news of the proclamation was received the brig weighed anchor, and Harry was sent along as purser's clerk. She was not molested, landed her cargo at Liverpool, and it was sold at a good profit. Then she was reloaded with the manufactures of English cotton mills, factories and foundries. Harry bought a good many boxes of shoes with his money.

Late in September the *Ellen N.* dropped anchor in Buzzard Bay. There was work for Harry for a few weeks in the warehouse, and he was now promoted to be shipping clerk. He sold out his boxes of shoes at a good price, and his profit on his venture was a little over one hundred dollars. Captain Nickerson was very much pleased with his faculty for business, and said he would give him another chance if the open trade continued. The opportunity, however, did not come, for the English government repudiated the agreement which Mr. Erskine, her agent, had made, and the act of Non-intercourse with England was again in force.

Harry had a chance to go home for a few days with Captain Bunker, who took out some supplies much

needed on the island. He found his mother well, and the children growing, and as needy as ever, and they were happy over the shoes he brought them. He gave his mother money enough for their winter clothes, but she would not take all he offered her.

"Ned gets our food for us, clams and fish and meal. You must buy yourself some warm clothes this winter."

"I am going to work in the cornfields, and I will make enough for all that I need for myself."

"Take the rest of your money to Cousin John, and perhaps you will get another chance to trade with it."

"Well, if you don't need it, I will do that, mother. Where is Ruth Chase? I have not seen her anywhere and their house is shut up."

"Don't you know, Harry, that they have all moved out west, oh ever so far, clear out to Ohio."

"I want to know! When did they go? I've heard nothing of it."

"It was in the spring, just after you sailed for Liverpool. That's why you did not see them when they were in New Bedford, and we forgot to tell you when you came home."

"What took Captain Chase out there, so far from the ocean?"

"He got discouraged about there being any more money to be made in merchant ships or the coast trade. He said it was too risky, and as he had a good family

of boys to provide for, he cal'lated he ought to get enough land for each of them to have a farm. So he moved out to Ohio in the spring. We haven't heard from them since. Ruth hated to go, and she was sorry to not see you again. I reckon she's a home-sick girl by this time."

"Of course she is, for she loved the sea, and she was happy on the island. I will miss her, mother. She and I were good chums. She had such good common sense, and she used to talk to me like a sister would."

"I hope they will do well on a farm, and not be sick. I should think they would miss the ocean, and the fish and the sea air. They must feel shut in among all those big trees out west."

It was as Harry said, he missed Ruth, and the island did not seem the same to him. He got Ike and Sam and Ned in the boat, and went fishing one day with good success. But the next day the Jennie B. sailed, and Harry was glad to get away again. He did not find work until he had walked up the Connecticut valley to the borders of New Hampshire. There he found Samuel Jones with a large farm, and many acres in corn on the rich bottom land. There were many dairy farms among hills, owned by prosperous farmers with large families.

Harry found it a good neighborhood to live in, and made friends among the young people. Farmer Jones had two sons older than Harry, and of the daughters,

one was older than her brothers, and the other was about Harry's age. A mile away the widow Gerry lived, whose farm was worked by her two sons, one seventeen, and the other fifteen years old. These two boys were having a hard struggle to make a living on a hilly farm, and Harry felt a warm sympathy for them.

Harry worked for farmer Jones until nearly Christmas, and would have gladly stayed all winter, if there had been work for him; for he not only enjoyed the young people, but he liked his employer. Samuel Jones was a man of large brain, who kept himself well informed of what was going on in the world. He took a weekly Boston paper, and what he read he thought over, remembered, and talked about in his family. There were long evenings of corn-husking in the barn, when the work was lightened by his discussions of the great events that were taking place in Europe, and the distress they were causing our own people.

Harry began to understand better the character and career of Napoleon. Mr. Jones showed how he was exhausting the resources of France, and killing off her strong men. Soon or late his overgrown empire would fall to pieces, and the nations he had conquered would re-establish their own forms of national government. He believed Napoleon's policy was selfish, dictated by personal ambition. On the other hand, England although oppressive and tyrannical in her foreign



relations, was slowly working out the problems of true liberty and constitutional government. England was now fighting Napoleon for her very life, and was using every weapon that came to her hand, and blockading Napoleon's ports and cutting off his supplies was one of her most effective weapons against him. When Napoleon's schemes failed, then, in all probability, we might expect England to come to some reasonable and honorable agreement with us about our seamen and our foreign trade.

Harry had suffered so much from the English oppressions that he could make a pretty fair statement of the grievances of the American people. "They have been patient with England, but their patience is wearing out," he said. "How long must we be poor, and our sailors be slaves? It may be a good many years before Napoleon is conquered. He wants us to join him in fighting England, and it may be that self-preservation will compel us to do so. We are not strong enough to fight England on the ocean without help. If we take advantage of the present difficulties she is in, we can force her to treat us justly, to let us alone in our foreign trade."

The young people had a good many discussions of all these matters, and the evening talks, under Mr. Jones' guidance became very instructive. Harry learned to distrust Napoleon although he still maintained his hostility to England. If he had adhered to

the opinions he formed this winter it would have saved him from some loss.

When the corn was all husked Mr. Jones paid Harry his wages, and he left that happy home with great regret. He found Captain Nickerson had something for him to do, so that he lost little time this winter. Captain Nickerson was preparing to ship a second cargo to Europe and he wanted Harry to go out among the farmers, and contract for their produce.

He was one of the big merchants of that region, who had sent his ships to many ports before England and France interfered with American commerce. He had also sent out a number of whalers which made profitable voyages. He aspired to be known as one of the merchant princes of New England, and not only to amass a large fortune, but also to give exercise to his broad intellectual powers in conducting a great business. It was like sitting on pins and needles for John Nickerson to go down to his silent warehouse every morning, or to walk down to the piers and to see his ships dismantled and rotting in idleness. Worse still it was to be himself idle, rusting out his splendid intellectual faculties in forced inactivity. He felt ready to take more risks in his business than he would in other times, rather than continue in this dormant state.

Now his correspondents in Washington advised him of the feeling there, and the efforts the new president,

Mr. Madison, was making to open commerce again. Napoleon was ready to repeal his decrees if England would rescind her orders in council. In fact Napoleon had two objects in the proposals he was making: he wanted to embroil the United States with England, so that she would go to war, and in that way assist him in his movements: and he needed the supplies America could furnish, corn, wheat, fish and salted meats, to replenish the empty store-houses of France. So he pursued a crafty course in negotiating with the American minister at Paris, and word came back to the United States, that American ships might safely enter the ports of Holland, France, Spain and Italy. In Congress the Macon No. 2 Bill was under discussion, which repealed the non-importation act, and restored trade with France and England, and provided that if either power repealed their orders or decrees, the United States would suspend trade with the other.

Captain Nickerson did not delay his preparations until the bill passed, feeling sure of the result. He had formerly shipped to Spain, and he now made ready a large and heavily laden ship for the port of San Sebastian. The brig was being refitted at a considerable expense. Harry was a shrewd buyer, and Captain Nickerson sent him out through Massachusetts, and even into New Hampshire and Vermont, to buy up cheese, pork, potatoes and butter.

Harry reached Samuel Jones' house about the middle

of January. He posted up notices in the blacksmith shop and Post-office, and then went out among the farmers. The prices he was instructed to offer were not high, but fair; but a time limit was fixed, for when the cargo was completed there would be no demand, and any produce brought in afterward would not bring very much from other merchants.

Harry talked the matter over with the Gerry boys and urged them to make up a load.

"Remember boys. You must start very soon. If you get there after the ship is full you will not be able to sell your stuff."

The Jones boys and other families made up ten loads, and pulled up at a New Bedford tavern the night after Harry returned. Captain Nickerson bought their loads at the prices he had offered. Long lines of wagons were waiting every day now, and many men were busy, rolling the barrels and firkins aboard, and lowering them into the hold. Much grain also had already been stowed away below. Will Jones said to Harry,

"The Gerry's are coming, but one of their horses was sick so they could not start with us."

"I hope they will get here before the time expires, for so much produce is coming in that there will be no room for any after the date which Cousin John fixed."

The days slipped by, and Captain Nickerson sent

out word that his ship was full, and that after the day fixed he would take no more produce of any kind. Two days after the period had expired the Gerry boys arrived with two wagon loads of grain and pork and ten firkins of butter and three cheeses. Captain Nickerson was very busy getting the brig ready to sail, and Harry was helping the purser close up his accounts. The captain refused to buy, telling them Harry had fully warned them they must be on hand, and that his ship was loaded, and there was no room in the hold for more.

The boys were very much disappointed, and Harry was distressed about it, but he told them they had no cause to blame his cousin. He went with them to other merchants, but no one wanted to buy, for several wagons had come in too late and the owners had sold out their loads at a sacrifice. The boys only received one offer, and that was such a low price that they said they would rather drive to Boston than to take almost nothing.

Finally Captain Nickerson took their butter and cheese, and then the boys offered the rest of their stock to Harry at considerable less than the price in January. He consulted his cousin about it, and he said,

“Well I’m sorry for them, and if you want to buy their loads, I will find a place for the stuff aboard ship. Have you got the money for it?”

"I have fifty dollars, and the loads will come to sixty."

"Offer them fifty. They will take it. I thought you had decided not to make a venture on this voyage."

"I do not really think it is safe. I cannot trust Napoleon to keep his word. But I am so sorry for these boys, who have a hard row to hoe, that I am willing to buy their stock and put it in. Will you lend me the other ten dollars?"

"Oh yes! I'll do that, and I hope you will more than double your money. But you ought not to do this out of sympathy for them against your judgment. That is a poor way of doing business, and leads to loss."

"I'm a poor boy myself, and other people have helped me. I must help these boys. I would rather never make money than not to be able to help others in distress."

"Well, do as you please about it. Get the money from Mr. Eldridge."

Harry bought the loads, and the boys carried it to the hatchway. Two days later the *Ellen N.* sailed for San Sebastian in Spain. She was spoken on the way by several vessels, and then no news from her arrived, and the weeks dragged into months to those who were anxiously waiting to hear of her safe arrival.

By and by rumors of trouble began to multiply, and Captain Nickerson, and hundreds of other merchants

and ship owners, began to be harassed by anxiety as to the fate of their ships. Then came definite news that ships in Holland and French ports were being seized, and the cargoes and vessels sold. Vessels that sailed for the Baltic met a similar reception. Still no word came from the *Ellen N.* and despair alternated with hope. Finally they heard from Washington, that Napoleon had confiscated all the vessels and their cargoes, which came into the ports of France and her allies, before May 1st, when by the adoption of the Macon Bill Non-intercourse had been repealed. His reason for this outrageous betrayal of American confidence was, that French ships were not allowed to enter American ports before that date. He wanted the goods and the money and took them from a friendly people. The loss to American merchants and ship owners amounted to more than ten million dollars. Ruin stared them in the face, and many of them failed. Captain Nickerson found himself in bad shape. He had borrowed large sums to buy up the cargo, and his creditors pressed him to take up his notes. This was impossible, and he was obliged to make the best arrangements he could. He pulled through without failing, but it crippled him financially for several years.

Harry had gone home in the spring, and was busy again with his fish lines, for there was no other work open for him that spring. When he heard of the loss

of the brig and cargo, he came to New Bedford to get the full account of it from Captain Nickerson. He was very much discouraged when he knew certainly that his money was lost. Napoleon had robbed him and thousands of others like him. So many interests in New England were affected by it, that it turned public opinion once more to favor England rather than France. So when continued oppressions by English ships revived the war feeling, it did not receive much encouragement in New England. This was one reason why the people there were averse to the war of 1812.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### Enlistment.

Harry did not go back home for there was nothing for a young man to do there. He saw more clearly than ever that he must not only work hard to support his mother and the family, but that he must have all his wits about him to find some paying job. His brothers and sisters were growing fast, and, of course, they would eat more and need more clothing. He still thought of doing farm work, for he had by this time learned how to do all kinds of work done on farms, and he prided himself on his skill and quickness and strength.

But he could find no work on a farm although he walked far and made every effort to get a job. The farmers were not planting more than they could consume at home, for there was no market for surplus crops. They were putting their farms into grass land, and buying cattle and sheep. Harry did not understand the reason for this until he reached Samuel Jones' farm and talked with him.

“You see, Harry, that we Americans have been putting our capital into ships, and making lots of money out of commerce. We have been sending raw products abroad, and buying the manufactured goods in Eng-

land. That has been making England rich. Now England has broken up our commerce, and our merchants have discovered that the time has come to make up our wool and cotton into cloth, and our hides into shoes, and our trees into furniture, and our iron into machinery. Therefore they are encouraging the raising of more cattle and sheep, and they are building the mills and factories to use the products of our soil and our mines. In a few years English mills will have lost a large part of their custom, and England will discover what a serious mistake she has made in destroying our shipping trade. If, instead of putting your money into that cargo, you had bought a flock of twenty sheep, and sent them over to feed on the Nantucket commons, it would have paid you as much money as you hoped to make by your shipment to Spain."

"I see it now but hadn't foresight to see it last January."

"'Hindsight is better than foresight, but it costs more,' as we say up here."

"I'm not sorry I bought the loads the Gerry boys brought down. I did not want them to lose by their trip."

"It was not your fault. It was their misfortune they were late, as their horse would have been killed if they had over-driven him in that cold weather. But may be there will come some good to you out of this loss.

Now I would advise you to go down to the places where they are building factories, and get work in a mill."

Harry went back to New Bedford, and told his cousin what he had observed and learned.

"It is all true but I have been slow to believe it. When I can recover from my losses, I will give my mind to manufacturing at home, instead of importing French and English goods. You will not have to go far to find work. Over west of here on Fall River is a village they call Troy, where they have a fine water power. They have some mills there now, and are building more. I will take you over in my chaise and you will be sure to get a good job, and I will look into the business for myself."

Harry was taken into a woolen mill, and given a loom, at fair wages. He remained there about a year, and would have been made a foreman at the end of another year. He did not like the confinement, and knew it was sapping his strength. The sea-bred boy longed for the salt air of the ocean, and the out-of-door life on a ship. So he left the mill, and went down to Newport, hoping to go before the mast on a coaster. No chance offered for getting on a crew, and he found a place in a shipyard where some sloops were being repaired.

Here in January 1812 came a young naval officer looking for men to repair his gunboats. The foreman

took him about the yard, showing him the work under way. Harry Macy saw the handsome officer coming towards him, and was at once attracted by his easy, graceful carriage and his clear low-toned voice. He had a slender figure, well-knit and strong, and Harry thought he was about ten years older than himself. He seemed to know all about building ships, as his conversation with the foreman showed while they stood near Harry, looking at the sloop on the stays. When they passed on Harry asked his mate on the job,

“Who is that officer?”

“I never saw him before. He is a lieutenant by his ornaments I reckon. Must be on the gunboats.”

“He is a man of force and knows his business. I never saw so fine a man. I'd like to sail on his ship.”

“He seems to be looking for men and you may have a chance to enlist if you want to. But I would not care for a gunboat. Here he comes again. Put your best foot forward now.”

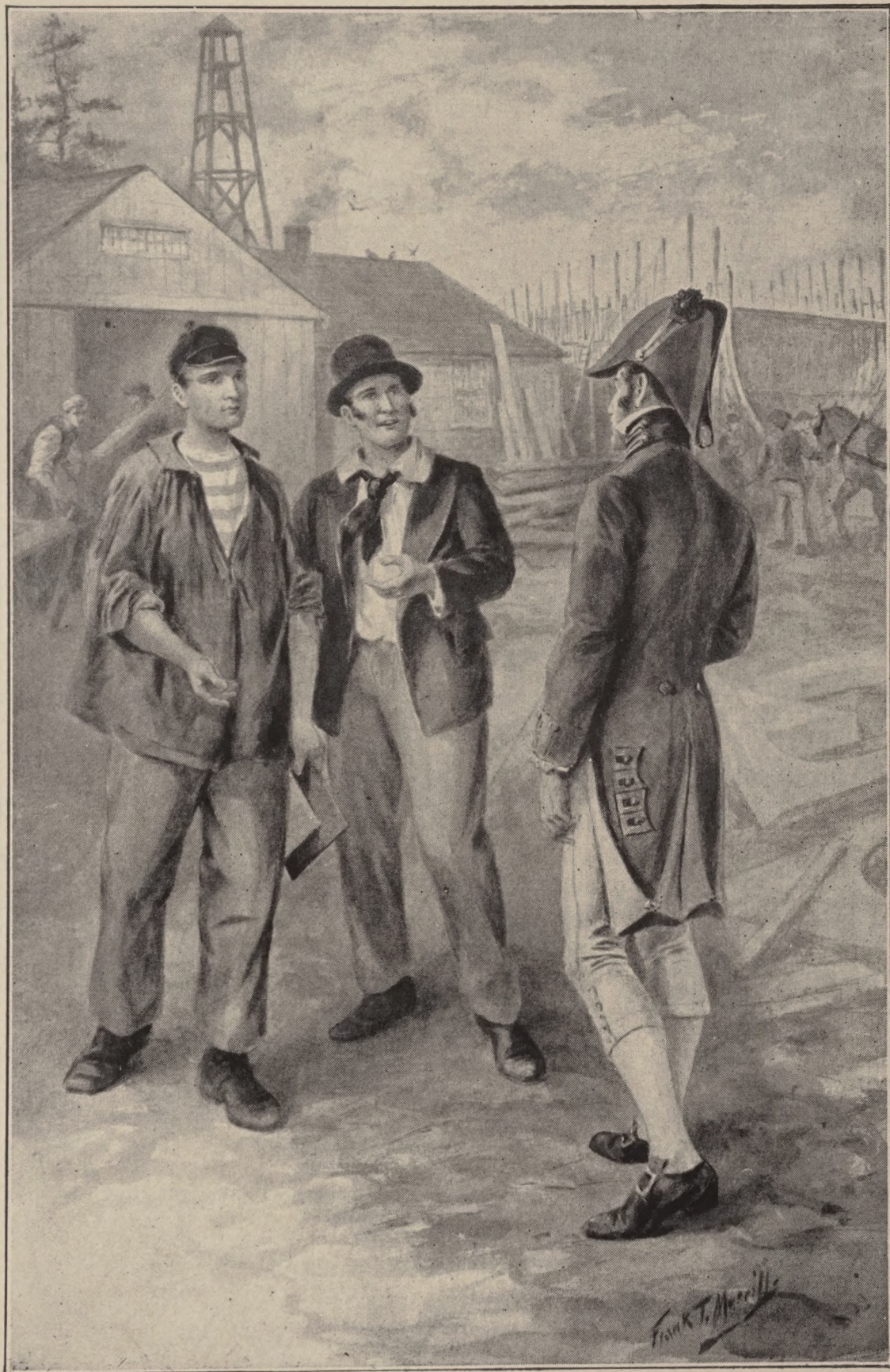
This time the foreman called Harry, and introduced him to Lieutenant Perry.

“You look like a sea man,” said Perry. “Where are you from?”

Nantucket, sir.”

“Good. You were almost born on the water, and of course you have lived on it. How old are you?”

“Seventeen, sir.”



"YOU LOOK LIKE A SEAMAN," SAID PERRY



“Have you made any voyages?”

“Several on coasters to the mainland and back, and one to liverpool as purser’s clerk on a merchant brig. But I know all about ships.”

“I want men to repair the gunboats under my command, and I hear good accounts of you. Will you enlist for a year?”

“Tell me about the service, sir.”

Lieutenant Perry then described the defensive duties of the fleet of gunboats, which he commanded at the Newport station. Harry thought he would like to have a part in defending the villages and coasting vessels, and he admired the young commander more as he talked with him. That evening he went down to the recruiting office, and signed the roll, and took the oath of service. This may appear to be a hasty and impulsive act, but, in fact, it was something Harry had been thinking about, and he came to an earlier decision to join the navy, which he had expected to do if war was declared.

The nation was slowly drifting into war with England, because she refused to make reparation for the outrage on the Chesapeake, or to come to an agreement to stop the impressment of American seamen. The courageous conduct of Commodore Rodgers in replying to the fire of the Little Belt, and the damage he inflicted on that English ship, created an intense excitement all over the country, and caused a great

deal of satisfaction. Resistance to English oppression was an almost universal sentiment. "From this time on let us take every American sailor from the deck of the English ships," became a popular demand. Harry Macy, like many others, had no trust in Napoleon, yet he was willing to seize the opportunity of inflicting a blow on England which would compel her to do justice to our own country.

But there was another cause which contributed to this conclusion in Harry's mind, in which he had lately come into sympathy with many other people. He had known little about the west, and cared very little for its people and its interests. But now since Captain Chase had moved out to Ohio and Ruth was living there, he began to realize that thousands of other people had friends out there. When Tecumtha was gathering the savage Indians together, and threatening to burn the villages and murder the settlers, and the old stories of horrible Indian raids were told again, it began to touch Nantucket people closely. And Harry felt that his friends were on the danger line. And now General Harrison, the old Indian fighter and the governor of Indiana territory, in his negotiations with the Indians had discovered that the English agents were tampering with the Indians again, as they had done so many times before. They still wanted Detroit and the fur country, and were aiming at making a new



boundary line, that would restore much of the territory they had lost.

At the end of the year 1811, came the news that Harrison had defeated the Indians at Tippecanoe, and that Tecumtha had gone up into Canada with his warriors. The settlers were safe for the present, but Tecumtha was more hostile than before, and determined to wipe out the disgrace of that defeat, which took place during his absence in the south. Who could tell how soon he would return with his hordes of blood-thirsty warriors, and sweep through the forests with fire and scalping knife? So the Indian troubles increased the distrust of England, and the war feeling grew. A congress was elected that fall, and the people sent the men to Washington who were known to favor making a stand against England, even if it should result in war. Henry Clay's election as Speaker revealed the strong majority for war measures, and John C. Calhoun's able speeches supported them. They were the strong and popular leaders, who were resolved that England should no longer be permitted to lay her oppressive hand on the people of the United States, or on their commerce.

Harry Macy was at once enrolled in the crew of Gunboat 44, and received his uniform. He was given the work of laying a new floor on the gun deck, with three men to assist him. After this was done, he made a new boom and gaff, and then was ordered to

overhaul the rigging. He proved to be such a careful and rapid workman, that he was detailed for a few weeks to push the repairs on two other sloops.

His sailing-master was Stephen Champlin, a young man only twenty-three years old. He had been a seaman seven years, and had been in command of a merchant vessel from Norwich the year before. Harry soon perceived that he was a good seaman, and he was glad to have a capable commander, under whose instructions he would learn how to sail a vessel in all weathers.

It was in the middle of January, after a day of cold drizzle and mist, when it came on to blow from the northeast. Then it grew still colder, the rain turned to snow, and the rigging of the schooner was covered with ice. Sailing-master Champlin had been off Sachuset Point, taking soundings, and seeing that the storm would be a severe one and might end in a gale, he bore away and ran into the main entrance of Narragansett Bay, and came to anchor in the sheltered harbor off Newport. Harry was in the top, furling the topsail, when he heard a new voice below, which seemed familiar to him.

“Main top there. Loose the gaff and lower the mainsail.”

Harry looked below, and saw a tall young fellow who had just come aboard, standing by the side of Master Champlin.

“Aye! Aye, Sir!” Harry answered. Knowing they were to have a new boatswain he thought this must be the man. The rigging was frozen, and it required beating and hard pulling to loosen the knots, and it was some time before Harry and the other man could clew up the topsail, and tie up the gaskets. Then they loosed the mainsail and lowered it, and went below. Harry looked at the new man, and said,

“It’s James Patterson! Bos’n, do you remember me, Harry Macy of Nantucket?”

“You, Harry Macy? I want to know. You’ve grown, boy. You’re a whale of a fellow now. Get to work there, men. Step lively. Tie up that mainsail. Haul on your braces and make her fast.”

When all was made fast and the watch set, Harry followed James into the fok’sle, and while the boatswain was smoking they found a good deal to talk about. James had not forgotten the kind friends he made in Nantucket, and after he had asked about them, he wanted to hear what Harry had been doing. When Harry had told about his enlisting, James said,

“You are lucky to be under Perry, my lad, even if it’s on a gunboat, for he won’t stay here very long. When the war opens he will get a fighting ship again, and if you do your duty well, he will be likely to take you with him. He is a man who sees the stuff in a man, and he takes the best for his officers. See the

men he picked out for these gunboats, Taylor, Turner, Champlin, and Blodgett, his second officer."

"And a fine young fellow for a bos'n, I suppose."

"None of your chaff, Harry. You know I wan't thinking of myself."

"Tell us about your own voyages."

"I didn't go back on the Chesapeake. I've been on the Revenge, under Perry for two years. We were in Commodore Rodgers squadron for some months, cruising about between Chesapeake Bay and New York, to prevent any more Leopards from bombarding our smaller vessels or impressing our seamen. We had pretty strict orders to resent any insults, and to prevent outrages on American vessels. Then we were sent to Charleston and Savannah, to capture privateers and to watch the cruisers. But by this time the English had grown cautious, and we had no trouble. Perhaps they had heard enough of Perry to know he would fight hard. But we had one hazardous duty, and its a wonder to me we got off without a hard fight. It shows that a brave man will always be respected, and cowardly fellows will not dare to provoke him."

"Tell us about that."

"It was summer time, and hot as blazes down there off the Georgia coast. A United States Marshall came aboard with a warrant from a federal court to seize the Diana. The ship was from my state, up Wiscasset way

I believe, but she had been stolen by her ship-master, an Englishman whose name was Tibbets. He had been sailing about in the West Indies, making money for himself, and paid no attention to the orders of the owners. He had changed her name to the Angel, and she was lying off Amelia Island.

The Spanish Governor was informed of the facts, and had given permission to the Americans to cut her out, and to take possession of her for her owners. But she was lying under the protection of two English war vessels, one a brig and the other a schooner. We had fourteen guns and they had about forty, and we did not suppose they would let us take her without a fight, and it would be a very unequal one.

But our plucky young commander prepared to obey the warrant. He sent for three gunboats from the St. Mary's River, and sailed right in and took possession of the Diana, and the English did not fire a gun. As the owners wanted to send her to Europe he put his own sailing-master on her, and a week later we convoyed her off the coast.

She was hardly on her way out of sight when we discovered a British war vessel bearing down on us. Lieutenant Perry ordered the ship cleared for action, which did not take long, for he was never unprepared for any emergency. She soon overhauled us, and came about along side, and sent an officer on board to say, that she was the Goree, Captain Byng commander,

and requested our commander to come aboard and to explain the character of his vessel. Lieutenant Perry refused to do so. As soon as the boat cast off, he prepared to make the best defence he could against the larger vessel, if the English captain made an attack. Lieutenant Perry decided to grapple, and called the crew to quarters, armed them with pike and cutlass, and announced that he would lead us in person to the enemy's deck. Our crew was ninety men, and I know that with such a cool-headed, courageous commander we would have swept the decks of the Goree in a few moments and captured her.

“That must have been an exciting time for you.”

“Not any foolish excitement or hurry. I never saw Lieutenant Perry get excited or lose his head. He was just as cool then, as he would be now on deck in this snow squall. The men were all in order, every man with his weapon and under instructions what to do, every officer in his place, and orders all given. I don't know whether the Englishman watched us, and saw our preparations, or whether the lieutenant had seen that our commander was not to be trifled with. In a few minutes he returned with a request, that our commander would send an officer to explain the character of our ship. As this was what the English commander had done, Lieutenant Perry said he would, and I was ordered to lower the gig and take Mr. Sinclair over.

Soon after that we ran up to New York and joined Commodore Rodgers' squadron. He was ready to protect our ships, and to maintain the dignity of our flag. Our orders were, if a hostile vessel fired a shot at us, we must fire two in return. If a shot struck our vessel we must chastise the enemy to the extent of our force."

"That's the talk I like," said Harry. "But how did Perry happen to lose the Revenge, when he is such a careful sailor?"

"It wasn't Perry's fault and he was exonerated by the court of inquiry. It happened in January of last year, in that dangerous race at Watch Hill. A fog came on, but the pilot said he could take us through. I heard Perry tell him to come to anchor if he had any doubt about getting us through safely."

## CHAPTER IX.

### Watching For Hostile Cruisers.

Patterson's story of the wreck was interrupted at this point by a hail from a boat, and they all turned out, and saw Lieutenant Perry in a large boat.

The boatswain let down the ladder, but the commander refused to come aboard, and explained to Mr. Champlin why he was out in the storm.

"There's a fishing-smack ashore on Seal Rock. Men were seen clinging to the wreck. They will freeze if they are not drowned. I want some more men to help get them off. We cannot let them perish without an attempt to rescue them."

"You ought not to go, Commander."

"Some one must go, at once."

"Think of your young wife, Oliver." Mr. Champlin said in a low tone, "You come aboard and I will go. If there should be any mishap, I can be spared better than you."

"Thank you, Stephen. I am ready and will go. Who goes with me?"

"I will go, sir," said Harry.

"I am ready," James added. Two older men volunteered, and in a moment they were in their oilskins and sea-boots, and dropped into the barge. The boat



disappeared in a moment, and was rapidly rowed out to the reef, six miles away. The wind had increased, and the waves were dashing over the wreck, which was going to pieces.

Perry watched the surf, and when chance offered came alongside, and took off the fishermen, who were too chilled to help themselves. The barge then returned as rapidly as possible to Newport, and the men were taken to a tavern to be restored. One of them seemed almost dead, and James and Harry carried him in and laid him on the floor.

"He's done for, I reckon," said Harry bending over him. To his surprise the young fellow opened his eyes and gasped out,

"Harry Macy. Give me some drink."

"Is it you, Tom Starbuck?"

"Aye, lad. I'm about dead, and it don't matter much."

"You'll pull through. Keep up your courage. You can make more of yourself if you will."

"Here don't talk. Take this," said the tavern keeper. Tom drank the liquor and soon felt better.

The men went back to their sloops, and Harry saw no more of Tom for some time. These were not days of idleness, even in the stormy winter. They patrolled the coast from Bristol to Point Judith, guarding the entrance to Long Island Sound, and of the different inlets of Narragansett Bay, and protecting the ships

in the harbors, and the villages along the coast. This was an important but not exciting task; yet at any hour it might bring them into conflict with the English cruisers, which could sail in from the open sea in less than two hours. Their commander instructed his sailing-masters to be always prepared for action, and to be vigilant to discover any sail in the offing and to warn the villages. Not satisfied with this, he persuaded the merchants to furnish material for a watch tower, which he erected on the outermost point of Rhode Island, and there he kept a guard.

The commander also directed, that every crew should be constantly and thoroughly practiced in the use of the twenty-four pound gun, with which every gunboat was armed. And he himself drilled them frequently, telling the men, 'that one gun, accurately aimed and rapidly fired, would be more efficient than a battery of six guns of shorter range. They might disable a well-armed schooner, before she could get near enough to hull them, if they were perfect in the use of this one long range gun.'

Perry inspected his boats, and called the men to quarters, and drilled them himself in small arms. He had a school of instruction for his officers, and required them to perfect themselves in their various duties. He also made an original use of his squadron which was of great value to himself and his officers. He was a diligent student of naval tactics and maneu-

vers, and he made a practical use of the boats to perfect his knowledge. He assembled all the twelve gunboats, and practiced the maneuvers of sailing a fleet, and then dividing them into two squadrons he engaged them in sham sea fights. He was quick to perceive the crises in these mimic battles, when mistakes occurred, or the shifting of the wind exposed one fleet: then he took advantage of the change to vary the attack or the defense.

It was late in June when Lieutenant Perry came aboard gunboat No. 44, and called the men to quarters. "I have two announcements to make," he said. "The first is that England has at last done one act of justice. She has replaced the three men, taken from the Chesapeake, on the deck of that vessel."

James Patterson swung his tarpaulin, and the men gave three cheers. Then Perry continued,

"But her action was too late. On the 18th Congress declared war on England."

The men this time gave three louder cheers, and then repeated them. The news was not unexpected, but it was followed by many discussions about the chance of their commander getting a ship, and their own prospects of active service. They heard of the glorious victory of the Constitution over the Guerriere, but no change in their duty came to them. A September gale caught them when out on patrol duty, and the old mainsail was split by the wind. The next

bright day the boatswain had the old canvass brought on deck, and set three men to work repairing the damage. Harry was sitting on the capstan, splicing the ropes which had been frayed, or had parted in the gale.

"Heave up your marlin spike, Harry," James called out. "I can't get these old stitches loose. They were set to stay, like my old granny's patches on my trousers when I was a boy."

"Here goes," Harry replied giving the spike a toss which would have given the boatswain a smart rap if he had not caught it by the handle.

"You have a vicious throw, boy," James said, rubbing his hand.

"I knew you would catch it," Harry said with a wink to old Davy Leggett. "Did you know Lieutenant Morris?" Harry asked in a few moments.

"No. I never saw him. He acted very gallantly in the fight off New York, when the Constitution whipped the Guerriere. He deserved promotion."

"He has made a big step. He has been advanced over Perry, and several other officers, who were his seniors in grade."

"Our commander ought to have got the Adams, and no doubt he feels the slight. I suppose Morris had some influence in Washington. But generally the secretaries pick out the best men, and I should say it was right to take them wherever they are, and give

them the duty they are fitted to do well. But when a smart, well-trained and ambitious officer is passed over, that is not just."

"If our commandant felt hurt he didn't show any jealousy," Dave Leggett remarked. "I took him up to the wharf, when he went to see Lieutenant Morris, who was sick, and I know he offered to let him have his pick of us for his crew. That's the way Turner and his men were transferred to the Adams."

"How did you hear that?" Harry asked.

"I heard Mr. Champlin tell Mrs. Perry about it."

Some new recruits were received to replace these men, and they were put under hard drill to bring them to the same proficiency as the older members of the crew. One day there was a hail from a boat, and the boatswain went to the taffrail.

"Throw me a line. I want to come aboard."

"You cannot come aboard without permission of the sailing-master."

"Ask him then. I want to look about, and perhaps I will enlist."

"You are pretty brazen about it. Perhaps we don't need you."

"I know him. Tom Starbuck," said Harry, coming from below.

"I reckon we don't want you."

"Say, Harry Macy. You speak a good word for me, won't you?"

"It won't suit you, Tom. We are hard working men, and we don't get any days off for skylarking. You go back home and keep straight."

"I'm not going back to that little sand heap, I can't live there. I want to see the world and to be in the stir. My guardian won't let me have any money, and I'm dead broke. I've got to ship before the mast."

"You can talk to the recruiting officer at the May Apple tavern. If he asks me about you, I will not recommend you. You better think twice about it before you enlist, for I know it will not suit you."

Tom could not follow Harry's advice for his pockets were empty, his companions had cast him off when his money gave out, and he was hard pushed to get something to eat. He succeeded in getting enrolled and was sent aboard Master Champlin's gunboat. James was patient with him, and gave him careful instruction and oversight, and for awhile Tom kept at his duties faithfully. But when he drew his pay he got hold of some liquor, and his drinking made him surly, and he was put in the brig. Soon after dark when the sloop cast anchor in Newport harbor, he escaped from confinement and disappeared.

The next day a squad was sent out under Harry's command to find him, and after a long search they found him in a low tavern, too drunk to know what he was doing. Harry hauled him down to the boat, and took him on board. He was allowed to sober up

and then Master Champlin ordered him tied up to the mast, and the boatswain to give him twenty lashes.

That day Lieutenant Perry came aboard, and Master Champlin told him that he had been obliged to discipline Starbuck. He was sorry for the young fellow, and sent for him to come to the cabin. What he said to Tom no one knew, but after that interview Tom was a different man. He drank no more, and he gave attention to his work, and was respectful to the officers. Tom was a good sailor, but he knew nothing of drill and gun-practice. Now he was anxious to learn these important parts of a United States seaman's duty, and he became responsive to the efforts of the boatswain to teach him, and was willing to learn from Harry Macy and his other shipmates.

Late in October Master Champlin was out scouting off Seconet Point, for since the war they were constantly on patrol duty. He spoke gunboat 46 under command of Lieutenant Blodgett which was sailing west.

"The glass is falling. We will have a heavy blow. I shall keep off the coast and ride it out," said Champlin.

"I have finished my cruise, and must go in for supplies. I saw no hostile cruisers. I will try to make the harbor before the gale strikes me," Blodgett answered.

The wind blew No. 44 off her course and it was two

days before she got back to Narragansett Bay. As they sighted Beaver Tail, Harry, who was on the port watch, called out,

“Wreck on Conanticut Ledge!”

“Where away?”

“Off South Point, near the light.”

“Ay! Ay! I see it,” the boatswain replied. The crew came out as they heard the call, and they soon made out that it was one of their gunboats, and thought it must be Blodgett’s.

The commander soon came aboard to tell them of the loss, and to give the orders necessary to continue the patrol which No. 46 had performed.

“Yes, Blodgett’s gone!” he said to Mr. Champlin’s inquiry, as he stepped aboard. “I am much distressed for he was the ablest of our officers, and we can hardly do without him, and he was such a splendid fellow that I feel his loss like a brother.”

“How did it happen? And were all the men lost?”

“The wind took him off his course. He hauled his wind, and began to work back, but No. 46 was a poor sailor, and the swell was against her. He beat to windward and stood in close to avoid the tide. She missed her stays when he would have tacked opposite the light-house. He tried again and failed, then tried to sheer off, and clear the rocks, but the undertow was too strong, and she went broadside on the ledge. The



sea swept clear over her, and he saw she would soon break up."

"What did he do? It was fearfully cold. They would perish of the cold."

"Blodgett did not think of himself but tried to save his men. They tried to get him to come off, but he stayed aboard to see that the men got planks and boards to carry them ashore. The sea was breaking over her, and he fell and was washed overboard, and no one saw him again. Half the crew were lost. The keepers of the light picked up nine of them, more dead than alive, and cared for them so that they will recover. Some bodies have come ashore, but Blodgett's has not yet been found."

"Have you written to the family?"

"Yes, and perhaps his father will come to search for his body. I want to go out again farther along the coast, and see if it can be found, but my men are tired out with rowing in the surf all day yesterday."

"I will give you a crew. Bos'n Patterson will take you out. Harry and Tom will go. Tom is making a good sailor."

"Let them take rations for dinner for we may not return before dark."

The men volunteered to go and the crew was filled out. Perry with his glass searched every inlet, but in vain. He could not talk for his heart was oppressed, and he did not give up until late in the evening.

There was a mild evening as the Indian summer came on, and the men were having their evening smoke and talk on deck. Tom was in a group at the bow where Ben Lake, an old tar, was tattooing an anchor on a lad's arm. Ben's arms were curiously marked with the tools of his craft, and on his chest was a ship in full sail. He had tried to get Harry to have his arm tattooed, but Harry would have none of it, and now Ben was talking eagerly to Tom about his art, as he called it.

"There's not many can learn it, I paid Jack Manly ten bob to larn me. Every Jack knows who he is. He done five hundred in his time. You let me do a ship on your chest. It will only stand you five dollars an' that's cheap."

"I won't have any money till pay day. That's a good slice off my wages."

"I'll trust you. An' if you are lost in a storm yer friends will know yer carcass when it comes ashore."

Tom and Ben were so interested that they did not notice that Lieutenant Perry had come aboard. Master Champlin called Tom.

"Here's a letter for you which the commander brought over."

"Thank you, Commander," said Tom and started back.

"Wait a moment, Tom. I am glad to hear such good reports of you. Keep on doing your duty, and

learning to be a good seaman. This war will soon give us all active service, and there will be promotions for the faithful."

"Will you remember me, Commander, when you get your ship?"

"I cannot make any promises, Tom. I am urging you to prepare for higher duty, and you may be sure that sooner or later it will come to you. One word more. Was Ben wanting to tatoo you?"

Don't let him mark you up. You can never get that tatooing out, and in a few years you may be ashamed of such folly."

"Thank you, Commander, for your kindness to me. You got me off the rocks, when I would have frozen to death, and you have made a man of me, when I was an idle, drinking, good-for-nothing fellow. I will never forget your help, and I want to make the most of myself in the service."

"That's good, Tom, but there's a better ambition than that. You want to serve your country with your highest ability, wherever she calls you."

The commander went back to his flag-schooner, and Tom leaned over the gunwale and did some sober thinking.

## CHAPTER X.

### An Unexpected Meeting.

It was on the second day of December, 1812, that Master Champlin discovered two square-rigged vessels approaching the bay, and ran down for a closer observation. If it was an enemy, he wanted to signal the guard at the tower; if they were our own ships he might give them information. Before long his gunboat was seen by the man in the top, and a signal was flown at the masthead. He answered by running up his flag and his number. Then the stranger asked if English cruisers were near, and Champlin answered they had gone east. The frigate then raised the American flag, and her own, and Champlin knew she was the United States, Stephen Decatur commanding her. But it was not until she had sailed into Newport harbor that the crew of No. 44 grasped the astounding fact, that the second frigate was the English war-vessel, Macedonian, which Decatur had captured off the Canary Islands on the 25th of October.

That was such a memorable occasion that Champlin relaxed the discipline on board and allowed his men, a few at a time to go over to the two vessels. The Macedonian had required two weeks hard work of repairing after that terrific fight, and Lieutenant

William H. Allen had been placed in command to bring the prize into an American port. The boatswain recognized his former officer on the Chesapeake, and was one of the first to ask permission to visit her. He took Harry Macy with him. They rowed around her, and saw the terrible wounds the American guns had inflicted on her hull. When they went up the ladder one of the first seamen Harry saw was his own father, coming down the ratlines; and so great was his surprise that, for a moment he thought his eyes deceived him. William Macy noticed the young man staring at him and would have turned away, but Harry sprang forward, and exclaimed,

“Father, do you not know me?” Macy looked hard at him, and then said,

“Lord! Is it one of my boys? And which one? You must be Harry. I wouldn’t know any of you after these long years of absence.”

“Yes, I’m Harry. But how did you come here, father?”

“I’m on my ship, where I’ve been for two years, ever since she was launched, and its the biggest piece of luck that’s happened to me, to be captured by my own countrymen.”

“Did you fight for the British?”

“Had to, or be hung or shot. Lord, but we tried to get out of it. There were seven of us, and Jack Card was our leader. We agreed not to fight our own

flag, and we went to Captain Carden and told him so. It was no easy job to ask him to let us off, for he was the strictest of all our commanders, and some of the others were hard enough. You can imagine what he said:

“Get back to your quarters, you cowards. If I hear another word like this, I’ll have you shot.”

As we went back Jack said, he would rather be shot by his enemies aboard than by his friends on the United States. Poor Card he was killed right here, and that’s the stain of some of his blood, when a cannon shot split him open.”

Harry looked at his father, and rejoiced to see that he had not been wounded.

“My lad, how’s your mother and the children? I haven’t heard a word since I left you at Nantucket, more than five years ago.”

“All well and getting along. They didn’t starve, although we never got any help from Captain Starbuck, for he died the next winter.”

Harry now told his father all about that hard struggle to live, and something of his own work. Pretty soon James Patterson came back, and asked Macy to take them over the frigate, and describe the battle. It seemed wonderful that the United States had done so much damage to her enemy, and had received so little in return, for the Macedonian was manned by one of the best trained crews in the English navy,

and her officers were brave and skillful. But the cause was seen to be in the armament of the United States, which was superior to the guns of the Macedonian, and in the masterly gunnery of the American crew. Besides, Captain Decatur, as a sailor and fighter, had no superior in either the English or American navy, and that was one of the greatest causes of the success.

While they were going about Mr. Champlin came aboard, and Harry introduced his father to his commander. Mr. Champlin gave Harry permission to remain aboard until the next morning. This was a happy night for Harry. His father had not become corrupted by the English tars on his long service away from home, and he had become a very skillful seaman. His varied experiences had developed and perfected the natural ability of this son of Nantucket sailors.

Mr. Macy told Harry he was going down to Nantucket as soon as the Macedonian reached New York. He had saved his wages, and had more than a hundred pounds aboard, when the ship was captured.

“Did you lose it?”

“Not a penny. Decatur did not permit any looting. The private property of the seamen as well as the officers was returned to them.”

“Did Captain Decatur accept your captain’s sword?”

“No! He waved it aside and said,

'Sir, I cannot receive the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship.'"

"That's something like what Captain Hull said to Captain Dacres when the Guerriere surrendered to the Constitution. Hull had met Dacres at Hampton Roads or Norfolk and they were talking about their ships, and Captain Dacres bet a hat that if ever their ships fought one another the Guerriere would capture the Constitution. So when Dacres came up the ladder, Captain Hull helped him aboard, for he was wounded. He presented his sword but Captain Hull answered,

"I'll not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it. But I'll trouble you for that hat."

"The English officers who have been so arrogant and insulting are learning some lessons in politeness and humanity, as well as in seamanship from our American officers."

"If you get home safe with your money, father, then mother will be happy and relieved from care, and I can stay in the service. I only enlisted for a year. Lieutenant Perry and Master Champlin want me to serve through the war. They think I will be promoted, and see active service on a good ship; and if we capture any ships, that I will get prize money. What do you think about my re-enlisting?"

"My son, I have been a long time absent from my family, and by my misfortunes have been deprived of a chance to do a father's duty by you. You have taken



my place in supporting the family. I don't claim a right or authority to advise you, or to say 'You shall do this or not do that.' Go ahead, my boy, and do what you think is best. You have earned the right to decide, and I believe you have learned to act in good judgment."

"I want to serve under Perry, and if he gets a ship I believe he will pick me for one of his crew, and make me a gunner's mate or perhaps a gun captain. I have been working for that end, if I do say it myself, there is no one on our gunboat who can handle the gun quicker, or hit the mark more times than I can. Perry knows what his men can do, and I think he has my record down."

"It seems like this gunboat service has been a good drill for you."

"Perry has made it so. He has kept up the drill and gun-practice, and fleet maneuvers, too, as often as the service would permit. He will have a well-trained crew when he gets his ship. But he has taught us more than that. You can't be with him without catching his spirit. He wants to serve his country, and I have learned that from him."

"Go ahead, my boy. Do what you feel called to do. I am proud of you, although I haven't helped you any; and I'm sure you will not do anything we will regret, unless it be that you should be killed, or captured by the enemy, and that will not be through any fault of

yours. If so be that should happen, it will be a sacrifice you lay on the altar of liberty."

Neither said any more for a few minutes. Then Mr. Macy added,

"I expect to stay at home until spring, and I will leave my money with your mother if I should enlist. Allen wants me, and I will get a good place under him. He is sure to get a ship. Decatur will see to that when we get to New York. And if Perry does not get one soon, perhaps I can get you transferred to my ship."

"It will be a shame if Perry is passed over again, and a loss to the country, also, to keep him on this station. He will make a name for himself and bring glory to our flag, if he meets the enemy with a good ship under him."

Harry got acquainted with some of the prisoners, and was surprised to see so many boys among them, and he was told that a number of boys had been killed, as they ran back and forth between the decks, carrying cartridges from the magazine. The stories of the terrible slaughter were dreadful to hear. Thirty-six had been killed and their bodies were thrown overboard, and among them were several fatally wounded who were still alive. The number of wounded was so great that the cock-pit was crowded with those carried below, and there was no room for those whose lives could not be saved, and the officers ordered them to

be thrown into the sea with the dead. This was one of the horrors of war in those days.

One boy who came and talked to Harry was an American, who had sailed with Captain Decatur. He was not yet thirteen years old, and was full of boyish life and spirit. He was a general favorite among the men, although he played many jokes upon them, and bantered the prisoners, and cut up skylarks in the rigging. His name was Jack Creamer. After watching him a while Harry asked him,

“What makes you so jolly?”

“Because I’m going to get my prize-money, and take it home when we get to New York.”

“You are a small chap to belong to the crew. How did you get aboard?”

“My father was a sailor and died on shipboard, and Captain Decatur took me so I could help my mother.”

“That’s what I had to do when I was your age, because my father was impressed by the British. What did you do in the battle?”

“I carried cartridges to the guns, and water for the men, and sometimes the logger heads to the galley fire to be heated, and I sprinkled sand on the deck where it was bloody, but we had only five men killed and six wounded.”

“But how did you get on the crew list? You’re too young.”

"I asked Captain Decatur to have my name put down and he did."

"You asked the captain! That was pretty cheeky! I wonder he didn't put you in irons. Tell us about it," Harry said winking to his father.

"You don't know our captain. He's all-fired strict with his men about doing their duty, but he likes them and he treats them right, and they like him. He was standing on the quarterdeck in his old clothes and an old straw hat on, just like a farmer, giving orders to his lieutenants, and with his glass watching the Macedonian. I went up to him and said,

"Captain, can I have my name put on the muster-roll?"

"What's that?" he asked. "Why do you want to be enrolled?"

"So when we capture the British frigate, I can get a share of the prize-money." He laughed real hearty, and looked down on me as if he was making fun, and asked,

"How do you come to know we will take her? She may destroy us, but she won't capture us till our ship is sinking."

"I know we will capture her. We are all sure of that."

"That is the kind of talk I like," he said. "Come this way, Mr. Purser. Put Jack's name on your muster-roll." When the fight was over, and we were

clearing up the ship, the captain saw me and called me.

“Well Jack we have taken her, and your share of the prize-money may be two hundred dollars. What will you do with so much money?”

“Half of it I will send mother,” I told him. “The rest I will keep till I can go to school.”

That seemed to please him and he put his hand on my shoulder and said,

“Jack, I will look after your going to school, and if you want to ship with me you shall be a midshipman.”

“Captain Decatur surely is a noble man.”

“Mr. Macy, he’s the finest seaman afloat.”

“But Jack, I also serve under just as fine a commander. He is young yet, only twenty-eight years old, and has not had a chance to become famous yet. He will do something great and be made a commodore. That’s the way we all feel about him.”

The next morning Harry returned to the gunboat, and he did not see his father again for a long time. It was important to know if there were any English warships cruising about, and the gunboats were sent out far from shore. The coasts, fortunately, were clear and on December 4th Decatur sailed up Long Island Sound, and entered New York harbor with his prize. There the people went wild over the victory, and they gave the seamen one of the greatest recep-

tions that had ever been seen in the city, and followed it with a splendid banquet.

The Macedonian was thoroughly repaired and refitted, and sailed east, but she had to run in at New London, and there the English discovered her, and two ships of the line, seventy-four guns, blockaded her until the war was over.

This gallant fight, following the victory of the Constitution, had a mighty effect on the American people. It put a new spirit into the conduct of the war, and enlarged its operations. At first, the immense superiority of England on the ocean had led to the conviction that our navy could do England little damage on the ocean, and that the army must be depended on to make a conquest of Canada, as the only way of fighting England. Now Congress quickly responded to the public sentiment by putting every ship in commission, and authorizing a large increase of the navy by building four ships of the line and other vessels of war.

This victory also had an important result in changing Lieutenant Perry's form of service. The Argus was vacant by the resignation of Lieutenant Sinclair. Perry had applied for this command, and had the priority in the line of promotion. But the Argus was in New York, and came under Decatur's command, and he assigned Lieutenant Allen to temporary command, and recommended his appointment. That of

course was equal to an appointment, after such brilliant service as second officer on the United States, and successfully bringing the Macedonian to port. Perry felt the injustice of being passed over, but he was a friend of Allen's and he did not allow his own disappointment to break his friendship. There were no more vacancies on sea-going vessels and he was led to ask for service on the lakes. So he wrote to Commodore Chauncey at Sackett's Harbor, in command of the naval service on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and offered his services to him. On the 1st of February, 1813, he received a kind and complimentary reply from Commodore Chauncey in which he said:

“You are the very person I want for a particular service in which you may gain reputation for yourself and honor for your country.”

A few days later a letter came from the Navy department, informing him that Commodore Chauncey had requested his appointment to build ships on Lake Erie. Perry at once informed his officers of the proposed work, and talked to the men about it. He let them see what great achievements might be expected in building a fleet to free the lakes of the English vessels, which dominated all the Western ports. He sought to interest the men in this new work, for he hoped to take a large band of those, whom he had trained, to help make a great success of the enterprise.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Long Overland Journey.

Commander Perry's proposition was a very serious one to Harry Macy. He would not have shrunk from enlisting for a three years voyage on a warship, which would probably be sent half way around the globe to destroy English merchant vessels; but to leave the sea-coast and go a thousand miles inland to the heart of the continent, which at this time was a vast wilderness, seemed to the sea-bred young man like going to the ends of the earth, and no prospect of ever getting back again. How could one breathe shut up in the woods, where one couldn't see more than a mile or two in any direction.

James heard him talking about it with Tom, and joined in the talk.

"You will not be shut up in a box. You will be on a lake that is bigger than Long Island Sound."

"It will only be an eel-pond compared to the ocean."

"I think when you get there you will see something pretty big. I have always been taught that the lakes were the greatest inland waters in the world."

"Why, then, don't the people out there build their own fleets, and fight their lake battles? Why must men from the East go out there to do this for them?"



“I reckon they are mostly farmers, and there are not very many of them, all together.”

“But why then have the Canadians and English built a fleet, that threatens the cities and villages in New York and Ohio. I don’t understand why our people are behind.”

“Well I don’t either, except that Canada was settled long before our people went west, and the population on their side of the line is much larger. We will ask our commander about that.”

Not many Americans did understand, that in the possession of the entrance to the St. Lawrence River, and the control of its upper waters, the English controlled one of the most magnificent rivers in the world, and that it gave them a passage way by water into the heart of the continent. Their largest ships could ascend to the capital, Quebec, and supplies of all kinds were far more easily transported to the northern shore of Lake Erie, than they could be from New York to Buffalo.

Harry brought up more objections.

“I don’t see how we can build a fleet a thousand miles from foundries and rope-walks and cotton mills.”

“There are foundries at Pittsburg and rope-walks, for they have built schooners on the Ohio River. Canvass for sails will have to be carried from the East and all other necessary supplies.”

"It seems to me like asking us to build a fleet where there is nothing but green timber."

"Talk all you please, I'm going," said Tom Starbuck. "If Perry says he can build a fleet there, I for one believe he will, and I am going to have a hand in it."

After all the explanations, Harry felt that he would be so far away from home, and that all the conditions of life would be so different from those to which he was accustomed, that it seemed like going into another world. But youth is brave and adventurous and when Perry became assured that he would be sent to the Lakes, both Harry and James were eager to go and share his fortunes. Harry would have felt more contented about it, if he could have gone home before taking this long trip. But it was impossible to get to the island at this season, and if it had been possible there was no time for it, as Perry was every day looking for his orders to go west and to take men with him. He was picking out his men and getting all things arranged, so that he could send part of them on as soon as his orders were received.

On the seventeenth of February they arrived, and he was directed to report at Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, to Commodore Chauncey, with one hundred and fifty of his best officers and men.

That very day he despatched sailing-master Almy with fifty men. Facilities for sending forward so many men were not very good, and the taverns along

the roads through the forests were small cabins. He waited two days before sending sailing-master Champlin with the second company of fifty men in which were Harry, James, and Tom. And on the 21st of February he started the last detachment under command of sailing-master Taylor, and the next day himself started in a sleigh. He went around by way of his father's house, near Watch Hill, and after a day there took his little brother, James Alexander Perry, and went on to Albany.

Commodore Chauncey was in Albany, and their commander, who was now Captain Perry, arrived about the time Champlin's company reached there. The next morning three large sleighs with comfortable seats, the floor thickly bedded with straw, and blankets or comforts for warmth, drew up before their tavern. They were each drawn by four strong horses. There were some musicians among the men, and the shrill notes of the fife, and the bugle's clarion call, and the inspiring rub-a-dub of the drums drew a crowd about the doors. Commodore Chauncey and Captain Perry came down to see them off. The men gave a loud cheer and then took their seats. The musicians struck up Hail Columbia, and the drivers cracked their long whips, and they were off on their long journey to an unknown region. As they dashed down the street the sailors began to sing some of those catchy

sea-songs, which are as old as the days of the Vikings and still survive.

The roads were fairly good for the deep snows had been broken by the sleds, loaded with supplies. But there were many hills to climb, and streams to cross where there were no bridges, and it took them nearly two weeks to reach Sackett's Harbor, and then they were still far from Lake Erie. They found Lieutenant Taylor, and his crew waiting Commodore Chauncey's arrival, and an unpleasant surprise followed his coming. When James had looked about, it dawned upon him that this was the end of the journey for a good many of Perry's best men. He called Harry out of a group of men at the barracks, and went down by the shipyard.

"Didn't I hear you bragging a little about your seamanship?" he asked when they were alone.

"Well, what if I was? Those men don't seem to know anything of our captain and how he has trained us."

"Look around here, Harry. Don't you think it will be a big job to finish this up by spring, and take a good many seamen to man these brigs? If you want to go with Perry, it may be just as well to be dumb about your seamanship, until after the commodore has picked over our men. That's what I have found out, and I'm a greenhorn, and don't you forget it."

"It's a scurvy trick to play on Perry, to take his best

men, and give him the poorest workers for a hard job at the end of the earth."

"Be careful, boy. Don't talk about your superior officers in a disrespectful way. I know from our sailing-master that Captain Perry is disappointed. Of course, any one can see that the Commodore has a large and important campaign before him, for he is nearest to the Canadian center, and if he can keep Ontario clear, they cannot forward supplies to Detroit. But I came to help Perry, and I mean to stick to him."

Harry laughed in spite of his indignation.

"You don't need to say more. I'm a land lubber from the Cheshire hills in New Hampshire, and I know some other men, who will be from the Green Mountains. We will be good choppers and sawyers, and first class hands at the trenchers.

Harry was at first the laughing-stock of the men but some others followed his example, and about half of Champlin's men were left out, when the commodore's officers picked over the men for the Ontario fleet. A few days later three sleds were loaded up, and sent forward to Black Rock, and Buffalo, and about the middle of March arrived at Presque Isle. But Tom Starbuck was left behind, having been detailed for the flagship, and the two young men parted company with deep regret. That last leg of the journey was the smoothest and most rapid travelling, for they went on the ice on the lake.

It was about three o'clock on a fair March day, when the sleds drove up in front of the rude barracks, which Mr. Almy's company had put up for the sleeping quarters, not far from the ravine through which Mill Creek found its way down to the lake. Harry saw the cabins of a small village scattered about on the rather level surface of a terrace, that was about sixty feet above the lake. He carried his dunnage into the long cabin, and hurried out again to look about the bay, where he would work for many months.

"Let's go up on the hill where that block-house stands," said James.

This was a high bluff on the east side of Mill Creek, about seventy feet above the water. From the top they could see the long bay, and the narrow entrance below them and stretching far away beyond the ice, east, west, and north the blue waters of Lake Erie.

"It's something like Nantucket Bay," Harry exclaimed. "There's the point out there like Coatue, and the long bay, not quite as big as our bay and it heads west instead of east. That's a big piece of water out there, if it isn't the ocean, and I think I shall like the novelty of learning to sail on it."

"Well I'm glad you're pleased, and going to be contented," James answered. "As soon as we get to work we will like that. To be busy and useful is the way to be contented."

"How long do you think the harbor is?"

"Five or six miles I should say but this air is different from the sea air, and I may be mistaken."

"There are the gunboats below us, and up there are some larger vessels. It's about a mile up there I should say. Probably it's deeper up there."

There two young men inspected the block-house, and were shown the place where General Anthony Wayne's body had lain until four years before this time, when his bones were removed to Radnor Cemetery in Chester County. Then they went down to the shipyard, where the gunboats were being planked up. Here they were met by a tall, energetic man, not in uniform, but who seemed to be an officer. Before they could inquire about him, he approached them, and the young men gave him an officer's salute.

"You are some of the seamen who arrived today, I think."

"Ay, sir. We are Perry's men."

"It is too late to do any work this evening. Report to me at six o'clock tomorrow morning, at the nearest sloop, and I will assign you your tasks."

"Are you the officer in command of the navy yard?"

"Yes, I am Daniel Dobbins."

"Tell us something about the building of these vessels."

"When General Hull surrendered I was sent to Washington to carry the despatches. The President asked me for my opinion about building a squadron

for service on Lake Erie. I recommended this harbor as being the most secure, because the bar at the entrance would prevent the enemy's vessels from coming in to destroy the ships while they were on the stocks. I was ordered to return here, and lay down the timbers for three gunboats. After my work was well begun I reported to Commodore Chauncey, but he was absent, and Lieutenant Elliott, who is building and refitting the vessels at Black Rock, criticised my action in selecting this harbor. But when Commodore Chauncey came down in January, he not only commended the place and the work done, but ordered me to get out timber for two brigs."

"Will there be any difficulty in getting them over the bar?" Harry asked for he was familiar with such an obstruction to the heavily-laden whalers on their return to Nantucket.

"There is usually six feet on the bar, but it varies. The gunboats will not draw more than six feet. The brigs will draw nine, and may stick, but we can lift them over."

"Of course. They often use camels on the Nantucket bar."

"Are you from Nantucket?" Master Commander Dobbins asked Harry.

"Ay, sir."

"Mr. Brown will be glad to have an experienced seaman from Nantucket."



"Who is Mr. Brown?"

"The master carpenter."

"Have you sailed on the lakes, sir?"

"Why do you ask?"

"A sailor seems to recognize a sailor the world over."

"Yes. I had a sloop, the Salina. Mr. Reed and I owned her. I was up at Mackinac when war was declared. The Canadians got the news from New York, and sent word by swift runners; so I was caught when they captured Mackinac, and paroled afterward and came home, but I lost my sloop."

Harry and James went over the sloops, two of which were being planked up. A third one had been lengthened twelve feet by order of Mr. Eckford, the chief carpenter in the commodore's department, who had inspected the work in January. This had delayed the construction of this sloop, which was afterward called the Scorpion. These three gunboats were on the beach near the mouth of a small creek called Lee's Run.

They walked along the narrow beach under the bluff, which is about sixty feet above the water. A mile beyond Lee's Run they came to an opening where Cascade Creek tumbles over a slaty ledge about fifteen feet making a pretty fall. Here they found the master carpenter with a score of workmen, laying the keels of the two brigs. The sun was sinking down below the tree-tops in the heavy forest on the hills, a

few miles back from the village, and Mr. Noah Brown, the carpenter, was hurrying his men to fasten the ribs of heavy oak which had been placed in position.

“Say men,” he called to James and Harry, “Will you lend a hand to help us for a half hour? Your work won't begin till tomorrow, but the choppers have delayed us with these ribs so long, that we did not get them in time to set them up till a little while ago. If you can take hold of those props, Bill and Sam will drive in the plugs and bolts, and we will have them all fastened secure by sunset.”

“Ay, Ay.” Harry answered throwing off his pea-jacket. “We are stiff from our long ride, and will be glad to limber up before grub-time.” Harry and James took hold of the props, and worked away with the carpenters until Mr. Brown gave the order to stop work. Then they marched back to the barracks with a jolly company of carpenters, who had lately arrived from Philadelphia.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Building The Lake Erie Fleet.

Early the next morning Harry Macy turned out of his bunk, and going outside washed his face and hands in the new-fallen snow. It was not time for breakfast, and he ran down the steep bluff to the water side. The bay was still frozen over, and the vessels could not be launched until the ice broke up later in the spring. Here his work would occupy him for several months, for unless the force of choppers and carpenters was largely increased, it would be July before these six vessels were finished and fitted out.

Harry was not one of those men who drop their work out of mind when they lay down their tools at night. He thought about it, and then, if he had made any mistakes, or had not completed it to his satisfaction, he knew better how it should be done the next day. His interest in this new undertaking was aroused by what he had seen on his journey and by Mr. Dobbins' talk. He began to realize what a large undertaking it was, and he wanted to know all he could learn of it, and have a share in building a fleet, which would please Captain Perry, and with which he could meet any hostile ships, and so gain command of the lakes. Having waked up early he was irresistibly

drawn to the shipyard.

As he walked around the nearest sloop, he saw Mr. Dobbins coming down the ladder, and saluted him.

"Good morning. It's Macy I think. You are stirring early."

"Ay, sir. I'm thinking what a big job this is, and came out to look around."

"I also came out to look around. I feel a great responsibility for these vessels. They should be better guarded, for a spy might easily creep in and destroy all our winter's work in an hour. So I come out to see if the guards are at their post and awake. When Captain Perry comes we must increase our company of guards among the workmen, and if your men have been well-drilled, have it reorganized with good officers, and I think a militia force should be stationed here."

"Captain Perry's men are all well drilled in small arms."

"He is a very able and careful officer, I have been informed."

Harry eagerly told Mr. Dobbins how well they had been drilled, and what a strict and watchful officer Captain Perry was. This seemed to give Mr. Dobbins great satisfaction. Harry then asked him about the villages and cities on the lakes, and learned that Detroit was a place of considerable population, and the center of trade for the western country; also that

there were several sloops on the lakes, engaged in carrying salt from the East to the West, and bringing back furs.

“Is salt such a valuable article out here?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Yes. There are only a few salt springs that give a large flow. Our waters are all fresh. We don’t have salt water all around us, as you have at Nantucket.”

“I see. Of course, people can’t live very well without salt. We need it to cure fish and meats.”

“We don’t cure fish to any great extent yet, as you do in New England. There are plenty of fine fish in the lakes, and it will be a good business after a while. We have beef and pork here, more than enough for our use.”

“Where does the salt come from?”

“A place called Salina, on Onondaga Creek, up the Oswego River. They boil it there, and send the salt in barrels down to Oswego. A few years ago General O’Hara established a transportation line from there to the Niagara River, then by wagons to Black Rock, and then by sloops again to this harbor. From here it was carried by wagons to Waterford on French Creek, and floated down on flat boats to Pittsburg. The first year six thousand barrels of salt were brought here, and three times as many another year.”

“Your sloop was the Salina. You carried salt for your cargo?”

"Yes. It was a good business, and Mr. Reed and I were doing well. But the English captured us, and that was a heavy loss."

"And what would a cargo of furs be worth?"

"That would depend on the quality of the furs. The finest were not usually risked on the lakes. They were carried on the upper water ways by canoes, through Georgian Bay, and portaged over to the Ottawa River. But a sloop load of furs would be worth from one to two hundred thousand dollars."

"Jiminy. That's better than whaling, and not so risky."

"When Lieutenant Elliott cut out those three vessels from under the guns of Ft. Erie, one small brig, the Caledonia, was loaded with two hundred thousand dollars worth of furs. It was a brave undertaking, and he got a rich share of the prize money. Commodore Chauncey's share was the largest, of course, and he sets a good deal of store by Lieutenant Elliott since that operation."

"There are some very valuable prizes made by the warships on the ocean. But I thought we were leaving all those chances behind when we came out to the lakes."

"Commerce on the lakes is small yet, of course. But in time there will be a large population in these states along the lakes, and some better way of transportation will be devised to carry the products to the East.

The rivers may be deepened and canals connect them, so there may be water transportation all the way. The lakes will then have many large and small vessels, carrying large cargoes."

"I calculate we people in the East don't know much about the West. We have to come out here and see it, to understand what a great country we have. It's well worth defending."

"The British hanker after it yet. They would like to alter the boundaries again, and cut off all that is north of a line from the west end of Lake Erie well down on the Mississippi River. Then they would keep Detroit, as the center of the fur trade, and control all the lake business forever."

"We will never let them do that. The war leaders expect to conquer Canada."

"That is a wild notion. The English can reinforce Canada with men and supplies very easily, and really we don't want Canada. It's too largely French for us. It's a foreign element in the English domain, and it will be many years before they change their language and ideas."

Master Dobbins had continued his inspection as they talked, and finding all safe, he went back to his home, and Harry went up the hill to the shed, where the meals were served. He thought Mr. Dobbins was a fine man, and was glad to have such a careful and well posted officer to assign him his work. For Daniel

Dobbins, although he was born in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and had not been trained to a seaman's life when he was young, was one of those men who easily acquire the knowledge of any business they undertake. He was not only a thorough sailor, but had gained a good knowledge of all the harbors on Lake Erie and the lakes above it, and had studied the navigation of these inland waters, and understood how to overcome their peculiar difficulties. He was not a showy man, and did not put forward his opinions until asked, but those who came to know him, or had business dealings with him, trusted his judgment and his honor.

In this case the liking was mutual. When Mr. Dobbins sat down to his breakfast table he spoke of Harry Macy as a good workman and sailor, and as a young man of a good spirit and agreeable manners. When the men had gathered in the shipyard, there seemed to be a large supply of timber, and there was some surprise when Mr. Brown and Mr. Dobbins told off a dozen of the best axmen, and sent them out to the woods to chop down the oaks and chestnuts, standing on the hilly slopes a mile from the village.

James was put to work planking up the sloop, which was afterwards called the Scorpion, and three men were told off to help him. Some of the old force of men were caulking up the two gunboats, which had been already planked up; Harry was given charge of



the interior work on one of these gunboats after Mr. Dobbins had a talk with Master Champlin.

Mr. Dobbins had employed many choppers through the winter but the enlargement of the fleet to be built required a great amount of timber. The oak planks, ribs, beams, and heavy timbers were split from the logs with the wedge and beetle on the beech, and then dressed to even thickness and size by axes in the hands of skilled carpenters. For the floors and decks, and the interior work, pine boards and timbers were used, which were sawed out at the mill near the mouth of Mill Creek and at Cochran's Mill, farther up the stream, nearly two miles from the village.

But these mills were small and the output was not sufficient to keep the large force of men busy. Fifty carpenters from Philadelphia arrived about this time, and the work was held back for want of lumber. Saw pits were dug and men set to work with whip saws, ripping out planks for the decks. Mr. Dobbins sent Harry to the pits to hurry up the work.

"More planks! More planks," he called out. Mr. Dobbins says you are too slow. We are waiting for this flooring."

"We are getting it out as fast as we can."

"Tell that to the marines. You are soldiering. When Captain Perry gets here next week, he will put some mustard in your drinking water."

"He better give us more grog," said one sour-look-

ing sawyer, who was always complaining of his work and the grub."

"You take too much now, Jim Sandy. That's the trouble with you."

"If you think this work can be done quicker, get down in the pit and pull on a saw," said a pleasant young fellow. "When you get your eyes full of sawdust, you will see some things better."

"And you will know more, but you won't look so pretty." Jim Sandy added.

"I'm not afraid of dirty or unpleasant work, but I do care to have my job pushed ahead. When Perry comes he will push things, for he is a pusher, and he understands this whole business from the keel to the main-top gallant mast."

"Say, Mister, would you say them words over agin? You reeled 'em off too fast fer me to ketch their meanin.'"

"You will catch on to them fast enough when you are sent aloft, and have to hold on to the main royal yard."

"If there's a yard up there on the mast top mebbe I can keep my footing."

"I see you are no sailor yet, but when the fleet is built, if you sail on my ship, I will help you learn the ropes."

"If Captain Perry wants more boards he will need more pits and sawyers."

“He will have them if they are needed. Meantime remember—Mr. Dobbins sends you orders by me, to drive your work faster. He will come around here soon to see if you are doing it.”

Captain Perry did not arrive at Erie until March 27th, for Commodore Chauncey was expecting an attack from the British, and wanted his help. But as they did not appear he sent him on to his station. As Mr. Dobbins had foreseen, the first thing which impressed the commander was the defenceless state of the navy yard. A small force of the enemy could destroy it, and they could be landed at any time from the enemy's fleet of five well armed vessels. He at once reorganized and increased the company of guards, and selected capable officers from his own well trained men. James and Harry were both made sergeants. For sometime work stopped an hour earlier, and the men were obliged to spend two hours every evening in drill.

Fifty carpenters came on from Philadelphia, but their tools had been sent another way and had not arrived. They were set to work building a redoubt on the hill, just beyond the entrance to the harbor, under charge of sailing-master Taylor, and a block-house was erected near Cascade Creek to protect the brigs. Then Captain Perry sent sailing-master Dobbins to Buffalo, to get some guns for the redoubt, and small arms for the guards. When all this was in

motion, Perry set off on horseback for Pittsburg, to order up supplies, ammunition, and guns for the defence of the ships.

At Pittsburg he was fortunate in finding Captain A. K. Woolley in command of the post. He was a very efficient ordnance officer, and had a good understanding of the difficulties fronting Captain Perry, and he was in complete sympathy with him in his efforts to secure the supplies he needed for his work and the equipment of his fleet. He gave him shrewd advice about sending on his requisitions. And Perry saw that they would reach him much quicker, if sent from Philadelphia, than if sent from New York by way of Lake Ontario. So he ordered cordage and canvas, and all the numerous and varied supplies necessary for the fleet.

Captain Woolley lent him four small guns for his redoubt, and furnished him some small arms, and ammunition. He took him around to the foundries, and arranged for the casting of the balls for the guns of the fleet. Some of the balls were cast by a Scotchman, named Grant, near Steubenville in a crude furnace, and were carried to Erie on pack-mules. In ten days Captain Perry was back again, and he was gratified to find that the larger force had accomplished a good deal more of the constructive work, and that a new spirit had been infused into the men by the skilled officers and workmen whom he had

sent on. Still he was not satisfied with the means of defence. Mr. Dobbins had only brought back one gun. So Perry sent a letter by Sergeant Macy to General Meade, who was in command of the militia in that part of Pennsylvania, asking him to station a large command of militia at Erie.

General Meade came up to Erie, and had a conference with Captain Perry, and saw the importance of his request. In a few days a battalion of five hundred men arrived, and erected barracks back of the navy yard at Cascade Creek, and encamped there. All this added much to the stir and business of the little village of five hundred people. Harry Macy was busy and contented. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his officers, and was becoming well acquainted with the business men of Erie. And late in April Mr. Dobbins introduced him to his minister, Rev. Robert Reed, a young man of pleasing manners and a talented speaker. He invited Harry to come down to church, and in the evening Harry and James went to the small log building used for a church. It was lighted by tallow candles, and seemed rather gloomy, but the room was well filled, and the service was an interesting one. Harry was pleased with the singing, and enjoyed one clear, sweet soprano voice. The singer was well up in front, and Harry saw that she was a young lady, and there was something familiar about her face, but the light was too dim for him to see very well, and in

the busy days of the week that followed he forgot all about the incident.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Luff, Dolly, Luff!

It was a beautiful Sunday early in May, and a gentle breeze was stirring the waters in the bay, and wafting the sweet fragrance of wild crab and plum blossoms from the clearings around the village. Harry had been on duty as officer of the day at the block-house near Cascade Creek. He sat outside on a log, and looked at the rippling water below him, and thought of his home in far away Nantucket. Twice he climbed the flag staff by the cross-pieces, and from the lookout scanned the horizon east, north and west, but no sail broke the straight line that bounded his vision. He looked towards the village and saw the people coming out of their houses, and passing along the streets to the little Presbyterian church, the only church in the village. Some of the militia officers, and a few of the sailors came out of the barracks, and went reverently to the service. But no sweet voiced bell, like the old Spanish bell in the South church tower at Nantucket, called the people to worship God. It was noon now on that little island, and his mother had gone home, and was getting dinner for the children. How he would like to peep in the window, and then open the door and walk in, and take them all by surprise.

The sound of singing came floating up the hill from a group of sailors, lounging by the brigs, and reminded Harry of the sweetvoiced soprano at the church the last Sunday evening. There was something familiar in her looks, but he could not see her clearly enough to settle in his mind of whom she reminded him. He thought he would go again to church this evening, and take a better look at the singer.

Harry was relieved of duty early in the afternoon, and asked James to take a row with him up the bay. But his companion did not seem to share his pleasure on the water, and by the middle of the afternoon they were back again at the rough log dock. James wanted to sit among the men and smoke and talk, but Harry was too restless for that. He hung about for a little while under the lee of the brigs, but soon grew weary of the yarns he had heard before and walked away. So, about four o'clock, he started out of the village on a grassy road, which wound around the stumps and bushes south of the village.

The wagon tracks followed the course of Mill Creek, a pretty stream, and now full to its banks from melted snow and spring rains. At first, little could be seen but stumps, and piles of brush, and bushes in flower and light green leaves in the corners of the rude brush and pole fences. But a mile from the lake shore the land began to rise, and he stepped off to the west and climbed the low hills. This gave him a wide view to



the north over the lake, and was the most satisfying outlook he had yet enjoyed.

The woods were so clean, and the great oaks, chestnuts and pines so majestic, and the blue lake beneath stretched far away into the unknown west, that the restless feeling which had disturbed him all day subsided. He sat down on a rock and began to sing. He had a fine tenor voice, and, like most people with good voices, he enjoyed singing and trying new effects in harmony. At first he sang some of the rollicking sailor airs of the time, but soon, under the spell of the day and the quiet beauty of the scene, he fell into the old hymns he had known from childhood.

A half an hour of this was enough for an active young man like Harry, and he went on again picking the flowers he found blooming in great abundance and variety about the trees. Soon he came to the crest of the hill, and looked down through the leafless oaks into a quiet and peaceful valley, where the creek made a bend from the west and flowed north to the lake. A flock of sheep, startled by his approach, followed the bell-wether, racing down the hillside. There was a clearing in the valley, and smoke rose from a chimney at the end of a log-cabin. Harry thought he would go down there and take a look at this cabin home in the woods. He followed the sheep down the hill, but found so many old weeds with burrs and stickers, that he took the open spaces among the trees until he

could get out of the woods into the road again. Harry had put on his nattiest sailor suit that morning, and he had no mind to make work for himself in cleaning Spanish needles, and the pesky little burs called beggars' lice, out of his clothes. For no dandy in the city is more particular about his clothing, than the officers and sailors of the American Navy; and Captain Perry was very strict in requiring that his ship should be spotlessly clean, and his men always neat in dress.

There was a rail fence running along both sides of the road. On one side was a large double cabin with some fruit trees around it, and bushes and shrubs before the door; on the other side, was a log stable and some sheds, and a pasture lot beyond it. But most wonderful of all was the weather vane on the peak of the stable. Harry could scarcely believe his eyes, for it was a whale, a true Nantucket weather vane.

While he was standing still in his astonishment he heard a girl singing in a sweet voice.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want." The singing seemed to come from the pasture lot, but Harry could not see the singer. Two sailors were approaching from the other direction, and stopping now and then to peer through the bushes into the field. Harry started along at a rapid pace, for he recognized the men as two of the roughest of all the rowdy men whom Commodore Chauncey had lately sent down





LUFF, DOLLY, LUFF!

from Lake Ontario. The commodore seemed willing to pay this high tribute to Captain Perry's ability to drill and train into efficient seamen the poorest men who came into his hand, forgetting that Perry had greater need of well trained men for the hard task committed to him.

"Lord! Look at the whale, Dick!"

"Some old sailors has come into a snug harbor here," Dick replied.

Then the men turned to the fence, and stopped to look at something. The girl seemed to be driving a cow towards the barn, but the cow wanted to eat the young grass, and would not go where the girl wanted her to go.

"Luff, Dolly, luff! You've been cruising around all day, and have a full cargo. Now you must sail into port and unload."

There was a loud, boisterous laugh from the two sailors at the fence.

"Luff! cow, luff. There's a sailor's lass for you, Sam," said Dick Riley in a loud, mocking voice. The cow moved back, and the girl, whom Harry could now see, was startled, for she had not perceived the approach of the men. Harry was accustomed to hearing girls and women at home use nautical words, and at first he was inclined to laugh; but as soon as he saw that the girl was frightened, he called out, to the men,

"Stop your coarse laughing. You have frightened

this young lady. You ought to be ashamed. You have disgraced your colors by your bad manners."

"I'll take no lecturing from a silly coxcomb like you," Sam answered.

"You will get something worse if you don't behave yourself," said Harry in a clear, loud tone, and with a look that silenced Sam. Then he laid his hand on the top rail and vaulted into the field. The sailors stood by, angry, but quiet, and looked on to see what further would happen. And then they laughed again, as the cow was scared at the sight of the young sailor flying over the fence. Certainly Harry looked very handsome in his blue mustering jacket, white duck trousers, blue shirt with wide collar and white neck cloth, and neat black tarpaulin hat, set rakishly on the side of his head; but Dolly was not used to men who wore anything finer than jeans. The young lady drew herself up in a dignified way, and Harry was surprised to discover that she was the sweet singer he had heard in the village church.

"What do you mean, sir, by your rude laughter, and by your rude actions, frightening my cow. You are trespassing."

"Excuse me, Miss. I was not one of those rude fellows who jeered at you. I came in to help you drive your cow. If she was a good Nantucket cow, she would know better what luff means."

"Nantucket!" the young woman exclaimed, "Are you from Nantucket?"

"I am, and I think that was once your home. Ruth Chase, do you not remember your old playmate, Harry Macy?"

"Harry Macy! Is it possible!" Ruth cried out in great astonishment. "You have changed so, I would not have known you. You don't look like the round-faced boy, twelve years old, who wanted to go off on a whaling voyage a few years ago."

A man came around the barn with a heavy wooden pitchfork in his hand, and at sight of him the two sailors went off down the road to the village.

"What's the trouble, Ruth? Were those sailors annoying you?" he called out.

"Ahoy, father! Do you know this craft?"

"You don't remember the bad boy, who used to steal your dory sometimes to go fishing off Coatue."

"You look like one of William Macy's crew. I cal'late you must be Harry. You've grown, lad, and in that natty suit I wouldn't have known you. You're one of Perry's men. I hadn't heard you had shipped in the navy. When did you come out here?"

"Nearly two months ago, with my commander, Mr. Champlin."

"I wonder I did not see you. I've been down to the shipyards three times lately to see the vessels. The people out here think they are big ships, but, good

land! What would they think of a big frigate, or a regular ship of the line? What are you working on?"

"At first I finished up the inside framing, and flooring the decks of the gunboat that was launched several weeks ago. But for three weeks I have been working on one of the brigs. Perry expects to make her his flagship, and we are putting our best work of construction on her, so she will be a fast sailor, and mind her helm like a good woman. Mr. Brown and Mr. Dobbins have sent me off frequently to oversee other work, or to hurry forward timber, and I may have happened to be gone when you were there. I wouldn't have thought of seeing you here, but I would have known you even in your western togs. We thought you settled down in Ohio. How did you come here?"

"I went to Pittsburg with the notion of taking up some of that rich land on the river bottoms in Ohio. They tell some big stories about corn, as tall as a mizzen mast on the Scioto bottoms, and potatoes bigger than a three year old clam. But at Pittsburg I met a man from there, as yellow as Nantucket yarrow from bilious fever, and he said people were sick with fever half the time. Then there was no way to market their big crops of corn, unless they built a flat-boat and floated down the river a hundred miles to the Ohio, and down that seven hundred miles to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi two thou-



sand more to New Orleans. Then if you sold your crop you would likely be robbed of the money by land-pirates before you could carry it back three thousand miles home. So I heard about this place and harbor on the lake, and fairly good land for farming, and I thought there was a better chance to get a crop to market by the lakes, and the St. Lawrence River. I'm too much of a sailor to think of growing a big crop two or three thousand miles away from a market, without any good means of transportation."

"A Nantucket man on land is like a fish out of water. You should hear father talk about the dangers in the fields and woods. I believe he won't feel sure of living out half his days, if he keeps on farming. He won't feel safe till he gets aboard a sloop or a fishing smack out in the lake."

"Here, Ruth, you stop making fun of your old daddy, and take Harry into the cabin, and let mother see him, while I do up my chores and you milk Dolly."

"No! Ruth, I'll take the helm, and steer Dolly into port, and then I'll heave up her cargo. I haven't forgotten how to milk. Avast there, Dolly. Come into port."

"I may as well take an oar while you steer. Dolly will sheer off from those white trousers."

"Shiver my timbers! That's no lie. Give me your big brown apron, Ruth. She won't be afraid of your sail."

Harry hung his hat on the fence and Dolly was quiet enough, and was easily driven to her shed. Harry gave her a good feed of corn-fodder, and with Ruth standing by to make the cow confident, he soon had the big bucket half full of foamy milk. He carried it by the long stave, which served for a handle, to the kitchen side of the cabin, where Mrs. Chase was getting supper ready. Of course, Harry was asked to stay to supper, and he had no hesitation about accepting the hearty invitation of the good motherly woman, who had been one of his mother's best friends.

Time flew by rapidly as Harry told these friends all the late news from the old home. Mrs. Chase warmed up some fish chowder left from their dinner, with many apologies for its not being as good as clam or bluefish, but Harry silenced them all by saying, it was the best thing he had eaten for many months. At last Ruth sprang up from the table saying, it would soon be early candle-light, and they would be late to the evening service.

"Don't talk of going to church this evening." Mr. Chase objected. "We will stay in, and Harry will spend the evening, and we will have a good yarn about Nantucket. He hasn't told us half the news yet."

"But I must go, father. Mr. Reid asked me particularly to come tonight. He said he expected Captain Perry would be there, and some other officers, and he was anxious to have good singing."

"But I haven't finished feeding my stock, and cannot get ready in time. And besides, we want to have a good visit with Harry."

"There's no use to try to get her to stay at home, Mr. Chase. She still keeps her New England conscience, and that's backed up by a strong will of her own."

"You needn't make fun of me, Harry Macy."

"I'm not, and I'll take you to church if your father cannot."

Ruth was really concerned to keep her promise, and not to disappoint her pastor, who was a talented man, and highly respected for his hard, self denying labors in a field, where there was much evil to be uprooted. So Willie Chase put the horse in the wagon and Ruth and Mrs. Chase took down their poke bonnets and capes from pins in the log wall.

Harry was delighted to find some home folks in Erie, and his life here took on new comfort and pleasure. He did not know how deeply he had missed his old playmate, until so unexpectedly he had found her again. She was not only a beautiful young woman of eighteen years, but she had a very bright mind, and was unusually intelligent for one, whose advantages of education had not been very large. But really there were few young women in that day who obtained any higher education in schools than Ruth Chase enjoyed. All that came to them, more than that, was

acquired at home, or by observation in their social circles. Ruth had made use of every source of mental information and growth, and was the most popular young lady in or about the little village of five hundred people.

It must not be supposed that she usually talked in sailor's lingo, but at her home, as in many Nantucket homes at that day, nautical terms were in frequent use by men and women alike. And perhaps this family in the far west, kept up the custom as a remembrance of their old home, as foreigners, long after they are well used to the English language, speak German or Italian among themselves out of their deep love for their fatherland.

Harry was beginning to make acquaintances in the village, but tonight marked his introduction to some of the young people with whom he became very friendly. For when the handsome young sailor walked in with Mrs. Chase and Ruth, and his rich tenor gave more volume and sweetness to the singing, a good many of the congregation turned their heads to see the stranger, and young and old were ready to shake hands and invite him to come again.

Harry rode back with the ladies to their home, but he could not stay long, for the strict discipline of the service was maintained on shore with all the enlisted sailors. Tattoo was beaten at nine o'clock, or two bells, and a gun was fired at the block-house. All lights

were put out in a few minutes, and an officer made the rounds to see that all were in their bunks, and any one who was absent was reported to the sailing-master, and a squad sent to the taverns to look him up.

Harry promised to come out again Monday evening. This was the beginning of many social enjoyments for Harry Macy before the fleet sailed away in August, but none were so pleasant as the evenings which he spent among these old friends.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Harry Makes New Friends.

Tuesday evening Harry was walking along Third Street, and as he passed a group of sailors in front of a tavern, he heard Dick Riley telling the story of the girl and the cow. After he had passed he heard Riley repeat Ruth's words, "Luff, Dolly, Luff!" Although it seemed intended for him, he took no notice of it, going on to Mr. Colt's house, where he had been invited for the evening. The next evening he saw the same group at the tavern, and heard Sam say:

"Here comes the coxcomb now." As he passed Dick's voice again followed him in a mocking tone,

"Luff, Dolly, Luff!"

Harry stopped at once and faced Riley and said in a cool tone,

"If you said that only to annoy me, I would not notice it. But as you are repeating an innocent remark by a very respectable and worthy young lady, I want you to understand that is the last time you will repeat it in my presence. Try it again and I will slap your dirty mouth."

Riley stepped out of the crowd and said,

"You will slap me to your sorrow."

"Behave yourself, and don't try to make fun of a

young lady, who is too good for such a fellow as you to look at. If you repeat it you will get hurt."

Dick lifted his clenched fist with an oath, and stepped forward to strike Harry, but before he could draw back, Harry's right arm shot out with amazing celerity, and Dick went down under a sledge hammer blow, which loosened his teeth.

"Do you want another slap?" Harry asked, standing over him, while the men rushed out of the tavern in great excitement to see the fight.

"I've had enough. I'll not say any more about your friend."

"All right. We'll forget it, Dick," Harry said holding out his hand to lift him up. Dick held it a minute and shook it like a pump handle.

"You must have been harpooner on a whaler. You strike quicker than greased lightning. Mr. Macy, I'll be glad to be friends with a man who can hit like that."

"We will be sailor friends, and save our fists for the British, if they give us a chance."

"If you give them many licks like that one, they'll surrender pretty darned quick."

Harry laughed at that and went on, but as the days went by he was glad to see that Dick was doing his work with more steadfastness, and with a better feeling towards the officers, and before long he proved his friendship for Harry by coming to him with the infor-

mation, that there was a spy in the camp. He said also that Sam had gone pardners with the spy, and he thought they were about to do some mischief.

"Who is the spy? Would you know him again?"

"He said his name was Bates, and he was from Philadelphia, an' had come up here to buy land. But I know he was an old English tar. I've seen too many of them not to know one when I see him. Yesterday Sam had no money. Today he has a dozen pieces tied up in his bandanna an' stuck inside his frock."

"Where is this Bates now?"

"He's lying low som'eres, an' I can't spot him."

Harry took Dick to Perry's quarters at Duncan's tavern, where he told his story to the Commander. A few men were sent out to look for Bates and Sam, but neither could be found. Harry was sent to ask Mr. Dobbins to make a careful inspection of the brigs, and word was sent to Mr. Champlin to do the same at the yard where the gunboats were anchored. A heap of rubbish was found just under the brig, which was now all planked up, and Harry's trained Nantucket nose detected the odor of whale oil as he came to it.

"Here is the evidence, Mr. Dobbins." They turned over the pile, and found shavings saturated with oil. No attempt had been made to light them. It was supposed the spy had intended to come at midnight, when the fire would get such a headway before an



alarm could be given that it could not be put out. Mr. Dobbins put Harry on guard near the dangerous spot, and extra guards were concealed near by to catch any suspicious persons who came about in the night. But there was no attempt made, and it was thought that the miscreants had taken the alarm and fled. This was found to be the case the next day. Two men had been seen to go up beyond the head of the harbor and it was supposed they had escaped in a boat concealed there, and joined the English fleet.

Captain Perry was very much disturbed over this attempt to destroy his vessels, for in a few days he expected to join Commodore Chauncey in the attack on Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River on the Canadian side. He ordered an inspection of the yard every day, and that double guards should be posted every night on all the ships.

The navy yard was a busy place now, for Commodore Perry was pushing the work on his vessels with the utmost rapidity. He felt the loss of so many of his skilled seamen, who had been detained on Lake Ontario. He had hopes of regaining some of them after the fall of Ft. George, for he had not a fourth of the seamen necessary to man his fleet after it was completed.

Harry Macy fully sympathized with the commander in his difficulties, and he took pains to describe them in his talks with Captain Chase, when he went out to

spend an evening at his home. He knew what valuable service he might give to the fleet both in equipping it, and in sailing out to meet the enemy. But Mr. Chase declared he had given up the sailor's life, and intended to be a farmer the rest of his days; and that there was such a demand for grain at this time, that he wanted to raise a big crop on his farm this year, and "make his hay while the sun shone."

Harry did not believe him in spite of all his reasoning. He knew how strong the passion for the sea was in every Nantucket man; and he could see it was working again in Mr. Chase, when he asked all about the progress of the ships in all the smallest details of their construction and equipment. So during the month of May he went out to the farm of his friends as often as possible for an evening visit. This was the reason he gave to himself, although it did not fully explain the great and unusual pleasure these little visits gave him. Towards the last of the month he was very glad that he had gone.

It was on the 22nd of May that Captain Perry received his message from Commodore Chauncey, requesting him to come to Fort Niagara. The next day sailing-master Dobbins came to Harry and said,

"I want you to go with me to Buffalo. Captain Perry wants a boat with four oarsmen. We will start before sunset, and, if we are not interrupted, keep on till we reach Buffalo. It will be a hard pull all night."

Harry thought he knew what was about to take place, although Mr. Dobbins did not explain the object of the journey, and, in hopes of a chance to join in the coming battle, he was glad that he had been chosen to go.

“Have you picked out the other men to row?”

“Henry Lacey and Tim Smith are good oarsmen. Who else would you suggest?”

“Dick Riley is a strong fellow, and has good staying power.”

“Yes, Dick will be a good one.”

“He has turned out well lately. He has a great admiration for Captain Perry. The Commander is getting a strong influence over the men already.”

“What a splendid officer he is! And such a grand man! It is a pleasure to serve under such a commanding officer. But Dick thinks a good deal of you. I happened to overhear him standing up for you yesterday. How did you get hold of him so strong?”

“By knocking him down, I reckon.” Mr. Dobbins insisted on hearing the story, and then asked Harry about Mr. Chase, and was deeply interested in what he learned of his seamanship.

“It’s strange I never guessed it. He won’t stay on his farm. There will be more profit in the lake trade. You keep at him about volunteering for the fleet, and I will talk to Captain Perry about him. It will take a good many men to man this squadron, and the other

gunboats now at Black Rock; and, unless the Commodore sends down a strong reinforcement, we will be short-handed."

Harry had no time to go out to see his friends before he started late that evening, and it was nearly a month before he returned. They reached Buffalo before sunset the next day, very tired from the long pull at the oars. Here they rested until the next morning. When they entered the Niagara River their boat slipped along rapidly in the swift current, and they were rejoicing in their easy voyage, and did not think of danger. As they neared Grand Island men on shore signalled Captain Perry, and they turned to shore within hail. They learned that a company of forty men were posted on Grand Island, watching for him. After that they hugged the American shore, and so escaped being fired upon. But Captain Perry wondered how the British had learned of his movements. He did not think they had been informed from Erie, and thought the leak had come from Buffalo. He was more than ever convinced of the necessity of having a strong force to guard his vessels at Erie.

It was raining, which probably aided in their present escape, although it added to the discomfort of the trip. At Fort Schlosser, a mile above the Falls, Captain Perry left the boat. He tried to find a horse, but there was none to be had, and he started on foot for Fort Niagara. He did not want a guard, but Mr.

Dobbins overruled him, and sent Harry along. Soon after Mr. Dobbins found an old cart horse, but there was no bridle, and the only saddle had no girths. The sailors soon knotted up a rope bridle, and Mr. Dobbins started after the captain. When he overtook him Captain Perry mounted, and saying he had no need of a guard, ordered Harry to return with Mr. Dobbins. This was a great disappointment to Harry, who thought he was sure of having a share in the attack on Fort George, and he asked Mr. Dobbins to request the captain to allow him to go on. But, although he saw his eagerness, Captain Perry still refused, but this time he gave his reasons.

“It is better for you to return, Harry. I am myself only a volunteer in this adventure, and may have no command. You would be attached to some vessel, or regiment, and you might be ordered away with them, and in the confusion after the battle might not be permitted to return to Erie. I know you would conduct yourself gallantly in the affair, and for that reason you might be taken away from me, and I don't want to lose you. Now if we succeed, there is hard work before us in getting those gunboats from Black Rock to Erie. Mr. Dobbins will need you to help him in making arrangements for that, so that they can be ready when I return.”

“Your wish is a command, Captain Perry. I will not say another word.”

The commander gave him a word of hearty approval and went on his way. Harry had one experience on the return which he never forgot. Mr. Dobbins followed the river bank instead of going by the road, and so Harry saw the grandeur of Niagara Falls and of the rapids above. After an hour spent here they went on their way to Fort Schlosser. Here Mr. Dobbins first spent his time in collecting all the small boats to bring the seamen up the river to Black Rock, when Captain Perry returned with his expected reinforcements.

Mr. Dobbins on the way unfolded to Harry the important task that was before them in the next two weeks. In the navy yard at Black Rock was the *Caledonia*, the small brig of eight-five tons burden, and the four gunboats of about sixty tons, which had been altered for naval service, and were now ready to join the fleet at Erie. There were three serious difficulties to be overcome. First they were under the guns of Fort Erie on the Canada side, and might easily be destroyed when they were taken into the river. It would be necessary to capture Fort Erie or silence its guns before anything else could be done.

Then the sloops must be towed up the rapids at the mouth of the river, and although it was only two miles it would be a hard task to do it. Then they would have to sail them to Erie, and if the English fleet was at Long Point it would be on the lookout for them, and if they made an attack there would be warm work for

every one aboard. Captain Perry would try to avoid a fight, but some treacherous person might carry information to the English, and if Captain Finnis should come after them with all his five well armed vessels our small gunboats would be very inferior in guns and men. Of course, Captain Perry expected Commodore Chauncey to send him a heavy reinforcement of seamen and marines.

“There is warm work before us, unless Captain Perry can outwit Captain Finnis. You may get a bigger share of fighting than you would have at Fort George tomorrow.”

Harry did not make much of a reply to this, for as he came into the near presence of grave difficulties and real war, he was less inclined to talk of what he would or could do. But he thought of many things, and they began to arrange themselves in his mind in a new order. He discriminated between the trivial matters, and those of real and lasting value. He was glad he had written home just before he started on this trip, and he would write again to his mother if he had a chance in a day or two. He would do his duty to the best of his ability wherever he was placed. This was a new sort of warfare in the west. You never knew what was going to happen, and had to learn to meet the enemy in very strange and unheard of conditions.

Harry thought he would have to learn all he could of these new conditions, and be ready to do the right

thing when the difficulties were to be met. He hoped to help his commander get these gunboats up to Presque Isle harbor. That might be of more real value to the country, then to join in an attack on a fort, or even to lead a company of men in scaling the walls. Then he thought of his friends near Erie. Would they learn of his part in the arduous task, if he should fall in a fight on the lake, or be captured by the British. He would like Ruth to know all about what he had done. Would she miss him very much? They had been playmates and schoolmates, and now they were good friends. She would be sorry to lose him for all these reasons, but would she miss him in another way as more than a friend.

As he thought of this Harry began to understand his own heart for the first time. Day and night he thought of Ruth. He wished he could have seen her once more before he came away. When they sailed into the harbor with the gunboats would she be there to see them? Or would she wonder why he had not come to see her again, and think he had neglected her, and be grieved about it? Surely her father would learn where Harry had gone, and Ruth would understand why he could not come. When he was back again he would certainly go out to her home as often as he could, and she would know how much he cared for her.

Mr. Dobbins wondered why Harry was so quiet as they journeyed back to Black Rock together; but he



made no effort to talk to him, being absorbed in his own plans for the work which the Commander had cut out for him. He thought it all out and had arranged it well in his mind, before they reached the shipyard. Then he said to his companion,

“Macy, I think you have something on your mind. You must wake up now, and give your mind to your work. I shall rely on you as my right hand man, and you must have all your wits about you.”

“I will give my mind to the work, sir. That was a long fit of thinking for a Nantucket man. We are practical men, Sir, and trained for quick action.”

Mr. Dobbins then explained to Harry that he wanted to collect all the oxen and horses about Buffalo, and get them together at Black Rock in a week's time. And they must get all the cables and ropes, for they would require several long cables in order to draw the loaded vessels up those strong rapids. This work Mr. Dobbins was well fitted to accomplish for he had fine executive abilities. He soon had obtained all the information necessary, and enlisted the men to go out to the farms and make the arrangements for the cattle.

Meantime Captain Perry rain-soaked and weary reached the Madison that evening, and received a hearty welcome on board the flagship. Commodore Chauncey called a council of war. The embarkation of the troops, for which a great many small boats had been built, was a difficult task. Captain Perry was

asked to oversee it. But he found that no well considered plan for this had been adopted, and the officers were not inclined to follow his suggestions. If a sharp resistance to the crossing of the river was made by the British, there would be confusion and a possible disaster. After the conference broke up he told the Commodore he could not direct the embarkation and crossing unless he was given entire command of it. Without such authority, his plans would not be carried out. If there was a disaster the blame of it would be thrown upon him. However, he offered to assist in the attack, and render such help as he could.

Fortunately the enemy failed to make a strong resistance to the landing. The embarkation was effected very early in the morning of the 27th. Captain Perry was afloat with the troops, and, seeing the line was very uneven, and confusion probable, he pulled in and out among the boats, directing them into their proper places, so that they advanced without confusion in crossing the river and debarking. Then having observed where the British troops were lined up, waiting to repel the Americans when they ascended the steep bank above the river, he pulled off to the Hamilton, and directed the fire of that vessel to such good effect, that the heavy force of the enemy was obliged to retire, and permit the advance of the American troops under command of Colonel Winfield Scott.

The attack was everywhere carried forward with celerity and spirit. The guns of the fort and batteries were silenced by the fleet, and the fort itself was captured by Scott who with his own hands pulled down the British flag. The British troops retired and Colonel Scott, who was pressing the pursuit, was recalled by Colonel Dearborn. The Niagara frontier was now abandoned by the British forces, and the evacuation of Fort Erie was a necessary consequence.

And now Mr. Dobbins found his work was getting exciting and hot. For on the night of the battle, which they knew was going on, for they could hear the cannonading, the English batteries opened a heavy fire on Black Rock. Colonel Preston in command there took every precaution to protect the gunboats and stores. He could not know what the attack meant, but thought it was a cover for evacuation, and when toward morning the sound of a heavy explosion shook the buildings of Black Rock and Buffalo he knew that the British had destroyed the fort. He gathered up the boats and crossed with the Twelfth Regiment and took possession of Fort Erie. The way was now open to haul the gunboats up the rapids into the lake.

## Chapter XV.

### The Launching.

Captain Perry returned to Black Rock a few days later, very much encouraged by his interviews with Commodore Chauncey and his officers. The Commodore had given him a hearty welcome, and in his report of the engagement had made special mention of the valuable assistance rendered by him. But, best of all, he now assigned to his command several able naval officers and fifty seamen, and sent back with him a force of two hundred marines under command of Captain Brevoort.

When Captain Perry reached Black Rock he found that Mr. Dobbins, with his usual prompt and efficient efforts, had the preparations well in hand for getting out the gunboats into the lake. The loading of the supplies was now rapidly completed and on the 6th of June the oxen and men began to haul the Caledonia up the rapids. It was hard and slow work, for the current was between six and seven knots. Early and late the work went on and on the 12th of June the last gunboat was moored at Buffalo. Here more supplies had to be taken aboard, and the men who were worn out were allowed a rest. Captain Perry needed rest more than any of them, for the exposure in the heavy rain,

and the efforts he made in the battle, and his constant supervision of this work had brought on a severe attack of bilious fever. Fortunately Dr. Usher Parsons, the assistant surgeon of the fleet, was with him at Buffalo, and watched over him with the utmost care.

On the 19th June the little squadron set sail with a head wind that held them back, so that they only made twenty-five miles. Perry was on the *Caledonia*, which was armed with three guns. The *Ohio*, from this time under command of Sailing-Master Dobbins, followed the flagship. It was armed with one long twenty-four pounder. The other vessels were the *Somers*, one long twenty-four and one long twelve-pounder; the *Amelia* and the *Trippe* each one long thirty-two pounder. The officers were Sailing-Masters Almy, Holdup, and Darling.

Perry sailed close in-shore to avoid the observation of the enemy, who was probably looking for him. Captain Finnis had five vessels, larger than Perry's, and armed with forty-four guns. Such an unequal combat must be avoided if possible, although Perry made the best arrangements to beat off the enemy if they made an attack. On the second day a man on the bluff signalled to Perry. When brought aboard he said that the English fleet was in the offing, looking for him, but its movements showed that they had not yet discovered his position. Perry sailed on with more

caution, and, in spite of light winds and his own exhausted condition, on the fourth day brought his little squadron safely over the bar into Presque Isle harbor. Just as he approached the entrance Captain Finnis bore up under full sail, but he was too late to intercept Perry's flotilla. The success of this enterprise was so pleasing to Captain Perry, that it helped him to get over his fever.

It was on the 22nd of June when he entered the harbor, and he found the work on the brigs had been pushed along rapidly. On the 24th the first brig, afterwards named the Lawrence, was ready for launching. So many of Perry's men were sick, one-half of his one hundred and ten seamen, that he thought a little celebration would be good for them. The news was spread around the country, that the brig would be launched the next day. The people of the village took a deep interest in it, for it was the first event of that kind to take place in their harbor, and their local pride was also great, because their townsman, Captain Dobbins, had so large a share in it. He had cut and prepared the timber, and laid the keel of the brigs, and almost built the gunboats before Captain Perry arrived. And they came out in crowds to see the launching in order to honor Captain Dobbins.

Harry Macy had gone out to see Ruth the first evening after his return, although he had but a short time to stay. But on the second day after, he got away from

duty at 6 o'clock and was soon on his way to the farm. He found Ruth in the little orchard, and they went for a walk over the hills and down by the bank of Mill Creek. He told her of his loneliness while he was gone, and how hard it was to be away so long, and how the remembrance of the happy days he had spent in her home had cheered him up in those days of hard and unremitting labor. He thought her eye glistened with a little more than its usual brightness, and once or twice a fleeting wave of color seemed to pass over her cheek, but she spoke in a calm tone, with a free expression of how much they had all missed him. If Harry thought she would respond more fully to his own feeling he was much mistaken, and his heart sank as he tried to discover the signs of her interest in him.

"She does not love me! Can there be any one else?" he said to himself. "I must wait, and try harder to win her love."

When they went back to the house Harry told Mr. Chase all about the launching and asked him to come down.

"Of course I will. I can't spare the time very well, but I will come, and bring all the family. I will have to get up an hour earlier every day for a week to make up for the time I will lose."

"If Tecumseh and Proctor should invade Erie, you might lose all your summer's work. It is to save Erie

and other villages from them, that Captain Perry is building the fleet."

"That's true every word of it, Harry. I appreciate what he is doing for us. And I am glad Mr. Dobbins has been such a help to him."

When he was going away Harry asked Ruth if she could not spend the day in the village with some of her friends. He thought he could get off late in the afternoon or at least in the evening, and he would like to take her out on the water. He knew James Patterson would like to go, and perhaps they could make up a party of four for a boat ride. Ruth was delighted, and said several of her girl friends would want her to stay with them, and she would think it over and they could make their plans the next morning when they met on the brig.

As Harry was working under Mr. Brown's directions, making the final preparations for the launching Captain Perry came near. Harry took a moment to introduce Mr. Chase, as an old friend from Nantucket, who had sailed a ship for years.

"Indeed. I am glad to meet Captain Chase, and I remember that Mr. Dobbins has spoken of you to me. It is not unlikely that you can be of service to us, Mr. Chase. Come aboard the brig, and see how she will slip into the water. And is this your daughter?" he said, turning to Ruth who had come up to her father's side, hoping to be introduced to Captain Perry.



Mr. Chase introduced Ruth, saying "She's a real sailor's lass." Then Captain Perry said,

"I think you are the sweet singer at our little church. Come on board, and give us a song, while she dips her nose into the water. I would like to have her christened, but Secretary Jones has not selected a name for my flagship yet. We could hardly christen a vessel that was not named, could we, Miss Ruth?"

"I would not feel like singing alone, Captain Perry. Are there not some others who could join in a song?"

"What would be appropriate?"

"Hail Columbia is pretty well known. There is Miss Sally Taylor and Mr. Reid. They are good singers, and Harry Macy, down there has a fine tenor. We could start it off, and the rest would join in."

"Macy shall come, if Mr. Brown can spare him."

Soon Harry came up and a crowd of young people moved towards the ladders, and were helped to mount to the deck. Then some of the oldest citizens were asked to come up. And the spruce young naval officers wanted to join the chorus of singers, and to be introduced to Miss Chase, who seemed to be the belle of this occasion. Mr. Champlin came up, bringing with him Lieutenant Brooks of the company of marines. But Ruth kept Harry by her side, and did not let the attentions of the fine officers in their gay uniforms turn her head.

The props were knocked away, and the gallant little vessel slipped down the ways, and Ruth's voice soared sweet and high and Harry's tenor gave her a fine accompaniment. There was great cheering, and the people crowded around the commander with their congratulations, and Mr. Dobbins also received his full share of that recognition which his work deserved.

Soon Mr. Brown set his men to work again, and Harry reluctantly was obliged to leave Ruth surrounded by a circle of gayly dressed officers, while he laid aside his muster jacket and white trousers, and dressed in his work clothes pulled on the cables to draw the brig back to a rude pier. Then a squad of men rolled the masts on board and others began to set up the tackle to lift them to their places. The people seeing they were in the way gradually dispersed.

When the evening gun at the redoubt was fired, Harry's duties for the day were over. After a hasty supper he put on his mustering suit, and was tying his black bow with unusual care when James Patterson appeared.

"Hurry up, slow coach. The girls are waiting, and wondering if you have forgotten them, and gone off with some other beauties."

"Ruth knows better than that. You haven't seen them since noon."

"Haven't I? I just came by Sally Taylor's house, and she was about ready to take some captain's invitation,

but I assured her you would be there in a few minutes."

"That's all blarney, Jim. The girls are at the supper table."

"Jiminy cricketts, Harry, but you are a slow head. You don't know what a fine plan those girls have hatched out this afternoon."

"Mr. Brown has kept me on the jump till the last minute. How could I know of any change in the plans. What is it? Ruth is not one to change her mind. Aren't we going out on the bay?" Harry asked very much disturbed by Jim's adroit teasing.

"If you don't know I won't tell you. Come along. Your bow is all smooth."

Harry took another look at himself in the little mirror, and then took out his low shiny hat, and the two young men hurried up the hill. Jim was right about the girls, for they were impatiently waiting on the little porch. And just then Mr. Champlin and Lieutenant Brooks turned the corner and approached the gate. Harry's heart sank, and he feared his anticipations of a delightful evening were about to be spoiled.

Lieutenant Brooks was one of the handsomest men Harry had ever seen, and a fine fellow in every way. He was the life of every company he was in, and sure to be surrounded by a crowd of young people whenever he was not on duty. If he should seek to pursue his acquaintance with Ruth Chase, Harry was afraid

Ruth would yield to his fascinations, and be drawn away from himself. He did not think there would be much chance of winning her if Mr. Brooks should come in his way. Still Harry was spurred up to make every effort to succeed, and certainly he would not let the girls slip out of the engagement for this evening.

Ruth saved him from all uneasiness, however. She did not feel quite sure of Sally, but she knew that nothing should spoil Harry's evening. So she took the lead in the talk that followed the entrance of the officers, and they soon learned that the young ladies had an engagement for the evening. They asked for another appointment for a sail on the harbor, and after that was arranged they dallied and lingered. Mr. Brooks was evidently smitten, and would have stayed longer, but Mr. Champlin had too much respect for Harry and James to interrupt their evening's enjoyment, and he carried Brooks away.

And now some baskets were brought out of the house, and Harry learned that they were to have their supper on a mossy bank on the other side of the bay. The two young men exerted themselves to give the girls the best time they had ever had. They sailed over the moonlit waters, and sang the old Nantucket songs, and an hour later had their simple supper, and afterward a dance on the grass. It was nine o'clock when they drew up again at the pier near Mill Creek.

Then there was more music and gay talk after they reached Sally's home.

Ruth was invited and urged to stay with Sally for a visit of two or three days. But she said, if Harry could take her home, she must go back that evening. Harry had secured permission to remain out after tattoo for this evening, and he was glad that Ruth wanted to go home, for they would have a quiet talk on the way.

They both were tired, and they dropped their gay spirits as they started off, but their talk was serious and a more perfect revealing of their best thoughts and aspirations. It was not long before Harry realized that Ruth was giving him the opportunity that he had hoped for earlier in the spring. There was nothing in her talk that was unmaidenly, or inconsistent with modesty, but Harry felt that in her own bright way she had put him entirely at ease, and opened the way for him to talk about himself.

He was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity. He told her how he had grown to love her, and asked her to give him her love.

"I cannot do that, Harry," she answered with a smile, and suddenly Harry felt as if the door of Paradise was being shut in his face, after he had been given a peep into its beautiful fields.

"Why Ruth? Do you not love me? I had begun to hope you would be mine."

"Dear Harry, you did not let me finish what I was saying. I meant, I could not give you my love now, because you had won it already. Long ago, I think way back in Nantucket, I began to love you when we were children."

"Oh Ruth! how happy you make me! I was afraid I would lose you when those handsome officers began to find you out."

"Jealous already, Harry? Then I know you love me vey much. But you need not fear the officers. They are not of my world, and I have no mind to let them amuse themselves with a simple country maiden like me, and then forget me when the summer is over. No! I want one of my own people, whose sterling qualities I know and can trust."

"I hope I may always be worthy of you, Ruth. And I hope when this war is over I can come back to you sound in body, and with the means to make us a good home."

They sat down on the step of the cabin and talked for an hour of their hopes, and made their plans for the future. But Harry could not stay longer than that, for his work would be hard on the morrow. More than once he started, and returned for another lingering good-by, but at last he broke away. The lights were out in the village as he drew near. He could hear the sentinel on his beat, and the guard on the gunboats and on the Caledonia. He looked over the har-

bor, flooded with moonlight. It made him think of Nantucket, and home, and his mother. And it spoke well for the young man that before he turned in, his last thoughts were of his mother.

## Chapter XVI.

### Give Me Men!

The last week in June was a time of unusual activity in the shipyard, for Mr. Brown was pushing the work of finishing the second brig. This would have been accomplished by the end of the month, if so many men had not been sick. The sails for all the vessels had been made in the courthouse, the only room in the village large enough for such a purpose. And this was pushed along by James Patterson and Harry Macy going out among the women and enlisting their services. Now the court room was needed for a hospital for the sick men, and Surgeon Parsons was kept busy endeavoring to cure them of these fevers, which took away strength and spirit.

The men who were working thought Mr. Brown has no mercy on them. It was hot, very hot, but he drove them along as if it was December. When they grumbled about the heat he told them gruffly,

“I am going to finish this vessel in ten days. I want to get her off the stays by the first of July. Certainly it will not be later than the 4th.”

“We will all be in the hospital by that time, if you drive us so hard,” said Dick Riley.

“No you will not, if you follow Dr. Parson’s advice



about your eating. It's not hard work that will hurt you, but eating green fruit and early vegetables. Stick to the regular rations and you will not get the fever."

When Mr. Brown went over to the first brig he took Harry to task.

"You are spending too much time on this interior finish, Macy. We don't need this fine work in fitting up the cabins, and dressing down the stuff for the lockers. You must get on faster."

"The commander's cabin ought to be fitted up very neatly. He is used to having his quarters very comfortable and neat. And he deserves to have the best."

"We are not building a permanent fleet for the navy. It would only be used to conquer and capture the British fleet. One battle will probably decide the issue. If Perry wins, these vessels will not be needed. If he loses and they are captured, we don't want to spend time making them fine for the enemy."

"The British will never capture Perry's battleships."

"Make a good, strong, and perfect job, but don't waste your time on extra polishing."

Harry replied that Captain Perry was the most perfect gentleman he ever knew, and it was only right he should have a nice cabin; but Mr. Brown would not agree, saying that Perry was most anxious to get the fleet finished and over the bar.

The next morning Mr. Brown took Harry off the job, and gave him a more responsible task on the second

brig. It was late Saturday night when she was in shape for launching. The next day was July 4th, and the men expected a holiday, but Captain Perry ordered the brig to be launched in the morning. He had just received an urgent appeal from General Harrison to come to his relief, and a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, ordering him to co-operate with General Harrison at the earliest possible date. No ceremony marked the launching of the second brig, out of respect for the sacredness of the day. A hearty cheer greeted her as she entered the water. She was brought around to her position and anchored, fore and aft, and then the men were dismissed for the rest of the day.

A week later the fleet was finished, the masts had been stepped, the yards slung, the rigging completed, and the sails stretched. Then came the work of getting the guns on board, and the fitting of the gun carriages to their slides, and the storing of the magazines, and getting all the extra spars, blocks, sails and cordage neatly put away in the proper places. For these brigs, which were the largest vessels of the fleet, were, after all, but small in their dimensions, and when the crew and marines were on board, the whole space would be occupied, and it would only be by the utmost order that there would be room for the movement of the sailors in handling the vessel, or the gun crews in drill and practice with the guns.

General Harrison had received information that

Proctor and Tecomtha, with several thousand soldiers and Indians were about to besiege Fort Meigs on the Maumee River. If Perry could come out on the lake, and engage the British fleet, they would be unable to obtain supplies for so large a body of men, and would not dare to leave Detroit.

General Harrison also informed Perry that the British were now building a large ship at Detroit, which would be superior to any of his vessels in size and armament. Also, that Captain Robert H. Barclay, a veteran of the English naval service, who served under Nelson at Trafalgar, had been sent out from England, and had assumed command of the English fleet in Lake Erie.

This news made Perry chafe under his forced inaction. If he could only get out and pursue Barclay before that large ship was finished, he would feel sure of destroying the English fleet. Then upon the horizon appeared one sail after another, until he saw all Barclay's ships sailing back and forth, reconnoitering his position, and bearding him to come out and fight. But Perry could not accept the gage of battle, for although his fleet was finished, he had not more men than sufficient to man his flagship, which was now named the Lawrence by order of Secretary Jones. This was in commemoration of Captain James Lawrence, who fell in the gallant fight of the Chesapeake with the Shannon.

Chafing under this delay at such a critical time, Perry wrote to Commodore Chauncey July 19th.

“The enemy’s fleet of six sail is now off the bar of this harbor. What a golden opportunity if we had men. Their object is, no doubt, either to blockade or attack us or to carry provisions and reinforcements to Malden. Should it be to attack us, I am ready to meet them. I am constantly looking to the eastward. Every mail and every traveller from that quarter is looked to as a harbinger of the glad tidings of our men being on the way.

“Give me men, Sir, and I will acquire for you, and for myself, honor and glory on this lake, or perish in the attempt. Conceive my feelings! An enemy within striking distance, my vessels ready, and not men enough to man them. Going out with these I now have is out of the question. You would not suffer it if you were here. Think of my situation; the enemy in sight; the vessels under my command more than sufficient, and ready to make sail, and yet I am obliged to bite my fingers with vexation for want of men.”

This letter reveals one of the great master passions of Perry’s life, the thirst for glory in the naval service. In this he was like Mad Anthony Wayne, whose mind and heart was fired by the aspiration for military glory. The two men were alike in their careful preparation for their brilliant achievements; in the perfect drill and complete equipment of their commands, and in looking

after every detail necessary to success. There was also a marked resemblance between the two men in that unusual quality of exciting the spirit of their men, and filling them with that enthusiasm, which made them undertake cheerfully the greatest hardships, and in the hour of conflict fight like heroes.

But some relief was on the way. On the 17th of July he sent Mr. Dobbins in the Ohio to Buffalo to bring down supplies and reinforcements. He had learned to trust Mr. Dobbins because of his knowledge and skill in sailing on Lake Erie, and because of his caution in avoiding the enemy's sail. Mr. Dobbins selected a good crew and appointed Harry Macy boatswain. In five days they returned with seventy men, and Barclay did not discover the sail in time to intercept them.

This last lot of men were not a valuable body of seamen. They looked to Perry like the left-overs, after all the good men had been picked out for the Ontario fleet. While Dobbins was away in this service Captain Perry saw that the English fleet was becalmed on the 21st of July. He took the clipper-built schooner, Ariel, and two of his gunboats and went out on the lake to try out his men. They exchanged shots with the enemy, and Perry saw that his long guns had the advantage, but in an hour he bore off and returned to the harbor, leaving a ball in the missen mast of the Queen Charlotte.

Perry was bitterly disappointed at the apparent indifference of Commodore Chauncey to his inadequate force to man the fleet, and the necessity of at once supporting General Harrison. He wrote again complaining of the poor quality of the last men.

“For God’s sake, and yours, and mine, send me men and officers, and I will have the British fleet in a day or two. Commodore Barclay keeps just out of reach of our gunboats. The vessels are all ready to meet the enemy the moment they are officered and manned. Our sails are bent, provisions on board, and in fact everything is ready. Barclay has been bearding me for several days and I long to be at him.”

Then in this letter Perry gave expression to the deepest feelings in his heart, that true love of his country, which was greater than the thirst for glory. He fully realized that the time had come to strike the enemy, and with generous self-denial he was willing to waive his own claim to the chief command, if only the needed men were sent.

“However anxious I am to reap the reward of the labor and anxiety I have had on this station, I shall rejoice, whoever commands, to see this force on the lake; and surely I had rather be commanded by my friend, than by any other. Come, then, and the business is decided in a few hours.”

But as he received another appeal from General Harrison, and had no promise of men from Ontario,

Captain Perry called for volunteers for the fleet, and for the marines, from the men of Erie. The two hundred marines had long ago been recalled to Ontario, but Captain Brevoort, who was from Detroit, was ordered to remain. Lieutenant Brooks had enlisted a strong company, and they were now a well-drilled body of soldiers.

At this time the commander at Black Rock warned him that there was danger of an attack on Erie, for the enemy were gathering a strong force at Long Point, near the eastern end of Lake Erie. Captain Perry notified General Mead, commander of the militia in western Pennsylvania, and he posted a brigade of fifteen hundred men near to Erie, and set the men to hard drill. Perry also strengthened the redoubts and mounted more guns.

Barclay's fleet had gone west to aid Proctor's attack on Fort Meigs, and Perry resolved to man his fleet with volunteers of landsmen. So he called for men to enlist for a short cruise on the lake and put the men who enlisted to careful instruction in a sailor's duties. He planned to get his fleet out into the lake as soon as the men had learned their work sufficiently to manage the fleet. He made use of the young men he had trained on the Newport station, promoting them to the warrant offices. In this way Harry Macy was promoted to be boatswain, and James Patterson became master's mate.

"Bos'n Macy, the commander wants you at headquarters," Mr. Dobbins said one morning late in July, as Harry was drilling an awkward squad on the Lawrence. He turned the men over to a sergeant, and went ashore and up to Duncan's Tavern. He was admitted at once by the orderly, and kindly received by the commander.

"I have sent for you, Boatswain, to ask if it would be possible to induce Mr. Chase to join the fleet. I would like to ask first about his qualifications as a seaman."

"He is an experienced seaman, Sir. He was mate on a whaler for a three years voyage, and after that was captain of a coasting schooner, and has crossed the ocean several times in the merchant service. When the embargo killed the coasting trade he gave up the sea, and came west."

"He is the right kind of a man for us. I need more experienced officers. Mine are mostly young men. Would Captain Chase be cautious and reliable?"

"Yes, Sir. He is a sailor you could depend on in storm or calm."

"I had hoped he would accept the general call I made for volunteers. But as he has not done so, and you are a friend of the family, I want to ask if it would be worth while to make an effort to get him."

"I am sure he would like to join the fleet. The building of the vessels has stirred up his interest in a



sailor's life and he sees the need of men to fight the British. But his farm work is chaining him down to the land, and he has not seen a way to leave it."

"I wish he would come to see me. I want to talk to him. I would like you to tell him so."

"I will do so, if you wish, and endeavor to persuade him to join."

"You may take the afternoon after four o'clock until eight bells. That will not be an unpleasant service, will it, Macy?"

There was a fine color on Harry's face as he replied,

"I thank you kindly, Captain Perry. If I can, I will persuade him to enlist, and his family to consent to his going."

"Very well. That is all."

Four o'clock found Harry all ready for his special duty, and he put the matter to Mr. Chase as soon as he reached the farm. Mr. Chase took it seriously and heard all Harry had to say, but without making any comment. Before sundown Harry went with Ruth to hunt for the cows in the woods along Mill Creek. They were both more sober than usual, for they realized that it could not be long now before a severe battle would take place, and that when the fleet sailed out to meet the enemy the separation might be a final one for them. It seemed very terrible that night to Ruth. Father and lover might both be killed, and buried in the lake or on some distant point on the

shore. She looked at Harry with wistful eyes, but thoughts too deep for words were in her mind, and she knew that if Harry spoke the tender words that were on his tongue, she would break down. And Harry saw and understood, and made a brave effort to be cheerful for her sake. For Harry had gained such confidence in his commander, that he felt certain of his victory over Barclay, and he had all the hopefulness of youth that he would go through the battle without loss of life or limb.

Soon after sunset Harry said he must return at eight bells, and then Mr. Chase talked about the enlisting.

"I think it right Erie men should have their part in this campaign. We have helped build the fleet, and now we should help in the fight. If Perry had received all the men he needed, then eastern men would have won the victory for us, which would not be a fair arrangement. I will have to go, Harry. If Perry should be short-handed and lose the fight, and if Barclay should land a horde of Indians here, I might lose, not only my crop, but my home and my family. I would rather trust my dear ones to my own countrymen. If I fall, I will leave them to your care, my son. Tell Captain Perry I will come to see him early in the morning."

Ruth followed Harry as he left the cabin. Under the maple tree she laid her head on his shoulder, and





YOU MUST BE BRAVE, RUTH

gave way to the grief she had till then repressed. Harry comforted her with words and tender caresses, as he held her closely in his strong arms. And before long his hopeful assurances quieted her, and she felt ashamed of her weakness.

“You must be brave, Ruth. Do not unman me, or your father. Encourage him to go with Perry, for he needs him.”

“I will, Harry. Forgive me if I have given way to my weak heart, for I love you so, and to lose you would rob me of all that is best in life.”

“But we are coming back. Be sure of that. And you can help us win a victory by putting your brave spirit into us. You always were a brave girl, Ruth. How many times I have seen you on the water when other girls would have been scared to death, and you rejoiced in the excitement. Be like yourself now, for my sake.”

“I will be brave, Harry. I do not know what came over me tonight to make me so weak. All at once I seemed to see you lying on the Lawrence, dead or wounded, and the beautiful ship drifting a helpless wreck.”

“That’s all your imagination. Think how gloriously she will sail in again with the British fleet following as our prize.”

But Harry’s time was now up and he was obliged to tear himself away from Ruth, and hasten back to the

Lawrence, for the discipline now was very strict, and he would not dare to stay out beyond the hour of tadoo.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Crossing the Bar.

Harry Macy was not at his post to pipe down the hammocks, but at two bells or tatoon, he was on his station and called,

“All hands, stand by your hammocks.” But for a long time after the lights were put out by the master-at-arms, Harry lay awake, and thought of the life before him. He had come to Erie little more than a grown-up boy, who had been faithful to his family, and had improved all his opportunities for study and growth. But today there had come upon him a far greater sense of responsibility. He had now promised to watch over and care for Ruth Chase, and when his term of service expired he would make a home for her. The full sense of what he had assumed came to him for the first time, when this strong and self-reliant young woman leaned upon him, overcome by the fear of injury or death in the coming battle.

This day made a man of Harry Macy, and if he bore his part in the conflict with greater skill and steadier courage than some others, it was because he had heard and understood this higher call upon his manhood.

The next morning Mr. Chase came in to see Captain Perry. He did not ask for an important position, but

was willing to take any place, where he could serve most efficiently. The commander perceived at once what a valuable recruit he had secured, and appointed him sailing-master of the Caledonia, and two days later he assumed his duties. And it was well for Captain Perry in that murderous onslaught, which was made on the flagship, when her sister brig hung back out of the carnage, that there were competent and skilled officers on the Caledonia, who could bring her so efficiently to the help of the Lawrence.

Now it happened at the end of July that Barclay's fleet disappeared, and Captain Perry took advantage of his absence to get his brigs over the bar. Sunday, August 1st. was a clear, beautiful day, with a strong wind from the east, which drove the water back in the lake, so that there was less water than usual on the bar. Instead of six feet there was less than five. The gunboats were all sent down and anchored in the outer bay. Mr. Dobbins sounded the channel, which was a tortuous one, and charted it, and then placed buoys to mark it.

The Lawrence was then brought down from her moorings and kedged out on the bar. Her guns, ballast, stores, and all heavy material were taken off and piled up on the beach. The guns were not loaded, for it would have been dangerous to move them. They were rolled up on timbers, so that they could be quickly reshipped when it was necessary.



Then the Niagara was kedged up close to the bar, with her port broadside facing the outer roadstead. Here she was moored with spring cables, by which she could easily change her position, and was in readiness to defend her sister ship, if Barclay made an attack while she was on the bar.

The people of the neighborhood were expecting serious events to occur, and on this Sunday afternoon they crowded into the little village. Nor were they disappointed. For General Mead marched in with his brigade, and encamped on the heights above the harbor. He and his staff were received with great ceremony on board the Lawrence by Captain Perry and his officers, and a salute of fifteen guns fired.

By invitation of the commander, the Reverend Robert Reid, pastor of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, who had acted as the chaplain in the shipyard, had come on board the Lawrence after she had been brought to the bar. The militia and people had flocked down to the beach at the entrance to the harbor, and standing near the point they were within hearing of a strong voice on the Lawrence. Captain Perry then in a few words spoke of the importance of the United States obtaining command of Lake Erie, and that for this purpose this fleet had been built. The divine blessing was essential in this great undertaking for the safety of the people in the west, and therefore he would now ask the Chaplain to invoke the blessing

of God upon this final work of getting the fleet into the lake, and upon the part it would take in the impending conflict with the enemy. All heads were bowed, and the large crowd stood reverently listening, while that impressive prayer was offered. At sundown they dispersed to their homes, realizing something of the great interests that were at stake in this undertaking, and many prayers went up that night, that Captain Perry might be successful in his battle for their country and their homes.

To get the brigs over the bar, Mr. Brown had provided two camels, which were oblong scows, ninety feet long, forty feet wide, and with six feet depth of hold. The deck was built strong enough to support the weight of the brig. There were two holes in the bottom, with long plugs to fit them. Before daylight Monday morning the camels were brought alongside the Lawrence, one on each side, and the plugs drawn. They filled and rested on the bottom. Long heavy spars were run through the port holes of the brig, sticking out on each side over the decks of the camels. The camels were lashed together, so that they could not spread apart, and be forced away from the brig by its weight. The spars were blocked up and secured, the plugs were then driven in, and a hundred men were set to work, pumping out the water. The camels rose as the water went down, lifting up the brig with them.

When they were empty, all were drawn along by cables.

But the east wind still continued, and the brig stuck on the center of the bar. So the plugs were drawn again and more blocks were driven under the spars, and when the camels were floated again they carried the brig over the bar. But it was slow work and went on night and day continuously for two days. Early Wednesday morning the *Lawrence* was afloat in the outer harbor. By two o'clock all her guns were mounted, supplies on board, and her crew were aboard ready for action, and a salute was fired.

Meantime the *Niagara* had been kedged up to the bar, and prepared for floating over in the same way. Her guns however were mounted on the beach ready to join in the defence of the fleet, for it was not believed that Barclay would let them finish their work unhindered.

"What is Barclay doing? Where is Barclay?" were the questions on many lips as the third day passed without his fleet appearing.

"Boys, I am very thankful that Barclay has not discovered us at work," said Captain Perry to the crew that went on duty that last night. "His long guns might have done us considerable damage. He has lost his opportunity to try to cripple us. Let him stay away one day more, and I will have the *Niagara* over, armed and manned; and if he comes we will put

up a stiff fight, and chase him to the head of the lake if he tries to run away. You must all work steadily and hard, and get the brig over early tomorrow."

"And if Barclay comes tomorrow."

"We will give him a hot reception, and use our gunboats with their long guns to the best advantage."

And where was Barclay? No one on the American side knew at the time, but there were some Canadians who shook their heads in grave disapproval of the Commodore's neglect. A few years afterwards Mr. Ryerson explained the mystery to Captain Dobbins.

He was present at a banquet, which the people of Port Dover, a village near Long Point, gave to Commodore Barclay just at this time. Barclay was a fine officer, but he had a social weakness, and he accepted the invitation and was there with his officers. In reply to a toast the Commodore said,

"I expect to find the Yankee brigs, hard and fast on the bar when I return, in which predicament it will be a small job to destroy them."

It was Barclay's opportunity and he lost it. His fleet was mounted with at least fourteen long guns, and he might have stood off, out of reach of the carronades of the brigs, and badly crippled them while on the bar. But he was not there. His legs were stretched under the boards of a banquet table, while Perry was working day and night from Sunday until

Friday, hardly taking time to sleep until the ships were over and afloat on the lake.

While the Niagara was still on the bar, and the men were working like beavers to draw her over, Barclay's fleet hove in sight. Perry's preparations for defence were all made, and he had only the final orders to issue, according to the plan of attack which Barclay might adopt. The morning was hazy, and Barclay kept off several miles, instead of coming boldly in to make an attack. Captain Perry went over in his boat to the point on the bar, where Mr. Dobbins was directing one of the three gangs of men, who were hauling on the cables, by which the camels and brig were drawn slowly up to the center of the bar.

"Come with me, Mr. Dobbins, for a half hour. Let Mr. Turner take your place."

They pulled out to the entrance of the harbor where there was an unobstructed view of the lake, and Perry explained the position of Barclay's fleet since it had been sighted.

"You are familiar with appearances in coming into this harbor. How does the position of our vessels look to Barclay over there in this atmosphere?"

"He cannot distinguish them very well at that distance in this hazy air. You will notice, Captain, that the Niagara is now headed in a line with the Lawrence and the gunboats. He cannot make out just where the Niagara is."

“Barclay is deceived.” Perry exclaimed. “He thinks both the brigs are over the bar, and in the roadstead, but not quite ready. He will probably be unwilling to make an attack at present.”

So Perry took Mr. Dobbins back to his work, and then pulled about among the men, encouraging them to work harder than ever while the enemy delayed to attack, and the opportunity lasted to haul out the brig without hindrance. But Perry kept a sharp outlook on the enemy. He did not do anything to bring on an engagement, keeping all his vessels in such a line as to be of most service in repelling an attack, and using the utmost despatch to hurry the Niagara into the roadstead.

Barclay made no attempt to annoy them. When the leading vessel had discovered that Perry's fleet was out of the harbor, the main-top sail was brailed up, and she lay by until the rest of the fleet came up. There they reconnoitered for an hour, when signals were displayed, and the vessels hauled their wind, and sailed back to Long Point. Perry was much relieved, but made his men work harder than ever. He made the crews at the ropes a little speech.

“Boys, you have heard how Captain Hull kedged and hauled the Constitution out of the clutches of an English fleet of nine sail, and brought his ship safely into harbor. Let us show the nation that we can haul

our brig out over this bar in time to fight Barclay. Pull with a will and all together."

Harry in command of one of the boats called out, "Give way, boys. Give way. Lay on your oars. Bend your backs and break your oars."

The sailors with a song like "Heave around, my hearties," worked away all day to such good purpose, that by four o'clock on Thursday afternoon the Niagara was in the outer bay, guns and stores all aboard in complete preparation for action. And then the men had a rest of a few hours.

At three o'clock Friday morning all hands were called, and signals flown from the Lawrence to weigh anchor. In an hour the vessels were all under sail, and cleared for action. The fleet stood across the lake to Long Point, and reconnoitered the harbors along the coast, but Barclay's fleet could not be discovered. The fact was that on Thursday having found that he was too late to prevent Perry's fleet from getting out of Presque Isle harbor, Barclay had despatched a special messenger in haste by land to Detroit, ordering the commander there to hurry up work on the Detroit. Then he sailed away to the head of the lake, knowing that he had lost his best opportunity of maintaining British interests on Lake Erie, and that extra efforts must be put forth to make up for it.

Perry dropped anchor in the roadstead at Erie, to give his men much needed rest, and to make new

efforts to obtain the full quota of seamen and marines to man his fleet.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### How the Niagara Was Manned.

Sunday morning Purser Hambleton went ashore. The men who had volunteered for this special cruise to Long Point were sent ashore, and marched up to headquarters, paid off and dismissed. Those who were now aboard the fleet were the regular seamen and marines, and the men who had been enlisted at Erie for four months, and including the sick they did not number three hundred, officers and men.

Sailing-master Chase came over from the Caledonia as Captain Perry was about to enter his boat to go up to Erie, and asked leave of absence for the day, which was granted.

“Stay a moment, sailing-master. Boatswain Macy has been very efficient in getting the brigs over the bar, and is entitled to a holiday. If he wants to go with you I will give him leave of absence until eight bells this evening.”

“Of course he will be glad to go, Sir. I thank you for him.”

The men were not idle although it was Sunday, and on war vessels little is done on that day. But on Perry's fleet there was much still to be done with spars, stays, blocks and sails, teaching the new men

how to do their work, and what the hoarse orders meant, and getting everything in shape below. Harry was at the head of a squad of men drilling them in the working of the big, long guns, when Lieutenant Yarnall came to him.

"Bosun, you may let the gunner's mate take this duty. Captain Perry has given you leave to go ashore, and Mr. Chase is waiting with his boat."

"Ay. Ay, Sir. The commander is very kind. I'll not forget such consideration."

In a few minutes Harry had put on his best sailor togs, and dropped over the side into Mr. Chase's boat, and soon they landed at the foot of Peach street. In the crowd about Duncan's tavern where the volunteers were being mustered out Harry saw John Chase's cap and said,

"We won't have to foot it out. There's John over there."

"I kind of thought my boys would hear the fleet was sighted and come in to get the news. They could hear our gun practice, and might have thought there had been a battle. If John hasn't drove in that colt! The little sap-headed youngster wanted to show off, and might have broke the wagon and spoilt the colt, if he didn't get killed himself. She's clipper built and a fast sailer, but too cranky a craft for him when there may be squalls to face."

However when they reached John, they found it

was not so bad as Mr. Chase feared, for a trustworthy neighbor had driven in with John. In a few moments they were on the way to the farm. As they drove around the bend in the road and came in sight of the cabin, there was Ruth under the maple watching for them. While she was reaching her arms up to her father, Harry leaped from the wagon on the other side, and then he received his welcome, notwithstanding their neighbor's presence and shining eyes.

"By golly, that was worth coming back for. Wan't it, Harry?"

"Oh, you go along, Mr. Sampson, and don't forget you were young once yourself," said Ruth as they went into the cabin, where for a few minutes they were alone. Then Mr. Chase got his old clothes on, and went to the barn and fields, to see how things were going and to give the boys directions.

"You would think dad had been gone a month, and it's only three days since he came out." John said when they sat down to a late dinner. "He had to look at everything, but I cal'late he found them all right."

"Yes, my son. I found everything in shipshape. I knew I could depend on you."

"I've been trained strict enough."

"Your father was a captain, and it's second nature to him to have boys and men do as he orders."

"And he thinks he's walking the deck of a ship, and

everybody has to jump before daylight when he calls out,

"A-a-ll ha-and's a-hoy."

They all laughed when John bawled this out, in as hoarse a voice as his boyish throat was capable of uttering. And then little Ike said,

"Two weeks ago we had a corn-crib, and a bin for oats; but today when I was getting a measure of oats for the mare dad said:

"Ike, don't give that mare oats. Put them back in the locker, and get some corn from the hold."

"Sailor talk is bred in the bone with us Nantucket salts. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks," his father replied when they had their laugh out. Then Ruth said,

"How do you like your little brig?"

"She's a slow sailer. But I haven't had time to learn her peculiarities."

"Was she built at Black Rock?"

"No, Ike. I thought you knew, she was captured by Lieutenant Elliott from the Canucks more than a year ago. Don't you remember how brave he was in cutting her out under the guns of Fort Erie?"

"Yes. You told us, and what a rich cargo of furs was on board."

Harry and Ruth were just starting out to go down to their trysting-place on the banks of Mill Creek, when there came a hail from James Patterson. He

brought an order from Captain Perry for Harry to return, and go on board the Ariel at once.

“What’s up now?”

“Reinforcements coming. Packet is ordered to bring them in the Ariel, and you are to be master’s-mate on this cruise, with a picked crew.”

Of course Harry was disappointed to lose the hours he had expected to spend with Ruth, and it was a still heavier loss to Ruth, but there was no way of avoiding the duty, nor did he wish to do so. There was no probability of having another afternoon together before the fleet sailed away. Ruth promised to come out in a boat and see Harry, when the Lawrence weighed anchor for Detroit. They went out into the little kitchen, and the farewell was a solemn one, and but few words were spoken.

In Perry’s mail that morning there was a letter from General Harrison informing him that Proctor had raised the siege of Ft. Meigs, and that Lieutenant Croghan had made a gallant defence of Ft. Stephenson against an overwhelming force of the enemy. The enemy had been obliged to retire, and now, as soon as Perry could support him with the fleet, he intended to advance on Detroit. It was important for Perry to come out to Sandusky.

Mr. Hambleton, the purser, was invited to dine with Captain Perry, and while at the table, they had a long talk about the situation. Perry was greatly harassed

by the urgency of Harrison on the one hand, and the orders of the Secretary of the navy on the other, while his superior officer kept him so short-handed that his fleet was crippled for officers and men. He expressed himself very freely to Hambleton, who was an intimate friend, about the shameful way his requests for reinforcements had been ignored. He said it would have been far better, if he had been given an independent command on the lake; then supplies and men designed for this fleet would not have been diverted elsewhere. He saw no way but to venture out to the West with his fleet, and ask Harrison for a strong detail of soldiers to act as marines, which would increase the fighting power of the fleet, but the lack of able seamen might cause its destruction by the enemy or by storms.

While they were still talking of these perplexities, Midshipman Montgomery entered the dining-room with a letter, which had been brought by an express. It was from Captain Elliott, announcing that he was on his way, and would soon reach Buffalo with several officers and nearly one hundred seamen. Captain Perry sprang to his feet, electrified by the glad news.

"This is the happiest day of my life. Now all will be well. We will find Barclay and defeat him, and clear the lakes of the enemy's fleet."

He immediately returned to the fleet, and ordered Lieutenant Packett to sail with the *Ariel* to meet

Captain Elliott and the men, and bring them to Presque Isle. The Ariel was a fast sailor, but her present crew was small, and Lieutenant Packett asked for a detail of additional men. It was in this way that Harry Macy was selected for the position of master's-mate for the cruise.

The Ariel sailed at five o'clock, and arrived at Buffalo the next day. Captain Elliott sent the men aboard, but remained at the tavern for some time, leisurely consulting with Lieutenant Packett about the fleet. Then he ate his dinner and came aboard just before sunset. The Ariel at once weighed anchor, and stood out well into the lake, and headed for Erie.

Harry was pleased with the appearance of the men as they came aboard, for he could easily see by their walk and manner that they were old seamen. He had turned away, and was giving some orders to the top-men, when there was a heavy clap on his shoulder, and a familiar voice said,

"Good Lord, Shipmate. Don't you know your own townsman?" Looking around he saw that this big, clear-eyed, clean-looking sailor was Tom Starbuck.

"Hurrah, Tom! It's good to see you once more. You're still alive and hearty. I was going to ask some of these men about you."

"I'm still alive and kicking, I've been shifted around several times, and we haven't done much on Ontario for some reason I don't understand. I'm glad to get

back again under Perry's command, for he will give us some lively times or I'm much mistaken. But you were giving orders. Are you mate?"

"Yes, for this cruise, but this is not my ship. I'm on the flagship, the Lawrence."

"Say, Harry. Can't you get me a berth on the Lawrence? I want to be under Perry. I've had enough of --- you know who I mean."

"I suppose Captain Perry will distribute your officers and men through the fleet, for many of our men are land-lubbers. They haven't got their sea-legs yet or learned the ropes, and we need men who are sailors to show them how to manage sails and stays. Some of them didn't know a marlin-spike from a flying jib-boom. But the commander is training them down fine. He's a master hand for making sailors, and in a month we would match them with any old salts."

"Don't be too cock sure you will get many of these men. Captain Elliott expects to have one of the brigs, and he picked out his men, and expects to keep them for his own ship."

"Perry is commander, and he will have his own plans for manning, sailing and fighting the fleet."

"Elliott will make himself pretty disagreeable if his plans are interfered with. You remember that."

"Tom, I would like you to be on the Lawrence, and I will speak to Lieutenant Yarnall about you. But remember this, that when the fight begins, the Law-



rence will be in the hottest place, and she will suffer the most.

"All the more glory to be aboard her. That is where I want to be in the thickest of the fight."

"Tell me all the news from Nantucket."

"I don't know any. I haven't heard from the old home for six months."

"I am better posted. I heard a month ago from home. Father is with Decatur on the President. You will find another Nantucket man in the fleet. Captain Chase is living at Erie, a farmer, and he is sailing-master of the Caledonia, a small brig."

"What Seth Chase, the old townor? He won't want to see me. There was no love lost between us after that night, when Jack Folger and I pulled up his lobster pots, and helped ourselves."

"He won't lay that up against you."

"He had a pretty daughter. She must be grown up now. She was a dory-mate of yours. Ha! ha! Harry I see! You have been fishing out that way."

Harry's face flushed a deep red underneath the tan from wind and sun.

"Never mind about Ruth Chase. You need not be thinking you will see her. As soon as we get to Erie, Captain Perry will shift the officers and men, and set sail for Sandusky Bay. You will have no time to think about the girls until the victory is won over Barclay."

“Don't get huffy, Harry. I don't mean to rake in your oyster-bed.”

Lieutenant Packett called the mate to show the men where they could stow their clothes-bags and arms. Then a lot of supplies were brought aboard, and stowed in the hold. The new men lined up, and each passed by the cook's galley, and received his cup of coffee and dole of sea-biscuit and salt-beef. There was no room for them between decks, so they were given their stations on deck. By eight bells at night the men, eighty-nine in number, were fast asleep.

Captain Elliott, two lieutenants, eight midshipmen, a master's mate, and a clerk, found places for the night in the cabin, and bunks below. The next day the *Ariel* weighed anchor in the outer bay at Presque Isle.

Captain Perry's satisfaction at this strong reinforcement was greatly diminished by Captain Elliott's manner and conduct. He had lately been promoted to the rank of master-commandant, the same rank that Perry held: and while Perry had the chief command, Captain Elliott conceded as little as possible to his authority. He took for granted that he was to command the *Niagara*, and that the men he had brought with him were to man his own ship.

It was right here that the beginning of the difference between the two officers arose, and it was not the fault of Captain Perry. He was a perfect gentleman, accustomed to associate with men of chivalric feelings

similar to his own. The good of the service, the best interests of his country, was the spring of all his conduct. When other officers had been advanced over him, he had generously aided them in manning their vessels with the choicest men from his gunboats. So now he had no thought of anything but the best disposition of the men to make the whole fleet one efficient machine in all its parts, in order that its fighting and maneuvers might be as perfect as possible. But he was surprised to find a very different spirit in this new man, who was to be the second officer of the fleet. He soon discovered in him a strong self-will, and selfish spirit.

When the commander had explained the insufficiency of the men he had to man the fleet, and the necessity forced on him to enlist raw landsmen, and stated some of the changes that were important, so that experienced seamen would be placed in each vessel, he was astonished to find that Captain Elliott had already made out a complete roster of these men for the Niagara, and had begun to send them over to the ship. When Perry demurred to this, and stated his reasons for it, Captain Elliott clearly indicated that he expected his arrangement to stand.

This selfishness and cool assumption of authority disconcerted the Commander. There was no time to lose in consultations. He did not wish to have a clash with his second officer at the beginning of the cruise.

On the eve of battle, any lack of harmony would be perilous in itself, and might have a serious effect on the morale of the officers and men. So, much against his own judgment, and as he afterwards regretted, Perry yielded to Elliot's arrangement. But he soon discovered another disagreeable trait. Having just come from Commodore Chauncey's fleet, Elliott presumed on the Commodore's confidence in him, and gave out the impression that he had been entrusted with the Commodore's views of the campaign. Perry listened for a little while, and then replied that he was in communication with Commodore Chauncey, and preferred to take his views from his written directions. After that Captain Elliott was not quite so free and dictatorial in his manner. Only so much of this unfortunate disagreement will be told, as may be necessary to give a clear account of the battle of Lake Erie.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A Storm On The Lake.

On the next day Tom Starbuck was sent over to the Lawrence in response to Lieutenant Yarnall's request. He was better known by the Newport men than by Captain Elliott, and before noon he was appointed a gunner's mate. Harry Macy was made master's mate. When Tom had stowed away his dunnage, he found Harry on deck but not very busy.

"Tell me about the fleet, Harry," he said, looking over the side at the nine vessels in the roadstead.

"There are none of them large. The Niagara is the twin of this brig, and armed just like the Lawrence. Our ship is one hundred ten feet in length and two hundred sixty tons burden."

"I wish they had given me one of those two long twelve pounders. But if we get close to the enemy I will make my thirty-two pound carronade talk."

"You will get close enough. Perry believes in laying up close to the enemy."

"What is that little brig?"

"The Caledonia. Lieutenant Daniel Turner is in command, and Mr. Chase is master. They have two long twenty-fours and a thirty-two carronade."

"The Ariel comes next. Lieutenant Packett takes

great pride in her for she is clipper built, and you saw how she can sail. Those four long twelve pounders will play an important part in the fight. The Tigress is beyond the Ariel; Lieutenant Augustus M. Conkling has one long thirty-two pounder. The other gunboats on the lee are, the sloop Trippe, Lieutenant Thomas Holdup, one long thirty-two; the schooner Porcupine, Midshipman George Sennat, the same weapon. Then my old commander is next with the schooner Scorpion. You remember Sailing-Master Champlin. He has two guns, a long thirty-two and a short twenty-four. Aft lies the Schooner Somers, Sailing-master Thomas C. Almy, one long twenty-four and one short thirty-two."

"What schooner is that just going into the bay?"

"That is the Ohio. She has one long gun and two short heavy guns. Sailing-master Dobbins is the commander, and Perry sends him everywhere for all purposes. Mr. Dobbins began to build the fleet here, and has had a large part not only in building it, but in bringing down the guns and ammunition and much of the supplies from Buffalo. He is a fine sailor, and knows the lakes like you would know Nantucket Bay. He understands the currents, and the winds, and the entrance to the harbors, which have not been charted yet, like the sea harbors."

"Here are ten vessels. I heard you built six here, and brought five from Buffalo. Have you lost one?"

“The Amelia had been lengthened at Black Rock, but after we brought her here she was found to be unseaworthy and condemned.”

“I should think Perry would rather have one large brig than so many gunboats.”

“No doubt he would, but there is no harbor, where a large ship could be built, and taken out into the lake. We had a hard task to get these two out.”

But Tom was now ordered to get his gun crew ready, and practice them with the gun. So he ordered the tackle men to draw it back. Then the swabber cleaned it. A boy was sent to the magazine for a cartridge, and the loaders went through the motion of ramming the charge. Then the tackle men drew it out through the port hole, and Tom sighted it. Lieutenant Yarnall, in command of the port division, said it was well done, and ordered them to go on with the practice.

These were now two busy days on the fleet. Mr. Dobbins went back and forth, bringing out the final supplies. The mate and boatswains were inspecting the stores of spars, yards, blocks, and ropes. The new men were being instructed in handling sails and stays. Lieutenant Brooks and Captain Brevoort were organizing the marines and drilling them. And the gun crews were constantly drilled in the use of the guns.

Mr. Chase managed to get off on the last day for a few hours with his family, and they all came back with

him early in the evening. Harry got off for a half hour, and met Ruth on the beach of the little bay on Presque Isle.

"What do you think of our fleet now?" he asked Ruth. "Your neighbors are deeply impressed with it."

"To tell the truth I wasn't thinking much about the fleet. Of course, it is unusual to have so many vessels in this quiet harbor. But I am so used to seeing many more in Nantucket Bay that this fleet does not astonish me. But I was thinking of you and father. You are like other men. Your work, or business, or farm take up most of your time and thought, but women are different. Their thoughts are all about their families and dear ones. Now, your mind is on this cruise, and mine is on you, and the danger and the uncertainty of it all. When will I see you again, or hear you are safe?"

"If I am alive when the battle is over, I will send you a letter or a message by the first chance. Don't be overcome by anxiety, Ruth. Be brave and cheerful for your mother's sake. You can help us in two ways now."

"How? Let me know how I can help you."

"As I said by being brave. If we know you are sending us out to battle with good cheer, it will nerve us when the spars are falling, and the great balls are



tearing our beautiful ships to wrecks, and men are falling all around us.

And then remember that God is over all, and He can send us victory if you ask Him. I believe He will hear your prayers, for you are a good girl, Ruth, one whom He delights in and loves to bless."

This was almost too much for Ruth, but she made a supreme effort to control her emotions, and although her eyes were moist her face was bright. She took a blue ribbon from her dress and tied it in Harry's blouse.

"Take this for your colors, Harry. When the battle comes on, wear it and think of me. And strike the enemy hard for your country and for me."

Harry drew Ruth into the shadow of a clump of bushes, and there they said their last good-by. Ruth went back to the boat where the family were, and Harry went aboard his ship for it was time to call the watch.

All hands were called before dawn the next morning, August 12th. The signal to weigh anchor was hoisted at the masthead of the Lawrence, and they soon got under way in double column. The Lawrence, Porcupine, Caledonia, Ohio, and Ariel on the right. The Niagara, Trippe, Tigress, Somers and Scorpion on the left. The distance between the vessels was fixed at a half cable's length, three hundred and sixty feet.

Signals were established by which the vessels would

recognize each other in the night. One light to be displayed, and a hail to the vessel to the windward. The answer to this would be "Jones," and the reply "Madison." So the fleet was kept close together in the night. The wind was light when the squadron left Presque Isle, but gradually it rose, blowing strong from the southeast. The weather held for three days and they made a quick passage, coming to anchor on the evening of the 15th, in the fine harbor of Put-in-Bay, among the islands north of Sandusky.

The next morning Mr. Champlin discovered a strange sail several miles east, off Kelly's Island. He gave chase, and the whole fleet got under way. The sloop was recognized by Mr. Dobbins, as the Ottawa, which the Canadians had captured early in the war. In rounding a point on Middle Bass Island the Scorpion ran aground on a sand bar, and the stranger escaped to carry the news of Perry's arrival to Barclay.

But now a storm was brewing, and instead of sailing off Sandusky Point, signals were made to return to the harbor. The sky grew black and the glass was falling. Lake Erie is not a pleasant water for landsmen even in a moderate wind, for the shallowness of the water makes a choppy sea. This did not disturb the officers and old seamen, but the landsmen who had been recruited at Erie were lying about on deck near the gunwale. About five o'clock Lieutenant Yarnall ordered the mate to take in sail.

“Lay aloft there, all star bow-lines,” Patterson called. Harry, the second mate, jumped into the rigging as soon as the reef-tackle was hauled. Tom Starbuck followed. The mate was on the yard, and at the weather-earring and Tom went to the lee. In a short time the top sails were double reefed, although the new sails were stiff. By the time the mainsails were furled the men were thinking they could come down when the mate called up.

“Lay out there and furl the jib.”

The gale was increasing and this was no landsman’s task, and Tom sprang out on the bowsprit and Harry followed. The rest of the top men slid down the shrouds, and the new men looked on in wonder, holding on to the chains. The two men were lifted up and down, and it seemed every moment as if they would be thrown into the lake. They held on, and the gale slackened up a bit. Lieutenant Yarnall called to the man at the wheel to keep the brig off a point, and so they gradually got the sail under and furled it. Then they came down and soon after the brig dropped anchor in the safe waters of Put-in-Bay.

But that was the most uncomfortable night the new men had ever experienced. They were sick all night, and believed their last hour had come. After that, battle had no terrors for them, for they felt the worst of death had been passed. The next morning there was a stiff breeze from the northwest, and the air was cool and bracing. The hungry men relished their salt

beef and sea-biscuits, and felt equal to any conflict with wind or water, or the British fleet, or a horde of Indians.

The fleet weighed anchor early in the morning and sailed to a point off Sandusky Bay. Here three guns were fired, and in ten minutes three more, which was the signal to General Harrison of their arrival.

That evening Colonel Gaines, of Harrison's staff, came on board with dispatches, and bringing several officers and some Indian chiefs with him. He said that General Harrison was at the head of an army of eight thousand men west of Fort Stephenson, about a day's march distant.

Two days later Harry was ordered to prepare the boats of the Lawrence to bring General Harrison and his staff on board. Other boats from the Niagara and Caledonia were manned, and all pulled away under the command of Second Lieutenant Dulaney Forest. In Sandusky Bay, they waited several hours, and late in the day General Harrison came with a strong guard, and accompanied by Generals McArthur and Cass, Colonel Gaines, and the gallant Major Croghan, and a company of Indian chiefs, with their war bonnets on and their gayest blankets, fringed leggins, and beaded moccasins.

General McArthur took a seat in Harry's boat. He gave his hand to the mate and inquired his name. Then seeing how he was gazing at the Indians, asked

him if he had ever seen Indians. Harry replied that these were the first chiefs he had seen. So General McArthur pointed out Black Hoof, the great Shawano chief, always friendly to the whites, Captain Tommy, Buckhongeheles, the bloody Delaware, now a man of peace, and then he invited one to take a seat with him, and introduced him as Tarkee, the Crane, the greatest chief of the Wyandottes. These were the strong men of their tribes, whom Tecumtha had endeavored in vain to alienate from their allegiance to the United States, under whose shield they now lived in peace.

When all were embarked the boats pulled away. General Harrison was in the officer's gig with Lieutenant Forrest, the colors floating at the bow. It was evening when they reached the fleet, which was decked with flags and pennants, and the yards were alive with men.

In the morning a salute was fired in honor of the Commanding General, and the fleet stood out in the lake reconnoitering the islands. Perry and Harrison held a long conference in the cabin, and laid their plans for the western campaign. On the 21st of August General Harrison and his party were put ashore, and as the army was not quite ready for an advance, Perry sailed for the mouth of Detroit River, to discover, if he might, where Barclay was, and what he was doing.

## CHAPTER XX.

### Watching Barclay.

Before sailing Captain Perry ordered Mr. Dobbins to return with the Ohio to Erie for supplies. This was an opportunity to mail letters, and Harry rapidly finished up a letter to Ruth, and added a few lines to one for his mother. The first one is too sacred for any other eyes but Ruth's. We will be pardoned if we borrow the letter to Harry's mother, from one of his grandsons and let you read it.

### On Board the Lawrence, Lake Erie.

Dear and Respected Mother:—

We are now near the western end or head of Lake Erie, at anchor among some beautiful islands north of Sandusky Bay. It seems so far away from you, and soon we will sail on to Detroit River. If we find Barclay and his fleet, we will probably have a fight. The Detroit River runs into Lake Erie about thirty-five miles from our present anchorage, and the enemy's fleet is said to lie at Malden, five miles up the river, which is from three to five miles wide there. If you can find a map of this country it will show you where we are, but I don't think there is any at Nantucket. The battle will be out here; for if Barclay should decline it,

our captain will not let him escape, and if they stay under the shelter of the land batteries Harrison's big army will be taken over to help capture the enemy's ships at Malden. I believe Barclay will fight, and I pin my faith on Perry's winning. Perry knows how to maneuver his fleet and how to fight, and he is using every hour to drill and practice his men.

Tom Starbuck is now on the Lawrence, and is a gunner's mate. He is perfectly steady and is a splendid seaman. He wants me to send his love to all his Nantucket cousins.

Our fleet makes a brave show on these waters that are seldom plowed by a ship. Just think of it mother! There has never been a fleet of ten sailing vessels on this lake since Creation.

I am very well. I have not had any of the bilious fever which so many of the men have, because I have been careful of my eating. It may be that I will fall in the coming battle, for I know that Perry will not spare his flag-ship. She will be in the center of the fight, the target for the enemy's guns on all sides. If I should be wounded, or even killed, I know you will be willing to give me up for the sake of our country. Some must lay down their lives on that altar, and I may be one. I am not afraid to die. I have had many talks with our chaplain, and I have made all my preparations for such an event, if my Maker should so decide for me. But I will pray and hope that I may live

for you and for Ruth. Life is sweeter to me now than ever, since I have learned to love that dear girl, Ruth Chase, and I hope God will spare me.

I see a good deal of Alexander Perry, the captain's brother. He is thirteen, about the size of our Johnnie, I suppose. He is a midshipman now, and a lively, bright boy. There are some other boys aboard, who will carry water and powder for us.

Give my love to all the children, and to father when you write to him, and to all our folks. You will not forget to pray for me every day, that I may not falter in the hour of conflict, but be strong to help gain the victory.

Your Obedient and Affectionate Son,  
Harry Macy.

On board the Lawrence, Aug. 22, 1813.

Harry took his letter to Thomas Breeze, the chaplain, who sealed it for him, and they had a few moments talk. Then Lieutenant Yarnall came down to the cabin, and seeing the letter, offered to send it with others to the Ohio before she sailed.

The next day the fleet was under sail for Detroit river. At the mouth they stood by, and Perry reconnoitered the enemy's position, five ships at anchor within Bar Point, in the bay of Malden, a few miles up the river. The new ship, Detroit, was not with the fleet, and Captain Perry was anxious to seize the opportunity of attacking at once. The wind, however,



was unfavorable, and there was danger of losing some of his gunboats if the wind went down, for they were slow sailors in a light breeze.

The fleet lay off the mouth of the river, waiting for a turn of the wind, but unfortunately the bilious fever broke out again among the crews of the vessels. Perry himself was sick, and his little brother, and the chaplain, and Surgeon Horsely. Harry, James Patterson, and Tom Starbuck were called on to nurse the sick ones, and the assistant surgeon, Dr. Usher Parsons, had the care of all the sick thrown upon his hands.

Captain Perry saw that it was unwise to force a battle under such distressing circumstances, for the fever completely prostrated those it attacked. So he hoisted the signal to return to Put-in-Bay. There in the quiet waters the men began to improve. Dr. Parsons adopted heroic measures with the commander, and soon had him up again. The doctor now had his turn with the fever, but he would not give up. He had the sick men in line on deck for their pills, and then asked Harry to have him carried in his chair to the men, who could not leave their hammocks. Then he said,

“Mr. Yarnall. Can you have a boat for me? I must go to the Ariel and Scorpion, and the Niagara, and hear from the other vessels.”

“You are not fit for such a hard trip, Doctor.”

“I think I can make it. There are more than a hun-

dred men down. We can't fight Barclay with half the crews disabled. I must put them in condition."

"If you will go, we will send you on a cot. Bosun, pipe the crew of the officer's gig to their station."

So on his cot gently lowered to the boat, and lifted again in turn to the deck of each vessel in the fleet, Dr. Parsons visited all the sick men, gave them remedies, and left strict orders with each commander for their care. The doctor believed the hard water was injurious, and ordered the drinking water to be boiled. The sight of such deep, unselfish interest in their welfare, and such heroic devotion to his humane duty was inspiring to the men, and helped them to take heart again. The quiet rest in the bay and the remedies happily restored the health of the commander and many men, during this last week of August.

On the last day of August one of the sloops was sent to Sandusky harbor, and returned with a reinforcement of nearly one hundred men from General Harrison's army. These men were nearly as great a curiosity to the men from the East, as if they were visitors from another planet. Some of them, from General McArthur's brigade, were tough Ohio rivermen, keel-boatmen, the terror of the settlements on the Ohio and the Mississippi. These men were detailed as seamen, and put under the authority of Lieutenant Yarnall. The most of the men were tall Kentucky rifle men, who had recently joined General Harrison's army. They were

sharpshooters, and had volunteered for service as marines, and were under command of their own sergeants. They were all brought to the *Lawrence*, that Captain Brevoort and Lieutenant Brooks might arrange the distribution of them in the fleet. It was an invasion that was not soon forgotten.

They were dressed in their linsey-woolsey hunting shirts, with wide fringes on the yoke, and shorter fringes down the sleeves and on the seam of their loose trousers. Their long rifles were also an unusual sight to the sailors who were used to short carbines. These men were the sons of the hardy, independent men, who had settled Kentucky and were in the habit of relying on their own ready wit and sturdy courage in every dangerous event, and were strangers to the discipline of trained soldiers and seamen.

Few of them had ever seen a vessel larger than a canoe or pirogue, and as soon as they climbed on board the *Lawrence*, they gave expression to their astonishment in loud calls and strange oaths, and at once began to explore the ship. Some of them went up the rigging like cats, and swarmed out on the yards or up to the masthead. Others dropped down the hatchway, or into the cook's galley. From top to bottom the ship was thoroughly explored. They lifted up hammocks, and opened lockers, and even the officer's cabin was visited. They talked to the sick, and asked questions of every one, and loudly voiced their wonder and ad-

miration. The order and quiet of the well-disciplined man-of-war was, for the time, as effectually broken up, as if they had suddenly been struck by a twenty-knot gale.

To the sailors the coming of the strangers was a good deal of a circus, and they laughed loudly at their queer antics and strange talk. Captain Perry was himself amused and let things go for a little while, but could not for long tolerate such an infraction of discipline and order. Thirty-six of the men were assigned to the Lawrence, and the others were distributed to the other vessels. The commander then called the sergeant into the cabin, and explained briefly the duties of the marines, and the conduct they must observe. He said every man had his own place, or station, on the ship, and was obliged to stay there. This was an absolute necessity in a vessel only one hundred and ten feet long and thirty feet beam. For the ship could not be handled by the sailors, or the guns fired, if the crowd of men did not keep to their stations in such narrow quarters. Then he showed him the necessity of obedience to orders, because any lack of it would demoralize the whole crew.

The sergeant mustered his men at the station assigned them on deck, and gave them some instructions.

"Now boys," he said, "I want you to give attention to what I say. Captain Perry knew you would want to spy out everything on this ship, and he has let you

do it, although you have been breaking a lot of rules that are very strict on shipboard. You can see this ship is only a little bigger than two log cabins and there are more than one hundred and fifty men on it. The sailors have to have plenty of room to get the sails out, and pull on the ropes. No one else is allowed to touch a rope, or get into the rigging. Then there's twenty big guns, and the crews have to have free room to work them back and forth. These lines here are our station, and you will have to stay right here. Lieutenant Brooks is our officer, and we must obey his orders. If any man disobeys his orders, or breaks out of this station, he will be put under arrest at once.

Now boys, we have volunteered to help Captain Perry fight the British, and in a few days he will give you all the excitement you want. You will be in the hottest kind of a fight. Fighting bears or Indians won't be a scratch, beside the lively scrimmage you will be in before a week. So behave yourselves, and show Captain Perry and his sailors, that you can obey orders like men, and fight like devils."

The men took the matter in good heart. This was an unthought of adventure, and promised a good deal more danger and excitement than their comrades would see on land. There was plenty of novelty in the daily round, and in the evening they were allowed the freedom of the deck except the quarter deck, aft, which was reserved to the officers' use. Around the capstan and

on the gun slides they heard many a sailor's yarn, and they had their turn in telling the thrilling adventures of their fathers on the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky.

The newest tale was the account of the fight in which Captain James Lawrence had been fatally wounded, and his ship, the ill-fated Chesapeake, had been taken by the Shannon. Harry Macy had learned all the details from Lieutenants Yarnall and Brooks. Mr. Brooks also talked to his men about the sea-fight. He told them of the gallant cruise of Lawrence in the Hornet and how he captured the Peacock. But when he took command of the Chesapeake it was difficult to get a crew to enlist because of her bad reputation. They were a bad lot, and had not been trained or drilled at the guns. He did not know that the Shannon was one of the best frigates in the English navy, and her crew had been on a five year's voyage, and were drilled to the highest efficiency. Captain Lawrence would have remained in harbor, until his men had been trained if he had known this. So Lieutenant Brooks drew a strong lesson from it for the necessity of drill and discipline.

The Kentuckians could not but admire the handsome Brooks, and soon learned to appreciate his military skill, and from this, to understand and admire their gallant commander, who left nothing undone to make his fleet a perfect fighting machine. So his orders

were obeyed with alacrity, and when he came on deck they turned their eyes to him, and watched his tall, well-knit figure, and graceful movements. His polite treatment of all his officers, and their observance of the rules of naval etiquette had a marked influence on these boisterous men from the Southwest. They could appreciate strength of character, and the skill which produces results, even in one whose voice was low-toned, and whose manners were so much quieter than their own.

September 1st Perry sailed again for Detroit river, and stood in until he could observe Barclay's position. He saw the Detroit, apparently prepared for action, shore batteries, and a battery on the island, which could deliver a flanking fire. He was not strong enough to make an attack without the aid of a land force. He set his colors on all his vessels, and sailed back and forth, challenging Barclay. But Barclay refused to come out.

General Harrison offered to send a division of three thousand men if Perry could transport them. Perry said that such a body of men would clog the working of his fleet, in case Barclay should make an attack. But the army might be carried to Middle Sister Island, and then before dawn landed near the mouth of the river, and then the fleet and army could co-operate in an attack.

And now Captain Perry obtained some accurate and

important information about the enemy from Captain Brevoort's family who had been detained at their home in Detroit, and had lately escaped through the lines. Supplies in Detroit were running low, and Barclay would be obliged soon to come out and fight, or endeavor to slip by to Long Point. Perry resolved he should not escape him. He sent out the *Ariel* and *Scorpion* to scout north of the islands for any signs of their coming out, and he built a tall lookout on Gibraltar Island, and men were stationed in the fore-tops to watch for sails.

Captain Perry also learned some important details about Barclay's fleet. The *Detroit* was a strongly built ship of nearly five hundred tons. All but two of her nineteen guns were of long range but lighter weight than those of the *Lawrence*. The *Queen Charlotte*, Captain Finnis in command, carried seventeen guns, three of long range, and fourteen short twenty-four pounders. These vessels were larger than Perry's brigs and carried more men. They would have an advantage in the beginning of the fight because of the longer range of their guns.

The other vessels were the brigs, *Lady Provost* thirteen guns, three long; and the *Hunter*, ten guns of smaller weight but six long in range; the sloop, *Little Belt*, three long guns, and the schooner *Chippewa*, one long nine-pounder. In all Barclay's six vessels carried sixty-three guns, thirty-five being long; while Perry



had fifty-four guns, only fifteen long. Barclay had five hundred and two men. One hundred and fifty of his seamen were from the Royal Navy, and eighty were Canadian sailors. He had two hundred and forty marines, who were picked men from the English Marine service, and he had thirty-two officers.

To meet them Perry had a fleet of ten smaller vessels, which could not be as well handled as six larger ones, or give as concentrated a fire. Perry had four hundred and ninety men enrolled, of whom one hundred and sixteen were on the sick list the day of the battle. A good number of them were new men, who had only received a limited drill and training in the last few weeks, and one gunboat mounting three guns was now absent, and might not return in time to join in the battle.

But Perry knew the work that was cut out for him and the strength of his enemy, and he quickly decided what disposition he should make of his own fleet, either for an attack or for defence.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### The Battle Flag Is Hoisted.

The evening of September 9th was a beautiful summer night, with a full moon shining peacefully on the quiet waters of Lake Erie, as the squadron lay at anchor in Put-in-Bay. On shore were seen the white tents and camp-fires of a battalion of infantry, sent over by General Harrison to guard the stores of the fleet, and as an additional protection against a night attack on the vessels.

The second lieutenant, Dulaney Forrest, came on deck at five bells, carrying a signal flag, and called Patterson to fly it at the fore-top of the mainmast. Fluttering in the light breeze it called every commander in the fleet to come aboard the flagship.

Harry Macy was walking about among the guns of the first division. The men of the crew were seated on the guns, or on the combing of the fok'sle, or standing about the capstan. Two of the Kentuckians, who had asked him many questions, now came up to inquire what the signal was.

"It is to call the commanders to a conference with Captain Perry. Come up on this gun, and you can see the boats come over."

It was a pretty sight as the white boats darted to-

wards the Lawrence, the oars flashing in the moonlight as they lifted and swept forward and back together. Lieutenant Yarnall stood at the port gangway and received each officer, and either he or Lieutenant Forrest accompanied them to the cabin. The careful etiquette displayed in their reception, and the splendid uniforms, made a great impression on the western men, and one of them remarked,

“It must be a good deal like the President’s reception.”

The talk ceased while the officers were coming aboard, but began again when they went below; for this was the social hour, when the men were free to go about on the fore deck. The officers of the ship were on the quarter deck in groups, from which came bursts of easy laughter. The groups were apt to form around the jovial, handsome lieutenant of marines; for Brooks was full of life and spirit, and a favorite among officers and men. Harry looked over there with longing eyes. He would like to be among them, and felt that he was better entitled to a place there than some of the young midshipmen, who knew far less than he did about sailing or fighting a vessel. He wondered if he might be promoted to a midshipman’s berth, if he should do his part well in the coming battle.

In the meantime, important matters were being discussed in the cabin. Captain Perry made a statement of the character and strength of the vessels in the en-

emy's fleet. He outlined his plan of attack, and what should be done to overcome their superiority in length of range. He reserved for the Lawrence the hardest and most dangerous task, to attack the Detroit, and assigned the duty of meeting the Queen Charlotte to Captain Elliott with the Niagara. He went on to speak of his pleasure in having Captain Elliott as his second officer. The commander then gave to each one his written instructions for their action in the battle, the name of the enemy's vessel they were to attack, their position in the line, and every detail necessary for their conduct. He also gave them a little talk about the contingencies which might arise, and his wishes for their conduct under these conditions.

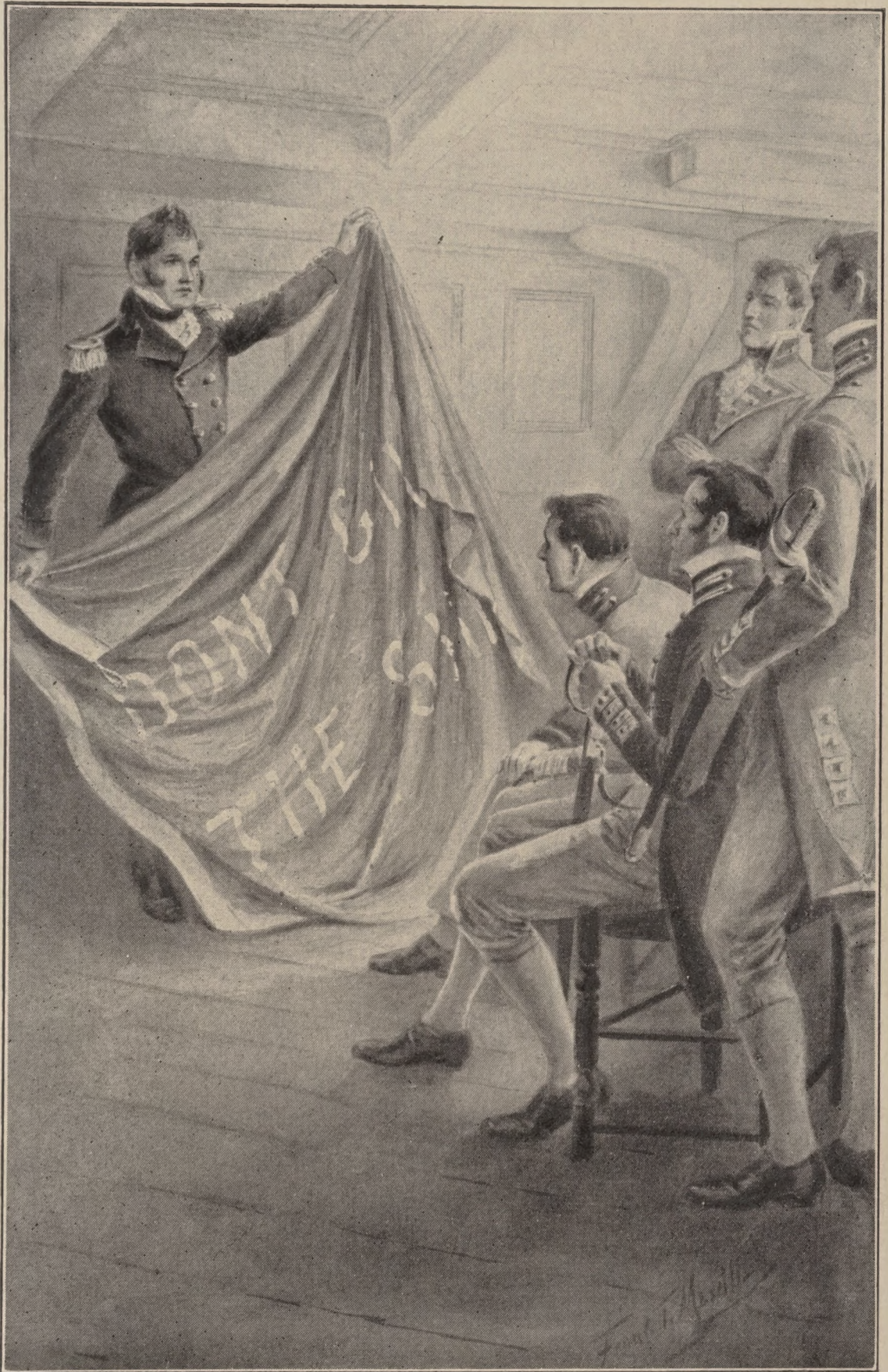
Captain Perry then sent for the purser, Mr. Hambleton, and asked him to bring in the burgee which he had made for the flagship. This battle-flag was of blue silk, about nine feet square. Across the center two lines of white letters, about a foot in height, blazoned the immortal words of Lawrence,

DON'T GIVE UP

THE SHIP.

"The hoisting of this flag will be the signal for going into action," he said.

The commanders examined the flag with interest,



THE HOISTING OF THIS FLAG WILL BE THE SIGNAL FOR GOING INTO ACTION, SAID PERRY



and heard the purser tell how it was made by the young women at Erie. Then Captain Perry gave his closing instructions:

“I intend from the beginning to bring the enemy into close action with the utmost rapidity, in order to overcome his advantage in long guns, and to make the best use of our heavy carronades. I will end this conference by reminding you all of Lord Nelson’s weighty charge to his officers:

“‘If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of your place.’”

Soon after this the officers retired to their vessels, and quiet settled on the fleet, and when the men swung themselves into their hammocks they dropped asleep, although they knew the morning might usher in a bloody battle.

Second Lieutenant Dulaney Forrest was the officer of the deck in the morning watch, and soon after dawn the lookout at the masthead of the Lawrence shouted,

“Sail ho!”

“Where away?” called the lieutenant.

“Nor’west by Nor’, Sir.”

The lieutenant immediately went below and called Captain Perry, and in a few moments he was on deck, just as the peak of another vessel lifted above the horizon.

“Lieutenant, set the signal,

"Under way to get,"

"and have all hands called to quarters."

"Bosun, call the men to quarters," Lieutenant Forrest called, as he hurried away to get the signal flag. A few minutes later every one but the sick was in his station, and all eyes were turned to the northwest, where, one by one, the enemy's vessels now appeared, until six were counted.

Then came orders sharp and quick, to weigh anchor, and sending the topmen aloft to unfurl the sails. The breeze, however, was very light, and the boats were lowered and cables payed out to tow the laggard fleet out into the open lake, and the gunboats got out their sweeps to help get under way. The passage was a narrow one, and the wind from the southwest forced them to make frequent tacks. Westward lay Rattlesnake Island and north of it Middle Bass, the direct passage to Detroit river lying between these two islands.

Barclay's fleet came steadily on towards the group of islands, and it appeared that he was not trying to slip by, but seeking a battle. This movement showed his confidence in the ability of his fleet to meet the Americans. As the sun rose higher, and their course could be determined, Perry said to his officers,

"Barclay intends to fight. He thinks he can beat us, and in some respects his fleet has a superiority over ours. But I have a strong faith that this day we will



destroy them, or compel them to surrender. Our men have been well trained and drilled; and the recent naval fights have shown, that with anything like equal equipment, the Americans have always won."

"We all believe it," Lieutenant Forrest replied. "The men, who can get on deck, are eager to show their valor, and the sick ones are cursing their fate that they can not do their part."

"How many are on the sick list this morning?"

"Thirty-four."

"That leaves us one hundred and three effective men."

Harry was anxiously watching for a change in the wind, which was still very light and from the southwest. He knew that Captain Perry would want to have the weather gage of the enemy, in order to sail in upon them with the utmost speed, before their long guns could cripple the fleet. But Barclay's fleet was in such a position that this was impossible, if Perry took the shortest way out of the channel of the islands. Perry would be obliged to beat around Snake Island. The light wind gave them little headway, and time was passing. The commander was walking about impatiently, and discussing the matter with Sailing-master Taylor. Perry began to fear that Barclay might escape to Long Point after all, for it was past nine o'clock, and they were still in the lee of Snake Island.

"We must wear ship and run to the leeward of the islands," he said to Mr. Taylor.

"If you do, Barclay will force you to fight him to the leeward."

"I don't care. To windward or to leeward, they shall fight this day."

Mr. Taylor then gave the necessary orders to run before the wind, but hardly had the sails been changed and the yards braced, when the wind changed to the southeast. New orders were at once given to the men on the yards, and other men sent aloft, and soon the whole squadron with all sails set was steadily moving out on the windward of Snake Island.

As Harry came down the ratlines the sergeant of the Kentuckians beckoned to him, and he went to him.

"Say, mate, what does all this change of sails mean? We'uns don't understand it."

"Captain Perry wants to keep the weather gage of the enemy."

"That's worse than Shawnee jabber to we'uns."

"Well, I'll try to explain," Harry said with a laugh. "If we keep on the windward side of the enemy, we can sail up to him more rapidly than if we were on the lee, that side," pointing to the northeast. "Their long guns will shoot farther than these heavy guns. We want to get close as soon as possible, so our heavy guns will break them up."

"And if we had to come up on the lee, what then?"

“They would have the wind in their favor, but would have to come up bows on, and could not fire a broadside. And we could use our broadsides.”

“Then I hope we will have the wind on them, and can rush the fight as fast as Perry can crowd on sail.”

“Well that is what we want. But whatever our luck is in the wind, our commander will force the fighting. He knows what to do in all the conditions of wind and water.”

While they were beating around the island Perry, after frequent examinations of Barclay's fleet with his glass, was satisfied that their line was not arranged as he had supposed it would be. He had expected that the Queen Charlotte would be in the lead, and had placed the Niagara in the van to meet her. So he signalled the Niagara to heave to, and talked with Captain Brevoort, who knew all of the enemy's vessels except the Detroit. Brevoort informed Captain Perry that the schooner Chippewa was in the lead, the Detroit second as all could see; then the brig Hunter; then the Queen; the schooner, Lady Provost, and the sloop, Little Belt.

Perry then changed his line to meet this arrangement. The Lawrence in the van, with the Scorpion and Ariel on the weather bow to engage the Chippewa and the flagship; the Caledonia to follow the Lawrence to meet the Hunter; the Niagara to engage the Queen Charlotte; the Somers, Porcupine, Tigress and Trippe

to take care of the Lady Provost and Little Belt, as they came on the enemy's extreme left.

It was after ten o'clock when the fleet cleared Rattlesnake Island, and, with a three knot breeze from the southeast, formed in line, and sailed on toward the enemy, distant six or eight miles nearly north. The English fleet was lying hove to on the port tack, their bows to the westward, and as all of them had just been painted they looked like a flock of beautiful canvas back ducks to the tall Kentucky sergeant, who had been so friendly with Harry Macy.

"We have no cover now. Won't the pesky birds fly up before we git clost enough to wing 'em?"

"I don't understand you," Harry answered.

"I can't git it outen my head that we are running on a flock of ducks or geese, and they will fly up before we git a line on 'em."

"They will do more than quack or hiss, when you tackle them. No danger of their flying away now. They are waiting, and will give us a shower of iron hail before we get in range."

The Lawrence was cleared for action. The bo'sun piped the topmen below, and all were sent down to bring up their hammocks. These were placed in casings on the top of the bulwarks, as a protection to the men from the fire of marines in the tops of the enemy's vessels. Shot were laid in the racks or piled up in grummets of rope. Boys were running to the mag-

azine for cartridges, which they carried in covered buckets. Squads of men were sent below to bring up the boarding weapons, pikes, cutlasses and pistols. These were stacked up at the foot of the masts. Buckets of water were dashed over the decks and sand sprinkled on them. Why this was done was a mystery to the landsmen, but all were too busy for explanations.

Harry Macy was sent aloft to examine all the rigging and sails, blocks, yards, stays and braces, and reported all in perfect order. Then Lieutenant Yarnall ordered the boatswain to get out preventer braces and reeve them fore and aft, and for a while the topmen were busy running these in the blocks, and binding together the upper masts and sails, which would soon be cut and torn by the iron hail.

The commander now came forward, followed by his brother Alexander, carrying the blue silk battle flag. Stepping up on a gun-slide, he called the men all around him, and taking the flag, shook out its glistening folds until the motto could be seen by all.

“My brave lads! This flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence, ‘Don’t give up the ship.’ It is my charge, as we go into battle. Shall I hoist it?”

“Ay! Ay! Sir!” every seaman answered, and the marines joined in with a hearty response. Then Midshipman Perry fastened the flag to the line, and Lieutenant Yarnall hauled it up to the main royal-masthead.

Every vessel saw the signal, and as the folds were shaken out by the breeze and the men below gave three hearty cheers, the men on the other vessels repeated the cheers.

“Let the men have their noonday drink, and bring out the bread bags,” the commander said to Yarnall. Then he passed all around the deck, examining the guns in turn. These were all upon the spar deck, for the vessels were too shallow to permit a gun deck below. The men were partly protected by the bulwarks on the brigs, but the schooners and sloops were without these, and the men fought without any cover. The gun crews opened the ports, and drew the guns to and fro in their slides to show that all were in perfect order.

In the first division were some men from the Constitution. These old fighters saw that the day was going to be a hot one, and had stripped off all unnecessary clothes. Most of them wore only shirts and trousers, and had wrapped a bandanna around their heads, and a few men took off their shirts.

“Well boys, are you all ready?”

“Ay Sir. All ready, Captain!” they answered, touching their foreheads.

“I need not say anything to you. You know how to beat those fellows.”

Next he came to the gun where Tom Starbuck was in charge, for the gun-captain was sick. And beyond it on the next gun were other men whom he had trained on Long Island Sound. His dark eyes kindled as he

saw them fully prepared and eager to do the courageous work, for which he had trained them.

"Here are my Newport boys! They will do their duty I warrant."

"We are ready, Sir," Tom replied. "I wish the rest of our shipmates were here."

"You utter my own wish, Tom," Captain Perry answered, and over his face there passed an unmistakable shade of regret, as he thought of the injustice of taking his men away from him when he needed them so much. Then with a smile he turned to Tom.

"How glad I am to see you here, sober, healthy, strong, a fine young seaman, ready to defend your country's honor."

"I owe it all to you, Sir," Tom replied in a low voice. Captain Perry gave him another look, in which there passed from the one to the other the recognition of a strong, mutual regard. Then he went on his rounds about the ship, with a few words to each crew, which knit to him the heart of every man on deck, and roused the enthusiasm of all to do their duty at all hazards that day.

Now came more than an hour of silent waiting, as the fleet slowly approached the enemy under a light breeze of three knots. The men were closely stationed at quarters. None but the topmen and sailors at the ropes were allowed to move, and no talking was permitted. The only sounds were the creaking of the

blocks, and the flapping of the canvas, or the bosun's whistle, and the sharp orders of Lieutenant Yarnall.

The commander went below, and looked over his papers. His official papers, signals, etc. were wrapped up, and heavy lead plates tied about them. He called purser Hambleton, and said to him,

"If I should be killed, and the vessel fall into the hands of the enemy cast these overboard at once."

He tore up his wife's letters and threw them out of a porthole.

"Our lives are in God's hands. My wife is praying for me. The enemy shall not read her sacred messages."

In a moment he added,

"This is the most important day in my life. I pray God He may give us the victory."

Many and serious were the thoughts of the men as the fleet slowly crept on into battle. Up in the tops were some of the best Kentucky sharpshooters. And now the most inspiring sight was seen, as one by one the sick men who could walk came slowly up the gangway, and asked that they might be allowed to have their part in the battle. The sun was mounting to the zenith, and they knew they would soon be in range of the long guns of the Detroit. Harry at his post was crowding on all sail, but his thoughts went out to his mother and to Ruth, and then in a wordless prayer that he might not flinch in the conflict, but be able to achieve something for his country.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Lawrence Shattered.

The wind had fallen off toward noon, and the larger vessels were all in line, within half cable length, but the gunboats were far behind, and the Trippe was two miles astern. The glasses showed that Lieutenant Stevens had his sweeps in motion, and boats ahead towing, in order to bring her up into action. At a quarter to twelve the men heard the mellow notes of a bugle on the Detroit and loud cheers and a band. Then a puff of white smoke was seen, and a shot came whistling towards the Lawrence, but fell short.

Perry ordered the signal to be hoisted.

“Engage as you come up, every one against his opponent, in the line before designated.”

The second shot from the Detroit took effect on the Lawrence, passing through both her bulwarks.

Then Perry signalled Mr. Champlin to begin firing from the Scorpion with his long thirty-two pounder. The gun was immediately fired, and Perry saw that the shot struck the Detroit. He ordered his bow chaser to begin firing, and the Caledonia and the Niagara opened fire with their long guns. At twelve o'clock Perry brought the Lawrence by the wind, and the first division of her carronades was fired, but the

shot fell short. So Perry ordered all sail to be made, and directed Lieutenant Forrest with his trumpet to pass the order along, that every vessel should close up.

The Lawrence now passed ahead, and the Niagara did not follow her. Barclay's fleet being smaller in number and in a compact line, was able to concentrate the fire of their three larger vessels on the Lawrence. The Queen Charlotte and Hunter both had time to pour in a heavy fire, the first shot from the Queen, fired by John Chapman, wounded the mainmast of Perry's flagship.

Captain Finnis knew from the disposition of the vessels that the Niagara was designated as his opponent, and waited for her to come up. After a while seeing that her mainsail was furled, and her main topsail was aback, the Queen Charlotte filled her mainsail, and passed the Hunter, and coming up astern of the Detroit, at close range raked the Lawrence fore and aft. The English brigs paid little attention to Perry's smaller vessels, evidently intending to destroy the Lawrence. The hot fire of thirty-four guns were pouring upon her for fully two hours, and it was not long until Perry had only seven guns of his starboard battery to use against them. One by one they were gradually dismounted, but so fiercely were they used that the Detroit suffered severely.

The Ariel and Scorpion also rendered effective aid,

and Lieutenant Turner was striving to bring up the Caledonia to engage the Hunter. The brig was a slow sailor, having been built for a freight boat, but Mr. Chase was handling her well, and crowding on sail in a very skillful way. The Niagara's station in the line was beyond the Caledonia, a half cable's length. This was Captain Elliott's excuse for his delay in coming up to the relief of the Lawrence.

Harry Macy was not at the guns, but he was busy in his own important tasks. The enemy's shot and grape were cutting up the sails and spars and rigging of the Lawrence. It required quick work to repair the braces and halyards; to keep the sails trimmed, that the Lawrence might be able to get close to the Detroit. She did move steadily on, crippled as she was, while her consort, the Niagara, kept back for more than a mile, out of range of the enemy's shot, and using only her own long guns.

After sometime Captain Elliott hailed the Caledonia and ordered Lieutenant Turner to bear up, and make room for the Niagara to pass to the assistance of the Lawrence. Turner might have refused, as he was in his place, and using all efforts to close up with the Hunter, and Captain Elliott had no authority to order him to leave his place; but, seeing the distress of the flagship, he put his helm up, and gave way for the Niagara. But the Niagara did not push ahead, re-

maining at her present distance, with her mainsail furled, and jib brailed up, and her main topsail aback.

Turner after some delay, ordered Mr. Chase to make sail again, and he soon brought his little brig into close action. Lieutenant Yarnall was working the first division, and Forrest the second division of the starboard guns, and Mr. Hambleton was firing the aft long range gun at the Hunter, which lay on her quarter. Captain Barclay supposed from Perry's steady approach that he intended to board the Detroit, and ordered his marines to prepare to resist boarders. If the Lawrence had been supported by the Niagara the victory would soon have been won, and the carnage on the Lawrence would have been far less.

As Harry saw the Queen Charlotte coming astern of the Detroit to join in the murderous attack, he was just over the heads of Captain Perry and Sailing-Master Taylor.

Taylor looked about for the Niagara, and was astonished to see that she was more than a mile astern. He said to Perry,

"Captain, look at the Niagara! Why does she not come up? Can anything have happened to keep her out of the fight?"

"She seems uninjured," Perry replied as he turned his glass on her. "She cannot use her carronades at that distance, nor can she suffer much."

"She has been firing her fore long gun and nothing

else. Look at the brave fight Turner is making with his three guns. If Elliott was up now on our port with his big guns, we would soon smash them."

The scene as Harry saw it was a lurid one. The guns of the Lawrence were being fired rapidly and with great precision. The noise was incessant, but there was wind enough to lift the smoke. The heavy rumble of the guns as they were drawn back and forth in their slides, and the concussion of their discharge shook the deck. Every few moments came the crash of a shot in the bulwarks or through the hull, or in the masts. The sails were torn to ribbons and the braces were cut up by chain and grape shot. The splinters were flying, and yards and heavy spars falling, and sometimes struck the men, who had no time to look aloft to avoid the danger. And before long the rigging was so cut up that it fell over the sails, and the men could not trim the yards, and the helmsmen could no longer control the ship. Harry could do no more aloft, and Mr. Taylor ordered him below to help fire the guns.

Just then there came a call from the first mate, James Patterson, for help. He had gone aloft to help keep the ship free from the wreckage, and had cut away some of the wounded yards, and tied up broken braces. A chain shot broke a spar above him, and the line to which he was clinging was jerked violently upward. James was dangling in the air but began to

draw himself up hand over hand to a brace. A shot struck his left arm, and broke it. He nerved himself to the utmost effort that was in him and held on, and swung his body until he got a leg over the brace. Harry answered his yell, and jumped into the shrouds. He got above him and managed to throw him a halyard flying loose, down which James slid to the deck.

Dr. Parsons, when he saw that arm, said the bone was so shattered it must come off, and twisted a band around it to stop its bleeding.

“Can you do it now?”

“Impossible. Look at these twenty men, bleeding like stuck pigs, and more coming.”

“Then I'll go on deck again. I can, at least, pull on a rope, or a gun. Poor Tom is badly hurt by a splinter, but standing to his gun.”

Yes. It was true that Tom had been struck by a ragged stick as it fell upon his gun. His face was terribly scratched, and his right eye black and blue and closed up. Perry had ordered Harry to take a place on Tom's crew, which had lost a loader and a tackleman. Two of the guns of the second division, and three of the first were now dismantled, and many of the gunners dead or badly wounded.

As the gun was run out, Tom said,

“Sight her, Harry. I can't see straight with only one eye.”

A moment's quick aim, and a turn of the screw, then a touch with the match, and Harry saw the shot carry away the mainmast of the Detroit.

"Well aimed, mate. You have made a schooner of her."

Harry had not known that his commander was near. The praise quickened his pulse and he said:

"I'll try to make her a sloop, Sir."

"Try a shot at the mast of the Charlotte," Perry answered.

But just then Perry turned at a cry from Lieutenant Forrest, who had been standing at his side. He had fallen to the deck, struck by a chain shot. Captain Perry raised him up and quickly examined him, but found no wound. Mr. Forrest came to in a moment and Perry said,

"You are not hurt. It was a spent shot, and I'm glad you escaped."

Forrest put his hand in his waistcoat and felt his breast.

"No, I'm not injured, but this is my shot," he said, drawing it out of his clothing and looking at it, and then he put it in his pocket. Captain Perry turned again to the gun crew. The gun had been loaded and was being drawn out to be fired.

"Captain, here goes for the mainmast of the Queen Charlotte." Tom said touching his hat. At that instant a twenty-four pound ball struck him in the chest, and

hurled his body amidships. The two officers drew his body out of the wreckage at the foot of the mast, and saw that he was dead. Perry called up two of the Kentuckians to take the body to the place, where a dozen other bodies were lying. And such was the stress of the battle that Harry Macy could not take a moment's time to go to his old playmate's side even in that tragic and horrible end of his promising life. And when he returned Captain Perry placed him in command of the gun.

Soon after Forrest was struck he looked astern, to see what the Niagara was doing, and was astonished to see that she was still a mile in the rear. He spoke to Perry about it, and said he could not understand why she did not come up to help the Lawrence in their extremity. Lieutenant Brooks also came across the deck, and asked what was the matter with the Niagara.

"We need her help," he said to Forrest. "Why is she not taking her part in this terrible fight? Why has she allowed those three big ships to pour all their shot into us? If she had kept the Charlotte off, we might have obliged the Detroit to strike her colors. What a magnificent fighter Perry is! If the Niagara could be brought up now, she could stop this awful storm of grape and cannister."

"Elliott is no coward," Forrest replied. "He has some other reason for holding back."

A light flashed into Brooks' mind, and he seemed



to understand all in that moment. He seemed to be almost in despair, and then a hot burst of anger flamed from him.

“Forrest, I think I will be carried off in this storm of death. I am willing to die, if my life will help gain the victory. But I have my opinion of an officer who will hold his ship out of the fight, until his commander and his officers are killed and the flagship a wreck, and then sail in to receive the surrender of the enemy.”

Forrest made no answer, and there was no time for further talk, and each one turned to their duties. It was about this time that Alexander Perry, who was now a midshipman, came running back to the commander's side to take more orders about the ship. His hat had been pierced by bullets, and his jacket torn by splinters. A heavy ball struck one of the hammocks, and as it flew from the nettings it knocked the boy down. Perry bent over him in great anxiety, but happily the ball had missed him, and he was only stunned. Perry lifted him up, and as he revived, spoke quietly to allay any feeling of fright.

“You see, Aleck, you are not hurt. Get up and attend to your duty, like the brave boy you are. Every one is needed now.”

“I will, Sir,” the boy answered trying to command his voice, and in a few moments he was again carrying messages. He shuddered at the frightful scenes on

the deck, but went bravely about his duty. And one of the most horrible incidents happened as he came back for the captain's orders.

Lieutenant Brooks was talking to Perry about the battle, when a ball struck Brooks on the hip, and dashed him against the larboard bulwarks. Perry ran to his side, and saw that his thigh was dreadfully shattered.

"Call some of his marines," he said to Alexander. The pain of his wound was most intense, and Brooks could not bear the suffering. He was moaning and groaning, as the commander bent over him and straightened his body.

"Don't touch me. I can't bear it. Shoot me, Perry. Put me out of this misery."

Just then his colored boy came by, carrying a cartridge from the magazine. He threw himself down on the deck, crying frantically,

"Oh Massa, Yoh is daid! What 'come of poh Sam now!"

But although these frightful scenes were sufficient to unman one of a tender, sympathetic nature, like Oliver Perry, yet he did not allow his feelings to overcome him. He realized the responsibilities resting upon him as the commanding officer. He knew that he must have all his faculties under complete control, that he might be ready for every emergency of the conflict. Thankful for his own safety, he passed about

the ship, animating officers and men by his cheerful and re-assuring words. The greatness of the man came out in this critical hour, and he was equal to the demands made upon his superior intelligence and ability. Not excited or over-wrought, he gave his attention to the grave crisis confronting him. He seemed to know instantly what should be done, and his orders were quickly given in his natural voice and in a quiet manner.

The men were inspired by his words and conduct, and strengthened with new courage, although the fight was going against them. It seemed a miracle to them that his life was spared, and they looked to him as they took hold of the ropes, and picked up swabs and rammers, or reloaded their rifles. Seeing that he was watching them as they fought, they resolved to fight on steadily to the end; and they felt as long as Perry was spared, they had hope of victory.

But not all the scenes of this terrific storm of iron hail were so somber. Even amidst the harvest of death there were incidents which caused smiles and laughter. Early in the fight Lieutenant Yarnall came to Perry, saying,

“Captain, I must have more officers for the guns in my division, for I have lost my best men.”

“I will detail men for you. But what is the matter with your face, Lieutenant? I would hardly know you.”

"A musket ball scratched my forehead, and another plowed along my neck. Didn't hurt me much, but bled freely."

"Did you go below to the surgeon?"

"Oh yes. Dr. Parsons tied it up with my handkerchief, and I returned to duty. I lost the bandage off."

"But your nose, Yarnall! It's as big as my fist."

"Struck by a splinter from the bulwarks. The splinters are more deadly than Barclay's grape."

Perry sent him men from the larboard guns which were not in action, but the lieutenant soon came back with the same request. Two guns had been dismounted and a good many of his men disabled.

"I have no more men to spare. See how they are lying here, and the empty places at the guns. You must make the best use of your crews which are left."

Yarnall went back to his guns, and took a hand himself in loading and firing them. The exertion and heat made his wounds bleed afresh, and he had nothing to wipe his face. A shot broke one of the hammocks open, and the wind carried the down from it in a cloud. The hammocks had been stuffed with the down of the cat-tail reed. It flew in the faces of the men at the guns, and stuck fast on the lieutenant's bloody countenance. He had no time to think of the trifling matter of how he looked. His men smiled, and winked at each other, but he gave them no chance to say a

word. Backward and forward the guns were hauled with great rapidity, and fired with precision and terrible effect at the Detroit, until the last one was crashed from its carriage, and the noble men who worked it were either dead or broken in arms and legs.

Lieutenant Yarnall went below to the cockpit. Dr. Parsons stopped a moment in his grim duties and smiled, for Yarnall's face looked like a huge owl. The wounded men stopped their groaning, and some gave way to hysterical laughter, and one man said,

"The devil has come for his own."

Captain Perry had a small dog on board, which became greatly excited by the noise, and ran about in the way of the men. He was shut up in the lower part of the china closet. One of the many shots, which pierced the hull of the Lawrence, crashed through the closet, breaking the dishes, and tearing a hole in the door. The little dog put his head through the hole, and began howling again, and kept it up until some one stopped up the hole.

The carnage on the Lawrence was fearful. One hundred and three men entered the fight, the rest being sick. Twenty of them were killed and sixty-one were wounded. In the hottest of the battle Perry stepped to a skylight above the cockpit and called down,

"Doctor, can you let me have one of your men?"  
Dr. Parsons sent him up one of the six men detailed

to aid him. Again and again Perry asked for another man, and at last Parsons replied:

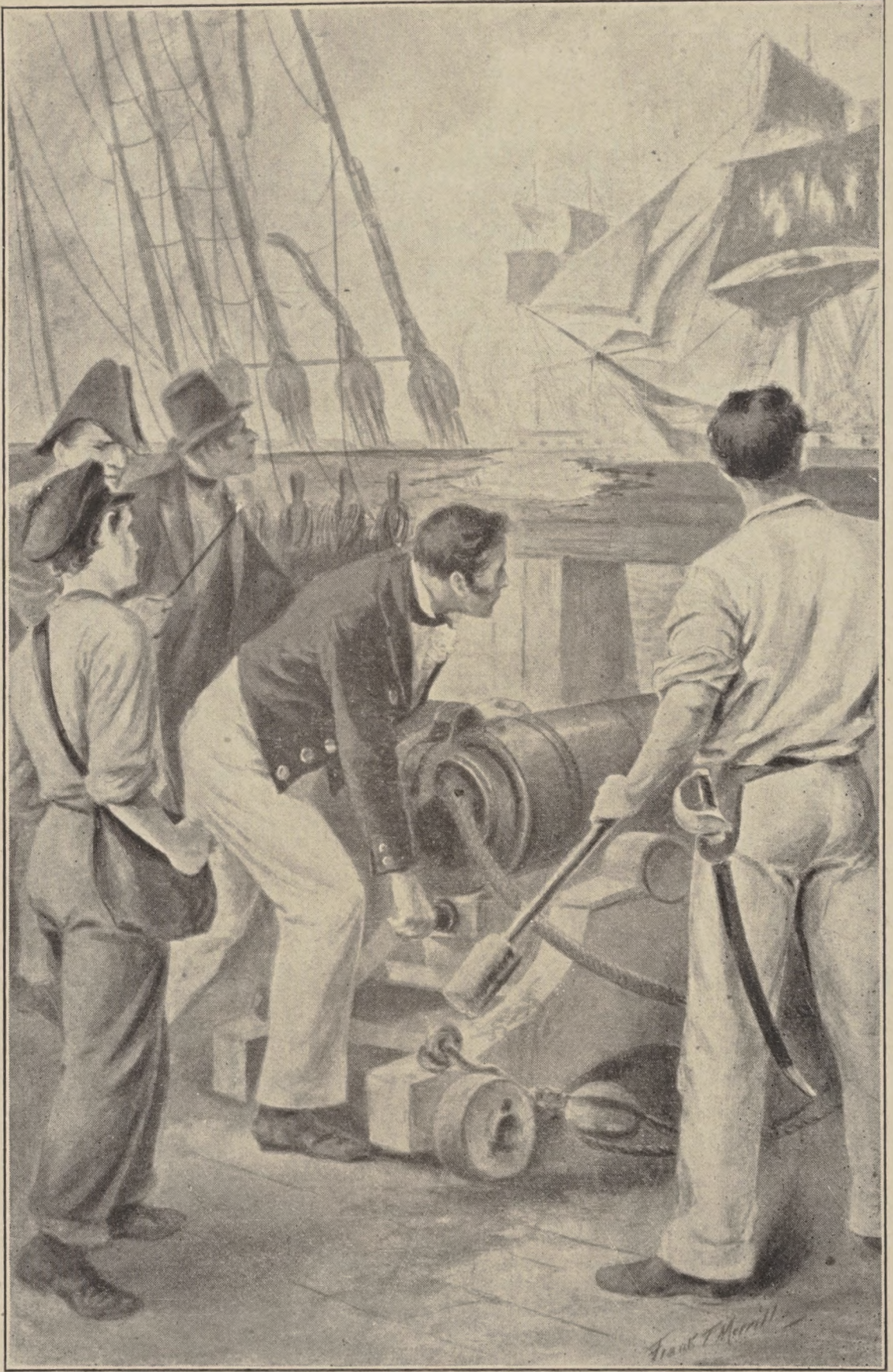
“You have them all.”

“Is there any one below, who can pull a rope?” Perry asked. Three of the wounded men crawled up on deck, and put a hand to move the last guns that were fired.

One of the pathetic incidents of this battle was the death of a Narragansett Indian, one of the last of that warlike tribe from Rhode Island. His name was Charles Pohig, and he had enlisted with Perry's men at Newport to fight for the nation, against which his ancestors had waged an unavailing warfare. Now far from his native shores he fell on the deck of the *Lawrence* with a broken leg. He was carried to the cockpit, and Dr. Parsons had bound it up, and he was being moved from the table, when a cannon ball swept him across the room, instantly killing him.

Not long afterwards Midshipman Laub went below to have a wound dressed. He was bending over, when he was killed in the same way that the Indian had been struck down, and the ball passed within a few inches of Dr. Parsons' head.

THE LAST PART OF THE



THE LAST SHOT ON THE LAWRENCE



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Perry Carries His Flag to the Niagara.

At the end of two hours and a half of such fighting there was only one starboard carronade left, and not men enough to handle it. Perry took hold of it himself. Lieutenant Forrest and Purser Hambleton helped haul it back, Alexander Perry brought the cartridges, Harry loaded it, and Perry aimed, and fired it. But very soon this gun was silenced by a smashing shot, and it was then that Harry Macy received his first wound. A shower of grape shot, aimed at the group passed over their heads, but one of the balls struck Mr. Hambleton in the shoulder, breaking the bone. Captain Perry helped him to the gangway, and Dr. Parsons came to him and took him to the table. As Perry stepped back again he saw Harry looking pretty white, and holding his right arm up by his left hand.

"Macy, are you hurt?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm caught at last. My right arm is broken, I think."

"I am sorry. Go to Dr. Parsons at once. Do you need help?"

"Oh no! I was faint for a moment. But that has passed off. The surgeon will be busy with Mr.

Hambleton, and I would rather stay on deck in the air than in that bloody hole below."

So Harry sat down where he was a little sheltered, and then Dick Riley came over and tied a bandage around his arm and stopped the bleeding. Harry heard the officers talking.

"The last gun is silenced, and we have but twenty men unhurt," the Lieutenant said. "If we could only yaw her around, and use our larboard guns we might do something yet."

"Look at the Niagara. She's coming up at last." Taylor exclaimed.

They looked over the larboard bulwarks, and saw her more than a half mile away, passing up to the head of the enemy's line.

"She seems to be uninjured." Perry said, and as they stood watching her course for a few moments, many thoughts passed through the commander's mind. He fully realized the gravity of the situation. He knew that Proctor and Tecumtha had gathered a strong army of five thousand men at Malden. They expected Barclay to clear the lake of Perry's fleet, and then they would cross into Ohio and sweep the northern settlements. He knew also the importance of reclaiming Detroit from the British, for Hull had surrendered all that northern territory to them. If at the end of the war they still had possession of Detroit, the English government would carry out their

long cherished plan of taking from the United States a large part of their western possessions, and drawing the boundary line from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, and then down the Mississippi to its mouth.

An empire was at stake, as well as the lives and property of many thousands of settlers in Ohio and Indiana territory. No! he could not surrender to Barclay until the last gun of his fleet had been fired, and all his resources for fighting had not yet been exhausted.

"That brig will not help us," Forrest exclaimed. "See how he keeps off. He will not come to close action."

But by this time Perry's quick mind had reached the right solution of these great difficulties.

"I'll fetch him up," he announced, and turned to Harry.

"Mate, call the men together. There's one boat left, and that will be our salvation."

"Forrest have that boat lowered."

"Yarnall, I leave you in charge of the Lewrence. You must use your own judgment as to what must be done."

Four men were sent down to the boat, and Perry stepped to the larboard gangway, and the officers stood by, hoping for his safety and success. And then Perry said, and they knew how much his words meant,

"If a victory is to be gained, I will gain it."

Perry had his pennant on his arm, and just as he stepped into the boat Hosea Sargent hauled down the blue battle-flag and running to the gangway, threw it down to the commander. He caught it and threw it over his shoulder, and so standing, ordered the men to pull away to the Niagara.

The smoke at first concealed that little craft, freighted with the hopes of the nation, and bearing also the destiny of millions of people, who were to dwell in those great states which circle around the inland lakes. As the boat shot out under the lee of the Caledonia it was seen, and drew the fire of the British. John Chapman of the Queen Charlotte fired a shot which he claimed hit the boat, but this could hardly have been the case, for it was used again by Captain Elliott. But the shot from cannon and muskets flew around the craft, splashing the water over the oarsmen, and endangering Perry's life. Regardless of the plunging shot, Perry stood erect with his blue banner around him, with grave anxiety watching the Niagara. The men urged him to sit down, but he remained standing. They were really alarmed for his safety, and finally declared they would stop rowing if he did not sit down. Then he yielded, and the men redoubled their efforts, for the Niagara's sails were filling as the wind freshened and she was passing rapidly ahead.

But the magnitude of Perry's action was not in his

assuming the personal danger of such an act. It is not his courage that one should think of, for it was perhaps less dangerous than the deck of the *Lawrence*, but his high conception of his duty, and his readiness to grasp the opportunity of wresting victory from the almost certain defeat. For, if he surrendered, it would be the surrender of the fleet. Other men, more easily daunted, might have surrendered: Perry resolved to use the last resource to gain the victory.

This, the essential feature of Perry's brilliant stroke of strategy was recognized by Barclay. He said in his report to his government:

"The American Commodore, seeing that as yet the day was against him, and also the helpless condition of the *Detroit*, which ship was now a perfect wreck, principally from the fire of the gunboats, made a noble and, alas, too successful an effort to regain it, by passing to the *Niagara*."

In a short time, less than fifteen minutes, the boat reached the *Niagara*. He went up to the deck on the port side, and was met at the top of the gangway by Captain Elliott, who took him by the hand, and asked him how the day was going.

"Badly. I have lost nearly all my men, and my ship is a wreck. What are the gunboats doing, so far astern?"

"I will go and bring them up."

"I wish you would," the commander replied. Captain Elliott then went over the side into the boat which had brought Perry, and pulled away to the Somers. Captain Perry instantly made an examination of the Niagara. His quick eye took in the situation. Her masts, rigging and sails were uninjured, and but two men aboard had been wounded. His first order was to heave the vessel to, in order to stop her running out of the action. Then to brail up her main try sail and bear up with her helm. This brought her on a course at right angles to the course she had been running. Then he ordered up the signal for close action with the enemy. Quick and sharp the orders followed: "Make sail," "Loose the top gallant sails," "Board foretack," "Haul in the weather braces," "Put the helm up and keep the brig off."

When the ship came abreast of the Detroit, other orders rang out through the lieutenant's trumpet, and in a few minutes after Perry had boarded her the Niagara broke through the enemy's line. On her port lay the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, a foul of each other.

As Barclay saw the Niagara coming swiftly down, reserving her fire, he instantly planned a maneuver to meet her. The Queen Charlotte was ordered to bear up, and pass to the leeward of the Detroit, and meet the Niagara first with a broadside, while Barclay swung the Detroit around to use her starboard guns.

Captain Finnis was dead, and Lieutenant Irvine attempted to execute the shrewd plan. But just as the Niagara passed the Detroit the wind failed, perhaps because she passed too near the larger vessel. Then a shot cut the down haul of one of her sails, and she could not be controlled, the wind rose again as suddenly as it had ceased, and her bow sprit fouled with the missen mast of the Detroit.

And now the veteran, Barclay, matched his experience and skill against the brilliant tactics of the youthful American Commander, and was out-generaled. It was the bold and rapid advance of Perry in the Niagara which disconcerted his plans, and decided the fate of the day. For if Perry had given Barclay time to reform his lines, and to bring all his batteries to bear on the Niagara, she might have been disabled as had been the Lawrence.

When the Niagara, reserving her fire, came up within pistol shot of the Detroit and Queen, Perry gave the order to fire her starboard batteries. The guns loaded with grape and cannister wrought destruction on the ships and crowded crews. At the same time the larboard broadside was fired upon the Lady Provost. The tops of the Niagara were manned by the Kentucky sharpshooters, who cut off many of the men on the enemy's ships. The Caledonia closely followed the Niagara, and the gunboats under the

brisk wind at last coming in range, also delivered an effective and rapid fire with their long guns.

A few moments of this awful tempest of death wrought the destruction of the British fleet. The Niagara was brought around by the wind on the star-board tack, with her main topsail aback, and passing a-lee of the enemy poured another broadside into the Hunter and the Queen.

The British now ceased firing. An officer appeared on the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte, waving a white handkerchief fastened to a boarding spear. The Detroit immediately hauled down her flag, and the Hunter and Lady Provost followed, and fifteen minutes after the Niagara had turned her bow toward the enemy's line, the battle was over. It opened at a quarter before twelve o'clock and at three p. m. the enemy surrendered.

Two of the English vessels endeavored to escape. The fleets were now intermingled, and, under cover of the smoke, the little Belt and Chippewa put on all sail and slipped away toward Detroit river. But now the Trippe, which had so long been kept in the rear by the light wind, proved her good qualities and overhauled the Chippewa, while the gallant Champlin, Perry's cousin, who had fired the first gun in the battle, now followed the Little Belt with the Scorpion, and brought her to by the last shot that was fired. It



was ten o'clock that night when the Scorpion rejoined the fleet with the Little Belt in tow.

As the smoke cleared away, Captain Perry learned what severe damage he had inflicted on the enemy. The masts of the Detroit were broken, and the misse-mast of the Queen Charlotte. Commodore Barclay had been twice wounded; first in the action with the Lawrence by a grape shot in his thigh; then, having been carried upon the deck, another grape shot from the Niagara had shatted his shoulder blade, making a dreadful wound. His first lieutenant, Garland, had been killed, and the purser severely wounded. Many of the guns of the Detroit had been dismounted, her masts broken, braces and stays shot away, her bulwarks shattered and her hull injured. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewn with the dead and wounded.

On the Queen Charlotte Captain Finnis had been killed, and the first lieutenant mortally wounded; and ship and crew had suffered terribly. Like losses were found on all the other vessels; the Little Belt was the only one whose commander was fit for duty at the close of the action. The English loss as reported by the Commodore was forty-one killed, three being officers and ninety-four wounded, nine of them officers.

On the Niagara there were two dead and twenty wounded, and on the Caledonia there were three wounded.

As soon as the firing ceased the necessary arrangements were made to secure the enemy's vessels and to confine the prisoners. Then an examination was made of the fleet, to clear away the wreckage, and to patch the vessels up and rig up masts and sails, so that they would be seaworthy, and could either sail or be towed to the harbor at Put-in-Bay. After giving orders for this, and detailing officers and marines to guard the captured vessels, Captain Perry sat down on the deck of the Niagara, and on the back of a letter wrote that laconic dispatch to General Harrison which has become famous.

Dear General,

We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

Yours with very great respect and esteem,

O. H. Perry.

Soon afterwards he went below, and in the cabin wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, Hon William Jones:

U. S. Brig Niagara, off the Westernmost Sister, head of Lake Erie.

Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M.

Sir:—

It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have

this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

O. H. Perry.

This beautiful, clear, and concise letter reveals the modesty and the reverent spirit of Captain Perry. It was hurriedly written, in the very hour of victory. He does not allude to himself, but describes the victory to the divine favor to the force under his command. Nor does he dwell upon the terrific battle except as "a sharp conflict," which had, in fact, only been successful because of his great courage and supreme genius.

These letters were delivered to Lieutenant Forrest, who was sent in a schooner to the mouth of Portage river, where General Harrison had established his camp.

And now came one of those characteristic actions, which revealed the heart of Oliver Perry. He had not forgotten his own ship, and the officers and men who had fought so bravely at the beginning of the fight, and failed for lack of support. Their courage and persistence and sufferings had contributed largely to the victory. He had seen with pain from the deck of the Niagara the flag of the Lawrence come down. It was necessary to stop useless carnage, but he had kept the enemy too busy to take possession of her, and after drifting out of the line, the men of the Lawrence

again hauled up her flag. She was now lying, a helpless wreck, some distance to the southeast.

As Perry thought how his ship had suffered, he decided that he would not receive the surrender of the English fleet on board of the Niagara, but would reserve that honor for the Lawrence. Now, having given all orders for the disposition of the fleets, he once more hauled down his pennant, and ordered a boat to carry him back to his own ship.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Harry Macy's Promotion.

There were many sad scenes on the Lawrence as it slowly drifted out of the line of battle. When Lieutenant Yarnall, after consulting with Lieutenant Forrest and Sailing-master Taylor, and with their approval, hauled down the colors in order to stop the useless shedding of blood, the sailors and marines cried out with desperation against the surrender,

"Sink the ship. Let us all sink together," and some of them refused the aid of the surgeon, preferring to die.

Mr. Hambleton after his wound was dressed went into the cabin, and lay down on a hammock on the floor beside Lieutenant Brooks. The intense suffering from Brooks' wound had abated, and the feverish feeling was rising, and gave his face a glow which reflected the exaltation of his spirit. Hambleton thought he had never seen his friend look so handsome. Brooks asked how the battle was going. Hambleton told him of the surrender of the Lawrence, and that Perry was on the Niagara, and bringing her into the action. Then Brooks began to talk, and gave expression to some of his most exalted thoughts. He hoped Perry would win the day, and that the war would be carried on with

vigor, and America triumph. He saw in a vision the growth and coming glory of the United States. Then he spoke of his father, who had been governor of Massachusetts, and sent messages to him and his family, and he distinctly charged Hambleton with that final message. Then he thought of Sam, his colored boy, and his last word was to ask Hambleton to look after Sam.

About a quarter of an hour passed in quiet, and then Hambleton heard loud chering, repeated in a feeble way by the survivors on the Lawrence. He called to Dr. Parsons asking what the good news was, and was told that Barclay had surrendered his fleet. He turned again to Brooks to tell him the glad tidings, but that noble spirit had departed before hearing of the victory.

When Perry stepped again upon the deck of the Lawrence, conflicting sensations passed through his great heart. He was now the victor of a proud British fleet, but his thoughts probably dwelt more upon the dreadful loss of his officers and men, and the wreck of his vessel. Her masts were broken and bulwarks split, and the deck strewn with great guns, dismounted, and the wreckage of sails and rigging was hanging down from the stumps of the masts.

But fourteen of his men were on deck to receive him. Dr. Parsons came to the gangway, and took him by the hand, but not a word was spoken.

"Where is my brother?" was the first question Perry asked after looking over the men.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him." They looked about the deck, and even under the wreckage. He was not among the dead, and Dr. Parsons knew he had not come to the ward room for treatment. At last they turned to the gangway, and met Harry Macy, carrying water to the wounded men below.

"Your brother went to the cabin, Captain," Harry said, raising his left hand in salute. And in the cabin they found the boy, lying on a hammock, fast asleep.

"Mate, how many men can we muster for the rigging? We must clear up the vessel so that she can be towed back to harbor."

"Not many, Sir. Some of us, who are disabled, may pull on a rope, but we could not go aloft."

"Get around among the men, and report to Salingmaster Taylor."

Harry went about this duty, and the men began to straighten up the ship until they were called to quarters by Lieutenant Yarnall to receive the English officers. Yarnall had now had his wounds properly dressed, and looked more like a trim naval officer. Captain Perry had worn a round naval jacket all day. He put on his fatigue uniform, and epaulettes, and took his station on the quarter deck. Here Lieutenant Yarnall brought the English officers. The first one was a captain of the Forty-first Regiment in full

dress, deputed by Commodore Barclay to surrender his sword. After him came lieutenants and such commanders as were able to come, although wounded. They presented their swords with the hilt to Captain Perry. He showed no exultation. His manner was quiet, dignified and solemn, as he said in a low tone,

“Please retain your side arms. They have been bravely used by honorable men. Tell me, sir, how Commodore Barclay is,” he said turning to the captain. Then he offered every comfort his fleet would afford to the wounded English men, and regretted that he could not spare a surgeon to assist in caring for them.

As it was impossible to keep the bodies of the dead sailors, they were now prepared for burial by being sewed up in canvas, with a thirty-two pound ball at the feet. They were gently laid on planks at the side of the ship. The chaplain read the burial service at sunset, and then the bodies were slipped into the blue waters of the lake, which they had helped to retain in the possession of the United States.

The combined fleet was riding at anchor not far from the scene of the battle, and as night settled down and the bright full moon shone peacefully over the water, officers and men lay down to sleep. Captain Perry sought his cot, but it was sometime before his mind could yield to quiet sleep. He was thankful for his success, and plans to follow it up would obtrude upon him. Then he could not shut away the sight of



Brooks' bleeding form, and the mangled bodies of his men. He was thankful his own life was spared. He had said to Hambleton that evening, as they talked for a little while,

"I believe the prayers of my wife have saved me."

So now we may believe, he did not close his eyes in sleep until he had lifted up his thankful heart to his Heavenly Father, in whom he trusted, with gratitude for his 'distinguishing favor that day.

There was one unwounded man who had little rest that night. He was Dr. Usher Parsons, the patient, noble-hearted, humane surgeon. The fevered men were calling for water, and the groans of the sufferers were in his ears, and he rose a number of times to relieve them. At daylight he began his arduous task of amputations, and it took him all day, and before it was finished he was so exhausted he could hardly stoop over to dress the wounds. But such was the skill of this distinguished surgeon that only three of the ninety-six wounded men died after coming under his care.

One of them was Midshipman Thomas Claxton, and another midshipman, Henry Laub, had been killed. The increased labor of repairing the ships, manning the enemy's fleet, and guarding the prisoners, made it necessary to have more officers. Therefore Captain Perry detailed some of those who had been most effi-

cient in the action, to act in these duties and recommended their promotion.

One of those selected for promotion was Harry Macy. His faithful work in building the fleet had not been unnoticed. His commander had observed his vigilance and activity during the battle, and his precision in firing the guns. And he was wounded in firing the last gun on the Lawrence. He was detailed as midshipman, and as his wounded arm, after being bound up, did not prevent his getting about, Captain Perry sent him over to take charge of fitting up the Hunter.

At nine o'clock the next morning the signal was hoisted to weigh anchor. The vessels which could make sail got under way, and the stronger ones towed those that were helpless. At twelve o'clock they dropped anchor again in the harbor 'at Put-in-Bay. Captain Perry had now removed his flag to the Ariel, which was not much injured and was a fast sailor. After bringing the Hunter into harbor, Harry had been ordered to join the commander on the Ariel.

In the afternoon Captain Perry said,

"Mr. Macy, you may order a boat, and go with me to the Detroit."

But the commander first paid a visit to the Lawrence, and after cheering up the wounded men, and talking with Dr. Parsons, he ordered some of the ma-

rines to be detailed as nurses to assist him, for he was nearly exhausted. He examined the ship and gave some directions about its repairs, and then went over to the Detroit. He was received by the marine captain, and introduced to Commodore Barclay, and each officer recognized in the other the nobility of character which animated them.

Commodore Robert H. Barclay was an older officer than Perry, and had won distinction at Trafalgar, where he had lost an arm. Perry felt a good deal of sympathy for him in his suffering, and offered to do all in his power to relieve him. He said he would endeavor to procure his parole, so that he might return to England, and would ask it as a personal favor. Harry was introduced to the commodore and to the other officers. One of the midshipmen was a genial young fellow, and took Harry off to see the interior of the ship. When Perry came out of the cabin, the midshipman asked Lieutenant Inglis.

"What has become of our Indians?"

"Did you have Indians aboard?" Perry asked.

"Two chiefs who were sure shots. They were in the top when the battle opened."

"Let the ship be searched for them," Perry ordered. After some time spent in examining the condition of the ship Perry was about to leave, when the marines brought two strange looking men from the hold. They were very uneasy, when they saw that the English

were prisoners under guard of the Blue Coats, and the vessel broken and wrecked. Captain Perry smiled, and told an interpreter to assure them they would be well treated. He asked them how they liked fighting on ships. One of them shook his head.

"No more come with one-armed captain in big canoe. Shoot big gun too much. Gemokomon (American) much big fight."

"They look half-starved," said Harry.

"Lieutenant, give them a good meal. Tell them their scalps are safe," Perry said turning to the gangway. A few days later they were released, and the story they told frightened the Canada Indians so much, that no more of them joined Tecumtha's bands of warriors.

Now this exciting week came to a close and every one welcomed the rest of the Sabbath. On the 12th of September, which was Sunday, nothing was done, but to bury the dead officers and to care for the wounded.

There were three American and three English officers killed. The bodies were lowered into boats at ten o'clock, with the colors at half mast. The oars dipped in harmony with the slow funeral dirge. The bodies were carried to a grove on the shore of Put-in-Bay, and after the burial service had been read by Chaplain Breeze, they were laid away in that quiet and beautiful spot. Harry stood by his commander's side,

and he did not soon forget the impression made by this solemn service, so far away from the homes of the dead.

The weather changed Sunday evening and there was a heavy gale which tried severely the disabled vessels. They were carefully braced up, but the wounded masts of the Detroit came down with a crash. In the midst of the cold rain Monday morning the Ohio sailed into the harbor. Captain Dobbins had heard the firing, and the minute guns on Sunday. The cannonading had been heard at Cleveland and even at Erie, and the news of the battle was waited with the greatest anxiety.

Captain Dobbins cautiously approached the harbor, until he could see the Union-jack at the masthead of the Niagara, then he came in on the wind. Soon after he dropped anchor Harry saw a boat from the Caledonia pass to the Ohio, and in a few moments, Mr. Chase returned towards the Ariel. He brought letters and despatches to the commander, and a welcome letter for Harry, which Ruth had enclosed in one to her father. The noble young woman, full of anxiety for her lover on the eve of battle, gave free expression to her love. It seemed to Harry as if she feared he might be desperately wounded, and she wanted to send him all the comfort and encouragement that she could. So she revealed, more fully than she would have done under ordinary circumstances, the depth of her love.

The storm, however, had given Harry much to do,

and he could not read his letter just then, but he talked a few minutes with Mr. Chase. He was glad to know he had escaped injury in the battle, and Mr. Chase congratulated Harry on his promotion and asked about his arm.

“Well, Harry, Captain Elliott has got himself into a bad mess by his singular actions. What do you think of it?”

“I would rather not talk of it. Captain Perry cautioned us this morning not to talk about Captain Elliott.”

“Then he must have heard what is being said in the fleet and in the army.”

“Have they heard about it in the army?”

“Yes, some of the marines carried the story over. But if Captain Perry has shown such a magnanimous spirit as to overlook Captain Elliott's misconduct, I will not say anything more about the matter. You stick to Captain Perry, Harry. He's a man without many faults, and the most brilliant, ready, and resourceful officer I ever knew. He will gain high promotion now.”

“I would like to follow him when he gets a good command, as he certainly will.”

“Look at the Queen, Harry!”

The two men ran to the side of the Ariel and anxiously watched the Queen Charlotte. The wind was still blowing violently, and the main and mizen

masts were swaying dangerously, and as they looked at them, a fresh blast carried them over the side of the brig.

"I suppose I fired the shot that broke that main-mast. It was just as Tom Starbuck was killed."

"Is it so? But if they are so weak, they are better down than up in this storm. It's going to blow heavier, and I must get back to my little brig."

Just then Mr. Hambleton came up from below and looked at the Queen. Then seeing Mr. Chase he asked him if there was much talk in the fleet about Captain Elliott.

"Yes all through the fleet and in the army also, there is much unfavorable reflection upon his conduct."

"This distresses Captain Perry very much, and he desires it shall cease. He said to me this morning,

"'The American flag has gained honor enough on the 10th, to permit all who served to share it. Let us give the best construction to Captain Elliott's actions and let the matter drop.'"

"I will do as the commander wishes. But I fear the matter will not drop, for the rumors of the Niagara's delay in supporting the Lawrence have spread through the army also."

Mr. Hambleton repeated this to the commander, who took what measures he could to put a better construction on Captain Elliott's actions. On the 15th and 16th of September the prisoners, who were not sick or

wounded, were sent over to General Harrison's camp under charge of Lieutenant Turner. There were three hundred and eight of them. A few days later they marched under guard to Columbus, and thence to Chillicothe, then the capital of the state. Here they remained for more than a year, in Camp Hull, a mile north of the town.

Lieutenant Turner met a good many officers of the army, and told them of the battle. He carried them Captain Perry's request to stop talking about Captain Elliott, and he gave them the explanation which Captain Elliott offered; that his place in the line was a half cable's length from his own brig, and was delayed by that. But when Lieutenant Turner had told of the part his vessel took in the fight there could be little doubt that Elliott's explanation failed to be adequate.

All the wounded British were now confined on the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, which after examination proved to be so much cut up that they required extensive repairs. They remained in Put-in-Bay all the winter. Perry had the Lawrence put in a seaworthy condition. Then the wounded of the Americans were placed on board, and on September 21st she sailed for Erie. On the 23rd she entered Misery Bay, and received such a reception, as these wounded heroes and the battered ship deserved from a grateful people.

Captain Perry had written his official report to the Secretary of the Navy. He felt a real regret that any



ill-repute had fallen upon Captain Elliott, and made the most favorable report of his conduct that he could honestly make. And there the matter would have rested with Perry if Elliott had let it alone, and there we may be content to leave it now.

This report he entrusted to Lieutenant Delaney Forrest to carry to Washington, where his home was. He rode on horseback from Ohio to the Capitol, and everywhere he saw and heard the rejoicing of the American people over the magnificent victory which Perry had won.

The report had one item which concerns the interest of the young hero of our tale. Among those whose conduct was favorably mentioned, and whose promotion was asked for, was Harry Macy's name, and his appointment as midshipman was recommended. This was, of course, immediately granted, and in due time a commission was forwarded which reached Harry Macy at Detroit.

Lieutenant Forrest also carried to Washington the captured English flags, and the blue battle-flag of Perry's flagship.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### Harry Sees Tecumtha Fall.

When Captain Perry went down to General Harrison's camp Harry was much impressed with the size and composition of his army. There were the regulars of the United States army, and General McArthur's Ohio Militia, and a large body of four thousand Kentuckians under General Isaac Shelby, the hero of King's Mountain and a veteran of three wars. More than twice the number called for had volunteered for this campaign, and had rendezvoused at Urbana, in Central Ohio, where they were organized into eleven regiments and five brigades, and two divisions. Harry's naval uniform and his arm in a sling gave him recognition everywhere, among the hearty young bucks from the Blue Grass. Such enthusiasm and good fellowship Harry had never seen. They felt the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and were determined to wipe it out, and to avenge their own neighbors, who had been massacred at Fort Miami and the Raisin.

"Remember the river Raisin," was the cry he heard many times. Those young fellows had the greatest confidence in their governor, "old King's Mountain," as they called him. Many of them were young men

of fine talents, afterwards famous in Congress, and in the development of Kentucky.

Perry had put all the vessels in good repair. The Lawrence sailed to Erie, and the Detroit and Queen Charlotte were left at Put-in-Bay, with the wounded prisoners under a strong guard. The rest of the fleet came down to the Portage river, and the embarkation began September 21st. In three days five thousand men were landed on Middle Bass Island. Colonel R. M. Johnson's mounted regiment marched overland. In one day the army was again carried over to Middle Sister Island, which was twelve miles from the mouth of Detroit river. The vessels were all crowded to the limit by the men.

General Harrison and his staff made their headquarters with Captain Perry on the Ariel. There was a company of Virginians in Harrison's army, which had been with him for a year, and were now reduced to about thirty men. They were on the Ariel.

Among them was one young fellow from a home of ease and refinement, who was just recovering from a siege of sickness, and had asked to be allowed to go with his company. In the evening he came to Major Chambers, of Harrison's staff, who was sitting near Perry and Harrison, and asked if it would be possible to get a cup of coffee, for the coarse rations made him sick. Major Chambers did not feel well enough

acquainted with Captain Perry to speak to him about it, but mentioned the request to Lieutenant Packett, the commander of the Ariel.

But Perry had heard the request, and knew how gallant had been the service of the company. He beckoned to Harry and said,

“Tell the steward, it is my wish that he should prepare supper for that Virginia company in the cabin.” Half an hour later the Petersburg company were seated at the supper table in the cabin. This little act of kindness made a deep impression on Major Chambers, but afterwards he discovered that it was characteristic of Captain Perry. For he was one whose humane instincts were not deadened but made more active by the sufferings entailed by war.

Bayard Taylor's words are true of Perry,

“The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.”

Hartley's Point, just below Malden, was selected for the landing place, and General Harrison, with Perry's assistance, drew up the orders for the final embarkation of the army, and its landing at Hartley's Point. Harrison's simplicity and rugged grandeur of character made a deep impression on Harry Macy. He saw how carefully every detail of this forward movement was arranged, so that there would be no surprise or rout, if resistance should be made at the debarkation. Harry felt that he was taking part in an important

operation, by which the war in the West would be terminated, and the authority of the United States government would be re-established in her territory there.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th Harry was just finishing his breakfast in the *Ariel*. In a few moments he was at his post of duty, bringing up his detail of boats, and seeing that they were not overloaded. Then they rowed off to their position and waited,—such a long wait for hours. At last, at nine o'clock, the last company was on board, the last piece of baggage loaded in the schooners, and in orderly array, each regiment in its proper place, the boats moved onward. At three o'clock the debarkation began at Hartley's Point, and at five o'clock the army entered Malden, and extinguished the fires in the navy yard and store houses.

Proctor left a guard, but he did not wait for Harrison. His scouts reported to him that there were ten thousand Kentuckians on the islands, burning to avenge his cruelty to their fellow citizens. Cowardice is often an accompaniment of cruelty, and it was in Proctor's character. Tecumtha was brave and humane. He reproached Proctor for his pusillanimity, and urged him to make a stand and fight. Tecumtha was one of the first great men, born on the soil of Ohio. His ability shown in his great scheme for an Indian Confederacy, and in his eloquence as a speaker, and in his able generalship in war, was equally shown by his

humanity towards his captives in battle. Proctor, reared in a Christian land, had looked on while his Indian allies tortured and scalped the prisoners: Tecumtha, with only the light of nature for his guide, rushed upon the lifted tomahawks, and sternly ordered the massacre to stop.

Captain Perry brought up his fleet to Detroit. The citizens raised the American flag, General McArthur garrisoned the fort, and Colonel Johnson's mounted men were ferried over the river. Then on October 1st General Harrison's forward movement began in pursuit of Proctor and Tecumtha, with their combined army. The small vessels of the fleet sailed up the Thames river. These were the Scorpion, Tigress and Trippe, and they convoyed the boats which carried the baggage of the army.

Captain Perry wanted to see the end of the operations, and volunteered as an aid on Harrison's staff. Harry had followed Perry on the Scorpion, and he, too, sought a place, and General Shelby with good-humored tolerance took the sailor-lad on his staff. Harry went off to a farm house to get a horse. It seemed deserted, but as there was a pony and a cow, he thought some one must be near. Standing by the house he heard a baby cry, and after much shouting induced the woman to come out of her hiding place. He assured her she need not fear the terrible Kentuckians, and bought her pony for ten dollars. When he got back

to headquarters he found Captain Perry mounted on a spirited horse, and managing it in a way that excited the admiration of the Western men.

There were many exciting incidents in the forward march, for bands of Indians were skulking in the bushes, and attacked the outposts. Captain Perry had a narrow escape from such an attack. He was with Major Chambers in the van guard, and discovered an Indian crouching in the grass, and called to warn Chambers, but did not realize his own danger. Big Anderson, a friendly Shawano chief, who was with the army, had seen the Indians, and dropped behind a bank to get a shot at them. When he saw that Perry was not getting under cover, he waved his arm at him and called out,

“Go way, fool. He shoot.”

On October 5th Harrison was nearing Proctor's army, which was on the right bank. Harrison decided to cross at the rapids above Chatham. The river was fordable for horses, but too deep for the infantry. To collect boats would take too much time, and Harrison ordered the mounted men to carry over the infantry. Colonel Johnson's men made some objections, and there was some delay. Perry saw the trouble, and, riding up to one of Shelby's men, said,

“Get up behind me, man. I'll put you across.”

Harry Macy picked out one of the smaller men, and followed Perry with his pony. Major Chambers did

the same, and Johnson's men with a cheer took up the infantry, and carried them over, and came back for others until the last man was in ranks on the right bank, and then the army pushed forward rapidly on Proctor's track.

Proctor was forced by Tecumtha to make a stand and fight. He chose a splendid position between the high bank of the river and a swamp, where there was but a narrow strip of land by which Harrison's army could advance for the attack, and in the center of this was a small swamp. There was only about two hundred yards of firm ground on each side.

Proctor drew up his regulars of seventeen hundred men, supported by six pieces of artillery, across this narrow passage, and Tecumtha posted his one thousand Indians in the woods of the swamp. Many of the Indians had deserted, and come to Harrison, proposing peace. He said he had no time to parley, and advised them to keep out of the way of his army. Harrison had now about three thousand men but, owing to the narrow space for attack, not more than half of them were in the battle.

When Harrison came up he saw that the British regulars were drawn up in open order. He ordered Colonel Johnson to charge with his mounted men. The British regiment was the Forty-first regulars, one of the best in the English army, but the first line was broken and scattered by the charge, when Johnson's



men with loud cheers rode down upon them. The second line attempted to check the charge, but it also was broken up, when Johnson's men fired right and left, and dashing through the line, wheeled upon the rear of the column. The British threw down their guns and surrendered, and in five minutes after the charge began the whole regiment of nearly eight hundred men were captured, except one company of fifty men who escaped.

General Proctor fled in his carriage at the first of the charge, and Major Payne followed in hot pursuit. Proctor jumped out of his carriage, and got into a foot path in the woods, and, after getting away from the chase, fled so rapidly that before the next night he was sixty-five miles from the battle ground.

Colonel Johnson had divided his regiment, giving Major Payne command of the right wing, while he held the left wing between the small swamp and the ground where the Indians were posted. Tecumtha ordered his Indians to hold their fire until the Americans were in front of them. It was a deadly volley, wounding many, and killing a number of the troop. Colonel Johnson was himself severely wounded, but kept his saddle, and ordered his men to dismount and tree. Hand-to-hand fights followed, while the woods resounded with the cry.

“Remember the river Raisin.”

General Shelby sent an aid to Colonel Donaldson

with an order to advance with his regiment. Then he sent General King word to follow with his brigade. But King's men were not needed, and only a part of Donaldson's men got into the fight. The Indians saw they were over-matched by those fierce fighters from Kentucky, and that Proctor's men were in flight, and, worst of all, they had lost their leader. They began to scatter, and it took smart runners to keep pace with them.

It was in the first charge that the two brave leaders, Tecumtha and Colonel Johnson met face to face. The Indian wore in his belt two pistols of American make, more than a foot long.

Colonel Johnson rode a white pony, his own horse having been injured just before the battle. He rode at the head of his troops, cheering them on, and calling to them to follow him to victory. The white pony and his hardihood made him a conspicuous mark for the Indians, and a shower of bullets flew around him, and wounded him in the hip. Harry Macy brought a message to him from General Shelby, when the bugle sounded the charge, and was caught in the rush. His pony was nervous and would have bolted, but Harry held her with a firm hand, and followed Colonel Johnson. One of the bullets, intended for Johnson, passed through Harry's hat, and another plowed a furrough in his pony's shoulder. He saw Tecumtha raise his pistol and fire at the Colonel, the ball striking his hand

and passing up his arm. Tecumtha sprang forward, his tomahawk raised, but Johnson with a great effort, drew his own pistol, and shot the Indian leader through the head.

Dr. Theobald rode up and Johnson said to him, "I am severely wounded. Where can I find a surgeon?"

"Follow me," Dr. Theobald answered.

"Help us, Macy. On the other side." Johnson sat up in his saddle until they came to the surgeon on Shelby's staff. Harry helped lift him from the saddle, and the white pony dropped dead, having been hit seven times in the battle.

In the confusion of the melee some watchful Indians, at the hazard of their own lives, snatched up the body of their great leader and carried it away. The body which was found after the battle, and supposed to be Tecumtha's, was not identified as his. The Indians never revealed the grave in which their leader was buried. So perished one of the greatest Indians whom the Americans ever encountered, who, if born at an earlier period, might have happily succeeded in uniting the Indian tribes of the West into one great nation, with which the United States might have arranged a definite policy of peace.

The action was so short that the losses were not heavy. Fifteen Americans were killed, and thirty wounded. The British lost eighteen killed, twenty-

six wounded, and six hundred and forty-three captured, including twenty-five officers. Thirty-three dead Indians were found. The Indian Confederacy was completely destroyed, and British prestige with the Indians forever lost. Great interest was taken in the captured cannon. Three of them had been taken at Saratoga and Yorktown, and were surrendered by Hull at Detroit.

Harry Macy went back to Detroit with Captain Perry, and there he was made happy by receiving a long letter from Ruth Chase, but underneath its outpouring of her joy and pride in her sailor lover, was her anxiety about his wounded arm. He sat down and wrote her a long account of his service with the army, and told her he no longer carried his arm in a sling.

They had a chance to read the newspapers of New York and Philadelphia, and other cities, and to learn how highly their countrymen regarded the great victory on Lake Erie. Its importance was universally recognized, and joyous celebrations were taking place in every part of the country. One cause of this great outburst of joy must be traced to the actual weakness of the American navy, as compared with the powerful fleets of England, which gave her a greater naval supremacy then than she now has.

But the little American navy had shown its superiority, ship for ship, in seamanship and in naval battles.

Now, for the first time in history an English fleet, well armed and manned, and commanded by a veteran officer, had been defeated and forced to surrender. The reading of the lesson was plain; if the United States would build and equip a few more large vessels she could compel the haughty Britons to respect the rights of American ships and sailors in the commerce of the world.

But while Perry's achievements in building and equipping the fleet, under such great difficulties, was recognized, and his valiant fight on the Lawrence fully appreciated, yet the popular fancy seized upon his daring transfer of his flag to the Niagara, and by that maneuver winning a victory in the face of defeat, as the most original and brilliant feat in American naval warfare. And such it has always been regarded from that day to these later times of large and important naval achievements.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### I Was There.

Harry Macy was not too absorbed in his own happiness to forget his commander. He rejoiced in the distinction he received, and the promotion which came to Captain Perry. Harry was permitted to read a very congratulatory letter from Secretary Jones, and a few days later one from President Madison, promoting Perry to be post-captain, and giving him leave of absence to visit his family, if the service on the lake did not require him to remain.

There was one of his home letters, which Perry also allowed Harry to read, which showed the true spirit of his family life. It told of the last sickness of his grandfather, Freeman Perry. He seemed to linger, waiting to hear of the result of the impending battle. Then came the despatch to Secretary Jones, which was published in the papers. As they read it to the dying patriot, his mind seemed to dwell on that opening sentence, which expressed so well the feeling of dependence on a Higher Power, which pervaded the whole nation at that day. He repeated over and over again,

“It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory.”

The modesty and reverent faith of this beautiful despatch was most gratifying to the Christian patriot, as he waited for death.

In a few days General Harrison received orders to take a large part of his army to Fort George. When the orders were given for the embarkation of his men, he went on board the *Ariel* with Captain Perry, and sailed for Buffalo. On the way they stopped at Put-in-Bay, and Perry informed Barclay that the request for his parole was granted, and invited him to go with him on the *Ariel* on his way home. Harry's duties brought him daily among these distinguished officers, and he was called on to help Commodore Barclay, who had lost one arm at Trafalgar, and was disabled in the other in the recent battle. He proved to be a very pleasant and gentlemanly man, who fully appreciated Captain Perry's ability, and his unexpected kindness to himself. Out of this intercourse of the two officers grew up a strong friendship, founded on mutual respect. Barclay spoke of it frequently to Harry.

"Midshipman, your commander's treatment of me is noble and very unusual. It is only equalled by his bravery and intrepidity in the action. Since the battle he has been like a brother to me."

At another time he said,

"His humanity to his prisoners would alone have immortalized him."

The influence of Captain Perry had a powerful effect

in modifying the animosity between the English and Americans. The chivalrous treatment of the enemy, and the humanity shown toward the seamen, who became their prisoners, by Captain Perry, Commodore Decatur, Captain Hull, and other victorious American naval officers evoked that true nobility of feeling, which underlies the English character. England learned two great lessons in this war. The first was that she could not conquer the Americans on the sea or on the land. And the second was a lesson of forbearance. Out of the war grew a higher respect for American prowess in naval conflicts, and for American valor on the field. Afterwards came a realizing sense of the true brotherhood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Then came the recognition of common ideals and aims, and the benefit of peace in accomplishing common purposes, until the two great nations were knit together in the bonds of a lasting friendship.

On the 22nd of October the Ariel sailed into Presque Isle Bay, while the Battery fired a salute which called the population far and near to the village. Harry assisted Commodore Barclay to land at the foot of Peach Street, and with Perry on one side and Harry on the other, he was helped up the steep hill to Duncan's tavern. Every hour the crowds increased, and the joyous excitement grew more intense, as the rest of the fleet came sailing in. The people of Erie



rejoiced in it as their fleet, and they determined to have a great celebration.

But Harry did not care to stay for the parade and illumination that night. As soon as he had brought their guest to the hotel, he went off to the edge of the crowd, where he had seen Ruth Chase, waving her white handkerchief to him, as he came up the hill. He had only a few words of greeting, when a group of young people closed around them, and all began talking at once.

“Harry, be careful of your arm,” Ruth admonished him.

“My arm is as good as ever now, thanks to Dr. Parson’s skill. I must go back to the hotel, for Captain Perry may need me. I will get off as soon as possible. Where will I find you, Ruth?”

“If you don’t see me on the street, come to Sally Taylor’s.”

A half an hour later Harry was excused by the commander, and he soon found Ruth. Mrs. Taylor and Sally went to the kitchen, and at last Ruth and Harry were left to themselves for a little while. But we will not intrude on those happy moments, when love and gratitude found expression.

When Mr. Chase arrived from the Caledonia they all went home for the evening, and it was midnight when Harry came back again to the village, which was still ablaze with light and full of noise.

Harry went on with the *Ariel* to Buffalo, where Captain Perry took leave of his officers and men and started home. Before saying good-by to Harry he had a little talk with him about the future. He knew that he would before long be given command of a good ship, and he told Harry he wanted him on his ship, and if he desired to serve under him, he would ask that Harry should be transferred to his ship. Harry joyfully and thankfully accepted this kind offer.

In a short time a board of officers adjudged the captured vessels to be worth two hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, and this prize money was distributed among the officers and men of the fleet, according to the rules of the department. Commodore Chauncey received twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. Captain Perry and Captain Elliott, being of equal rank, each received seven thousand one hundred and forty dollars. To remedy this injustice, Congress made a special appropriation of five thousand dollars to Captain Perry. Lieutenants and other officers received two thousand two hundred and ninety-five dollars. Mr. Chase as sailing-master drew an order for this amount. Midshipmen had eight hundred and eleven dollars. Mates and petty officers four hundred and forty-seven dollars, and each seaman and marine two hundred dollars.

Harry remained on duty in the fleet all that winter. At Mr. Chase's suggestion he examined the land about

Erie, and with his prize money, and what he had saved from his wages, he bought a fine tract of land. The next year he joined Captain Perry at Newport, and followed him to the Java, and sailed with him to the Mediterranean. But after three years he resigned from the navy, and went to Erie and built a cabin on his land. Here he and Ruth established their happy home. But when Captain Chase wanted to build a schooner, Harry joined him in the venture, and went as mate, and they both acquired wealth from the lake commerce, as the population rapidly increased in the cities on the shores of the great lakes.

As the years went by the popular appreciation of the great victory on Lake Erie did not diminish. The people justly looked upon it as the great event, which settled forever the boundaries of the western domain, and had established a permanent peace between the neighboring nations. Year after year the glorious event was celebrated, and the men who fought under Perry were esteemed as worthy of remembrance and honor. It was with pleasure and pride that Harry could reply to questions about the battle by saying, "I was there." And with still more delight when his commander was spoken of he would say, "I knew Perry."

The animosity between the people of the United States and their neighbors, on the north shore of the lakes, soon died away; and the two great people of

kindred blood began harmoniously to develop the resources of the imperial domains which each of them possessed.

## NOTES AND HISTORICAL GLEANINGS

It has been the intention of the writer of this story to show the intolerable conditions, which forced the people of the United States to declare war on England in 1812; to give a reliable account of the building of the fleet on Lake Erie, a task of which few persons know the time and place or its extreme difficulties; and to describe accurately the important and striking features of the battle.

The writer has gone to the original sources and the most trustworthy authorities for his information, and has given a wide and careful reading to all the literature on this subject. Dobbins' *Battle of Lake Erie*, which is an account by one of the main builders of the fleet; McKenzie's *Life of Perry*, drawn from his own letters and papers, and from official reports; Lossing's *Field Book of the War of 1812*; Sanford's *History of Erie County, Pennsylvania*; Maclay's *History of the United States Navy*; McMaster's and many other histories of the United States, are some of the works studied and consulted by the author.

Where discrepancies of dates or details were found, preference was given to Dobbins' and McKenzie's statements and to the accounts of survivors collected by Lossing; but as the recollections of old men, years

after the event, are often vague and contradictory to official accounts they were carefully collated.

Some of the necessary books and articles, with other important matter not in reach of the writer, were secured from friends and kind-hearted strangers. The author acknowledges with gratitude their generous aid.

The exciting scenes of the first and second chapters did not occur in Nantucket Bay. They were suggested by a similar event which took place in 1807 in Passamaquoddy Bay.

No doubt some young readers will desire to learn something more about Alexander Perry, who was a picturesque if not a very important actor in the battle. He did his duty and contributed his share to the glorious success, as did many heroes "to fame unknown." A brief account of his short life is given by McKenzie. He remained in the naval service and rose to be a lieutenant. When he was about twenty years old he lost his life in the harbor of Valparaizo, in attempting to save a sailor from drowning who did not know how to swim.

The beautiful and prophetic tribute written by Washington Irving a few months after the battle, gives an almost perfect description of the feeling of the American people of today with regard to Perry's victory:

"The last roar of the cannon that died along her shores was the expiring note of British domination.

In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now extend the dark and tangled forests; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather around its history, then will the inhabitants look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first on the page of their local legends, and in the marvelous tales of the borders."

Necessarily, a story which professes to give the experiences of an actor in the scenes, must reflect the opinions of that time and not those of the present. The writer has endeavored to portray the times as they appeared to a fair-minded, reflective person, not as they would be seen by an extreme partisan. For this reason the strange conduct of Captain Elliott, in holding the Niagara aloof from the battle, could not be passed over. But this has been touched lightly, in the spirit shown by Commodore Perry, whose magnanimous over-looking of a serious fault prevented a talented young officer from being driven from the service.

So also it is hoped that the recital of the wrongs and injustice which caused great suffering to the seamen, merchants and people of the Eastern States, will

not excite antagonistic feelings at this day, so far distant from that period. After the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain James Lawrence, was captured by the Shannon, it was taken as a prize to England. There it was broken up, and its timbers were bought by John Prior, a miller of Wickham, Hants, England. Those beams with the cannon balls still sticking in them are now a part of a mill, in which the peaceful work of making flour is daily carried on. This comes pretty close to the prophetic picture of Isaiah, when swords shall be beaten into plow shares and spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more; which we all devoutly wish may be entirely fulfilled in the dawn of Universal peace.

Charles S. Wood.

Urbana, O., 1912.



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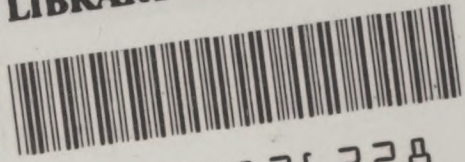
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