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OUR NAVAL HEROES

American Biographical Series

Famous Naval Heroes

JOHN PAUL JONES

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

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JOHN PAUL JONES

BY

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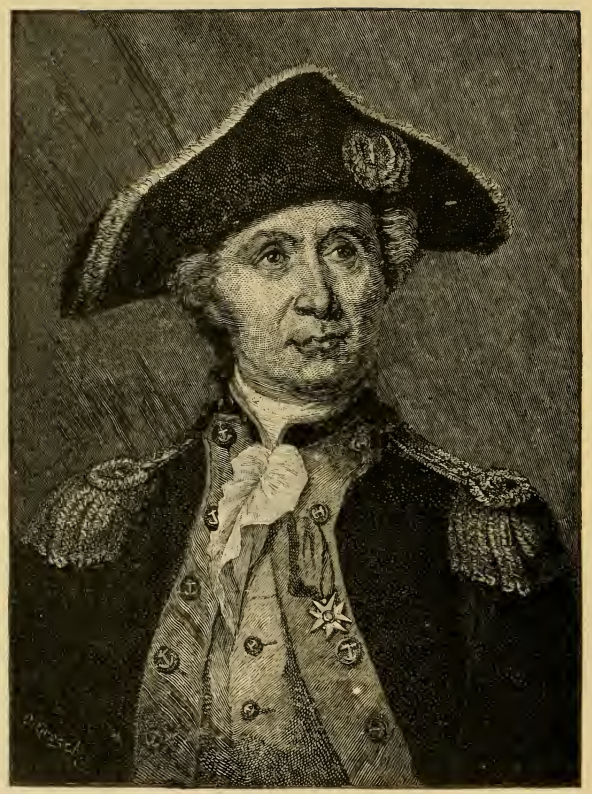

JOHN PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

HOW JONES GREW UP.

In the little cottage of the gardener on the old estate of Arbigland, Scotland, was born in July, 1747, a boy named John Paul. In later years he added the name Jones, and became the John Paul Jones of history.

Little John soon grew to roam at play in the midst of a beautiful country. Behind his father's house sprang up a mountain, steep and rocky, with summit sharp against the sky. In front a green park stretched away, through avenues of trees, to the shores of the Soloway Bay. To the very edge of the water went the trees, where the high bank dropped straight down out of sight in the still, black water.

There the ships came in when the ocean outside was stormy. Their tall masts almost caught in the tree tops, so close could they come to the shore.

John often stood on his father's doorstep and watched

till he saw a flag come floating by over the green branches, and caught the flash of a white sail through some leafy avenue.

Then he would scamper down to the bank, and stare at the sailors coiling ropes or crawling up the rigging like human cats. Oh, if he, too, could go up those tall, swaying rope-ladders!

Or he would listen to the captain shouting hoarse orders, often in some strange, foreign tongue. Perhaps he would try to imitate him. Then the sailors would look up and laugh at the little, big-eyed boy on the bank above them.

On other days he would scramble up the mountain behind his home, and look away over the bay to the distant blue ocean where the white ships, like gulls in the sky, were skimming everywhere.

"Where are they going?" he wondered. "And what will they see away beyond the sky line?"

Was it any surprise he did not want to be a gardener, like his father, and live always in that tiny cottage? No, he would be a sailor, like the strange men he loved to watch, and would sail away to see the world. The great, blue ocean called too loudly—the great earth was too wide! He must be *doing* something.

So, when he was but thirteen years of age, he was allowed to go as sailor on the *Friendship*, a ship then

bound for Virginia. Thus the land he first visited was the land he afterwards fought for.

A boy who dared to leave his home for the rough life of a sailor when only thirteen, could not remain a common sailor long. He studied so hard the art of building and sailing ships, and he was so quick and eager to learn, that when only nineteen he was made a mate; and at twenty-one he had become a captain.

Five years later, when he was twenty-six, came the death of his elder brother. This brother had been a planter in Virginia; so Paul left the sea to take care of the farm in America.

But his stay on land was short. No doubt it would have been short anyway — gardening and farming are much alike. As it was, only two brief years later, in 1775, came the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. Paul at once made up his mind to fight for America. Though he was born on British soil, no man loved liberty better than he, and no man was more ready to fight in her name.

Congress accepted his offer to serve in the navy, and made him a lieutenant on the *Alfred*, the flagship of our little fleet. It was at this time that he changed his name to Paul Jones. Perhaps he did not wish his countrymen to hear what he had done and think of him as a traitor.

The American navy in those days was poor and weak.

Yet the Americans could fight. Back in 1772, in Rhode Island, the men of Providence had disguised themselves as Indians, and rowed out in boats one night to capture the British sloop-of-war, *Gaspè*.

They were armed, not with guns, but with cobble stones! Yet with these they knocked over the sentinel and made the ship their own.

It was from them that the Boston Tea Party copied their idea. They, too, you remember, dressed like Indians.

And way down in Machias, Maine, just after the war broke out, the young farmers, under Jeremiah O'Brien, chased in a cargo ship an English man-of-war. They were fewer in number than the English crew, and half of them were armed with pitch forks and axes. But they won the day; and then with the ship they had taken they began to capture British merchantmen.

But these were only small victories after all, and could only occur when a British ship was caught alone; for the English navy was large, ours very small. The English had 2078 cannon on their seventy-eight ships in American waters; we had only 114 cannon, and small ones at that, on our eight ships.

This poor little fleet of eight ships, however, was the beginning of our navy. Small, indeed, but not to be despised! Then, too, John Paul Jones was lieutenant on the

flagship. Better ships we have to-day; but no braver officers than he.

In December, 1775, this, our first fleet, was ready to sail from Philadelphia. The winter sun shone brightly on the house tops and sparkled on the cakes of ice that floated down the river. Swarms of people thronged the wharves and banks. The ships lay waiting in mid-stream with the sailors ready on their decks.

Then Commodore Hopkins, the commander of the fleet, left the shore and was rowed through the ice to the *Alfred*. Up the side he sprang. As he touched the deck Paul Jones was ready with the flag ropes in his hand. Up rose a yellow banner with a rattlesnake upon it, coiled beneath a pine tree, and the words, "Don't tread on me!"

The flag flapped proudly over Paul Jones' head. A great cheer arose. Our first fleet was away.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

This fleet accomplished little. The Americans had yet to learn the art of handling ships. However, New Providence, in the Bahama Islands, was captured, together with many cannon and useful stores. It was Paul Jones who steered the squadron into the harbor, after the other officers had despaired of entering.

When the fleet returned, Jones was made captain of the little sloop *Providence*, mounting twelve cannon and carrying seventy men. In this ship he put to sea alone to capture the enemy's merchant vessels.

To dodge in and out unharmed among so many British warships was not easy. But Paul Jones was equal to the task. Never was a man more quick or cool of head.

Once he chased a big ship, thinking it was a merchantman. Too late he discovered his mistake. It was the English war-frigate, *Solebay*, who came at him with her heavy cannon blazing. Any other man would have surrendered at once; not so Jones.

He knew that he could outsail the Britisher, if only he could get the wind dead behind him. It was his only chance. Slowly he worked his ship to the windward of the *Solebay*. Then suddenly he turned about, darted almost under the big ship's bowsprit, and before the English crew could get over their surprise, was sailing safe away.

Once, too, he was chased by the English ship *Milford*. Finding that he could sail the faster if he wished, he dodged along just out of range, and let the English captain waste his powder in broadside after broadside. To worry the poor captain all the more, Jones answered every cannon shot with the pop of a single musket.

It was for all the world like being chased by a fat dog that barks and barks, but cannot get near to bite,—while you pelt his nose with pebbles.

In this cruise of forty-seven days, Jones captured sixteen prizes, which he carried into the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island.

He was now made captain of a better ship, the *Alfred*. In this he sailed to break up the fisheries in Cape Breton Island, and to release the American prisoners confined there. He did not succeed, because the harbor was frozen up; but he captured a ship full of clothing, which fell to the poor, half-clad American army like the manna to the Israelites of old.

On his return, Jones was most unjustly treated by Congress. Although he was one of the first officers to enter the navy, men who had come in later were ranked above him, and his command of the *Alfred* was taken away. Yet it was his own plan that Congress later adopted as a fair method of ranking in the naval service; — too late to help Paul Jones, however.

Rank meant much to him. It meant not only a title, but power — power over more men and bigger ships. He was angry at the injustice, and was it any wonder?

But he was not the man to cry "sour grapes," and remain idle. Soon he was put in command of the ship

Ranger, and told to sail for France, where he would be given a larger vessel.

As he went aboard the *Ranger*, he hoisted for the first time on any warship the new flag of the United States — thirteen stripes of red and white, and thirteen stars on a field of blue.

On reaching France, he begged in vain for the ship that had been promised him. He was sorely disappointed, for the *Ranger* was poor and small. And Jones had formed the daring scheme of attacking the English on their very coasts! But be his ship good or bad, he was not the man to drop his plan. Accordingly he made ready the *Ranger* for her coming perils.

Before he sailed, however, he would have the American flag saluted. Never yet had it been recognized by a foreign nation. He had been the first to hoist it on any ship, — he would be the first to see an Old World nation greet it.

At Quiberon Bay lay a large French fleet. To the admiral of this fleet went Jones, and told him what he wanted. The admiral did not know whether to salute an unknown flag or not; he hardly thought he could. But Jones *did* know, and he kept at the Frenchman until he gave in and promised a salute.

So the next morning, hoisting the Stars and Stripes to the mast head, Jones sailed in one little ship through the

whole French squadron. Then, as his few cannons spoke with tiny spits of red, he heard, like joyful music in his ears, the answering roar that flamed from the high-walled ships of France.

It was a proud moment for Jones — a proud moment for America!

Not long after, with the star-set banner still aloft, he steered boldly out for the Irish Channel.

WHITEHAVEN AND THE DRAKE.

In was in April, 1778, that Jones sailed up the Irish Channel, capturing prizes as he went.

He was not the first American to attack the Englishmen at their very doors. Others had been there before him. Captain Connyngham, in the *Surprise* and the *Revenge*, had been the boldest, and had so frightened the English that insurance rates on vessels rose to 25 per cent, and ships would not cross the Irish Channel without a convoy, something which had never happened before even in the wars with near-by France.

But Jones was to eclipse them all. He at once set about a plan so bold that it was almost reckless. Paul Jones, however, seems not to have known what fear is. The greater the danger, the higher rose his courage, the cooler grew his head. Once, when Congress promised him a

ship, he said, "Give me a fast one, for I intend to go in harm's way!" And he always did.

His plan was no less than this — to enter with his one little ship the harbor of Whitehaven, and burn all the English vessels anchored there!

At midnight, on April 22, 1778, he sailed into the harbor. Two batteries and a fort guarded the town and shipping. The garrison were asleep, nor dreaming of danger.

Gliding to the shore in row-boats — only a handful of men — the Americans scaled the batteries, seized the sleepy sentinel before he could give the least alarm, locked up all the astonished soldiers in their barracks, and spiked the cannon.

Then Jones left his lieutenant to fire the shipping, and he himself with only one man to aid him stole forward to capture the fort! Not a soul was stirring on the rampart. Silently he spiked the cannon and silently stole away again.

Back to the shore came the army of two. But no blaze of shipping greeted their eyes. Through cowardice, or a too tender heart, the lieutenant had failed in his duty.

Jones was in a rage. Day was breaking now, and the town's folk were appearing. The whole bold enterprise seemed doomed to failure.

No, it should not be a failure quite! Rushing to a

house near by, Jones seized a brand from the breakfast fire and climbed with it on board a schooner at the wharf. Calmly he sat down in the stern, and calmly he kindled a blaze. Then he hunted up a barrel of tar and poured it on the flames to make his work complete.

The flames shot up the masts and rigging and their light mingled with that of the rising sun to shine on the astonished town.

Down to the shore rushed the people by tens and dozens, surprised and sleepy. They made for the ship to swarm aboard and put out the fire.

But what was this they saw? At the entrance to the burning ship stood facing them a little man, not over five and a half feet tall, a cocked pistol in his hand. "The first man to advance is a dead man," he said. They looked at his terribly determined face, then turned and fled like frightened sheep.

Paul Jones had defeated them, one man against a thousand! For a moment he stood there, watching with a smile the terrified citizens huddled together in the distance.

Then he rowed calmly out to the *Ranger* and sailed away in the morning sunshine.

The townspeople found two cannon that had not been spiked, and began to fire them. But the balls fell so wide of the mark that the crew of the *Ranger* mockingly

answered with a single pistol, and the American ship was soon a speck of white on the open ocean.

The expedition had failed, but it had given the people on the coast a terrible scare. This was still further increased the next day by Jones' landing near Kirkbright to capture the Earl of Selkirk. The Earl was an important man, and could have been exchanged for many of the American captives who were starving in English prisons. Luckily for the Earl he was not at home.

The good people who dwelt nearby got a cannon down to the shore when night came to hide them, and blazed away for hours at the black form of the *Ranger*, dimly seen at anchor.

When morning dawned, they peered forth to see what was left of the dark hull they had been peppering all night. The dark hull was all there. It was a big rock in the channel! The *Ranger* was safe at sea.

By this time the news of Jones' exploits had reached the English warship *Drake*, and out she came to teach the impertinent Yankee a lesson. An American ship on the English coast! The *Drake* would see about that!

The *Drake* carried two more guns than the *Ranger*, and had a large and better drilled crew. But that did not trouble Jones a bit. In fact he sailed to meet her as she came out of the harbor of Carrickfergus.

It was late in the day when the battle began. The level sunlight lay a golden floor across the water. On the hilltops round about signal fires were burning, and hundreds of people were gathered there to see the Yankee ship destroyed.

"What ship is that?" shouted the captain of the *Drake*, as the two enemies drew near.

"The American continental ship *Ranger*! We are waiting for you — come on!" Paul Jones replied, and hurled a broadside at the *Drake*.

Then the fight began. Side by side the two ships floated while their cannon roared and thundered. A cloud of thick, white smoke arose, hiding the vessels from those on shore, save for the masts that rose above it, with the flags of England and America on their tops.

The American gunners proved the better. Out of the smoke and roar came the crash of splintering timbers, as their cannon balls ripped through the *Drake*. Sail after sail came flapping down and trailed useless in the water. Then the proud old flag of England fell at length, and the Stars and Stripes were left alone above the smoke.

Up in the rigging of the *Ranger* sat the topmen with their muskets, and shot down the English one by one. At last the British captain fell with a bullet in his head. That

was enough. The crew of the *Drake* threw down their arms and cried for quarter.

For an hour the fight had lasted, and the sun was sinking now. By its farewell rays, as the smoke of battle floated off, the people on the hilltops saw the *Drake* a shattered hulk upon the water, and had they been nearer they might have counted the forty-two dead or wounded on her decks.

The *Ranger*, scarcely harmed, and with but two dead and six more wounded, sailed off to France in triumph with her prizes.

HOW THE BRITISH WERE BEATEN.

The next year brought troublesome times to Jones. Because France promised him a larger ship he gave up the *Ranger*. But the larger ship did not come. Again and again he was promised, but only to be disappointed.

At last Benjamin Franklin, the United States minister to France, succeeded in getting him a vessel. In honor of Franklin, and Franklin's famous "*Almanac*," Jones named his new ship "*The Bonhomme Richard*,"*—the *Poor Richard*.

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* The French term *Bonhomme Richard* means literally Goodman Richard. We use Goodman to mean a poor man in English, in such expressions as *Goodman Friday* from Robinson Crusoe. And in New England before the Revolutionary War, the Voters or property-holders, were called *Freemen*, the non-property-holders, *Goodmen*.

' The following, from Spears' *History of Our Navy*, is a more detailed

It was the "*Poor Richard*," indeed — an old merchant vessel, clumsy and rotten, with an old-fashioned stern as tall as a tower and a bow blunt "like an Erie canal-boat"! The crew were a mixture of all races, from American and French, to Portuguese and Malay.

But Paul Jones was the captain.

In the summer of 1779, Jones set sail from France in company with six other ships. Three of them deserted, however, and but one of the others was really loyal to him, as we shall see. The trouble was that Jones had not been made chief of the fleet, but only of equal rank with each of the other captains. So, after all, he had to fight his battle out alone. An English naval officer once said, "We rely on bravery, not numbers." How truly it could have been said of Jones!

Again he was off the coast of Scotland, this time on the eastern side. Hearing of some English warships at Leith,

statement of the relative strength of the two ships. "The *Bonhomme Richard* entered the fight with forty-two guns, which could throw 557 pounds of projectiles at a discharge; the *Serapis* carried fifty, throwing 600 pounds. The crew of the American ship had been reduced to 304 by the drafts made in manning prizes, and of these no more than one-third were Americans. The *Serapis* carried 320, chiefly picked men. The number of killed on each ship was forty-nine. The *Serapis* had sixty-eight wounded and the *Bonhomme Richard* sixty-seven, among whom was John Paul Jones himself. He was hit in the head and the wound afterwards seriously affected his eyes, but he said nothing about it in his report."

It is interesting to note that the entire weight of metal thrown by either the *Richard* or *Serapis* from all their cannon at once was no more than the weight of a single projectile from the *Oregon*.

near Edinburgh, he resolved to seize them and the town of Leith, also. A rich man of the place, seeing the fleet draw near and thinking that they were English ships, sent out a boat with a request for ammunition to defend himself against "The Pirate, Paul Jones."

Jones sent back a keg of powder. He was sorry, he told the worthy Scotchman, that he had no suitable shot.

Soon after he summoned the town to surrender. And then the good people of Leith knew who he was.

Up and down the poor folk ran, frightened half out of their wits. But at Kirkcaldy, a little town near Leith, the pastor was equal to the danger. Down to the beach he rushed, plumped down in his armchair by the water, and began to pray.

This is the prayer he is said to have made.

"Now, Lord, dinna ye think it is a shame for ye to send this vile piret to rob our folk o' Kirkcaldy? For ye ken they are puir enough already, and hae naething to spare. They are all fairly guid, and it wad be a pity to serve them in sic a wa'. The wa' the wind blaws, he'll be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do? He is nane too guid for onything. Meickle's the mischief he has done already. Ony pocket gear they hae gathered togither, he will gary wi' the whole o't, and may be burn their houses, tak' their cla'es, and strip them to their sarks! And wae's

me! Who knows but the bluidy villian may tak' their lives? The puir women are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns shrieking after them. I canna tho't it! I canna tho't it! *I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord;* but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out o' our gate, I'll nae stir a foot, but just sit here until the tide comes in and drowns me. *Sae tak' your will o't, Lord!*"

No sooner had he finished praying than a sudden gale sprang up, common on the Scottish coast, and drove the "Vile Piret" out to sea.

"It was the prayer that did it," cried the people in their joy.

But the good parson would not take all the credit. "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind," said he.

Jones now cruised up and down the English coast, capturing prizes and spreading terror. He did not again try, however, to enter Leith harbor.

On September 23, 1779, while off Scarborough with the *Pallas*, *Alliance*, and *Vengeance*, Jones sighted a big fleet of merchant ships under the convoy of two English men-of-war.

The cargo boats fled for shelter like a flock of startled birds, while the warships got between them and Jones, and advanced to the conflict.

The English proved to be the *Serapis* and the *Scarborough*. The *Pallas* engaged the *Scarborough*, while Landais, the captain of the *Alliance*, cowardly got out of the way and left Paul Jones, with the old *Richard*, to fight the *Serapis* single-handed. The *Vengeance* was too far away to join in the fight.

The *Serapis* was new and swift, the *Richard* was old and slow. The *Serapis* had twenty eighteen pounders, the *Richard* had but six. The *Serapis* had a well drilled crew to work her, the *Richard* a motley array from every nation. The *Serapis* had a brave captain. But the *Richard* had a braver.

The breeze was light, the sea was like a polished floor. On Flamborough Head, on the wharves of Scarborough, the awe-struck people crowded to watch the coming battle.

It was evening before the vessels met. But the full moon, rising out of the ocean, gave them light. Its misty rays fell in silver on their sails, as they floated over the gleaming waters, and transformed them into phantom ships. On the hilltops the people held their breaths. A battle of ghosts it seemed.

The two chief enemies drew near. "What ship is that?" cried Captain Pearson of the *Serapis*.

"Come a little nearer and I will tell you!" was Jones's reply.

"What are you laden with?"

"Round grape and doubled-headed shot!" came back the answer from the *Richard*. And those on shore saw red spits of flame burst from the side of the Yankee and heard the thunder of her cannon roll across the water.

From the *Serapis* came an answering broadside, and the battle was begun.

But for Jones it was a bad beginning. At the first fire two of his six eighteen pounders exploded, killing the gunners and wrecking the gun room. Thus the *Richard* was left without a single heavy cannon to defend her lower deck, while the *Serapis* had twenty, all of them below, whence they could send their shot into the *Richard's* defenceless hull.

But Jones only worked his deck guns the faster. Side by side the two ships drifted, now the *Richard* across the bows of the *Serapis*, now the *Serapis* across those of the *Richard*, while broadside after broadside tore through hull and rigging. Those on shore saw only a cloud of smoke in the moonlight, rent and torn by darts of flame and shaken by the roar of half a hundred cannon.

Now the ships got caught together, and the Americans tried to board the *Serapis*. They were driven back, and Captain Pearson shouted to Jones, "Has your ship struck?"

A FIGHT BETWEEN BATTLE-SHIPS

"I have not yet begun to fight!" came back the dauntless answer.

Again the two ships broke apart, and again the cannon bellowed.

But Jones saw this would never do. The *Serapis* could outsail him, and by keeping always in the better position, could smash him into kindling wood. So he ran the *Richard* square alongside the enemy, and with his own hands helped to tie the two ships fast together. Then an anchor on the *Serapis* caught in the side of the *Richard*, and like fiery monsters the two ships fought, fast locked in each other's arms.

Again they opened fire with terrible effect. So close were they that the guns touched muzzles. To load, the gunners thrust their ramrods into the port-holes of the other ship. The men at the different cannon had fierce races to see who could load the quicker, and woe to the side that lost! The next minute they were blown to pieces.

Now the heavy eighteen pounders on the *Serapis* did frightful havoc. They crashed their shots into the *Richard's* rotten timbers, till the balls went clear through and dropped into the sea on the other side. They tore holes low down, the water poured in. They drove the crew to the upper deck. They silenced every battery but one.

But at that one fought Jones himself. Three cannon left, he still fought on, his face fierce and black with powder. If his ship went down, he would go down with her!

He loaded his guns with grape and canister and swept the enemy's upper deck. So fast he fired them and so hot they grew, that they bounded like mad things on the deck.

In the *Richard's* rigging swarmed the sailors with rifles and hand grenades, and soon Jones had driven the enemy all below. Thus above were the Americans victorious, while below the English rent the *Richard* at every broadside. Over the decks of either ship ran streams of blood that trickled off into the sea.

To add to Jones' desperate plight, the *Alliance* now came up, having seen the little *Scarborough* surrender to the *Pallas*; but instead of aiding the hard-pressed *Richard*, she poured her broadside into the devoted ship! It was fearful treachery, but the Americans could only groan.

Still Jones would not surrender.

It was almost ten o'clock. The smoke of battle had almost shut out the moon, and the two crews fought by the light of the cannon, and of the burning ships, for both were again and again on fire — The *Serapis* at least ten times. Again and again the battle lulled while both sides fought the flames.

And now a daring sailor on the *Richard* turned the tide of battle. Crawling out on a yard with a pail of hand-grenades, he climbed into the rigging of the *Serapis* and began to drop the bombs among the English crew. One of them fell through the hatchway to the lower deck and, hitting a train of cartridges laid ready there, caused a terrific explosion. Arms and legs went skyward in a spout of yellow fire; charred bodies fell back on the deck. Sixty men were killed or wounded and many guns disabled.

With redoubled energy Jones worked his three light cannon.

It was quite ten now, and the *Bonhomme Richard* was filling with water; the head gunner, wounded and terrified, thought she was sinking. Back on the deck he rushed to haul down the flag, but found it shot away. "Quarter," he began to shout, "for God's sake, quarter! Our ship is sinking!"

Jones heard him and whirled around with blazing eyes. The smoking pistol he himself had just shot off, he hurled straight at the head of the coward gunner and tumbled him down the hatchway.

"Do you call for quarter?" yelled Captain Pearson through the smoke and uproar.

"No," thundered Jones, with an oath. Then at the head

of his men, he drove back the boarders from the *Serapis* the instant they touched the rail.

Now the master-of-arms of the *Richard*, hearing the cry that the ship was sinking, let loose from the hold over a hundred English prisoners.

"The situation of Jones, at this moment, was indeed hopeless beyond anything that is recorded in the annals of naval warfare. In a sinking ship with a battery silenced everywhere except where he himself fought, more than a hundred prisoners at large in his ship, his consort, the *Alliance*, sailing around and raking him deliberately, his superior officers counselling surrender, whilst the inferior ones were setting up disheartening cries of fire and sinking, and calling loudly for quarter; the chieftain still stood undismayed."

He sent the frightened prisoners to the pumps, and told them if they did not work, he would take them to the bottom with him. With his three light cannon loaded with double headed shot, he hammered away at the main mast of the *Serapis*, now wreathed in flames.

Such dogged courage, such terrible resistance was too much even for an English crew. Worn out and disheartened, terror-struck by the awful explosion caused by the active Yankee sailor who had climbed their mast,—the fire of the *Serapis* slowly slackened, and at half past ten she

surrendered. Captain Pearson himself pulled down the colors. No other man dared show his head on the shot-swept deck.

So the terrible battle ended. For three hours and a half it had lasted; on the deck of either ship one half of the crew lay dead or wounded!

As the two ships were cut apart, the main mast of the *Serapis* crashed overboard, and on both ships the flames burst up anew.

When morning broke over the waters, the awful state of the *Richard* was fully seen. She was burning and sinking, with her rudder shot away and both her sides so shattered that only a post or two were left to hold in place her bloody deck. She was a mute and terrible witness to the frightfulness of the battle and the undying courage of her captain.

All that day Jones tried to save her, but in vain. He removed the wounded in safety. But the dead he left on the ship which they had died defending. The following morning, from the deck of the captured *Serapis*, he watched their solemn burial.

Wind and sea were rising. As the waves rolled up and crashed through the *Richard's* shattered sides, the old ship reeled and staggered. Slowly her bows sank deeper and deeper, until, with a final lurch, she plunged head fore-

most down and was swallowed in the water. There was a whirling hole in the sea for a moment. Then the waves leaped up to fill it, and nothing was visible save the eternal ocean, ceaselessly tossing, tossing.

DEATH OF PAUL JONES.

With his victory over the *Serapis*, Jones' active fighting for America ended. Later in the year he escaped in the *Alliance* from the Dutch harbor of Texel, where a whole British squadron was blockading him, and dodged safely through the English Channel, with his flag defiantly streaming under the very nose of England.

The next year found him in Paris, trying in vain to get a ship. But honor he found in plenty. Every one hailed him as a hero. The women made him their social lion. The French king gave him a jewelled sword and the cross of military merit.

Captain Pearson of the *Serapis* was also honored by the English king for his brave defence: he was made a knight. "If ever I catch him at sea again, I'll make a lord of him," said Jones when he heard the news.

Paul Jones was at length ordered back to America. That he ever reached again the United States was almost a miracle. During two days and three nights his ship rode

out a terrific gale just off the rocks of France, with every mast blown by the board, and his ship held only by a single anchor from dashing on to destruction. The ship returned to port for repairs, and at length brought Jones safely back to America.

Peace was declared before Jones could see any further fighting. He found himself, as in France, everywhere hailed a hero; and by Congress he was voted a gold medal for his services. But his restless nature would not let him enjoy in peace the honors he had won. Soon he was back again in Europe, in the employ of the Russian navy.

It was winter when he set out for St. Petersburg, and the Gulf of Bothnia was so full of ice that he could not cross. Jones, however, was too impatient to wait for spring. Hiring an open boat, no more than thirty feet in length, he started out to sail around the ice to the southward, over the stormy, open Baltic.

No boatmen would have knowingly gone with him, so he kept his desperate plan a secret until they were well out at sea. Then, drawing his pistols, he told the men to steer for St. Petersburg.

They looked at him, then at the wintry sea, then back at the pistols — and obeyed!

To the amazement of everyone, Jones reached port in

safety. He fought bravely in the Russian service for a time, then quarreled with his employers and drifted away to Paris. His last act was in behalf of America — an effort to exchange the American prisoners in Algiers, then the stronghold of the Mediterranean pirates. He did not live to see his object gained.

On the evening of July 18, 1792, he made his will — a will where he described himself simply as "John Paul Jones, a citizen of the United States" — and bade his friends goodnight. His doctor, coming soon after, found him dead upon the bed.

More than a hundred years have passed since then, but his fame is still undimmed.

As we look back upon him now, we do not call to mind his faults, though he may have been vain and often selfish, as we are told. We see neither the look of thoughtfulness so usual on his face, nor the small, though active figure. We do not even remember the land where he was born.

We see only a smoke-blackened, dauntless chieftain, amid crashing hulls and falling rigging, working his three lone cannon to the death. We see only the "Conquer or Die!" in those flashing eyes and tight-locked mouth. We know him for the first great hero of the American navy, *John Paul Jones*.

PERRY LEAVING HIS FLAGSHIP.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

BY

HELEN L. CAMPBELL

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

"In life he was the subject of the admiration of his country, — in his death of its sorrow."

To the high-minded, honorable patriot, strong in his loyalty and unfaltering in his devotion to his native land, the respect and admiration of his countrymen is the highest reward he can receive, and such are the rewards our country bestows upon its heroes.

During life they are admired, praised and sometimes, perhaps, flattered, but always honestly loved and respected; when death claims them this homage is changed to a reverence and veneration for their memory, which time itself can not destroy, while the record of their bravery and daring thrills the hearts of the generations who come after them.

THE PERRYS.

Away back in the seventeenth century, Edmund Perry, a Welshman and a Quaker, being persecuted in England for his religion, resolved to leave his native land and emigrate to America, that new, free country where so many homeless wanderers had found a resting place, and

where he hoped to enjoy the peace and quiet so dear to the Quakers.

He had heard the story of the Pilgrims, who, thirty years before, had, for the sake of "Freedom to worship God," braved the dangers of an ocean voyage and the perils and sufferings of life in a new, uncivilized world. "Surely," he thought, "among such a brave, noble people, who were themselves beaten, imprisoned and driven from their homes, as I have been, I shall find a place where I can live in peace and safety."

So, in 1650, he sailed from England and after a long, tedious voyage, landed at Plymouth. But he did not remain there long. The people of Plymouth who, a few years before, had been cruelly driven from their own homes because of their religion, now objected to all who did not believe as they did, and drove them out into the wilderness to find other homes.

It seems strange to us now, that the very men who had so recently risked their lives to find religious freedom on another continent should find it necessary to begin that new life with the same severe restrictions from which they had just fled. But we must remember that these early settlers were surrounded by many dangers both at home and abroad — even to the possibility of losing their liberties they had so dearly obtained — that they felt compelled to stop all dissensions among themselves.

Only a few years before Edmund Perry came to America, young Roger Williams, a minister of Salem, had declared that all men had a right to their own religious belief, and also that the King of England had no right to give land in America to his subjects until the Indians had been paid for it, that the people were really living upon lands belonging to the Indians.

These assertions raised a storm about Roger Williams, for they were dangerous doctrines in those days and might bring trouble on the colony. Accordingly he was accused of heresy in religion and treason against the King, and at last condemned to banishment from the colony. In the middle of winter he was driven from his home, an exile in the desolate forest. For fourteen weeks he wandered on through the deep New England snows in the depths of the wilderness, living on acorns, roots and sometimes a little parched corn given him by friendly Indians and sleeping at night on the ground or in a hollow tree. At length Canonicus, Chief of the Narragansetts, took him into his wigwam, cared for him kindly, and in June of 1636 sold him a large tract of land, which became the Province of Rhode Island.

To this Province went Edmund Perry, feeling sure that he had at last found a place where even a Quaker might be allowed to dwell in peace. He purchased a large tract of land on the shore of the beautiful Narragansett Bay, near

what is now South Kingston, and there made a home in the New World for himself and his descendants.

Here, in the old homestead, more than one hundred years afterward, Christopher Raymond Perry was born. He was a brave lad, and indeed, all boys were brave in those pioneer days, for there was no room for cowards in such perilous times.

Trouble had begun between the Colonies and England before Christopher was born, and when he was but fifteen years old the Revolutionary War broke out. He could be a boy no longer for his country needed men, and bravely shouldering his musket, he enlisted in the "Kingston Reds" and marched away to war. Afterward he joined the navy and served there until the close of the war in 1783.

The life of a sailor was what he liked best, and when the war ended and he was no longer needed in the navy, he obtained a position as mate of a merchant ship and went on a cruise to Scotland.

Among the passengers of his ship on her homeward voyage was a bonny Scotch lass, named Sarah Wallace Alexander, a direct descendant of the William Wallace so famous in Scottish history. The young mate soon made the acquaintance of his pretty passenger, and after they reached America he sometimes went to Philadelphia, where she was living with relatives, to visit her. But that was a long distance to go in those days, when there were no rail-

roads nor steamboats; so, in 1784, Sarah Alexander became Mrs. Christopher Perry, and went with her husband to live at the old Perry homestead at South Kingston.

Here, from the windows upon one side, she could see the bright, sparkling waters of the bay, and on the other, the grove of old forest trees, through whose green boughs shone the simple white stones marking the graves of the gentle old Quaker and his descendants. There, in the same old home, on the 23d of August, 1785, their first baby boy, Oliver Hazard Perry, was born.

PERRY'S BOYHOOD.

Little Oliver was a large, strong baby, handsome and bright as any baby could be, and it is said that he was a brave little fellow, fearing no one. There is a story told of his childhood which illustrates this trait. When only three years old he was one day sitting in the road near his grandfather's house, playing in the sand with an older cousin, when a man on horseback came riding swiftly toward them. The little cousin sprang up crying: "Run, Oliver, run, the man will ride over you!" but the child sat quite still, letting the sand sift through his chubby fingers, and watching the horseman riding toward him. At last, when nearly upon the little fellow, the rider saw the child sitting there and stopped his horse close beside him. Looking up into the rider's face with perfect confidence and friendliness,

Oliver said: "Man, you will not ride over me, will you?" Springing from his horse, the gentleman picked up the fearless baby, carried him into the house, and told his mother how brave her boy had been.

His mother taught him to read almost as soon as he could talk plainly; but when he was five years old she sent him to school, for there were now two younger children to keep her busy. Oliver's school-days were very different from those of little boys to-day. There were no kindergartens, with pretty games and merry songs to amuse the wee ones, and no bright school-rooms with pleasant, cheerful teachers, trying to make every lesson interesting.

Oliver Perry's first school was taught by an old man, who was very kind to the children, but who must have been extremely weak, for it is said that he refused to teach unless he was allowed to have a couch in the school-room where he could lie down, and hear the children recite their lessons as they stood about him.

Some little girl-cousins lived on the farm joining Oliver's home and the children went to school together. The girls were older than Oliver, but he was such a polite, dignified little man that he thought it his duty to go to and from school with them every day, and protect them from all possible harm.

As soon as they were old enough to walk a long distance, Oliver and his cousins were sent to another school about

four miles away, and the children went every day, taking their dinner with them and enjoying the long walk over the hills and through the forest.

This teacher was also an old, old man, so old that Oliver's grandfather had once attended his school.

Not long after, Mr. Perry moved his family from South Kingston to Newport, where the children could attend better schools. This was a great change for the boy who was now seven years old. The new teacher was very strict and very quick-tempered and Oliver, who had been accustomed to the easy, country school discipline, did not like him very well.

One day the teacher became angry with the boy and struck him over the head, breaking his ruler in pieces. Oliver said nothing, but quietly picked up his books, took down his cap, and walked home and told his mother about it, saying he would never go back to school. His mother said nothing then, but the next morning she gave him a letter and told him to take his books, go back to the school-house and give that letter to his teacher.

This was a hard thing for the proud little fellow to do, for he felt that he had been unjustly punished. But he never thought of disobeying his mother, and with tears in his eyes and his heart beating very rebelliously, he started at once.

The letter Mrs. Perry sent the teacher was very kind

and polite; but she said in it that she would trust her little boy to his care once more, and hoped she should have no cause to regret it. Perhaps this made the teacher more patient, for afterwards he and Oliver became the best of friends, often taking long walks along the seashore, and down by the wharves where the ships lay at anchor.

Oliver loved the sea, and no study interested him so much as that of navigation and the uses of nautical instruments. He was even then fitting himself for the honorable position he was to hold and the brave deeds he was to do in later years, although he was too busy and happy to think very much about what future years might bring.

Still, the poet Longfellow tells us (and poets are supposed to know a great many strange things) that, "A boy's will is the wind's will; and the thoughts of youth are long, long, thoughts." So it may be that this twelve-year-old boy had many dreams that he never told to any one, and "his long, long thoughts" went out over the coming years, while he built air-castles of the time when he would be a sailor on the great ocean, or a captain commanding a staunch ship of his own.

Captain Christopher Perry had made several very successful voyages and accumulated a comfortable fortune, so, when Oliver was twelve years old, he ceased following the sea, moved his family to the little village of Westerly, in

the south-western part of Rhode Island, and prepared to spend the rest of his days on shore. This, however, he was not allowed to do.

At this time the United States had no navy. The few ships used during the Revolutionary War had been sold to foreign nations. Our country was at peace with the world, the great ocean lay between us and the European powers, and knowing the Yankee ability to prepare quickly for any emergency, we felt perfectly safe without a navy.

But, in 1798, trouble between the United States and France arose. France and England had long been at war with each other, and the French, fearing to lose their possessions in America, were anxious for this government to join with them and drive the English from the western continent. This, however, our country refused to do, and finding that they could not persuade us, they resorted to harsher measures. French ships were accordingly sent out, with orders to capture all American merchant vessels sailing to foreign ports. France knew the state of our navy, and thought we could not retaliate.

But she did not understand the strength, resources and patriotism of the American nation. The whole country was roused to action. President Adams, who had long been urging the necessity of establishing a navy, at once went to work. Six new frigates were ordered built, and Captain Christopher Perry was sent to the town of Warren

to superintend the building of one of the frigates, and to take command of it as soon as it was finished.

Captain Perry and his wife went at once to Warren, leaving young Oliver, then not quite thirteen, at home to take care of the family. He was a very large boy, nearly a man in size, and he must have been very thoughtful and trustworthy, or his parents would not have left him to take care of the younger children.

But the boy was not contented at home. All his life he had spent beside the sea. The rippling of the water upon the sandy beach, as the tide ebbed and flowed, the thundering of the great, foam-capped waves when wind and storm drove them in upon the coast, had been his cradle-songs. The wide ocean in its storm and darkness, or its dancing, sunlit beauty, with white-sailed ships floating over it and strong-winged sea birds dipping in its cool green waters, had been his only picture book. Its sands and pebbles, its shells and little shining pools, its waves splashing over his bare feet, had been his dearest playmates. Was it any wonder, then, that the boy's heart turned to the sea, and he longed to follow his father's example?

Then, too, he was brave and patriotic. His mother had told him many stories of long ago, of battles fought and victories won in her native land, when her ancestor, William Wallace, had driven the English from Scotland and liberated his country, and young as he was, Oliver,

too, longed to defend his country and drive away her enemies.

So one day he wrote a long letter to his father, asking him for permission to enter the navy, and telling all his reasons for wishing to do so. His father was pleased with the boy's choice and very proud of so brave a son, and soon obtained an official warrant from the Secretary of the Navy, appointing young Oliver a midshipman in the United States Navy, on board his father's new frigate, the *General Greene*.

MIDSHIPMAN PERRY.

Preparations for war went on rapidly. The new ships were completed and equipped as fast as possible, a large army was organized, and George Washington, now an old man nearly sixty-seven, was once more called to take command of the armies of his country, and responded with all the courage and energy of his earlier years.

In February, 1799, one new ship, the *Constitution* (the world famous *Old Ironsides*), started on her trial trip, and captured a French frigate of equal size. Soon afterwards the *General Greene* was finished and ordered to sail to the West Indies. The United States carried on a large trade with these islands and great cargoes of fruit, coffee, and spices were brought to our seaport towns by merchant vessels. The *General Greene* was ordered to protect these

ships from the French frigates, to act as a "Sentinel of the sea," a sort of body-guard to the merchant fleets. This was the first voyage made by the young midshipman, and from his father he learned many a lesson in nautical skill and honor, and was taught both by his example and precepts to meet bravely the perils and hardships of a seafaring life.

In July, 1799, yellow fever broke out on board the *General Greene*, and Captain Perry was ordered home with his ship to remain until the crew recovered.

How pleased Oliver's mother must have been to see her husband and son safe at home again, and how proud the younger brothers and sisters were of the tall, military looking lad, in his bright uniform. No doubt all the neighboring children came in to admire him and to listen to the wonderful stories he could tell of the far off islands he had visited, and the adventures he had met with.

One story he delighted to tell them was of their father's promptness and courage. While the *General Greene* was conducting a merchant ship from New Orleans to Havana, a British frigate of 74 guns came up with them and, without a word of warning, fired a shot at the merchantman, expecting to stop her. But neither the merchantman nor the *General Greene* paid any attention to this. The frigate then sent out a boat with men to board the merchantman and examine her cargo. When they had nearly reached

the ship, the *General Greene* sent a cannon ball so near the boat that it immediately came alongside his ship; for at sea a cannon ball was considered a strong invitation to stop right where you were.

When the commander of the great frigate saw his boat stopped in this manner, he drew nearer and hailed Captain Perry, asking why he had fired on the boat. "To prevent her boarding the merchantman which is under my protection," answered Captain Perry.

"It is very surprising," said the British captain, "if a British '74 pounder' cannot examine a common merchant brig!"

"If she was a first class battleship, she should not do it to the dishonor of *my* flag," answered Captain Perry.

The captain of the frigate then very politely asked Captain Perry if he would give him permission to examine the merchantman. "Certainly," answered Captain Perry, "but I can assure you, you will find nothing wrong in her cargo."

From such examples of spirit, bravery, and prompt action the young midshipman learned his first lessons in naval honor.

While the *General Greene* was guarding the merchant ships, the famous *Constitution* won many victories, and once captured a French frigate carrying sixteen more guns than herself. The French became discouraged. If the Americans, who were wholly without a navy when they

commenced their depredations, could, in so short a time, build and equip battleships superior to hers, what would the consequences be if war were really declared? France feared the spirit she had roused in the American people, and began talking of peace and of treaties of commerce. The United States had no desire to carry on a war with France, if that country would "keep the peace," and, in May of 1800, a treaty was concluded, and the threatened war averted.

The *General Greene* returned to Newport, and as the government decided to dispose of most of its naval force, many officers were discharged, among them Captain Perry, but his son Oliver was retained as a midshipman in the service.

LIEUTENANT PERRY.

Looking at the map of Africa we find four small states, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, bordering on the southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. These are called the Barbary States, and for more than four hundred years they had been known as the home of pirates and sea-robbers of the boldest, wickedest type. They really merited the title of "Barbarous States," which was sometimes applied to them, and every European nation feared them, and, instead of resisting their demands, paid great sums of money as tribute, and gave them costly bribes to induce them not to molest ships on the high seas and to restore the prisoners they captured.

The United States began to treat with them in this way also, but after making them many presents, the American Consul at Tripoli was peremptorily ordered away unless the United States would give them another heavy tribute within six months. "Uncle Sam" was not accustomed to being told what he *must* do, and when the Bashaw of Tripoli added that if his demand was not complied with, he would declare war at once, the government replied by sending a fleet of four good ships to blockade the ports of Tripoli. On one of these vessels, the *Adams*, with Captain Campbell commanding, went midshipman Perry.

They reached the Mediterranean in August, 1802, and on the 23d of that month, his seventeenth birthday, Oliver Hazard Perry received a lieutenant's commission as a birthday present, making him the youngest lieutenant who ever served in the United States navy.

For over a year the little squadron cruised about the Mediterranean, and, though no great battles were fought, no great victories won, the American fleet did good service. It protected trading vessels, cleared the sea of pirate flags, drove the Tripolitan cruisers into their own ports and blockaded Tripoli. It was a good school for the young officer. The *Adams* put in at ports of France, Spain, and Italy, and Captain Campbell, who was very much attached to his boy lieutenant, often allowed him to go on shore. He made good use of these opportunities, gained a knowl-

edge of foreign countries, and learned much about conducting and commanding a ship. In the autumn of 1803, the *Adams* was ordered home, and in November Lieutenant Perry reached his home at Newport, where he remained until July of 1804.

He spent his time in studying mathematics and astronomy, and enjoying the society of Newport. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and graceful, with pleasant manners and a most musical voice, which, joined with his ability to play the flute, made him always welcome among the young people, who greatly admired the handsome lieutenant.

All this time the war in the Mediterranean was going on. Commodore Preble had won many victories; Stephen Decatur, then a young lieutenant, had accomplished one of the most daring feats of the war, the burning of the *Philadelphia* after it had been captured by the the Tripolitans; Richard Somers, the brave young captain, had found a grave beneath the waters of the Mediterranean in the fire-ship *Intrepid*, with which he had intended to destroy the enemy's fleet. All these things reached the ears of Lieutenant Perry, and made him anxious to return to duty.

At last the order for which he was longing came; he was commanded to go on board the *Constellation* and sail at once to Tripoli. This made the American fleet in the Mediterranean so large that the Bashaw gladly consented to sign a treaty and release all his prisoners for a small ransom.

The *Constellation*, therefore, did not reach Tripoli until the war was practically ended, but the fleet remained in the Mediterranean several months, and Lieutenant Perry was placed in command of the schooner *Nautilus*, where the work he did was highly commended.

France and England were still at war, and each nation had forbidden any other country sending ships to its opponent's ports. Not content with this, England claimed the right to search American vessels for deserters from her navy. To avoid trouble and war, if possible, Congress passed a law, called the "Embargo Act," by which no ship was allowed to sail from a United States port to a foreign country.

To enforce this law it was necessary to watch every seaport, and Lieutenant Perry was ordered to superintend the building of a fleet of gunboats, with which he was to patrol Long Island sound. He was also to prepare a map of the harbors of that locality for the government. For this work he was given a small schooner, the *Revenge*, but while cruising along the coast a dense fog arose, the pilot lost his way, and the *Revenge* struck a rocky reef and went to pieces. It was impossible to save the schooner, but Lieutenant Perry's presence of mind enabled him to save his crew, and almost every article on board of any value.

He went at once to Washington and reported the loss to the Navy Department, which exonerated him from all

blame, praised his courage and good judgment, and granted him a year's leave of absence. This he improved by visiting Newport, where, on May 8, 1812, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Mason.

The Embargo Act, however necessary it may have seemed at the time, proved more harmful to America than to her foes. The New England States, which had the largest shipping interests, threatened secession, and Congress repealed the act and passed, instead, a non-intercourse law, allowing vessels to trade with all countries except France and England. Later, this law was repealed in favor of France, but continued in force against Great Britain. England was still sore over her defeat in the Revolution, and the non-intercourse law annoyed her still more.

In May, 1811, one of her ships fired on an American vessel, which immediately answered with a broadside, which she kept up until the English ship was disabled. The United States had tried in all honorable ways to avoid war with England, but now saw plainly that this could not be done, and on June 18, 1812, war against Great Britain was formally declared.

European nations were astonished. They predicted the complete annihilation of the United States, and at the very least it was believed the American flag would be swept from the seas. The United States had no navy — not over twenty vessels, all told — and some of these were so old

and decayed as to be useless. England had over one thousand battleships, eighty-five of which were stationed along the American coast. They called themselves "Lords of the ocean, and mistress of the seas." "Brittania rules the wave," sang her seamen :

"The wind and seas are Britain's wide domain,
And not a sail but by permission spreads."

What wonder that all Europe was astounded at the reckless bravery of the young republic! But when the war of 1812 was ended, England had learned a wholesome lesson.

Ever since the Revolution, England had been trying to obtain control of the Great Lakes and the Mississipi River, and thus gain possession of the great West. They had many forts and trading posts along the Lakes, and had a strong influence over all the Indians of the Northwest Territory. During the French and English war, England had blamed the French most severely for making allies of the Indians, knowing their ferocious nature, and their custom of torturing and murdering all who fell into their hands. But as soon as war was declared against the United States, all the tribes under the influence of the English "raised the tomahawk" against the Americans.

It was soon seen that the English must be driven back

into Canada, and the Indians not allowed to cross the frontier, or all the American settlements in the northwest would be destroyed and the settlers murdered.

Accordingly, General William Hull, Governor of Michigan Territory, was placed in command of a small army, with orders to invade Canada. On July 12, 1812, he crossed the Detroit with the purpose of capturing Fort Malden, but having heard that the American post at Mackinaw had been surprised and captured by the British, he made this an excuse for retreating across the river to Detroit.

Meanwhile the British had not been idle. General Brock, Governor of Upper Canada, commanding the British troops, aided by Chief Tecumseh and his Indian warriors, on the 17th of August, advanced against Detroit. The American soldiers were eager for battle, and stood in the trenches waiting the order to fire, when, to the amazement of both armies, General Hull raised the white flag and surrendered.

Humiliating as this surrender on land was, the victories upon the sea more than compensated for it. In one year two hundred and fifty British ships, with their sailors and cargoes, had been captured by American cruisers. France looked on well pleased, seeing the fulfillment of Napoleon's prophecy, when, at the cession of Louisiana, he exclaimed: "There! I have this day given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

The English themselves were greatly concerned. Some British newspapers declared the "time-honored" flag of England had been disgraced "by a piece of striped bunting, flying at the mast-heads of a few fir-built vessels, manned by a handful of outlaws."

MASTER-COMMANDANT PERRY.

In February, 1813, Lieutenant Perry was appointed Master Commandant and ordered to Lake Erie, to superintend the building and fitting out of a fleet, and to take command of that Lake. He acted promptly, sending ship-carpenters and mechanics on ahead, and giving orders for the necessary provisions, guns, ammunition and rigging to be sent on as fast as possible. On February 22, he bade his young wife good-by and, with his younger brother Alexander, then only thirteen years old, began his journey to the Great Lakes.

They travelled in rude sleighs wherever there were settlements and rough roads had been made. But most of the country between the Hudson River and Lake Ontario was an unbroken wilderness, and narrow trails, worn by the moccasins of the red men and marked by blazed trees, were their only pathway. Sometimes, when journeying along the banks of some stream, if the water was not too full of ice, they would embark in an Indian canoe and paddle down the stream. But most of the way they were obliged

to travel on foot, through deep snow, camping wherever night found them, making a rude shelter of boughs and building great fires to keep themselves warm.

When they reached the small settlement of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, they obtained boats and paddled along the shore of the lake until they reached Sackett's Harbor, where a small body of American soldiers were stationed, and where Perry was to report for duty.

That was a long, dreary boat-ride. Upon one side lay the great forest, white with snow, silent and unbroken; upon the other, the great "freshwater sea," with white capped waves beating against the lonely shore. The sound of their voices or the report of their guns, echoing from the dense forest and over the dark lake, then re-echoing again and again, still more faintly, were the only sounds to break the stillness; but they were neither frightened nor discouraged, and at last reached Sackett's Harbor, drenched to the skin by a cold winter rain.

Thence they soon set out for Erie, which they reached about the last of March. Here they found the ship-carpenters already at work upon three gunboats and two brigs. The task which Commander Perry accomplished would now seem almost an impossible one.

In six months from the time the order was given, trees which had been growing strong and green beside the Lake were transformed into gunboats and brigs, while through

the wilderness from Philadelphia, hundreds of miles away, came wagons drawn by slow, patient oxen, bringing cannon, guns, ammunition, rigging and provisions for the new warships.

While Perry was busily employed building his fleet, the American Navy on the Atlantic coast had lost one of its best ships and one of its bravest captains. Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* had bravely attacked the British frigate, *Shannon*, which proved too strong for him. The *Chesapeake* was captured and Captain Lawrence fell, mortally wounded, exclaiming with his last breath, "Don't give up the ship!" When the news of his death reached the Secretary of the Navy, he sent word to Captain Perry to name one of the new ships the "*Lawrence*," and Perry gave this name to his own flagship.

By the middle of July, 1813, the fleet was ready to put to sea, but there were not men enough to man more than one ship, and Perry wrote many letters to the Secretary of the Navy and to General Harrison, urging them to send him more men. By the first of August he had about four hundred sailors, "a mixed, incongruous set of beings, Americans, Europeans and blacks, who had not been together long enough to become acquainted with each other or with the service." These were the men with whom Perry was to win his wonderful victory.

The little squadron, nine vessels in all, now left the

harbor at Erie and sailed along the southern coast of the beautiful lake to Put-in-Bay, not far from the west end, while the British fleet lay in the harbor at Fort Malden on the opposite shore.

September came, with beautiful, warm sunny days, and early on the morning of the tenth, the lookout from the *Lawrence* saw the English fleet sail out on the Lake and approach Put-in-Bay. Immediately the American squadron prepared to meet them and sailed out into the lake.

To a spectator the picture must have been beautiful; the warm, bright sunlight, the sparkling, rippling water, the white sails, shining like snow as the soft breeze filled them, and the ships moving swiftly and gracefully through the water as if filled with life. But the black cannon, the glistening guns, the uniformed men, standing in silent groups upon the decks, made another picture, one of death and destruction, which marred all the beauty.

Now the ships prepared for battle, and Commander Perry brought out a large blue flag, on which was inscribed in white letters the words of the gallant Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" "Men," said Perry "shall we hoist this flag?" "Aye, aye, sir," answered every one, and when the flag slowly rose and the breeze unfolded it so that the whole fleet could read the inscription, cheer after cheer rose from the decks, and every sailor determined to win or die in the attempt.

On board the British flagship, *Detroit*, the band played "Rule Brittania," but after cheering the blue flag, not a sound was heard from the American squadron. They knew the task before them, and silently, bravely went ahead. Just at twelve o'clock the first cannon-ball came across the water from the British flagship. In a moment the *Lawrence* answered, and the battle of Lake Erie began.

For two hours the *Lawrence* led the way until, with only nine men left who were able to fight, with her masts shattered, her guns silenced, her sides riddled by shot and her decks covered with wounded and dying men, it was evident that she could do no more and must surrender. Then the blue flag was hauled down and taking it in his arms, Perry and his little brother, in a small boat and amid a storm of bullets, were rowed to the other brig, the *Niagara*, where the blue flag was once more raised.

How the sailors cheered when it floated out again; and when, at Perry's command, the *Niagara* ran down in the midst of the British fleet, every ship followed. Broadside after broadside was fired as each ship came in range, and in just fifteen minutes the British colors were slowly lowered on the flagship *Detroit*, and the battle was over.

The "fir-built ships," and "outlaw crews" had won the day and Brittania no longer ruled the Lakes.

Commander Perry now returned to his shattered flagship with his blue flag, and under its waving folds received the

surrender of the British officers. As one by one they presented their swords to him, he quietly returned them with courteous words of praise for their gallant fight. Then, on a slip of paper taken from an old letter, he wrote his famous dispatch to General Harrison:

"U. S. Brig *Niagara*, off the Western Sister,
Head of Lake Erie,
Sept. 10, 4 o'clock P. M.

Dear General: — We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

Yours, with great respect and esteem,
O. H. Perry."

He also sent a dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy, as follows.

"U. S. Brig *Niagara*, off the Western Sister,
Head of lake erie,
Sept. 10, 4 o'clock 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,

Your obedient servant,
O. H. Perry."

The Hon. William Jones, *Secretary of the Navy*.

In these direct, emphatic letters there is no boasting.

Only a true hero, one to whom deeds meant more than words, could have written them. Never, since the great Roman general, Julius, wrote his immortal dispatch, "*Veni, vidi, vici*" (I came, I saw, I conquered), has so much been expressed in so few words.

During the dreadful conflict, it is said there was but one moment when the courage and self-command of Commander Perry seemed shaken. This was when he saw his young brother knocked down by a hammock, which was driven in by a cannon ball. For a moment the Commander thought the boy was killed, but before he could reach him, the little fellow sprang to his feet, unhurt, and no one remembered the danger he had escaped.

A lieutenant, badly wounded, and with bandaged head, came up to Perry saying, that all the officers of his division were killed; Perry ordered others to fill their places. Soon after the brave lieutenant returned with the same story, all his officers killed or wounded. "Then, sir," said Perry, "you must try to make out by yourself, I have none left alive to furnish you."

On board the British ship, *Detroit*, two Indians were to act as sharp-shooters. One of these climbed up in the rigging and fired one shot, but the whizzing of shot, splinters, and bits of rigging soon made the place too warm for him, and he descended faster than he climbed up. Just as he reached the deck a sailor was shot beside the other Indian,

and with a loud "Waugh," the brave red men scrambled down below, where they were found snugly stowed away, twenty-four hours afterward.

Braver than they was a bear which the British officers had tamed, and which remained on deck throughout the battle and escaped uninjured.

The men who were killed were buried in the waters of the Lake. The day after the battle the funeral services of the American and British officers were held on the beach. Slowly the procession of boats crossed the bay, the oars striking the water in exact time with the notes of a solemn dirge. The flags waved mournfully at half-mast on all the vessels, and the minute guns boomed, while there, in the lonely wilderness, but a few paces from the shining, blue waters of the Lake, the dead officers, who had fought so fiercely against each other, were laid side by side in peaceful rest. "And the traveller of either nation will find no memento whereby he may distinguish the American from the British hero."

From this time victory was with the Americans both on land and sea. No time was lost by General Harrison in transporting his troops across to Canada in Perry's ships. The British fled before them at Fort Malden, and Detroit surrendered without resistance. The Americans closely pursued the British and on the banks of the Thames River the final battle of the northwest was fought.

Perry was too excited to remain quietly on board his ship; so he joined General Harrison as an aide. During the battle of the Thames he rode a large black horse with a white face, and as he rode over the field, carrying orders, the soldiers cheered wherever he passed.

General Proctor commanded the British soldiers, and Chief Tecumseh, the Indian warriors. When the British army surrendered, Proctor fled, but the brave Indian chief, scorning to flee, was killed.

On October 7, 1813, Commander Perry started for Newport. He had accomplished the task he had been sent to perform, and was once more to see his wife and friends. All along the route he was welcomed as the "Hero of Lake Erie," the "deliverer of the frontier." In all the principal cities there were brilliant illuminations, and banquets were tendered him. Business houses were shut and schools closed that the children might see the hero. On the eighteenth of November he reached his home, and was welcomed by ringing of bells, flags waving from buildings, and from the ships in the harbor, and firing of guns to salute his home-coming.

On November 29, he was promoted to the rank of Captain, which was then the highest rank in the Navy. Congress presented him with a gold medal, the city of Buffalo with a sword and the city of Boston, with several pieces of silver, suitably inscribed.

CAPTAIN PERRY.

Until August, 1814, Captain Perry remained at home with his wife and friends. He was then summoned to Washington and placed in command of the new frigate, the *Java*, which was to protect the city of Baltimore from the British, who had sailed up the Potomac, captured Washington, and burned the new capitol and some of the public buildings. They then made an attack on Baltimore but were driven back.

Captain Perry was later placed in command of a squadron which was to cruise near the English coast, destroying English vessels and commerce, but before he could sail peace was declared, and on December 14, 1814, the War of 1812 ended.

During this war trouble had arisen with the Barbary States, and Congress declared war with Algiers. Captain Stephen Decatur was sent with a squadron to the Mediterranean, where he soon compelled the Bey of Algiers to sign a treaty. In a short time the Bey repented of this act, and declared that he did not consider the treaty binding. Captain Perry was accordingly ordered to take the *Java* and join Decatur.

On January 22, 1816, he sailed for Algiers, and met Decatur some time in March. However, there was no fighting, and in a short time the Bey signed another treaty and

Perry was ordered home. During his cruise along the southern shore of Europe, Captain Perry attracted a great deal of attention. He was an excellent musician and had the finest band in the fleet. He was very kind to his men, allowing them to go on shore as much as possible, and took a great interest in the young midshipmen on his vessel, to whom he gave lessons in navigation, French and Spanish, as well as in fencing with the sword, and dancing.

In January of 1817, Captain Perry sailed for home where he arrived some time in March, and was very glad to be once more with his wife and little ones. The next two years were the happiest of Perry's life. He had sufficient wealth for all his needs, he had won fame and honor and, best of all, a nation's gratitude.

He built a comfortable little cottage on the old farm, once owned by his Quaker ancestor, and here the family spent the summers, returning to their Newport home in winter. It was with regret that he received a summons to Washington on March 31, 1819, but it is a sailor's duty to obey orders, and he went at once.

The Secretary of the Navy wished him to go to South America to look after American interests there. Venezuela was at war with Spain, and had fitted out several small, swift sailing vessels called privateers, which were to capture Spanish merchant ships. These privateers were not always particular what vessels they attacked, and several

American merchants had met with losses through them. Captain Perry was to obtain payment for these losses if he could, and also to persuade the President of Venezuela to protect American commerce.

Captain Perry started on this expedition at once, taking two vessels, the sloop *John Adams*, and a small schooner, the *Nonsuch*. On July 17, 1819, he reached the mouth of the Orinoco River, where he was obliged to leave the *John Adams* and go on board the schooner, for the mouth of the river was too shallow for large vessels. The *John Adams* was sent back to the island of Trinidad to await the arrival of Perry.

The *Nonsuch* proceeded up the river to Angostura, the capital of Venezuela, about three hundred miles from its mouth. For over two hundred miles the country was uninhabited, the river banks low and the land subject to inundations. On either side extended great forests of live oak, mahogany, and cocoa-nut palms, festooned with vines and garlands of gay flowers, while the forest seemed alive with birds of brilliant plumage. But the heat was terrible. Poisonous insects swarmed around them, and there was no pure, cool water to drink.

When they reached Angostura they found yellow fever prevailing there, and soon many of the crew were sick with it. Captain Perry then sent the *Nonsuch* back to the mouth of the river, there to wait for his arrival, while he

remained until his mission was accomplished. But it was nearly three weeks before he could obtain the promise from the President which the United States required.

At last, with all the necessary papers, he sailed on a small tender for the mouth of the Orinoco, reaching the *Nonsuch* on the evening of August 15, 1819. As the sea was rough, the *Nonsuch* was obliged to wait until morning before she started for Trinidad, and during the night Captain Perry was taken with a chill followed by symptoms of yellow fever.

The *Nonsuch* made every effort to hasten the voyage to Trinidad, for Captain Perry was very anxious to reach his ship, and the intense heat made the little cabin of the *Nonsuch* very uncomfortable. But unfavorable winds delayed their progress, and five days passed before the island of Trinidad came in sight.

Captain Perry felt from the first that he should not recover, and made preparations for death, sending many tender messages to the dear wife and babies he would never see again. His one wish was that he might reach Trinidad and die on his flagship.

When within a mile of the *John Adams*, the *Nonsuch* signalled for a boat to come for the dying Captain. In response to this signal a boat with the officers of the *John Adams* put off at once, and reached the schooner just in time to witness the death of their brave young

Captain. The anxious watchers on the *John Adams* saw the flag of the *Nonsuch* slowly lowered to half-mast. Captain Oliver Perry had surrendered to the one great enemy — Death.

This was on August 23, 1819, his thirty-fourth birthday. "He had worn his laurels with a modesty so sincere and unaffected, that of all men he appeared the most ignorant of their existence, or of the mighty, unanswerable claim he had put in for immortality," but "A nation's gratitude is the hero's best reward," and that he received without measure.

The island of Trinidad belongs to Great Britain, and there, with full military honors, he was buried.

The English officers and troops, and the Commandant of the Garrison and his staff marched at the head of the coffin, forming a guard of honor for the dead. Following, came the officers and crews of the *John Adams* and the *Nonsuch* as mourners, while minute guns were fired as the long procession passed to the English burying-ground, and there laid the dead hero to rest.

An old biography, printed in 1821, says: "Such was the veneration which was entertained even by foreigners for the character of Perry, that in 1820, a monument was erected at Port Spain to his memory. We cannot believe that the rights of sepulchre will be left entirely to foreigners, and his bones to moulder in a foreign land. We trust

that in a suitable time his remains will be brought to his native country."

Some years afterward, the Government sent a ship to bring his remains to the United States. He was finally laid to rest at Newport, Rhode Island, and a granite monument marks the grave of "The brightest ornament of the American Navy," whose illustrious name

"Long shall blaze an unextinguished ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting glory's way."

To his widow was given an annuity of four hundred dollars during her life. To the three young sons, an annuity of fifty dollars until they were twenty-one, and to his infant daughter, an annuity of fifty dollars until her marriage or death. This is the first instance in which our government paid an annuity, or pension, to the family of an officer. All pensions up to that date were given directly to the person who had served the government, and ceased at his death.

FARRAGUT.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT

BY

HELEN L. CAMPBELL

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT

From the little island of Minorca, lying in the beautiful blue Mediterranean Sea, there came to this country, in the year 1776, a young man just twenty-one years old, named George Farragut.

He was of Spanish parents, although at the time of his birth Minorca was under the British Government; but being of an alien race, he had no sympathy with the English, and reaching America just as the war for Independence began, he at once took sides with the Colonies.

He was young, strong, and brave, and ready to help his adopted country win her liberty; and all through the long war of the Revolution, with its dangers and hardships, he fought loyally for the new land he called his home.

When the war ended, he, like many others, found himself without any possessions except strength, manhood, and a free country, and set to work at once to build up his own fortunes.

Being fond of adventure, he settled on the border line of Eastern Tennessee, married Elizabeth Shine, a North Carolina girl, and began making a home for his family in the great wilderness. The forest lay for miles around

them, dark and lonely, and the howl of the wolf or scream of the panther were familiar sounds. Indians roamed through the country, savage and cruel, ready to murder and scalp any unlucky settler who came within their reach.

Here, on the fifth day of July, 1801, in the humble log cabin in the wilderness, at what is now Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, Eastern Tennessee, a little baby boy was born, whom his parents named David Glasgow Farragut.

One of the little boy's earliest recollections was of his older brother running in and crying: "The Indians, the Indians are coming!" and his mother hastily barred the door, sending the two little boys up the ladder into the loft of the cabin, while, with an axe in her hand, she stood beside the door ready to defend her little ones with her life if necessary. Fortunately the Indians passed by, walking one behind the other in the narrow path; but their gay feathers and brilliant war-paint could not hide the hate in their fierce black eyes as they glanced toward the white man's humble home.

Such dangerous neighbors made it necessary for the scattered settlers to combine in some form for protection and defense, and George Farragut served actively as major of cavalry for some years.

When little David was about five years old his father, hoping to better his fortune, moved to Louisiana, which

had just been ceded to the United States, and settled his family in New Orleans. Here he was appointed sailing-master in the Navy and placed in command of a gunboat on the Mississippi River. Thus early in life the little boy became interested in the Navy of his country and learned to love the ships and the great ocean.

While living in his father's house on the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, an event took place which changed the whole life of little David Farragut.

One very warm day George Farragut went out upon the lake fishing and took his little boy in the boat with him. As they sat in the boat near the shore, where the great trees, draped with long gray moss, made a cool shaded spot, they saw a boat drifting along upon the water in the bright sunshine and could see no one in it. Nearer and nearer it drifted, and at last George Farragut thought he saw someone lying helpless in the bottom of the boat. Rowing out to it he found an old gentleman, who, while out fishing, had been overcome by the heat and was suffering from sunstroke; and carefully lifting him into their boat, they hastened home.

This old gentleman was David Porter, a sailing-master in the navy, and his son, Captain John Porter, had charge of the naval station at New Orleans. He had also a grandson, David D. Porter, then a small boy, but who many years after became an admiral.

George Farragut took the old gentleman to his house and cared for him until he died, for he never grew strong enough to be removed to his own home. Just before he died, Mrs. Farragut, little David's mother, was taken with yellow fever and died after a short illness. The two were buried upon the same day.

Commander Porter felt deeply grateful to the Farraguts for their kindness to his father, and coming to visit them not long after the funeral, he offered to take one of the motherless little ones and adopt it as his own. Little David had been admiring the commander's uniform, and readily promised to go with him, and Commander Porter promised to be always a good friend to him. Many years afterward, when David Farragut was an old man, he said: "I am happy to have it in my power to say, with feelings of the warmest gratitude, that he was ever to me all that he promised to be."

He now went to live in his new home, making frequent visits to his father's family; but after a few months Commander Porter went to Washington, taking little David with him, and placed him in school there. Before starting he visited his father and bade him what proved to be a last farewell, for when he again visited New Orleans his father was dead.

David remained in school at Washington for some time, and while there went one day with his guardian to visit

Paul Hamilton, Secretary of the Navy, who, learning how much the little boy wished to enter the Navy, promised him a midshipman's warrant when he reached his tenth birthday. This promise he more than kept, for on the seventeenth of December, 1810, when the boy was only nine and a half years old, he received his midshipman's warrant, and from that time until his death, sixty years later, he belonged to the Navy of the United States.

Soon after this happened, Commander Porter moved to his home in Chester, Pennsylvania, and David Farragut went to school there.

Commander Porter had a son who was also named David, and long years after the two Davids commanded ships and fought side by side upon the Mississippi River and in the Gulf; but now they attended school together, studied and played, and perhaps sometimes quarreled and got into mischief together as boys often do.

The young midshipman did not attend school long. In August, 1811, Commander Porter was ordered to take command of the frigate Essex and he took with him the little midshipman, David Farragut, just ten years old. Long years afterward, Commodore Bolton — then a young lieutenant on the Essex — told Mrs. Farragut he remembered finding the little fellow sound asleep, leaning against a gun-carriage, and covered him with his jacket to protect him from the chill night air.

Commander Porter, wishing to keep his adopted son as near himself as possible, made him midshipman of the captain's gig — as the captain's own boat is called — and one day he went out in this boat with a boat-crew of sailors to bring the captain, who had gone ashore, back to the ship.

While the boat was waiting at the wharf, a crowd of dock-loafers commenced making remarks about the young midshipman who stood in the boat, feeling very proud of his new uniform and very important at being in command of the boat's crew. He heard what the men said but made no reply, though his crew felt very angry at the insulting words about their little commander.

At last one of the loafers picked up an old watering-pot and sprinkled dirty water upon the little midshipman. In an instant the man in the bow of the boat caught his boat-hook in the fellow's pocket and dragged him into the boat, while little David and his crew sprang upon the wharf and began striking right and left. As commanding officer, it was David's duty to restrain his men; but he rushed ahead, waving his sword and cheering them on, and chased the loafers through the town to the market. Here the police interfered, arrested them all, and the young officer was bound over to keep the peace.

The Essex, where David Farragut first served as a midshipman, had quite a history before she became famous as the ship connected with the great Admiral. She was

built in 1798 and '99 by the citizens of Salem, Massachusetts. During the winter the farmers brought on sleds, drawn by yokes of stout oxen, great timbers from the surrounding forests for the frame and planking of the ship. The rigging was made at the rope-walks of Salem, and the sails were so carefully chosen, cut, and fitted that it was said the Essex never sailed so well as in her first suit. All the ships of those days were fitted with sails. There were no great steamers, iron-clad or built of steel, like the great warships of today.

The Essex had been sailing upon the Atlantic about twelve years, when Captain Porter was ordered to take command of her, and took David Farragut with him as midshipman. After cruising along our eastern coast for some time, she was sent to the Cape Verd Islands, and from there to the western coast of South America to protect the American whaling ships in the Pacific.

The passage around Cape Horn is always a dangerous one, and especially so to a ship wholly dependent on sails and going from east to west, since the winds there are nearly all from the west. It was a long, slow voyage, the supply of food and water was limited, and there were no friendly ports where more could be obtained.

Such a long stormy passage without enough to eat was a severe trial to the young sailor, and he wrote in his journal how they all suffered from hunger and the terrible

weather. For twenty-one days the Essex struggled through the heavy seas, and the terrific winds and storms. At last came a storm far worse than any they had yet encountered. Great waves tossed the ship from side to side and broke over her decks. Soon an awful wave, towering high above the brave little ship, burst over her and stove in one side, letting in such floods of water that they feared that she would surely sink. Writing in his journal, Midshipman Farragut said: "This was the first time I ever saw sailors paralyzed with fear. They knelt upon the deck and began praying; when the mate called out, with a voice like the roar of a lion, 'Put your best foot forward, boys! Put your best foot forward, there is one side of the ship left yet.'"

At last the stormy cape was passed and the Essex headed north on the smoother waters of the broad Pacific, and the little frigate thus won the honor of being the first American man-of-war to round Cape Horn; just as eleven years before, in 1800, she had been the first to carry the Stars and Stripes around the Cape of Good Hope into the Indian Ocean.

There were, at this time, on the western coast of South America about twenty-five American whalers, worth nearly two and a half million dollars. These had left home in a time of peace and most of them were unarmed. There were also about twenty English whalers in the same

waters; but as England was usually at war with some other nation, these vessels were well armed and carried letters of marque, which gave them authority to capture vessels belonging to any nation with which England was at war. Thus the declaration of the war of 1812 left the American whaler, at the mercy of their English adversaries.

The duty of the Essex was to protect these ships and capture as many of the English ships as possible. In less than three months Commander Porter had captured eight English whalers, and he placed little Midshipman Farragut in command of one of them, the Barclay, and told him to follow the Essex to the Galapagos Islands.

The English captain was furious that a boy, not twelve years old, should be placed in command of his ship, and blustered and threatened the little commander, who wrote that night in his journal: "I was a little afraid of the old fellow, and so were the crew; but I knew the time had come for me to, at least, play I was a man, so I mustered up courage and asked him to order the crew to set more sails, so we might keep up with the Essex. He replied that he would 'shoot the first man who dared touch a rope without his orders, and would go his own course, and not trust himself with such a little nutshell.' He then went into the cabin for his pistols, and I called the head man of the crew and told him what I wanted done. His

cheerful 'Ay, ay, sir,' restored my confidence. From that time I was commander of the ship, and I at once notified the captain not to come on deck with those pistols, unless he wished to be thrown overboard; for I really believe the crew would have obeyed me if I had given such an order. I reported to my captain, when we reached the harbor, and the English captain made his report, saying he was only trying to frighten me. I asked him how he succeeded, and offered to take the ship to Valparaiso. He was told that I was the commander, and he was only to advise me in case we got separated from the fleet. So I again took command, and everything went pleasantly until we reached Valparaiso."

While in the harbor at the Galapagos Islands, Farragut learned to swim. He had often watched the natives, who seemed as much at home in the water as on land and he soon learned to swim almost as well as they. In his journal he writes: "It appears as natural for these islanders to swim, as to eat. I have often seen mothers take their little children, not more than two years old, on their backs, wade out into deep water, and tossing them into the waves, leave them to paddle for themselves. To my great astonishment the little creatures could swim like ducks."

But the good fortune of the brave little Essex did not last long. She had captured all but one of the British

whalers and was lying in the harbor of Valparaiso, when news came to Commander Porter that three British warships were coming into the harbor.

The Essex prepared for battle at once and fought bravely, but the British ships carried guns of longer range than those of the Essex, and she was completely at their mercy, for the shots from her guns could not reach them, while three to one, they could make every shot do great damage. After over two hours' hard fighting she was obliged to surrender, having only one hundred men left of the two hundred and fifty six who went into battle.

This was the first battle that the boy had seen. The roar of the great guns, the smoke and flying splinters, the dead and wounded lying around him, were something terrible for a child to endure. Again and again men were shot down beside him. He was sent below to bring up some primers for the guns. As he started down the stairs, a cannon ball struck a man at the head of the stairs, crushing him and tumbling him headlong down the stairs over the boy. Frightened and breathless, he crawled out and ran back to his commander. "Are you hurt?" asked Commander Porter. "I guess not," answered Farragut. "Then where are those primers?" Thus reminded that nothing but death excused a neglect of duty, Farragut ran back and brought up the primers.

After surrendering, the crew of the Essex were taken

on board one of the British ships. Here Farragut saw a pet pig belonging to him, which a British midshipman claimed. Farragut said the pig was his and being private property could not be claimed by the victors; but the English boy refused to give it up. The sailors said "Let the boys fight it out." This they did at once, and Farragut succeeded in thrashing the young Briton and regaining his pig.

But Farragut felt very badly over the defeat and the loss of the Essex, the first ship on which he sailed and which he said in his journal was the "smartest ship in the whole squadron." He was invited, with the other officers, to take dinner in the cabin with the British captain but he could not eat. Seeing how badly he felt, the British captain said to him: "Never mind, my little fellow, it will be your turn next, perhaps." "I hope so," answered Farragut, and ran out of the cabin to hide his tears.

At last, with the other officers of the Essex, young Farragut reached the United States once more and returned with Commander Porter to their home in Chester, where he was again sent to school. He was not allowed to remain there very long, however, but was once more ordered to go to sea, this time under a strange commander.

He was now thirteen years old and for the next six years was constantly on the ocean, serving on different ships and visiting many countries. He learned much

about the old world, its governments, its armies, and its navies. He studied all the time, attending school in any port where his ship remained long.

In 1820, he again landed in the United States, having been ordered to return and pass the examination required for the rank of lieutenant. He succesfully passed this examination and the next spring was again ordered to sea, going with the Mosquito Fleet to drive the pirates from the West Indies. Now he was again under his old friend and guardian, Commander Porter.

After two years' service with this fleet, he returned to Norfolk, and in September, 1823, was married to Miss Susan C. Marchant of Norfolk.

The next sixteen years of Lieutenant Farragut's life were uneventful ones. The United States was at peace with all nations, and there was but little active service for her Naval officers. Part of the time he had charge of a receiving ship, where boys are trained for service on Government vessels. He also started schools for these boys, teaching them many things besides seamanship, for many of them could neither read nor write when they came to the ship. He made several voyages, too, in the interests of the Government, but in 1839 returned to Norfolk to care for his wife, who was an invalid. There in 1840 she died.

His tenderness and devotion to his wife during her long

illness was remarkable, and no act of his life more fully shows the beauty of his character. He was a brave, daring officer on board his ship, and a tender, faithful nurse at the bedside of his suffering wife. A lady of Norfolk said of him: "When Captain Farragut dies, he should have a monument reaching to the skies, made by every wife in the city of Norfolk contributing a stone."

After the death of his wife Farragut again entered the service, and for three years spent most of his time on board his ship. During this time he received his commission as commander. In 1843, he again visited Norfolk, and on December 26th of that year was married to Miss Virginia Loyall. Afterward, he again took command of the receiving ship at Norfolk where he remained until war with Mexico broke out, when he took command of a ship cruising in the Gulf of Mexico. While engaged in this duty, he himself with one hundred others, out of a crew of one hundred and fifty, were sick at one time with yellow fever.

After the close of the Mexican war he returned to the receiving ship for two years, when he was called to Washington with other Naval officers, to draw up a book of Regulations for the Navy. While engaged on this work he attended regularly the lectures at the Smithsonian Institute, losing but a single one in the eighteen months he was employed in Washington. He wrote in

his journal: "I never come away from these lectures, without being wiser than when I went in." He made it a rule of his life to learn something whenever he had an opportunity, on the principle that any knowledge might at sometime become useful.

In August of 1854, Captain Farragut was sent from Norfolk to California as first Commandant of the Navy Yard at Mare's Island.

There were no houses on the island, and Farragut with his family lived seven months on board an old sloop-of-war, anchored near by. He remained here four years and then, in 1858, returned to Norfolk, where he was placed in command of the ship Brooklyn. After spending two years in the Gulf of Mexico, he returned to his old home once more, in October of 1860. This ended his service in the Navy as captain of a single ship. During the remainder of his active life he was to command great fleets.

The pages of History tell us the causes of the Civil War; how friend turned against friend, and brother against brother. Commander Farragut's home and friends were all in the South. There he was born, there was his home, there he had twice been married, and there he hoped to end his days when no longer able to be of service to his Government.

But he was too noble, too loyal to turn against the flag under whose folds the greater part of his life had been

spent. When only a child, he had borne hunger and cold without a murmur, while carrying the Stars and Stripes for the first time through the terrible storms and turbulent seas around Cape Horn; and now, a man in the prime of life, he could not desert the old flag when the terrible storms of Civil War threatened to destroy it forever.

It was a difficult task to choose — home and the friends of a lifetime upon one side, and loyalty to his country upon the other — but he did not hesitate. "God forbid," he said, "that I should ever raise my hand against the South; but I stand on no neutral ground. President Lincoln was justified by the acts of the South in calling for troops." This was a strong remark to make in a Southern city, in the heart of the rebellion, and Farragut was at once warned that a person expressing such sentiments could not live in Norfolk. "Very well," he replied; "I can live elsewhere." He turned away, went to his own house, and told his wife the time had come for her to decide whether she would remain with her own people or go North with him. She chose at once to accompany her husband, and that very evening, taking with them their son and only child, they left Norfolk never to return to it again as their home.

He was now ready and waiting, hoping to be called to take an active part in the war. But so many Southern officers had turned against the Union, that the Government did not

know whom to trust; and though Commander Farragut had given every proof of loyalty, still it was some time before he was placed in a responsible position.

At last in December of 1861, he was appointed to command the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, and was soon ordered to take such vessels as could be spared from the blockade, sail up the Mississippi River, and capture New Orleans.

You will read in History how many hard battles were fought before the Union Armies held the Mississippi River, which was the main thoroughfare of the South. Having few railroads, they depended upon the coast cities to obtain supplies, which could be brought to them by boats and from them carried into the interior for the use of their armies.

Long and bravely they fought to retain control of the river, and Farragut's expedition was sent to conquer and hold the southern part of the river. Early in April of 1862, with a powerful fleet he entered the Mississippi, proceeding north about thirty miles to the point where Fort Jackson upon one side, and Fort St. Philip upon the other, defended the passage to New Orleans, about ninety miles above them. The great guns of the forts swept the river, and barriers, formed of hulks of vessels and cypress logs forty feet long and four or five feet in diameter, chained together, were stretched across the river, making

it very difficult for ships to break through. But having brought the forty-five ships which formed his squadron into position, Commander Farragut commenced bombarding the forts, and for six days the fight continued without ceasing.

The forts were not much injured. We had no great war-ships then, carrying guns like volcanoes, whose great bombs are as destructive as earthquakes, such as our Navy boasts today; and seeing how little damage was done to the forts by his cannon, Farragut determined to run by the forts and bombard the city itself, if it would not surrender.

On the night of April 20th, he sent two gunboats, the Itasca and Pinola, to try to break through the barriers and make an opening for the larger vessels to pass through. The Pinola went ahead, ran down against the barrier, but failed to break through. The Itasca followed, ran alongside of the barrier, and slipped the chains from one of the hulks, which drifted loose, swung against the Itasca and run her aground under the fire of the forts.

With the help of the Pinola, the Itasca at last succeeded in getting into deep water again, when her daring Commander, instead of running back to the squadron, as the Pinola had done, satisfied with what they had already accomplished, turned and ran his little boat directly at the barriers. Shot and shell from the forts hissed and shrieked all around her, but the brave little gunboat ran swiftly ahead and striking the chains with great force, rose three

or four feet from the water, sliding upon the chains and dragging the hulks down under water. For an instant the chains held the Itasca fast; then they snapped like wires, the barriers swung wide apart, and the little gunboat, having cleared the way for the larger ships, ran back to the shelter of the fleet.

The next night about half the fleet ran past the forts under a terrible storm of shot and shell, which the guns of the larger ships steadily returned. Soon the barriers were left behind and, passing around a bend in the river, a fleet of Confederate gunboats came in sight. Then the real battle began. As the captain of one of the ships afterward said, when describing the battle: "Then all kinds of things happened." In the uncertain starlight it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The roar of the great guns, the thick smoke, the orders shouted back and forth, the splashing and hissing of the water as shot or shell missed its mark and plunged into the river, made a scene of indescribable confusion. Soon a fire-raft — bales of burning cotton on a raft of logs — came swiftly toward the ships, shoved ahead by a daring little steam tug, and made straight for the Hartford on which Farragut was standing. The Hartford turned to avoid it; but it came straight against her, setting the side of the ship on fire. The crew, however, were ready for this and soon put the fire out, while a well directed cannon ball sent the brave little tug

to the bottom of the river, and the raft drifted harmlessly ashore. In about twenty minutes the Confederate fleet of eleven ships had surrendered.

When the people of New Orleans heard how the ships had passed the fort, captured the fleet, and were drawing near the city, a scene of wildest confusion followed. The city was doomed, and the people, mad with rage and fear, set fire to all the boats lying at the docks and sent them drifting down the stream to meet the Federal ships. Thousands of bales of cotton and tons of coal, stored upon the wharves and in warehouses, were set on fire lest they should fall into the hands of the victors.

Mr. George W. Cable, then a boy of fourteen, living in the city, thus describes the terrible scene in one of the books he has written: "I can see the ships now, as they came slowly around Slaughter House Point into full view, silent, grim, and terrible; black with men, heavy with portent, the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the Hartford, standing lanyard in hand beside a great pivot gun, so plain in view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big, black breech, and blandly grinned. And then the rain came down in torrents."

Commander Farragut now sent Captain Bailey, the

second officer in command, to demand the surrender of the city. Taking a lieutenant with him, Captain Bailey started with a flag of truce. When the boat reached the wharf men, women, and children waved rebel flags, shouted and hooted as they stepped ashore. "Hurrah, for Jeff Davis," they cried. "Shoot them! Hang them!" and began throwing sticks, stones, anything they could reach at the men. But these two brave officers walked steadily ahead, looking neither to the right nor left, never speaking, never flinching, though the howling mob shook pistols in their faces and cursed and jeered them.

With death threatening them at every step, they marched without an outward sign of fear straight to the City Hall, and demanded the surrender of New Orleans. The Mayor refused to surrender, and the men returned to their ships. Farragut waited three days, until Forts Jackson and St. Philip had surrendered to Commander Porter, then sent ashore two hundred and fifty marines, with two small cannon, to take possession of the town. Marching in front of the City Hall, pointing their cannon up and down the broad street, paying no heed to the howling, jeering crowd, the brave sailors hoisted the Stars and Stripes above the City Hall, and New Orleans was taken. General B. F. Butler, with fifteen thousand soldiers, then marched in, and the Union Army controlled the lower Mississippi.

Commander Farragut was now ordered to proceed four

hundred miles up the river and capture the city of Vicksburg. Although he seems to have known that this could not be done without the aid of an army on the land, still it was his duty to obey orders, and he accordingly sailed up the river, passed and repassed the forts, captured several Confederate gunboats, but could not take the city with ships alone. While his fleet was lying before Vicksburg, his son, Loyall, visited his father and remained for some time. When Farragut sent him home he wrote to his wife: "I am trying to make up my mind to part with Loyall. I am too devoted a father to have my child with me in troubles of this kind."

Up and down the Mississippi, all through those terrible years of war, Commanders Farragut and Porter passed and repassed, destroying boats and preventing supplies being furnished to the Confederate Armies. The two Davids, who had shared the same home, played, studied, and worked together, now shared the honors and dangers of war, and together fought to defend their country and to uphold her laws.

After Vicksburg was taken by General Grant in 1863, Commander Farragut returned to the Gulf, and the task of blockading the southern cities on the coast.

Mobile was the only city of importance on the Gulf now held by the Confederate Army, and in August of 1864 Commander Farragut prepared to capture that. The

day before the battle began he wrote to his wife as follows:

FLAGSHIP HARTFORD.
OFF MOBILE, AUGUST 4, 1864.

My dearest Wife:

I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile in the morning if God is my leader, as I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will in this, as in all other things. God bless and preserve you, my darling, and our dear boy, if anything should happen to me.

Your devoted and affectionate husband, who never for a moment forgot his love, duty, or fidelity to you, his best of wives.

D. G. FARRAGUT.

In Mobile Bay lay the fleet of Confederate war-ships and their new iron-clad, the Tennessee, a boat much dreaded by the Federals, who had heard wonderful stories of her speed and great strength. About four o'clock in the morning the ships began moving. Upon all the ships, not only from the peak, where it usually flies, but from every mast-head as well, the Stars and Stripes floated out upon the morning breeze, and as the light of the morning stars grew dim, the Stars of Old Glory shone with a brilliancy the rising sun could not diminish.

It was Farragut's wish that his ship should lead the column, but to this his officers objected, saying that the

commander of the fleet ought not to take so exposed a position. Afterward he much regretted yielding to their wishes on this occasion.

At seven o'clock Fort Morgan opened fire on the Brooklyn, which led the column, and the battle began. In order to see more clearly, and thus be better able to direct the movements of his ships, Farragut had taken a position in the main rigging. As the smoke from the guns grew denser and rose higher, Farragut went up, step by step, until he was close under the main-top of the ship. Here he had the whole scene before him, and bracing himself against the shrouds, could use his spy-glass and watch every movement of the more distant ships.

Captain Drayton, seeing him there and fearing some sudden jar might dash him to the deck below, sent a man to carry up a rope and fasten him there. Farragut objected at first, but at last allowed it to be done, and this story has become famous in history. In writing home about it Farragut said: "I was only standing in the rigging, when that dear boy, Watson, brought me a rope, saying, if I would stand there, I had better secure myself against falling. I thanked him for his consideration, and took a turn of the rope around and over the shrouds, and around my body, for fear of being wounded and falling, as the shots were flying rather thickly."

"That dear boy, Watson," then a young man and

Farragut's flag-lieutenant, is now Commodore Watson, commanding a part of our fleet and who was to lead the fleet across the Atlantic Ocean toward Spain. Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila, was also a young lieutenant in the Gulf Squadron under Farragut, and many others, whose names have since stood high upon our Naval list, were then young men, learning many a useful lesson from their brave old admiral.

The Forts sent shot and shell crashing into our ships. From every Confederate battle-ship and gunboat came the terrible iron hail, and one after another the guns of Farragut's ships answered as they followed their Commander's flag through the deadly storm of fire. In two columns the ships advanced; steadily drawing nearer and nearer, silencing many a gun and battery as they passed. The Confederate iron-clad, the terrible Tennessee, started from under the guns of the forts and came toward them. A Federal iron-clad, the Tecumseh, started to meet her, but as she crossed the line of buoys stretched across the channel, a hidden torpedo exploded under her and she sank head-foremost to the bottom of the Gulf, carrying ninety brave men to their graves, in their iron coffin.

Farragut saw her go down. He saw his columns of ships becoming confused and doubling up together, unable to answer the terrible fire from the forts and gunboats. All the long years of faithful devotion to duty, all the

success of the past two years, all the glory of his battles upon the river seemed about to be overwhelmed in a terrible defeat. Ahead of them was the line of torpedoes which had just sent one of their best ships to the bottom; behind them were the forts with their deadly cannon. To go forward or to return seemed equally dangerous.

In this great crisis the brave admiral, feeling his own helplessness, offered up this prayer: "Oh God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" "And it seemed to me," said the faithful old commander, "as if a voice commanded, 'Go on!'"

Like the soldier who trusted all to God, but kept his powder dry, Farragut turned his ship and dashed straight ahead of his column and at the line of torpedo buoys, trusting God would lead him to victory.

As his ship passed between the buoys the torpedoes were heard knocking against the bottom, but none exploded. The Hartford passed safely through the channel, and the admiral's flag waved over the waters of Mobile Bay, and the worst of the battle was over. The other ships followed their leader, believing they were following their Commander-in-chief to a noble death, but victory was theirs instead.

All the Confederate ships except the Tennessee were now disabled, and the captain of the Hartford said to Farragut: "We have done well; but all we have done counts for nothing, so long as the Tennessee is there under

the guns of Fort Morgan." "I know that," answered Farragut, "and as soon as the men have their breakfast I am going for her."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when they saw the great ship turn and come directly toward them. What her commander thought he could do, alone against fourteen ships, is unknown. Perhaps he thought the great strength of his ship and the long range of his rifled guns would enable him to hurt them, without injury to his ship; at all events he came swiftly down, straight for the Hartford.

One after the other, our iron-clad gunboats struck her, but straight ahead she came and struck the Hartford, doubling her anchor and scraping her sides. Farragut had again climbed into the rigging to watch the movements of his ships, and the shock of the ships coming together made the Hartford reel so that all thought she was sinking. The Lackawana, coming swiftly to help, also ran against her and caused great confusion. "Save the Admiral!" cried the crew; "Get the Admiral on board the Lackawana!" forgetting their own danger, in their love for their old Commander. However, no damage was done to the Hartford and her guns were soon turned against the Tennessee. So close together were the ships, the gunners could look into each others' faces, as they sighted their guns. Again and again, ship after ship poured shot and shell into the

ill-fated Tennessee. Her smoke stack fell, her rigging was shot away, five of her guns disabled, and several times her flagstaff was shot down, but the flag was quickly hoisted again, until at last it was fastened to a boathook and propped up. Soon five gunboats turned and were coming swiftly toward her, intending to strike her, one after another. Her captain was wounded, most of her crew killed, and at last she hauled down her flag and the white flag went up in its place. The Tennessee had surrendered, and the battle of Mobile Bay was over.

"One of the hardest earned victories of my life," said Farragut, "and the most desperate battle I ever fought since the days of the old Essex." In a few days the last fort surrendered, and the city of Mobile was cut off from all communication with the outside world by water.

Farragut now asked for leave of absence in order to rest; he had been on board his ship, in a hot climate, for over six months and was nearly exhausted with the cares and responsibilities of his position. One of his lieutenants writing home said: "I was talking to the admiral the day after the last fort surrendered, when all at once he fainted away. He is not very well, and is all tired out. He is a mighty fine old fellow." Farragut was sixty-three years old at this time.

On the twentieth day of November, 1864, he was granted leave of absence, and on the twelfth of December his flag-

ship sailed into New York harbor. Great crowds greeted him as he landed at the Battery, and a reception was given him at the Custom House. He was requested by the citizens to make his home in the city, and a gift of fifty thousand dollars accompanied the request. The Government promoted him to the rank of Vice-Admiral, a grade created especially for him.

After Richmond was taken in April of 1865, Farragut was among the first to visit the city and from there he paid a visit to his old home in Norfolk. Many of his old friends still felt very bitterly toward him, saying he was a Southerner who had turned against the South. Farragut said: "I had either to turn against the South, or turn against the Government which had supported me from childhood. Thank God! I was not long in making my decision." In July of 1866, Congress created the grade of Admiral in the United States Navy and the position was at once given to Farragut, and after his death was held by David D. Porter, his friend and foster-brother.

In June of 1867, Admiral Farragut was appointed to the command of the European Squadron, and accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, he visited, during the next two years, nearly all the principal European ports. More than forty years had passed since the time when, a young midshipman and lieutenant, he had visited these cities. Then, life was all before him with fame and fortune yet to be

won. Now, he was growing old, but the fame he had so patiently striven to win was his, and all the world gladly welcomed and honored the battle-worn hero.

While cruising in the Mediterranean, he stopped at the beautiful island of Minorca, the home of his ancestors, and visited the city of Cindadela where, more than a century before, his father was born. His fame had reached even this remote place, and the citizens greeted him as one of their race and claimed him as their own. Although he knew but little about his own people, Farragut was greatly pleased by the respect and affection shown him by the citizens of his father's native land.

Returning to the United States, Admiral Farragut visited California in the summer of 1869. He had never been there since he had command of the Navy Yard at Mare's Island, and now he was welcomed with great honor.

While returning home he was taken seriously ill at Chicago, and for several days it was thought that he could not recover. At last he grew better and was taken to his home in New York; but serious heart trouble followed his illness, and during the winter he had several severe attacks which left him weaker each time. He was never well again.

In the summer of 1870, the Government sent the despatch steamer, Tallapoosa, to take him and his family to New Hampshire. It was hoped that a short sea voyage

might restore him to health. But this was his last voyage, and he seemed to know that it would be such.

When the steamer entered the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, and the guns were firing a salute of welcome, he rose from his bed, dressed himself in his uniform, and went on deck.

For a long time he stood looking up at his admiral's flag which floated from the masthead, and at last said with a sad smile: "It would be well if I died now in harness." A few days after, an old sailor found him wandering about an old sloop-of-war, which was lying dismantled at the wharf. He looked the old ship all over and, as he turned to go ashore, said: "This is the last time I shall ever tread the deck of a man-of-war." These words proved to be a true prophecy. On the fourteenth of August, 1870, with his dear wife and son and many loving friends around him, he passed quietly away, in the seventieth year of his age.

His body was placed in the vault at Portsmouth for a short time, but in September the Navy Department sent the steam frigate Guerriére to bring the Admiral's body to New York, and there on the thirteenth of September the funeral services were held.

The city was draped in mourning, bells were tolled, and minute guns were fired. President Grant and his Cabinet, with many military and naval officers, followed the remains

of their old comrade as the coffin, escorted by ten thousand soldiers, was reverently borne to Woodlawn Cemetery, where his body now lies.

In Farragut Square, in the City of Washington, the Government has erected a bronze statue in memory of her faithful son. The citizens of New York City have also erected a similar one in Madison Square and in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation in that city, of which he was a member, a mural tablet containing his likeness has been placed; but his most enduring monument is in the hearts of his countrymen and in the memory of the nation in whose service his whole life was spent.

A noble character never dies. It is its own best memorial. Farragut's great fame was the just reward of duty nobly done. Strong, true-hearted, loyal; a loving friend, a generous foe, a devout Christian — Upon this grand foundation was built the character of the man who became the first Admiral of the United States Navy.

GEORGE DEWEY.

THIRD ADMIRAL U. S. N.

"The Hero of Manila."

In the year 1633, there came from England to Boston, Massachusetts, a man named Thomas Dewey, who in the hope of bettering his fortune sailed to the new world and made a home for himself and his descendants. Some of them settled in Connecticut, but one, named Simeon Dewey, went to Berlin, Vermont, and there made his home.

One of his sons, Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, established himself in Montpelier, Vermont, where he married Mary Perrin, whose ancestors also came from England and whose forefathers fought in the King Philip's War.

Dr. Dewey's home was directly across the street from the capitol building and here, on the morning after Christmas, December 26, 1837, George Dewey, their third and youngest son, was born. He was a little too late to be considered a Christmas gift, but no doubt his parents and two older brothers welcomed him just as kindly and loved him as well as if he had arrived on Chrismas Day, although

they had no idea then how proud they would be, years afterward, of that little Christmas brother.

Two years after this event a little sister came to the Dewey home and was named Mary after her mother. The three boys must have been delighted with their little sister, and as she grew old enough to join in their sports, she became the chosen playmate of her brother George, for the other brothers were several years older than these two younger ones.

Back of the house where these children lived, and just at the end of their garden, the river ran, making a fine place for the boys to wade in summer time, or to go fishing when there were no lessons to learn, or tasks to be done, and when the cold New England winter changed the pretty rippling river into an icy pathway there was always the fun of skating. When they tired of that, there were hills which rose from the fields across the stream and were just right for coasting.

In front of the house was a green lawn, from which three steps led down to the sidewalk, just the place for a boy coming home from school to sit down and plan with his brother and the other boys where they should go fishing or hunting the next Saturday; and perhaps, sitting there alone, looking across the street at the great State House, with its massive granite walls and its lofty dome crowned with a statue of Agriculture, little George Dewey

wondered if in the years to come he would ever help to make the laws of his state. Perhaps he aspired to be a member of the legistature or a state senator, or built an air-castle of the time when he might be elected governor, and go up and down those long terraced steps, as stately and dignified in manner as the real governor he often saw.

Whether he was ambitious or not, he was surely a brave, loyal, true-hearted boy — no real Green-Mountain boy could be anything else.

It is said of Admiral Dewey that when a boy he was not fond of reading or study, but never tired of stories of adventure and often played "Robinson Crusoe" with his devoted little sister Mary as his man Friday. Another story tells us, that one day he read how the famous Hannibal marched his army over the Alps in the dead of winter and defeated the Romans. The snow-covered hills around Montpelier, and the bitter cold of a Vermont winter must be very like the Alps, thought the ten-year-old boy, and calling his little sister, he proposed to march over the mountains like Hannibal.

Away they went, the faithful little "army" marching valiantly behind her general; but, like the great Napoleon when he invaded Russia, this small general failed to consider the effect of the climate upon his troops. Little Mary tried hard to be as brave as her leader, but at last,

tired out and crying with the cold, she returned to the house where she was sick in bed for a week afterward.

We do not know what the young "General" did in this emergency, but no doubt he regretted his thoughtlessness and tried in every way to comfort his little sister during her illness.

There are many other stories told of Admiral Dewey's boyhood, some of them true and some, perhaps, imaginary, for people like to know all about their heroes, and trifling incidents become interesting. But even heroes are very much like other boys, and Admiral Dewey seems to have been no exception to this rule. He was mischievous, fond of play and liked plenty of fun; he also liked to have his own way, and would sometimes fight for it. But those who knew him best when he was a boy say that he never "pitched into" a boy who was younger or weaker than himself, and was always ready to "stand up" for any boy who was unfairly treated.

One of the best things said of him is, that he was always kind to his little sister and polite to the other little girls who were her playmates. From all that can be learned of him at this time, he seems to have been an independent, daring boy, inclined to be wilful, full of fun and mischief, but truthful, honest, brave and courteous. These qualities in a boy are good materials with which to build the character of a good and great man. He was not allowed to be

idle, his father very wisely thinking that work and study were just as necessary a part of a boy's life as play and fun, and obedience at home and at school was a lesson he learned while still young.

CADET DEWEY.

When a small boy George Dewey had often wished to be a soldier or a sailor, and when he was fifteen years old, since there was no vacancy at West Point nor at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, his father sent him to a military school at Norwich, Vermont, where he remained three years.

His love of military rules and training was increased by his attendance at this school and when, some time in 1854, a young friend who had been appointed a cadet at Annapolis was unable to accept on account of ill health, Dr. Dewey secured the appointment for his son George, and in September, 1854, he left his home in Montpelier to become a United States Naval Cadet at Annapolis, Maryland.

He was now nearly eighteen years old, strong, active and fond of out-door life; he was also a boy whom every one respected. In every school a new pupil's courage and "grit" are soon tested, and after knocking down one of the cadets, who called him insulting names, and thoroughly "thrashing" another who did the same thing, the cadets, who were really a manly set of boys,

learned to admire and respect the courage of George Dewey. Long before the four years' training was ended he was one of the most popular members of the Academy.

During his first year in this school he did not rank very high in his studies, and he cared more for fun and good times with the other boys than for books and recitations. He was not a lazy boy, but he had yet to learn that nothing really worth having is to be obtained without working hard for it, and the boy who goes to the Military Academy at West Point or the Naval Academy at Annapolis must learn that only hard work and real merit wins. There, no favors are shown and no allowances made, for only rigid rules and stern discipline make brave, hardy soldiers and sailors.

Dr. Dewey urged his son to study harder and do better the next year, and that the young cadet followed his father's good advice was proved by his rapid advancement during his last two years at the Academy.

MIDSHIPMAN DEWEY.

In 1858 George Dewey graduated from the Naval Academy, standing third in a class of eleven, and received a midshipman's warrant. He was immediately sent on a two years' cruise to the Mediterranean, in the ship *Wabash*, and during this time received practical lessons in naval rules and regulations, besides having the great

advantage of visiting foreign ports and learning something about other nations. In 1860 he returned to his father's home in Montpelier.

He was now twenty-three years old, not a very large man, but strong and agile, and had a fine presence and countenance. He was a graceful dancer and very fond of music and singing. There was nothing rude or coarse about him. One who knows him well says of him: "From boyhood up he has had the instincts, impulses, manners and morals of a true gentleman." To be really worthy such praise is even better than winning the battle of Manila.

Midshipman Dewey had been at home but a short time when the Civil War broke out, and every loyal man was called to fight for the liberty and Union of his native land and to defend her flag. Especially was this true of those who had been educated by the Government, and trained to meet such emergencies as this, and many young military and naval officers were to serve for the first time under fire and receive their first lessons in actual warfare. Young Midshipman Dewey was now to put into practice the training received during his four years at Annapolis and two years on the *Wabash*.

LIEUTENANT DEWEY.

On April 19, 1861, Young Dewey received a lieutenant's commission and was assigned to the *Mississippi*, a ship belonging to the Western Gulf Squadron, under Commander Farragut. On this ship he assisted in the capture of New Orleans, the *Mississippi* being the third ship in the line of the first division.

In this battle the ships started up the river at two o'clock in the morning, hoping to pass Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip in the darkness. Like silent spectres, in the faint starlight, the long line of ships steamed up the river, and when well in range of the forts, were discovered by the Confederate soldiers whose batteries immediately commenced firing. Again and again the cannon of the ship answered the rebel batteries, as they passed them, and scarcely had they broken through the barrier stretched across the river and passed out of range of the Confederate foes, when they met the enemy's gunboats coming down the river. "And then all sorts of things happened," said a young lieutenant who was in that battle.

The Confederate ram, *Manassas*, came swiftly down to meet the steady line of battleships, struck the flagship of the Commander, then turned quickly upon the *Mississippi* — Lieutenant Dewey's ship — which, by a quick move,

evaded the blow and poured a broadside into the *Manassas*, which nearly finished her.

Fire-rafts came floating down among them and the ships were obliged to fight fire as well as gunboats, but so bravely and swiftly did they work, that in twenty minutes after the whole squadron was in action, the eleven Confederate gunboats were silenced, some captured, some run ashore and some burned; while thirteen out of the seventeen Union vessels rallied round their flagship above the forts.

The remainder of that day the fleet rested, and early the next morning started towards New Orleans. Toward noon the fleet passed round the bend where the Crescent City first appears in sight. Then what an awful scene met their sight! Knowing that their city would be taken, the Confederates had fired all the cotten-laden ships and steamers, all the cotton bales upon the wharves, and sent them floating down the river to meet Farragut's fleet, and it required all the ingenuity of the captains to avoid the flames.

Silent and grim, without a shout or a cheer, with the grand old Stars and Stripes floating from every mast-head and the gunners standing ready beside their guns, the long line of battle-scarred ships steamed up to the docks. The crowds along the wharves howled and screamed with rage, but never an answering word was heard from the decks.

Silently a little company of brave men landed and, with a flag of truce floating over them, marched to the City Hall, where the city was formally surrendered to them, and soon after the Stars and Stripes once more floated over New Orleans.

This was Lieutenant Dewey's first experience in battle, his "baptism of fire," and the battle of Manila has proved how well he learned the lesson set before him.

About a year after this battle, during the attack on Fort Hudson, the *Mississippi* ran on a shoal opposite that city, while going at full speed, and could not be moved. For more than half an hour the crew tried to release her, then, finding that the other ships had passed, while three batteries had their guns turned upon her and were constantly shelling her, the commanding officer, Captain Smith, ordered her to be burned. Only three boats were left capable of floating, and with these the crew were landed, the sick and wounded being taken first. Captain Smith and Lieutenant Dewey were the last on board, and firing the ship in five places, they prepared to go ashore.

It is said that, as they were leaving the ship, the captain asked Lieutenant Dewey if he thought the ship would burn. "I will take one more look to be sure," answered the brave lieutenant, and at the risk of his life went back to see that the fires were burning. Another writer says that Captain Smith and Lieutenant Dewey swam away

from the ship and that Lieutenant Dewey saved a drowning sailor, at the risk of losing his own life.

Lieutenant Dewey was at the battle of Mobile, where Admiral Farragut, lashed to the mainmast of his flagship, directed the battle, and when the *Tecumseh*, striking a torpedo, plunged to the bottom of the Gulf carrying her crew with her, the brave old Admiral ordered his captain to "Go ahead, full speed." There with his flagship he led the way across the torpedo line, the crew cheering as they came and nobly doing their best, until the Confederate fleet and the three forts commanding Mobile Bay were captured.

In 1863, Lieutenant Dewey served under Captain McComb in the James River, and was afterwards transferred to the North Atlantic Blocking Squadron under Commodore Porter. Here he was assigned to the *Agawam*, and assisted at the siege of Fort Fisher.

During an attack on the fort, Lieutenant Dewey's ship was ordered to sail close to a certain battery. The captain objected, saying that their ship was now badly damaged; but Lieutenant Dewey said: "We shall be safer near there, and can silence the battery in fifteen minutes." The attack was immediately made and the battery taken, thus proving that the young lieutenant was wise as well as brave.

After the battle Commodore Porter congratulated the captain of the *Agawam* for taking the battery. "You

must thank Lieutenant Dewey; it was his move," replied the captain. In 1865, about three months after the capture of Fort Fisher, Lieutenant Dewey received his commission as Lieutenant-Commander, given him for the courage and ability he had shown.

COMMANDER DEWEY.

In 1866, Commander Dewey was ordered to the *Kearsarge*, that famous cruiser which sank the Confederate ship, *Alabama*, so long the terror of Federal merchant ships during the Civil War. In 1867 he was transferred to the flagship *Colorado*, of the European Squadron. Before joining this ship he had been on duty at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and while there he made the acquaintance of Miss Susie Goodwin, daughter of the Hon. Ichabod Goodwin, the famous War Governor of New Hampshire, who fitted out the first volunteers, at his own expense, rather than call an extra session of the Legislature.

On October 24, 1867, Commander Dewey and Miss Goodwin were married, and immediately afterward he was ordered to European waters with his squadron, where he remained nearly two years.

Late in 1868 he returned to the Naval Academy, where he remained until 1870, when he was made Commander of the *Narragansett*, and assigned to special service in charge

of the torpedo station at Newport. These years of service at Newport were the happiest years of Admiral Dewey's life, for much of his time could be spent at his home in Newport with his lovely young wife.

In this home, on December 23, 1872, a son was born to them. The young mother lived long enough to name her infant son George Goodwin, then quietly passed away, leaving her young husband alone with the little boy, who would never know a mother's love and care.

Soon after the death of his wife Commander Dewey was sent to the Pacific coast. In 1876 he was made Light-house Inspector, and continued in the service until 1882, when he was given command of the *Juniata* and sent to join the Asiatic Squadron.

While on his way to join the squadron, he was taken seriously ill and the ship's surgeon told him that his case was hopeless. His only chance lay in a surgical operation which had been successfully performed but five times in the history of surgery.

When this was told Commander Dewey, he asked: "What will be the chances of my living through it?" "One chance in fifty," answered the surgeon. "Very well, I will take that one chance," replied Dewey. The operation was performed, and though a long illness followed, he recovered at last.

CAPTAIN DEWEY.

In September, 1884, twenty-six years after his graduation at Annapolis, he received a Captain's commission, and immediately took command of the *Dolphin*, one of the new ships belonging to the White Squadron, then just organized. In 1885, he was transferred to the *Pēnsacola* and sent to Europe in charge of the European Squadron. He remained there until 1888, when he was granted a short leave of absence, and once more visited his home.

In 1889, he was made Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, and in the performance of these duties, and as President of the Board of Inspection and Survey, he remained at the Navy Department in Washington until November of 1897, when he was promoted to the rank of Commodore, and placed in command of the Asiatic Squadron. He reached the squadron at Nagasaki, Japan, on January 3, 1898, and immediately assumed command.

COMMODORE DEWEY.

In March, 1898, Commodore Dewey sailed for Hong-Kong, a small island off the southeast coast of China, belonging to England. There he remained for more than a month, preparing for the war with Spain, which it was thought the United States could no longer avoid. For the

cause of this war, we must turn back many pages in the history of Spain, and learn something of her dealings with her colonies and the nations under her government.

A great many years ago Spain was a great nation. Her ships sailed on all the seas and her fleets were more powerful than those of any other nation. From her ports Columbus sailed when he discovered America and took possession of the West Indie Islands in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. From that time until August, 1898, Cuba had been under Spanish rule. Ferdinand De Soto was made governor of the island when he sailed to America, in 1533, and leaving his wife to rule the island, lost his life in the search for gold on the new continent.

Spanish rule has always been marked by cruelty, for her main object was wealth without regard to the rights of others. Once the Cubans were a free and happy people, but for many years they have been worse than slaves. They were not bought and sold, like slaves, nor were they fed and clothed as comfortably as slaves would be. The law offered them no protection, they were kept in poverty, obliged to do the hard, dirty work on the plantations and in the cities, and everything they possessed was heavily taxed to increase the wealth of Spain.

In 1868 the Cubans rebelled and for ten years fought for their freedom; but Spain was far too powerful to be

conquered by so weak a nation, however brave it might be, and one by one the Cuban leaders were killed or scattered, and Spanish rule became more cruel and oppressive than ever.

Fifty thousand soldiers were sent from Spain, and the Cubans were obliged to pay for the support of this army. Thus the cruel oppression went on for many years, until, in 1895, the Cubans resolved to make one more effort to drive out the tyrants, preferring death rather than life under such conditions.

Then another war began. The Spanish Governor, General Campas, tried in vain to put down the rebellion, and General Weyler, a cruel and determined man, was sent to take his place.

The cruelty of General Weyler is beyond description. Thousands of poor people were driven into the towns, where, huddled together in foul sheds and huts, breathing foul air, drinking impure water and starving for food, hundreds of helpless, innocent men, women and children died of hunger and disease. All over the island plantations were destroyed, villages burned, railroads torn up, and the once beautiful "Pearl of the Antilles" became a picture of desolation and death.

The people of the United States knew all about these cruel acts, for Cuba lies very near our southern coast, and the Cubans are almost our nearest neighbors, but for

a long time nothing could be done to help the island. At last, however, the sympathies of the people were thoroughly aroused, and President McKinley was obliged to warn the Spaniards that, unless such cruelties ceased and the war ended, the United States would recognize Cuba as an independent nation.

This alarmed Spain; General Weyler was recalled and General Blanco sent in his place. General Blanco tried to stop the war and do better by the people than General Weyler had done, but it was too late. When the poor starving people were set free, they had no homes to go to, no food to eat and no clothes to wear.

All over their island, which had once been as beautiful and productive as a garden, was the terrible destruction and desolation of war.

Then another event occurred which roused not only the sympathy, but the anger of the United States. Stationed in the harbor of Havana, to protect American citizens and their interests in Cuba, was the American warship, the *Maine*. Other nations had battleships in the harbor for the same purpose; but Spain had resented President McKinley's warning, and there was bitter feeling against the United States. On the morning of the 15th of February, 1898, a fearful explosion was heard, and without a moment's warning, the grand battleship *Maine* was shattered and plunged to the bottom of the harbor,

carrying with her all her crew, of whom two hundred and sixty-six, officers and men, were killed.

There was great excitement throughout the United States at this treacherous act. It was discovered that a mine had been exploded under the *Maine*, but it was impossible to find out who had placed it in the harbor, or who had exploded it.

A committee was sent to Cuba to investigate the matter. Congress met and many eloquent speeches were made. Senator John Thurston, who had visited Cuba himself, made an eloquent speech in which he said: "Men, women and children stand silent, starving! The Government of Spain never has, and never will give a dollar to save these people. They are being helped by the charity of the United States. We are feeding these citizens of Spain, we are nursing their sick, and yet there are people who say that it is right to send food, but that we must keep hands off! *I say* that the time has come when muskets should go with the food!"

Most of the American people agreed with Senator Thurston, and Congress authorized President McKinley to notify Spain that she must abandon all claim to the island of Cuba. This she refused to do, and on April 23, 1898, war was formally declared between the United States and Spain.

During all this time Commodore Dewey had not been

idle. He had seen the war clouds gathering before he sailed to Hong-Kong, and the news of the wrecking of the *Maine* soon reached him. During the month spent in the harbor of Hong-Kong, he had silently and steadily been preparing for war. The Philippine Islands, Spain's greatest and most valuable possessions in the Pacific, are about six hundred miles southeast of Hong-Kong. The Island of Luzon is the largest of the group, and on the western side of this island, on the shore of Manila Bay, lies the city of Manila, the capital of the Philippines.

Spain's Pacific Squadron was known to be in the vicinity of these islands, and when war was declared, the United States Government telegraphed to Dewey at Hong-Kong to sail at once to the Philippines, find the Spanish fleet, and capture or destroy it.

It has been said of Admiral Dewey that he was never found unprepared for any emergency or responsibility, and this certainly was true now. From the time he left the United States to take command of the Asiatic Squadron, he had been planning and preparing for the battle which was fought at Manila. To a gentleman who asked him something about the great victory, he answered: "The battle was won in Hong-Kong harbor."

He made all his preparations while there. His men had been drilled at target-practice, in preparing for action, in landing, in fire-drill and all other conditions of battle that

might arise, until every man on those great battleships knew just where he would be stationed, and what he must do. Day after day he had called his captains together and consulted with them, and when his plans were completed, explained them to his officers, until, from the Commodore down to the stokers, who, deep in the hold of the great ships, filled the huge furnaces whose fires kept the mighty engines at work, every man knew what his work must be and was filled with courage and faith.

An old gunner, who had charge of one of the great guns, was asked by a newspaper correspondent: "Where did you think you were going, and what did you expect to do when you sailed away from Hong-Kong?" "Go, and do!" exclaimed the gunner, "little did I or any one else on this ship care, as long as the old man was ordering it. We knew we were going to a hot place, and we meant to make it hotter still for the Spaniards; but, man, we would have sailed straight into the jaws of death, after him!"

On the morning of April 27, 1898, Commodore Dewey sailed from Mirs Bay, near Hong-Kong, straight for Manila, six hundred miles away, and on April 30, a little before midnight, the whole fleet, led by the flagship *Olympia*, steamed through the South channel into Manila Bay. All the lights on the ships were hidden in order that they might not be seen by the forts guarding the entrance of the bay, and silently the great ships moved

on in the darkness, unseen by the Spaniards, until all except the *McCulloch* had passed. The soot in her smoke-stack caught fire and alarmed the forts on an island. Immediately the Spanish batteries fired on the fleet, but steaming straight ahead they were soon out of danger.

When daylight dawned, the lookout on the *Olympia* saw, far ahead, the Spanish fleet drawn up in line of battle, under the protection of the batteries at Cavité, about nine miles from the city of Manila.

Manila Bay was a beautiful picture that May-day morning. Far off lay the green hills and forests of the tropical island, while resting in a line upon the sparkling waters of the bay, the Spanish fleet under Admiral Patricio Montojo, waited the coming of the battleships, now steaming toward them, silent and terrible, with the bright Stars and Stripes floating in the morning sunlight.

Could the spectators have forgotten that Death and Destruction were swiftly advancing also, the picture would have been perfect.

About five o'clock, the American fleet, with the flag-ship *Olympia* leading, came within range of the Spanish guns. Suddenly a muffled roar was heard close to the *Olympia*, and in a few moments another! Two sub-marine mines had been exploded, but in their excitement the Spaniards had fired them too soon, and no damage was done.

Commodore Dewey did not know how many more torpedoes might lie concealed under the shining water, but he did not hesitate. He remembered that day in Mobile Bay, more than thirty years before, when, serving under Admiral Farragut, he had seen the *Tecumseh* sent to the bottom by a mine explosion, and had heard the Admiral's command, "Go ahead, full speed!" as on his flagship he led the way across the torpedo line. Remembering this lesson he, too, steamed straight ahead, and met the storm of shot and shell which poured from the guns of the Spanish batteries and ships.

The American sailors were wild with excitement. They had been ready for battle since leaving Hong-Kong, they had stood at their guns all night, and now the enemy was before them. But obedience is the sailor's first law and not a man moved or spoke.

Again and again the Spanish guns "volleyed and thundered," but no answering shot was heard, as, silent, swift and strong, the mighty battleships swept nearer and nearer, every man at his post, every man ready for action. The Spaniards were astounded. The awful silence was more terrifying than the deafening roar of cannon!

At last the *Olympia* came within close range, Commodore Dewey gave the command to fire and suddenly one of the great guns sent an answering shot straight into the Spanish fleet. Across the waters of the bay the echoes

rolled, and every man on the American fleet sent an answering shout, "Remember the *Maine*," and the great battle of Manila had begun.

Slowly the line of American ships steamed by, the *Olympia*, with Commodore Dewey standing on the bridge, leading, closely followed by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord* and *Boston*, every ship pouring deadly broadsides into the Spanish squadron as it passed. Then, turning, they steamed back again a little nearer, and again the terrible storm of shot and shell swept the Spanish decks. This time the Spanish flagship, the *Reina Christina*, was destroyed. Again they turned and swept past, and yet again, until in two hours they had passed the Spanish fleet five times and sunk or disabled nearly every Spanish vessel.

It was then reported to Commodore Dewey that his ships were short of ammunition and he withdrew to distribute a fresh supply, but on investigation this report proved false. However, it gave the tired sailors time to get some breakfast, and they gladly improved the opportunity.

At eleven o'clock the American fleet returned to the attack, only to find the Spanish fleet almost destroyed, and the firing soon ceased. After sailing six hundred miles in three days, the American squadron had fought and won a great battle before breakfast, and without the loss of a

single man. Only seven men were slightly wounded, and not a ship was injured, while eleven Spanish ships were burned or captured, and three hundred and eighty men killed and wounded.

The Manila batteries kept up a continuous fire from the beginning of the engagement, and Commodore Dewey did not return it, as he had no wish to needlessly destroy life or property in the city. But finding that the batteries continued firing after the Spanish fleet was silenced, the Commodore sent a message to the Governor-General at Manila, that, "if the batteries did not cease firing, he would shell the city." It is needless to say that the batteries ceased firing immediately.

On May 3, the Spanish Arsenal at Cavité and the batteries on Corregidor Island surrendered to the Americans. On May 10, Commodore Dewey received the thanks of Congress, and on May 13, 1898, he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

REAR-ADMIRAL.

From the day of the battle of Manila until June 30, when the first American soldiers reached Manila, Admiral Dewey was in command of those islands which had surrendered to the American fleet. From the time General Merritt arrived and took command, Admiral Dewey co-operated with him in the siege of Manila, which

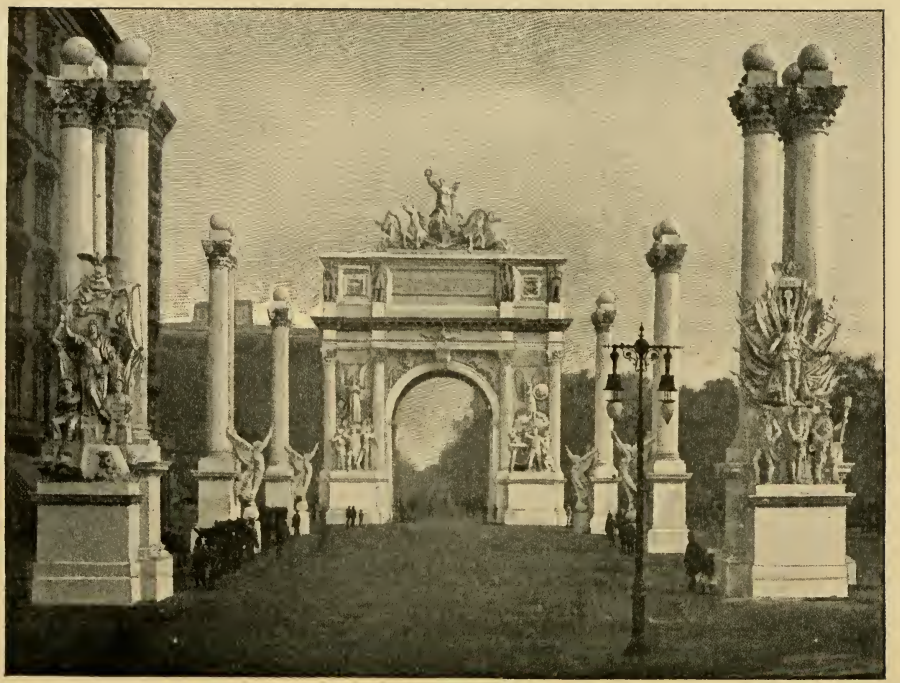
surrendered August 13, and later, when the Filipino insurrection broke out, he assisted the army in every possible way. Before the Filipinos declared war against the United States, Admiral Dewey had won the respect and admiration of Aguinaldo, and through his influence the Filipino leader treated the Spanish prisoners with greater kindness than they would otherwise have received.

Admiral Dewey's courteous manner toward the representatives of other nations who were present at Manila, and his wisdom, diplomacy and courage in dealing with some who were disposed to be troublesome, no doubt prevented serious trouble, if not war, with other nations. Captain Chichester, commander of the English warship *Immortalité*, said of him: "Dewey is a natural fighter, but true fighter that he is, he prefers to win a peaceful victory. He is a great man."

ADMIRAL DEWEY.

March 2, 1899, Rear-Admiral Dewey was raised to the highest rank in the Navy, being made a full Admiral of the United States Navy, the third man in the history of our nation to win this title, the first Admiral being David Farragut, the second, David Porter.

On May 20, 1899, Admiral Dewey started from Manila on his return to America. From that May-day morning, when he first sailed into Manila Bay, until he left it a year



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afterward to return home, he had never been absent from Manila for more than part of a day. Every other officer and man in the squadron had made trips to Hong-Kong, but Admiral Dewey never left his post. Such devotion to duty is seldom found, and, when united with courage, good sense, and a gentle, courteous nature, is it any wonder that its possessor became the idol of his countrymen?

When in May, 1899, it was announced that Admiral Dewey would start for home and reach New York some time in October, his countrymen immediately began making preparations to give their hero a royal welcome. In Vermont, his native state, they proposed to erect a statue of Admiral Dewey on the portico of the capitol at Montpelier, opposite one of Ethan Allen, the Green Mountain hero, which was placed there when Dewey was a student at the Naval Academy.

When Dewey heard that his native state intended to honor him in this way, he said: "I remember going to look at that statue of Ethan Allen with awe and reverence. I can see it now as plain as I saw it first, nearly forty years ago. I never dreamed that my statue would ever be placed alongside of his, or anywhere else in the world, in those days, and I can hardly realize now that I have done enough to deserve it. Still, if there is anything that would please me, it is that the people of Vermont should in this way wish to show me their love and esteem."

The *Olympia* sailed from Manila on May 20, 1899, with Admiral Dewey on board, visiting the Mediterranean and some of the ports of Europe on her way home. Everywhere he went the Admiral received the honor and respect due a good and brave man.

The *Olympia* was to reach New York about October 1, but the Admiral surprised his friends by arriving three days ahead of time. How the people welcomed him! Escorted by every ship in the harbor, every steamer, tug, ferryboat, barge, yacht or scow that could reach New York harbor, gay with flags and streamers, loaded with people, with bands playing, bells ringing, whistles blowing and thousands of friendly voices cheering, the *Olympia* steamed triumphantly home, her long journey ended, her important mission successfully accomplished, and her war-worn Admiral brought safely back to his native land and welcoming countrymen.

Perhaps the happiest moment of Admiral Dewey's home-coming was when his son George came on board the *Olympia* to welcome the father who had been absent nearly two years, and in that time had won a world-wide fame.

On October 3, Admiral Dewey visited Washington where a grand reception awaited him. A long line of soldiers and sailors, infantry, cavalry, artillery and marines, headed by General Miles and rank after rank of brilliantly attired aides and officers, marched down the

broad avenue toward the Capitol; then came the "Man of Manila," riding with President McKinley. Following their carriage came the officers and men of the *Olympia*, and after them the governors of the different states accompanied by their staffs.

When the Admiral reached the stand, where in the presence of the vast crowd a sword was to be presented to him, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and cheer after cheer rose from the throng. With words of praise and gratitude, President McKinley presented the golden sword in the name of the Congress of the United States, and with words of gracious courtesy the tired hero accepted it and expressed his thanks.

All the principal cities of the country sent invitations to him, but, though grateful for the love and admiration which prompted these invitations, he wished to rest, and courteously declined them. The people of the United States purchased a beautiful home in Washington and presented it to him, all ready for him to occupy at once.

On November 9, Admiral Dewey was quietly married to Mrs. Mildred M. Hazen; and in the beautiful home given him by a grateful country, let us leave him, with the hope that his declining years may be passed in peace and comfort, under the shadow of the grand old flag for which he has fought bravely and victoriously on both continents, and whose honor he has upheld on all the oceans of the earth.

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