

OCTOBER.

THE swollen grapes upon the vine
 Seem bursting with their purple wine,
 And underneath the scattered leaves remind me of the year's decline.

A languor fills these Autumn days,
 And mellow shine the sun's soft rays;
 Beside the stream the golden reed with listless motion idly sways.

Her silver threads the spider weaves;
 Ungarnered stand the yellow sheaves;
 And burn like tongues of lurid flame the glowing maple's crimson leaves.

Like ships becalmed the white clouds lie
 Along the dim horizon sky,
 And flocks of birds that southward roam on restless wing go sailing by.

Down looking from this wooded steep
 I see the sinuous river creep
 Past sheltered farms; and far away, cloaked with pale mist, the mountains sleep.

How different seems this painted scene,
 Decked like a gorgeous Indian queen,
 Than when I viewed it last clothed in the Summer's shining robe of green.

Then had the flags of war not flown,
 The charging trumpets had not blown,
 Nor out of smiling Peace had then the jarring crash of battle grown.

The winds that kissed the bearded grain
 Passed not o'er mangled heaps of slain;
 How strangely like the hue of blood is yon bright blossom's crimson stain!

The clouds which then from heaven looked down
 Saw not the close beleaguered town—
 Saw not upon the circling heights the grimy-throated cannon frown.

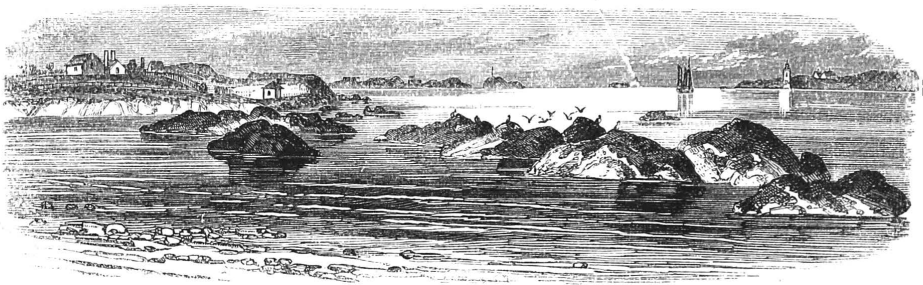
Nor heard from battle-plains arise,
 Uplifted to the shuddering skies,
 The ringing shout, the feeble moans, the piercing, anguish-laden cries.

Three times have burned the maple leaves,
 Thrice have we bound the ripened sheaves,
 And still the blood-red tide of war with restless surging motion heaves.

With even steps come round the years
 Despite our smiles or bitter tears;
 With Spring the purple violet blows; the yellow leaf with Fall appears.

Our yearning hearts await the day
 That yet shall shine with purest ray,
 When from our stricken land this troublous cloud of war shall pass away.

Then shall this night of sorrow cease,
 And into broadest noon increase,
 And guilt and cruel wrong shall fade, and Freedom dawn with lasting Peace.



HARBOR OF MARBLEHEAD.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

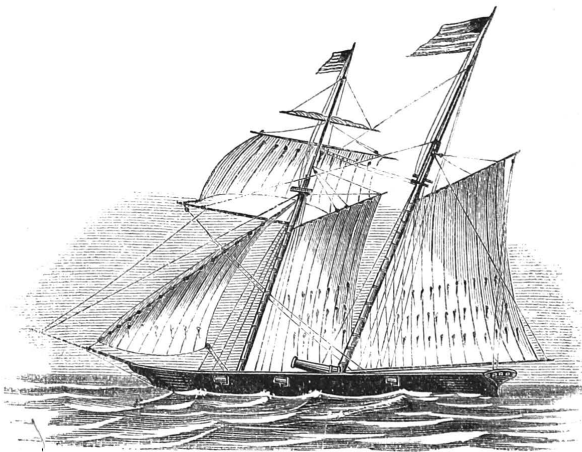
XI.—PRIVATEERING.

ALLUSION has been made occasionally to privateering, or legalized piracy, as practiced by the belligerents during the war we are considering. A full history of that important branch of the United States naval service during that war would occupy two ponderous volumes. I propose to give a general outline of the most prominent events of that service in a single chapter. Privateering was sanctioned at that time by the laws of nations and the general sentiment of mankind; and considerations of expediency recommended that system of war for a nation like the United States, having but a feeble navy, when contending with a nation like that of Great Britain, having not only a powerful navy but a widely-extended commercial marine. Yet there were many persons eminent in public affairs whose consciences could not sanction a system which would seem to place the patriotic American seaman on a level with the marauding buccaneer. The pen (and the prestige of the name) of Thomas Jefferson was employed in the task of reconciling the people to a measure which, it was perceived, would add immense power to the force of the United States Government.

Jefferson argued with his usual vigor and ef-

fect. "What is war?" he asked. "It is simply a contest between nations of trying which can do the most harm," he answered. Again he asked and answered—"Who carries on the war? Armies are formed and navies manned by individuals. What produces peace? The distress of individuals. What difference to the sufferer is it that his property is taken by a national or a private armed vessel? Did our merchants, who have lost nine hundred and seventeen vessels by British captures, feel any gratification that most of them were taken by their Majesty's men-of-war? Were the spoils less rigidly exacted by a seventy-four gun ship than by a privateer of four guns, and were not all equally doomed? In the United States every possible encouragement should be given to privateering in time of war with a commercial nation. We have tens of thousands of seamen that without it would be destitute of the means of support, and useless to their country. Our national ships are too few in number to give employment to one-twentieth part of them, or retaliate the acts of the enemy. By receiving private armed vessels the whole naval force of the nation is truly brought to bear on the foe; and while the contest lasts, that it may have a speedy termination, let every individual contribute his mite in the best way he can to distress and harass the enemy, and compel him to peace."

—So argued and wrote Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party then administering the national government, about a fortnight after the declaration of war against Great Britain. Congress had already, in the act declaring war, sanctioned the business of privateering by authorizing the President to issue to private armed vessels of the United States commissions, or letters of marque and general reprisals, in such a form as he should think proper. The President was not tardy in issuing such commissions and letters; and Congress from time to time legislated in favor of privateers. Very soon swift-



CLIPPER-BUILT PRIVATEER SCHOONER.

sailing brigs and schooners were fitted out in New England ports, and with those of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, went out on the high seas in search of plunder, first along the coasts of the United States and among the West India Islands, and afterward in European waters. Before the middle of autumn New York and Baltimore alone had sent out forty-two privateers, many letters of marque, and quite a large number of armed pilot-boats. The former usually carried from six to ten guns and forty or fifty men each besides officers, all armed with muskets, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes. The pilot-boats usually carried a single long gun, mounted on a swivel in the centre, and this was called "Long Tom." They also carried about fifty men each. These vessels were all commissioned to "burn, sink, and destroy" the property of the enemy wherever it might be found, either on the high seas or in British ports. The apprehensions of the better informed classes of England, that Great Britain had more to lose than gain by a war with the United States, were soon realized, and the disappointment and chagrin of the Ministry could not be concealed.

Salem in Massachusetts, which became famous for the privateers during the war, seems to be entitled to the credit of having received the first prize captured by a private armed vessel of the United States after the declaration of war. This occurred on the 10th of July, or about three weeks after that declaration, when the armed schooner *Fame*, Captain Webb, brought into that port a captured British timber-ship of three hundred tons burden, and another of two hundred tons loaded with tar. On the same day the privateer *Dash* of Baltimore, Captain Conway, bound on a cruise, entered Hampton

Roads and there captured the British Government schooner *Whitney*, Lieutenant Maycy, who was bearing dispatches from London to Washington.

On the 14th of July a staunch privateer of Gloucester, Massachusetts, named the *Madison*, fell in with a British transport ship from Halifax bound to St. John's. She had been under convoy of the *Indian*, a British sloop of war, which had just given chase to the *Polly* and *Dolphin*, two American privateers. The *Madison* pounced on and captured the transport, which, with the cargo, was valued at \$50,000. She was sent into Gloucester. On the following day the *Indian*, after chasing the *Polly* for some time, manned her launch and several boats, and sent them to capture the fugitive. The *Polly* resisted so gallantly that she caused the launch to strike her colors. By this time the *Indian* was almost within gunshot, when the *Polly* took to her sweeps and escaped. The *Madison* soon afterward captured a British ship with twelve guns, name not given, and the brig *Eliza* of six guns.

On the 18th of July the letter-of-marque schooner *Falcon*, of Baltimore, armed with four guns and sixteen men, fought the British cutter *Hero*, five guns and fifty-five men, on the coast of France, for two hours and a half, and drove her off. On the following day the *Falcon* was attacked by a British privateer of six guns and forty men. She resisted for an hour and a half, when, her captain being killed and several of her crew wounded, she struck her colors and was taken into a Guernsey port. The first prize that arrived at Baltimore was a British schooner laden with a cargo of sugar valued at \$8000. She was captured by the *Dolphin*. This was on

the 26th of July. A little more than a month had elapsed since the declaration of war, yet within that time such displays of American valor had been made on the sea that the British began to feel some respect for their new foe on that element. During the month of July more than fifty vessels were taken from the British by American privateers, and brought into the harbors of the United States.

Toward the middle of July seven privateers sailed from Baltimore on a cruise. One of them was the swift clipper-built schooner *Rossie*, fourteen guns and one hundred and twenty men, commanded by the veteran Commodore Barney. His manuscript Journal of that and a second cruise lies before me, and bears evidence that it was one of the most exciting voyages on record. He sailed from Baltimore on the 12th of July (1812), left Cape Henry on the 15th, and cruised along the eastern coast of the United States for forty-five days without entering port. He was almost daily capturing English vessels, chasing and being chased, and informing all American vessels that fell in his way of the beginning of war.



COMMODORE BARNEY.

Nine days after he left Baltimore, July 22, Barney fell in with the brig *Nymph*, of Newburyport, and seized her for violating the non-importation act. On the following day the *Rossie* was chased by a British frigate, which hurled twenty-five shots after her, but without effect. The *Rossie* outsailed the frigate and escaped. Six days afterward, July 30, she was chased by another frigate, and again outsailed the pursuer. On the following day Barney took and burned the ship *Princess Royal*, and the day following took and manned the ship *Kitty*.

On the 2d of August Barney took and burned the brigs *Fame* and *Devonshire* and schooner *Squid*; and on the same day he captured the brig *Two Brothers*, put on board of her sixty of his prisoners, and ordered her as a cartel to St. Johns, New Brunswick, to effect an exchange for as many American prisoners. Barney sent his compliments to Admiral Sawyer, the British commander on the Halifax station, desired him to treat the prisoners well, and assured him very coolly that he would soon send him another ship-load of captives for exchange. On the next day he took and sunk the brig *Henry* and schooners *Race-Horse* and *Halifax*, captured and manned the brig *William*, and added forty prisoners to the number on board the *Two Brothers*. On the 9th of August he captured the ship *Jenny* of twelve guns after a brief action, and on the following day he seized the *Rebecca* of Saco from London for a breach of the non-importation law. On the 28th he seized the *Euphrates*, of New Bedford, for the same reason, and on the 30th of August he ran into Narraganset Bay and anchored off Newport. During his cruise of forty-five days he seized and captured fourteen vessels, nine of which he destroyed. Their aggregate capacity amounted to two thousand nine hundred and fourteen tons, and they were manned by one hundred and sixty-six men. The estimated value of his prizes was \$1,289,000.

Barney remained in Newport until the 7th of September, when the *Rossie* started on another cruise. On the 9th she was chased by British ships of war, but by superior speed she soon left them out of sight. On the 12th she was chased by an English frigate for six hours, when she too was left so far behind that she gave up the pursuit. Four days afterward she fell in with and captured the British armed packet *Princess Amelia*. They had a severe engagement for almost an hour at pistol-shot distance most of the time. Mr. Long, Barney's first-lieutenant, was severely wounded, and six of the crew injured but not so badly. The *Princess Amelia* lost her captain, sailing-master, and one seaman killed, and the master's mate and six seamen were wounded. The *Rossie* suffered in her rigging and sails but not in her hull, while the *Princess Amelia* was terribly cut up in all.

Barney had just secured his prize when he fell in, on the same day, with three ships and an armed brig. From the latter the *Rossie* received an eighteen-pound shot through her quarter, which wounded a man and lodged in the pump.

She dogged the three vessels for four days in hopes of seeing them separate, thus affording her an opportunity to pounce on one of them. They kept together, and Barney gave up the game. On the 23d he spoke the privateer *Globe*, Captain Murphy, of Baltimore, and the two went in search of the three ships, but could not find them. On the 8th day of October, while they were sailing together, they captured the British schooner *Jubilee* and sent her into port. On the 22d Barney seized the ship *Merrimac* for a violation of law. She was laden with a valuable cargo. On the 10th of November he returned to Baltimore. The result of his two cruises in the *Rossie* was 3698 tons of shipping, valued at \$1,500,000, and two hundred and seventeen prisoners.

The *Dolphin*, of Baltimore, Captain Stafford, was a successful privateer. She carried twelve guns and one hundred men. The first prize sent into Baltimore after the declaration of war was hers; and other ports received her captures. She entered Salem, Massachusetts, on the 23d of July, after a cruise of twenty days, during which time she had taken six vessels without receiving the least injury. She was repeatedly chased by British cruisers, but always outsailed them.

Captain Stafford was remarkable for kindness of manner toward his prisoners. Such was its power that, on several occasions when he was compelled to use sweeps to escape from the English men-of-war, they volunteered to man them.

The privateer *Globe*, of Baltimore, Captain Murphy, carrying eight guns and about eighty men, went to sea on the 24th of July in company with the letter-of-marque *Cora*. On the 31st of that month she chased a vessel about three hours, when she was within gunshot, and commenced firing. The fugitives hoisted British colors, and returned the fire from her stern chasers, consisting of two 9-pounders. The *Globe* could only bring a long 9 midships to bear during an action of about forty minutes, for it was blowing very fresh and the enemy crowded all sail. The *Globe* finally gained on her, and commenced firing broadsides. Her antagonist returned broadside for broadside, until the *Globe*, getting within musket-shot distance, fired deadly volleys of bullets. After a brisk engagement of an hour and a half at close quarters the British vessel struck her colors. She proved to be the English letter of marque, *Boyd*, from New Providence for Liverpool, mounting two guns. No person was injured in either ship. The *Boyd's* boats were destroyed, and she suffered much in hull and rigging. The *Globe* suffered in sails and rigging, but was able, after sending her prize to Philadelphia, to proceed on her cruise. On the 14th of August she captured a British schooner of four guns laden with mahogany; and a few days afterward she arrived at Hampton Roads, accompanied by a large British ship carrying twenty-two guns, richly laden and bound for Glasgow, which she cap-

tured not far from the Bermudas. Having secured her prize in port the *Globe* started immediately on another cruise.

The *Highflyer*, Captain Gavit, of Baltimore, was another successful cruiser on private account. She was armed with eight guns and manned by one hundred men. She left Baltimore early in July, and on the 26th captured the British schooner *Harriet*, in ballast, but with \$8000 in specie on board. On the 19th of August, while in the Gulf of Mexico, Captain Gavit discovered the Jamaica fleet of merchantmen and gave chase. He soon perceived that they were convoyed by a British frigate. That vessel gave chase to the *Highflyer*. The latter outsailed her, and on the 21st pounced upon the *Diana*, one of the fleet, and captured her. She was of three hundred and fifty tons burden, and loaded with a valuable cargo of rum, sugar, coffee, etc. Gavit took out her crew and sent her as a prize to the United States.

On the following day the *Highflyer* fell in with and engaged two other British vessels at half gunshot distance, giving them about sixty shot. The breeze was too stiff to allow safety in boarding them, and so he hauled off and left them. These were the *Jamaica* of Liverpool, and *Mary Ann* of London, the former carrying—guns and twenty-one men, and the latter twelve guns and eighteen men. On the 23d the *Highflyer* fell upon these vessels again, the wind having moderated. Her people, after a severe cannonading and musket-firing from both sides, boarded the *Jamaica* and captured her. The *Mary Ann* struck her colors at the same time.

During the action Captain Gavit was shot through the right arm by a musket-ball, and one of his seamen was wounded in the cheek. These were the only casualties, excepting the damage (which was considerable) done to sails and rigging of the *Highflyer*. Her antagonists were severely bruised, and several of the seamen were wounded. Both ships were richly laden with the products of the West Indies.

On the 1st of August the privateer *Yankee*, carrying ten guns, while cruising along the coast of Nova Scotia, fell in with the letter-of-marque *Royal Bounty*, also carrying ten guns. She was a fine vessel of six hundred and fifty-eight tons, and manned by twenty-five men. The *Yankee* had the advantage of the wind, and bearing down upon the weather-quarter of the *Royal Bounty*, gave her a division broadside, which made her quake in every fibre. Making a quick movement she gave her an entire broadside, which was returned with spirit.

The marines of the *Yankee* were mostly sharpshooters, and the execution was terribly galling. At the same time the ship was well managed, and her great guns were making havoc with her enemy's sails and rigging. The *Bounty's* helmsman was killed, and she became so unmanageable that, after fighting an hour, she was compelled to surrender. She was terribly wounded; all her boats were stove; and no less than one hundred and fifty round shot, of various kinds,

went through her rigging and sails, or lodged in her hull and spars.

The schooner *Shadow*, Captain Taylor, of Philadelphia, had a severe encounter with the British letter-of-marque *May*, Captain Affleck, from Liverpool bound to St. Lucia, carrying fourteen guns and fifty men. At noon, on the 4th of August, the *Shadow* discovered the *May* and gave chase. It continued until almost sunset, when an action was fought. At six o'clock, when the vessels were within gunshot of each other, the *May* commenced firing from her stern guns. The action was commenced at seven, and at half past seven the *May* hoisted a light in her mizzen rigging. The *Shadow* then hailed her, and Captain Taylor ordered her to send her papers on board of his vessel that he might examine them. This was only partially complied with. Taylor instantly sent a boat's crew to the *May* with a demand for the instant surrender of all the papers. The British captain refused. He sent a note to this effect to Captain Taylor, stated the character and force of his vessel, and informed him that a change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Orders in Council had been rescinded. Again Captain Taylor demanded Affleck's papers, and again they were refused. At half past eight o'clock the action was renewed. The night was squally and dark. The vessels kept near each other, occasionally exchanging shots, and in the morning early they commenced a severe fight. Captain Taylor was shot through the head and instantly killed; and the *Shadow* was so much damaged that she withdrew, and by superior sailing escaped and returned to Philadelphia.

On the 3d of August the schooner *Atlas*, Captain David Maffit, attacked two British armed ships at the same time. After an engagement of about an hour the smaller vessel of the foe surrendered, and the fire of the *Atlas* was wholly directed upon the larger one. Suddenly the smaller one, notwithstanding her colors were down, again opened fire; but the *Atlas* soon silenced her, and in less than one hour and a half from the time of attack both vessels were captured. They proved to be the ship *Pursuit*, 16 guns, and a complement of 35 men, and the ship *Planter*, 20 guns and 15 men. They were both stored with valuable cargoes from Surinam, and bound to London. They were sent to the United States. The *Atlas* was badly damaged in the contest.

At about this time the privateer *John*, Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, of Salem, returned to that port after a cruise of three weeks, during which time she made eleven captures, some of which were sent into Marblehead. All along the coasts of the United States and the West Indies the American privateers were now exceedingly active. None were more so than the *Paul Jones*, Captain Hazard, of New York. Within a very short space of time she captured fourteen vessels near the island of Porto Rico, some of them of considerable value; and she obtained a crowning glory by the capture, early

in August, of the British ship *Hansa*, 14 guns and 20 men, sailing from Gibraltar for Havana, with wines and dry-goods valued at \$200,000. This was accomplished after a contest of half an hour.

One of the boldest of the privateersmen was Captain Thomas Boyle, of Baltimore, who sailed the *Comet*, of 14 guns and 120 men. One of his earliest exploits in the *Comet* was the capture, in August, 1812, of the British ship *Hope-well*, carrying 14 guns and 25 men. She was bound from Surinam for London with a cargo valued, with the ship, at \$150,000. The two vessels had an obstinate combat, but the *Comet* was the victor. The prize was sent to Baltimore. Of the *Comet* and her Captain we shall have more to say hereafter.

Another active and successful Baltimore privateer was the *Nonsuch*, Captain Lesely, armed with 12 guns and carrying about 100 men. She was one of the famous "Baltimore clippers." On the 27th of September, when cruising near the island of Martinique, she fell in with a British ship mounting 16 guns, with about 200 troops on board, and a schooner mounting six 4-pounders, and manned with a crew of about 50 or 60 men. The *Nonsuch* ran in between the two vessels, within pistol-shot of each, and commenced a hot contest, which lasted three hours and twenty minutes. It was a fierce fight. The guns of the *Nonsuch* (carrónades) became much heated by continual firing. Their bolts and breaching were carried away, and they were all dismounted. Captain Lesely now determined to board his antagonists, but the damage done to the rigging of the *Nonsuch* so disabled her that he was not able to bring her alongside for the purpose. In consequence of this disability the two vessels escaped, but not without severe punishment. The larger ship was much damaged in hull and rigging, and lost 23 of her men killed and wounded. The schooner was also much damaged. The performance of the *Nonsuch* was called by the journals of the day, "gallant but unprofitable conduct." The British spoke of the attack upon them as "exceedingly brave." Several persons of distinction on these ships were injured.

The privateer *Saratoga*, of New York, Captain Riker, armed with 18 guns and 140 men, was a successful cruiser. In the autumn of 1812 she captured the ship *Quebec*, 16 guns, from Jamaica, with a cargo valued at \$300,000. In December following she had a desperate fight off La Guayra, Venezuela. It was on the 10th of that month, and she was then in command of Captain Charles W. Wooster. She entered the port of La Guayra on the 9th, but was warned off, the authorities being neutral. Going out of the bay, she captured a vessel with goods worth \$20,000; and at nine in the morning on the following day, after the clearing up of the fog, she fell in with the brig *Rachel*, from Greenock, Scotland, which mounted 12 guns and carried 60 men. They were in sight of the town, and almost the entire population, from

the beggar to the commander, turned out to see the conflict from the house-tops. The combat was quick and furious. It resulted in victory for the *Saratoga*, whose loss was only one man slightly wounded. The *Rachel* suffered much. The second mate was the only officer alive after the action.

Such is a brief record of some of the most prominent events in the history of American privateering from the declaration of war in June, 1812, until the close of the year. The record is of a small portion of the swarm of private armed vessels which were out at the beginning of 1813. These were harassing British commerce in all directions, and affording powerful and timely aid to the little navy of the Republic. The business was recognized as legitimate, useful, and practically patriotic. Merchants and other citizens of the highest respectability engaged in it, and Congress passed laws to encourage it by the allowance of liberal privileges, making provision for pensions for those engaged in the service, and for the families of those who might be lost on private armed vessels, etc.

The history of American privateering in 1813 opens with a letter from Captain Shaler, of the private schooner *Governor Tompkins*, which was armed with fourteen carrónades and one Long Tom, and manned by about a hundred and forty men. She was built in New York, and was first commanded by Captain Skinner. Shaler wrote on the 1st of January that on the 25th of December he chased three British vessels, which appeared to be two ships and a brig. The larger he took to be a transport and ran down to attack her, when he found himself within a quarter of a mile of a large frigate which had been completely masked. He boldly opened fire upon her and received a terrible response. Of course he could not sustain a contest with such overwhelming odds, so he spread his sails to fly. He was successful. "Thanks to her heels," he said, "and the exertions of my brave officers and crew, I still have the command of her." He got out all of his sweeps, threw overboard all the lumber on his deck and about two thousand pounds of shot from the after-hold, and at half past five in the evening had the pleasure of seeing his pursuers far behind heaving about. The *Tompkins* lost two men killed and six wounded. One of the former, a black man named Johnson, "ought to be registered on the book of fame," Captain Shaler wrote, "and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue." A 24-pound shot struck him in the hip and took away all the lower part of his body. In this state the poor brave fellow lay on the deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates, "Fire away, boys, neber haul de color down!" The other man killed was also colored, and wounded in a similar manner. "Several times," says Shaler, "he requested to be thrown overboard, saying he was only in the way of others." While America has such sailors she has little to fear from the tyrants of the occasion.

We have already spoken of the *Comet*, of Bal-

timore, and her brave commander Captain Boyle. She sailed from that port late in December, 1812, passed through the British blockading squadron on a dark night, and went on a cruise toward the coast of Brazil. On the 9th of January, 1813, she was off the harbor of Pernambuco, and Boyle was informed by a coaster that some British vessels were about to sail from that port. The *Comet* watched until the 14th, when, a little past noon, four sails appeared. Boyle waited until they were well clear of the land and then gave chase. The *Comet* was a swift clipper and soon overhauled them; and at seven in the evening, having prepared for action, she hoisted her colors, and made for the larger of the four ships, which proved to be a Portuguese brig, mounting twenty heavy guns (32-pounders), and manned by one hundred and sixty-five men. She was convoying three English merchant-ships laden with wheat, and warned Captain Boyle not to molest them. To this injunction Boyle replied that his commission authorized him to capture them if he could, and that the Portuguese marine had no right to interfere.

All the vessels were now crowding sail with a stiffening breeze. The *Comet* shot past the others, summoned the Englishmen to heave to, and assured them if they did not he would open a broadside upon them. The Portuguese gave chase to the *Comet*. The latter tacked, came alongside of the merchantmen at half past eight o'clock in the evening and so distributed a heavy fire that she wounded all three.

The Portuguese suffered severely in the contest which followed, for the quick movements of the clipper gave her great advantage of position. The combat continued until an hour past midnight, when the moon went down and the night became dark and squally. In the mean time the merchantmen had surrendered, and one of them was taken possession of by Boyle. At dawn the Portuguese brig, with the other two English vessels, fled for Pernambuco, while the *Comet* and her prize, the *Bowes*, proceeded homeward. She soon afterward captured the Scotch ship *Adelphia*, and outsailed the famous British frigate *Surprise* that gave chase.

On the 6th of February the *Comet* captured first the brig *Alexis*, of Greenock, and soon afterward an armed brig which formed part of a convoy for nine merchantmen from Demerara. At the same time another man-of-war called the *Swaggerer* appeared. Boyle was anxious to get his prizes off, and he amused the brig until that desired end was accomplished. In the mean time he added the *Dominico*, a Liverpool packet, to his list of prizes. When they were fairly on their way he turned his heels upon the *Swaggerer* and soon outsailed his pursuer. At three o'clock in the afternoon he captured the schooner *Jane*, and before sunset he lost sight of the *Swaggerer* entirely.

Soon after this encounter Boyle turned his face homeward, and on the way met and fought a terrible battle for eight hours with the British

ship *Hibernia*, eight hundred tons, twenty-two guns, and a full complement of men. The *Comet* lost three killed and sixteen wounded. The *Hibernia* lost eight killed and thirteen wounded. The *Comet* put into Porto Rico for repairs, and the *Hibernia* into St. Thomas. Both were much injured. The *Comet* arrived at Baltimore on the 17th of March.

Boyle was not long on land. His next cruise was in the beautiful *Chasseur*, a privateer brig, elegant in model and formidable in men and arms. She was the fleetest of all vessels, and the story of her cruises is a tale of romance of the most exciting kind. She seemed as ubiquitous as the "Phantom Ship." Sometimes she was in the West Indies, then on the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and France, and then in the Irish and British Channels, spreading the wildest alarm among England's commercial marine. So much was she feared in the West Indies and the islands of the Caribbean sea, that the merchants there implored Admiral Durham to send them "at least a heavy sloop of war" to protect their property. The Admiral immediately sent them the frigate *Barossa*, which the fleet *Chasseur* delighted to tease.

The *Chasseur* captured eighty vessels, of which thirty-two were of equal force with herself, and eighteen superior. Many of the prizes were of great value. Three of them alone were valued at \$400,000. She seemed to sweep over the seas with impunity, and was as imprudent as she was bold. On one occasion, while in the British Channel, Boyle issued a proclamation as a burlesque on those of Admirals Warren and Cochrane, concerning the blockades of the ports of the United States, in which he declared "all the ports, harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, outlets, islands, and sea-coasts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in a state of vigorous blockade." He assured the world that he possessed a sufficient force (the *Chasseur*) to compel obedience. This proclamation he caused to be sent in a cartel to London, with a request to have it posted up at Lloyd's Coffee House.

We have already noticed some of the earlier operations of the *Dolphin*, Captain Stafford. On the 25th of January, 1813, she fell in with a large ship and brig off Cape St. Vincent, and, as was common with the more daring American privateers, engaged them both. After a severe fight they were captured and sent to the United States. They were richly laden, and were valuable prizes. The wounded Captain Brigham, of the British ship (*Hebe*, 16), thought his capture "extronary." He did not expect to find a damned Yankee privateer in that part of the world; and when assured by Stafford that they would appear in the Thames by-and-by his eyes dilated with mute wonder. Stafford's kind and good nature won Brigham's heart, and, in a card published on his arrival in Boston in February, he thanked the commander of the *Dolphin* and his associates for their attention, and saying, "Should the fortunes of

war ever throw the Captain or any of his crew into the hands of the British, it is sincerely hoped he will meet a similar treatment."

We again find the *Saratoga*, Captain Woolsey, on her destructive errand in February, 1813. On the 9th of that month she captured the *Lord Nelson* of 600 tons, and one of the finest vessels in the British merchant service. She was sent into New Orleans. At about the same time the *Saratoga* captured the British packet *Morgiana*, eighteen guns. The *Saratoga* had just been chased by a British frigate, and had been compelled, in order to lighten her to increase her speed, to throw overboard twelve of her guns: she had only four to attack the *Morgiana* with. Her armory was replenished with several of the fine brass pieces of the captured vessel, and the prize was sent to Newport with her Captain. The kindness of the prize-master was so conspicuous that the Captain of the *Morgiana* thanked him in the Newport papers.

On the 15th of February, 1813, the letter of marque *Lottery*, of Baltimore, armed with six guns and manned by thirty-five men, had a desperate fight in Chesapeake Bay with nine British barges containing two hundred and forty men. She fought them an hour and a half, during which time it was believed that more of the foe were killed than the number of the whole crew of the letter of marque. At length Captain Southcote, commander of the schooner, was severely wounded, and the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, boarded the vessel, hauled down the colors, and made her a prize.

At about this time we find the privateer *Yankee*, whose exploits we have already observed, entering the harbor of Newport after a cruise of one hundred and fifty days, during which time she had scoured the whole western coast of Africa, taken eight prizes, made one hundred and ninety-six prisoners, and secured as trophies sixty-two cannon, five hundred muskets, and property worth about \$300,000.

The merchants of New York fitted out no less than twenty-six fast-sailing privateers and letters of marque within one hundred and twenty days after the declaration of war, carrying almost two hundred pieces of artillery, and manned by over two thousand seamen. Among the most noted of these privateers was the *General Armstrong*, a moderate-sized schooner, mounting a Long Tom 42-pounder and eighteen carronades. Her complement was one hundred and forty men, and her first commander was Captain Barnard.

Early in March, 1813, the *General Armstrong* was in command of Guy R. Champlin, and cruising off the Surinam River, on the coast of South America. Early on the morning of the 11th she gave chase to the *Coquette*, a British sloop of war, mounting in all twenty-seven guns, and manned by one hundred and twenty-one men and boys. Between nine and ten o'clock the vessels were within gunshot and commenced a brisk engagement. Convinced, by observation, that his antagonist was a British letter of marque, Champlin and his men agreed

to board her, and for this purpose they ran the *Armstrong* down upon her. When too late to retreat they discovered her to be a much heavier vessel than they imagined. The two vessels poured heavy shot into each other, and for almost an hour the fight was fierce and obstinate, within pistol-shot distance. The *Armstrong* was severely injured, and her Captain received a ball in his shoulder, but continued some time on duty after the wound was dressed, and from the cabin gave orders until his vessel was fairly out of the clutches of the enemy. By the vigorous use of sweeps the *Armstrong* escaped under a heavy fire from the *Coquette*. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, and his skill in saving his vessel, the stockholders, at a meeting held at Tammany Hall on the 14th of April, presented Captain Champlin an elegant sword, and voted thanks to his companions in the combat. We shall meet the *Armstrong* hereafter.

The *Ned*, Captain Dawson, a New York letter of marque, arrived at that port ten days after the sword presentation to Champlin, and brought with her the British letter of marque *Malvina*, of Aberdeen, mounting ten guns. The *Ned* captured her after an action of almost an hour. Her captain was killed, and in the combat the *Ned* had seven men badly wounded. The *Malvina* was laden with wine from the Mediterranean, and was a valuable prize.

Another successful privateer, owned in New York, was the *Scourge*, Captain Nicoll. She mounted fifteen guns, and sailed from that port in April, 1813, for a long cruise in European waters, and was frequently in concert with the *Rattlesnake* of Philadelphia, Captain David Maffit. The latter commander went into the business at the beginning of the war, with the *Atlas*, and continued its pursuit until the close of the contest in 1815. The *Rattlesnake* was a fast-sailing brig of fourteen guns.

Captain Nicoll was often absent from the *Scourge* while on the coast of Norway, because he found it more profitable to remain on shore and attend to the sale of prizes brought or sent in, while his first officer skillfully commanded her in cruises. The *Scourge* made a large number of captures on the coast of Norway, and they were nearly all sent into Drontheim and disposed of there. The aggregate tonnage of prizes there and then disposed of, captured by the *Scourge* and *Rattlesnake*, was about 4500. The trophies were sixty guns. On her homeward passage from Norway the *Scourge* made several captures. She arrived at Cape Cod in May, 1812, having been absent little more than a year. During her cruise she had made four hundred and twenty prisoners. Her deeds made her name an appropriate one, for she scourged British commerce most severely.

The *Yankee*, already mentioned, left Newport on a cruise on the 23d of May, 1813. A month afterward, when off the coast of Ireland, she captured the British cutter sloop, *Earl Camden*, valued at \$10,000. Eight days afterward she

captured the brig *Elizabeth*, valued at \$40,000, and the brig *Watson*, laden with cotton, valued at \$70,000. On the 2d of July she took the brig *Marine*, with a cargo valued at \$70,000. All of these prizes, worth in the aggregate about \$200,000, were sent to French ports for adjudication and sale. The work was accomplished in the space of about six weeks. The *Yankee* returned to Providence, Rhode Island, on the 19th of August, without having lost a man during the cruise, either killed or wounded.

The records of privateering during the summer of 1813 present one dark chapter, in the deed of a desperate wretch named Johnson, who commanded the *Teazer*, a little two-gun vessel that went out from New York with fifty men. When that vessel was captured by one of Admiral Warren's fleet, Johnson was released on his parole. Soon afterward, without waiting to be exchanged, he entered as first lieutenant on board another privateer named the *Young Teazer*. In June, 1813, she was closely pursued by an English man-of-war. She was likely to be overtaken, and Johnson knew that death would be his fate should he be caught. Dawson called his officers aft in consultation, and while they were debating on the subject one of the sailors called out to the captain that Lieutenant Johnson had just gone into the cabin with a blazing fire-brand. The next instant the *Teazer* was blown into fragments. Only six of all her people escaped destruction. The captain, Johnson, and all the others had perished in a moment.

Toward mid-summer, 1813, an affair occurred off Sandy Hook, New York, which created a great sensation. It properly belongs to the history of privateering. Commodore Lewis was then in command of a flotilla of gun-boats on that station, and the British man-of-war *Poictiers*, 74, was cruising in those waters. She had for tender the sloop *Eagle*; and early in July Lewis sent out a little fishing-smack named *Yankee*, which he borrowed at Fly Market, in New York, to capture this tender by stratagem. With a calf, a sheep, and a goose secured on deck, and between thirty and forty well-armed men below, the smack stood out for sea, with only three men on deck in fishermen's garb, as if going to the fishing-banks. The *Eagle* gave chase, overhauled her, and seeing live-stock on board, ordered her to go to the commodore. The watch-word "Lawrence!" was given, when the armed men rushed to the deck and poured a volley of musketry which sent the crew of the *Eagle* below in dismay. Sailing-master Percival, who commanded the expedition, ordered the firing to cease, when one of the *Eagle's* company came up and struck her colors. The surprise was so complete that her heavy brass howitzer, loaded with canister-shot, remained undischarged. Her crew consisted of her commander, a midshipman, and eleven seamen. The two former and a marine were slain. The *Eagle* and prisoners were taken to the city in view of thousands of the citizens, who were on the Battery celebrating the anniversary of the

National Independence. They were received with shouts, salvos of artillery, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the ringing of bells.

A month after the capture of the *Eagle* the privateer schooner *Commodore Decatur*, Captain Diron, of Charleston, South Carolina, carrying seven guns and a little over a hundred men, had a desperate encounter with the British warschooner *Dominica*, Lieutenant Barrette, carrying sixteen guns and eighty-eight men. The *Decatur* was cruising in the track of the West India traders on their return to England, and on the morning of the 15th of August gave chase to a ship and schooner. At about one o'clock in the afternoon they were so near each other that the schooner fired a shot at the *Decatur*. The latter was immediately prepared for action, not with heavy guns alone, but with implements for boarding. Diron intended to run down near his adversary, discharge all his guns, great and small, and then board her under cover of the smoke. This was not immediately accomplished; for the *Dominica* was on the alert, and manœuvred so as to give the *Decatur* some damaging broadsides. Twice her crew attempted to board her antagonist, but failed, and the contest was kept up with cannon and musketry. Finally, at about half past three o'clock, the *Decatur* forced her bowsprit over the stern of the *Dominica*, and her jib-boom penetrated the Englishman's mainsail. In face of a murderous fire of musketry the *Decatur's* men, led by First Prize-master Safith and Quarter-master Washburn, rushed from her bow along the bowsprit, boarded the enemy, and engaged in a most sanguinary fight hand to hand, with swords, pistols, and small-arms. Both parties fought with the greatest courage and determination. The decks were covered with the dead and wounded. The colors of the *Dominica* were hauled down by the boarders, and she became the *Decatur's* prize. The *Dominica* lost sixty-four killed and wounded. Among the former were the captain, sailing-master, and purser. The *Decatur* lost twenty killed and wounded. Diron started with his prize for Charleston, and on the following day captured the *London Trader*, bound from Surinam to London, with a valuable cargo. She reached Charleston in safety with both prizes.

In the autumn of 1813 Captain George Coggeshall, whose History of the American Privateers has been frequently consulted, commanded the letter-of-marque schooner *David Porter*, of New York. Late in October she was lying at Providence, Rhode Island, where the *President*, Commodore Rodgers, was blockaded. In a thick snow-storm, on the 14th of November, and under the cover of night, the *Porter* passed the blockading squadron and put to sea. She reached Charleston, her destined port, in safety, where she was freighted for France with sea-island cotton, and sailed for "Bordeaux or a port in France" on the 20th of December. In the Bay of Biscay she encountered a terrible and damaging gale, but weathered it; and on the 20th of January entered the port of La Teste. Cogges-

hall sent his vessel home in charge of his first officer, and remained in France some time. The *Porter* captured several prizes on her way to the United States.

We have noticed the arrival at Hampton Roads, with a large British ship as a prize, of the privateer *Globe*, of Baltimore, and her departure on another cruise. She was successful in the capture of prizes, but did not meet with any fair test of her sailing qualities or the valor and skill of her men until November, 1813. On the first of that month, while cruising off the coast of Madeira, she fell in and exchanged shots with a large armed brig, but considered it prudent to keep a respectful distance from her. She then proceeded to the offing of Funchal, where, on the 2d, she chased two vessels in vain; for night came on, dark and squally, and she lost sight of them.

On the 3d the *Globe* again chased two vessels, and at eleven o'clock was so near them that the larger of the fugitives opened her stern guns on her pursuer. A severe action ensued, when, at noon, the crew of the *Globe* attempted to board her adversary. They failed. Their vessel was much damaged, and while in this condition the other vessel came up and gave the *Globe* a terrible raking fire, which almost disabled her. Yet her crew fought on at close-quarters, and at half past three o'clock the larger vessel was compelled to strike her colors. The other was pouring in broadside after broadside within half pistol-shot distance. The *Globe* was reduced to an almost sinking condition, yet she managed to give her second antagonist such blows that she too struck her colors. She then hauled to windward to take possession of the first prize, when that vessel hoisted her colors and gave the *Globe* a tremendous broadside. She was compelled to haul off for repairs, and the two

vessels, believed to be severely injured, sailed slowly away. They were packet brigs, one mounting eighteen and the other sixteen cannon, mostly brass. The *Globe* lost eighteen men killed and fifteen wounded in this desperate encounter.

During the first eight or nine months of the year 1814, although the American private armed ships were active and successful, there seems not to have been any performance by them that deserves the name of a naval action. This monotony of quiet business was broken in September, when the privateer *Harpy* fell in with the British packet *Princess Elizabeth*, and captured her after a short but sharp conflict. The *Elizabeth* was armed with ten guns and manned by thirty-eight men. She had on board the Turkish ambassador for England, an aid-de-camp to a British general, a lieutenant of 74 line-of-battle ship, and a large number of other passengers. Ten casks of wine and some of the cannon were transferred to the *Harpy*. The remainder of her armament was thrown overboard, and the ship was ransomed for \$2000, when she was allowed to proceed on her voyage.

The most desperate and famous combat recorded in the history of privateering during the war was that maintained by the *General Armstrong*, of New York (whose earlier exploits we have already noticed), Captain Samuel C. Reid, in the harbor of Fayal, one of the Azores Islands of that name, belonging to Portugal. It occurred on the 26th of September, 1814, while she lay there at anchor in a neutral port. She was attacked by a large British squadron under command of Commodore Lloyd. The attacking vessels consisted of the flag-ship *Plantagenet* 74, the frigate *Rota* 44, Captain Somerville, and the brig *Carnation* 18, Captain Bentham, each with a full complement of men. The *Armstrong* carried only seven guns and 90 men, including her officers.

In flagrant violation of the laws and usages of neutrality, Lloyd sent in, at eight o'clock in the evening, four large and well armed launches, manned by about 40 men each. At that time Reid, suspecting danger, was working his vessel under the guns of the Castle. These and the cannon of the privateer opened fire almost simultaneously, and the launches were driven off with heavy loss. The first lieutenant of the *Armstrong* was wounded and one man was killed.

Another attack was made at midnight with 14 launches and about 500 men. A terrible conflict ensued, which lasted 40 minutes. The enemy was repulsed, with a loss of 120 killed and 130 wounded. At daybreak a third attack was made, by the brig-of-war *Carnation*. She opened heavily, but was very soon so cut up by the rapid and well-directed shot of the *Armstrong* that she hastily withdrew. The privateer was also much damaged. It was evident that she could not maintain an an-



SAMUEL C. REID.

other assault of equal severity; so Captain Reid, who had coolly given orders from his quarter-deck during the attack, directed her to be scuttled, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. She was then abandoned, when the British boarded her and set her on fire. It is a curious fact, that while the British lost over 300 in killed and wounded during ten hours, the Americans lost but two killed and seven wounded.

In addition to the glory won by the bravery of this resistance to the British squadron, Captain Reid and his gallant men deserve the just credit of having thereby saved the city of New Orleans from capture. This squadron was part of the expedition then gathering at Jamaica for the purpose of seizing New Orleans, and the object of their attack on the *Armstrong* was to capture her and make her a useful auxiliary in the work. She so crippled her assailants that they did not reach Jamaica until full ten days later than the expedition expected to sail from there. That expedition waited for Commander Lloyd, and, when it finally approached New Orleans, General Jackson was approaching to make competent arrangements for its defense. Had the fleet arrived ten days sooner that city would have been an easy prey to the British, for it was utterly defenseless until that General arrived with his troops.

The Portuguese Government demanded and received from that of England an apology for this violation of neutrality; also restitution for the destruction of Portuguese property at Fayal during the action. That Government also demanded satisfaction and indemnification for the destruction of the American vessels in their neutral port. This England refused, and from that day to this the owners of the privateers and their heirs have never been able to procure indemnification for their loss, either from England, or Portugal, or from their own Government.

The defense made by the *Armstrong* and the circumstances of the attack produced a great sensation throughout the United States. Captain Reid was justly praised as one of the most daring of American naval commanders, and he received varied honors in abundance. The State of New York gave him thanks and a sword, and he was every where received with the greatest enthusiasm on his return to the United States.

The New Yorkers sent out a splendid vessel of 17 guns and 150 men, called the *Prince de Neufchâtel*, in command of Captain Odronaux. She was a very fortunate privateer. During a single cruise she was chased by no less than seventeen armed British vessels, and escaped them all; and she brought to the United States goods valued at \$300,000, with much specie. On the 11th of October, 1814, she encountered five armed boats from the British frigate *Endymion*, off Nantucket. The *Neufchâtel* was then very light-handed, having, when the fierce battle that ensued commenced, only 36 men at quarters. Early in the forenoon the engagement began. The boats were arranged for the

assault, one on each side, one on each bow, and one under the stern. Within the space of twenty minutes the assailants cried for quarter. It was granted. One of the boats had gone to the bottom with 41 of 43 of her crew. The whole number of men in the five boats was 111, a large portion of whom were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The privateer lost 7 killed and 24 wounded. She returned to Boston on the 15th of October. The *Neufchâtel* was afterward captured and sent to England.

At this time the terror inspired by the doings of the American privateers was intense. The British began to seriously contemplate the probabilities of the complete destruction of their commerce. Fear magnified their numbers, powers, and exploits. Meetings of merchants were held to remonstrate against their depredations. It was asserted that one of these "sea devils" was rarely captured, and that they impudently bid defiance alike to English privateers and stately 74's. Insurance was refused on most vessels, and on some the premium was as high as 33 per cent. "Thirteen guineas for £100," said a London journal, "was paid to insure vessels across the Irish Channel! Such a thing never happened, we believe, before." The Board of Admiralty and the Prince Regent were petitioned for aid in checking these depredations; and the Government was compelled, because of the state of public feeling, to give assurance (which they had not power to support) that ample measures should be taken for the protection of British commerce.

We have referred to the impudence as well as boldness of the American privateers. A small one, belonging to Charleston, mounting six carriage-guns and a Long Tom, appropriately named *Saucy Jack*, affords an illustration. She was every where, and being clipper-built and skillfully managed, was too fleet for the English cruisers. On one occasion, when cruising off the west end of St. Domingo, she chased two vessels—it was, on the 31st of October, 1814, at midnight—and when near enough, at one in the morning, she fired upon them. On coming up it was ascertained that one of them carried 16 and the other 18 guns. Nothing daunted by this discovery, she boarded one of them at seven in the morning, when it was found that she was full of men and a war vessel. The boarders fled back to the *Saucy Jack*, and the little privateer made haste to get away. The two ships chased her, pouring grape and musket-balls upon her, but within an hour she was out of reach of even their great guns. She lost 8 men killed and 15 wounded. Her chief antagonist was the British bomb-ship *Volcano*; with the transport *Golden Fleece*. One of the lieutenants and two of the seamen of the *Volcano* were killed, and two were wounded.

On Sunday, the 1st of May, the *Saucy Jack* captured the fine English ship *Pelham*, carrying ten guns and thirty-eight men. She was bound for London from a West India port, and had a cargo valued at \$80,000.

The schooner *Kemp*, of Baltimore, was a very successful privateer. She was commanded by Captain Jacobs, a small, active man, who was both brave and humane. At the close of November, 1814, she sailed on a cruise in the West Indies, from Wilmington, North Carolina. On the 1st of December she chased a squadron of eight merchant-ships in the Gulf Stream, under convoy of a frigate. The frigate in turn gave chase, but the *Kemp* dodged her in the darkness of the ensuing night, and early the next morning she again gave chase to the merchantmen. At noon the following day she found them drawn up in battle-line; and at two o'clock they bore down upon the privateer, each giving her some shots as they passed. She reserved her fire until by a skillful movement she broke through the line, and discharged her whole armament into the enemy. This produced the greatest confusion, and within an hour and a half four of the eight vessels were the prizes of the *Kemp*. She could have taken the whole, but she had not men enough to man them. The other four proceeded on their voyage. The convoy frigate all this time was absent, vainly looking for the saucy privateer! The prizes, which gave an aggregate of forty-six cannon and one hundred and thirty-four men, were all sent into Charleston. It was a profitable cruise of only six days.

The *Monmouth* privateer, of Baltimore, about the same time was dealing destruction to British commerce off Newfoundland. She had a desperate encounter with an English transport-ship with over three hundred troops on board. Her superior speed saved her from capture.

Another successful Baltimore frigate was the *Lawrence*, of eighteen guns and one hundred and eleven men. During a single cruise, which terminated at New York on the 25th of Janu-

ary, 1815, a month before the proclamation of peace, she captured thirteen vessels. She took one hundred and six prisoners, and the aggregate amount of tonnage seized by her was over three thousand tons. One of the original crew of the *Lawrence* was a colored man named Henry Van Meter, whom I met at Bangor, in Maine, near the close of 1860, and made the annexed sketch of him. He was then ninety-five years old. He had been a slave to Governor Nelson, of Virginia, during the Revolution. He was afterward owned by another master, and was in the army of General Wayne. He was captured in a privateer, off Lisbon, and was in the prison at Dartmoor, in England, when the captives were massacred there by the guard. The *Macdonough*, of Rhode Island, had a severe fight with a British ship, whose name is not recorded, on the 31st of January, 1815; the action commenced at musket-shot distance at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. The tremendous musket fire of the enemy caused the people of the *Macdonough* to suspect her of being a troop-ship. Such proved to be the case. She had at least three hundred soldiers on board besides her crew. The *Macdonough* suffered terribly in sails and rigging and loss of men; for her antagonist, in addition to the overwhelming numbers of men, carried eighteen 9-pounders. She succeeded in escaping from the British vessel, and reached Savannah on the 7th of March.

The war ended early in 1815, but it was some time after the proclamation of peace had been promulgated before all of the fifty privateers then at sea were apprised of it, and many captures were made after the joyful event occurred. One of the latest arrivals of successful privateers was that of the *Amelia*, of Baltimore, in April, 1815. She had a full cargo of valuable goods. During her cruise she had captured ten British vessels. Some she destroyed; others she sent into port, and one she gave up as a cartel for her prisoners. She carried only six guns and seventy-five men. The vessels she captured amounted in the aggregate to almost two thousand three hundred tons, and her prisoners numbered one hundred and twelve. Her trophies in arms were thirty-two cannon and many muskets. She was frequently chased by English cruisers, but her fleetness allowed her to escape.

In this outline sketch of American privateering during the second war for Independence notice has been taken of only the most prominent of the vessels which actually sustained a conflict of arms on the ocean of sufficient importance to entitle the act to the name of a naval engagement. The record shows the wonderful boldness and skill of American seamen, mostly untaught in the art of naval warfare, and the general character of the privateering service. Nothing more has been attempted.



HENRY VAN METER.

The full history of the service, as it lies, much of it, unquarried, in the newspapers of the day and the manuscript log-books of the commanders, exhibits marvelous action and results.

After the first six months of the war the bulk of naval conflicts was carried on upon the ocean, on the part of the Americans, by private armed vessels, which "took, burned, and destroyed" about sixteen hundred British merchantmen, of all classes, in the space of three years and nine months, while the number of American merchant vessels destroyed during the same period did not vary much from five hundred. The American merchant marine was much smaller than that of the British; and owing to embargo acts, and apprehensions of war for several months before it was actually declared, a large portion of the former was in port when war was declared. Many vessels were taken far up navigable rivers for security against British cruisers or marauding soldiers, while others were dismantled in safe places.

The American private armed vessels which carried such disasters to British commerce numbered two hundred and fifty. Of these forty-six were letters of marque, and the remainder were privateers. Of the whole number one hundred and eighty-four were sent out from the four ports of Baltimore, New York, Salem, and Boston alone. The aggregate number sent out from Philadelphia, Portsmouth (New Hampshire), and Charleston was thirty-five. Large fortunes were secured by many of the owners, and some of them are enjoyed by their descendants at the present day. The practice of privateering is growing in disfavor more and more every year; and the Government of the United States, with a Christian spirit and enlightened public policy, has been for a long time endeavoring to form a league with the other great Powers of the earth to repeal the law of nations which sanctions it. Divested of all its specious habiliments of necessity, expediency, and law, it stands revealed in all the naked deformity of black PIRACY.

DOBB'S HORSE.

ABOUT five years ago Theophilus and I prepared to realize the dream of our married life. We purchased a cottage in the country.

This was nearly the last round of the ladder of circumstances which had sprung, in all its vast proportions, from a pearly little speck of ivory that made more stir in coming into this world than the most enormous tusk ever thrust by elephant into an Indian jungle. I need not add that it was our Philly's first tooth.

Philly, christened Theophilus after his father, stood third on our family record. Being the first male item, he was of course invested with peculiar interest. Indeed, to our discerning eyes he at once evinced traits which lifted him far above all other babies in the created world. And now the dear little fellow was teething.

What wonder that, as Philly, growing paler

and weaker every day, kicked and screamed his protest against the existing order of things, Theophilus became less pompous concerning him, and finally bowed his head meekly at my announcing one morning at breakfast that "something must be done at once." Every wedded man, unless his *dura mater* presents that abhorred condition a vacuum, knows very well what "something must be done" means when his wife says it. It means penetration. It means compliance. It means that all the hints lately sown on his unsuspecting mind are expected to suddenly burst into full flower. Therefore, when Theophilus heard me say that *something* must be done, he at once responded,

"Well, my dear, I suppose we shall have to try country air—the child is certainly failing."

The point was gained. My hints had bloomed. But this was only a bud, and I wanted the full-blown flower. So I remarked—with the air of a woman who had other things to think of—that he was right; the baby *was* failing, and, as far as my experience went, I thought that a country hotel or boarding-house would soon finish him.

"Then what is to be done?" cried Theophilus, thoroughly alarmed, and in a highly receptive condition.

Lifting the lid of the coffee-pot, and peering into it with intense interest, I remarked, abstractedly, that when people wished to go to the country, and had objections to boarding, they generally hired a cottage or something of that kind.

Now, one need not have gone through Euclid or studied Whately to know how this little breakfast scene finally resolved itself into a tiny country-box, packed with the entire Smith family, or, to speak more accurately, with our particular branch of it.

Our country-box was not exactly "the thing," because, to be candid, Theophilus was not, pecuniarily speaking, in a position to purchase just such a place as we desired in addition to our city expenses. Still it was a cottage; and our imaginations soon festooned its porch with coming vines, and rejoiced in the proposed lawn, where our little ones should roll "like tumbled fruit." The advertisement which had originally attracted us toward the place had described it as being well stocked with trees of every description. In fact, we purchased it mainly on the representations of this same advertisement. Theophilus had time to pay it only a flying visit after business hours, and as, according to the owner, there were no less than "six other gentlemen" eager to pounce upon the prize, we really did not dare to deliberate.

Accordingly, Theoph hired a man-of-all-work, and before dispatching him to the scene of action, gave him a list of written orders, foremost among which were special instructions concerning the aforesaid vines and lawn. There was to be a fine vegetable patch in the rear, and, as far as I could make out from the chart laid out by Theoph, the space between lawn and

kitchen garden was to be filled with roses, honey-suckles, shrubs of all kinds, and showy annuals of every hue imaginable.

"Won't it be delightful, Theoph, for us to sit out under the vines when you come up from town in the afternoon—so different from that bleak piazza at Stamford; and while the children are rolling and chasing each other about the lawn, we can read and talk to our heart's content. Oh, it will be grand!"

Theoph kissed me, and said in his cheerful way that the very prospect made me look bright and rosy again. But he shook his head gravely when he heard Philly's feeble cry, and asked why in the world we couldn't go there at once. The gardener's wife must have the cottage all cleaned by this time, he said, and I had nothing to do but to pack up and go.

With the moths already flying about, it was trying to a woman with five Brussels carpets and all the parlor curtains and furniture on her mind—to say nothing of the summer's shopping—to hear the grand business of moving into the country for a summer spoken of so cavalierly; but I conquered the outraged spirit within, and even entered into an amicable consultation with Theophilus concerning the amount of furniture to be transferred to our five-room cottage.

His counsel was invaluable. Better to take up almost nothing in the furniture line, he said. We needed only to fit out a comfortable sitting-room—something a little tasteful, you know; four or five bedrooms for the family; a dining-room of some sort; and—oh yes!—a spare room by all means, for he meant to have Dobbs up there half the time; and, above all, plenty of kitchen equipments, for if there was any thing in the world he *did* hate it was a half-way dinner.

Striving to look as much like St. Cecilia as possible, and yet retain an impressive cast of countenance, I ventured to suggest, at this point, that there were but four rooms in the house besides the kitchen.

"No!" exclaimed Theophilus, staring innocently.

"I have counted them, my dear," I replied, with concentrated quietness of tone.

"You've counted them wrongly then, my love."

"Now, Theoph, do be reasonable. There's the large sitting-room on the first floor—you certainly don't call the crockery closet between it and the kitchen a room?"

"No," said Theophilus meekly, at the same time holding up the first finger of his left hand to represent the sitting-room.

"Then on the second floor there's the small bedroom for Ellen over the hall."

Up went another finger.

"Well, the little room makes two; then there's the large front one, where the ceiling was bro—"

"By George!" cried Theoph, dropping his patent tally in a twinkling, "there's Dobbs!"

Alas! Dobbs was indeed crossing the street.

My husband was soon in the hall holding the front door wide open.

"Hallo! old fellow, how are you?" cried a hearty voice.

"All right, thank you. Walk in, walk in!"

Then there was a slight shuffling of boots on the oil-cloth, and in the next instant I heard the parlor blinds thrust violently open.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Dobbs, "that is something like. Now one can see out. Why in the world, Smith, do all you married men keep your parlors so dark?"

Whatever Theoph's reply may have been it is to this day locked in the bosom of Mr. Dobbs, for Philly required strict attention just then. The question made a deep impression upon me, however; and after that I took care to have the parlors rather lighter than formerly.

Why Mr. Dobbs should have been so fond of Mr. Smith, and why Mr. Smith so doted on Mr. Dobbs, are questions that I never expect to solve while in the flesh. To spiritual ken the mystery may be revealed clear as day. So I must be patient, and content myself by remarking that, in all the annals of masculine friendship, I have never met with so remarkable a case.

Mr. Dobbs was good enough in his way, but no more like Theoph than I to Hercules. In the first place, he was one of the restless sort, or, as he forcibly expressed it, "always on the go." He was a superb gymnast too; Theoph never moved a muscle unnecessarily, and looked forward to a heaven of perfect rest. Mr. Dobbs was soothing and conciliatory, Theophilus was an inveterate tease. Mr. Dobbs had a peculiar distaste for children; Theoph had doted on them since his own toddlehood. Mr. Dobbs was never unconquerable; Theoph's stubbornness when fairly aroused amounted to inspiration. Theophilus was extremely fond of music; Mr. Dobbs wished that the heavenly maid had died young. Dobbs delighted to shock one with his moral and social heterodoxy; Theoph was a model of propriety. Theoph was fastidious, too, in his personal habits; Dobbs was careless to a fault. Theoph reveled in the choicest literature; Mr. Dobbs never read a line if he could avoid it.

Yet, I repeat, these two men clung to each other with a love marvelous to behold. The friendship of Damon and Pythias was as nothing compared to it; for the two Syracusans were willing only to die for each other; and these were willing to live in friendship in spite of differences of opinion and taste.

Therefore when Theophilus first discovered there would be no spare room for his dear Dobbs, he stood transfixed with dismay and a sense of desolation. But Dobbs, nothing discouraged, assured him it was a matter of no consequence at all; he could be stowed away any where—in the barn, under a hen-coop, on the kitchen dresser for that matter.

"But," exclaimed my spouse, forgetting proprieties in his despair, "there isn't any dresser, hang it!"

