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RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

NAVAL OFFICER

1841-1865

BY

CAPT. WILLIAM HARWAR PARKER,

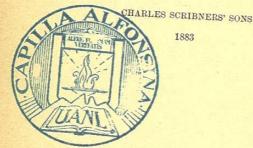
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"REMARKS ON THE NAVIGATION OF THE COASTS BETWEEN
SAN FRANCISCO AND PANAMA."

"The greatest friend of Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice."

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PREFACE.

During the war with Mexico, 1847–48, a friend of mine, J. Hogan Brown, was the sailing master of the United States steamship *Mississippi*. The *Mississippi* went from Vera Cruz in the squadron to attack Tampico, and had in tow the schooner *Bonita*—gunboat.

During the night a "norther" sprang up, and the officer of the deck let the *Bonita* go, and did not think it necessary to report the fact to the commodore.

In the morning the commodore, Matthew C. Perry, came on deck, and not seeing the Bonita, inquired where she was. The officer of the deck told him that in the night they had let her go in consequence of the weather. The commodore, who was not noted for his suaviter in modo, though strong in the fortiter in re, said: "Send the master to me." Upon his appearance he said, "Mr. Brown, where is that schooner?" Brown, who was never at a loss for an answer, instantly replied, "She is S. S. E., fifteen miles distant." "She is, eh?" said the commodore, and turning to the officer of the deck he said, "Steer S. S. E." The officers in the ward room, hearing of the occurrence, said, "Well! old Brown is caught at last." In about an hour the man at the mast-head called out: "Sail ho! "Where away?" said the officer of the deck. "Right ahead," was the reply; and in a few minutes: "Can you make her out?"

"Yes, sir, a schooner." "By George," said the officers in the ward room, "old Brown is right, after all!". After awhile the strange sail was reached, and proved to be a merchant schooner bound to Pensacola. The commodore, in a great rage, sent for Brown and said: "Did you not say the schooner Bonita bore S. S. E. fifteen miles off?" "Well, sir,' said Brown, "the reckoning called for a schooner; but it did not say it was the Bonita!"

Now the moral of this is that this reckoning calls for a schooner, but no particular schooner: so if any fellow expects his schooner to be mentioned he may find himself mistaken.

I wish to say here, with Captain Kincaid of the rifle battalion: "That this is my book; and if any man wishes his name or services to be specially mentioned, let him write a book for himself."

43 YORK St.,

Norfolk, Va.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. PAGE. Entrance into the Navy.-Join the North Carolina, 74, at New York.—First Impressions.—Hammocks versus Cotton Bales.— Midshipmen's Pranks.-The U. S. brig Somers.-The brig Boxer .- Melancholy Suicide .- The "By-No-Meal" Theorem .-Am Ordered to the line-of-battle ship Columbus.—A poetical CHAPTER II. My First Cruise. - The Columbus, 74. - Ghosts. - Cross the Atlantic. -Gibraltar.-Guarda Costa and Smugglers.-Port Mahon.-Assassination of Mr. Patterson.-Lieutenant Charles G. Hunter.—Squadron Winters in Genoa.—Passed Midshipmen Beale and Murray .- The brig Somers .- A Duel .- Return to Mahon .-The Delaware, 74. - Toulon. - Cape de Gata. - Gibraltar Again,-Madeira,-Sail for the Coast of Brazil,-Saturday Night Yarns.—Target Practice.—Improvement in Gunnery.— Captain Marryatt and American Thunder. 10 CHAPTER III. Arrival at Rio de Janeiro.—The East India Squadron.—Anecdotes of the War of 1812.—The Brazil Station.—Slavers.—The Harbor of Rio de Janeiro.-Marriage of the Emperor Dom Pedro.-Salutes.-Promotions in the Squadron.-Monte Video.-The Bishop of Honolulu.-Visit to Buenos Ayres.-Rosas, the Dictator.—La Señorita Manuelita.—A Day at Rosas' Quinta.—Return to Rio .- Arrival of the frigate Raritan .- Sandy Thompson's Will -Return to the United States CHAPTER IV. The frigate Potomac. - The Millerite Excitement. - Sail for Norfolk. -

Leave Norfolk for the West Indies.-The Landfall of Colum-

vii