

blockading the port of Tuspan, some 120 miles northwest of Vera Cruz, and got ashore near enough to the land to be under the fire of some small guns which the Mexicans brought down to the shore. The captain sent a boat under Lieutenant Bushrod Hunter to report the disaster to the commodore, and soon after determined to surrender. This was, I believe, opposed by his officers and crew. It was said afterwards that the quartermaster on duty positively refused to obey the order to haul down the flag. Either before this was done or immediately after Lieutenant Otway Berryman left with a boat's crew and got safely to the ships blockading Vera Cruz. The remaining officers and men were made prisoners by the enemy and sent to Vera Cruz, and the brig taken possession of. As soon as we got the news Captain Engle with the *Princeton* was sent there and he made short work of it. He drove the Mexicans out of the brig and burned her; not, however, before they had gotten some of her armament and stores on shore. The guns of the *Truxtun* were mounted by the enemy in the forts built to protect Tuspan; but we recovered them eventually as I shall mention.

Early in the winter of 1847 the *Potomac* went to Pensacola again for provisions and water. During our absence from the fleet a man was hanged on board the *St. Mary's* for striking an officer—he stepped from his gun at evening quarters and knocked down the lieutenant commanding the division. He was tried by a court martial and sentenced to be hanged. The commodore thought the discipline of the squadron required that the sentence should be carried into effect, and he was right. When this man was hanged at the yard-arm of the *St. Mary's* the crews of all the other vessels were mustered on the decks of their respective ships to witness it. He acknowledged the justness of his sentence, and was, at his own request, attended in his last moments by the very lieutenant he had assaulted. As soon as we got back from Pensacola in the *Potomac* we took up the blockade of Vera Cruz again as usual.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VERA CRUZ—WHAT ADMIRAL FARRAGUT THOUGHT OF THEM—CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL TAYLOR—LOBOS ISLAND—ARRIVAL AT VERA CRUZ OF GENERAL SCOTT'S ARMY—A RECONNOISSANCE—LANDING OF THE ARMY OF GENERAL SCOTT AT VERA CRUZ, MARCH 9TH, 1847—REMARKS ON—INVESTMENT OF THE CITY—SERVICES OF THE NAVY—OPENING OF THE BOMBARDMENT—A HEAVY NORTHER—INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH—SAILORS ON SHORE—AFFAIR AT MEDELLIN.

THE city of Vera Cruz contained at this time probably ten thousand inhabitants. Like all the old Spanish towns it is a walled city, and defended by numerous fortifications to resist an attack either by land or sea. There was a strong fort on the northern point of the city, and another on the southern point, with guns principally pointed seaward, and a number more along the walls for the land defence. About half a mile off the city lies the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, a well constructed fortification, built on a coral island of soft coral stone. The island is surrounded by reefs on the north-eastern, eastern and southern sides, and cannot be approached nearer than three-fourths of a mile; but on the face next the city vessels can go close up to the walls of the castle. The castle mounted it was said about one hundred guns of all calibres. There were a few mortars throwing a ten-inch shell, but the guns were, I think, principally 18 pounders. The water battery was considered very powerful—between it and the citadel or main fort was a wide and deep moat with a drawbridge. If the water battery was carried by assault the citadel commanded it. This is in accordance with my recollection of the castle as it looked to me after its surrender. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa was taken by a French squadron under Admiral Baudin,

on the 27th of November, 1838, after a bombardment of five hours.

The late Admiral Farragut witnessed it, being present in command of the sloop-of-war *Erie*. He took notes of all that occurred, and visited the castle a few minutes after its surrender. He says in his journal: "I visited the castle to ascertain the cause of its early surrender, and a single glance satisfied me that it would have been impracticable for the Mexicans to stand to their guns. The very material which formerly insured their safety was now a means of destruction, for the castle is built of a sort of limestone resembling coral, into which a solid shot will penetrate a short distance and remain buried, having little or no effect; but with shell it was another matter, they would explode and rend the stone in immense masses killing and wounding the men at the guns, in many instances shattering the walls from summit to foundation. I am satisfied that in a few hours more it would have been a mass of rubbish." "The Cavaliero Alto was very much shattered, and a few more shells would have reached the magazine. The guns were rendered useless, with scarce an exception, by the destruction of the carriages." The admiral does not state the exact force of the French; I think it consisted of three frigates, some corvettes, bomb vessels and steamers; but any French naval history will tell. The officers of our squadron were very desirous of taking the castle before the arrival of General Scott's army, and some presented plans for doing so. The commodore *must* have had a correct plan of it, and he must also have known of the disposition of the French squadron in 1838. He, however, thought it had been greatly strengthened since that time, but subsequent events proved this untrue.

Captain John Wilkinson in his book, "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," speaking of Admiral Farragut, says that during the Mexican war: "he [Farragut] had proposed to Commodore Perry, then commanding the gulf squadron, and urged upon him the enterprise of capturing the strong fort of San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz *by boarding*." The gallant cap-

tain's memory does not serve him in regard to this. Farragut was not in the gulf during the Mexican war until *after* the capture of the castle and town of Vera Cruz. He sailed in the *Saratoga* from Norfolk in February for Vera Cruz, and he says in his journal: "But we were just too late; the castle had surrendered to our forces under General Scott (March 26, 1847), and the flag was proudly floating over its walls." But it is well known that admiral, then commander, Farragut *was* of the opinion that the castle could be taken by the force under Commodore Conner, and it would have been a most fortunate thing for the navy if Farragut and not Conner had been in command at that time. There is no doubt in my mind but that we should have had it some months before we did, and the city of Vera Cruz fell with San Juan de Ulloa: for the latter commanded it.

General Taylor occupied Matamoras May 18, 1846, and on the 24th of September following captured Monterey after a desperate fight of three days. He then advanced in the direction of Saltillo. It was now decided by the authorities in Washington to abandon the advance on the city of Mexico by that line, but to capture Vera Cruz, make it the base of operations, and march on the capital *via* Jalapa and Puebla. The plan of this campaign was intrusted to General Winfield Scott, and all the *regulars* were taken from General Taylor save several batteries of light artillery and a squadron of dragoons. This caused much criticism and excited much feeling among General Taylor's friends; but the *volunteers* left with him had been drilled and disciplined by General Wool and gave a good account of themselves at the battle of Buena Vista—fought February 22, 1847. There General Taylor with 5000 men successfully resisted all the attempts of General Santa Anna with his army of 20,000 men to force his position, and the latter ingloriously retreated. This was the last battle fought by General Taylor's army. The transports containing the troops of General Scott's army were assembled at Lobos island, 150 miles north of Vera Cruz. Several of the vessels of

on the 27th of November, 1838, after a bombardment of five hours.

The late Admiral Farragut witnessed it, being present in command of the sloop-of-war *Erie*. He took notes of all that occurred, and visited the castle a few minutes after its surrender. He says in his journal: "I visited the castle to ascertain the cause of its early surrender, and a single glance satisfied me that it would have been impracticable for the Mexicans to stand to their guns. The very material which formerly insured their safety was now a means of destruction, for the castle is built of a sort of limestone resembling coral, into which a solid shot will penetrate a short distance and remain buried, having little or no effect; but with shell it was another matter, they would explode and rend the stone in immense masses killing and wounding the men at the guns, in many instances shattering the walls from summit to foundation. I am satisfied that in a few hours more it would have been a mass of rubbish." "The Cavaliero Alto was very much shattered, and a few more shells would have reached the magazine. The guns were rendered useless, with scarce an exception, by the destruction of the carriages." The admiral does not state the exact force of the French; I think it consisted of three frigates, some corvettes, bomb vessels and steamers; but any French naval history will tell. The officers of our squadron were very desirous of taking the castle before the arrival of General Scott's army, and some presented plans for doing so. The commodore *must* have had a correct plan of it, and he must also have known of the disposition of the French squadron in 1838. He, however, thought it had been greatly strengthened since that time, but subsequent events proved this untrue.

Captain John Wilkinson in his book, "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," speaking of Admiral Farragut, says that during the Mexican war: "he [Farragut] had proposed to Commodore Perry, then commanding the gulf squadron, and urged upon him the enterprise of capturing the strong fort of San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz *by boarding*." The gallant cap-

tain's memory does not serve him in regard to this. Farragut was not in the gulf during the Mexican war until *after* the capture of the castle and town of Vera Cruz. He sailed in the *Saratoga* from Norfolk in February for Vera Cruz, and he says in his journal: "But we were just too late; the castle had surrendered to our forces under General Scott (March 26, 1847), and the flag was proudly floating over its walls." But it is well known that admiral, then commander, Farragut *was* of the opinion that the castle could be taken by the force under Commodore Conner, and it would have been a most fortunate thing for the navy if Farragut and not Conner had been in command at that time. There is no doubt in my mind but that we should have had it some months before we did, and the city of Vera Cruz fell with San Juan de Ulloa: for the latter commanded it.

General Taylor occupied Matamoras May 18, 1846, and on the 24th of September following captured Monterey after a desperate fight of three days. He then advanced in the direction of Saltillo. It was now decided by the authorities in Washington to abandon the advance on the city of Mexico by that line, but to capture Vera Cruz, make it the base of operations, and march on the capital *via* Jalapa and Puebla. The plan of this campaign was intrusted to General Winfield Scott, and all the *regulars* were taken from General Taylor save several batteries of light artillery and a squadron of dragoons. This caused much criticism and excited much feeling among General Taylor's friends; but the *volunteers* left with him had been drilled and disciplined by General Wool and gave a good account of themselves at the battle of Buena Vista—fought February 22, 1847. There General Taylor with 5000 men successfully resisted all the attempts of General Santa Anna with his army of 20,000 men to force his position, and the latter ingloriously retreated. This was the last battle fought by General Taylor's army. The transports containing the troops of General Scott's army were assembled at Lobos island, 150 miles north of Vera Cruz. Several of the vessels of

the squadron were ordered there, and the senior captain took charge of affairs afloat. On the 24th of February, 1847, General Scott issued his final orders to his fleet at Lobos island, and we in the squadron now commenced to keep a bright lookout for the transports. About the end of the month the *Potomac* was lying under Green island in a moderate "norther," when shortly after noon the man at the mast-head reported a sail to the northward, and soon after we saw the long-expected fleet coming down before the wind. What number of vessels were there I do not know, but there were more than we could count—the little brig *Porpoise*, under her very efficient commander, Lieutenant William E. Hunt, gallantly led the way. The first thing that excited our astonishment was the great amount of sail carried by the transports, and the next the skilful manner in which their captains threaded their way between the reefs! But as one of them remarked to me afterwards, "any one could see the channel in a gale of wind;" meaning that the breakers on the reefs would show the deep water.

No words can express our excitement as ship after ship, crowded with enthusiastic soldiers, successively came in; some anchoring near us, and others continuing on for the anchorage at Anton Lizardo. We had been so long on board our ships, and for some months so inactive, that we were longing for something to do. I cannot answer for others, but the scene of that day—and I recollect it was Sunday—is so vivid, and the events so firmly fixed in my memory, that I can almost see the ship *Diadem* as she grazed our spanker-boom in her desire to pass near enough to speak us, and I can to this day whistle the "waltz" played by an infantry band on board a transport anchored near us that night, though I have never heard it since. It was indeed "a sight to dream of and not to tell." That night I went in charge of a boat to convey our marine officer, Lieutenant Garland, to the transport containing the Fourth U. S. Infantry, which regiment was commanded by his uncle, Lieut. Colonel Garland, and I shall never forget

my welcome when it was known that I was a brother of the Parker who had died while belonging to the regiment in 1842. Many of the officers of this regiment were afterward killed—among them the gallant and genial Major Graham.

After the landing at Vera Cruz I passed many hours at their encampment near the beach and I remember meeting a Lieutenant Grant—the present General Grant—both there and on board the *Potomac*; though I suppose he has long since forgotten all about it.

A few days after General Scott's arrival, Commodore Conner took him with a large number of the principal officers to make a reconnoissance of the fortifications of Vera Cruz, and to select a place for the disembarkation of the troops. The reconnoissance was made in a small steamer, and a bold one it was—the steamer went so close to the Castle and the northern land batteries that we expected to see her blown out of water. Why the Mexicans did not open fire was inexplicable to us; but I suppose it may have been their *siesta* time.

General Joseph E. Johnston, then Captain Johnston of the Topographical Engineers, was on board at the time and he has told me since how very rash he thought Commodore Conner on this occasion.

The reconnoissance decided General Scott to land the army on the main land abreast of Sacrificios Island. I do not see myself how there could have been two opinions as to its being the proper place; but perhaps the visit to the north side of the city was a *blind*. At all events all the transports were now assembled at Anton Lizardo and the final preparations made for landing the troops. Early on the morning of the 9th of March, 1847, the frigates and sloops of the fleet having taken on board as many troops as they could carry, and the steamers towing the transports with the others, we all got underweigh for Sacrificios Island, nine miles distant. It was a beautiful day and we had a fair wind, with a smooth sea. On board the *Potomac* we had two Pennsylvania regiments, under General Pillow, and among the privates I recognized to

my great astonishment, a Mr. McDougall, who had been a midshipman with me in the *Columbus*. He had failed to pass his examination and had enlisted. Poor Mac, I never heard of him after this. The vessels anchored under Sacrificios Island about one o'clock, and we prepared to disembark the army, which consisted of about twelve thousand men, in three divisions, commanded by Generals Worth, Patterson and Twiggs respectively.

The Government had previously sent out a large number of surf-boats for this service—these boats were built at or near Philadelphia, and were admirably adapted to the purpose. They were sharp at both ends, with flat floors and drew very little water. They carried one hundred soldiers with their arms and accoutrements, and were manned by one naval officer and eight or ten sailors. In landing in the surf our practice was to let go a kedge which we carried at the stern just before entering the breakers. Whatever may be said of Commodore Conner's management of affairs up to this time the arrangements for this service were simply perfect. The division of General Worth formed the advance and was the first landed. The men were put in the boats and the boats were then towed astern of the several men-of-war at anchor. The mosquito fleet under Captain Tattnall ran close in to the beach and kept up a constant shelling; but not a Mexican was to be seen. I had in my boat a company of artillery commanded by Captain and Brevet Major Gardner and Lieutenant McCowan. Everything being in readiness a signal gun was fired from the flag ship, and we all cast off and pulled in line for the shore; the first boat to touch the beach was one containing a company of the Sixth Infantry, and Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald sprang out and planted the regimental colors on the shores of Mexico. In less than two minutes after four thousand American soldiers were on the beach, and the landing was a fact accomplished. The boats returned to the ships and took on board and landed the division of volunteers under General Patterson; and finally the division of General Twiggs. By midnight General Scott

and his entire army were in a position to commence the investment and siege of Vera Cruz.

Here I must pause awhile to say something in reference to the landing of troops upon a hostile shore. If the enemy will dispute the landing *boldly* it cannot be successfully accomplished. In the landing at Vera Cruz if the Mexicans had concealed themselves behind the sand hills until our boats were nearly in the surf, and had then come down and opened fire, it is my belief that half of the men would have been killed or wounded before reaching the beach. The gunboats could not have fired without endangering their friends, and the men in the boats crowded as they were would have been helpless. If there are no hills a moderately deep trench is all that is necessary for the shore party to shelter itself from the fire of gunboats. The idea is to keep under cover until the landing force gets about fifty yards from the shore and then let them have it with small arms and light artillery. Those of us who served on the James river in the civil war know how very few lives were lost by the shelling of gunboats. If the Russians had followed these tactics the allies would not have made good their landing in the Crimea, nor would the Federal troops have done so at Roanoke island had the Confederates adopted this plan.

Having landed the troops the work of landing material was now commenced. We who were engaged in it were called daily at 4 in the morning, and we worked until 9 or 10 at night. Each midshipman had charge of four surf boats, and we got our meals when and how we could. One of the officers of the flag ship had the general supervision of this work, and we went to the different transports as he directed. The officers and men worked very zealously in this business, and at the end of a week it was marvelous to see the amount of material put on the beach: guns, ammunition, tents, lumber, provisions, clothing, horses, mules, sutlers' stores, &c., &c. The landing place commenced to assume the appearance of a small town, and still the work went on. Transports sailed as soon as discharged and others were constantly

arriving. The weather fortunately was good and the sea smooth.

The quartermaster of the Army and the other heads of departments seemed to have everything well arranged beforehand, and were always able to tell us which of the vessels they wished next to be discharged. There were no mishaps, no accidents, no men drowned; but everything went on with the utmost regularity and good order. It was a most creditable performance in every way, and the Navy had every reason to be proud of it. Without our assistance General Scott would never have advanced from Vera Cruz.

The Army after landing on the 9th quickly surrounded the city, and it was besieged in due form. General Scott gave the authorities a chance to send the women and children out before opening his fire, but his offer was declined; later in the siege they wanted to do so, but the general would not then consent; so they remained in the city during the whole of the bombardment. The castle of San Juan and the other forts kept up a constant fire upon the besiegers from this time till the close of the siege. Some mortars were mounted by our army, and I think they commenced firing about the 20th. The army siege train was for some reason late in arriving.

We heard of General Taylor's success at Buena Vista a few days after landing, and General Scott issued the news in a general order. Salutes were fired as a matter of course.

Before the regular bombardment of the city commenced the Army had two officers killed, Captain Vinton of the Artillery and Captain Albertis of the Infantry. Both were highly esteemed by their comrades.

We had at this time the heaviest "norther" I ever experienced. A large number of merchant ships dragged ashore in consequence of their being so badly provided with ground tackle; and the number of surf boats that broke adrift and went sailing down the coast was simply enormous. During the height of the gale a ship called the *Diadem* broke from her anchors and drifted across our hawse and it looked as if she

would carry us on shore with her; but our captain promptly sent his men on board and cut away her masts. We then gave her the end of our stream cable which we secured to our mainmast, and veering her astern we held her safely through the remainder of the gale. The captain of the transport had the "cheek" to claim damages for the loss of his masts, but Captain Aulick did not admit the claim. Our men, however, rigged her up with jury masts afterwards and she went to sea.

No communication could be held with the shore while this gale lasted, but as soon as it subsided the Navy got most of the grounded vessels afloat, and one of the small steamers went down the coast and picked up many of the surf boats.

Happening to be on shore when this gale sprung up I was unable to get off to the ship, and many others were in the same category: among them my messmates, Midshipmen McLane and Jones. I suppose there were two or three hundred officers and sailors ashore. We of the *Potomac* hauled our boats up on the beach, and told the crews they must "shift for themselves," which they said very confidently they could do, and we then held a council as to what we should do for something to eat and a place to sleep. We knew nothing about sutlers' stores, and if we had were not provided with money. About 8 o'clock in the evening as we were disconsolately walking the beach we were accosted by a Lieutenant Ward of the Third Infantry, who said he had just heard that some naval officers were on shore unprovided with quarters, and he had come to look for them. So we went with him to his tent where we found Captain Dawson of the artillery. They had charge of some recruits and were messing together temporarily. Dawson received us very hospitably, and we had some beefsteak for supper which we were glad to get; though in consequence of the "norther" blowing it had more sand in it than was agreeable. After supper a field bed was made in the tent, and we all sat or lay about very comfortably and sociably. We were treated to a small allowance of *pelos cochos*—two Greek words signifying *neck oil*—the midshipmen of my time

said—and about 11 o'clock Ward informed us that he knew where some hand grenades could be gotten, and he proposed that we should creep up under the walls of Vera Cruz and throw them over into the city; he said it would cause a *stampede*, as I have no doubt it would. My messmates gladly caught at the idea; it seemed that a march of three miles to reach the city, with a strong probability of being captured by the enemy, if we were not previously shot by our own sentinels, struck them as "just the thing." Captain Dawson, after attempting to dissuade us from the attempt, positively refused to accompany us and I must confess I had "my doubts." However I could never let my messmates go without me; so we buckled on our swords, and after several unsuccessful attempts to get through the tent door which was tied, and our swords *would* act as "toggles," we emerged upon the plain. I can see Captain Dawson now rolling on the tent floor with uncontrollable laughter. To obtain the hand grenades we had fortunately to cross the encampment of the Fourth Infantry; I say *fortunately*, for the night being very dark we kept stumbling over the confounded tent pegs, and not being very steady on our feet (probably in consequence of the furious "norther" blowing) we could not hold a straight course; so that Ward, after each of us had fallen down about twenty times, proposed that we should give it up for that night and return to the tent. He said that perhaps the next night would be better as we could make an earlier start! To this we gladly acceded, and upon getting back Jones insisted that we should take off our shoes before creeping into the tent. This we did, and the next morning they were gone, of course. Dawson said he had never heard before of putting shoes out to be blacked in an encampment. We were much disgusted, but our men loaned us theirs to wear until we returned to the ship. We left our kind friends in the morning and wandered about all day; but when night came (although we declared that three were too great a tax on a mess of two) yet we had to go back as we knew of no other place to sleep, and we did this for three nights in succes-

sion and always received the same hearty welcome. We made no more attacks on Vera Cruz, however. Poor Ward was killed in the valley of Mexico, but Dawson still lives, a general on the retired list. Our men somehow managed to take good care of themselves—we used to go sometimes to their mess and get our dinners; they seemed all to be provided with muskets, though they brought none on shore with them, and they always had fresh beef for dinner. We thought it best to ask no questions. In the midst of this gale a report came that a vessel with a company of dragoons under Captain Thornton had dragged ashore at Anton Lizardo, and it was proposed to send all the sailors down there to assist in getting the horses on shore. The Fourth Infantry was to march on our flank to protect us against an attack, as the sailors were *supposed* to be unarmed. We assembled on the beach about 10 o'clock at night, and I found, to my surprise, that most of my men were *mounted*, either on horses or donkeys. Finding that I intended making the march on foot my coxswain said that would never do, and going back from the beach towards the general encampment he soon returned with a horse. I mounted and said nothing. We did not go down, however, after all our preparations; though I have forgotten why we gave the expedition up. I saw Captain Thornton the next day on his way to report at headquarters—my *beau ideal* of a dragoon. He was captured by the Mexicans while on a scout before the battle of Palo Alto with his entire command, and had not long been exchanged when he joined General Scott. He was killed by the first gun fired by the enemy in the valley of Mexico.

The sailors having nothing to do wandered about, and a band of them went to Medellin (a small village some ten miles down the coast, and named for Cortez' birth place) and committed some outrages. General Scott was justly indignant and the offenders would have been severely dealt with if they had been caught. These stragglers met their punishment in some instances—every now and then we would find the dead body of a sailor terribly mutilated by the enemy. Most of the

sailors though contented themselves with quietly getting drunk and riding about the camp. The army officers, as I have said before, took no notice of their pranks. One day an old "salt" rode by General Scott's quarters on a donkey, and some officers standing by observing that he was, as they thought, seated too far back, called out to him to shift his seat more amidships. "Gentlemen," said Jack, drawing rein: "This is the first craft I ever commanded, and it's d—d hard if I cannot ride on the quarter deck."

The second dragoons were sent down to Medellin about this time and had a fight with the Mexicans. One of the midshipmen of the squadron, Thomas Young by name, was sent with a dispatch to the commanding officer just before the battle. He was mounted on an old cavalry charger, and not being a very good horseman was unable to manage him. When the charge was sounded the horse started off, and Midshipman Young had the honor of leading the way across the bridge just below Medellin. He was highly complimented by the colonel of the regiment for his gallantry, and still lives to congratulate himself upon his narrow escape.

CHAPTER IX.

OPENING OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ—CAPTAIN TATNALL AND THE SPITFIRE—COMMODORE M. C. PERRY ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE SQUADRON—COMMODORE CONNER'S MISTAKE—THE NAVY LANDS SIX HEAVY GUNS—THE MOSQUITO FLEET—THE NAVY BATTERY—IT OPENS FIRE ON VERA CRUZ—INCIDENTS—PASSED MIDSHIPMAN FAUNTLEROY—SURRENDER OF VERA CRUZ AND THE CASTLE OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA—OUR ARMY TAKES POSSESSION—BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO—A VISIT TO THE CASTLE AND CITY—OUR MARINES.

As well as I recollect the regular bombardment of Vera Cruz by the Army commenced March 22d, 1847. On that day General Scott formally summoned the town, and notified the authorities of the consequences of a non-surrender.

I have omitted to say that the day after the landing, March 10th, we were awakened by the sound of heavy firing, and going on deck found that it was caused by Captain Tatnall in the *Spitfire*. He had gone in under Point Hornos and opened a fire upon the town and castle, *without orders*. He was quickly recalled by the commodore, and as he left his exposed position was loudly cheered by the Army. He lost no men by this affair, which was much regretted by the gallant captain—he could not rid himself of the old English idea that there *must* be a large list of killed and wounded to certify to a brave action. The "butcher's bill" at Algiers in 1816, in Lord Exmouth's squadron, must have satisfied the English nation in this particular.

On the 21st of March, shortly after the hoisting of the colors we were electrified by the signal from the flagship: "Commodore Perry commands the squadron." I think Commodore Perry had gone north after the Tobasco affair, and had but lately returned in the *Mississippi*. Commodore Con-