

LXXXVIII.

ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

EARLY LIFE. — HEROIC RESOLUTION. — HE BECOMES A STUDENT. — VALUE OF ONE BOOK. — THE GREAT LESSON TAUGHT. — PERSONAL.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, now a resident of New York, was born in Knox County, Tennessee, but his father made Louisiana his home when David was a child. It was understood that he was a native of New Orleans. Mr. Lincoln thought that the son of so brave a man as Commodore Farragut, to whom President Jefferson intrusted the defence of New Orleans, would be a suitable man to take care of that city, and open the navigation of the river to the Gulf. On his arrival, the rebels claimed him as a native born Louisianian, who would at once desert the old flag and follow his state. To all proposals he had but one answer. He was no Louisianian, he said; he was a simple citizen of the United States. He owed allegiance only to the flag of his country. His father, he said, was sent to New Orleans to suppress the treason of Burr, and he now came down to suppress the treason of secession.

EARLY LIFE.

David took to the sea naturally. His father was a sailor before him — a brave, bold, honest man. He

held an honorable place in our navy. Small as it was then, it did some valiant things. David early exhibited manly courage and heroism. It is not only on the battle-field that courage can be seen. A boy may be brave in resisting temptation, in refusing to do a wrong action, in refusing to join in deeds forbidden or immoral, in standing by the right when that is the unpopular side, in subduing his passions and appetites, in breaking off bad habits; Farragut was in all this as brave when a boy as he was when he lashed himself to the mast in Mobile Bay.

HEROIC RESOLUTION.

David found in the navy gay companions. They smoked, chewed, drank, and swore. It was not strange that young Farragut should fall into the same habits. He was a gay young man — jovial, merry, and knew how to have a good time. But he early saw that the gay young men did not rise in their profession, and knew little of promotion. With most of them drinking grew with their growth, and they became drunkards. With the same courage that gained him renown later in life, Farragut resolved to rise in his profession, and to cut loose from every habit that prevented his reaching the highest grade of the navy. He abandoned at once, in a day, the use of tobacco, profanity, strong drink, and so overcame himself; and when but sixteen years of age he flung aside those lusts and appetites, customs and pastimes, in which the young so generally indulge, as hinderances to his success. He mastered his profession; did all that he did well. From the start to the crowning honors of an admiral he could be trusted. No

questions of ease, safety, or personal comfort stood between him and his duty. He was unflinching in his integrity and fidelity as he was in pluck.

HE BECOMES A STUDENT.

He knew that he must be intelligent as well as brave and plucky. Industry and application would enable him to gain enough knowledge to make him an intelligent seaman. He had no college training; but he knew that application would make amends for any deficiency of early education. He had all that pertained to the profession he had chosen. He was a close student, and to his books he owed all that distinguished him in later life.

VALUE OF ONE BOOK.

Admiral Farragut is indebted to one book for the most heroic feat connected with his name. He found an old history of the war between the English and French in Canada. In that war the English had been repeatedly defeated. A long line of disasters had marked their career. Commodore Boscawen was in command of the fleet. Wolfe was second in command. Commodore Boscawen had asked to have placed under him a Scotch commander. He selected him because he was a brave and accomplished man, of unflinching integrity. The commander decided to land troops in the sight of the intrenched French soldiers. It was regarded as foolhardy, and a council of war was called by the commander of the army to consult on the matter. To this council Commodore Boscawen was invited. He neither accepted nor declined. He prom-

ised to consider the matter, and give an answer when his mind was made up. He signalled the Scotch commander to come on board his ship. He laid the case before him of the peril of landing the troops. "Leave that to me," said the brave old sailor; "I can land them. Give me the authority, and I will place the French and English side by side, and let them fight it out." To the astonishment and dismay of the officers and men, the order ran along the ship that the troops were to be landed at once. Against this order Wolfe protested, but the Scotchman was immovable. His orders were to land the troops. He should do it. Finding all remonstrance vain, and that troops would be landed, and the French attacked, Wolfe then claimed the right to lead the expedition, and told him that the time had come when he could display his peculiar qualities by giving him good advice. He bade him utter his opinions freely, and with an honest heart. The Scotch commander spoke instantly: "Have nothing to do with this council of war. It is a coward's refuge. These officers do not want to fight, and the council is to save them. We have had a succession of defeats and disasters, and the country wants success. The country will have success. You must give it to them; land your troops, and let them fight it out."

Admiral Farragut informed the writer that when he made the resolution to pass the batteries at Port Hudson; when all the fleet went back except the vessel that was lashed to his ship, and that would have gone back if it could have got away; when he was lashed to the mast in Mobile Bay, he had the heroic conduct of the old Scotch commander before him. It was only

death if he did not succeed; and success would give new life to the nation. And in all his career in the late war he heard a voice sounding in his ear, "Your country wants success; your country will have success; you must give her success." We had been beaten on the land and on the sea. Our iron-clads and monitors were taken or sunk. Farragut was on the Mississippi. It was his task to open the river; and to do this, it was needful to pass Port Hudson. It would gain for our country an immense advantage. The attempt was dangerous. Men called it foolhardy. But the admiral had his father's pluck and his father's example before him, and the success of the brave old commander. He lashed a gun-boat to the side of the "dear old Hartford," as Mrs. Farragut called the ship, and ordered the fleet to follow. But all were driven back but the Hartford by the terrible fire from the fort. The admiral took his life in his hands. The occasion was worthy of the sacrifice, and the old ship came safely through. In the midst of the hottest fire he thought of the old history he read when a boy.

THE GREAT LESSON TAUGHT.

Admiral Farragut chose early and with care the profession he intended to adopt. By study and diligence he fitted himself for a high position in that calling. He put a full and final end to bad habits and practices at war with success. He was bold and brave in cutting away from private indulgences that have ruined many as talented and hopeful as he. He is trusty, honest, capable, and faithful in all places and times. To success talents are needful, with intelligence;

for brain rules muscle. But moral brain leads all. Without it no one can stand high or stand long.

PERSONAL.

Admiral Farragut is small of stature, and is quite stout, with an agreeable face, wreathed in smiles. He is unobtrusive in manners, and the last man in the fleet that would be taken for the most successful and the bravest man in the navy. The flash of his eye shows that he knows how to command. His career is worthy the study and imitation of the youth of America.

LXXXIX.

DORLAN'S, FULTON MARKET.

NEW YORK is the great place for business success, provided men begin right, and carry on their business on principle. There is no place in the world where integrity, honor, and industry are so good a capital. A man may begin anywhere, do anything, — dig gravel, black boots, peddle peanuts, keep an apple stand, open a small candy store, carry around letter paper to sell by the sheet. If he trades on honor, does his business well, has tact and brains, he will come to the surface.

Dorlan's oyster establishment, in Fulton Market, is one of the most noted places in the city. Go to any part of the country, and to any part of the world, and mention oysters, and Dorlan's name will come up. "Dorlan's," as it is called, is a small den of a place. It is as plainly furnished as can be conceived. The tables are without cloths. The floors are without carpets. White delf ware is used, but all is scrupulously clean. No opera, soirée, fashionable palace, can boast of a more fashionably dressed and distinguished company. Fastidious ladies, who at home dwell in splendid boudoirs and sit in perfumed chambers, take Dorlan's on their way from the opera, for a stew or a saddle-rock roast. Gentlemen who have rosewood tables on

Turkey carpets, eat off of porcelain and silver ware, whose dining-rooms are perfumed with the choicest flowers, thankfully accept a stool without a back to it at Dorlan's, and are jostled by the crowd. The belles and madams of the upper ten often stand in a row awaiting their turn.

Over thirty years ago Mr. Dorlan commenced business near the site where his present establishment stands. He is an original Knickerbocker, and was born not far from his present place of business. He had nothing to rely upon but his industry and his character. He formed a few simple rules, on which his whole business career has been based. These rules have led to permanent success. He is a very wealthy man, and has earned every dollar that he enjoys in his little crib, where he can be daily found during the hours of business.

Among other rules he has acted upon is this, — *personal attention to business*. During his whole career this trait has marked Mr. Dorlan. He can be found as earnestly engaged in business to-day as when he had a fortune to make. He is a tall, compact, well-made man, with sandy hair and complexion, and the look of a pilot, or one accustomed to the sea. His business is entirely a cash business. He buys and sells for himself; is his own cashier and book-keeper. The desk, at which he stands by the hour, commands every customer, every servant, and the many glowing furnaces on which the luscious oyster is cooked. No one passes in or out without passing before him. He makes no bad debts. His servants cannot cheat him, nor can they neglect their duty. With his coat off, sleeves rolled up, with-

out a hat, indoors and out, he receives all orders, sees that every guest is served and courteously attended to.

Never sell a bad article, was another rule adopted by Mr. Dorlan at the start. He keeps nothing but first-class oysters, and everybody in the country knows it. No one asks, "Will you give me a good stew to-day?" "Have you got good oysters?" His oils are a specialty, and are sent for from all parts of the state. Indeed, they are sent for from the South and the Pacific coast. His butter comes from special dairies, and is always first-class. No merchant is more jealous of his honor, or that his paper shall not be protested, and his credit stand fair, than Mr. Dorlan is that the reputation of his establishment shall be maintained. His care over these little things has brought him a fortune, and underlaid his success.

He trusts nothing to subordinates. He delegates nothing. He superintends all orders, and some roasts and stews that are a specialty in his establishment he cooks himself. He could have left business with a fortune long ago, but he is of an active, healthy temperament, and he must do something with himself, and he prefers business to idleness. He is not ashamed to attend to his business, nor afraid to let men see him at his work. He has seen great changes during the thirty years of his service. Millionnaires have been swept away by battalions. Leaders of the ton, who patronize Dorlan by eating his stews, but who cannot now get trusted for a roast, are thick as autumn leaves. The few merchants of New York who began life with Dorlan thirty years ago, and who have a fortune to show at the close of that long period, are men who,

like Dorlan, started business and continued it on the principles of personal attention, integrity, and industry. Any one desiring business success in New York will find no place more worthy of a visit than Dorlan's, at Fulton Market, and no character more worthy of being studied than that of the quiet, intelligent, courteous gentleman who can be found daily at his work, and whose name is known where ever civilization extends, and is never mentioned without honor.