

hope of surprising the "General Rusk," and, as she carried four guns and had a large crew, I decided not to attack her. On the other hand, she at once opened fire on us. With the enemy throughout the harbor and on the shore thus informed of our presence, what was to be done had to be done quickly, and I therefore gave orders to pull for the schooner, directing the second launch to board on the starboard bow and my own crew on the starboard beam. Time was everything, but the tide, which had been against us in coming up the harbor, was now in our favor, and we pulled rapidly towards the "Royal Yacht." Not a word was spoken until we were within 200 yards of the schooner, when I was hailed, "Boat ahoy!"

I gave no reply, but called to my crew, "Give-way strong, boys; ready with the gun, Mr. Carter." Again came the hail from the schooner, "Boat ahoy!" to which my only answer was, "Give-way strong, boys; fire, Mr. Carter." The primer being damp, the gun failed to go off, but I ordered the men to trail their oars, and stand by to board. At the same moment Gunner Carter, one of the bravest men I have ever known, and as quick as he was brave, reprimed and fired the gun, and the shell pierced the schooner below the water-line. However, much to our discomfiture, the gun's recoil sent our boat astern, and the attempt to board miscarried. Gunner Carter, alone of all our party, succeeded in reaching the schooner. He leaped upon her deck, revolver in hand, at the moment of firing his gun, and, dropping behind her butts, began an enfilading fire upon her crew.

In approaching the schooner I had taken the tiller myself, to keep the boat steady. When she was driven back by the recoil of the gun, I ordered the four after-men to their oars, and had the rest of the men open fire on the schooner with their revolvers. Meanwhile, we were steadily drifting astern of the schooner, and were exposed to a murderous volley of ball cartridges and buckshot, fired by the enemy at close range. Up to this time I

had seen nothing of the men in the first boat, but was to hear from them in a moment in an unexpected way. Again we neared the schooner. My brave pilot, Bell, as he stood on the gunwale swinging the grapnel, was struck by a ball, threw up his hands, and fell into my arms, while, as I sprang forward in the boat, the cockswain fell mortally wounded, calling out, "Oh, Mr. Jouett, they are killing us all from the other boat."

The poor fellow was right, though he himself had been struck by a ball from the schooner; the men in the second launch were firing into us from the port beam. I had ordered them, it will be recalled, to board on the starboard bow, but, instead of doing so, they had taken a position on the schooner's port beam, about twenty yards off, and, mistaking us for Confederates, were now pouring their fire into our boat. I shouted to them to cease firing, but they did not hear me, and I was therefore compelled, while my four after-oarsmen were pulling the boat up to the schooner, to make the rest of my men lie down in the bottom of the launch in order to save them from the fire of our friends.

As our launch again neared the schooner, coming under her starboard counter, I sprang to the bow of the boat, seized the painter, leaped on board the schooner, hauled up our boat, and made her fast to the main-sheet cavel, at the same time calling out to my men, "Now is your time; come on board." Fearing that Carter would be killed before we could reach him, I drew my sword and rushed forward, after making the boat fast, only to run against a pike held by a man who was braced in the cabin hatchway. The shock dazed me and took my breath away, and an instant later I found myself sitting on the schooner rail with not the faintest idea that I had been wounded. I supposed that I had run against a spar or other obstruction and received a severe blow.

Quickly recovering, and as yet unaware that the sharp blade of the pike had passed through my right arm and penetrated my side, and was even then sticking in my