

body, I again turned to go forward, whereupon the man holding the pike, discovering that I was not dead, gave it a powerful thrust to push me overboard. Then for the first time I realized my situation. To think was to act. Throwing myself back, with my leg over the rail, with my left hand I seized the pike, the blade of which was still in my body, and sprang forward. As my antagonist held on to the other end of the pike, it struck against the corner of the hatch and broke in pieces. The man then let go, and, drawing the broken pike from my side, I struck him over the head with it and threw it overboard.

All this had occurred under cover of darkness and in less time than it takes to tell it. The affair of the pike being over, I rushed forward to the aid of Carter, whom I found bleeding from a wound in the arm, but otherwise unharmed. The schooner's crew now ran below, and the victory appeared to be won. The sequel, however, proved that our work had only begun. The schooner was already in a sinking condition, made so by the shell we had fired into her below the waterline, and it was imperative that we should capture the crew and retreat as quickly as possible. Accordingly, I sat down behind the schooner's pivot-gun and tried to light a match for the purpose of setting her on fire. Three times I tried it, and from drowsiness failed each time. Finally, it dawned upon me that I was bleeding to death, though entirely free from pain. This startled me, and I struck my head against the gun in the effort to wake myself.

To make matters worse, the Confederate forts now opened fire upon us, and light-draught steamers came speeding down the bay to attack us. As yet not a prisoner had been secured. They were all below, with gallant Carter standing guard over them, a revolver in each hand. When told to come on deck they refused to do so, and I then ordered my men to go down and drive them up. All hung back from the task, so I went down alone into the hold, revolver in hand, and, by the light of a lamp suspended from the

ceiling, found ten armed men crouched in corners. I again ordered them on deck, and two of them had begun to climb the ladder, when, to my surprise and dismay, I heard some rascal give the word for our party to retreat. Pulling the two men back into the hold and forcing them to sit down, I rushed on deck, only to find that all my party, save faithful Carter, had fled to the boat and were pushing off from the schooner. Shouting to Carter to hold the hatch and keep the enemy below, I flew aft, reached the stern of the schooner just as the launch had shoved off, cleared the rail with a desperate leap, and landed in the boat across the gun. At the point of the cutlass I beat my men back and forced them to return to the schooner, where I again made fast to her side, and a second time led them on board.

The second launch had fled when the word to retreat was given, and did not return. After that I ceased to count her in the fight, nor did I know what had become of her until I returned to the "Santee." All this time the forts were firing into us, and the enemy's steamers were coming nearer. Every moment increased our peril and lessened our chances of success. Once more I descended into the hold, but had hardly given the order for the men there to go on deck, when I was again startled by the unwelcome cry, "'Santee'!"—the watchword for retreat—and heard my men make another mad stampede for the boat. At this instant, physical weakness and a sickening sense of failure almost overcame me, but, at the point of the revolver, I again forced the prisoners to sit down, and facing them, slowly backed to the hatch and crawled to the deck, where brave Carter alone remained at his post. Too weak to go farther, I called upon Carter to go and drive the crew back while I held the hatch. Carter ran to the stern of the schooner, and finding that the boat was already some fifty yards away, called out to the men: "Go back, cowards. Go back and tell your shipmates that you deserted your officers. Mr. Jouett and I will bring this vessel out alone."