

This rasping rebuke recalled them to their senses, and they came back, after which Carter went down below and sent the Confederate crew on deck. The Captain, however, and two others in the cabin refused to come up. I ordered them on deck, and, when they again refused, threatened them with a loaded shell; but, lighting instead a large fireball, I threw it among them and leaped down the hatch myself, at the same time shouting to them to go up, whereupon, thinking it was a shell, they scrambled on deck, and became our prisoners. Five minutes later, having secured the schooner's colors, I got my crew and prisoners in the boat and shoved off.

With as little delay as possible, I put the burning schooner between our boat and the pursuing steamers, which were now close behind us, and then, with only eight well men to pull, with compass lost and pilot shot, and with wind and tide against us, shaped our course for the "Santee," seven miles away. Carter, though wounded, took his place at the gun, in which lay my only hope of defence against attack, while I gave the cockswain a star to steer by, ordered the men to give-way strong, and then supplied the wounded men with water. Soon Carter came aft, and whispered to me that the gun was jammed, and that I must manœuvre the boat so as to work it. This disturbed me, but not half so much as the panicky feeling now exhibited by the crew. Of a sudden one of the men cried out: "My God! here come the steamers; they will run us down." This prompted like remarks from other members of the crew, until finally I rose, pistol in hand, and called: "Silence! The first man who opens his mouth, I will blow his brains out. Make up your mind to capture that steamer if she captures you, for I will never surrender a man of you. No rebel prison for me; and while I live, we will fight or go to the bottom."

After that there was silence in the boat, and I took my seat on the gunwale, between the captain and mate of the schooner. The greatest compliment I

ever received was paid me by this Confederate captain, who remarked, with an oath: "I don't know who you are; but, damn me, if you are not a brave fellow; deserted twice by your crew, and yet got the vessel. You are a man."

Still, I did not feel very much like one at that moment. The pike had injured my right lung, and I found it most difficult to give orders in a voice that could be heard by my men. Finally, however, by wrapping the folds of my shirt about my fingers, I stopped up the hole in my side, and this made my breathing easier. In this way three weary, trying hours crept by. The launch was shipping much water. Once I tried to lighten her by throwing the gun overboard, but it was so jammed that it could not be dismounted, and our pursuers were pressing up so closely that I only avoided capture by going among the breakers. Before I left the ship Captain Eagle had promised to show bright lights at the three mast-heads and to burn blue-lights, and throw rockets at intervals to show me my way out of the harbor, as I well knew that I would have trouble in finding my way back to the ship. But not a light or signal was shown from the "Santee." Afterward the captain gave as a reason for not showing lights that he "was afraid of calling me from my work." This excuse may have satisfied his conscience, but it never satisfied me. And so, in a boat crowded with prisoners and wounded men, we sat at intervals firing pistols as a signal of distress, waiting and watching for daylight to disclose the whereabouts of the "Santee."

There is little more to tell. Of our party, eight men had been wounded, of whom two afterward died, and one man killed, but we had destroyed the "Royal Yacht" and captured thirteen prisoners. How many Confederates were killed and wounded we never knew. We got alongside the "Santee" at six in the morning. On reaching the deck I fainted, and was carried below. Not a man knew that I was wounded until I was taken to my room.