

of our own broad-sides, the crash of balls dashing through our timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded. These were brought down faster than I could attend to them, farther than to stay the bleeding, or support the shattered limbs with splints, and pass them forward upon the berth deck. Two or three were killed near me, after being wounded. I well remember the complaints that the Niagara did not come up. "Why does she hang back so, out of the battle?" Among those early brought down was Lieutenant Brooks, son of the late Governor Brooks, of Massachusetts, a most accomplished gentleman and officer; and renowned for personal beauty. A cannon-ball had struck him in the hip, he knew his doom, and inquired how long he should live; I told him a few hours. He inquired two or three times how the day was going, and expressed a hope that the Commodore would be spared. But new-comers from deck brought more and more dismal reports, until finally it was announced that we had struck. In the lamentations of despair among the wounded, I lost sight of poor Brooks for a few minutes, but when the electrifying cry was heard that the enemy's two ships had struck, I rushed on deck to see if it were true, and then to poor Brooks to cheer him, but he was no more,—he was too much exhausted by his wounds to survive the confusion that preceded this happy transition.

When the battle had raged an hour and a half, I heard a call for me at the small sky-ligh', and stepping toward it I saw it was the Commodore, whose countenance was as calm and placid as if on ordinary duty. "Doctor," said he, "send me one of your men," meaning one of the six that were to assist me, which was done instantly. In five minutes the call was repeated and obeyed, and at the seventh call I told him he had them all. He asked if any could pull a rope, when two or three of the wounded crawled upon deck to lend a feeble hand in pulling at the last guns.

When the battle was raging most severely, Midshipman Lamb came down with his arm badly fractured; I applied a splint and requested him to go forward and lie down; as he was leaving me, and while my hand was on him, a cannon-ball struck him in the side, and dashed him against the other side of the room,