

In proper time, however, the war-dogs were let loose from their lash, and it seemed as though heaven and earth were at logger-heads. For more than two long hours little could be heard but the deafening thunders of our own broadsides, 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, other 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. Among those early brought down was Lieut. Brooks, son of the late Gov. Brooks of Massachusetts, a most accomplished gentleman and officer, and renowned for personal beauty. A cannon-ball hit him in the hip; he knew his doom, and inquired how long he could 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 saved. But new comers from deck brought 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 was true, and then to poor Brooks to cheer him, but he was no more."

"When the battle had raged an hour and a half, I heard a call for me at the small sky-light, and stepping forward, 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 then asked if any one could pull a rope, when two or three crawled upon deck and assisted at the last guns. When the battle was raging most severely, Midshipman Laub 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 upon him, a cannon-ball struck him in the side, dashing him against the other side of the room, which instantly terminated his sufferings. Charles