

the vessels, stimulated us all to "ask for more," and then to abuse Master Robert Heddart, "volunteer," a little, that he had not gone into more detail. Ingham said that it was the way diaries always served you, which is true enough, and that the boy had literally told what he saw, which was also true only he seemed to have seen "mighty little." Ingham said, however, that he thought there was more somewhere.

Accordingly, a few days after, he sent me a yellow old letter on long foolscap sheets, in which the old gentleman had written out his recollections for Ingham's own benefit, after some talk of old times on Thanksgiving evening. It is all he has ever found in his grandfather's rather tedious papers about the battle, and one passing allusion in it drops the curtain on Denis Duval.

Here it is.

"JAMAICA PLAINS, Nov. 29, 1824.

"MY DEAR BOY,—I am very glad to comply with your request about an account of the great battle between the *Scrapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard* and her consort. I know my memory of the event is strong, for it was the first fight I ever saw; and although it does not compare with Rodney's great fight with De Grasse, which I saw also, yet there are circumstances connected with it which will always make it a remarkable fight in history.

"You said, at your mother's, that you had never understood why the men on each side kept inquiring if the others had struck. The truth is, we had it all our own below. And, as it proved, when our captain, Pearson, struck, most of his men were below. I know, that, in all the confusion and darkness and noise, I had no idea, aft on the main deck, that we were like to come off second best. On the other hand, at that time, the *Richard* probably had not a man left between decks, unless some whom they were trying to keep at their pumps. But on her upper deck and quarter deck and in her tops she had it all her own way. Jones himself was there; by that time Dale was there; and they had wholly cleared our upper deck, as we had cleared their main deck and gun room. This was the strangeness of that battle. We were pounding through and through her, while she did not fight a gun of her main battery. But Jones was working his quarter deck guns so as almost to rake our deck from stern to stern. You know, the ships were foul and lashed together. Jones says in his own account he aimed at our main mast and kept firing at it. No crew could live under such a fire. There you have the last two hours of the battle. Jones's men all above, our men all below; we pounding at his main deck, he pelting at our upper deck. If there had not been some such division, of course the thing could not have lasted so long, even with the horrid havoc there was. I never saw anything like it, and I hope, dear boy, you may never have to."

*Mem.* by Ingham. I had just made my first cruise as a midshipman in the U. S. navy on board the *Intrepid*, when the old gentleman wrote this to me. He made his first cruise in the British navy in the *Scrapis*. After he was exchanged, he remained in that service till 1789, when he married in Canso, N. S., resigned his commission, and settled there.

The letter continues:

"I have been looking back on my own boyish journal of that time. But it is strange to see how little of the action it tells. The truth is, I was nothing but a butterfly of a youngster. To save my conceit, the first lieutenant, Wallis, told me I was assigned to keep an eye on the after battery, where were two fine old fellows as ever took the King's

pay, really commanding the crews and managing the guns. Much did I know about sighting or firing them! However, I know enough to keep my place. I remember tying up a man's arm with my own shirt-sleeves, by way of showing I was not frightened, as in truth I was. And I remember going down to the cockpit with a poor wretch who was awfully burned with powder,—and the sight there was so much worse than it was at my gun that I was glad to get back again. Well, you may judge, that, from two after-ports below, first larboard, then starboard, I saw little enough of the battle. But I have talked about it since, with Dale, who was Jones's first lieutenant, and whom I met at Charlestown when he commanded the yard there. I have talked of it with Sir Richard Pearson, who was afterwards Lt. Governor of Greenwich, and whom I saw there. Paul Jones I have touched my hat to, but never spoke to, except when we all took wine with him one day at dinner. But I have met his niece, Miss Janet Taylor, who lives in London now, and calculates nautical tables. I hope you will see her some day. Then there is a gentleman named Napier in Edinburgh, who has the *Richard*'s log-book. Go and see it, if you are ever there,—Mr. Geo. Napier. And I have read every word I could find about the battle. It was a remarkable fight indeed.

[*Mem.* And Ingham's nice old grandfather is a little slow in getting into action, *me judice.*]

The letter continues:

"I do not know that Captain Pearson was a remarkable man; but I do know he was a brave man. He was made Sir Richard Pearson by the King for his bravery in this fight. When Paul Jones heard of that, he said Pearson deserved the knighthood, and that he would make him an Earl the next time he met him. Of course, I only knew the captain as a midshipman (we were 'volunteers' then) knows a post-captain, and that for a few months only. We were taken prisoners in September, but it was mid-winter before we were exchanged. He was very cross all the time we were in Holland. I do not suppose he wrote as good a letter as Jones did. I have heard he could not spell well. But what I know is that he was a brave man.

"Paul Jones is one of the curiosities of history. He certainly was of immense value to your struggling cause. He kept England in terror; he showed the first qualities as a naval commander; he achieved great success with very little force. Yet he has a damaged reputation. I do not think he deserves this reputation; but I know he has it. Now I can see but one difference between him and any of your land heroes or your water heroes whom all the world respects. This is, that he was born on our side, and they were born on the American side. This ought not to make any difference. But in actual fact it did. Jones was born in the British Islands. The popular feeling of England made a distinction between the allegiance which he owed to King George and that of born Americans. It ought not to have done so, because he had in good faith emigrated to America before the Rebellion, and took part in it with just the same motives which led any other American officer.

"He had a fondness for books and for society, and thought himself gifted in writing. I should think he wrote too much. I have seen verses of his which were very poor."

[*Mem.* I should think Ingham's grandfather wrote too much. I have seen letters of his which were very long, before they came to their subject.]

The letter continues:

"To return. The *Scrapis*, as I have said, was just built. She had been launched that spring. She was one of the first 44-gun frigates that were ever built in the world. We (the English) were the first naval power to build frigates, as now understood at all. I believe the name is Italian, but in the Mediterranean it means a very different thing. We had little ships of the line, which were called fourth-rates, and which fought sixty, and even as low as fifty guns; they had two decks and a quarter-deck above. But just as I came into the service, the old *Phenix* and *Rainbow* and *Roebuck* were the only 44s we had: they were successful ships, and they set the Admiralty on building 44-gun frigates, which, even when they carried 50 guns, as we did, were quite different from the old fourth-rates. Very useful vessels they proved. I remember the *Romulus*, the *Ulysses*, the *Atawon* and the *Endymion*. The *Endymion* fought the *President* forty years after.\* As I say, the *Scrapis* was one of a batch of these vessels launched in the spring of 1779.

"We had been up the Cattegat that summer, waiting for what is known as the Baltic fleet. If there were room and time, I could tell you good stories of the fun we had at Copenhagen. At last we got the convoy together, and got to sea,—no little job in that land-locked sailing. We got well across the North Sea, and were lying close in with Scarborough, when news came off that Paul Jones, with a fleet, was on the coast. Capt. Pearson at once tried to signal the convoy back,—for they were working down the coast towards Humbo, —but the signals did no good till they saw the enemy themselves, and then they scud fast enough, passing us, and running into Scarborough harbor. We had not a great deal of wind, and the other armed vessel we had, the *Countess of Scarborough*, was slow, so that I remember we lay to for her. Jones was as anxious as we were to fight. We neared each other steadily till seven in the evening or later. The sun was down, but it was full moon,—and as we came near enough to speak, we could see everything on his ship. At that time the *Poor Richard* was the only ship we had to do with. His other ships were after our consort. The *Richard* was a queer old French Indiaman, you know. She was the first French ship of war I had ever seen. She had six guns on her lower deck, and six ports on each side there,—meaning to fight all these guns on the same side. On her proper gun-deck, above these, she had fourteen guns on each side,—twelves and nines. Then she had a high quarter, and a high fore-castle, with eight more guns on these,—having, you know, one of those queer old poops you see in old pictures. She was, therefore, a good deal higher than we; for our quarter deck had followed the fashion and come down. We fought twenty guns on our lower deck, twenty on our upper deck, and on the fore-castle and quarter deck we had ten little things,—fifty guns,—not unusual, you know, in a vessel rated as a forty-four. We had twenty-two in broad-side. I remember I supposed for some time that all French ships were black, because the *Richard* was.

\* I knew the "Endymion" in 1846. Captain Courtenay painted her black; the port holes and tompions red; black mastheads, and masts scraped and polished, and made his men wear moustaches and beards, to our Admiral's intense disgust, altogether piratical looking. We always understood she was the ship that took the "President" in 1815. If both are correct, she must have been then, 1846, sixty-seven years old. I have my doubts that the "President" "Endymion" was a ship of later build.

(To be continued.)