

A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

COMMODORE JOSHUA BARNEY:

FROM

AUTOGRAPHICAL NOTES AND JOURNALS

IN POSSESSION OF HIS FAMILY, AND OTHER AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

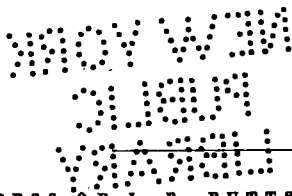
EDITED BY MARY BARNEY.

Maris et terræ miles, pariter in utroque dignus,
Meruit ac tulit honores.

Whoso shall telle a tale after a man,
He must reherse as neighes als ever he can.

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P R E F A C E .

THERE are three things that sometimes enter into the composition of a book, which are seldom looked upon with complacency by the generality of readers; these are, a *Preface* — whether in the shape of advertisement, apology, or essay upon ‘matters and things in general’ — marginal *Notes*, and an *Appendix*. Having once been *readers* ourselves, we profess to know something of the sympathies and antipathies of that ‘numerous and respectable’ portion of the public; and we are sure we assert no more than they would be all ready to confirm — if they had the opportunity — when we say, that it is regarded as one of the ‘miseries,’ to be disturbed in an agreeable train of thought, or interrupted in the most pathetic part of an interesting story, by an obtrusive note of reference, or explanation, which the impertinent author chooses to think necessary. We have heard, and perhaps uttered, many an execration upon the head of an unconscious author, for daring to take such liberties — with his own book! What right has he — or she, as the case may be — to interfere with the habits, or prejudices, or whims

of the reader? Ay! that is the question, as Hamlet said — but we will not discuss it, for several good reasons: one is, it would lead us deep into politics — we should be obliged to examine the ailments of our government, the reciprocal rights and duties of majorities and minorities, and the principles of ‘Nullification’ — a wider field than we have either time or inclination to traverse; another reason is, that *readers* must form the tribunal before whom the question would come up for decision, and they constitute such an overwhelming *majority*, that we regard it as ‘the better part of valor,’ to leave the argument, as well as the judgment, in their hands. — But, professing to know so well what your readers would like or dislike, why did you choose to incur their displeasure, by presenting your book with the exceptionable additaments? It was precisely to answer that question, that this preface was designed.

It was not until after the work was nearly finished, that any of the matter to be found in the Notes and Appendix, came into the possession of the writer. Much of it was believed to be important, and the whole seemed to be too interesting to be omitted; but, to have woven it into the body of the work, would have required such a change in its structure, that the labor would have been nearly equal to that of writing the whole of it a second time. The only alternative was that which has been adopted: it was at first supposed, that a very few notes would embrace all that could be regarded as necessary, but as additional materials continued from time to time

to be supplied, an Appendix became indispensable. Being thus forced, much to her regret, to encumber her book with *two* of the evils so frequently complained of, the *third* seemed to follow as a matter of course, since it was only in a Preface, that the writer could make the apology, and the explanation, which she thought due to the reader. As to other, and no doubt still greater, imperfections, in the style and execution of the work, no apology will be attempted, because none would suffice to screen it from the criticisms of the ill natured—and the good natured reader will require none.

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MEMOIR
OF
COMMODORE BARNEY.

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A brief Account of the Parentage, Birth, and Education of Joshua Barney. — His early choice of a sea life. — Reluctant consent of his Parents to his adoption of that profession. — He commences his career in a Pilot-boat — Is afterwards apprenticed to his brother-in-law; and makes a Voyage to Cork and Liverpool. — Visits Dublin, sees a Review in the Park — and returns to Baltimore, with a number of Irish Emigrants. — ‘Redemptioners.’

In the republic of the United States, where, by the constitution and laws, all men are acknowledged to be equal, the study of genealogy is but little cultivated, or regarded; and, though nothing can be more certain than that every man must have had progenitors, whose several generations — if the Mosaic account of the creation be admitted — extend to the same remoteness of antiquity, there are few who give themselves the trouble to search out the links of connexion, and still fewer, perhaps, in whose possession are to be found any authentic records of their descent. The brief notices which follow, are all that we have been able to collect, of the lineage of the subject of these memoirs.

William Barney, the grandfather, was sent from England by an uncle, at the early age of fourteen years, to seek his fortune, according to the phrase of the time, in the British Colonies of North America. Of his parents nothing certain is known; but it is presumed, from the circumstance of his being then under the control of an uncle, that they were both dead at the period of his leaving England: and, from the fact that he came recommended, by that uncle, to some of the most respectable inhabitants of the province of Maryland, it may be

further inferred, that the family was of some consideration in the mother country. The young emigrant himself entertained a belief that his father had possessed an independent estate; and that, in sending him abroad, the uncle had been actuated by interested and sinister motives. It is certain that he came to the new world much against his will, and that he would have gone back in the same ship when she returned to England, if his wishes had prevailed; but her commander, who had probably received orders to that effect from the uncle, refused to receive him on board. This event took place about the year 1695; and as, at that period, it seldom occurred that more than one ship from the mother country visited the colony during the year, the youthful adventurer had time to reconcile himself to the destiny forced upon him; and before the next annual arrival he had lost all desire to measure back the distance that separated him from the land of his fathers. He delivered his letters of recommendation; was put into the way of making his living; and, by a course of industry and good conduct, soon attained that degree of independence and general consideration in the community, which enabled him to form a respectable and advantageous connexion by marriage. The fruit of this marriage was one son, upon whom he bestowed his own name of William, and to whom, at his death, he left what was called in those economical days, a 'handsome fortune.'

This son, of whose early life no legend or tradition has descended to us, formed a matrimonial alliance with an heiress of large property, by the name of Frances Holland Watts — a lady as rich in all the virtues which give lustre to the name of wife, and mother, as in the gifts of fortune. A host of competitors contended for the honor of her hand, and it is no slight evidence of the good character of William Barney, that he won the prize.

It has been asserted by some philosophers, who are fond of diving into the mysteries of nature, that the *vis generatrix* is as much an hereditary idiocracy as gout, scrofula, or any other of the numerous *diseases*, which pathological ignorance is prone to ascribe to ancestral taint. But in the union of the fecund pair we have just named, there is a strong argument against the truth, if not a direct confutation of this hypothesis; they were the only offspring of their respective parents, and yet from their union there sprung no less than fourteen children.

At the time of his marriage, and for several years afterwards, William Barney resided in the town of Baltimore, then a very

inconsiderable village of scarcely a dozen houses ; but as his family began to exhibit such unequivocal proofs of respect for the great precept of the Creator, he very wisely determined to give them more ample room to 'increase and multiply,' and for this purpose removed them to a farm, about eight miles from town, on 'Bare Creek' — in that part of the county of Baltimore known by the name of Patapsco Neck. Here Mr Barney continued to reside, happy in the enjoyment of all the blessings of domestic life, until the year 1772, when by one of those melancholy accidents the effects of which we are so often called upon to deplore, but which no experience will ever teach imprudent man to avoid, his existence was suddenly terminated. One of his younger children had been indulged with permission to play with an old pistol, which had been found among the rubbish of a lumber-room : it was 'of course' not supposed to be loaded, and therefore 'no possible danger' could be apprehended from letting the child amuse himself with it ; but alas ! how mysterious and inscrutable are the operations of Providence, — the 'harmless amusement' of the child was pregnant with the fate of the father — the pistol was fired, and its unsuspected contents lodged in the bosom of the fond and too indulgent parent. He survived the accident but two days, and was thus taken from his family in the meridian of life ; for he had not yet attained his fiftythird year.

Joshua Barney was one of the fourteen children of William and Frances Holland Barney. He was born on the 1759 sixth day of July, 1759, a year or two before the family was removed to Bare Creek — so that the city of Baltimore, which became afterwards his chosen residence, was also the place of his nativity. Almost as soon as he could walk and talk, he was sent along with his elder brothers to a common school in the vicinity of the farm. We have not been able to collect a single authentic anecdote of this period of his life ; nor has he himself left us anything upon record, in which the fondest inquirer into such matters could discern the germ of the future hero, or trace in the 'sayings and doings' of the boy the conduct and character of the man. All is a blank. One thing, however, seems to be certain — the same restless activity of disposition, the same eagerness to press onward in the career of life, which afterwards characterized him, were conspicuous traits of his early years.

He quitted school at the age of ten years, in the full persuasion that he had acquired all the education necessary 1769 to fit him for the profession which he had already de-

terminated upon adopting. Nor will it be accounted strange, or imputed to him as an evidence of very egregious vanity, that he should entertain this proud opinion of his precocity, when it is understood that he was in all respects *par magistro* — or, to use his own words, that he had ‘learnt everything the master could teach;’ which meant, according to the same authority, that he ‘could write a good hand, and perfectly understood Arithmetic!’ Long before this period, he had wearied his father by continued entreaties into a reluctant promise, that he might ‘go to sea’ as soon as he was old enough to take care of himself; and he now fancied himself in the condition to claim the fulfilment of the promise. But his father thought otherwise — and the mother was still less willing to think him either ‘old enough,’ or big enough, to buffet with the rude and boisterous element. It was therefore determined between the parents, that, since Joshua was ‘done schooling,’ he should be sent to a ‘Retail-Store’ in Baltimore, if only to ‘keep him out of mischief;’ and it was hoped, on the part of the mother at least, that, in the course of time, his prepossession in favor of the sea might be transferred to the less dangerous occupation of the counter. But who that had once conceived a wish to embrace the bold, adventurous, roaming life of a sailor, ever yet contented himself with the dull, lazy, feminine employment of measuring cloth and calico by the yard?

In pursuance, then, of this decision of the domestic powers, against which there was no appeal, Joshua was inducted, not without some little mortification, into the shop of a respectable retailer of dry goods, in Baltimore. It so fell out, however, that the gentleman who was thus selected to initiate him in the mysteries of trade, in less than three months after that event, either from disappointment, weariness of business, or some other equally cogent motive, ‘broke up his establishment,’ and engaged in some other pursuit. This threw young Barney once more into the home circle, and furnished, as he thought, a favorable occasion to renew his solicitations to be sent to sea; but the lapse of a few months had done so little towards removing the former objection, that his ardent aspirations were doomed to experience a second disappointment. His father had a friend, engaged in a brisk and active business at Alexandria — a city which was then thought to rival Philadelphia in the extent and importance of its commerce — who about this time expressed a desire to have, ‘just such a lad as Joshua,’ in his counting-house: the opportunity was eagerly embraced, and Joshua was sent without delay to his new master in the Old Dominion.

Here he remained, with such stock of patience as a boy of his age and temperament, working 'against the grain,' may be supposed to possess, until the Christmas Holidays of 1770—when he received permission to visit his parents, and spend that season of fun and festivity with the family group.

If any of our readers should, perchance, belong to that class whom the gifted bard of Scotland addressed under the style of '*The unco guid, or the rigidly righteous,*' we are sorely afraid that young Barney will lose all chance of becoming a favorite with them, by his conduct on the occasion of this home visit. If we were writing a romance, or the history of 'man as he ought to be,' we should probably send our hero back to Alexandria, to drudge out his teens in the calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence—merely because leave of absence for a specified time may be understood to imply an obligation to return; but we are writing a biography of 'man as he is,' and as faithful chroniclers, we must 'nothing extenuate,' nor varnish over what in its true coloring might be called a fault.

After the merriments of Christmas were over, and the New-Year had been hailed with its accustomed greetings, 1771 and the various individuals of the social meeting were preparing to return to their several avocations, Joshua proved recreant—he peremptorily refused to resume his station at Alexandria without compulsion, and this he well knew neither father nor mother was ever disposed to use. It had been well understood between the father and his Alexandria friend, that the former was under a promise to gratify the wishes of his son in the choice of profession, and that the counting-house was to be considered as nothing more than a preparatory school; so that, in truth, no obligation, either express or implied, was violated by Joshua's refusing to return, and the father subjected himself to no censure from the merchant in giving way to his son's pertinacity. He had been almost a year at Alexandria—a long and irksome period to him—during which time his attention to his duties, his industry, and the alacrity with which he obeyed all the commands of his employers, had been as faithful and unremitting as if his highest ambition had been limited to the acquisition of commercial knowledge. But he was so far from being weaned from his 'first love,' that every moment more and more firmly convinced him, that the hand of destiny beckoned him to the ocean. He was now in his twelfth year; had advanced considerably in stature and manly appearance; and had shown that he was capable of *taking care of himself,* or at

least that a mother's tenderness and attention were no longer indispensable to his comfort and welfare. All these considerations, however, scarcely lessened the pain of his parents when the moment of decision came; but it was impossible to withstand his daily prayers and entreaties, and the long-wished-for consent was at length given.

In the beginning of the year 1771, young Barney, full of gratitude to his parents, and nobly resolving that his future career should justify their indulgence, entered on board a Pilot-boat — a class of vessels for which Baltimore has since become famous all over the world. The licensed pilot who commanded her was an old friend of his father, and well known as an expert and accomplished seaman. That he might be left free to discontinue or pursue the life of a sailor, as his feelings might incline him, after a fair trial of its pleasures and its hardships, his father delayed his purpose of placing him under articles of apprenticeship, and contented himself with the promise of the pilot to give him every chance of instruction in the affairs of his profession. He continued under the fatherly care of this old seaman, making occasional excursions beyond the Capes, until the autumn of this year, when, as he had lost none of his fondness for the billows, but on the contrary seemed to be confirmed in his predilection, it was deemed advisable by his father that he should be permanently provided for in some more suitable vessel. One of his elder sisters had been married, some years before, to a Captain Thomas Drysdale, who commanded a small brig in the Liverpool trade, and happened at this time to be in port. The chance of placing him under the guardianship of one so closely connected with the family, was thought to be too desirable to be neglected; and Joshua was forthwith apprenticed to his brother-in-law.

In January, 1772, our sailor boy, proud of the title, and already dreaming of future glories, embarked on his 1772' first regular voyage. The season was cold and tempestuous, and the brig, after many severe struggles which might have shaken the courage of less resolved hearts, arrived safely in the Cove of Cork. The impression which was made upon young Barney by the first glimpse he obtained of a foreign land, was deep and powerful; when his attention was called to a dim, cloudy speck, scarce visible in the distant horizon, and was told that that was the Head of Kinsale, on the coast of Ireland, he felt for the first time as if alone in a world of strangers — a sigh escaped him as he remembered his peaceful home, his affectionate parents, his long list of brothers

and sisters—but he shook off the enervating emotion; his mind seemed to spring at once into the vigor of maturity; and from that moment he was a *man* in everything but years. As soon as the brig had cast anchor, he obtained permission of his captain to go ashore and see the ancient city of Cork; but it does not appear that he met with anything to captivate his attention, or that he was much gratified by the visit. After a detention of two days at Cork, the brig was despatched by the consignees to Liverpool, where she arrived in safety. The noble docks of this great commercial emporium attracted the especial regards of our young enthusiast, and all the leisure which the morose and tyrannical disposition of his master allowed him, was spent in examining their construction and investigating their uses.

After the delivery of the cargo to the owners in Liverpool, the brig was unexpectedly sold, and Barney was sent off in a packet to Dublin, for the purpose of securing a passage for himself and master in a vessel bound thence to Baltimore. He remained long enough in Dublin, before he was rejoined by his captain, to see all its magnificent shows, and to be charmed with the hospitality and kindness of its inhabitants. But what more than all excited his admiration, and awakened the natural chivalry of his spirit, during his sojourn here, was a review of troops, consisting of five thousand infantry and a thousand horse, at which he had the good fortune to be present, in the splendid Park of Dublin. He spoke of it as ‘one of the finest sights in the world,’ little dreaming that he was destined, at no very distant period, to be himself the hero of scenes of which this was but the shadowy rehearsal. Shortly after this exhibition in the Park, which was rendered still more imposing by the presence of the Vice-regal *cortège* and all the nobility and fashion of Dublin, Captain Drysdale arrived from Liverpool; and the vessel in which they had taken passage being ready to proceed to sea, they lost no time in getting on board. To the great annoyance of young Barney, who was not previously aware of the character of the ship, he found every part of her stuffed almost to suffocation with ‘Irish Redemptioners, men and women,’ who were to be his *compagnons du voyage*.

As the term ‘Redemptioner,’ together with the practice which rendered its coinage necessary, has been gradually becoming obsolete for the last twenty years, it may not perhaps be unacceptable to some of our younger readers to receive a brief explanation of its meaning and application. The ‘milk and honey’ with which the new continent was described by its

early settlers as 'flowing,' very naturally stimulated the craving appetites of all who found it difficult to procure such, or any other, food at home; and crowds of the half-famished peasantry of Europe, particularly of Ireland and Germany, flocked to the nearest sea-ports, ready at any sacrifice to purchase transportation to the land of plenty. Being for the most part destitute of money, friends, or influence, to procure for them what they so eagerly sought, they were compelled to submit to such conditions as the cupidity or the humanity, as the case might be, of the masters or owners of the vessels about to undertake the voyage, might dictate; and it became common for them to enter into contract, or indentures, the validity of which was afterwards recognised and confirmed by legislative enactment in several of the colonies — by which they bound themselves as *slaves* to the master or owner, and upon their arrival in the land of their hopes, submitted to be sold at auction to the highest bidder for a term of years, longer or shorter, as the buyer and seller might agree. Whole families were thus sold, and often separated among several purchasers. The money obtained by the sale was received by the master or owner of the vessel in payment of the expenses of transportation; and when the miserable emigrants had faithfully completed their terms of servitude, they were set free, to roam through the country in search of relatives, friends and a living: — thus they paid the price of emigration, and *redeemed* themselves from the obligations of their contract. It may be added, much to the honor of these 'Redemptioners,' that many of their descendants are now among the most respected citizens of the United States.

During the voyage from Dublin, young Barney, though only a passenger in the vessel, did constant duty with the crew, and labored diligently to increase his stock of information in all the branches of his profession. From some indications of a riotous disposition among the 'Redemptioners,' considerable apprehensions were at one time entertained, that they might attempt to overpower the crew and seize possession of the vessel; during the whole period of this alarm, Barney never left the deck, but watched with unremitting vigilance every movement of the rioters, and held himself prepared to assist in repelling the first demonstration of mutiny, with all the coolness and intrepidity of a veteran. But if such a design was at any time contemplated, it was abandoned as impracticable, and the ship reached her port in safety.

CHAPTER II.

Barney visits Home — finds the Family in affliction — is suddenly recalled to his duties — makes several voyages. — Captain Drysdale dies at sea. — Young Barney assumes the Command, before he is sixteen. — The alarming condition of his Ship. — He puts into Gibraltar — His energetic conduct there. — He arrives at Nice — has a dispute with his Merchants and the Governor — is imprisoned — displays great Firmness of Mind — visits the British Ambassador at Milan, and obtains prompt redress. — The Governor's obsequious deportment to him. — He arrives at Alicant — is detained in the service of the Count O'Reilly's celebrated Expedition against Algiers — his Account of that disgraceful affair. — He sails for Baltimore — is boarded by a British Sloop of War, and informed of the Battle of Bunker's Hill — his impatience to join the 'Rebels' — his arrival — and reception by the owner of the ship.

THERE is perhaps no disposition altogether so frigid in its nature, particularly in the outset of life, as not to be susceptible of some glow of enthusiasm in the anticipations, which the recollection of home produces, on the return from a first voyage to distant, foreign lands. If the youthful adventurer have left behind him parents, brothers and sisters — companions and friends of his childhood — he feels certain that his return will be welcomed with the kiss of affection; that he will find an attentive and delighted auditory to his 'thousand and one' tales of wonder; that every 'peril of waters, winds and rocks,' which he has encountered — and every marvel which he has seen or heard — will have its charm as he recounts it to the beloved circle at home. — And who is the traveller, young or old, who does not like to meet with those who will 'with greedy ear devour up his discourse?' Half the enjoyment of every wanderer consists in the anticipated pleasure of telling what he has seen, when he returns.

Our young sailor indulged in all these anticipations, with a warmth of feeling proportioned to the natural fervor of his character. Eager as he had shown himself to quit the paternal roof, he was nevertheless tenderly attached to every member of his family, and he looked forward to the moment when he should again embrace them, with a light and joyous heart. In five minutes after he had jumped on shore from the Dublin

ship, he was on the well remembered road to the farm at Bare Creek. But what a shock to his affectionate heart awaited him there! The afflictive dispensation of Providence which we have already related, had occurred but a few days before his arrival, and he found his sorrowing mother and family plunged in the deepest grief. The sudden and unexpected appearance of her beloved and long absent son, turned the current of feeling, and, for a brief moment, the mother forgot her wo as she strained him to her heart. But she was not permitted long to enjoy this solace; the young apprentice had scarcely time to exchange greetings with his early companions, or to revisit the haunts of his childhood, before he was recalled to his nautical duties. Captain Drysdale had been appointed to the command of a large ship, within a few days after his arrival — she was then ready to take in a cargo; and the services of his young brother-in-law were too useful, on such an occasion, to be dispensed with by one whose feelings were always under the command of his interest.

From this period to the close of the year 1774, we find but little of interest in the papers before us. Several 1774 voyages were made, to Cadiz, Genoa, Liverpool, and other ports in Europe, in all of which Barney's scholastic attainments — writing and arithmetic — were kept in constant exercise: he kept the logbook, corrected all the calculations, and had charge of all the ship's accounts, in addition to his nautical labors, and thus fortunately for him passed but little idle time. After the first of these voyages, he was found to have acquired so much proficiency in all the duties of a seaman, that he was advanced to the rank of second mate, with the approbation of the owners, though he was at the time but fourteen years old. It appears, however, that he was not permitted to enjoy the emoluments attached to his rank, which went into the pockets of his avaricious and surly master. But of this, Barney had certainly no right to complain, since, if we are not mistaken, it is the universal custom for masters to receive the wages earned by their apprentices, though a portion of it may sometimes be given up as a matter of favor and encouragement; and he would probably not have thought the fact worth recording, if he had been treated in other respects with kindness or common civility — but, notwithstanding the great profit which in more than one sense Captain Drysdale derived from his services, his conduct towards his young brother-in-law (to use his own words) 'was always very severe and brutal.' It rarely happens otherwise, where family con-

nexions enter into the additional relation of master and apprentice — the one generally expects a greater degree of indulgence than strict justice will admit, while the other, perhaps, too often exercises his double authority with a double portion of rigor, to avoid the censure of partiality from other apprentices. But as Barney was not the only individual on board Drysdale's ship, who found occasion to complain of his tyranny and ill treatment, we have no right to believe that his character of the man is overcharged or prejudiced: Drysdale's temper was no doubt naturally violent and despotic; and the command of a ship is proverbially apt to render the gentlest temper a little savage.

On the 22d of December, 1774, Captain Drysdale sailed from Baltimore, with a valuable cargo of wheat, for Nice, then a dependency of the Kingdom of Sardinia. The ship had scarcely cleared the Capes of Virginia before she sprung a leak, and upon examination it was discovered that her pumpwell had sustained a serious damage, which it would be impossible to repair at sea. This determined the captain to put back, and run the ship into Norfolk. Here it became necessary, so rapidly did the leak increase, to discharge a portion of the cargo. Such a disaster, at the commencement of a voyage, was enough to discompose the calmest nature; and we may well suppose, that it did not fail to have its fullest effect upon the irritability of Captain Drysdale. Whether any blame of neglect or oversight was justly imputable to either of the mates, or whether the occurrence was one of those latent and mysterious operations of Providence by which human destiny is governed, it appears that the ire of the captain, with or without cause, fell upon the first mate: — this officer, it seems, was not of a disposition to bear reproof, in the rough and insulting language in which it was the pleasure of the captain to deal it out; he retorted; a quarrel ensued; and the result was that the first mate left the ship. His place was not supplied — the ship went to sea — a few days afterwards Captain Drysdale was taken ill, and died in a week — and our young
1775 apprentice was thus left, on the midst of the wide Atlantic, to his own untried, unassisted, energies.

The responsibility attached to the government and guardianship of a large crew, a valuable cargo, and a leaky ship, is, under the most favorable circumstances, one of awful consideration: the most callous and experienced commander, suddenly and unexpectedly thrown upon his sole resources, where the care, and the toil, and the accountability, had before been

shared with others, would hardly maintain a perfect tranquillity, on such an occasion. But all these sources of anxiety and perturbation now pressed upon the bosom of a lad not yet sixteen years of age! To minds of ordinary grasp and expansion, the situation in which young Barney was placed would have been appalling: the novelty and magnitude of the charge would have been overwhelming. There was not another individual on board above the rank, or ordinary character, of a common sailor — not one with whom he could consult, or associate; or whose advice would have benefited him, on any exigency beyond the immediate sphere of a seaman's labors: — the ship was old, and, notwithstanding the recent repairs made upon her at Norfolk, still leaked to an alarming degree. But Barney was neither dismayed by the additional weight of care and responsibility which thus devolved upon him, nor depressed by the perilous condition of the ship; he neither shrunk from the one, nor gave way to despondence at the contemplation of the other. On the contrary, his courage rose with the occasion; with a noble daring, worthy of his future fame, he assumed the command of the ship on the instant; and determined, at every hazard, to pursue the voyage originally marked out for his deceased master. The crew (who were probably deceived, by an appearance of maturity and a manliness of deportment and action much above his years, into a belief that he was much older than he really was), submitted to his orders with a respectful alacrity of obedience — which is not always yielded even to age and experience, particularly under the loose discipline of the merchant service; and testified by their conduct on all occasions the most implicit confidence in his nautical skill and qualifications.

Remembering the saying of the wisest man of the world — that 'in multitude of counsellors there is safety' — as we reflected upon the situation of Barney on this occasion, we could not help regarding the fact, that there was not a man among his crew capable of aiding him with his counsel, as one of the most serious evils of his position. But however true this axiom may be in its general application to human affairs, we are induced to believe there are cases in which safety lies in the absence of all advisers; and that which at first view we looked upon as a misfortune, was perhaps under Providence the bright spot in Barney's fortune. If the crew had been differently composed, and there had been among them any who could have fancied themselves intellectually superior or equal to the stripling who assumed the sole direction of all, it is hardly to

be questioned that his authority would have been disputed, the propriety of his orders canvassed, comparisons of competency made, and his command in the end controlled, or himself perhaps deposed. But all were alike conscious of inferiority, and the principle of self-preservation operated upon each to render the subordination complete.

The first care of the young commander was, of course, to pay the accustomed funeral honors to the remains of his deceased captain and brother-in-law. To suppose that he felt any inordinate grief at the death of one who had never treated him with kindness, would be absurd and unnatural; but he remembered that the deceased had been the husband of his sister, and as he committed the body to the deep, he dropped a tear of heartfelt sympathy for an event that made her a widow. — This melancholy duty over, he began to look to the condition of the ship; every day brought with it new dangers — the leak increased so rapidly that incessant labor at the pumps was found insufficient to keep her free, and it became necessary, in addition, to employ several of the hands in the constant toil of bailing with buckets from the fore-peak and after-run. To add to their perils, as they entered the passage into the Mediterranean, a severe gale came on — the two seas forced their huge billows against each other as if determined to bar all further intercourse between them — the struggling ship heaved and groaned, like some living, agonized monster, as she labored to mount the swell — opposing waves at every moment threatened to engulf her in their yawning abyss; and the stoutest heart on board began to look at each recurring surge with less and less of hope.

To attempt to gain the port of Nice, even should they weather the storm, with a ship in such condition, would have been an act of madness — Gibraltar was within sight and offered the only hope of safety. Barney therefore determined to bear up for that port, which by the blessing of Providence they reached, after infinite distress and suffering, at the critical moment of their fate — in one hour more, the ship must inevitably have gone down. The moment he thought it possible for him to gain the shore in his boat, he ordered it lowered down, and with four of his men proceeded to seek such aid as the emergency required. He had hardly rowed beyond hail of the ship, when he perceived that those left on board had hoisted a signal of distress, and that she was visibly sinking. This determined him to change his original purpose, and instead of proceeding to the landing, he boarded several of the ships that

were lying in the harbor, and making his situation known, procured immediate assistance to be sent to his men. Thus assuring their present safety, he steered again for the shore, where he found access to the proper authorities, and obtained permission to bring his ship into the New Mole or King's Dock.

Having happily accomplished these initial measures towards providing for the safety of his charge, he next made application to the Vice-Admiralty Court, by petition, to appoint a commission of survey on his ship. The prayer of the petition was granted without difficulty; and upon the report of the surveyors, the Court subsequently ordered a part of the cargo to be discharged. It appeared, fortunately, upon the further examination which this enabled the surveyors to make, that the cargo had sustained but very little damage; but as to the ship, it was found that very extensive repairs would be necessary, to put her in a fit condition to pursue her voyage—and that several months would probably be consumed in the work.

Here then was another call upon the mental energies of our youthful commander:—the danger to life excepted, the dilemma in which he was now called upon to act, was more calculated to perplex and dismay him than the worst he had yet encountered. He was in a foreign port, surrounded by entire strangers, who might be interested in giving him wrong advice: he appeared as commander of a ship on the *Rôle de' Equipage* of which he was rated as an 'apprentice,' and with nothing but the log-book, which was in his own writing, to exhibit in confirmation of his claim; he was totally ignorant of the character of the owners at home, and equally unacquainted with that of the consignees abroad;—with a cargo liable to perish from the leak in the vessel, on the one hand; or in danger of being swallowed up in the expense of stopping that leak, on the other. What to decide? should he remain inactive until he could write home and receive orders? or should he act for himself, and add to the weight of accountability already upon his shoulders by incurring a heavy debt? And again; if he decided to venture upon the expense, and delay of repairs, would it be best to discharge his crew, in whom he had confidence and who had proved by their conduct that they reposed equal confidence in him, and take the risk of shipping another when they should be wanted, who might not prove to be so submissive and obedient—or retain them, at whatever cost?—These were important matters of deliberation, and as puzzling as they were important, to one of so little experience. His final decision was probably that which the soundest judgment

and discretion would have made, in like circumstances ; but it is hardly to be doubted, that he owed his immunity from censure less to the good sense of his decision, than to the good fortune which stamped it with the sanction of ultimate success.

When he had taken this resolution, it became necessary to seek the acquaintance of some commercial house, who might be willing, upon the only security which he could offer, to make the advances that would be required to pay for the repairs and the support of himself and crew. He called for this purpose upon the respectable firm of 'Murray and Son,' and having delivered them a 'round, unvarnished tale,' of his troubles and embarrassments, finished by asking them to become his bankers. With a kind and friendly promptitude that evinced the benevolence of their character, and sunk deep into the warm heart of young Barney, these gentlemen at once expressed their willingness to help him through his difficulties, and to make all required advances ; and as a commencement of their agency, the junior partner accompanied him forthwith to place the ship in the hands of the proper workmen. Thus was one heavy load of anxiety taken from his mind.

With all the industry and diligence that could be exerted by the carpenters, overlooked as they were by the constant vigilance of Barney, three months expired before the ship was pronounced ready for sea. The advances made by Messrs Murray and Son during this time, amounted to *seven hundred pounds sterling* — an enormous sum in those days, and likely to hang with the weight of a millstone around the neck of the unauthorized prodigal, if he should live to present himself before the American owners ! But it was too late now to hang back — the thing was done ; and all that remained, was to complete his security to the merchants. He executed a Bottomry Bond to the Messrs Murray, according to agreement, making it 'payable ten days after arrival at Nice,' and the renovated ship was delivered up to him.

Notwithstanding the friendly readiness with which Messrs Murray and Son had opened their purse to the young stranger, and accepted the security offered for reimbursement, there was probably some slight apprehension on their part, seeing that the advances had far exceeded the original calculations of either party, — an apprehension which was certainly very natural and excusable under the circumstances, and which was not at all inconsistent with the purest character of benevolence — that it might not be altogether safe or prudent to trust the ship out of their sight, in the hands of one so young and legally irresponsi-

ble. Whether from this apprehension, however, or some other motive wholly unconnected with the transaction, Mr Murray, Junior, proposed to take passage with Barney to Nice — an arrangement with which, in whatever it originated, the latter was not only content, but in the highest degree gratified and delighted, as it insured to him the continued society of an accomplished gentleman, and promised the further benefit of a proper introduction to the merchants at Nice to whom his cargo was consigned and belonged.

Thus were the first perils and difficulties of the voyage overcome; and, with a lightened heart, exulting in the victory over hazards and obstacles under which most inexperienced youths would have succumbed in despair, our 'captain,' — we may now certainly give him that title, for no man ever more richly merited it — accompanied by his friend Mr Murray, took leave of Gibraltar, and stood for his original port of destination. On arriving at Nice, it was unexpectedly found that the ship's draught was too great for the depth of water in the harbor, and they were compelled to put into Villa Franca, a small port two miles to the eastward. Here the two gentlemen landed, and proceeded immediately to visit the owners of the cargo at Nice. They were politely received, and Barney took care before he left them to procure their assumption of the payment of his Bond at the time specified, and thus relieve his ship from the obligation of the Bottomry. The merchants made no difficulty whatever in giving their promise; and in full reliance upon their good faith, and believing that all his difficulties were now surmounted, Barney returned to his ship, and began forthwith to discharge, and send round in *lighters*, so much of the cargo as was sufficient to reduce the ship's draught, and enable him to take her into Nice. By the time this purpose was accomplished the *ten days after arrival* had elapsed; and following the Jew's advice to 'look to his bond,' though not a shadow of doubt had crossed his mind as to the honorable character of those with whom he had to deal, he called upon the merchants 'merely to make inquiry.' But how was he astonished, disappointed, and chagrined, to learn, that instead of redeeming the pledge they had made to him with such readiness and apparent sincerity, they not only had not paid, but peremptorily refused to pay, a single ducat of the money!

These Nicene dealers in quirks and quibbles had, probably, in the progress of the 'ten days,' consulted their men of law, and been advised by them, that neither they nor the ship could be legally held responsible for the contracts of a minor, and ap-

prentice. But such law, if such law there were, formed no part of the code by which young Barney had resolved to regulate his intercourse with the world. He could not understand the subtilities of distinction between law and justice: he regarded his word to Mr Murray to the full as binding upon him as the most legally unexceptionable bond: he had given what he honestly intended to be an available security upon the *ship's bottom*; and so long as he was recognised as the master, he would consider her as liable for the debt contracted — and upon the failure of other means of payment, he would instantly have delivered her up to Mr Murray without subjecting him to the trouble of a process at law. But while he felt thus bound in honor and gratitude to see the Gibraltar firm repaid for their disinterested kindness, he was at the same time too proud of his command to 'give up the ship,' without some effort to compel the faithless merchants to a performance of their promise. With this view, when he left the counting-house of the merchants, he hastened back to his ship, shut down the hatches, and refused to deliver another grain of the wheat, until the bond should be paid and his bottomry cancelled. In vain did the merchants plead, remonstrate, and menace; his resolution was not to be shaken: — he was summoned to appear before the Governor of the district; and this high dignitary, with all the arrogance of 'brief authority,' *commanded* him *instantly* to resume the suspended delivery of his cargo, 'or dread the consequences!' But the frowns and threats of man had no power to intimidate the lion heart of Joshua Barney; he stood as firm and unsubdued before His Excellency, as he had done before the merchants, and persisted with equal steadiness in his refusal to deliver any more of the cargo, until the claim of Mr Murray should be satisfied. The Governor was highly incensed at being thus bearded and defied in the very fortress of his power, and ordered the presumptuous stripling to quit his presence. — Barney very composedly retired; but on reaching the bottom of the stairs which led from the chamber of audience, he found himself rather unexpectedly surrounded by a guard of soldiers, who arrested and dragged him off without ceremony to prison.

Such a termination of his adventures had not entered into the calculations of Barney; but nevertheless, the horrors of a dungeon did not for a moment weaken the courage, or depress the spirits, of this dauntless and intrepid youth. After a few hours of solitary reflection, however, he began to perceive the little utility there would be in continuing a contest, powerless and unsupported as he was, against the whole authority of a city,

military, and municipal, the executive officer of which had given evidence that he acted from the impulse of passion, and was restrained by no respect either for the laws of nations or the rights of hospitality. It was plain, even to his inexperience, that his incarceration was the arbitrary act of an individual, not likely to be moved by any suggestion of reason or humanity, and who might extend its term to any indefinite period which his own despotic will or caprice might determine to be expedient: it was equally certain, that, so long as he remained in prison, he was literally *hors du combat*, and could not hope to accomplish his desire of justice, either to his owners, to his friend Mr Murray, or to himself. It further occurred to him as not at all improbable, that a Governor thus disposed to play the tyrant, might seize upon the pretext of his obstinacy to commit the still greater outrage of confiscating the ship — an apprehension which affected him more than any fear of danger to himself. He thought that, under all the circumstances, it would be no dereliction of the principles of honor or morality to resort to a little dissimulation, for the purpose of effecting his liberation. He had been told, when thus suddenly thrust into prison, that his release would be the immediate consequence of his assenting to an unconditional delivery of the cargo: he believed that an assent so given, upon compulsion, could not in conscience be considered as binding a moment after he should be freed from restraint; — and in short, he argued himself into the persuasion, that he would be perfectly justifiable in putting on a show of submission, which he was as far as ever from intending to realize when he should be once more in a situation to resist. He, accordingly, caused it to be communicated to the officer who held him in charge, that he was ready to yield the point in contest and accept his liberty upon the terms offered: his prison door was immediately opened and he was told that he was free.

Being once more upon the deck of his ship — upon his own territory, and within his own castle, as it may be said — he changed his tone of submission, proclaimed that he no longer felt himself bound to observe the condition of release which necessity had forced him to accept, and reasserted his determination to hold the cargo until his bond was paid according to promise, or until superior force compelled him to relinquish it. Short as had been his intercourse with the world, and little as he knew of international customs and courtesies, he was well aware that, if any outrage were committed against him while he stood upon the deck of his ship, under the protection of his flag — (the British —) which he had taken care to hoist the moment

he got on board — the insult would be regarded as a national affair; and he did not believe that the Governor, reckless and impetuous as he had shown himself, would venture to incur the probable consequences of such an issue. But he was mistaken in the character of the Governor: this haughty representative of his Sardinian majesty, was either too short-sighted to see the risk, or too madly daring to fear it — upon being informed of the persistive contumacy of the young commander, he despatched an officer, with a strong military accompaniment, on board, with orders to break up the hatches, proceed to discharge the cargo and remain on board until the whole was unladen. If Barney's means had equalled his will to resist this arbitrary and outrageous procedure, it cannot be doubted that there would have been a severe struggle for the victory; but not only did the soldiers greatly outnumber his crew, but the latter were entirely unarmed, and every way unprepared to enter into contest with a military force. He, therefore, gave the officer to understand, that he should consider his vessel as *captured* by a superior, lawless force, and should abandon her; but, added he, 'I shall leave my colors flying, that there may be no pretence hereafter of ignorance as to the *nation* to which this insult has been offered.' The officer looked astonished, and disclaimed all intention to take possession; but, without further parley, Barney called his crew together and retired from the ship. He boarded one of the English vessels in the harbor, obtained for his men a kind and hospitable reception on board, until he should be able otherwise to provide for them, and then landed, to seek out his only friend, Mr Murray.

If any reader of these memoirs should feel disposed to censure the conduct of our hero as rash, imprudent, obstinate, and, in the affair of his release from prison, insincere, we pray him to remember that he wanted yet several months of being sixteen years old! — that the predicaments in which he was placed were beset with difficulties — and that the course which, in every instance, he adopted, was that which was most likely to bring personal vexation and trouble upon himself, and least likely to injure the interests of which he was the guardian for others. The correspondents of his American owners, the persons from whom he had the best right to expect friendship and advice, were his adversaries and accusers — their influence over the only authority to which he could appeal in the city seemed to be paramount — and in short, every occurrence tended to convince him, that he must either quietly submit to the grossest injustice and imposition, or rely solely on his own energies.

Mr Murray, who had by this time begun to feel an interest in what was passing far beyond any which the jeopardy of 'his bond' could have excited, received his young friend at his lodgings with every demonstration of sincere regard and sympathy; and when Barney announced his determination to set out forthwith for Milan, in order to lay a representation of the whole affair before the British Ambassador at the Court of Sardinia, Mr Murray at once proposed to accompany him, and aid him with his advice and purse, so far as either might become necessary. Nothing could have been more grateful to the feelings of Barney than this friendly proposal; for, though he wanted no further pecuniary assistance, and had already decided in his own mind upon the method of appeal to the English minister, still, to have the agreeable company of his friend on an occasion and journey so entirely novel to him, was a pleasure which he had scarcely dared to promise himself, and for which he did not fail to express himself in suitable terms of acknowledgment. They had no preparations to make for the journey, and at an early hour the next morning they were on the road to the Italian capital.

We have been exceedingly disappointed, and we fear some of our inquisitive readers may be so too, at not finding even so much as a 'log-book account' of this journey, which must have been full of interesting incidents. A single line comprises all the notice of it which the young traveller thought fit to preserve; and this we give in his own words: 'We crossed the famous Alps, so noted for *snow and difficult travelling*, on mules; we passed through part of Switzerland, and arrived at Milan.' What a volume might have been written upon the incidents and accidents of such a journey! The man, or woman either, who could cross 'the famous Alps,' in these our days, without giving the world a book, would be looked upon as a prodigy of forbearance — or of selfishness. But Napoleon had not then led his victorious legions over their snow-crowned summits, and the name wanted that inspiring influence, which has since given birth to so many splendid monuments of human genius, and such interminable streams of human dulness and stupidity.

Sir William Lynch was, at this period, his Britannic Majesty's representative at the Court of Sardinia — a gentleman not less distinguished for courtesy and urbanity of demeanor, than for the boldness, promptitude and energy of his diplomacy. To this able minister our travellers found no difficulty in obtaining immediate access. Barney, being the party complainant, took upon himself the task of explaining the circumstances which

had led to this trespass upon the Baronet's time and attention. He did this in plain, unstudied terms; and, more from an unaffected indifference to all considerations merely personal, than from any preconceived purpose of more effectually enlisting the feelings of the minister, he passed slightly over the outrage committed against himself and expatiated with great warmth on the insult offered to the English flag. The fiery indignation of the young narrator, as he proceeded in describing the invasion of his ship by the soldiery, communicated itself to Sir William; and on the same day, this prompt and efficient minister addressed the proper remonstrance to His Sardinian Majesty. Three days afterwards — such was the stirring effect of his mode of negotiation — he caused it to be communicated to Barney that he might return to Nice, as measures had already been taken to arrange everything there to his satisfaction!

It was not without some misgivings as to the likelihood of finding the minister's promises so speedily realized, that the two friends began to retrace their road to Nice. They could hardly believe that any influence could be so powerful as to accomplish so much in so short a time; but even before they reached their journey's end, their incredulity was converted into the profoundest admiration of Sir William's power, that could thus 'annihilate both time and space,' and like the electric bolt, strike before it could be seen. At the distance of two leagues from Nice, they were met by the offending Governor and his suite, literally cap in hand, who were anxiously expecting their return, ready to make any atonement that might be demanded! The change in the demeanor of His Excellency was ludicrous in the extreme, and Barney could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face at his obsequious endeavors to conciliate him whom, but a few days before, he had as a 'presumptuous stripling' dismissed from his presence. He began to entertain a high respect for the *art diplomatique* and the peculiar talents of Sir William Lynch.

Within an hour after his return to Nice, his bond to the Messrs Murray was discharged, the full amount of his freight paid, and the whole expense of his journey to Milan reimbursed. The governor paid him a formal visit on board his ship, apologized again and again for the trouble he had caused him, and offered to pay him any sum he chose to demand, by way of satisfaction for the few hours' imprisonment which he had been made to suffer. But the young American spurned the idea of pecuniary indemnity for his individual wrongs, and created great surprise in the Governor by what was thought to be

the 'unexampled generosity of his acknowledgment, that all his injuries had already been amply redressed.' This contemptible magistrate, and royal deputy, however, was unable to comprehend the spirit that could profess to be satisfied with mere words, when the more solid apology of *ducats* and *piastres* awaited his option; and fearing, perhaps, that something more terrible than the rebuke which he had already received from his royal master still remained behind, to be called down upon his head at the pleasure of this extraordinary youth whose character he had so widely mistaken, he humbled himself to solicit a *written acknowledgment*, that all causes of complaint were removed. This, Barney saw no reason to refuse; and during the few days that he afterwards remained at Nice, the Governor continued to be profuse in his attentions and offers of service.

All his affairs being now happily arranged, Barney was soon ready to prosecute his voyage. The story of his dispute with, and triumph over, the merchants and Governor of Nice, had for several days been the talk of the city gossips, and before his departure he received visits of compliment and congratulation from all the English captains in the port. Such marks of distinction had seldom been shown to any master of a merchant vessel, young or old; but they excited no emotion of vanity in the naturally lofty and independent spirit of Barney; he had no idea that he had done anything more than ought to have been expected of every *man* in the same situation, and he would have been far from regarding it as a compliment to have been told that *less* was expected from *him*. Every moment that he could spare from the calls of duty, was passed with his friend Mr Murray, who, though many years his senior, had from their first interview treated him as an equal, and to this circumstance may be attributed the fondness of Barney for his society, and the lasting advantages he derived from his instructive conversation. The attachment which they formed for each other on this occasion, was never interrupted. Mr Murray, though he had no longer any business to detain him at Nice, delayed his departure until his young friend was ready to sail; they then took an affectionate leave of each other, and weighed anchor almost at the same moment for their respective destinations.

The orders under which Barney acted, carried him from Nice to Alicant, in Spain, where he arrived some time in the month of June, 1775 — and, as if Providence had designed that his first voyage as commander should be signalized by every variety of incident that could most effectually try his temper, his courage, and his skill, the moment of his arrival was that in

which his Catholic Majesty was fitting out his memorable expedition against Algiers. The consequence was that Barney shared the fate of every other master of a vessel then in the port of Alicant, English as well as others; that is, he was detained and employed in the service of the expedition. The army, consisting of nearly thirty thousand men, under the command of the unfortunate Irish General, the Conde O'Reilly, were for the most part already embarked. Six line-of-battle-ships, double that number of frigates, and galliots, xebecs, bombs and other armed vessels of various descriptions, amounting in the whole to fiftyone — with three hundred and fortyfour transports, all under the command of Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon — constituted the fleet destined to convey and coöperate with the land forces; and the whole together formed one of the most splendid and formidable martial arrays, that Europe had ever before witnessed. It has been often remarked that no sight in the world is more animating and full of incitement than a large ship, with all her canvas spread to the breeze: the dullest spirit is roused at beholding the mighty fabric moving upon the face of the waters as if endued with life and sensation: — what then must have been the effect upon the heart of a young mariner, whose every pulse throbbed with professional enthusiasm, as he viewed for the first time, under full sail, nearly four hundred of these ocean castles, all gorgeously decked with the 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war!' It was a sight which he could never forget; and he would have regarded even the chance of seeing it — much more that of sharing, in however humble a degree, its anticipated honors — as cheaply purchased by far greater personal inconveniences than any that could arise from a few days' or weeks' detention. But 'vanity of vanities!' what a difference was there between the going forth and the coming back of this proud and magnificent armada.

On the day previous to the sailing of the fleet, there was a grand ceremonial in the church of San Francisco, and prayers were offered for the success of the expedition — after which the Count O'Reilly delivered an oration, which was of course unintelligible to Barney, who had only yet picked up a few Spanish words, in his limited intercourse with the natives of Alicant. It was received, however, with marks of applause by a crowded audience, and every body seemed already to envy the laurels, which nobody doubted the commander-in-chief would gather from the Moors he was going to exterminate! The result of the expedition is well known — instead of returning with the expected crown of victory, the unhappy Conde

came back to receive the curses and execrations of a disappointed, disgraced, and infuriated country. The historical details of this great blot upon the chivalry of Spain are for the most part confused and contradictory, all the officers of rank engaged in it being alternately censured and excused, according to the personal feelings of the writer; — that there were egregious blunders committed in the mode of attack, is beyond all question; but by whom, will in all probability never be truly known. To us it seems, that the first great fault, which more than all others led to the disastrous issue, was committed by the King of Spain himself, in the great publicity given to his preparations, and the length of time consumed in their completion. The whole of Europe were acquainted with his object, and it was absurd to expect that those most concerned would either remain ignorant of it, or, knowing it, fail to put themselves in a state of defence. Had the expedition been secretly planned and promptly executed, it would never have been left to Louis Philip of France to control the destiny of a Dey of Algiers.

When Barney reached Alicant, one of the first things he heard was, that a serious disagreement existed between the Count O'Reilly and the Spanish Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon; of its causes nothing was said, but it seemed to be the general impression, that they sailed from Alicant with a mutual determination to work the ruin of each other — at least it can hardly be doubted, that, with the heads of the two branches of the armament thus at variance, there could be no concerted plan of coöperation, and without that, it was impossible that a successful disembarkation could be made, in the face of an expecting enemy. The Count O'Reilly had another adversary, in one of his Council of War, Major General Romana, who probably thought the honor of his country outraged in the selection of a foreigner to command her armies; but as this gallant officer fell in the thickest of the fight, bravely sealing with his blood the evidence of his fidelity, it would be ungenerous to cast upon his memory any portion of the stigma, which afterwards lit upon the conduct of his surviving colleagues. — It was on the 1st of July that the fleet anchored in the Bay of Algiers, and here they lay, in full view of an enemy more than four times their number, until the 7th, before any attempt was made to effect a landing. The interval, according to the rumor which prevailed throughout the fleet, was spent in a succession of disgraceful controversies between the principal officers, as to the proper point and mode of attack. On the day mentioned, the launches, with about one third of the troops on

board, made a movement towards the shore ; but, being unsupported by the naval force, they returned to their transports, having accomplished nothing by the *demonstration* but to prepare the enemy for their future reception. Another, and final effort was made on the succeeding morning, the galleys and some of the ships of war making a simultaneous movement to cover the disembarkation ; and if ever troops were led to the slaughter, without even a *forlorn hope* of escape, it was on this occasion. The enemy covered the extensive plain that rose from the beach at the point of landing, in numbers exceeding, at the lowest calculation, one hundred thousand, the greater part of which were cavalry, and all ready to show the Moorish welcome to unbidden guests. The several divisions of Spanish troops, without waiting to be supported, or even to form on the beach as they landed, and displaying more bravery than prudence or discipline, moved on in rapid, confused, and eager march to the unequal and fatal contest. They were met by the Moorish horse, within less than musket shot from the beach, and repulsed at every charge with tremendous slaughter. The Spaniards fought with the desperate valor of devoted men ; but what could human courage effect against the overwhelming disparity of force that everywhere surrounded them ! By the time the last boats had touched the beach with the troops which had been destined as a part of the first column of attack, the disorder was inextricable ; and such was the unbroken and irresistible impetuosity of the Moorish cavalry, that all attempts to repair the first error of the Spanish assailants were found to be ineffectual. The victory of the Moors was already complete ; the Spaniards were driven back upon their boats in the extremest disorder and confusion, and so vigorously were they pursued by the mounted Moors, that many of them were cut down in the very act of jumping into the launches — *saue qui peut* was, if not the cry of authority, at least the principle that governed every individual, in the retreat ; to bring off their dead, or even to take care of their wounded, was therefore not thought of ; and the discomfited, abased, and mortified survivors, after returning to their ships, had the additional shame and horror of witnessing a sight that must have preyed upon their hearts to the hour of death — their killed *and wounded* companions, that were left upon the field of battle, were thrown together in undistinguishable piles and burned before their eyes !

Such is the substance of the brief notes, made by an eyewitness of this most unfortunate, ill-planned, and disgraceful expedition. The fleet returned immediately to Alicante, and

the ships that had been pressed into the service as transports were discharged. Barney's business at this port was soon concluded, and he took his departure for Baltimore — leaving the exasperated community of Alicant, denouncing the bitterest vengeance upon the unfortunate Count O'Reilly, and pouring out execrations upon every officer, by turns, who had the misfortune to belong to an expedition, from which they had expected such different, such glorious, results. As he passed the Straits of Gibraltar, Barney could not resist the opportunity of paying his respects to the Murrays — he passed a night with them of the highest social enjoyment; and the next morning at an early hour, he turned his back upon the far famed columns of Hercules, and once more took his course upon the broad Atlantic.

He entered the Chesapeake Bay on the 1st of October, and was soon afterwards boarded by an officer from the British Sloop of war 'Kingfisher,' who, after searching his ship and taking possession of all the letters and the few arms that were found on board, gave him the exciting information that his countrymen were in a state of *rebellion*, and that two battles had already been fought, at Lexington, and Bunker's Hill. Barney literally 'devoured' the intelligence 'with greedy ear,' and was scarcely restrained by the presence of His Majesty's loyal officers, and the gaping mouths of the 'Kingfisher,' from making such an exhibition of his own 'rebellious' spirit, as would in all probability have subjected him to detention, at least, if not to severe punishment; but fortunately for him, his discretion prevailed, and he was permitted to proceed. He had been too little at home from the period of his twelfth year, to hear much of the rumbling which so long preceded the great political storm now at hand; and if the idea of a revolution had ever entered his mind, it was as of some far distant future event, the glories of which might have been faintly shadowed to his youthful fancy, but never with such distinctness, even in his wildest dream of ambition, as to leave the impression of his own participation. But here it was, — just beginning to develope its teeming dangers and honors, at the very moment that he himself was bursting into the first vigor of youth, and panting for opportunities of distinction. Could it be true? And would he indeed have a chance of drawing a sword in the service of his country? — If he could have added wings to his ship, or fleetness to the breeze that was wafting her gently along the smooth surface of the Chesapeake, the days that intervened before he stood upon the shore of his native city would have been converted into min-

utes—so eager was he to hear a confirmation of the news. When at last he landed, and saw and heard on every hand the din of preparation, and listened to the groups of old and young as they recounted at corners and public places the story of his country's wrongs, and the long catalogue of British tyranny and injustice, his heart grew big, his whole frame dilated—he felt himself already a *Commodore*!—and glowing with the pride of this anticipated promotion, he suddenly, and unannounced, presented himself in the counting-house of the plain, plodding, sour old merchant, who owned 'the good ship Sidney.'—The old gentleman raised his eyes from the leger (the mysterious pages of which he was intently studying,) and fixed them with an inquisitive stare upon the young intruder.—'Who are you, sir?' at length escaped from him, in a tone of surly impatience.—'I am *Joshua Barney*, master of your ship, just arrived!'—'Master of *my ship*, are you, sir? and how dare you, sir, an *apprentice boy*, presume to take command of a ship of *mine*?'—The 'apprentice boy' turned upon him a look of calm disdain, and throwing upon the desk before him the ship's papers and other documents of the voyage which he had brought in his hand—'Read these!' said he, and without further reply walked to the window, where he amused himself in looking at the various individuals that passed to and fro.—The merchant in the meantime took up the bundle of papers, pulled down his spectacles from the top of his head, and was soon profoundly interested in the perusal.—The operation was slow—time wore away, and Barney's patience began to wear with it:—he had counted every brick in the opposite house, and read every sign, backwards and forwards, anagrammatizing the names, as far as he could see them up and down street—he coughed—walked to the fire—trod upon the toes of the great watch-dog that lay stretched before it, and knocked down the poker.—Everything has its end—the last paper was at length read, and carefully refolded: the old gentleman lifted his spectacles once more above his forehead, and rising from his seat with an agility that little belonged to his ordinary motions, he advanced to the young seaman, seized his hand, and giving it a hearty shake with both his own, exclaimed, '*Captain Barney*, you are welcome home, sir! I am *glad* to see you! I congratulate you heartily upon your safe return! your conduct meets my cordial approbation, sir, and I am proud to find that I have so deserving a young man in my employ.—Take a seat, sir; we shall see what's to be done immediately!—The compellation with which the venerable merchant commenced this flattering address, was more

soothing than all the rest of the compliment : — to be called ‘captain,’ by one who had the legitimate right to bestow such titles, was indeed an honor to be prized ; it wiped away all remembrance of his insulting reception, and when the business of the interview was finished, he made his retiring bow in the firm persuasion that JOHN SMITH was one of the first merchants in the world !

Thus ended this truly eventful voyage — the ship had been absent nearly nine months, during the last eight of which Barney had been her commander, though at the moment of his arrival but sixteen years and three months old. He had already gone through scenes, and triumphed over difficulties, such as occur to few seamen in the course of a long life spent in navigation. If he had not always acted with the prudence that belongs only to experience, he had at least on no occasion failed to show that he possessed the requisite courage and perseverance to follow to its consummation the course he believed to be proper, to defend the interests entrusted to him, and to maintain his own rights ; and if success in enterprise be the test of merit or of talents, he had abundant reason to be conscious of eminent desert.

CHAPTER III.

State of the Country in the Autumn of 1775. — Barney's Ship is laid up. — He offers his services on board the sloop of War Hornet — is made Master's-mate. — He is the first person that hoists the *American Flag* in the State of Maryland. — The Hornet joins the Squadron, at Philadelphia, under the command of Commodore Hopkins. — They sail for the Bahamas — enter New-Providence, and take possession of the Town and Fort without resistance. — The Squadron returns. — The Hornet experiences a disaster — encounters bad weather on the coast of South Carolina — returns to the Delaware. — Barney discovers his Captain to be a coward — his indignation thereat — he becomes himself the Commander — and succeeds in reaching Philadelphia in spite of the vigilance of the British Cruisers.

ON the return of young Barney to his native city, (in October, 1775) the whole country, as we have seen, was in a state of political excitement — the ferment was universal; and though, perhaps, but few individuals of the great mass that were then in motion, had the remotest idea of a total disruption of the ties that connected them with the mother country, yet all were ready to fly to the resort of arms in defence of their *colonial rights* — upon which the government of Great Britain had been gradually making encroachments, until her system had become insupportably tyrannical and oppressive. In the state of things that then existed, it was natural that commercial enterprise should be in a great measure suspended — the mouth of the Chesapeake was watched by British ships of war; and the merchants of Baltimore, doubtful whether their most peaceful and legitimate intentions of trade would be respected, for the most part laid up their vessels. The death of Captain Drysdale had of course annulled the articles of apprenticeship by which Barney had been bound, and he was now his own master, free to engage in the service that best suited his inclination. The reader has seen enough of his character to be able to anticipate, that it was not long a subject of hesitation with him, where he should seek employment: — that which was most likely to be attended with active enterprise and honorable danger, and which promised the greatest scope to youthful ambi-

tion, would naturally offer the strongest attractions to such a mind as his; and it will readily be believed that, even if Mr Smith's ship had not been among those laid up, unless she had been armed and commissioned to fight her own way through all chances of insult, he would have resigned all his claims to the honor of continuing to command her, for a subordinate rank in the service of his country.

He scarcely allowed himself time for a short visit to his mother and family, before he became one of the busiest actors in the stirring scenes of the day. A couple of small vessels were at this time under equipment at Baltimore, intended to join the small squadron of ships then at Philadelphia under the command of Commodore Hopkins. To the commander of one of these vessels, the sloop *Hornet*, of ten guns, Barney offered his services, and was gladly received on board in the character of master's-mate, the second rank in the sloop. A crew had not yet been shipped, and the duty of recruiting one was assigned to Barney. Fortunately for his purpose, just at this moment a new *American Flag*, sent by Commodore Hopkins for the service of the *Hornet*, arrived from Philadelphia — nothing could have been more opportune or acceptable — it was the first 'Star-spangled Banner' that had been seen in the State of Maryland; and the next morning, at sunrise, Barney had the enviable honor of unfurling it to the music of drums and fifes, and hoisting it upon a staff planted with his own hands at the door of his rendezvous. The heart-stirring sounds of the martial instruments, then a novel incident in Baltimore, and the still more novel sight of the *Rebel colors* gracefully waving in the breeze, attracted crowds of all ranks and eyes to the gay scene of the rendezvous, and before the setting of the same day's sun, the young recruiting officer had enlisted a full crew of jolly 'rebels' for the *Hornet*.

Towards the latter end of November — less than five weeks after Barney had landed from his nine months' voyage — the two Baltimore vessels left the Patapsco in company. They were fortunate enough to descend the Chesapeake and pass the Capes without being perceived by the British cruisers, several of which were known to be in Hampton Roads. They found the little fleet of Commodore Hopkins — consisting of the *Alfred* (the flag-ship) of 30 guns; the *Columbus* of 30; the *Cabot* (brig) of 16; the *Andrea Doria* (brig) of 14; and the *Providence* (sloop) of 12, together with the *Fly* (tender) — anchored at the mouth of the Delaware; and the sight of this little squadron, humble as it was in appearance, and still more

feeble as it was in reality, gave a greater glow of delight to the heart of Barney than all the splendors and magnificence of the great Spanish armada before its pride was brought low. In this, he would be an active agent, however humble: in that, he was a passive instrument. He knew nothing of the objects or destination of the little fleet; but he knew that he would be a sharer in whatever dangers it might encounter, and that if honors were to be won, it depended upon himself whether to share them also.

A few days after the *Hornet* and *Wasp* had joined the fleet, the signal was made to weigh anchor, and in a little time they were at sea. The island of Abico had been previously designated as the place of rendezvous, should anything occur to separate the fleet; and at this place accordingly they all met, in a short time after leaving the Delaware, without an adventure of any sort by the way. Here the Commodore made known the object of his expedition. It had been ascertained, that a large quantity of the munitions of war were collected at New Providence, (one of the Bahama Islands) the possession of which was extremely desirable, for the service of the infant navy, which was in every respect but ill provided to sustain a lengthened contest with the giant power, which our angry 'mother-country' was spreading everywhere on our waters. Commodore Hopkins delayed not a moment after his squadron had all reached Abico, to make his purposed descent upon New Providence. Contrary to expectation, and we may add contrary to the hopes of several of his young officers, the town and fort surrendered to him without firing a shot. He found, as had been anticipated, an immense quantity of ammunition, great guns, mortars, shells, and other valuable stores, of which having secured the possession, he left the island and sailed again for the north.

The weather was excessively cold and tempestuous as the fleet approached the coast, and the nights were so dark and hazy, that even signal lights were invisible from one vessel to another. On one of these black and stormy nights, the Fly-tender 'ran foul of the *Hornet*,' and unfortunately carried away her mast-head and boom. By this accident, which was altogether irreparable on such a night, the *Hornet* was separated from the fleet, and the next morning was discovered to be almost a wreck, with not one of her consorts in sight. In this situation, it was the joint opinion of the captain and our friend Barney, that it would be prudent to steer for the nearest coast, and with such

sistance as might be procured, repair the damages of the sloop, before they attempted to follow the course of the fleet. They reached the coast of South Carolina, but were for several days unable, owing to the boisterous state of the weather, to send a boat on shore; and when at last they effected it, so violent a gale came on before the boat could return, that they deemed it advisable rather to leave her and put out into the open sea, than encounter the risk of being driven ashore where all must have perished. They did all that was in their power under the circumstances, and were fortunate enough, after much labor, fatigue, and danger to arrive off the mouth of the Delaware about the first of April, 1776. During this cruise, (if the being driven about at the mercy of the elements for many weeks may be so called,) Barney thought he discovered many evidences of a want of courage and firmness of mind in his commanding officer, and before they entered the Delaware he became assured of his utter cowardice and unworthiness to bear a commission. From the pilot, who came off to them a little southward of the Capes, they received information that the British ship Roebuck of 44 guns lay at anchor in the roads, and that an armed tender belonging to her was at that moment cruising, off and on, making prizes of such American vessels as were unable to cope with her. The captain of the Hornet, upon hearing this intelligence, and manifestly with the design to avoid a meeting with the tender, ordered the pilot to change the course of the sloop and steer for Cape May; but it was ordained, that the true character of this man should be developed, at a moment when the discovery would be attended with least disgrace to the cause in which he had embarked. Instead of avoiding a meeting by running over to Cape May, it seems he got upon the very track of the tender, and soon fell in with her. The force of the sloop was so far superior to that of the Roebuck's tender, that the latter would have been as unwilling to take the hazard of a rencounter as the American captain showed himself to be, if appearances had not been deceptive; the sloop's guns had all been housed during the stormy weather she had experienced, and still remained in that state, invisible to the commanding officer of the tender, who mistaking her for a common coaster, bore down upon her with the expectation, no doubt, of making her an easy prey. Barney had been watching her manœuvres with great interest; he stood by one of the guns, which he ordered to be run out the moment she came along side, and was in the act of applying the lighted match which he held in his hand, when his captain ordered him not to fire, as he had 'no inclination for shedding

blood!' The order was so unexpected, so contrary, as he thought, to every principle of duty, honor, and manliness, that, impelled by an irresistible impulse of indignation, he forgot for a moment the respect due to discipline, and threw the match-stick at the head of his commanding officer — the latter managed to avoid the blow by a rapid movement within the door of the round-house, or poop-quarter-deck, into the frame of which the iron point of the match-stick entered and stuck fast! The incident was witnessed by all on board, and officers and men were alike ready to exclaim that their cowardly captain had been 'served right.' The tender of course sheered off the moment she discovered her mistake as to the character of the sloop, and thus escaped the fate that must have awaited her if battle had been made.

After this affair, the captain remained housed within his cabin, and no longer even assumed the appearance of command, which devolved upon Barney. It was some consolation to him and the other Americans on board to reflect, that this 'most devout coward' — for he affected to be under the influence of religious scruples, and spent his time in singing psalms and praying aloud — was not their countryman, but a native of Bermuda.

The sloop entered the Delaware Bay by the Cape May channel: a thick, impenetrable fog came on, and the pilot who had charge of her ran her ashore on Egg Island flats. By this disaster, her rudder was knocked off, and she lay for several days unmanageable — the weather continued to be very cold, though the month of April was now considerably advanced, the greater part of the crew, and all the officers except Barney, (and the captain, who never ventured to show himself upon deck,) were sick, and suffering extremely from privations of every kind. A double share of labor of course fell upon our high-spirited and active friend, but he was able to sustain it all, and at length brought the *Hornet* safely into Philadelphia. Her captain abandoned her immediately, and never afterwards ventured on board an armed vessel.

That this long, fatiguing, and in every respect disagreeable cruise should have thus terminated, without a single opportunity of measuring strength with the foe, it may be readily believed, was a source of deep mortification and disappointment to the high raised hopes and expectations of young Barney. He had been five months at sea, in a cold and stormy winter, the greater part of the time beating about our inclement coast, and under the command of an officer whose seamanship was inferior to his own, and whom he more than suspected of hypocrisy and

cowardice. Such a situation had everything in it to worry and annoy a gallant spirit; and the sternest disciplinarian might find some excuse for the impatient, and almost involuntary, breach of the rules of subordination, which Barney committed, on the occasion we have mentioned. No one could be more sensible than himself, even at this early period of his life, of the necessity of subjection to authority on board a ship, and no commander ever more rigidly exacted it from others, when afterwards advanced to that rank. But it may be regarded as some palliation, if not a justification of his conduct towards his despicable commander, that he was a *volunteer* on board — that he had offered his services to this man, rather than to the commander of the schooner *Wasp*, because he had been led to believe, by those who pretended to know them both, that he was the braver man of the two, and the most experienced seaman — and that, in truth, he had himself been *de facto* the commander, from the moment that the pressure of dangers and difficulties called for the exertion of more than ordinary skill and energy in the management of the vessel. He had not waited the slow process of an application to Congress for a commission — indeed he was totally unacquainted with the mode of application, and perhaps felt conscious that his extreme youth would be an insuperable bar to his obtaining such rank, by commission, as he would have been willing to accept. And, moreover, he was under the impression that as a volunteer, he would be more independent, and more at liberty to seek occasions of making himself known by his actions. These considerations had induced him to offer his services to the commander of the *Hornet*; who does not appear to have been himself regularly commissioned — at least, his name is not among the appointments made by Congress in 1775, when the other officers of Commodore Hopkins's fleet were appointed — and how far the incidents of his five months' services corresponded with his calculations, or rather how completely they levelled with the dust all his air-built castles, we have seen. To add to his mortification, upon his arrival at Philadelphia, he heard that the fleet, after his separation from them, fell in with the enemy and had a smart action; but he did not hear at the same time, what would probably have consoled him for having no share in it, that Congress and the people had been loud in their censures upon the conduct of those officers who had been engaged in the affair. — These censures, however, it becomes us to add, were entirely unjust, as afterwards appeared from the results of two court martials held on board the Commodore's ship, and the officers implicated had the

satisfaction of receiving full amends in a subsequent compliment from the marine committee.

The unceremonious manner in which the captain of the *Hornet* left her the moment she arrived at Philadelphia, made it incumbent upon Barney, very much against his will, to continue in charge of her until he could be regularly relieved, which did not take place for more than three weeks. She had been so much injured by the several accidents that had occurred to her, that it was found she could not be sent again to sea before she was thoroughly repaired; and as he considered every moment that he remained inactive as throwing away a chance of doing something useful to his country and honorable to himself, he delivered her over to the officer sent to superintend her repairs, and being again a free man began immediately to cast about in his own mind, where he should next offer his services. Of the little fleet, or, as it was in truth, the whole navy of the confederated States at that time, two (the *Cabot* and the *Andrea Doria*) were considerably more damaged than the sloop, and were also undergoing repairs — two others were in Rhode Island, and one at New York, so that there remained but one to which he could conveniently present himself, with any chance of immediate service: — this one was the little schooner *Wasp*, the companion of the *Hornet* from Baltimore to the mouth of the Delaware, five months before, and the vessel which he had been persuaded to overlook, when he made his first selection.

CHAPTER IV.

Historical Digression.— State of Affairs in the beginning of 1776. — Barney's reasons for preferring to serve as a Volunteer. — He enters on board the Schooner *Wasp*, Captain Alexander. — Encounter with the Enemy. — The *Wasp* is driven into Wilmington Creek. — Gallant Achievement of her Commander, assisted by Barney, while there. — Action of two days between the Philadelphia Row-Galleys, and the British Frigates *Roebuck* and *Liverpool*. — Barney volunteers to bring a disabled Galley into action. — The Enemy are driven below Newcastle. — Return to Philadelphia. — Promotion of Captain Alexander. — Barney is ordered to the Sloop *Sachem* — has an interview with the President of the Marine Committee — Receives a Letter of appointment as Lieutenant in the Navy.

It was our earnest purpose, when we entered upon the task of writing these Memoirs, to avoid any interference with the province of the historian — first, because it might lead to too great an extension of our plan; and secondly, because we believed that the memory of every reader would supply all that was necessary for proper connexion and elucidation. But as we pursue our subject through various scenes of the revolutionary war, we find it not always possible to adhere to our purpose, without running the risk of becoming obscure, or burthening the reader with too many references to historical writers. We confess it would have been exceedingly agreeable to us to have found no occasion to step aside from the strictly biographical path we had marked out for ourselves, as well because we consider one subject at a time as quite enough for one writer, as because we are not at all fond of supererogatory labor. But the life of every public man is so essentially interwoven with his country's history, that many of the motives and principles of the former would be wholly unintelligible without illustration from some coëtaneous incidents of the latter. The reader therefore must make up his mind to an occasional digression, which, we promise him, shall be brief, if not interesting.

During the early part of the year 1776, and even to the moment when the leading spirits of the Revolution pronounced

the irrevocable fiat of independence, a lingering hope of an amicable adjustment of the quarrel with the mother-country was still fondly cherished in many of the colonies, and a great number of the representatives of the people were positively instructed by their constituents to vote against all propositions for a political separation. It was believed that the spirit of resistance to tyranny which had already been shown, would have the effect of inducing parliament to repeal their offensive measures, and endeavor to recover the allegiance of the colonies, even at the sacrifice of an obstinate ministry; and many individuals, both in and out of Congress, whose patriotism or whose wisdom could not be doubted, were of opinion that the advantages of a continued connexion with England, under a meliorated system of colonial government, would be altogether on the side of the colonies. They had not yet heard of Lord North's extended plan of *coercion*; they were not aware of the immense armament of land and naval forces, destined to ravage our long line of defenceless coast, and to plunder, harass, and desolate our unoffending hamlets and harbors; and they miscalculated the feelings of their fellow-subjects of Great Britain, who, instead of sympathizing in the distresses, and commending the manly spirit of their cis-atlantic brethren, went beyond the ministers themselves in their denunciations, and suggestions of plans to suppress the rebellion, or exterminate the rebels. The measures of Congress during all this period were, of course, of a temporizing nature; their preparations for lengthened hostilities were chiefly confined to a system of defence, and even in the completion of this, their operations were tardy and defective. The minds of the members seem to have been so entirely engaged upon the contemplated Declaration of Independence, that they lost sight of the most obvious means of giving it effect and force when it should be promulgated. It is true they had organized a military force for the land service, but in all that was required to render it efficient, they were entirely neglectful; and if the commander-in-chief had not turned out to be — what at the time of his selection, they certainly had no reasonable grounds to believe he was — one of the ablest generals the world ever produced, there would have been literally no army at the moment when its force ought to have been most imposing. They were still more tardy in preparing to meet the enemy on the water. British cruisers committed the most insulting outrages in the very sight of our large cities, and our coasting trade was cut up by vessels of inferior size and force, that occupied the bays and

inlets, and for a long time held the mastery undisputed. Congress had appointed a few naval officers in December, 1775, and had ordered a few ships to be built; but the delay in completing the latter was so great, that it was found impossible to man them when they were ready: for the seamen, immense numbers of whom had been thrown out of employment by the interruption to commerce, rather than remain idle, had nearly all enlisted in the land service. The little fleet of Commodore Hopkins, after its exploit at New Providence, and the capture of one or two of the enemy's vessels, became so separated and disabled, that it could undertake no subsequent enterprise; and when Congress at last began to think it necessary to direct the attention of their Marine Committee to the equipment of a proper naval force, they scarcely knew where to look for the nucleus upon which to commence their operations.

We have said that Barney had, in the first instance, preferred offering his services as a volunteer to making application for a regular commission. He had still stronger reasons now for this preference than at first. In Baltimore he might, perhaps, have obtained the recommendation and influence of his old merchant, Mr Smith; but he had an unconquerable aversion to asking the recommendation of any body, and he left Mr Smith's friendly promises unclaimed. In Philadelphia, where he now was, he knew nobody, or; what was more to the purpose, nobody knew him; unknown, unrecommended, and not yet seventeen years old, it is not probable that an application from him for a lieutenant's commission would have been successful, if he had been disposed to make it, and he would not have accepted a lower rank, had it been offered to him. There was another objection, too, against his presenting himself to the Marine Committee — he did not know what report might have been made of him by his late captain, or what the extent of the latter's interest might be, if he should find the courage to exert it against him: he had waited several weeks in momentary expectation of being called to a court martial for the disrespect he had shown to his commanding officer; hitherto not a word had transpired in relation to it; but he was well aware, that his conduct had rendered him liable to trial and punishment, and that however palliative the circumstances might appear in the estimation of every private individual of honorable feelings, officers, who were bound by particular laws, and the still higher authorities from whom those laws emanated, would perhaps regard them in a very different light. At all events, if he had no inclination, under much more favorable auspices,

to ask for a commission, there was nothing in his present situation that could induce him to change his mind, and the moment, therefore, that he was relieved from the charge of the sloop, he went on board the schooner *Wasp*, and offered his services to Captain Charles Alexander, a Scotchman, and as gallant an officer as ever stepped a deck — so much had his character been misunderstood, or misrepresented, by those from whom Barney had received his first information.

Volunteers, at this period, either in the army or navy, were certain of being entertained with honorable welcome; such a station, therefore, on board the *Wasp*, as Barney was willing to accept, was readily assigned to him, and he was soon again in full employment. The *Wasp* had been ordered to convoy, clear of the coast, a vessel of some value bound to Europe. She accomplished this duty without interruption; but on her return to the Delaware, it was discovered that two British frigates had entered it during her absence, and were then lying in the roads — these were the *Roebuck*, of 44 guns, and the *Liverpool*, of 28 guns. The latter vessel hoisted her anchor, as soon as the *Wasp* appeared in sight, and made sail after her, but fortunately having no pilot on board, and being, as it appeared, unacquainted with the channel, she ran upon some of the shoals, where she remained immovable until the change of tide, and thus the little schooner was enabled to make her escape. She ran into the Cape May channel, where she found two other American vessels lying snugly at anchor, the brig *Lexington*, Captain Barry, and the ship *Surprise*, Captain Weeks, ignorant of the so near vicinity of the enemy.

In a few hours after the *Wasp* had joined these vessels, a vessel was discovered standing for the Cape with all sail crowded, and the *Liverpool*, which had by this time cleared the shoals, closely pursuing her. She was soon known to be a vessel anxiously expected in the Delaware, laden with small arms and ammunition, and preparations were made by the three vessels to afford her all the assistance in their power. But they had scarcely concerted the means of rendering their coöperation efficient when the *Roebuck* also appeared in full chase. The junction of these two frigates of course destroyed all hope of saving the vessel, and she must soon have fallen into the hands of the enemy, had she not chosen what was deemed the lesser evil of running ashore to avoid them. This was effected a few miles to the northward of the Cape; and the Americans, immediately upon perceiving it, despatched all their boats and men to assist in taking out the cargo, which they in great part

accomplished under a heavy fire from the frigates, which still continued to approach, evidently with the design of sending their boats to take possession of her. Lieutenant Weeks, of the *Surprise*, was killed, and several of the men in the boats were wounded, by one of the enemy's balls but the Americans persevered until they saw the boats of the enemy lowered and manned with double their number, when Captain Barry, who commanded this little expedition, ordered a quantity of the powder to be thrown loose into the hold, with a billet of burning wood wrapped in the mainsail over the hatchway, and then directed a retreat to their several vessels. The design of Captain Barry had been merely to destroy the vessel and the remainder of her cargo, to prevent either from being converted to the use of the enemy; and this could not be done with any safety to his own boats, without so disposing of the fire as to leave them time to get beyond the effect of the explosion: but it proved, in the end, a terrible retribution upon the enemy for some of their many acts of wanton inhumanity; a few minutes after the men from their boats had boarded the stranded barque, the latent fire communicated with the loose powder, and a tremendous explosion followed, from which not one of the boarders escaped — the destruction was complete, and the loss to the enemy, in men and officers, must have been immense, judging from the number of dead bodies, mangled limbs, gold-laced hats, and other parts of an officer's equipment, which continued to be thrown up on the shore for many days afterwards; for its extent was never otherwise ascertained.

Barney was in one of the boats engaged in this little affair; and though none of the party had much opportunity of gaining distinction, his great activity and quick perception of everything that the case required, attracted the attention, and dwelt upon the memory, of Captain Alexander, from whom he afterwards received the highest marks of confidence and respect.

After the boats had rejoined their respective vessels, the *Wasp* again weighed anchor and pursued her course up the Bay. This movement was perceived by the *Roebuck* and *Liverpool*, who had been joined by an armed brig, serving as their tender, and the whole triad immediately pursued, with all sail set, determining no doubt to wreak upon the feeble *Wasp* the vengeance they owed for their late discomfiture and loss. Captain Alexander, finding that they gained upon him rapidly, and that he must inevitably fall a prey if he trusted to the speed of his vessel, suddenly hauled his course to the wind and ran into *Wilmington Creek*, where he was safe from the pursuit of the

frigates, and ready for the brig if she should dare the contest alone. By the time he dropped anchor, night had come on and he was unable to discover how his pursuers had disposed of themselves; but the next morning he found that both the frigates had come to anchor off the mouth of the creek, where of course so long as they remained, he was effectually shut up unless he could achieve his deliverance by some daring stratagem, or some open enterprise of still greater hazard.

It happened in the course of the previous day, while he was pursued by the enemy, that Captain Alexander had fallen in with several merchant vessels from Philadelphia, outward bound, in total ignorance of the jeopardy into which they were running—all of which he spoke and ordered back to Philadelphia, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had thus saved a very large amount of property. But this was not all—the returning vessels carried the information to the city, that the enemy's ships were approaching, and a number of row-galleys were immediately prepared under the command of Commodore Hazlewood, to meet them. By uncommon exertion and activity, these galleys made their appearance before the enemy at an early hour in the morning; a brisk cannonading instantly commenced between them: the frigates found themselves under the necessity of weighing anchor, and the gallant commander of the *Wasp* thought this a favorable moment for attempting something that might assist in annoying the foe. His anchor was up in a moment; the oars were ordered to be manned, and the schooner was rowed out of the creek. The enemy's brig, tender, already mentioned, was lying close under cover of the guns of the two frigates, but as the attention of the latter seemed to be fully occupied with the galleys, Captain Alexander thought himself justified in making the attempt to board her. No enterprise could be more daring; but he was well seconded by his young volunteer, and succeeded in carrying her off. Most luckily for him, at the moment the enemy perceived this bold and unexpected manœuvre and made a movement to counteract it, the *Roebuck* grounded on the Jersey shore, and the *Liverpool* was thus compelled to come to anchor near her, that she might protect her from a similar attempt on the part of the galleys. By this opportune disaster of the enemy, Captain Alexander got safe off with his prize, sent her into a port a few miles below on the Jersey side, and reëntered Wilmington Creek in triumph a little before night-fall: the cannonading soon afterward ceased, and a perfect stillness prevailed throughout the night, to the great surprise of those on board the *Wasp*, who

confidently anticipated that an attempt would be made during the darkness, either to board or to set fire to the *Roebuck*, while she remained aground.

On the succeeding morning, the atmosphere was so thick and hazy, that Captain Alexander, under the impression that the *Roebuck* was still aground, thought he might be able to pass, under cover of the fog, without being discovered, and with that purpose got under way at an early hour: he cleared the mouth of the creek, but at the moment he fancied himself free, the sun suddenly burst forth, the fog was dispersed, and he found himself almost aboard of the enemy's ship, which was no longer aground, but lying snugly at anchor, watching his motions. A light breeze accompanied the appearance of the sun, which enabled him, before the *Roebuck* could weigh her anchor, to shoot a little ahead and gain the advantage of the wind. The ship, again disappointed of her prey, opened her whole broadside upon the active little *Wasp*, which had no other effect than to retard her own motion, and hide the object of her pursuit from view in the cloud of smoke from her battery. She continued the chase, keeping up a constant fire with her bow guns, for nearly an hour, the greater part of the time within the distance of half a mile; but her shot did little or no mischief; and by the help of oars, sails and tow-boats, which were all at work, the schooner at length gained sight of the galleys, which, for some reason or other, probably convincing to the judgment of the commander, had changed their position during the night, and were now returning to begin the attack anew.

Captain Alexander, having reached the cover of the galleys, laid his top-sail aback, and waited to see whether he might be able to afford any assistance. This armament had been fitted out by the city of Philadelphia, under the direction of their Committee of Safety, and the commander, of course acted under the orders of the latter, and was entirely independent of the navy and its regulations. The small calibre of the *Wasp's* six guns rendered them entirely useless at the distance at which the galleys might open their batteries with effect, and the construction of the vessel, even had her metal been larger, would have prevented her from being able to take a position in line; but an occasion might occur in which she could become useful, and her captain at all events felt it his duty to remain near the galleys, however unpleasant it might be to a gallant spirit, to be a mere spectator in such a scene. The presence of the *Wasp* turned out, in the end, to be a most fortunate circumstance.

In the course of this second day's engagement between the

galleys and the king's ship, which was kept up with considerable spirit until near night, one of the former sustained so great a loss in men, that there were not enough left on board to manage the oars, and she was compelled to give over the combat and drop astern. Barney who had been watching the action with intense interest, instantly perceived her situation, and applied to his captain for permission to volunteer his services, with a sufficient number of the schooner's men, to re-man the galley and bring her again into action: the permission was readily given; he boarded the crippled galley with men as willing as himself, brought her once more gallantly to maintain her share of the fight, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the frigates retire from the combat. They were visibly much cut up: they had no sea room for manœuvres, and were evidently glad to escape: the galleys followed them as far as Newcastle, giving them an occasional long shot, and then seeing no chance of again coming up with them, they returned. Barney and his men remained with the galley until they delivered her safe in Philadelphia.

It was certainly something for these galleys to boast of, that they had succeeded in driving two of the enemy's frigates from an important position, which they could not long have occupied without creating serious distress throughout one of the most populous districts on the Delaware; but the citizens of Philadelphia were far from being disposed to greet their returning Commodore with the expected ovation — many of them were loud in their censures, when they heard of the accident which had befallen the *Roebuck*, and which placed her as they thought, so much within the power of the galleys; in their chagrin that such an opportunity for a brilliant exploit had been lost, they unjustly detracted from the merit of what had actually been done, and refused all credit to the conduct of the Commodore. This officer and his friends, on the contrary, declared that if any fault had been committed, the blame ought to fall upon the Committee of Safety, whose precise and explicit orders had been faithfully executed. — It is very difficult to determine whether any attempt upon the *Roebuck*, protected as she was by the *Liverpool*, would have been successful; it would certainly have been attended with imminent hazard, and might have resulted in the total destruction of the assailants — but it cannot be denied, that the occasion was one which offered every inducement for an enterprise of gallantry, and that an officer ambitious of distinction, and unfettered by contrary orders, would have seized it with avidity.

The reception of Captain Alexander and his officers was far more gratifying — the successful feat of the little *Wasp* was in everybody's mouth, and all the honors acquired in the two days' tilting with the enemy, were decreed to them. A few days after his return to Philadelphia, Captain Alexander received from the Congress a commission as Captain in the Navy, and was transferred to the command of one of the new ships, the *Delaware*, of 28 guns. He did not forget, in his report to the Marine Committee, to speak of his young volunteer, Barney, in the warmest terms of eulogy, and the latter was, in consequence ordered to take charge of the Sloop *Sachem*, and superintend her equipment for a cruise. He was, for a little time, elated beyond measure, at the idea that he was to command the *Sachem* on her destined cruise, and entered upon his labors with an alacrity that intermitted neither night nor day; he forgot that he was an unknown boy, not quite *seventeen*, and that the sober patriots, from whom alone such an honor could come, had heard of him only as a 'promising youth who might in time deserve a lieutenant's commission!' — But his delusion did not last very long. When he had got the sloop nearly ready for sea, he received an order, couched in the polite terms of an invitation, to wait upon the Honorable Robert Morris, President of the Marine Committee: he obeyed it upon the instant, and being ushered into the presence of this excellent patriot and meritorious citizen, he was asked if his name was *Barney*? — He answered in the affirmative, and Mr Morris, taking from his pocket a paper, presented it to him, with these words: — 'The Committee have heard of your good behaviour, Mr Barney, during the engagement with the enemy in the *Delaware*, and have authorized me to offer you this letter of Appointment as a *Lieutenant in the Navy of the United States*. I will add, for myself, that if you continue to act with the same bravery and devotion to the cause of our country on future occasions, you shall always find in me a friend ready and happy to serve you!' — The kind and paternal tone in which Mr Morris uttered this brief address, deeply affected his young *protégé*, who felt much more grateful for the personal interest of such a man, than for the unsolicited honor conveyed in the paper: he was far from being insensible, however, to the latter, short as it fell of his recent ambitious reveries; he accepted it as an earnest of future advancement, and made still further progress in the good opinion of Mr Morris, by the manly self-possession which marked his manner of receiving it. We may add here, that Mr Morris, to the day of his death, never withdrew the friendship offered on this occasion.

CHAPTER V.

Captain Isaiah Robinson takes command of the Sachem. — They sail on a Cruise — engage and capture a British Letter of Marque of superior force, after a desperate action of two hours — return to Philadelphia with their prize. — Lord North loses a fine Turtle! — Captain R. and Lieut. Barney are transferred to the Andrea Doria. — They proceed to St Eustatia — their Salute of the Fort is returned by the Dutch Governor. — Severe Action with the British sloop Race-horse — 'tables turned' upon Admiral Parker. — Capture of a British snow. — Lieut. Barney put on board as Prize-Master. — Tempest on the coast — perilous situation of the snow on the Chincoteague Shoals. — Instance of Lieut. B's firmness and intrepidity. — The weather moderates — he sails for the Chesapeake — is driven off the Capes by a Snow-storm — chased by a British Ship — part of his crew mutiny — his conduct on the occasion — captured by the Perseus and carried to Charleston — Rencontre on board between the Purser of the Perseus and Barney. — Honorable Conduct of Capt. Elphinstone. — Barney is released on Parole — travels on horseback — his revenge upon the Tories — arrival at Philadelphia — is discharged from his parole — and returns to the Andrea Doria.

THE events which we have related at the close of the last chapter, occurred about the 20th of June, 1776. By the first of the succeeding month, Captain Isaiah Robinson arrived, to take command of the sloop Sachem, and as her equipment had, in the meantime, been fully completed, on the 6th day of July — the 17th anniversary of Lieutenant Barney's birth-day — they sailed from Philadelphia on a cruise. The Declaration of Independence, which had been passed by a vote of Congress but two days before, produced so little of that noise and tumult of rejoicing which its celebration since has annually excited, that but for the official communication of the fact to Captain Robinson, the officers of the sloop could hardly have known from any demonstrations around them, that an event of such awful importance had taken place. No change occurred in their orders, and they left the harbor without the slightest consciousness that they, or their country, were more independent then, than they had been since the battle of Bunker's Hill. They passed down the Bay, and got out to sea, without seeing anything of the British frigates; but they had not been many days at sea, before they fell in with a letter of marque brig, under Eng-

lish colors, which seemed to be heavily armed, and well disposed to dispute the right of question. An action commenced between them, which was severely contested for the space of two hours, at the end of which time the brig hauled down her colors and demanded quarter. The weight of metal on board the letter of marque was much superior to that of the Sachem, and if she had been as well manned and as skilfully managed, the contest must soon have terminated in her favor. Her officers and crew fought with the most desperate courage, and for the force engaged on each side, the history of our naval warfare furnishes but few examples of a sharper conflict. The brig's loss in killed and wounded amounted to nearly half her crew, and on board the sloop every officer was either killed or wounded, with the exception of the Captain and Lieutenant Barney — several of the crew were killed and more than a third disabled.

The prize proved to be from the Island of Jamaica, bound to London, with a cargo of rum; and, as faithful copyists of the record before us, we are bound to mention, that she had also on board '*a large turtle, with the name of Lord North carved on the shell!*' This delicious present, upon which the noble minister might have feasted the Lord Mayor of London and his Board of Aldermen, was destined to grace the humbler board of an American patriot — it was sent by Lieutenant Barney, on his arrival at Philadelphia, to his friend Robert Morris.

The crippled condition of the Sachem, after this severe engagement, imposed upon Captain Robinson the necessity of returning immediately to Philadelphia in company with his prize, on board of which he was compelled to put his first lieutenant, Barney, contrary to usage, there being no other officer able to do duty. Fortunately, they both got back in safety; and the sense entertained of their good conduct, by the Marine Committee, was almost immediately afterwards evinced, by an order transferring both officers to a larger vessel — the *Andrea Doria*, a fine brig of 14 guns. This vessel was then lying ready for sea, and in a few days they were again upon the broad ocean.

The orders of Captain Robinson were to proceed directly to St Eustatia, to take in a quantity of small arms and ammunition (which, notwithstanding the neutrality of the states of Holland, had been deposited there for the use of our army, subject to the order of Congress,) and to return immediately home with it. These orders necessarily abridged their liberty of cruising, but they knew that a large British fleet under Admiral Parker, lay somewhere in the West Indies, and they were not without

hope of meeting, and the chance of pushing their good fortune. — On their arrival at St Eustatia, they fired a salute to the fort, which the Governor, with more complaisance than prudence, returned — forgetting that he thus took upon himself to acknowledge the independence of their flag, before their High Mightinesses at the Hague had decided, whether to listen to the remonstrances of Sir Joseph Yorke, or to the solicitations of Dr Franklin: for this premature instance of courtesy, the Governor was afterwards displaced, on the complaint of the English government; — the fact, nevertheless, that he did return the salute of the Andrea Doria, contradicts the generally received impression, that Captain Paul Jones was the first American officer, to whom such an honor had been paid by a foreign power: it was not until February, 1778, that Jones's salute was returned by the French Admiral at Brest.

After receiving on board the arms and ammunition — which our kind friends in Holland did not hesitate to supply us, in the way of trade, notwithstanding their neutrality — the brig departed from St Eustatia, on her return to the Delaware. Off the west end of the Island of Porto Rico, they discovered an armed ship under enemy's colors, bearing down upon them with every disposition for battle — an invitation which was eagerly accepted by the Andrea Doria. They met; the flag of the Union was hoisted under the discharge of a broad-side from the Brig, which the sloop was not slow in returning; the action was long and vigorously maintained, but at the end of two hours, the British ensign was seen descending upon the deck of the sloop, and the firing ceased. The prize turned out to be the *Race-horse*, of 12 guns, commanded by Lieutenant Jones of the Royal Navy, and manned with a *picked crew*—having been sent, as was afterwards ascertained, on her present expedition, by Admiral Parker, for the express purpose of intercepting the Andrea Doria, of whose visit and object at St Eustatia he had been informed. This gave additional zest to the victory, and created a feeling in the officers of the American brig somewhat akin to that, which the Jews at the Court of King Ahasuerus experienced, when 'they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai' — *nec est lex justior ulla!* — Lieutenant Jones, and two of his officers, were severely wounded in the action, a number of his men were killed, and the greater part of them more or less dangerously wounded: his vessel was very much cut to pieces, in hull, spars, and rigging, before he consented to make the signal of surrender. The Andrea Doria had three or four killed, and about double that

number wounded. Having secured the prisoners, and given command of the prize to his second lieutenant, Mr Dunn, Captain Robinson pursued his course to the Delaware.

A few days after this event, the brig fell in with, and captured, an English snow, from Jamaica, on board which Lieutenant Barney was sent as prize-master. The snow was armed; but as the *Andrea Doria* was unable to spare many of her crew, already weakened by the necessity of manning her first prize, Lieutenant Barney undertook to make up his complement among the prisoners, and succeeded in inducing several to enter with him.

It was now late in the month of December; and as they approached our stormy coast, they soon began to feel the influence of those sudden and tremendous blasts from the northwest and east, which render our navigation at this season so difficult and dangerous. A constant succession of violent gales continued, for twelve days, to render vain all efforts to direct the course of the vessel. In one of the earliest of these storms, the prize lost sight of the *Andrea Doria*, and Lieutenant Barney was left to the guidance of his own discretion. On the 25th at night, his vessel was driven among the breakers on Chincoteague shoals, the gale then blowing furiously from the east. In this dreadful situation, he was compelled to throw out his anchor, as offering the only, though but faint, hope of safety — every sea broke over the vessel with a force that no human strength could resist, and to save them from being washed overboard he ordered all the crew into the tops, where he himself followed, expecting every instant that the cable would part, or that the vessel would drag her anchor and be dashed to pieces on the rocks. In this comfortless and horrible position, he remained with his men all night, watching with anxious eye the eastern horizon, that he might catch the first glimmer of the dawn. At length the tardy, long-wished-for light appeared; but the uncertainty of the darkness had been happiness, compared to the gloom of the prospect which day opened to his view — astern of him, at a short distance, he saw the land — all around him, the breakers literally mountains high — the eastern gale still blowing with unabated fury — on every side, death, in its most appalling, least resistible form, stared him in the face. The situation was one which no human skill, nor courage, nor labor, could meliorate; but it is in such situations that the truly brave man finds his advantage over his weaker fellows; he *dies but once*, while *they*, ‘die many times before their deaths,’ in the terrors of anticipation. Upon looking around at his companions

in this calamity, he perceived that many of them were fast sinking, under the combined operation of cold, want of sleep, and fear; these he endeavored to rouse into an exertion of fortitude and patience, by recalling to their minds how recently they had been exposed, to equal or greater hazard of death, from the guns of the enemy, and comparing their present cowardice with the manhood and firmness they had exhibited on that occasion. — ‘I am not much of a *chaplain*, my good lads,’ said he, in a tone of fearless confidence — ‘and know very little about his *palaver* and such *stuff*; but *this* I know, that the same Power that protected you *then*, can protect you *now*, and if we are all to go to old *Davy Jones’s locker*, why d—n it, we might as well go with a bold face as a sheepish one!’ — This brief harangue had the desired effect; if it did not seem to be quite so pious as the chaplain would have made his discourse on such an occasion, perhaps it enforced more strongly, in terms better understood, a trust in the saving power of the Deity, and the necessity of resignation to his will: the crew became more cheerful; they began to recount, each in turn, the various storms and shipwrecks they had experienced; they shook off by degrees all signs of apprehension and fear, and catching from the example of their young lieutenant a portion of his intrepidity, they soon displayed as much fortitude as himself. — At length, the cry of ‘sail, ho!’ shouted, at the top of his lungs, from one of the men, awakened ‘some sparkles of a better hope’ in every breast: — they discovered a small sloop, at no great distance from them, and apparently bearing towards them: with what anxiety they watched her, may be easily imagined. — ‘She ’ll never weather it!’ — ‘Yes, yes, she rides it gloriously!’ — ‘Ha! that fellow gave her a terrible blow — well done, my little cruiser, she’s up again!’ — ‘She strikes — O God! it’s all over!’ — ‘Do you see her, now, Tom?’ — ‘Shivered, shivered, into ten thousand atoms!’ — One loud and piercing shriek, mingling with the terrific howl of the blast, and borne far above the thundering roar of the breakers, fell upon their ears — it was the last cry of mortal agony, the last effort of human helplessness: they looked again — no vestige of vessel or crew was visible; all was swallowed up in the arching surge. To describe the faintness that again seized upon the hearts of Barney’s men, while they still clung, with the grasp of despair to the rigging in the tops of the plunging vessel, would be impossible: they believed that the scene of horror which they had just witnessed, was but the prefiguration of their own inevitable destiny, and no effort could again inspire them with hope, or courage to look

calmly on the fate that awaited them. Lieutenant Barney himself had not the faintest hope of preservation ; but, even amid the loud wailings of his enervated crew, whose deference and respect for their officer were lost in their absorbing fears of a higher power, he maintained the serenity of fortitude and resignation. For many weary hours longer, nothing occurred to lighten the gloom of their situation — hunger began to add its torments to the misery of their prospect ; but contrary to all expectation, the anchor — in this instance the true emblem of Hope — stood firm, and the well-twisted cable seemed to defy the endless friction of the hawse : while these continued true to their service, the winds might blow, and the waves break over them — there was nothing to fear but the effects of wakefulness and inanition. — Late in the afternoon of the 26th, the wind suddenly shifted, and the weather became moderate. — ‘ Down from the tops, my men,’ cried Barney, ‘ man the capstan, and away with the anchor !’ The crew were another set of beings, alert, obedient, cheerful, as if no danger had ever assailed them, and in five minutes the snow was under way, clear of the breakers.

On the 27th, Lieutenant Barney got into the harbor of Chir-coteague, where he remained to refresh himself and his 1777 wearied crew until the 2d of January, 1777, when, in company with several other vessels that had sought shelter there from the storms, he proceeded to sea, with the design of taking his prize into his native city. On the following day, being within a few hours sail of Cape Henry, there came on a severe snow-storm, which drove him again off the coast, and defeated all his efforts to get into the Chesapeake. On the 4th, while still making every exertion to weather the Cape, he was chased by a ship of war, which he did not doubt belonged to the enemy : he ordered every stitch of canvas to be set, believing that he should be able to make good his escape ; but at this moment, the prisoners, whom we have already mentioned as having been induced by Lieutenant Barney to enter with him on board the snow, became mutinous, and refused to do duty. A single glance at the rascals as they stood insolently before him, discovered to him which was the ringleader in this untimely rebellion. — he drew a pistol from his belt, and ordered the fellow, upon peril of his life, to go instantly to his station, and assist in making sail ; the man persisted in his refusal, and added some words of menace — Barney, without another word, fired his pistol, the contents of which passed through the man’s shoulder. This proof that their young commander was not to be trifled with,

intimidated the other mutineers, who proceeded without further hesitation to obey orders; but it was now too late — the ship had gained upon them so rapidly, while this little affair was in transaction, that they were soon overtaken and captured, by his Majesty's ship *Perseus* of 20 guns, commanded by the Honorable George Keith Elphinstone. As soon as the crew of the snow were transferred to the *Perseus*, the mutineer upon whom Lieutenant Barney had inflicted the summary chastisement with his pistol, made complaint to Captain Elphinstone, in the expectation no doubt that some instant and signal retribution would be made to fall upon the young American; but the honorable commander of the *Perseus*, after hearing out the fellow's own version of the circumstances, without putting a single question to the American officer, declared that the latter had done no more than he would himself have done in a similar situation, and the complainant had the mortification to find himself dismissed with a severe reprimand where he had looked for sympathy and redress.

The *Perseus*, having manned and despatched her prize to one of His Majesty's loyal ports, proceeded to the South, with the view, as it appeared, of effecting an exchange of prisoners (of whom she had a number on board previous to the recapture of the snow), at Charleston, where it was known that a number of loyalists were held in confinement, consisting chiefly of the emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, whom Governor Martin, of North Carolina, had induced to embody themselves and take up arms in the royal cause. Upon his arrival off the harbor of this city, Captain Elphinstone sent in a flag of truce to explain his purpose, and a pilot-boat was soon after despatched by the authorities on shore, with such of the prisoners on board as were fortunate enough to fall within the terms of exchange. A novel and extraordinary incident occurred, on this occasion, which we relate not only as affording an apt illustration of the indomitable spirit of our young lieutenant, but because it gives us, at the same time, an opportunity of paying a tribute of respect to the honorable character of the British Commander. — When the prisoners from the shore were brought on board the *Perseus*, the purser of the ship — who was a Scotchman — seeing so many of his countrymen among them, became very officious in questioning them as to the treatment they had received while in the hands of the 'rebels.' One of them, assuming to speak for his fellow-prisoners, answered that they had been 'used very ill, having received nothing to eat but bad rice mixed with sand!' — the

purser's Highland blood waxed hot as he listened to this solution of his queries, and turning fiercely around upon Lieutenant Barney, who had been quietly standing by, he gave him a blow with his fist, without uttering even a solitary word by way of prelude. With the quickness of lightning, Barney — prisoner as he was, and surrounded on all sides by foes — returned the blow with such well aimed force, that he laid his assailant sprawling over one of the quarter-deck guns, and thence, with a rapidity of motion that defied all interference, kicked him fairly down the hatchway! — For a moment the whole deck was in a tumult, and the infuriated Scotchmen would indubitably have sacrificed the daring 'rebel' to their *esprit du corps*, had not Captain Elphinstone opportunely made his appearance upon deck. He demanded the cause of the unwonted commotion which had disturbed him, and one of his officers having given him an impartial detail of the circumstances, he called the purser and Mr Barney to follow him into his cabin. When they had all entered it, he closed the door, and addressing his purser in a tone of severe indignation, told him that he had acted the part of a coward, had disgraced himself forever, and dishonored His Majesty's service, by a wanton, unprovoked insult, to a disarmed prisoner — 'there is but one way,' he added, 'of atoning for this enormity: down upon your knees, sir, and crave Mr Barney's pardon and oblivion of the offence!' — The purser, however, who, had he been left to the suggestion of his own sober reflection, would probably have volunteered any reasonable apology for an outrage which he could not excuse, boldly refused to make the abject submission required of him, and, no doubt, by this very refusal, in some measure softened the anger of his captain, who no longer insisted upon the humiliating order but contented himself with placing the offender under arrest. He then turned to Lieutenant Barney, and offered, on his own part, the most gentlemanly apology for the insult he had received on board a ship which he had the honor to command. — Thus the affair ended at the time: whether the purser was ever brought to trial, or what became of him, never came to the knowledge of Barney, who was so perfectly satisfied with the punishment he had himself inflicted upon him, that he would willingly have saved him, if his interposition could have done it, from any additional humiliation. — As soon as the pilot-boat was ready to return with the exchanged prisoners, Lieutenant Barney — who, though not included in the exchange, was permitted to retire on parole — took leave of the *Perseus*, entertaining a grateful sense of the polite and

honorable treatment he had experienced while on board, not only from Captain Elphinstone, but (with the exception just mentioned) from every one of his officers.

Upon landing at Charleston, he applied immediately to the Agent of the United States for that station, to be furnished with the means of prosecuting his return to Philadelphia; and having received from that officer the requisite sum of money for the purpose, he purchased a horse and commenced his journey without delay, in company with three other officers who had been his fellow-prisoners on board the *Perseus*.

It was about the middle of February, when these 'Horse Marines,' as they jocosely styled themselves, entered upon their unaccustomed mode of *navigation* through the sands, and pines, and morasses of the Carolinas. The upper parts of these two States, or the back country, as it was then called, had been settled almost exclusively — particularly that of North Carolina — by emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, who had retained their affection for George III. and their allegiance as British subjects, under all changes of measures or ministers. These loyalists had constituted the larger portion of the troops, at the head of whom General Macdonald, a leader of their own selection, had recently made his unsuccessful attempt to gain possession of Wilmington, in the State last mentioned, in pursuance of a cunningly devised project of Governor Martin. Their co-settlers of the back country, and companions on that occasion, were the famous 'regulators,' so named, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because, in their general conduct and character, they evinced a thorough contempt for everything regular, orderly, and decent — being always ready to regulate others, but never willing themselves to be regulated; and therefore, perhaps, after all, their appellative was the most appropriate one that could have been adopted, for the purpose of giving them historical distinction. How the British Governor, Martin, contrived to bring into union and coöperation two classes of men, so totally different in all their habits, sentiments, and motives, those only who have had an opportunity of studying his long correspondence with them both, would be able to explain: the fact is certain, whatever may have been the arts or inducement, resorted to, that he did succeed in amalgamating these heterogeneous materials, and transmuting their characteristic antipathies into the closest sympathy; — that he failed in the ultimate object he had hoped to effect by bringing them together, was owing rather to the activity of the Americans in assembling to counteract its execution, than to any material defect in his

plan ; it was impossible to conceal their march, and the party were met, before they reached Wilmington, by Colonel Moore with a body of Provincials, and totally routed and dispersed, Macdonald himself and many of his men being taken prisoners. The exchange effected on board the *Perseus* included, as we have said, a number of these men : those of Macdonald's party who had been fortunate enough to escape from the pursuit of Colonel Moore, returned to their several abodes, with loyalty undiminished, and with feelings tenfold embittered against the Americans and their cause, by recent defeat.

Lieutenant Barney and his three comrades, were under the necessity of travelling through this colony of 'Scotch tories,' as the whole body of settlers we have briefly described were indiscriminately called, by the revolutionists and their friends ; and it may be readily imagined, that their journey was far from being an agreeable or a peaceful one. They met with insults and interruptions wherever they appeared, and were not always able to procure, even at double prices, the necessary refreshment for themselves and horses. At the little village of Cross Creek, they found themselves so much fatigued from the unwonted exercise of riding, added to the annoyances from the source we have mentioned, that they agreed to halt there for a day in order to recover some of their lost vigor, as well as to give rest to their jaded hacks. In the course of the afternoon, the tavern, in which they had hoped to find quiet and repose, was suddenly invaded by a numerous company of 'tories' and 'regulators,' who seemed bent upon mischief. They soon began to assail the young officers, whom they sought to provoke into a quarrel by a torrent of scurrility and abuse, and every species of wanton insult short of actual blows ; but the Americans were prudent enough to bear it all without retort, and thus showed that they possessed 'the better part of valour,' *discretion* — for their insulters, who were at least five times their number, having indulged themselves to satiety in the language of provocation, and finding that the 'd——d young rebels' were as unmoved by it as so many statues would have been, at last retired, uttering loud curses upon the rebel Congress and shouting 'God save the King !' — At a late hour in the night, Lieutenant Barney found out, by some means or other, that four or five of these brawlers still remained in the village and were then asleep in a small house at no great distance from the tavern ; he roused his companions, to impart to them the information, and to propose a scheme of revenge, by which they might, at the same time, 'have a little fun !' He found his fellow-travellers as ripe for

the sport as himself, and while they were getting out of bed and dressing themselves for the occasion, he called up the landlord, made him get a bottle of rum, and prepare for him one of the resinous, pine sticks which had served all the evening in place of the more expensive light of candles. By the time this was done, his friends were ready to join him, and they all sallied forth by the blaze of the pitch-flambeau, bottle in hand to the house in which Barney had 'treed his game,' to use a phrase of the opossum hunters. Arrived here, they found no difficulty in gaining entrance, and having secured the door behind them, as well as they could, they proceeded to wake up the 'tories,' who were sound asleep in the loft. Terribly alarmed at being thus disturbed, and not doubting that the whole 'rebel army' were upon them, the roused sleepers came tumbling over each other down the narrow ladder that formed the only communication with their place of lodging, crying out as they fell upon what was literally the *ground floor* — 'We surrender!' — 'We surrender!' This unexpected overture to their farce, threw the young officers into such a paroxysm of mirth, that, if the other party had not been so completely overcome by surprise, the laugh might soon have been turned against them, with a result much more tragical than they intended! but fortunately, they resumed their gravity, before the prostrate foe had time to recover from their consternation, and thus preserved their advantage. They made 'the tories' kneel down in a line, and each in his turn drink a bumper of whiskey, prefaced by certain patriotic toasts of Barney's dictation, such as 'Success to Congress!' — the reverse of 'God save the King!' and many similar, pithy sentiments, in fashion with the jolly 'Independents' of the day. These toasts and bumpers were repeated, until 'John Barleycorn' gave up the ghost, or, in other words, until the bottle was emptied; and such was the genial influence of both united upon the kneeling bibbers, that, before the last round of the glass they would all have willingly enlisted under the banners of the 'brave captain,' who knew so well 'how to take a joke.' — Perfectly satisfied with their 'revenge' upon 'the tories,' the young travellers now returned to their tavern. By this time daylight was beginning to show itself — the landlord and his household were early stirrers, and in a few minutes cooked them a breakfast of fried bacon and 'Johnny-cake;' their horses were brought to the door as fresh and lively as ever, and before sunrise they were once more on the road.

The little party arrived at Philadelphia early in March, having been nineteen days on their journey from Charleston.

Here it was the irksome fate of Lieutenant Barney to remain, for many months, an inactive spectator of the bustling scenes around him; for no opportunity of exchange occurred, and being under the obligation of parole, he could neither return to his vessel, nor take part in any act of hostility against the enemy. He did not, however, pass this interval of leisure in idleness or unprofitable amusement; he was now old enough to be sensible that he had quitted school at too early a period of his life, and that his education was much more defective than he had been willing then to believe it: he applied himself assiduously to the study of mathematics and the French language, and read with great avidity many works of History and Biography; he occasionally attended, also, the debates in Congress, and thus became better acquainted with the nature of the struggle in which his country was engaged, and more able to defend her cause in the only way in which, as a *non-combatant*, he could undertake her defence. Seven months were spent in these improving studies, until, at length, late in October, to his great joy, he received the following letter from his honorable captor, Captain Elphinstone.

‘PERSEUS, OFF THE HORSE-SHOE. }
20th Oct. '77. }

‘SIR, — Patrick Henry, Esquire, Governor of Virginia, having signified to me in his letter of this date, that Lieutenant Moriarty, of the *Solebay*, may be exchanged for Lieutenant Barney of the *Andrea Doria*, the former is now sent to Hanover county, about sixty miles from this place; I give orders today for his coming down. He will go off when he arrives; in consequence of which promise of exchange, I do hereby discharge you from your parole, leaving you at liberty to return in the flag of truce.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

GEORGE KEITH ELPHINSTONE.

‘MR BARNEY, of the *Andrea Doria*.’

Nothing could have been more unexpected, or more fortunate for Mr Barney, than the chance which threw Lieutenant Moriarty, just at this moment, into the hands of Governor Henry. This officer had been sent upon a watering party in the *Chesapeake*, and together with his boat's crew had been captured by the vigilant Virginians, who had their eyes upon every spot along their shores, that offered any inducement to a visit from the enemy, either for the purpose of refreshment or depredation. One of the most active periods of the war was just approach-

ing, which, but for this lucky occurrence. Lieutenant Barney would have been compelled to pass in inglorious ease, instead of participating, as he was now free to do, and did, in some of its most trying scenes; for, after this, no other opportunity of exchange offered, until the campaign was over, and the contending forces had retired to their respective winter quarters. The moment Captain E'phinstone's letter of release came into his hands, Lieutenant Barney hastened on board the *Andrea Doria*, which formed a part of the force that had been prepared for the water defence of Philadelphia, and where he was received by Captain Robinson and his former messmates with a hearty and cheering welcome. In the figurative language of the gun-deck, many a 'long yarn' was spun, and many a *quid* reduced to the condition of an 'old soldier,' before all the adventures, which had happened during their ten months' separation, were mutually recounted. Of these Barney had by far the largest share to relate, for both the *Andrea Doria* and her prize the *Race-horse*, had escaped the perils of the tempest in which he and his unfortunate snow had suffered so much, and had arrived in Philadelphia without encountering a single adventure that could be worked up into a tale of interest; while on the contrary, his shooting a mutineer, his monomachy with the purser on the quarter-deck of the *Perseus*, and his midnight waggery with 'the tories,' were called for and repeated over and over again, to the infinite entertainment of the mess.

CHAPTER VI.

Historical Summary. — Sir William Howe takes possession of Philadelphia. — The Enemy's Fleet enters the Delaware. — Tremendous Bombardment of Mud Island Fort. — Notice of Lieutenant Col. Samuel Smith. — Anecdote of Moses Porter, and brief Account of his Services. — Fall of Mud Island and Red Bank. — The Americans set fire to their Fleet, and escape in their small boats to Bordentown. — Lieutenant Barney is appointed first officer of the Virginia Frigate — is sent to Baltimore with a Detachment of Seamen for that Vessel — marches by the way of Valley Forge. — The sufferings of his men on the march from the severities of the weather. — He delivers them on board the Virginia — has command of the Frigate's Tender — recaptures an American Sloop with the crew of an enemy's Barge on board — His generous treatment of the prisoners gratefully acknowledged. — The Virginia attempts to go to sea — is run aground between the Capes. — Extraordinary conduct of her Commander. — The enemy board and take possession of her. — Barney is put on board the Emerald. — Humane character of Captain Caldwell — his popularity with the Americans at Hampton — Governor Henry's invitation and present to him. — Captain Caldwell's conduct contrasted with that of other British Officers.

THE year 1777, from its beginning to its close, was in many respects the gloomiest of the seven through which our revolutionary fathers were compelled to struggle, for the attainment of that inestimable blessing which their children are now so thankfully enjoying. It was a year of incessant peril, privation, anxiety, and toil. An occasional brilliant exploit, it is true, both by sea and land, would serve to cheer for a moment, the hearts of Congress and the people; but when the temporary excitement was over, and the view was once more turned to the aspect of things around them, nothing was visible but dreariness and gloom.

If the British army, at this period, had been commanded by such a man as Washington — or, indeed, by any man who valued reputation more than ease, — our little force would have been annihilated long before the summer harvests were gathered in, and another generation might, in all probability, have passed away, before the subdued and dispirited colonies could again have ventured to raise the standard of revolt: at least, it seems to be certain, that the achievement of independence must have

been retarded, for many a dark year of suffering and oppression. But it pleased Heaven to send us, in Sir William Howe, a man whose indolence and love of pleasure so far predominated over all manhood, sense of duty, and desire of fame, that for more than nine months he kept an army of thirty thousand men — veteran, well-appointed, and eager for action — wasting their energies in idleness and dissipation, within little more than a day's march of a mere handful of raw, half-clad, half-armed recruits, upon whose fate rested the sole, feeble hope of that independence, which he was sent to crush in the bud! It is not possible to account for the unmilitary, weak, and tardy movements of this highly trusted officer, unless we may believe, that God, in his mercy, blinded him to the advantages within his reach, in order to preserve our Washington, as an example to all future ages of pure and virtuous patriotism, that no adversity could weaken, no prosperity tempt, and of greatness, unsullied by a single thought of personal ambition.

After allowing the American commander-in-chief time to discipline his little army — which, during the greater part of the summer, did not exceed four, and at no time amounted to ten thousand men — and opportunities to perform some of the most brilliant feats of generalship that ever were displayed by such a force, so situated, while he, in New York, was stretching his faculties, and tasking the wits of his satellites, to invent new modes of pleasure and new sources of voluptuous enjoyment, Sir William Howe at last determined to take the field in person, and, as everybody expected to make an attack upon the American Capital of Philadelphia. So much, however, did this extraordinary general differ from all other military men, in his tactics and plans of operation, that he disdained to adopt the obvious and easy method of accomplishing his purpose, by a direct march through the Jersey's, and, to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with the object of his expedition, embarked his whole army, (except a small garrison left to hold possession of New York,) on board his fleet — thus not only trusting, unnecessarily, to the hazards of the winds and waves, but making a ridiculous circuit of half our extensive sea coast, that he might have the pleasure of attacking Philadelphia *in the rear!* He embarked his army at New York on the 5th of July, and, passing by the Delaware, with a demonstration just sufficient to make known his object, entered the Chesapeake Bay, and landed at Elkton, in Maryland, on the 24th of August. At this point, he was almost at as great a distance from the object of his attack, as he was at the point

of embarkation; his march was over a more hilly road, and not a single facility, in a military point of view, was increased. It could hardly have been his design, by this circuitous route, to *surprise* the American general; for this would have evinced an ignorance of the character of Washington, which we venture to say the meanest soldier in the British army would have been ashamed to confess, after the numerous proofs he had witnessed of his unslumbering vigilance and tactical sagacity; it would have argued, moreover, an unpardonable ignorance of the topography of the country, to suppose that he could ascend the Chesapeake with a large fleet, land an army at Elkton, and march to Philadelphia, before intelligence of his movement could be conveyed to the latter city: in fact, no secret was made of the destination of the armament at the time of its embarkation, and it must have been well known to him that all Washington's movements, for a long time before, had been governed by the expectation of an attack on Philadelphia. What, then, could have been his motive for adopting such a plan of operations, against all military rules, in opposition to advice, and contrary to his own original purpose, as communicated by him to the British ministry? We appeal in vain to history to solve the enigma, and cannot help repeating our belief, however unphilosophical it may be thought, that the whole affair was the especial work of a higher Power than human reason, for a purpose that might not otherwise be accomplished without a miracle.

That Sir William Howe succeeded in his enterprise, we cannot regard as any proof of his generalship: he certainly did not *deserve* success; but with such a force as he wielded, failure was impossible. Washington, small and incompetent as were his means of resistance, met him at Brandywine, and rendered for ever memorable the banks of that stream, by the vigorous check which he there gave to an army of more than double his numbers. It is asserted by some of Sir William's countrymen, that he here again neglected an opportunity of putting an end to the campaign, if not to the war, by the capture of Washington and his whole force—which it is strongly insisted was entirely within his power, after he had crossed the Brandywine. If this be true—and from the position of the two armies, such seems to have been the fact—it is only another proof how peculiarly the destiny of our great Chief was in the keeping of an overruling Providence.

It was not until some time after the enemy had been in possession of Philadelphia, that the defences which had been pre-

pared against the attack by water were called into operation. They consisted of the frigate Delaware, the Province ship, the brig Andrea Doria, two chebacks, several sloops, twelve galleys, and a number of smaller boats, or half galleys, all under the command of Commodore Hazlewood — the same officer who, a year before, under the orders of the Committee of Safety, led the galleys in the attack upon the British ships at the mouth of Wilmington Creek. These forces were stationed near Mud Island, at the mouth of the Schuylkill, on which a strong fortification had been constructed, that commanded the navigation of both rivers, and which it was necessary to reduce before a communication could be established by the enemy between their fleet and army. East of this island, on the Jersey shore, was a place called Red Bank, which was also fortified, and in possession of the Americans; a little lower down, in the Delaware, was Province Island, where the enemy had erected a strong battery under the protection of their fleet, which occupied a position to the south, and partly between the two islands. The naval force of the enemy consisted of several ships of the line, a number of frigates and sloops of war, galleys, and floating batteries — a power which it would seem almost madness in our feeble defences to think of standing against for a moment; and yet it was not until after forty days of incessant skirmishing, cannonading, and bombarding, that the enemy succeeded in gaining command of the navigation. Every night through the whole continuance of this tremendous battering, our officers were compelled to be on duty in the small boats, for the purpose of intercepting the boats of the enemy, which were making constant efforts, under cover of the darkness, to pass up to the city with provisions for the army.

Among the enemy's galleys there was one, armed with a brass 18 pounder, which Lieutenant Barney particularizes as 'never having failed to *tell* when fired.' In speaking of this gun, he adds: 'We soon became so well acquainted with the short, sharp sound of her explosion, that, whenever it was heard, some one would cry out "Galley-shot!" and this served as a kind of watch-word at which all hands would lie down.'

In the course of the cannonading, two of the enemy's ships ran aground in attempting to second the effort of Colonel Donop, to take possession of Red Bank — one of these, it is acknowledged by the enemy, was set on fire by the hot shot from our batteries, the Augusta, of 64 guns; the other, the Merlin, sloop of war, was abandoned, and both of them soon afterwards blew up with a tremendous explosion, so that it is more

than probable our gunners deserved the credit of having destroyed them both. The destruction of these two ships, and the failure of Donop's attack upon the fortress of Red Bank which commanded the entrenchments on Mud Island, served for a time considerably to raise the hopes of the besieged. But Red Bank was unable to hold out against a second better devised attack, and the enemy succeeded in bringing their floating battery, of twentyfour 24 pounders, to act against the flank and rear of the fort on Mud Island. The bellowing of this many-mouthed monster, soon silenced the thunder of Mud Fort, which was bombarded at the same moment from three different position — our own guns, turned upon it from Red Bank, — the battery we have just mentioned — and the shipping of the enemy which had hauled up under the western shore. One gun after another was dismounted in the fort, until but one solitary piece was left in a state to fire. The noble defence made at this fortification, had been commenced under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Samuel Smith, of Maryland, the gallant son of the old merchant, whom we have heretofore introduced to our readers as the owner of the ship 'Sidney,' which Bafney had conducted safe home, through so many adventures — and at this moment a venerable Senator in Congress from his native State: this meritorious officer received a contusion in the shoulder, *early in the siege*, when he retired from the command.

The late Brigadier-general Moses Porter — well known throughout the army in the war of 1812 by the singular nickname of 'Old Blow-hard' — was a sergeant in one of the Artillery companies, stationed in Mud Island fort, during this memorable bombardment. After all the guns had been dismounted, or otherwise silenced, except one, (as just mentioned), Sergeant Porter himself loaded and fired this solitary gun several times, and was the last man to leave the fort. There are so few instances in the world of soldiers rising by merit alone, without solicitation and without friends, through all the regular gradations from the lowest to the highest, that we cannot think it will be out of place to record the fact of General Porter, as it has often been heard from his own lips — never as a matter of spontaneous vaunt; for no man was less fond of talking of himself than General Porter; but always in reply to urgent but respectful inquiry. He entered the revolutionary army in 1775, as a common soldier, was made a corporal in 1776, a sergeant in 1777, and thence ascended, step by step, through the numerous intermediate ranks, to that of Brigadier-

general, which he did not attain until 1814, when he was sent to command a large division of the army at Norfolk, in Virginia, at that time in momentary expectation of invasion. Though he was then far advanced in years, the activity and energy with which he labored to prepare the place for defence, and the rapidity with which he completed the most extensive works, as remarkable for beauty and military skill in the design as for strength in the execution, excited the admiration of the citizens of Norfolk, and gained for this modest and unobtrusive old soldier the high approbation of the War Department. He died, in command, we believe, at Boston, not many years ago, after a constant service of more than fortyfive years.

The only protection to our little fleet being lost by the destruction and abandonment of Mud Island fort, it was thought advisable, rather than permit them to fall into the hands of the enemy, to set fire to them, and take the chance of escaping up the river, in the night, with the galleys and small boats: after taking out of the ships everything that could be conveniently carried away in the boats, their purpose was happily accomplished on the night of the 16th of November; the boats passed up the river without molestation, and arrived safely at Bordentown, on the Jersey shore — the Delaware frigate had unfortunately been run aground some time previously, opposite to Philadelphia, and in that defenceless situation had fallen an easy prey to the enemy: she was the only one of our ships that came into their possession by this hard won victory.

In the beginning of December following, Lieutenant Barney was ordered to take command of a detachment of officers and seamen, and to march them to Baltimore, where their services were required for the frigate Virginia — of which he was at the same time appointed lieutenant. He crossed the Delaware directly from Bordentown, and with a view to escape the pickets and outposts of the enemy, made for the Schuylkill at Valley Forge, where Washington had just established the uncomfortable winter quarters of his little army. He halted his party here just long enough to offer his respects to the Commander-in-chief — who, even at this early day, was beloved and revered as a father, alike by sailor and soldier — and then continued his march. The severities of winter had already commenced, and the roads were soon rendered so impassable by heavy falls of snow and sleet, that, for many days together, they were unable to advance more than a few hundred paces at a time, without stopping to thaw the icicles that accumulated in glittering pendants from their eyes, noses, and mouths; the toes

and fingers of many of the seamen were incurably frost-bitten, and the party did not reach Baltimore until the end of the month, exhausted and worn out from the combined effects of cold, wet, and fatigue.

Soon after delivering his detachment on board the *Virginia*, he was himself selected to command a pilot-boat-tender, 1778 and ordered to cruise about the Bay, for the purpose of watching the motions of the enemy and reporting any opportunity that might occur for the frigate to get to sea. While in the performance of this duty, he was one day chased through Tangier Sound by one of the enemy's cruisers; as he was making good his retreat up the Bay, he fell in with a large sloop from Baltimore, bound out, which he had spoken and passed on the previous evening: supposing her to be unconscious of the imminent danger and capture she was incurring, he approached with the purpose of hailing her, and was in the act of ordering her to put about and return up the Bay with him, when a volley of small arms was fired into him, and he was at the same time ordered to 'strike,' upon the penalty of receiving 'no quarter' if he refused. Astonished at such a reception, from a vessel, in the character of which he supposed it impossible he could be misaken — having been for several hours in her company only the day before — he immediately tacked about and stood for her, with a view to return the fire, let it come from what source it might. This movement brought him upon the lee of the sloop, and there the mystery was explained — an enemy's barge lay hauled in close along side. He opened a fire of muskets and swivels, and a smart action ensued, which was warmly maintained on both sides for several minutes, until the commanding officer of the adverse party received a wound, when the sloop immediately struck her colors. — It appeared that this vessel had been boarded in the night, while she lay at anchor; and the boarding party, being informed of Lieutenant Barney's passage down the Bay, formed a resolution to entrap him. The better to carry on their scheme of deception, the officers of the barge dressed themselves in the blanket coats of the captain and mate of the sloop, concealed their men, and hauled the barge close up under the lee of the sloop. Had the party been less eager in their attack, perhaps, their plan might have succeeded; but it was Barney's good fortune to give it a different issue. His little vessel suffered a good deal in her rigging, everything being cut away three feet above their heads, which showed with what unskillful precipitation the enemy attempted to carry their point. — The contest decided,

he gave the command of the sloop to her former captain, brought the officers and crew of the barge on board his own vessel, and took the barge in tow. The whole affair did not take up much more time than its description has occupied the reader: the enemy's cruiser was still in full chase, and in this manner he continued his retreat before her, until he arrived safely with his prizes and prisoners in Baltimore. His first care, on arriving, was to place the wounded officer in comfortable quarters, and to see that every attention was paid to him which his situation required — to all his prisoners he exercised that urbanity and kindness which a truly brave man never fails to show towards a fallen enemy; and upon some of them expressing a desire to obtain a supply of clothes and other little personal comforts — none of which, of course, they had taken with them in the barge — he procured a flag of truce to be sent down to the enemy for that purpose. That his kindness was not lavished upon men insensible to obligation, or ungrateful, the following note, which he received by the return of the flag of truce, affords honorable testimony: —

‘ OTTER, MARCH 9, 1778.

‘ Capt. Squire begs to return Lieut. Barney many thanks for his kind treatment to Mr Gray, and the people of the Otter, that fell into his hands, and assures Mr Barney he shall be happy on all occasions to render him any service.

‘ LIEUT. BARNEY, of the Frigate Virginia, Baltimore.’

A small present of English cheese and porter — rare articles at the time on the table of a revolutionary officer — accompanied this polite note. Such examples of reciprocal good feeling in the midst of a sanguinary war, do more honor to the individuals respectively concerned than a thousand acts of mere heroism in the military sense of the term — they are like fountains of pure water gushing forth upon the thirsty traveller over a parched desert; spots of verdure, blooming and smiling, while all around is arid, dreary, and barren. Courage in fight is but an attribute which man possesses in common with the brute; charity, on the contrary, or that feeling of benevolence which leads him to pity and relieve the sufferings of his subdued foe, is exclusively human — it exalts him above mere animal nature, and proves ‘the divinity that stirs within’ him.

On the 31st of March, the Virginia made an attempt to get to sea in the night, in which she would certainly have succeeded, in spite of the vigilance of the enemy's squadron, but that

the pilot ran her on the Middle ground, between the Capes — where she knocked off her rudder and was compelled to lie all night, completely unmanageable. At daylight the next morning, three of the hostile frigates, which they had passed in the obscurity of the previous night, neither seeing nor being seen by them, were discovered at anchor but a short distance from them. The moment this was reported to the captain, he ran upon deck, ordered the barge to be hoisted out, and without taking time even to secure his papers or private signals, left the frigate, and made good his escape to the shore. This conduct of their commanding officer was perfectly incomprehensible to all on board; nor was it surmised by anybody that it could be his intention to commit so extraordinary an act of dereliction, until the barge had actually pushed off: remonstrance then, if allowable at any time in subordinate officers, would have been too late. By this inexplicable abandonment of the Virginia, on the part of her captain, Lieutenant Barney became the commanding officer; and, believing that it would be at least practicable to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy, by running her on shore at Cape Henry, as the wind was fair and blowing somewhat fresh, he immediately ordered the cable to be cut, with that view; but he was overruled by the counsel of the other lieutenants and the pilot, who all declared it to be impossible to approach the land, and so steadily maintained the right of the *majority* to control, under the circumstances of the case, that all Barney's arguments were of no avail — he was compelled to submit. The crew, finding their senior officer thus counteracted in his first order by those who ought to have set the example of obedience, soon became unruly — they broke open the purser's stores, distributed his liquors, and in a little time a perfect *saturnalia* prevailed on board. There was not much of Job's virtue in the composition of Barney's character: what there was of it, however, was called into full exercise on this occasion — if he waited quietly for a change of the scene, it was because he could do *nothing else*.

The enemy, in the meantime, seemed to be in no hurry to secure a prize, which they were probably well satisfied could not escape them — for it was not until ten o'clock, that a boat from one of His Majesty's frigates, the Emerald, Captain Caldwell, was sent on board to take possession. It happened to be 'All Fools day,' — (1st April,) a circumstance of which Lieutenant Barney afterwards humorously availed himself, to account for the extraordinary scenes to which his captors were introduced. — The crew of the Virginia were distributed among the

several ships of the enemy's squadron ; and Lieutenant Barney himself was taken on board the Emerald, where he was treated with every mark of attention and kindness by Captain Caldwell, who gave him accommodations in his own cabin, and sought by various acts of civility to show to his youthful prisoner, the high sense which all His Majesty's officers in the Chesapeake entertained of his gentlemanly and generous deportment towards the crew of the Otter's barge. An exchange was immediately proposed : and William Barney, a brother of our lieutenant, who was the marine officer of the Virginia, was sent to Baltimore with a number of Americans equal to the crew of the barge.

The day after this affair, the *ci-devant* commander of the Virginia, made his appearance in a flag of truce, to inquire after his *clothes*. Barney could not resist the temptation which this occasion offered, to upbraid his former captain for being the first man to abandon his ship, when, as he firmly believed, if he had remained on board, he might not only have avoided the disgrace of capture and deprived the enemy of a valuable prize, but have saved three hundred men from the sufferings and privations of imprisonment for an indefinite space of time. The captain did not condescend to offer the slightest explanation, or to make a reply of any sort to this rebuke of his quondam lieutenant ; but, having been permitted to take possession of his personal effects, he proceeded to gather these together, and then returned to the shore in his flag of truce.

While Lieutenant Barney remained on board the Emerald, he was permitted to go on shore, at Hampton, whenever he desired it, and occasionally to stay for several days at a time. He found the people of this place and neighborhood well acquainted with the character of Captain Caldwell, for whom they professed to entertain a high respect. His uniform kindness and humanity to all the Americans who fell into his hands, had procured for him, among his English compeers, the *sobriquet* of the 'Rebel Captain,' while, with the former, it rendered him so popular, that he was hardly regarded as an enemy. In conversation with Lieutenant Barney one day, he expressed a wish that he could go on shore and visit some of the kind citizens, who had honored him with so many civil messages and presents : Barney, who mistook the meaning of this wish, and supposed that Captain Caldwell wanted only a formal invitation from the proper authorities, mentioned the subject to the American officers on his next visit to Hampton, and had the satisfaction of being made the bearer, on his return to the Emerald, of an especial message from Patrick Henry, esquire, the Gover-

nor of Virginia, inviting Captain Caldwell to a 'hunting match' to be held in a few days. The captain evinced much sensibility at this unlooked for mark of respect from Governor Henry, and expressed great regret that he could not accept the invitation — 'But,' said he, 'it is more than I *dare* do, Barney.' Upon receiving his excuses, the governor sent him a present of a fine milch cow, with a supply of provender for her, and accompanied it with a polite message, that the supply should be renewed whenever necessary upon application at Hampton in his name. — If all the officers, whom Great Britain sent to chastise her rebellious children in America, had resembled Captain Caldwell, and a few others whose names are still gratefully remembered in many parts of our country, there can be little doubt that the rebellion might have been crushed long before it assumed the name of revolution: — our fathers might at any time have been conciliated by kindness; but the rancorous and savage cruelty with which the war was for the most part carried on, particularly in its inceptive stages, with the avowed object of 'coercing' them into obedience, instead of intimidating or subduing them, served only to excite a fierce spirit of revenge, which long outlived the acknowledgment of their independence, and laid the foundation of a second war, before that generation had entirely passed away.

CHAPTER VII.

Lieutenant Barney, with other Prisoners, is sent to New York. — He forms a plan to seize the *St Albans*, and capture the enemy's whole fleet — the secret is betrayed by a Frenchman : — good humor of Captain Onslow on the occasion — Barney avows his whole design. — Arrival at New York. — He is sent on board a crowded Prison-ship — sufferings of the prisoners : — his reflections upon his treatment. — Hopes inspired by the appearance of Count D'Estaing's Fleet — disappointed. — Admiral Byron arrives. — The condition of the prisoners greatly meliorated. — Lieutenant Barney is removed to the Flag-ship — acquires the esteem and confidence of the Admiral : — he is seized in New York as an Incendiary — his narrow escape from his savage accusers. — He is exchanged for the first Lieutenant of the *Mermaid* — visits Baltimore — consents to take command of a small armed Merchantman — is captured in the Chesapeake Bay and put ashore. — Captain Robinson arrives in Baltimore — his flattering offer to Barney : — the latter accepts it. — Voyage to Bord-aux in an armed Merchantman. — They engage and beat off an English Privateer of superior force — arrive at Bord-aux — Armament of the Ship increased. — They sail for Philadelphia. — Action with, and Capture of, a British Letter of Marque Ship of equal force. — Safe Arrival of both Ships at Philadelphia.

DURING the spring and early part of the summer of 1778, the British Squadron in the Chesapeake became so crowded with American prisoners, that it was deemed advisable by the commanding officer to send them, or the greater part of them, to New York, which, upon the resignation of Sir William Howe, and evacuation of Philadelphia, had again become the head quarters of the enemy. For this purpose, the prisoners, to the number of nearly five hundred, who had been previously distributed among the several ships of the squadron, were collected on board the *St Albans*, a ship of 64 guns, commanded by Captain Onslow, and a few days afterwards she left the Chesapeake, having under convoy the *Virginia* and several other prizes of value. Lieutenant Barney was among the number of those thus despatched for New York, and was almost the only officer of any distinction in that predicament. It was not without some regret, that he found himself compelled to exchange the comfortable quarters which Captain Caldwell had assigned him in his cabin, for a small space in the crowded

gun-room of the St Albans; but the hope of a more speedy chance of exchange at New York than he would have had in the Chesapeake, soon reconciled him to the difference of accommodation; and in all other respects he was treated by Captain Onslow with the same politeness and respect that he had experienced on board the Emerald.

After the St Albans had got fairly to sea, and Barney had had time to look at the state of things around him, he was surprised to discover, that the number of men composing the crew of the ship, did not exceed two hundred and fifty, or three hundred at the utmost — being but little more than half the number of prisoners on board. An idea instantly occurred to him, that a scheme might be formed, which, if well managed, would inevitably lead to one of the grandest results that ever sprung from the conception of a prisoner. When he had perfectly digested every part of his project in his own mind, and satisfied himself of its practicability, he sounded some of his companions; and finding them ready and willing to unite with him, he unfolded the whole plan — it was bold and daring, but at the same time so little complicated, that every man comprehended it, and nobody entertained a doubt of complete success: the particular station, and part to be acted, were assigned to each individual; and the day and hour of execution were fixed. It has already been mentioned that a number of the prisoners slept in the gun room, where nearly all the small arms of the ship were deposited: it was their purpose to possess themselves of these, which they could have done without difficulty; they had found means to communicate their intention to the men confined in the hold; and they had even gone so far as to gain over many of the crew. — Lieutenant Barney, with two assistants, was to seize Captain Onslow in the cabin, and secure possession of the *signals*. Everything went on with a facility beyond their hopes: the day arrived. — Eleven at night, during the stillness of the first watch, was the hour agreed upon. All was still as the grave — every man in breathless expectation waited the concerted signal — five bells sounded; another half hour, and then! — But the last stroke of the bell had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when an unusual noise occurred at the door of the gun-room — a guard entered and took away the arms; double sentries were placed there and at all the other stations; but not a word was uttered to any of the prisoners! — Night wore heavily away to the astonished and baffled conspirators; and the morning light, which they had expected to greet with *Io Pæans* to liberty and triumph, shone upon

lengthened visages and down-cast eyes. That day, Lieutenant Barney dined with Captain Onslow; the dinner passed off with the usual etiquette and ceremonious politeness, and not a word was said in allusion to the occurrences of the night; but Barney thought he could discover a lurking smile in the corner of the captain's eye, whenever he addressed his discourse to him, which seemed to say — 'I am a little too cunning for you, my Yankee youngster.' During the remainder of the passage the guards were doubled, and no opportunity was given of renewing the project; nor could the utmost ingenuity of the disappointed schemers discover, by what means their secret had been so inopportunately detected — not a man of them dreamed of treachery in one of their own party! — At length, after arriving within Sandy Hook, Barney was again invited to dine with Captain Onslow; the dinner over, and a few glasses of wine circulated, the captain turned to his prisoner-guest and with a good humored laugh, said to him:

'Well, Barney! *you*, it seems, were to have seized on *me* — what were your intentions? I hope you did not mean me any personal harm?'

'Only a little *restraint*,' Barney replied — 'in all else, I should have treated you — as you have treated me — very much like a gentleman. — But, as I perceive you know all about it, Captain Onslow, and the thing is all over, do tell me how you found out our secret?'

Captain Onslow laughed heartily, as he answered — 'Why, it was one of your *new friends* that betrayed you — one of the frog-eating *Mounseers* that you Yankees have just taken into partnership. He came to me at ten o'clock that night, and gave me the whole history. It was a bold scheme, Barney — a devilish good one! but what could you have done, after all?'

'Done? — I should have taken your whole fleet!' replied Barney.

'The d—l you would!' said Captain Onslow, scanning the face and whole figure of his dialogist — 'Taken the whole fleet, ha? — Capital, by Jove! — Let us hear how you would have managed that, my sturdy Boanerges! — You have nothing to lose now, so you might as well tell me — how would you have contrived it?'

Barney, not at all disconcerted by the laugh of his entertainer, proceeded without hesitation to justify, as he thought, his very bold assertion, by detailing his intended plan of operations, as follows: — 'You will admit,' said he, 'that, but for the treachery of the scoundrel who betrayed our secret, we could

not have failed to make ourselves masters of the *St Albans*. — By gaining possession of her we should have had at our command at least seven hundred men — the *Virginia* would next have fallen easily into our hands, as well as the other prizes in company. With these vessels properly manned, we should have returned to the Chesapeake — and there, by the help of *your signals*, what was to prevent us from bringing into our clutches your two frigates, the *Emerald* and the *Solebay*, and your *Otter sloop of war* — and all the rest of your squadron, one after the other — sir, the thing was feasible, and we should have accomplished it to a certainty, but for the cowardly traitor, who ——

‘Converted your “castle in the air” into a *floating castle*!’ interrupted the captain, with another laugh.

‘Yes!’ said Barney, ‘Such a fellow deserves ——’

‘To be set at liberty for his honesty — which I have promised to do as soon as we come to anchor,’ said Captain Onslow, again interrupting the sentence which Barney was about to pronounce on his renegade associate. The subject was now dropped, and the ship soon after reached her anchorage ground: the captain performed his promise to the Frenchman, who was set ashore in one of the first boats that left the ship, loaded with the execrations of every man whom he had left in bondage behind him.

As soon after the arrival of the *St Albans* within the harbor of New York as arrangements could be made for their removal, the prisoners were all transferred to a prison-ship, where for the first time Barney experienced what it was to be really a prisoner: hitherto he could scarcely be said to have felt a privation or an inconvenience of any kind; he had been treated by his generous captors with marked courtesy and liberality — a prisoner only in name: — now he was confined in a crowded, uncomfortable, filthy prison-ship, and doomed to feel as well as to witness miseries and sufferings, of which he had never before even imagined the existence. What rendered his situation still more unpleasant and irksome was, that he was the only ‘*Continental*’ or *United States* officer on board; the other prisoners being, for the most part, common seamen, and skippers of coasting vessels, with their mates and crews. From this circumstance he was inclined to believe, but probably without good reason, that, notwithstanding the show of frankness and good humor with which Captain Onslow had rallied him on his defeated project, his present treatment — so different from anything he had ever before experienced — was the result of that officer’s resentment, and designed as a punish-

ment for his unreserved avowals on that occasion. But, could it be possible, (he asked himself) that Captain Onslow would so dishonor the hospitality of his own table as to encourage a freedom of conversation for the purpose of taking mean advantage of it afterwards? and if not, why was he alone subjected to this indignity? — or why was he not punished at the moment of the discovery of his plot? — he had expected it *then*, and would have been ready to suffer any harshness or severity of retaliation that might have been imposed upon him, without complaint; *now* he looked upon it as malice — a cowardly vindictiveness of spirit — which no honorable man would cherish towards an enemy in his power! These reflections, however, instead of lessening the unpleasantness of his situation, served only to render it the more galling; and he endeavored to shake them off by making himself as useful as he could to his fellow prisoners, many of whom were so sick and feeble, from the effects of long confinement, that they were unable to help themselves even to a drink of water. By this active exercise of the Samaritan virtue, he soon forgot his own privations and imaginary causes of discontent, and even began to regard the fact of his being the only commissioned officer so situated, as a compliment paid by the enemy to the zeal and activity of his services against them.

It was not long after he had brought himself to this happy state of self complacency, that the news, somehow or other, reached the prisoners, that the Count D'Estaing had made his appearance off Sandy Hook with a formidable French fleet, consisting of twelve ships of the line and several frigates. This information was well calculated to inspire hopes of immediate release in all the prisoners: they knew that the British ships in the harbor would be totally incompetent to resist such a force, and they did not doubt that the moment of their delivery was at hand. Day after day, however, passed away until they began to regard the intelligence as a cruel jest practised upon their feelings — at length it was said, that the whole French fleet were in motion: and the evident alarm of their keepers, added to the visible commotion and consternation around them, left them no room to doubt the report, and their hopes were again raised to the highest pitch. But alas! they were doomed to still severer disappointment and mortification than before — the huzzas which reached their ears from all sides, told them but too plainly the fact, that the Count D'Estaing — in imitation of that celebrated 'King of France,' who

' with thirty thousand men
 Marched up the hill, and then — march'd down again' —

had disappeared from the Hook with all his ships! Such an unexpected movement was of course incomprehensible to the prisoners, — as it was indeed to many who had better opportunities of forming a correct judgment — but they could only wonder in silence, and prepare themselves as they might for the horrors of a lengthened imprisonment.

Lieutenant Barney was kept on board his floating prison only ten or twelve days after the departure of the French fleet. The arrival of Admiral Byron who had been sent to relieve Lord Howe, was a circumstance at which all the prisoners had reason to rejoice. On the first visit of this officer to the prison-ship, which was made in due state a few days after his taking command, a most favorable change was made in the treatment of the Americans — he ordered several large and airy ships to be converted into prisons for their better accommodation; attended particularly to the comfort of the sick, appointing nurses, and directing such supplies of nourishment and medicines to be furnished as their several cases required — and learning the peculiar situation of Lieutenant Barney, as we have already explained it, he gave orders for him to be removed on board his own flag-ship, the Ardent, of 64 guns. From this time forth, the admiral, accompanied by his captain and secretary, visited the prison-ships regularly every week; inspected the accommodations; inquired minutely into the conduct of the keepers; listened to the complaints of the prisoners, and evinced towards them, in all respects, a spirit of humanity and benevolence that did great honor to his principles, and entitled him to the gratitude of hundreds who were 'ready to perish.'

It was the good fortune of Lieutenant Barney, after his removal to the flag-ship, to attract the favorable notice of Admiral Byron, and gradually to win so much upon his regard and confidence, that he was frequently invited to accompany him in his charitable visits to the prison-ships; and on such occasions was made the medium of communication with his countrymen on the subject of their complaints and grievances, which the admiral was well aware might sometimes be withheld from himself from awe or deference for his high rank. After a little time, this high-minded and benevolent officer acted altogether upon the reports which Lieutenant Barney was required regularly to submit to him, of the condition and wants of the prisoners; and whenever a flag of truce arrived with English prisoners for exchange, the whole matter of arrangement and selection of Americans to be returned, was confided entirely to him. He had a boat placed at his command, and was permitted to

go ashore whenever he pleased, with no other restriction than his promise to return on board to sleep.

On one of his occasional visits to the city, he met with a reception rather more *warm* than welcome. He had been invited to breakfast, in New York, with Sir William Twisden, one of the admiral's aids: during the previous night a fire had broken out in the city, which had spread to an alarming extent, and was still burning when he landed in the morning in pursuance of his invitation. To do honor to the occasion, he had dressed himself in his full American uniform, which was somewhat of an eye-sore to the loyal subjects of New York — as he passed near the fire, which lay directly in his road to Sir William's quarters, he was suddenly and rudely seized, on pretence of being suspected as one of the incendiaries to whose diabolical agency the fire was attributed, and threatened with being instantly thrown into the flames; a threat, which he had every reason to believe, from the savage and ferocious bearing of his accusers, they would have put into immediate execution, but for the timely interference of a British officer, to whom he made himself known as the prisoner and guest of the admiral. The men who held him in their gripe, however, were not at all willing to believe this story, which they pronounced to be an aggravation of the offence; and as the British officer was unable on his personal knowledge to vouch for its truth, he proposed that they should all accompany the accused to the residence of the admiral and there have it verified or contradicted: after some hesitation this was agreed to, and Barney was at last released. By this time the breakfast hour had passed over, and not choosing to put his kind host to the trouble of ordering the table to be set a second time, he thought it advisable to lose no time in returning on board the *Ardent* — a resolution which his friend Sir William approved, and that he might incur no fresh hazard on the road, he was accompanied by that gentleman to his boat.

In a short time after this narrow escape, from a much worse fate than a prison-ship, Lieutenant Barney had the good fortune to be released from imprisonment. Among the many happy results that followed the appearance of a French fleet on our coast, was the capture of the British frigate *Mermaid* — or rather the stranding her on the Jersey shore of the Delaware — by which event an officer of equal rank with that of Lieutenant Barney fell into the hands of the Americans. As soon as the disaster came to the knowledge of the British Admiral, he sent Barney off to Philadelphia, with an offer to exchange him for the first

lieutenant of the *Mermaid*, which was at once accepted; and he thus, after having been a prisoner for nearly five months, became once more a free man. This exchange was effected about the latter end of August, and there being no immediate duty for him to perform, he seized the opportunity of visiting his relatives and friends at Baltimore. In truth, at this period and for a long time afterwards, the number of our naval officers, so far exceeded the demand for them in our little navy, that many of them, rather than remain idle and inactive, embarked in the privateer service, or on board armed merchantmen, where they perhaps rendered as important and efficient aid to their country, as they could have done in the public ships of war. It will not be supposed that one of Barney's enterprising and restless spirit, could long content himself at home, when he could be usefully employed whether in private or public service; and he was not long in Baltimore before an opportunity occurred in the former service, which he readily embraced. At the solicitation of one of the Baltimore merchants, he took command of 'a fine little schooner, armed with *two guns* and *eight men*,' and having on board a cargo of tobacco for St Eustatia. — We confess we are disposed to look upon the consent of Lieutenant Barney to take command of this humble force, as an act that entitles him to great praise, not only as it shows him to have been free from any inordinate elation at the distinction which his services had already gained him, but as it is an evidence of his unselfish, generous zeal and intrepidity in the service of others. It was impossible he could hope to gain honor by such a command, and the idea of emolument must have been still further from his expectations; but he believed he might be useful, and that was motive enough for him. We wish it had been in our power to record that he made a successful voyage, with his 'fine little schooner' and 'cargo of tobacco;' but the truth compels us to state, that he was not even so fortunate as to reach the Capes — in going down the Bay, he was met by an English privateer, with *four* large guns and *sixty* men; he made a running fight of a few minutes, had one of his eight men killed and two wounded, but being overtaken and boarded, nothing remained but submission. The privateer, who had no desire to be encumbered with prisoners, landed him and the remnant of his little party at Cinapuxent on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, and carried off the schooner and tobacco. From this place, he found his way in a little time again to Baltimore, where he was compelled, in the nautical phrase, to 'lie on his oars' for many successive weeks.

His old friend and former commander, Captain Isaiah Robinson, came to Baltimore some time in November of this year, (1778.) Barney was of course delighted to meet with him after so long a separation, and Captain Robinson was not less gratified to see him, and to see him, too, without employment — for the principal object of his visit to Baltimore at this moment, was to make an offer of service to him. He had the command of a fine private ship then lying at Alexandria, undergoing complete equipment as a cruiser, with a letter of marque commission — he had selected Barney as his first officer; and as an inducement for the latter to accept the station, he offered him an equal division of *his privileges*. Barney at once, and cheerfully, consented to go with his old commander, but positively refused to accept any other privilege than he would be entitled to as first lieutenant. A bargain is soon struck between two parties, where one is ready to take less than the other is willing to give — the captain would have made almost any sacrifice to secure the services of his former lieutenant, and Barney never had a mercenary feeling in his life. Having made his arrangements, he proceeded immediately to Alexandria to superintend and expedite the fitting out of the ship. On his arrival there, however, he did not find things in so prosperous a state as he had been led to imagine; there was, as he said, a ‘scarcity of means’ — and where that is the case, there must always be delays and obstacles. It was difficult to procure guns, small arms, and ammunition, and still more difficult to get together the requisite number of men; and it was not 1779 until the month of February, 1779, that they were able to get to sea, with 12 guns of different sizes and thirtyfive men, a much smaller armament than had been at first contemplated, and little more than half the crew. They had on board a cargo of tobacco, and were bound to Bordeaux.

On the third day after they left the Capes, they discovered a vessel in chase. As they were weakly manned, and under express orders not to seek an engagement with the enemy when it could be avoided, they kept on their course with as much sail as they could advantageously carry. At eight o’clock in the evening the full moon shining with unclouded lustre — the vessel in chase came up with them, and running up English colors, made the hail usual to superiors; the only reply the ship vouchsafed to this demand, was to hoist her American flag, and as this was distinctly visible by the bright light of the moon, the enemy ordered it to be instantly hauled down again — a broadside from the ship was the prompt and loud-spoken answer to the

imperious order ; it had the effect of bringing down the enemy's fore-topsail, cutting away a good deal of their rigging, and producing considerable confusion on board. They had perhaps not expected to meet with such resistance, but they were soon prepared to return the fire, and an action was kept up at intervals until midnight. Finding that they were unable to get rid of the enemy, who hung about the ship's quarters and stern, giving her a shot or two every twenty or thirty minutes, Barney proposed to cut out a stern-post — a matter which had been wholly overlooked in building the ship — and to bring up from the gun-deck one of their long three pounders, with which they might at least be enabled to give the enemy an occasional return for his many compliments. This arrangement was acceded to at once by the captain, and in a little time the gun was ready for a stern-fire. About midnight the enemy made one of his accustomed approaches close under the stern of the ship, and meeting with a reception which he had not calculated upon from this newly placed gun, he hauled off, and made no further attack during the remainder of the night. — At day-break the next morning, they discovered that their antagonist was a brig of 16 guns, that she was numerously manned, and had several persons on board in full uniform, from which they concluded that she was one of His Majesty's cruisers, and felt somewhat proud at having succeeded in baffling her designs. The brig, however, as it seemed, had not yet given up the enterprise — about sunrise, she attempted once more to run up under the ship's stern, for the purpose, as was believed, of boarding her ; in which, if she had succeeded, the ship must have been compelled to surrender. At this time, Barney, who had taken command of the stern-chaser, the quarter-master who assisted him with the gun, and the helms-man, were the only persons on the quarter-deck — Captain Robinson, with the rest of the crew, being on the gun deck, ready, if an opportunity should offer, to pour a full broadside into his pursuer. The 'long three' was well served on this critical occasion — a constant fire of grape-shot was kept up from it ; and to one load, Barney added a *crowbar*, the efficacy of which was instantly perceptible on the enemy ; it cut away his fore-tack, all his weather fore-shrouds, and compelled him suddenly to wear ship, in order to save his foremast, which must otherwise have gone by the board. While he was wearing, the captain had an opportunity of seconding this well aimed blow of his lieutenant, by playing away his whole broadside, which put an end to the contest, for the brig made no further attack, and the ship was

well content to pursue her voyage. — An account of this engagement afterwards appeared in a New York paper, from which the officers of the ship learned, that the brig was the privateer 'Rosebud,' Captain Duncan, carrying sixteen guns, and a hundred and twenty men, of whom *fortyseven* were killed and wounded — the American ship was charged in the account with *unfair* fighting, in using *langrage*! — Barney's *crowbar* was the only article of loading used, that could be brought under that denomination; but if he had fired all the crowbars in the ship, and marlinespikes to boot, we are at loss to conceive why it deserved to be called 'unfair,' — a charge which always comes with an ill grace from the *superior* force — particularly as the battle was entirely unsought on the part of the American, and waged strictly in self-defence.

On their arrival at Bordeaux, which they gained without further interruption, the armament of the ship was entirely renewed: they mounted her with eighteen six pounders, and increased her crew to seventy men. Having disposed of their tobacco and taken in a cargo of brandy, they sailed from Bordeaux in the early part of August for Philadelphia. About mid-passage, they discovered a ship, one morning at daylight, manœuvring as if she desired to inquire into their character: being now better prepared than they had been, for offensive, or defensive operations, as the occasion for either might occur, and finding the stranger to be an enemy, they soon had the ship clear for action; at sunrise the combatants met, both apparently equally ready for a trial of prowess — several broadsides were gallantly exchanged, and the action promised to be warmly sustained on both sides; but, at the end of the first half hour, the enemy seemed disposed to regard further contest as unprofitable, and passed by before the wind, crowding the canvas upon her with a rapidity that showed her to be anything but pleased, with the *tête-à-tête* she had just held with the American. The wind was light, our ship was heavily laden, and the flying enemy outsailed her so much, that she was several times in the course of the day beyond sight from the deck: towards evening, however, a rain came on, the wind freshened, and the American was enabled once more to come up — another broadside or two were exchanged, but the enemy showed no inclination to renew the fight, and again made her escape. The next morning she was discovered to be four or five miles ahead; but a dead calm had succeeded the rain of the night before, and our friends, determined to pursue the adventure to a close, rigged out the ship's long oars, and by dint of hard rowing for

two or three hours, came up a third time with the foe — she no longer even attempted resistance, but surrendered upon the first summons. — The prize proved to be an English letter of marque ship, of sixteen guns — *nines and sixes* — and *seventy men*, a force as exactly equal to that of the American as it could well be, the two additional guns of the latter, being counterbalanced by the superior weight in a part of those of the former : — she had twelve men killed, and several wounded ; but independently of the loss of men, she had otherwise suffered enough in the first onset to justify the reluctance her officers exhibited to renew the contest — she was terribly cut to peices in hull, spars, and rigging. Our ship had one man killed (a young gentleman from Bordeaux, a passenger on board,) and two men wounded. — The calm fortunately continued for three days, which enabled them to repair the damages of the prize ship. Barney took command of her ; and the two ships, being luckily able to continue in company during the remainder of the passage, arrived safely at Philadelphia some time in October, 1779.

CHAPTER VIII.

Marriage of Lieutenant Barney. — Undertakes a commercial speculation — visits Baltimore : — meets with a heavy loss : — his philosophy on the occasion : — returns to Philadelphia : — joins the *Saragota*, and sails on a cruise : — Engagement with the Enemy : — Capture of four Vessels from the Enemy : — gallant feat of Lieutenant Barney : — he takes Command of one of the captured ships — capriciousness of fortune : — he is captured by an English 74 : — infamous conduct of her commander : — he is taken to New York : — transferred, with other prisoners to the *Yarmouth 74*, and ordered for England : — sufferings of the prisoners during a long voyage : — a pestilence breaks out among them — cruel and inhuman treatment of them : — they arrive at Plymouth in a state of dreadful extremity : — are tried as 'traitors and rebels,' and committed to Mill Prison. — Description of the Prison : — numerous attempts made to escape : — Barney makes a friend of one of the sentinels — effects his escape in open day in the undress of a British officer : — is kindly received and entertained at the house of a Clergyman : — meets with two Maryland friends — they purchase a small fishing boat, and attempt to gain the coast of France : — pass the British fleet at the mouth of the river : — the friend taken sick, and Barney left to manage the vessel alone : — boarded by a Guernsey Privateer : — his promptness and firmness of mind deceive the boarding officer : — the captain of the privateer not satisfied, takes him back to Plymouth for examination : — he escapes in the stern boat : — enters the village of Causen : — is mistaken for a British officer : — meeting with the crew of the Privateer : — Lord Edgecombe's gardener : — Barney meets with a Butcher who puts him across the river — regains the Clergyman's house in safety.

A GREAT change was now about to take place in the present pursuits and future relations of Lieutenant Barney. His last voyage — the incidents of which, as we have seen, were highly honorable to all concerned — was in a pecuniary point of view, the most profitable he had ever made. The privilege of mercantile adventure, allowed him as first officer, had been judiciously exercised, both on the outward and return voyage ; and the profit realized upon his merchandize, amounted to a considerable sum ; besides which, his share of the valuable ship they had captured was in itself a rich possession. In short, he found himself, upon the settlement of his accounts, master of a handsome little fortune, acquired by his own honorable toils and perils. There was still the same difficulty of obtaining active employment in the navy, which had induced him the year before to embark in the merchant service : indeed, there was scarcely a

United States vessel of any sort either in the Delaware or Chesapeake, the few we had, being divided between our eastern and southern ports. He had enjoyed but little of the society of his friends for the last four years, and in truth had seen but little pleasure or relaxation of any kind. He determined, therefore, unless his country should in the meantime require his services, to pass the winter in those social enjoyments, which his age and natural disposition had hitherto vainly prompted him to seek, while he thought his time could be more honorably and usefully employed. His name was already sufficiently distinguished to gain him admission and a welcome in the best families, and fortune had given him the means of taking his full share in all the fashionable amusements of the day.

During the early part of the winter, he divided his time very fairly between his numerous relatives in Baltimore and 1780 the friends he had early made in Philadelphia; but in a little while the attractions of the latter city proved irresistible — or rather, a single object there so entirely engrossed all his faculties, that he had neither eye nor heart for others. In the course of the winter he became acquainted with the family of Gunning Bedford, Esquire, a respectable Alderman of Philadelphia, and was introduced to his daughter, a young lady of great beauty and personal accomplishments, to whose fascinations he for the first time ‘struck his colors,’ and surrendered at discretion. — ‘None but the brave deserve the fair!’ and what fair ever resisted the wooing of the brave particularly when the possessor of that character presents himself before her in all the freshness of youth and manly beauty! and few men ever possessed greater personal advantages than the subject of our allusion; this we have no doubt will be readily admitted by those of our readers who have seen him only in ‘the sear and yellow leaf’ — in the autumn of his life; while the few who can remember him at the period indicated, will acquit us of undue partiality in the compliment. His suit to this celebrated beauty was successful; and on the 16th of March, 1780, being not yet twentyone, he led Miss Bedford to the altar, with the full approbation of her family. He remained in Philadelphia about a month after his marriage, enjoying the ‘honey-moon’ in a constant round of those complimentary parties, which the hospitable citizens were in the habit of giving, in the ‘good old times,’ upon all such occasions; and then retired with his bride to the state of Delaware, where she had a brother residing at the time, to whom they were both affectionately attached.

Having thus early in life taken upon himself the cares of a

family, prudence dictated to him the necessity of settling immediately in some pursuit which might enable him to prepare for his new duties, and the calls that must hereafter be made upon his resources. He was strenuously advised by many of his friends to embark in a commercial speculation of some magnitude, for which the times were just then propitious; and as he had ample means for it, and was not averse to encounter either hazard or labor, in the prosecution of any object that promised so fair a recompense, it was finally resolved that he should leave his young wife under the protection of her brother, and proceed alone to Baltimore for the purpose of making the proposed arrangements. His brother-in-law furnished him with 'a horse and chair' — he had his whole fortune with him, in the paper currency of the times, which he deposited carefully in the 'chair box;' and full of ardor for his purposed speculation — as he was for every enterprise he undertook — he gave the first separation-kiss to his blooming bride, and turned his back upon Dover. He drove, of course, 'like a sailor,' nor halted except to refresh his horse, until he reached Chestertown, in Maryland — here he jumped out of his 'chair' at a tavern door, and leaving it, box and all, to be taken into the stable yard, hurried down to one of the packets to bespeak his passage to Baltimore: having accomplished this object just in the nick of time, he returned to the tavern to look after his horse and chair, which he had promised to send back to Dover. He met with no difficulty in getting somebody, 'for a proper consideration,' to undertake this job, and taking out the box — which he had *not* promised to send back — he '*had it carried* on board the packet,' where he followed at his leisure. In due time he arrived safely at Baltimore, did not forget to have the box 'carried' ashore, and when he had at length got himself snugly fixed in his lodging, it was 'quite natural' he should begin to think of his paper fortune. As he took the key of the box from his pocket, and prepared to gaze upon the treasure which it was his purpose to send forth upon a '*recruiting* expedition,' he soliloquized somewhat after the following manner! — 'Here lies all I am worth in the world! Six months ago, I thought it more than I should ever want — but then I was not a married man — now I have a family to provide for — I know I shall have a great many children — *that* 's not to be doubted! and it is my duty to try and do what I can to keep them from starving, after they come into this breathing world — let me see! shall I risk it all? or shall I keep something for a *rainy day*? No — d—n it, *that* 's a cowardly, beggarly thought; there 's no danger, and so

here goes for the whole ! — As he concluded this brief communing with himself, he threw open the lid of the box — could it be *his* box ; ‘ Surely this is a mistake, and I have opened what does not belong to me — no ! this is my cravat, and this is my shirt, and ——’ But why should we attempt to depict the consternation of poor Barney, when he discovered that ‘ not a rag of money’ was to be found in the box ! All, all was gone : vanished into thin air ! Continental money, it is true, had not been, for some time, quite so good as its promise : but here was a ‘ depreciation,’ more sudden and profound than any that the most timid broker or speculator would have taken into his calculations ! — We believe we have already said, that there was not a mercenary feeling in the whole character of Joshua Barney : if other proof of this were wanting, the carelessness with which he entrusted his whole wealth to the honesty of unknown stable boys and porters, would suffice to confirm our assertion ; and the readiness with which he was enabled to reconcile himself to his loss on the present occasion would have been beyond the effort of any man who loved money. He must have been more or less than man, not to have shown some astonishment, chagrin, and disappointment, when he first discovered the loss which was certainly, in his peculiar circumstances, a severe one — it placed him in an infinitely worse situation than he had ever been in before, for he had another now to provide for as well as himself ; but these feelings and reflections were of short continuance, and ended in a hearty laugh at his own negligence — with a resolution to say nothing about it, that nobody else might laugh at him !

Thus philosophically determined, he returned immediately to his wife ; and so heroically did he keep his own secret, that even she remained entirely ignorant of his loss, until long after he had made another and a more stable fortune. From Delaware, he and his wife made their way back to Philadelphia ; and, as it fortunately happened, in a few days afterwards he was called again into service, and ordered on board the United States ship *Saratoga*, of 16 nine pounders, under the command of Captain John Young. The *Saratoga* proceeded immediately to sea, and had not been many days on her cruising ground, before she fell in with an enemy’s ship of 12 guns, (showing 20) which made battle, but was captured in a few minutes. On the following day, they encountered a ship and two brigs, all under enemy’s colors, and appearing to be heavily armed. The captain of the *Saratoga*, on this occasion, resorted to the common and justifiable stratagem of hoisting English colors,

under which he ran up along side of the ship, and gave her the customary hail — she was from Jamaica, bound to New York : while the interlocution was going on, the ‘ Stars and Stripes ’ suddenly mounted to the mast-head of the Saratoga, and her assumed badge at the same moment fell upon the deck — a broadside was fired, in the smoke of which her grapnels were thrown upon the enemy, and fifty men, headed by Lieutenant Barney, jumped on board : for a few minutes, the conflict that ensued was terrible ; but the boarders succeeded in driving their antagonists from the deck, and hauling down their colors — they found themselves masters of a ship carrying *thirtytwo guns* and *ninety men* ! The prisoners were quickly brought up from below, and transferred to the Saratoga — Barney, with a part of his boarders, remaining on board the prize. The two brigs had in the meantime attempted to escape ; but the Saratoga soon came up with the largest, carrying 14 guns, and captured her after a short resistance — the other brig, of 4 guns, struck to the prize ship without a fire.

Thus, in the course of two days, did the gallant Saratoga — a name of inauspicious omen to England — make herself mistress of two fine ships and two brigs, carrying *sixtytwo guns* and upwards of *two hundred men* ! The prizes were all valuable, being laden with rum and sugar — two articles which at that time commanded an enormous price in the United States ; and it seemed to be the purpose of fortune to compensate our intrepid lieutenant, for the scurvy trick she had played him with the ‘ chair-box.’ He already counted himself a richer man than he would have been, even had the fullest success attended his late baffled commercial speculation. — But who shall say what a day may bring forth ! It had been determined by Captain Young, to return immediately to Philadelphia with his four prizes ; and Barney received his orders to steer for the Delaware, with the most joyous anticipations at the prospect of so short an absence from his beloved one, and proud, as we may well suppose, at the idea that he had so completely made up his losses. In the course of the first night, he made the discovery that his ship had five feet water in the hold ! and that it was pouring into her faster than all his forces were able to discharge it at the pumps — it was evident that a shot from the Saratoga in their morning’s work must have given her this unfortunate blow below the water. He made the signal of distress to his commander, and received such assistance as enabled him to free the ship by daylight the next morning — but that daylight discovered to him a more ruthless

foe than the water! A ship of the line and several frigates were in full chase, and before many hours had elapsed, he was a prisoner on board the *Intrepid*, seventyfour, whose commander, Anthony James Pye Malloy, Esquire, he has characterized as 'the greatest tyrant in the British Navy!'

The *Saratoga* was so fortunate as to make her escape from this overwhelming force, but all her prizes fell into the enemy's hands.* What a reverse was this to the buoyant hopes, and happy reveries, of *yesterday!* But such is the fortune of war. — The treatment which Lieutenant Barney received on board the *Intrepid*, was barbarous and cruel in the extreme — during the whole passage to New York he was kept *on the poop*, with no shelter from the weather; in this situation, he was exposed to the severities of a cold snow storm, of several days' continuance, *without clothes or bedding!* Such was the treatment he received at the hands of Captain *Anthony James Pye Malloy*; and we venture to say, the reader would scarcely have blamed him, if he had added to his character of him, the epithets of vindictive, cowardly, and mean.

He was kept on board the *Intrepid* for some time after her arrival at New York; but was at length, in December, 1780, by order of Admiral Rodney, put on board the *Yarmouth*, 74, with seventy other American officers, to be transported to England — where, as their magnanimous enemies whispered into their ears, they were '*to be hanged as rebels!*' It is difficult to depict in adequate colors the distressed and suffering condition of these American officers, on board the *Yarmouth*. They were confined in the hold of the ship, under five decks — and consequently at least *thirty feet under water* — in a dungeon, the area of which was twelve feet by twenty, and its *height three feet* — without light, and almost without air — where they were necessarily compelled to remain always in a bent or recumbent posture. Their food was not only of the worst quality, but supplied in such insufficient quantity, that whenever one of their comrades died — which unhappily but too frequently occurred — in order that the survivors might enjoy the benefit of a surplus ration, they carefully concealed his death, until the body became too offensively putredinous to be longer supported! They were *fiftythree days*, in the depth of winter, on the passage from 1781 New York to Plymouth, thus confined and treated — the

*A revolutionary worthy, in a letter to Maj. Wm. B. Barney, speaking of the fact of Lieut. B.'s being put on board one of these prizes, says it was 'a circumstance that preserved him for future service, as the *Saratoga* and her crew perished at sea, unheard of.'

water was measured out to them with even more parsimony than the food, and so thick with animalcules was it, that they could only drink it through their closed teeth! In addition to their accumulated miseries, a pestilence broke out among them — but even this excited no sympathy or commiseration in the ‘noble hearted Britons,’ their jailors: eleven of their number perished by the fever, generated by the confined air and gathered filth of their dungeon, every one of whom suffered inconceivable agonies in the progress of the disease, and died in a state of rabid delirium — not only without an effort on the part of their jailors to relieve them, but without so much as a visit from a surgeon! — Let it not be supposed that the writer of these pages, has taken the liberty to ‘set down aught’ in aggravation of the treatment here depicted — so far from feeling a pleasure in opening anew the rancorous sores that so long festered between two nations of the same kindred and language — and which it is sincerely hoped are now forever healed — the writer would willingly have suppressed the whole scene, if it could have been done consistently with the obligations of biographical truth. What is here detailed is given, without adornment or exaggeration, almost in the very words of one, who saw, and suffered, just as he has described. We have seen on several occasions, how ready he was to speak *well* of his enemy, when he met with one who deserved it — let us then do him the justice to believe that he would, on no occasion, speak *ill* of the same enemy, unless compelled to do so by a sacred regard for truth.

On their arrival at Plymouth, the survivors of these wretched American officers, pale, emaciated, feeble and suffering under a loathsome phthiriasis, were ordered upon deck — what a spectacle for the eye of a brave, magnanimous, and highminded enemy! Not one of them was able to stand erect — many of them were unable to stand at all — and the effect of the sudden light of day — from which they had been excluded for fiftythree days — upon their weak and dilated pupils, is described by Lieutenant Barney as being ‘insufferably severe.’ They were immediately removed to a prison-ship in Plymouth Roads, which, crowded, dirty, and disagreeable as it actually was, appeared a paradise to them, in comparison with what they had left. Here, with the blessing of Providence, and the effect of a freer air upon youth and good constitutions, they gradually recovered health and strength, to bear the further ills in store for them. As soon as they had acquired sufficient force to walk, without leaning upon each other, they were taken ashore, under a strong military guard, and marched before a certain tribunal

— whether composed of civil or martial judges, they were not informed — by which they were asked sundry absurd and insulting questions, touching their 'revolt,' and the 'allegiance' they owed to His most Gracious Majesty; and were then committed to Mill Prison, as 'rebels.' Within the walls of this strong hold, they found between two and three hundred of their unfortunate countrymen already incarcerated.

'Mill Prison' was situated in the centre of an extensive court, surrounded by high, double walls with an area of twenty feet between them. Numerous sentinels were posted, not only among the prisoners within the building and court, but in the area between the surrounding walls, and along the whole line of the outer wall. The gates in the two walls were placed over against each other; the upper one was formed of an iron paling eight feet high; the lower one stood open for the most part all day, in order to allow free communication with the keeper of the prison, whose office stood in the area. From eight o'clock in the morning until sunset, the prisoners were allowed the freedom of the court yard. We have been thus particular in describing the position and defences of this place, that our readers may the better understand and appreciate the boldness that could attempt and overcome such obstacles of strength and vigilance. Many of the prisoners, at various times, by a series of patient, arduous, and long continued toils, which if detailed in a romance would be regarded as incredible, succeeded in delivering themselves from this incarceration. On one occasion, several of them volunteered, as pioneers, to make trial of the common sewer, which, at a considerable depth under ground, emptied itself into the river: even to get into this nauseous receptacle required an unremitting labor of several days and nights, by sawing iron bars, and boring into solid stone. It was agreed that if the pioneers did not return after the lapse of a certain time, others might follow, taking it for granted that the first had been successful. They had supposed that all the obstructions in the sewer would be met within the walls, and that having once overcome these, their egress to the river would be free; but alas! after wading several hundred feet, nearly up to their knees in this loathsome subterranean stream, they found their course unexpectedly impeded by a double iron grating, which neither their strength nor ingenuity could remove; and they were compelled to return, more dead than alive, from breathing so long the horrible atmosphere of this foul passage. — Many of these attempts were discovered and frustrated at the moment when fortune seemed most propitious, and the culprits were always severely punished.

Lieutenant Barney, whose bold, undaunted bearing, intrepid courage, and ready wit, rendered him a constant object of suspicion to his jailors, was on one occasion punished for a *suspected* attempt — for, though in fact he was the mover of the plot, there was no proof to convict him — by confinement in a solitary dungeon for thirty days, in heavy double irons. When again restored to the common liberty of the yard, where the prisoners were in the daily habit of exercising themselves in various athletic games, he affected to have *sprained his ankle* in jumping at ‘leap-frog,’ had it bathed and bandaged, and for a long time was *unable* to walk without crutches. A few only of his confidential fellow-prisoners were aware of the stratagem : the suspicions of his jailors, were for a time effectually lulled, and he made his arrangements without interruption. — Among the soldiers who guarded the prison, there was one who had served in the United States, and who, from some instances of remembered kindness which he had there experienced, delighted in showing civility to the American prisoners. Barney, whose faculties were always awake, had early discovered this soldier, and penetrated the grateful trait in his character, which he resolved to turn to account. He contrived to hold several conversations with him, and by degrees made a warm friend of him. On the 18th of May, 1781, it was the turn of this friendly soldier to mount guard, between the two gates already described — his hours were from noon till 2 o’clock. Barney, who was hobbling about upon his crutches, moved towards the gate to speak to his friend through the paling — he whispered, interrogatively, ‘*Today?*’ — the soldier replied in the same low tone, ‘*Dinner!*’ — Barney instantly comprehended his meaning — one o’clock was the hour at which the jailor, and every body but the sentinels, took their dinners. He retired to his room; equipped himself in the undress uniform of an English officer, which he had provided for the occasion; threw over all his old great coat, (in which he had been dressed all the morning) to avoid the notice of the inner sentinels; and then sought his confidential friends, whose assistance would still be indispensable to success: some of these undertook to keep the sentinels, at certain posts, in parley; and one of them, (a lad of such slender dimensions that he could creep through his window bars at pleasure,) in order that his absence might be the longer unsuspected, was, after answering to his own name at roll-call in his room, to crawl through the window and answer for Barney in the yard: — another of his friends, a tall, stout man, had already taken his station near the

gate. Thus prepared at all points, our bold adventurer descended into the court; he reached the gate without challenge; interchanged a wink with the soldier, which satisfied him that now was the accepted time; and springing, with the agility of a cat, upon the shoulders of his tall fellow-prisoner, who stood ready for the purpose, was in a moment over the barrier, and safe upon his feet: he threw his great coat from him as he lighted upon the ground; thrust four guineas into the hand of his *blind* friend, the soldier, as he passed him; and walking boldly through the outer gate, without even being seen by its careless guardian, whose back was towards the prison, was in ten minutes safe, in the house of a well known friend to the American cause, in Plymouth!

The unannounced intrusion of a *British officer* into such a house, was serious cause of alarm to its disaffected inmates; and this alarm, though it took a different course, was not much lessened, when our run-away explained his disguise, and the nature of his situation. It was a perilous thing to protect an escaped prisoner, amounting to no less than high treason; but it was a peril which this generous family, without hesitation, determined to run, and Lieutenant Barney was welcomed with the same kindness and hospitality which they had, on all occasions, shown towards the Americans, whether prisoners or free. He was concealed during the day; but, contrary to their fears and expectations, no inquiry was made for him, nor did there appear any indication, about the town or prison, that his escape had been discovered. In the evening he was taken by this amiable family to the house of their father, a venerable clergyman of Plymouth, where they well knew he would be safer than with them, and treated with equal kindness. At the house of this respectable and christian minister of the gospel, which in common with that of the son was the hospitable resort of all the Americans whom the fortune of war or inclination brought to Plymouth, Lieutenant Barney had the unexpected gratification of meeting with two friends from his native state—Colonel William Richardson, and Doctor Hindman, both of the eastern shore of Maryland. They had been captured a short time before—or to speak more correctly, for they were not made prisoners, a vessel in which they happened to be passengers fell into the hands of the enemy,—and they were now anxiously waiting for an opportunity to return to the United States. In this object they had been hitherto entirely unsuccessful, and the meeting with Barney was regarded as the only auspicious incident that occurred in their search—for they

both had the most unlimited confidence in his promptitude of resource and energy of character. He at once proposed to the two gentlemen to purchase a small fishing vessel, and leave all the rest to him. This was done, without even putting a question to him as to the feasibility of his plan; and in three or four days everything was prepared as he directed — the two friends were advised to take up their lodgings on board the vessel over night, leaving their servant to follow with him in the morning. — With the single assistance of this servant, an American, it was his design to navigate the little vessel, and make his way with her to the coast of France, where, if they should be fortunate enough to arrive, all difficulties would of course be at an end; but it would never do to play the *fisherman* in an English officer's undress uniform — he had *thrown* away his old great coat on clearing the prison gate, and had *given* away the last guinea he had to his friend the sentinel. He questioned the servant — were there no old cover-alls among his master's baggage? — O yes, the very thing! He made this man, who was to play *buen camarado*, equip himself in the coarsest and most tattered apparel his wardrobe furnished, while he, with his 'fear-nothing' great coat, tied around the middle with an old rope's end, and a tarpaulin hat, and a 'knowing tie' upon the black silk handkerchief around his neck, looked the *Poissonnier* complete. He had now to take leave of his kind and excellent friends, which he did with a tear of heartfelt gratitude, and by the earliest peep of dawn, he and his humble comrade were on board the little vessel.

When it is understood that Admiral Digby lay with a large fleet at the mouth of the river, through which our *fishermen* must pass before they could get to sea — that there was, at least, a strong *probability*, that the escape of Barney from prison must have been long since discovered, notwithstanding the promise of his friend 'Slender' to answer the roll-call, and if discovered made known to the fleet — that the least unusual appearance in his assumed character would excite suspicion, and lead to the examination of his vessel — and that, passing the fleet in safety, he had yet to encounter the numerous cruisers that were constantly plying in the British Channel, — and to crown all, that there was not a man on board but himself who had ever handled a rope or knew what it was to 'hand, reef or steer,' in the language of the song: — this attempt of Lieutenant Barney may be regarded as even more daring and adventurous, than that by which he delivered himself from bondage a few days before. The chances in both cases were a

thousand to one against him, and in the present, if retaken, he had every reason to believe his life would be the forfeit. His two friends were almost as adventurous as himself; they not only jeoparded the liberty which had been hitherto allowed them, but ran the hazard of being treated as accessaries to the escape of a prisoner: it may be well believed, that their confidence in their young countrymen was 'unlimited.'

They were under way before sunrise. Barney's orders to the two gentlemen to 'keep snug below,' were faithfully obeyed, and the two *fishermen* appeared to be the only tenants of the smack. A fine breeze wafted them swiftly along the receding tide, and in a little while they were in the midst of a hostile fleet: the 'skipper,' as, with seeming unconcern, he steered his little bark through the fearful array, bent upon them a look of anxious interest — his experienced eye could detect no sign of awakened suspicion — he passed the last ship, unquestioned, unnoticed, and began to breathe more freely; — we say, to *breathe more freely*, for the stoutest heart that ever beat in a human bosom, could not have passed such a scene, under such circumstances, without being sensible of a quicker play of the lungs and an accelerated pulsation of the arteries. He pulled off his tarpaulin, and wiped the perspiration from his face — 'Thank God! we are safe through *that*' — said he, calling to his friends below. But these friends were unhappily not in a condition to join in the thanksgiving, either on their own account or his: they were in the first paroxysm of that most horrible, most emasculating, and least commiserated, of all human sufferings, the 'seasickness.' — Receiving no response to his exclamation, Barney supposed they were asleep, and began to feel a little vexed at their want of sensibility to the perils of their situation. He called out again. 'Below! there!' — 'Oh! oh! oh, my! ah! augh! ugh!' — 'What's the matter, Colonel? — What? are you at it too, Doctor?' — 'A—h! O—h! u—gh!' in all the various tones and semitones of the gamut, were the only replies he could get 'from below!' — What sailor ever pitted the oceanic nausea of a landsman! We have seen dozens at a time of these poor, suffering, agonized creatures, straining their very lives out, while hundreds of 'generous tars' were standing by, 'enjoying the *fun*' and laughing with as much *gusto* as if it were really a farce got up solely for their amusement! — Barney called to his 'brother-fisherman' on deck: 'Jem! go cut your master a piece of that fat pork — it's a sovereign remedy in these cases!' — But 'Jem,' was lying flat upon the deck with his head in the scuppers —

following the example of his master; and our skipper found himself as much *alone* in the vessel as if his companions had actually yielded up the ghost.

In this situation, and while he was still smiling at the scene before him, and anticipating that, if the wind continued a few hours more as favorable as it now was, he would reach the coast of France without wanting assistance from his prostrated companions, he descried a sail at a distance, which his quick and practised eye enabled him to decide at once to be steering upon his track. He was not deceived — in less than an hour, the vessel was along side of him, and a boat with an officer came on board. Now was the time for that coolness and decision, that energy and promptitude of resource in danger, in which his friends so confidently trusted. Forcible resistance was out of the question: firmness of mind, and mother-wit *might* save him — nothing else *could*. The boarding vessel was a Guernsey privateer — the officer who was sent to examine him, demanded what he had on board, and whither he was bound? —

‘I have nothing on board — and am bound to the coast of France,’ answered Barney, to the astonishment of his questioner.

‘Your business there?’ demanded the other.

‘I cannot disclose to *you* my business,’ untying the rope that confined the old coat around him as he spoke, and carelessly opening to the view of the examiner the British half uniform, in which he was dressed. The sight of it had an instant effect upon the privateersman, who touched his hat and became very polite. Barney saw his advantage, and continued in a firm and authoritative tone — ‘Sir, I must not be detained; my business is urgent — and you must suffer me to proceed, or you will, perhaps, find cause to regret it!’

The boarding officer very obsequiously replied, that he would return to the privateer, and report to the captain. So far, then, everything prospered, and there was still hope: if the captain should prove to be as complaisant and unsuspecting as his officer, he would escape — and escape, too, by having given the literal truth in reply to his interrogator! — But we must not anticipate; the captain of the privateer himself came on board upon the report of his officer, and though equally civil was rather more *experienced* in the arts of ‘overhauling.’ He desired to know the business which could carry a British officer, thus inadequately attended, to the enemy’s coast — ‘I should be very sorry to stop you, sir,’ said he, ‘if you are on *public* business;’

but if this be the fact, it must surely be in your power to give me some *proof* of it, without disclosing the secrets of government — which I have no desire to know.’ — Barney foresaw at once that this was the preface to a much closer scrutiny than it would be possible for him to sustain, but he nevertheless answered very promptly, and very truly, to the remark of the privateer-captain, that, to show him such proof as he required, would be to put at hazard the whole success of his enterprise, which depended upon its being carefully guarded from the knowledge of all but those entrusted with its execution.

‘Then, sir, I shall be under the necessity of carrying you to England,’ said the pertinacious inquisitor.

‘Do as you please, sir,’ replied Barney, with a calmness of manner which he was far from feeling — ‘but remember, it is at your *peril*. All I have further to say, sir, is, that if you persist in interrupting my voyage, I must demand of you to carry me directly on board of Admiral Digby’s ship at Plymouth.’

This was the last bold stroke of our lieutenant — he thought it not improbable that the privateersman would be afraid to venture among the fleet, lest he might lose his men by impressment and that, rather than comply with such a demand, he would be induced to look upon it as satisfactorily removing all ground of suspicion. He did in truth appear to deliberate for a few moments, and Barney endeavored to fasten the hint in his mind by praising the neat, sailor-like appearance of his *boat’s crew*. But it was all in vain — the fates were against him, and he was once more a prisoner. Night was now coming on: the captain of the privateer left an officer and two men on board the smack, and giving them orders to follow him to *Plymouth*, returned to his own vessel.

If his companions had not been so utterly helpless from the enervating effects of their seasickness, it might have been easily in their power to have retaken the vessel from the small force left on board; but such an idea, under the circumstances of the case, was not to be thought of, and Barney submitted quietly to his destiny. They were all night in beating back to the English coast, and on the following morning entered a small bay about two leagues from Plymouth, where the privateer and her prize came to anchor. The captors still continued to treat their prisoner with the respect due to his *buttons*, but seemed entirely at a loss how to comprehend his assumed character. Leaving him and his companions on board the privateer, her captain went off in his boat to make his report to the admiral — a report which we doubt not that officer was as little able

to comprehend as the individual who framed it. Soon after the privateer's man's departure, nearly all his men went ashore, on pretence of keeping out of the way of press-gangs, so that the privateer was left with only one officer and three or four men.

Barney's friends, who had by this time recovered sufficiently to have a full preception of their critical situation, began to express considerable uneasiness — they anticipated a long incarceration, if nothing worse, as abettors of his attempt to escape, and would willingly have compounded for their liberty with the loss of their vessel, and a few hundreds to the boot. Barney had no consolation to offer them — in truth his thoughts were otherwise occupied : he was concocting a plan for his own escape ; which he well knew would prevent his countrymen from coming to any harm, provided they kept their own counsel — *they* were not prisoners, and unless *he* should be found in their company, it was not likely they would be detained a moment — as to their present fretting, it was not worth a thought. He walked the deck, with the air of one who commanded it, rather than as one whose life was in jeopardy, and affecting at length to be tired, threw himself carelessly along the stern board, and slept — or seemed to sleep. As the dinner hour approached, the few of the privateer's men who were not snoring on the deck were busily preparing their several messes, and his presence on board seemed to have been forgotten — the small boat of the privateer hung at her stern by the tow-rope — he slipped down into it, (with no other accident than rubbing a little of the skin from one of his shins,) cut the rope, and sculled himself ashore — to the very spot where the men from the privateer had landed in the morning ! This was a small town, or village called Causen, from the name of the bay.

It is remarkable, that not a man on board the privateer saw him, or became aware of his escape until he was beyond their reach. He would probably not have landed exactly at that point, if he could have had his *choice* ; but the wind blew strong upon it, and he had no help for it. As he approached the shore several of the lounging inhabitants came to meet him, and among them a custom-house officer ; he jumped boldly out of his boat, and called upon some of those who stood by to 'lend him a hand to haul her up on the beach' — ay ! ay ! sir,' was the ready answer. 'Where did you catch her?' asked the custom-house officer, 'what has she got aboard?' — But for the hurt on his shin, which was actually bleeding through his stocking, and fortunately served him as good excuse

for being in haste 'to get something to it,' these questions must soon have led to the discovery that he was not what the good people took him for, an officer of the privateer: he was suffered, therefore, to proceed, after showing his leg, without further annoyance. Before he moved on, however, he bowed to the great man of the village, the custom-house officer, and said — 'Pray, sir, can you tell me where *our* people are?' — 'I think, sir, you'll find them all at the Red Lion, the very last house in the village!' — 'Thank you, sir, I wish you a very good morning,' and off marched our daring countryman, with a quick step, but a heart by no means at ease. He found himself compelled to pass the tavern indicated, for there was no other road out of the village — he turned the corner, as he thought unperceived: but the moment afterwards, a sailor hailed him — 'Holloa! lieutenant! I'm glad you 're come ashore — we was jist a thinking some on us to go off arter you.' — 'And what for, pray?' asked the lieutenant, not without some misgivings. 'Why, may be as how some on us might ship, if we knowed a thing or two.' Barney saw directly that his story had gained full credit with the sailors, and that he was still believed to be a British officer. He continued to walk on, endeavoring to hold the man in conversation, until they had left the town some distance behind them — the sailor made a pause, and asked where he was going? — 'To Plymouth; come you might as well go along with me.' — The tar hesitated a moment, he had not quite made up his mind yet, he said, and may be if the lieutenant got him to Plymouth, he might keep him there — he believed, on the whole he would go back to the privateer; and wishing a pleasant walk to the lieutenant, he turned about to retrace his steps to the village.

No sooner was this good natured tar out of sight, than our wanderer began to quicken his steps into a run, lest he might be *overhauled* by others of the gang not so easily to be duped. Deeming it advisable to quit the highway as speedily as possible, he jumped over a hedge, and found himself in an elegant park; he traversed this, passed near a superb *chateau*, and at length made his way into a large and beautifully decorated garden, where he thought he might find some sequestered spot to repose himself for a few minutes, for he began not only to feel excessively fatigued, but to suffer considerable pain from the wound on his leg. The garden, however, was not without its proper guardian. In entering one of its numerous bowers he stumbled upon the old gardener, who looked as much astonished at the intrusion as if he had dropped from the clouds.

The old man asked, as soon as he found breath, how he came there? — The story was soon told — he belonged to a privateer in Causen Bay; was going to Plymouth; had hurt his leg which pained him very much; and he was taking the shortest cut to get to town as soon as he could! ‘But don’t you know,’ said this ancient Adam, ‘that there’s a *fine of half a guinea for crossing a hedge?*’ — No, indeed! how should he know having been at sea all his life! — It was not very difficult to persuade the old man, that no wrong or insult, had been intended to ‘my Lord Edgecombe’ — who it seems was the proprietor of this princely establishment — and in the end he became so good natured as to give egress to our traveller at a back postern that opened from the garden upon the river. This was an important advantage gained; for it enabled him to avoid the public ferry, and the necessity of passing his old *prison* — a butcher, who happened to be just passing at the moment in a small wherry, with two sheep for the market, was prevailed upon to set him across the river for *sixpence*, and before night he was once more safe under the hospitable roof of the venerable clergyman at Plymouth.

CHAPTER IX.

Singular good fortune of Lieutenant Barney in eluding his pursuers :— while at supper with his friends, the Town crier rings his bell under the windows, proclaims a reward for his apprehension, and describes his person, and dress : consternation and alarm of his friends :— his own *sang froid* on the occasion :— procures a new dress, and takes a Post-chaise at midnight for Exeter :— laughable deception of the Sentinel at the gate :— he reaches Exeter in safety :— adventure on the road thence to Bristol :— meets with friends :— goes to London :— is hardly dissuaded from the hazardous design of visiting Mr Laurens in the *Tower* :— kindness of an officer of the Custom House :— sails for Ostend :— romantic adventure, and agreeable journey thence to Brussels :— unexpected introduction to the Emperor of Austria— travels through Antwerp and Rotterdam to the Hague :— sees the Prince of Orange :— arrives at Amsterdam :— meets with Mr John Adams, and is kindly received :— takes passage in the frigate *South Carolina*— quits her at Corunna, in Spain, and takes passage in a *Massachusetts Privateer* :— visits Bilboa :— arrives at Beverly :— honorable offer to him by the Messrs Cabot :— he declines it, and sets out for Boston— hospitable reception there :— is detained by snow-storms— travels in a sleigh to Princeton :— arrives safely at Philadelphia— meeting with his wife and son.

It must often occur to those who closely observe the events of human life, to find a verification of the apothegm that *Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable*— that which is unquestionably true, has often very little the semblance of truth. There is an apparent wildness of romantic improbability in many of the incidents that occurred to the subject of these memoirs during his imprisonment in England, which might almost tempt one to believe that they were rather the dreams of an excited imagination than the sober record of realities, were it not, that, besides his own well known and characteristic love of truth, there is abundant testimony in confirmation of these passages of his life. It would seem to be almost incredible, and yet it is certainly a fact, that Lieutenant Barney's escape, in the open day, from Mill Prison, was never discovered, until the inquiries set on foot by Admiral Digby, in consequence of the report made to him by the captain of the privateer, led to a personal inspection of all the prisoners. In less than an hour

after he had slipped off from the privateer, a guard which had been despatched from the prison at Plymouth, arrived at the little village of Causen; and he must inevitably have run into the very arms of this guard — all of whom were of course well acquainted with his person — if he had kept on the high way only a few hundred yards farther than he did: his trespass upon the *hedge* of Lord Edgecombe alone saved him.

To the two friends whom he had so unceremoniously abandoned, it happened just as he had foreseen — *he* not being found in their company, they were immediately released by order of the admiral, and their little fishing vessel — albeit of very little use to them without her ‘skipper’ — was given up. In the course of the evening, these two gentlemen, also, both returned to the house of the clergyman; and thus was everything brought back to the point from which they had started two days before. But it very soon became evident, that though the situation of his two friends had not been rendered worse by the experiment, that of Barney himself was a hundred fold more precarious and full of danger. — While the family and their three guests sat at supper, laughing over the adventures of the last fortyeight hours, and passing not a few jokes upon the *vigilance* of the guard at Mill Prison, the bell of the town crier sent forth a peal near the windows, that startled them all, and the next moment they heard him proclaiming ‘*Five guineas reward, for the apprehension of Joshua Barney, a rebel deserter from Mill Prison,*’ &c. &c. — The proclamation went on to describe minutely his person and *dress*, and called upon all loyal subjects to aid, *and so forth!* For a moment it was thought by all present, that the bellman had seemed to address his proclamation particularly *to that house!* and that a military *reconnoissance* would speedily follow; but the sound passed away, and the street remained quiet. While every countenance at table, was turned upon the subject of this proclamation, with a look of mingled sympathy and despondence, he himself exhibited no symptom of alarm: on the contrary, he thought the proclamation, bawled as it was into his very ears, the most fortunate thing that could have happened for him; and the bellman had no sooner passed out of hearing than he jumped up from the table and repeating, with a ludicrous imitation of his nasal twang, the minute description of his dress, declared himself under great obligations to the generosity of the town crier, for reminding him of the necessity of *changing his disguise!*

He continued to lie perdue in the snug quarters of the

parsonage house for three days longer, in the course of which time one of the sons of his friend the clergyman, whose size very nearly corresponded with his own, ordered a new suit of *fashionable* clothes from his tailor, which fitted admirably, and undertook to procure a post-chaise for *Exeter*. His Maryland friends readily replenished his empty purse — and everything was prepared for another experiment. He bade farewell once more to his kind protectors, and at midnight, accompanied by one of the old gentleman's sons, he repaired to the spot where the post-chaise had previously been ordered to be in readiness — it was there; he shook hands with his young friend, wished him a gay good-night, stepped into the chaise, and off it whirled. Now, then, thought he, all promises fair! 'I have only to play the part of an independent gentleman, and who shall dare call me *deserter*!' — In a few minutes they reached the gate of the town — 'Halt!' cried a sentinel with the voice of a stentor: the driver obeyed on the instant; the chaise door was opened by a fellow of Herculean proportions, who thrust a lamp into the carriage, and repeating aloud the description of person and dress so faithfully set forth in the proclamation of the town crier, began very deliberately to compare the portrait with the *original* before him. The presence of mind of the 'gentleman, traveller' did not desert him on this critical occasion — his 'handsome mouth' took a sudden 'twist to larboard'; his 'dark, flashing, sprightly eyes,' squinted so awfully, that he might have been mistaken for the ghost of that celebrated historian who owed his name to the like defect of vision; and he demanded, in a tone of insulted dignity, to know what the fellow meant by such insolence! The soldier by this time perfectly satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, begged the gentleman's pardon, and ordered the postilion to drive on: the latter did his duty faithfully, his horses were 'good blood,' and by daylight, they entered the town of *Exeter*, a distance of fortyfive miles from *Plymouth*.

As the post-chaise drove into the inn-yard at *Exeter*, a stage-coach was just about to leave it: our traveller called out to know where it was going, and being answered 'to *Bristol*!' he ordered it to wait a moment, got out of his chaise, paid the boy handsomely for his night's work, jumped into the starting coach, and was on the road again without the loss of a moment. The reader may believe, that he was not very much displeased to find, as the increasing light gave him an opportunity of examining the interior of the coach, that he had but one companion — a young

female, of modest, and interesting appearance, to whom — as was his wont on such occasions — he soon became very attentive, ‘and all that.’ He pretended to discover in her a great resemblance to ‘a sister’ whom he loved very much, and fancying that this gave him a sort of claim to her acquaintance, he acted the ‘brother’ *à merveilles*, during the whole journey to Bristol; and by this innocent artifice not only afforded respectable protection to, perhaps, a very deserving young lady, but avoided, to himself, any of the inconveniences that might have attended his travelling as an unknown and unconnected stranger.

On his arrival at Bristol, he went immediately in search of the gentleman upon whom he had a letter of credit, and was agreeably surprised to hear from him, that there was an American agent then in Bristol, a gentleman from Virginia, who would no doubt be glad to see and converse with him. Mr Clifford very kindly undertook to introduce him, and the Virginian received and entertained him with the most gratifying courtesy and hospitality. Being assured that he might consider himself safe from pursuit at Bristol, he was persuaded to remain here for a couple of weeks, and take that repose which his late active adventures had rendered so necessary. On quitting this quiet and peaceful retreat, he was advised by the American agent to proceed directly to London, where he would be not only more likely to hear of safe opportunities of return to the United States, but be better able to avoid suspicion and detection, until such an opportunity occurred. The gentleman furnished him with the name of an individual in London, an officer of the Customs, and a *countryman* — and gave him the *impression of his seal in wax*, telling him that nothing more would be necessary than the presentation of that, to insure him a hearty welcome, and every service he might need, from this Government officer. Thus furnished, he took his seat in the mail-coach for the great metropolis, and arrived without meeting with a single incident to remind him that he was a runaway prisoner, travelling in the very heart of his enemy’s territory. He followed the advice of his Bristol friend, and took the earliest opportunity of presenting himself to the Virginian, whom he found holding an important post in the custom-house. The reception which had been promised him, was more than realized — the Virginian introduced him immediately to his family, procured respectable lodgings for him in the neighborhood, and spent the greater part of the leisure which his official duties allowed him, in

accompanying his guest to visit the many objects of interest and curiosity, which this 'world-in-itself imbounds.*

He remained six weeks in London, before a chance occurred of leaving it with favorable prospects; during all which time, it was never once brought to his recollection, that a price was set upon his head! No man ever felt less like a proclaimed deserter, or enjoyed the hospitalities pressed upon him with a freer heart. The distinguished American patriot, Laurens, was at this moment imprisoned in the tower of London — though Barney knew him at the time, only by name and reputation, he would have hurried off to pay his respects the instant the information was communicated to him, had not his friend very judiciously stopped him, by representing that it would be running foolishly into the lion's mouth; that it would be impossible to gain admission to Mr Laurens, without making certain disclosures concerning himself, which might be attended with very inconvenient consequences. This was certainly very prudent advice, and for once in his life, the lieutenant suffered his inclination to be overruled by the dictates of discretion. — He had an opportunity, before he left London, of seeing 'the King' — upon whom he had bestowed many a *left-handed blessing* — and all the 'royal family,' as they moved in procession to St Paul's and had the grace to acknowledge to his friend the Virginian, that they were by no means so savage-looking as he had imagined them to be.

Tired at length of 'life in London' or rather beginning to feel that he ought to make some effort to return to his country, whatever dangers might stand in the way, or however circuitous the route, it might become necessary for him to take, he made his way to Margate, and there took passage in one of the packets just about to sail for Ostend. — We have hesitated, after reading his Journal, whether we ought not to leave this *passage* to the reader's imagination, and take up our subject again at Bruges, or Brussels, or some other distant point of the European continent — but upon the whole, we have resolved that it would be better to follow him up closely throughout the voyage and subsequent journey, than leave him for a moment exposed to *conjectures* and *surmises*, in which the most good natured

* Soon after he reached London, Mr Barney called upon Lady Grant — the sister of Mrs Barney's mother — who received him kindly enough, until made acquainted with the fact of his escape from prison, which so alarmed her, that she offered him a purse of gold and peremptorily commanded him to quit London immediately. Her husband was a zealous ministerialist, and of course, violently opposed to the cause of 'the Rebels.'

reader would be very apt to indulge, very unjustly, to his prejudice. — Upon going on board the packet, he found it more agreeable for some time to remain upon deck, and breathe the free air, and watch the various points of land as they rapidly turned their different faces to the passing vessel, than to follow the crowd into a confined cabin, where from his experience in these matters, he anticipated nothing that could pay him for the sacrifice of his ease. As he walked the deck, and examined the many curious articles of lading, that still lay strewed about its surface, he was surprised to see a splendid equipage, and four elegant, beautifully matched horses, in the care of several servants, in rich liveries. He had seen nobody on board, to whom he thought such an establishment could belong — for the passengers appeared to him, for the most part, to be of the common class of traders and shopkeepers, whose object was business rather than pleasure — and it excited his curiosity ; he disliked the idea of questioning one of the servants, for he knew that the ‘gentleman of that corps’ were not always disposed to give a civil answer — he determined, therefore, to join the company in the cabin, and by a closer scrutiny find out whether there were any among them whom he had not yet seen. The packet was now in the channel, the wind was blowing freshly, and there was a heavy cross sea running — just that state of things, which is sure to make a landsman curse the stars, that tempted him to trust to the promises of the fickle ocean. He walked down into the cabin — it reminded him of his dungeon aboard the Yarmouth — small, crowded, and suffocating — he managed to push his way through the agitated mass, until he came to the after-locker, seated upon which, under one of the windows, was a female who seemed to be entirely unattended and suffering the extremest horrors of that malady we have already had occasion to mention. She was the only female of the party, and not one of the numerous crowd around gave the slightest indication that he was even aware of her presence. — What a set of insensible savages ! — If there be one situation in which above all others a beautiful woman would not choose to be seen — by one in whom she desired to excite an interest of a certain kind — it must surely be such a one as that in which this lady was now found. There are many afflictions that give a heightening interest to the most lovely features — degrees and kinds of suffering that add a softening charm to the sweetest countenance ; — but we are very willing to believe, that ‘seasickness’ is not among the number of these improving maladies, — at least, when it

reaches a certain stage. We have said, that no sailor ever felt commiseration for those who are so wretched as to be thus afflicted; but, of course, we meant to charge this want of pitying sympathy only in the case of your great lubberly, two-fisted landsman, who had never passed within the magic circles of Cancer or Capricorn, and who *therefore* were not to be supposed worthy of a sailor's pity — but in the case of woman — 'lovely woman' — *C'est toute autre chose* — there is a tender chord in the bosom of every seaman, that the sight of woman in distress never fails to touch with sympathetic vibration. Here was a case that would have lit up the dormant spark of humanity in any breast, save in those of the cold and selfish barbarians who now filled the cabin of the packet. Lieutenant Barney looked around upon the unfeeling, vulgar crowd, with a scowl of indignation, and approached the suffering female to offer his sympathy and assistance. Nothing could have been better timed — the lady had become so enfeebled, by the repeated and powerful efforts of nature to relieve her, that she must have sunk upon the floor of the cabin, had not the ready arm of our gallant countryman been stretched forth at the moment to receive her. She was too sick, too faint, to testify, by words, whether she was grateful for, or offended at, this opportune, and manifestly compassionate, act of familiarity; but the tranquil manner in which she rested her aching head upon the shoulder of her supporter, and the soft expression of her swimming eyes as she upraised them to his — spoke intelligibly enough, that she would have thanked him, if she had had power of utterance.

Our readers may, perhaps, remember that, in the case of the two Maryland gentlemen on board the unfortunate fishing vessel, Lieutenant Barney recommended a very singular *remedy*, which he pronounced to be 'sovereign' in all attacks of the *mal de mer* or *nausea marina*: — we may judge of his sincerity on that occasion, by the very different remedy which he prescribed for the sick lady — he ordered a cup of 'mulled wine' to be immediately prepared, giving particular directions as to the proportions of its several aromatic ingredients; held it with his own hand to the lips of his patient, and insisted upon her sipping the fragrant restorative; and then lifted her in his arms to the nearest state-room, where he gently deposited the still languid and almost unconscious sufferer upon the rude couch prepared for her. None but a brute, or a philosopher, could think of leaving a woman to die, by herself — our lieutenant was neither, but, on the contrary, as tender-hearted and benevolent a human being as ever lived.

After a squally and boisterous night, which rendered the passage across the channel extremely uncomfortable, except to those accustomed to the sea, the packet reached Ostend soon after breakfast the next morning. As our wanderer had no baggage to hunt up, he of course kept aloof from the bustle and confusion among the passengers, and was at liberty to continue his kind attentions to the sick lady; who, though somewhat recovered, was evidently still laboring under extreme debility and languor. By his advice, she remained quiet in the cabin, until the passengers had all landed, and then with the assistance of his arm — without which it was plain she could not have walked — mounted the deck and descended upon the quay. The elegant equipage, which had so much excited his curiosity the evening before, but which had been entirely forgotten in subsequent events, was drawn up, apparently in waiting for its owner; and he was beginning again to wonder to whom it could belong, when his companion — whose voice he had hitherto heard only in feeble and broken monosyllables — spoke to one of the attendants, in French, and then turning to him, invited him to take a seat with her to the hotel, where she would endeavor to thank him for his very great kindness, and *professional advice*! — He bowed, handed her into the carriage, and took the offered seat beside her. She had mistaken him for a *physician*! — was it any wonder? — but his pride was hurt, and his vanity mortified, and he lost no time in undeceiving her as to the nature of his *profession*: — he was no medical man, but an American naval officer — ‘every inch a sailor!’ The lady appeared a little embarrassed — she had been accepting his services, without scruple, under the impression that they might be compensated by the offer of her purse — she was sorry — that is, she was glad — in short, would the *Captain* do her the honor to take his dinner with her at the hotel?

The traveller who cannot make up his mind to the rough and the smooth of his road, bearing the one with equanimity, and taking the other as a ‘good, the gods provide,’ ought to stay at home — it is certain he is not born to be a ‘hero,’ and it may be doubted whether he can be a *good christian*. — During the dinner, the lady communicated to the ‘captain’ just so much of her story as served to excite, rather than to allay, curiosity — she was an Italian — had been residing for several years in London — and was now on her way to Turin, *via* Bruges and Brussels, at which last place she expected to meet a ‘certain individual,’ by whom her further progress would be directed: — If the ‘captain’s,’ intended journey lay anywhere in the proximity

of this route, it would give her great pleasure if he would accept the vacant seat in her carriage — as he was a stranger in the country, perhaps he might find her acquaintance with the road a convenience to him. — This proposition was made in so modest and delicate a manner, that the most malicious would have found it difficult to give an improper construction to the motive, and the most egregious vanity could have seen in it nothing but a grateful desire to repay an obligation of courtesy. Need we say, that Lieutenant Barney accepted the agreeable offer, and that he was quite enough a man of the world to perceive at once, that in doing so, he was receiving a much higher favor than he conferred. The party being arranged, they set out immediately after dinner, and arrived at Bruges the same evening: here the lady was waited upon by a gentleman in the uniform of an Austrian general, and an animated conversation was carried on between them for half an hour, in the presence of her travelling companion, but in the Italian language, which she had previously ascertained he did not understand. The next morning at an early hour, the same gentleman called again, placed a large sealed packet in the hands of the lady, and remained in her company until the moment of departure. Every step of their subsequent journey tended to thicken the veil of mystery in which this fair *incognita* was wrapped — that she was a lady of high rank, the number of her attendants, the richness of their equipments, and above all the profound deference paid her by the Austrian general, sufficiently declared; but who? or what? — was beyond all the ingenuity of one who had so strangely become her fellow-traveller to discover. She continued to treat ‘Monsieur Capitaine,’ as she called him, with marked attention, and unremitting efforts to keep him amused, by her spirited remarks upon the scenery and people as they drove rapidly along the level roads; but there was at times an air of protective condescension in her manners, not at all flattering to the pride of our countryman. At Brussels the mystery assumed a still deeper shade, and the curiosity of Lieutenant Barney was raised to its utmost height — it was here that the lady had expected to meet a ‘certain individual,’ by whom her future movements would be directed. Whether that individual had not arrived when the party reached Brussels, or whether any obstacle existed to prevent the lady from immediately profiting by his presence, she made known her determination to remain here some days to repose: on the third day, she invited the ‘captain’ to attend her on a visit, which it became necessary for her, as she said, to make to a ‘certain hotel’ — *nunquam non paratus* was a distinguish-

ing trait in the character of Barney — they set out immediately on foot, and after traversing several streets, stopped before a noble mansion : — the lady handed a paper to the porter, and in less than a minute afterwards, they were both ushered into the presence of the *Emperor Joseph, of Austria!* The astonishment of the lieutenant was unbounded, when the lady presented him as an American officer, who had been *serviceable to her on the road.* — Joseph said *something* to him, but what it was, he neither heard nor understood, and immediately afterwards taking the lady by the hand, led her into an adjoining room, where they remained closeted for fifteen or twenty minutes. — Barney, in the meantime, being left standing in the audience chamber, with sundry big whiskered Germans and spruce Italians, who eyed him with a stare of surprise at least equal to his own. On the reëntrance of the lady, who came back alone, they returned to their hotel. On the way, his mysterious companion cautioned him, that it was the emperor's pleasure to be travelling *incognito*, and that she had undertaken to promise *for him*, inviolable secrecy, while he remained in the Austrian dominions, as to his having seen His Imperial Majesty at Brussels. She then announced her intention of departing immediately for Italy, expressed some polite regrets that she should be compelled to lose the company of so agreeable a fellow-traveller — and made her *adieu pour jamais!* Barney never saw or heard of her afterwards : it was evident the lady had been employed in some political intrigue ; but its nature, object, or issue, he was fated never to comprehend.

After a stay of five days at Brussels, Lieutenant Barney resumed his journey, and travelling through Antwerp, Rotterdam, and the Hague — at which last place he stopped just long enough to gratify his desire of seeing the Prince of Orange, the stadtholder — arrived at Amsterdam. Mr John Adams, the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland, was at this place, and Barney seized the opportunity of paying his respects to his distinguished countryman. His name was not unknown to Mr Adams, who received him with his characteristic urbanity, and gratified the lieutenant by leading him into a full recital of his adventures after his capture by the *Intrepid*, in many parts of which the minister interrupted him with the most flattering compliments to his bravery and presence of mind. From Mr Adams, Barney received the information that there was an American frigate then at Amsterdam, to sail in a few days for the United States ; and upon his expressing a wish that he could take passage in her home, Mr Adams at once

gave him a note to her commander, Commodore Gillon, requesting the favor for him. He found the frigate lying at the Texel, and one of the finest of her class he had ever seen in any part of the world — she mounted 28 long fortytwo pounders on her main deck, and 16 long twelves on her forecastle and quarter-deck, and had on board 550 men: she was called the South Carolina, and was the property of the State of South Carolina. Commodore Gillon very politely promised Mr Barney a passage, but informed him it would be still some weeks before he could be ready to sail. As, even with this delay, he would probably reach home sooner — and certainly safer — than by any other channel, he determined to wait for her, and to employ the interval in such amusements as he could find among the numerous strangers then at this great commercial mart. It was now that he first began to find his knowledge of the French language useful to him — it introduced him to an agreeable circle of society, in which he formed many acquaintances that proved of essential benefit to him in his after connexion with the French Republic. He strove hard to gain some knowledge of the Dutch language also, during the short periods of his disengagement from more agreeable employment; but his utmost efforts carried him no further than the acquisition of a few common phrases of salutation, or of *execration* — which he used sometimes to let off, by way of smoothing a good, round, *intelligible*, English oath!

In July, 1781, he was informed that the South Carolina was ready to leave the Texel, and went on board. He was so enamoured of this fine ship — the beauty of her model, the symmetry of her proportions, the powerful strength of her battery — that he would willingly have compounded with fate, to close his earthly career at the end of the war, provided he could command her with a ‘roving commission’ during its continuance. It was not until the frigate had been some time at sea, that Barney found out it was not the intention of her commander to proceed directly to the United States, but to sail ‘North about,’ as it is called — that is, by the Orkneys, and around Scotland and Ireland: it was too late then to complain of being deceived, but he determined, on the first opportunity, to leave the ship and to seek some more direct conveyance. They cruised along the coast of Scotland and Ireland for several weeks without encountering anything in the garb of an enemy, until at length, off the last mentioned island, they met with a privateer brig, and captured her. The South Carolina then proceeded to Corunna, in Spain, and here Lieutenant Bar-

ney, and several other passengers on board, who had been equally disappointed in the destination of the ship, left her. At Corunna, he was fortunate enough to find a privateer ship belonging to Massachusetts, called the 'Cicero,' the commander of which, Captain Hill, very readily agreed to give him a passage, but informed him that he would be under the necessity of proceeding to Bilboa before his return home. Even this was considered better than the uncertain prolongation of the frigate's cruise, and he closed at once with Captain Hill's offer.

The Cicero, in her outward passage, had captured several valuable prizes, which had been sent into Bilboa; and the object of her touching at this port, was to receive the proceeds of their sale, and complete her cargo. Having accomplished this purpose, the Cicero sailed from Bilboa about the beginning of November, and after a cold, stormy, tedious, and uneventful passage, arrived at Beverly, in Massachusetts, late in December.

The name of Lieutenant Barney was honorably known at Beverly; and he had scarcely time to get himself comfortably lodged on shore, through the kindness of Captain Hill, before he received an offer from the Messrs Cabot, merchants of the highest respectability and standing, of the command of their privateer ship, a fine, well equipped vessel, mounting 20 guns, with the privilege of choosing his own cruising ground. So unexpected an offer, and one carrying with it such honorable evidence of the reputation he enjoyed among his countrymen, it may be well imagined, was in the highest degree gratifying to the laudable pride of our lieutenant; the temptation was great but there was a still more powerful one at Philadelphia — a young wife, and all the tender endearments connected with the name. He had been married but a few short months, when he was called to his station on board the Saratoga, and he had now been absent more than eighteen months, without even the consolation of having once heard during all that time one word to assure him of the health and welfare of the loved one! Could he leave his country again, to be the sport of treacherous fortune, before he had clasped her to his arms, and told her that he still loved and lived for her! It was impossible: ambitious as he was, and proud of commanding, he had the resolution to refuse — but with a deep and indelible sense of gratitude to the Messrs Cabot, for this signal mark of their confidence in him. — Are there any among our readers so exclusively martial and heroic in their dispositions as to find cause of censure in this determination of Lieutenant Barney? If there be, we frankly

confess we despair of being able to frame an apology that might not bring ourselves into the same reproach, for the immeasurable preference we entertain for one single trait of natural feeling, over all the belligerent virtues that ever graced a 'hero.'

Having thus resolved — much to his honor, we cannot help adding — to pay a visit to his family, before he again embarked in any enterprise, (unless at command of his country which he would have obeyed at any sacrifice,) he sat out from the hospitable town of Beverly, and travelled through Salem, to 1782 Boston. On the night of his arrival at the latter place, a snow-storm commenced, which continued for several days, and covered the roads to such a depth as to interrupt all the ordinary modes of travelling: he was in consequence compelled to remain here for several weeks. Very much to the relief of this unwilling detention, he soon discovered that he was no stranger in Boston, as he had believed himself — for on the day after his arrival he was agreeably surprised to meet with two or three of his fellow-sufferers, who, like himself, had been fortunate enough to effect their escape from Mill Prison: the recognition was mutual, and the joy of the meeting may be conceived — a thousand questions were to be reciprocally put and answered, and the friends of course 'made a night of it': — if our readers wish this phrase to be interpreted, we refer them to any sexagenary in this neighborhood who has a recollection of the times 'that tried men's souls,' and we have no doubt he will be able to furnish the necessary gloss. By these brother officers, Lieutenant Barney was in a little while introduced to 'every body worth knowing' in Boston, and his time passed with as little of the *tedium vite* as ever annoyed a young, loving husband on the road to his wife, after so long a separation. He was everywhere received with kindness and treated as a friend; and the recollection of Boston and its inhabitants lived in his heart, in ever verdant freshness, to the last moment of his existence. Those sturdy patriots, John Hancock and Samuel Adams — names which next to that of Washington he venerated more than any in the long catalogue of our revolutionary worthies — paid him the honor of their especial notice and most flattering civilities. To be taken familiarly by the hand, and treated kindly by such men, was indeed an honor, of which the proudest in our land might be still prouder to be able to boast.

It was at length proposed to him, by a gentleman who was as anxious as himself to get on to Philadelphia, that they should club their purses and hire a 'sleigh,' as there seemed to be no

prospect of the road's becoming practicable for carriages until the breaking up of the winter — the proposition was gladly embraced, and the two gentlemen, having effected a negotiation with the owner of one of these vehicles and a pair of good strong horses, commenced their southern journey. They were obliged to travel very slowly ; but everywhere through the New England States, their entertainment was so kind and hospitable, that they were scarcely permitted to feel any of the inconveniences of their long and tedious road. Their '*sleigh*' served them until they reached Princeton, in the Jerseys ; but here a continued rain of several days so completely carried away the snow, that they found it necessary to abandon their Boston bargain, and hire a carriage with wheels — leaving the honest Yankee to those resources which never yet deserted one of the name in a time of need.

On the 21st of March, 1782, Lieutenant Barney had the happiness to fold once more in his embrace his beloved, delighted, and still blooming wife, after a separation of more than eighteen months, during which he had experienced all the vicissitudes of wayward fortune in her extremes of change. To add to his present felicity, his blushing wife presented to him a *young stranger*, already able to lisp those earliest endearing, heart-touching monosyllables, 'Ma!' — 'Pa!' — The happiness of our returned wanderer was too great for utterance — he clasped the dear pledge to his full bosom, and the big drop of unspeakable ecstasy fell upon the cheek of the smiling boy. What a moment of rapture for the young mother ! — But such a scene is too hallowed to be lightly touched — and we leave the picture to the hearts of our readers.

CHAPTER X.

The Command of the Pennsylvania state ship *Hyder-Ally* is offered to Barney: — he accepts it — rapidity with which he fits her out — he sails down the Delaware to convoy a fleet of merchantmen: — meets the enemy at the Capes: — battle with the *General Monk* — he captures her in 26 minutes: — saves his convoy, and returns to Philadelphia — Anecdotes of the battle — coolness of the 'Bucks County men': — his reception in the city. — The Legislature of Pennsylvania votes him a sword. — The *General Monk* converted into a Packet: — her name changed to the '*General Washington*': — the command of her is given to her captor. — He sails for the West Indies on an important expedition — convoys a fleet as far as the Capes — the enemy there induce the convoy to return. — he gets to sea by skilful manœuvring: — engagement with an English Privateer. — Anecdote of James H. Mc Culloch. — Arrival at Cape Francois: — state of the combined fleets of France and Spain. — He sails for the Havanna with an escort: — receives a large sum of money on board, and returns to the Delaware — incidents of the voyage: — captures a number of Refugee Barges in the Bay: — finds the convoy he had left still there: — their laughable mistake of his character. — Remarks on the *trim* of his ship — his crew. — Arrival at Philadelphia — his reception by Mr Morris.

AT the period of Lieutenant Barney's return to his family, the Delaware Bay and River were infested by numerous 'refugee barges and privateers,' which were committing the most extensive depredations, not only upon the commerce of Philadelphia, but upon the peaceable inhabitants along the shores of every accessible stream that emptied into these waters. In order to drive off these plunderers — who were protected by the presence of several of His Majesty's ships — and to offer that assistance to their distressed citizens, which it was not in the power of the general government to afford, the state of Pennsylvania had determined to fit out, at its own expense, a number of armed vessels, the operations of which were to be confined within the great thoroughfare to their capital. Five days after Lieutenant Barney's arrival at Philadelphia, he was honored with the offer of the command of one of the vessels to be equipped — a small ship, mounting 16 six-pounders, and carrying 110 men, called the '*Hyder-Ally*.*' He did not, as may be

* See Appendix, No. I.

supposed, hesitate one moment to accept the command, and to place himself at the disposal of the state authorities, from whom he had received so many marks of kindness. — He entered immediately upon the duties of the command — the ship was to be yet equipped and manned, but with active superintendence and willing hands this is an affair that may be soon despatched. On the 8th of April, 1782 — only eighteen days after the happy reunion with his family, and thirteen after he took the command — the *Hyder-Ally* was ready to proceed on her destined service. The instructions under which Captain Barney acted were very plain and circumscribed — he was to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to the capes, but on no account to proceed to sea ; it being the intention of the state simply to protect its own people, within its own waters, and chiefly from the annoyance of the ‘refugee boats.’ The convoy dropped down to Cape May road ; and while lying there, waiting for a fair wind to take them to sea, two ships and a brig were discovered standing for them. Captain Barney, perceiving them to be a part of the enemy’s force, made the signals to his convoy to get under way immediately and return up the Bay — orders which they were not slow in obeying, with the exception of one ship, which was armed ; and her commander very gallantly determined to abide the issue — he hailed Captain Barney, therefore, and made known his intention, in case of an engagement, ‘to stick by him !’ — a promise, by the way, which, we might as well say at once, he prevented himself from redeeming by running his ship aground on the Cape May shore, in his eagerness to get to sea as soon as the action commenced ; in this situation, his crew jumped ashore from the end of the jib-boom and made their escape, and the ship fell into the enemy’s hands.

Captain Barney kept astern of his convoy, watching the motions of the enemy with all the eagerness and anxiety natural to so important a trust — he saw that the brig and one of the ships were following him into the Cape May channel, while the other ship (a frigate) was manœuvring to run ahead by the other channel and thus cut off the progress of the convoy up the bay. His only hope for the safety of his convoy was, that the enemy would first direct their attention to him, and that by a desperate resistance he might employ them long enough to allow time for his charge to get beyond their pursuit. For this purpose he would willingly have engaged the whole of the enemy’s force at once, and if he had had a thousand lives, would have rated them all as nothing, if by their sacrifice he could gain for his convoy the advantage of one hour’s start. — The brig was the

first to come up with him, but it soon became evident that it was not her design to risk an engagement alone — she gave him a broadside as she came up, and passed on. Captain Barney did not return the fire, determining to reserve his strength for the ship which was coming up rapidly — she approached within pistol-shot without firing, probably under the impression that her unequal foe would not venture to make battle: at this moment, however, the Hyder-Ally opened her ports and gave a well-directed broadside, which spoke her determination in a language not to be misunderstood. The enemy closed upon her immediately, and showed a disposition to board: at this critical juncture Captain Barney had the coolness and presence of mind to conceive, and execute on the instant, a *ruse de guerre*, to which he was unquestionably indebted for the brilliant victory that so speedily followed — he gave orders to the man at the helm to interpret the next command he should give him aloud *à revers*, or in his own words to the seamen, ‘by the rule of *contrary*.’ At the moment that the enemy was ranging along side of him — a position which must have given him the full advantage of his great superiority of strength — Captain Barney called out, in a voice intended to reach the adverse ship, ‘Hard *a-port* your helm — do you want him to run aboard of us?’ The ready-witted seaman understood his cue, and clapped his helm hard *a-starboard*, by which admirable manœuvre the enemy’s jibboom caught in the fore-rigging of the Hyder Ally, and there remained entangled during the short but glorious action that ensued. The Hyder-Ally thus gained a raking position, of which she availed herself to its utmost benefit: the rapidity, well directed aim, and vigorous effect, with which she poured her fire into the entangled ship, are almost inconceivable — more than *twenty broadsides* were fired in *twentysix minutes*, and scarcely a shot missed its effect; entering in at the starboard bow, and making their way out through the larboard quarter, the grape, cannister, and round shot, all did their appointed duty! Such energy of action could not long be withstood; and in less than half an hour from the firing of the first broadside, the British flag waved its proud folds no longer to the breeze. There was no time for ceremony on board the Hyder-Ally — the frigate was but a little way astern, and coming rapidly up — Captain Barney did not even ask what ship it was that had thus acknowledged him master; but sending his first lieutenant and thirty-five men on board, he ordered her to make all sail and push up the bay, after the convoy, while he himself covered the rear. The brig, seeing that the ship had struck, and that the victor was standing up the channel towards

her, ran herself aground to avoid capture. — It would be ridiculous to assert, that Captain Barney was *desirous* of a brush with the frigate; but he maintained the 'even tenor of his way,' far in the rear of his prize, and the still more distant convoy, determined not to let her pass to the pursuit of either without, at least, attempting to *delay her* for a few minutes. The frigate continued the chase for a considerable distance up the bay, but at length, towards evening, gave it up and dropped her anchor, making a signal, as she did so, *to the prize ship*, which she did not of course suspect to be under *other orders* — no doubt believing that, having taken the American, she was now working her will among the defenceless convoy!

It was not until after the frigate abandoned the chase and came to anchor, that Captain Barney permitted himself to gratify the curiosity, which it was but natural he should feel, as to the name, character, and force of his prize. He now spoke her for this purpose; and we may imagine the exuberance of delight and gratified pride, with which he ascertained her to be His Majesty's ship, the *General Monk*, mounting 20 *nine pounders*, and carrying *one hundred and thirtysix men*, under the command of Captain Rodgers of the Royal Navy! *nearly double his own force of metal*, and nearly one fourth superior in number of men! It was one of the most brilliant achievements ever recorded in the annals of naval warfare, and a victory of which he might well be proud. But no man ever bore such honors more meekly than Captain Barney; he rejoiced in his success, but it was more because it had insured the safety of the valuable fleet entrusted to his convoy, than because of any anticipation that it would encircle his own brow with a never-dying wreath of glory. — Prompted by that ever-ready humanity, which so honorably characterized his treatment of a conquered foe — though he had experienced so little of it in his own person — he inquired immediately into the sufferings of the crew, and heard with regret, that the *General Monk* had lost 20 men, killed, and had 33 wounded. Among the former were the First Lieutenant, Purser, Surgeon, Boatswain and Gunner — among the latter were Captain Rodgers himself, and every officer on board *except one midshipman*! The *Hyder Ally* had *four men* killed, and *eleven* wounded — a comparative disparity of loss even greater than the inverse disparity of force.*

* See Appendix, No. II. for the *enemy's* account of the battle, called a 'modest' one!

We mention as an extraordinary evidence of the vigorous attack of the *Hyder-Ally*, that in the mizen-stay-sail of the *General Monk*, (which sailors well know to be of but small dimensions) there were counted exactly *three hundred and sixtyfive shot holes!* It was looked upon as so great a curiosity, that one of the principal sail-makers of Philadelphia afterwards begged it of Captain Barney, and made a considerable sum by exhibiting it in his sail lost to the curious.

Many incidents occurred during the heat of this rapid and vigorous action which are well worthy of notice:— Captain Barney, in order that he might the better see all that was going on and regulate his movements accordingly, remained standing upon the binnacle during the whole action, in the most exposed point of his quarter-deck, particularly to the fire of the musketry from the enemy's tops. On one occasion, a ball passed through his hat, just grazing the crown of his head— another tore off a part of the skirt of his coat: seeing himself thus the aim of the small arms, he called to Mr *Scull*, his marine officer, (whose men were all *Buck's County riflemen*, who had never before been on board a ship—) and ordered him to direct his fire into the top from which he was so much annoyed; the order was promptly executed, and with such good aim that every shot brought down its man.— A few minutes after this, one of these brave fellows, who was much better acquainted with the use of his rifle than with the rules of subordination, called out to Captain Barney, with a coolness of tone and familiarity of manner that evinced anything but intended disrespect:— 'Captain! do you see that fellow with the *white hat?*' and firing as he spoke, Captain Barney saw the poor fellow 'with the white hat' make a spring at least three feet from the deck, and fall to rise no more. 'Captain!' continued the marksman, '*that's the third fellow I've made hop!*' — It is a remarkable fact, highly indicative of the deliberate coolness of these *Buck's County* men, that every man of the enemy who was killed by the small arms, was found to have been shot in the head or breast— so true and deadly was their aim. — While Captain Barney continued standing on the binnacle he observed one of his officers, with the cook's axe in his hand, in the very act of raising it to cleave the head of one of his own men, who had deserted his gun and skulked behind the mainmast— at this instant a round shot from the enemy struck the binnacle from under his feet and he fell upon the deck; the officer, seeing his captain fall, and naturally supposing that he was wounded, threw down the axe and ran to

his assistance, but by the time he reached the spot Captain Barney had recovered his feet, unhurt — and the officer very deliberately picked up the axe again to execute his purpose upon the head of the coward: he found him now fighting as bold and fearlessly as the bravest of the crew! — Joseph Bedford, a brother of Captain Barney's wife, was a volunteer in the *Hyder-Ally*, and behaved with great gallantry: he was stationed in the main-top, and received a severe wound in the groin, the effects of which he never entirely recovered; but it is worthy of remark, as an extraordinary circumstance, that he did not feel his wound, or know that he was hurt, until he had descended from the top, upon deck, after the action was over — he then fell, exhausted from the loss of blood, and was carried below.*

The action was so vigorously rapid and short, and its result so little expected on the part of the adversary, that he had either not time, or not sufficient presence of mind, to think of destroying his book of signals — an oversight of which Captain Barney quickly availed himself; and it was probably owing to this circumstance that the frigate (the *Quebec*) so soon discontinued the chase and anchored. Immediately after the action, he ordered the British flag to be rehoisted on board the *General Monk*, and his own to be hauled down on board the *Hyder-Ally* — the *Quebec*, therefore, had good grounds for believing that His Majesty's ship had been victorious.

It gives us no pleasure to turn from these little anecdotes, so characteristic of American courage and coolness in the midst of danger, to record one of a very different character. — When Captain Barney's first lieutenant went on board to take possession of the *General Monk*, after her surrender, the British captain, in his presence, ordered one of his attendants to bring him up his fowling-piece from the cabin — a very splendid silver-mounted fusil — which, when it was put into his hands, he *threw overboard*, saying as he did so, 'This shall never become the property of any d—d rebel!' † — It was a contemptible act of littleness, of passionate mortification, which is only paralleled by that of the man who, according to the children's fable, '*bit his own nose off to spite his face*'! He might have saved his honor, and his fusil into the bargain; for not one of the 'd—d rebels' would have desired to deprive him of this favorite piece of property.

* See Appendix, No. III. for some additional anecdotes of the battle.

† See Appendix, No. IV.

At Chester, on the Delaware, Captain Barney left his own ship, and proceeded in his prize to Philadelphia, that he might himself see the wounded prisoners properly cared for: he procured the most comfortable and respectable lodgings for Captain Rodgers, in the house of a Quaker lady, who nursed him through his whole confinement with the kindness and tenderness of a sister:—this lady is still living (November, 1831) in Pine-street, Philadelphia, and remembers the great solicitude of Captain Barney for the comfort and welfare of his captive.— Having attended to this duty, he ran home for a single moment to snatch a kiss from his wife and boy, and returned immediately to Chester, without waiting to receive any of the cheers and congratulations with which the citizens were ready to greet him on every side. His whole convoy had returned in safety, with the exception of the ship already mentioned, and a brig which unfortunately got ashore on the Over-falls. From Chester, he proceeded again down the Bay, for the purpose of ascertaining the prospect of getting his convoy to sea. In the course of the trip he captured a refugee schooner, called the ‘*Hook ’em Snivey*,’ and meeting with nothing else in the Bay, he returned once more to Philadelphia, to enjoy the triumphs prepared for him. The capture of the *General Monk* and the *Hook ’em Snivey*, struck a panic into the refugees, which prevented them for a long time afterwards from trusting any of their barges on the Delaware. The Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a vote of thanks to Captain Barney, and ordered a gold-hilted sword to be prepared, which was afterwards presented to him, in the name of the State, by Governor Dickinson. It was a small sword, with mountings of chased gold—the guard of which, on the one side had a representation of the *Hyder-Ally*, and on the other the *General Monk*, the sails of each ship set as in the action—the latter ship in the act of striking her flag. Their hulls, sails, masts, spars and rigging, were all beautifully delineated by the artist, in open work, resembling the ivory fans of the Chinese.*

Ballads were made upon the brilliant victory and sung through the streets of Philadelphia,† and the name of the gallant Barney was in every mouth, ‘familiar as household words.’

* See Appendix, No V.

† As many of our readers may never have had an opportunity of seeing how such things were managed in ‘days of old,’ we copy for their amusement, from an old volume of ‘*Freneau’s Poems*’ published in 1786, the following songs, composed on the occasion by our revolutionary Poet Laureat. Their deficiencies in harmony and poetical merit, will be readily forgiven,

At the sale of the *General Monk*, which was made very soon after her capture, the United States became the purchasers ;

for the spirit of patriotism and liberty that breathes through every line. The first, it appears, was written while the *Hyder-Ally* was being fitted out, and there can be no doubt that it produced its effect in enabling Captain Barney to fill up his crew in so short a time.

‘ THE SAILOR’S INVITATION.’

COME, all ye lads that know no fear,
To wealth and honor we will steer
In the *Hyder-Ally Privateer*,
Commanded by bold Barney.

She ’s new and true and tight and sound,
Well rigg’d aloft and all well found —
Come and be with laurel crown’d —
Away and leave your lasses !

Accept our terms without delay,
And make your fortunes while you may —
Such offers are not every day
In the power of the jolly sailor.

Success and fame attend the brave,
But death the coward and the slave —
Who fears to plough the Atlantic wave
To seek out bold invaders ?

Come then and take a cruising bout —
Our ship sails well, there is no doubt ;
She has been tried both in and out,
And answers expectation.

Let no proud foes that Britain bore
Distress our trade, insult our shore —
Teach them to know their reign is o’er,
Bold Philadelphia sailors !

We’ll teach them how to sail so near,
Or venture on the Delaware,
When we in warlike trim appear,
And cruise without Henlopen.

Who cannot wounds and battle dare,
Shall never clasp the blooming fair ;
The brave alone their charms shall share
The brave, and their protectors !

With hand and heart united all
Prepared to conquer or to fall,
Attend, my lads ! to honor’s call —
Embark in our *Hyder-Ally* !

From an Eastern Prince she takes her name,
Who, smit with freedom’s sacred flame,
Usurping Britons brought to shame,
His country’s wrongs avenging.

her name was changed to that of the *General Washington*; and through the interest of Mr Robert Morris — one of his

See on her stern the brilliant stars —
Inured to blood, inured to wars,
Come enter quick my jolly tars,
To scourge these haughty Britons!

Here 's grog enough ! then drink a bout !
I know your hearts are firm and stout ;
American blood will ne'er give out —
And often we have proved it !

Though stormy oceans round us roll,
We'll keep a firm undaunted soul,
Befriended by the cheering bowl,
Sworn foes to melancholy !

While timorous landmen lurk on shore,
'Tis ours to go where cannons roar —
On a coasting cruise we'll go once more,
Despisers of all danger —

And fortune still, that crowns the brave
Shall guard us o'er the gloomy wave —
A fearful heart betrays a knave !
Success to the Hyder-Ally !

The next was written a few days after the battle, and is entitled a 'Song on Captain Barney's victory over the ship *General Monk*.' We regret, that it is not in our power to indicate the *music* to which these ballads were sung — all our endeavors have failed to rescue it from the 'tomb of the Capulets'!—

SONG, &c.

O'er the waste of waters cruising,
Long the *General Monk* had reign'd,
All subduing, all reducing —
None her lawless rage restrain'd !
Many a brave and hearty fellow,
Yielding to this warlike foe,
When her guns began to bellow,
Struck his humbled colors low !

But grown bold with long successes,
Leaving the wide wat'ry way,
She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within *Cape May* : —
' Now we soon ' (said Captain Rogers)
' Shall the men of commerce meet ;
In our hold we'll have them lodgers —
We shall capture half their fleet.

' Lo ! I see their van appearing —
Back our topsails to the mast —
They toward us full are steering
With a gentle western blast :
I've a list of all their cargoes,
All their guns, and all their men !
I am sure these modern Argos'
Can't escape us, one in ten : —

earliest and latest friends — the command of her was given to Captain Barney, by whose unwearied industry and exertions,

‘ Yonder comes the “ Charming Sally,”
Sailing with the “ General Greene,” —
First we’ll fight the Hyder-Ally —
Taking *her*, is taking *them* :
She intends to give us battle !
Bearing down with all her sail !
Now boys ! let our cannon rattle !
To take her, we cannot fail. —

‘ Our twenty guns, each a nine-pounder,
Soon shall terrify this foe ;
We shall maul her, we shall wound her,
Bringing rebel colors low !’
While he thus anticipated
Conquests that he could not gain,
He, in the Cape May channel waited,
For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,
Thus address’d his gallant crew :
‘ Now, brave lads ! be bold and daring !
Let your hearts be firm and true !
This is a proud English cruiser,
Roving up and down the main :
We must fight her — must reduce her,
Tho’ our decks be strew’d with slain.

‘ Let who will be the survivor,
We must conquer or must die —
We must take her up the river,
Whate’er comes of you or I ! —
Tho’ she shows most formidable
With her twenty pointed *nines*,
And her quarters clad in sable —
Let us balk her proud designs !

‘ We with our sixteen *sizes*
Will face the proud and daring band :
Let no dangers damp your courage,
Nothing can the brave withstand !
Fighting for your country’s honor,
Now to gallant deeds aspire !
Helmsman ! bear us down upon her
Gunner ! give the word to fire !’

Then yard-arm and yard-arm meeting
Straight began the dismal fray :
Cannon mouths each other greeting,
Belch’d their smoky flames away :
Soon the langrage, grape and chain-shot,
That from Barney’s cannon flew,
Swept the Monk, and clear’d each round-top,
Kill’d and wounded half the crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally
His men, from their quarters fled,

she was soon put in a condition for service.* Sealed instructions were put into his hands, with orders not to open them until

While the roaring Hyder-Ally
Cover'd o'er his decks with dead!
When from their tops, their dead men tumbled
And the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave *inferior* foe.

All aghast and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarters call.
Then the Monk's proud flag descended,
And his cannon ceased to roar —
By her crew no more defended,
She confess'd the conquest o'er.

Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses!
You have humbled one proud foe:
No brave action this surpasses!
Fame shall tell the nations so —
Thus be Britain's woes completed!
Thus abridged her cruel reign!
Till she, ever thus defeated,
Yields the sceptre of the main!

We deem it proper to add, as a part of the history of this brilliant affair, probably not known to a great many of our readers, that a Painting, by no means destitute of merit — representing the action between the Hyder-Ally and the General Monk, was executed in Paris, by order of Commodore Barney, while in the service of the French Republic, and presented by him, on his return to the United States, to Robert Smith, Esq. then Secretary of the Navy: the picture, we believe, now hangs in the Secretary's room. The painting was accompanied by a description, in the hand-writing of Commodore Barney, of which the following is a copy: — 'This action took place at the entrance of the Delaware Bay, April 8th, 1782. On the left of the painting appears Cape Henlopen Light House, and on the right the point of Cape May. In the centre are represented the Hyder-Ally and the General Monk engaged, the latter in the act of striking her colors. The Hyder-Ally mounted sixteen guns, six pounders, and had one hundred and ten men, — the Monk twenty guns, nine pounders, with one hundred and thirtysix men; the former had four men killed and eleven wounded, the latter twenty killed and thirtythree wounded. The action lasted twentysix minutes. The frigate in the foreground is the Quebec, which not finding sufficient water in the Cape May channel, was obliged to go round the shoals, called the Over-falls, in order to get into the Bay, during which time the action took place. To the right of the ships engaged, the brig Fair American, of sixteen guns, after firing a broadside into the Hyder-Ally in passing her, which was not returned, is seen chasing and firing at one of her convoy, which, however, escaped under the Jersey shore. The ship aground on Cape May is an American merchantman, one of the convoy, that, in endeavoring to

* By referring to Appendix, No I. the reader will perceive a slight difference in the account there given of this transaction. It is probable the latter is the more correct statement, but we did not deem it of sufficient importance to require the trouble of writing a page over again.

he reached a certain latitude at sea. He sailed from Philadelphia in company with fifteen or sixteen other vessels, all letters of marque and privateers, bound to sea, or cruisers on commercial expeditions, and all under his convoy — so that he was now fairly entitled to be called ‘Commodore’— as, in fact, he was, from this period. Upon reaching the Capes, they discovered three frigates in the offing, the sight of which so alarmed the convoy, that they every one put about and returned up the Bay, leaving the Commodore to himself. He manœuvred so as to keep the frigates at a distance during the day, and in the night succeeded in getting out to sea. One of the frigates gave chase on the following day, but the Washington out-sailed her, and soon got beyond pursuit.

Before we proceed to look at Captain Barney’s instructions, we cannot in justice omit to call the attention of the reader to the extraordinary and almost unexampled celerity of action which distinguished every enterprise of this energetic and indefatigable officer. It was on the 21st of March, 1782, as we have seen, that he arrived at home, after an absence of more than a year and a half, and a series of alternate suffering and romantic adventure more than make up the lives of a dozen modern heroes — on the 8th of April, eighteen days afterwards — having in the interval performed the arduous labor of equipping and manning the ship — his action took place with the General Monk : — an action of twentysix minutes’ duration, to gain an eternity of fame ! — On the 18th of May, we find him again ready for sea, in the captured ship, which in the meantime had changed owners, was called the Washington, and undergone the most extensive repairs, and the after equipment of which he himself had superintended ! — It is possible we may attach more credit than it deserves to this promptitude of movement ; and that we may err, from a too limited acquaintance with our naval history, in supposing it to have been altogether unmatched : but it is certain, our reading has supplied us with no example, either in our own or any other service, of such performances in the same space of time. It was so common, however, with Commodore Barney, to labor with heart and soul at everything he undertook, that he did not appear himself to be conscious there was anything extraordinary in the

escape by getting to sea, ran ashore, when the crew abandoned her. The brig to the right of the frigate is likewise an American, and one of the convoy ; she got aground on the Over-falls and was taken possession of, after some resistance, by an armed boat from the Monk. The vessels at a distance, in the back ground, are the convoy of the Hyder-Ally standing up the bay. The white water between the frigate and the brig aground, represents the Over-falls.’

effects of such ardor, and so little attention did he pay to the instances we have just adduced, his journal does not even record the *dates*, by which alone their importance could be judged; — and we are indebted to his private orders and letters of instruction, for information of the several epochs we have thought proper to note. — But, let us return to the progress of the narrative.

The moment Captain Barney was relieved from the apprehension of further pursuit by the frigate, he retired to his cabin to break the seal of his instructions.* The private orders he

* The following is the letter from the Commissioners which accompanied the sealed packet. It was received on the day of its date, and in a few hours afterwards, the ship was under way.

‘ PHILADELPHIA, 18th MAY, 1782.

‘ Capt. JOSHUA BARNEY,

‘ SIR, — Immediately on receipt of this, you will take the first prudent opportunity of proceeding to sea with the ship under your command. The packet which accompanies this is not to be opened until you get about forty leagues to sea, keeping as much to the eastward as circumstances will admit, always keeping the packet slung with weights sufficient to sink it in case of your falling in with an enemy of superior force: to this matter we request *you will pay particular attention* as the despatches are of the *utmost consequence*.

‘ When you are clear of the land the distance above mentioned, you will then open such packages as are directed to yourself, among which you will find instructions from The Honble. Robert Morris, Superintendent of Finance for the United States of America, whose directions and orders you are as strictly to observe and obey, as if they were from us.

‘ We flatter ourselves that every exertion will be used on your part to render this business effectual, and should you be fortunate enough to succeed in this matter, it cannot fail of reflecting great honor on yourself.

‘ Should you be in want of any necessaries or supplies while abroad, you will draw on us for the amount.

We wish you a great deal of happiness,

And are, Sir,

Your most humble servants,

JOHN PATTON,

FRANCIS GURNEY,

WILLIAM ALLIBONE.’

(Signed)

Letter from the Hon. Robert Morris to Captain Barney, referred to in the above.

‘ MARINE OFFICE, 18th MAY, 1782.

‘ SIR, — I expect that when you open these instructions, you will be clear of the Capes, and I hope with a prospect of escaping from the enemy’s cruizers: but should you unfortunately be taken, you must sink your despatches, which you will keep in readiness for that purpose. You are to proceed directly to Cape Francois in Hispaniola, and if the French and Spanish fleets should not be there, you must proceed to the place where they may be; and when you shall have found them, you are to deliver to the French and Spanish admirals the inclosed letters. I expect, that in consequence of these letters, a frigate will be ordered to convoy you to the Havana, and thence to America. You will go to the Havana, where you will deliver the inclosed letter to Robert Smith, Esquire, Agent for the United States at that place. You will also inform all persons concerned in the American Trade, that you are bound for such port of the United States

had received from the Commissioners of the State, had been well calculated to excite his curiosity and prepare him to expect something 'of the utmost consequence.' He was not at all pleased, at first, with the prohibitory clauses of his instructions: — to have been at such pains in equipping a fine ship, that was after all to trust to her speed rather than to her *metal*, in the event of meeting an enemy, he thought far more degrading than complimentary to one who had given some evidence of his capacity to deal with a foe; but when he gave himself time to reflect upon the nature and importance of the trust confided to him, he felt that his venerable friend Mr Morris, in selecting him for such a duty, and, in truth, purchasing his prize-ship for the very purpose, had intended to do him the highest honor — and he determined, if the most wary prudence, and literal obedience of his orders, could accomplish the object of his expedition, he would justify the confidence of his friend, and 'command again the applause of his country.' — In addition to the precautions which Mr Morris had recommended in his letter, he had given to Captain Barney an open letter addressed to the commander of the Deane frigate, in which he requested that officer to 'accompany him in the voyage.' The Deane was

as you may be able to make, and you will take on board your ship, on freight, any moneys which they may think proper to ship, but no goods or merchandize of any kind. For the moneys you are to charge a freight of two per cent, one half of which you shall have, the other is to be applied towards the expense of your voyage. If a frigate is granted by the French admiral to convoy you, the captain of her will be instructed by the admiral to receive any moneys which it may be thought proper to put on board of him. I should suppose that by dividing the risk, or shipping a part on board of each, there will be greater safety, than putting all in one bottom. You are to stay as short a time as possible at the Havana, and then, in company with the frigate, make the best of your way to some port in the United States. This port or Baltimore would be the best; but you must be guided by your own discretion on the occasion, together with such information as you may be able to procure. It is not improbable that a stronger escort than one frigate may be granted, in which case you will find a greater security; and a division of the money among many, will multiply the chances for receiving it. *You are on no account to risk your ship or delay your voyage by chasing vessels, making prizes, or engaging, unless in the last necessity; and then I am confident you will do your duty, so as to command again the applause of your country.*

I wish you a prosperous voyage, and a speedy return, and am

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ROBERT MORRIS,

* P. S. — Messrs Stephen and Angè Ceronio, at Cape Francois, will assist you with their advice, and supply what may be wanted for the service of your ship, at that Port. Mr Robert Smith at the Havana, or in case of his absence, the person who transacts his business, will do the same at that port. R. M.'

* CAPTAIN BARNEY.'

supposed to be cruising somewhere in the track marked out for Captain Barney, but as the letter remained in his possession, the probability is that he did not fall in with her.

Having made himself master of the various matters embraced in his instructions, Captain Barney steered for Cape Francois, in the Island of Hispaniola. Off Turk's Island, he fell in with a privateer brig, of 16 guns, under enemy's colors, to which — as it did not take him out of his course, and therefore could not 'delay his voyage' — he gave chase: the brig finding her attempt to escape impracticable, as the Washington was the fastest sailer, came to the resolution of making battle, and exchanged several broadsides, one of her shot a nine pounder, unfortunately passed through the main-mast of the General Monk, and another cut away the head of her mizen-mast, so that Captain Barney was compelled, even at the moment the privateer was hauling down her colors, to bear up for the wind in order to save his mast — the privateer took advantage of this preventive movement, suddenly hauled her wind, and made her escape. Captain Barney lost one man in the skirmish. On the same day he captured an enemy's brig laden with rum, which he sent on before him to Cape Francois — where he arrived himself without further incident.

We cannot omit to notice here an instance of cool and imperturbable bravery, which excited the particular attention of Captain Barney, while preparing to bring his ship into action: it was so like his own characteristic intrepidity, that it won his lasting admiration. But even while we have determined to relate it, we tremble lest we should offend the retiring modesty of the individual, who was the subject of it, and who still lives to take a warm interest in everything that belongs to the history of his country: we know his unfeigned dislike of all personal compliment, and would be the last to offend his delicacy, if we were not prompted by a sense of obligation as faithful biographers. As soon as Captain Barney found that there would be an engagement, he turned to one of his passengers, who was calmly walking the deck, and requested him to go below, where he would be *out of danger*: the gentleman looked at him, with a slight curl of indignation moving his upper lip, but did not move. Soon afterwards, in the preparation for action, Barney observed him at the arms-chest, deliberately examining the muskets, which he took up one after another, brought to his shoulder, examined their flints, and snapped to see if they made good fire, until at length he found one that seemed to please him: he then fixed a cartridge box over his shoulder,

very coolly tied a handkerchief around his head, and was the first man that fired into the enemy. During the whole of the fighting he took his post in that part of the ship which was most exposed to the enemy's fire, and in the very heat of it, his musket having made a false snap, he seated himself with the most perfect *sang froid* upon the arms-chest, took a knife or key from his pocket, and picked his flint until he brought it again to a proper edge. He fired oftener than any other man on board, and looked the whole time as cool and unconcerned as if he had been sitting at his own fire side. This was James H. McCulloch — the same patriot and hero, who met the enemy at North Point in 1814 — was wounded and taken prisoner — now the venerable and universally respected collector of the Port of Baltimore.*

Had the recent occurrences in the West Indies been known at Philadelphia, while the government of the United States were planning the expedition, it is hardly probable its execution would have been entrusted to a single ship of twenty guns, with the chance of obtaining an escort from the French Admiral; and it must either have been abandoned altogether, or so varied in its details, that success must have depended rather upon accident than upon the good management of the agents employed. We may therefore regard it as sometimes an advantage in the operations of war, that we are compelled to act in ignorance of the enemy's movements. — It was known to be the intention of the Count de Grasse, to retire from the position he had for some time occupied at Martinico, to Hispaniola; and our government were not aware of any power in the Caribbean seas that could prevent the French Admiral from accomplishing whatever he purposed. Our Spanish allies lay at the latter Island, and the junction of the two fleets would have placed the British West Indies in their hands: the fleet of de Grasse alone was more than equal, both in numbers and weight of metal, to the whole naval force of Great Britain in the West Indies, increased as it had recently been by the union of Sir George Rodney's fleet with that of Sir Samuel Hood; but the French Admiral thought it more prudent to avoid an engagement until he could insure a decisive result by joining the Spaniards at Cape Francois. It was this *prudence* on the part of the Count de Grasse that led to the destruction of his fleet: had he not, in his anxiety to avoid an encounter with the British fleet, chosen a circuitous route from Martinico to Hispaniola, and thus run into the very danger he

* See Appendix, No. VI.

wished to shun, he must have formed a junction with the Spanish allies, before it would have been possible for Sir George Rodney, with all his vigilance and activity, to have intercepted him. But the fates decreed it otherwise. It so happened, that on the very day that our gallant friend Barney was earning for himself imperishable glory in the Delaware, (the 8th of April) the Count de Grasse weighed anchor from Martinico upon the expedition which proved so disastrous to him; and four days afterwards that memorable engagement took place, which lost for France some of the finest ships that ever floated the ocean, and gained for Sir George Rodney a British peerage!

When Captain Barney reached Cape Francois, therefore, instead of finding the Count de Grasse, as he expected, at the head of an invincible armada, he found but a few French ships, the remnant of the fleet, under Monsieur Vaudreuil: the Spanish fleet, however, was there, entire. He delivered his letters to the two commanders, and finding that his skirmish with the privateer had destroyed several of his important spars, he applied at the same time at the King's Yard for others to replace them. Everything he demanded was readily supplied, and in six days he reported himself ready again to sail, having in the course of that short time put in a new main-mast, mizen-mast and main-yard, sold his prize-brig and cargo, which had arrived safely two days after himself, and distributed the prize money among his crew. — In compliance with the letter of the American Superintendent of Finance, the French Admiral gave Captain Barney an escort, — the *Eveillée*, a 64 gun ship — and they sailed together for the Havana, where they arrived in less than four days — the *Washington* keeping the lead all the way, to *pilot* the French captain, who was completely unacquainted with the navigation through the old Bahama straits. On reaching Havana, he found that an embargo had been laid on the American shipping there four months before; and after delivering his letters to the American agent, Mr Robert Smith, he made application to the Governor to raise his embargo and permit the American vessels to depart with him for the United States — a measure which that officer could have no motive for refusing. He remained at Havana six days, in which time he received on board his ship about *six hundred thousand dollars in specie*, belonging to private individuals of the United States, and in obedience to his instructions, he then weighed anchor for the United States. The French 64 gun ship continued in company with him, and in five days after

leaving the Havana, they arrived off the mouth of the Chesapeake, and had the satisfaction of seeing their convoy enter it in safety. He was himself desirous of entering the Delaware, on many accounts — he knew that the money he carried would be an acceptable acquisition there; and this *public* consideration was strongly enforced by *private* reasons, which the reader will be at no loss to conjecture. The French ship had orders to escort him to any port of the United States he might desire to enter, and after parting with their convoy they both steered eastward. They had hardly changed their course, before they discovered a line-of-battle ship and two frigates giving them chase. The French captain ordered the Washington to go ahead of his ship, and one of the frigates soon opened a chase fire upon him, which he returned with such good effect as to cut away her fore-topmast and induce her to shorten sail; the other frigate and line-of-battle ship were fortunately unable, with all the sail they could crowd, to come up, and that afternoon they reached the mouth of the Delaware in safety. Here the captain of the escort, being released by Captain Barney from the obligation of further attendance, took his leave, received three hearty cheers from the Washington, and turned his prow towards France.

On the same evening Captain Barney entered the Delaware Bay close under the southern shore — a British squadron being in the offing. He was favored with a light wind, which enabled him to hold on his course up the Bay all night, and it would seem that his anxiety began to increase as the danger might be supposed to lessen, for he continued to walk the deck the whole night, keeping a constant look out on all sides of him. About three o'clock in the morning, he discovered something like a forest of masts ahead: he seemed to know in a moment, as if by instinct, that they belonged to refugee boats, and forming his resolution at the same instant, he ordered the ship to be put about as silently as possible. This movement being affected with as much alertness as silence, he ordered his men to quarters — divided his marines between the fore-castle and quarter deck — gave directions that the guns should be loaded with grape and cannister shot — and saw everything prepared to let go the anchor in a moment. Everything being thus quietly arranged for attack, he ordered the ship to be again tacked, and steering into the midst of the naked forest which he had so accurately understood, gave the order to let go the anchor, and open a fire on both sides. The consternation among the refugees may be imagined: he sunk one of their barges with sixty men

on board, captured several others, and retook five American vessels with thirty men on board, which these heartless robbers had captured a few days before. Two of the barges escaped; but with such loss and damage that they were never of further annoyance to the Bay, which might now be said to be completely delivered from refugees. He weighed anchor again immediately with his prizes, and continued his course up the Bay. At daylight he discovered a number of vessels at anchor ahead of him, all of which, with a celerity of movement which nothing but fear could have produced, had their anchors up and all sail set straining every nerve to escape him, without taking the trouble even to look at his colors. He outsailed them, however, so much, that he soon overtook them and relieved their apprehensions; and to his own great surprise, he found them to be the same fleet which he had left in the Bay, thirty-five days before! Though they were all armed, they had been afraid to venture again even in sight of the Capes, as the enemy's squadron had continued to occupy their position just without. They said, they *knew the ship* the moment they saw her, but not being able to comprehend how it had been possible for Captain Barney, both in going and returning, to escape the enemy, they took it for granted he had been taken, and that his ship had been sent back after them as a *decoy*! — It was certainly a most extraordinary piece of good fortune in the Washington, *twice* to pass the hostile squadron without being observed, or at least without being intercepted — and we cannot wonder that his quondam convoy were unwilling to trust the evidence of their senses.

We deem it of sufficient importance to mention here, more particularly as something that our nautical readers — should we be so fortunate as to have any of that class — may better understand, perhaps, than we do, and derive from it some practical information. Captain Barney, who never omitted a chance of making himself *intimate with his vessel*, (if we may use such an expression,) by looking closely at her *trim*, and comparative speed under various aspects of the wind, on his passage home discovered that when she was upon a wind, and playing into a head sea, the main-stay, after yielding to the bend of the mast forward, would be brought up with a jerk so as to endanger its being carried away. It was suggested to him by one of his quarter-masters, that the sudden strain might be obviated by *slinging a weight to the stay*. He directed the experiment to be made, by attaching a small cannon to the stay, and it was found — or at least thought — that the ship afterwards pitched with more ease, and made better head-way. Captain Barney

watched the motion of the weight with much curiosity — at times it would hang so low as nearly to come in contact with the boats on the ‘chocks,’ and then by the sudden spring of the stay, it would be sent the whole length of the slings above it: he was satisfied after long and close observation, that the ship sailed much faster when it was used, than when it was laid aside. — We are not sufficiently versed in nautical affairs, to know whether any useful hint may be gathered from this fact, but we have not felt ourselves at liberty to suppress a professional incident, which so accomplished a master thought worth remembering. — His crew on this voyage consisted of one hundred and twenty men, *ninety-six* of whom were *leads-men* — that is men who could ‘heave the lead’ — a remarkable fact, which it may be safely asserted never before occurred in shipping a crew for any vessel: the consequence was, that before he returned he had an entire crew of *first rate seamen*, for those acquainted with the character of this class of men on board a ship, know that they invariably become in a little time expert in all the *arcana* of a sailor’s duty.

On the day after his affair with the refugees, and the excitement of such terror among the detained privateers and letters of marque, Captain Barney arrived at Philadelphia. Mr Morris, who was then at the head of the Marine Board, as well as Superintendent of Finance, was as much astonished as he was gratified, when he reported himself as having returned from a successful execution of his mission: he could hardly believe, with the evidence before his eyes, that the voyage to Cape Francois, in Hispaniola, thence to the Havana, in Cuba, and thence back to Philadelphia, could be accomplished in the space of *thirty-five days*. However common such despatch may be at the present day, it was then without example; such a thing had never been known; and the delighted financier expressed his sense of the merit of his chosen agent, in no measured terms of approbation.

The money was all safely landed, and proper disposition made of the prisoners he had on board, before Captain Barney allowed himself to visit his expecting family. — If we were at all inclined to be didactical in the performance of our task, we should pause here to deduce a moral, for the benefit of our youthful readers, from the fact just mentioned: — no man ever lived who more freely enjoyed the pleasures of life, in all their *innocent* varieties, than the subject of this memoir; but he had courage and resolution to resist temptation, even in its most seductive forms, whenever it beckoned him from a duty un-

performed — and we may fearlessly assert, that throughout the whole of his brilliant career, he never once neglected a task entrusted to him, or left to the care of others that for which he felt himself to be responsible. — But we have neither taste nor talent for moralizing, and we have too much respect for our readers, and too sincere a wish to merit theirs in return, to abuse the power which accident has put into our hands.

Among the first visits which Captain Barney made, on his return to Philadelphia, was one to his Quaker friend, to whose care he had confided the wounded captain of the *General Monk*. We mention the fact, because we think it highly honorable to his character. — How unlike the conduct of Captain *Anthony James Pye Malloy* towards *his* prisoner ! or that of the *Honorable* Commander of the *Yarmouth*, towards the wretched sufferers whose fortune it was to be conveyed by him to England ! It is impossible to make the comparison without feeling an honest pride in the superiority of our gallant and noble spirited countryman.

CHAPTER XI.

Historical Review. — Captain Barney is sent to France with Despatches : — his Interview with Dr Franklin at Passy : — meets Messrs Adams, Jay, and Laurens at Paris — is introduced to the royal family at Versailles : — agreeable sojourn at Paris — returns to his ship at L'Orient : — receives a confidential communication from Dr Franklin : — sails from L'Orient with the *King of England's Passport* : — successful manœuvres to avoid being visited by British cruisers. — He arrives at Philadelphia — brings the first intelligence of Peace — is sent by Congress and eagerly questioned — joy of the people : — his family — another son born. — The Treaty arrives. — He is again despatched to England and France. — Curious anecdote of his Passengers. — He arrives at Plymouth — his feelings on the occasion : — gives a *fete* on board his ship to his friends, the Clergyman's family : — visits the old Gardener at Lord Edgecombe's : — interesting discovery. — He sails for Havre : — visits Paris again for a few days : — returns to his ship : — lands Mr Laurens in England, and arrives safely at Philadelphia. — His ship the only one retained in service : — he is despatched again to France. — Anecdote of John Paul Jones : — Major L'Enfant : — is ordered to wait at Havre for the Minister's despatches : — withstands every temptation to visit Paris : — sails in a heavy gale : — tempestuous and perilous passage : — finds the Chesapeake Bay blocked up with Ice : — gets into Annapolis with great difficulty : — Congress in session there : — he lands and travels on horseback to Philadelphia : — state of the roads — snow three feet deep. — Is ordered to take his ship into Baltimore and sell her : — removes his family to Baltimore. — Affecting interview with Mr Morris on the settlement of his accounts, and close of his service. — Letter from Mr Laurens.

THE several belligerent powers were by this time beginning to think, that their resources might be better employed than in the continuance of hostilities, from which it was now become manifest that no party had anything further to gain. Great Britain, indeed, had long since been forced to the reluctant admission, that her colonies were irrecoverably separated from her ; and she had already shown her willingness to acknowledge their independence, provided they would agree to abandon their allies and form a separate treaty of peace. But this proposition they had rejected, with the indignation it was calculated to excite in the bosom of an honorable and grateful people, and had determined to rise or fall with the friends who had so magnanimously stepped forth to their assistance in a time of need. — The surrender of Cornwallis on the one hand, and the defeat of the

Count de Grasse on the other, had seemed to satisfy the two principal parties to the war ; and hostilities had thenceforth been but sluggishly carried on. Sir Guy Carleton and Washington contented themselves with *looking at each other*, without venturing to meet — the former thought it useless to attempt any further conquest in a country which his government had resolved to give up ; and the latter felt no inclination to sport with the lives of his fellow-citizens and soldiers, merely for the purpose of adding to his own fame. The consequence was, that the two armies had remained inactive during the greater part of the year. Such however was not the case with the naval forces of the two powers : the ships of Great Britain still annoyed our commerce and blockaded our bays and rivers, while the few cruisers belonging to the United States, that could elude the vigilance of the hostile squadrons, occasionally performed some achievement of retaliation, which added another and another wreath to the chaplets they had already won from the mistress of the ocean. In this state of things Catharine of Russia, and the Emperor of Germany, believing that affairs had reached a crisis, when a peace might be made upon terms acceptable to all parties, offered their friendly mediation, which neither of the belligerents thought it prudent to refuse ; and commissioners were accordingly named to meet at Paris for the negotiation of a treaty of general amity.

It was about this period, that Captain Barney was a second time selected by Mr Morris, for the execution of an important trust.* The prompt and successful manner in which he had

* Copy of a letter from the Honorable Robert Morris to Captain Barney of the ship General Washington.

‘ MARINE OFFICE, 7th OCTOBER, 1782.

‘ SIR, — With this you will receive sundry letters, which you will make up in such manner, that, in case of capture, they may be sunk before you strike your colors. I hope, however, that you may meet a happier fate. You will make the first port which you can arrive at in Europe. France will be better than any other part. The various letters which may be directed to private individuals you will put in the Post Office, but the public letters you will yourself take charge of and proceed with all possible expedition to Paris, where you will deliver them. Inclosed are letters of introduction. Any necessary expenses for the ship will be defrayed by Mr Barclay, the American Consul, to whom you will apply for that purpose. If you arrive at L’Orient, you will probably find him there. You will take Mr Franklin’s orders after you get to France for your departure and destination. He may perhaps direct you to call at some port in the West Indies, in which case he will give you ample instructions.

‘ As your safe and speedy arrival is of great importance, you will take care not to chase any vessel, but to avoid as much as possible everything which can either delay or endanger you.

‘ I hope your expenditures in Europe may be moderate, for we can ill afford any which are unnecessary, and I trust your continuance there will be but

performed the service before entrusted to him, pointed him out as the proper person to be charged with the delivery of important despatches, on the present occasion, to our minister at Paris. The opportunity was also embraced by the French ambassador to the United States, and with the approbation of Mr Morris, M. Laford, the secretary of M. Lucerne, took passage with Captain Barney in the General Washington. — We are unable to say what occurred to delay the departure of the ship so long after the date of Mr Morris's letter, but it appears from Captain Barney's *memoranda* that he did not leave Philadelphia until the beginning of November. — As despatch in this affair was unquestionably of great importance, and much depended upon Dr Franklin's receiving the final instructions of our government before the arrival of the British commissioners at Paris, it is not improbable that the transcriber of this official paper committed the error of putting 'October' for *November*, and that in truth Captain Barney sailed on the day he received his orders, as had been his custom. — He was once more fortunate enough to elude the British squadron, which was still watching the mouth of the Delaware, and after the remarkably short passage of *seventeen days*, he arrived safely at L'Orient. Here he left his ship, and proceeded without an hour's delay to Paris. Dr Franklin was at his usual residence of Passy, a small village in the vicinity of the great city, whither our rapid messenger sought him, without stopping even to refresh himself; and here for the first time he had the honor of an interview with his venerable, and universally venerated, countryman — the statesman, philosopher, and patriot. Having delivered his despatches, and received a compliment on his promptitude of movement, which was not the less welcome from such lips because it was consciously deserved, he was about to retire, when the plain honest old printer laid his hand upon him, and said kindly, 'No! no! my gallant young countryman, you are my *prisoner* for the rest of this day! — I cannot let you go, until we see what my old cook can dish up for us — so sit you down, and take a dinner with me *en famille* — it will be ready in a few minutes.'

short. You will show this letter to Mr Franklin when you see him, and he will probably be able in some short time to determine your future movements. Should you return to America immediately, I think it will be safest, as the enemy are now about to evacuate Charleston, and it will be in mid-winter when you arrive, that you should fall in to the southward, and run up the coast into the Chesapeake, but of this you will determine according to your own discretion, and be directed by circumstances as they arise.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant, ROBERT MORRIS.

'CAPT BARNEY. of the ship General Washington.'

An invitation, so given, from such a man, was too great an honor to be declined, and Captain Barney drew his chair to the fire, while the minister busied himself in reading the despatches — The sage and the sailor dined *tête-à-tête* : no man knew better than Dr Franklin how to touch the ‘ruling passion’ of those with whom he conversed; and it is well known, that he never omitted an opportunity, while in France, of evincing his admiration of bravery and patriotism whenever he met with a countryman who had given evidence of either in the long and arduous struggle which he was so anxious to see brought to an honorable close. The prospect of affairs at the present moment, had a brighter aspect for his country than they had yet worn, and he was gay and cheerful. Mr Morris had recommended his young friend to the ‘particular notice and attention’ of the minister as ‘an active, gallant officer, who had already behaved well on many occasions, and whose conduct he knew would do honor to those by whom he was patronized and introduced.’ The Doctor made him ‘fight all his battles o’er again,’ and treated him with such paternal kindness and familiarity, that Barney felt that day to be the proudest of his life : it was a full recompense for all his toils and perils. Before he took his leave, the minister told him that he should allow him to stay but a few days in Paris, but would endeavor to make those few agreeable to him, by presenting him at the court of Versailles and introducing him to some of the distinguished personages in attendance upon it : — for this purpose, he requested him to hold himself in readiness on the following evening — ‘After that, my young hero!’ continued the good humored old philosopher, ‘you must be back to L’Orient with your accustomed speed; for you have a large sum of money to carry home with you, which our good friend the king has lent us, and you must be on board your ship to receive it — now, good-night! and God bless you!’

At Paris, Captain Barney found his old friend Mr John Adams, who, together with John Jay and Henry Laurens, Esquires, had been united with Dr Franklin, as Commissioners for treating of peace with the British plenipotentiary. Mr Adams gave him a cordial reception, introduced him to his colleagues, and made the same offer of presenting him at Court which he had already accepted from Dr Franklin. Under such auspices, we need not be surprised that he received the most flattering attentions from many persons of the highest distinction in Paris, and that he had every reason to be delighted with his visit : — from the Count d’Estaing, Count

Rochambeau, the Marquis de la Fayette, and others of the young nobility who had served in the United States, more particularly, he received every mark of attention and kindness, that the most distinguished individual could have expected. — At the appointed hour, he accompanied the minister to Versailles, was presented to their Majesties, and had the honor of kissing the *cheek* of the beautiful, but unfortunate, Marie Antoinette. The Court circle on this occasion was principally composed of Americans, and the distinguished French officers who had taken a part in their campaigns; and their Majesties seemed determined to give as much as possible an American character to the entertainment, by introducing the customs peculiar to the United States — *tea* was handed around to the company, a refreshment then for the first time seen at a drawing-room in the palace of Versailles! and every effort seemed to be made by this unhappy pair to evince the respect in which they held their republican allies. Alas! how little did they then dream, that the assistance which they had contributed to sever the British empire in America, had laid the axe to the root of their own ancient monarchy, and that the sturdy republicans whom they so much delighted to honor were unconsciously teaching their own people a lesson in the science of self-government, which was so soon to bring their heads to the block, and to deluge France with blood!

In obedience to the minister's injunction, Captain Barney returned immediately to L'Orient, where he arrived in time to receive on board the promised money, which consisted of numerous chests of gold and barrels of silver. From this moment his pleasures were at an end; he remained on board his ship as closely as if he had been a prisoner during the whole time he was obliged to wait at L'Orient — so strictly did he construe the responsibility he had assumed. A few days afterwards he received a letter from Dr Franklin,* but instead of the ex-

* Extract of a Letter from Dr Franklin to Captain Barney.

‘ PASSY, DEC. 5, 1782.

*** ‘ I have kept the express, hoping to have sent by him our final Letters. But the answer of the Court being not yet obtained, and the time when we may expect it being from some present circumstances very uncertain, I dismiss him; and shall send another when we are ready. In the meantime, it may be agreeable, and of some use to you to know, that though peace between us and England is not concluded, (and will not be till France and England are agreed) yet the preliminary articles are signed, and you will have an English passport. *I acquaint you with this in friendship, that if you have any little adventure on your own account, you may save the insurance: but you will keep it to yourself for the present.* Hold your

pected orders to sail, he was merely told to *hold his ship ready* — a very unnecessary caution to one who was ‘*tou-1783 jours prêt*’ — and for six weeks longer he was tantalized with the daily expectation of the ‘final letters.’ He was very much gratified, however, at the information contained in the minister’s letter, and more particularly with the manner in which it was communicated.

Early in January, 1783, he received his despatches, accompanied by a passport, under the sign manuel of the *King of England*, for the ‘*Ship General Washington*, belonging to the United States of North America’ — he smiled at the singular coincidence, and wondered, to himself, whether the king had seen the *name* of his ship, when he signed the passport! — He received at the same time another short letter from Franklin, charging him still to keep ‘secret’ the information he had given him, and by no means to suffer his ship to be visited by the English cruisers notwithstanding his passport, lest the large sum of money he had on board might *tempt* them to detain him — the letter closed with wishing him a speedy passage and all good fortune. — He was detained for several days after the receipt of his orders by adverse winds, and it was not until the 18th of the month that he could move from the harbor of L’Orient; and even then the prospect was so unfavorable, that his ship was the only one of several fine American armed vessels, then lying there all ready to sail, that dared to venture out — nor did any of the others quit the port for six weeks afterwards, owing to the continued prevalence of high westerly winds. The passage home was in every respect one of the most disagreeable and uncomfortable he had ever experienced — it was the severest portion of the winter, and a day seldom passed without a cold northwest gale, sometimes bringing rain and sleet, which made it almost impossible for the seamen to keep the deck, and at other times covering the sails and rigging with snow and ice: every mast and spar were sprung before he gained a sight of the land, which did not happen until the 8th

ship ready, as we know not how soon we may be ready to dismiss you. With great regard, I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P.S. ‘Let me know what vessels are at L’Orient bound to America, and when they sail. — If any vessel for North America sails before you, send with her the inclosed for Mr ——— and let me know by whom it goes.’

of March, fifty days after he had sailed from L'Orient. He made the coast a little to the northward of the Delaware, and in running along shore for the Capes, he was chased by *three* ships, which were so disposed as to render the prospect of escape almost hopeless — one of them was on his lee quarter, another abreast of him, and the third on his *lee bow* — the wind off shore, blowing very hard, and the weather intensely cold. He was determined not even to be *visited* if he could help it, but the chances were incalculably against him. He knew that his ship sailed well, however, and he did not spare the canvas — as night came on, he found that he had worked ahead of them considerably, but as it was impossible for him to enter the Capes in the dark without a pilot, except at a greater risk perhaps than that he was endeavoring to avoid, he hauled close in with the land, into *three fathom* water, dropped his anchor, and furled every sail! By this ingenious and well timed manœuvre, he made himself *invisible* to the chasing ships: they passed so near him in the night as to be distinctly seen themselves, while his naked masts presented so small an object as to be entirely beyond the power of vision at the distance which they thought it prudent to keep from the shoal water. In the morning, every rope and spar were covered thick with ice; and it was not without great labor and difficulty the anchor was weighed. The enemy were still in sight off Cape Henlopen, but he succeeded in entering the Bay, by the Cape May channel — the scene of his former triumph — and in the course of the forenoon lost all trace of his pursuers. On the 12th of March, he arrived safely at Philadelphia, and had the satisfaction of receiving another compliment from the venerable Morris.

The first intelligence which our government had received of what was going on at Paris, was that which Captain Barney now brought: and such was the universal interest it excited that, on the following day, he was sent for by Congress, and minutely questioned as to the source and extent of his information. Dr Franklin's confidential letter to him, and the King of England's passport, were put into the hands of the President, as comprising all that he knew on the subject; but it was soon whispered that he was the bearer of a Treaty of Peace, and, joy was diffused through the whole community — in the course of the following month, a French sloop of war arrived with a confirmation of the news, and a copy of the 'preliminary articles;' and men, women, and children, citizens and soldier, united in one general thanksgiving for the blessing of peace.

Captain Barney had now the happiness of enjoying the so-

ciety of his family for a longer period than had fallen to his lot since he became a husband. On his return he found a *second* son, born a few weeks before his arrival; and he began to think that the prediction, which had escaped him in his soliloquy over the rifled 'chair-box,' was in a fair way of verification. But he had now no reason to entertain the slightest fear, as to his ability to protect and support all that it might please Providence to bless him with, for his good fortune had more than retrieved what his former carelessness had lost; and besides the independence of present means, he had still youth, health, a vigorous constitution, and a profession which would always command employment. He was the idol of popular favor in Philadelphia, and stood high with the government; and we may venture to say, that not an individual in the wide circle of those whom the peace had brought together in the American capital, was more truly happy than our gallant tar.

Upon the cessation of hostilities, which took place immediately after the arrival of the French sloop of war, in April, with a copy of the treaty, the ship *General Washington* was converted by the government into a regular packet; Captain Barney was retained in command of her, and was for a long time employed in a succession of expeditions to various parts of Europe. In June of the present year, after being for nearly three months at home, he was sent with despatches to England and France, and a number of French and other officers were permitted to take passage with him — among them were General Dupontail, Colonels Gouvain and Lermoy, and Major Jackson, one of General Washington's private secretaries. — A most singular incident occurred during the passage, which, as it terminated happily, we may venture to relate; but we take leave, in doing so, to protest against being considered as giving our sanction to any such experiments, to be hereafter made by those having no authority to *kill 'secundum artem.'* — In a few days after leaving the Capes, one of the French gentlemen began to show symptoms of mental derangement, which, in despite of the remedies employed under the direction of an experienced and skilful surgeon, rapidly grew worse; and in a little time, the patient became a raving maniac, so wickedly and savagely disposed towards all who approached him, as to make it dangerous for any person to attend him, and it was found necessary to confine him in irons. One of his brother officers, under the idea that the case was a desperate, as well as a distressing one, proposed to the surgeon to try the effect of a *large dose of opium*, mentioning at the same time several

instances in which he had seen similar affections so treated with the happiest consequences. The surgeon declared that *such a dose* would produce *death* — the officer called a *council of war* on the case, and they unanimously decided, that his prescription should be tried; but as the surgeon 'washed his hands' of the affair, it became a question who should *administer* the dose. To divide the responsibility, and render all equally liable to indictment for *murder*, should the experiment prove fatal, it was agreed that all should have a hand in preparing the medicine, and that the person to force it down the throat of the maniac should be determined by lot: — in short, the opium was administered; the patient soon fell into a profound and deathlike sleep, which lasted so long that all began to fear it was indeed the 'sleep of death;' but to their infinite surprise and joy, on the third morning, the patient awaked in his perfect senses, and so continued during the rest of the voyage — as well as ever, but totally unconscious of all that had passed.

The ship arrived at *Plymouth* in fourteen days, which we believe is one of the shortest passages ever made from Philadelphia. This was the theatre of so many of Barney's sufferings, and so many of his 'hair-breadth 'scapes,' as a prisoner, that we cannot wonder he felt a proud gratification at the opportunity of showing himself in his present high rank and honorable employment. The first thing he did, after disposing of his letters, was to call upon his old friend the clergyman and his family, to repeat his grateful sense of obligation for their many acts of kindness: they received him with the affectionate greetings of a son and brother, and many a sweet laugh did they mutually enjoy at the reminiscences which the meeting could not fail to call back. He was rejoiced to hear that they had suffered no persecution on his account, and that not even a suspicion had fallen upon them of having harbored him. During his short stay in Plymouth, he gave a sumptuous entertainment on board his ship to these much valued friends, and insisted upon their inviting their own company without limitation — on this occasion he had the ship splendidly dressed and decorated during the day, and brilliantly illuminated in the evening: a large company, of the most respectable inhabitants of Plymouth, partook of the entertainment, and his feelings may be imagined from the brief but expressive manner in which he signalizes the day in his journal — 'This,' says he, 'was one of the happiest days of my life!' — The British officers who were in the town and on the station, without a single exception, called to pay their respects to him, and the commanding ad-

miral did him the honor of an especial visit to look at his ship and make him an offer of service. It was impossible to forget how different had been his treatment in the same place, but two short years before, when he was advertised as a 'rebel deserter' and threatened with being 'hung as a traitor to his king!' but the recollection brought with it no feeling of bitterness against a single individual of those who had been his hard-hearted jailors; on the contrary, it enhanced his enjoyment of the present moment, and rendered the honors paid him doubly gratifying. — He did not fail to visit the little village of Causen, which had been the scene of one of his 'narrow chances,' nor to call at Lord Edgecombe's magnificent park, for the purpose of inquiring after the old gardener, who had so good naturedly opened 'a backdoor' for his escape — he found the old man in the same employment, and almost in the same spot — and but little less astonished at the present, than he had been at the first, unceremonious visit; but when he made himself known as the officer who had incurred the *fine of half a guinea for crossing a hedge*, and who was now come to *pay it*, as well as to leave some further mark of gratitude for the timely assistance he had rendered to him at his need, the old man rubbed his eyes; looked again at the gay officer before him; and when at length he fully recognised the features of his former trespasser, he seemed to be so much rejoiced to see him again, that it came to the visitor's turn to be surprised. — Our readers, we are sure, will not only be equally surprised, but will sympathize, in the heartfelt pleasure which Captain Barney experienced, when he learned that this venerable gardener, was the *father of the soldier* to whose good feelings he owed his escape from Mill Prison! The connivance of this soldier had never been suspected; and when upon the subsequent close pursuit, the runaway prisoner had been traced through Lord Edgecombe's garden, and it became known to the son, that his father had, however unconsciously, aided the escape, he disclosed to the old man his important secret, and thus a common interest was established between them in the safety of the American officer. — We need hardly add, that instead of the guinea which Captain Barney had intended to bestow, he pressed his full purse upon the old man; and left with him his address in America, with a charge for the son to call upon him, if anything should ever bring him again to that country.

After a stay of six days at Plymouth — the greater part of which time he was involuntarily detained by the winds — to use again his own words, he took leave of his 'dear, good friends

with reluctance, and two days afterwards arrived at Havre de Grace.' Here he left his ship, and travelled, with as much speed as the accommodations of the road would admit, to Paris. His introductions at this gay capital but a few months before had not been forgotten, and he not only found ready access to the best society, but soon became one of the most favored guests at all the *rèunions* and *petits soupers* of the gay and fashionable. A number of American ladies had joined the society which he had left at Paris the previous November, and our honored countryman found his services in constant requisition, as *cicisbeo* and escort, to the thousand places of amusement which offered their daily and nightly attractions to the sojourners in this *Paradis des Plaisirs*. But he did not permit the pleasures of Paris and its throngs of gay idlers to seduce him from the calls of duty: the moment Dr Franklin announced his readiness to despatch him, he returned to Havre de Grace and in a few days had his ship ready for sea. In the meantime, Mr Laurens, one of the Commissioners, arrived at Havre, with permission of the minister to take passage in the ship to England. They sailed on the following day, and fortyeight hours afterwards Mr Laurens was landed at Pool. During the two days that he remained on board, the captain took occasion to mention to his distinguished passenger the fact of his having been in London, while he was in the Tower, and the reasons that prevented him from calling there to pay his respects. — Mr Laurens smiled, and remarked that the captain had acted wisely in refraining from the visit, since it was certain he would have been recognised and probably made to suffer severely for his temerity; 'but,' he continued, in a tone of patriotic exultation — 'times are changed with us both, Captain Barney! we are no longer proscribed *rebels* and *traitors*, but the *honored* of our country; and let us never forget that we are indebted to the persevering bravery and untamable spirit of that country, and not to the forbearance of our enemy, that we live to look back at our sufferings.' — In twentyeight days from the time of leaving Havre, Captain Barney arrived safely at Philadelphia, in the beginning of August.

The ship General Washington being the *only one* which the United States had retained in the public service after the Peace, she was necessarily kept busily employed. The celebrated John Paul Jones, had applied to Congress immediately after the cessation of hostilities, to be appointed agent, to solicit, under the direction of the Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Versailles, payment for all the prizes which had been taken

in Europe under his command ; on the 1st of November they assented to the application and passed a resolution, recommending Capt. Jones to their Minister in France, and directing the Agent of Marine to provide him with a passage to France in the ship Washington. She was accordingly immediately got ready, and Captain Barney again sailed from Philadelphia. M. Oster, a French consul, was also a passenger ; and the society of Cincinnati, recently established by the officers of the army and navy, (of which Captain Barney himself was a member) embraced the same opportunity of sending Major L'Enfant to France, for the purpose of attending to certain affairs in which they were deeply interested. The major was at this time a great favorite with the Americans ; a gay, gallant officer ; full of intelligence and professional zeal ; and warmly attached to the cause of the United States : he possessed a proud and independent spirit, but was as social in his disposition as the gayest of his happy countrymen. Captain Jones was reserved, and not entirely free from moroseness : even in his moments of relaxation, he verified what Froissart has so quaintly said of the British islanders, '*qui se réjouissant tristement, selon le coutume de leur pays.*' The consul was all life and spirits ; and upon the whole the cabin guests formed an agreeable *partie quarrée*. Barney had orders to land Captain Jones at any place in Europe that he might designate, and then to await at Havre de Grace the farther instructions of the American minister. After they had been at sea a day or two, he was very much surprised to hear from Captain Jones, that he desired to be landed on the coast England, 'anywhere that he could first make land :' he was surprised, because he knew the detestation in which the character of Jones was held there, and that Jones himself was aware that his American commission would avail him nothing, if he fell into the power of the British government ; he could not help, therefore, expressing his great astonishment, that his passenger should choose to incur such a risk, particularly as he understood him to be anxious to reach Paris. — 'As to that,' Captain Jones replied, 'I shall very probably be in Paris before you — but it is of infinitely more importance to me to see a certain person in England ; and I am too well acquainted with every foot of it, and know too well how to steer my course, to apprehend any personal danger. — Put me ashore wherever you can make the coast ; I shall leave my baggage with you, and it will not be the first time, if I have to traverse all England with the blood-hounds upon my track.' Barney was one of the very few American officers who knew how to

appreciate the eccentricities of Jones — he had known him from the first year of his entering the navy — they had been together in the little expedition against the Bahamas in 1775 ; and though he had for several years lost sight of him in their distant services, he had not failed to hear of and admire his numerous gallant achievements. He respected him for his general intelligence and his profound knowledge of his profession ; and he loved him for that chivalry in his character which so nearly resembled his own. This was the first time the two officers had ever been so long together, and they formed a sincere attachment for each other. For many an hour at night, while the two Frenchmen below were amusing themselves at *Piquet* or *Tric-trac*, these brothers in chivalry would walk the quarter-deck, or seat themselves on the hen-coops, and talk over bye gone events. It was easy to perceive that the elder was an unhappy man, and it required but little knowledge of the human heart to discover that the cause, whatever it might be, was beyond the reach of friendly sympathy. — Captain Barney knew it would be unavailing to attempt to dissuade the Chevalier from his purpose of landing on the coast of England, and therefore steered for that part of it where he would be least likely to meet with interruption ; on the sixteenth day he put him ashore at a small fishing place and then trimmed his sails for Havre, which he reached two or three days afterwards in safety.

Major L'Enfant was very solicitous to take his friend Barney with him to Paris, but the orders of the latter were explicit to 'wait at Havre,' and he knew as well how to *obey* as to command. 'Mais que diable ferez vous ici ?' said the major shrugging his shoulders at the idea of any body *presuming* to resist the temptations of Paris — 'vous n'avez qu' à dire au bon Franklin que ——' But it was all to no purpose ; Barney insisted that he could pass *three weeks* at Havre — the time he was ordered to remain there — with as much pleasure as at Paris ; to which the major replied with a 'Bah !' and they parted. — We give great credit to Captain Barney for the firmness with which he resisted even an invitation from Dr Franklin himself to go to Paris — for the following passage in a letter which he received from him while at Havre, might have been very fairly construed into such an invitation as would have excused him to his friend Mr Morris, on his return to the United States. Under date of the 16th December, 1783, at Passy, the Doctor says to him : 'If you come to Paris, I have a room and bed at your service, and shall be glad you would accept of them' —

and in another part of the same letter, he says: 'If in anything I can serve you here, let me know, and I shall do it with pleasure.' There would certainly have been no danger of reproach at home, if he had jumped into the Diligence and taken the good Doctor at his word; but when he felt himself under an obligation of duty, as we have more than once had occasion to see, his resolution was proof against every seduction. — He was agreeably surprised to receive by the same post a letter from Captain Jones,* who had happily reached Paris, as it appeared, without having encountered any of the obstacles, feared for him rather than by him, in England.

On the very last day of the three weeks that Captain Barney was ordered to wait at Havre for the Minister's despatches, he received them by express, and immediately afterwards left the Port, in one of the severest gales he had ever experienced — '*but orders must be obeyed,*' is his own brief comment upon his putting to sea in such weather. The gale continued all the way through the Channel, and off the Western Islands his *rudder came off*, the iron with which it was mounted having been corroded by its contact with the copper bottom of the ship; but he contrived to get it on board and so repair its fastenings as to make it 'do its duty' for the rest of the passage. He did not

*As everything must be interesting from the pen of an individual who acted so conspicuous a part in the great theatre of the world, as we may very justly say of Paul Jones, we insert his letter without abridgment, though it was merely a private and friendly one.

PARIS, DEC. 16th, 1783.

DEAR SIR, — Two days after I reached this city I was happy to hear that you had safely arrived at La Havre — I am sorry however to find that you decline to come here where I should have taken sincere pleasure in contributing to make your hours pass agreeably. — Mr Franklin has just informed me that he writes you by this Post, to forward the articles you have brought over for him by the Diligence. I must pray you to favor me by forwarding my little trunk that I left in your cabin, and a small case that is in the care of Mr Fitzgerald, by the same conveyance with those articles for Mr Franklin. Mr Fitzgerald will oblige me by putting cards on them directed as follows — "A Monsieur Paul Jones, Maison de M. La Chapelle, Boulevard Montmartre à Paris." — At the same time you will oblige me by a letter of advice that I may know when and where to send for them. — I expect immediately to be presented to the King, and after that ceremony, when I have had some conversation with the Ministers, I will write to Mr Fitzgerald respecting the Prize Money. In the meantime I pray him to take care of my cot and bedding.

I am, dear sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

PAUL JONES.*

*JOS. BARNEY, Esq., Captain of the Washington.'

*See Appendix, No. VII.

reach the coast until the beginning of March, 1784 — the winter had been one of the coldest that had been experienced for many years; and when he got into the Chesapeake, he found it *blocked up with ice as low down as Cape Henry!* Several vessels entered the Capes with him, but the greater part of them were driven ashore and wrecked in the ice: he was more fortunate; but he was for fifteen days beating up and down the Bay, surrounded by floating ice in immense masses; many of his crew were frost bitten; both his anchors were lost, the cables being cut away by the ice in the night — in this state he put into Annapolis Road.

Congress were at this moment in session at Annapolis, and having delivered his despatches to the President, General Mifflin, and placed his ship in as perfect a state of safety as the circumstance would admit, Captain Barney set out by land for Philadelphia, where his family still remained. The snow on the ground was still of an *average depth of three feet*, and the travelling was necessarily not only tedious, and difficult but extremely dangerous. In crossing Winter's Run, between Baltimore and Havre de Grace, his horse broke through the ice, and both he and the rider were very near being swept under by the force of the current — nothing but the great strength of the one, and the dexterous ingenuity of the other could have saved them. On arriving at Philadelphia, and reporting himself to Mr Morris, he received orders to lose no time in returning to his ship and getting her up to Baltimore the moment the state of the ice would permit her removal as it had been determined by the United States to sell her. As the sale of the *Washington*, — the only vessel which Congress had retained in service after the peace — would necessarily terminate his connexion with government, he determined to take his family back with him to Baltimore, where it had always been his intention to fix his permanent residence. Bad as the condition of the roads was, he thought it better that they should undertake the journey at once under his protection, than be left to the chance of better travelling when it might not be in his power to escort them. They were soon ready to accompany him, and having received from the superintendent of finance a draft on John Swanwick, Esq. for the sum of fourteen hundred dollars, to pay the balance of wages due the crew of the *General Washington* — for which he was informed that Mr Harwood, the Receiver for Maryland, would give him the cash — he commenced one of the most fatiguing and disagreeable journeys he had ever yet gone through: patience and perseverance, however, surmounted all difficulties,

and on the 1st of May he had the satisfaction to welcome his wife and children to his native city.

A few days after his arrival at Baltimore, he received a letter from Mr Morris* giving him more detailed instructions concerning the sale of the ship, and appointing him, under the Resolution of Congress, the agent for that object. This was done by Mr Morris, not only as a compliment due to Captain Barney in consideration of the long time he had commanded that ship, but from a persuasion that his *wishes to promote the interests of the United States would stimulate his endeavors to sell her for as high a price as possible.* — Several material alterations were made both in the time and mode of sale, as at first prescribed by the Agent of Marine, at the suggestions of Captain Barney, who was much better acquainted with the state of the Baltimore markets than Mr Morris could be, who therefore readily trusted the whole to his own discretion. From these causes, it was not until some time in July, that the sale was finally effected; and immediately afterwards Captain Barney proceeded to Philadelphia, to deliver in his accounts, and receive his *carte de congé.*

* Letter from the Honorable Robert Morris to Captain Barney.

MARINE OFFICE, 11th May, 1784.

SIR, — Inclosed is a copy of a Resolution of Congress directing the ship Washington to be sold — also a copy of the Advertisement which has been published in the several newspapers of this city in consequence of that Resolution. By the latter you will perceive that a person is to be appointed to attend the sale at Baltimore to receive the sum she may sell for, and deliver possession to the Purchaser. — As you have been for a considerable time the commander of that ship, I have concluded to commit this business to your care, persuaded that your wishes to promote the interests of the United States, will stimulate your endeavors to have her sold, conformably to the advertisement, for as high a price as possible. — I conceive that it would be best for the public interest to sell the lead and iron now on board the Washington for specie previous to the sale of the ship. You will therefore advertise those articles to be sold on the tenth day of next month at the Coffee House in Baltimore. You will also cause a proper inventory of the ship's materials and stores to be exhibited at the Coffee House previous to and at the time of her sale, transmitting to me a copy thereof as soon as may be.

The Certificates to be taken in payment for the Washington, besides those which have been issued from the different Loan Offices of the United States, must be those of the commissioners for settling the accounts of the several states with the United States, and those appointed to adjust the accounts of the quarter-master's, commissary's, clothing, hospital, marine and army Departments.

The inclosure No. 3 exhibits a list of the commissioners above referred to, with the states and departments to which they have been appointed.

When the sale of the Washington is completed, the people who have been retained to take care of her are to be discharged, and you will as soon as possible exhibit at this office all your accounts which relate to her.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

ROBERT MORRIS.

JOSHUA BARNEY, Esq. commanding the ship Washington.

He was now *twentyfive* years old — *nine* of which he had been in the service of his country; and, except during the several periods when he was suffering the horrors of imprisonment, in *active* service — as useful to his country, as it was honorable to himself. He had entered it an unknown, unconnected stripling — with nothing to recommend him but a stout heart and vigor of limb: his ardent love of country was untried, and his aspirations for glory panted unseen in his swelling bosom; — but he had one advantage — he possessed that combination of features, that prepossessing expression of countenance, which has been, as truly as beautifully, characterized as a *letter of recommendation, all the world over*. He was now about to leave that service, honored and distinguished — known in every State as a champion of his country's independence, respected by the wisest, bravest, and best — courted by a numerous circle — a husband, and a father. — Mr Morris, we have seen, was his earliest patron and friend; and through every vicissitude of his fortune remained firmly attached to him. On this occasion of final settlement of accounts, Captain Barney received the most gratifying proof of the warm interest which his excellent friend took in his welfare. — Before he took leave of him, Mr Morris desired to know what were his pecuniary circumstances, and his future views of life. ‘I will not consent, my young friend,’ said he, ‘that all connexion shall be dissolved between us, because the United States have no longer occasion for your services. I need not tell you, that you have honorably and nobly sustained the good opinion which I formed of you, eight years ago. I then told you, that if your conduct continued to be what it had been, you should always find in me a friend ready and happy to serve you. These were not mere words of course, Captain Barney — and I should be doing violence to my own feelings and principles were I now to refrain from acknowledging, that *I owe you a debt of friendship, which I am anxious to pay*. Tell me how I can best serve you — you cannot have laid by much money, for yours has been more a service of honor than that of profit — and any business in which you may determine to engage, will be all the more prosperous, if founded upon a *good capital*. Tell me frankly, do you want a *few thousands* to begin with? — my credit, my experience, my lasting friendship and good wishes are all *yours* — use them all as you please!’

We will not attempt to express the feelings of Captain Barney, at this unexpected, this generous proof of the high esteem in which he was held by this exalted patriot and most benevolent

of men. He assured Mr Morris, that he was amply provided with the means of establishing himself in commercial business, and therefore did not need the pecuniary assistance which he had so generously offered him, but that he would thankfully avail himself of the friendly advice of one whose long and extensive experience in such pursuits so well qualified him to give it, and that he would not fail to take the liberty of consulting him upon all occasions of difficulty and embarrassment. — ‘Do so, my young friend,’ said this good old man, ‘look upon me as a father, and in that character let me invoke a blessing upon your future labors! May God prosper you, my gallant boy! Farewell!’

While Captain Barney remained in Philadelphia, he was gratified to hear that his friend Mr Laurens had returned from England, and was then at Bristol, on the Delaware. Not having the time to visit him, he wrote a short letter to congratulate him on his arrival and to solicit that he would make his house in Baltimore ‘a home,’ on his passage through to South Carolina. We cannot better close this chapter, which concludes the revolutionary portion of our task, than by giving to our readers the answer of Mr Laurens — a volume of our own, could add nothing to the testimony of such men as Robert Morris and Henry Laurens, to the merit of him we have undertaken to portray: —

‘BRISTOL ON THE DELAWARE, Aug. 23, 1784.

‘DEAR SIR, — The day before yesterday I was honored by the receipt of your very obliging letter of the 14th inst. which probably had been some days lying in the Post-Office where my son found it.

‘Accept my best acknowledgments for your kind congratulations and polite invitation to your house in Baltimore — the regard I have for Captain Barney will, barring unforeseen accidents, induce me to go miles out of my way, to pay my respects; but my family and company will probably be so large as to forbid an acceptance of a convenience to myself which would be troublesome to a friend.

‘My health, thank God, has been pretty good since the beginning of May last, but the weakness which a two years’ attack of the gout brought upon my nerves remains, and I have no hopes of recovering my strength by increasing age, nor am I anxious on that score.

‘I shall be in Philadelphia the latter end of this week, and shall call on Mr Bedford for the carriage; the trunks perhaps

are as well with you for the present, but should I want them you shall be informed in due time.

‘Your discharge from the service of the public, an act of necessity and with your own approbation, cannot obliterate the honor you acquired nor wither the laurels which you gained in that service. The plough-share now is preferable to the spear. You are on shore making a better provision for a *rising progeny of Barneys* than you could hope for, from being a peaceable ship-master, otherwise I am persuaded you could not remain a day unemployed in that branch.

‘With every good wish to yourself and family, in which my son desires to join, I have the honor of assuring you that I am,

Sir, your obedient and most humble servant,

HENRY LAURENS.

‘CAPT. JOSHUA BARNEY.’

CHAPTER XII.

Reflections on Captain Barney's change of life. — He establishes himself in commerce : — meets with heavy losses : — has a third son born : — his mother takes up her residence in his family : — he purchases a tract of land in Kentucky : — visits Charleston, Savannah, and Kentucky : — becomes a great favorite with the ' Hunters of Kentucky ' : — returns to Baltimore : — takes an active part in favor of the adoption of the Constitution : — violence of electioneering meetings : — the State Convention adopt the constitution — ratification of the same by Congress : — grand procession in honor of the event : — he rigs up and commands a miniature ship on the occasion : — ' Federal Hill ' named. — He fits his little ship for a voyage : — enters Annapolis by invitation and is hospitably entertained : — pursues his voyage to Mount Vernon . — presents the Ship to Washington, in the name of the Ship-Masters of Baltimore : — is kept at Mount Vernon for a week : — returns to Baltimore by land. — Mrs Washington arrives at Baltimore : — and invites him to accompany her to New York. — The Governor and Troops of Pennsylvania meet them at Gray's Ferry : — grand collation : — Mrs Morris joins the travellers to New York. He meets his friend Mr Morris : — is introduced to the Secretary of the Treasury : — corresponds with him on the subject of the Revenue : — is offered command of a Cutter and declines : — is appointed Clerk of the District Court of Maryland : — gives up the office in a short time : — is appointed by the Legislature *Vendue Master* : — establishes a Warehouse in conjunction with a Partner : — business goes on prosperously. He projects a voyage : — leaves the business to his Partner, and visits Carthage and Havana : — finds a daughter born on his return. — Death of his mother : — his filial piety. — He undertakes another voyage on a larger scale : — the Firm purchase the Ship ' Sampson ' : — he makes a trading voyage to the French Islands : — finds several friends at St Domingo. — makes a fortunate voyage to Havana and returns to Baltimore, for another cargo. — He sails again immediately for Cape Francois — sells his cargo at great profit : — dreadful state of things at the Cape : — battles between the inhabitants in the streets : — the town is fired : — women and children take refuge on board his ship : — he makes a daring attempt, and succeeds in saving his property : — has to fight against both parties : — sails for St Marks : — is captured by three English Privateers : — retakes his ship — and brings her into Baltimore.

< A NEW era now opens upon us in the action of our narrative ; and the reader who has followed thus far the active and eventful career of its subject, will be called upon to contemplate his character under another aspect. The qualities which most certainly lead to distinction in the tumultuous and agitating scenes of war, are *not always* the best fitted for a successful cultivation of the arts of peace, and we must not be surprised,

if we find, that the adventurous intrepidity, uprightness of purpose and plain-dealing of our honest sailor, too often exposed him to be over-reached by the cunning, and grovelling artifices, of trade. Before we enter upon this new portion of our task, however, justice both to the reader and the subject requires, that we should look back for a moment at some of the stages we have passed. — Captain Barney was not, like most of his brother-officers in both branches of the service, *returning* to a mode of life with which he had been previously familiar, but was now to *begin* a course of action totally different from all the habits of his youth and manhood. It will be recollected that he was not *twelve* years old when he left his father's roof, with but little advantage of education, to commence his chosen career : — for the four succeeding years, it may be literally said of him, that

‘ His course was on the mountain wave
His home was on the deep’ —

and though that interval was replete with romantic and rare adventures for a boy, it afforded him but few opportunities of acquiring any other than professional instruction : — at *sixteen*, he became a ‘ rebel’ in the cause of his country, thus changing his service, but not his profession : — but now, after *nine* years of toil, and peril, and glory in that service, and thirteen years of exclusive devotion to that profession, we find him released from the one, and resolved to abandon the other — precisely at that moment when the habits of life, and modes of thinking, are beginning to acquire a rigidity and fixedness not easily accommodated to new forms and changes. As his friend Mr Laurens, who seems to have known him well, intimated in his letter, he could never have set himself thus quietly down, had the alternative been anything else than his becoming ‘ a *peaceable* ship-master’ — but the change from the bustling activity of a ship of war to the humble command of some poor defenceless hulk in ‘ the merchant-service,’ would have been a far more serious ‘ breaking up’ of old associations, than that which he decided upon : it was better to be a merchant and command other captains, than a captain and be commanded by other merchants. We are very certain, however, that his choice was determined by a much less selfish consideration, — he had hitherto been able to devote but little of his time to domestic concerns — he had a young and growing family, whose welfare he thought would be best secured by his own personal cares and protection ; and he had, during the last year of his service,

laid by a sufficient capital, if managed with prudence, to give them a comfortable support.

We have heretofore mentioned that young Barney, was the *first individual* to unfurl the banner of the Union, in his native state — in October, 1775 : it is a remarkable coincidence, that he was also the *last officer* to quit its service, in July, 1784 — having been, for many months before, the *only* officer retained by the United States. His native city, Baltimore, was the scene of both incidents ; — and though the circumstances of the war had carried him to a different theatre of action, and reflected upon a sister city the glory of his achievements, yet did his fellow-citizens evince, by the honors which they paid him, that they claimed a full participation in the merit of having sent forth so gallant a champion. His return to Baltimore was greeted with every demonstration of welcome that could gratify his pride ; and the declaration of his intention to fix here his future residence, was received with liberal offers of assistance and friendship from all descriptions of citizens.

Such were the favorable auspices under which our gallant sailor returned to the place of his nativity, and commenced his new career of commerce, in partnership with a near connexion of his wife, (by marriage) in the autumn of 1784. In addition to these advantages at home, he was honorably known to some of the first merchants abroad ; he had friends in England, France, Spain, and Holland, who only wanted an opportunity of showing their high confidence in his integrity, and their sincere desire to render him a service. — In short, it must be acknowledged, that no man ever entered into business with greater advantages, or more brilliant prospects : but in spite of all, he found, after a little while, that, instead of advancing with the rapidity of his usual progress in enterprise, there was great danger of a *retrograde* movement. His own remark on this occasion is so expressive, that we cannot help quoting it — ‘ We did *something*, but I found not enough to *keep my funds from sinking*.’ By this it may be inferred, that he had furnished the whole of the capital, upon which the firm was trading, and from that consideration, had probably thought himself authorized to leave the whole duty of managing it to the partner. He was prudent enough, upon discovering the unprosperous condition of affairs, to withdraw a portion of his funds from the *sinking* concern, and lay them out in the purchase of a large tract of land in the *wilderness* of Kentucky, in the hope that he might thus secure something for his children at a future day.

To show in what way his losses in trade occurred, we men-

tion one or two facts, from which the reader may easily conjecture the nature of many others that continued to fall heavily upon this ill-managed concern. — He made a shipment of a parcel of merchandize to the Havana, the sale of which produced an enormous profit. The amount of sales was paid, in specie, into the hands of an agent, who, instead of remitting the money, presented himself in person and unblushingly declared that he had appropriated the money to his own uses, and was a *bankrupt*. — On another occasion, he imported a large amount of French wines, which, finding no sale for them in Baltimore, he reshipped to New York, where they were still less wanted — thence he sent them to the West Indies, where they were sold as *vinegar*, at prices that of course did not pay the *expenses*: thus, in his own words again he ‘continued doing a *bad business*.’

Throughout the whole of the year 1785, we find but a single memorandum in his journal, and that records the 1785 birth of ‘a third son,’ in January. We must not omit to mention, however, as an evidence of his filial respect and affection, that in the early part of this year, he persuaded his mother to take up her residence in his family, which she never afterwards quitted. — In 1786, in addition to his 1786 regular business, he became concerned, as a ‘sleeping partner’ — we believe such is the phrase — in a speculation with another house, which turned out even more ruinous to him than his own firm, for not a dollar of his advances ever came back to him. In the autumn of this year, he was induced, by the hope of being able to recover something from his Havana agent, who was then in that part of the country, to visit Savannah and Charleston, where he met with so many of his ‘revolutionary’ associates, and so much kindness and hospitality, that his stay was prolonged among them until the month of March in the following year. He had in the meantime caused suit to be brought against his delinquent agent, from whom, after several years of ‘the law’s delay,’ payment was at last obtained.

In November, 1787 — having passed the previous summer at home, and very much, as the proverb has it, ‘like a 1787 fish out of water’ — he set out to explore his purchase in the western country. He crossed the Alleghany mountains to Fort Pitt — now Pittsburg — and thence travelled to Wheeling, where he crossed the river, and wintered among the straggling settlers, and native tenants of the forest. The scene was new to him, and he enjoyed the rough but hearty kindness

with which these independent hunters welcomed him to their rude huts and 'hoe-cake.' In the course of the winter, he became such an adept in the use of the rifle, that he could 'hit a squirrel in the eye,' with as much precision as the best of their practised shooters, and thus won for himself a name of more account, in the wilderness, than that which he had gained in the waters of the Delaware. — He saw his tract of land, but it did not seem to offer a single inducement for a very speedy occupation, and with the first appearance of spring he retraced his road home, where he found his family increased by the addition of 'a daughter' born in his absence.

It was in the course of this year — the 17th of September, 1787 — that the delegates from the several States, who had been appointed to meet in convention at Philadelphia for the purpose of forming a constitution for the United States, completed their work, and sent it forth to their respective constituents for approval or rejection. In the state of Maryland, there was found a powerful party opposed to the adoption of the constitution, and in the election of delegates to a state convention, by whom the important question of concurrence was to be decided, the contest between the *Federalists* — or those who were in favor of adopting the constitution — and the *Anti-federalists* — or those who were for rejecting it — was carried on with a warmth and violence, that threatened to break asunder all social ties and relations. In this electioneering conflict, we may believe that Captain Barney was not an idle looker-on — on the contrary, he at once took a decided stand in favor of the adoption, and became an active leader in all the preparatory meetings of the people. In Baltimore, more than in any other part of the states an excitement existed, of which it would be difficult for the *present quiet and peaceable generation of voters* to form an idea : town-meetings were held every night, and the whole population was kept in a state of continual ferment. On these occasions Barney seldom failed to harangue his fellow-citizens, albeit but little used to speak except in the brief and energetic language of command, and was generally listened to with more attention than better orators ; but notwithstanding the strong party which always followed him as their Palinurus, at one of these meetings he received a blow from some concealed enemy, which had well nigh terminated his electioneering and his life at once. He was never able to discover from whom the stroke came, but he carried the mark of it on him to his grave. At length the day of election came, and the party which he had espoused proved victorious — a delegate, friendly to the proposed constitution,

was elected to the convention by a large majority, and he enjoyed the triumph as another achievement over the enemies of his country.

On the 23th of April, 1788, the state convention, after an able and animated debate, which forms a rich and lasting monument of the talents that then adorned and enlightened the councils of Maryland, passed a resolution to adopt the constitution *without amendments*. In July of the same year, eleven of the States having in the meantime declared in favor of the adoption, the instrument was confirmed and ratified by Congress. The people everywhere testified their joy at this happy event by some public demonstration — in Baltimore, a procession was formed, in which both parties, forgetting their recent feuds, joined in fraternal harmony. The mechanical trades — the liberal professions — all united in the procession, and respectively displayed their appropriate banners; but this showy exhibition of our fathers, has since been, on various occasions, so well imitated, and indeed so far surpassed in splendor, that we shall confine our account of it to the participation which the subject of these memoirs had in the pageant. — He had a small boat, fifteen feet in length, completely rigged and perfectly equipped *as a ship*, which was called the *Federalist*; which being mounted upon four wheels and drawn by the same number of horses, took its place in the procession: he commanded the ship, and was honored with a crew of captains, who at his word and the boatswain's pipe went through all the various manœuvres of making and taking in sail, to the great delight of the crowded windows, doors, and balconies by which they passed. The ship was immediately followed by all the captains, mates, and seamen, at that time in the port of Baltimore — it was paraded through all the principal streets of Fell's Point, and the other portions of the city, and finally *anchored* on the beautiful and lofty bank west of the Basin, which from that occurrence received, and has ever since borne, the name of '*Federal Hill*.' On this spot a dinner had been provided, at which *four thousand* persons sat down together, and made the welkin ring with shouts of '*Huzza for the constitution!*' — This idea of carrying a full rigged ship in procession, originated entirely with Captain Barney; and though the frequent occurrence since of a similar pageant, in the grand displays which the '*Monumental city*' of the present period is accustomed to make on great national occasions, has rendered it familiar and common, we cannot doubt that its first appearance excited unbounded admiration.

A few days after this *first national* procession in Baltimore, Captain Barney had his ship 'fitted for sea!' or, as he might with more propriety have said, for a *coasting voyage*, and set sail in her down the bay. Off Annapolis, he 'fell in with' an invitation to enter the haven which he accepted. Annapolis, for a century deservedly celebrated for its polish and refinement, its courteous hospitality, and urbanity to strangers, was never better entitled to the reputation than at the period of which we write, and we need not be surprised that an *embargo* was proclaimed upon Captain Barney and his elegant miniature ship, for several days. Governor Smallwood met him on the quay, and honored his arrival with a national salute; and then insisted upon his taking up his quarters in the government house: dinners, tea-parties, and balls, courted his acceptance from all the principal citizens — and, but that he felt it incumbent upon him to 'pursue his voyage,' he might have passed a month in a continued round of elegant pleasures, which more resembled a Roman ovation than the reception of a private citizen. During the two or three days that he was thus hospitably entertained, the inhabitants of all ages and classes, and of both sexes, embraced the opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by an inspection of the beautiful *Lilliputian* ship, which was a spectacle as novel as it was interesting.

Taking a grateful leave, at length, of his metropolitan entertainers, the Commodore made sail out of the harbor, and coasting along the right bank of the Chesapeake, until he came to the mouth of the Potomac, ascended that river to the modest and embowered retreat of the great *Pater Patriæ*. — Mount Vernon was the *ultima Thule* of his expedition — the destined termination of his voyage; and the sole object, to present the ship to Washington, in the name of the merchants and ship-masters of Baltimore, as a memorial of their gratitude, respect, and veneration, for the great achiever of their country's liberties and independence. The retired Chief received him with his wonted kindness and courtesy, kept him a week under the hospitable roof of Mount Vernon, and by his easy, unceremonious, and affectionate treatment, made him feel that he was regarded as a member of the family. The accomplished orator, of Arlington, the adopted son of Washington, was then a little boy, of eight or nine years old, and no doubt, if this page should chance to fall under his eye, the incident will be 'freshly remembered' by him, together with the delight which his young heart enjoyed at being permitted to make several 'cruises' up and down the river, in the 'little ship,' under the skilful pilotage

of the Commodore : we know that he is fond of looking back to these days of his boyhood, and if we could be certain of having awakened a single pleasurable reminiscence in the 'time-honored' orator of Liberty, from whatever clime the cry of her struggle reaches him, we should experience a gratification equal to his own.

After his hebdomad of familiar intercourse with the world's wonder, this unambitious great man, — in comparison with whom the heroes of history, and the military chieftains of modern times, sink into oblivion or the darker shade of contempt — our honored and delighted friend returned to Baltimore. From this time, he seems to have remained quietly with his 1789 family, until the summer of 1789 ; when it happened that Mrs Washington passed through Baltimore, on her way to join the General, who had a little before been unanimously elected First President of the United States, and who was then in New York. Upon his calling to pay his respects to this much venerated matron, she did him the honor to express a desire that he would accompany her to New York. The offer of an admiral's commission could not have elated him more : it not only gratified his pride, but humored that restless propensity which he felt, in common with young Rapid, to 'keep moving.' To travel at all, by sea or land, was always a pleasure to him : but to travel as the chosen escort of the President's lady, was to enjoy an envied distinction, as well as a pleasure — it was an incident in his life worthy to be remembered. — At 'Gray's Ferry' near Philadelphia, then a place of fashionable resort, Mrs Washington and her little party, whose approach had been expected, were met by Governor Mifflin, at the head of his State troops, and received with the honors due to the family of the beloved Chief Magistrate. A splendid collation had been previously prepared for the occasion, at which the principal citizens of Philadelphia were present, to welcome the arrival of the President's lady, who received the homage paid to her, not as an appropriate tribute to her own modest, unassuming worth, but as an offering, far more acceptable in the view of such a wife, to the patriotism of her beloved and honored husband. After the repast, she was escorted to the city by the governor and his troops, and remained for several days to gratify the citizens with the opportunity of showing how much they esteemed her. — Mrs Robert Morris, the accomplished lady of Barney's old friend, joined the party from Philadelphia to New York, where her husband was then in attendance upon his senatorial duties. The journey to New

York was happily accomplished. Captain Barney had a chamber assigned him in the President's house, and once more became the honored inmate of this illustrious family. Mr Morris expressed great pleasure at seeing him again, and introduced him to Mr Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, who, never losing an opportunity of seeking information from intelligent men, had several conversations with him on the subject of the revenue, which led to a request from Mr Hamilton that Captain Barney would do him the favor to think of the matter when he returned home and communicate his ideas to him by letter. This, Captain Barney did not fail to do, and the reply of Mr Hamilton — which is the only part of the correspondence we possess — shows that he regarded the suggestions made to him as worthy of consideration.* — While upon this subject, we might as well anticipate a few months to say, that Congress at their next meeting passed a law, authorizing the employment of revenue cutters; and that soon afterwards Captain Barney received a letter from Tench Coxe, Esquire, † written at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury, in which a desire is expressed to have his 'ideas on the best mode of conducting a cutter or two in the bays and sea adjacent to Capes Henry and Charles,' and to be furnished by him with 'the names of some proper persons to command and officer

* Extracts of a letter from the Hon. ALEXANDER HAMILTON to JOSHUA BARNEY, Esq. — dated

'NEW YORK, OCT. 29th, 1789.

'The ideas contained in your letter appear to me solid and judicious. As far as my reflections have gone they coincide very much with the views you entertain of the matter. At present nothing more can be done than to collect the information for some proper plan to be submitted to Congress at their next meeting; no power being at present vested anywhere for making the requisite arrangements.

'Let me request you to continue to furnish me with whatever hints may occur to you relating to the security of the Revenue.'

† Letter from TENCH COXE, Esq. to JOSHUA BARNEY, Esq.

'NEW YORK, AUGUST 19th, 1790.

'SIR, — From some conversation I have lately had with the Secretary of the Treasury, I find he is desirous of obtaining your ideas on the best mode of conducting a cutter or two in the bays and sea adjacent to Capes Henry and Charles — as also of being furnished with the names of some proper persons to command and officer them. I am very certain that if such a station should be acceptable to you, Mr Hamilton would give your name every support in his power with the President of the United States. That you may be enabled to judge both for yourself, and others whom you will venture to recommend to a station that *requires so much integrity, firmness and naval skill*, I do myself the pleasure to inclose you an abstract of the law, and am, with regard,

'Sir, your obedient servant,
TENCH COXE.

'JOSHUA BARNEY, Esq, Baltimore.'

them.' — It is evident from this letter, that Mr Hamilton was desirous of inducing Captain Barney himself to enter into the service of the revenue, but that he felt a delicacy in directly proposing to him a command so unequal to his rank and former services. The most respectful attention was given to Mr Coxe's letter; but, it is needless to say, he did not take the hint of applying for himself — his suggestions were all adopted by Mr Hamilton, and the persons whom he named were appointed.

Soon after his return from New York, Captain Barney received the unsolicited appointment of 'Clerk of the District Court for the State of Maryland' — an office much more honorable than lucrative, at that period. He accepted it, but held it only for a very short time, his natural disposition, as we have seen, being utterly averse to the drudgery and confinement of office — he gave it up to Mr Philip Moore who has continued to hold it, through all changes, from that time to the present.

In November of this year, (1789) he was appointed by the General Assembly of Maryland, in conjunction with a merchant of high standing in Baltimore, *Vendue Master* for Baltimore. This was considered to be a post of great profit, and the legislature of his native State, in bestowing it upon him, intended to show their grateful sense of his past services. He and his partner opened their office in January, 1790, and the business went on so prosperously, that he began to look to it as 1790 the certain means of comfortable support to his family for the rest of his life; — and so, no doubt, it would have been, if he could have been content to give it his constant, personal attention. But his peregrinating humor ever and anon returned upon him, and excuses for gratifying it, satisfactory to himself and others, were always, like Falstaff's reasons, 'as plenty as blackberries.'

In the course of the summer of 1790, he fancied that his health was very much impaired by his long residence ashore, and that of course nothing could restore it but a sea voyage — he was anxious to visit South America, the warm climate of which had been recommended to him; and that the voyage might not be altogether without some commercial object, he induced his partner to join him in the purchase of a small brig, which he loaded with such a cargo as he thought would bring a good profit among the Spaniards, and in September found himself once more upon the element in which he delighted. He bent his course first to Carthagena, which he had pictured to his imagination, not only as a paradise of all that was sweet

and pleasant to behold, but as the very mint in which Spain found her dollars ready coined. It was here that so many rich galleons had taken in their loads of treasure; it was here that the British fleet and army had made such sacrifices for victory: — he found it a wretched, filthy ‘hole,’ with poverty and misery legibly stamped upon every living thing in it. He left it in disgust, and steered for Havana — a city he was already acquainted with. Here he found a ready sale for his cargo, and the mild and genial climate had so benignant an influence on his health, that he was seduced by it to remain until April of the following year, when he returned home with renovated spirits and invigorated strength. *As usual*, after a voyage, he found another addition to his family when he got home — an incident which he always seemed to record with a grateful feeling to Providence for the blessing: he had now five children — four sons and a daughter, all of whom, it was a matter of boast with him, were born when he was at a distance from the bustle and trouble of ‘old women, cake, and caudle,’ and the ordinary *et-cetera* of ‘such times!’ But he had one cause of sincere grief, while he remained at home this year, (1791) in the death of his aged mother, whom he had loved with the tenderest affection. — She died at his house, to which, 1791 as we have before mentioned, he had persuaded her to remove soon after he had established himself in Baltimore.

The voyage turned out ‘so well,’ and there seemed to be so little occasion for his personal attention to the Vendue business — besides that his health was ‘so much better at sea’ — another expedition was soon planned, upon a larger scale, and we may consider the captain as having once more returned, heart and soul, to his ‘first love.’ — The little brig was sold, and a fine copper-bottom ship, called the ‘*Sampson*,’ of three hundred tons burthen, was purchased by the firm. As this command, both in its incidents and results, was one of the most important he ever undertook, we shall endeavor to place its history before the reader with all the minuteness and accuracy of detail we can collect from the materials before us. — Having taken on board a large sum in *specie*, a quantity of *flour*, partly on account of the firm, and partly on freight, and a parcel of *dry goods*, he sailed from Baltimore in the beginning of autumn, 1791, for Cape Francois, in *Hispaniola*. On arriving here, he found the negroes in the inception of that ferocious and sanguinary revolt which ended in the establishment of the ‘Republic of Hayti.’ Among the agents of the French Government at the Cape, he met with *intimate acquaintances* and

was welcomely received ; but finding that there was no prospect of selling his flour or dry goods to advantage, he left his ship at the Cape, and went with a part of his cargo to St Mark's, where he was fortunate enough to dispose of it. He then returned to Cape Francois, laid out his *specie* in the purchase of coffee, and sailed for *Guadaloupe*, which island was, from various causes, in a state of trouble and distress but little less than that of Hispaniola ; he left it, therefore, without effecting either sale or purchase, and proceeded to *Martinique* : here he sold his coffee, and purchased wine, but not finding a full cargo, he returned to *Guadaloupe* and there completed his loading — thence he proceeded to St Eustatia, where in the course of a few hours he took in one hundred and twenty bales of goods *on freight*, and returned to Cape Francois, with the expectation of being there able to dispose of his wine. But he found the market at the Cape overstocked with that article, at the moment, and proceeded with it to *Port au Prince*, without being more fortunate. At this place he freighted a small sloop and sent her along the coast, but found still no success in getting rid of his wine. In a state of despair as to the fate of his speculation, he returned once more to Cape Francois, where he arrived at one of those lucky moments that sometimes occur in trade, and sold all his wine at a profit of more than *two hundred and fifty per cent* ! This was an ample recompense for the delay in finding a market. He remitted a part of the proceeds in bills and sugar to his partner, and with the remainder purchased a cargo suited to the market of *Havana* ; where he arrived at another fortunate moment, and *doubled* his money. Here he took in a cargo of sugar and molasses, and returned to Baltimore — not, however, as considering his voyage completed, but that Baltimore formed a point in the extensive and hazardous scheme of trade he had planned.

He arrived at Baltimore late in March, 1792, having been somewhat more than six months trading among the 1792 French and Spanish Islands in the West Indies. He remained only long enough to land his sugar and molasses, and take in a cargo of flour and provisions, and before the end of May had again arrived at Cape Francois. — There was not a barrel of flour or provisions in the market but his own, and his profits upon the sale were of course enormous. While he was receiving payment in sugar and coffee, an unfortunate dispute occurred between the *agents* of the Government, and the army and navy officers, which drew the whole town into its vortex. The white inhabitants took part with the latter, while

the mulattoes and blacks ranged themselves under the banner of the former. A regular engagement took place between these parties, in the streets, in which the *agents* and their colored allies, succeeded in beating the troops and driving the white inhabitants to seek refuge on board the ships. During the engagement, the town was set on fire in various places, as was generally believed by the *retreating* party; but it would be perhaps impossible to decide, where both parties seemed ready to throw off all restraints of humanity, to which the real incendiaries were attached. Battles continued to be fought, and the fire to rage, for three days — and all vestige of a regular government seemed to be obliterated. At the commencement of the tumult, Captain Barney had a quantity of goods and a large sum of money in a storehouse on shore, which he could find no opportunity of taking on board: in this situation all he could do was to conceal the money as well as might be done by heading it up in one of the hogsheads of coffee — if the coffee itself should not be stolen, of which there was not much danger, the more portable article would be safe. He had barely time to effect this measure, before he was compelled to seek his own safety from the increasing mobs by retiring on board his ship. On the second day of the conflict, when both parties seemed to be pretty well worn out with their murderous achievements against each other, he determined to make an effort to bring off his money and such of his merchandize as could be conveniently handled; for this purpose he armed his crew, landed with them in the two boats, and proceeded at their head towards his store-house. His design in arming was of course purely defensive, as it was neither his wish nor his interest to take part in the broil. — He was dressed *à la Danton* — not exactly *sans culottes*, but — with nothing on but his shirt and a pair of sailor-trowsers, a cartridge-box slung over his shoulder, a musket in one hand, and a sword in the other — his men had, each, a musket. In his progress to the store-house, he was not much annoyed — he found his money safe, which he distributed in such parcels as his men could carry, and taking as many of the light articles as he could hastily collect, he commenced his return march to his boats, leaving the sugar and coffee to the fate that might await them. His *armed neutrality* proved his safety, for every inch of his way was disputed, by both belligerents, who alternately attacked him in front and rear, and compelled him to fire upon all parties alike. In turning the corner of a street, he was met by a huge mulatto chief, with several plumes waving in his hat, who levelled his musket — but

in the next moment received the ball of his wary antagonist, and fell upon his face, mortally wounded,* but before he could reload his musket, a party of the whites fired upon him from the rear; and thus was he obliged to keep up a retreating fight until he reached his boats. He lost about two thousand dollars worth of his goods, but fortunately had none of his men hurt. — There were at this time nearly four hundred sail of vessels lying in the harbor of Cape Francois, on board nearly all of which the miserable fugitives, women and children, had sought protection. In the early part of the riot on the preceding day, fifty or sixty of these distressed beings had taken shelter on board the Sampson, and Captain Barney now found himself under the necessity of putting to sea, as indeed did all the rest of this large fleet. He proceeded to Limbé, a small port about six miles to leeward of the Cape, and there remained for a few days until tranquillity was in some measure restored at the Cape, and he was informed by his friends, the agents, that he might return thither in safety. He had not been idle, however, while at Limbé, having taken in a large quantity of sugar which he had found an opportunity of purchasing here on very advantageous terms. On his return to the Cape, the women and children, who had remained all this time on board of his ship, in a state of inconceivable anxiety and distress, from ignorance of the fate of fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers, whom they had left in the midst of the struggle for life and property, were permitted peaceably to land and seek their friends: how many of the unhappy creatures succeeded in finding their protectors, was never ascertained. — Captain Barney, however, did not suffer them to depart, without an assurance of further protection, if necessary, and a promise to give them conveyance to the United States. Ten of them, women and children, did afterwards return to him, together with seven Frenchmen, whom he took with him to Baltimore. — It was conjectured, that about three thousand, whites and blacks, had perished in this terrible tempest of the human passions.

The consequences of the fight and the fire together had deprived the agents of the power to make up the balance of 1793 sugar and coffee still due to Captain Barney for his flour and provisions, at the Cape, and they were obliged to give him orders upon St Marks, for which port he sailed on

* The ball that struck this chief passed through his cross belts exactly where they crossed, and Captain Barney, notwithstanding the fire of both parties upon his men, went deliberately to him and took the belts from his body, — this was done in the twinkling of an eye.

the 11th of July, 1793. In addition to the merchandize he had on board about eighteen thousand dollars in *specie*. He was boarded on the 12th by a New Providence privateer, called the Flying Fish, Captain Gibson, who examined his papers and money, and permitted him to proceed — two days afterwards, just at the entrance into St Marks, he was again boarded by officers from three privateers, two of them belonging to Jamaica, and the third to New Providence: the two former being satisfied from an examination of his papers that both ship and cargo were neutral property, were disposed to let him proceed; but the New Providence man insisted that the *iron chest* was proof enough of its being French property for 'no American ever had had iron chests or dollars on board his vessel!' He was willing to let the ship go, if the *money* were given up, otherwise he would himself take the responsibility of making prize of the whole, and carrying her into New Providence! — There was no resisting such *reasoning*; the two Jamaica captains were *convinced* by it — and as Barney persisted in the assertion of his neutral character and refusal to give up the 'iron chest,' they sent, each, an officer on board and several men, to the number of eleven in all, took out the crew, with the exception of the carpenter, boatswain, and cook, and ordered the ship to New Providence. Captain Barney in vain demanded to see the commissions under which they acted, and from their subsequent conduct he had good reason to doubt the legality of their authority. It was equally vain that he begged to be carried into Jamaica rather than New Providence, not only because it was the *nearest* English port, but because of the risk in getting so large a ship into the latter harbor; they paid no regard either to his demands or solicitations, but made sail for New Providence. In the course of that afternoon Captain Barney was further confirmed in his belief that the pretended privateers were without commission, by falling in with another Englishman who spoke them, came on board, conversed with the prize master, cautioned Captain Barney to be watchful of his property, and openly asserted that he had fallen into the hands of 'villains.'

This was a renewal of old scenes to our weather-beaten tar — he was once more a prisoner to the English! and that nothing might be wanting to recall to his mind the infamous treatment he had formerly received at their hands, the conduct of his present captors was, to the most vulgar excess, rude and insulting — 'revolutionary' epithets, which he had thought forever sunk in the Lethe of the treaty of peace, were fished up again

from their bed of filth, and liberally applied to him — he was once more a ‘rebel rascal’ — a ‘yankee traitor’ — and threats to ‘blow out his brains,’ and to ‘throw him overboard,’ were continually repeated in the most offensive terms. We cannot say, that the captain bore all this without retort — such patient endurance of insult was not in his nature, nor would he have been deterred from reply, had a thousand deaths stared him in the face; but we can say, that the treatment he received was wholly *unprovoked*, either by word or deed that ought to have had the effect of exciting the resentment of men conscious of honest and lawful designs. — His captors demanded all his keys — they wanted to riot in all the privileges of *possession*, before even the forms of adjudication had conveyed the *right* — they would have emptied his iron chest, rifled his trunks, and drank up his wines: he endeavored to save his property from plunder and waste, and thus brought upon himself the abuse and ill treatment, which finally determined him to watch for and seize an opportunity of recovering his ship. He had every reason to believe that his life was not safe in such hands — his French passengers, who understood no English, were seriously alarmed at the savage menaces which the deportment of the English officers made quite as intelligible as language could have done, and they several times expressed to Captain Barney their fears that it was the intention of the captors to murder them all. On the evening of the 19th of July, five days after the capture, he had a conversation with his carpenter and boatswain, who told him that they had, each, a gun and bayonet concealed in their berths, and were ready to assist him at the risk of their lives — he himself had secreted a small brass blunderbuss and a broadsword, and having agreed upon a signal to these men, he left them to prepare for the favorable moment. The following day, the weather was squally and the privateermen were kept busy all the morning — the three officers took their dinner on deck, seated on the hencoop, near the mainmast; their men (except the one at the helm) dined at the same moment on the forecabin: — Captain Barney thought the time auspicious, and stepping into the roundhouse, picked up his sword, which he put naked under his arm, took the blunderbuss in his hand ready cocked, and thus prepared returned to the quarter-deck — his carpenter and boatswain joined him in a moment, and he advanced upon the three officers: one of these closed with him and attempted to wrest the blunderbuss from his hand, but in the scuffle it was fired and its contents (buckshot), lodged in the right arm of the officer, who immediately fell — being thus released, he knock-

ed down a second officer with a blow of his sword across the ear, while the third ran below :— the seven men on the fore-castle, in the meantime, being roused by the report of the blunderbuss, instantly left their dinners and jumped into the fore-scuttle for their arms ; but the carpenter and boatswain were upon their heels, and before they could pick up their arms, the scuttle was fastened upon them, and Barney was again master of the ship. It was not until all this was affected, that his French passengers made their appearance on deck, and offered their assistance to make sure the victory already gained. The three officers were secured—and the men were willing to submit to any terms. He suffered them to come up from the scuttle one by one, and then had all their arms, consisting of muskets, swords and pistols, eleven of each, thrown overboard. When this was done, he summoned them all before him and made them such an address as the occasion dictated and justified—he told them that they had seized his vessel for no other reason than because they were the *strongest*— that they had taken advantage of that strength to ill treat and abuse him, to plunder and waste his property—that, now, the tables were turned : *he* was the *strongest*, and by their own rule of action, had a *right* to put them all to death ; but that he was willing to allow them the choice of two alternatives— if they would agree to work the ship to Baltimore, he would pay them wages and there discharge them—or he would give them his small boat, as much provision as she could carry, and set them adrift on the ocean. It is unnecessary to say, they unanimously chose the first alternative—but there was a condition annexed to this—he gave them very distinctly to understand, that if he ever saw ~~one~~ of them attempt to speak to one of the officers, or an officer to one of them, he would that instant put the offender to death. The officers very soon became most humbly submissive ; made a thousand apologies for their ungentlemanly conduct ; begged Captain Barney's forgiveness of the insults they had heaped upon him ; and acknowledged the *justice* of his present retaliation. The captain himself daily dressed the wounded arm of the officer who had been shot—the other who had been knocked down by the sword was more alarmed than hurt : he had scarcely a scratch upon his ear. The course of the ship was changed for Baltimore, and the passengers now for the first time became of some use in watching the movements of the men.— Captain Barney, himself, never left the deck for a moment, nor did he once close his eyes during the nights, but took the

necessary repose in the day, in an arm-chair on deck, with his sword between his legs, and pistols in his belt — his cook or the boatswain, walking the while beside him, armed with musket, sword, and pistols. No person was ever permitted to come aboard the mainmast, under penalty of death, unless especially called. The passengers kept faithful watch, and the men were true to their agreement, having indeed no chance to be otherwise; for it was not difficult to comprehend the firmness and intrepidity of the man they had to do with, and they never for a moment doubted that their lives would have been the forfeit of any attempt to rebel against his authority.

In this state of watchful anxiety and fatiguing toil, Captain Barney arrived safely at Baltimore in the beginning of August. He waited immediately upon the British Vice Consul there, and gave him a full account of the whole affair, offering to place at his disposal the officers and men of the privateers, provided he would become answerable for their appearance, in the event of a demand being made for them by the executive of the United States; which, he added, he did not doubt would be done as he was firmly convinced that the privateers had neither commission nor authority to capture his ship. The vice consul refused to receive the officers, on the condition of being responsible for them, and Captain Barney sent them on board the revenue cutter — he paid the men the wages they had agreed to receive from the day of the recapture, and discharged them according to promise. On the following day, he was informed by the British vice consul, Mr Thornton, that the officers had shown to him *a copy of a commission*, from the commanders of their respective privateers; and upon this assurance, though the officers had refused, or were unable, to show to him, any commission, authority, or *copy of a commission*, from any source, during the whole transaction, he nevertheless immediately released them. — A statement, drawn up by Captain Barney, was afterwards forwarded to Mr Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and the affair became the subject of correspondence between the two nations. The country was just then beginning to be divided into new parties, one of which espoused the cause of the French revolution, the other became the warm friends and eulogists of their late enemy, the English; and this affair of Captain Barney with the English privateers, was in turn applauded and censured, in no measured terms, as it happened to be discussed by the one or the other party.

He had thus been compelled to return to Baltimore without

having completed his voyage, and leaving a debt due to him by the Administration of St Domingo of upwards of thirty thousand dollars. This was too large a sum to trust to the hazard of the rapid changes then occurring in the government of that devoted Island: the present agents were his personal friends; but it was difficult to say how long their power might hold, and he determined to lose not a moment in returning to secure these remaining profits of his voyage.

CHAPTER XIII.

Historical Reflection. — Captain B. arms his ship to protect her from insult, and sails again for Cape Francois. — He makes a lucrative sale of his cargo : — departs for home in company with a French Letter of Marque : — is captured by the British frigate *Penelope* : — ungentlemanly conduct of Captain Rowley : — B. is carried into Jamaica, and delivered to the custody of the Marshal : — civility of that officer : — bail is entered for him : — he is tried for 'Piracy' and 'shooting with intent to kill : ' — abusive language of the lawyers : — he is acquitted : — great rejoicing among the crowded audience in the Court-house. — The *Sampson* and cargo condemned as lawful prize : — he enters an appeal. — Great interest felt by the government at home, on hearing of his capture and trial : — active measures taken by Washington to insure his safety : — his friends in Baltimore fit out a vessel — obtain letters from the British Minister to the Governor of Jamaica — and especial permission from the government to go to his relief : — they arrive after his acquittal. — Cowardly demeanor of Captain Rowley. — Adventure in the public Coffee House. — He sails from Jamaica with his friends : — his adventure with an Embargo breaker : — safe arrival at Baltimore. — He goes to Philadelphia : — calls a meeting of Ship masters : — their petition to Congress. — Animadversions of his enemies. — He is appointed one of six Captains in the Navy : — is dissatisfied with the relative rank assigned him, and declines it : — his reasons for it explained : — rank in the revolutionary war. — His Bills on the French Consul-General not paid, he determines to go to France : — makes a contract for his Firm with *Fouchet* : — sails in the 'Cincinnatus.' — Mr Monroe and family, and Mr Shipwith, take passage with him : — takes his son William with him — arrival at Havre : — reflections on the state of the country : — arrival at Paris. — Mr Monroe appoints him to present the American Flag to the National Convention : — he receives *fraternization* : — is offered a commission in the French Navy, but declines. — Ceremony of depositing the ashes of Rousseau in the Pantheon. — He is robbed of the Sword presented by Pennsylvania : — goes to Bordeaux : — settles his commercial engagements and returns to Paris : — adventures on the road. — Scarcity of fuel in Paris. — Anecdote of his landlord. — Ordinance respecting Bread : — anecdote of his Baker.

THE avowed purposes of the British government, in declaring war against the French *Republic*, at the very moment the latter was ushered into existence, were to *repress the operation of revolutionary principles* among its own subjects, and to *prevent the French system* — or in other words, the awakened spirit of liberty, independence, and self-government — *from spreading on the continent of Europe*. In the prosecution of these purposes — not the less illiberal and selfish because their own safety was supposed to be involved in the success of their

measures — the British rulers very soon forgot, or ceased to think it worthy of notice, that there were nations in the world, to whom it was a matter of perfect indifference whether they or their adversaries succeeded, and who had certain natural, indefeasible rights, with which it was neither within the legitimate province, nor according to the former customs, of belligerent powers to interfere. Their great maritime superiority taught them to 'feel power and forget right,' in the most odious sense of that trite phrase; and the seas, which the God of nature designed as the free 'high-way of nations,' were subjected to novel and arbitrary regulations, as capricious in their modes of operation as they were burthensome in their effects, and founded upon no juster principle than the savage maxim *me penes est*. — Great Britain, in short, chose to regard the French Republic as a political Ismael against whom it was the religious duty of every nation to lift the sword, and herself as the selected champion of Heaven, whose *divine right* it was impious to dispute. It was about this period, that she commenced against the United States that odious and insolent system of search, impressment, and wanton insult, which continued for twenty years to harass our commerce, distress our citizens, and degrade the national character.

Captain Barney was neither disposed to abandon a lucrative trade which he had a lawful right to pursue, nor to submit tamely to the insults of a power that chose to look upon it with an evil eye. We have said that he determined to return immediately to St Domingo, for the recovery of the large sum still due him by the government agents of that Island, and which he had been so unexpectedly compelled to leave behind him, by the lawless interruption of the English privateers. But he determined also to put his ship in a condition to resist the insolence of such petty cruisers in future, and with the consent of his partner, he armed her with sixteen guns and thirty men; in addition to which he had *thirty Frenchmen* on board as passengers. He arrived at Cape Francois on the 1st of October, 1793, at a moment when the agents were about to leave that port; and he was induced, upon their promise not only to discharge their debt upon his former cargo but to purchase that which he now brought, to follow them, first to Port de Paix, thence to St Marks, and finally to Port au Prince. At this latter port their engagements to him were honestly fulfilled — they took his cargo at high prices, for which they gave him in return cotton, sugar, coffee, and indigo; and for the balance of the last voyage he received bills on the French Consul at Philadel-

phia. The cargo he now received was valued at fifty-five thousand dollars, and with a fair prospect of great profit, he sailed from Port au Prince on his return to Baltimore, on the last of December, in company with a French letter of marque ship. Two days afterwards they fell in with an English privateer, schooner, which made an attack upon the letter of marque, but after the exchange of a few shots between them, abandoned the enterprise and stood off. The next day, being still in company, they were chased by a frigate, which soon came up with the Sampson, and sent a boat on board with orders for the Captain to repair on board 'His Majesty's frigate Penelope, Captain Rowley.' This *gentleman* scarcely condescended to look at the papers of the ship — whether he had previously known Captain Barney, or had been excited by having recently heard his name in connexion with the recapture of his ship, does not appear — but his reception of Captain Barney on board was accompanied by a flood of vulgar abuse and scurrility, which would have disgraced the deck of a fish-boat. Provoked beyond the patience of his temper, Captain Barney instantly retorted with as much severity of language as he could command — he told Captain Rowley that he was a coward, to use the advantage of his situation to insult a man, whom he would not dare to meet upon equal terms, at sea or on shore — that the opportunity might come for retaliation, when he should remember the poltron who commanded the English frigate Penelope! — Captain Rowley did not suffer him to finish his reply, but ordered him *between two guns*, and placed a sentinel over him, to whom he gave orders, if he spoke or attempted to quit the space allotted to him to '*blow the rascal's brains out!*' — He next took out all the crew of the Sampson, and the passengers, and ordered the ship for Jamaica, whither he followed with the frigate, after having first come up with and captured the French letter of marque that had been in company with the Sampson.

On their arrival at Port Royal, in Jamaica, Captain Barney was called up in the middle of the night, and sent in a boat to Kingston, where he was taken before the Clerk of the Admiralty and examined — after which he was led before several sitting Magistrates, and by them committed to prison. The Marshal, Mr Frasier, who was ordered to take him into custody, offered him his own house as a prison, and behaved to him with great kindness and civility — treatment which no man was ever more ready to acknowledge, in friend or foe, than Captain Barney, as the reader has had more than one occasion to ob-

serve. It was probably by the advice of this friendly officer, that Captain Barney sued out a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, that he might be removed to *Spanishtown*, the capital of the Islands, and the residence of the Chief Judge. Upon being brought before this high judicial functionary and examined, he was immediately admitted to bail, upon the recognizance of Mr Balentine, of the House of 'Balentine and Fairly,' who were his friends not only on this but on every other occasion, where their services were needed. — His ship was brought to the wharf, discharged, and everything delivered into the possession of the *Agent of the Frigate*.

After considerable delay, the session of the Admiralty Court came on, and the Grand Jury found two Bills against Joshua Barney — the one for '*Piracy*' — the other for 'shooting with intention to kill.' But these formidable indictments, enough to alarm men of ordinary nerves, created no uneasiness in the mind of the accused, particularly as he was still permitted to be at large upon the bail already given. He had not yet lost his confidence in the integrity of British Admiralty Courts, and felt strong in the consciousness that, in retaking his own ship, he had done nothing more than was justifiable by the laws of God and man. It was, to be sure, something unexpected, that an affair which was at that moment in discussion between the two governments, should be brought against him by a colonial tribunal, which must unavoidably act upon *ex parte* evidence, since none of the persons who had been with him in the ship were present to give testimony in his behalf: he had supposed, when required to give bail, that the accusations against him would be confined to the matter of his present capture, but still he was willing they should inquire into the transactions of his whole life, for if governed by a regard for equity he was satisfied no jury could be found to pronounce him guilty. On the day set for his trial, which did not take place until March, he was among the first individuals in the Court-room: when the Court opened, he was called to the bar, and allowed to sit down — his friend Mr Balentine occupied a seat near him; an immense audience filled the court-room, chiefly composed of captured Americans, who were then waiting their own trials, or rather the decision of the court upon their vessels. Mr Attorney General opened the case in a speech of considerable length, in which he chose to indulge himself in great severity of remark upon the lawless conduct of this *piratical American*, and his attempt to murder the subjects of His Majesty in *cold blood*. He was followed by one of the most distinguished advocates

of the place, who had been employed by the government to assist in the prosecution: he tried to excite the passions and prejudices of the jury by an appeal to their loyalty — he characterized the prisoner at the bar as a *blood-thirsty jacobin*, an outlaw, who had received the *fraternal hug* from the *infernal nest of sans culottes* in St Domingo — he hinted at the *daring insolence* he had recently shown to one of His Majesty's officers, whose great humanity alone had prevented him from saving the jury the trouble of this trial, by a summary sentence of death upon this *old and hardened* offender! — Several witnesses were examined for the prosecution, the principal one of whom was the officer who, in the struggle to wrest the blunderbuss from the hands of the prisoner, had received its load of buckshot in his arm — the same cowardly wretch, who had afterwards, in the most humble manner, begged pardon of Barney, for his *drunken* insults, and justified him for his retaliation. This fellow, in his eagerness to convict the man to whose humanity and kindness he had been indebted for the cure of his wound, as is often the case with over-anxious witnesses, proved rather *too much* — and so completely satisfied the jury of his own unworthiness of credit, that when the prisoner's counsel got up to address them, they intimated that it was unnecessary! a general movement took place in the crowd, the jury rose from their seats, and the Judge, commanding silence, asked them if they had anything to say — their foreman answered that the jury had made up their minds, and he thought there was no occasion to waste the time of the Court in listening to a *reply* to what had been said. The usual question was then asked by the clerk of the Court, and a verdict rendered of 'Not Guilty!' — The Judge remarked in an audible whisper, that he perfectly coincided with the opinion of the jury, and then turning to the prisoner at the bar, said, 'Sir, you are at liberty to withdraw!' — An immediate bustle and stir from all quarters announced the general satisfaction at the verdict — for even among the English part of the audience Captain Barney had many friends who were sincerely rejoiced at this full and honorable acquittal. They retired to a tavern, where many of the jurors soon after joined them, and a large company dined together and spent the afternoon in convivial festivity.

It was not altogether a friendly interest in the fate of Captain Barney, which had led to this general rejoicing at the verdict of the jury — for many of the Americans were entirely unacquainted either with his character or person, and could not therefore be supposed to feel more sympathy for him than

would have been called forth upon any ordinary case of similar nature; but there were unfortunately not less than sixty captured American vessels then lying at the port, brought under the first famous 'Orders of Council' of June, 1793, and the issue of his trial was regarded as a favorable indication of the dispositions of the Court and jury, from which each man drew an augury of security for his own property. Alas! their hopes were doomed to cruel disappointment: not a single vessel, we believe, escaped condemnation. — The trial of the *Sampson* next came on; but there was no longer a *jury* — and the Judge had exhausted his *complaisance* in the personal trial of the captain and owner: he gave sentence of condemnation against ship and cargo as lawful prize to His Majesty, to which Captain Barney's counsel immediately entered an *appeal*, but with little chance of more justice, at a moment when the 'Mistress of the Seas' was at once the maker and expounder of national law.

Captain Barney had not failed, by the first opportunity that occurred after his arrival at Jamaica, to give information of his capture to his friends at home; and when put upon trial for his life, he addressed a statement of the case to his government, which produced an immediate action in his behalf. A serious remonstrance was made by the Secretary of State to the British minister at Philadelphia, and General Washington was so warmly interested in the safety of his gallant countryman, that he threatened a fearful retaliation in the event of any personal infliction upon him. The effect of this interference of the government in his behalf, though it proved to be unnecessary, and came too late to be of service had his personal safety been dependent upon it, was nevertheless made visible, to an extent extremely gratifying to Captain Barney, before he left Jamaica. While he was seeking the means of returning to the United States, after the condemnation of his vessel and cargo, a Pilot-boat arrived from Baltimore which had been despatched expressly for him. A strict embargo existed at the moment in all the ports of the United States; but an especial permission had been obtained from the President for this occasion — the boat had been fitted out by his friends in Baltimore, and manned by *volunteers* zealous and eager to bring him relief: such eagerness and anxiety, indeed, did they manifest on his account, that though their boat was dismasted by a gale in the Gulf stream, instead of putting back to refit, they determined to proceed with their oars and sweeps, and such jury-masts as they could rig up from the spars on board; and thus

succeeded in reaching Jamaica, after incredible labors and fatigue, nearly exhausted and worn out. They brought despatches from the British minister to the Governor of the Island, the nature of which may be inferred from their effect upon His Excellency, who sent immediately for Captain Barney — assured him of his *ignorance* of the predicament in which he had stood; gave him a polite invitation to *dine* with him: and made him the bearer of his answer to the despatches of the minister. All this, however, was but little calculated to compensate the captain for the loss of his vessel and cargo; of which he could not help thinking he had been *robbed*, with as little show of reason or justice as the highwayman can offer, who takes the purse of the traveller with a pistol pointed at his head. But the arrival of the pilot-boat, (manned as she was by individuals who had given such proofs of personal attachment,) and the knowledge of the interest which his case had excited at home, were indeed sources of consolation, from which he could not only draw present relief and contentment but future gratification and happiness.

During the day or two that he continued at Jamaica, after the arrival of the pilot-boat, he had reason to be confirmed in the opinion he had formed, and expressed, of, and *to*, the commander of the frigate *Penelope* — that he was a poltron who would not dare to face him upon equal ground. Previous to the trial for piracy, Captain Rowley was in the habit of showing himself in the streets every day; but after the acquittal of Captain Barney, he was never seen on shore! If this had been the only evidence, however, of that officer's unworthy bearing, we should have passed it over without notice; but he descended to a meanness that deserves to be exposed. — As Captain Barney was walking the street, alone, one evening about dusk, he heard a voice from the opposite side of the way calling out — ‘Barney, take care of yourself! Look behind you!’ — He whirled upon his heel immediately, drawing a pistol from his pocket at the same instant, and perceived a stout ruffian in sailor's apparel, with an uplifted club in his hand, which but for the timely warning he had received, would in another moment have felled him to the earth from behind. The sight of the pistol presented at him induced the ruffian to drop his club and run off — it was afterwards *ascertained*, to the complete satisfaction of Barney and his friends, that this fellow had been *employed* by Captain Rowley! — On another occasion, being in a coffee-house, where a number of persons were assembled in various groups, he heard his own name mentioned in abusive language, coupled with the expression of a wish by the speaker,

that he 'could meet with the rascal!' — He walked deliberately up to the group from which the voice proceeded, and discovering his abuser to be an *officer of the Penelope*, announced himself as the person the other seemed so desirous 'to fall in with' — the officer *declined* any effort to carry his threat into execution, and Barney tweaking him by the nose, kicked him out of the coffee-house, to the no small amusement of the Americans present, and, what was somewhat more surprising, to the apparent gratification of a number of British officers both naval and military, who made a part of the company. The disgraced officer was not seen in the coffee-house afterwards, so long as Barney remained.

The moment the little pilot-boat was new masted and properly refitted, Captain Barney embarked, with his mate and as many of his former crew as he could take, and sailed for Baltimore. — It was the singular fortune of this extraordinary man, never to be at sea, in any situation, without encountering an adventure of some sort. On the passage home, they spoke a small schooner, that said she was from North Carolina, bound to St Augustine. Barney inquired if the embargo had been raised; and the negative reply from the schooner convinced him, that she was bound to some of the British Islands in violation of the law: he determined at once to take upon himself the responsibility of stopping her, and for that purpose boarded and took possession of her, in the name of the United States. The skipper, finding it *no joke*, then confessed that he was bound to New Providence with corn and flour. — Barney, with no other authority than that which belongs to every good citizen who feels himself an integral part of the nation, put an officer and men on board and ordered her to follow him to Baltimore. — On his arrival there, he went immediately to Philadelphia to report to the government what he had done — his conduct received the approbation of Mr Randolph then Secretary of State — the schooner was tried and condemned under the laws of the United States, and Barney incurred the lasting hatred of all the British partisans in the country.*

It was in the beginning of May, 1794, that he arrived in Baltimore, after his last unfortunate voyage with the *Sampson*: the embargo law would expire, by the terms of its limitation, on the 25th of the same month: — he had been long enough in a British Island, not only perfectly to comprehend the powerful operation of the embargo system, strictly enforced, upon the vital interests of the English colonies, but to have his indig-

* See Note A, at the end of Appendix.

nation frequently excited by the contemptuous treatment to which the American flag was constantly exposed. He believed that, while it was the policy of the United States to observe a peaceful neutrality between the belligerent powers, it ought to be their policy also to withdraw from all intercourse with either; for the best faith in the prosecution of the most undoubtedly lawful and honest trade, would not save the nation from the wanton insolence and degrading insults of British cruisers, which would naturally become more aggravating and oppressive in proportion to the tameness of our submission, until disgrace and contempt would follow the name of American wherever it was heard. He was convinced that the only alternative to war, by which we could hope to maintain anything like respectability, was the continuance of non-intercourse: he was sure, from the observations he had been enabled to make, that a strict observance of the embargo for a few months longer, would *compel* the British government, either to abandon their colonies, or repeal their offensive and arbitrary innovations upon the law of nations — flour was at *fifty dollars a barrel* when he left Jamaica! the same was the case in all the British Islands. Induced by these impressions, Captain Barney, while he remained in Philadelphia, caused a number of hand-bills to be struck off and distributed everywhere through the city, inviting a meeting of all the masters and mates of vessels then in the harbor — a large concourse, in consequence, assembled at the time and place indicated, where he attended and made himself known as the author of the call; he gave them a round tale of his 'experiences;' spoke of the treatment American captains received from British officers; mentioned the near state of starvation to which they were reduced in the Islands by our embargo, which he considered, in the absence of war, the only measure which promised a hope of humbling the haughtiness of Great Britain, and restoring us to the freedom of the seas; — and closed his brief address by proposing that all present should enter into an engagement not to go to sea, notwithstanding the expiration of the embargo, for a period long enough to enable Congress, which was then in session, to act upon the information recently received. — The proposition was received with a burst of patriotic enthusiasm, and every individual present declared his readiness to sign an agreement not to sail for *ten days* after the term of the embargo law should expire. A petition was immediately got up which was signed by all, praying Congress to renew the act establishing non-intercourse, and the meeting dissolved. — The meeting, the petition, and their objects

produced considerable commotion in Philadelphia ; the partisans and agents of the British government, of whom there were always a great number in our country, native and foreign, who did not seem to possess a single American feeling upon any question of policy between the two governments, made a prodigious effect to destroy the petition, and unfortunately succeeded. — Congress did nothing — the ten days elapsed — and millions of American property again floated upon the ocean to become the prey of British ‘Orders in Council.’

Immediately after this affair Captain Barney returned to his family in Baltimore. — It has been said, by somebody or other that a man who has no enemies, cannot deserve to have friends. We think it has been made sufficiently clear that the subject of this narrative not only *had* friends, but *deserved* to have them — the reader will not be surprised, therefore, if he have any faith in the apothegm, to learn that he had also his due share of *enemies* : — all the ‘refugees’ and ‘tories’ of the Revolution — the ‘skulkers’ who fled from its dangers, but were among the first to claim a share of its advantages — these and all connected with them, were his revilers and calumniators, his sworn enemies at home and abroad. They did not hesitate to call him a *pirate*, and there can be no doubt they would have seen him hung with infinite pleasure. But all their efforts to destroy him in the good opinion of the government, and more especially of General Washington, failed ; and he received immediately after his return from Philadelphia, the highest proof which could be given of the approbation and continued confidence of that great and good man. — He was appointed to command one of the *six* ships, which Congress had just determined to provide as the *nucleus* of a naval force. In the letter accompanying the notice of his appointment, General Knox, then Secretary of War, tells him that ‘it is to be understood that the relative rank of the captains are to be in the following order — John Barry, Samuel Nicholson, *Silas Talbot*, Joshua Barney, Richard Dale, Thomas Truxton !’ — The officer whose name we have italicized, had been a *lieutenant colonel* in the revolutionary army, and as a compliment to his distinguished merit, Congress in 1779 gave him a commission of captain in the navy ; they passed a resolution at the same time directing the Marine Committee ‘to provide a proper vessel for him as soon as possible,’ — but either this was never done, or Colonel Talbot did not choose to risk his laurels upon an element with which he was totally unacquainted, and the resolution of Congress remained a dead letter, except as a well merited compliment for gallant

military achievements. Colonel Talbot did not command a vessel of any description either during the Revolution, or at any subsequent period previous to his present appointment as one of the six captains. It appears from the Secretary's letter — for we have no other evidence of the fact — that Captain Barney had heard of the nominations, and of the proposed order of relative rank, before he left Philadelphia, and had expressed his dissatisfaction so loudly as to reach the Secretary's ears and induce him to add the following paragraph to his letter — it is dated, 'June 5th, 1794' — and we lay it before the reader for the purpose of adding a few words, in justice to our subject, to show the loose and irregular manner in which *rank in the naval service* was bestowed and enjoyed during the Revolution. The extract follows: 'Since the nominations to the Senate were made known, it has been said that you would not accept the appointment, on the ground that Capt. Talbot was junior in rank to you during the late war. That the reverse of this was the case, will fully appear, by the inclosed resolve of Congress creating Col. Talbot a captain in the navy on the 19th of September, 1779; whereas it appears from the lists that you continued a lieutenant to the end of the war. Respect to the justice of the President of the United States requires that this circumstance should be mentioned.' — Now it is very certain, notwithstanding what '*appears from the lists,*' that in May, 1782, Joshua Barney received the appointment of *Captain* in the navy of the United States from the President of the Marine Committee, and did actually command a ship of 20 guns from that period '*to the end of the war,*' on services which could not have been entrusted to '*a lieutenant.*' He was not only addressed in all official communications as '*Captain,*' but bore a letter from the President of Marine, on the occasion of his expedition to Hispaniola, directing one who does appear *on the list, as captain,* to obey *his* orders. But even before this period, the State of Pennsylvania had honored him with the name, rank, and command, of *Captain*; and no one who knew the subject of these remarks, or who has followed thus far the narrative of his life, could for a moment believe that he would have *gone back* to an humble rank after having once enjoyed a higher. He wore the uniform, received the pay, and emoluments, and commanded everywhere the respect due to a *Captain* in the navy; and if his name was not on '*the lists as such,*' it only shows, as we have said, the irregular and careless manner in which such ceremonies were attended to during the Revolu-

tion, and how little he himself thought that a question would ever arise, as to the validity of the title under which he was acquiring such renown. His name does not *appear on the lists* at all until the 20th of July, 1777, and then as '3d lieutenant' — it is notorious that the Marine Committees were empowered by Congress to *appoint* lieutenants in the winter of 1775-6; and it is equally certain, that, by virtue of this power, Barney received the appointment of lieutenant early in 1776 — not *third*, for he never served in a lower rank than *second in command*, on board any vessel during the Revolutionary war. This is another proof that 'the lists' were not to be depended upon, as showing a correct state of the rank of our Revolutionary officers. — We have deemed it proper to offer these considerations to the reader, in justification of the answer which Captain Barney made to the Secretary's letter. — He did not hesitate a moment in his course, but on the very day he received the letter, 7th of June, he *declined* an appointment which placed him in an order of rank below Captain Talbot. He wrote to the Secretary, that he did not deem it necessary to enumerate all his objections — it was sufficient for him to say, that a mere resolve of the Congress of 1779 giving an honorary rank, ought to have no weight, when it was considered that, from that time to the end of the war, Lieutenant Colonel Talbot was never once employed as a captain in the navy — that a subsequent resolve of Congress, passed in May, 1781, had called in all the old commissions, and that new ones had been then issued, which virtually rescinded the resolve of 1779, except so far as it conferred *honor* on Colonel Talbot — that at the last period his own commission had been renewed, but that no new commission had been then given to Colonel Talbot, who neither before or after that time had served in the navy, and who was therefore clearly no better entitled to have rank above him than any other lieutenant colonel of the Revolutionary army.

It was certainly from no feeling of disrespect, either for the judgment of the President, or the character of Colonel Talbot, that Captain Barney so promptly refused to accept the appointment offered to him. He did full justice to the merits of that gallant officer; but taking into consideration the facts, that he had not only never served in the navy, but had never even been at sea but once, and that he could not therefore in the nature of things be supposed capable of navigating or fighting a ship, he felt that he could not without lowering himself in his own estimation consent to place himself in an order of rank which, by a

concurrence of possible circumstances, might subject him to the orders of one unquestionably his inferior in nautical skill and experience, and certainly not superior in courage or intrepidity. There have, it is true, been instances of men becoming distinguished naval commanders, whose early life had been passed in very different pursuits; and if we are not mistaken, one of the most gallant of our naval officers of the present day, who gained high renown by his brilliant achievements during the war of 1812 on the ocean, was educated for the peaceful profession of physic, and actually practised medicine for several years before he entered the navy. But it must be admitted, that such 'Admirable Crichton' examples are rare, and ought never to be suffered to interfere with the justice due to individuals in other professions who have *served their regular apprenticeship*. Upon the whole, we cannot believe that Captain Barney ought to be censured for his conduct on this occasion; and that it did not change the respect and good feeling of the government towards him, we have the most pleasing proof in the fact, that on the very day that General Knox received his letter declining the appointment, the name of his eldest son, William, then in his fourteenth year, was enrolled as a midshipman, and stands, if not the very first, among the first names entered of that class of officers.

It will be remembered that, in speaking of the last voyage of the ship Sampson, we mentioned that the government agents of St Domingo, instead of paying their debt due upon a former cargo in the produce of the Island, gave to Captain Barney bills or drafts upon the French consul general at Philadelphia, to the amount of thirtythree thousand dollars. When the ship and cargo were captured and *condemned* at Jamaica, there was some cause of consolation to the captain in the reflection that he should not lose *everything*! His drafts of course were safe, and he congratulated himself that such an arrangement had been made; but it was now become very doubtful whether the bills would be eventually of any more value to him than his sugar and coffee had been. The French consul general was either unwilling, or unable, to pay them when presented, and there was so little stability either in the forms or agents of the French government, that apprehension might well be entertained of a total loss, unless payment were pressed without delay. Under these circumstances it was thought advisable, that Captain Barney should proceed immediately to France, and make personal application to the ruling powers at Paris. The ship Cincinna-

tus, belonging to the commercial House of 'Oliver and Thompson,' was then lying at the wharf nearly ready for sea, and not only a passage to France, but the command of the ship on her voyage out, was politely offered to Captain Barney. — It is proper to state, however, that the recovery of the St Domingo debt was not the sole object of this sudden expedition to France. While in Philadelphia, Captain Barney had held frequent interviews with the French minister, Fouchet, which resulted in the formation of a contract, by which the former stipulated, for himself and his partner, to deliver a large quantity of flour at certain ports in France, on highly advantageous terms, and it became necessary that some confidential agent should be on the spot to receive the cargoes and attend to the collection of their several sales. There could be no agent so proper as one of the firm, particularly one so well acquainted, not only with the language but with most of the then leading men in France, and thus the duty naturally devolved on Captain Barney.

It so happened, that while he was preparing to embark with his eldest son already mentioned, whom he designed to place at an academy in France, James Munroe — our late most worthily venerated President — who had just been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France, arrived in Baltimore with his family for the purpose of seeking a passage: we need hardly say, that he was highly gratified to find an opportunity of embarking with an old friend and so distinguished a seaman. He was accompanied by Mr Fulwar Skipwith, also recently appointed, Consul General for the United States at Paris; and the company was further increased by the addition of a French gentleman, by the name of Le Blanc, who was returning from St Domingo, where he had been serving as one of the commissioners of the French Republic. If it was regarded as an instance of good fortune by these gentlemen, that they could secure a passage under the auspices of one so well qualified to command a ship, in every peril of war or weather, it was no less a subject of gladness to Captain Barney, that he should be able to strengthen his application to the French government, by the influence of the American minister. — The passage could not fail to be agreeable — they were favored with pleasant weather, and arrived at Havre de Grace on the 30th of July, just thirtytwo days after leaving Baltimore. Mr Munroe found it necessary to remain a few days at Havre, to allow his family to recover from the fatigues of the voyage, and as Captain Bar-

ney had been kindly pressed to join his *suite*, they all travelled together to Paris, where they arrived on the 3d of September — a few weeks after the sanguinary monster, Robespierre, had met the retributive justice of that guillotine from which, by his orders, such a constant stream of blood had flooded the streets of Paris.

An agreeable and interesting novelist of the present day, has said in one of his late productions, that 'there are no truer cameleons than words, changing hue and aspect as the circumstances change around them, and leaving scarce a shadow of their original meaning.' It was impossible for an American to arrive in France at this period, without being struck with the difference of signification attached to the terms *liberty* and *equality*, here and in his own country; they seemed to be no longer the same words — and most certainly they were not the *signs* of the same *ideas*. The *universality* of the use of these magical springs of the revolution was equally a subject of astonishment to the *rational* republicans of the United States: men, women, and children, all alike seemed to understand them as conferring the right to say and do as they pleased, beyond which the words, to them, had no meaning. It was easy to perceive, however, amidst the follies and extravagances of such an order of things, that much good had already been effected by the revolution, and that some of the most enlightened men of the age, actuated by the purest principles of patriotism and philanthropy, were engaged in the task of teaching their countrymen the true nature of freedom, and the proper use of the rights they had recovered from the darkness and despotism of centuries. Time only seemed to be wanting to insure to their plans of government the stability necessary to give security and happiness to the people.

On the 14th of September, only eleven days after his arrival in Paris, our minister, having determined to present the American flag to the National Convention with some degree of ceremony, fixed upon Captain Barney to be the bearer of it, with a suitable compliment to the French nation. The flag was received by the Convention with loud and enthusiastic cheers, from the whole body of members; and as soon as silence could be restored it was moved that Captain Barney should be admitted into the sitting and receive the *fraternal embrace* of the President. This being accomplished with the usual ceremony of a *hug*, and a kiss upon each cheek, a distinguished member rose in his place and proposed that their

new brother, *citoyen* Barney, should be employed in the *navy of the Republic* — a resolution to that effect was passed immediately and unanimously, and the Minister of Marine was charged with its execution.* But great as this unexpected compliment was, it did not suit the views of Captain Barney to accept the service offered to him at that moment. He felt himself bound first to attend to the objects which had brought him to France, in which his partner's interests were involved with his own; the vessels in which the flour had been shipped from the United States, to supply their contract with Fouchet, were beginning to arrive in various ports of France, and it became necessary for him to give his whole attention to that business before he could think of what concerned himself only, whatever might be his wishes or intentions, on the subject of the unsolicited honors paid him by the National Convention.

Finding that the Committee of Public Safety had not the means of paying him in *specie*, as had been the agreement of their Minister in the United States, he was compelled to accept other arrangements, which it occupied all his time and commercial ingenuity to turn to advantage. He applied in the first place, to the National Convention, for payment of the St Domingo claim, and obtained a decree from that body, by which the debt was provided for in the settlement of the French claims against the United States. He then obtained an *arrêt* from the Committee of Public Safety, for the payment of the flour delivered, partly in cash, and partly in merchandize and produce, at the prices of 1789, previous to the issue of *assignats* — these prices to be ascertained by sworn appraisers. Wines and brandies, were to be delivered at Bordeaux, to which port he accordingly ordered all the vessels which had arrived elsewhere with their flour.

Just as he was himself preparing to set out for Bordeaux, the Minister of Marine offered him the command of the *Alexander*, a 74 gun ship, recently captured from the English: it was a great temptation, but several reasons operated to prevent his acceptance of the honor — he would not leave the affairs of his firm unsettled; and, if he should determine afterwards to enter the French Navy, it would be for the sake of commanding a *cruising frigate*, that he might have an opportunity of repaying to the English some of the *compliments* he had received at their hands, and especially their recent treatment of

* See Note B. at the end of Appendix.

him. A line of battle ship, he knew, would afford but few, if any, such opportunities; and besides, such a command would subject him to the orders and discipline of a fleet, which he had been too long his own master to think desirable. He therefore, after making a suitable return to the Minister, pursued his original intention.

He was detained a few days in Paris, to witness the grand ceremony, which had been decreed by the National Convention, to honor the memory of *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, whose remains were to be deposited in the *Pantheon*! Mr Monroe, and all the Americans at Paris, were especially invited to be present. On the appointed day, the citizens assembled in the garden of the Tuileries: the concourse was, perhaps, greater than ever before met on any occasion; it seemed as if the whole population of Paris had united in one moving mass. The urn, containing the ashes of *Jean Jacques*, was placed on a platform, erected over the centre of the basin of the principal *jet d'eau* in the garden, where it remained until the procession was formed and prepared to advance: it was then taken down, and, surrounded by all the trappings of mourning, removed to the place assigned it in the procession. The American minister, and the citizens of the United States who accompanied him, were placed immediately *in front* of the members of the National Convention, who appeared in official costume. The American flag — so recently presented to the Convention by Mr Monroe — preceded the column of Americans, borne by young Barney and a nephew of Mr Monroe, — an honor to which the National Convention itself appointed them. A tri-colored cordon, supported by the orphan sons of Revolutionary soldiers, '*Les élèves de la Nation*,' crossed the front, and led down each flank of the two columns composed of Americans and the members of the National Convention. These youths were all dressed in blue jackets and trowsers, and scarlet vests, and were several hundreds in number. — The procession moved from the Palace of the Tuileries, down the principal avenue of the garden, to the *Place de la Revolution* — thence, by the Boulevards, through the *Rue St Honoré* and other principal streets, to the *Pont Neuf*, and thence to the Pantheon. The windows of every house from top to bottom, on either hand, throughout the whole extent of the march, were crowded with full dressed females, waving their handkerchiefs and small tri-colored flags — while from every story of each house a large flag of the same description permanently projected. The dis-

tance from the Palace of the Tuileries to the Pantheon, computing the meanderings of the procession, was about two miles. Arrived at the Pantheon, Mr Monroe and his suite were the only persons permitted to enter with the National Convention, to witness the conclusion of the ceremony!

As the commodore returned late to his lodgings, the evening before he left Paris for Bordeaux, he was a little startled to find a *dark lantern* and a small iron instrument lying on the floor of his room — he had the key of his door with him, and found it locked as he had left it: a short examination discovered to him that he had been robbed, and he soon found that his room had a second door concealed behind an article of furniture so as to escape his previous notice. His desk had been opened, and the money it contained — which was fortunately not a large sum — together with his gold *eagle*, the badge of the *Cincinnati* Society, had been taken away; but all other losses were nothing compared to that of the *sword* which had been presented to him by the State of Pennsylvania: it was indeed a subject of heartfelt grief to him. He made every possible effort, but without success, to discover the thief: though he had afterwards strong grounds, as he thought, to suspect the landlord, in conjunction with his own servant.

On his arrival at Bordeaux, he found, to his great disappointment and chagrin, that it would be impossible to obtain his cargoes of wines and brandies for several months. It was now the last of November, and the winter was beginning to show itself with some severity. He could not think of detaining a large number of chartered vessels at Bordeaux for three or four months, and he therefore determined to load immediately the few that he could find cargoes for, and discharge the remainder without delay. While thus engaged, he was fortunate enough to dispose of his claim on the French government to an American house at Bordeaux, for cash, which enabled him to remit to his partner at home the *whole amount* of the proceeds of the flour contract, except a small sum which he retained for contingent expenses. He was thus unexpectedly, and in a much shorter time than he had dared to hope, freed from all *business* concerns; and believing that everything was *finally*, as well as satisfactorily, settled, he prepared to return to Paris, ready now to accept a commission in the service of the Republic, should the offer be repeated to him.

That he might reach Paris with as little detention on the road as possible, he hired a post-chaise, and bargained to be

driven with the rapidity so habitual to him on other occasions. Whether it was this evidence of his restlessness on the road, or some other cause, that induced his postilion to think him worth robbing, or whether he was himself deceived as to the purpose of the postilion, it is certain that he very soon thought he had good grounds to suspect him of a design to betray him into the hands of banditti. He had more money with him, than he could very *conveniently lose*, and was therefore determined to keep a vigilant look out. One night, having reached a part of the road in a part of La Vendée which, from its dismal and solitary appearance appeared to be the fit haunt of robbers, the postilion suddenly checked the speed of his horses, and in defiance of entreaties, remonstrances, and threats, persisted in restraining them to a walk, under pretence that it was too dark for him to see the road; at length, at the foot of a winding hill, he stopped altogether and pretended to busy himself about the reins. Finding the fellow too obstinate to be moved either by menaces or promises, he took up one of his pistols, which he had kept ready on the seat by his side, and threatened to fire immediately if the rascal would not proceed; the postilion, probably, either did not believe that he had a pistol in his hand, or trusted to the darkness to escape, for the threat had no effect upon him, and Barney pulled the trigger — fortunately for them *both*, perhaps, the pistol burst in his hand; but the *report* was enough to convince the fellow that the threat was no *joke*, and without waiting for a repetition of the order to proceed, he gave a tremendous crack with his whip, that almost rivalled the explosion, and was off in a moment at full speed up the hill: for the remainder of the stage, no man was ever driven more entirely to his satisfaction than our nocturnal traveller. At the next post, the driver of course did not fail to communicate to his successor what had occurred, and there was no further occasion to complain of delays on the road.

During the whole of this winter, the weather was more intensely cold than at any former period within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Paris. The Seine was frozen at an early period, and the usual supplies of fuel had consequently been cut off:—in the course of a short time, the article of fire-wood became so scarce that its price was advanced several hundred *per cent.* Captain Barney had entered into a *written* agreement with his landlord for furnished apartments, wood, lights, &c, and for some time did not know of the distress which generally prevailed: the landlord, at length, refused to

give him his usual supply — he sent for, and expostulated with him, but the only answer he could get was, that ‘while wood continued at its present prices he was not going to be such a fool as to throw away his money to please his lodgers!’ — His written contract was referred to, but still he seemed determined to hold his ground — ‘Very well, sir,’ replied his lodger, very calmly, ‘I shall take care not to want fire, while there is an article of *furniture* in my apartments that can serve as fuel,’ — and suiting the action to the word, he took up a chair and prepared to break it up into fuel: the landlord never again refused his regular supply of *wood*. — The article of *bread* also became very scarce during the winter, and an ordinance was passed, prohibiting the bakers, under a heavy penalty, from furnishing to any individual, more than a pound of bread for twentyfour hours. While this ordinance remained in force, it was the custom for those who were invited to dine with a friend, or who made up parties to dine at a *Restaurateur’s*, to carry their own bread in their pockets.* — Whether all the Paris bakers were as honest in their observance of the ordinance as the one who supplied Barney, or whether even *he* extended his liberal construction of it to others of his customers, we cannot undertake to say; he caused it, however, to be made known to ‘*Citoyen le Capitaine,*’ that, as the *règlement* confined its restrictions to *bread*, properly so called, if he would allow him to put *tant soit peu* of butter, or lard, into the flour, the mixture might be called *pastry*, and the ordinance thus evaded!

* The accomplished author of one of the most interesting works of the present day, — ‘*Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*’ — gives the following confirmation of this singular fact: ‘Throughout a considerable portion of the year 1795, so frightful a famine desolated France, that bread was subjected to a legal restriction both in quality and quantity, two ounces only, of a mixed flour, being allowed to each person throughout the sections of Paris. During this severe scarcity, *guests invited to the tables of even the most opulent entertainers brought each their own allowance of bread.*’

CHAPTER XIV.

Brief historical Review. — A commission a third time offered to Barney, which he accepts: — is ordered to Holland: — takes his son with him, and sends him to the U. S. from Dunkirk. — Treaty between the Republic and Holland: — recall of the French officers in consequence. — Commencement of Napoleon's career. — Barney purchases and fits out a *Corsair*: — his orders to her commander. — New organization of the Marine: — he is dissatisfied and resigns: — goes to Ostend, Flushing, and Havre de Grace: — great success of his *Corsair*: — he purchases and fits out others in conjunction with several Americans — and returns to Paris. — The Minister of Marine offers to reappoint him, with the rank of *Chef de Division*: — he accepts. — State of La Vendee: — character of General Hoche. — He proceeds to Rochfort: sails with two frigates to take command of the West India station: — incidents of the voyage: — arrival at Cape Francois: — goes in pursuit of the Jamaica fleet: — vexatious conduct of a Spanish Admiral, in consequence of which the fleet escape him: — his indignation: — sickness of one of his crews: — narrow escape from a British Squadron. — Dreadful tempest: — distressing condition of himself and crews: — the two frigates are separated: — the *Harmonic* dismasted and almost wrecked: — affecting scene on her deck. — He speaks an American vessel for Baltimore: — agreeable disappointment. — meets with the *Railleuse* dismasted: — they arrive at the Cape. — The *Corsair*: — remarks on the nature of Barney's orders: — defence against the calumny of his enemies. — He undertakes the culture of the sugar cane. — Anecdotes of Christophe — Toussaint L'Ouverture — Pierre Michael — Raimont. — Character of Sonthonak — splendors of his establishment. — Personal affair with Pascal. — Distressed state of the Island from the want of provisions. — He is solicited to take a contract for the supplies — accepts it — appoints an Agent to act for him in his absence — and sails with two frigates for the United States. — He arrives at Norfolk — state of his ships — he proceeds to Baltimore: — meeting with his family.

THE difference produced by the lapse of a few months in the state of affairs in the French capital, can hardly be conceived by one who had not an opportunity of comparing them, at the period of Robespierre's fall, and at the beginning of the present year. During the reign of that cruel and despotic monster — who, as far as the spilling of blood could do it, amply avenged the execution of Louis XVI. upon all classes of his judges — France was sunk into an abyss of infamy and degradation, which completely shut out her sufferings from the sympathies of the world, and left her the

unpitied prey of the most horrible and terrific despotism, that ever existed in any age or nation. But from the moment of his fall, she began to recover, not only from the terror which his sanguinary decrees had spread over all classes of the people, but from the anarchy, licentiousness, and atheism, which had characterized every former stage of her revolution. There was a sudden and instant change for the better, in the very foundations of society — something like order and moral propriety began at once to show themselves, in the conduct of the people, as well as of their leaders — men of sound political views, enlightened, and, we may add, virtuous statesmen, patriots who desired the happiness of France more than their own aggrandizement, soon began to exercise the influence to which they were entitled, in the councils of the nation; and for the first time, France might now be called, without degrading the term, a *Republic*. The Constitution of 1795 established a system of government, which promised, more than any that had been previously attempted, to secure the liberties, rights, and happiness of the people; and the friends of the rights of man, throughout the world, began to look, with something like hope, to the issue of the struggle which this extraordinary people were now called upon to make, against the combined force of all the crowned heads in Europe.

In this state of things, the subject of this narrative felt that it would be no degradation to fight under the flag of the republic, and he waited in no small anxiety, after his return to Paris, to see whether he would be a *third time* solicited to enter its service. His anxiety, however, was of short continuance, for the moment the Minister of Marine became acquainted with his return, he offered him the commission of *Capitaine de Vaisseau* — a rank equivalent to that of Post Captain of the highest grade: he no longer hesitated to accept it; and being ordered by the Minister to hold himself in readiness for immediate service, he set about making those preparations which such a change in his circumstances made necessary.

But, though *citoyen* Barney had been thus ordered to prepare for *immediate* service, he was left to the undisturbed *agrèments* of a residence in Paris, until the month of April, when, with a number of other naval officers under the command of Admiral Vanstable, he was ordered to proceed to Holland, where it was the purpose of the French government to officer the Dutch ships of war, which had fallen into their hands on the conquest of Holland the previous year. We

have been disappointed at finding nothing in his journal on this occasion but the mere names of places at which he touched. He had taken his son with him from Paris, and, at Dunkirk, finding an American ship, with the commander of which he was well acquainted, he placed young William under his care to be conveyed home, much to the discontent of the youth, whose natural disposition so nearly resembled that of his father, that nothing would have given him so much delight as permission to accompany him and share in all the vicissitudes of the active service in which it was expected he would be engaged. — From Dunkirk he proceeded to Rotterdam, and thence to Flushing, in Zealand, where the ships of war were lying. Fortunately, perhaps, for the interests of Holland, the ships were found to require in the opinion of the French Admiral, such extensive repairs to fit them for service, that before these could be completed a treaty was signed between the two powers, which left the ships in the hands of their original possessors; and in October the French officers were recalled from Holland. This inactive and idle life was by no means congenial to the temper or habits of Captain Barney, and when the officers had returned to Dunkirk, he obtained leave of absence from the admiral for the purpose of visiting Paris again, in the hope that he might find some employment more suited to the energies of his mind.

On his return to Paris, he found that a new object of popular admiration had started up, in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, a young Corsican officer of artillery, who in a recent conflict between the Parisians and the troops of the Convention had by superior skill and enterprise obtained a decisive victory for the latter. All eyes were turned upon him, and his great military genius was the theme of every tongue; the victors and the vanquished were alike lavish in his praise. How little was it then imagined by these ardent *republicans*, that, before the end of nine years from this first display of his tactics, the same individual would be proclaimed *Emperor of the French!* — The National Convention had dissolved itself, after an existence of three years, and the new Constitution was in full, peaceable and successful operation. The armies of France were everywhere victorious, and the Republic had been acknowledged by many of the principal powers of Europe. — Captain Barney reported himself to the Minister upon his arrival, and received orders to remain in Paris, until the new organization of the *Armées Navales* should be completed, a subject, which now for

the first time, since the Revolution, occupied the attention of government. While this affair was in operation, that he might not altogether lose the opportunity — which was one of his principal inducements for entering the naval service of the Republic — of pursuing his purposed vengeance upon the English, he purchased a Cutter, fitted her out as a privateer, with twelve guns and one hundred and twenty men, called her *La Vengeance*, and sent her out into the North Sea, under the command of M. L'Eveillée, a lieutenant in the Republican navy. His orders to him were strict and peremptory *not to interfere with American vessels under any pretence*, but on the contrary to give them aid and protection wherever and whenever he could. We beg the reader to pay particular attention to this fact, because it was, many years afterwards, made a ground of calumnious accusation against Commodore Barney, that while in the service of the French Republic he had preyed upon the commerce of his native country. There never was a more unfounded and malicious slander, as we shall have frequent occasion to see in the progress of these pages.

In a very few weeks after *La Vengeance* sailed upon her cruise, her owner received intelligence of her having captured *fifteen English* merchant vessels, the greater part of which had arrived safely at different ports of Denmark and Holland; and he began to feel that he was about to enjoy the satisfaction of ample retaliation upon the British, for their barbarous and cruel treatment of himself, and their unjust and illegal condemnation of the 'Sampson' and her cargo. About the time of his receiving this agreeable intelligence of the operations of his privateer, he became so far acquainted with the progress of the new organization of the marine, as to learn that the *Capitaines des Vaisseaux* were divided in *three classes*, and that his name was on the list of the *third class*. Indignant at being thus rated, as he conceived, so far below his pretensions, he immediately offered his resignation to the minister, who was very unwilling to accept it, and endeavored to convince Captain Barney, that the Directory were fully sensible of his superior claims, but that the difficulty of assigning him in a higher rank, without exciting the jealousy of native officers of merit, had led them to hope that he would yield to the necessity of the case, and await a more favorable opportunity of being placed in a class more correspondent to his acknowledged pretensions; it was not until after eighteen days of reconsideration by the government, that the minister consented to receive his resignation, and then with

the expression of a strong hope that in the course of a little time, it might be in his power to offer him something more worthy of his acceptance.

The moment he was released from the obligations of his commission, he set out for Ostend, and Flushing, where he found that several prizes, in addition to those he had already heard of, had arrived, sent in by *La Vengeance*. At the latter place, having sold all his prizes, he purchased another vessel, in conjunction with two other Americans, and fitted her out as a cruiser under the name of *Le Vengeur*. From Flushing he
1796 proceeded to Havre de Grace, and there purchased and fitted a third vessel, which he called by the English name of *The Revenge*, thus ringing the changes upon the favorite term, and showing the paramount feeling of his mind. To all these privateers he repeated the orders he had given to the first, in relation to American property, and returned to Paris, where he arrived in March, 1796.

His friend, the minister of marine, had not been unmindful of him in his absence, but had so successfully used his influence with the Directory, that he was now empowered to offer him the rank of *Capitaine de Vaisseau du Premier*, and a commission as *Chef de Division des Armées Navales*, answering to the rank of *Commodore* in our service. This was equal to the fullest extent of his pretensions or his wishes, and he of course accepted without hesitation, and with a proper sense of the honor. His orders were to proceed immediately to Rochfort to take the command of two frigates, destined for the Island of St Domingo; but having heard at the same moment that his cutter *La Vengeance* had arrived at Nantz with several more prizes, he easily obtained permission from the minister to take that port in his way, and set out immediately through the still agitated and disturbed country of La Vendee. Though the terrible effects of the long struggle in this devoted portion of the French territory, were no longer so withering to the sight of humanity and philanthropy, still it was far from being in a state of tranquillity — murders and robberies of the most atrocious and horrible nature were frequent, nor could all the efforts of the brave and patriotic General Hoche, who then commanded in La Vendee, entirely suppress them. From Rennes to Nantz, in order to avoid these numerous bands of assassins and plunderers, it was necessary to pass by water, under the protection of the gun-boats, stationed at regular distances on the Loire. On arriving at Nantz, he found his cutter, which he refitted and despatched

on another cruise with his usual rapidity of action. During his short stay here, he had an opportunity of forming an acquaintance with the commander in chief whom we have already named, General Hoche — he speaks of him in terms of high respect, and as enjoying in a preëminent degree the esteem of the Vendéans : — his conciliatory disposition, his humanity and moderation towards the insurgent population whom he was sent to subdue, had done more to quiet the spirit of disaffection, and reconcile the people to the existing government, than all the victories which had been previously gained over them. It was the good fortune of General Hoche to put a stop to the revolt of La Vendee, and reduce the whole province to subjection.

Before the end of April the commodore left Nantz and repaired to Rochfort, where he found his two frigates nearly ready for sea. He was detained here a few days to receive on board two companies of Artillerists, and a large quantity of powder, arms, and stores of every kind, for the Island of St Domingo; and on the 28th of May he sailed, in company with thirteen other frigates bound on various expeditions. The fleet did not separate until they arrived off Cape Finister, where they exchanged greetings and pursued their different destinations. The ship on board which the commodore had hoisted his flag, was a fine new frigate, called *La Harmonic*, mounting 44 guns, (28 long 24 pounders, and 16 long nines) and carrying 300 men — the other frigate under his command was *La Railleuse* of 36 guns. A few days after separating from the fleet, he captured a Portuguese brig, laden with wheat, which in pursuance of his general instructions, after taking out the crew, he ordered to be burned. The next morning at daylight he discovered a sail on his weather bow, standing apparently on the same course with himself to which he gave chase; he continued it all day without seeming to have lessened the distance between them a single fathom, but he had managed to bring the chased to leeward, which was gaining some advantage. Towards night, he ordered all his light sails to be taken in, under the impression that it would induce the chased to believe that he had abandoned the pursuit; the result would seem to show that it had the desired effect — at eight o'clock, the weather being dark and cloudy, he altered his course, bore up before the wind, and made all sail again; in the morning at daylight he found his object still to leeward, and not more than a mile distant; he sent his boats out immediately and captured her. She was an English brig from Bristol bound to Martinique, with a cargo which proved a most

valuable and seasonable acquisition to the crews of the two frigates — for it seems that both officers and men had left France with so poor a supply of *clothing*, that they might almost be compared to Falstaff's 'raggamuffins,' who had 'but a shirt and a half' among them. The brig was laden with an assortment of dry goods, one hundred and twenty trunks and bales of which were taken out and immediately distributed, according to the wants of the crews, and the brig was then destroyed.

In the further progress of his expedition, he spoke a brig apparently in distress; but there were some suspicious circumstances about her, which induced a close examination, and led to the discovery that her captain had been *murdered* by the crew, who were now running away with the vessel. Upon a thorough search of the mate and men, a large sum (amounting to six or seven thousand dollars) in Spanish gold was found concealed in belts secured around their bodies. By the vessel's papers, it appeared that she belonged to Philadelphia, and was last from Malaga; by the confession of the crew, she had taken in *specie* on freight at Malaga, to be landed at Gibraltar, but before they had been many days out, the mate proposed to the crew, the greater part of whom were Spaniards, to murder the captain and share the plunder among them — this was agreed to; and after committing the atrocity, they proceeded with the vessel to Palma, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, and had sailed from thence with the intention of entering the first port they could make in the West Indies. When the frigates fell in with her, she was partly dismasted, and in a very leaky condition, so that the attempt to carry her into port would have been attended with more trouble and delay than she was worth, and the commodore, therefore, having taken out the *specie*, and ordered the crew to be brought on board his own ship and secured in irons, directed the brig to be set on fire.

He arrived at St Domingo after a passage of thirtytwo days, with the extraordinary good fortune of not having lost a single man, or even having one on the 'sick list.' He delivered the pirates over to the proper authorities for trial, and deposited the *specie* he had taken from them in the public treasury, subject to the claim of the real owner, provided it should be proved not to be enemy's property. As soon as he had landed the troops and stores for the service of the Island, he commenced preparations for putting to sea again, in the hope that he might be able to intercept the Jamaica fleet, which generally sailed for England about the last of July. He made known his pur-

pose to the Administration of the Island, who not only approved it, but offered him another ship in addition to his two frigates — this ship, the only one they had at their disposal, was a large transport, mounting 36 guns, but clumsy and heavy, and holding out no great promise of being useful to him. With this force, however, inadequate as it was, he determined to make an attempt upon the, generally well protected, Jamaica fleet, and with that view sailed from St Domingo on the 15th of July, just a fortnight after his arrival. In his passage towards the Havana, off which port he intended to take his station and wait for the English convoy, he spoke several Americans, by all of whom the same information was given to him, that they had left the Jamaica fleet but a few days before, so that he was in full time. He came in sight of the Havana on the 20th, and continued for several days to cruise within the accustomed range of the fleet's course, but he found his transport so dull a sailer that she became rather an encumbrance to him than an assistance, and he began to wish that he had left her behind. His patience and his hopes were nearly exhausted, when on the 1st of August, he discovered several sail to the westward, which he had no doubt were a part of the fleet, and he accordingly stood for them under a press of canvas. On approaching within examining distance, he was not a little disappointed to find his expected prizes to be a *ship of the line*, *two large frigates*, and a schooner — he could perceive that they were making signals to each other, but was unable to discover whether they were English or Spanish ships. As the Republic and Spain were then at peace, he hoisted Spanish colors, and stood in for the Havana with the intention — if the ships should be a part of the English convoy — of letting them pass, and then falling upon the rear of the fleet. He had scarcely a doubt that he had seen the vanguard of the Jamaica convoy, and accordingly ran into the mouth of the harbor with his three ships; but he was again deceived in his conjecture, or rather puzzled to comprehend the movements of the strangers, for the ship of the line and the two frigates followed to the mouth of the harbor, where they continued for the greater part of three days to play off and on without showing their colors. While they continued in this humor, Commodore Barney deemed it advisable to enter the port with his division and come to anchor. On the third day, the purpose of the manœuvre being accomplished, the strange ships announced themselves to the Fort as belonging to His Catholic Majesty, and came into the harbor. It seems, they

had been employed to bring off the Spanish Governor, inhabitants, and troops from the city of St Domingo, upon the transfer of the Spanish possessions in that island to France; upon discovering Commodore Barney's squadron, the Spanish commander suspected them at once to be French ships, and immediately despatched the schooner which he had in company, to give information to the British admiral that he might avoid the danger to his convoy. The Spaniard had so far mistaken them, however, as to represent them as *three ships of the line*, and to this mistake, probably, the English fleet was indebted for their ultimate escape; for it induced the British admiral to change his usual course and steer for Cape Florida.

Commodore Barney was excessively indignant, when he found that he had been actually blockaded by ships of Spain, (then at peace with the Republic,) for the space of three days, and that they had been guilty of the further unfriendliness of aiding and assisting the enemy. He did not hesitate to speak of the conduct of the Spanish commander as *treacherous*, and there is no doubt if his force had been equal, he would have made the attempt to *punish* him, without waiting for the orders of the Directory. The moment he perceived the perfidy which had been practised against him, he weighed anchor with his three ships and stood to sea. Taking it for granted from all he had heard, that the English convoy had passed, and were *ahead* of him, he traversed the Gulf of Florida under a press of sail and a fine wind, but caught no glimpse of even a straggling vessel of the fleet. Afterwards, when too late to remedy his mistake, he learned to his infinite chagrin and vexation, that he had outstripped the object of his pursuit, and instead of being, as he supposed, in their rear, he was in reality several days in advance of the fleet. To add to his mortification, the crew of the transport became sickly: upwards of ninety of her men were at one time on the sick list, and a serious mortality began to prevail among them. Under these circumstances he determined to steer for the Chesapeake, leave the transport there to the hospitality of his countrymen, and then return to the pursuit of the English convoy with his two frigates, for this was an enterprise which he could not think of abandoning while a single chance remained, and he resolved to follow them even to the Western Isles.

On the 28th of August, at midnight, they discovered the Cape Henry light and immediately 'brought to,' with the wind at southeast. The Commodore possessed one of the characteris-

tics of a prudent commander, in as eminent a degree as Fabius himself, however he might have differed from that cautious general in many other distinguishing qualities — his *vigilance*, in all situations, was equal to his boldness and intrepidity : he never permitted himself to taste repose, night or day, until he had satisfied himself of the safety of his position by personal examination. He had a night glass which he valued very highly on account of its superior properties, that was seldom out of his hand at night, while he walked the deck. A very few minutes after he had determined to lie to off Cape Henry light until the morning would enable him to enter the Bay with safety, he discovered by the aid of this glass, that there were *five ships* under easy sail, *between him and the cape*. He could not doubt, from their appearance and manœuvres, that they were *enemies*, and he therefore hailed his two other ships, and gave them orders to make sail and stand off to the eastward by the wind — he did the same himself, and they continued their course to the eastward all night. At daylight the next morning he perceived a ship, which he soon made out to be a frigate, standing to the northwest — he gave chase to her immediately, and was coming up with her as fast as a light wind would enable him, when her signal guns, which she had continued to fire all the morning, were answered, and at nine o'clock he discovered the five ships he had seen the night before, coming up with a fresh wind from the northwest, and gaining upon him every moment. The *chasers* now in turn became the *chased* — the six ships of the enemy were soon united, and continued a vigorous pursuit all day : the unfortunate transport, which had been the origin of all his disappointments and misfortunes on this ill fated cruise, was overtaken by the van of the enemy about four o'clock ; they each gave her a broadside and compelled her of course to strike her colors. Having taken possession of their prize, the enemy continued the chase after the two frigates, which they kept up all the night of the 29th. On the 30th at daylight, there was but one frigate near, and another vessel just discernible from the mast-head : the commodore, in the hope of bringing on a battle before the other ships came up, made signals to the *Railleuse* to take in sail and *wait for the enemy* ; but *the enemy*, perceiving his design, and not being quite so eager for a fight as to run any risk in seeking it, instantly altered his course, and hauled by the wind. In a few hours afterwards, the vessel which had been seen from the mast-head at dawn, was discovered to be a ship of the line —

she joined the frigate before noon, and the chase was again renewed during the remainder of the day. In the evening the Commodore found that he had gained some advantage of his pursuers, which he determined to improve by a *ruse de guerre*: with this view, about ten o'clock at night, he ordered a tar-barrel to be set on fire and thrown into the sea, and then immediately changed his course, leaving the deceptive light to float about at the pleasure of the winds and waves; and there can be no doubt, that the enemy continued to chase the tar-barrel, until they came near enough to discover the trick, by which time it was too late to make up the lost distance. On the morning of the 31st there was no appearance of a sail visible, and the commodore again altered the course of his two frigates, and steered to the southward.

He had now, by his excellent management and skilful manœuvring, escaped one superior power — but another struggle awaited him, in which the strength and skill of man are alike impotent. — On the 1st of September he came within sight of the Island of Bermuda, and on the same afternoon spoke an American ship from Madeira bound to the United States — the weather was uncommonly fine — it was a clear, soft, lovely day; and the sea was so beautifully smooth and calm, that the American ship continued within speaking distance long enough to allow the commodore an opportunity of writing by her to his family and friends in Baltimore; but he had scarcely sent his letters on board of her, before the breeze began to freshen and in a few minutes she was out of sight. It continued to blow all night with increasing severity; and by the dawn of the next morning, the gale had assumed all the characteristic fury of a tornado. It was a gratification that the frigates had not been separated in the night — the *Railleuse* was still in sight; bearing up courageously against the tempest; and emulating the activity and nautical skill of her experienced leader! — but they were soon deprived of the consolation of being together: the storm grew heavier and harder; a thick darkness covered the face of the heavens, and the glittering foam of the lashed and worried sea, presented the only visible object. Every precaution, which a perfect acquaintance with the sudden and terrific nature of the West Indian hurricanes could suggest, had been taken early on the previous evening, by order of the Commodore, on board both ships — all the light yards and masts had been struck, and nothing was left for the wind to exert its rage upon but the bare masts and bowsprits — under these the *Harmonic*, whose consort

was no longer in sight, now continued to scud before wind and sea, but rolling and plunging heavily, like an overloaded horse that seeks to lighten his burthen by trying alternately each side of the road. In the afternoon about four o'clock, a sudden sea gave her a tremendous blow on the quarter, which threw every body, and everything moveable, to leeward — by this unfortunate stroke, the Commodore himself was washed under one of the quarter-deck guns, from which he was, with some difficulty, extricated, with his thighbone fractured! He would not permit himself to be carried from the deck, however, for more than half an hour after this accident, until the aggravated pain of the fractured limb compelled him to seek relief. He was but a few minutes in his cabin, in the hands of his surgeon, when he heard the crash of *all the masts* tumbling over the sides at a single blow! The bowsprit shared a similar fate while he was delivering his orders to have everything cut away from the wreck — and the gallant frigate was now a mere rolling log upon the water. She was soon, however, cleared from the fallen spars, but still labored heavily — the commodore ordered the quarter-deck and fore-castle guns to be thrown overboard; this lightened her a little, but the sea continued to break over her in every direction; the quarter galleries, and part of the stern; were knocked in; and the wind still blew with unabated rage — but the ship fortunately preserved her tightness; there was no leak, and hope still held her wonted sway in the breast of the dauntless mariner. This state of things continued until three o'clock on the morning of the 4th, when the wind died away as suddenly as it had sprung into life, and the worn and exhausted seamen began to anticipate the joys of rest; but in less than half an hour, the capricious *Æolus*, as if his former blasts had emptied his *eastern* bag, suddenly opened another from the *west*; and for the space of three hours, this latter storm equalled in force and violence the highest fury of that to which it so closely succeeded — the ship, already a sheer hulk, suffered still more — her upper works were broken to pieces; the powder and bread rooms were filled with water; everything on board shared in the general suffering; besides the Commodore himself, several of his officers, and sixty of the men, were dreadfully bruised and hurt. About daylight, this second tempest spent itself, and a calm of somewhat longer duration ensued — the sun rose upon a sea that looked as if it had never suffered its quiet bosom to be fretted, so serene, so unruffled, was the vast expanse. The Commodore had himself lifted upon

the quarter-deck — but the sight that met his eyes, was more than all his philosophy could bear up against; he was not stoic enough to behold the desolation without an emotion, which he neither tried nor desired to control, and the tears chased each other down his sunburnt and hollowed cheeks, as he gazed upon the ruin before him. A few hours before, *La Harmonic* had been a piece of beautiful symmetry — a new and elegant frigate, well fitted, well found, superb in all that wins the admiration of a seaman, lifting her proud head to the heavens as if not even the *King* of storms dared to touch the banner of the *Republic*! What was she now? — A wreck! torn to pieces; not a mast standing, not a spar to be seen — the bruised and crippled officers and men, lying here and there upon the deck, half drowned in the puddles — every man on board still dripping with the wet of the ocean which had so copiously flowed over him — not a dry thread on board in the hulk — no provisions cooked — scarcely any, indeed, fit to be cooked!

Such was the melancholy, heart-sickening prospect, presented to the view of the Commodore, when, exhausted as he was from pain, fatigue, and anxiety, he ordered a couple of his attendants to carry him in their arms upon the deck! We cannot wonder that he was unable to suppress the feelings that swelled his heart. But where was *la belle Raillieuse*, his gallant consort? No trace of her was visible, and he scarcely admitted a hope that he should ever see her again. A few moments only were yielded to these sad reflections; he soon got all his men at work, who were unhurt by the storm, and in a little while, the spare topmasts and other spars that had not been washed overboard, were rigged up, and the ship could once more spread a few small sails to the breeze.— While the crew were engaged in this duty, a brig came down upon the ship in a style which induced the Commodore to believe her an enemy, and he ordered preparations made to receive her with his *waist guns*, the only ones that could be used! But, fortunately, the brig proved to be an American from Baltimore, bound to the West Indies, whose captain kindly offered every assistance in his power to the wrecked frigate — gave her a fore-yard, and showed the most friendly sympathy for the Commodore: but, what more than all gave consolation and pleasure to the latter, the Baltimorean was enabled to give him intelligence of the health and welfare of his family. — It is worthy of remark, that this brig had experienced nothing of the storm, though she could not have been more than twenty leagues distant from the frigate at the moment of its dreadful havoc upon her.

In the course of three or four days after the tempest, by dint of unremitted labor, and the exercise of those inventive faculties which veteran seamen possess in so great a degree, they were enabled to get sufficient canvas upon the *Harmonic* to force her along at the rate of seven or eight *knots* an hour. On the 12th of September, while steering for Turks Island, a sail was discovered to leeward, which, after a little examination with his glass, the commodore discovered to be an armed ship, and, like his own, under *jury-masts*; he immediately *prepared for action*, and bore down upon her, believing himself at least a match for any other *cripple*. As he approached the supposed enemy, he perceived that she was making signals — his surprise and delight may be imagined, when he at length recognised his own frigate, his lost *Railleuse*! Upon coming up with, and speaking her, it was found that, with the exception of her not having lost her bowsprit, the *Railleuse* had suffered equally with the *Harmonic*, and was in exactly the same distressed condition. The two ships, once more reunited, continued together, and passing Turks Island on the 13th, they were fortunate enough to escape the notice of a division of the enemy which lay, that night, about four leagues to windward; and on the 14th, they arrived safely at Cape Francois.

After his arrival at the Cape, Commodore Barney suffered very severely, for a long time, from the effects of his fractured thigh; but he was nevertheless assiduous in his attentions to the refitting of his ships. This was a serious and difficult undertaking at the Cape, for the Colony was in want of almost every requisite for such a purpose; and he found himself under the necessity of entirely dismantling two large transports then in the harbor, in order to supply even decent substitutes for the masts and spars he had lost. By great diligence and labor the *Railleuse* was in a short time refitted, and despatched to France, at the request of the Administration, to convey the Deputies to the Convention. The commodore remained behind in command of the naval forces of the Colony, and, in truth, directing and administering all its affairs. While he remained here, his cutter *La Vengeance*, which had been cruising by his orders, off Martinique, arrived. She had made a number of prizes since he had last heard of her, and among them a very valuable one which had been carried into St Croix and there sold for *one hundred and five thousand dollars*: — the invoice cost of the cargo had been *seventy thousand pounds sterling*! We mention this fact to show how prize agents

manage their concerns. Here was an evident loss, however, produced to the captors, of at least *two hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. The commodore's share of this prize amounted to *sixtyfive thousand dollars*, which he immediately remitted to his friend in Baltimore; and in a few days he despatched his active and fortunate cutter upon another cruise. We take occasion here to advert again to the *private instructions* of Commodore Barney to the masters of his private cruisers, and the effect of them upon American commerce. — The maritime decrees of the Republic made it lawful to capture all Americans, bound to or from an English port, and the Government Agents at the Cape, in the several visits of *La Vengeance* to that port, had given positive orders to her commander to lose no opportunity of enforcing these decrees; but this officer regarded the private orders of his owner and employer as of paramount obligation, particularly as there was a penalty annexed to the slightest breach of them, which he knew would be rigidly enforced — the loss of his command and the dismantling of his favorite cutter. In the course of his cruise, he boarded *twenty-nine American vessels*, all from Jamaica, and all lawful prizes to other French cruisers, the aggregate value of which was more than *six hundred thousand dollars!* he dismissed them all with a 'bon voyage!' and they carried their treasure home unmolested. The commodore's share of this property, had it been captured, would have amounted to nearly *half a million of dollars!* And yet he has been accused of not loving, not respecting, his country! We leave it to the reader to judge how far he merited such a crimination; but we shall have occasion to bring it more particularly to his attention, in another part of this volume.

While the commodore remained at Cape Francois, he took it into his head to become a sugar planter, under the impression that great profit might be made by it, and accordingly rented from the government the two plantations, called *De Menore* and *Carrè*, situated on the plains. These plantations were both in a state of complete dilapidation, not having been attended to or cultivated for several years, and he was under the necessity of expending a considerable sum to put them in proper order for cultivation — he repaired the buildings, purchased stocks of mules and oxen, employed overseers, and commenced the business of making sugar. The plantations were considered among the best on the Island, and while the novelty lasted, and he attended himself to the management,

the business was a profitable one ; but he soon left them in the hands of an agent, and never afterwards had any satisfactory account of their product.

At the period we now speak of, the black population had complete ascendancy in the Island, and the whites never ventured beyond the immediate vicinity of the Cape, except under the protection of a guard of negro soldiers. In his frequent visits to his sugar plantations, before his interest in them became absorbed in more important matters, Commodore Barney always applied to *Christophe* then a colonel of the *black guards* [We beg the reader to believe that we had not the slightest intention to repeat a stale *pun* —] for an escort ; and the colonel — who was upon the most friendly terms with the Commodore — not only supplied it with readiness, but often himself accompanied his *bon ami* with his *own body guard*. On these occasions, he would sometimes remain two or three days with the Commodore, on one or other of his plantations, or in excursions with him into the interior of the Island, where his authority was supreme. At the approach of *Christophe*, *the best of everything* was invariably produced, and it was no small gratification to travel through the Island in his company. No man was ever more *reverenced* than *Christophe* — but it was the reverence of *fear*, for within the extent of his command, the tyranny he exercised was as despotic as that of *Mahomet* himself. He was a fine looking fellow, of noble stature, gentlemanly and dignified in his address and manuers — cruel and vindictive in his resentments, but firm and faithful in his friendships. His wife was as black and as portly as the *Hottentot Venus*, but stately and ladylike in her demeanor. They entertained their guests with as much ease and grace, as if they had been bred in the court of *Versailles*.

The Commodore, of necessity, became acquainted with several other of the black chiefs, during his residence at the Cape, whose names fill a large space in the history of that unfortunate Island — General *Pierre Michael*, he found to be an honest, upright officer in all his dealings. — The celebrated *Toussant L'Ouverture* was at that period commander in chief of the blacks in the Cape District : he was decrepit in body, capricious in disposition, and wantonly tyrannical in the exercise of his authority. — *Raimond*, one of the Government Agents, or *Administrateurs*, was a good looking mulatto, possessing much intelligence and shrewdness — but he was treach-

erous and unfaithful alike to friend and foe: he lived in great style in a splendid mansion fronting the *Champ de Mars*.

But the Commodore's chief companion and friend, was *Sonthonax*, the principal Administrator — he was a native of France, and had been employed by the government for many years in the affairs of St Domingo: he was at the Cape at the time of the insurrection and burning we have before noticed; he went afterwards to France, whence he had been lately sent back in the capacity of Administrator. He was a man of powerful intellect, full of artifice and cunning, and a great intriguer; but he was sincere in his attachments, and remained, under every vicissitude, the warm and active friend of Barney. He lived in splendor at the Cape, having a perfect *palace*, opening upon the Grand Square, and a company of elegantly equipped black troops always on guard about him. The entrance to his private apartments, was at the end of a long gallery, the windows of which opened upon a luxuriant grove of orange trees whose delightful odor perfumed the whole suite of rooms appropriated to his use — fountains of pure water gushed forth at intervals, and cooled the air (in imagination at least) as it bubbled along in limpid streams through the grove. In his dining apartment this voluptuous servant of the Republic had an ingenious contrivance by which a large fan, exquisitely beautiful in its form and materials, continually agitated the air over the table, while on each side, marble fountains poured forth their gurgling sounds, during the repast. — The regal magnificence of everything about this establishment — the body-guard — the difficulty of approach to the person of Sonthonax — the haughtiness of his demeanor to the *canaille* — furnish a beautiful comment upon the two words which headed all his official acts — *Liberté, Egalité!*

The friendly and intimate footing upon which the Commodore was admitted at all hours to the privacy of Sonthonax, created great jealousies not only among the subordinates of the Administrator, but among his colleagues in the Commission, most of whom soon conceived a dislike to the Commodore, which showed itself on many occasions, and in one instance led to consequences that might have proved fatal. — A certain *Chef de Bureau*, by the name of Pascal, was wrought upon by his colleagues to ascribe to the influence of Barney, various slights which he fancied he had received from Sonthonax; and as the Commodore was one day entering the apartments of the Administrator, to see him, by appointment, on business of the

Colony, this Pascal placed himself in the door-way, and in an insolent and peremptory tone forbade his entering;—the Commodore looked at him with a smile of contempt, and would have passed him without other notice, but Pascal seized upon him, and endeavored to put him out by force: it became necessary then to repel the insult, and Barney giving him two or three blows with his fist which sent him reeling to the opposite wall, walked quietly in to keep his appointment. He heard nothing more of the affair until *fifteen days afterwards*, when he received from Pascal an invitation to *give him satisfaction!* They met and exchanged two pistol shots without effect, when a guard of soldiers advanced and arrested the further progress of the affair. He learned some time afterwards, that the guard had been stationed near the spot by the orders of some of Pascal's friends, with directions to arrest them both if their shots did not take effect, and if Pascal should fall to shoot Barney on the spot. Thus, it seems, his life was saved, not, as in ordinary cases of duelling, by *hitting* his adversary, but by *missing* him! when Sonthonax was informed of the affair, he gave Pascal a severe reprimand, and the Commodore was more than ever taken into his confidence.

During the greater part of the autumn and winter of 1796, the Island was in a state of general and deep distress for the want of provisions of every kind — there was no money in the treasury, and the government agents were driven to the last extremity of perplexity and despair. In their difficulties, they appealed to the philanthropy of the Commodore to assist them with his means and his influence; and proposed to him to visit the United States for the purpose of endeavoring to procure supplies from thence for the suffering colony: they offered him two frigates for the expedition, and as a further inducement to exert his interest to the utmost in their behalf, they declared their willingness to enter into a contract with him, upon such terms as would insure him an ample remuneration for his trouble. It certainly did not require a great deal of solicitation to persuade the Commodore to visit the United States, as he had not seen his family for more than two years, and wanted no stronger inducement than his own feelings to seize so favorable an opportunity. He readily acceded, therefore, to the proposition of the agents, and entered into contract to supply them with a certain quantity of provisions, monthly, for the space of ten months — having done this, he lost no time in preparing for his departure. It was found impracticable to have his own

frigate, *La Harmonic*, refitted in time for his purposes, and he consented to sail with the *Medusa* and *Insurgente* — the latter of which was the frigate, captured in 1799 by Commodore Truxton in the Constellation, and afterwards fitted out under the flag of the United States for a cruise, from which she never returned, or was heard of. He appointed a young gentleman of Baltimore, in whom he had great confidence, as his agent for the management of his private affairs in his absence, and left the Cape in the beginning of December, 1796: — on the 19th of the same month, he was fortunate enough to arrive safely at Norfolk, in Virginia. — We say he was *fortunate* enough — for both his frigates were in a condition so totally unfit for sea, that nothing could have justified the risk he incurred, but the distressed situation of the colony, and the utter impossibility of obtaining at Cape Francois the requisite materials for a better equipment. The *Medusa* was an old ship, and so leaky that her pumps were kept at work night and day during the passage — she required a *thorough overhauling*: the *Insurgente* was a sounder vessel, but she had been long lying at the Cape, and wanted various important repairs. Besides this *unseaworthy* condition of the ships, he was obliged to regulate his supply of provision by the very limited stores of the colony, and actually left the Cape with not more than three weeks' provision on board — so that, if his enemy had been in force off the Chesapeake, as was the case but a very short time afterwards, or any other incident had occurred to prevent his getting into port at the moment he did, he must have been driven to the most serious straits: his safe arrival, under such circumstances, may well therefore be regarded as an instance of great good fortune. He remained at Norfolk no longer than was necessary to give the proper orders for the repair of his ships, and proceeded to Baltimore.

The meeting with his family after so long an absence, was truly a happy one; but we shall not spoil the reader's conception of the scene, by any attempt to depict the joy and gladness that spoke from the lips and shone in the eyes of every individual. It is enough to say, that he found them all in good health, and with but one cause of unhappiness in the world — his absence from them, and his having again exposed himself to the hazards of war. The Commodore had made ample provision for the education of his children and the handsome support of his household, and few families in Baltimore lived in greater comfort or elegance; but they would willingly

have given up all the splendor and luxuries with which his liberal allowances had surrounded them, to have had the enjoyment of his society in however humble a home. Many were the entreaties and tears he was compelled to steel himself against on this subject. — His honor was engaged to the French Republic, and he could listen to nothing that proposed a forfeit of the pledge.

CHAPTER XV.

Rapidity of the Commodore's movements. — He enters into sub-contracts with several Baltimore houses of the first standing : — sees several vessels despatched with provisions, under his Passports. — Difficulties of the French Minister *Adet* : — B. is persuaded to advance large sums for his relief — and takes the Consul General's Bills on the treasury at Paris. — He returns to Norfolk. — Recall of his friend *Sonthox* : — fears excited as to the issue of his contracts. — Bad faith of the Baltimore Houses. — He makes additional contracts in Norfolk. — Delay in the repairs of his ships. — Arrival of an English squadron in Hampton Roads. — He sends a gallant challenge to the British Admiral, which is declined. — He succeeds in getting to sea : — his whole passage to the West Indies beset with enemies : — the great skill and ingenuity with which he eludes them : — skirmish with a ship of the line and frigate. — He gets safely into Port de Paix : — leaves his ships there, and proceeds in a small schooner to the Cape : — long illness after his arrival, the consequence of his great fatigue and watchfulness : — kind attentions of the black generals. — His frigates ordered to France. — Arrival of the new *administrateurs* : — his difficulties with them in settling his contract. — He sails for France in a small Pilot boat, with a cargo of coffee : — takes a French general and his aid, as passengers : — their supply of water fails : — a dilemma : — humorous rencounter with a Portuguese trader : — arrival at Corunna, in Spain. — He orders the schooner to Bordeaux and travels by land — disagreeable journey to Bayonne. — His schooner arrives safe at Bordeaux : — he makes a fortunate sale of his coffee — purchases a travelling carriage, and arrives at Paris. — Interview with his Banker — great amount of his advances — no receipts from the treasury. — Difficulty of procuring a settlement with the Directory : — great prevalence of bribery and corruption : — high command offered to quiet him. — Return of Bonaparte from Egypt — revolution of the 9th November — Consular government. — Vexations of the Commodore : — villainy of his prize agents and partners. — Unexpected suit against him by the Bordeaux purchasers of his *St Domingo* claim : — heavy judgment obtained against him, through the corruption of the courts. — He is presented to the first Consul : — asks permission to resign, which is refused in a flattering manner : — becomes a regular visitor at the *Palace* — attends *Josephine's soirees* — is politely treated by Napoleon — but gets no satisfactory answers to his demands for money. — Letter from *La Fayette* — his opinion of the people — and prediction of the result of the revolution. — He renews his application for permission to resign : — receives a complimentary letter from the minister of marine — has a pension assigned him, which he does not accept — leaves his business in the hands of a friend — and embarks for the United States.

THE promptness and celerity of action which we have had so many occasions to notice in the life of Commodore 1797 Barney, were eminently displayed in the conduct of the enterprise that now brought him to Baltimore. It has been seen, that he arrived at Norfolk, on the 19th of December,

1796, and that he must necessarily have been detained there for at least a day or two in providing for the repair and supply of his ships, and therefore could not have reached Baltimore before the 24th or 25th, at soonest — for it must be remembered, that there were then no *steam-boats* nor *rail-roads*, and that travelling was neither so easy nor expeditious as at the present day — and yet, on the 1st of January, 1797, he had executed contracts with several of the most respectable commercial houses in the city, to furnish all the articles, which his own contract with the government agents of St Domingo obliged him to deliver! he knew that the distresses of the colony were too urgent to admit of delay, and he wasted no time in the *diplomacy* of negotiation; but coming at once to the point, he endeavored to infuse a portion of his own strait-forward earnestness and vigor of movement into the firms with which he bargained, and was so successful, that in a few days several vessels were despatched loaded with the necessaries of life for the suffering inhabitants of Cape Francois. All these vessels, in addition to their regular documents, carried a passport under the sign manual of the '*Chef de Division des Armées Navales*' of the French republic: this precaution was absolutely indispensable; for such was the indiscriminate and lawless eagerness with which the greater part of the French cruisers, at this moment, preyed upon American commerce, that they would as soon have robbed a vessel carrying the means of life to their own starving countrymen, as if she were loaded with munitions of war for their enemy, unless protected by something more than custom-house papers. These first vessels, however, with all the exertions that could be used, were for a long time the only ones that could be sent off, for the river was very soon after blocked up with ice.

Immediately upon his arrival at Baltimore, the Commodore had addressed a letter to M. Latombe, the French consul general at Philadelphia giving him information of the state of his two frigates at Norfolk, and of the wants of his crews who had neither provision nor clothing. Instead, however, of an expected remittance from the consul general in reply to his official call upon him, he received a letter from the minister, citizen *Adet*, requesting to see him as soon as possible at Philadelphia. He did not feel himself at liberty to disobey the invitation of the minister, and therefore set out at once for the seat of government. To his great astonishment when he arrived at Philadelphia, he found that citizen *Adet* had been recalled, and that neither he

nor the consul general, had a single dollar, public or private property, — that the minister was over head and ears *in debt* — and that this interview had been solicited with him for the purpose of appealing to his generosity and friendship to relieve them both from their embarrassed situation ! He began to think, not without some reason, that his fraternity with the French republic was like to be a heavy burthen upon his shoulders — he told these gentlemen, that he was already engaged to the extent of his resources to relieve the colony of St Domingo from the most serious distresses — that the agents there depended solely upon him for supplies — but that with the best disposition in the world to serve the republic, it was impossible for him to ‘do everything !’ — All attempt, however, to resist the importunities of two such high functionaries of the republic, proved of no avail ; they were prepared to answer all his objections, and in the end prevailed upon him, not only to make all the advances that his own demands for the service of the frigate might require, but to give an immediate draft upon his banker at Paris for the sum of *thirty thousand dollars*, which the minister needed for the purpose of paying his debts and enabling him to leave the country. As an indemnity for these advances, the consul general gave his official bills upon the treasury at Paris, which he assured the Commodore, notwithstanding he had been unable to find any body at Philadelphia willing to take them, would be duly honored, and paid upon presentation ; he had therefore only to remit these bills to his Paris banker, that they might be received simultaneously with the drafts,* and the negotiation would be effected without trenching upon his private resources. Such were the specious arguments of the consul general.

Having thus involved himself to a very considerable amount, for the relief of these officers of the republic, he returned immediately to Baltimore ; and on the first opening of the navigation, in March, proceeded to Norfolk, where he found his ships still under the hands of the mechanics. It was with no small regret, that he received at this moment, a letter from his friend Sonthonax, giving him the information of his recall to France, and leaving it but too plainly to be inferred, that he was in disgrace with the Directory.* Whatever might be the real

* ‘ Au Citoyen Barney, chef de Division des Armées Navales de la Republique Française, à Norfolk.

‘ AU CAP FRANCOIS, LE 7 FRUCTIDOR, AN. 5.

‘ Recevez mes adieux, mon cher Barney, jusqu’a ce que des circonstances heureuses puissent nous réunir, L’Epoque du citoyen Odelon, capitaine de frigate, vous instruira des événements qui ont amenés et déterminé mon de-

character of this man, his conduct towards Barney, during many years of close intimacy, had been invariably governed by the most honorable principles. His administration of affairs at the Cape, had certainly been more prosperous than that of most of the commissioners who had been entrusted with it, and it was entirely owing to his influence and exertions that the colony was not, at the moment of his recall, in a state of starvation. He seemed to speak with great confidence of his own innocence of the accusations, whatever they were, against him, but expressed no reliance on the justice of those before whom he was called to answer. The recall of this officer, at the present period more especially, was a subject of very deep regret to the Commodore — he had much reason to fear that his successors in the agency might not be as honest ; but he had no apprehension of ultimate loss from his contracts, because he believed, whoever might be the administrators, they would find it impossible to get along without his assistance. — Coming to this conclusion, he neither withheld his advances of money, nor remitted his exertions to fulfil his contract — on the contrary, he entered into additional agreements with several individuals of Norfolk, and despatched several vessels from that port with supplies for the Cape. To his great chagrin and disappointment, however, he found that the houses with which he had made his first contracts in Baltimore, seemed to hang back in the performance of their engagements ; this was an alarming circumstance to him, and he wrote several pressing letters, urging in the strongest terms the prosecution of their shipments, to all which he received the most unsatisfactory replies. Under these circumstances, he redoubled his efforts to procure at Norfolk what was wanted to prevent the forfeit of his own contract, and pushed forward the repairs of the frigates with all the expedition it was in his power to command. The expenditures for this latter object, even with the strictest regard to economy, amounted to an enormous sum ! for he had been obliged to provide new sails, new cables, and almost new bottoms, for both ships ; besides which, their officers and crews required some advance of

part. Prodiges de sacrifices je les ai tous faits pour le maintien de l'ordre public. Je laisse après moi des preuves matérielles, et pour ainsi dire vivantes, de l'amélioration de la colonie, progrès des cultures, confiance de commune, réédification de la ville du Cap, des magasins approvisionnés pour six mois ; voilà tout ce que je laisse, et Dieu merci, n'importe qu'une conscience pure, et l'estime de moi même. Adieu, mon cher Barney ! Je compte sur la continuation de votre attachement comme vous pouvez compter sur ma sincère amitié.

SOUTHAMPTON.

wages, and he had to lay in a store of provisions equal to the supply of seven hundred men for four months. The completion of this work was delayed for a considerable time, by the neglect of those who were charged with the duty of forwarding certain naval stores, belonging to the republic, which had been ordered around from New York in small vessels; and it was not until late in the month of July that he was finally ready to leave the waters of the United States.

At this moment, there lay in Hampton Roads an English squadron, consisting of one ship of the line, one fifty-gun ship, four frigates, and a sloop of war; the greater part of these vessels had come into the Bay three or four months before, evidently with the design of waiting until the two French ships should be ready to proceed to sea. If any body of the *present* day, should deem it an extraordinary thing, that the bays and roads of a neutral country, should thus be used by one belligerent for the annoyance of another, we have only to refer him to the public gazettes of *that* day, for example upon example of infinitely greater outrages daily committed, by both belligerents, against the national dignity, honest neutrality, and peaceable disposition, of the United States, all of which were quietly submitted to by the latter, *for the sake of the very profitable carrying trade, which their merchants then enjoyed!* National honor is not always held in higher estimation than national *profit*; and in a country which derives its revenue entirely from commerce, we are not to be surprised, if merchants have a larger share of influence with the government than any other class of its citizens. — The Commodore had paid no attention to the movements of this hostile squadron, so long as his equipment was in the progress of execution; he knew they were waiting for *him*, but that consideration neither hurried nor retarded a single measure of preparation. But the moment he was ready to put to sea, he called upon his friend, the Honorable Colonel Parker, then a member of Congress from that district of Virginia, and requested that he would undertake, through the medium of the English Consul at Norfolk, to procure a message to be sent to the British admiral in Hampton Roads, the purport of which was — ‘that he (Barney) would immediately go to sea with *any two* of the English frigates, provided the admiral would pledge his *word of honor* that he would permit none of his other vessels to interfere, pending the proposed trial of prowess.’ — This gallant challenge was faithfully delivered to the British admiral, but that officer haughtily declined the *partie carrée*, no

doubt from a conscientious sense of duty, rather than from any unworthy motive of apprehension for the issue, or contempt for the challenger.

Upon hearing that his invitation was not accepted, some time in August, the commodore dropped down the Elizabeth River with his two ships; his enemy at the same moment moved further out into the bay; — as the former came into Hampton Roads, the latter took up a position in Lynnhaven Bay; and thus as the French ships continued to approach the Capes, their English adversaries gradually retired before them, that they might hold them in view, until they should overpass the maritime jurisdiction of the United States. It is some matter of marvel, that even so much respect was paid to the neutral nation — but, '*nous avons change tout cela!*' and we dare believe, that similar insults will never again be offered to the United States. — The Commodore at length approached Cape Henry light-house and let go his anchors, the hostile ships being then playing about under easy sail in the offing: towards evening he sent forward his pilot boat as if to marshal him the way out, but the moment darkness come on, he weighed anchor again, and *returned some distance up the bay*, where he remained at anchor for the night. By this masterly stratagem his adversaries were completely deceived; — for, on the following morning, after standing close into the Capes so as to *reconnoitre*, and not perceiving his ships in the position they had occupied on the previous evening, they very naturally concluded that he had given them the slip in the dark, and without further delay *went to sea* in pursuit of him. This, perhaps, is one of the most extraordinary instances to be found in naval history, of escape from a vigilance so active and persevering as that which had characterized the British commander. Nothing, certainly, could be more *simple* than the manœuvre which was practised to elude the British ships; and advantage was taken of that circumstance, to deny to the Commodore the merit of having devised it with a view to deceive his adversary; it was asserted, that he had rather profited by an unexpected result, than formed any preconception of the effect his movement would have; but the assertion was as gratuitous as it was illiberal — if there be any merit in devising a plan to deceive a superior enemy, that merit was certainly his in the present case.

As soon as his pilot-boat returned with the information that the British ships had gone to sea, he again weighed anchor, and found a clear passage to the ocean. He had a glimpse of

his enemy, in the afternoon of that day, four or five leagues to the southeast of him, but his own course being to the northward and eastward, he pursued it steadily all night, and by the next morning was free from all danger of farther annoyance from *that* squadron.

It was no small matter of triumph, that, after keeping so many English ships — never less than *five*, and generally *eight* — watching his motions for five or six months, he should succeed in getting to sea, in their very faces, and disappoint them of their expected prey. But this was not the only English squadron, whose sole occupation during this summer was, to watch for and circumvent Commodore Barney; and there is no doubt his capture would have been the cause of as much rejoicing in the English fleet as the achievement of the most brilliant enterprise in which they were engaged. He was the most active of all the officers of the Republic in the American seas, besides which, there was another spur to the English excitement against him, in the reminiscence of former times. — His passage from Norfolk was sorely beset, and nothing but the most skilful and ingenious manœuvring could have eluded the numerous efforts to waylay him. In a few days after he had lost sight of the *blockading* squadron, he captured a brig from Bristol to Charleston — she was under American colors, but her captain acknowledged the property to be British, and she was therefore detained and manned. Off Turks Island, he discovered three large ships having the appearance of being armed, to which he gave chase. The pursuit of these vessels carried him down upon the north side of *Cay Cos*, where about sunset, he discovered three ships of war, lying with their topsails aback in the passage — he observed signals exchanged between these ships and the vessels he was chasing, and found himself once more under the necessity of resorting to stratagem, to escape a perilous predicament: he ordered all the *lower sails* of the ships to be taken in, leaving the *high sails set*, that his enemy — for he did not doubt that they were English ships of war — might be induced to believe that he was still pursuing the chase with all sail set, and consequently *wait for his coming up*. He stood on thus until dark, and then changed his course and beat to windward all night — by the next day he had regained Turk's Island passage, from which he had been seduced upon the chase the day before, and was thus a second time saved by sheer ingenuity from the most imminent hazard. After passing through Turks Island channel, he steered for Cape Francois

but very soon had reason to believe, that his enemy were lying off that port in wait for him. He fell in with a sloop of war, brig, which he was very near decoying under his very guns by signals that she mistook for British; the moment she discovered her error, she got out her oars, and was thus enabled, there being but little wind, to make her escape; but it was perceived, that she stood directly *for the Cape*, and kept up a continued firing of alarm guns, which left no doubt that the enemy were in force not far off. This inference was confirmed in the afternoon of the same day, by the discovery of three ships of the line, standing off to the rescue of the brig. This furnished a third occasion for the display of his masterly skill in nautical manœuvres:—upon the discovery of those ships, which were coming down upon him with every prospect of gaining their point, he gave orders to tack and stand to the northward *by the wind*, as if his intention had been to *get to windward* of his enemy during the night; the natural and expected effect of this movement, was, that it induced the enemy to pursue the chase *by the wind* also, which they no doubt continued all night; but not so the Commodore, for as soon as night came on he bore away to the westward *before the wind*, with all sail set, and at day-break next morning his pursuers were no where to be seen.

He was not so fortunate, however, as to enjoy a very long respite from fatigue and watchfulness; the seas were filled with his enemies, who seemed to have stationed themselves at so many points on his passage as to render final escape impossible. At sunrise of this day, he discovered three vessels ahead of him,—a three-decker, a frigate, and a cutter—land was in sight, and his only chance was to push directly for it, and if possible get into Port de Paix: he accordingly crowded sail upon his ships and steered for that port—his pursuers shortly afterwards hoisted English colors and fired a gun to windward, an invitation to battle which he was not quite so mad as to accept; but, in answer, hoisted the French national flag and continued his course. The enemy persevered in the chase, but it was observed that they did not press it with any extraordinary eagerness—they did not make all the sail they might have done. The Commodore kept his two ships well together, prepared for action if it should be forced upon him, but standing all day steadily for the shore. About six o'clock in the evening, finding it impossible to weather the Island, he was compelled to bear away and run under the west end of Tortudas in order to get into port;

this change of course brought him unavoidably nearer the enemy, the van of whose ships happened to be the *frigate*, and it became *her* turn to endeavor to get out of the scrape. Observing that her colossal consort was at too great a distance to afford her any assistance, she backed her main and mizen topsails, and showed that she thought herself quite as near to the French ships as it would be prudent to come. In this situation of things, the Commodore hailed the *Insurgente*, and ordered her to open a fire upon the English frigate, which he seconded by a few shots from his quarter and stern guns. This seemed to throw the enemy into considerable confusion, and compel him to tack ship; but by the time this was effected, the other ship came up, and the *Medusa* directed her fire against her. For a few minutes the firing was kept up with some vigor, but as this new antagonist — for some reason which could not be comprehended — followed the example of the frigate in backing her topsails, the Commodore thought it prudent to take advantage of the circumstance and continue his course. Neither of his ships had received the slightest damage from the enemy, and that night he gained his object by making the land off Port de Paix, which he entered safely the next morning. As he entered the port, he could perceive the hostile ships lying exactly where he had left them the evening before, and to all appearance busy in *repairing damages!* — Thus did he escape the *fourth division* of English ships, which had been posted for the express purpose of intercepting him in his passage from Norfolk to the West Indies, and which had been, from March till September, traversing all the ordinary tracks for no other object. If his safety may not be attributed to superior nautical skill, then we confess ourselves wholly unable to account for it: *one* escape might have been the effect of *chance*; but to ascribe his preservation *four* different times to the operation of the same blind principle, would be as contrary to sound philosophy, as it would be unjust and ungenerous towards one, who was as expert in all the arts of his profession as he was gallant, brave, and honorable.

At Port de Paix, the Commodore left his two frigates, and proceeded immediately to the Cape, himself, in a small armed schooner. The excessive fatigue and unremitting vigilance, to which he had subjected himself during the whole of his exposed and hazardous passage from Norfolk, proved too much for his constitution, stout and vigorous as it had been, to bear; and he was taken ill as soon as he arrived at the Cape. For

sixteen days, his friends entertained scarcely a hope of his recovery ; but at the end of that period, his fever took a favorable turn, and he began slowly to get better. During his convalescence, which was long and tedious, his two frigates were ordered to France, and were of course obliged to sail without him, for he was so feeble and reduced that a voyage to Europe at that season of the year, would have been fatal to him. The sailing of his frigates, induced the enemy to raise the blockade of the port, and shortly afterwards three French frigates arrived, bringing a number of troops, and a new agent to supply the place of Sonthonax. This arrival, instead of adding anything to the peace and prosperity of the Colony, rather served to augment its distresses and misfortunes ; for while it increased the number to be provided for, it brought no melioration of the means of providing for them.

In this state of things, the Commodore found, as he had anticipated, that the failure of the Baltimore houses to comply with their engagements to him, was made the pretext for refusing to pay him for the supplies which had been actually furnished. The *new agents* were not at all disposed to expend their funds in paying for *former* supplies, when it would require all their ingenuity to make them adequate to the relief of *present* wants. But they told him there would be no difficulty in getting his accounts settled in France, where if he desired to go for that purpose, one of the frigates in port should be placed at his disposal. This was even more civility than he expected under the new order of things, and he made no hesitation in accepting it. But before he could get ready to embark in the frigate the enemy were again in force off the port, and
 1798 abandoning the design of taking passage in her, he chartered a small pilot boat, of fifty tons, then lying in the harbor, and determined to trust to his good fortune for a safe voyage to France. During his present residence at the Cape, he had kept up his friendly intercourse with all the men in power, and particularly with the *black* Generals *Toussaint* and *Christophe*, who were very attentive to him in his illness, and who would gladly have detained him at the Cape, if they could have found inducements sufficiently strong to prevail upon him. They furnished him with many little comforts for his voyage which were not to be purchased with money, and took an affectionate leave of him when he departed.

A French general, attended by an aid-de-camp, who was entrusted with despatches for the government, prevailed upon

the Commodore to take them on board his little pilot boat, which he preferred to the doubtful chance of getting away in one of the frigates. He mounted *two* guns upon the schooner, and counting his passengers and himself, mustered *sixteen* individuals on board! Thus humbly equipped, he proceeded to sea, and was immediately chased by the enemy, who no doubt had received intelligence of his being on board; but he hoisted his French colors, made all the sail he could spread to advantage, and soon left his pursuers behind. A few days after he had been at sea, he discovered that his water casks leaked, and that nearly all his water was wasted. There was no possible remedy for such a disaster, in the middle of the ocean, but to look out for vessels that might be found kind enough to supply them. They fortunately spoke three Americans, before the water had entirely given out, and were thus saved from the most distressing of all privations, the want of water. The schooner was very small, and so deeply laden, that whenever the wind blew at all fresh, every sea broke over her and rendered her excessively uncomfortable — so much so, indeed, that they were often obliged, even when the wind was fair, to *lay to* and lose all advantage from it. Upon arriving off the Portuguese Islands of Corvo and Flores, it was found that their supply of water was again becoming so scanty, that though these were enemy's ports, it would be necessary, either by force or stratagem, to seek to renew it. The Commodore proposed to hoist English colors and run boldly into port, where if opposition should be made, they should resort to force, for water *must* be obtained by some means or other. While the two *Chefs de Division*, naval and military, — whose joint forces, as we have seen, themselves included, amounted to *sixteen men* — were discussing the safest plan of operations, a sail was announced, and they stood for her under English colors — the vessel answered the salutation by hoisting her *Portuguese* flag, and a parley ensued; the Frenchman having found out the capacity of their adversary, hoisted the National flag, and fired a *musket*, by way of showing what they *could* do in case of resistance — which, however, was not attempted — and the Portuguese hauled down his colors. She was a sloop from Lisbon, bound upon a trading voyage among the Islands with a cargo of *salt*, which of all things in the world happened to be that which the captors stood least in need of. She had just been into port, however, and had a good supply of *fresh beef* and vegetables, and plenty of *water* — to these articles, the Commodore helped

himself liberally, and then, to the most agreeable surprise of the Portuguese captain, gave him back his vessel and cargo.

After a tedious and uncomfortable voyage of forty three days, they arrived safely at *Corunna*, in Spain, — having, a few nights before, passed within musket shot of five armed ships without being discovered. At *Corunna*, the Commodore and his *compagnons du voyage* landed, determining to travel from thence to Paris by land — the schooner, he despatched for *Bordeaux*. The only mode of travelling in Spain, at this period, was on post horses, and these of the most wretched sort, meagre, small, and so miserably feeble and poor-spirited, that the travellers were seven days and the greater part of the eighth night on the road from *Corunna* to *Bayonne*. There were no inns, or places of public accommodation on the road, and they were obliged to sleep in stables, and procure refreshments as their good luck enabled them among the ill provided peasantry. At *Bayonne*, they were fortunate enough to hire a carriage to *Bordeaux*, in which they travelled not only with more comfort but incomparably greater expedition. The Commodore's schooner arrived at *Bordeaux* two days after himself. He sold his cargo of coffee here for a profit of *four hundred per cent* and bought himself a neat travelling equipage, in which he made his journey to *Paris solus*. He arrived at the metropolis in October, and took lodgings at the *Hotel Grange, Bati-lier*. He lost no time, as we may suppose, when we consider the heavy responsibilities he had assumed, in waiting upon his banker, (who was also his privateer agent,) *M. Peregaux*. He found, that all his drafts upon him in favor of the consul general — to the very serious amount of *one hundred and thirtyeight thousand dollars* — had been paid, but that the corresponding bills of that functionary upon the Ministers of *Marine* and *Finance*, still remained *unpaid*: to add to his disappointment and vexation on this subject, his banker seemed to entertain very little hope, that the bills would *ever* be paid. We cannot wonder that such a state of things had an effect even upon his high and buoyant spirits, and that he felt in no humor to enter into any of the gayeties of *Paris*. Here was the greater part of the fruits of his many toils and perils — the means by which he had expected to make his family independent — if not entirely lost to him, at least in alarming jeopardy. He reported himself forthwith to the Minister of *Marine*; and from a hope that his personal exertions might be attended with better success than those of his banker, he solicited and readily

obtained permission to remain in Paris, for the purpose of applying to the proper authorities for payment. — The power of the French Republic at this period was overwhelming, and the insolence of its government in the same proportion unrestrained by any considerations of justice or national virtue. Nearly the whole continent, with the exception of Russia and Prussia, had been subdued by the invincible soldiers of the Republic, and Spain, Italy, and Holland, had not only been conquered, but were actually little more than colonies of France. The young Corsican, who had won the admiration of the Parisians five years before by beating them at the head of the Conventional troops, finding no longer a field in Europe for the display of his genius, was gone to plant his banners in the land of the Pharaohs; and intoxicated with constant victories, the government gave itself up to more atrocious acts of depravity than had disgraced the nation in its wildest anarchy. The Directory were only to be approached by high bribes, which few persons in search of mere justice were able to pay; and every officer from the lowest subordinates to the Ministers themselves, sold their labors and their influence at a premium which left a claimant but little hope of receiving anything even when his claim was admitted and ordered to be paid.

More than a year was spent by Commodore Barney and his friends — of whom he had many and powerful ones — before he could obtain anything more than an acknowledgment of the debt due to him. His very soul revolted at the idea of *bribing* the Directory to do him justice, and severe as the loss to him would be, he determined rather to let them keep the whole by their own wanton exercise of power, than be instrumental in promoting the cause of corruption by voluntarily giving any part of it to feed their rapacity. He continued to importune them from day to day, but though he had no reason to complain of want of civility, he was constantly told that there was *no money in the treasury*. With the hope perhaps of getting rid of his persevering applications, they appointed him to the command of the whole West India fleet, and ordered him to proceed immediately to Rochfort, where ten ships of war were lying destined for that service: he was to take out the agents for the different colonies, and then distribute his fleet as he thought proper. But even this splendid offer did not stop his demands for payment of his claim: he was resolved not to move from Paris until some settlement of that was made. At length on the 8th of November, 1799, the

Directory assured him that he should be paid the *next day* — the reader who is conversant with the history of the period, will remember that Bonaparte arrived from Egypt in the previous month of October, and that on the *ninth* day of November (— the day on which the Directory had promised to pay Barney,) he took the reins of government into his own hands, and on the 'next day' was declared *First Consul!* Thus was everything thrown into new forms, and all his solicitations were to be repeated through other channels. He positively refused to enter into service, and made such strong remonstrances to the Minister of Marine, that his furlough was renewed, that he might continue in Paris to try the effect of an application to the First Consul.

In the revolution of the memorable 9th of November, by which the Directory and the two Councils were put down at the point of the bayonet, and another of the numerous Constitutions, which it has been said the celebrated Abbé Sieyès always carried *in his pocket*, imposed upon the people, Commodore Barney took no part. He was not even a looker on at the *Tuileries*, nor had he the curiosity to follow the crowd to *St Cloud* — afterwards rendered so famous as the residence of the Imperial Court — to see the legislative body, which had been convoked there, thrust out of the Council Chamber by the grenadiers of 'the people's idol!' — The Directory had managed to render itself odious to all rational and moderate friends of liberty, and the Council of *Five Hundred* was little better than a mob of Jacobins, who retained all the sanguinary principles of the era of Robespierre, and seemed to act under the persuasion that their countrymen were to be governed only by a system of terror. Under such circumstances, it was hardly possible that any change in the government could be for the worse; and the subject of our narrative had never felt sufficient interest in the internal affairs of France, to range himself under the banner of any of the various political parties, into which it had been from year to year, and indeed from month to month, divided. He contented himself, therefore, with waiting quietly until order should be again restored, and in the meantime found full occupation in looking into his private affairs, which unfortunately for him, he was but too much in the habit of trusting to the management of others. The reader will recollect that he was largely concerned in several privateer cruisers, besides the cutter which was his own exclusive property, and that this was the first opportunity he had had, for

several years, of ascertaining whether their enterprises had been successful or otherwise. He learned, upon inquiry, that they had captured and sent in many rich and valuable prizes, his portion of which would probably nearly cover the loss, which there was but too much reason to fear he should sustain, by the failure of the government to repay his advances; but, when he called upon the several agents and persons concerned, for a settlement of their respective accounts, he was soon convinced that he had nothing to hope from that source. He had placed his confidence in sharpers and swindlers, from whose gripe it was impossible to rescue, by any process of force or persuasion, the various sums which had at different times fallen into their hands: the amount, of which he was defrauded by the villainy of a *single individual*, concerned in one of the privateers, was upwards of *one hundred thousand dollars* — his aggregate loss was, of course, nearly double that sum: — we say *loss*, because the money had been actually gained, and was legally and justly his property.

But there was a still deeper vexation in store for him, from a source from which he but little expected anything unfair or dishonorable. It is perhaps remembered by the reader, that in the year 1794, just before he accepted the appointment of *Chef de Division* in the service of the Republic, he had received from the Committee of Finance an acknowledgment of the debt due his partner and himself by the St Domingo agents, for a part of the Sampson's cargo, and that orders had been given to the French Minister in the United States to provide for its payment out of the debt due by the government of the latter to France, upon his visit to Bordeaux in that year, for the purpose of despatching the several vessels which had brought out the flour under his contract with the French Minister, we mentioned that he had been so fortunate, *as he then thought*, to sell his claim upon the French government to a house in Bordeaux, which had enabled him to make a full return to his partner upon their flour contract, without detaining his vessels to wait for the brandies, for which he had the orders of the Committee of Finance, but which could not have been collected for several months in sufficient quantities to load his several vessels. He regarded as *fortunate* this sale of his claim, not because he entertained the slightest doubt of its validity — for that had already been acknowledged — or that he believed there would be any obstacle to its being provided for as the government had prescribed — but its sale, at that moment, enabled him to close

accounts with his partner at home, freed him from all *business* obligations in which the interests of others were in his charge, and left him at liberty to enter the service of the Republic, which he had only been prevented from doing, (when the National Convention had in a manner so honorable to him pressed it upon him,) by a sense of duty to those who were concerned with him in the affairs that brought him to France. He had believed it to be explicitly understood, that the Bordeaux house purchased the claim at their own risk and peril: they were as well acquainted with its nature as he was, and much better acquainted with the French government and the credit due to its financial arrangements — the only risk or peril, however, apprehended on either side was the *delay* that might occur in its final payment; and this delay was of course *taken into consideration* in adjusting the terms of purchase and sale. They purchased the claim upon terms which they believed would bring them a handsome profit — the seller, on the other hand, was contented with his bargain, solely for the reasons we have stated; he gained *time*, and became at once master of his own actions. But it would have been infinitely better for him, as it turned out, to have waited until the next year's crop of grapes had been distilled into brandy, or have bound himself by new obligations to other men's business for an indefinite sum than have purchased his freedom at so dear a rate. — He had scarcely left France with the honorable command of two frigates for the West Indies, when suit was instituted against him at *Bordeaux*, to recover back the money which had been paid him for the claim against the government! Though it had been perfectly understood that considerable delay might occur in the payment of the claim by the government, and this delay had been taken into calculation in the purchase, besides the consideration that it was a *final* bargain so far as the seller was concerned, it seems this Bordeaux house, having failed in their first application to the government, lost their *temper*, as well as their recollection of the terms of agreement, and forthwith resorted to the Courts to enforce restitution from the seller. In the absence of Commodore Barney from the country, and the failure of any person to appear for him in Bordeaux to defend the suit, it was no difficult matter for a wealthy and influential firm, to obtain a judgment against him in the Court at Bordeaux. On his return to France, he of course appealed from this iniquitous judgment, and carried the cause through all the various forms of judicial appeal then known to the laws of the Repub-

lic ; but as in truth the Courts were mere *forms*, where bribery and corruption never failed to carry the day against law and equity, he was finally condemned to pay the enormous sum of *fiftyone thousand dollars*, being *seventeen* thousand more than the original amount of his claim on the government, and considerably upwards of *twenty thousand more than he had received for it!* But in addition to this, a large portion of the claim had been actually paid by the government to the Bordeaux house, so that they made a handsome speculation by their intimacy with the modes of doing business in the French Republic ! It was in vain to protest against such prostitution of justice : he would not have resorted to the same means that were so successfully employed against him, to have saved himself from beggary and ruin ; and he was consequently compelled to submit. He was now actually *minus*, by his connexion with the Republic, nearly two hundred thousand dollars, and 1800 it cannot be matter of wonder, that he should feel no interest in the important political events that were now bursting upon the world from the revolution of St Cloud.

As soon as the first Consul, by his prompt and decisive measures, and his intuitive sagacity as a statesman, had restored order to the several departments of the new government, and was at leisure to attend to minor concerns and the complaints of individuals, the Commodore procured an introduction to him, through his friend Admiral Gantheaume, for the purpose of renewing to the head of the Government application for the payment of his claims. The First Consul received him with the most winning urbanity, entered into immediate and rapid discourse with him respecting the United States, the situation of St Domingo, the conduct of the agents there, &c, and seemed to be as well acquainted as Barney himself with all the subjects upon which he asked his information. He invited him to dine with him, hoped he should see him often at his *levées*, and bowed him out without giving an opportunity for a word to be said in relation to the *claim*. It was gaining something, however, he thought, to have had such an introduction as placed him at once in the distinguished circle that surrounded the great man, and he was determined to lose nothing by neglecting to use the privileges allowed him. He attended all the military parades, in his uniform of *Chef de Division*, or general officer, never missed one of Josephine's elegant and agreeable *soirées*, and had the honor of frequent invitations to the table of the Consul. But all this brought him *no money* ; he found

that he did not advance a single step nearer towards obtaining a settlement of his claim ; and the only effect of the distinction with which he was treated by the great Captain, was to raise up a host of enemies against him in the jealous sycophants, who even then formed a regular body of courtiers, who lived upon the smiles of the future emperor. It was in vain he applied to every person supposed to have influence with the Consul ;— those who were willing to promise the liquidation of his claim, made such extravagant demands, as fees of office, amounting to one third, and sometimes to one half, the sums to be received, that he preferred to lose the whole, rather than submit to the imposition. Tired at length of fruitless solicitation, he determined to return to the United States, and for that purpose, in October of this year, he demanded his discharge from the French service ; but the consul refused to grant it at that moment, on the flattering pretence that he had, or would soon have, important occasion for his services, which he added might be the more willingly rendered since peace had been made between his native and adopted countries. As he could not with propriety insist upon throwing up his commission at the moment he was told that his services would be wanted, he was obliged to make up his mind as well as he could to the disappointment ; and resolved to employ the time of his further detention at Paris, in still pursuing every measure circumstances might suggest to bring about a settlement of his claim. But it was all to no purpose : several laws were passed which *funded* certain debts of particular years, and his was among the number for which this future provision was made ; and upon the conclusion of the treaty with the United States, he was admitted to claim as an *American* citizen, but there was no specific provision for his payment, and he could only come in under the general article prescribing the reciprocal liquidation of *all* debts between the two nations.

About this period, we find among his papers, a letter from La Fayette, alluding to certain *generous plans to rescue his wife and family from Jacobinical tyranny*, but when, where, or what these plans were, we regret our total incapability to explain, as the Commodore made no memorandum of the circumstance, nor a single note in his journal in reference to it. The letter gives no elucidation of the incident, being altogether one of grateful acknowledgment, and of regret that circumstances prevent his 'coming nearer the capital' that he might have the pleasure of taking by the hand an *American fellow-citizen, who has glori-*

ously supported the flag of the United States, and the republican colors of France.' There is one passage in the letter, which shows how clearly the writer foresaw the end to which the revolution was hastening, and how well he understood the character of his countrymen. After his allusion to the *Jacobinism* of the former councils, he speaks of the elevation of the First Consul, as the proceedings of a coalition *more congenial to the opposite extreme* than either party seem to be aware of! If the book of destiny had been unrolled before him, he could not have spoken with a more prophetic spirit.

After waiting nearly two years longer, during which time the 'occasion for his services' to which the Consul had alluded, did not occur, he renewed his application to be discharged, 1802 ed, and it was now complied with, in a manner well calculated to soothe his feelings and gratify his pride. He was placed upon the pension roll at an allowance of fifteen hundred pounds *per annum* during life, and received a letter from the Minister of Marine, written by order of the consul, in which his services to the republic are spoken of in the highest terms of compliment. The pension he never claimed, nor would he have received it under any circumstances of the direst necessity; but he felt proud of the testimony given to his merits, because he was conscious his conduct had deserved it. — An intimate friend of the Commodore, the late Paul Bentalou, Esq. of Baltimore — a gallant soldier of our revolution, who fought under the banner of the brave Pulaski — was at this time in Paris, and kindly took upon himself the charge of those private affairs which he was still obliged to leave unsettled; and the Commodore, leaving with him full powers to act in his behalf, bade adieu to the capital on the first of July, 1802, and on the 14th of the same month embarked at Havre de Grace for the United States.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bad condition of the ship 'Neptune.' — She puts into Fayal for repairs. — Politeness of the American consul there. — Difficulty of procuring requisite materials. — Trade winds. — Ignorance and obstinacy of the captain of the Neptune. — Storm off Cape Hatteras. — The Neptune sinks. — Passengers and crew saved by a small schooner. — Exorbitant demand of her skipper for taking them into Hampton. — The Commodore arrives at Baltimore. — Reflections upon his past career: — calumnies refuted. — Disappointments in the settlement of his affairs: — active hostility of those whom he had most befriended: — baseness of his St Domingo agent: — law suits. — His family. — Arrival of Jerome Bonaparte and suite at Baltimore: — they take up their residence with the Commodore: — excursions through the country: — Jerome falls in love: — remonstrance and advice thrown away upon him: — his marriage. — Anecdotes of General Reubel. — Restoration of the value of ship Sampson and cargo. — The Commodore establishes his three sons in business with a large capital. — He receives a large remittance from Paris: — becomes a candidate for Congress — his popularity in Baltimore proof against slander. — 'Chesapeake affair.' — He offers his services to Mr Jefferson. — Death of Mrs Barney. — He renews the offer of his services to Mr Madison. — His last commercial enterprise — and its loss. — He takes a second wife: — becomes again a candidate for Congress, and is a second time defeated.

THE vessel in which our *ci-devant* French citizen and *Chef de Division des Armées Navales*, embarked on his homeward voyage, was an old French ship, with an American captain, bound to Norfolk. She had a number of passengers, among whom the Commodore was gratified to recognise one or two of his Baltimore friends. At present, the voyage to and from Europe and the United States, is a matter of such every day occurrence, and the regular monthly and weekly packets afford such comfortable accommodations, that a passenger has no chance of forming an idea how differently the same thing was managed thirty years ago. He has now his choice of half a dozen fine, elegant ships, perhaps, all splendidly fitted for the very purpose of conveying him in the speediest, easiest, and safest manner to the desired port, and if it be not convenient for him to sail to-day, he has the same choice tomorrow, and every day in the week — but thirty years ago, if he were not alert enough to take advantage of the first chance that offered, he might not

find another for a month afterwards, and even then be confined to 'Hobson's choice.' — Such in fact was the case with those who took passage in the 'Neptune;' nothing but the uncertainty of meeting with another opportunity, in any definite term of delay, could have induced them to embark in a ship which held out so few promises either of speed, comfort, or safety. While the weather continued good, however, which it did for several days after they left the harbor, she fared, as they say of *other females* at certain times, which sooner or later come to most of them, 'as well as could be expected' — but when the wind began to blow, and the sea to fret, she began to labor, and crack, and leak, as if her last hour were come, and she were about to descend to the 'dark, unfathomed caves' of the deity whose name she bore. — A council of safety being held on the premises, it was determined to steer for the nearest port in the Western Islands; and after a few days longer of very uncomfortable prospects, they arrived at Fayal. The Commodore found an old friend in the American consul, through whose attention and politeness they readily obtained all the assistance which the Island would afford in refitting the ship; but as few of the requisite articles for that purpose were to be procured, they were obliged to content themselves with mere temporary expedients, and trust again to the chance of good weather. The truth is, the ship was too old to stand the slightest shock of the sea, and after being out a few days from Fayal, her diabetic complaint returned upon her more copiously than ever, and it was deemed advisable to bear away to the southward for the purpose of getting into the trade winds and the moderate weather which generally prevails in their track. The passage was of course necessarily long and tedious, but rendered still more so by the ignorance and obstinacy of the captain, who was alike unacquainted with navigation, and unwilling to take advice. At length, in September, they made the coast of North Carolina, and got soundings a little to the south of Cape Hatteras; in this situation, the captain, being afraid of approaching too near the coast, in defiance of all remonstrance and persuasion, insisted upon *lying to* all night in the Gulf stream, with the wind blowing fresh from the east and a heavy sea running. The natural consequence was, that before morning, notwithstanding the constant labor at the pumps, which was alternately shared by every person on board, the water had gained so rapidly upon her, that it became necessary to lighten her. In this the passengers, whose lives were at a stake, did not choose to wait for the de-

cision of the captain, but commenced at once by throwing overboard everything that came in their way. All this however did not lighten her sufficiently, and a part of the cargo was doomed to the same destruction. They then attempted to make for the land, but the ship was still so deep in the water that she made but little head-way, and had been drifted so far to the eastward by the current, that all their efforts proved unavailing. During the whole of that and the succeeding night, the labor at the pumps was without one moment's intermission; and on the morning of the 29th September, the water in the hold was *up to the lower deck*, and the weather thick and threatening. The land was still distant from them, and there seemed to be no hope left, that they could keep the ship afloat long enough to reach it.

While they were in this state of gloomy anticipation, the light of hope broke upon them once more, in the appearance of a small schooner, at no great distance from them. This was at eight o'clock in the morning. They immediately hoisted signals of distress, which for some time the schooner did not seem to perceive; at length, however, she bore down within hail, and upon being informed of their situation, the captain, apparently with some reluctance, promised to receive them on board. The sea was running very high at the moment, and it seemed doubtful whether a small boat could live in it; but while others were hesitating whether to run the hazard, the Commodore with the assistance of a couple of the men hoisted out the boat, jumped into her and pushed off for the schooner. It was fortunate for the rest of them that he did so, for her captain seemed so unwilling to remain near the ship, that he would most probably have abandoned her to her fate, but for the presence and persuasion of Barney. In getting on board the schooner, he was thrown against the main chains, and very severely wounded in the leg; but this did not prevent his making every exertion to save his fellow passengers and the crew of the sinking ship. He manœuvred the schooner so as to keep her near; the small boat was sent back — the long boat was hoisted out, and in the course of the day, by much distressing toil, it was managed to get every body out of the ship, together with the greater part of their clothing, and a small quantity of provisions. As the last individuals left the ship, the water was running into her cabin windows, and shortly afterwards she went down, head foremost, never to ride the waves again.

They were now in fifteen fathom water off Currituck. The

schooner which had so providentially come to their rescue, wa very small, loaded with salt, and of course but ill provided with accommodations for an addition of *twentyeight* souls to her crew ; but even the necessity of lying upon deck, in wet clothes, was better than the chance of safety which their boats would have offered them, and we may very well believe they did not regret the alternative. The Commodore, as soon as the bustle and excitement of the scene were over, began to suffer very severe pain from his leg, which was not only badly cut but much bruised ; but there was nothing on board the schooner to offer him relief, and he was obliged to bear it with such philosophy as the situation inspired. The next consideration was, how and where they were to find a port — the captain of the schooner was not one of the most accommodating of his class, and was not inclined to put himself much out of his way for mere humanity's sake : he was but a day's sail from Norfolk, and he agreed to land them there for *five hundred dollars* ! Money seldom has the same value to persons in the situation of the Commodore and his fellow-sufferers, that it has in the eyes of speculators and traders, and the latter have generally an instinct in finding out where they may be exorbitant without risk. The bargain was struck between them, and they steered for the Capes of Virginia, which they entered the next night ; and on the 1st October they were landed at Hampton — not desiring to put the captain further out of his way, than was absolutely necessary. Their landing here was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance, as they escaped the hazard of the yellow fever, which they were informed was prevailing at Norfolk. The Commodore found it necessary to employ a physician here to his wounded limb, which detained him several days. He was the bearer of despatches from Mr Livingston, then our minister at Paris, for the President, which he thought it best to send on from Hampton by the first opportunity, rather than detain them until he should be able to deliver them in person. Having done this he gave himself wholly to the care of his wound, and on the 6th was able to get on board a packet for Baltimore, where he arrived two days afterwards. He barely took time to greet his family, before he proceeded to Washington, believing it his duty to wait upon the President that he might give him an opportunity of asking such questions in relation to France as his late connexion with that country would enable him to answer with propriety. His late sufferings and fatigue had enfeebled him too much to bear his habitual rapidity of motion — he was

seized with a fever the day after he reached Washington, and confined to his bed for several days. On the 23d, however, he was well enough to take his dinner with Mr Jefferson — who had been very kind, and personally attentive to him, in his sickness — and the next day he returned once more to the bosom of his family.

Thus terminated an absence from his home and country of more than eight years. It could not properly be called an expatriation; for he had never for one moment lost his affection for his native land, or in a single instance swerved from the principles which had led him, twentyseven years before, to jeopard all he had — his life — in defence of her liberties. To doubt the patriotism of one who had passed through the nine years' ordeal of the Revolution, under so many vicissitudes of fortune, unchanged and faithful to the last, as Commodore Barney had done, would be to deny that any such principle of action or motive of conduct exists in the human heart; for we are bold to say, if *he* possessed it not, history is a fable, and the monuments raised to their country's champions, from the days of Brutus to the present, record the dreams of poets and not the actions of heroes. When Commodore Barney went to France, in 1794, he had not the most remote idea of remaining there longer than would be necessary to accomplish the commercial objects of his mission; but the unexpected and very flattering reception which he met with from the National Convention, relumed the spark of chivalry in his bosom; and to his natural love of enterprise was added a feeling of resentment at his recent treatment by the English, which determined him to seize the only opportunity he might have of retaliation. That he did not immediately accept the appointment so publicly and in so complimentary a manner pressed upon him by the Convention, is an honorable proof how little he permitted his personal wishes and feelings to interfere with the concerns of others: he had undertaken to transact a certain business in which a partner had as much interest as himself; another might have accomplished it, perhaps, with equal success, but the trust had been reposed in him, and he would not have neglected it, to have been made commander in chief of the French navy. We shall soon have occasion to see, how differently the agents and delegates in whom he reposed confidence, acted towards him. Punctilious himself in the discharge of every duty he undertook, he was peculiarly exposed to be deceived by others; for until woful experience had taught him the con-

trary, he never doubted that every man who was received in society as a gentleman, was as scrupulous and exact in his notions of honor as himself, and to have hesitated in confiding in him, he would have regarded as little less insulting than pulling his nose. But we shall have more to say on this subject in a little while. Let us at present take a short retrospect of his eight years' services to France. For nearly three years of this period, he was commander in chief of the naval forces of the Republic in the West Indies; and though his enemy, during the whole of that time, exceeded him in number and force, nearly as ten to one, he lost none of his ships of war, and but one vessel of any description that was under his immediate protection. When we consider how often, and under how many disadvantageous circumstances, he met that enemy, it is impossible to withhold the acknowledgment, that this fact alone entitles him to the highest degree of praise, for vigilance, prudence, and professional skill. — To his generous exertions, and to the liberal disbursement of his own private funds, not only were the suffering inhabitants of St Domingo indebted for preservation from the horrors of famine, but France owed the retention of her colony. The French Directory, of the period, were so sensible of this fact, that they made it the subject of an especial communication to the Council of Five Hundred, in which they acknowledge the obligations of the nation to '*Citoyen Barney*,' in the warmest terms of eulogy. It was not often they condescended to notice any but the most brilliant military achievements, and we may hence infer how highly they estimated the services which could induce them thus to step beyond their ordinary course. — We have already mentioned more than once — but it is proper it should be repeated here — that during the lawless and unprincipled depredations of the belligerents upon neutral Commerce, which grew out of the British Orders in Council, when Commodore Barney, in right of his affiliation with the Republic, purchased and fitted out sundry vessels to cruise against the enemy's trade, he *expressly forbade them to interfere with American property* — a prohibition which they never in a single instance infringed. — We have seen further, that, from the moment in which actual hostilities commenced between the United States and France, until long after the treaty of peace was concluded, he did not engage in any active service for the Republic; having spent the whole of that time in Paris, in endeavoring to settle his private affairs. — In the teeth of these facts, which were as notorious as any other

incidents of the French Revolution, his acceptance of the distinction conferred upon him by the French Republic, became the fruitful source of calumnies and slanders, and the pretext for quarrels, enmities, and ill-will, which pursued him in various forms of harassing persecution from the moment of his return to the close of his life.

As soon as the Commodore became a little renovated by repose from the fatigues of his tedious and disastrous voyage, he began to look into the various commercial concerns in which he had an interest, and which he had for so many years entirely trusted to the management of others. If he had met with the same justice from others which had regulated all his own dealings, it is very certain that he would have been enabled, on his return to Baltimore, to set himself down to the quiet and peaceable enjoyment of a fortune little short of *half a million of dollars*; but from the many hints we have already given of his inattention to the details of trade, and of his unlimited confidence in the honesty of those with whom he was connected in business, the reader will not be surprised to learn that his investigations ended in a very different result. The old partnership concern, of which we have so often spoken, was found to be entangled in such a web of difficulties—owing to the *books having been burned*—that the only hope of unravelling it was in a resort to a lawsuit.

The young gentleman whom he had constituted his agent at St Domingo in 1796, and to whom he had previously extended his friendship in France, had retired from the Cape, in eighteen months after the Commodore established him, with a fortune of upwards of forty thousand dollars for himself, but nothing for his constituent! This is the more remarkable, as he was so entirely penniless when he arrived at the Cape that but for the kindness of Commodore Barney in advancing money to him, he would have been without the means of procuring a day's subsistence. He not only opened his purse to him, but took him under his protection—which was as necessary to his success as money—introduced him to his friends, and placed in his hands the management of all his affairs, both public and private contracts. The return of this young man to the United States in so short a time, with so handsome a fortune, would not be perhaps out of the course of commercial enterprise, and would scarcely deserve to be noticed if the affairs of his friend and principal had prospered in the same ratio under his industrious and skilful management. But the fact is the very reverse

— the affairs entrusted to him were not only left unsettled and unprosperous but actually sunk into inextricable disorder and embarrassment. Nor is this all; during the protracted absence of the Commodore in France, this model of fidelity and gratitude trumped up a claim against him *for services rendered*, to an enormous amount, for which he demanded payment of the Commodore's *family*, and threatened to seize and sell the house over their heads — thus in return for the paternal kindnesses he had received in times of utmost need, would he have turned the wife and children of his absent benefactor into the street! He did actually institute a lawsuit against the maker of his fortune — his claims were examined — every item of his account was admitted by the Commodore without question — and the result was a balance in favor of the *agent of less than a hundred dollars*. How, and from *what capital*, he had made *for himself* forty thousand dollars, while he brought his friend and constituent *in debt*, were inquiries left to his own conscience; they were not pressed into the trial which resulted in the addition of some eighty or ninety dollars to his splendid success at the Cape. And is it possible, (the reader will exclaim,) that this young man — who, upon his marriage in France, was indebted to the benevolence of Commodore Barney for the means of bringing his wife home; who, afterwards, upon landing at Cape Francois without one dollar in his pocket, found the same friend ready to relieve his necessities, to take him into his confidence, and to place him in the responsible and lucrative post of agent for extensive and important concerns — could harbor the idea for a moment of turning the family of his benefactor out of doors, for the pitiful *balance* of eighty or ninety dollars? It is a sorry exhibition of human nature, but it is nevertheless true. This man, as might be readily anticipated, became one of the most inveterate and implacable enemies of the Commodore; and in conjunction with the several individuals to whom he had given contracts for the supply of the Cape with provisions, and *protections* for their vessels against French privateers, resorted to every means which baseness and malice could suggest to calumniate and injure him, not only in the estimation of his fellow-citizens but in that of the general government. They succeeded but too well for a time in destroying the peace and happiness of their victim; but truth always sooner or later prevails against the most artful machinations, and the public were not long in discovering the baseness of the motives that actuated his persecutors and calumniators.

In addition to these heavy causes of annoyance and embarrassment, the Commodore was unable to obtain any satisfactory account of the expenditure, or waste, of the large sums which he had at various times transmitted to his agent, as well for the use of his family as for investment, and which had been, somehow or other, reduced to a mere trifle. Thus did disappointment, chagrin, and perplexity, meet him at every step of his investigation into his pecuniary resources — instead of finding himself master, as he knew he ought to be, of a splendid independence, he was driven to perpetual lawsuits to recover even the small balances that were acknowledged to be his due, and but that he had always retained something in his own hands, for fear of accidents, he would now have been in actual distress in the midst of those who owed their fortunes to his enterprise and his friendship. It is a remarkable fact, that he should in no instance of his life have found an agent faithful! His own integrity and singleness of heart, as we have already remarked, rendered him unsuspecting and confident, and exposed him in a peculiar manner to be deceived by the cunning and duplicity of the dishonest. His roaming mode of life, too, while it shut him out from the possibility of giving that degree of attention which every man owes to his own affairs, offered opportunities to his agents too tempting to be resisted, and those who under other circumstances might have proved faithful, when they found large sums daily coming into their hands, for which month after month passed without their being called to a reckoning, began at last to think it would never come and appropriated them to their own use. That he should find his bitterest persecutors in those upon whom he had bestowed most favors, is no more than every other man in this world has found who has had favors to bestow; but still no man feels this dereliction the less sensibly because it belongs to the depravity of human nature; and an honest, warm hearted, benevolent *sailor* feels it more strongly perhaps than an individual of any other class, because he is in the habit of forming his judgment of others from his own heart, and the disappointment is the severer from being wholly unexpected. — In the midst of his perplexities, he was called upon to pay a debt for which he had become *security* on a joint bond some fifteen years before, which swallowed up nearly four thousand dollars of his reduced funds, and for which, of course, he never received even the thanks of the individual for whose use it was paid.

We purposely omitted to mention, at the time of its occur-

rence, a fact which we thought would be better brought to the reader's attention, on the return of the Commodore to his family, because it then would be remembered, in refutation of *one* of the calumnies growing out of his foreign service. The reader will recollect, that when Commodore Barney left Paris for Holland, in obedience to the first order he received after entering the French service, he took his son with him as far as Dunkirk, from which port he despatched him to the United States. The object for which he sent him home was to bear to his wife the intelligence of his having accepted a commission in the French navy, and the most earnest entreaties that she would join him at Paris with all the family as early as possible, where preparation had been made for their reception before he left that city. Mrs Barney, however, though this proposition of the Commodore was ardently seconded by her son William, who was then in his fifteenth year, and fully competent to be the escort of the family, entertained so unconquerable a horror of a sea voyage, that no entreaties could prevail upon her to undertake it, and the design was necessarily abandoned. It was perhaps as well, as events turned up, that she did not remove the family to Paris; for, as we have seen, the Commodore was as little at Paris for the first three or four years of his service as he was at Baltimore, and when at length he returned thither in 1798, it was with the design, constantly frustrated from day to day, of retiring from the service and rejoining his family in the United States. — This little explanation, we trust, will satisfy those of our readers who found cause of censure in the apparent readiness of the Commodore to alienate himself so long from his family, and it is an answer to those of his enemies who, at the moment of his return, took pains to circulate the calumny that he was as destitute of conjugal and parental affection as of patriotism! — Yes! we firmly believe it: but in a very different sense from the meaning of his calumniators; if the man who never for an instant swerved from the most heroic devotion to his country through the gloomiest period of her struggles, can with truth be said to be *destitute of patriotism*, then it may with equal justice be affirmed that he was *destitute of conjugal and parental affection* — but until the first can be established, the last must remain incredible. No man ever lived with a heart more warmly susceptible of all the domestic affections than the subject of this narrative, and we believe that no man ever enjoyed in a higher degree the love and devotion of wife and chil-

dren — a circumstance which would be altogether unnatural upon the presumption that such love and devotion were unrequited.

In July of this year the Commodore was called off for a little while from the troublesome and vexatious investigation of his money concerns by the unexpected visit of Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, to the United States. He had received from the Consul the commission of *Capitaine de Vaisseau*, without having, however, the slightest pretensions to a knowledge of its duties, and had taken the opportunity of a cruise in the West India seas, to make a visit to Baltimore. He was accompanied by his friend General Reubel, a secretary, physician, and a large suite of attendants, all of whom were immediately invited by the Commodore to reside with him during their stay in the city — an invitation which was very gratefully accepted, and they remained several weeks to partake the elegant hospitality of his family. Upon Jerome's expressing a wish to visit Philadelphia, the Commodore gratified him by planning an agreeable excursion through York, Lancaster, the Springs, and other fashionable places of summer resort, to all which he accompanied and introduced him. They passed several days in Philadelphia, with which Jerome professed to be very much pleased; and as everybody connected with the Great Captain was more or less '*a lion*' in the United States, the Commodore lost no opportunity of gratifying the very natural curiosity of his fellow-citizens by 'showing off' the young Jerome at all public places within reach. — The *Races* at the beautiful village of Havre-de-Grace, on the Susquehanna, offered one of these occasions, and an immense concourse of countrymen from the neighboring counties had there the chance of seeing, what subsequent events made a matter to talk of for the rest of their lives — the future *King* of Westphalia — the brother of the greatest man in the world! — A short time after their return to Baltimore, the *Races* at Govane's-town took place, and there for the first time Jerome saw the beautiful Miss P——. A single glance was enough to fire his heart — he had never seen so lovely a creature before, and forgetting brother, empire, future prospects, and everything but the fascinating object before him, he insisted upon an introduction to her, and very soon appealed to the friendship of the Commodore to aid him in his matrimonial designs. The Commodore very prudently and firmly remonstrated with him against

the folly of forming an attachment with any lady in the United States, situated as he was — under age, and entirely dependent upon his brother, who had no doubt other views for him: he reminded him that the laws of France would not recognise a marriage so contracted, and that in the event of his brother's objecting to it, the innocent and lovely object of his affections would be torn from him and the consequence could not be otherwise than painful to all parties. Commodore Barney felt it to be his further duty to make the same representations to Miss P—— and her family, and thus instead of assisting Jerome in the step which he seemed resolved upon taking, he did everything that strict propriety would justify to prevent its consummation. Our readers need not be told how little his arguments availed on either side — the marriage was probably delayed by his interference, but at length took place on *Christmas* day 1804 — the whole world are acquainted with the result.

While Jerome was thus laying up for himself and others the fruits of future regrets and unhappiness, his friend General Reubel, in whom there existed no obstacle to the surrender of his heart, had been equally fascinated with another of the Baltimore *belles* — the daughter of a French gentleman who had come to this country from France immediately after the Alliance, and had borne his share of the dangers and honors of our revolutionary struggle. He had a large family of children, but his fortune was sufficiently ample to promise a handsome portion to them all. The addresses of General Reubel proved as acceptable to the father as they were to the daughter, and he was made happy in the possession of one of the most lovely women that ever blessed a soldier's suit. — The historical reader is aware that when Jerome was afterwards made, by his Imperial brother, King of Westphalia, General Reubel was appointed commander in chief of the army of that kingdom; and that upon an alleged failure to cut off and make prisoner the Duke of Brunswick Oels, suspicions of his fidelity were entertained by Napoleon, who instantly ordered his arrest upon the charge of having connived at the Duke's escape. It is believed, that Jerome gave private notice to his friend of this order, and thus enabled him to make his escape to England, where he waited only until he was joined by his amiable wife, and came again to the United States. He found a warm welcome in the family of his father-in-law, where he resided for several years, and engaged in partnership with an accomplished

Professor of Chemistry, now deceased, in the manufacture of *white lead*, and several other chemical products, then for the first time manufactured in Baltimore. He remained thus usefully employed until the change in the political condition of his native country induced him to return to France. — General Reubel was an amiable and honorable man in all his relations to society — a well bred gentleman, a soldier of the first order, a man of science and general intelligence, and a faithful, estimable friend. His father was a *Fermier General* and possessed a splendid estate in Alsace. He never forgave Napoleon for the dishonorable suspicions which drove him from Europe, and indeed could not bring himself to converse upon the subject with any degree of calmness. His feelings broke forth whenever Napoleon's name was mentioned in a torrent of invective, and on these occasions he would deny all military merit whatever to the Corsican hero, maintaining in the teeth of reason, common sense, and facts, that his great reputation had been the work of his generals unaided by his own genius or talents. His father-in-law, on the contrary, was equally warm in his admiration of Napoleon, and the scenes that sometimes occurred between them — though to a stranger they would have conveyed the idea of an irreconcilable quarrel — afforded infinite amusement to the intimate friends of the family, who knew the real and affectionate respect that mutually subsisted for each other. A recurrence to the same theme was as regular a custom to the old gentleman after dinner as his glass of wine, unless there happened to be strangers present, and then he was willing to forego the pleasure of seeing his son-in-law in a passion, until the circle was narrowed to the few who could enjoy it as well as himself, without misinterpreting the language or motives of either.

During the present year, the Commodore's *luck* — if we may so call it — in pecuniary matters, began to take a favorable turn. The proceedings of the Colonial courts, in the case of the ship *Sampson* and her cargo, having been reconsidered in London, under an article of the treaty with England, were declared to have been illegal, and a decision was made by which the value was restored to the American owners. The proportion coming to him, under this favorable decision, amounted to *fortyfive thousand dollars*; but as this sum was to be paid by *instalment*, it became necessary, in order to make a final settlement and realize at once all the advantages of such a credit in England, to send an agent thither, and his third son, John, was selected

for this purpose. He succeeded in the negotiation, and in the course of the year returned to Baltimore with merchandize to the full amount. Upon his arrival, the Commodore immediately established his three sons in business, giving to each one *fifteen thousand dollars* in goods and cash, and an additional credit of *ten thousand dollars* — thus making their joint capital equal to *fiftyfive thousand dollars*. Few young men ever commenced business with a more splendid capital, or under more favorable auspices; but we regret to be compelled to add, that their commercial career was a short and disastrous one. It does not belong to our subject to inquire into the causes which led to their failure, but it is our duty to repel the censure that was illiberally cast upon the father for this act of paternal munificence. We believe that no imputation ever rested upon the integrity of the fraternal firm, but whatever may have been the source of their ill success, surely a father cannot be blamed for placing confidence in the characters and conduct of his children. He was actuated by the purest feelings of parental love — he had always exclaimed against the policy of those parents who kept their sons at a distance, and dependent, during their own lives, that they might leave a large inheritance at their deaths. He preferred, and he made no secret of his feelings, to divide his fortune while he lived, that he might be regarded as the *friend* of his children; and whatever offence his conduct may have given to other fathers in whose dread presence sons are accustomed to tremble and dissemble, it is a well known fact, that the equality upon which he placed his children, and the familiarity with which he treated them upon all occasions, so far from lessening their filial respect, knitted the family together in a bond of love and harmony that death only could sever.

Soon after the establishment of his sons in business, he received a remittance from his friend and agent at Paris, the late Paul Bentalou, Esquire, of 300,000 francs — equal to *fiftysix thousand dollars* — on account of his claim against the French Government; so that if the sons had been less unfortunate, he

had now a prospect of spending the rest of his days in 1805 ease and happiness. In the course of this year, Mr

Jefferson offered him the superintendency of the navy-yard, then recently established at Washington; but some untoward circumstances of the moment induced him to decline what would, at any other time, have been accepted as an honorable testimony of his good standing with the government of his country.

In the autumn of 1806, he was persuaded, by the earnest solicitations of many of his friends, to become a candidate for a seat in the national legislature. On such an occasion, it will not be supposed that those who had been laboring, from the moment of his return to the United States, to injure him in reputation as much as they had done in fortune, would be idle. The opportunity, which an election in our 'happy land' affords, for the fabrication and propagation of every species of slander and vituperation, was too good to be lost by men who were on the watch for chances of perpetrating mischief in a mask — calumniators have always an opportunity during an electioneering *campaign*, as it is not inaptly called, of entrenching themselves behind 'the freedom of the press,' or hiding their responsibility in a mob, and thus securely launching their poisoned arrows at the object of their enmity. — The old calumnies against him were revived, and circulated throughout the district with the activity and industry that belong to malice — he was again branded with the epithets of Frenchman, deserter from his country, alien from his family. In the *city* of Baltimore, where he was best known, these electioneering slanders passed for what they were — the creations of vindictive malignity; but in the *county*, they had all the effect which their cowardly propagators anticipated. It is proper to state, for the information of those who may not be acquainted with the manner in which the State of Maryland is divided into congressional districts, that the *city* and *county* of Baltimore form *one* district, which is entitled to *two* representatives in Congress. It was avowedly the design of the legislature, and has been the uniform practice of the district except in the case before us, to divide the honors of representation by giving one representative to the city, and the other to the county, each understood, as a matter of course, to be respectively a *resident* among his immediate constituents. Commodore Barney, notwithstanding the powerful combination against him, obtained a majority of the *city* votes, and was, in all fairness, both as it regarded the city and himself, entitled to a seat in Congress: he was returned by the proper authorities as *duly elected*; but his opponent, Mr McCreery, a resident of the county, contested the election, upon the ground that the *aggregate* of votes in the whole *district* gave a majority in his favor. It is known, that each House of Congress is, respectively, the judge, without appeal, of the validity of the elections of its own members; and the committee of elections, in the House of Representa-

tives, having reported in favor of Mr McCreery's pretensions, this gentleman was declared by the House entitled to the contested seat. One of the Commodore's most inveterate persecutors was at the time a member of Congress, and to *his* influence and misrepresentations he always attributed a decision, so manifestly at war with the laws of the State and the constant usages of the district from which he claimed. By this decision of the House of Representatives, the *city* of Baltimore lost her privilege, and the *county* had *two* representatives. But there was no remedy, and the Commodore contented himself under the wisdom of the old proverb, that 'what cannot be cured, must be endured!'

Immediately after that infamous outrage by the British upon our national dignity, which in the diplomatic phraseology of 1807 of the day was called the 'affair of the Chesapeake,' Commodore Barney, who it may be readily believed felt in no common degree the indignation which pervaded every class of our citizens, addressed the following letter to the President of the United States.

'BALTIMORE, JULY 4th, 1807.

'THOMAS JEFFERSON,

President of the United States.

SIR, — At a moment like the present, I conceive it the duty of every citizen to step forward in support of his country — I therefore beg leave to make to you the tender of my personal services. I shall be happy to be employed by you, in any manner which may be thought conducive to the good of my country and the support of the administration, and am,

Sir, yours with respect and esteem,

JOSHUA BARNEY.'

It is well known that Mr Jefferson, though accused by his enemies of the rankest infidelity, nevertheless, in his system of policy, evinced a higher respect for the precepts of Christianity than many of its professed teachers and expounders — he was always ready, when struck upon one cheek to turn the other, rather than violate that principle of peace with all the world, upon the maintenance of which he believed the prosperity of his country to depend. He resorted to negotiation, not to arms, to seek redress for the 'affair of the Chesapeake;' and though the whole country was in a blaze of patriotic excitement at the audacious insult, he pursued the even tenor of his

way, and not only managed to preserve the peace, but to satisfy his enraged fellow-citizens, that it was better to put up with a little stain upon their *honor* than incur the hazard of ruining their *interest*. Many of those who then did not hesitate to impute pusillanimity to his motives, have since done justice to the wisdom of his measures. — The Commodore's offer of service was of course a 'dead letter.'

In the winter of this year a very serious and most extraordinary accident occurred to Mrs Barney. She had been 1808 for many years severely afflicted with rheumatism, and during the latter part of the time had been entirely confined to her chamber, so emaciated and enfeebled by constant suffering, and acute pains shooting through her whole system, that she was unable to move even from one position to another without assistance. In this condition, it so happened, at a moment when her attendants were not near her, that she attempted to walk without their support, but at the first step fell upon the carpet, and *fractured* the *os femoris*! That the force of such a fall, in her weak and attenuated state, should be sufficient to fracture one of the largest bones in the body, can only be accounted for upon the supposition that there was something in the nature of the malady under which she suffered, that had the effect of disorganizing the texture of the bones, and destroying their firmness and solidity. We are neither anatomists nor physiologists, and may therefore be excused if we have regarded as remarkable what in the experience of others may be a common occurrence. This accident necessarily added very much, for a time, to the sufferings of the patient, but the bone soon knit again and the limb was restored to the same strength with its fellow. The progress of the general disease, however, was unchecked, and the sufferings of Mrs Barney were without mitigation or intermission. She bore her afflictions with the quiet, uncomplaining, resignation of a Christian, and this religious principle alone had prevented her for years from praying for that final summons to repose, which she now welcomed with evident joy and confidence. She died in July, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, having all her life supported, in the various relations of wife, mother, and neighbor, the most estimable character.

Upon the coming in of the new Administration in 1809, a few days after the inauguration of Mr Madison, the 1809 Commodore renewed the tender of his services, in a letter to the President, of which the following is a copy:—

'BALTIMORE, MARCH 12th, 1809.

'SIR, — Immediately after the affair of the Chesapeake (4th July) I wrote to Mr Jefferson making him a tender of my personal services. As our country seems yet to be menaced by foreign powers, I still hold it my duty to continue that offer, which I now do to you as President of the United States. I do it the more cheerfully because I am not unknown to you personally. I shall always feel a sincere pleasure in contributing my feeble abilities in any manner you please for the good of our country, and still more so when it is to support an Administration whose principles perfectly coincide with my own.

I am, Sir, with due respect,

JOSHUA BARNEY.

'JAMES MADISON,
President of the United States.'

No stronger proof could be given of devoted patriotism and correct political principles, than this repeated offer of his services, at moments when malice itself would hardly venture to attribute it to selfish motives. He was easy and independent in his circumstances — the ambition to acquire a name, which might have actuated him in his younger days, had already been gratified to the full — his achievements had gained him a deathless renown — and he had attained a rank as high as any his country could give him in his profession. What then could have induced him thus anxiously to seek a renewal of the toils and dangers of *service*, but the purest love of country — a noble enthusiasm for the national honor — a disinterested regard for republican institutions. His country had been grossly insulted — her independence had been violated — her national character outraged and degraded; and instead of atoning or even apologizing for the injury, the offending nation continued to treat our pacificatory propositions with scorn and derision. He judged of the feelings of the government by his own, and never for a moment doubted that resort would be had to war — in *that* he knew that his experience might be useful, and he offered his services with the frankness and fearlessness of a veteran, without caring to what privations or perils their acceptance might lead him. But, though Mr Madison was somewhat more disposed than his predecessor had been to let loose the dogs of war, still the influence of Mr Jefferson's policy prevailed, and the country continued for some years longer to bear the kicks and cuffs of the British Lion.

Some time in the course of the present year, he determined to try his 'luck' once more in a commercial enterprise, and with this view purchased and fitted out one of those beautifully constructed and fast sailing schooners, for which the ships-yards of Baltimore have been so long celebrated. Having put on board of her a cargo, consisting of 50,000 pounds of cotton, he despatched her, under the care of his son John, to seek a market in France. A disaster, which surperstition might have regarded as ominous, occurred before she had well lost sight of the coast. Though the schooner was new and apparently sound, a leak of alarming magitude showed itself when she had been but a few days at sea, and it was found necessary to put back. The Delaware offering the nearest harbor, she ran up to Philadelphia, and after undergoing the necessary overhauling and repairs, she sailed a second time, to encounter a destiny little less fatal than the leak. Arrived within view of the entrance to her port, she was captured by a French cruiser, carried into the very market where she had expected to *sell* her cargo, and there *confiscated*, under one of those 'retaliatory decrees,' as Napoleon called them, by which he evinced his determination to outdo his great rival, if possible, in the infamous work of destroying neutral commerce. We could not help smiling at the note which the Commodore made of this affair in his journal — 'Such was my ill luck !' This was the only remark which the loss of *twenty thousand dollars* drew from him. It was his last commercial speculation.

In the early part of this year, he contracted a second marriage with a very charming woman, who still survives him.

The respectability of the vote which he had obtained from his fellow-citizens at the election of 1806, induced him 1810 to permit his name to be again put up as a candidate for a seat in the Twelfth Congress. His opponent at this time was Alexander McKim, Esquire, an old and respectable merchant of Baltimore, who, being what is somewhat arbitrarily styled the '*regularly nominated* candidate,' received as a matter of course the support of all that portion of the Democratic party, who, not choosing to take the trouble of thinking for themselves, are always ready to follow the dictation of a few self-created leaders. The Commodore, on the other hand, was known as the '*independent* candidate,' and never was the term more truly applied; but unfortunately, in electioneering *tactics*, the independence of a candidate, let his character and qualifications in other respects be what they may, is no match

for the discipline with which 'Caucuses' and 'Tammany Societies,' are wont to whip in their members to the 'regular track.' His popularity, however, again triumphed in his native city, in spite of the renewed slanders of his dastardly calumniators. The support which he received on this occasion was the more honorable, because it was known to come from the most respectable portion of the middle class of citizens, and from all those, indeed, who had sufficient independence themselves to admire that quality in another. As in the former contest, he received a majority of the *city* votes, but the 'regular candidate' carried the day in the *county*. — He could never afterwards be persuaded to enter the arena of electioneering.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Declaration of War finds him at his farm. — He enters once more into service. — Successful cruise of the 'Rossie' under his command. — Government gives him command of the Chesapeake flotilla. — Attempts of his personal enemies to excite the Government against him. — He calls his calumniator to the field. — He sails with a part of his flotilla : — meets the enemy at the mouth of Patuxent : — skirmish there : — he enters the river and takes port in St Leonard's Creek : — Is pursued by the Enemy, whose numerous attacks are gallantly repulsed : — battle of the 10th of June : — gallant exploit of Major Barney. — The enemy moor their ships at the mouth of the Creek. Measures of the government to aid the flotilla. — Militia — Regulars — Marines. — Battle of the 26th of June : — gallantry of two young Volunteers. — The enemy abandon the Creek and move off. — The flotilla ascend the Patuxent to Bededict. — Curious history of Wadsworth's Battery. — Measures planned for defence of Washington and Baltimore. — Flotilla moved up to Nottingham. — The enemy advances up the river. — Barney orders the flotilla to be fired, and marches with his men to join General Winder. — ' Battalion Old Field.' — The President and his Cabinet. — Retreat of the Army to Washington. — Barney stationed at the Anacostia Bridge : — prevails on the President to permit him to draw off his force from a *useless* service, to join the Army at Bladensburg. — ' Battle of Bladensburg,' so called : — panic of the American troops : — brave stand of Barney's command : — gallantry of his officers : — he is wounded, and, unable to quit the field, falls into the hands of the enemy. — Anecdotes of Ross and Cockburn — Captain Wainwright — Sailors and Soldiers — affecting scene between the Commodore and one of his wounded men. — He is carried to Bladensburg. — The enemy retire from Washington. — Number of wounded and Guard left behind. — Arrival of the Commodore's family : — he is carried to his farm.

In May, 1812, having disposed of his dwelling-house in the city by sale, Commodore Barney retired with his wife 1812 — his children being all married and settled — to a farm in Anne Arundel county, where it was his design to devote the remnant of his life to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and the enjoyment of domestic quiet ; but he was scarcely fixed in his new abode, when the information reached him that Congress had, *at last*, declared war against Great Britain. To content himself with following the plough, watching the growth of his corn, or shearing his merinos, while the blast of war was blowing in his ears, would have been an effort be-

yond his philosophy — altogether contrary to his nature : he did not even allow time for such an idea to suggest itself, but instantly packing up a few changes of linen and other little comforts he hurried off to the city of Baltimore, and in less than three weeks from the publication of the important manifesto by Congress, he was once more on the broad theatre of his glory, in command of an armed cruiser.

So many volumes, pamphlets, and newspaper essays, have been given to the world within the last half century on the subject of *privateering*, that we take it for granted every reader has already so far made up his mind as to the justifiableness or unjustifiableness of this mode of carrying on war, that any argument from us would be, at least unavailing if not unwelcome. We shall therefore leave the question to be settled by moralists, philosophers, and philanthropists, as they may respectively think proper, and confine ourselves to a single remark : — while privateering is not only allowed, but encouraged, by the constituted authorities of a *nation*, it cannot consistently be stigmatized as dishonorable to the *individuals* who engage in it. — Commodore Barney believed, and he was certainly not singular in the opinion, that the only point in which Great Britain was vulnerable to the United States, was in her commerce ; and as war has been well defined to be a state in which two nations try which can do the other the most harm, it would seem to be as much the dictate of patriotism as the suggestion of sound policy in those who take up the cause of their country, to adopt that mode of serving it by which they can most surely accomplish the desired object — namely, to bring the greatest degree of distress upon the enemy, with the least inconvenience to their own party. In every mode of warfare, it is the *individuals* who suffer — *governments* can feel none of the calamities of war ; and we really are unable to perceive why a *commission* to sack towns, batter down villages, and plunder peaceable farm-houses and unoffending granaries, should be reckoned more honorable than *permission* — from the same authority too — to capture unarmed vessels and destroy merchandize on the high seas : the property taken, or destroyed, is alike *private* in both instances, and private *individuals* only are in both cases the sufferers, the difference being, that, in the one case, the actors are paid whether they succeed in perpetrating the attempted desolation or not, and in the other, that remuneration depends upon success. But we have extended our remark further than we intended, and are unconsciously running into the argument we promised to avoid.

A number of individuals of Baltimore were concerned in the privateer called the *Rossie* — of which our veteran took the command. She sailed from Baltimore on the 12th of July. The Commodore had so entirely devoted himself to the task of getting her ready for sea thus expeditiously, that he did not even take time to look at the instructions for his government, which had been drawn up by a majority of the owners, until he had put it out of his power to object to the extraordinary course marked out for his cruise. It is very certain, that he never would have undertaken such a command, had he known that he was to be restricted in the exercise of his discretion, by the orders of persons entirely unacquainted with the usual tracks of the British trade, and therefore incompetent to direct the operations of a cruise against it; but as he could not, consistently with his ideas of propriety, return to port, after the pledge implied by his going to sea in silence, he resolved to proceed and do the best that the nature of his instructions would permit. — It would be tedious and uninteresting to follow the log-book of daily occurrences on this cruise — suffice it to say, that he continued ninety days at sea, during which time, he captured, sunk, and otherwise destroyed *eighteen sail* of the enemy's vessels, the tonnage of which amounted to *three thousand six hundred and ninety eight tons* — valued at upwards of a *million and a half of dollars* — and took *two hundred and seventeen prisoners*, by which he was enabled to release that number of his imprisoned countrymen. A few of his prizes, supposed to be the most valuable, were sent in to various parts of the United States, but the great expense attending their condemnation and sale, added to the enormous duties which had been rather unwisely imposed by Congress upon prize goods, so reduced the profits that the gain of the owners of the privateer was in no proportion to the loss of the enemy. As it regarded the general objects of the war, however, the cruise of the *Rossie* must be considered as eminently successful, for very few armed vessels of any sort ever brought so much distress upon the enemy in so short a time. And, whatever may be said in the closet, in a time of peace, as to the *principle* of such a mode of warfare, it cannot be denied that it was the only one that brought Great Britain to feel the inconveniences of the war; and Congress soon discovered the necessity of encouraging this class of adventurers by a change in the Tariff of duties, which allowed them a greater profit upon prize goods. — The *Rossie* had two smart actions during the cruise — the first, on the 9th of Au-

gust, with the letter of marque ship *Jeannie*, mounting twelve guns, nines and sixes — (the *Rossie* had ten short cannonades, twelve pounders;) the second, on the 16th of September, with his B. Majesty's packet ship, *Princess Amelia*, carrying eight nine pounders, and thirty men. This ship made a most obstinate and gallant defence, and did not surrender until her captain had been killed: the action lasted nearly an hour within pistol-shot distance. Besides the captain, the sailing-master and one man of the packet were killed, and seven wounded. Of the *Rossie*, the first lieutenant* and six men were wounded, but none killed. The action occurred by *moonlight*, which gave great advantage to the packet, as she was constructed with fine quarters, under cover of which her men could not be distinguished by the musketry of the *Rossie*, while those of the latter, having no bulwarks whatever to protect them, were exposed to every shot.

After his return to Baltimore, numerous offers were made to induce him to engage in another cruise, but as Congress had not yet seen the error of their policy in relation to the duties, and there was really no adequate motive to encounter the privations and discomforts of the small vessels then employed as privateers, he declined going out a second time, and occupied himself in settling accounts with the different owners and crew of the *Rossie*.

In the summer of 1813, being called to Newport, in Rhode Island, on business relating to the sale of one his prizes, 1813 which had been sent into that port, he received, while there, a letter from the Navy Department, offering him the command of the *Flotilla*, to be fitted out at Baltimore for the defence of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributary waters. This induced him to hurry home as speedily as possible, and proceed to Washington, that he might learn more at large the nature of the service expected from him. He found that it was to be a separate command, unconnected with the navy, and subjecting him only to the direct orders of the government — such a command as he might honorably accept without giving up his independence. But the news of his appointment had by some means or other become known in Baltimore, even before he had himself received the offer, and had excited against him his old and implacable enemies of sixteen years' standing, who immediately set themselves at work to instil their own prejudices into the government. For this purpose they

* Mr Long, who soon afterwards died of his wounds, very sincerely lamented.

made use of an individual in Baltimore, a merchant of high standing, upon whom they prevailed to address a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, in which the character of the Commodore was traduced in the basest manner. When he reached Washington, Mr Jones, the Secretary of the Navy, conceived it to be his duty as a man of honor, to place this letter in his hands, or at least to make him acquainted with its purport, and its *writer*. We will not undertake to dispute the Secretary's notions of the obligations of 'honor,' but surely if he had reflected upon the possible consequences to which his disclosure of the name of his correspondent might lead, he would have hesitated before he decided upon such a step. To say that Commodore Barney was *surprised*, when he learned the name of his accuser, would be perhaps to acknowledge that he had gained but little wisdom by former experience; but it was certainly one of the last sources from which he would have *expected* an interference of such a nature. The writer had been indebted to him for many acts of kindness and friendship — he had been in France, sick, and a stranger; and there the Commodore had nursed him, attended to him with the sedulity and affection of a brother, and had lent him a large sum of money: but all this was forgotten; he suffered himself to become the tool of others, and under the influence of the demon of ingratitude wrote the letter we have mentioned to the Secretary. It was impossible, under the circumstances, for the Commodore to avoid calling upon his accuser for *explanation*, and the result was a *meeting* between them, at which the latter received a ball in his breast; fortunately the wound was not mortal, and the gentlemen survived it long enough to repent, we sincerely hope, of the unworthy part he had been duped to play. — We would not, on any account, be thought to approve the practice of *duelling* from our notice of this affair — we believe that in ninety-nine of every hundred cases that occur, both parties are equally culpable, and find upon investigation that they had really no cause of quarrel; but it sometimes happens, that there is no other way of satisfying one's own sense of *duty*, or retaining the good opinion of the world. *If all men were Christians*, then we grant, the custom would be 'more honored in the breach than the observance;' but it will be vain to appeal to the christian morality, while more than nine tenths of every community regard the title as a mere nominal distinction bestowed in virtue of the *ceremony* of baptism; — while the 'code of honor,' is everywhere looked upon as more binding than the 'laws of the land,'

The ministers of which are visible and palpable to our senses, how can we expect that it will be made to give way to the laws of God? No! there is nothing short of the universal prevalence of the christian *spirit*, that can abrogate the 'code of honor,' and as there is no reason to believe that that spirit *can* be universal, until the appointed time when Christ shall come again to judge the world, so there is no hope that any human laws will ever restrain the custom of settling quarrels by *monomachy*.

The task of preparing, fitting out, and manning his gunboats and barges occupied Commodore Barney all the remaining part of the summer and open weather of the autumn after his appointment; and it was not until April, 1814, that he found himself ready to commence operations. At this period he had under his command twenty-six gunboats and barges, and about nine hundred men, well officered by the principal ship-masters and mates of the port of Baltimore. He thought it necessary, before he would venture any important expedition, to try the efficiency of this force by manœuvring both vessels and men, that he might ascertain exactly the degree of reliance to be placed upon the competency of both for the service required. With this view he proceeded with a portion of them some distance down the Bay, where with his habit of close and keen observation, he soon discovered that several important alterations would be necessary in the equipment of some of the boats, and returned to Baltimore for the purpose of having these alterations effected. In the latter end of May he moved with sixteen of his vessels down the Chesapeake, with the intention of attacking Tangier Island, of which the enemy had taken possession, and upon which they had established a *negro encampment*. On the 1st of June, a little below the mouth of Patuxent, he discovered two of the enemy's schooners and several barges, to which he gave chase: but at the moment when he flattered himself they were within his grasp, the Dragon, seventy-four gun ship, came up to their rescue, and he was compelled in his turn to retreat. He was closely pursued by the whole force of the enemy, and before he reached the Patuxent, one of the schooners, mounting eighteen guns, and several of the barges, had approached within gunshot of his flotilla — the Dragon being still at a distance, he made the signal for action, and a fire was opened from all the flotilla, which in a few minutes compelled the enemy to seek protection under the battery of the seventy-four; having thus driven them from his heels, he entered the river in safety, and the

Dragon and her attendants took post at its mouth. On the 7th the blockading squadron was reinforced by the arrival of a frigate and sloop of war, and he deemed it prudent to move the flotilla up the river as far as St Leonard's creek. The wisdom of this measure was very soon apparent, for on the following day, the 8th, the enemy's frigate, brig, and schooners entered the river, and advanced to the mouth of the creek, but being unable to proceed further, they manned a number of barges and sent them to the attack of the flotilla. The barges, however, being armed with rockets, which they were able to throw to a much greater distance than the shot of the flotilla would reach, showed no disposition to come to closer quarters, and the Commodore put his force in motion that he might approach the enemy within the power of his guns : but they retired as he advanced, until they gained the cover of their ships. A second attempt with a still larger force, was made in the afternoon of the same day, and with the like result — the enemy's barges were again driven to the protection of their ships. On the 9th they renewed the attack, and were a third time driven to seek refuge under their larger batteries ; but all these various demonstrations were but experiments of the enemy, to exercise their men, and prepare them for the ' grand attack,' which was made on the 10th with a force sufficient, as they no doubt believed, to insure them an easy victory. Twentyone barges, one rocket boat, and two schooners, each mounting two *thirtytwo pounders*, with *eight hundred men*, entered the creek with colors flying, and music sounding its animating strains, and moved on with the proud confidence of superiority. Barney's force consisted of *thirteen barges*, and *five hundred men* — his sloop and two gun vessels being left at anchor above him, as unmanageable in the shoal water — but he did not hesitate a moment to accept the challenge offered, and gave the signal to meet the enemy, as soon as they had entered the creek. They commenced the attack with their schooners and rockets, and in a few minutes every boat was engaged ; the commodore in his barge with twenty men, and his son, *Major William B. Barney* — who, in a small boat, acted as his aid on the occasion — were seen rowing about everywhere in the most exposed situations, giving the necessary orders to the flotilla ; the action was kept up for some time with equal vigor and gallantry, but at length the enemy, struck with sudden confusion, began to give way, and turning their prows, exerted all their force to regain the covering ships. They were pursued to the mouth of the creek by the flotilla with all the eagerness of assured victory ; but here lay

the schooner of eighteen guns, beyond which it was impossible to pass without first silencing her battery, and for this purpose the whole fire of the flotilla was directed at her — she made an attempt to get out of the creek, and succeeded so far as to gain the protection of the frigate and sloop of war, but so cut to pieces, that, to prevent her sinking, she was run aground and abandoned. The two larger vessels now opened a tremendous fire upon our gallant little flotilla, during which they threw not less than seven hundred shot, but without doing much injury: the flying barges of the enemy having thus succeeded in recovering their safe position under the heavy batteries of the ships, the flotilla was drawn off, and returned to its former station up the creek.

That the enemy suffered severely in this engagement, was too manifest to be denied, even if their own subsequent conduct had not clearly proved the fact. Several of their boats were entirely cut to pieces, and both schooners were so damaged as to render them unserviceable during the remainder of the blockade — they had a number of men killed, and we have learned from an eye witness of the fact, that the hospital rooms of the flag ship, were long afterwards crowded with the wounded in this engagement. On the part of the flotilla, not a man was lost — one of the barges was sunk by a shot from the enemy, but she was taken up again on the very day of the action, and two days afterwards was as ready as ever for service.

On the first day of these repeated attacks, an incident occurred which is well worthy of being recorded. — One of the enemy's rockets fell on board one of our barges, and, *after passing through one of the men*, set the barge on fire — a barrel of powder, and another of musket cartridges, caught fire and exploded, by which several of the men were blown into the water, and one man very severely burned — his face, hands, and every uncovered part of his body, being perfectly crisped. The magazines were both on fire, and the commander of the boat, with his officers and crew, believing that she must inevitably blow up, abandoned her, and sought safety among the other barges. At this moment, *Major Barney*, who commanded the cutter 'Scorpion,' and whose activity and intrepidity as aid to the Commodore in the last day's action we have already noticed, hailed his father and asked his permission to take charge of the burning boat — the Commodore had already ordered an officer upon that duty, but as his son *volunteered* to perform it, he recalled his order and gave him the permission solicited. Major Barney immediately put himself on board,

and by dint of active labor in bailing water into the boat and rocking her constantly from side to side, he very soon succeeded in putting out the fire and saving the boat, to the very great delight, as well as astonishment of the Commodore, who acknowledged afterwards that he considered the duty as a sort of '*forlorn hope*.*

After the severe chastisement inflicted upon them for their last attempt, the enemy made no further effort to disturb the tranquillity of the flotilla, but contented themselves with converting the siege into a blockade, by mooring in the mouth of the creek, where they were soon reinforced by another frigate. Having come to this resolution, they turned their attention to the plunder of the surrounding country, in which frequent experience had given them an unenviable expertness. Tobacco, slaves, farm stock of all kinds, and household furniture, became the objects of their daily enterprises, and possession of them in large quantities was the reward of their honorable achievements. What they could not conveniently carry away, they destroyed by burning. Unarmed, unoffending citizens were taken from their very beds — sometimes with beds and all — and carried on board their ships, from which many of them were not released until the close of the war.

In this state of things, the Secretary of the Navy despatched a hundred marines, under the command of Captain Samuel Miller, with three pieces of cannon, to the assistance of Commodore Barney. The Secretary of War also sent Colonel Wadsworth, with two pieces of heavy artillery, and ordered about six hundred of the regular troops to be marched to St Leonard's Creek for the same purpose. The militia of Calvert County had been already called out, but like most other troops of that class, they were to be seen everywhere but just where they were wanted — whenever the enemy appeared, *they* disappeared; and their commander was never able to bring them into action. There was one officer among them, Major

* Posterity will hardly credit the fact, that the individual who thus distinguished himself, was the same *Major William B. Barney*, who was afterwards (in 1829) rudely ejected from an honorable office, which had been bestowed upon him by his country as a reward for this and many other acts of gallantry during the war — in which office he had succeeded his gallant father, and of which his administration, had been without reproach — by a *Military President*, to make way for a political parasite and minion, under the abused name of '*Reform!*' — It is a remarkable trait in the character of this Military President, that, after he became himself the minion of popular fanaticism, he could never bear to hear of any act of heroism in another — he was restlessly jealous, even of the humblest individual who had gained a reputation for gallantry in battle: Did this arise from a consciousness that *his own fame* was without a solid basis!

Johns, who deserved to be better supported — he appeared to be active and gallant, and labored hard to inspirit his men, but without success: they rendered no assistance whatever to the flotilla, nor did they even attempt to defend their own houses and plantations from pillage and conflagration. The conduct of the 38th regiment, under Colonel Carberry, was unfortunately but little more worthy of praise than that of the militia: though several of its officers were well disposed to meet the enemy upon any terms, the men had neither discipline nor subordination, and receiving no check from their commanding officer in their irregularities, gave themselves up to disgraceful inaction, so that the presence of this regiment added nothing to the effective force of the Commodore.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Wadsworth, on the 24th of June, a consultation was held between him and the Commodore, to which Captain Miller of the Marines was invited; it was decided by these officers, that a battery and furnace should be erected on the commanding height near the mouth of the Creek, upon which the Colonel's two eighteen pounders should be placed, and that, on the 26th before daylight, a simultaneous attack should be made by the flotilla and battery upon the blockading ships. The Commodore placed one of his best officers, Mr Groghegan, (a sailing master) and twenty picked men, under the command of Colonel Wadsworth, for the purpose of working his two guns. Everything was now bustle and active preparation in the flotilla; the men were in high spirits, all looking impatiently to the 26th as a day of victory and triumph. On the evening of the 25th after dark, the Commodore moved with his flotilla down the creek, that he might be near the enemy at the appointed hour next morning. He divided his boats into three divisions, each under its separate chief, and a distinctive broad flag — his own was the *red*, that of his first officer, Mr Rutter, the *white* — the third, *blue*, under his second officer, Mr Frazier: both these officers were old and experienced ship masters, as indeed were many others in the flotilla. In this order they moved to the scene of action: and at early dawn of the 26th they were gratified and cheered by the sound of the guns from the opening battery on the height — the barges now seemed to fly under the rapid strokes of the oar, and in a few minutes reached the mouth of the creek, where they assumed the line of battle, and opened their fire upon the moored ships. Their position was eminently critical and hazardous, but this in the view of the gallant souls on board only rendered it the more honorable. They were within four hundred yards of the ene-

my; and the mouth of the Creek was so narrow as to admit no more than eight barges abreast, to use their guns — the men were wholly unprotected by any species of bulwark, and the grape and cannister shot of the enemy, which was poured upon them in ceaseless showers, kept the water around them in a continual foam. It was a scene to appal the inexperienced and the faint hearted; but there were few of these among the daring spirits of the flotilla. In this situation, the firing was kept up on all sides for nearly an hour; the Commodore was then surprised and mortified to observe that not a single shot from the battery fell with assisting effect, and that the whole fire of the enemy was directed against his boats: shortly afterwards the battery, from which so much had been expected, became silent altogether, and the barges were hauled off as a matter of consequent necessity, for it would have been an act of madness in such a force, unassisted, to contend against two frigates, a brig, two schooners, and a number of barges, in themselves equal to the force that could be brought into action from the flotilla. Three of our barges, under the respective commands of sailing masters, Worthington, Kiddall, and Sellars, suffered very much in the action, and ten of their men were killed and wounded.

A few minutes after the flotilla had retired, it was perceived that the enemy's frigates were in motion, and in a little time the whole blockading squadron got under way and stood down the river. — One of the frigates, it was observed, had four pumps constantly at work! This movement on the part of the enemy spoke pretty plainly their opinion of 'Barney's Flotilla:' it was very evident that they had seen quite as much of *him* as they desired to see. The way being thus unexpectedly opened to him, the Commodore immediately left the Creek, and moved up the Patuxent River.

A day or two before this expulsion of the enemy, two young gentlemen, from Washington City, presented themselves before the Commodore, and volunteered their services in any capacity he might please to employ them. Upon hearing their names, and finding that they had left home without the consent or knowledge of their friends, prompted by an irrepressible and chivalric spirit of youthful patriotism, he kept them on board of his own boat under his immediate eye; he watched them closely throughout the action that succeeded, and was gratified to observe, that they behaved with a coolness and intrepidity, which would have done honor to much older soldiers. These young gentlemen, were Mr T. Blake, and Mr T. P. Andrews

— the former lately a member of Congress from Indiana, and the latter now a Paymaster in the United States Army. *

On the night after the engagement the flotilla was anchored opposite the town of Benedict, on the Patuxent. As they were moving up the River, Captain Miller of the Marines went on board the Commodore's boat, and gave him the first information he had received from the ineffective *battery* — except to some of his own men, the guns there had done no mischief, and there was evidently bad management *somewhere*; but he had shortly afterwards a full report from Mr Groghegan, who commanded the guns — from this he ascertained to his own satisfaction, that the fault was not in *his* officer or men. It appears, that Mr Groghegan, on the evening of the 25th waited upon Colonel Wadsworth, to receive instructions as to the place where the two guns were to be stationed; the Colonel replied to his inquiry in these words: 'As *you* are to command and fight them, place them where you please!' The officer immediately set to work with his men, and began to construct his battery, exactly upon the spot where it unquestionably ought to have been, the summit of the hill which completely commanded the ships — he continued at work all night and had nearly finished his platform, when about one o'clock in the morning Colonel Wadsworth, came upon the ground, and after examining the work, declared 'that, his guns should not be put there — that they would be too much exposed to the enemy!' — having given this as his only argument, he ordered a platform to be made in the *rear* of the summit; as there could be no disputing his orders, he was obeyed of course, and the consequence was, that the guns, being placed on the declivity, must either be fired directly *into the hill*, or be elevated, after the manner of bombs, so high in the air as to preclude the possibility of all aim, and render them utterly useless. At the very first fire, the guns recoiled half way down the hill, and in this situation they continued to be fired in the air, at random, until the Colonel gave orders to have them *spiked*, and abandoned! There was certainly a *mystery* in the conduct of this officer, on that occasion, which has never been solved: he was universally reputed to be not only scientific but brave. The guns were served with *hot shot*, and in loading one of them rather too carelessly she was accidentally discharged before the servers had got out of the way, and thus two of the men were severely wounded. — This is the substance of the official report made

* See Appendix, No. VII.

to the Commodore by his officer, and we have no doubt of its correctness.

He speaks of the officers of his flotilla, particularly of his first and second lieutenants already named, in the highest terms of praise, and adds, that he 'had but little reason to complain of any officer whatever; never did men behave better, or with more subordination, bravery, or coolness.' Praise from an officer so universally distinguished for his own intrepidity in battle, is worth having.

On the 1st of July, he received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, requesting his presence at the seat of government, which he immediately obeyed. On his arrival there, the subjects of consultation, on which his views were required, were the situation of the flotilla, the probable intentions of the enemy, and the measures necessary to be taken by the government for the protection of Washington and Baltimore. The result of their deliberations was, that he should keep his thirteen barges and sloop Scorpion, with five hundred men, in the Patuxent, and that his first lieutenant, Mr Rutter, should be despatched to Baltimore to take command of the fourteen barges and five hundred men remaining there; so that, in the event of an attack on either city, they could march respectively to the assistance of each other. He returned to his command, as soon as this decision was made known to him, having been absent only two days, and immediately despatched Mr Rutter to Baltimore. After this, to place himself more conveniently within reach of either city in the event of invasion, he moved his flotilla up to Nottingham, a small village on the Patuxent, about forty miles from Washington. Here he found the inhabitants in a state of great alarm, and everything in confusion — the militia, to use his own expressive terms, 'were *here and there*, but never where the enemy was.' General Winder, who commanded the army destined for the defence of the two important cities, came to Nottingham soon afterwards and held a short consultation with the veteran, upon some unimportant points, but disclosed nothing of his own plans or views. Thus things remained, until about the 16th of August, when two of the officers whom he had stationed at the mouth of the river, for the purpose of watching the motions of the enemy, arrived with information that a fleet had entered the Patuxent, and were standing up the river. He despatched an express, without a moment's delay, to the Secretary of the Navy, to communicate this intelligence, and in return received orders to retire with his flotilla as high up the river as he could get, and, if the enemy

landed, to set fire to the boats, and join Général Winder with his men.

We confess, that we approach the portion of our subject which is now coming, with feelings very unlike those of pride of country. The very name of *Bladensburg* creates a sort of revulsion, which draws all the humors of the body into the region of the *spleen*, and sets all the *blue devils* that ever tormented a diseased imagination at work to destroy our complacency. We wish its name could be changed by Act of Congress! — To be serious, as we have no desire to blot the memory of any dead, or hurt the feelings of any living, we premise to the reader that it is not our intention to give a history of that ‘*affair*,’ but to confine ourselves as strictly as possible to the part borne in it by the subject of this biography, and to depart as little as may be from the notes of it as made by his own hand.

On the 21st of August, information reached him, that the enemy had landed an army at Benedict, and were then in full march on the road to Washington. He immediately landed with four hundred of his men, leaving the flotilla, under the command of his second lieutenant, Mr Frazier, a little above Pig Point, with positive orders, should the enemy appear near him in force, to set fire to every boat and see them in full conflagration, and then join him with the rest of the men.* He marched to Upper Marlborough that evening; on the following morning, hearing from General Winder that he was with his army at the Woodyard, he continued his march to that place, which he reached about midday. Here he was gratified to find Captain Miller of the Marines, with eighty men and five pieces of artillery, who had been directed by the Secretary of the Navy to report to him and place himself under his orders. He had been pleased with the conduct of Captain Miller on a former occasion, and finding him to be as intelligent and active as he was brave and honorable, he received him and his Marines as a most acceptable reinforcement of his command. But he had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon this mark of confidence on the part of the Secretary of the Navy, when he was astonished to perceive the whole army in motion to *retreat*. He puzzled himself in vain to discover the cause of this precipitate, and, as he thought, injudicious, movement, until at length the General rode up and informed him that the enemy had turned off to the right, on the road to Upper Marlborough, and that his purpose in retiring was to keep a position between them

* It was blown up the next day. See Appendix, No. IX.

and the city of Washington. He of course put his division also upon the march, and they continued to retreat before the enemy until they reached a place called the 'Battalion Old Field,' where, upon hearing that the enemy were at Upper Marlborough, they encamped for the night. The President and Heads of Departments, in their anxiety for the safety of the City, had all posted from Washington to meet the army, the moment they ascertained that the enemy were on the march: the first, with the Secretary of War, passed this night about half a mile in the rear of the army — the Secretary of the Navy joined the Commodore and slept in his tent. On the following morning, the 23d, he accompanied the Secretary to pay his respects to the President, who, in the course of the forenoon reviewed the troops, and exhorted the officers to be firm and faithful in their duty. The army remained the whole of this day at 'Battalion Old Field,' with the exception of a light detachment under Major Peter, which the General took out in the course of the day, and with which he had some skirmishing with the enemy. About sunset, they resumed the line of march, and proceeded to Washington by the way of the Eastern Branch Bridge, which they crossed about ten o'clock that night, and the Commodore and his men took up their quarters at the Marine Barracks.

On the morning of the 24th the commanding general — if, indeed, he could be properly so called, while the President and Secretary of War were both on the field, planning, counselling and ordering — had an interview with the Commodore, in which he expressed his belief, that the enemy would attempt to reach the city by the same road the army had entered it the night before, and concluded by requesting that he would take upon him the defence of the bridge, over the Eastern Branch, or Anacostia. The Commodore, accordingly, lost no time in posting his men, and placing his cannon in battery so as to command the passage. About eleven o'clock, a vidette came in and gave him the information that the enemy had suddenly wheeled to the right, and were then in quick march on the road to Bladensburg; the moment afterwards, the President rode up with his attendant cabinet, and the Commodore having communicated this information to him solicited permission to abandon the bridge, and march with his forces to join the army, which had been previously posted between Bladensburg and the city — strengthening his request by the declaration, that a midshipman with half a dozen men would be able to prevent the enemy from crossing the bridge, even if they should return and at-

tempt the passage, by blowing up a few of the timbers. The President readily assented, and in a few minutes he was on the march to Bladensburg with his guns and men. Anxious to reconnoitre, and obtain all the information he could, as to the movements of the enemy and the position of our army, he hurried on in advance of his men, until he gained sight of the American troops, which he found drawn up in detached parties, and covering the road for a mile west of the village. The firing commenced in the village a few moments after he rode up. He instantly despatched an officer to expedite the march of his men, who soon made their appearance *in a trot*; the weather was excessively hot, and they were necessarily much fatigued and exhausted, but they were still full of courage and eager to see the enemy. He had just time to form his men, and take the *limbers* from his guns, before he perceived our army in full *retreat*, and the enemy calmly advancing, he took it for granted, for some time, that it was their design to halt, and form again near the position he had taken—but he was cruelly disappointed; they passed him with rapid step, in evident confusion and disorder. He maintained his ground nevertheless, and waiting until the enemy had advanced near enough to be within the certain range of his guns, he alighted from his horse, pointed the guns himself to the proper level, and then remounted: at this moment the enemy began to throw their rockets, and his battery opened upon them in full play, with round and grape-shot. The first fire checked the enemy's advance, and proved very destructive to them; it completely cleared the road. Their second attempt to advance was met with like effect—the grape and cannister shot literally mowed down all that were to be seen on the road. Finding that it would be no easy achievement either to storm this little battery, or to pass within its range, without greater loss than they were willing to risk, the enemy now left the road and turned off through a field on their left. The Commodore immediately ordered the marines, under Captain Miller, and the seamen who were acting as Infantry, under the Flotilla officers, to advance to the field and meet them, while at the same time his guns continued to play upon their flank with the destructive grape and cannister. His men ran to the charge with eager bravery, and not only checked the advance of the enemy through the field, but, jumping a fence which crossed it, drove them back into the woods under cover of a deep ravine, nearly two hundred yards in the rear—here they left them and returned to the guns. Colonel Thornton, Colonel Woods, and several other officers of the enemy, fell wounded in this vigorous charge—the first, afterwards told

the Commodore, that his men had passed very near him in their advance, and that he expected every instant to be discovered as he lay prostrate, and made prisoner ; but they missed him ; and on their return from the charge, they took another route, leaving him some distance to their right.

While the Commodore, with his brave flotilla-men and marines, was thus holding the enemy in check, the rest of the American troops had totally disappeared ; not a man of them was to be seen on the ground. The firing was still kept up for some time longer ; the British sharp-shooters, in straggling parties, had gained posts near him, and were galling him excessively with their fire — his horse was killed under him, pierced by two balls ; and several of his best officers were killed and wounded ; Mr Warner, an excellent and brave officer, was killed by his side, while at his gun ; Mr William Martin, who commanded one of the guns, was severely wounded — he was so good an officer that the loss of his services was deeply felt ; Mr J. Martin, also, a fine young man, fell severely wounded. In the charge upon the enemy on the field, Captain Miller and Captain Sevier of the marines, had both been wounded, and a number of the men killed and wounded : — the Commodore himself had been wounded some time before, by a musket ball in the thigh, and was beginning to feel excessively weak and faint from the loss of blood, for he had kept his wound a secret, and had taken no steps to staunch the flow of blood : — to add to his misfortunes and regrets, the wagon, containing the cartridges both for his cannon and muskets, had been carried off, in the general confusion and flight of the army. — The enemy were now beginning to flank out upon his right, under cover of a thick wood, and had nearly surrounded him — his men, who had been marching continually for three days, without regular rest or supply of provisions, were beginning to be exhausted and wearied, and he was himself scarcely able to hold up his head ; under these circumstances, he felt it to be his duty to order a retreat* — which was effected in perfect order by his men, and those of the officers who were able to march ; he, with the help of three of his officers, Dukehart, Hamilton and Huffington, was only able to retire a few yards, when he felt himself compelled to lie down — ordering his officers with the exception of one, (Mr Huffington) to leave him, and make good their retreat.† We feel it to be a duty — which we perform, certain-

*See Appendix, No X.

†The Commodore at first merely *requested* the officers to leave him and provide for their own safety ; but they generously refused to abandon him, and he was obliged for their own sakes to exert his authority as commander and *order* them to quit the field.

ly, with no pleasure — to record, that while he thus lay, exhausted and unable to walk, one of his own Aids rode by on a horse which he had himself furnished him, without paying the slightest attention to his wounded commander, though, repeatedly called upon to stop and leave his horse! For the honor of human nature, we must believe, that this *Aid* was both *blind* and *deaf*: if he had left his horse, the Commodore would have escaped being made prisoner, and a sound man on foot would have been in no danger of being overtaken.

Shortly after this inhuman and disgraceful abandonment, the enemy came up — Captain Wainwright, of the British Navy, who commanded Admiral Cockburn's flag ship, was the first to approach him: he was a very young looking man, and being dressed in a short, round jacket, the Commodore mistook him for a Midshipman; but they were soon mutually announced to each other, and the moment Captain W. learned the name of his prisoner, he went in search of the Admiral, who soon afterwards made his appearance, accompanied by the commanding general, Ross. They both accosted the prisoner in the most polite and respectful terms, offering immediate assistance, and the attendance of their surgeon. After a little, General Ross, who no doubt *felt* as he spoke, said. 'I am really *very glad* to see you, Commodore!' to which the Commodore replied, with equal *sincerity* of feeling: 'I am sorry I cannot return you the compliment, General!' — Ross smiled, and turning to the Admiral, remarked, 'I told you it was the *Flotilla* men!' — 'Yes! you were right, though I could not believe you — they have given us the only fighting we have had.' After some further conversation between these two Commanders in a lower tone, General Ross turned again to the prisoner and said, 'Commodore Barney, you are paroled, where do you wish to be conveyed?' — His wound had in the meantime been dressed by a British surgeon, and he requested to be conveyed to Bladensburg. The General immediately ordered a sergeant's guard to attend with a litter, and Captain Wainwright was directed by the Admiral to accompany it, and see that every attention was paid to the Commodore. He was still very weak, and the motion of the litter excited such intense pain in his wound, that he was unable to restrain the expression of it in his countenance. — Captain W. observed it, and immediately ordered the soldiers to put the litter down, saying 'they did not know how to handle a man' — he then directed a young naval officer who was with him to '*bring a gang of sailors*' to carry the litter. This order was speedily executed, and the

Commodore found a most agreeable difference in the comfort of his conveyance, for the rest of the road, for the sailors, as Captain W. had predicted, 'handled him like a child.'

Just as this change of carriers had been effected, one of his wounded men, who had been taken prisoner, and whose arm was hanging only by a small peice of the skin by his side, as he passed near the litter stopped, knelt by the side of his commander, and seizing one of his hands with the only arm he had, kissed it repeatedly with great apparent affection and burst into tears ! The effect of this action upon the British sailors was electric — they began to wipe their eyes, and blow their noses, in concert, and one of them at length broke out — with, 'Well, d—n my eyes ! if he was n't a kind commander, that chap would n't ha done *that* !'

Upon reaching Bladensburg, he was taken, at his own request, into 'Ross's Tavern,' and there taking a bank note of fifty dollars from his pocket-book, he offered it to the sailors, in remuneration of the care and tenderness with which they had conveyed him ; but these noble hearted tars positively refused to accept a single cent for their labor. After they had retired, he sent for the sergeant of the guard, who had first undertaken the service of conveying him, and offered the note to *him* : it was accepted without the hesitation of a moment, and with many bows and thanks — the reader will hardly be surprised to learn, that a fellow capable of taking money from a prisoner under such circumstances, could have neither military pride nor patriotism ; he *deserted* that night with his whole command.

Captain Miller, who as we have said had been severely wounded, in the gallant charge upon the enemy in the field to the right of the battery being unable to leave the ground, was among the prisoners, and was brought into the Commodore's room soon after he got himself established at Ross's.

With the retreat of Barney's men, the battle, of course, ended ; the enemy remained on the battle-ground until the afternoon of the next day, the 25th, and then marched leisurely into the city. With their conduct there, as it does not belong to our subject, we shall not meddle. General Ross, on the day of his entering the city, sent a list of officers to the Commodore, for his ratification, whom he had agreed to parole ; and that evening, the guard — which had been stationed at his door, at his own request, to prevent the annoyance of intruders — suddenly abandoned him, from which he concluded that the enemy were already moving off, a surmise that was verified the next morning. Mr Bartlett, the secretary to the British Commissary

of prisoners, came to him, early on the 26th, to say that the army had retired to Upper Marlborough, and to request that he would send for some of his own men, for the purpose of keeping order in the town and preventing mischief from stragglers and deserters — he very kindly offered his own horse to convey the Commodore's orders. The latter immediately sent off his landlord, Mr Ross, with a letter to General Mason, the American Commissary of prisoners, and all proper steps were taken that the case required. In the evening, Captain Burd, of the light horse, came in with his men ; from him the Commodore learned that the enemy had left upwards of eighty wounded officers and men in the village, with a guard to protect and attend them, but that the guard would surrender to him without difficulty — he directed that the guard should be secured, and the officers paroled, and that a party of his men should be sent out to pick up stragglers, and a few posted in the village to preserve order. All this duty was attended to, in the midst of great pain and suffering from his wound ; and he remained in Bladensburg until the 27th, when his wife, his son, and his own surgeon, Dr Hamilton, arrived with a carriage, in which he was conveyed, upon a bed, to his farm at Elkridge.*

* See Appendix, No. XI.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The City of Washington presents a sword to Commodore Barney. — He is despatched with a Flag of Truce to the British Admiral. — Exchange of prisoners. — British writers. — Commodore Barney resumes command of the flotilla. — Debate in Congress, on a motion to indemnify the officers and men of the flotilla for their losses. — Vote of thanks by the Legislature of Georgia. — Treaty of Peace. — The flotilla is disbanded. — The Commodore is sent with Despatches to Europe : — unhappy effects of the voyage upon his health : — melancholy state of his mind. — He petitions the Legislature of Pennsylvania for authority to replace the sword stolen from him : — his discontent and gloom. — Reflections upon the causes of his depression. — Anecdote of his arrest for debt and its consequences. — Example of his profuse liberality. — He makes a journey to Kentucky with his family : — his account of it. — Public dinners — Toasts — Speeches. — Legislative honors voted to him. — Town of Elizabeth : — Settlers on his lands. — Curious account of a Survey and its results. — Satisfactory termination of his labors and difficulties.

MANY attempts were made to extract the ball from Commodore Barney's wound, all of which proved ineffectual : it had so securely imbedded itself behind the head of the *femur*, that the surgeons were unable to ascertain its position with their instruments, or to feel it ; and as they did not deem it advisable to cut at random for the purpose of finding it, they proceeded to heal the wound. — The comforts of home, and the close attentions of a devoted wife, children, and friends, soon raised him once more upon his feet ; but this unfortunate ball continued, occasionally, to give him great uneasiness during the rest of his life, and was, indeed, eventually the cause of his death. While he was thus confined, it afforded him the most cordial gratification to hear, that his gallant flotilla men were bravely sustaining, in the defence of Baltimore, the high reputation they had earned at St Leonard's Creek and Washington : the greater part of the credit, in fact, which was so lavishly bestowed upon the commander and officers of Fort McHenry — whose merit consisted in not abandoning the fort — was due to the officers of the flotilla, whose batteries executed the only damage which the

enemy received in their attempt to land above the fort.* On the 20th of September, he was well enough to ride to Baltimore, and to visit his flotilla, on which occasion he 'was received with repeated acclamations by his brave fellows of the flotilla.'† Shortly after this, an elegant sword was presented to him by the Mayor of Washington, the late Dr James H. Blake — the father of the young gentleman whom we have heretofore introduced to the reader as a volunteer in the Commodore's barge at the battle of St Leonard's — which had been voted to him by the corporation of Washington, 'as a testimonial of the high sense which this corporation entertains of his distinguished gallantry and good conduct at the battle of Bladensburg.'‡

On the 7th of October he proceeded to the seat of government, and was on the same day despatched with a flag of truce to the British commander in the Chesapeake Bay, for the purpose of arranging an exchange of prisoners. He took with him Colonels Thornton and Woods, several other British officers, and about eighty men, being authorized by the Commissary General of prisoners to make a general exchange, upon terms to be decided by his own discretion. Upon reaching the Admiral's ship, he was fortunate enough to find Colonel Brook, then commanding officer of the British forces, with whom he entered immediately into a convention|| — with the approbation of Admiral Malcom — by which it was agreed that *all* the prisoners, 'on either side, who had been taken at the battle of Bladensburg and in the attack on Baltimore, should be reciprocally released: the British who had been left at Bladensburg, and Washington, and afterwards sent to Fredericktown, were to be forwarded to the fleet; and the Americans who had been sent to Halifax and Bermuda were to be released and sent home. By this arrangement, in which the Commodore himself was included, there was a balance left in favor of the United States of *one hundred and twenty men* — a fact which furnishes the best answer that can be given, to the vaunting ac-

* See Appendix, No. XII.

† Niles's Register, Vol. VII. p. 32. — Mr Niles states that the Commodore 'resumed his command' on this day; but this is a mistake, into which the Editor was very naturally led by a mere visit of kindness, converted by the enthusiasm of the men into one of triumph. The Commodore was not exchanged until the 8th of October, and therefore could not have resumed his command in September, without a breach of parole.

‡ For the description of the sword and Resolutions of the corporation, see Appendix, No. XIII.

|| See Appendix, No. XIV.

counts which certain British officers gave to the world of their operations at Washington. We are not disposed to deny to the British army any of the merit which they deserved in this extraordinary enterprise — that they frightened our government, infused a panic into our troops, and were permitted to enter our Capital in triumph, are facts, however disgraceful, too notoriously true to be contradicted. But when, on the other hand, it is taken into consideration, that a British army of veterans, more than five thousand strong, were held in check for several hours by less than five hundred seamen and marines, who with five pieces of artillery bravely maintained their ground, in defiance of every attempt to dislodge them, and who finally made good their retreat, in unbroken order — that the invaders lost, in killed, wounded, prisoners and deserters, not less than eleven hundred men, and that the American loss did not exceed sixty men, fifty of whom belonged to the gallant band just mentioned — we cannot think that the foe had any great reason to boast of their triumph. Some of the British writers have done justice, in their narratives of this invasion, to the gallantry of ‘Barney and his flotilla men ;’ but we are not acquainted with a single one who has given the *whole* truth.*

Immediately after his visit to the British fleet, he returned to Baltimore, and on the 10th of October resumed the command of his flotilla. Several new barges had, in the meantime, been built and equipped — a steam frigate, intended to be added to his command, was on the stocks, nearly ready to be launched — and he had received orders from the Navy Department to recruit a large number of men, with authority to augment their bounty and pay. The enemy’s ships left the Bay, soon after the exchange of prisoners : and though commissioners had been appointed by the respective governments to negotiate a Treaty of Peace, there was no remission of diligence in the preparations for a renewal of hostilities in the following spring. In the course of this month, a petition was presented to Congress, in behalf of the officers and seamen of the flotilla, asking indemnity for the losses of clothes and other private effects sustained by the destruction of the barges in the Patuxent. It occasioned an animated debate in the House, and there seemed to be a wilful disposition to misunderstand, or to misrepresent, the merits of the question, on the part of many of the members ; by whom it was averred, either from inexcusable ignorance or some till worse motive, that the enemy were not within a day’s march of the flotilla, when it was blown up — thus in-

* See Appendix, No. XV.

timating that the destruction had been a wanton act of mischief or cowardice, for which it would be but just to leave the sufferers without relief. The moment Commodore Barney saw the turn given to the discussion, he addressed a letter to the honorable Mr Pleasants of Virginia, in which he indignantly repelled the unworthy insinuations, and justified the orders he had left with his officer to destroy the flotilla. It will be recollected that he landed his men on the 21st of August, in pursuance of positive orders from the Secretary of the Navy, and on the same day joined General Winder at the Woodyard, leaving an officer and about a hundred men, that the flotilla might be taken care of to the last moment, and then destroyed only as an alternative to its falling into the hands of the enemy. — He stated, that at the moment orders were given to *blow up* the flotilla, the enemy were firing upon it from forty barges with cannon and rockets, and had landed a body of marines at Pig Point, within a mile of the spot where it lay — that so far from its being possible to save it by moving it farther up the river as was alleged, it was already *aground* — and that instead of having *time* to save the baggage, the destruction was so long delayed that several of the men were taken prisoners while engaged in the act of spreading the fire. As to himself, and the men with whom he had marched on the previous day, it was *they*, and *not the enemy*, who were ‘a day’s march’ from the flotilla. To have encumbered *them* with the baggage of the flotilla, would have been an act of superlative folly. The letter was read in the House, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and we may pursue it had the effect of removing some of the misconceptions and prejudices previously existing; for on the next day the bill was passed, with an amendment, however, which confined the relief granted, to the ‘*petty officers and seamen.*’ *

While the representatives of the nation were thus ungenerously and ungratefully outraging the feelings of this gallant defender of their capital, the State of Georgia was doing honor to herself in preparing for him the highest reward which a spirit like his could receive. The Legislature passed a unanimous resolution, expressing their sense of his merits, and thanking him for his good conduct in defence of the capital of the United States: the resolution was transmitted to him in a complimentary letter from the Governor of the State, and we may readily believe that it acted as a balm to his wounds of mind and body.

* See Appendix, No. XVI.

In the midst of his active preparations — which would in a short time have placed him in a situation to defend every part of the Chesapeake — at least against the *pillaging* enterprises of the enemy — Mr Hughes arrived from Ghent, on the 14th of February, bearing the treaty of peace ; and all further hostile operations were suddenly stopped. Congress immediately passed a law directing the flotilla to be discharged, and granting a gratuity of four months' pay to the officers and men ; orders were soon afterwards received from the Navy Department by the Commodore, to lay up his boats under safe covering, and to disband his gallant crews. This was speedily accomplished, and by the 29th of April, all his multifarious accounts with the government had been examined and settled to his satisfaction.

He had scarcely returned home, after being thus exonerated from the labors and responsibilities of command, before he was called upon by the Secretary of the Navy to present himself once more at Washington. On his arrival at the seat of government, he was told, that the President was desirous that he should proceed immediately to Europe, as the bearer of despatches to the several American plenipotentiaries. The President, probably, had no other motive in his selection of a messenger than the wish to offer a compliment to one who had richly merited much higher distinction ; but the Commodore — whose very infirm health would otherwise have induced him to decline the voyage — under the impression that he would hardly have been called from home to do that which any ordinary messenger might have performed as well, had too much patriotism to weigh his own ease and comfort against the demands of public duty, and unfortunately consented to go. Though suffering constant, and at times very severe, pain from his wound, his preparations for departure were made with his accustomed alertness ; and on the 25th of May he sailed from Baltimore, in a vessel bound to Plymouth — a port which he had many reasons to remember with feelings of varied interest. The passage was a tedious one for the season of the year, and he arrived on 6th of July — his 56th birth-day — excessively fatigued and indisposed. Hearing at Plymouth, that Mr Bayard, one of the gentlemen to whom his despatches were addressed, had already sailed from that port for the United States ; that Mr Clay and Mr Gallatin, two others of the commissioners, were on the point of sailing from Liverpool : and that Mr Adams alone remained at London, he set out immediately for the latter city, and arrived there in such a state of extreme debil-

ity and suffering, that he was unable for several days to rise from his bed. After delivering his despatches to Mr Adams, he would have proceeded at once to Stockholm — the residence of the other commissioner, Mr Russell — but that he was relieved from the necessity, by being informed that it would be quite sufficient to forward his letters by any safe conveyance : he had now therefore only to wait for the despatches of Mr Adams, which were soon ready for him, and on the 9th of August, he embarked, at Gravesend, on his return to the United States. He was ill nearly the whole passage home, which was unusually long and tedious, for the ship did not arrive at Baltimore until the 13th of October.

He had thus been, for five months, in a state of constant and fatiguing exertion, without even the consolation of knowing that there had been any adequate motive for his labors and privations. The effect upon his system may be readily imagined. When he landed at Baltimore, it was scarcely possible to recognise his identity : his countenance had lost all its sparkling glow, his cheeks were pale and sunken, and his whole frame emaciated, except the wounded limb, which was swollen throughout its whole extent to nearly double its natural size. It would have been impossible for him to have travelled, while in such a state, whatever might have been the importance of the despatches entrusted to his care ; but as he had good reason to believe, that no interest of the country could suffer by his transferring them to another, he was easily persuaded to send one of his sons with them to Washington, while he, as soon as he was able to move, retired to the quiet and repose of his farm.

Many months elapsed before he recovered — if, indeed, he ever did recover — from the effects of this voyage. He remained at home, confined the greater part of the winter to his chamber, not only suffering excruciating bodily pain, but laboring under a depression of spirits, such as his family had never before witnessed in him, and for which they found it difficult to conjecture any adequate cause. He had never been in the habit of troubling his friends or his family with griefs and complaints ; and the natural buoyancy and elasticity of his mind, had hitherto enabled him to bear up against every reverse of fortune, with a stoicism worthy of Zeno himself. Where the remedy for an evil was in his own hands, he had never wanted the skill or the courage to apply it : where the misfortune was irremediable by human means, no man knew better how to sustain it without repining. But his physical organization was now diseased — more out of order than it had ever before been —

and it was not wonderful that his mind should be somewhat shaken in its firmness by the severity of the shock. He who had all his life looked only at the bright side of every picture, began to feel a gloomy pleasure in reversing the canvas, and hunting out, like a querulous cynic, the dark spots and stains that disfigured it—his temper, naturally quick and impatient, but withal placable and easy to be soothed, was now becoming peevish and irritable: the society of his best friends was irksome to him, and he seemed to be fast settling into the moroseness of misanthropy.

The reader will probably recollect, that, soon after the Commodore's arrival at Paris with Mr Monroe in the year 1794, his chamber was robbed, and that, among other things stolen from it, was the sword which had been presented to him by the State of Pennsylvania, in 1782. He regarded the loss at the time as the most serious misfortune that could have befallen him; the most extravagant rewards were offered, and the ingenuity of the police was put in requisition, to recover it, but without success, and he would have been inconsolable but for the belief, that the State of Pennsylvania would make no objection to grant him authority 'to have another sword made, at his own expense, with the same emblems and devices as on the former one.' In the winter of 1814, while he was engaged in the active preparations of his flotilla for renewed hostilities, and while the whole country was still echoing the fame of his gallant exploit at Bladensburg, he thought the opportunity a favorable one for carrying into execution his long cherished design, and with that view addressed a petition to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, asking the permission we have quoted above. He inclosed the petition to his friend, the Honorable Jonathan Roberts, then a Senator in Congress from that State, with a request that he would make such disposal of it as to his friendship and judgment might seem best. Mr Roberts very promptly transmitted it to Harrisburg, and accompanied it with a letter from himself to the Speaker of the Senate, (the late Judge Todd,) in which he urged it upon the attention of the legislature, by every consideration that the warmest sympathy and good wishes for the petitioner could suggest. The petition was presented and read on the 28th of December, 1814, and led, as we believe, to some warm and excited discussion; but in the end, a resolution was passed, which was approved by the Governor on the 4th of March, following, in these words:

‘The legislature continues mindful of the revolutionary services of Commodore Barney, and as well in consideration of those services, as of the signal exertions and good conduct at Bladensburg in August last, in defence of the capital of the United States, Therefore, Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in general assembly met, that the said Commodore Barney is hereby authorized to procure a sword with devices and emblems similar to the one presented to him by the legislature of this commonwealth, in one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two.’

When he saw this Resolution, of which it is remarkable that he did not receive a copy until late in December, at the period we have represented him to be in a state of great mental depression, he thought he could perceive, in its peculiar phraseology, an unworthy design, on the part of the legislature, to wound and insult his feelings while they affected to compliment his bravery : they seemed to give a cold assent to the prayer of his petition, not because they desired to perpetuate the remembrance of his former services, but because his recent good conduct had left them without an excuse to refuse. — Gloomy fancies, like misfortunes, never come in single file : one disagreeable and painful idea seldom fails to engender another, and when we once begin to quarrel with the world, every little disappointment of our hopes rises upon the memory as some intended insult ; — we imagine a thousand wrongs, and remember a thousand slights, that exist only in the disease of the mind ; we compare our lot with that of some favored minion of fortune, and, forgetting that the smiles of the goddess are not always the reward of merit, torment ourselves with fruitless endeavors to find an explanation of the disparity — pride and self-respect lose their wholesome influence, and our peace and happiness become the victims of our own morbid sensibility. — We do not mean to be understood as affirming that Commodore Barney had no cause to be dissatisfied with the seeming state of oblivion, into which his many arduous and important services had been permitted to sink, by those who had it in their power, and whose duty it was, to remember and reward them ; — on the contrary, we are ready to maintain that he had been most ungratefully forgotten, both by the government of his native State and that of the United States, on many suitable occasions, when they had been dispensing honors with a lavish hand upon many who certainly could not better deserve them than he did ; but we mean only to say, and we think

the reader will agree with us, that there was nothing in the terms of the Resolution of the Pennsylvania legislature, which ought to have been considered as offensive, and that his viewing it in that light, is to be ascribed only to the peculiar state of his mind and frame at the time of receiving it. We are unwilling to believe, that any dignified public body, and more especially the legislature of a State which his revolutionary services had so largely contributed to illustrate, would designedly insult a gallant officer, whose petition to them was in itself an evidence of the high and honorable motives that actuated him. It is true, the legislature displayed no great liberality or generosity, on the occasion which his request so fairly offered for the exercise of public munificence; but they granted all that he asked, and would no doubt have done the same had his prayer extended to the *means* as well as the *authority* 'to procure a sword.' At any other moment, his own consciousness of merit would have saved him from the mortification of thinking it possible, that any legislative or executive body in the United States, could either forget his services, or so far dishonor their own characters as wantonly to insult his feelings or contemn his high claims to consideration. Even the best disposed governments have it not always in their power to show the gratitude they feel, at the moment when it would be most soothing and acceptable to those to whom it is due; nor can they, upon all occasions, manifest it in the form most desired: duty must sometimes interfere with inclination, and political necessity often steps in to divert the regular current of both. When his mind was in the vigor and activity of health, Commodore Barney knew how to make allowance for the variety of motive that might determine the conduct of those in power, without attributing their apparent neglect of him to causes mortifying to his self-respect; but it is not in the power of philosophy itself to control the morbid influence of a diseased frame, upon the operations of the mental faculties.

In addition, however, to this physical cause of his unwonted depression of spirits, there were other circumstances well calculated to communicate a gloomy hue to his reflections and future prospects. We have had more than one occasion to observe, that, though he had been generally successful in his efforts to *make* money, he was as unskilled as a child in the more difficult art of *hoarding* it; and that his open, unsuspecting nature, exposed him to every species of depredation from the cunning and avaricious. But notwithstanding the immense losses which he sustained from these causes, the perfidy

of agents, and the dishonesty of those with whom it was his fortune to be connected in business, there ought still to have been left to him a sum sufficient, under anything like a prudent management, to have supported him through a long life in comfort, if not in splendor. The expenses of his family were, for many years, almost incredibly enormous; but it would be unjust to blame them for an extravagance, which was not only authorized by his unlimited allowances to them, while abroad, but encouraged by his own profuse and princely style of living, on his return home. His liberality and indulgence to his children were, literally, without bounds—as an example of it, we may mention the fact, that the allowance to his sons, when sent, each in his turn, to Europe, (independently of clothing and travelling expenses,) was very nearly equal to the salary paid to the Governor of the State of Maryland. He believed himself wealthy enough to afford it, and unfortunately did not stop to calculate any deeper consequence of this profusion, than the present abstraction of so much money from a capital which was to be entirely theirs when he should be no more. It never occurred to him, that either he or they could be injured, by an indulgence which sprung from a doating, paternal affection. The sole object of his many toils—the only end for which he had ever desired to amass a fortune, was that he might be enabled to give the means of enjoyment to his children, and live a witness of the fruition it was his happiness to bestow. His confidence in his children was as unlimited as his parental fondness: but he had never himself learned a lesson in the useful science of economy, and was therefore as little acquainted with its precepts as he was unconscious of its necessity. If he had ever heard of the *Scotsman's advice* to his son, upon sending him forth into the world, it is very certain it made no impression upon his thoughts when he was composing his instructions on a similar occasion. With the single omission, however, of this very important item in the paternal counsel, we cannot help saying that his farewell letters, upon the departure of his sons from home, evince a knowledge of the world, a soundness of judgment, and a correctness of feeling, which the proper use of experience will always be sure to confirm. The autograph of one of these letters is now before us, and we trust the reader will not think a few extracts from it out of place.—‘You are now going,’ it says, ‘into what we call *the world*—be always polite to every one, but familiar with few. You cannot be too cautious in your intercourse with strangers—trust

none with your opinions, secrets, or money. Make no friends, as the term is too loosely used : if in your whole life you shall find *one* who deserves that title, look upon it as a *wonder* ! — The usages and manners you will see, are not such as you have been accustomed to : do not confide in *appearances* — in every such city as Paris, or London, there are tens of thousands who are constantly on the watch for exactly such characters as you will be among them — that is, a young man and a stranger, whom they may dupe and plunder ; they live by no other means and at the same time keep, what is called, the *best company* — avoid these as you would escape destruction. — Remember that you have not only a character to gain for *yourself*, but that you will also be expected to support that which *I* have been so many years building up. — Pay proper respect to all who deserve it, but never lessen or degrade yourself by servility to any. — Mr — will furnish you with what money you may want for the purchase of such clothes as you may think proper for your own use, and *also* with 24 livres per day for your *expenses*, which is as much as any gentleman ought to spend who does not *keep a coach*, which you will have no necessity to do — observe, *I do not include travelling expenses*. — Convinced that you will do everything I have recommended, I wish you a safe voyage and happiness.’

The same reckless profusion — the same uncalculating wastefulness of allowance — displayed itself in every branch of his domestic expenditure, until the evil was believed to be beyond remedy. He had fondly imagined, while, a few years before, he was making so lavish a distribution of his wealth among his children, that he was not only conferring independence and happiness upon them, but at the same time adopting the most agreeable and certain method of laying up a future provision for himself, should any unforeseen contingency arise to render a call upon it necessary ; for he never doubted a moment, that it would give his children as much pleasure to share their property with him, should such an act of reciprocity become necessary for his support or comfort, as it did himself to render them so early independent. The unfortunate termination of their commercial career, as we have seen, not only destroyed these happy anticipations, but involved his remaining estate in still further embarrassments. So long as his health continued unimpaired, and he could enjoy the society of a few old companions and friends, the altered state of his finances never gave him a moment’s uneasiness, or, if it did, he had too much fortitude to let it appear. The bustle of the war, which

soon afterwards intervened — in which we have endeavored to show that he was no idle spectator — had the same effect of diverting his thoughts from the unwelcome subject, albeit an incident occurred at its very commencement, which, it might be supposed, was well calculated to force it upon his mind to the exclusion of all others. We forbore to relate it at the time, not only because it seemed to make no impression upon him, but because it would have interrupted the course of the narrative, and compelled us either to leave the reader in suspense, or, by anticipating events, diminish the interest it was our wish to excite. On the day that the *Rossie* — a name which we trust has not been forgotten by the reader — sailed from Baltimore, at the moment when her gallant and veteran commander, (having exchanged farewell with the last of his friends who attended him to the wharf,) was about to step into the boat, waiting to convey him to the cruiser, he received a gentle tap upon the shoulder from a sheriff's officer, who, with a grace peculiar to these well-bred gentlemen, expressed his 'regret at being obliged to detain him, but his duty compelled him to say there was a "suspicion of debt" against him to the amount of a thousand dollars, which it would be necessary for him to do away, before he could be permitted to take his departure on so perilous an enterprise!' Knowing the 'suspicion' to be well founded, he did not attempt to gainsay the accusation set forth in the writ exhibited, but very quietly gave himself up to be dealt with 'according to law.' The officer was very civil, and contenting himself with having, as he thought, broken up the expedition, he was willing to take the Commodore's word for his 'appearance' at the proper time. It was, as we may readily suppose, not without some feeling of vexation, that he found himself thus unexpectedly arrested, at a moment when so many eyes were fixed upon him, and so many voices offering their wishes for the success of the cruise; but, yielding with a good grace to the stern necessity of the case, he passed his word to the sheriff that he would be forthcoming at the next county court, and then turned his back upon the wharf, intending to deliver up his papers to the 'ship's husband' and go quietly home again to his wife and farm. He sauntered slowly up South-street, until he reached the compting-house of his friend Isaac McKim, Esquire, into which he turned as a momentary resting place. Mr McKim expressed surprise at seeing him, saying he thought he had been 'at least half way to the Capes by this time!' — 'Capes, indeed!' replied the veteran, 'I shall see no Capes, *this* season.' — 'No Capes? What do you mean by that?' — 'Why, I mean just what I say!' —

‘But I don’t understand you!’—‘That’s not *my* fault—I speak plain English, don’t I?’—‘Speak French, then, and may be I shall understand you better.’—‘Pshaw! man, I tell you all the fat’s in the fire!’—‘*What* fat?’ continued the merchant, curious to have the riddle expounded, but willing to humor the peculiar mood of the Commodore, which he knew that something extraordinary must have occurred to produce—‘*What* fat?’—‘I am not going out in the *Rossie*! that’s all!’—‘Not going out in the *Rossie*, come, come Barney, this is carrying the joke far enough—do tell me in plain terms—you have had a quarrel with some of the owners, ha?’—‘No, but I have been *nabbed*—had a writ served upon me just as I was stepping into the boat, and have given my parole to answer at the next court—So, I am off, do you see, to Elkridge, and the *Rossie* must look out for another commander.’—‘The *Rossie* shall do no such thing—what’s the amount of the writ?’—‘A thousand!’—‘Po! po! all this fuss for a thousand dollars!—here go and pay off the suit, and get aboard as fast as you can.’—Nothing could have been further from the Commodore’s dreams than such a result to his visit, when he entered the compting-house; he had not the remotest intention of seeking a loan, but did not hesitate a moment to accept one so generously forced upon him, particularly as he had been really more mortified than he was willing to acknowledge at the untimely arrest, which compelled him to relinquish a favorite enterprise. It took him but a few minutes to redeem his parole from the keeping of the sheriff’s officer, and in the course of an hour he stood upon the deck of the *Rossie* as she moved in gallant trim upon her seaward path.—Such an incident, it may be supposed, did not long remain a secret; and before the end of the day, the kind hearted merchant received a visit from one of the Commodore’s *well wishers*—possibly the very individual at whose suit he had been arrested—who began to open upon him in a strain of reproach, as rude and violent as if he had been guilty of a crime in lending his money to an old fellow-citizen, without waiting to be asked. ‘You’ll never see a cent of it again, *that* is very certain,’ said this despicable backbiter, ‘and it will serve you right for your officious good-nature and folly.—‘Well, well!’ replied Mr McK. in his peculiar manner, ‘the loss of a thousand dollars would not *ruin* one—but I have no fear of losing it, *I know the man.*’—In less than a week after the return of the *Rossie* from her cruise, her gallant commander called at the compting-house of his friend, and verified his good opinion, by repaying every cent of his generous loan. Mr McKim never

told him of the base imputation which had been cast upon him, and he remained to the day of his death perfectly unconscious of the high gratification he had bestowed on his friend, by this simple act of common honesty. 'It was not that I cared a fig for the money,' said this worthy citizen, in relating the anecdote to one of the Commodore's family, 'but it enabled me to stop the mouth of a calumniator.'— We have before said, that the cruise of the *Rossie*, though widely destructive to the commerce of the enemy and therefore preëminently successful in a national point of view, was but little profitable to the numerous individuals who had united to fit her out; this being remembered, the reader will easily conceive that the portion of prize money remaining to the Commodore, after the payment just mentioned, must have been of very insignificant amount: it was sufficient, however, to free him from immediate embarrassment, and his subsequent busy occupation in more important concerns banished all thought of pecuniary matters from his mind.

The effort to stop short in a long indulged career of extravagance and profusion in the expenditure of money, is generally acknowledged to be one of the most arduous and difficult trials of life. The conviction that such an effort is necessary is, indeed, seldom admitted until the heedless prodigal, like the unbelieving Didymus, is made to *feel* the reality of the proof— and then it too often leads to a mere relinquishment of former habits, instead of rousing the mind to a new and different course of action. But, however true it may be that the Commodore's pecuniary resources were greatly impaired and deranged, by imprudence and want of economy in their management, they were certainly never reduced to so desperate a state as to justify the fears that now assailed him— he was still the possessor of a princely territory in the state of Kentucky; the farm on which he resided (which was the property of his wife,) supplied him with all the necessaries and comforts of life; his children were all married and doing well, neither dependent upon him, nor having the slightest claim to any further expectations from him;— and yet we find him gloomy, despondent, and querulous. From his letter to his friend Mr Roberts, written at the close of this year, we learn that he had applied to the President soon after the peace, for a Consulship, but that his application 'met with disappointment.' He speaks in it, feelingly, of the 'cold neglect of those in power,' and complains that the Executive had never even mentioned his name in his communications to Congress, although he had granted brevet promotion to two officers under his command. He considered this omission as

implying the President's belief, that *he* had not done his duty, and adds, 'Be it so! I leave my country to judge — this is my consolation.' Again, he says: 'Last session when Congress so liberally voted *thanks* to some and *swords* to others, I never had the satisfaction of seeing my name brought up, though the Legislature of Georgia communicated their thanks through the Governor of that State to me on the affair of Bladensburg.' — 'Thus you see "kissing goes by favor" — Such things, my dear sir, would almost convince me "republics are ungrateful." When I recollect that such men as *** by favor, may boldly enter the inner galleries of the halls of legislation and be seated among the select, while others with disabled bodies, and leaning on crutches, are to seek a cold seat in the outer galleries, if they can make their way to such a one! — my dear sir, let me *die* rather than realize such a sight!'

That we have been right in attributing this depression of spirits and disposition to complain, to the pain and sufferings of the body, rather than to causes which we believe had no existence but in his own imagination, seems to be confirmed by the fact, that as his health returned and he was able to move about upon his crippled limb without assistance, the natural gayety and cheerfulness of his temper were soon restored, and nothing more was heard of 'neglected merit,' or 'disappointed hopes.' During the summer, he was well enough to make an occasional short visit to Washington, or to Baltimore, and to take an active part in the management of his farm. He became once more the life and delight of his domestic circle, enjoyed a social intercourse with his neighbors, inquired into and relieved the distresses of the poor in his vicinity, and was as happy a country gentleman as any the county could produce.

He continued thus tranquil and contented, until the autumn of 1816, when his love of rambling again seized him, and he determined to undertake a journey to Kentucky, for the purpose of more closely looking into the condition of his long neglected lands, and making some preparatory arrangements for his final removal to that State. As a proof, however, that his desire to travel proceeded strictly from impatience of confinement, and not from a weariness of his little circle at home, he proposed to his wife, and her sister, (who resided with them,) that they should bear him company in his peregrinations. They joyfully acceded to the proposition, and set about making their preparations with an alacrity that equalled even his own habitual rapidity of motion. The ladies were both so expert in eques-

trian exercises, that they insisted upon making the journey on horseback, and about the middle of October, the little cavalcade took the road to the West. A letter from the Commodore, dated at Union-town (Red Stone) the 30th of October, gives the following graphic sketch of their progress thus far :— ‘ We arrived here yesterday at 4 o’clock, after travelling the very worst roads I ever saw over the mountains. We go into Brownsville today, where I mean to *take water*, if possible. — The roads are so cut up by the thousand wagons which are constantly travelling West, that we cannot get on by land. — We had *almost* a fatal accident on the road — in crossing a ford, about fifty yards wide, and not more than a foot and a half, or two feet, deep, the horse on which Maria [the sister of Mrs B.] rode, was seized with a *fit*, and fell with her into the water; before I could jump from my horse and run to her relief, she was nearly drowned, her foot being entangled in the stirrup so as to prevent her rising. — I soon extricated her, however, and no ill consequences have followed her *ducking* — on the contrary, her health is much improved, and we are all well — my horses are excellent — love to all ! ’

The next we hear of him is at Frankfort, Kentucky, where he arrived about the beginning of December. He was received by the warm hearted citizens of this place with a kindness and distinction the most gratifying; and on the 26th he was invited by them to partake of a public entertainment, given expressly with a view to show their sense of his eminent services. At this entertainment, the distinguishing ‘toast’ was: ‘Our welcome guest, Commodore Barney — so long as bravery shall constitute a trait in the American character, so long will his fame rank high in the annals of his country.’ It was echoed by every individual present with enthusiastic acclamations, and each man seemed to feel a personal pride in making the welcome his own. The Commodore, though altogether unskilled in the art of ‘table oratory,’ was spurred by his grateful feelings to attempt a reply, which, we think, not only deserves to be remembered, but is worthy of all imitation, not less from its Spartan brevity than for the noble spirit of its sentiments — ‘Gentlemen!’ said he, ‘The honor which you have just conferred on me, claims my sincere thanks! It is the only reward a republican soldier should ask. — That independence which I contributed to establish in the revolution, and to maintain in the late war, I am ready to support with the last drop of my blood.’

Four days after he had been thus honored by the hospitable and patriotic citizens of Frankfort, the members of the State

Legislature, which was then in session, offered him the same mark of welcome, in the name of their constituents at large; and on the 30th he was again the distinguished guest at a public dinner, at which most of the members, of both Houses, were present. The 'toasts' on this occasion, which are reported in the newspapers of the day, all breathe a spirit of devoted patriotism, and evince that generous disposition, which is always to be found among a brave and independent people, to give 'honor to whom honor is due.' Among others was the following:— 'Commodore Barney, our gallant guest— Two wars, the land and the ocean, bear witness that he is a patriot and a soldier.' — If it should be thought that the reply of the guest to this flattering sentiment, smacked a little too much of the 'play of battle,' we offer as some palliation of the fault, that it was made after many a previous *bumper* had travelled its unsparring round. We copy his 'speech' on the occasion from Niles's Register — 'Gentlemen! — The testimony of respect which you have this day given, is doubly dear to me, as coming from the legislature of Kentucky. I had the good fortune to be in seventeen battles during the revolution, in all of which the star-spangled banner triumphed over the bloody cross, and in the late war I had the honor of being engaged in nine battles, with the same glorious result, except in the last, in which I was unfortunate, though not in fault. If there had been with me 2,000 *Kentuckians*, instead of 7,000 *Marylanders*, Washington City would not have been sacked, nor our country disgraced. — If my arrangements shall permit, it is my intention to become a citizen of Kentucky — and when I die, I know that my bones will repose among congenial spirits.'

The members of the legislature of Kentucky did not content themselves with this extra official act of hospitality, but renewed it in a more memorable form, by introducing in their assembled legislative capacity the following preamble and resolution, which were passed *unanimously* : —

'The arrival of Commodore Joshua Barney in Kentucky, at this time, revives in our recollection the distinguished services of that gallant officer, during the late war, and particularly at Bladensburg — Wherefore

'*Resolved, by the legislature of Kentucky, That the military conduct and achievements of that gentleman during the late war, and on the aforesaid memorable occasion, deserves, and has, the admiration of the legislature of Kentucky.*'*

* Niles's Register, Vol. XI. p. 407.

Thus kindly and hospitably treated at Frankfort, by all classes of its citizens, we need not be surprised that the Commodore delayed his departure from that place for several weeks, nor that he, and the ladies of his family, received the most favorable impressions of the State, in which he had already decided to fix his future residence. He was but ill provided, however, for the many large drafts which were made upon his purse by his long continuance in this western capital. Having calculated simply upon the expenses of travelling in his usual mode of rapidity, the cost of remaining so long stationary at a tavern, was of course an *extra* item, which had escaped consideration. But in addition to the heavy expense of boarding a family in a city hotel, the Commodore met with several demands upon him here, the existence of which had not entered his mind when he left home. — It seems, that, some time in the course of the summer, having received information that a number of persons had settled upon his lands, who would very soon have it in their power to bid him defiance, under the provisions of the ‘Act of Limitations,’ unless some legal steps were promptly taken to eject them, he had given orders to have the proper writs issued against them from the federal court, and had probably never thought of the circumstance again, until it was now brought to his recollection in the disagreeable shape of bills for ‘fees,’ from the Marshal, Clerk, and Attorney. These officers had immediately executed their several portions of his order for the writs, and now required — as men of the law are everywhere wont to do — prompt payment for their services. The necessity of complying with these demands — and everybody knows that law-fees are not generally ‘trifles’ — so reduced his funds, that, as he expressed it in a letter to one of his sons, he was ‘run ashore, and obliged to make a borrow,’ to enable him to pursue his journey to Louisville. The sum which he borrowed, however, must have been small, as we find it nearly exhausted by the time he reached Louisville, from which place he wrote thus to his son Louis, on the 5th January. — ‘Finding my cash would not hold out for what was yet to be done, I drew upon you yesterday for \$300 at 10 days, which I beg you will meet — the \$300, I have to receive (due 1st this month) for my six months’ *pension** shall be transferred to you to pay it.’ — Upon the prospect of accomplish-

* A pension of six hundred dollars *per annum* had been granted him by Congress, from the 1st of May, 1815. This pension was, after his death, renewed to his widow for ten years, and is, we believe, still continued to her.

ing the object of his journey, he wrote in high spirits — ‘ I feel *bold*,’ says he, ‘ as to the recovery of my lands, which will be a large estate to me yet — my titles are the best on record, and the boundaries good.— May-term, I hope, will settle the business to my satisfaction.’

He left Louisville on the day after the date of this letter, and proceeded directly to Elizabeth, in the neighborhood of which his lands were situated. Arrived here, he very soon discovered that he had been too sanguine in his hopes of an easy and speedy settlement of the difficulties, which must always attend the taking possession of land after it has been suffered to remain for thirty years without an apparent owner. As the measures he was compelled to pursue, furnish a somewhat curious example of the carelessness of original *grantors* and *grantees* in defining the limits of their western lands, we shall endeavor to give them as much in detail as his several letters to his sons, while engaged in the occupancy, will enable us. The original grant and survey of ‘ Barbor and Banks,’ which constituted his claim, being well known to all the settlers in the county, he found no difficulty in discovering the location of his tract, which he proceeded to visit without delay. Many of the best parts of it were occupied, and in some instances, by very respectable families, who had purchased and settled under what they supposed to be good and sufficient titles. Such persons upon being made sensible, by a comparison of their title deeds with the original grants produced by the Commodore, very readily agreed to a compromise by which possession was secured to them ; but others refused to listen to any terms whatever, and determined to put him to the expense and trouble of making good his title in law. It thus became necessary for him to establish his boundary lines, and a number of surveyors were immediately employed to ascertain and measure them. But here a difficulty occurred at the threshold, which threatened for some time to impede all his efforts to establish a claim to the occupied farms. The *beginning* could not be ascertained ; no person on the land seemed to be sufficiently acquainted with its position to give the requisite information ; and some of them added to his vexation, by declaring that *if they knew* they would rather destroy all traces of it than point it out to the surveyors.

In this perplexity, the Commodore resorted to the expedient of offering a reward of one hundred dollars to any one who should designate the *spring* and the *trees*, which the survey called for as the place of *beginning*. This advertisement, in a

little while, brought before him an old hunter, who said he thought he could conduct him to the very spot — he was not very positive, but it was his impression that the spring called for, had been for many years a *deer-lick*, and ‘if I am not mistaken,’ continued the old man, ‘I have killed many a deer upon the spot.’ The offered services of the old hunter were accepted, as a guide; and the Commodore and his surveyors, attended by a number of the settlers on his lands, set forth in search of the desired spring. After pursuing a small deer-path for many miles, through a wild and dreary forest, the old hunter at length stopped at the foot of a steep and rugged precipice, and pointing to a stream of water that gushed from its sides, pronounced it to be the spring in question. Its position, however, and the surrounding scenery, differed so much from the description in the survey, that all present declared him to be wrong, and the Commodore began to think that he had been employed purposely to lead him astray. The hunter persisted in asserting the correctness of his memory — he had been present when the original survey was made — ‘and there,’ said he, after looking around with the keen eye of an experienced woodsman, ‘are the *trees* which I helped to notch!’ — The trees thus indicated stood upon the brink of the precipice immediately over the spring, but upon recurring to the record, it was observed that their relative position as it regarded the spring, did not at all correspond with the terms of the call in that instrument. Vexed at being so much doubted and contradicted, by men who knew nothing of the localities, the old man at last said, he did not care what their *papers* might say, but he would take his oath those were the very trees from which the surveyors started to run out Barbour and Banks’ grant, and if they would cut into them deep enough, he was sure they would find the notches and other marks which had been put upon them at that time. It was with no very strong reliance upon the assurances of the hunter, that the surveyors began at length to cut into the bodies of the trees, but their labor was soon rewarded by the discovery of the identical marks so minutely described in the patent; and what served still further to confirm the identity of the trees, was, that as each year’s growth of the trees was readily distinguished, their sum corresponded exactly with the number of years since the survey had been made. There was no longer a doubt in the mind of any body, and the old hunter was made happy in the possession of the promised reward.

The beginning having been thus fortunately established, the

surveyors proceeded forthwith to run the courses and distances of the tract. As in most of the grants of the period, the land was comprised in a parallelogram, there were of course but four lines to run, and the task was looked upon as already more than half accomplished; but after running the *distance* called for in the first course, they sought in vain for the boundary, from which they were to take their departure on the second course — it was nowhere to be found. This was another, and an unexpected perplexity from which there seemed to be no escape. But as it was well known, that distances were not always accurately measured, one of the surveyors proposed to continue the course, (in which it was impossible they could be mistaken,) until they either discovered the second call, or had passed beyond all reasonable limits of error in the distance. The Commodore agreed to this advice, almost in despair, and they continued to drag the chain over many a lengthened road, until to the surprise of all, and the great delight of the 'Pat-ron,' they 'hit the mark.' The second and third lines were run without difficulty, and the fourth established the correctness of the whole, by bringing them to the exact point from which they had started. By the calculations from this measurement, it was ascertained, that the contents of the survey, exceeded the original grant to Barbour and Banks, by nearly twenty thousand acres. The most experienced surveyor, however, and the old hunter, were at no loss to account for the excess in the actual quantity contained within the lines — they stated, that, at the period of the first survey, that part of the country was still thickly inhabited by the Indians, whom it was not always safe for the surveying parties to meet; the chain carriers moved under a constant dread of being attacked, and distances were consequently but very imperfectly ascertained. They thought it unquestionable, that the original grant was designed to convey *all* the land contained within certain specified lines; as these lines were now established beyond the possibility of controversy, and there existed no doubt as to the accuracy with which their several *lengths* had just been measured, it followed, they said, that the Commodore was fairly and legitimately entitled to the benefit resulting from that accuracy — and 'all that could be said about it was, that he had made a better bargain than he thought of!' — This was probably sound reasoning, valid alike in law and equity — at least it was not for him who would be so much benefited by acquiescence in it, to find objections to its force, though we are persuaded that Commodore Barney would have been one of the last men in the world

to claim anything to which he had not a fair title, or to profit by a mistake to the injury of another's interests. In this case, it seemed to be very clear that nobody would be injured — the original grantees had transferred their right in a tract of land, for more or less, as the same had been conveyed to them : if the term *grant* be used in its rigid sense, they of course paid *nothing* ; but if it be used, as we believe it sometimes is to signify an original *deed*, and they paid *something*, it is very certain that they did not pay for *more* land than they received, and would therefore have no more right to profit by the excess than their own transferee ; — and as to the original *proprietor* — whether the term be applied to the King of England, or to his lieutenant in the colony — every body knows the easy terms upon which *he* acquired the 'right of property' over the trackless forests of this continent. — At all events, every body concerned, seemed to be satisfied with the result of the survey, and the Commodore returned from his wearisome undertaking in much better spirits than had accompanied him in entering upon it.

Having thus happily accomplished one very important object of his present visit to Kentucky, he made another effort to bring the unauthorized settlers upon his land to a compromise ; and as the objections of most of them had been removed by the survey, he was gratified to find them now more willing to comply with his very reasonable demands. He entered into arrangements with them for their permanent occupation of the respective farms they had settled, upon satisfactory terms, and then prepared to return once more to Maryland. He was now the undisputed proprietor of more than fifty thousand acres of valuable land, situated in the vicinity of a flourishing town, in one of the finest States of the Union, and he had some right to look forward to the enjoyment of ease and independence for the rest of his days, with the certainty of leaving his family, should they survive him, the amplest means of subsistence and comfort.

CHAPTER XIX.

Commodore B. returns to the retirement of his farm on Elk Ridge : — prepares for his removal to the West. — Death of the Naval Officer at Baltimore. — Commodore B. is appointed to the vacant office : — removes with his family to Baltimore : — constitutes his son William his Deputy. — Reflection on his appointment. — He makes another visit to Kentucky : — accomplishes his arrangements for removal thither : — disposes of his Elk Ridge farm. — Last interview with his son William — ' British influence' defined. — He leaves Baltimore with all his family. — Detention at Brownsville. — He embarks for Pittsburg : — his illness — Death — and character.

THE homeward journey of the Commodore and his family, though necessarily slow and fatiguing, was unattended by any of the exciting incidents that marked his progress towards the West. It was the loveliest season of the year, the weather was delightful, and the spirits of the little party partook of the cheerfulness and joy that everywhere smiled around them. They had made many friends during their sojourn at Elizabeth, and they looked forward to the period of their return to take up a permanent abode among them, with the most pleasing anticipations. — On his arrival at Baltimore, he took time only to visit and greet his children, all of whom with their several families were settled in that city, and then retired immediately to the privacy of his farm on Elk Ridge, where he devoted the whole of his time to domestic concerns. During this quiet period, he enjoyed the most vigorous health, and rarely complained of any inconvenience from his wound, except that, as he used laughingly to say, it served him sometimes the purpose of a barometer, to indicate the changes of wind and weather.

He remained in his retirement, busied in directing the various arrangements for his intended removal to Kentucky, until the beginning of November, when he received from his old friend, President Monroe, the appointment of Naval Officer in the Customs at Baltimore — a post which had just become vacant by the death of a fellow-soldier of the revolution, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsay. Had such an office been bestowed upon

him two years before, there is no doubt he would have abandoned every other design, and devoted himself exclusively to the administration of its concerns; but other views had now taken possession of his mind, and though he accepted the office, — which he regarded at once as a merited reward for his many arduous services, and an honorable mark of the President's continued friendship and esteem — it was only because he fancied it barely possible that some unforeseen interruption might occur to the completion of his Western scheme. He repaired to Baltimore without delay, and having complied with the usual formalities of entering upon office, he immediately appointed his son, Major William B. Barney, his Deputy, and consigned to him all the active duties of the station. There was nothing in the nature of these duties that rendered his personal attention indispensable; and, as he took care to secure the authority and approbation of the executive, for entrusting them to a Deputy — whose capacity for business he knew to be superior to his own, and whose fidelity he could rely on with the most implicit confidence — no reproach could justly attach to him for accepting the office. He did not, however, neglect any act of supervision which the laws required, and for several months, he attended with great regularity at his desk, ready for any call that might be made upon his personal services. The venerable chief of the custom-house had been his revolutionary associate, a passenger with him in the first voyage he had made in his prize ship, the 'General Monk' and never did two braver spirits or more incorruptible patriots meet together in official connexion.

In the succeeding month of April, the state of his private affairs made it necessary for him to undertake another journey to 1818 Kentucky, and he obtained from the proper authorities a regular leave of absence for that purpose. On this occasion, he travelled alone, and pursuing the most direct route to the town of Elizabeth, arrived there some time in May. He lost no time in giving completion to those arrangements which had required his presence, and having exchanged a portion of his lands for a spacious and comfortable dwelling-house in the village, — the titles to which, unfortunately, he did not take sufficient pains to examine — he returned to Baltimore, where he arrived early in July. He resumed immediately his official attendance, if not his official duties, at the custom-house, it being his design to retain the office, until he should be finally settled in his adopted State, and then to resign it with an expression of his grateful acknowledgments to the President for having be-

stowed it. In the meantime, the preparations for the departure of his family, and the necessity of winding up all his affairs in Maryland, kept him busy until late in the autumn. At length, however, having found a purchaser for his Elk Ridge farm, and obtained another leave of absence from the Treasury Department, he was ready to set out with all the adjuncts of final emigration — his servants, stock, horses, and such articles of household furniture as could be conveniently transported.

He left Baltimore on this last and fatal journey, late in October, intending to proceed to Brownsville, in Pennsylvania, where he hoped to find a ready conveyance down the Ohio to Pittsburg. After he was seated in the carriage with his family, and just about to drive off, his son William — perhaps with a presentiment that he should never see him again — went up to the door of the carriage, and in a half whisper to his father, that he might not be heard by the ladies, expressed a wish, if the Commodore should die before him, that he would leave orders to have him put in possession of the ‘*ounce of British influence* he had labored under, ever since the battle of Bladensburg!’ — The Commodore laughed and turning to his wife, said, ‘Do you hear that, my dear? — whenever I die, remember that you are to have this cursed ball extracted from my thigh, and sent to the Major, together with the sword presented to me by the city of Washington.’ — These articles, as well as the sword he wore at Bladensburg, and a pair of highly finished, ancient Scotch belt pistols, of wrought steel, inlaid with silver, are now in the possession of his eldest son. The pistols were presented to the Commodore during the war of the revolution, by a gentleman of Scotland who had espoused the *rebel* cause, by the name of Holkar, with the injunction that if he should ever have a son who proved to be ‘as good a rebel’ as himself, they should be transferred to him.

From Brownsville, he wrote a long letter to his son Louis, on the 9th of November, from which we extract a few paragraphs, not only as furnishing a better description than we could otherwise give of the disappointments and difficulties he was compelled to encounter, but as showing his opinions upon certain grave subjects, which will continue to divide the political and religious world, perhaps, until the day of final doom. The reader will perceive also, from the manner in which he speaks of his health, how little his children and friends in Baltimore could be prepared for the distressing accounts which so speedily followed from the same quarter. After giving some instructions as to the disposition of certain articles of ladies’ apparel which he had left behind him, and referring to further directions to be given

on his arrival in Kentucky, he adds :— ‘ but I have my doubts, and serious ones too, whether I shall get there this winter — there is no water in the river ; all the goods that have been sent out for the last six weeks, are still here and at Pittsburg. — I am here at *tavern expenses*, which will ruin me if kept up much longer. — I shall look out for the *wardrobe* ; it ought to be here to day or tomorrow.

‘ The weather is fine, indeed ! and not the least appearance of rain, so that I am losing my *patience* very fast, as well as my *money* !

‘ I am firmly persuaded that the *banks* will ruin every man that dips into them — I never could bring myself to think well of them, or of those that depend upon them.

‘ We are all in good health — *I have not had any pain in my thigh*, since my journey to Washington in the stage !

‘ I shall write again to let you know when we start down the river. — Give our kind love to all, and tell ***** not to despair about the *pews* * — his religion will soon be the only one worth attention ; the *times* will bring people to reason, and *reason* is his creed !’

Notwithstanding the promise to ‘ write again,’ it appears that this was the last letter ever received from the Commodore, who was probably kept too busy in his preparations until the moment of embarkation, and then thought it better to postpone writing until his arrival at Pittsburg. In a few days after the date of this letter, he succeeded in procuring a boat — which, however, he was obliged to purchase — and having fitted up a temporary cabin in her for the accommodation of his family, and put on board his goods of every description, he at length took his departure from Brownsville. The extreme lowness of the water, rendered the navigation of the river almost impracticable, and created so many obstacles to his progress, that he was nearly three weeks in accomplishing the short passage between Brownsville and Pittsburg. The fatigue to which he exposed himself during this passage, and the anxiety under which he labored for the safety and comfort of his family, brought on, before the

* The reader would perhaps hardly be able to comprehend this *consolatory* message, without a word of explanation — A new church had then just been erected in Baltimore, under the name of the ‘ First Independent Church of Baltimore,’ or, as one of its own ‘ deacons’ facetiously called it, as well in allusion to its *situation*, it being *vis-à-vis* to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, as to its *doctrines*, which were Unitarian, ‘ *The Opposition Line* !’ It was built chiefly by the subscription of a few individuals, who looked to be repaid in part for their advances, by the sale of the *Pews* — which were probably for some time ‘ a dull article’ in the market.

end of the second week, a violent attack of bilious fever, which in a few days, however, seemed so far abated, that he thought himself convalescent, or at least endeavored to persuade his family to believe so, by assuring them, that there was no cause for apprehension. — ‘I shall be well again in a day or two!’ he replied to their anxious inquiries and looks of alarm. It was during this short interval of apparent convalescence, that he arrived at Pittsburg, but was unable to leave his boat. A physician was called to him immediately after his arrival, to whom he complained of pain in the back and sore throat, for which a blister was ordered. This was on Thursday, the 26th of November; on Friday he remained in bed all day, and suffered under a difficulty of speaking, occasioned by the increased soreness of his throat. On Sunday he was pronounced to be getting better, and on Monday was so much recovered as to be able to sit up for a short time — that night, he was seized, on a sudden, with violent spasms in the wounded limb, which recurred at short intervals throughout the night. On the morning of Tuesday, the 1st of December, he sat up and bathed his feet: immediately after returning to bed, another spasm seized him, which lasted but for a moment, but in that moment his gallant spirit returned to Him who had given it. — Thus died this patriot hero at the age of fifty-nine years and six months!

In obedience to his previous orders, the ball — to the effects of which we may safely attribute his death — was sought for after his demise, by the physicians who had attended him, it was found within a few inches of the point at which it had entered the thigh. It appeared to have passed just under, and grazing, the right hip joint, by which it was flattened and its direction changed so as to bring it down the inside of the thigh, where it probably remained for several months, until, by the Commodore’s frequent exercise on horseback, it was gradually forced back along the channel which itself had made towards the point of entrance. The experienced in such matters, who have seen the ball, pronounce it to have been discharged from a rifle — a fact which may serve to settle the disputed question among the British soldiers, to which corps belonged the honor of having brought down the American commander.

His remains were interred, on the day after his decease — in the burial ground of the First Presbyterian church, and we learn from the Pittsburg papers of the day, that every class of citizens united in paying honor to the occasion. ‘Although he died among strangers, yet his fellow-citizens were not strangers to his distinguished worth and services. The manner in which the

last sad rites were performed to his memory, and the immense concourse which attended on the occasion, mournfully evinced the high interest they felt in witnessing the departure of another of the revolutionary heroes.* Another paper of the same place says: 'Every respect was shown to the memory of this gallant and celebrated officer, which times and circumstances would admit of. As one of the heroes of the Revolution, he was beloved and respected; and, as the champion of Bladensburg, he was everywhere received with enthusiasm.†

We will not attempt to paint the distress of his widow, and that part of his family who had accompanied him, thus suddenly bereaved of a beloved protector and friend, in a land of entire strangers. The heart of sensibility will readily conceive the depth of grief into which they must have been plunged. — As soon after the mournful ceremony of interment as circumstances would permit, Mrs Barney continued her voyage down the river to Louisville, and thence proceeded by land to the home which had been provided for her at Elizabeth, and which she had so lately hoped to occupy under happier auspices. Here, however, she was not suffered to remain long undisturbed — difficulties were created as to the validity of the titles under which the exchange of property had been made, and she preferred to give up the house at once, to the alternative of engaging in a law-suit. She accordingly returned to Louisville, where she still resides, esteemed and respected by all who know her.

A monument was subsequently erected, at the expense of the widow, under the tasteful direction of James Riddle, Esq., of Pittsburg, composed of a plain marble slab, resting upon a granite base, and supported by six handsomely turned pillars, or balusters, of the same material. It is unostentatious, but neat and durable; and a plain and simple inscription tells the spectator, upon whose earthly habitation it is that he stands to gaze.

The melancholy intelligence of his death reached Baltimore on the 7th of December; and at an extra session of the City Councils, held shortly afterwards, the following Resolution was passed, which will serve to show the respect entertained for his memory by his native City: —

'Resolved, by the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, That the Mayor, and Presidents of the two branches, be, and they are hereby, authorized and requested to employ Mr Rembrandt Peale to execute, from the best likeness that can be ob-

* Pittsburg Mercury.

† Pittsburg Statesman.

tained in this City, a portrait of our late gallant and distinguished fellow citizen, Commodore JOSHUA BARNEY; and that the said portrait be placed in the chamber of the first branch, as a testimony of respect for his memory and gratitude for his patriotic services.'

A few day previous to his first departure from Baltimore, in April, the Commodore executed a Will, by which he bequeathed the dwelling-house and ground attached thereto, in the town of Elizabeth, Kentucky, five thousand acres of land in Harden County, his slaves, furniture, horses, carriages, plate, and all the rest of his property real, personal or mixed, not otherwise devised by the said Will, to his wife, Harriet Barney — subject to certain contingencies, in the event of her contracting another marriage: — five thousand acres of land, being part of the same tract, to his daughter Mrs Caroline Williams: — five thousand acres, to Anna Maria Coale, his wife's sister: — one thousand acres to his niece Elizabeth Young: — and the residue of his lands to be equally divided among his grandchildren, the offspring of William, Louis, and John Barney, and Caroline Williams. Of these residuary legatees, however, we have reason to believe that not one has derived, or is likely to derive, the slightest benefit from the bequest. The titles to the lands, which were thought so indisputable in the lifetime of the testator, have since become the subjects of tedious and expensive lawsuits, which will probably end in swallowing up their whole value.

COULD we be vain and confident enough to persuade ourself, that due justice had been done to our subject in the foregoing pages, we might here consider our task as finished, and throw down the pen — leaving it to every reader to exercise his own judgment in giving such a character to the life we have exhibited, as the materials before him might seem to justify. But we are sufficiently conscious of our numerous deficiencies, in a branch of composition entirely new to us, to be convinced, that we ought to follow the example of the humble sign-painter — who thought it necessary to write under his picture of the king of the forest, 'this is a lion' — by winding up our labors with an explicit enunciation of the character we intended — but may have failed — to portray.

An occasion has heretofore presented itself, in the course of

the narrative, to speak of the personal appearance of Commodore Barney; and we might, perhaps, deem it sufficient to refer the reader to the English Proclamation, — in which a price was set upon his head, and which was shouted forth, at the sound of the bell, by the town-crier of Plymouth, so much to the alarm of his friends — were it not, that the description there given, did not serve to identify him, in the opinion of the-sentinel, who examined him on that occasion with great strictness, and suffered him to pass as not at all resembling the advertised *deserter* from Mill Prison. We may therefore suppose, either that his enemies were not faithful painters, or that they did not regard the subject as worthy of their best efforts; and in either case, it becomes our duty to supply their omissions. — In his stature, Commodore Barney, perhaps, rather fell short of, than exceeded, what is generally understood by the ‘middle size;’ but his form was a model of perfect symmetry, combining in a remarkable degree the close knit, muscular strength and vigor of an Ajax, with the graceful proportions of an Antinous. His forehead, nose, and mouth, were of the finest Grecian mould; his eyes a sparkling black — full, liquid, and so peculiarly expressive, that, to those who knew him well, language was scarcely necessary to interpret the various emotions that rapidly succeeded each other in his mind. When excited, there was a lightning-like splendor in the corruscations of his glance, that few persons could meet without perturbation. Upon the whole, his features were strikingly handsome; and the general air of his countenance, when not disturbed by any moving passion, was eminently benignant and prepossessing. In his dress, he was scrupulously attentive to neatness and propriety; in his manners, he was graceful, easy, courteous, and polished. — Having, in his early life, received nothing more than the rudiments of a common English education; and having been, almost from the moment of quitting school, constantly employed in the active and laborious duties of his profession, it could hardly be expected, that his acquirements should be very extensive, or very various. But, though the fondest partiality of friendship may not ascribe to him the elegant accomplishments of a scholar, it may with great justice be said of him, that few men were ever more profoundly versed in those branches of science, the knowledge of which is indispensable to the attainments of eminence in the nautical profession. His arithmetical proficiency, which formed his boast when a boy, served as a foundation which enabled him afterwards, with comparatively little labor, to pursue the more abstruse branches of mathemat-

ics, astronomy, geography, and navigation, with great success. These, it will be allowed, are studies, the mastery of which evidences the possession of an intellect capable of receiving the highest order of cultivation — and such, we are convinced, under other circumstances, would have been found to be the capacity which nature had bestowed upon him. In addition to these professional attainments — for which he was indebted to his own unguided assiduity — he possessed a respectable acquaintance with history and politics; and there were few common topics of conversation, in the discussion of which he could not bear an equal share, with credit to himself. His conception was quick and penetrating, and his conclusion once formed, there was seldom much interval between decision and action. If his opinions were sometimes formed with too little deliberation, he was never too obstinate to perceive and acknowledge their error, the moment his judgment detected the fallacy. But it was only in matters of minor importance, that he ever permitted himself to act without the sanction of his judgment: it was rare, indeed, where the lives or interests of others were staked upon his conduct, to find him wanting, either in conception or execution. — His temperament was enthusiastic and ardent — qualities, which carried him forward in whatever he undertook, with an energy and diligence of application, that no dangers or difficulties could divert from its object. In his disposition, he was kind, affectionate, humane, and charitable. Punctilious in his notions of honor, incorruptible in his integrity, no mean or sordid feeling ever found even a momentary habitation in his bosom, which was emphatically the abiding-place of every noble, generous, and manly virtue. As a naval commander, in peace or war, in the strife, or serenity, of the elements, he had no superior, for prudence, skill, or courage. In the face of an enemy, entire self-possession, heroic daring, and fearless intrepidity, were his acknowledged characteristics —

‘ But, the battle once ended — ’

the conquered foe found in him a sympathizing brother, a kind and tender nurse, ready to pour the healing balsam into the wounds he had made, whether of the body or spirit. In the cause of suffering humanity, at all times, and under all circumstances, his heart, his hand, and his purse, were alike ready to extend the relief of sympathy, service, and money. The meanest beggar never appealed to his charity in vain. — He was a patriot, in the noblest sense of the term, in principle, sentiment, and conduct. As a friend, he was zealous, sincere, and faith-

ful ; as a neighbor, kind, obliging, and social ; as a companion, frank, cheerful, and entertaining. In his family circle, he was beloved with entire devotion — a fact which in itself, constitutes the highest eulogy, that could be pronounced on his character, in the several relations of domestic life. Those who had once served under his command — strict as he was in the enforcement of the most rigid discipline and subordination — were always ready to offer their services a second time, and to look upon their acceptance as a proud distinction. His inferiors and dependants, of every class, revered and loved him with a sincerity of attachment that nothing but death could have dissolved. — Such was the character of Joshua Barney. If, in this delineation, we have avoided bringing into view any of the failings, from which, as a human being, he could not have been exempt, it is not because we have desired to represent him as a ‘ faultless monster’ — but because those, whom they most nearly concerned, and who alone could have been injured by them, were prompt to forgive and forget them, in the contemplation of his nobler qualities.

A P P E N D I X.

N O . I . — p . 112.

‘THE depredations upon the commerce of Philadelphia, committed in the Bay and River Delaware, by the armed ships of Britain, and by picaroon privateers, fitted out at New York, led to a petition from the merchants and traders of the city, to the legislature of the State praying for the adoption of measures to protect their property ; and in pursuance thereof, a law was passed on the 9th April, 1782, appointing Francis Gurney, John Patton, and William Allibone, commissioners to purchase, man, and equip suitable vessels for the purpose, which armament, in whole or in part, was to be kept in service so long during the existence of the war as they might think necessary, or until otherwise directed by the General Assembly. The funds to provide for the expense of this armament, were, 1st, the moneys arising from the tonnage of vessels. 2. The moneys arising from the impost on foreign goods ; but as these funds might be insufficient to defray the expense of the armament, so speedily as was requisite, and the merchants and traders having signified their willingness to submit to a further impost on the importation of goods for this important object, additional duties were imposed upon imported goods equal to those which were made payable by the act of December, 1780. Twentyfive thousand pounds were appropriated for the armament, and the commissioners were authorized to borrow to that amount on the faith of the State funds and commercial revenue, and to draw from the collector, from time to time, the moneys arising from the duties pledged, and to apply them to the repayment of the sum bor-

rowed. By a supplement to the act, passed a few days after the first, the commissioners were authorized to borrow any additional sums they might deem necessary, not exceeding twenty-five thousand pounds; and it was further enacted, that "whatever proportion of prize money shall become due to the State by means of captures made by the armament, shall be paid into the hands of the commissioners, to be used and accounted for as they are directed to use and account for other moneys appropriated to raise and support the said armament."—As the state of affairs did not admit of the delay attending upon the passage of the law,* the merchants anticipated the expected assistance from the State, and by loans from the Bank of North America, on their individual responsibility, purchased and equipped a ship in March, 1782, and on the recommendation of Mr Daniel Smith, Secretary to the Commissioners, the command was given to Lieutenant Barney. She sailed in the beginning of April following, and returned in three days, or at most four,† with the prize, the General Monk.‡ On the 23d April, the commissioners recommended to the Executive Council of Pennsylvania to purchase the prize-ship, General Monk, and they were authorized to do so: and on the 16th May, Captain Barney was commissioned by the council her commander. The minute of the council states his age to be 25 years, (he was not 23 until July of that year). From the minutes of the council it appears that on the 20th May, 1782, an order was drawn in favor of Edward Milne, for the sum of seventy-five pounds specie for procuring the sword; and on the 31st July following, another order for £50, was drawn on the same account.⁴ *Letter to Mrs Mary Barney from Dr Mease of Philadelphia, dated 3d January, 1832.*

NO, I I. — p. 115.

* Charleston surrendered on the 12th of May, 1780; and before the year concluded, Admiral Arbuthnot made Mr Rogers a

* 'The law appointing commissioners for the defence of the river, it is seen, was not passed until the day after the capture of the General Monk.' *Note to the Letter.*

† 'The ship was owned by Mr John Willcocks, and when contracted for had actually gone down the river, outward bound with a cargo of flour — and after this was landed, she was pierced for guns.'—*Ibid.*

‡ 'The capture was made on the day she sailed, 8th April.' A.

master and commander, and gave him a sloop of 18 guns. This sloop had been an American privateer, named the General Washington; which the Admiral, humorously enough, changed to the General Monk. While Capt. Rogers commanded this ship, he took, or assisted in taking, more than sixty vessels from the enemy, though he did not command her above two years. His last action in her, though unsuccessful, *did him so much credit*, that it deserves to be detailed at length. 'In the evening of the 7th of April, 1782, as he was cruising off Cape Henlopen, in the Delaware, in company with a frigate, the Quebec, I believe the same frigate on board which Capt. Rogers died, under Capt. Mason, they discovered eight sail lying at anchor in Cape May road. Though they could not distinguish their force, they had no doubt but they belonged to the enemy; and therefore anchored that night in such a position, as to prevent their getting out to sea. In the morning Capt. Rogers received orders from Capt. Mason to enter Cape May road, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to attack them, or not, as he found it expedient. In the meantime, he himself would proceed higher up, to prevent them from running up the Delaware. But before Capt. Rogers could put his design in execution, he saw three sail standing towards him, which he soon found were New York privateers. This he conceived to be a very fortunate incident; for with the assistance of these privateers, he did not doubt, but he should be able to capture, or destroy, the whole of the enemy's squadron.

'In the meantime, the Fair American, one of the privateers, joined him; and Capt. Rogers communicating his design to her commander, received every promise of support. But the other two privateers stood aloof, and could be induced by no signal to join. Capt. Rogers therefore, and his consort, proceeded up the Bay alone. About noon, the enemy discovered them, turning round Cape May point, and seemed to be thrown into great confusion. They immediately weighed anchor; but manifestly appeared undetermined what to do.

'This moment of confusion Capt. Rogers seized, and instantly bore up, and attacked them, being well seconded by the Fair American. A ship of 12 guns immediately struck. Another of the same force ran ashore, and was deserted by her crew. A brig and two ships made a push to enter Morris river, which the Fair American, endeavoring to prevent, unfortunately ran ashore.

'The enemy seeing this misfortune, began to take courage: and one of them distinguished by a broad pendant, made sig-

nals to the rest. This ship Capt. Rogers was determined to attack; and if possible to board: for as his guns were only caronades, he had no opinion of their strength; and was afraid to trust them in a brisk action. But when he got up to the enemy, who stood towards him, he found she was so full of men, and so well provided with defences against boarding, that he was obliged to alter his plan, and to trust the event, however unwillingly, to a cannonade.

‘He soon however had a melancholy proof that his fears for his guns were too well founded. As soon as they were heated, they became quite unmanageable, and many of them overset; by which several of the men were much bruised. The latter part of the action therefore was carried on in an unequal manner by musketry, against cannon. The two ships had now continued thus engaged half an hour, close to each other, when Captain Rogers, seeing his deck covered with dead, and wounded men, among whom were four officers, himself at the same time severely wounded in the *foot*, and unable to stand, and observing the enemy preparing to board, he endeavored if possible to get off. But his braces and running rigging were so cut, that he had no power over the ship. Finding therefore that he was unable to make any farther resistance, and seeing the frigate too far off to expect any succor from her, he was under the mortifying necessity of striking his colors. The misfortune of the day he attributed wholly to his caronades. His lieutenant and master were both killed; his purser and boatswain were wounded. Of his petty officers and seamen, six were killed, and twentynine wounded. These particulars are taken from Captain Rogers’s *modest* [! !] letter to Admiral Digby, who commanded in those seas.

‘After the action, he and his men were carried prisoners to Philadelphia, where they were very humanely treated. But it was a moving scene to see the distresses of the men.’ — *Gilpin’s Memoirs of Capt. Rogers.*

N O . I I I . — p. 117.

‘A few days before the gallant Commodore *Barney* left this port in the private armed vessel the *Rossie*, again to perform his part in avenging and redressing the wrongs of his country, and we hope, to make as much money as *he wishes*, at the expense of the enemy for himself, as we desire may be the lot of every *American* tar so engaged, he communicated the subse-

quent anecdote to a friend, recurring to him by a conversation respecting the use of Marines.

‘Among the many brilliant achievements of American seamen in the war to obtain independence [we are now fighting to preserve it] the capture of the British national ship *General Monk*, by the Hyder Ally, commanded by Capt. *Barney*, was not the least remarkable. The American was in every respect of inferior force, save in the spirit of her officers and crew. The engagement was terrible, for the Englishman fought bravely, and did not surrender until a very uncommon portion of them were killed or disabled. — For this noble victory Capt. *Barney* was much indebted to his marines, several of whom had left their woods and mountains to *meet* the enemy of their country, and *bring* to the war their unrivalled skill in the use of small arms. — Among the marines was a “backwoodsman,” who, by a certain something in his conduct, had often attracted the particular attention of his captain. — In the very hottest of the engagement, the two ships being within pistol shot, and every one using his utmost exertion, this man, two or three times, took the liberty to inquire of the captain “who made the musket he was using?” As might be expected, from the heat and hurry of the occasion, he was treated very roughly for his intrusion — but being asked why he made this strange *inquiry*, he said, with the greatest *sang froid*, while he was loading his piece, *because it was the best smooth bore he ever shot with in his life!*’ — *Niles’s Register*, vol. II. p. 298.

‘A gentleman who was on board the vessels after their arrival at Philadelphia, gives the following particulars :

“I was then in Philadelphia, quite a lad, when the action took place. Both ships arrived at the lower part of the city with a leading wind, immediately after the action, bringing with them all their killed and wounded. Attracted to the wharf by the salute which the Hyder Ally fired, of thirteen guns, which was then the custom, (one for each State) I saw the two ships lying in the stream, anchored near each other. In a short time, however, they warped in to the wharf, to land their killed and wounded, and curiosity induced me, as well as many others, to go on board each vessel. The Hyder Ally was, as stated, a small ship of sixteen six-pounders. The *Monk*, a king’s ship of large dimensions, of eighteen nine-pounders. The difference in the size and equipments of the two ships was matter of astonishment to all the beholders. The *General Monk*’s decks

were, in every direction, besmeared with blood; covered with the dead and wounded, and resembled a charnel house. Several of her bow posts were knocked into one; a plain evidence of the well directed fire of the Hyder Ally. She was a king's ship, a very superior vessel, a fast sailer, and coppered to the bends. I was on board during the time they carried on shore the killed and wounded, which they did in hammocks.

“I was present at a conversation which took place on the quarter deck of the General Monk, between Captain Barney, and several merchants in Philadelphia. I remember one of them observing, ‘Why, Captain Barney, you have been truly fortunate in capturing this vessel, considering she is so far superior to you in point of size, guns, men, and metal.’ Yes, sir, he replied, I do consider myself fortunate — when we were about to engage, it was the opinion of myself, as well as my crew, that she would have blown us to atoms; but we were determined she should gain her victory dearly. One of the wounded British sailors observed — ‘Yes, sir, Captain Rogers observed to our crew, a little before the action commenced, ‘Now, my boys, we shall have the Yankee ship in five minutes;’ and so we all thought, but here we are.” — *Rogers's Biographical Dictionary*: Article ‘BARNEY.’ p. 43.

N O . I V . — p. 117.

Though there can be no possible doubt of the truth of the anecdote as related in the text, we deem it but an act of justice to the memory of a vanquished and deceased foe, to lay before the reader the following sketch of the life and character of Captain Rogers, for which we are indebted to the same friendly source from which Note No. I. of this Appendix, was derived.

‘The memoirs of Capt. Rogers were written by the late eminent and Rev. Wm. Gilpin, Prebendary of Salisbury, England and published in 1808. — From these it appears, that Capt. Rogers was born at Lymington, in the year 1755, and entered the British Navy early in life, in the frigate *Arethusa*, commanded by the gallant Capt. Hammond, who continued to be his invariable friend to the hour of his death. — The first services of young Rogers were on the northern coast of the United States, and while thus engaged, the war between them and England broke out, and Capt. H. being appointed to the *Roebuck* of 44 guns, carried Mr Rogers with him. In March, 1776, Capt. H.

sent him, under his second lieutenant, in an armed tender, to surprise Lewes-Town within the Capes of Delaware, where he soon captured a sloop, but in the end he himself became prisoner, owing to the treachery of his men, who uniting with those taken in the sloop, ran her on shore while Mr Rogers was asleep. — He was taken into the interior, and afterwards sent to Williamsburg, Virginia, then through Richmond to Charlottesville, where he pleasantly spent eight months, with other prisoners; “their chief employment being to ramble among the woods and mountains, and to gather wild fruits and salads, with which they would regale themselves during the noontide heats on the banks of some sheltered rivulet.” — In April, 1777, they were marched to Alexandria, from which place, he contrived to escape, with several others, and after undergoing great fatigue, during a journey of nearly 400 miles, reached the Delaware, where he had the happiness to find the Roebuck, and to be joyfully received by his kind commander and brother officers. He was subsequently in successful predatory expeditions, on the shores of Virginia and Maryland, and in cutting out several armed vessels, until the month of August, 1778, when the Roebuck came up the Delaware, with other ships of war, to bombard fort Mifflin. He afterwards distinguished himself at the siege of Charleston. The wound he received in his engagement with the Hyder Ally, obliged him to use crutches for two or three years, and rendered him incapable of walking any distance for seven years. In the year 1787, he was made a post-captain, and employed upon various occasions, always to the satisfaction of the commander of the station; and on being appointed to the Quebec frigate, assisted at the siege of Dunkirk, and during the whole war with France was as useful on land as at sea. He was esteemed one of the best naval architects in the service; and often consulted about projected improvements in the fitting out of ships of war. During the year 1794, he was attached to the fleet of Admiral Jervis, made numerous captures, and performed several acts of valor, particularly in the storming the forts in St Lucia, Martinique, Guadaloupe and Cabrit, at the head of the seamen of the squadron under his command, in company with the military force of the British army. He was afterwards sent with three frigates to the coast of the United States to protect the English trade, and on his return to the West Indies, he obtained leave to go to England, to recruit his worn out health: — but, having visited St Vincents, to settle the business of his prize money, he received an express from the Government of Grenada,

requesting his assistance, as the French had landed, and the negroes were in rebellion. Everything of a private concern immediately gave way; he instantly weighed anchor, and set sail for Grenada, where he arrived on the 6th of March, 1795, and was received by the terrified inhabitants as a guardian angel; but after two months incessant duty on land and at sea, he fell a victim to the yellow fever, which raged as an epidemic in the West Indies, on the 24th of April. The assembly of Grenada voted the erection of a monument over his remains, with a suitable inscription, expressive of their gratitude for the services he had rendered the island. — The example of Captain Rogers may be fairly held up to all naval officers, as highly worthy of imitation. He was, in the first place, a complete seaman, having gone through all the degrees of service under a strict disciplinarian; eminently courageous, but never rash; remarkably cool and present to himself, a qualification owing to which he never got into any difficulties with his brother officers: in every business setting the example of exertion, and engaging in an enterprise with his whole soul. To these points of character, he added great skill in his profession, and was acquainted with every part of it, from the minutest to the most important — with the quality of a rope, and the mechanism of a ship, and could steer her course with judgment as he could form her in a line of battle. He was equally useful in the domestic government of the ship, as in the conduct of her in battle, and was such a favorite that upon one occasion two admirals contended under which of them he should serve. No officer had more the art, than he had, of inspiring his men with ardor to follow him; and as he was continually doing acts of kindness to them, they followed him through love as well as confidence. Although in war a man of fire, yet in private life, he called the social virtues around him, and fulfilled all the domestic duties attached to the character of a husband and father in the most exemplary manner. Finally, *“he had a great dislike to the practice of swearing in his ship, and would often tell his officers and men how foolish and vile a habit it was.”* — His temper was so amiable, and his conversation so lively, that he made friends wherever he came. Whoever had a voyage to take, where he was going, wished to take it with him. At Grenada it cannot be conceived in what esteem and affection he was held, and when he went on shore, happy was the family that could entertain him.’

N O. V. — p. 118.

‘ On the 13th of April, 1782, a letter directed to the commissioners named in the Act for guarding and defending the navigation and trade in the bay and river Delaware, containing an account of an engagement which took place on the 8th instant in the bay, between the State ship *Hyder Ally*, commanded by Joshua Barney, and the ship *General Monk*, belonging to the king of Great Britain, made prize by the *Hyder Ally*, was laid before the House, and read, and Mr Henry Hill, General Wilkinson, and Mr James McClene were appointed a committee, to report on the subject of said letter, and in the afternoon of the same day, reported the following resolutions which were adopted unanimously —

‘ *Resolved*, that this House entertain a just sense of the gallantry and good conduct of Captain Joshua Barney, and the officers, seamen and marines under his command.

‘ *Resolved*, that the President of the Supreme Executive Council be requested to procure an elegant sword, bearing some device emblematic of the above action, and present the same to Captain Barney, in testimony of the favorable opinion this House entertain of his merit.’ — [Communicated as above.

N O. V I. — p. 127.

Extracts from a Letter, addressed to Major William B. Barney, by a passenger in the *General Washington*, in reply to one of inquiry from the former.

* * * ‘ I need not mention the appointment of Captain Barney to the command of the *Hyder Ally*, a ship fitted out by the State of Pennsylvania, for the protection of the commerce and shores of the Delaware bay; with which, besides other services of clearing the bay and country adjacent by taking or destroying the piratical boats from New York, he captured, after a bloody action, the English ship of war *General Monk*. — Of these particulars you have full information. The ship being taken into the United States service, and christened the *General Washington*, was refitted, put under the command of Captain Barney, and despatched on an especial service to communicate with *Compte de Grasse*, commander of the French squadron, who was then expected to join the Spanish fleet under Don Solano — and, in conjunction, to attack Jamaica.

A particular commission, dependent on the same event, was given to me, and about the end of April, or beginning of May, 1782,* I joined the ship at Newcastle, Delaware, and she directly proceeded to sea. On the passage, an English brig, from Jamaica to England, was captured with a considerable cargo, and in this affair, the Washington's main yard was carried away, and perhaps some other damage sustained, not now recollected. But three or four days after, we encountered an English cruiser, and as both vessels stood for each other, we were soon in close hailing distance and steered together. As no colors are trusted to in war, the usual questions were put to the strange vessel, whose answers put us to a loss whether she was an enemy or not, and deprived us of the advantage of a close broadside, which was ready to be poured into her. For, while our commander hesitated, the enemy, disliking our appearance, clawed off, hove about, passed astern, and made sail from us. Just as she was executing this manœuvre, Captain Barney, having ordered a gun to be fired over her, the men — all a tiptoe at their quarters, and in that excitement which impels to sudden action — not distinguishing the order to fire a gun, from the general command to engage, discharged the whole broadside, ineffectually, astern of her. A running fight then commenced; and the enemy, working their vessel with superior skill, several times got into that dreaded position by which they had it in their power to rake our ship fore and aft. This being the fault of the sailing master, at last provoked Captain Barney to upbraid him with misconduct, and by greater attention, the action become more successful on our part. The enemy however possessed still advantages, in a crew of prime seamen, (as we afterwards learned from one who had been previously captured by him) in her guns, which, though of like calibre and number with ours, were superior in weight and size: — ours being 6 pounders bored into nines, could not bear the charges, so that we had six guns overset in one broadside; which required so much time to replace them in a position for firing as saved the enemy and discouraged our men. — Besides, she was lately from port, was coppered to the bends, and sailed well. — The action was renewed as often as we could get up with our adversary, and so closely, that our yards were nearly interlocked, and we were once ordered to board, but were disappointed by the skill with which this measure was

* Having lost the Diary, or Journal, kept for some time our revolutionary war, I cannot precisely fix the dates.

shunned by her. — After a long contest, in the night, the loss of spars, and the mizen-mast shattered by a 9lb shot just below the hounds, splintering the mast one half down, and shot in various directions in hull and spars; while we were just in the latitude of cruisers, and our public object endangered should we fall in with a stronger enemy; the Captain was obliged to haul up the sails on the wounded masts and spars, which enabled the enemy to escape, at the very moment, when it appeared to me, she would have struck, could we have got along side of her again. — She went off silenced. — Our men behaved well, though so unhappily served by the guns. Captain Barney showed that cheerful intrepidity, which I have more than once seen wanting in commanders at sea and ashore, and which he eminently possessed. He had two brothers who commanded, I believe, in the tops. I saw one of them, (and he was not alone) get out on the end of the main yard, with his musket, to fire, when the enemy shot ahead, and the sail prevented him from acting. There were other traits of boldness, not now necessary to be recalled to memory and recital. We got into Cape Francois a few days after, a good deal injured, where we found the French and Spanish fleets, with a considerable land force; but De Grasse a prisoner with the English, and his shattered ships reduced in number, his plans defeated, and my object consequently baffled. I left the Washington at the Cape, and the ship went on from thence to Havanna, where Captain Barney took on board a large quantity of specie, and returned with it in safety to Philadelphia.

NO. VII. — p. 146.

‘Miss Janette Taylor having learned that Mrs Barney was about to publish a Memoir of Commodore Barney, and finding among her papers an original letter from that gentleman to Commodore Paul Jones, her uncle, she sends a copy of it to Mrs Barney. — The letter shows they were on intimate and friendly terms; it also refers to other letters that had passed between them; if these exist this may form a link in the chain.

‘Lieutenant Thomas Fitzgerald, in a letter to Commodore P. Jones, dated Philadelphia July 2d, 1784 says, “the Washington has been sold at Baltimore, Captain Barney resides there and has commenced merchant.”’

The biographer has not thought it necessary to insert the letter inclosed in the above very polite note, as it was merely one of courtesy and private matters.

NO. VII. — p. 261.

Extracts of a letter from T. P. ANDREWS, Esq. to Major W. B. BARNEY.

‘Blake and myself were play-fellows and school mates. We heard of the Commodore’s being blockaded in St Leonard’s creek, and mutually agreed to run off from Washington, without the knowledge of our parents or friends, and offer our services to the distinguished commander of the flotilla, as private sailors or marines. The Commodore was pleased with such a manifestation from two inexperienced boys, and, instead of placing us in the ranks of his command, as we expected, gave each of us a command as captains, in the corps of 150 marines, formed of his sailors, and placed on shore to repel an expected land attack on his flotilla. That corps you will recollect was commanded by yourself. As soon as most of the blockading squadron was withdrawn (leaving but two frigates) you were sent down to the Bay with a flag of truce. The Commodore determined to force his way out, which he did do into the Patuxent; — and if he had been properly supported by the land battery, I have no doubt he would have sunk or captured the two frigates. As it was, they were as you know, greatly damaged. As soon as the Commodore had forced his way out into the river and was in safety, Blake and myself, who were volunteer aids in his own barge, during his conflict with the enemy, returned to our families; the latter having become very uneasy at our elopement.’ * * * * ‘I was also at his side in the battle of Bladensburg, and there again had occasion to witness and admire his distinguished character. On this occasion, however, I was not attached *officially* to his command, having gone to the field as sergeant major and acting adjutant to one of the militia regiments, which happened to be stationed immediately on the left flank of the flotilla [men.] — When the regiment retreated, I joined the Commodore.’

‘To an extract from the journal of Mr T. P. Andrews, Mr A. adds — to do away misrepresentations that he thinks have been purposely made, the following information, derived from a gentleman who was on board the Loire frigate immediately after the action — that, on going on board, he found them hard at work pumping, in plugging the shot holes to keep her from sinking, and painting them over as fast as plugged of the color of

the vessel; and that the captain of the Loire who was senior captain, and commanded both vessels in the engagement, candidly informed him that he had 15 shot holes in his frigate; one in the copper above water, one below water mark, one near the bridle port which tore off a plank, and the rest in various other parts of the hull of the frigate.

‘The captain of the Loire also informed him, that *the shot of the battery all fell short*, that neither frigate had been struck by a hot shot, as some had supposed, and that *every shot they received was from the cold eighteen pounders of the flotilla*. — The gentleman saw all the shot holes of the Loire, and saw that the Narcissus was very much cut up below the bends, and saw them pumping, and planking her.’ — *Nat. Intelligencer*.

NO. IX.— p. 263.

‘But if we were not harassed, we were at least startled, on the march by several heavy explosions. — The cause of these we were at first unable to discover; but we soon learnt that they were occasioned by the blowing up of *the very squadron of which we were in pursuit*; which Commodore Barney perceiving the impossibility of preserving, *prudently destroyed, in order to, prevent its falling into our hands*.’ *British in America*, p. 111.

‘Barney’s flotilla, blown up in the *Patuxent*, consisted only of one cutter, one gun-boat and thirteen barges — not of “26 gunboats, and 10 or 15 barges,” as stated in an Eastern paper.’ *Niles’s Register*, vol. vii. p. 12.

The cutter carried one long 18 on a pivot, one 18lb. gunnade, and four short 9lb. carronades — the gunboat had one 24lb. long gun — and the barges each a long 12 or 18 in the bow, and a carronade of 18 to 32 in the stern.

NO. X.— p. 266.

‘After the retreat of the militia under Col. Kramer from his first position,) i. e. on the right of the road and in advance of Commodore Barney) the enemy’s column in the road was exposed to an animated discharge from Major Peter’s artillery, which continued until they came in contact with Commodore Barney: here the enemy met the greatest resistance and sustained the greatest loss, advancing upon our retreating line. When the enemy came in full view, and in a heavy column on

the main road, Commodore *Barney* ordered an 18 pounder to be opened upon them, which completely cleared the road, scattered and repulsed the enemy for a moment. In several attempts to rally and advance, the enemy was repulsed, which induced him to flank to the right of our lines in an open field. Here Captain Miller opened upon him with three 12 pounders, and the flotilla men acting as infantry, with considerable effect. The enemy continued flanking to the right and pressed upon the commands of Colonels Beall and Hood, which gave way after three or four rounds of ineffectual fire, at a considerable distance from the enemy, while Colonel Beall and other officers attempted to rally the men on this high position. The enemy very soon gained the flank, and even the rear of the right of the second line. — Commodore Barney, Captain Miller and some other officers of his command, being wounded, his ammunition wagons having gone off in the disorder, and that which the marines and flotilla men had being exhausted; in this situation a retreat was ordered by Commodore *Barney*, who fell himself into the hands of the enemy.' — *Report of the committee of investigation* — *Niles's Register*, vol. VII. p. 248.

NO. XI. — p. 269.

'This battle, by which the fate of the American capital was decided, began about one o'clock in the afternoon; and lasted till four. The loss on the part of the English was severe, since, out of two thirds of the army, which were engaged, upwards of five hundred were killed and wounded; and what rendered it doubly severe was, that among these were numbered several officers of rank and distinction. Colonel Thornton who commanded the light brigade; Lieutenant Colonel Wood, commanding the 85th regiment, and Major Brown who had led the advanced guard, were all severely wounded; and General Ross himself had a horse shot under him. On the side of the Americans the slaughter was not so great. Being in possession of a strong position, they were of course less exposed in defending, than the others in storming it; and had they conducted themselves with coolness and resolution, it is not conceivable how the day could have been won. But the fact is, that, *with the exception of a party of sailors from the gun boats [barges] under the command of Commodore Barney*, no troops could behave worse than they did. The skirmishers were driven in as soon as attacked, the first line gave way without

offering the slightest resistance, and the left of the main body was broken within half an hour after it was seriously engaged. Of the sailors, however, it would be injustice not to speak in the terms which their conduct merits. They were employed as gunners, and not only did they serve their guns with a quickness and precision which astonished their assailants, but they stood till some of them were actually bayoneted, with fuses in their hands; nor was it till their leader was wounded, and they saw themselves deserted on all sides by the soldiers, that they quitted the field.' — *British in America. Letter 8, p. 125.*

‘There was, however, one difficulty to be surmounted in this proceeding — [evacuation of Washington.] Of the wounded, many were so ill as to preclude all possibility of their removal, and to leave them in the hands of the enemy whom we had beaten, was rather a mortifying anticipation. But for this there was no help; and it now only remained to make the best arrangements for their comfort, and to secure, as far as could be done, civil treatment from the Americans.

‘It chanced, that, among the prisoners taken at Bladensburg, was Commodore Barney, an American officer of much gallantry and high sense of honor. Being himself wounded, he was the more likely to feel for those who were in a similar condition, and having received the kindest treatment from our medical attendants, as long as he continued under their hands, he became, without solicitation, the friend of his fellow sufferers. To him, as well as to the other prisoners, was given his parole, and to his care were our wounded, in a peculiar manner, entrusted, a trust which he received with the utmost willingness, and discharged with the most praiseworthy exactness. Among other terms, it was agreed between him and General Ross, that such of our people as were left behind, should be considered as prisoners of war, and should be restored to us, as soon as they were able to travel; when he and his countrymen would, in exchange, be released from their engagements.’ — *Ib. Letter 9, p. 142.*

‘To destroy the flotilla, was the the sole object of the disembarkation, and but for the instigations of Cockburn, who accompanied the army, the capital of America would probably have escaped its visitation. It was he, who, on the retreat of that flotilla from Nottingham, urged the necessity of a pursuit,

which was not agreed to without some wavering ; and it was he also who suggested the attack upon Washington, and finally prevailed on General Ross to venture so far from the shipping.' *Ib.* p. 152.

NO. XII. — p. 271.

' At this time, aided by the darkness of the night and screened by a flame they had kindled, one or two rocket or bomb vessels and many barges, manned with 1200 chosen men, *passed fort McHenry and proceeded up the Patapsco* to assail the town and fort in the rear, and, perhaps, effect a landing. The weak sighted mortals now thought the great deed was done — they gave three cheers, and began to throw their missive weapons. But, alas ! their cheering was quickly turned to groaning, and the cries and screams of their wounded and drowning people soon reached the shore ; for forts *McHenry** and *Covington*, with the *City Battery* and the *Lazaretto* and barges, [of the flotilla] vomited an *iron flame* upon them, and a storm of heavy bullets flew upon them from the great semicircle of large guns and gallant hearts. — The houses in the city were shaken to their foundations ; for never perhaps, from the time of the invention of cannon to the present day, were the same number of pieces fired with so rapid succession.' — ' Barney's flotilla men, at the City Battery, maintained the high reputation they had before earned.' — *Niles's Register* vol. VII. p. 24.

NO. XIII. — p. 271.

' *Resolved*, By the Board of Aldermen and board of Common Council of the City of Washington, That the Mayor be, and he hereby is, authorized to present to Commodore Barney a sword, as a testimonial of the high sense which this Corporation entertains of his distinguished gallantry and good conduct at the battle of Bladensburg.

' *Resolved*, That the Mayor be and he hereby is, authorized to present through Commodore Barney, the thanks of the

* Fort McHenry did not perceive the passing up of the British, and knew it only from the firing at the City battery of 6 guns, manned by flotilla men, and under the command of a flotilla officer — Mr Jno. A. Webster. The *Lazaretto* also was defended by flotilla men, under the command of first and second lieutenants Rutter and Frazier, so often before distinguished.

Corporation to the gallant officers and men, who served under his orders on the twentyfourth of August last — and to assure them this Corporation entertains the most lively sense of their services on that day.’

(Signed)

R. C. WEIGHTMAN,

President of the Board of Common Council.

‘ Approved, Sept. 28th 1814.

JO. GALES, JR.,

President pro tempore of the Board of Aldermen.

‘ JAMES BLAKE, Mayor.’

‘ We have been favored with the following description of THE SWORD lately presented to *Commodore Joshua Barney* by the Corporation of this City, in testimony of the intrepidity and valor displayed by him and the handful of men under his immediate command, in defence of the City of Washington, on the 24th day of August, 1814. The sword is elegant — the device on it is handsome. On the outer side of the blade is a *mythologic* emblem. It is a figure with helmet, visor up, holding on the left arm a *fasces* indicative of the genius of the *Union*; the left foot is in the prow of a galley, and the right is on the land; the right hand holds an inverted spear erect on a globe, indicative of valor and military renown by sea and by land.

‘ The rest are the usual technical and military trophies and a naval crown.

‘ The blade is damasked, clouded, purpled, gilt and purpled, with the point and edge highly burnished, and it has a shell, containing the eagle with the anchor, surrounded by eighteen stars. The hilt, an eagle head, the guard a stirrup with trophies, and the whole mounting, scabbard and hilt and guard, are of solid pure silver, highly gilt.

‘ The following inscription appears on the blade: “ In testimony of the intrepidity and valor of commodore Joshua Barney, and the handful of men under his immediate command in the defence of the City of Washington on the 24th of August, 1814 — the Corporation of the City have bestowed on him this sword.” — *National Intelligencer*.

‘ By this time (5th October) the whole fleet was once more collected together; and covered the Potomac with their keels.

The Diadem being an old ship and a bad sailer, it was determined to remove from her the troops which she had formerly carried, to fill her with American prisoners, and to send her to England. The Menelaus was likewise despatched with such officers and soldiers as required the benefit of their native air, to complete the cure of their wounds; and the rest getting under weigh on the 6th, stood directly towards the mouth of the Chesapeake. — When we reached James River, we anchored, and were joined by an American schooner bearing a flag of truce. — She brought with her Colonel Thornton, lieutenant Colonel Wood, and the rest of the officers and men who had been left behind at Bladensburg, and being under the guidance of Commodore Barney, that gentleman was enabled to discharge his trust even to the very letter.

‘It may readily be supposed that the meeting between friends thus restored to each other was very agreeable. But there was another source of comfort which this arrival communicated, of greater importance than the pleasure bestowed upon individuals. In Colonel Thornton we felt that we had recovered a dashing and enterprising officer; and as well calculated to lead a corps of light troops, and to guide the advance of an army, as any in the service. On the whole therefore the American schooner was as welcome as if she had been a first rate man of war filled with reinforcements from England.’ — *British in America.*

N O. X V. — p. 272.

‘BRITISH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT SET RIGHT.

‘To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

‘General Ross in his official despatch says, that after having landed the army at Benedict, they moved up to Nottingham, and on the 22d August, to Upper Marlborough, a few miles distant from Pig Point, where Admiral Cockburn fell in with and defeated the flotilla, *taking* and destroying the whole. Now the fact is they neither took nor destroyed the flotilla, for on the 21st the flotilla was abandoned by the crews to join the army, leaving only six or eight men in every [each] barge, to destroy them on the appearance of the enemy’s army, and forces from the fleet; which was done by the officers and men left by me, and not by Admiral Cockburn. — So much for this part of the general’s despatch. The general declares he landed the army to coöperate with Admiral Cochrane, in the operations

which were to be made in an attack under Admiral Cockburn, upon the flotilla. Let us for a moment make a comparison of the forces; 47 sail of ships of the line, frigates, bombs, sloops of war, tenders and transports; having on board an army of, *as they said*, 9,000 veteran troops, the crews of the ships, &c, 8,000 more, a total of 17,000 men, to cooperate against 14 *open row boats* (not gun boats) and one tender; having crews amounting in the whole to 503 men, 400 of which had left the barges the day previous, leaving 103 men to defend it against all the forces combined, with admirals, generals, &c, at their head. The general then goes on to state, that on the 23d he was opposed by a corps of 1200 men — now the fact is, these 1200 men, were no other than two companies of riflemen and infantry, with light artillery, 200 strong, under Major Peter from the District; a skirmish ensued, one man was slightly wounded. — Then the general comes on to Bladensburg, where he found the “enemy strongly posted on commanding heights and a fortified house, &c, which house was shortly carried!” — now the fact is, the house was not occupied by the Americans, of course easily carried. — The general goes on to state how his troops advanced, and by the irresistible attack of the bayonet, the enemy got into confusion and fled. — It would have been more to the honor of the general, to have told that his men never had it in their power to use the bayonet but once, and then declined it; for after every attempt was made by his men to advance on the main road and [they] were driven by the artillery under my command into the field, they were rallied and led on by Colonel Thornton, who advanced to within 50 yards of our position, when he was met by the marines under Capts. Miller and Sevier, with the flotilla men. Col. Thornton fell dangerously wounded, Capt. Hamilton and Lt. Codd were killed, Lt. Stevely of the “king’s own” also severely wounded. The veterans of the 86th and 4th or “king’s own” gave way — so far from using the bayonet, they fled before our men, who pursued them, the sailors crying out to “board them,” nor did the enemy rally until they got into a ravine covered with woods, leaving their [wounded] officers in our power. Then our men returned to their station; Gen. Ross in person was obliged to take the command, but dared not lead them on in front, but pushed out on our flank; our ammunition being expended we were necessitated to retire. The general says, the artillery which was under Com. *Barney*, “ten pieces,” were taken. The fact is I never had but five pieces. But such are the accounts given by British commanders. — The general goes on to state

their loss, which *appears* small, yet to my knowledge the 85th regiment lost *ten* officers killed and wounded, among them Colonel Thornton, Lieut. Col. Wood, and Major Brown; these facts could not be unknown to the general, as the above officers fell into our power, as did between two and three hundred other officers and privates, and [they] have been exchanged through my agency, against the officers and men taken at Bladensburg, and all those taken and paroled, after being wounded, at Baltimore. Notwithstanding all these facts, Col. Brook says he carried off two hundred of the most respectable inhabitants of that City as prisoners — yet after this general exchange, the enemy fell in debt to us, in point of numbers, upwards of one hundred men, besides having two hundred men buried in the field. Such was the real state of these boasted transactions, for the truth of which I refer to Colonel Thornton, Lieutenant Colonel Wood, Major Brown and Lieutenant Stevely.' [Signed] 'JOSHUA BARNEY.' — *Niles's Register, Sup. to vol. VII. p. 159.*

NO. XVI. — p. 273.

Congress of the United States. House of Representatives. Thursday, October 20th. — In committee of the whole a bill was agreed to for the relief of the officers and seamen for Barney's flotilla — to indemnify them for the loss of their clothes &c, by the destruction of the barges in the Patuxent. On this bill considerable discussion took place in the house, and it was laid on the table.' — *Niles's Register, vol. VII. p. 108.*

' *Tuesday, Nov. 1st.* The house resumed the consideration of the bill for allowing compensation to Commodore Barney's officers and men, for the loss of their clothing, &c.

' Mr Pleasants, of Va. took occasion to read the following letter he had received from Commodore Barney since the subject was last under consideration.

' BALTIMORE, OCT. 30th, 1814.

' HON. MR PLEASANTS.

SIR — It was not until this morning that I saw a short sketch of the debate on the 'Flotilla bill.' I was much surprised at what was said on that occasion, for it was well known when *orders* were given to *blow up* the flotilla, that the enemy were firing upon them from 40 barges with cannon and rockets, and had landed a body of marines at Pig Point, within a mile of the

flotilla. The orders of the Secretary of the Navy to me, were to keep the flotilla above the enemy, and if they attempted to march for Washington, to land my men, leaving sufficient to destroy the flotilla, if attacked. On Sunday, 21st of August, finding the enemy on the road to the Wood-yard, direct for Washington, I landed upwards of four hundred men, leaving only eight men in each barge to take care of them or *destroy them* as the case might be, but by no means to let them fall into the hands of the enemy; most of the baggage and all the bedding of the men who were landed, was left on board, not wishing to encumber them. — On Monday morning, the 22d, we joined the army at the Wood-yard, where I found the marine corps and five pieces of heavy artillery, which the Secretary of the Navy had the precaution to send forward from Washington and place under my command. I need not relate our services afterwards — but when the flotilla was blown up, *we*, and not the enemy, ‘were a day’s march from it,’ of course could not save the baggage. — So far from being able to get ‘farther up the river,’ as was said, the vessels were aground, and were blown up in that situation; and as to having time to save the baggage, so contrary is the truth, that several of the men were taken prisoners in the act of destroying the flotilla, and still remain so. Much more might be said on this subject, but the winter coming on imperiously calls for some assistance to these unfortunate men.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
 JOSHUA BARNEY.”

‘The amendment, pending when this subject was last before the house was agreed to.

‘On motion of Mr J. G. Jackson, the word “*officers*” was stricken out of the bill 53 to 47. His reason was, that it would set a bad precedent for remuneration of officers in other cases where they should lose baggage, which frequently occurred.

‘The bill thus amended, was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading tomorrow.

‘*Wednesday, Nov. 2d.* The bill for the relief of the petty officers and seamen under Commodore Barney was passed.,
B. p. 108 — 142.

NOTES.

A. — p. 127.

The following extract of a letter from a gentleman in Jamaica to his friend in Baltimore, dated 'Kingston, Ja. March 16th, 1794,' is copied from the 'Maryland Journal, and Baltimore Advertiser' of the 5th May, 1794.

'On the 13th of February, the Court of *Oyer and Terminer* for the trial of offences committed on the high seas, met by appointment; after the usual forms, the Grand Jury went out for presentments and found two bills against Captain Joshua Barney, of the ship Sampson, of Baltimore; the first, for piratically and feloniously rescuing and bearing off a ship and cargo, which had been seized at sea, while under his command, in July last; the second, for firing upon, with intention to kill, and wounding one of the prize masters. The Court then not thinking proper to go immediately into the trial, adjourned until the 3d instant, when they again met, and adjourned until the 10th; they then met and proceeded to try him on the first indictment.

'Captain Barney was therefore arraigned at the bar, at 11 in the morning, and after an examination of witnesses, and proceedings, which continued until 5 in the evening, and were then closed by the intervention of the Judges, a virtuous and independent Jury, without going out of their box, brought in a verdict of "*not guilty*".

'The Court then adjourned to the 15th, to try him on the second indictment; but during this interval, the President of the Court issued an order to stop all further proceedings; and thus ended the interesting process.

'The origin and progress of this trial has for some time engaged no small share of the common chat of this town, and has been seriously considered in the United States. It is not seasonable to trace this affair through all its stages; suffice it to say, that the *firmness* and *dignity* wherewith Captain Barney has conducted himself through the whole of this cruel and vindictive prosecution, at once bespeak him the *man* his fellow-citizens took him to be, and reflects additional lustre on the character of

a native American. — While the rapacious agents of these commercial regulations were endeavoring by every insidious artifice to pillage him of the means of social existence, by depriving him of his property, another junta, more wicked and inveterate, and no less industrious to avail themselves of every evil machination that malice could invent or envy dictate, to wreak their vengeance on his blood, and left nothing untried to deprive America of a valuable citizen, human nature of a friend and benefactor, and a virtuous and amiable family of a husband and father.

[From the same paper of the 7th of May, 1794.]

‘Extract of a letter from a respectable merchant in Kingston, Jamaica, to a mercantile house in this town, dated March 13th.

‘I have felt very sincerely for the disagreeable situation Captain Barney has been in ever since his arrival here, from the most *cruel* and *barbarous* treatment, by *vexatious* prosecutions, that any man, I believe, ever experienced. One of them is now over (for retaking his own ship, and carrying her to Baltimore), and with much credit to himself, and *confusion* of his persecutors; and who, I hope, in the end, will suffer dearly for it, not only in their purses, but in the opinion (I may say) of the whole community.’

B. — p. 186.

[From the same paper of November 4th, 1794.]

‘The French prints inform us, that on the 14th of August the Minister from the United States to the French Republic communicated to the National Convention, the wish of his fellow citizens for the prosperity of the nation — when his credentials were referred to the Committee of Public Safety. On their report the Convention decreed, that the said Minister should be introduced into the bosom of the Convention, and the President should give him the fraternal embrace, as a symbol of the friendship which unites the American and French people. Mr Monroe, the American Minister, then addressed the citizens representatives of the French people [in a speech] which during its delivery, was repeatedly interrupted by the applauses of the Convention. Among other things the Minister observed, that as a certain proof of the great [desire] of his countrymen for the freedom, prosperity, and happiness of the French Republic

lic he assured them that the Continental Congress had requested the President to make known to them this sentiment, and while acting agreeably to the desire of the two Houses, the President enjoined him to declare the congeniality of his sentiment with theirs.—The Secretary then read the letter of credentials, when the President of the Convention replied to this effect :

‘The French people have never forgotten that they owe to the Americans the imitation of liberty. They admired the sublime insurrection of the American people against Albion of old so proud and now so disgraced. They sent their armies to assist the Americans, and in strengthening the independence of that country, the French, at the same time, learned to break the sceptre of their own tyranny, and erect a statue of liberty on the ruins of a throne, founded upon the corruption and the crimes of fourteen centuries.

‘The President proceeded to remark that the [alliance] between the two republics was not merely a diplomatic transaction, but an alliance of cordial friendship. He hoped that this alliance would be indissoluble, and prove the scourge of tyrants, and the protection of the rights of man. He observed how differently an American ambassador would have been received in France six years ago, by the usurper of the liberty of the people ; and how much merit he would have claimed for having graciously condescended to take the United States under his protection. At this day, it is the sovereign people itself, represented by its faithful deputies, that receive the ambassador with real attachment, while affected mortality [qu.] is at an end. He longed to crown it with the fraternal embrace. “I am charged,” said he, “to give it in the name of the nation. Come and receive it in the name of the American nation, and let this scene destroy the last hope of the impious coalition of tyrants.”’

[Captain Barney accompanied the American Minister on this occasion, and was present during the sittings, a transcript of the proceedings of which, follows :]

NATIONAL CONVENTION, AUGUST 15th.

‘The discussion on the organization of the several committees were commenced, but the deliberation was soon after interrupted by the arrival of the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States ; he was conducted into the centre of the hall and a Secretary read the translation of his discourse and credential letters, signed by George Washington, President of the United States, and Edmund Randolph, Secretary of State, at

Philadelphia, the 28th of May. The reading of this was accompanied by repeated shouts of "Vive la Republique" — "Vivent les Republiques!" — and universal acclamations of applause. — The discourse, &c, were ordered to be printed in the French and American [qu.] languages.

'The President gave the fraternal kiss to the Minister, and declared that he recognised James Monroe in this quality.

'It is also decreed, on the motion of Moyse Bayle, that the colors of both nations should be suspended at the vault of the hall as a sign of perpetual alliance and union. The Minister took his seat on the mountain on the left of the President, and he received the fraternal kiss from several deputies. The sitting was suspended.'

26 FRUCTIDOR, SEPT. 25th, 1794.

BERNARD, of *Saints*, President.

'*The President.* — A letter in English has just now been delivered to me, — the translation, which was joined, announces that the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America sends a stand of colors, in order to be placed in the hall of the National Convention, at the side of the French colors. — It is brought by an officer of the United States.

'The Convention orders him to be admitted. The American officer enters the bar amidst universal shouts of applause; he carries a standard, the colors of which are the same as those of our standard of liberty, with the only difference that a blue field is interspersed with stars.

'He presented the following pieces which were read by a Secretary :

"The Minister of the United States of America to the President of the National Convention.

"CITIZEN PRESIDENT — The Convention having decreed that the colors of the American and French republics should be united and stream together in the place of its sittings, as a testimony of the union and friendship, which ought to subsist forever between the two nations, I thought that I could not better manifest the deep impression which this decree has made on me, and express the thankful sensations of my constituents, than by procuring their colors to be carefully executed, and in offering them in the name of the American people to the representatives of the French Nation.

"I have had them made in the form lately decreed by Congress, and have trusted them to Captain *Barney*, an officer of distinguished merit, who has rendered us great services by sea, in

the course of *our* Revolution. He is charged to present and to deposit them on the spot which you shall judge proper to appoint for them. — Accept, citizen President, this standard, as a new pledge of the sensibility, with which the American people always receive the interest and friendship, which their good and brave allies give them ; as also of the pleasure and ardor with which they seize every opportunity of cementing and consolidating the union and good understanding between the two nations.” (Applauded.)

‘ Speech of Captain Barney, bearer of the colors.

‘ **CITIZEN PRESIDENT** — Having been directed by the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America to present to the National Convention the flag demanded [asked] of him ; the flag, under the auspices of which I have had the honor to fight against our common enemy during the war which has assured liberty and independence, I discharge the duty with the most lively satisfaction, — and deliver it to you. Henceforth, suspended on the side of that of the French Republic, it will become the symbols of the union which subsists between the two nations, and last, I hope, as long as the freedom, which they have so bravely acquired and so wisely consolidated.’

A member. — ‘ The citizen who has just spoke at the bar, is one of the most distinguished sea-officers of America. He has rendered great service to the liberty of his country, and he could render the same to the liberty of France. I demand that this observation be referred to the examination of the Committee of Public Safety, and that the fraternal embrace be given to this brave officer.’ — (Applauded.)

Several voices. — ‘ The fraternal embrace.’ (Decreed.)

‘ The officer went up with the flag to the chair of the President, and received the fraternal embrace, amidst unanimous acclamations and applauses.

Mathieu. — ‘ One of our colleagues, in rendering homage to the talents and services of that officer, told you that he could be usefully employed by the Republic. I second the reference of his observation to the Committee of Public Safety.’ — ‘ Decreed.’ ✓

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