

hat of the lad by the side of Perry, and then a splinter darted through his clothing, but still the lad did not flinch. And then, suddenly, he was knocked across the deck, and for once the face of Perry paled, for he supposed the boy was killed. As it happened, only a flying hammock had struck him, and he was soon on his feet. At this moment Perry turned once more to greet his first lieutenant. He had been wounded twice since going forward. He was fairly drenched with his own blood now, as well as with that of others splashed over him, and the fuzz of the cat-tails had gathered over his face in such masses as almost to conceal his features. He was after more assistants, but Perry could only say :

“ ‘I have no more officers to give you. You must try to make out by yourself.’

“ Going forward, Yarnall did make out by himself. He aimed the guns with his own hands and eyes thereafter. The time had come when Perry, too, like John Paul Jones of old, found it necessary to work the guns.

“ The last of Perry’s assistants, the gallant Brooks, ‘ remarkable for his personal beauty,’ was struck in the hip by a round shot and knocked across the deck, where he begged, in his agony, that Perry would shoot him. But Perry turned away to fight the guns from which Brooks had been shot to death.

“ On the lower deck the scene was soon worse than on the gun-deck, for more than half the crew had been carried there. Surgeon Parsons could not work fast enough. The wounded were stretched out everywhere awaiting their turn [to the surgeon’s services]. And because the ship was of such shoal draft the cannon balls of the enemy crashed in among the wounded. Midshipman Laub, with a tourniquet on his arm, had started to go on deck again when a cannon-ball struck him in the chest and scattered his remains across the deck. \* \* \* \* The wounded, who were suffering the tortures of the surgeon’s knife, were tortured anew by splinters ripped from the ship’s side by the merciless shot, while a scared dog mingled his mournful howls with the crash and roar of battle, and the shrieks and groans of the dying.

“ And there was Perry on the upper deck, loading, aiming and firing his guns, while his men dropped around him until at last not enough remained on the quarter-deck to work one gun. Coming to the hatchway Perry asked the surgeon to lend him a man to take a place at the gun. One went, and then another and another, and those who went first were cut down until not one remained below to help the surgeon. And then came Perry to the hatch with a last call for help.

“ ‘There is not another man left to go,’ said the surgeon.

“ ‘Are there none of the wounded, then, who can pull on a rope?’ asked Perry.