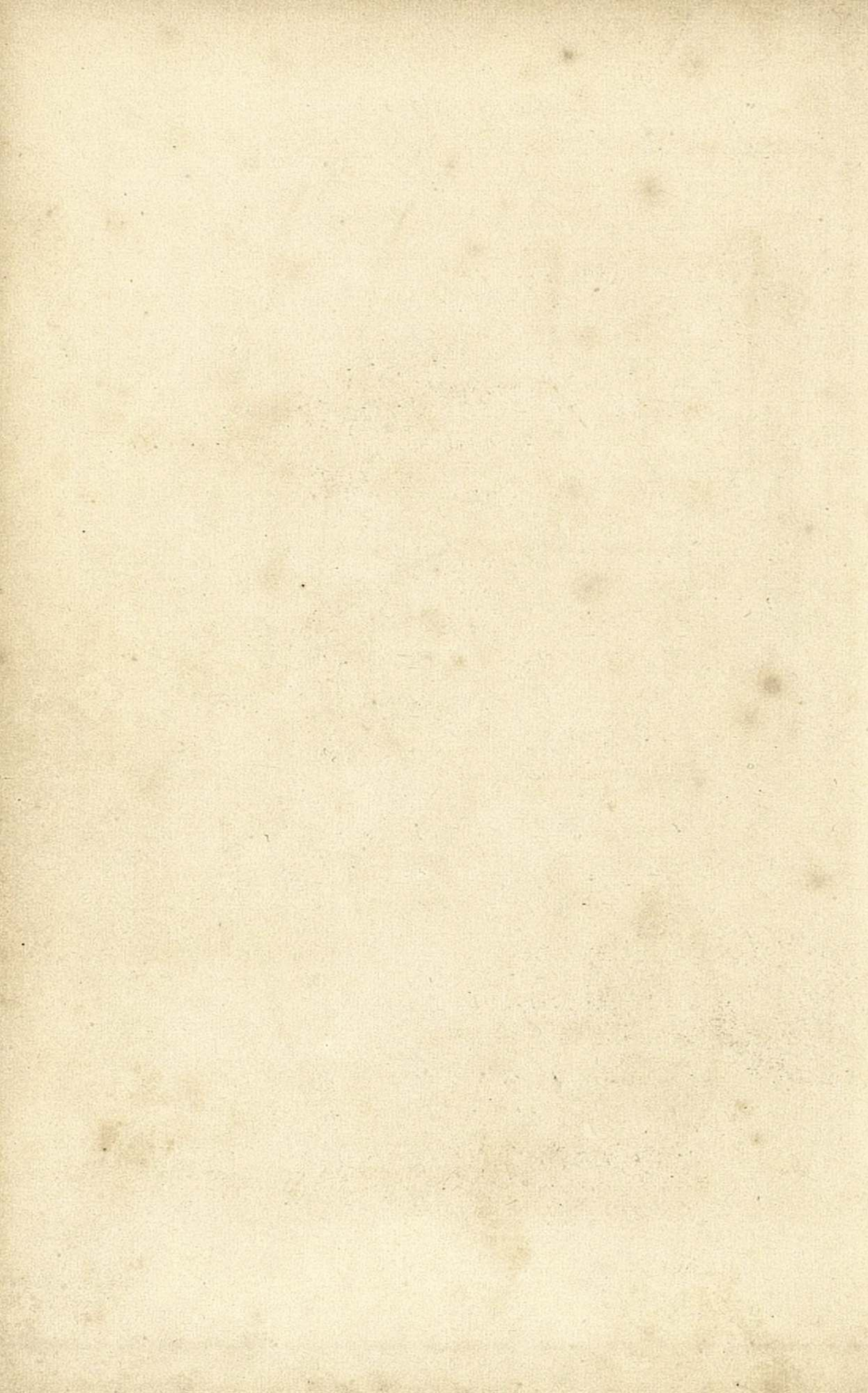
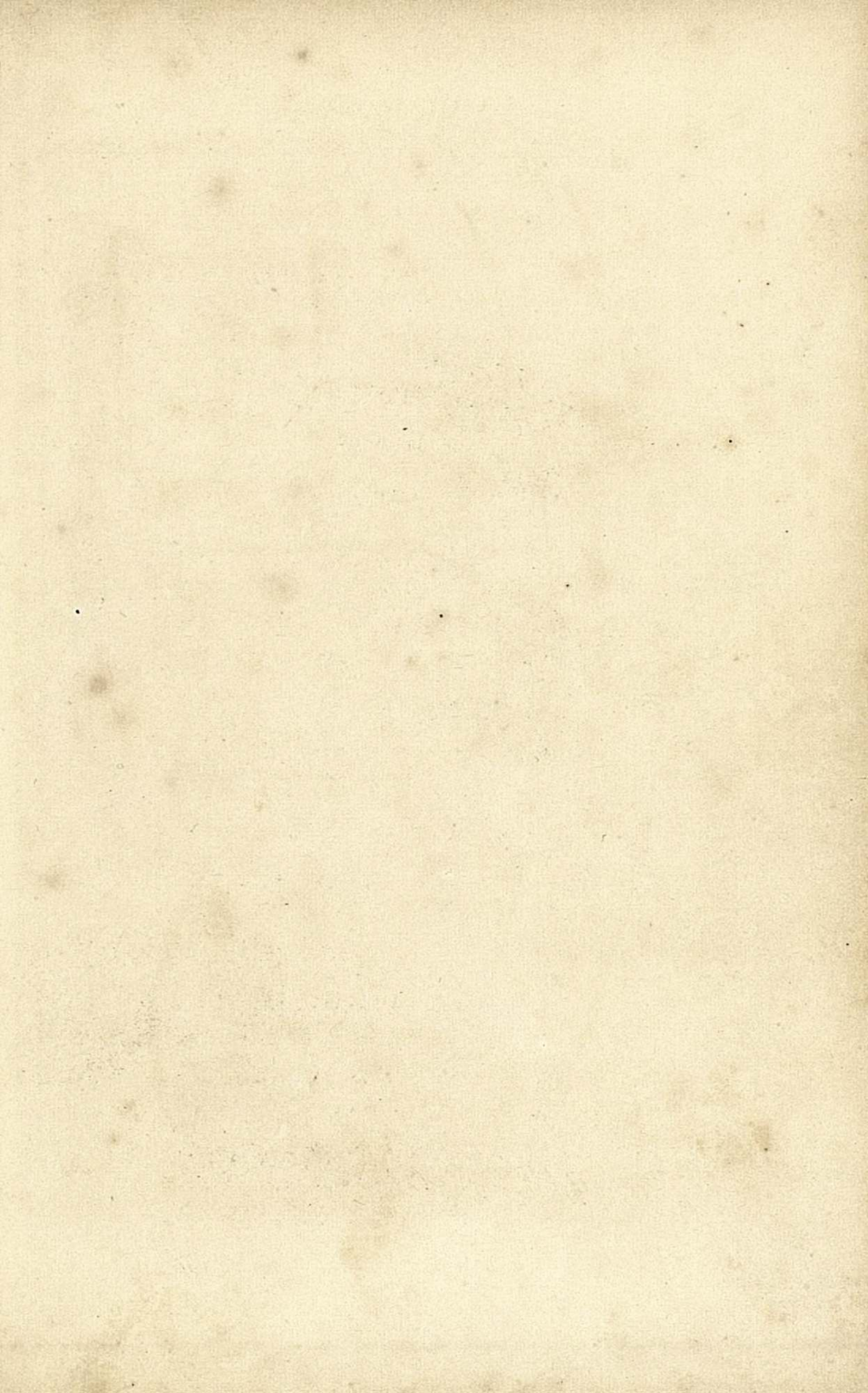




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THE
REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF

JACKSON JOHONNOT,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

WHO SERVED AS A SOLDIER IN THE WESTERN ARMY,

IN THE EXPEDITION UNDER

GEN. HARMAR AND GEN. ST. CLAIR.

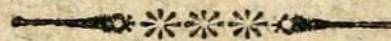
CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTIVITY, SUFFER-
INGS, AND ESCAPE FROM THE

KICKAPPO INDIANS.



WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND PUBLISHED AT THE EARNEST
REQUEST AND IMPORTUNITY OF HIS FRIENDS,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF AMERICAN YOUTH.



GREENFIELD, MASS.

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1816.

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES

OF

JACKSON JOHONNOT.

THERE is seldom a more difficult task undertaken by a man, than the act of writing a narrative of a person's own life ;—especially where the incident borders on the marvellous. Prodiges but seldom happen, and the veracity of relaters of them is still less frequently vouched for ; however, as the dispensations of providence towards me have been too striking not to make a deep and grateful impression, and as the principal part of them can be attested to by living evidences, I shall proceed, being confident that the candid reader will pardon the inaccuracies of an illiterate soldier, and that the tender-hearted will drop the tear of sympathy when they realize the idea of the sufferings of such of our unfortunate country-folks as fall into the hands of the western Indians, whose tender mercies are cruelties.

I was born and brought up at Falmouth, Casco Bay, where I resided until I attained to the seventeenth year of my age. My parents were poor, the farm we occupied, small and hard to cultivate, their family large and expensive, and every way fitted to spare me to seek a separate

fortune ; at least these ideas had gained so great an ascendancy in my mind, that I determined, with the consent of my parents, to look out for a mean of supporting myself.

Having fixed on the matter firmly, I took leave of my friends and sailed the first of May, 1791, on board a coasting schooner for Boston. Being arrived in this capitol, and entirely out of employ, I had many uneasy sensations, and more than once sincerely wished myself at home with my parents ; however, as I had set out on an important design, and as yet met with no misfortune, pride kept me from this act, while necessity urged me to fix speedily on some mode of obtaining a livelihood.

My mind was severely agitated on this subject one morning, when a young officer came into my room, and soon entered into conversation on the pleasures of a military life, the great chance there was for an active young man to obtain promotion, and the grand prospect opening for making great fortunes in the western country. His artifice had the desired effect, for after treating me with a bowl or two of punch, I enlisted, with a firm promise on his side to assist me in obtaining a serjeant's warrant before the party left Boston.

An entire new scene now opened before me ; instead of becoming a serjeant I was treated severely for my ignorance in a matter I had till then scarcely thought of, and insultingly ridiculed for remonstrating against the conduct of the officer. I suffered great uneasiness on these

and other accounts, of a similar kind, for some time; at length, convinced of the futility of complaint, I applied myself to study the exercise, and in a few days became tolerable expert. The beginning of July we left Boston, and proceeded on our way to join the western army. When we arrived at Fort Washington I was ordered to join Capt. Phelon's company, and in a few days set out on the expedition under Gen. Harmar. Those alone who have experienced can tell what hardships men undergo in such excursions. Hunger, fatigue and toil were our constant attendants; however, as our expectations were raised with the idea of easy conquest, rich plunder, and fine arms in the end, we made a shift to be tolerable merry.— For my own part, I had obtained a serjeancy, and flattered myself I was in the direct road to honor, fame and fortune. Alas! how fluctuating are the scenes of life! how singularly precarious the fortune of a soldier! Before a single opportunity presented in which I could have a chance to signalize myself, it was my lot to be taken in an ambuscade, by a party of Kickappo Indians, and with ten others constrained to experience scenes, in comparison of which our former distresses sunk into nothing. We were taken on the bank of the Wabash and immediately conveyed to the upper Miami, at least such of us as survived. The second day after we were taken one of my companions, by the name of George Aikins, a native of Ireland, became so faint with hunger and fatigue that

he could proceed no further. A short council was immediately held among the Indians who guarded us, the result of which was that he should be put to death. This was no sooner determined on than a scene of torture began. The capt. of the guard approached the wretched victim, who lay bound on the ground, and with his knife made a circular incision on the scull; two others immediately pulled off the scalp; after this they each of them struck him on the head with their tomahawks: they then stripped him naked, stabbed him with their knives in every sensitive part of the body, and left him, weltering in blood, though not quite dead, a wretched victim to Indian rage and hellish barbarity.

We were eight days on our march to the upper Miami, during which painful travel no pen can describe our sufferings from hunger, thirst, and toil. We were met at the entrance of the town by above five hundred Indians, besides squaws and children, who were apprized of our approach by a most hideous yelling made by our guard, and answered repeatedly from the village. Here we were all severely beaten by the Indians, and four of our number, viz. James Durgee, of Concord, Samuel Forsythe, of Beverly, Robert Deloy of Marblehead, and Uzza Benton, of Salem, who all fainted under their heavy trials, were immediately scalped and tomahawked in our presence, and tortured to death with every affliction of misery that Indian ingenuity could invent,

It was the fourth of August when we were taken, and our unhappy companions were massacred the thirteenth. News was that day received of the destruction at L'Anguille, &c. by Gen. Harmar. Numbers of scalps were exhibited by the warriors, and several prisoners, among whom were three women and six children, carried through the village, destined to a Kickappo settlement further westward. The fifteenth of August four more of my fellow prisoners, viz. Lemuel Saunders, of Boston, Thomas Tharp, of Dorchester, Vincent Upham, of Mistick, and Younglove Croxal, of Abington, were taken from us; but whether they were massacred or preserved alive, I am unable to say. After this nothing material occurred for a fortnight, except that we were several times severally whipped on the receipt of bad news, and our allowance of provisions lessened, so that we were apprehensive of starving to death, if we did not fall an immediate sacrifice to the fire or tomahawk; but heaven had otherwise decreed.

On the night following the thirtieth of August, our guard, which consisted of four Indians, tired out with watching, laid down to sleep, leaving only an old squaw to attend us. Providence so ordered that my companion had, by some means, got one of his hands at liberty;—and, having a knife in his pocket, soon cut the withes that bound his feet, and that which pinioned my arms, unperceived by the old squaw, who sat in a drowsy position, not suspecting harm, over a small fire in the wigwam.

I ruminated but a few moments on our situation. There was no weapon near us, except any companion's knife, which he still held. I looked on him to make him observe me, and the same instant sprung and grasped the squaw by the throat to prevent her making a noise, and my comrade in a moment cut her throat from ear to ear, down to the neck bone. He then seized a tomahawk, and myself a rifle, and striking at the same instant, dispatched two of our enemies. The sound of these blows awakened the others, but before they had time to rise, we renewed our strokes on them, and luckily to so good effect as to stun them, and then repeating the blow, we sunk a tomahawk in each of their heads, armed ourselves completely, and taking what provisions the wigwam afforded, we committed ourselves to the protection of providence, and made the best of our way into the wilderness.

The compass of a volume would scarce contain the events of our progress through the wilderness; but as they were uninteresting to any but us, I shall only observe generally, that the difficulties of the journey were too great to have been endured by any who had less interest than life at stake, or a less terrible enemy than Indians to fear. Hunger, thirst and fatigue were our constant companions, and of a truth we could declare the wearisome nights were appointed unto us. We travelled hard day and night, except the few hours absolutely requisite for repose, that nature might not sink under

her oppression, at which period one constantly watched while the other slept. In this tiresome mode we proceeded until the fifteenth of September, having often to shift our direction on account of impassable bogs, deep morasses, and hideous precipices, without meeting any adventure worthy note. On the morning of the fifteenth, as we were steering nearly a north course in order to avoid a bog that intercepted our course S. E. we found the bodies of one old man, a woman, and two children, newly murdered, stript and scalped. This horrid spectacle chilled our blood. We viewed the wretched victims, and from what we could collect from circumstances, we concluded that they had been dragged away from their homes, and their feet being worn out, had been murdered inhumanly, and left weltering in their blood. We were at a great loss now to determine what course to steer. At length we pitched on a direction about north-west, and walked on as fast as possible, to escape the savages, if practicable. About noon this day we came to a good spring, which was a great relief to us; but which we had great reason a few minutes after to believe would be the last of our earthly comforts. My companion, Richard Sackville, a corporal, of Capt. Newman's company, stepping aside into the thicket on some occasion, and returned with the account that a few rods distant he had discovered four Indians with two miserable wretches bound, sitting under a tree eating; and that if I would join him, he would either relieve

the captives, or perish in the attempt. The resolution of my worthy comrade pleased me greatly, and as no time was to be lost, we sat immediately about the execution of our design. Sackville took the lead, and conducted me undiscovered within fifty yards of the Indians:— Two of them were laid down, with their muskets in their arms, and appeared to be asleep: the other two sat at the head of the prisoners, their muskets resting against their left shoulders, and in their right hands each of them a tomahawk, over the heads of their prisoners. We each chose our man to fire at, and taking aim deliberately, had the satisfaction to see them both fall. The others instantly started and seeming at a loss to determine from whence the assault was made, fell on their bellies and looked carefully around to discover the best course to take; meantime we had recharged, and shifting our position a little, impatiently waiting their rising. In a minute they raised on their hands and knees, and having, as we supposed, discovered the smoke of our guns rising above the bushes, attempted to crawl into a thicket on the opposite side. This gave us a good chance, and we again fired at different men, and with such effect that we brought them both down. One lay motionless, the other crawled along a few yards: we loaded in an instant and rushed towards him, yet keeping an eye on him, as he had reached his comrade's gun, and sat upright in a posture of defence.— By our noise in the bushes he discovered the

direction to fire: alas! too fatally, for by his fatal shot I lost my comrade and friend Sackville. At this moment the two prisoners, who were close pinioned, endeavored to make their escape towards me, but the desperate savage again fired, and shot one of them dead; the other gained the thicket within a few yards of me. I had now once more got ready to fire, and discharged at the wounded Indian. At this discharge I wounded him in the neck, from whence I perceived the blood to flow swiftly, but he yet undauntedly kept his seat, and having new charged his guns, fired upon us with them both, and then fell, seemingly from faintness and loss of blood. I ran instantly to the pinioned white man, and having unbound his arms and armed him with the unfortunate Sackville's musket, we cautiously approached a few yards nearer the wounded Indian, when I ordered my new comrade to fire, and we could perceive the shot took effect, yet the savage lay motionless. As soon as my companion had reloaded we approached the Indian, whom we found not quite dead, and a tomahawk in each hand, which he flourished at us, seemingly determined not to be taken alive. I felt for my own part determined to take him alive if possible, but my new comrade prevented me by shooting him through the body. I now enquired of my new companion what course we ought to steer, and whence the party came, from whose power I had relieved him. He informed me with respect to the course, which we immedi-

ately took, and on the way let me know that we were within about three days march of Fort Jefferson; that he and three others were taken by a party of ten Wabash Indians, four days before, in the neighborhood of that fort:—that two of his companions being wounded were immediately scalped and killed:—that the party at the time of taking him had in their possession seven other prisoners, three of whom were committed to the charge of a party of four Indians:—what became of them he knew not:—the others, being worn down with fatigue, were massacred the day before, and which I found to be those whose bodies poor Sackville discovered in the thicket:—that the other two Indians were gone towards the settlements; having sworn to kill certain persons, whose names he had forgotten; and that destruction seemed to be their whole drift.

My comrade, whose name, on enquiry, I found to be Gregory Sexton, formerly a resident of Newport, Rhode-Island, I found to be an excellent woodsman, and a man of great spirit, and so grateful for the deliverance I had been instrumental in obtaining for him, that he would not suffer me to watch for him to sleep but one hour in four-and-twenty, although he was so fatigued as to have absolute need of a much greater proportion; neither would permit me to carry any of our baggage.

From the time of being joined by Sexton, we steered a south-east course, as direct as possible, until the eighteenth, towards night—di-

recting our course by the sun and the moss on the trees by day, and the moon by night. On the evening of the eighteenth, we providentially fell in with an American scouting party, who conducted us safely, in a few hours to Fort-Jefferson, where we were treated with great humanity, and supplied with the best refreshments the fort afforded, which to me was very acceptable, as I had not tasted any thing except wild berries and ground-nuts for above a week.

The week after our arrival at Fort-Jefferson, I was able to return to my duty in my own regiment, which the latter end of August joined the army on an expedition against the Indians of the Miami village, the place in which I had suffered so much, and so recently, and where I had beheld so many cruelties perpetrated on unfortunate Americans. It is easier to conceive than describe the perturbation of my mind on this occasion. The risk I should run in common with my fellow soldiers seemed heightened by the certainty of torture that awaited me in case of being captured by the savages. However, these reflections only occasioned a firm resolution of doing my duty vigilantly, and selling my life in action as dear as possible, but by no means to be taken alive if I could evade it by any exertion short of suicide.

My captain shewed me every kindness in his power on the march, indulged me with a horse as often as possible, and promised to use his influence to obtain a commission for me, if I conducted well the present expedition. Poor gen-

tleman! little did he think he was soon to expire gallantly fighting the battles of his country! I hasten now to the most interesting part of my short narrative; the description of Gen. St. Clair's defeat, and the scenes which succeeded it.

On the third of November we arrived within a few miles of the Miami village. Our army consisted of about 1200 regular troops, and nearly an equal number of militia. The night of the third, having reason to expect an attack, we were ordered under arms, about midnight, and kept in order until just before day-light, at which time, our scouts having been sent out in various directions, and no enemy discovered, we were dismissed from the parade to take some refreshment. The men in general, almost worn out with fatigue, had thrown themselves down to repose a little. But their rest was of short duration; for before sunrise the Indians began a desperate attack upon the militia, which soon threw them into disorder, and forced them to retire before them precipitately into the very heart of our camp.

Good God! what were my feelings when starting from my slumbers I heard the most tremendous firing all around, with yellings, horrid whoopings and expiring groans in dreadful discord sounding in my ears. I seized my arms, ran out of my tent with several of my comrades, and saw the Indians with their bloody tomahawks and murderous knives butchering the flying militia. I fled towards them filled

with desperation discharged my firelock among them, and had the satisfaction to see one of the tawny savages fall, whose tomahawk was that instant elevated to strike a gallant officer, who was then engaged sword in hand with a savage in front. My example, I had reason to think, animated my companions. Our company now reached the place we occupied, and aided by the regulars of other companies and regiments, who joined us indiscriminately, we drove the Indians back into the bush, and soon after formed in tolerable order, under as gallant commanders as ever died in defence of America.— The firing ceased for a few minutes, but it was like the interval of a tornado, calculated by an instantaneous, dreadful reverse, to strike the deeper horror. In one and the same minute seemingly, the most deadly and heavy firing took place on every part of our camp. The army, exposed to the shot of the enemy, delivered from the ground, fell on every side, and drenched the plains with blood, while the discharge from our troops, directed almost at random, I am fearful, did but little execution.— Orders were now given to charge with bayonets. We obeyed with alacrity. A dreadful swarm of tawny savages rose from the ground and fled before us—but alas! our officers, rendered conspicuous by their exertions to stimulate the men, became victims to savage ingenuity, and fell so fast, in common with the rest, that scarce a shot appeared as spent in vain.— Advantages gained by the bayonet, were by

this means, and want of due support, lost again, and our little corps obliged in turn, repeatedly to give way before the Indians. We were now reduced to less than half our original number of regular troops, and less than one fourth part of our officers—our horses all killed or taken, our artillery-men all cut off, and the pieces in the enemy's hands. In this dreadful dilemma we had nothing to do but to attempt a retreat, which soon became a flight—and for several miles, amidst the yells of Indians, more dreadful to my ears than screams of damned fiends to my ideas, amidst the groans of dying men, and the dreadful sight of bloody massacres on every side, perpetrated by the Indians on the unfortunate creatures they overtook, I endured a degree of torture no tongue can describe, or heart conceive; yet I providentially escaped unhurt, and frequently discharged my musket, I am persuaded to effect.

Providence was pleased to sustain my spirits and preserve my strength, and although I had been so far spent previous to setting out on the expedition, as to be unable to go upon fatigue for several days, or even to bear a moderate degree of exercise, I reached Fort-Jefferson the day after the action, about ten o'clock in the morning, having travelled on foot all night to effect it.

Thus have I made the reader acquainted with the most interesting scenes of my life. Many of them are extraordinary—some of them perhaps incredible—but all of them founded in

fact, which can be attested by numbers. Gen. St. Clair, in consequence of my sufferings, and what he and others were pleased to call soldier-like exertions, presented me with an Ensign's commission, on joining the remains of my old company, in which station I mean to serve my country again, as far as my slender abilities will permit—trusting that the same kind protecting providence, which hath covered my head in the day of battle, and shielded me repeatedly in the hour of danger, will dispose of me as to infinite wisdom seems best;—and if I die in the cause of my country, may the remembrance of my sufferings, escapes, perseverance through divine support, and repeated mercies received, kindle a flame of heroism in the breast of many an American youth, and induce him, while he reads the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen, to exert himself to defend the worthy inhabitants on the frontiers from the depredations of savages—whose horrid mode of war is a scene to be deprecated by civilized nature—whose tender mercies are cruelties—and, whose faith is by no means to be depended on, though pledged in the most solemn treaties.

The reader will now permit me to close a short, but, to me, extremely interesting narrative, with a few lines, composed as a song, by my worthy comrade, Sackville.

SONG.

[To the tune of—"LIBERTY TREE."]

AMERICANS, rise at the voice of distress,
 'Tis virtue to succor the brave ;
 The force of your arms distant realms shall confess,
 Join'd with those whom your valor may save.

Savage nations shall learn by your conduct to rise
 Above their untractable state ;
 Drop their customs of malice and learn from the wise
 To be civiliz'd, gentle, and great.

But those who presume against reason and right,
 To spread terror, destruction, and fire ;
 Shall perceive the advantage of art in the fight,
 Shall be taught real worth to admire.

The wilderness then shall bloom forth as the rose,
 Tall forests give place to rich grain ;
 While unity, peace, and contentment disclose
 Their beauties to crown the domain.

The native, delighted—secur'd in his claim,
 And instructed to stick to his word ;
 Shall abandon the tomahawk, arrow, and flame,
 And the hoe shall take place of the sword.

Our Eagle shall then his wide pinions extend ;
 To the ocean that rolls in the west ;
 Oppression and discord be brought to an end,
 And the world be permitted to rest.

AMERICAN HEROISM.

THE following traits of character in the American Tar, so conspicuously displayed in our late war with England, are thought worthy of being subjoined to the preceding narrative. The unparalleled defence of the *Essex*, considered as the combined achievement of her officers and crew, is already known to our country and the world. But of the details of that wonderful example of American heroism and gallantry, none except those who witnessed them can have any conception. The following is derived from a source which precludes all doubt as to its critical verity.

DANIEL GLASGOW FARRAGUT—a midshipman on board the *Essex*, thirteen years of age, was knocked down by a splinter which struck him on the thigh, and disabled him during the remainder of the action. While supporting himself by the railing which was placed around the hatchway, on the quarter deck, an eighteen pound ball carried away the tail of his coatee. Several men were killed very near him, yet not the slightest change was perceived either in his countenance or manners. But no sooner were the colors struck, than he burst into tears.

Thomas Terry, a seaman, had his leg and part of his thigh carried away by a cannon ball. His shipmates, at the gun where he was stationed, picked him up to remove him to the cockpit.

pit:—but refusing to go, he insisted that his companions should remain firm at their gun, observing that he was now only an incumbrance to them. The doctor, too, he said, had more business already than he could attend to, and it would therefore be only a loss of time to carry him below. He now exhorted his associates to fight the ship to the last moment—while there was a plank of her afloat, or a gun that would fire,—and after shaking hands and bidding them an affectionate adieu, he crawled to the bow of the vessel, threw himself overboard, and was drowned.

When lieutenant John Cowell, had his leg shot off, he was taken up to be carried below. But peremptorily refusing to go, he gave direction that he should be placed on the coamings of the hatch-way, where he continued to give his orders, with his usual composure, until he had lost so much blood, as to be almost insensible.—When prevailed on at length to be removed to the cock pit, he insisted on waiting for his turn before he would suffer his wound to be dressed. This extraordinary heroism and generosity were the cause of so great a loss of blood, as proved fatal to that distinguished officer.

John Francis, the captain's coxswain, commanded a gun a mid-ships, very properly denominated the *slaughter-house*. Three times, covered with the blood and brains of his slaughtered companions, did he come to his commander to request that more men might be ordered to his gun, as the whole crew had been killed or

wounded. On coming a fourth time with a similar request, Francis was observed to be himself wounded. All hopes of saving the ship were now abandoned. It was even expected she would immediately blow up. The captain, therefore, told Francis that he had done his duty manfully, and his wish now was that he should endeavor to make his escape. This brave seaman succeeded in reaching the shore, and repaired immediately to the *Essex Junior*, to assist in defending her.

George Wim, a native of Philadelphia, observed to lieutenant Cowel (when he saw the enemy determined on attacking the *Essex*) that to defend the ship with an expectation of saving her, would be folly; but that he would willingly sacrifice his life to convince the world that an American sailor would fight for his country and rights, to the last drop of his blood, under whatever circumstances he might be attacked. George was found mortally wounded at his gun at the close of the action, and in two days afterwards died.

William Smith and Peter Ripple were the only survivors of the crew of the gun at which they were stationed. These two brave fellows were found working it at the close of the action, Smith perfectly blind from an explosion of powder, and otherwise dismally wounded—and Ripple also wounded severely. Smith died two days after the action, and it was with great difficulty that the life of Ripple was saved.

Many of the crew of the *Essex*, after having

their first wounds dressed, returned on deck to their guns, where they were, in several instances, killed by second injuries. John Ruffel, Peter Allan, and Peter Vale, seamen, were of this number. Many of the crew, after being mortally wounded, sternly refused to leave their guns. This was the reason why the number of killed was so nearly equal to that of the wounded.

Benjamin Hazen, a native of Groton, in Massachusetts, being wounded in the action, remained on deck until the colors were struck. He joined others in the request that the flag might be hauled down, to save the lives of his companions in the cock-pit. But as soon as the ship was given up, he bade an affectionate adieu to his shipmates, said he had determined never to survive the surrender of the *Essex*, jumped overboard, and was drowned.

When the wounded seamen below found that the ship was no longer defensible, they requested that she might be blown up, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy. Orders to this effect were given by captain Porter, but countermanded again on finding the wounded in the cock-pit to be so numerous that they could not be removed in time to prevent their falling a sacrifice to the flames.

The great distance at which the enemy kept, and the utter impossibility of closing with him, did not enable one man more than another to distinguish himself by personal courage. All showed themselves, however, cool, determined,

and persevering. None left their quarters until they were completely disabled. They saw their mangled shipmates fall around them, and stepped in themselves with the greatest alacrity to fill their places.

All the officers, as the men they commanded fell at their guns, immediately gave assistance themselves in working them, until their places could be filled by fresh hands.

Lieutenants Wilmer, M'Knight, Odenheimer, and others particularly distinguished themselves in this way. The conduct of captain Downes in pulling twice through the midst of the enemy's fire, deserves the highest eulogium—too much cannot be said in his praise.

Lieutenant Burrows, of the marines of the *Phoebe*, on coming on board the *Essex* and seeing the dreadful slaughter of her crew, (twenty-one dead men lying in one pile on the gun deck,) and her deck covered with the blood and brains of those who had fallen, fainted with horror at the sight. Nor was captain Hillyar himself, on visiting the ship, much less affected by the scene of havoc—a scene surpassing every thing he had previously witnessed.

There is, in a courageous devotion to duty and a heroic contempt of death, something that, in every portion of the globe, whether savage or civilized, irresistibly awakens the noblest sentiments of the soul, and engages in its behalf the finest affections of the human heart. This is, perhaps, more especially the case, in relation to the effects which the manifestation of

these qualities so uniformly produces on the minds of females. Bravery, in every shape, and under the deepest and darkest shades of misfortune, never fails to receive its solace and reward in the admiration of the fair. This truth was manifested in its full extent in the case of our unfortunate countrymen in Valparaiso. The ladies of that place were busily occupied in scraping lint and providing other necessaries for our wounded, the whole time the crew of the Essex remained there after the action, which was nearly a month. They visited the disabled seamen at the hospital, inquired into their wants, and cooked little messes for them at their houses, so deeply were they impressed with admiration of their courage.

The case of lieutenant Cowell excited in Valparaiso the liveliest interest. The whole city most feelingly and deeply sympathized in his sufferings and lamented his fate.

When that brave young officer died, captain Porter was absent on business at St. Jago, the capital of Chili. This, however, detracted nothing from the splendor of his funeral. His heroism had made every one his friend & mourner. He was buried with the most distinguished honors, both military and civil, that the place could afford. All the American and British officers, the crews of the Essex and Essex Junior, of the Phoebe and Cherub, and of every other vessel in port, joined to swell the funeral procession.

THE END.



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