

TIGER CANNONEERS.

BATTLES OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Famous Before the War and Early in the Fight—Crack Regular Batteries Went Down Before It at Bull Run—Marye's Heights Held and Then Lost.

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LOUISIANA, like Virginia, had a heavy end of the Confederacy's fight to keep up, and was not languid in buckling to the task.

There was more excuse for secession spirit among the people of old

Louisiana than of any other section of the south. They had been forced into the United States federation against their will and protest when Napoleon I bartered the magnificent empire of the Mississippi valley to the republic for a song.

A turn of a hand in 1861 might have placed Louisiana independent of both the Union and the Confederacy, but the hand didn't turn, and the Pelican State cast her fortunes in with Dixie. As a sort of a left over from previous war outfits, New Orleans in 1861 boasted of a crack soldier company, big with past glories clinging to its name, if nothing more. That was the Washington artillery, dating from 1840. It was originally the artillery company of the Washington regiment, a legion of infantry, artillery and cavalry. In the Mexican war the artillerists served under Taylor on the Rio Grande, and afterward, until 1861, the company was kept up at the expense of its members and was the peer of any citizen troop in the south.

When the state decided to paddle its own canoe in the secession fracas, the Washingtons stepped to the front as the men for the hour. "Cadets," "Rifles," "Grays," "Chasseurs," "Guards" and other schoolboy bands with picturesque names rallied to the lead of the cannon-eers. The commander of the Washingtons was J. B. Walton, and when the tocsin from faroff Virginia sounded along the gulf shore he tendered Jeff Davis' government a battalion of 250 men with nine cannon ready to take the field. The formation was four companies or batteries, and

while there were not guns enough to go around, and such as there were were of ancient pattern, the deficiency was soon made up from captured cannon.

In the Confederate service batteries were specially designated by the names of the commanders, and these necessarily changed often; hence the Washingtons were known to friends and enemies by various titles, yet the name Washington artillery clung to them, and detachments claiming it were so numerous that the corps seemed ubiquitous, like the troopers of Mosby, Morgan and Forrest.

The first fight of the Washingtons was at Bull Run. One detachment had a duel across the stream at Blackburn's ford on July 18 with Benjamin's famous United States battery, and won so easily that the men thought the war would be a picnic for them fighting at long range. They changed their minds, however, in the battle of the 21st. The battalion was split in five detachments to guard the fords and hills with their bulldogs, and so about every Union soldier on that field can say that he fought the Washington artillery. They were at times outshot by our regulars, charged upon by volunteers, stampeded by the panic that our flank movement carried into Beauregard's lines; but they rallied again when Johnston's succoring column dashed up from the Manassas railway and turned the tide at a stroke. Then Walton had gathered his guns on Henry Hill. Beauregard rode to the spot and exclaimed within hearing of the men: "Hold this position and the day is ours. Three cheers for Louisiana!" Creole pride and creole blood needed no other spur than Beauregard's appeal, and the Washingtons cheered and fought their guns and held the hill, history tells us with what result.

The chief feature of the corps device of the Washington artillery was the head of a fierce tiger, showing his ugly fangs, ready to mangle his prey. This was seen everywhere at Bull Run on the guidons of each section, and in the badly scared state of mind of most people who jostled against Walton's guns it probably seemed as though the Bull Run thickets were tiger lairs. Bob Wheat's Louisiana battalion of infantry got away with the name "Tigers" or it would doubtless have rested where it belonged, and considerable history would turn on the doings of the "Tiger cannon-eers" instead of the Washington artillery.

The United States batteries opposed to the Washingtons at Bull Run were the famous ones of Ricketts and Griffin. The creole boys did so well that the old army generals on their side showered them with praises and their government took up th

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due. The rank of colonel of artillery was created for Walton, and he was made chief of that branch of service in the Army of Virginia, his battalion being placed in reserve.

During the battles in front of Richmond in 1862 the Washington artillery enjoyed its holiday in reserve and scarcely kept its

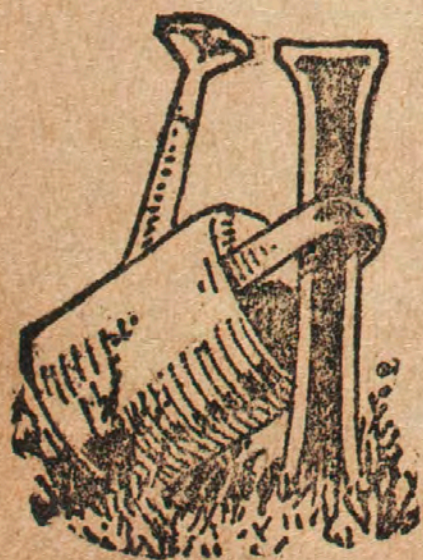


"HOLD THIS POSITION."

non from rusting. The Tigers were ready and often begged to be put in, but there were enough without them. At Malvern Hill the battalion waited all day on the edge of the fight, with cannon parked and horses harnessed and ready.

TO BE COMPLETED

LIFE ON A WHALER.



Folly to condemn myself to eleven months of such torture, the net proceeds of which were the large sum of \$5 and a store of varied experiences which will remain vividly in my memory until my dying day.

My ship was the brig Alexander, a small craft of a few hundred tons' burden. As I climbed over her bulwarks as she lay out in

the stream the first thing I saw was a drunken fellow reeling and whooping about the deck. When I groped down the scuttle into the little dingy forecabin I stumbled over a young Kanaka lying on the floor in a liquored stupor. My disillusionment concerning the pleasures of sea life had begun. This little dark hole was to be my home for almost a year. These sottish and beastly human beings were to be my companions.

When two days after I went aboard, a tug came out and towed us beyond the heads and turned us loose to plow our own path through the broad Pacific I was already disgusted and had made up my mind to run away at the first opportunity.

Captain Winchester took the vessel out between seasons. The actual master joined us in Honolulu. On the passage to the islands Jack Landers, a typical seadog, was mate, Roberto Gabriel was second mate, and Tomas Mendez third mate. Mendez, who was afterward dubbed by the crew the "Night King," was to be a boat-steerer after the ship started north on its bowheading cruise to the Arctic, but up to the time he was killed by a sperm whale off Hawaii he headed my watch. There were two other boat-steerers, a cooper, a steward, a Kanaka cabin boy and a steerage boy in the after-guard. Fourteen men forward, two of whom were Kanakas and the rest whites, completed the ship's company.

We went first to Turtle Bay, a little port midway down the coast of Lower California. There we served and bent sails, tarred down the rigging, and otherwise got the ship into shape for her long voyage. Turtle Bay is a pretty expanse of water. Hills, grotesque in outline and as barren and desolate as the mountains of the moon, loom in from the sea. I could easily have made my escape there, for the ship lay only three-quarters of a mile from shore. I planned to swim to land and strike for Spanish settlements on the eastern coast of the peninsula. I got hold of a chart from the cabin, but could find no towns set down anywhere near our anchorage. A number of the men would have gone with me, but the fear of starving on that barren and inhospitable coast banished all schemes of escape.

The graves of three seamen who had run away from some ship and died of thirst and starvation were plainly visible, marked by a rude pile of stones on one of the islands of the reefs. The miserable possibilities which that lonely cairn suggested did much to deter any one from leaving the ship.

Toward the close of January we tripped our anchor and stood out to sea again. We coasted southward until we rounded Cape St. Lucas, and then held down the Mexican shore line several hundred miles. At length

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We turned our prow a little north of west and stood direct for the Sandwich islands. We traveled under short sail, as we were cruising these southern waters for sperm whales.

We were not half way to the islands and the "Night King" had already earned his title. He was a little negro, with a face so black that it almost seemed possible to scrape the color off like soot. His eyes were beady and as sinister as those of a snake.

He was a native of the Cape Verde islands and spoke English brokenly. He was densely ignorant and could neither read nor write. As the head of the port watch, to which I belonged, he was more jealous of his authority than the captain himself. In the day watches, when his superior officers were on deck, he was as quiet and unobtrusive as a church mouse. But at night, when he became officer of the deck and the destinies of the little ship were in his hands, he became the incarnation of authority. The manner in which he deported himself at night and his Cimmerian complexion com-

bined to give him his title.

I set it down in simple truth and with no malice now that I hated the "Night King." Probably I hated him at first simply because he was an illiterate negro in authority over me. I grew to hate him the more cordially because he abused that authority. He hated me with equal fervor, and never let an opportunity pass to show his enmity towards me. Whenever a disagreeable bit of work was to be done he sang out for me to do it. One night he ordered me to go up on the foreyard and sit out the watch for an offense I did not commit, and of which, I explained to him, I was not guilty. His behests, however, were law, and I was perched on the foreyard, serving out my sentence for several hours.

It so fell out that one morning, as we were running with a good breeze, a sperm whale was sighted, spouting on our beam. The headyards were squared and the ship laid aback. Two boats were cleared away, the "Night King" steering one. With the other boat's crew I remained aboard and helped work the ship, and in consequence had a full view of the occurrences which followed.



RIGHT ON THE WHALE'S BACK.

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The whale was disporting himself, showing his lazy length upon the water. Two boats worked toward him constantly. At one time he would streak to windward of them; at another he would be blowing in their lee. At length the whale rose close to, between the vessel and the boats, and the "Night King" saw him as he broke. In an instant his boat had veered around and was coming straight down the wind, heading for the whale. As it drew near he drove the irons in o the monster, which turned like a flash as it felt the lance and with a single motion sent the boat flying into the air. As the whale was thrashing the water with his tail the "Night King" jerked his knife from its scabbard and cut the rope. His presence of mind saved the lives of the rest. They scrambled upon the bottom of the upturned boat and a little later were picked up by the other crew. But the "Night King" was missing.

TO BE CONTINUED

Paul Jones.

The English of Revolutionary days had no reason to love the name of Paul Jones. Indeed he was hated as much as he was feared, and the writers of that day affected to sneer at the gallant American sailor as "a renegade and rebellious Scotchman."

Even up to this time, when Americans are about to erect a too long deferred monument to his memory, English writers picture Paul Jones as a bearded pirate, with a savage face, a desperate eye and a big belt stuck full of pistols.

A recent English writer has, however, done manly justice to the memory of our young naval hero of Revolutionary days. In a fair review of the life of Paul Jones this writer tells a story which is as new as it is quaint.

During his explorations in British waters Commodore Jones, with his two vessels, one of them captured from the enemy, went around to the Frith of Forth, and the sight of his white sails created the greatest consternation in the town of Kirkcaldy and spread terror among the people of Fifeshire.

While the people crowded the shore, watching the dreaded ships, an eccentric old Presbyterian minister came pushing through the crowd, carrying an old armchair, which he jammed down in the sand close to low water mark, the tides coming in.

Impressed by the old dominie's manner, the people forgot their dread of the ships in their curiosity as to what he would do next.

Closing his eyes and raising his hands to sky the preacher began to pray after his fashion in a loud and fervent voice:

"Dinna send, O Lord, this vile pirate to strip the puir folk o' Kirkcaldy, for ye ken they are a' puir enough an hae nathing to spare.

"The puir women are maist frightened oot o' their wits, an if ye'll but listen ye kin hear the bairns shrieking after them.

"He'll be here in a jiffy, and wha ken what he'll do? He'll burn their houses, tak awa their duds, even to their vera sarks, and wha kens but the blind villain will tak their lives?

"I canna tholl; I canna tholl. I hae lang been a faithfu' servant to ye, O Lord, but g'en ye winna turn the wind aboot and blaw this scoondrel oot o' our gate, I'll na star a fut, but will joost set here till the tide comes in and droons me.

"Sae there's my case, O Lord, and ye see to tak yer wull o' it!"

Luckily for the worthy minister, the wind changed and the dreaded Paul Jones disappeared from the Fifeshire coast.

"Strictly Private."



—Life.

The Dime Museum on Its Travels.
The Sword Swallower—Great Scott! This won't do! There are thirteen of us sitting down to dinner!
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