

Justice to a Hero of the Old Navy

Commodore David Porter, Victor in Many Sea Fights, Ran Foul of Officials on Shore

Every American is familiar with the early career of Commodore David Porter; how as a lad he entered the first navy of the infant republic; how in 1798, at the age of 18, he became a midshipman; how in the following year he distinguished himself during the struggle of the Constitution with the Insurgente by cutting away a wounded spar on his own responsibility; how he shared the fate of the crew of the Philadelphia and was imprisoned at Tripoli, and how his cruise in the Essex was by far the most gallant and romantic episode of the war of 1812.

Popular knowledge regarding Porter, however, ceases with the return of peace, says the New York Sun. The popular belief, doubtless is that he then retired into some Valhalla of comfort, sustained by the gratitude of his countrymen and cheered by their universal plaudits. But the sequel in reality was vastly different, and in its record of futile self-sacrifice and success and of patriotism confounded by conservative officialism it presents a tale of melancholy interest.

In 1823 the Key West buccaniers were dispersed by Commodore Porter, and American merchantmen sailed unmolested under his vigilant convoying. All this, however, was accomplished at the cost of much sickness and many lives. In 1825, yellow jack drove the fleet into northern waters. In 1824 Porter was compelled through the breaking out of an old wound to take a furlough.

Samuel L. Southard was Monroe's Secretary of the Navy, a public functionary of the old school, whose particular antipathy for the Naval Department had been founded by excellent work as a law reporter. He it was who on his appointment had been unable to make ready answer to the quip of a friend.

"Now, Mr. Southard, can you assert that you know the bow from the stern of a frigate?"

Between him and Porter there was antagonism. The Secretary felt that he was ignored; the commodore fretted for lack of appreciation. The one felt his official and the other his natural superiority. There were squabbles about Porter's right to return without permission. There were reproaches over a suitable flagship not being furnished. At length, in the autumn of 1824, Porter sailed away for his station in the John Adams, as indignantly over slights as was Southard himself.

Meanwhile there had also been trouble with the Mosquito fleet. On October 26 complaint was made to Charles S. Platt, lieutenant commanding the Beagle, that the stores of the American Consular Agent at St. Thomas had been broken into and goods to the amount of \$5000 stolen. Many circumstances indicated that this property had been carried to Foxardo, a small town of unenviable reputation on the eastern end of Porto Rico. More than once had pirates taken refuge there; more than once had its inhabitants been guilty of acts of lawlessness. Platt determined to proceed thither and invoke the aid of the authorities. He trusted largely to the efficacy of a letter which he bore addressed to one who was universally deemed the first citizen of the place.

Platt anchored his boat in the harbor and proceeded to the town in company with three others, all being in private dress. He found this first citizen, who was profuse in promises of assistance.

With him he called on the Alcalde and the captain of the port and demanded

captain of the port appeared and rendered submission. They apologized for Platt's imprisonment, they admitted that it was wrongful and promised that thereafter American officers should be respected and assisted. Then the troops marched back again, partaking of grog on the shore at the expense of their late antagonists.

Porter made due report of these proceedings to the Navy Department, praising the conduct of his men and expatiating on the good which this example would produce. There is no doubt that he believed he deserved well of his country; there is no doubt that the order which he received in reply from Southard recalling him to explain "the extraordinary transactions at Foxardo" came with crushing force and shock. Not for one instant did he regard such treatment otherwise than as an outrage. He hastened to Washington, hot with indignation, all ablaze from the fever of wounded honor, impatient of each moment that delayed his vindication.

There were many such moments, weary and invidious. The department seemed content to keep him on waiting orders. The administration of Monroe was just passing out. There were other matters that could less conveniently await the administration of John Quincy Adams. But not for one moment did Porter acquiesce in such leisure. He wrote letters by the score, entreating, berating. He bombarded the press with voluminous communications. If ever there was an old sea dog in a righteous rage, he was that old sea dog.

In April President Adams ordered a court of inquiry. This held its sessions at Washington and throughout its course was subject to Porter's acute and minute criticisms. Before its decision was rendered he had published an account of the proceedings, showing his own inflexible position. The court, however, took an opposite view, and on its recommendation Porter was summoned on the 23d of June as a defendant before a court-martial of twelve captains, with James Barron as president.

Richard S. Cox appeared as judge advocate. Porter's instant objection to him resulted in a rather whimsical procedure. One of the judges disclaimed his ability to decide whether such a challenge should be permitted without a legal opinion. The judge advocate was thereupon called upon to furnish such advice, which he naturally did in favor of his own independent and immovable position.

The charges were twofold. The first accused Porter of disobedience and conduct unbecoming an officer in that "he did land on the island of Porto Rico in the commissions of his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, and commit divers acts of hostility in contravention of the constitution, the laws of nations and the Government's instructions." The second charge was the direct consequence of Porter's sincere but indignant rage, and dealt with his behavior since his return. It accused him of sending divers insulting letters to the President and Secretary of the Navy, of having published an incorrect account of the proceedings of the court of inquiry with highly disrespectful comments, and of having made public various official communications, thus "impairing the discipline of the service and setting a most dangerous and pernicious example."

The proof adduced by the prosecution on the first charge must have been highly satisfactory to the old hero. Lieutenant

Doubtless he realized that he had been somewhat unmannerly in his demands. Doubtless he felt, as every one well knew, that he was as little fitted for a sea lawyer as he was thoroughly fitted for a sea fighter.

But the first charge was the main one and alone worthy of consideration. Porter boldly justified his conduct. He claimed that his instructions ordered him "to protect the commerce and the citizens of the United States from piracy," and that discretion was necessarily implied. He showed that the Spanish islands were without proper government and hence not entitled to the benefit of the laws of nations. He quoted from John Quincy Adams' spirited reply to the complaints of Spain regarding General Jackson's invasion and occupation of the Florida as follows: "The right of the United States can as little compound with impotence as with perfidy." Indeed, he seemed to find a sheet-anchor in Jackson's deeds at Fort St. Marks and Pensacola. He argued with Vattel that "there are occasions when the subject may reasonably suppose the sovereign's will and act in consequence with his tacit commands."

But in vain. The court found Porter guilty on both charges and sentenced him to suspension for six months. Regarding the first charge it had the grace to say that it ascribed the conduct of the accused

"to an anxious disposition on his part to maintain the honor and advance the interests of the nation and the service"; but there was no salve for Porter in these words. He felt unjustly disgraced. He resigned his commission and accepted the offer of commander-in-chief of the naval forces of Mexico.

Though this position was splendid in power and emoluments it proved but bitter exile to Porter. He was an alien, surrounded by those who hated his race, despised his religion and envied his honors. This extract from one of his private letters describes his experiences there:

"A retrospect of the history of my life seems a highly colored romance which I should be loth to live over again, and it would not be believed if it was written. My sufferings in Mexico, the trials of fortune I underwent there, exceed belief. I could have served that base and unprincipled nation, but they would not let me. But I left them without a stain on my character, which was not what others under the same circumstances would have done."

With the election of Jackson there came welcome relief. Old Hickory had a fellow feeling for one who "could as little compound with impotence as with perfidy" in the Don. And so Porter ceased to be a mercenary and once more served his country, becoming her representative, first at Algiers, and then at Constantinople. He proved, as ever, faithful and competent, but his end was an anti-climax from the glorious days of the Essex. He surely deserved a better fate than defeat after an unworthy struggle with red tape and wax. Much might well have been forgiven him, for he both loved and served much. He was a type of the old navy, bluff, simple, brave; above all and through all patriotic—a type to be worthily remembered.

Now Chicago Has a Petrified Woman

A Marvelous Discovery That Is at Present Engrossing the Attention of Scientists

At last the secret of seeming perpetual existence, at least in material form, for human beings has been discovered. A Chicago man is the originator of the cause of this phenomenon which has deeply interested medical scientists. He has in his possession at the present moment a woman whose eyes closed to earthly things last July, who, at all appearances, has just awakened from slumber.

This new idea must not be confounded with that of the ancients, specimens of whose skill have been unearthed by archaeologists. Had the knowledge of this modern inventor been possessed at the time of the Pharaohs it would not have been necessary for us to learn of the appearance of the famous persons of centuries ago from description. We should have been able to see for ourselves just how they looked. It would have been possible to have marveled through actual sight at the beauty of the woman for whom Marc Antony surrendered life and honor. Though we could not have heard the song of Miriam we could have looked upon the face of the singer. The discovery goes to prove that the boasted superiority of the knowledge of those who lived at the beginning of the Christian era is at least tradition only in one respect.

How the marvel is accomplished is the secret of Inventor Boydston, who lives at

4219 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, Ill. For years he has experimented along the line which has ended in success. He believed himself for a very long period on the verge of a great discovery and finally he achieved what he had almost begun to fear was an impossibility.

The subject of this experiment ended her life last July. Nature had made her beautiful, and in all the weeks that have elapsed since existence terminated not one whit has that beauty deteriorated.

The young woman was just nearing her twenty-third year and was a Chicagoan by birth. She was rather above the average station in life, but had been thrown on her own resources. She died rather suddenly and therefore no wasting disease marred her beauty. As all her relatives were dead, and as her friends were unable to pay her funeral expenses, Mr. Boydston determined, instead of letting her go to an unmarked grave, to make her the subject of an experiment. The thought of keeping a young woman who had passed away in a big city was a daring one and seemed more like the tale of a fiction-writer.

Mr. Boydston resolved to brave criticism and proceed to put his theory to the test. In a selected space in the rear of his shop he placed the young woman and then began the process that has resulted in a marvel. At the present moment this phenomenon lies in a box within a few feet of one of Chicago's busy streets. Thousands pass daily, unconscious of her presence. When Mr. Boydston wishes to exhibit the success of his idea the young woman is taken from the place where she lies and placed in such a position that she is supported by the wall. Behind her is draped a curtain. She seems to have just awakened from slumber and to be about to speak. Her eyes are bright and look out at those around her as if instinct with life, and yet she is as inanimate as a marble statue.

Every possible test has been made to prove the experiment either a success or a failure, and in every instance the result has pointed toward the fact that now stands revealed. Mr. Boydston here for the first time makes public the knowledge of what has happened. It is not a matter of which he cared to say such, but finally he realized that such knowledge as this was not only of interest to people in general, but would engross the attention of medical science. It marks a new era in the line of avoiding, in appearance at least, the presence of the great destroyer. It accomplishes what many persons have sought for years to do. It shows that we are on the borderland of a continent of knowledge of which even the closest students of the human physique are totally ignorant.

Mr. Boydston's discovery seemingly makes a person who has passed away totally impervious to the destructive processes of nature. A startling fact is, too, that it is in total contradiction to one of the best-known biblical precepts. Never in the history of the world has anything been discovered of this sort which compares with this, or, at least, what it seems to be. Of course, time alone can successfully answer the question, but so far as experiments can show the statement made is absolutely correct.

While Mr. Boydston has had but little to say concerning the strange truth his patient investigation has revealed to him the fact of his achievement has become noised abroad to a slight extent among medico-

chance entered the room where she stood would for the moment think himself looking upon a beautiful statue or else that he had stumbled upon a woman posing for some character that existed in the days when all roads truly led to Rome and Rome was the world.

To none has this strange discovery and its equally marvelous result been of deeper interest than to the members of the medical profession. The skill of the best of them has never been able to accomplish or even to suggest what this plain every-day student of Chicago has learned through sheer perseverance. It all goes to show that while science is a tremendous factor in the world's progress, sterling common sense and unwavering resolution will accomplish much. So it is that physicians and surgeons are forced to admit that for once the layman has proved himself superior to the professional in a purely professional matter. So rare is it that such a thing happens that it is almost worth a separate entry in the book of fate.

Mr. Boydston has not yet decided what he will do with the secret that is his. Of course, the charlatan has attempted to victimize him and there is no lack of offers from "disinterested" persons to exploit both himself and the knowledge that he has gained. None have met with success. At present he will do nothing beyond what has been accomplished. He considers there is plenty of time in the future to arrive at a decision.

Present indications are that the ultimate result of this new process will be petrification. The opinion of all medical scientists who have viewed the subject of experiment is that this is what is gradually coming to pass. It may be this discovery will result in the majority of future generations being transformed into stone and that their appearance when life ended will remain without change perhaps until the last trump is sounded.

In the early days of civilization in America Ponce de Leon sought in vain for the waters of the fountain of youth. Five centuries later the secret of making us seem to have perpetual life stands revealed.

The Great Khan of Tartary.

The personal appearance of Marco, as the Great Khan, as described by Marco, was as follows: "He is of good stature, neither tall nor short, but of middle height. He has a becoming amount of flesh and is very shapely in all his limbs. His complexion is white and red, the eyes black and fine, the nose well formed and well set on." But the portrait of Kublai Khan, drawn by a Chinese artist, does not exactly correspond with the pen portrait given here by Marco. We know also, from Marco's own narrative, that the Emperor was subject to gout in his later life, and we are led to infer that he was rather corpulent, as he is represented in the drawing given by the Chinese artist.—Noah Brooks in the St. Nicholas.

General's Lesson to a Sentry.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the December Century, relates an anecdote telling how General Grant aided a drover in turning his cattle. General Porter adds: He knew, of course, that the man did not recognize him. If he had supposed the man was lacking in proper military respect he would perhaps have administered



THE PETRIFIED WOMAN ON EXHIBITION.

"Tough Mag," the Champion of Jack Tar

A Rare Character of the Barbary Coast, Popular Throughout the White Navy.

"Tough Mag" is a rare character. She is neither tall nor short; for a woman, neither blonde nor brunette; she dresses neatly and wears usually a sailor's blouse; she is rather pretty and as bright and as keen as they make them on the Barbary Coast; she knows every trick aboard a man-of-war, and every man of war's man who sails into this port is her friend; she has a ready tongue and snappy, forcible words always on the end of it; she has some money and a decently furnished flat up on Montgomery avenue near Union street filled with curios and treasures from over the seas that came from all quarters of the globe; beyond question she is the only one of her kind on either the Barbary or the Pacific Coast, and her name is—well, they call her "Tough Mag."

She has a quick eye for business, and can figure interest with the speed of a lightning calculator. The policemen on the beat will tell you she is honest, and there isn't a bluejacket in this port who wouldn't trust her with his full kit and back pay included. Those who travel the "coast" late at night have seen her in one or the other of the coffee joints along Montgomery avenue, for she doesn't keep such hours as would be deemed entirely respectable, say in the Western Addition. Nevertheless she's a belle in her own "set," and she has a reputation for honesty, integrity and veracity—as the lawyers say—that would be worth lots of money to a business man or banker who should be lacking in that respect.

Maggie Kelly she calls herself, but no one else calls her that, and she answers to the other name just as readily. She's the patron saint of the sailor boys who go down to the sea in Uncle Sam's white ships, and she knows every man-jack one of them. She's their banker.

Is Jack Tar broke while in port? Then he pays a visit to "Tough Mag." He finds her at home, or somewhere else on Montgomery avenue, and when he comes into her presence he takes off his hat, just as folks do in the Western Addition, and though he talks to her in his own jargon and technique of the breezy ocean he treats her respectfully—as Jack Tar always knows how to treat a woman. She knows what he wants—perhaps better than he knows himself—and he always gets it, somewhat after this fashion:

"Why don't you fellows save your money? Then you wouldn't always be broke. You're a disgrace to yourself and the ship you sail in. Been on a tear, haven't you? You're good for nothing, anyway, but to spend money. Don't tell me you sent money home. That won't wash. Oh, I'm onto your tricks. Why, you ain't even written to your old mother for six months. Why don't you brace up and be a man? It's ten dollars you want, is it? It's just ten cents you'll get out of me. I've got no money to throw away on such a you! When's your liberty up? This afternoon, eh! And you're going over to Mare Island, put your name down there, here's a fever; put your name down there. Now, go and get a shave and a cup of coffee, and get down to the McDowell as fast as you can."

If Jack is a new man at this port, and no one has posted him about "Tough Mag," he is likely to put his foot into it by trying to interrupt her scolding or offering any excuses for himself. In that case he will only call down upon his devoted head a more prolonged and more picturesque worded tongue-lashing than he has heard for many a day. Perhaps it does him some good and perhaps it doesn't. At all events it probably does him no harm, and Maggie feels in duty bound to administer it whether or no. For she is a motherly sort of a girl, who takes no little pride in her self-imposed task of reforming Jack Tar. Some people wouldn't approve of her methods altogether, but it is safe to say that her good, honest, homely scoldings are more effective and far-reaching than an equal amount of finely-phrased sermons would be.

She wears quite a wonderful navy blouse on all state occasions. It was made on the high seas by Jack Tar and his brother, and was presented to Maggie with due ceremonial solemnity several years ago when she lived at Vallejo. Though the blouse is hand-made, and masculine-made at that, it bears evidence of an immense amount of very careful and somewhat artistic needlework. It is covered with flags and cannons and other navy emblems, and though it is worth lots of dollars, intrinsically, it would never sell for half the value she puts upon it. When Maggie wants to be real swell she wears this navy blouse, and no fine lady in the Western Addition is prouder of her fine silks or laces than is Maggie of her sailor-made jacket.

She had a husband once—Billy Lias—and he is living, so far as is known at this writing, and there has been no divorce. But Billy always gets in trouble with knives and pistols and such things. He seems to have a penchant for that kind of conduct, and just at present he is in retirement, or was not long ago. At all events he is not in evidence now, and his personality is commonplace and uninteresting, while exactly the reverse is true of Maggie. Hers is one of the most interesting and picturesque characters to be found in these modern prosaic days. There is so much of contrariety in it, to begin with—so much of conventional wickedness, so little of moral sinfulness.

Judged by the surroundings alone one is amazed to find in this loud-spoken, determined little woman of the Barbary Coast a strong individuality of kindly instincts and generous impulses. She is always jolly, yet always sensible, always frugal and painstaking, economical and industrious; she can paddle her own canoe under all circumstances, and she asks neither friend nor foe for favor. She makes her own living and makes it "squarely," as the sailors say, and she saves her money without being stingy with it. At times she has been a waitress here or there in a restaurant or in a beer saloon, but always she has loaned money to the able seaman of the white navy, and when they have paid her back they have always paid her more than she loaned them. And this is the most contrary circumstance about her

—that she should be a usurer. However, no one ever called her Shylock, and the rate of interest she demands is much less than the average money-lender outside of commercial life usually extorts.

The appellation of "Tough Mag" grew upon Maggie Kelly not so much because she was really tougher than the other girls of her class as because of her independence and her ability to take care of herself under all sorts of circumstances. To attempt any undue familiarity with Maggie Kelly is to receive a stinging slap in the face, or, perhaps, if the case is not aggravated, then a scolding that is calculated to put the offender to flight if not to shame. It is true, also, that Maggie's choice of words upon all occasions is original. She selects them more for the purposes of emphasis than euphony, and her language at all times is more forcible than poetic. Sometimes she uses words that newspapers employ dashes to represent. It is said that in her dealings with the numerous family of Jack Tar she has never lost a cent. Many an able seaman sails out of this port indebted to her from half a month to three months' pay. Perhaps he will return in a few months, perhaps in a couple of years, but when he does come back he squares accounts with Maggie the first thing. And he gives her a present besides. He brings her something from over the seas—a rare fur, a parrot or a shell. Her home on Montgomery avenue is quite a museum in its way.

She might sell many of these presents and realize handsomely on some of them, but she never does. She prizes them all and cares for them with a good deal of pride in their possession, and her fondness for money does not reach beyond the stage of endowment with a knack for making it and keeping it. In truth, she hasn't any great amount of it to boast of, but what she has she has made by the sweat of her own keen wit.

You may see her after night with two or three reeling bluejackets in tow. She has met them on the street, perhaps. She knows they are in no condition to go prowling around, and she has issued peremptory orders for them to follow her. It was high treason for a bluejacket to disobey Maggie Kelly's command, and they never do. She takes them home, gives them a cup of strong coffee; gives them each and all a good scolding and then sends them back to their ships. Or you may see her meet a reeling sailor early in the evening on the "coast." Then she demands his money and his watch. If he has either or both he hands them over without grumbling, and when he has sobered up the next day or the day after he will find his valuables safe with Maggie Kelly, and himself that much richer for her good offices. She's a rare character, is "Tough Mag," and the annals of Barbary Coast will, in future years, remember her as the patron saint of the able seaman when ashore; and the sailors of a still more prosaic later day will sigh vainly for those good old days of '90, when Maggie Kelly was their friend and banker at the port of San Francisco.



MAGGIE KELLY, THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

scientists and others interested in the subject. In consequence of this he has permitted a number of persons to see for themselves just what has been accomplished. The accompanying illustration, which is drawn from a photograph taken expressly by instructions of Mr. Boydston to make clear to the eye what this article fails to make understood, shows the subject of experiment exactly as she appeared the other day when viewed by a party of visitors. It will be observed that she is apparently standing looking out at those about her, much after the fashion of a model in the studio of an artist. In fact, to those to whom studio life is familiar there will seem little about the picture that is unusual. The posture, the drapery and all are not uncommon in the least. It is a fact that a person who by

to him the same lesson which he once taught a soldier in the Twenty-first Illinois, when he commanded that regiment. An officer who had served under him at the time told me that Colonel Grant, as he came out of his tent one morning, found a strapping big fellow posted as sentinel, who nodded his head good-naturedly, smiled blandly and said, "Howdy, colonel?" His commander cried, "Hand me your piece," and upon taking it faced the soldier and came to a "present arms"; then handing back the musket he remarked, "That is the way to say 'how do you do' to your colonel."

Sundays and fixed holidays excepted, \$20,000 worth of fish are daily dragged out of the sea by the fishermen of England.



COMMODORE DAVID PORTER

reparation and restitution. At first the lieutenant's character was conceded and his object of secrecy in appearing without his uniform recognized. Later, however, after the first citizen had talked apart with the officials, there was a change. Platt was requested to sign for his uniform and, though he finally signed for his uniform and commission, was denounced roundly as a pirate and placed under arrest in a filthy stronghold. At nightfall he was curtly dismissed, and returned to his ship, without the stolen goods, and amid the jeers and curses of the populace.

On November 12 Porter arrived at St. Thomas and received a report of this sorry treatment. He acted at once. Accompanied by the Beagle and the Grampus he sailed on the John Adams for Foxardo. There he sent a flag of truce to the town with the message that if apology for the maltreatment of Lieutenant Platt was not made within one hour he would storm the place. He then landed companies of sailors and marines aggregating over 200 in number. These spiked two batteries where threatening preparations were being made and then proceeded inland. A mob of native militia made some show of force and for the moment an engagement was imminent, when the Alcalde and the