

HISTORIC AMERICAN YACHTS

THE SLAVE YACHT WANDERER

Winfield M. Thompson

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PART III

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II.

The schooner yacht *Wanderer*, built at Setauket, L. I., in 1857, was sold in 1858 to Charles A. L. Lamar and others of Savannah, and made a slaving voyage to the west coast of Africa, under the colors of the New York Yacht Club.

Seized on her return, by the Government, she was libelled and sold as a slaver. Mr. Lamar bought her back, laid her up in the river at Savannah, and in October, 1859, arranged with a Yankee captain known as Martin to take a share in her and fit her out for a voyage, ostensibly to Matanzas for fruit. Martin took matters into his own hands, and shipping a crew by false representations and intimidation, left Savannah at night.

After clearing the land, Martin announced to his crew that he was off to the west coast of Africa to get a cargo of negroes. The yacht was heavily armed, but poorly outfitted.



VII.

HE southeast course was held only through the night, as in the morning the Captain ordered the vessel headed north-northeast. He had decided to sail for the Western Islands, to get more provisions. This was a long way out of the proper course to the slave coast, and every man on board knew it, and remarked on it to his mates, but none remonstrated. Welton saw that he had a peculiar character to deal with, and determined to

watch him and the vessel's progress with great care.

The first evening out a sail was raised just before dark. She was a ship and some distance off. The *Wanderer's* course was altered in her direction. A gun was fired, but without causing the ship to lay-to. Chase was given by the *Wanderer*, and in the morning the vessels were in close company. The ship was the *Troy*, of Boston. Hailing her again by firing his cannon (loaded with grape) in her direction, Captain Martin brought the *Troy* into the wind in short order. Then he lowered a boat and went on board. A chart of the Florida coast a copy of Blunt's Coast Pilot, and a nautical almanac, were secured from the *Troy*. For these \$5 were paid.

That day another sail was sighted—a schooner. In a few hours she was within hail, and Martin addressed her with the same salute he had given the *Troy*—a load of grape. She came into the wind, and hails were exchanged. The Captain found the vessel, the *Clara*

Brewer, was commanded by one of his old shipmates. They exchanged longitudes, and parted.

"I thought at first she had slaves on board," said Martin to Welton, "and if she had been a slaver I'd have taken her."

Bearing in mind that Captain Martin's record had been somewhat tinged with braggadocio, we may assume that this threat was the child of an after-thought, born of a potent dram or two from the private locker.

No more sail was sighted for three days, when a ship came into company with the *Wanderer*. No guns were fired, and the vessels exchanged longitudes. Next day another sail was sighted—a brig. Captain Martin was in a belligerent mood, and all hands were called on deck and ordered to prepare for boarding the brig, in true pirate style. The muskets were loaded, and laid along the rails. Boarding pikes and pistols were also brought up from the cabin, and the deck guns were loaded with grape. The brig proved to be a pretty good sailer, for when hailed—by the usual method of a charge of grape sent after her—she refused to heave-to, and began to haul away. The weather was squally, with rain, and between squalls it could be seen that the brig lugged her sail better than the schooner, and was getting away. Several times the *Wanderer's* guns were fired in her direction, but to no avail. Darkness came on with the rain squalls continuing, and the chase was given up. In the morning the brig was no longer in sight, and a gale was blowing from north-northeast.

The weather had been unsettled for most of the time since the *Wanderer* left port, and the crew found life supremely uncomfortable. They had no bedding, and with the yacht being driven through thick and thin it was hard cheer to go below, wet and tired, after standing watch in scant clothing and no oilskins, and turn in on the soft side of a locker or the bare bottom of a bunk. Sail was tucked on the yacht as if life depended on a quick passage, and when the wind was fair—which was not often—she made fast time. During one day of twenty-four hours, in a strong breeze with everything set, she logged, according to Welton's testimony, 340 knots. This was better than fourteen knots an hour over the ground, and was partly due to the presence of a favorable northeasterly set in the current.

The brig was the last sail raised by the *Wanderer* be-

fore sighting the islands, which she did on the afternoon of the eighteenth day out of Savannah. Captain Martin had planned to make Fayal, but Flores was his landfall, so he decided to make a harbor at Santa Cruz.

Toward the latter part of the passage there had been some curious work done on the Wanderer. The name Wanderer was painted out on the yacht's transom, the carpenter getting out on a plank to do the job. It was soon found that the black paint put on did not entirely cover the lettering, which showed through. Captain Martin then ordered the carpenter to cut out letters from sheet lead for the name "William," which would cover the old letters while making a new name. These leaden letters were nailed on by the carpenter, and neatly painted—rather a nice job with the vessel underway—and the Wanderer became the William, of Savannah. To give her papers suited to her new name, a fresh set of articles and a new clearance had to be manufactured. The blanks for the articles were on hand, and the crew were called aft to sign them—with a different lot of names than those signed on the original articles. Then an old clearance for Havana—used when the Wanderer went to that port with Mr. Lamar and his friends on board—was brought out and altered to suit. By the Captain's orders Welton scratched out the first four syllables of Havana, and Martin made the word over to Smyrna. Wanderer became William and behold—a clearance for the schooner yacht William, bound from Savannah to Smyrna, Turkey, in ballast. The Captain's name, in these papers, appeared as George D. Walker.

With her name and papers thus prepared for an emergency, the Wanderer approached the island of Flores at nightfall. Martin called his men aft as the land was neared, and made them a speech.

"You know the name of this vessel is the William," said he, "and I don't want any uncertainty about it when you get ashore. She's the William, Captain Walker, bound for Smyrna, where she's been sold for \$30,000. Six of you fellows are passengers. Now when I get ashore I'm going to make claim before the British Consul for spars and sails lost on the voyage, and for provisions. He represents the United States and he's got to supply vessels in distress. Now I want some of you men to go ashore and sign papers to help me get them spars and things. I don't want any backing and filling on it, either. You are to swear we had our decks swept, and had six feet of water in the hold; and you're to sign the same names you've got on the articles, and if any of you hesitate I'll have your hearts out."

The Wanderer was somewhat the worse for wear as the result of excessive sail-carrying, and stood in need of a new fore-topmast and jibboom, both of which were sprung, and several light sails, which had been split on the voyage. There was also great need of bedding and clothing for these men. Besides these things the Captain had a few needs of his own, to which he desired to minister.

The dark form of Flores, with lights twinkling here and there against it like jewels in the tresses of a dusky beauty, lay blue in the twilight as the Wanderer ran down her landfall and ascertained her position. The deck guns were fired several times, as the vessel stood off and on, through the night. With the first peep of dawn a boat came off bearing a much-agitated pilot, a health officer, and custom-house officer. They wished to know what the Captain wanted, and why he fired guns. The Captain informed them that his vessel was in distress, and stood in serious need of provisions and re-

pairs. The customs officer must look at her papers. This he did over a social glass with Captain Martin. They were all regular, and the William, for Smyrna, in ballast, was officially welcomed to enter the port of Santa Cruz.

The crew of the Wanderer looked hard at the fertile fields of Flores, lying like green and brown squares on a checkerboard, with alternating patches of grain and grass on the sloping hillsides coming down from volcanic peaks to red and green cliffs of lava rising sheer from the sea to meet them. They thought it a fine land, beautiful even in November, when back in the North Atlantic states, whence most of them had come, the yellow leaves were being driven in deep windrows against the walls by the roadsides, and the fields were all bare and brown.

As the schooner made her anchorage the men talked among themselves on their prospects. The unlawful character of the voyage, the brutality of the captain, and their hardships with insufficient clothing and no bedding, had fixed their decision to take matters into their own hands as soon as opportunity offered, and secure for themselves once more the common comforts of life, and the right to meet men on the footing of common honesty. The little port of Santa Cruz seemed to them a haven of rest, and all felt relieved when the chain rattled through the hawsepipe and held the schooner to ground.

It was Sunday when the yacht arrived, and the people of Santa Cruz, with piety in keeping with the name of their town, were bound to the little white church with the four square towers, that sat above the town of white houses, scattered like so many lots of block sugar on the green of the sloping hillside above the harbor.

Captain Martin went ashore at once and sought out Mr. Mackay, the British Consul, with whom he soon placed himself on friendly terms. The distressing story of the damage to the William was recited, and listened to with sympathy by the Consul. The Captain remained ashore that night, and on the Wanderer the mate had ample opportunity to sound some of the most reliable of the men on a plan of escape. He spoke to Chidester first.

"What do you think of this?" he asked.

"I think that if I was in your place I'd give the Captain the slip. The first vessel he boarded I would see that he didn't get his foot back on the deck of this one."

Here was an idea. Welton turned it over in his mind, and discussed it with Donnell, the carpenter. Donnell was for clearing out with the schooner that night, but Welton was not sure the men could all be counted on, with the vessel only just arrived in port, and prevailed on the other two to wait a more opportune moment.

Next day on the strength of introductions from the Consul, Captain Martin received credit for stores with several Santa Cruz merchants. He bought food in considerable quantities, as well as blankets for the men, and a large number of live chickens. Several days were consumed in making the purchases and getting the stores on board. Spars were also ordered, and put on board, and the carpenter was sent ashore to make coops for the chickens.

Captain Martin had spent a good part of his time on shore, and had been a visitor at a certain little house in the town inhabited by members of an ancient profession, like Lalun, who dwelt upon the city walls in one of Kipling's tales. The Captain had an adventurer's gift of guile, and talked of travel by sea, of America, and of the beauty of the African coast, to one Anna Felice, aged 25, who lived in the house, to such purpose that the

girl consented to leave there and go on board the Captain's schooner. The girl had a friend, Mariana Jose, aged 26, who was also fired with desire to go on the Captain's schooner, so on Friday evening the two went off to the Wanderer with Captain Martin. Anna took up quarters in the Captain's stateroom and Mariana possessed herself of the mate's berth, to the ribald joy of Martin, who taunted the mate because he chose to vacate it and sleep on the transom cushions.

Next morning Captain Martin went ashore to look after more stores he had ordered. The carpenter also went ashore, to work on the hencoops. On board the yacht the crew were busy overhauling the rigging. The cook amused himself with revolver practice, shooting at a broom. The women were talking and laughing in the cabin with the pilot and custom-house officer, who, having taken a liking to the cheer had remained on board ever since the yacht arrived. There were also on board two foreign sailors who were considering shipping on the vessel.

About midforenoon the attention of all hands was directed to the Captain, whose boat was being rowed off at a rapid rate. He began giving orders before coming over the rail.

"All hands make sail! Slip the anchor! Step lively there, now, my boys! We've got to get out of here double quick!"

Such were the words of Captain Martin, as he gained the deck of the Wanderer. The cause of his precipitate action could be divined by those on board from the appearance of a crowd on the beach, with some of the Captain's creditors running about and seeking boats in which to put off to the schooner.

Donnell, the carpenter, at work on his hencoops near the beach, saw the crowd, and joined it, only to see the Wanderer making sail. He ran to the water's edge and waved his cap, but to no avail. He was being marooned, and he knew it.

On board the Wanderer were four men far more agitated than Donnell, for they were being shanghaied.

"What shall we do with these men?" the mate asked Martin.

"Throw the damned old carrion of a custom-house man overboard, but keep the pilot and the other two—they're sailors."

The mate did not follow this order literally. As the Wanderer fell off and gained way—after slipping and leaving on the bottom forty-five fathoms of chain attached to her best anchor—she came under the stern of a schooner at anchor. The custom-house officer and pilot were on their knees praying to all the saints in their calendar to deliver them from their predicament, and Welton, pitying their plight, hailed the schooner and asked that a boat be sent for them. This was done, and a grateful pair of island officials fell over the Wanderer's side into the boat as she shot up under the counter.

The yacht was now headed offshore, and all sail was set. Welton urged the Captain to go back after the carpenter, and the latter consented to take a tack inshore, to pick him up if he came out in a boat. Donnell could be seen in the crowd on the beach, but he had no boat. Martin was anxious to be off, so the yacht was again headed offshore and Donnell was left on the island.

Martin shook his fist at the excited tradesmen and the crowd as the yacht drew away from the land.

"I've beat you out of \$1,500," said he, embroidering

his speech with various personal epithets, "and we're quits."

Heading the schooner for the Canary Islands, Martin now abandoned himself to the life of an ocean rover. He drank long and deep, and made love to Anna Felice, who was wofully seasick. Betweenwhiles he cracked on sail until the vessel could stand no more. Welton tried to force him into better behavior.

"It's a shame to carry off these women on a voyage like this, and they with only the clothes they stand in," said he. "You ought to have more decency. Why didn't you get a rogue like yourself to go mate with you? I can tell you, I'm sick of it."

Martin threatened, then cajoled the mate. "I'll give you a share of the profits," said he, "if you'll only stick by me. I'm only going to keep the women as long as they please me, and when I get tired of 'em I'll swap 'em for niggers on the coast. They ought to bring 80 to 100 niggers apiece."

With the carpenter gone, Welton had only the cook to whom to turn.

"The Captain is a fool," said Welton to the cook, "and I'll soon show him a trick worth two of this."

The time for turning the trick was not far off. After a ten-days' trip to the Canaries the Wanderer made Port de Lago, about ten miles from Funchal, on the island of Madeira. A boat put off in which was a pilot, who said the vessel must enter at Funchal. Arriving off Funchal toward nightfall, the Wanderer was met by a shore boat, from which it was learned a steamer was in the harbor. Captain Martin thought she might be a war vessel, and again put to sea. After dark, with all lights out, the Wanderer stood back for the harbor, and went in far enough to learn from the shore boats that came off that the steamer was an English war vessel.

"I wish she would take us," said Welton to King, one of the most intelligent of the men, as they watched her, dark against the lights of the town.

"So do I," said King.

It was now Welton's time to strike for the support of the crew.

"How many men forward can you trust?" he asked of King.

"Three or four besides the cook," was the reply.

"All right; keep your eyes open," said Welton. "I'll let you know when the right time comes."

On learning the character of the steamer in Funchal harbor Captain Martin once more stood to sea. He was still short of sufficient stores for a slaving voyage, and he had decided, he informed Welton, that he would get them from the first vessel he met, just as he got the chart.

That night the Wanderer sunk Madeira astern, having squared away for the Canaries. The Captain was the worse for liquor and drove the vessel unmercifully. The foremast was sprung in the night, and the headstays slacked up, bringing an imperfect strain on the jibboom and fore-topmast.

Next day, November 22d, 1859, a sail was sighted. It proved to be a French bark, the Clara, from Bordeaux. Captain Martin brought her to with a charge of grape, and asked her captain to sell him some provisions.

The French captain seemed not to like the appearance of the Wanderer and her commander, and professing not to understand the question, bore away as quickly as possible.

That afternoon at four o'clock another bark was sighted. She, too, was French, the Jeannie, of Marseilles. Bringing her to with his favorite salute, Captain Martin asked for provisions. The Jeannie's captain said he could spare some.

The Wanderer at once came into the wind on the weather quarter of the bark, and about 150 yards off. Her mainsail and headsails were lowered, the long-boat was launched, and Captain Martin, with four members of the crew, Charles Hunter, Peter Lynch, and the two men shanghaied at Flores, started for the bark.

The northeast trades were blowing fresh, and as the boat bobbed across the tumbling water between the yacht and the bark, Welton and a few others on the Wanderer watched her with excitement they could not conceal. The hour had arrived for their deliverance from a well-nigh intolerable situation.

When the boat came under the lee of the bark, and Captain Martin climbed the rope ladder let down from the Frenchman's side, Welton stepped into the yacht's cabin, secured two revolvers from the stock of arms there, and returned quickly to the deck.

He spoke to Harry Summers as he came up the companionway, saying the revolvers were for use in case the men hesitated in getting the vessel underway.

Then going forward, he said: "Boys, I am going to take this vessel back to the United States. Are you all willing?"

"Yes!" shouted the crew.

The order was given by Welton to hoist the foresail. It was done with more vim than any other duty performed on the voyage.

At the wheel was Tom Murphy. Welton ordered him to put the helm hard-down. It was done, and under whole foresail, fore-staysail and jibs, and part of the mainsail, the yacht kept off and shot under the stern of the bark.

As she passed the lee side of the Jeannie the men on the Wanderer could see a barrel being lowered from the bark to the yacht's boat, and in the fore rigging Captain Martin beckoning wildly for the Wanderer to lower her sails and come within hail.

No attention was paid to the dumb appeal of Captain Martin. The yacht was kept along with wind abeam, on a course almost parallel with the bark's, but a point farther off the wind, until all fore-and-aft sail was put on her.

Then keeping off for the Canaries, which were about 80 miles distant, she soon dropped the lumbering Frenchman below the horizon.

Meanwhile Welton had called his mates aft, and addressed them.

"Boys," he said, "I am going to turn this vessel over to the United States authorities. Are you willing to help me work her home for that purpose?"

There was a hearty chorus of assent.

"Now I want to say one thing more," said Welton. "It is about these women. I want them used well. They've got to be treated the best we know how."

This ended the simple speech of Captain Welton.

The women were given the stateroom of the late Captain Martin, and made as comfortable as the miseries of seasickness would permit them to be.

Welton kept the yacht straight for the Canaries, making the most western island in the morning. Here a suspicious-looking polacca brig was seen at anchor in a cove, and as she fired a gun on the yacht's approach the Wanderer was kept on.

In quiet water among the islands the yacht was laid to next day, and her crew worked hard to put her spars and rigging in shape for the voyage across the stormy Atlantic of late autumn.

The foremast-head was fished, the stays and rigging set up, and on the 24th of November the Wanderer set sail for her native shores.

VIII.

Welton was a fair navigator, and keeping the vessel in the trades made good time toward the North Atlantic coast. He wanted to make Highland light, Cape Cod, as it was his purpose to take the vessel to Boston and surrender her to the authorities there.

His landfall proved to be Fire Island, which was made December 20th. As the wind was southwest, the yacht was kept off the northward and eastward. Gay Head was next made, and on the afternoon of the 21st of December the Wanderer anchored in Tarpaulin Cove.

Here she found a few wind-bound coasters. Their men viewed the yacht and her crew with undisguised wonder.

The men on the Wanderer, and the vessel herself, were indeed objects to arouse the interest of seafaring men.

Hardly a man in the crew had enough clothing to keep him from freezing in the keen December air. There was not a whole garment among them. Their trousers and coats were made from old sails, and their feet were wrapped in canvas. The summer clothing in which the men had left Savannah two months before was worn to rags. There had been very little of it to begin with. One of the men testified subsequently that he had on only trousers, a thin shirt, a light cap, and low shoes when shanghaied at Savannah. Because of this insufficient clothing he contracted consumption on the voyage.

At Tarpaulin Cove, Welton went aboard a coaster and traded a light sail for some old clothes for himself and some of the others.

With a local pilot on board, one Peter Wainwright, the Wanderer left Tarpaulin Cove for Boston, where she arrived December 24th. Here the yacht was anchored off India wharf—where the Boston Yacht Club now has a summer anchorage—but as her one anchor was insufficient to hold her, she was hauled alongside Union wharf. Here she was viewed by curious crowds.

Welton turned the yacht over, as soon as she arrived, to United States Marshal Watson Freeman, who put a keeper aboard.

One might fancy the eagerness with which the young captain looked forward to meeting his wife and child on that day before Christmas, after such a voyage of vicissitudes. But the joy was to be denied him, for he and all his men were hurried off to jail, to be held as witnesses in the case of the United States against the schooner Wanderer, suspected slaver.

Thus did the law reward the man who had done his humble best to uphold the dignity of his adopted nation, for Welton hailed from the British provinces.

The crew of the Wanderer were detained until the case could be brought up in court. On January 4th there was an auction sale of the stores on board the yacht. These included two casks of wine, "one ullage cask of *aqua ardent*," that is, one cask partly empty, of *aguardiente*, and one cask of whiskey. The proceeds of the sale were \$54.82, and the net returns, after payment of charges for unloading, commissions, etc., \$4.66.

The Wanderer was libelled in due form, the Government alleging that she was intended for the slave trade. Charles A. L. Lamar came forward, through an agent, Joseph Story Fay, of Boston, claimed the vessel as her sole owner, and denied the allegations is the libel. Welton, in behalf of the crew, brought suit for wages and salvage, and to cover this claim, Mr. Lamar was obliged to file a bond of \$1,000 with the court. On January 10th, 1860, Mr. Lamar asked the court for an appraisal of the vessel, and three citizens of Boston, Osborne Howes, Foster Waterman and Benjamin C. Clark, were appointed appraisers. On January 21st they appraised the schooner at \$5,940. They received \$50 each for their services. January 23d C. A. L. Lamar produced sureties for this sum, they being Joseph Story Fay and Elijah D. Brigham, of Boston.

The case of the Wanderer was continued from January to March, from March to June, and again from June to August, in the United States District Court at Boston, Judge Peleg Sprague presiding. In June an amendment to the original libel was filed, stating that "One James F. Patten, otherwise called Martin, otherwise called Dresser, otherwise called Walker, did, as master and factor, equip, fit and sail with the vessel for the purpose of procuring negroes and persons of color from a foreign country to be transported and disposed of as slaves."

This was the first designation of the disorderly captain of the Wanderer by what was then believed to be his proper name. Subsequent events proved that the prosecution was quite at sea in its attempt to establish the identity of Captain "Martin." That his name was not Martin was taken for granted by all who knew him in connection with the Wanderer. What it was, nobody in the case knew. Before his arrival at Savannah, this graceless mariner had been at Charleston, where he claimed his name was Lincoln Patten, and that he was a brother of Captain James F. Patten, of Bath, Me., at sea in the ship Russel Sprague, then due at Charleston. On the strength of these statements he had borrowed money and contracted debts, only to leave his creditors in the lurch when he went to Savannah.

After the Wanderer's arrival at Boston the newspapers endeavored to establish the identity of Captain "Martin," alias Patten. The Pattens, of Bath, were an eminently respectable family, and it was shown he was in no way connected with them. It appeared that Captain James F. Patten had at one time befriended the one-eyed rogue, who had requited the kindness by misusing his benefactor's name.

Investigation by New York newspapers showed that in 1859 this same one-eyed terror of the seas had appeared in New York with letters of introduction from a sea-captain in Brunswick, Me., on the strength of which he bought a quantity of ship's stores, for which he did not pay, borrowed money, and defrauded various persons. His letters of introduction proved to be forgeries. He was arrested and thrown into the Tombs, but managed to get out without trial, and fresh from this escapade, headed southward. Research by an interested press, with a view to establishing the identity of this man of guile, was barren of results. One New York paper printed the biography of a citizen of Harpswell, Me., named Dresser, and claimed that he and Captain "Martin" were one, but Mr. Dresser, of Harpswell, came forward and indignantly protested, proving that he had never been out of Harpswell while the piratical "Martin" was engaged in his cruise on the Wanderer.

After this no further effort was made toward establishing the identity of Captain "Martin."*

A month after the libelling of the Wanderer at Boston, a new owner for the vessel appeared in the person of Gazaway B. Lamar, father of C. A. L. Lamar. The elder Lamar claimed to have bought the vessel, and prayed the court to release her. On his giving bonds for the same amounts as those given by C. A. L. Lamar, the vessel was released February 20th, 1860, pending a settlement of the case. She was taken to Savannah and laid up in the berth in the river whence she had been taken by Captain "Martin." Here she lay, it appears, until fall.

During the summer Mr. Lamar was in conflict with the Government, being charged with taking slaves brought on the yacht, from the custody of the United States Marshal, and the condition of his affairs was such that a continuance of the slave trade by him and his associates appeared hopeless, even were the war not at hand. The yacht was therefore taken to Havana in the winter of 1860-61 and offered for sale. All kinds of fast-sailing vessels were by this time in demand for the purposes of the infant Confederacy, and the Lamars hoped to receive a round sum for the Wanderer. As one of the earliest labors of the war in the navy, an effort was being made at this time to intercept all vessels "sailing under authority or pretended authority from the states in insurrection." A watch was therefore kept on the Wanderer while she lay at Havana.

As the spring of 1861 approached, it appears a customer for the yacht was found in New Orleans. On her way to that port the yacht's commander unwisely put in at Key West. The senior naval officer on duty there, Lieutenant Craven, detained her, and sent a special report concerning her to the Secretary of the Navy. This document is worthy of reproduction in full, as showing a naval man's estimate of the yacht's fitness for a privateer. It was as follows:

U. S. S. CRUSADER,

KEY WEST, May 14th, 1861.

SIR—I have the honor to report to you that the notorious Wanderer arrived in this port April 5th, from Havana. Her papers are good, though with some irregularities, and on consulting with the U. S. District Attorney I am satisfied that no libel can be sustained against the vessel.

The course of my investigation has brought to light the fact that this schooner is to be sold to certain parties in New Orleans at a high price, to be fitted out as a privateer. I have therefore detained her as a vessel which can be used for no valuable purpose except as a cruiser or a dispatch vessel. As a privateer she would be most formidable, as you may perceive from her dimensions, as follows: Length, 106 feet; breadth 25½ feet; depth 9½ feet; burden, 231 tons. She was built in 1857, has the reputation of being a remarkably fast sailor and is ready for sea.

Armed with one long 24-pounder, and with a crew of 25 men, this vessel may be disastrously destructive to our shipping in the West Indies, and there was a general feeling of relief expressed among shipmasters in Havana when it was learned that I had seized the Wanderer.

*Without much question this interesting character hailed from Maine. As a result of investigation I am inclined to believe his name was Samuel Haines, and that his home was on the Kennebec River above Bath. A man of this name, in the forties or fifties, was employed as second mate on the packet ship Joshua Bates, owned by Enoch Train, of Boston, uncle and business partner of the late George Francis Train. On the same ship, as first mate, was one Horatio Patten, of Bath. Patten and Haines were friends. On a hard voyage across the Atlantic the ship ran into a gale and was thrown on her beam ends. The story is told in Bath that Haines displayed great courage in the disaster, being lowered 'tween decks to close an open port through which the water was rushing. His action is said to have saved the ship, and also to have cemented more closely his friendship with Patten, who, when he was in jail in New York some years later, stood by him, and through influence, helped him out of his difficulties. Haines is remembered on the Kennebec as an impulsive, warm-hearted but hot-headed man, piratical in appearance, but capable, and generous to a fault. From the record of his career on the Wanderer, it would appear that he had also other prominent traits not so well remembered on the Kennebec. After his escapade on the yacht trace of him is lost, though it is possible, and probable, that he was engaged in blockade running from Liverpool to Charleston during the war.

I submit to you, sir, this case. While aware that I have no legal grounds for detaining the vessel, I do not feel justified in permitting her to escape to the rebels, and the only way in which that result can be prevented is by the U. S. Government becoming purchasers or charterers.

She can be bought for \$15,000, and without expense or alteration can be fitted out as a dispatch vessel or as a serviceable light cruiser.

You have probably learned, sir, that vessels of the United States are being transferred to the English flag in the port of Havana by a simple and expeditious process which enables vessels, however strongly suspected, to escape the vigilance of the U. S. Consul-General.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. AUGS. CRAVEN,
LIEUTENANT, COMMANDING.

HON. GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

Lieutenant Craven was ordered to seize the yacht and use her as a naval vessel. Very few changes were needed to fit her for this service. An additional gun was mounted on her, giving her an armament of three guns, and under command of Acting-Master W. McClintock, with the rate of a gunboat of the fourth class, attached to the East Gulf Squadron, she began her service as guardship of the port of Key West. In this duty she was engaged throughout the war, making occasional trips to Havana, as a dispatch boat and a few short cruises among the Keys, looking for small blockade-runners. She is credited in the naval record with having taken four prizes, two schooners and two sloops.

Owing to the delay in the settlement of her case before the court at Boston, action was not taken by the Government toward condemning the Wanderer as a prize until 1863. The Lamars had appealed from the decision of the District Court at Boston, which was against them, to the Circuit court, and this tribunal, on June 28th, 1862, affirmed the decree of the lower court, which was that "the said Wanderer be and remain forfeited to the said United States." The Government, meanwhile, having taken the Wanderer as a prize of war, secured not only the vessel but the value of the bonds filed by her former owners. Her case as a prize was adjudicated at Philadelphia, in May, 1863, when, at a *pro forma* sale, she was bid in by the Navy Department for \$1,125.

At the close of the war, the Wanderer, the Government having no further use for her, was sold at auction at Key West, the date of the sale being July 5th, 1865. Her purchaser was Captain Joshua Rowe, of Rockland, Maine, who wanted her for a coaster. At Rockland, she was rebuilt by I. L. Snow & Co., and this firm became her owners on July 7th, 1868. The Rockland men be-

lieved the yacht oversparred for coasting and eight feet was taken off each of her masts.

On a voyage to the West Indies, shortly after being rebuilt, under command of Captain Rowe, the Wanderer went ashore on Water Island, at the entrance of St. Thomas harbor, and was badly damaged. Captain Rowe got her off, had her repaired, and returned in her to Rockland.

Subsequently under command of Captain Joseph Thorndike, she carried a cargo of lime to New York. Here she was chartered for a voyage to Honduras, for a cargo of cocoanuts. On her return voyage to New York, provisions falling short, Captain Thorndike attempted to put in at Hampton Roads. Foul weather was encountered, and the Wanderer went ashore on Cape Henry. A Norfolk wrecking company got her off after the underwriters had abandoned her. She was repaired, and January 31st, 1869, a new register was issued to her, in the name of S. S. Scattergood, of Philadelphia, owner. She was next engaged in the West Indian fruit trade, hailing from Philadelphia. On January 21st, 1871, she went ashore on Cape Maisi, east end of Cuba, and became a total loss.

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