

The Committee appointed by a Resolution of the Hon: the Gen: Assem: of the S of Del: to procure and present to Jacob Jones Esq: of the U. S. Navy a Piece of Plate, commemorative of the naval victory achieved by him, and expressive of the high estimation in which his services were held on that occasion - very respectfully report -

That they have performed the duties assigned to them by the said Resolution to that extent which the nature of existing circumstances permitted. The Plate, according to the direction of the General Assembly has been completed, and the sum appropriated thereby paid due to the Artist with whose Execution of the Trust reposed in him the Committee have every reason to be satisfied. The Piece of Plate is an Work handsomely engraved, of superior workmanship, and tasteful design, with well chosen ornaments & appropriate inscriptions. The Engravings represent the Battle, and Victory of the War, & the abasement & Chagrin of the boasted Mistress of the Ocean at the termination of a Contest so fatal to her views of naval superiority; The Inscriptions commemorate the Gratitude of the Native State of the Victor.

In explaining the cause which has hitherto prevented the Committee from discharging entirely the duty enjoined upon them by the delivery of the Plate to Capt: Jones it is proper to mention that Capt: Jones has not visited the State of Delaware since the Plate was completed, nor been in the vicinity of it. In Common with the rest of their Fellow Citizens, the Committee entertain the hope of Capt: Jones' return at no very distant

A Resolution
respecting Commodore
Macdonough and
Captain Jacob Jones

4. Feby
1815

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Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Delaware in General Assembly met that Casar A. Rodney, Jesse Green and Cornelius P. Comings esquires be and they are hereby appointed a committee to convey the thanks of this General Assembly to Thomas Macdonough esquire accompanied by an expression of the high esteem in which they hold the bravery and skill displayed by himself, his officers and crews in the capture of the British fleet on lake Champlain; - a fleet much superior in force to that commanded by him: and that the said committee be directed to express the pride and pleasure felt by this General Assembly in recognizing Commodore Macdonough as a native citizen of the State of Delaware.

Resolved, that the said committee present

sent to Commodore Macdonough an elegant sword and a service of plate as a testimonial of the high esteem in which his services are held by this General Assembly.

Resolved, that the said committee request the favour of Commodore Macdonough to sit for his portrait to be taken by some eminent artist for the purpose of adorning the chamber of the House of Representatives of his native State.

Resolved, that the said committee request the favour of Captain Jacob Jones to sit for his portrait to be taken by some eminent artist for the purpose of adorning the chamber of the Senate of his native State.

Resolved, that the sum of eight hundred

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dred dollars be and the same is hereby
appropriated for the purposes aforesaid to
be paid on the draft of the said committee
out of any monies in the treasury of the
State not otherwise appropriated.

Resolved, that the said committee re-
port their proceedings to the next General
Assembly.

Adopted at Dover
4 February 1815

J. Green
Speaker of Senate
~~Conrad B. Tompkins~~
Speaker of the House of Reps.

PAPERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DELAWARE.

XLIV.

COMMODORE JACOB JONES,

OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

BY

REV. ROLAND RINGWALT,

OF CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

Read before the Historical Society of Delaware, March 20, 1905.

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COMMODORE JACOB JONES.

Last year, while at the United States Naval Home in Philadelphia, I had the honor of seeing William Mackabee, the oldest man in the naval service of the republic. He was indeed almost as old as the navy, for the navy only dates as far back as the days of John Adams. The veteran was in fairly good health and spirits, but his memory was impaired, and he only vaguely remembered some of his former commanders. It was, however, an impressive sight to look on a man who had been able to raise his boyish shout over Hull's victory, who had been afloat before Decatur's fatal duel, who had reached his prime before the terrible explosion on board the Princeton, who was past middle age before Ericsson launched the monitor, who had been in the service with Farragut the midshipman and Farragut the admiral, who might have frolicked with Stewart's powder boys in 1815, and who was still living nearly a generation after Stewart had descended to his grave. Nearly sixty years have gone by since Commodore Jacob Jones took command of the home, and more than fifty years after the Commodore's death, there stood William Mackabee to link the days of Christian slavery in Algiers with the days of winter excursions to the Algerine coast.

Jacob Jones, according to the American Cyclopaedia, was born in 1770; while his eulogist, the Hon. John M. Clayton, says that he was born in 1768. All agree that he was born near Smyrna.

He lost both his parents in early infancy, but they left an estate, or some friends aided him, for he received a classical education, and afterwards spent four years in the study of medicine under the direction of Dr. James Sykes, of Dover. Further study in the University of Pennsylvania followed, and then he returned to his native County of Kent to practice his profession. It is stated that his family connections were helpful to him, and that he was generally popular, partly no doubt because he was an athletic man, skilled in out-door games, and a daring rider after the hounds. His long life suggests the reflection that he probably shrank from the carouses that so often followed a fox hunt.

But we can only conjecture how Dr. Jones spent his time. Daily the newspapers mention the death of some one who practiced medicine in some rural district, and barely state the facts. One must form acquaintances among country physicians in order to appreciate their varied lives, their intimate knowledge of the physical and moral status of a village or a county. Dr. Jones must have heard all sorts of stories about the ship fever of the Revolution, the maladies on board African slavers, and the yellow fever which drove so many Philadelphians to Wilmington. Everybody in those days talked about yellow fever as the Mississippi Valley talked of it in later years, or as we talk of la grippe to-day. Charles Brockden Brown wrote a novel on plague-stricken Philadelphia; Edward Livingston was Mayor of New York during a yellow fever epidemic; and Alexander Hamilton suggested a course of treatment for the disease. Dr. Jones must have heard religious enthusiasts tell how the Sunday amusements of Philadelphia had brought down

the pestilence, and how the Sunday law of 1794 was passed in consequence.

Of all the men who helped to give us the English literature of the nineteenth century probably none had more varied knowledge than Robert Southey, and Southey wisely called his famous book "The Doctor." All sorts of reflections on education, society, men and books are to be found in that delightful compilation. Southey knew that the Doctor came in touch with all the learning and all the ignorance of the countryside. The most gross superstitions come before the notice of the country physician, and the most curious volume or the most philosophical treatise is shown to him by the farmer who has a taste for reading and who is proud to display his stores. It is highly probable that this discipline of medical life helped the Commodore to guard the health of squadrons and navy yards.

Jones was a man of education, and it would be curious to know if he was influenced by the words of a rough, coarse physician, whose stories will live as long as historians delve into the seamy side of eighteenth century life. Tobias George Smollett, student of medicine at Glasgow, unsuccessful dramatist, surgeon's mate on the expedition against Carthage, satirist and novelist, physician at Bath and medical writer, translator of *Don Quixote*, editor in jail for libel, historian and traveler, writing his best novel as he drew near the end of a life full of quarrels and as full of kindness, might have led a young physician to yearn for a cruise. It is true that Smollett draws hideous pictures of the worst side of the old-time man-of-war, but so does Marryat, and hundreds of boys have laid down Marryat's novels with a hunger for a life at sea.

For some reason Dr. Jones abandoned his profession, and received from Governor Clayton the appointment of clerk of the Supreme Court of Delaware. This would apparently have opened the way for a legal career, and it certainly brought Jones into relations more or less intimate with all the foremost lawyers of the State. It is more than likely that he met counselors who had anecdotes of Burr and Hamilton, then so prominent at the bar of New York. Marshall was a name constantly mentioned, and political prophets declared that if Jefferson reached the Presidency the country would see James Madison in a high place. Legal friends, old landed proprietors, former patients, and neighbors, who had known his father, remonstrated when Jones, in the days of our troubles with France, threw away the prospects many a man would have considered flattering, and at thirty shipped on board the frigate *United States* as a midshipman.

Why did he do this? No one can answer. There may have been an innate craving for salt water, he may have grown weary of his routine duties, or he may have gone to sea, as a writer has hinted, in a passion of grief over the death of his first wife. But, whatever his motives, the act was extraordinary. The most famous of all midshipmen, Midshipman *Easy*, entered the service at sixteen, and we are told that this was much later than most boys. At nineteen, Harry Ormond, one of Miss Edgeworth's heroes, thought of going into the army, adding that he was too old for the navy. The evidence of records and biographies tallies with that of fiction. Bainbridge and Stewart were captains in the merchant service before reaching their majority; *Farragut* was a midshipman at ten, many British officers began

their sea life at an earlier period; it was taken for granted that a sailor would begin his career in his early teens, if not before his teens. Hood's "Irish Schoolmaster" had several pupils,

"For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And so win academical degree,
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit their store of learning is so small,
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon ball."

To our generation, a generation in which naval officers write histories, edit works on international law, publish mathematical text books, and take charge of scientific institutions, the roughness and ignorance of many old-time quarter-decks is something hard to understand. Jones went to sea in a rougher time than that of Maury, and even Maury found conditions which can hardly be credited today. It is exceedingly probable that Midshipman Jones of the frigate United States had more of what his mess-mates would have called book learning than any other midshipman, than any lieutenant or even than any captain then in the United States navy. Nevertheless he chose to perform duties usually performed by boys, to run errands, to be laughed at by expert climbers, to be cursed by an irate lieutenant if he permitted a drunken sailor to slip away from a boat without leave, perhaps to be sent to the mast-head for half a day because of a trifling misdemeanor due to forgetfulness. A man of his physical capacity could defend himself against ill treatment, but no man can protect

himself against boyish mischief, and a midshipman's berth was a worse place for practical jokes than a boarding school. The delight of pitching a new midshipman out of his hammock, of taxing his credulity to the utmost, of laughing at all his blunders, can be estimated by any man who remembers his own boyhood. Well said Plato, that a boy is more sharp witted and unmanageable than any wild beast. It is not pleasant for a man of thirty to work with boys who are more experienced than himself, and Jones must have had to endure many petty annoyances. Tradition says that he was diligent in his attention to all the many details of ship life, and that, by the advice of Decatur, whenever he had difficulty in remembering the name of a rope, he wrote it on the taff-rail. If so, he ran the risk of vigorous expostulation on the part of the first lieutenant. Jones was unique. In the case of all his fellow officers the chief interest is martial, in his it is mental.

Whatever the annoyances Midshipman Jones had to endure, he had the advantage of serving under three remarkable lieutenants, Charles Stewart, Richard Somers and Stephen Decatur; and, above all, it was a valuable experience to sail with Commodore Barry, the dauntless Irishman of the Revolution. So many stories have been told of Barry's courage and seamanship that one need not repeat any of them. Permit me, however, to mention an instance of his prompt action on land, an action, by the way, which indicates strong practical bent, rather than scrupulous regard for legal formalities.

In 1787, the Pennsylvania Assembly was asked to call a convention to discuss the action of the late Constitutional Convention, and John Barry was among those who deemed

a convention necessary. Sundry assemblymen remained away for the purpose of breaking the quorum, and, when urged to attend, refused to do so. "The next morning," to quote from an old account, "a number of citizens, whose leader is said to have been Commodore John Barry, forcibly entered the lodgings of James McCalmont, a member from Franklin County, and Jacob Miley, a member from Dauphin County, who were among the seceders, dragged them to the State House and thrust them into the chamber, when the Assembly was in session, without a quorum." Mr. McCalmont pleaded that he had been forcibly brought to the House against his wishes, and begged that he might be dismissed. Mr. Fitzsimmons stated that if any member of the House had forced the gentlemen from the determination of absenting himself, of course such member's conduct met with the disapprobation of the House. It was, however, impossible for any one to withdraw. Mr. McCalmont attempted to leave, but was prevented from doing so, and it is highly probable that Barry remained to see the end of the proceedings. A quorum was on hand, and a convention was called. Legal proceedings against Barry were instituted, but Barry, by that time in a distant sea, did not worry about writs and technicalities. This incident proves that the difficulties of making and keeping a quorum were felt long before the speakership of the late Thomas B. Reed.

The cruise of the United States was not marked by an engagement, a wreck, or any notable event; but all the midshipmen, Jacob Jones included, united in sending Commodore Barry a letter in which they object to a newly-appointed midshipman, on the ground that he was a thief, coward and liar. Barry soon got rid of this youth, and

says, in terms less explicit than those of his junior officers, that the individual had behaved himself, in many instances, in a manner very unbecoming a gentleman. The midshipmen scorned all evasion, and made their objections comprehensible to the dullest intellect.

The average American of to-day does not know much about the quasi-war with France. "Quasi-war," our histories call it, because there was no formal declaration of hostilities. Still there were at least two notable frigate actions. Truxtun in the *Constellation* took *L'Insurgente* and made *La Vengeance* retreat. Shaw's daring cruise, after delighting the sailors of his generation, has lately furnished the material for a boy's story. Rodgers, Porter, and Stewart made reputations which helped them in later years. Jones had no chance to distinguish himself, but he learned a great deal about sea life as it was, and no doubt reflected on the contrast between our young navy and the older navies of England and France. Many of our ships were originally merchantmen, hastily converted into men-of-war, poorly equipped, and poorly officered. The midshipman who entered the service of 1799 had to accept rough surroundings and small pay. For many years after 1799 if a midshipman was invited to a select party on shore, the berth might hold a conclave. One youth lent the pleasure-seeker his best coat, another found a new pair of trousers, another supplied a pair of boots, another produced a good hat. The honor of the navy required that the diner-out should present a creditable appearance, and he in turn lent his best garment to the next midshipman who wished to attend a ball.

Jones rose to the rank of lieutenant and served for a

short time on board the *Ganges*. In 1803 he was second lieutenant of the *Philadelphia*, a vessel forever famous, not for what she did, but what Decatur did to her. The *Philadelphia* ran aground before Tripoli, and her officers and crew were seized as prisoners of war. Five purchased their liberty on the terms of becoming Mahommedans, the rest were held in captivity until the end of the contest.

Many Americans have written of the Tripolitan war, and it is doubtful if anybody ever wrote of it without telling of the kindness of Nicholas Nissen, the Danish consul. He did everything in his power for officers and men, he was considerate and unwearying, he proved himself all that a wise and experienced friend can be. Indeed, he considered that a Christian was so much better than a Moor that a Christian consul might strain or evade the laws and usages of diplomacy if he might help a Christian captive. There is no doubt that Captain Bainbridge wrote letters in lime juice, that Nissen managed to get these letters to Malta, that the Danish consul at Malta forwarded them to Commodore Preble, and that Commodore Preble held them before the fire until they became legible. Bainbridge and Preble corresponded on the subject of the destruction of the *Philadelphia*. Among the captive sailors were a number of Englishmen, and Bainbridge thought that perhaps Nelson might be induced to claim them. Nissen was certainly a warm friend of the Americans, and he probably justified his partisanship on the ground that the Tripolitans were a gang of pirates, enemies to all Christendom. With our great grandfathers Nissen was the most popular of all Danes, but the great grandchildren have given that post to Hans Christian Andersen.

Shortly after the Philadelphia was taken, Nissen lent the officers some books, and enabled them to purchase their own books, which the Tripolitans had seized, but were glad enough to sell at a moderate price. There were some text books on drawing, navigation, and other subjects of professional interest, and a school was organized for the junior officers. Time brings its compensation. If Jones the midshipman had been laughed at for his lack of nautical experience Jones, the lieutenant, was a man to be admired. During the long confinement in Tripoli an officer who could discuss hygiene with the surgeon, who had been to college, and who had sat in court with counselors and judges, was a *rara avis*. There are qualities not visible on the quarter-deck, which reveal themselves inside the walls of a prison, and men who, like Bainbridge and Porter, had gone to sea early would be proud that they had a countryman who possessed the mental culture often found in the French navy before the Revolution, but rarely in the English or American service of those days.

The school in Tripoli was not always in session, for there were interruptions. Sometimes the Bashaw of Tripoli grew angry and threatened to put the officers in a dungeon or to cut off their heads. It is not surprising that the Bashaw was very much annoyed at the burning of the Philadelphia, and that his temper was ruffled every time Preble bombarded the city. One night a shot from the American squadron entered the prison walls, and scattered fragments of stone right and left, some of the fragments seriously bruising Captain Bainbridge. More than once the prisoners planned their escape, and although the plans were unsuccessful, they caused alarm and resentment among the

authorities. Bainbridge wished to give the crew a good Christmas dinner, and Nissen secured the needed supplies. Food was needed for the sick, some of the men wanted rations and clothing, and Nissen always did his best, cheerfully rendering any service that might relieve the dreariness of captivity. Nissen could not, however, induce the Bashaw to treat the crew as civilized nations treat their prisoners. The sailors were obliged to work at different trades on the fortifications, were poorly fed, and sometimes beaten. As Preble's blockade grew more close, food was scarce in Tripoli, and when true Moslems were on short allowance "Christian dogs," to quote the current phrase of Barbary, were kept on meagre fare. Occasional holidays lightened the sky, and there was a little comedy acted over and over again, which cheered the hearts of all the captives, from Bainbridge to the youngest foremast hand.

The Bashaw was so anxious to complete his pet fortifications that he offered pay to the Americans who would work overtime. With money in their pockets the seamen visited the brandy shops kept by Jews, and indulged in a carouse. Moors look with disgust unspeakable on a drunken man, and zealous Mahommedans expressed their horror of inebriety, by spitting in the faces of the Americans. This was invariably resented, the sailors mauled their assailants in rough and tumble style, and the majesty of Tripolitan law sentenced the Christian dogs who had laid hands on true believers to the bastinado. But it so happened that the officer in charge was not hostile to the captives, and not unwilling to receive a bribe. It was formally his duty to be present during the infliction of the bastinado, yet beneath his dignity to actually look on at all the sufferings. Accordingly the offenders were

placed on the ground inside a wall, thick mats were fastened to their feet, each culprit was instructed to yell as if in agony, and the officer in charge stood outside, not positively knowing that the infliction was a farce, but having excellent reason to suspect that it was. The feet were well bandaged, the culprit shrieked his loudest or if he was too drunk to scream somebody else howled for him, the man who laid on the blows got some money for his part in the transaction, and the Moorish officer outside could report that all had been done in the traditional style. Men, like children, are sometimes amused with trifles. After a dull day or week the knowledge that a dozen American sailors had sent two dozen Tripolitans flying home with torn beards and black eyes, that every one of the sailors had been bastinadoed, that not one of the dozen was hurt, and that all were willing to try the experiment anew, was a capital joke. Cooper thinks that the hardships of the Tripolitan captivity were exaggerated, and it must be said for our enemies that out of more than three hundred prisoners there were only six deaths in nineteen months.

Peace was concluded in 1805, and Jones returned to the United States. He was ordered to the Orleans Station, as it was called, and placed in command of the brig *Argus*. There was little chance for an American naval officer from 1805 to 1812, to win lasting fame, but there was an excellent chance of developing the promptness and vigilance that win victories when the great opportunities come. Every American ship could tell a story of the brutality of the British impressment system, and our men-of-war learned to practice the most rigid discipline in order to be ready for attacks. West Indian pirates were numerous, and the

cruisers of regular navies were often called on to protect commerce. The Embargo Act, which forbade our merchant vessels to leave port, was unpopular, especially in New England. Merchants boldly defied the law, ships put to sea, juries refused to convict the offenders, and the navy, while it obeyed the government, and sought to enforce the statute, at heart sympathized with the culprits. Commercial paralysis led many bright merchant seamen to enter the navy. On the Southern coast, Jones must have heard many stories of the daring smugglers whom the government seemed unable to check.

In 1810, Jones was made a Master Commandant, and the war of 1812 found him in command of the sloop of war *Wasp*. On October 18, 1812, he met the British sloop *Frolic*, with four other British armed vessels in company.

Repeated victories over Frenchmen and Spaniards had led the British to believe themselves unconquerable and Captain Whinyates of the *Frolic* sent his consorts ahead, while he prepared to fight the *Wasp* alone. It was rough weather, and the two vessels pursued different tactics. The *Frolic* poured in her broadsides as the *Wasp* descended in the waves, and the effect was to cut the American sails and rigging to pieces. The *Wasp* fired as the *Frolic* rose, and her shot, reaching the hull, caused terrible loss of life among the *Frolic*'s crew. Both vessels had been damaged in their rigging by gales before the action, and the *Wasp*'s maintopmast was shot away by the English fire. At last the Americans boarded, and found that every English sailor had left the deck, except the gallant fellow who stood at the wheel as stubborn as Pearson on the deck of the *Serapis*. The officers on the deck surrendered themselves, and the

American boarders were so well disciplined that no one was injured after the surrender. Our countrymen had done their work with terrible accuracy, and might well be merciful. In a fight of forty-three minutes they had poured in so deadly a fire that, according to the British captain, there were not twenty of the Frolic's crew left unhurt. The Wasp lost only five killed and five wounded. In force, the Frolic was superior by four light guns, and in gunnery she was superior to most English vessels. Her effective fire, while it did not save her from defeat, insured her recapture. As the Poictiers, a British seventy-four gun ship, hove in sight, the Wasp tried to escape, but her sails were cut to pieces, her rigging was in hopeless confusion, her spars were in bad condition, and the Poictiers easily captured both sloops. Jones was soon exchanged, and with Hull and Decatur, was invited to a banquet in New York, at which banquet many prominent citizens were present. One of the citizens was a man who had not been diligent as a law student, and who had neglected business for society, but whose youthful idleness has been pardoned. His name was Washington Irving.

The year 1812 gave us four victories on the ocean, and of these four, the triumph of the Wasp was the most brilliant. She took a vessel with a battery heavier than her own, while the Constitution was heavier than the Guerriere or the Java, and the United States heavier than the Macedonian. Jones had won with the odds in metal against him, and deserved his promotion to the rank of captain. The frigate Macedonian, taken by Decatur in the United States, was repaired and placed under the command of Captain Jones. By this time the lawyers and physicians of Dela-

ware had unanimously admitted that the midshipman of 1799 had adapted himself to a sea life, and that he was likely to adhere to the calling he had chosen.

Captain Jones had, like all our naval officers, resented the cruelty of the British impressment system. Now he could see how terribly that system recoiled upon Great Britain. Boys had been taken from our fishing sloops, our merchantmen had been robbed of their crews until they were in actual peril, our gunboats had been searched by British officers, and the brutal attack on the Chesapeake had set the navy on fire. The result of all this was that for years before 1812 every American commander vowed that his ship should not be another Chesapeake. Every frigate and every sloop of war kept herself in constant readiness for attack. Gunnery drill was kept until our batteries reached a standard few British vessels ever reached. American sailors who had been forced into the British service, deserted, entered their own navy, and told their messmates what they had seen on board the British ships. All the best features of the British system were known to our officers. Our crews were leavened by men who had actual experience of the British navy, who hated its tyranny, but who understood its strength. For years the English had counted the French and Spaniards foemen unworthy of their steel. At last they met crews as brave as themselves, a trifle more dexterous in seamanship and incomparably more deadly in their aim.

How strange it would have seemed to Captain Jones to have been told that there was a young officer in the British navy whose fame would surpass any English-speaking seaman between Nelson and Farragut! A junior who went

to sea the year after Trafalgar, and who had no chance to gain many laurels at our expense, was gathering materials for novels that will never be forgotten while English-speaking men go down to the sea in ships. Frederick Marryat knew the old British navy, with its beautiful ships and its sturdy heroism; he understood the pranks of the midshipman and the life of the quarter-deck; he had witnessed the tyranny of brutes clad in a little brief authority and relished the humor that rose as inevitably as the spray. Jones lived long enough to read how Jack Easy tricked the Vice-Consul, how Peter Simple got out of prison, how Percival Keene tormented the purser, and how Japhet sought far and wide for his father. Many an American tar forgave his old grudges against the British for the sake of Marryat. Let us hope that Commodore Jones read Marryat, for if he did not, he ought to have been court-martialed.

In 1813, Commodore Stephen Decatur of the United States, Captain Jacob Jones of the *Macedonian*, and Captain James Biddle of the *Hornet* were driven into New London by the British squadron under Commodore Hardy. Hardy was a fine specimen of the British gentleman, not given to useless burnings and plunderings, as some of his fellow commanders were, and he refrained from any outrage on quiet farmers and fishermen. Still the presence of a hostile squadron always causes alarm and New London was not sure what Hardy might do. Goodrich, the Peter Parley of a former generation, tells how the blockade fretted and half-maddened Decatur, and his language well deserves quoting, "He (Decatur) was rather below the middle size, but of a remarkably, compact and symmetrical form. He was broad-shouldered, full-chested, thin in the flank; his

eyes were black, piercing and lit with a spark of fire; his nose was thin and slightly hooked; his lips were firm, his chin small, but smartly developed. His whole face was long and bony; his complexion, swarthy; his hair, jet black, and twisted in rosy curls down his forehead and over his ears. Altogether he was a remarkable-looking man, and riveted the attention of every one who saw him. By the side of the quiet thoughtful Jones, and the dark, handsome, complacent Biddle—his fellow prisoners—he seemed like a caged eagle, ready to rend in atoms the bars which restrained him."

The Commodore was irritable and said many things in his wrath. He attempted to escape, but blue lights were thrown up, and the British were evidently on guard. Decatur insisted that these signals were made by traitors. Goodrich believes that they were made by Englishmen. Decatur was ready to charge all New London with treason; while Goodrich argues that New London was anxious that Decatur should put out to sea and relieve the town of the blockade. For years after the war whenever there was a political row in a tavern they who still clung to Federalist tenets accused the Democrats of crouching to Napoleon, and they who were ardent in their Democracy hurled back the charge of the treacherous blue lights which kept Decatur in port. Jones was unable to get to sea. Decatur finally left New York in the *President*, only to be captured by a British squadron. Biddle made his escape, and took the British sloop *Penguin*. It was easier for Jones to endure the blockade. By nature he was less fiery than Decatur, and nineteen months in Tripoli had taught him not to struggle against the inevitable. If Decatur had been a captive in

Tripoli, his guards might have been pardoned for hinting at bowstrings and sabres.

Our second war with Great Britain was hardly over before Decatur sailed for the Mediterranean in command of a squadron, and in that squadron the Macedonian, Captain Jones, was found. The object of the expedition was to bring down the insolence of Algiers, and before Decatur returned, not only Algiers, but Tunis and Tripoli, also, promised to treat America with proper respect. Slowly and sullenly the Moors recognized that no more tribute could be demanded of Americans, that our vessels were not to be seized, that our citizens were not to be held in slavery. The powers of Europe were stung into manly jealousy by the truthful saying of the Pope that America had done more to humble the Barbary pirates than all the rest of Christendom together. In the year after Decatur's visit Lord Exmouth's cannon knocked the batteries of Algiers to pieces, and France still later took up the work of conquest, a work which was not finished until after the death of Commodore Jones. If, to-day, travelers can spend the winter in Algiers, they in no small degree owe the pleasure of their rambles to the American seamen of the early years of the republic. In less than fifty years of national existence we encountered Tripoli and Algiers, showed ourselves perfectly ready to encounter Tunis, and put an end to the shameful oppression and blackmail Europe had tolerated for generations. Jacob Jones in his youth probably saw the policies which insured sea captains against seizure by Moorish pirates, he may have known O'Brien, who passed years in Algerian captivity and subsequently became our consul to Algiers; he had spent nineteen months of his life in

Tripoli; he knew that Bainbridge and Porter had been threatened with death by the tyrant, and in his prime he took part in the expedition that ended all this. No American orator, not Webster when he replied to Hayne, not Lincoln when he delivered his second inaugural, roused more patriotic enthusiasm than Decatur called forth by his blunt and sailor-like speech. The Dey of Algiers, who no longer dared threaten, coaxed and begged in vain for tribute. Chagrined and frightened, he implored Decatur for a present, at least a little powder, and Decatur replied, "If you insist on having powder you must have some balls with it."

Jones had, if Clayton's date be correct, more than passed the half century milestone before Decatur fell in the terrible duel at Bladensburg.

Within twenty years the position of the American seaman had changed. Jones had entered a navy headed by many who had served in the Revolution. The four leading names of that period are John Barry, Richard Dale, Thomas Truxtun and Edward Preble. Before 1812, Barry and Preble were dead, and Dale and Truxtun in private life. Of all the seamen who won fame in our second war with Great Britain, Barney was the only one who had served in the Revolution. Jones had outlived the veterans of his early days, and had risen to be one of the leading officers of a new generation. Here and there might be found an old sailor who had been a powder boy in the Revolution, but the commanders were men who had served their apprenticeship under the Constitution of the United States and not under the Articles of Confederation.

When Commodore Jones, in his turn, rose to the com-

mand of squadrons, first in the Mediterranean and afterwards in the Pacific, at every port he found evidence of the growing importance and dignity of his country. In the days of our first three Presidents, American independence on the water was a jest, for a British cruiser in need of men simply overhauled the first American merchant ship she met and impressed as many sailors as she desired. Theoretically, no man, unless he was a British subject, was seized; but if an able seaman was named Smith, that was deemed proof that he was an Englishman; if he was named McDonald, that was evidence of his Scottish birth; if he was named Kelly, he was claimed as an Irishman. Porter was twice impressed in the British navy; Lawrence was insulted by a press gang; Stewart needed all his tact to avoid strife with the British officers over impressment; Macdonough, a man from Jones' own State, was forced to serve on board a British ship; Hull narrowly avoided a bloody encounter with English vessels anxious to search among his crew for an alleged deserter. For a quarter of a century no American ever went to sea without the risk of being impressed or insulted by English press gangs. Men known to be Americans were detained on board English ships and flogged for daring to write to American consuls. At the beginning of the war of 1812, it is estimated that two thousand Americans were sent to British prisons, because they refused to fight against their own countrymen. But after the war of 1812 no press gang ever boarded an American ship. The lesson so long needed had been taught. Within twenty years Jones had seen the death of American slavery in Algiers, and of American impressment on board English men-of-war. Within the same period steam navi-

gation had begun, and a steamer had even ventured to cross the Atlantic. No wonder that Jones left the land for the sea.

Hardship, bad sanitary conditions, the risks of storm and battle, and the reckless drinking habits of the period explain why so many sailors died early. Cooper's list of officers, with numerous entries "killed in a duel," is sad reading. Jones outlived many of the officers of 1812, though even he, with the sturdy constitution that lasted through eighty years, must yield to Stewart, who lived to be ninety-one. In 1829 Jones was discharged from active service, but held important posts on shore, his last position being that of Governor of the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia. He passed away on August 3, 1850. The routine of a navy yard or the roll book of an infirmary does not give many facts of interest to the next generation, but every fact has its interest for the man who tries to do his duty. Jones had the pleasure, so dear to kindly old age, of being justly regarded as an authority on various subjects connected with his profession. Younger men liked to consult him about the Tripolitan war, the very unpacific countries that bordered on the Pacific, the changes in ship-building and in ordnance. He was a good instructor. If he had gone to sea late in life, he had the counterbalancing advantage of beginning his chosen calling with the ripeness and reasoning power of a man. If he had sat by while ignorant midshipmen declared that education spoiled fellows who might have been good officers, he lived to see the government establish the academy at Annapolis. He was himself a proof that schools and colleges need not destroy courage or interfere with seamanship.

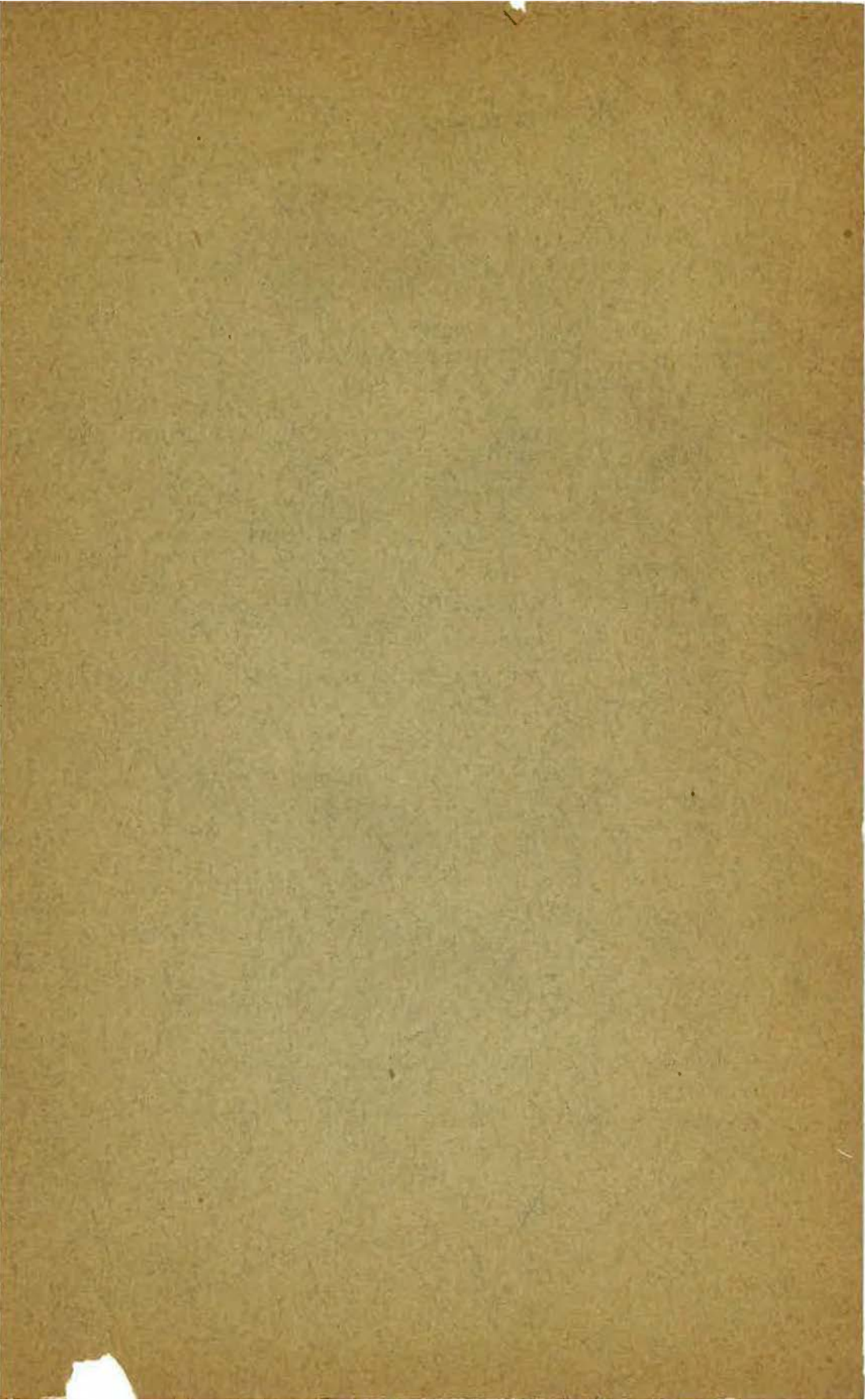
The old Commodore, as he looked at maps and charts, may well have thought that he belonged to a great republic. He could remember the closing days of the Revolution, and was old enough to have entered the United States Senate before the furious debate over the purchase of Louisiana. Florida came under our flag, Texas entered the Union, and old Commodore Jones possibly wondered whether the young fellows who went to California would find gold equal in value to a good cruise after prize money. Even to-day a bright school boy who looks at a colored map, and notes the original thirteen States, the vast Louisiana tract, and the later expansions is deeply impressed by the westward wending of the course of the empire. These growths meant more to an old man who had watched all these great steps. In his boyhood there were pessimists who declared that the country could not exist and must go back to British rule: in his prime the Indians threatened every settlement beyond the Alleghanies; while he lay blockaded in New London the English were planning to capture Louisiana; and he lived to hear that American soldiers had entered the halls of the Montezumas, and that England had given up all hope of securing Oregon. He had captured the Frolic before Stephenson experimented with his first locomotive, and he lived on beyond the days of the incorporation of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

As a bone recalls by-gone ages to the eye of the palæontologist, so a word may tell of what has been and now is. In the letters of 1812-15, our naval officers continually speak of "telegraphing," using that word where we would say "signaling." Possibly the old Commodore, who governed the asylum, may still have spoken of "telegraphing,"

but the young men and the people who liked to be considered progressive spoke of the "electric telegraph," for the message had flashed, "What hath God wrought!"

It is safe to say that Commodore Jones often remarked that the influence of the Revolution was potent in the land long after it had ceased to rule the navy. Our first President was our commander at Yorktown; Adams and Jefferson had been famous civilians in a day when their zeal might have exalted them to the gallows; Madison had been in the Continental Congress; Monroe had been aide-de-camp to Lord Stirling; John Quincy Adams had been in our civil service during the Revolution; Jackson had been a boy soldier and a prisoner of war. Van Buren was the first President who could not remember the Revolution; and after him came William Henry Harrison, who was two years old when our independence was acknowledged. Possibly some of Jones' legal friends knew Horace Binney, the only man who claimed a personal acquaintance with Washington, Lincoln and Grant.

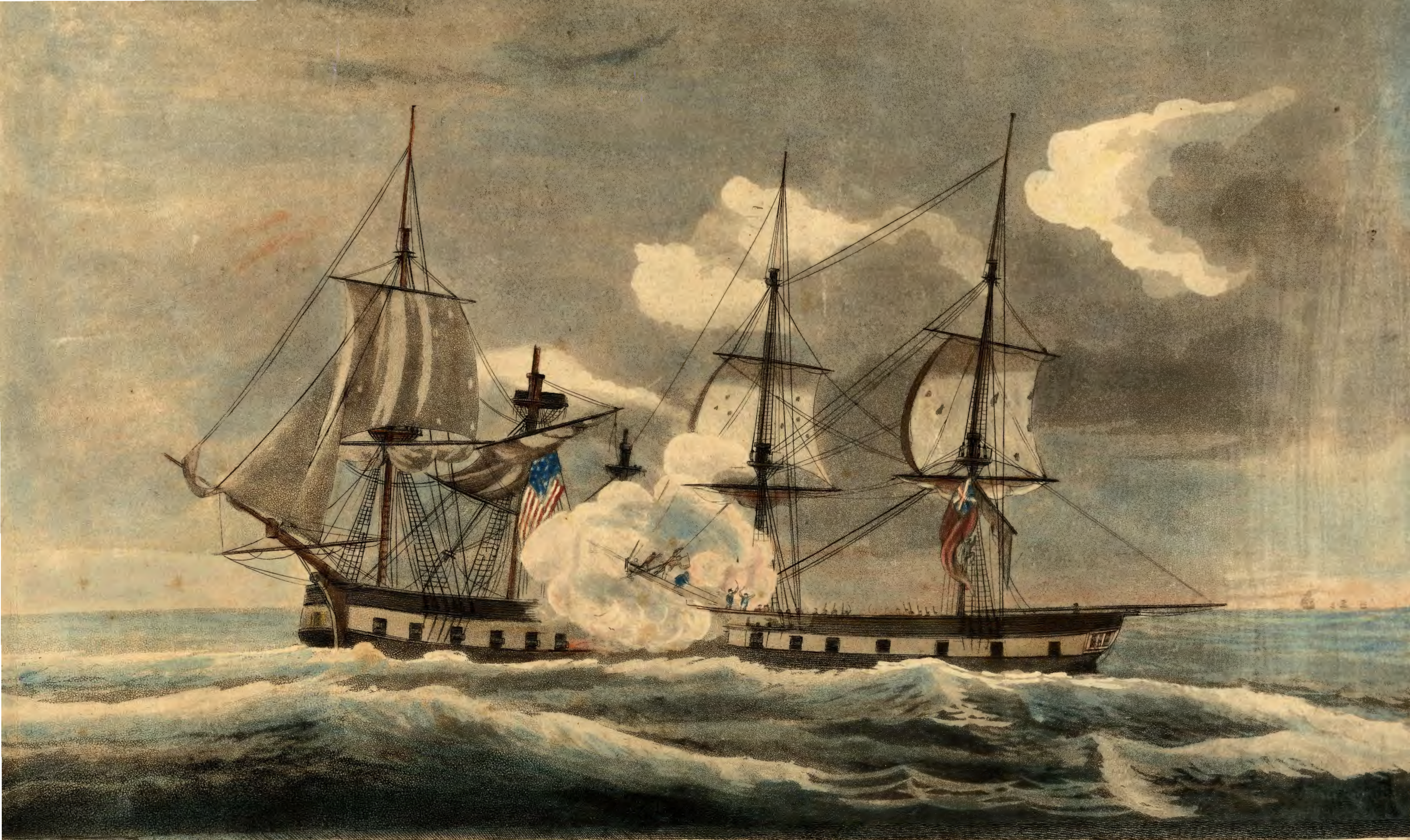
Eighty years of life, and half a century of time—and such a time—in his country's service, were granted to the gallant veteran. Delaware is and will always be proud that she gave birth to the first famous Jones who ever trod an American quarter-deck or hoisted a broad pennant. Yes, the first famous Jones. There was a daring Scotchman who nearly kidnapped the Earl of Selkirk, who drove English insurance agents into bankruptcy, who took the Serapis off Scarborough harbor, who won the hearts of French duchesses and who commanded a Russian fleet. He was a remarkable man—that dauntless Scotch rover. Yet while in the reeds along the river there is one chicken of all the brood of the blue hen, that chicken will patriotically vociferate, "But his name was not Jones."



The Committee appointed by a Resolution of the Hon: the Gen: Assem: of the S of Del: to procure and present to Jacob Jones Esq: of the U. S. Navy a Piece of Plate, commemorative of the naval victory achieved by him, and a expreime of the high estimation in which his services were held on that occasion - very respectfully report -

That they have performed the duties assigned to them by the said Resolution to that extent which the nature of existing circumstances permitted. The Plate, according to the direction of the general Assembly has been completed, and the sum appropriated thereto paid over to the Artist with whose Execution of the Trust reposed in him the Committee have every reason to be satisfied. The Piece of Plate is an Work harmoniously engraved, of superior workmanship, and tasteful design, with well chosen ornaments & appropriate inscriptions. The Engravings represent the Battle, and Victory of the War, & the abasement & Chagrin of the boasted mistress of the Ocean at the termination of a Contest so fatal to her views of naval superiority; The Inscriptions commemorate the Gratitude of the native State of the Victor.

In explaining the cause which has hitherto prevented the Committee from discharging entirely the duty enjoined upon them by the delivery of the Plate to Capt. Jones it is proper to mention that Capt. Jones has not visited the State of Delaware since the Plate was completed, nor been in the vicinity of it. In Common with the rest of their Fellow Citizens, the Committee entertain the hope of Capt. Jones' return at no very distant



J.J. Barralet . del.

Philad. Publish'd by W.H.Morgan 114 Chesnut Street.

S. Seymour sculp.

On board the
Wasp
5. Killed.
5. Wounded.

Capture of (H.B.M. Sloop of War (FROLIC) 22 Guns Capt. Whinyates
By the) U.S.) Sloop of War (WASP) 18 Guns, (Capt. Jones,

After an action of FORTYFIVE Minutes.

On board the
FROLIC
30. Killed.
40 or 50. Wounded.

of Commodore Jacob Jones
His portrait was painted by Thomas Sully
in the City of Philadelphia in the year
1817 under the direction of a Com-
mittee appointed by the General Assembly
of this State consisting of Messrs Caesar
A. Rodney, Jesse Green, & Charles P.
Crawford. The picture became very
much torn and decayed and after repairs
had been made to state orders the Committee
in ^{to State House 1873.} respect ~~decided~~ it was judged to
repair the portrait and give it to a
carpenter who afterwards sold it to Judge
Crawford for \$5. During the session of 1877
a Committee was appointed by the House to
renew repair and place the portrait in
a proper position in the Hall of the House
Representatives. The undersigned who com-
posed that Committee employed Messrs
James J. Earle & Sons of Philadelphia to
repair the portrait - The retouching was
done by A. B. Waugh.

Thomas H. Leach }
Commodore J. Jones }
Crawford

Done at N. H.
March 22nd
1877.

September 26th, 1910.

Mr. Wm. S. Emerson, Sec.,

THE SOUS OF DELAWARE,

632 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Mr. Emerson:

I beg to advise you that the Governor, the Committee and our guests will leave Fourth Street Wharf on Wednesday, October 5th, at ten o'clock, going immediately to the Battleship, which will lie in the Delaware River between Wilmington and New Castle. The Silver Service will then be presented for the donors by Governor Pennewill; a stand of colors will be presented by Congressman Heald; and the portraits of Commodores Jones, McDonough, and Admiral duPont for the donors by Admiral Harrington. Captain C. A. Gove will receive these gifts in behalf of the U.S.S. DELAWARE, and immediately thereupon the party will return to Wilmington.

Very truly yours,

Chairman,
COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

Dio. JE/D.



