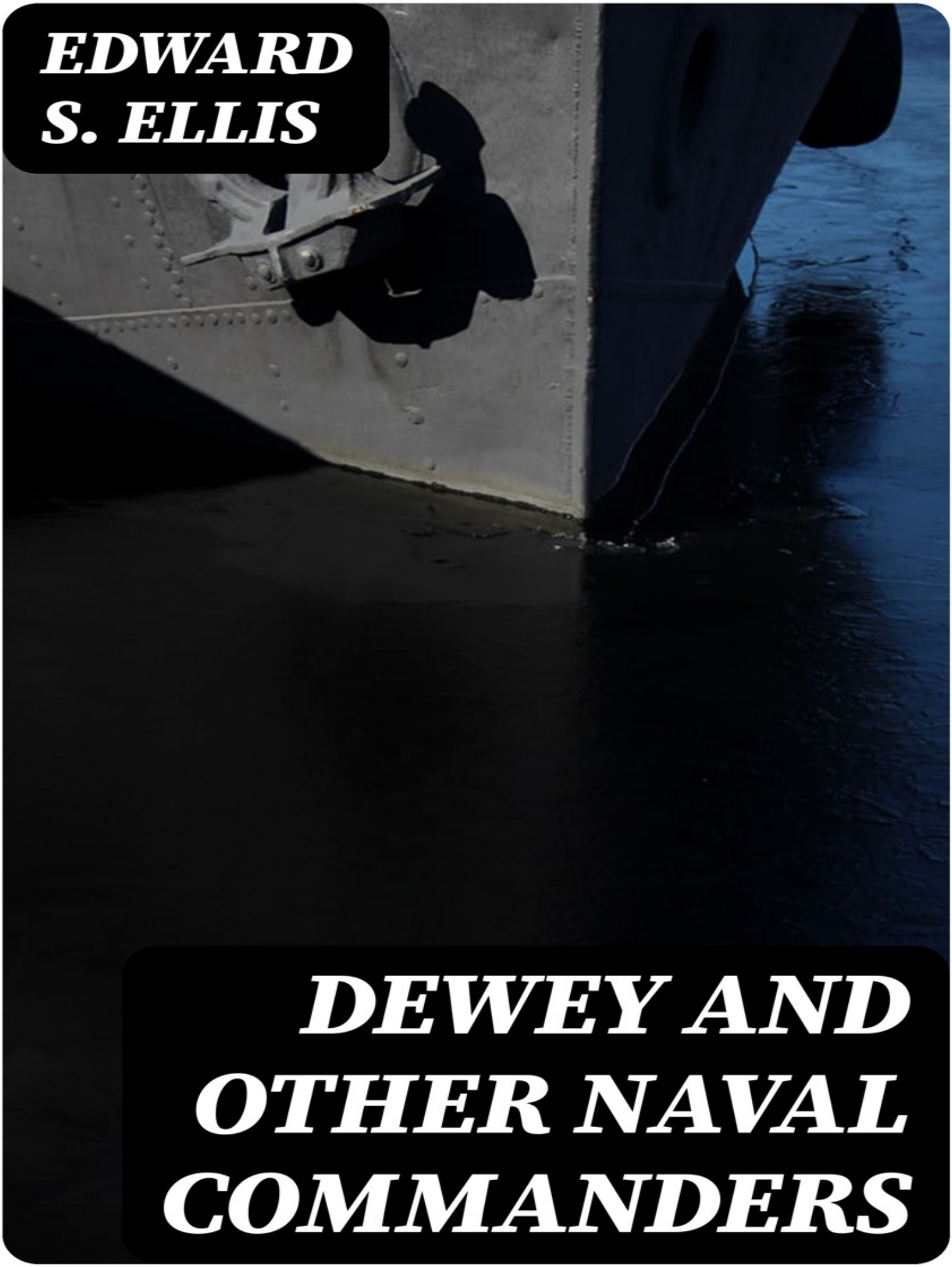
EDWARD
S. ELLIS
DEWEY AND
OTHER NAVAL
COMMANDERS

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Dewey and Other Naval Commanders

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INTRODUCTION

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I purpose telling you in the following pages about the exploits of the gallant men who composed the American Navy, beginning with the Revolution and ending with the story of their wonderful deeds in our late war with Spain. You can never read a more interesting story, nor one that will make you feel prouder of your birthright. While our patriot armies have done nobly, it is none the less true that we never could have become one of the greatest nations in the world without the help of our heroic navy. Our warships penetrated into all waters of the globe, and made people, whether barbarous or civilized, respect and fear the Stars and Stripes.

This is due in a great measure to the bravery of our naval heroes, who did not fear to meet Great Britain, the "mistress of the seas," when her navy outnumbered ours one hundred to one. England is now our best friend, and no doubt will always remain so. Never again can there be war between her and us, and it will not be strange that one of these days, if either gets into trouble, the American and English soldiers will "drink from the same canteen," which is another way of saying they will fight side by side, as they did a short time ago in Samoa. All the same, our brethren across the ocean are very willing to own that we fought them right well. Indeed, they think all the more of us for having done so. You know that one brave man always likes another who is as brave as himself, just as Northerners and Southerners love each other, and are all united under one flag, which one

side defended and the other fought against, through long years, terrible years from 1861 to 1865.

The decks of no ships have ever been trodden by braver men than our American sailors. There are no more heroic deeds in all history than those of Paul Jones, Porter, Hull, Decatur, Perry, Cushing, Farragut, Worden, Dewey, Schley, Evans, Philip, Hobson and scores of others, who have braved what seemed certain death for the glory of our flag. Many gave up their lives in its defence, and their names form one of the proudest and most cherished heritages that can descend to a grateful country.

So, I repeat, I am sure you will be interested and instructed in learning the story of the heroes who have done so much for us; and their example cannot fail to inspire you with loftier heroism, greater devotion, and deeper resolve to do all you can for our favored land, which is the fairest that ever sun shone upon.

E.S.E.

CHAPTER I

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THE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF GEORGE DEWEY.

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The name of Vermont recalls the gallant "Green Mountain Boys," who proved their sturdy patriotism not only in the Revolution, but before those stormy days broke over the land. In the colonial times the section was known as the "New Hampshire Grants," and was claimed by both New York and New Hampshire, but Vermont refused to acknowledge the authority of either, even after New York, in 1764, secured a decision in her favor from King George, and set vigorously to work to compel the settlers to pay a second time for their lands. The doughty pioneers would have none of it, and roughly handled the New York officers sent thither. In 1777 Vermont formally declared her independence and adopted a State constitution. Then, since the Revolution was on, Ethan Allen and the rest of the "Green Mountain Boys" turned in and helped whip the redcoats. That being done, Vermont again asserted her independence, compelled New York to recognize it in 1789, and she was admitted to the Union in 1791.

It was away back in 1633 that the first Englishman bearing the name of Dewey arrived in Massachusetts with a number of other emigrants. They settled in Dorchester, and in 1636 Thomas Dewey, as he was named, removed to Windsor, Connecticut, where he died in 1648, leaving a

widow and five children. Following down the family line, we come to the birth of Julius Yemans Dewey, August 22, 1801, at Berlin, Vermont. He studied medicine, practiced his profession at Montpelier, the capital, and became one of the most respected and widely known citizens of the State. He was married three times, and by his first wife had three sons and one daughter. The latter was Mary, and the sons were Charles, Edward, and George, the last of whom became the famous Admiral of the American navy and the hero of the late war between our country and Spain. He was born in the old colonial house of Dr. Dewey, December 26, 1837.

George was a good specimen of the mischievous, high-spirited and roystering youngster, who would go to any pains and run any risk for the sake of the fun it afforded. This propensity was carried to such an extent that the youth earned the name of being a "bad boy," and there is no use of pretending he did not deserve the reputation. He gave his parents and neighbors a good deal of anxiety, and Dr. Dewey, who knew how to be stern as well as kind, was compelled more than once to interpose his authority in a way that no lad is likely to forget.

Dr. Dewey was a man of deep religious convictions. In middle life he gave up the practice of medicine and founded the National Life Insurance Company, to whose interests he devoted his time and ability, and met with a good degree of success. George was gifted by nature with rugged health, high spirits and indomitable pluck and fearlessness. None could surpass him in running, leaping, swimming and in boyish sports. He was fond of fishing and of rough games, and as a fighter few of his years could stand in front of him.

In numerous athletic trials he was invariably the victor, and it must be admitted that he loved fighting as well as he liked playing ball or fishing. He gave and received hard knocks, and even at that early age showed evidence of the combative, aggressive courage that became so marked a feature of his manhood.

An incident is related by Z.K. Pangborn, the well known editor of New Jersey, who took charge of the Montpelier school, in which George Dewey was a pupil. The school was notorious for the roughness of a number of its pupils, who had ousted more than one instructor and welcomed the chance to tackle a new one. Master Dewey was the ringleader of these young rebels, and chuckled with delight when the quiet-looking, ordinary-sized teacher sauntered down the highway to begin his duties in the schoolroom.

At the time of the gentleman's appearance George was sitting astride of a big limb in a tree at the side of the road, his pockets bulging with stones, which he was hurling with unpleasant accuracy at every one who came within range. Several youngsters were howling from having served as targets to the urchin up the tree, and as soon as Mr. Pangborn saw how things were going he shouted to Dewey to stop his sport. The boy replied by advising the teacher to go to the hottest region named in works on theology, and, descending the tree, led several young scamps in an attack upon the instructor. There was a lively brush, in which it cannot be said that either party was the victor.

A drawn battle is always unsatisfactory to two armies, and George determined to have it out in the schoolroom with the teacher, who, expecting the struggle, had prepared

for it and was as eager as the boys for the fight. As before, Dewey was the leader in the attack on the pedagogue, who was wiry, active, and strong. He swung his rawhide with a vigor that made Dewey and the others dance, but they pluckily kept up the assault, until the instructor seized a big stick, intended to serve as fuel for the old-fashioned stove, and laid about him with an energy that soon stretched the rebels on the floor.

Then how he belabored them! As fast as one attempted to climb to his feet he was thumped back again by the club that continually whizzed through the air, and if a boy tried to stay the storm by remaining prone, the instructor thumped him none the less viciously. Indeed, matters had got to that point that he enjoyed the fun and was loath to let up, as he felt obliged to do, when the howling rebels slunk to their seats, thoroughly cowed and conquered.

George Dewey was the most battered of the lot and made a sorry sight. In fact, he was so bruised that his teacher thought it prudent to accompany him to his home and explain to his father the particulars of the affray in school. Mr. Pangborn gave a detailed history of the occurrence, to which Dr. Dewey listened gravely. When he understood everything, he showed his good sense by thanking the teacher for having administered the punishment, asking him to repeat it whenever the conduct of his son made it necessary.

This chastisement marked a turning point in the boy's career. He did a good deal of serious thinking throughout the day, and saw and felt his wrongdoing. He became an attentive, obedient pupil, and years after, when grown to

manhood, he warmly thanked Mr. Pangborn for having punished him with such severity, frankly adding: "I believe if you hadn't done so I should have ended my career in the penitentiary."

Dr. Dewey wished to give George a career in the army, and he sent him to Norwich University, a military training school, in order to fit him for the Military Academy at West Point. George's tastes, however, were for the navy, and after much pleading with his father he brought him to his way of thinking. The utmost that Dr. Dewey could do was to secure the appointment of his son as alternate, who, as may be understood, secures the appointment only in the event of the principal failing to pass the entrance examination. In this case the principal would have passed without trouble, and, to quote an ordinary expression, George Dewey would have been "left," had not the mother of the other boy interposed at the critical moment. Under no circumstances would she allow her son to enter the navy. He was compelled to give up all ambition in that direction and to take up the study of theology. At this writing he is a popular preacher, who will always believe it was a most providential thing for our country that turned him aside from blocking the entrance of George Dewey to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Our hero entered the institution September 23, 1854. It did not take him long to discover that the institution, like that at West Point, is controlled by the most rigid discipline possible. No stricter rules can be devised than those that prevail at the two institutions. I have heard it said by a West Point graduate that a cadet cannot sit down and breathe for

twenty-four hours without violating some rule. The fact that a few men do escape being "skinned"—that is, punished for derelictions of duty—does not prove that they have not committed any indiscretions, but that they have escaped detection.

Hard, however, as was the road for Dewey to travel, he never shrank or turned aside, for he knew the same path had been traveled by all who had gone before him, and he reasoned that what man had done man could do, and he did it.

It will be noted that the future Admiral entered the Naval Academy at a stirring period in the history of our country, over which the coming Civil War already cast its awful shadow, and, as the months and years passed, the shadow darkened and grew more portentous until the red lightning rent the clouds apart and they rained blood and fire and woe and death.

At the Annapolis Academy the lines between the cadets from the North and the South were sharply drawn. They reflected the passions of their sections, and, being young and impulsive, there were hot words and fierce blows. As might be supposed, George Dewey was prominent in these affrays, for it has been said of him that there was never a fight in his neighborhood without his getting into the thickest of it.

One day a fiery Southerner called him a dough-face, whereupon Dewey let go straight from the shoulder and his insulter turned a backward somersault. Leaping to his feet, his face aflame with rage, he went at the Green Mountain Boy, who coolly awaited his attack, and they proceeded

instantly to mix it up for some fifteen minutes in the most lively manner conceivable. At the end of that time the Southerner was so thoroughly trounced that he was unable to continue the fight.

It was not long before Dewey had a furious scrimmage with another cadet, whom he soundly whipped. He challenged Dewey to a duel, and Dewey instantly accepted the challenge. Seconds were chosen, weapons provided and the ground paced off. By that time the friends of the two parties, seeing that one of the young men, and possibly both, were certain to be killed, interfered, and, appealing to the authorities of the institution, the deadly meeting was prevented. These incidents attest the personal daring of Admiral Dewey, of whom it has been said that he never showed fear of any living man. Often during his stirring career was the attempt made to frighten him, and few have been placed in so many situations of peril and come out of them alive, but in none did he ever display anything that could possibly be mistaken for timidity. He was a brave man and a patriot in every fibre of his being.

A youth can be combative, personally brave and aggressive, and still be a good student, as was proven by the graduation of Dewey, fifth in a class of fourteen. As was the custom, he was ordered to a cruise before his final examination. He was a cadet on the steam frigate *Wabash*, which cruised in the Mediterranean squadron until 1859, when he returned to Annapolis and, upon examination, took rank as the leader of his class, proof that he had spent his time wisely while on what may be called his trial cruise. He went to his old home in Montpelier, where he was spending

the days with his friends, when the country was startled and electrified by the news that Fort Sumter had been fired on in Charleston harbor and that civil war had begun. Dewey's patriotic blood was at the boiling point, and one week later, having been commissioned as lieutenant and assigned to the sloop of war *Mississippi*, he hurried thither to help in defence of the Union.

The *Mississippi* was a sidewheel steamer, carrying seventeen guns, and was destined to a thrilling career in the stirring operations of the West Gulf squadron, under the command of Captain David Glasgow Farragut, the greatest naval hero produced by the Civil War, and without a superior in all history.

CHAPTER II.

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DEWEY IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

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No one needs to be reminded that the War for the Union was the greatest struggle of modern times. The task of bringing back to their allegiance those who had risen against the authority of the National Government was a gigantic one, and taxed the courage and resources of the country to the utmost. In order to make the war effective, it was necessary to enforce a rigorous blockade over three thousand miles of seacoast, open the Mississippi river, and overcome the large and well-officered armies in the field. The last was committed to the land forces, and it proved an exhausting and wearying struggle.

Among the most important steps was the second—that of opening the Mississippi, which being accomplished, the Southwest, from which the Confederacy drew its immense supplies of cattle, would be cut off and a serious blow struck against the armed rebellion.

The river was sealed from Vicksburg to the Gulf of Mexico. At the former place extensive batteries had been erected and were defended by an army, while the river below bristled with batteries and guns in charge of brave men and skilful officers.

While General Grant undertook the task of reducing Vicksburg, Captain Farragut assumed the herculean work of forcing his way up the Mississippi and capturing New

Orleans, the greatest commercial city in the South. Knowing that such an attack was certain to be made, the Confederates had neglected no precaution in the way of defence. Ninety miles below the city, and twenty miles above its mouth, at the Plaquemine Bend, were the forts of St. Philip and Jackson. The former, on the left bank, had forty-two heavy guns, including two mortars and a battery of four seacoast mortars, placed below the water battery. Fort Jackson, besides its water battery, mounted sixty-two guns, while above the forts were fourteen vessels, including the ironclad ram *Manassas*, and a partially completed floating battery, armored with railroad iron and called the *Louisiana*. New Orleans was defended by three thousand volunteers, most of the troops formerly there having been sent to the Confederate army in Tennessee.

The expedition against New Orleans was prepared with great care, and so many months were occupied that the enemy had all the notice they could ask in which to complete their preparations for its defence. The Union expedition consisted of six sloops of war, sixteen gunboats, twenty mortar schooners and five other vessels. The *Mississippi*, upon which young Dewey was serving as a lieutenant, was under the command of Melanethon Smith. The land troops numbered 15,000, and were in charge of General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts.

Farragut arrived in February, 1862, nearly two months after the beginning of preparations to force the river. When everything was in readiness the fleet moved cautiously up stream, on April 18, and a bombardment of Forts St. Philip and Jackson was opened, which lasted for three days,

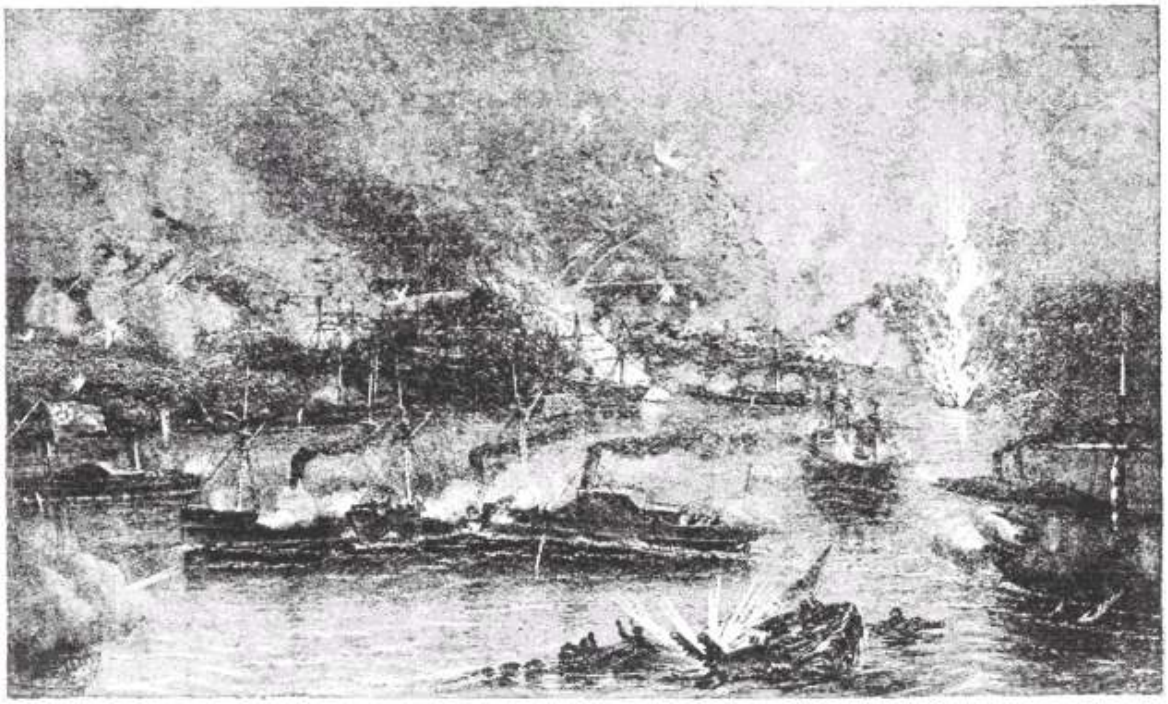
without accomplishing anything decisive. Farragut had carefully studied the situation, and, confident that the passage could be made, determined it should be done, no matter at what cost. On the night of the 23d his vessels were stripped of every rope and spar that could be spared, the masts and rigging of the gunboats and mortar vessels being trimmed with the limbs of trees, to conceal their identity from the Confederate watchers.

At two o'clock in the morning the signal was hoisted on the *Hartford*, Captain Farragut's flagship, and the fleet started in single line to run the fearful gauntlet. The *Cayuga* led, the *Pensacola* followed, and the *Mississippi* was third. The rebels had huge bonfires burning on both shores, and as the *Pensacola* came opposite the forts they opened their furious fire upon her.

A good deal of uneasiness prevailed in the Union fleet regarding the rebel rams. It was known they were formidable monsters, which the Confederates believed could smash and sink the whole Union squadron. While it was known that much was to be feared from the forts, it was the ironclads that formed the uncertain factor and magnified the real danger in many men's minds.

The *Mississippi* was hardly abreast of Fort St. Philip when the dreaded *Manassas* came plunging down the river out of the gloom at full speed, and headed directly for the *Mississippi.* She was not seen until so close that it was impossible to dodge her, and the ironclad struck the steamer on the port side, close to the mizzenmast, firing a gun at the same time. Fortunately the blow was a glancing one, though it opened a rent seven feet long and four inches

deep in the steamer, which, being caught by the swift current on her starboard bow, was swept across to the Fort Jackson side of the river, so close indeed that her gunners and those in the fort exchanged curses and imprecations.

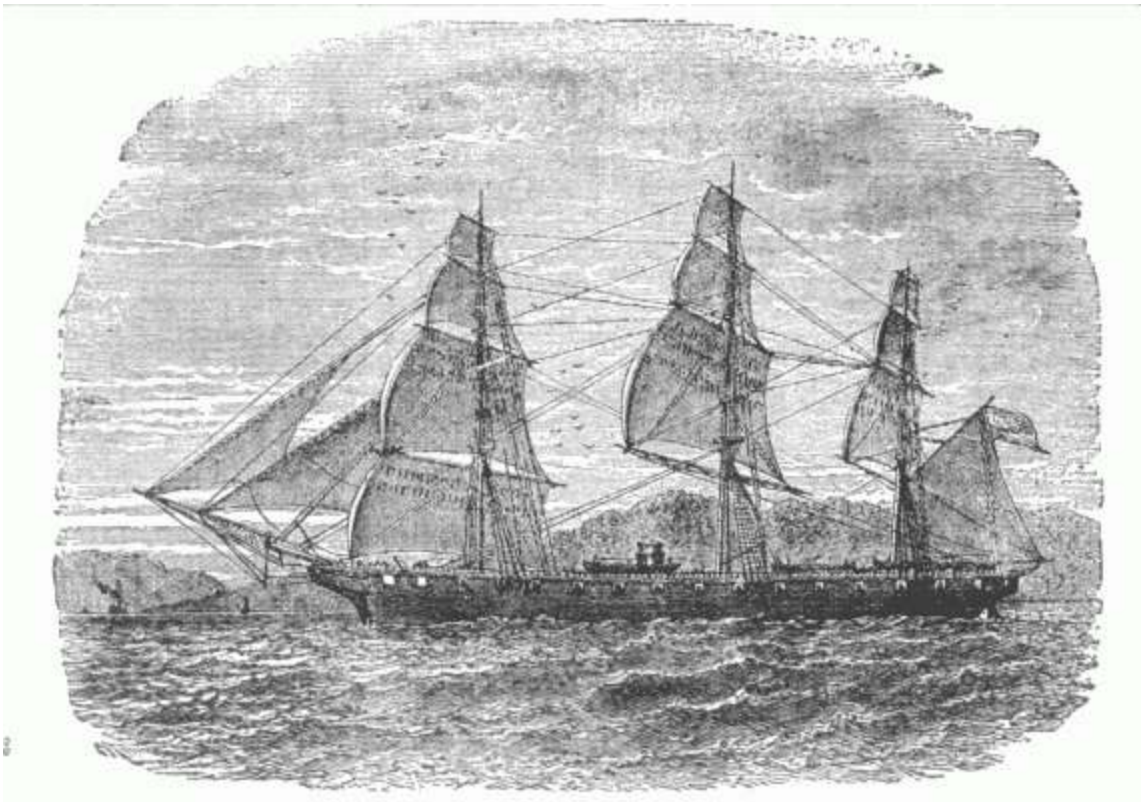


SHELLING FORTS PHILIP AND JACKSON.

The passage of the forts by the Union vessels forms one of the most thrilling pictures in the history of the Civil War. The *Hartford*, like all the vessels, was subjected to a terrible fire, was assailed by the Confederate ironclads, and more than once was in imminent danger of being sent to the bottom. Following with the second division, Captain Farragut did not reply to the fire of the forts for a quarter of an hour. He hurled a broadside into St. Philip and was pushing through the dense smoke when a fire-raft, with a tug pushing her along, plunged out of the gloom toward the *Hartford's* port quarter. She swerved to elude this peril and

ran aground close to St. Philip, which, recognizing her three ensigns and flag officer's flag, opened a savage fire, but luckily most of the shot passed too high.

There was no getting out of the way of the fire-raft, which, being jammed against the flagship, sent the flames through the portholes and up the oiled masts. The perfect discipline of the crew enabled them to extinguish the fire before it could do much damage, and the *Hartford* succeeded in backing into deep water and kept pounding Fort St. Philip so long as she was in range.



THE "HARTFORD"—FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP.

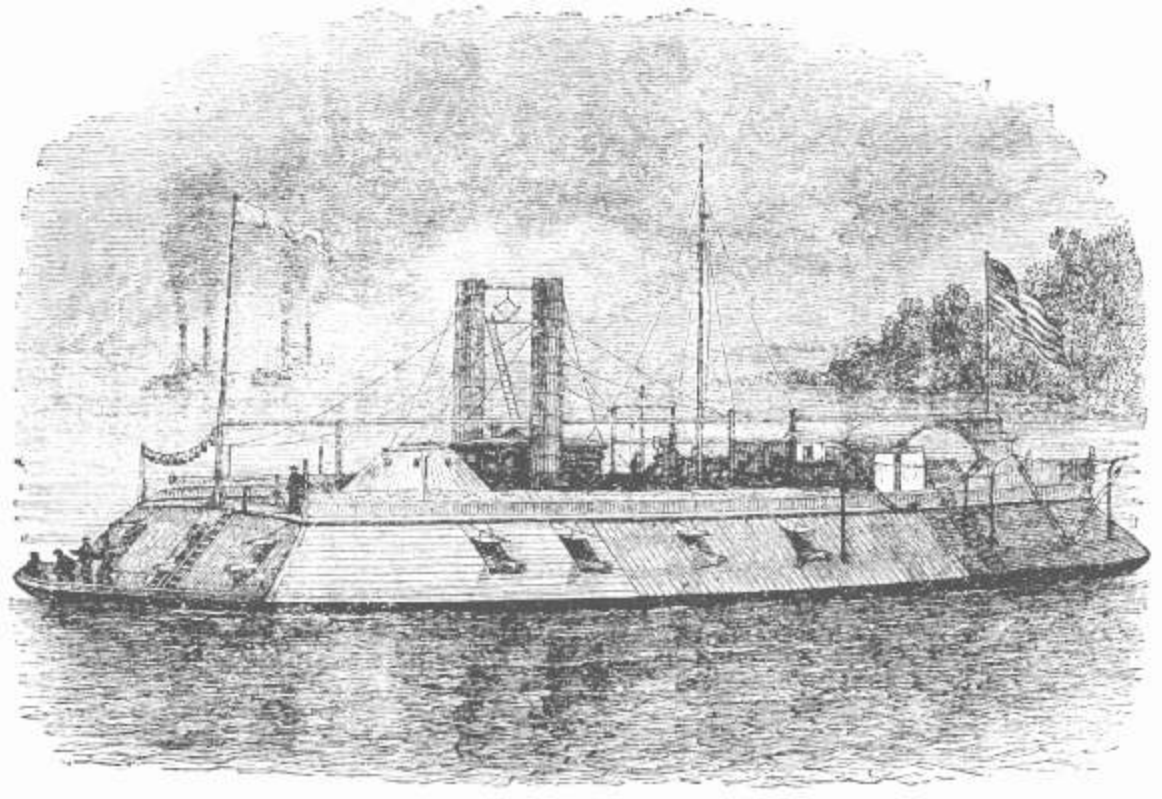
Without attempting to describe the battle in detail, we will give our attention to the *Mississippi*. Within an hour and a quarter of the time the leading vessel passed the forts, all had reached a safe point above, where they engaged in a

furious fight with the Confederate flotilla, the smaller members of which were soon disabled or sunk.

Meanwhile the ironclad *Manassas* had been prowling at the heels of the Union squadron, but being discovered by the *Mississippi*, the steamer opened on her with so destructive a fire that the ram ran ashore and the crew scrambled over the bows and escaped. The *Mississippi* continued pounding her until she was completely wrecked. The loss of the Union fleet was thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-seven wounded, while the Confederate land forces had twelve killed and forty wounded. The Confederate flotilla must have lost as many men as the Unionists. Having safely passed all obstructions, Captain Farragut steamed up to the river to New Orleans, and the city surrendered April 25, formal possession being taken on May 1.

It will be admitted that Lieutenant Dewey had received his "baptism of fire."

It is the testimony of every one who saw him during the turmoil of battle that he conducted himself with the coolness and courage of a veteran. At no time during the passage of the forts and the desperate fighting with the Confederate flotilla above did he display the first evidence of nervousness or lack of self-possession.



IRONCLADS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The next engagement in which Lieutenant Dewey took part was the attempt by Farragut to pass the battery of nineteen guns, mounted on the hundred-foot high bluff of Port Hudson, on a bend of the Mississippi, below Vicksburg. The position was the most difficult conceivable to carry from the river, because of the plunging shots from the enormous guns on the bluff above.

Captain Farragut had no thought of reducing these batteries, which would have been impossible with a fleet double the strength of his, but he wished to get his vessels past in order to blockade the river above the bend. The attempt was made on the night of March 14, 1863, with the *Hartford* in the lead, and followed by the *Richmond*, *Monongahela* and *Mississippi*, with the smaller boats. The first three boats had as consorts the *Albatross*, *Kineo* and

Genessee. Captain Mahan, in "The Gulf and Inland Waters," gives the following vivid description of this historical incident:

"As they drew near the batteries, the lowest of which the *Hartford* had already passed, the enemy threw up rockets and opened their fire. Prudence, and the fact of the best water being on the starboard hand, led the ships to hug the east shore of the river, passing so close under the Confederate guns that the speech of the gunners and troops could be distinguished. Along the shore, at the foot of the bluffs, powerful reflecting lamps, like those used on locomotives, had been placed to show the ships to the enemy as they passed, and for the same purpose large fires, already stacked on the opposite point, were lit. The fire of the fleet and from the shore soon raised a smoke which made these precautions useless, while it involved the ships in a danger greater than any from the enemy's guns. Settling down upon the water in a still, damp atmosphere, it soon hid everything from the eyes of the pilots. The flagship leading had the advantage of pushing often ahead of her own smoke; but those who followed ran into it and incurred a perplexity which increased from van to rear. At the bend of the river the current caught the *Hartford* on her port bow, sweeping her around with her head toward the batteries, and nearly on shore, her stern touching the ground slightly; but by her own efforts and the assistance of the *Albatross* she was backed clear. Then, the *Albatross* backing and the *Hartford* going ahead strong with the engine, her head was fairly pointed up the stream, and she passed by without serious injury. Deceived possibly by the report of the

howitzers in her top, which were nearly on their own level, the Confederates did not depress their guns sufficiently to hit her as often as they did the ships that followed her. One killed and two wounded is her report; and one marine fell overboard, his cries for help being heard on board the other ships as they passed by, unable to save him."

If the capture of the batteries was impossible, their passage was almost equally so. The *Richmond* was so badly injured that she was compelled to turn down stream, having suffered a loss of three killed and fifteen wounded, while the *Monongahela* had six killed and twenty-one wounded before she was able to wrench herself loose from where she had grounded and drift out of range.

Now came the *Mississippi*, whose tragic fate is graphically told by Admiral Porter in his "Naval History of the Civil War":

"The steamship *Mississippi*, Captain Melancthon Smith, followed in the wake of the *Monongahela*, firing whenever her guns could be brought to bear. At 11:30 o'clock she reached the turn which seemed to give our vessels so much trouble, and Captain Smith was congratulating himself on the prospect of soon catching up with the flag officer, when his ship grounded and heeled over three streaks to port.

"The engines were instantly reversed and the port guns run in in order to bring her on an even keel, while the fire from her starboard battery was reopened on the forts. The engines were backed with all the steam that could be put upon them, and the backing was continued for thirty minutes, but without avail.

"It was now seen that it would be impossible to get the ship afloat.

"Captain Smith gave orders to spike the port battery and throw the guns overboard, but it was not done, for the enemy's fire was becoming so rapid and severe that the Captain deemed it judicious to abandon the ship at once in order to save the lives of the men.

"While preparations were being made to destroy the ship, the sick and wounded were lowered into boats and conveyed ashore, while the men at the starboard battery continued to fight in splendid style, firing at every flash of the enemy's guns. The small arms were thrown overboard, and all possible damage was done to the engine and everything else that might prove of use to the enemy.

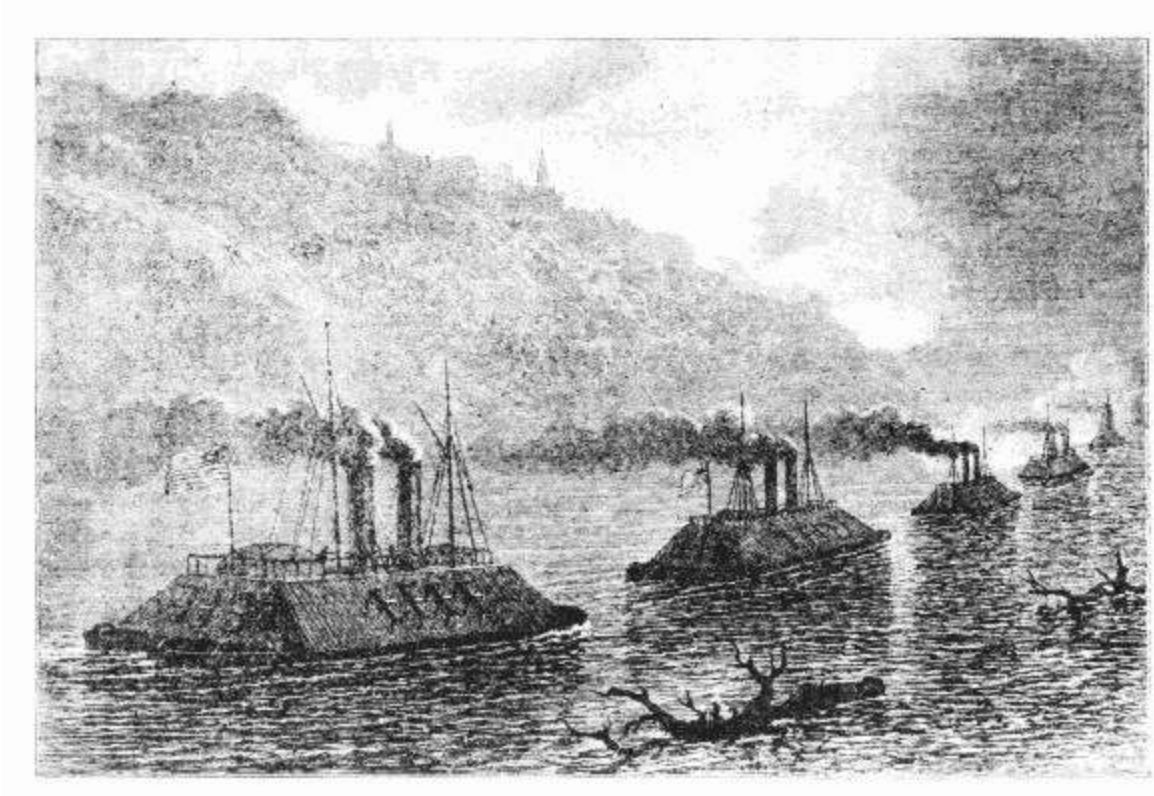
"The ship was first set on fire in the forward storeroom, but three shots came through below her water-line and put out the flames. She was then set afire in four places aft, and when the flames were well under way, so as to make her destruction certain, Captain Smith and his first lieutenant (George Dewey) left the ship, all the officers and crew having been landed before.

"The *Mississippi* was soon ablaze fore and aft, and as she was now relieved of a great deal of weight—by the removal of her crew and the destruction of her upper works—she floated off the bank and drifted down the river, much to the danger of the Union vessels below. But she passed without doing them any injury, and at 5:30 o'clock blew up and went to the bottom."

When the time came for the crew to save themselves as best they could, all sprang overboard and struck out for

shore. A little way from the blazing steamer a poor sailor was struggling hard to save himself, but one arm was palsied from a wound, and he must have drowned but for Dewey, who swam powerfully to him, helped him to a floating piece of wreckage and towed him safely to land.

The lieutenant was now transferred to one of the gunboats of Admiral Farragut's squadron and engaged in patrol duty between Cairo and Vicksburg.



GUNBOATS PASSING BEFORE VICKSBURG.

The latter surrendered to General Grant July 4, 1863, and the river was opened from its source to the Gulf. Early in 1864 the lieutenant was made executive officer of the gunboat *Agawam*, and when attached to the North Atlantic squadron, took part in the attack on Fort Fisher, one of the strongest of forts, which, standing at the entrance of Cape

Fear river, was so efficient a protection to Wilmington that the city became the chief port in the Confederacy for blockade runners. Indeed, its blockade was a nullity, despite the most determined efforts of the Union fleet to keep it closed. The Confederate cruisers advertised their regular days for departure, and they ran upon schedule time, even women and children taking passage upon the swift steamers with scarcely a fear that they would not be able to steam in and out of the river whenever the navigators of the craft chose to do so.

The first attempt against Fort Fisher was in the latter part of December, 1864, but, though the fleet was numerous and powerful, and the greatest gallantry was displayed, the attack was unsuccessful. General Butler, in command of the land troops, after a careful examination of the Confederate works, pronounced capture impossible and refused to sacrifice his men in a useless attack. Nevertheless the attempt was renewed January 12, when General Alfred Terry had charge of the land forces. The garrison made one of the bravest defences of the whole war, and the hand-to-hand fight was of the most furious character. It lasted for five hours, when the fort was obliged to surrender, the garrison of 2,300 men becoming prisoners of war. It was in this fearful struggle that Ensign "Bob" Evans, who was with the naval force that charged up the unprotected beach, was so frightfully wounded that it was believed he could not live. When the surgeon made ready to amputate his shattered leg, Bob, who had secured possession of a loaded revolver, swore he would shoot any man who touched the limb with

such purpose. Perforce he was left alone, and in due time fully recovered, though lamed for life.

Lieutenant Dewey was one of the most active of the young officers in the attack on Fort Fisher, and conducted himself with so much bravery and skill, executing one of the most difficult and dangerous movements in the heat of the conflict, that he was highly complimented by his superior officers.

But peace soon came, and a generation was to pass before his name was again associated with naval exploits. In March, 1865, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-commander and assigned to duty on the *Kearsarge*, the vessel that acquired undying glory for sinking the *Alabama*, off Cherbourg, France, during the previous July. Early in 1867 he was ordered home from the European station and assigned to duty at the Kittery Navy Yard, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

While at this station he became acquainted with Miss Susan B. Goodwin, daughter of the "war Governor" of New Hampshire. She was an accomplished young woman, to whom the naval officer was married, October 24, 1867. Their all too brief wedded life was ideally happy, but she died December 28, 1872, a few days after the birth of a son, named George Goodwin, in honor of his grandfather.

From 1873 to 1876 Dewey was engaged in making surveys on the Pacific coast; he commanded the *Juniata* on the Asiatic squadron in 1882-83, and the following year was made captain and placed in charge of the *Dolphin*, one of the original "white squadron." Next came service in Washington as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and

Recruiting, as member of the Lighthouse Board and president of the Board of Inspection and Survey (he being made commodore February 28, 1896), until 1897, when he was placed in command of the Asiatic squadron, much against his will.