

table, he laying in all the provisions for the cabin during the voyage, the ship's cook preparing it for the table.

At Baltimore my father lived very expensively till October, when he removed to Alexandria, Va. Here, in December, he set up his business, employing six or eight journeymen. In his immediate neighborhood was the only auction store in the city, where great bargains were to be had for money, which, so near the close of the Revolution, which had impoverished the country, was very scarce. But he, being yet pretty flush, availed himself of it, and set up, in connection with his boot and shoe establishment, a medley store. His establishment became very popular, and he drove a thriving business, particularly with the country people, to enlist whose attention he had a most fascinating advertisement in the shape of a remarkable breed of hogs, brought from England by him, and which he kept in his back yard.

Suddenly recollecting that he had come to America to be a farmer, he suffered himself to be victimized by land speculators in the purchase of a large tract of land said to lie on the banks of the Monongahela river, and began immediately to prepare for removing to his purchase. The mode of transit in those days, particularly across the mountains, for all movables, was on the backs of pack-horses. But his chests of books and clothing, mahogany tables, cushioned chairs, high-post bedsteads, and even large flat boxes of window-glass in frames, with which to furnish his new abode, would not admit of such a mode of conveyance. His movables filled three wagons—one six-horse and two four-horse teams. My mother rode Chevalier, a favorite horse that had carried Gen. Washington through the War of the Revolution, but, being old and superannuated, he was sold by the General's overseer to my father as suited for my mother. This was the last essential service poor Chevalier performed. The settlers on our road had been revolutionary soldiers, and generally recognized and sympathized with the poor animal. * * * My father took upon himself the entire expenses of the journey, not only of the wagoners and their teams, but also of some hangers-on, mechanics, who were to form a little colony on his estate and carry on business

1865, commanded the naval attack upon Fort Fisher at the mouth of Cape Fear river, North Carolina, the key to Wilmington. Gen. Grant pronounced this the most formidable armada ever concentrated upon one given point. From 1870 till the time of his death, February 13, 1891, Admiral Porter held the highest rank in the American navy.