



# Texas Navy Association

Historical Article



ST. LOUIS' ISLE, OR TEXIANA: WITH  
ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS MADE IN  
THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA

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Page 101

It happened on this auspicious day, that Commodore Moore, the Commander of the Texan Navy, was lying out in the Bay, and directly on our course, in a sloop-of-war with which he was ordered down to the southern part of the Gulf for the purpose of intercepting any Mexican vessels that might chance to fall in his way ; and accordingly our worthy Mayor determined to salute him respectfully as we passed. In spite of all precautions, however, and the supposed skill of our helmsman the Middy, the boat was so bunglingly managed, that, for want of due formalities, an insult was really offered, instead of a compliment; while the Band was in such a desperate hurry to let off its patriotic sentiments, that " Hail, Columbia, happy land!" broke involuntarily forth two or three

times, and was as often suppressed, before the Major could break in these rampant Republicans to proper obedience to the word of command. The Commodore appeared on deck, and seemed to invite us on board; but the Middy and the Constable made such a miss between them, as to be unable, in the tide, to take the boat near enough alongside to enable us to hear anything that was said. Meantime, it was plain enough to see that Wyman's fellow-officers were laughing heartily; it this specimen of his seamanship. The Major broke into a horrible passion, and ordered them to sheer off and get out of sight as soon as possible, or he should feel so desperately ashamed of their bungling that he would not promise not to pitch one or two of them overboard. I expected a furious quarrel, but eventually it passed off peaceably, Mr. Wyman drowning his mortification during the remaining part of the passage in strong brandy-and-water. When we arrived within a few yards of land, the Middy attempted some sort of manoeuvre which ended in plunging him over head and ears into the sea; but as we were then upon the

shallows, he floundered to land, more crest-fallen than ever. In fact, all our address was required to get his spirits up again, as he grew downright melancholy at the anticipation not only of the jibes and jeers of his sea companions, but also from the dread of losing his commission when next he returned to his ship and had his conduct investigated by the Commander.

Our whole party having landed, proceeded to the first house at hand, where, in style sufficiently rough, were set out food and drink for anybody who chose to partake of them. Some frizzled and fried for themselves; some drank and smoked; some lounged with their legs on the chair-backs ; some wanted to know when Potter would be there ; and all were in a hurry for the arrival of the Commodore and the officers of the Navy. A ball was to be given that night, and nothing could be done without the sailors.