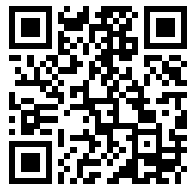


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# Confederate States Navy

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W. F. CLAYTON



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W. F. CLAYTON







A NARRATIVE

→ OF THE ←

# Confederate States Navy,

→ BY ←

W. F. CLAYTON,

EX-PASSED, MIDSHIPMAN C. S. NAVY

And Secretary of the Survivors' Association, G. S. Navy.

Bulletin Pee Dee Historical Association. 2nd. 11. 2  
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ABSTRACT

# THE CONFEDERATE NAVY,

BY W. F. CLAYTON,

Late Passed Midshipman Confederate States Navy.

It has been said that all people have their specialties—some make history, others write it. This is certainly true of our Southern people, and especially so as to the late War between the States. Either in a spirit of misrepresentation or omission, the South has received scant justice in the histories taught in our schools and written by Northern authors, and with the exception of the battle of Hampton Roads and the cruise of the Alabama, nothing is known by the general public of the doings of the Confederate Navy; in fact, few of our younger generation even know that the Confederacy had a navy.

Soon there will be no one to tell the story of what the Confederacy did upon the water. When memory carries me back to the 18th day of August, 1861, the day after I had arrived at the age of eighteen, when I reported for duty on the receiving ship United States, at Norfolk as a midshipman, and the cordial greeting I received from eleven midshipmen already aboard, and as I look around me and find only four who now can answer roll-call of that jolly crowd, boys of the make of "Midshipmen Easy," ready always for fight or frolic, I think it time that some one should snatch from oblivion the glorious record of that navy, and though I feel inadequate to the task, I will undertake it, and while I fail in phraseology, I promise to give facts, which I defy any one to truthfully contradict.

Neither side was prepared for the war that followed the secession of the Southern States; our Southern politicians proclaimed from the hustings that they would drink all the blood that would be shed. The Northern Statesman regarded it as a mere rebellion to be put down at the first ap-

proach of the army, and in that belief they brought with the army to Manassas several thousand pairs of handcuffs, to adorn the wrists of the leaders of the mob. But while the North was unprepared, it had abundant resources—ships, guns, shops and the like—and soon made up its deficiency, while the South, with no resources, had to struggle on in the face of circumstances that would have appalled any other people. A few straggling steamers caught in Southern ports, belonging to Northern owners, were captured, and made the basis of the Confederate States navy; the capture of the Norfolk navy yard, gave us some thousand cannon, and a few half-burned and sunken ships, was so under the influence of heat and among them the steam frigate *Merrimac*, the only vessel we were able to utilize; some small arms and a fair lot of powder, shot and shell, with other ship stores, gave to the Confederacy the largest quantity of war material that it possessed prior to the first battle; the Pensacola navy yard yielded nothing of importance, and these were the only navy yards in the South. Now, as it is my purpose to introduce into this narrative some of the escapades of my shipmates, that the tedium of unvarnished fact may not dull the reader's appreciation, I think it not out of place, especially for the benefit of the younger generation, to give a short comparison of the navy of the past and the navy of the present. The reader has perhaps pursued with interest the voyage of the United States fleet around the "Horn" and up to California, and no doubt many have looked with pride at the war leviathans, at anchor in some of our ports, and in ecstasy they have exclaimed. What magnificent ships! Reader, those are not ships. They are simply floating forts, or fighting machines. The ship of the navy has gone forever, and with them the romance of "a life on the ocean wave." Maryatt's "Midshipman Easy" is like some animal creation—extinct—and the midshipman of to-day is a full fledged officer, bound by all of the rules of decorum expected from an admiral. If these rules or any of them, he transgresses, a court-martial is the result. This is the new navy. In the old navy, the middy who had

not walked a chalk line was called up by the first officer and given a fatherly lecture and sent to the masthead or foretopsail yard to spend six or eight hours and ruminate over the bad luck of having been caught. No thought of remorse or repentance ever entered his breast, and with schemes for more secrecy in the future, he sits out his punishment and counts the minutes when the first officer of the deck will hail the foretopsail yard and order him down.

The word midshipman means between the officer and the man, the connecting link, the first round in the ladder of promotion, and as a consequence there is a familiarity between the sailor and the midshipman that would be subversive to discipline in an officer of higher rank. The midshipman learns from the sailor much of seamanship, how to knot and splice, and the one looks after the interest of the other, both afloat and ashore.

To illustrate, when ordered to the Patrick Henry, in James river, a brigantine-rigged steamer (the United States being but a hulk without mast and spars), it came my watch on the forecastle; a lieutenant being officer of the deck, that officer came forward on the hurricane deck, and scanned the rigging on the foremast, the sails being furled. Something wrong attracted his attention, and I was startled by, "Forecastle there?" I answered "aye, aye, sir." "Haveportfore clewgarnetloweredaboutsixinches." That was one on me, and I stood bewildered. Again the clarion voice rang out, "Don't standtherelikedamboobyhaveportforeclewgarnetloweredsixinches." Just then Jim Smith, the boatswain's mate, whispered, "Say Aye, aye, sir," which I did, and our superior of the quarter deck turned and sauntered away, while my sailor friend proceeded to translate the order given me and to put it in force. The translation is as follows: "Have your port fore clew garnet lowered about six inches," and the second order read as follows: "Don't stand there like a d-n booby, have your port fore clew garnet lowered about six inches."

Sailors, especially in a storm, have no time to emphasize words and bring them together, and I will to my dying day know where the fore clew garnet is on board of a ship. So

thus it is that the middy and the sailor are chums: that is, in the old navy.

Stephen R. Mallory was made Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, and the department was organized as other Cabinet officers, but we had no ships: plenty of officers, but only a few vessels. So it fell to the duty of naval officers to command batteries, and the first that we will mention were on the Potomac river.

While both armies were preparing for the contest that commenced with the battle of Bull Run and Manassas, the Confederates erected a line of batteries on the Potomac which entirely blockaded Washington and so completely that even their gunboats had to sneak by at night. The most effective of these batteries was that commanded by Capt. W. F. Lynch, of the Confederate States navy, at Acquia creek; and to take this battery the enemy planned an expedition, with four gunboats and a regiment of men, to land and hold the works. On June 29, 1861, the United States gunboats Pensacola, ten guns; the Anacosta, Resolute and Freeborn, two guns each, under command of Captain Ward, of the United States navy, opened fire upon this battery, which was returned briskly. The fight lasted two hours, when Ward retired, with no loss on either side. On June 1st Ward renewed the fight, this time for five hours, expending about six hundred shot and shell, when again he was forced to retire, with a loss of five men and the Freeborn so badly damaged that it had to go to the Washington navy-yard for repairs. There were no casualties on the Confederate side, though their works and the officers' and men's quarters were badly wrecked.

Captain Ward, in reporting the engagement to the United States Navy Department, said: "I was surprised at the heroic persistency with which Captain W. F. Lynch, formerly of our navy, who commanded at Acquia Creek during my several attacks, held his post, glass in hand, on the ramparts, against all the urgency of his men, to quit a post made desperately hazardous by the shot and shell falling thickly and exploding about him."

Now, if this same Captain Ward had lived a few months longer (he was killed a short time after by a shell from the Mathias Point battery) he would have beheld in this same Captain Lynch even a more desperate piece of bravery in attempting to oppose Commodore Goldsboro, with over two hundred guns, with less than ten guns; but of that anon.

#### CAPTURE OF THE STEAMER ST. NICHOLAS.

It was not long after the battle of Acquia Creek when Captain Hollins, of the Confederate States navy, restless with idleness, for he was the same Captain Hollins who, as a United States officer, had bombarded Greytown for an insult to the American flag, and of whom the boys used to sing:

“The Greytown affair has caused quite a flare:  
Some are censuring, while some are applauding;  
But the banner of the free, it must respected be,  
Its insulters sent the other side of Jordan.”

Well, this Captain Hollins conceived the idea of capturing the steamer St. Nicholas, plying between Baltimore and Washington, and with her in possession running alongside of the United States gunboat Pawnee and capturing her, and then with one of the best of the Potomac flotilla, proceeding to conquer. It was a daring undertaking, but men dared in those days as never before. Getting into his confidence one Colonel Thomas, of Baltimore, and disclosing his plans, and furnishing Thomas with money, he proceeded to the Potomac, while Thomas made his way back to Baltimore, and some time in the latter part of June, 1861, a French lady, a Madame Zarvona, with several large trunks, took passage on the St. Nicholas at Baltimore for Washington. She immediately retired to her state-room, saying she had a dreadful headache. The steamer proceeded on its voyage, stopping at several points on its way to Washington. At each stopping place laborers got on board, going to Washington for work, and at Point Lookout a venerable looking old gentleman, quite feeble in appearance, took passage for Washington.



The steamer had hardly cleared the wharf when the venerable old gentleman threw off his disguise, the French lady came out of her cabin in the costume of a zouave, and Captain Hollins and Colonel Thomas, with the laborers, who had pillaged the French lady's trunks of arms, confronted the astonished captain of the St. Nicholas, and ordered him to steer for Coan river, on the Virginia side, which he did and he and his passengers and crew were put ashore and Hollins took command and proceeded back to the Potomac, but no United States vessels were in sight, and having no guns on the St. Nicholas, Hollins contented himself with capturing the brig Monticello from Rio to Baltimore, coffee laden, and a schooner from Boston to Washington with ice. They were carried up the Rappahannock river; the coffee sold, and also the ice. The captain of the ice schooner, seeing the high price ice brought, proposed to Hollins that he would go back to Boston, get another schooner, load her with ice, and let himself be captured, and divide the venture. The coffee belonging to a Southern sympathizer in Baltimore, the government sent him a check for the price. Many other notable examples of bravery occurred on the Potomac and Rappahannock, but of them we will speak hereafter.

June 30, 1861, was memorable as the day which first saw the Stars and Bars on the ocean, for on that day Raphael Semmes unfurled it from the peak of the steamer Sumter, and began a career as a rover that has never been excelled. For nine days the Sumter, formerly the Habana, a bark-rigged propeller, had been lying at the head of the passes of the Mississippi River endeavoring to get by the lynxeyed blockaders Brooklyn and Pensacola, either one of which could have blown the Sumter out of water with one broadside, the Sumter carrying only one 68 and four 32 cannon. Weary were the days and nights, and no chance offering, but on the morning of June 30th the Brooklyn put to sea in chase of a sail, and when about eight miles from the pass Semmes put out in the broad daylight and took his chances. He was seen by the lookout on the Brooklyn, which vessel hastened to intercept him, and when the Sumter crossed the bar the two

ships were only four miles apart, and the race for life began. At first the foaming of the Sumter's boilers caused the Brooklyn to gain; each vessel was under full sail and full head of steam.

Semmes says in his journal that it was a time when each of his crew held his breath; to engage the Brooklyn meant destruction; to surrender was never thought of. For several hours the chase continued, when at last it was observed that the Sumter was gaining, and in another hour the Brooklyn gave up the chase, and Semmes, sending his crew in the rigging, gave three lusty cheers for the Confederate flag and unfurled it from the peak. On July 3, 1861, Semmes made his first capture, the American ship Golden Rocket, of Bangor, Me., 600 tons burden, and valued at \$40,000. This ship he burned. On the next day he captured the brigantines Cuba and Machias, both American, but with a neutral cargo; bonded them. On July 5th, captured the brigs Ben Dunning and Albert Adams, sugar-laden, neutral cargo. On the 6th captured the barks West Wind and Louis Kilham and brig Naiad, all sugar-laden and cargo neutral. All of these captures were made near the island of Cuba, and most of them were sent into the port of Cienfuegos, Cuba. On 25th, off Laguayra, captured the schooner Abby Bradford, put prize crew aboard and sent her to New Orleans, and the next day the bark Joseph Maxwell was overhauled. On September 25th captured and burned the brigantine Joseph Park, of Boston, no cargo; got \$800 in money out of her and some provisions. October 27th captured and burned the schooner D. Tobridge, of New Haven, Conn., loaded with provisions; provisioned the Sumter for five months out of her. On November 14, 1861, the United States gunboat Iroquois, six guns, steamed into the port of St. Pierre, Martinique, where was anchored the Sumter, steamed around her and then left the harbor, taking position just outside. That night she came back and made as though she would ram the Sumter. All hands were called to quarters and everything made ready for an engagement, but she sheered off, and while making several feints during the night, did

nothing except to keep the crew of the *Sumter* at quarters all night. Evidently the commanding officer of the *Iroquois* was hesitating whether he should do as was afterwards done to the *Florida* at Bahai, Brazil, but France was able to resent such an insult to her neutrality, and he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. He, however, caused an American schooner lying in the port to anchor at the entrance of the harbor, and when Semmes left that schooner signaled by burning blue lights.

Semmes saw the signals and foiled them by steering south, then fox-like doubling, and when daylight came the *Sumter* and *Iroquois* were perhaps one hundred miles apart and steering in opposite directions. I had almost forgotten an incident that has some spark of after-romance. Semmes in his journal says, as he entered the port of Cienfuegos:

“As I passed the fort, situated at a short distance within the harbor, a couple of muskets were fired therefrom, and I was hailed and directed to anchor, which I did. I sent a lieutenant on shore to demand an explanation of the commandant, and was informed that he, the commandant never having seen our flag before, did not know what flag it was, and that he had orders to stop all vessels of war or otherwise until their flags could be distinguished.”

It is said that this incident gave rise to one of the most beautiful ballads of the war, both in words and tune. I regret that only one stanza is retained by memory:

“That was the stripes and the stars,  
The colors of yours are the same,  
But you fly the Stars and the Bars,  
O, stranger, pray tell us your name.”

When Semmes left St. Pierre his ship was in bad order, bottom foul, leaking, and engines needing repairs; so he determined to go to Europe, there being no place in the West Indies where he could make his repairs. He crossed the Atlantic, burned one and ransomed two vessels, and entered the port of Cadiz. Finding that port unhospitable, he then made Gibraltar, and finding that he would not be allowed to make as extensive repairs as his ship required, the *Sumter*

was put up at auction and sold, and purchased by Frasier, Trenholm & Co., who were the fiscal agents of the Confederacy abroad, it being a Charleston house; and with this sale ended the cruise of the Sumter as a naval vessel of the Confederate States, but not her career, for in 1863, while the writer was stationed on board the ironclad North Carolina, at Wilmington, N. C., and was officer of the deck, morning watch, the ship lying inside of New Inlet, just before daylight, firing was heard to the northward and eastward. As light appeared a bark under full sail was seen coming down the coast with two United States gunboats firing at her from a respectful distance.

At the entrance to the bar lay three United States gunboats, and this mysterious bark was heading straight for them. Northern papers had reported the escape of one of our ironclads building in Europe, and that it would make for either Charleston or Wilmington: this we learned from papers received. I watched this bark for fully half an hour, and wondered why the United States gunboats did not close in on her, when it dawned upon me that it was our iron-clad. I immediately summoned the captain and executive officer, and the crew having been roused out to scrub decks, it is needless to say there was considerable excitement on the North Carolina. Onward came the bark, every stitch of canvass spread and engines doing their best. In anxiety we awaited the action of the three vessels on or near the bar, and it was with gratification that we beheld them turn and fly after firing a few shot, and the bark crossed the bar and anchored outside of the rip, or inner bar, to await the tide. It was now seven bells—half-past seven—my watch ended at eight. Captain Muse ordered me to call away the first cutter, and instructed me to board the bark and find out who she was, and that he would relieve me of the deck. As I left the ship, the distance being about two miles, and eight bells having been struck, to my gratification I saw the Stars and Bars run up to peak and then I was certain it was our iron-clad.

Boarding the bark, I was welcomed by her captain, but saw no officer of the Confederate States Navy that I knew.

In fact, saw no Confederate uniform. I informed the captain of my mission to inquire who she was, and this is the tale that he told me: "I am the Gibraltar, formerly the Sumter, with two cannon and munitions as cargo. I struck the coast about Beaufort, N. C., missed my reckonings, came down the coast, when I was intercepted by two United States gunboats. I called the crew together and made them a speech and in that speech said: 'Boys, this is the old Sumter. Shall we mar Semmes' record and surrender, or will we push on and sink before surrendering? If you will stand by me I will never surrender this ship, but will sink first.' Every man responded: 'We will stick to you, captain.' I then hoisted all sail, the wind being favorable, and you know the rest." My recollection is that this captain was a Dutchman named Roberts. In the United States official reports of the navy the officers of the United States vessels took the idea of the escaped ironclad and kept away, when, had they possessed grit, the Gibraltar would never have entered the port of Wilmington and left it with 800 bales of cotton, as did the Gibraltar. The captain informed me that he would be compelled to lay outside until about 10 o'clock the next morning, as his draught was such that he could not cross the rip until high water, and asked that we protect him from boarding parties.

That night Lieutenant W. A. Kerr came down on a tug, mounting one boat howitzer, with Midshipman Pearson, a genial, good boy from Tennessee, and Captain Muse furnished him a crew with me to patrol the waters around the Gibraltar during the night. We cruised around the Gibraltar, but nothing occurred and in the morning we took breakfast on the Gibraltar and the captain related to us his voyage. On the table was placed in an ordinary sugar dish condensed milk in powder, and when Midshipman Pearson attempted to sweeten his coffee, it floated on top, and after several jabs with his spoon, as it would not sink, he Tennessee-like, wanted to know the reason, and asked the captain, "What kind of d—n sugar was this that floated?" The captain laughed heartily and informed Mr. Pearson that it was condensed milk. We

teased Pearson after that, but we were as ignorant as he, but not as inquiring.

It is contended that the Gibraltar made other entrances to Wilmington, but of this I cannot say, as I left the station the latter part of 1863, but up to the time I left she carried out the largest cargo of cotton that had been shipped from Wilmington.

Her guns were of the Blakely pattern, fifteen inches, and her shot as it stood upon the Wilmington wharf looked like rosin barrels. One of these guns was sent to Charleston, the other mounted on the mound at New Inlet. There was a peculiarity about these guns; they had an air chamber in rear of the powder bed, and the one sent to Charleston was mounted on the battery, and at the first fire was disabled. The crew knowing nothing of this air chamber, rammed the cartridge into it, and when the gun was fired disabled it forever. The one on the mound at New Inlet did excellent work as a naval battery when Fort Fisher was bombarded and captured. After Captain Semmes left the Sumter he unfurled his flag upon the Alabama, but of his career on that ship we will speak hereafter. But, reader, take both ships together when you sum up the career of the greatest rover that the seas ever witnessed.

The steamer Nashville also made a short record as a cruiser. Under command of Captain Robert Pegram, she left Charleston harbor on the night of October 26, 1861. It was the original intention that Mason and Slidell should take passage on this steamer, but they declined, and Captain Pegram was ordered to proceed to some European port and load up with supplies for the navy. The Nashville was a side-wheel steamer, unfit for cruising purposes, and Captain Pegram mounted one gun upon her to protect himself. On the way over from Charleston he encountered the ship Harvey Burch, and burned her. Arriving at Southampton, England, he was finally ordered to leave the port, and made his way to Beaufort, N. C., after burning the schooner Robert Gilfillin. When off the bar at Beaufort, in broad daylight, he was fired at by the blockade fleet, and returned the fire, and

came in all right and ran up to Morehead City. He brought over a full cargo for the navy, and the sword that I now have was made by an artisan in Richmond out of a sword bayonet brought over by the Nashville. Afterwards the Nashville was destroyed by the Federals, then a merchant steamer.

#### CAPTURE OF THE U. S. STEAMER FANNIE.

After the capture by the Federal fleet and the army, under General Butler of Hatteras Island, the Federals began to encroach step by step along the coast, and had gotten as far as Chickamimico, when W. F. Lynch, in command of the naval forces, with the assistance of Colonel Wright, of the Third Georgia Regiment, with 150 soldiers, gave them a surprise. The United States steamer Fannie, carrying two guns and a crew of about 100 men, was observed creeping along the coast in the direction of Chickamimico.

Captain Lynch at the proper moment, steamed in and out of the retreat with his steamers, Curlew, Raleigh and Junaluska, mounting two guns each. The fight commenced about 5 o'clock P. M., and lasted with spirit for thirty-five minutes, when a white flag was displayed from the Fannie, and she became a part of the Confederate Navy. A large amount of clothing, provisions and ammunition were captured, and forty-seven prisoners, many of the Federals jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

#### COMMODORE FORREST, C. S. NAVY, TRIES HIS NEW RIFLE GUN.

The sloop of war Savannah, carrying twenty-six inch guns and 248 men, was lying at anchor off Newport News, blockading the James River, when on August 30, 1861, at about noon, Commander Fairfax, in the little tug Harmony, mounting a banded thirty-two cannon, which had been changed from smooth bore to rifle, opened fire. We will let the captain of the Savannah tell the result. In a dispatch to the United States Navy Department he says: "A small steamer flying the Confederate flag opened fire on us, we being at anchor. Her firing was promptly returned, our shot falling short, much to the mortification of all on board. She continued

firing for forty-five minutes, which we answered with all the guns that could be brought to bear upon her. During the firing one shot struck our mainmast, about half way from the deck and carried away one of the mast hoops, injuring the mast considerably. Another exploded under our port forechains, striking the second launch, lying at the boom, and carrying away her bow. Another exploded under our port quarter, apparently under water, very sensibly jarring the ship. Others passed through the rigging with slight damage.

Fairfax had only thirty shells, and with that dare-devil spirit that actuated the naval officers, saved two, and on his return to Norfolk ran out of his course and fired them at the war vessel lying off Fortress Monroe.

Captain W. F. Lynch, C. S. N., takes an airing with the *Sea Bird* in the Roads, the result of which he communicated to Secretary Mallory as follows:

“The water being too low in the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal for this vessel (*Sea Bird*) to proceed to Roanoke Island, we last evening steamed down and anchored to the right of Craney Island. This morning (December 29, 1861) a little before daylight we weighed anchor and stood across for Newport News. About 7:30 A. M. an enemy’s steamer passed out of the James River with a schooner in tow and steered for Fortress Monroe. We immediately gave chase, were fast closing in on her when she cut loose her tow, and one of our shells having set her on fire, and it being dangerous to follow her further, we returned and picked up the schooner and proceeded to tow her into Norfolk. In the meantime one large steamer from Newport News and ten others from Hampton Roads were making their way towards us when an exciting scene took place, we endeavoring to carry the prize into port and they making every effort to intercept, and by constant firing disable us. Many shells from the ships and the fortress exploded quite near us, and four or five passed immediately over the deck. We succeeded in fighting our way through with the prize in tow without the



slightest injury to either, and gratefully attribute our escape to something more than chance or human agency.

“We know that the large steamer was struck once and a smaller steamer twice by our shot; the former was reported seriously injured. The prize is a large schooner, her hull coated with zinc and filled with water for Fortress Monroe.”

To one familiar with the surroundings, this was one of the most daring feats accomplished during the war.

#### FIRST ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A SHIP WITH A FLOATING TORPEDO.

On October 10, 1861, Lieutenant R. B. Minor, Confederate States Navy, made the first attempt that we have any record of to blow up a ship with a floating torpedo; his plans were, crude, yet reasonable. Leaving the steamer Patrick Henry which had dropped down to within a mile and a half of the United States vessels blockading James river—the night being dark, rainy and with considerable breeze, just the night when sailors seek shelter and are less vigilant—Lieutenant Minor, with two ship's boats, pulled down the James. When within 600 yards of the Federal ships he ceased pulling and drifted with an ebb-tide. When in sight of the shipping he arranged his two magazines, as he called them, containing 393 pounds of powder each, and connected by a rope. He set them adrift about two hundred yards above the shipping and pulled back to the Patrick Henry. His theory was that the line would strike the ship's bow, and this would bring the torpedoes about midships on both sides of the ship, and that the concussion of the torpedoes as they struck the ship would explode them. But for some cause his mechanism failed, and as no mention is made of them in the United States reports, the probability is that the torpedoes sunk before reaching the ship.

At this point I do not think it amiss to call the reader's attention to the fact that while our Yankee friends have the reputation of being the greatest inventors in the world, that credit is due the Confederate States naval officers for devising the first ironclad ship, the first torpedoes, and to a Confederate at Mobile, Ala., of inventing the first submarine

boat. From these crude beginnings, we now have a perfected system that is used by the world.

**CAPTAIN J. R. TUCKER TRIES THE GUNS OF THE PATRICK HENRY.**

On December 2, 1861. Captain Tucker, commanding the Patrick Henry, with a view to test his and his adversaries' guns, steamed from his anchorage at Mulberry Point, James River, to about two miles above Newport News, where were four or five United States vessels, blockading the river. At 4 o'clock A. M. he opened fire upon them with his port broadside, and bow pivot, and expended twenty-eight shells and thirteen solid shot, his vessel was hit once and two men slightly wounded. According to Federal reports no harm done on their side, but Tucker accomplished the object of his attack, to find out the calibre of their guns.

**W. F. LYNCH, WITH HIS LITTLE FLEET RESCUES THE FRENCH CORVETTE PRONY.**

On the night of November 4, 1861, during the gale the French corvette Prony, of six guns and a crew of about 160 men and officers, went ashore at Ocracoke Inlet, coast of North Carolina, and fired rockets and signal guns every half hour. Captain Lynch, lying inside, heard these signals of distress, and when daylight came and he saw this steamer lying in the breakers, although it was at great risk to go outside, with the enemy's gunboats patrolling the coast, he, with that feeling that alone permeates the breast of the sailor, to risk life to save life, sent two of his small gunboats out to the Frenchman and brought all ashore safely, and sent them to Norfolk, where the crew and one officer were quartered on the receiving ship United States, while the other officers went to the hotels. At that time the writer was one of those twelve midshipmen on the States, and speaks from personal knowledge. But before going into the hospitality shown by the officers of the States to these castaway Frenchmen, we desire to call attention to the conduct of the United States naval officers, as told by the captain of the Prony. At page 399, Official reports of the Union and Confederate Navies, Commodore Goldsboro, reports to the department at Wash-

ington. Speaking of the crew of the Prony he says: They were brought from Ocracoke to Norfolk by an armed steamer of the insurgents. (I regret to say he complained to me that our vessels, which had communicated with him seaward and were still, not far off, did not respond to his signals of distress, although repeated every half hour during the night, a gun and fireworks.)

In the same volume, that is volume 6, we find the report of Captain R. Worden, of the United States Navy, to Commodore Goldsboro, in which he says:

On the morning of the 5th inst. it was reported to me that two steamers of the enemy were in sight outside of the inlet to the southwest. - I at once dispatched the steamers Underwriter, Putnam, Ceres and the ferry boat Ellen and tug O. M. Pettit to capture them. They did not discover the enemy, but instead the French sidewheel steamer of war, the Prony, inside the breakers ashore at Ocracoke. They were not able to render assistance, and returned to this anchorage next morning. That anchorage was Hatteras inlet. Now they could render no assistance. Why? On account of heavy seas; yet Lynch's small boats could weather that sea and take off these men. But we leave the humanity of the situation to the public to judge. Lynch, at the risk of his vessels being captured, went to the rescue. The United States gunboats, with no such fear, refused to go. Well, with 140 Frenchmen, none of whom could speak English, and twelve midshipmen, none of whom could speak French, to entertain them on the frigate United States. I say old frigate, for this old battered hulk had once echoed to the tread of Decatur, and had sustained her reputation when she fought and captured the Macedonian, English frigate, in the War of 1812. Like an old man, she was now but a hulk, but like a young man, she had once done excellent duty. Well, we got along all right until dinner time came, when we wondered was there ever such a fool as this French officer, never calculating what we would have done in France. We had a couple of French dictionaries aboard, but while they may be all right in theory they were not worth a dime in practice.

Our caterer, Dan Lee, came on deck and announced dinner.

Midshipman Trigg approached the French officer with what he had just gotten from the French and English lexicon, and what he said to the officer sounded something like *la Denier apre*, but with his Irish brogue, it fell harmless on the French officer, and he simply smiled. Midshipman McDaniel, our poet, put his finger to his mouth and pointed to the hatch, but no go; that Frenchman could not be moved by any such tactics. What could we do? The indications were starvation, with plenty in sight. Just then a hail, "Ship ahoy!" and in a few minutes the French Consul was aboard, and it was only a few minutes when we were assembled around the midshipman's table. We had a first-class dinner. Norfolk market always gives you what you want. Towards the conclusion the Frenchman said something which we did not understand, most of us being of Irish descent; but the Consul translated it to the effect that in the French navy they always had wine for dinner. I looked at Dan, and that usual sunny smile was gone. We had never heard of wine as a part of the cuisine, but I whispered to him, how about North Carolina corn? for we had a supply of that in those days. A grog ration was issued, and with the capture of the Norfolk Navy Yard we got many barrels.

Dan took the hint and our steward soon had each tumbler filled with the extract of North Carolina corn. We had no wine glasses. This seemed to please our French friend, and he arose, glass in hand, and proposed a toast, which none of us understood, and while we made out that we knew what he was proposing, he drank about half of his tumbler, threw it down, and exclaimed, "Mon Dieu." We never could convince that fellow that we had not attempted to poison him. Even the explanation of the French Consul was of no avail, and he kept aloof from us until he left us, but we did all we could to make his stay with us pleasant.

#### THE BATTLE OF PORT ROYAL, S. C.

On October 29, 1861; Commodore DuPont wrote the Secretary of the United States Navy that he was then leaving

with his fleet for Port Royal, S. C. He closed that letter as follows:

“We have considerable power to carry on an offensive warfare: that of endurance against forts is not commensurate. But in so righteous a cause as ours, and against so wicked a rebellion, we must overcome all difficulties.”

Now, what was the force that sailed out of Hampton Roads that day? We give it from the United States reports: Sixty ships, mounting 504 guns; a more effective fleet than the Spanish Armada. To oppose this fleet, Tattnall had the sidewheel steamer Savanah, two guns, Lieutenant Maffit commanding; the Resolute, two guns, Lieutenant J. Pembroke Jones commanding; the Samson, two guns, Lieut. J. S. Kennard commanding, and the Lady Davis, two guns, Lieutenant J. Rutledge commanding—in all, four river steamers, carrying eight guns. Oh! what a victory DuPont gained. It made him an admiral. Our troops fought five to one, but in the battle Tattnall fought sixty-three to one, and yet he dared all such odds. But let us return to that sanctionious idea of DuPont’s that we are more righteous than you. A righteous cause, indeed! It triumphed, and so does the devil, for even Christ has said, “Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that entereth therein.” Yes, the defeat of right is no criterion that God is on the side of the victor. God in His wisdom permits much to be done that is not in accordance with His commands.

If there was ever a righteous cause, the South had it, as viewed from man’s standpoint, and I say to our young men, while giving true allegiance to the United States government, which they are bound to do, and to dismiss all animosities engendered by the war, yet if they are confronted with the theory that their ancestors were wrong to do as the great Earl of Montrose told his heir to do, resent it in the language of Montrose:

“Be he upon the mountain side or yet within the glen,  
Stand he in martial gear alone or backed by armed men,  
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sires  
renown,  
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike to caitiff down.”

Yes Tattnell faced them. Who was this Tattnell? History tells us that, commanding an American man-of-war in the Pelho River, China, during a war between England and China, he beheld an English man-of-war becalmed under a Chinese fort, being riddled without the power of resistance, it being a sailing ship. He watched it for a time, then he ordered his gig called away and went and towed this ship to a place of safety, saying as he stepped over the side: "Blood is thicker than water." Yes, the English blood should be defended on all occasions.

Tattnell fell back as the enemy approached, receiving a slight injury to his ships from the great armament, and finding that he could not withstand them, he then exerted his energies in removing the men from the batteries and saving them, which he did successfully.

The enemy gained possession of all of our batteries, but many of them gave them no results, as fire and gunpowder had done the work, but what was saved was due to Tattnell.

#### THE BATTLE OF ROANOKE ISLAND, N. C.

Commodore Goldsboro, a Marylander, and consequently a deserter from the cause, for Maryland, handicapped as she was, gave to the Confederates considerable assistance, and after the war, when we of the South were almost starving, the women of Baltimore raised over a million of dollars for our relief, and with many ideas of reciprocity, I have wondered why our people have not more given Baltimore our trade, for in our hour of need she came to our assistance.

This same recreant Marylander sailed from Hampton Roads with eighty ships, mounting 400 guns to capture Roanoke Island. W. F. Lynch was in command of the Confederate naval forces in the North Carolina sounds. He had several small boats, mounting in all ten guns, while Goldsboro's fleet mounted about 400.

When they had taken Hatteras and came up the sound, Lynch met them and a battle resulted. On our side the Forrest was disabled and had to go to Elizabeth City for repairs. The Curfew was sunk; Midshipman Camm had his

arm shot off; others of the fleet were either killed or wounded; Midshipman Jackson was killed while in the water, his ship having been sunk. Shot in the water! This would be appropriate for cannibals—what excuse can be offered for civilization?

Yes, he was shot in the water; a midshipman, the first naval officer killed during the war; and by a coincidence, the first naval officer killed in the Spanish war was a midshipman. Well Lynch fought as well as he could, and after being defeated on water, mounted the guns of one of his gunboats on a battery, and fought the battery until the enemy had passed; then he escaped with the residue of his fleet, the Raleigh and Beaufort, through the canal to Norfolk. He lost five vessels and several of his officers and crew were either killed or wounded in the fight to prevent the enemy from taking Roanoke Island. With this battle the whole of Eastern North Carolina passed into the possession of the Federals.

The capture of Port Royal and Eastern North Carolina had produced gloom over the Confederacy: the successes of the Confederate army were to a considerable extent offset by the reverses of her navy. Our people, little versed in nautical affairs, could not understand the situation and our newspapers gave out some very unjust and severe criticism of the navy.

When Commodore McCauley evacuated the Norfolk Navy Yard he attempted to leave only charred remains, but signally failed, as he was hurried in his work by the Virginia people preparing to sink obstructions in the Elizabeth River and cut off his retreat.

He sank the old obsolete battleships and one or two sailing sloops, burned and sunk the steam frigate Merrimac, and set fire to many of the buildings in the yard, and then with two vessels made his escape. The Virginia troops at Norfolk soon got the fire under control, and much valuable property was saved. The Merrimac burned to the water's edge and sank, and was afterwards raised and converted into the first iron-clad that ever engaged in battle. She was

covered over like the roof of a house with two feet of timber, and then two coatings of iron plate two inches thick was riveted to this wooden frame, so her iron plating was four inches. She mounted ten guns, drew twenty-two feet of water and was capable of making four miles an hour. She possessed little buoyancy, the waves washing upon her sides like upon the beach. But it was with great expectations that the people of Norfolk and the naval officers watched her proceed to completion, and expectation that was amply fulfilled.

At Norfolk, on March 7, 1862, under command of Commodore Franklin Buchanan, a Marylander, was the Merrimac, her name changed to the Virginia, with ten guns, the Raleigh and Beaufort, each one gun, the remnants of Lynch's fleet of seven small vessels, all of which were sunk and destroyed in the fight at Roanoke Island. Lying in the James River off Mulberry Point were the Patrick Henry, ten guns; the Jamestown, two guns; and the Teaser, one gun. All wooden ships and part of Buchanan's command. Captain John R. Tucker commanding the Patrick Henry, Captain Barney the Jamestown, and Lieutenant West, the Teaser, while Lieutenant Alexander commanded the Raleigh, and Lieutenant Parker the Beaufort.

Lying at the mouth of James River were the United States sailing frigate Congress, fifty guns; the sailing sloop Cumberland twenty-four guns; off Fortress Monroe, ten miles away were the steam frigates Minnesota and Roanoke, fifty guns each; sailing frigates St. Lawrence and Brandywine, each fifty guns, and ten or twelve smaller gunboats, carrying from one to five guns each. In fact the masts and spars were so thick that it reminded one of a forest of dead trees.

As the writer was attached to the Patrick Henry, he gives the evidence of an eye witness. On the night of March 7th the James River fleet had dropped down from Mulberry Point to Day's Point, which latter place was about five miles above Newport News. At Newport News lay the Congress and Cumberland, and on shore the enemy had a chain of three batteries, forty guns in all. The channel at this point



is about 800 yards wide, running across into shore. With this description of surroundings, we proceed to tell of the naval battle that changed the navies of the world.

When our little fleet dropped down to Day's Point, we juniors knew that there was something in the air. We knew that the Virginia was about completed, and that when she came out we were to join her, so we were all expectation, and when morning dawned ever and anon some midshipman would climb to the crosstrees, glass in hand, and scan Hampton Roads, only to return to the deck with no news. The midshipmen's dinner hour was 1 o'clock, and we had just finished our meal, and began discussing the probability of another day of expectation, when Midshipman Dyke, on watch, rushed down into the steerage screaming like a madman: "She's coming! She's coming!" grasped his sword and pistol, and rushed back to his post. We had hardly time to realize what he had said when the drum beat the long roll, and each of us, armed, proceeded to our post. As we reached the deck the boatswain's whistle sounded, and he sang out in that key known only aboard ship: "All hands up anchor ahoy!" Never did men work with more zeal, and with measured tread they walked the capstan, until it seemed incredible when the midshipman of the forecastle reported anchor aweigh. The first lieutenant replied, "cat and fish it," and the big iron hook was soon stowed to its place.

While we were getting under way, signals had warned the other two vessels, and it was not long before the three vessels of the James River fleet were plowing the waters of the James at the rate of twelve miles an hour, going to glory or destruction. Reader, did you ever attend a game of baseball, and when one of the favorites made a run, listen to the applause he got? Yet this was not the feeling we had on that memorable 8th of March, 1862; it was more of the nature of the lover who, doubtful of his lady's affections, proposes and is accepted. It was pure, unalloyed joy. We were going into our first action. We could if we survived, tell of the fact that we had smelt gunpowder. The war might end now; we were of the fortunate few that had actually

been in a battle. So you see we shared our politicians' views. Onward we steamed, the Virginia from Norfolk, we from James River, and every lip, man and officer, had a smile, yet in silence we stood at our guns. Never in my experience have I seen men more anxious for a fray than were those on the Patrick Henry, and the same may truthfully be said of that whole little Confederate fleet.

'Elevate your guns for 800 yards!' rang out from the trumpet in the hands of the first officer, and we made the elevation.

#### THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.

We left the crew of the James River fleet at their guns, the Patrick Henry leading, the Jamestown and Teaser following, with guns elevated for 800 yards. From the Elizabeth River, the Virginia followed by the Raleigh and Beaufort, was steaming for Newport News, and the enemy lying in quiet security, the wash clothes of the Cumberland drying from the rigging. Soon we heard shots from the Cumberland and Congress. From deck we could not see the Virginia and her consorts. The engagement became general, when we beheld the Cumberland reel, and in a moment go down by the head with her flag flying from the peak, and as she sunk we beheld the Virginia steam clear of her and make for Newport News. We were drawing towards her, and as she passed the batteries of Newport News and gave them a broadside, which she was compelled to do to turn, we were nearly in range of the Federal batteries, when the voice of Rochelle, our first officer, rang out, "Starboard your helm!" and the bell rang for all steam ahead. Under this order the Patrick Henry passed the upper and middle batteries within 400 yards followed by other vessels. I neglected to state that when the Cumberland went down all discipline ceased, and a shout of exultation rang out from the James River fleet that probably was heard in Norfolk.

We passed the upper and middle batteries without harm. Our friends the enemy calculating that we would pass at the extreme limit (800 yards) had their guns elevated for that

distance and the water was well churned up at that point, but we sustained only the cutting of our port foretop sail brace, which unrove and dropped on the deck. The other boats passed in safety. At the lower battery we were not so fortunate, as they had time to change the range guns, and a shot entered at No. 5 gun, quarter deck, killed one man and wounded two. The death of this man recalls that when we left Mulberry Point we were ten short of a full crew and asked for volunteers from the army. All volunteered and we had to make choice, and this man was not of the fortunate, but in his zeal he paid a \$10 gold piece to go in the place of another.

Passing the batteries we found the frigate Congress ashore with head sail set. She had attempted to escape. Our first duty led us to the ship containing the commanding officer, and as we ran alongside of the Virginia, Commodore Buchanan greeted us cheerfully, and this was the message or order he communicated to Captain Tucker:

“You have made a glorious run; use your own discretion, do the enemy all the harm you can, and sink before surrendering.”

Now, right here let me say that Admiral Farragut has claimed the prestige of having won forts with wooden vessels, but like many other claims of the Federals it was false. We then proceeded to pay our respects to the Congress.

In the meantime the Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence came up to engage us, but the Minnesota running aground, the others returned to the protection of Fortress Monroe. Taking a position at the stern of the Congress, the Patrick Henry and other wooden ships opened upon her. From the great draught of the Virginia she could not do her much damage, and it was not long before the Congress displayed a white flag, and our firing ceased. Commodore Buchanan sent Lieutenant Minor, with one of the smaller gunboats, to remove the wounded and prisoners and burn her, and while on this mission a battery of artillery appeared on shore about 400 yards distant and opened fire; and although Lieutenant Pendergrass, commanding the Congress

—the captain having been killed—had surrendered his ship and given up his sword, yet when this battery opened he went back with the ostensible purpose of removing the wounded, and instead opened fire with musketry upon the Beaufort, in which fire Lieutenant Taylor of the Beaufort and midshipman Hutter, of the Raleigh, were killed, and Midshipman Newton and Lieutenant Minor and several men were wounded. Buchanan, disgusted with the treachery of the officers of the Congress, ordered the Patrick Henry to go in and destroy her. In this work the other wooden ships assisted. The Patrick Henry in furtherance of orders, found herself in between the fire of the lower Newport News battery, on her port quarter, this artillery company on her port beam, the Congress on her port bow, and the Minnesota on her starboard bow—cannon in front, cannon behind, cannon to the right, and cannon to the left. In this situation a shot from the artillery company entered her port steam chest, and in a second the whole forward part of the ship was enveloped in scalding steam; but our men stood to their guns, and gave back shot for shot, until Captain Barney, of the Jamestown, gave us a line and towed us out of action. Every man in the fireroom was scalded to death; the engineers escaped, but the firemen and coal-heavers perished, and many a man and officer carried the effects of scalds, as they stood the burning steam in firing their guns. The Patrick Henry was not long out of action. Disconnecting her engines, she returned to the fight with one engine, and the Congress then being on fire, she gave, with the other vessels of the fleet, an hour's fight with the Minnesota. Night coming on, the Confederate fleet anchored off Sewell's Point battery, the place where the Jamestown Exposition was lately held. We lay all night at our guns, having coffee and hardtack served to the crew.

The result of this day's fight was as follows: On the United States sloop Cumberland—killed and drowned, 121; on the the Congress—killed, 10; wounded, 16; on the Minnesota—killed, 6; wounded, 20. On the Confederate side less than 20 were killed and wounded, and the greater part

of the killed were in the fire room of the Patrick Henry. The Congress presented a beautiful sight as she burned during the night. As her guns became heated they were discharged like signal guns of a ship in distress on a lee shore in a gale. Step by step the fire mounted until we had topsail, topgallant and royal seas of fire instead of canvas. It was a beautiful sight, and ended when the fire reached the magazine and she was blown into atoms.

Now let us take a view of what was going on in the United States while we slept at our guns. The wires carried the news of this day's fight to both North and South. At the North all was consternation. Preparation was made to sink vessels loaded with stone in the Potomac to keep this iron monster from bombarding the capital. Committees started for Washington from all the Northern cities to devise some plan to protect those cities from the dreaded Virginia. McClellan, with his army at Yorktown, wired the President: "Protect my base, or my army is gone." Consternation ruled in the North; exultation in the South; and yet both were without foundation. We, sleeping with no idea of our importance, were only exercised as to the outcome of tomorrow. We expected to destroy the frigate Minnesota, aground and helpless, and we slept as only men can who, begrimed with powder, had been at our guns from two to dark. Sunday morning dawned bright and clear.

The Minnesota was still aground; the church bells were pealing forth their happy welcome to the sanctuary both North and South. In the North a spirit of sadness, in the South smiles met the comer on every face, yet we heeded it not. Other work besides missionary was for us, and after a hasty breakfast we moved out from our anchorage, the Virginia leading, to destroy the Minnesota. We had not gotten far when from behind the Minnesota came a queer-looking craft. We knew at once that it was Ericksson's ship, and we of the wooden fleet under orders dropped astern. Pretty soon the two iron-clads, for it was the Monitor, engaged, and fierce the battle raged, no damage being done on either side. The Virginia attempted to ram. She

drew 22 feet and the Monitor only 14, and in attempting to make a turn she touched the bottom and signalled for assistance. The wooden fleet responded at once, but before they got within gunshot of the Monitor the Virginia backed off. While ashore the Monitor came alongside, depressed her guns that she might strike at right angles, but her shot bounced off as if peas thrown against a wall. This action continued for several hours, when a shell from the Virginia struck the pilot house of the Monitor just as her captain—Worden—had his eye to the peep-hole, and exploded, injuring the eye-sight of the commander. Immediately the Monitor retired from action, and proceeded toward Fortress Monroe. Northern history has it that the Virginia retired first, but Northern history is wrong, as I will show by the report of Captain VanBrunt, commanding the Minnesota, to his government.

“By the time she had fired her third shell the little Monitor had come down upon her, placing herself between us and compelling her to change her position, in doing which she grounded; and again I poured into her all the guns that could be brought to bear upon her. As soon as she got off she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and ran full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious, but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For some time afterwards the rebel concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable that she had exhausted her supply of ammunition, or sustained some injury. Soon after the Merrimac and two other vessels headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition.” What was his condition? Abandoned by the Monitor, the wooden ships could with the Merrimac attack him, which could not have been the case had the Monitor remained on the ground. But she did not, all history to the contrary, and the Virginia, after waiting for two hours her return, steamed for Norfolk with

the other Confederate ships. And what an ovation did we get! We were so elated by our reception into the port of Norfolk that we needed, like Scipio, some one to remind us that we were mortals.

In this fight the wooden ships of the Confederacy did not participate. They were merely spectators. The casualties were none on the Virginia. The United States gunboat Whitehead was blown up and sunk alongside of the Minnesota, and lost five killed and sixteen wounded. Stray shots from the Virginia killed three on the Dragon, one on the Roanoke, two on the Monitor and nine killed and sixteen wounded in the Ninety-ninth New York Infantry ashore.

The Virginia having lost her prow in striking the Cumberland, went into dock at Norfolk, the Patrick Henry repaired her boilers, and everything was ready, when Commodore Tattnall (Commodore Buchanan having been seriously wounded in the fight) was ready to go down into the roads at a later date.

#### SECOND ATTEMPT TO DRAW THE MONITOR INTO AN ENGAGEMENT.

The Confederate fleet having been thoroughly repaired, left Norfolk on the morning of April 11, 1862, under command of Commodore Josiah Tattnall. The object of this expedition was to capture the Monitor. We did not want to destroy her. We wanted her. With the Virginia and Monitor both flying the Stars and Bars, we could go to Yorktown, destroy McClellan's base of supply, capture his steamers, and end the war right there, for with the Chesapeake Bay in our possession, Maryland would have come over to us, and Washington could have been made to capitulate. So we wanted to capture the Monitor, and Tattnall went into the roads on April 11th for that purpose. We had been drilled in the part we were to take. The theory of this venture was that while the two ironclads were engaged in deadly combat the wooden ships should make a rush upon the Monitor and capture her. The risk was great, but the results justified the risk. We had crews, who, if they reached the

Monitor's decks, were to throw bombs, loaded with gunpowder and red pepper, into the porthole as it was opened. We had a crew that was to put an awning over the smokestack. We had a crew to wedge the turrett so it could not turn, and we had a crew with an anchor to anchor the Monitor after we had reduced her to submission.

But all of our plans went alee. The Monitor would not come out, although reinforced by the Galena, an ironclad, and the Naugatuck, an ironclad, and we stayed in Hampton Roads for two days with a French and two English war vessels witnessing our operations. This conduct on the part of the Federals called forth comment, especially as we as a taunt went into the port of Hampton and captured two schooners and a brig.

Mr. Fulton, Assistant Secretary of War, thus reports to his department—the United States War Department: “About 7 o'clock a. m. a signal gun from the Minnesota turned all eyes towards Sewell's Point, and coming out from under the land, almost obscured by a dim haze, the Merrimac was seen, followed by the Yorktown, Patrick Henry, Jamestown and four small vessels, altogether seven in number.

“There was instantaneous activity among the transports and vessels in the upper Roads to get out of the way of the steamboats, several of which were crowded with troops, and moved down out of danger. Steam tugs ran whistling and screaming about, towing strings of vessels behind them, while, sloops, schooners and brigs, taking advantage of what air there was, got up sail and moved out of harm's way. In the course of an hour the appearance of crowded Roads was greatly altered. The forest of masts between Fortress Monroe and Sewell's Point disappeared, and the broad, open expanse of water bore on its surface only the rebel fleet and two French and one English men-of-war, which, with steam up, still maintained position. Curious manoeuvres, 8:30 o'clock; For the last hour the manoeuvres of the rebel fleet have apparently been directed towards decoying our fleet up towards Sewell's Point. When the Merrimac first appeared she stood directly across the mouth of Eliza-



both River, followed her consorts as if bound for Newport News. The Merrimac approached the English sloop-of-war, and after apparently communicating with her, fell slowly back and moved towards her consorts in the rear. The French and English vessels then moved up as if they had been informed that the lower Roads was to be the scene of conflict, and they had been warned to get out of range. For an hour the rebel fleet kept changing position without making any decided advance in any direction.

“On our part no movement was made. The Monitor, with steam up and in fighting trim, lay quietly near her usual anchorage. The Naugatuck (Stephen’s Battery) came out and took position alongside the Monitor. Signals were exchanged between our vessels, the fort and Rip Raps, but no movements were made.

“Curiosity grew rapidly into suspense. A bold stroke. At length the Yorktown (should be the Jamestown) moved rapidly up, and after advancing well towards Newport News, steamed rapidly towards Hampton. The object was then seen—to be the capture of three sailing vessels, two brigs and a schooner, transports, which were lying either aground or had not been furnished with a steam tug in order to make their escape. The bold impudence of manoeuvring continued, the apparent apathy of our fleet excited surprise and indignation.

“There was a rebel boat, not built for war purposes, having the protection of the Merrimac and her consorts, where it appeared to impartial eyes she could easily be cut off, and yet no attempt on our part to do it. Of course, there were good reasons for this policy, the crowd could not see it.”

Now this was the situation. The Merrimac, or Virginia, had come down to engage the United States fleet, and they refused to engage, although they had made every preparation to destroy her. The Vanderbilt, the Arago, Illinois and Ericksson, large and fast steamers, were in the roads to run her down, and yet no attempt was made.

Comodoro Goldsboro, a recreant Marylander, had assured his government that he could destroy the Virginia with fast

steamers running her down. The government gave him the steamers, but he failed to use them. The English and French war vessels in the Roads reported to their governments on the same line that Fulton reported to his, yet Northern historians tell us that the Monitor whipped the Merrimac, or Virginia. Now, was this cowardice on the part of the United States navy? At the second trip of the Virginia to Hampton Roads the Monitor was reinforced by the ironclads Naugatuck and Galena, and yet they would not take up the glove thrown down by the Virginia. We are inclined to think it was no cowardice, but prudence. Had the Monitor been captured we could have ended the war. The United States refused to take the risk. In all probability she would have been, without great loss to the Confederacy. Then, with both the Virginia and the Monitor flying the Confederate flag, McClellan's stores at Yorktown could have been captured and the United States shipping driven from his support, they being the only two ironclads at that date. With his base in our hands his army would have had to surrender. We then could have starved out Fortress Monroe, and with that fortress in our hands the war would have been ended, for we would then have controlled the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, and have given to Norfolk an open port, through which we could have imported all merchandise desired. Tattnell had this in his calculation, and was willing to make great sacrifice to accomplish it; but on the other hand the United States had likewise calculated, and hence they refused to allow the Monitor to meet the Virginia a second time, and upon every occasion thereafter they refused to allow the Monitor to meet the Virginia. Yet their historians say the Monitor whipped the Virginia.

Tattnell finding that he could not get the Monitor from the protection of Fortress Monroe, after holding the Roads for three days, returned with his fleet to Norfolk.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VIRGINIA.

‘Let not Cæsar’ servile minions,  
 Mock the Lion, thus laid low,  
 ’Twas no foeman’s arm that felled him;  
 ’Twas his own that struck the blow.’

Twice after the memorable battle of March 9th had the Virginia offered battle to the Monitor, and although the Monitor had been reinforced by the Galena and Naugatuck, both iron-plated, and although several large and fast steamers had been prepared to run the Virginia down, yet the Monitor never again would meet her old antagonist of March 9th, but upon every occasion that the Virginia sought her she declined an engagement and put herself under the protection of Fortress Monroe. The Monitor was decidedly the superior ship. She drew less water, her smokestack was protected, and she was equally invulnerable, yet she never would meet the Virginia. Already I have told you of Tattnell’s offer of battle in April, and again on May 7th, while the enemy were bombarding Sewell’s Point Battery, the Virginia being at Norfolk, upon hearing the firing Tattnell proceeded at once to the scene, and upon his appearance the Monitor and the rest of the United States fleet retreated under the guns of Fortress Monroe. Now, I might give the official reports of the United States Navy Department to substantiate what I said, but it would make this article too long. I can only say to any Doubting Thomas, read the 7th volume. “Official Records, Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion,” as published by the United States, and they will find that “I have nothing extenuated or set down aught in malice.” So, school children, when you read in history that the Monitor whipped the Virginia, you can now, with perfect confidence, deny it. And right here I will give you an example of the character of your Northern history writers. After the war ended E. V. White, who had been a third assistant engineer on board of the Virginia, married and went upon a bridal tour to the North. Passing down one of the streets in New York he beheld a sign purporting to show the fight between the Monitor and the Vir-

ginia. He concluded to take it in. The manager on the stage gave out the scenes as they passed, before the crowd, and this was the substance of his talk:

“Ladies and gentlemen, the first scene is the rebel Merrimac coming down from Norfolk; then followed the scene of the sinking of the Cumberland, the burning of the Congress, and night putting a stop to the fight. Sunday morning, the rebel Merrimac comes out to destroy the Minnesota, when she is met by the little Monitor, and for several hours the battle raged, when a shot from the Monitor sinks the rebel Merrimac.”

This was too much for White, and he exclaimed: “You are an infamous liar.” This created considerable stir in the audience, and the man on the stage said: “I will see you later.”

White replied: “I will wait for you.” He was in the enemy’s country, with no friends to back him, but he did wait, and the man on the stage came down, and smiling cordially shook his hand, saying: “Partner, what do you know about this fight that you call me a liar for telling it my way?” White informed him who he was and gave him a true account of the fight. The stage man thanked him, said he was glad to get at the facts, but to make the show pay he would have to continue telling it as he was doing, but if he ever came South he would correct it.

The necessities of war caused Norfolk to be evacuated. Tattall had asked permission of the Navy Department to run the gauntlet of Fortress Monroe and alone go to York River and harrass McClellan’s base. This was refused, and he was ordered to guard both Norfolk and the mouth of the James River until the stores could be removed from Norfolk. The wooden gunboats had been for some little time towing up to Richmond three gunboats that had been launched filled with stores, and other vessels, when a tug deserted to the enemy and immediately a landing was made on the ocean side, and our small body of troops had barely time to fire the government property and escape. The Virginia was lying off Sewells Point, where she had gone, and had driven off the Enemy’s fleet, and when morning arrived Tattall was surprised to see no flag

flying from either Sewell's Point or Craney Island. Sending a boat to Norfolk, the officer in command found the navy yard in flames and our troops leaving from the Portsmouth side, while the enemy were entering Norfolk. So sudden had been the evacuation that Tattall was given no notice, and found himself as it were deserted by his friends. Calling his officers and pilots in council, he was informed that if he could bring the draught of the Virginia down to eighteen feet they, the pilots, could carry her to Hog Island, about forty miles up the James. All hands were put to work, and the desired draught obtained, but in doing so the wood works were exposed, and she was useless as a fighter, but on getting to Hog island could have been brought down again. At this point the pilots informed Commodore Tattall that they had made their calculation upon easterly winds, but as the winds had been westerly they could not carry her up. Now, what was Tattall to do? Ship unfit to fight, enemy all around him; there was but one course, and he adopted it—destroy the ship and save the crew, making his way to Richmond. In the meantime the Patrick Henry was the only wooden ship in the lower James, where she had been protecting the retreat of Magruder's army before the advance of McClellan. We were steaming slowly backwards and forwards between King's Mill Landing and Jamestown Island, when an amusing incident occurred. A long wharf ran out at King's Mill, and about midday a cavalryman rode at full speed to the end of the wharf and begged to be taken on board. He said he belonged to the Black Horse Cavalry; that they had been cut off and all captured but himself, and that the enemy were right behind him. Captain Tucker saw that the poor fellow was badly demoralized, and told him he would protect him. Just below the road that led to the wharf was a path leading down the bluff to the water, and while talking to the demoralized man down came his command in single file and at full speed. We immediately went to quarters, loaded with grape and had six guns bearing upon the hilltop. We had not to wait long, when the enemy unlimbered two pieces of artillery, but before they could fire the six guns of the Patrick

Henry opened and both pieces of artillery were dismounted and several of the gunners put hors de combat, and Mr. Yank was as much surprised at seeing our ship as was our demoralized friend. We saw nothing more of the enemy, and that night our pilot showed the cavalry a ford across Jamestown Creek, and they rejoined their command. The next night, we, not knowing that the enemy had Norfolk and that the Virginia had been destroyed, started to run the blockade of Newport News, and had it not been for some lights being carelessly shown would have been sunk or captured, for we ran right into the Yankee fleet at the mouth of the river. Extricating ourselves in a quiet manner we returned to Mulberry Point and awaited daylight. It came on time, and with it the Monitor, Galena, Naugatuck, Aroostook and Port Royal. They tackled Day's Point Battery and silenced it, and then commenced on the Harding's Bluff Battery, when Tucker concluded it was time to move, and at full speed we sped our way to Drewry's Bluff, seven miles below Richmond. On our way up we met Lieutenant Sharp, commanding the tug Beaufort, with one gun. He hailed and asked for information, stating that the Secretary of the Navy had heard that the enemy had entered James River and had ordered him to drive them out. This elicited a broad grin from every one on board the "Pat," from the captain to the powder boy. Captain Tucker replied: "Well, I hope you can do it; I am getting out of their way." Sharp fell in behind us, and we reached Drewry's Bluff about midnight. No time was to be lost; we did not know whether the Yanks were following us or not, and Richmond was unprotected by this route. A battery of three guns, under command of Captain Drewry, of the army, had been erected and an attempt made to barricade the river. The river steamers Curtis, Peck and Allison, with several schooners, had been sunk across the channel, but an opening had been left for our ships to come through. Tucker ordered this closed by sinking the Jamestown, and we commenced the work of transferring her guns and one from the Patrick Henry up a bluff eighty feet high, with an incline to the river of nearly forty-

five degrees. It was hard work, and we worked from May 8th to May 14th before we were in condition to fight. Mud and rain, night and day, four hours on ship's watch, and never did men and officers work harder. Richmond, our capital, was in danger. Had the enemy passed the batteries on the lower James, which they could have done in all probability, the shot and shell of the Yankee fleet would have been plowing through the streets: but they lost the golden opportunity, and we gained it.

The destruction of the Virginia cast a gloom over our land; many were the unkind words hurled at the navy. The Richmond Examiner, edited by the Pollard brothers, was particular vindictive, and an editorial caused Midshipman Joe Gardner to challenge its author. The duel was fought just outside of Richmond, and at the first fire Pollard was disabled by a shot in the shoulder. Apologies passed, and the Examiner was a little more cautious. Tattnell demanded a court-martial, and was honorably acquitted.

On the evening of May 14, 1862, scouts reported the Federal fleet some ten miles away at sundown, and we went to rest that night with the determination to prevent them passing or perish in the attempt. Two brigades of infantry had been sent down to protect the battery from landing parties, and they were encamped in the woods behind us. The Patrick Henry crew had two guns, the Jamestown and Virginia's crews one gun each, and Captain Drewry's iron battery three guns. The naval guns were mounted in pits, with an embrasure out into the side of the cliff. All the wooden vessels were ordered up the river out of range. Captain Farrant, Pennsylvanian, who had married a Southern woman, was in command. Captain Lee had orders to take command, dated May 15th, but on that day the battle was fought and won, and he arrived the day after and took command.

#### THE BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

A mist hung over the sun as it arose on the morning of May 15th, 1862, but it did not last long, and about 7 o'clock the Galena put her nose around Chapin's Bluff. We were

all at our guns. She was followed by the Monitor and the other three vessels, Naugatuck, Port Royal and Aroostook. Onward they came under a full head of steam, as though to break through the obstructions. When about six hundred yards away the Galena let go an anchor, got out a spring upon her cables and swung broadside to us. The Monitor anchored a little below and the other ships about at the turn of Chapin's Bluff. All this time we had watched them not a gun fired. Then the fleet opened fire and for several hours shot and shell, grape and canister rained around us like hail, and we gave them shot for shot. The Galena was on fire twice. She was literally riddled. All of our efforts were directed against her; the Monitor we knew we could make no impression upon. The other ships were almost out of range, but we gave them a shot or two. For the time it lasted it was about as hot a fight as history records. The enemy made desperate efforts to silence us, but their damage was such that about 11 o'clock they hove up anchor and steamed away as fast as their engines would carry them. Lieut. John Taylor Woods, a grand son of President Zachary Taylor and a nephew of President Jefferson Davis, procured horses and, with several other officers of the Virginia, pursued them and for twenty miles, and when opportunity offered picked off their men who were exposed. The loss on the Confederate side was about ten killed and the same number wounded. The Galena lost some twenty killed and thirty-five wounded, while the Naugatuck lost five killed and wounded by the bursting of a gun. One officer was killed on our side, Midshipman Dan Carroll of the Carrolls, of Carrollton, Maryland, and he well upheld the honor of his name. Resigning from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, his sisters persuaded him to remain neutral and planned a trip to Europe to take his mind from the struggle, but the battle of Hampton Roads was too much for him and he made his way across the Potomac, reached Richmond, was appointed midshipman and ordered to the Patrick Henry, and was with us when we went to the Roads in April. He was a general favorite in the midshipmen's mess and his death cast a gloom over us boys for a long time.



This battle ended the attempts of the Federal vessels to ascend James River until Grant made his headquarters at City Point. Through an oversight all of our provisions were sent up the river and we had nothing to eat during that day and night, and had to content ourselves with inhaling the fumes of gunpowder, but that night the ladies of Richmond got wind of our situation, and early the next day wagons, not one, but many, came creeping into camp, and Oh, what a feast we had. Surely from the quantity and quality the markets must have been raked clean, and the dear girls must have stayed up all night cooking pies, cakes, turkeys, chickens, beef and mutton, with bread galore. We forgot the taste of salt horse and hard tack, and it seemed new to us when we had to return to its use. That was not all. That evening down came carriages, small boats, and everything that would hold the girls, who wore the homespun dress and palmetto hat, and we like Scipio, needed some faithful person to remind us that we were mortal, for the attention paid us came near making us forget. Such an ovation it is seldom the lot of man to witness.

But while the provisions were taken from us, the Government was determined that we should not lack ammunition, and wagon after wagon was sent to us until it was a matter of danger to the garrison to have so much exposed powder. If a Yankee shell had ignited it, it would have done the work that the Yanks failed to do. So officers were detailed to turn the wagons back and get those already there to a place of safety. An old darky, driving four mules to a wagon loaded with cartridges for the cannon, was the only one that failed. He was scared to death as the shells would burst around him, and his mules were worse than he was, and at every explosion they would hold back, while the old negro at the top of his voice was telling them to "Gillang!" At last a shell killed three of the mules. The old nigger jumped off his wagon and took to the woods, saying: "Dar now, I toll you fer to gillang!" Another amusing incident occurred at one of the Patrick Henry's guns. One of the crew would dodge at every whistle of a shell. An Irishman, another of

the crew, gathered up a lump of clay and mud, as the other fellow made his next dodge, he let him have it on the back of the head, and the antics that poor fellow cut were amusing. It was some time before he could be convinced that he was not mortally wounded.

When Capt. Lee took charge the bluff was put into regular order, tents were pitched, houses built for the senior officers, roads laid out and it became a regular picnic ground for the young people of Richmond and Petersburg, which we middies greatly enjoyed.

#### THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The battle of New Orleans was as great a defeat for the Confederates as the battle of Hampton Roads was for the Federals, but when we come to consider the vast inequality between the two fleets a more desperate engagement was not fought during the war, and the bravery displayed by the Confederate Naval officers and men is without parallel in naval history. That the reader may have an insight into the odds that the Confederates had to meet we give the names and number of guns as taken from Admiral Farragut's report to the Secretary of the United States' Navy.

The United States fleet consisted of the Hartford, 26; Brooklyn, 25; Richmond, 22; Pensacola, 23; Portsmouth, 22; Mississippi, 12; Oneida, 10; Varuna, 10; Katydid, 7; Kineo, 4; Wissahicken, 4; Cayuga, 6; Sciota, 3; Iroquois, 8; Kennebec, 4; Pinola, 4; Itasca, 4; Winona, 4; total, 18 ships and 198 guns. This was the fleet that ascended the river, besides 21 schooners, under Porter, mortar boats which had incessantly bombarded and almost wrecked the forts before Farragut attempted to run by them at night.

The Confederate fleet consisted of the Louisiana, a half-finished ironclad, without steam power to stem the Mississippi current, 8 guns; the McRae, river steamer, 8; Manassas, a small tin-plated (so to speak) ram, too small to do much ramming, 1 gun; Jackson, small river steamer, 2; Launch No. 3, 3 guns, and launch No. 6, 1 gun; Governor Moore, river steamer, 2 guns; Gen. Quitman, river steamer, 2; Anglo-Norman, Defiance, Stonewall Jackson, Gen. Lovell, Breckinridge and

Warrior, small river steamers, 1 gun each; Resolute, river steamer, 2 guns; total gunboats, 15; total guns, 33.

A few small steamers were used on the Confederate side to tow fire rafts. The whole of the Confederate fleet, with perhaps one or two exceptions, was destroyed either by the enemy or by the Confederates to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy.

On the 18th day of April, 1862, the mortar schooners got into a position greatly protected from the guns of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and opened fire, with some firing from the fleet, as Farragut says, only to divert attention from the mortar boats. This continued without intermission until, as Gen. Lovell estimates, over seventy-five thousand shells were thrown, one-third of which fell inside Fort Jackson. Under this terrific fire Admiral Farragut put his fleet in motion at 1:55 o'clock on the morning of April 24, 1862, and in two lines steamed up the river, and, as he says, the smoke was so dense that ships could not be discerned at a very short distance, and he was guided entirely by the flash of guns to enable him to locate the forts.

In this state of affairs it was hard to tell friend from foe, and several Confederate ships received shots from the forts. The chained raft had been washed away by the tremendous freshet then in the river. The fire rafts sent down to destroy the enemy's ships had proved failures, and the fighting was every ship for itself on the Confederate side, as no signals could be seen. Perhaps no naval battle of the world has ever been fought under such circumstances and against such odds. But no man flinched. To describe this battle I will give a few extracts from the official reports of our officers, found in the 18th Volume United States Reports of the Union and Confederate Navies. To give a full description of this battle would nearly exhaust the space allotted me. The Louisiana was moored alongside of the fort. Capt. McIntosh was severely wounded in the first part of the engagement, and the command devolved upon Lieut. Wilkinson. Workmen were on board endeavoring to get her guns in

position. She lost heavily in men and was badly riddled, and after the white flag was hoisted on the fort and before surrender she was destroyed by her officers.

Lieut. A. F. Warley, of Darlington, S. C., commanded the *Manassas*. He says: "We ran for a heavy ship. She passed, giving me a broadside. I then made for a large side-wheel steamer and struck her on the quarter. She cleared and proceeded up the river. I was then nearly down to the chain, when both forts opened on me, striking me several times. I then turned up the river, and struck a large ship-rigged vessel squarely, firing my gun at close range. The collision disabled my gun and threw every man, except the man at the wheel, off his feet. Two gunboats fired into me as they passed. Day had then broken and I discovered the *McRae*, making a gallant fight against four gunboats at short range. I stood to her assistance, the enemy leaving her on my approach. Two of the enemy's largest vessels bore down upon me. I could not retreat, my gun was disabled, my vessel shot through and through, and in this situation to save the crew I ran head on to the bank, cut the delivery pipes, landed in the swamp, when the *Manassas* slid off and sank."

Lieut. Beverly Kennon, commanding the Confederate States steamer *Governor Moore*, says: "On our port beam, distance about 200 yards, lay the United States steamers *Cayuga* and *Oneida*, with the *Pensacola*, *Brooklyn* and *Mississippi* on our port quarter, from 200 to 400 yards away. As soon as we recognized each other we opened fire; I using shell, they grape and canister. Of course our two guns could not damage them, while they cut us up terribly, and in addition to the broadsides of the enemy our forts struck us several times. This was the second heavy fire we had received. The first was delivered by the *Pensacola*, *Cayuga* and *Oneida*. About 3:40 a. m., at from 75 to 200 yards, I discovered an enemy's vessel ahead, going up the river at full speed. I went in pursuit. I was now almost surrounded by the enemy, but the swift heels of the *Governor Moore* soon brought a thick veil of darkness between us. About daybreak we were about 100 yards astern of the *Varuna* and 600 yards ahead

of the balance of the enemy. When abreast of the quarantine we were forty yards apart and gaining. The enemy's fire killed and wounded a great many of my men. Out of 23 on my forecastle two-thirds had been killed or wounded. The smoke was now very thick and the ships ten feet apart. As a dernier resort she took advantage of it and raked us with her after pivot, sheered so as to give us her starboard broadside. As quick as lightning our helm was put hard aport, and in the twinkling of an eye the crashing noise made by her breaking ribs told how amply we were repaid for all that we had lost and suffered. I had intended boarding as soon as I struck her, but had not men enough, as one-third of my crew were hors de combat. I backed clear of her and ran into her again. She was now fast sinking and ran for the shore, which she reached just as she sank. I now stood down the stream to run into the Cayuga, but on approaching her I was suddenly confronted with the Oneida, Cayuga, Pinola, Iroquois, Brooklyn and Pensacola. To attack that fleet would have been madness, so I attempted to go about, when all of the ships opened on us with shot, shell, grape, and canister. Our steering gear was shot away, as also a relieving tackle, walking beam damaged and engines injured to such an extent as to make them entirely useless. In this helpless condition I ordered the ship fired and the crew to take care of themselves; which most of them did by swimming to the marsh. Not one was drowned, but some were killed after reaching the marsh. At the beginning of the fight our crew numbered 93. About a dozen escaped to the marsh. Twenty four were made prisoners, among them seven wounded, leaving a loss of sixty-four killed and wounded. Several of the wounded died, making the total killed fifty-seven. Our flag was flying when the ship blew up and sunk, so badly cut to pieces that only a small portion containing four stars remained—showing that we had defended it to the last. I threw my sword and side arms overboard, and surrendered myself with five wounded men to the boats of the Oneida. I swore that I would never present the hilt of my sword to any man nor haul down my colors."

The Governor Moore mounted two 32-pounder rifle guns, carried a crew of 93 men; the Varuna mounted two 30-pounder Parrot rifles and eight eight-inch smooth bore guns and a crew of 160 men.

Admiral Farragut reports the loss in this battle of 36 killed and 134 wounded. The passing of the forts and their surrender necessitated the withdrawal of our forces from New Orleans and the enemy, under Gen. Beast Butler, took possession. His tyrannical behaviour at this point earned him the name of "Beast," and his robbery of private citizens also the appellation of "Spoon Thief," both of which he held throughout his life. He was before the war a Democrat and voted in the Charleston Convention several times for Jeff Davis as the Democratic candidate for President.

The Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, writing to President Davis, says of this fight: "The conduct of the officers and men of our squadron in the river against overwhelming forces exhibited the highest evidence of patriotic devotion, professional ability and daring."

Our army in the War Between the States contended with five to one. What was the condition with the navy? Five times five to one, all things being taken into consideration! But with all that we made a mark that astounded the world and revolutionized navies.

The claim of Farragut is by this chapter refuted, that he was the first to run wooden ships by forts. The Patrick Henry, Jamestown and Teaser ran the forts at Newport News in broad daylight, March 8, 1862. Farragut on April 24, 1862, in the darkness of night, and after seven days of the most terrific bombardment history records, passed Forts Jackson and St. Phillip.

#### THE NAVY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We left the reader gloomy over our disaster at New Orleans, but it was a victory dearly won by the Federals, and one which they only gained after our ships had been shot to pieces and our men and officers killed or wounded. The description of the fight made by the Confederate steamship Governor Moore is a fair specimen of that of all the

Confederate ships—their decks ran blood, but yet no thought of surrender. General Mansfield Lowell commanded the army at New Orleans, and Captain John K. Mitchell commanded the naval forces below New Orleans. It was truly a disastrous fight for the Confederates, but it shed a lustre upon the navy that time can never tarnish.

#### THE CONFEDERATE STATES SHIP ARKANSAS.

At Memphis, Tenn., during the month of August, 1861, was commenced two gunboats to be covered with railroad iron—the Tennessee and the Arkansas. The material had to be picked up wherever found; the boilers were old and worn, and the delays necessitated by such a state of affairs caused such delays, unavoidable, that the Arkansas had to be run up the Yazoo River and the Tennessee destroyed to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. Without going into the details of her completion, we commence her career with a few official dispatches.

#### C. S. Gunboat, Arkansas,

Vicksburg, July 15, 1862.

Flag Officer W. F. Lynch, commanding Yazoo River:

Sir.—I have to report that in obedience to your late order, I descended the Yazoo River last night to near the Mississippi, and this morning at 3 o'clock continued on for that stream. At 6 a. m. we met one of the ironclad gunboats and two rams ascending the Yazoo, with the enemy's flag flying. We put on all steam, having then 100 pounds in the steam guage, and stood for the leading ram, the gunboat being in the rear. The rams went about and steamed towards the Mississippi at much greater speed than we could make. Several shots from our bow gun failed to stop them. The gunboat also turned about and interposed between us and rams, the latter evidently manoeuvring to get in our rear. This we prevented, and though the gunboat had greater speed than the Arkansas, we soon, by means of our bow gun, equalized that matter. We then came up with the gunboat, and, though the latter, by running in shore, prevented us from running him down, we completely disabled him with

our port broadside, delivered at thirty feet distance, with guns well depressed. He then ran inshore with his colors down, giving us no more trouble, and we left him hanging on to the willows.

All this time the two rams were firing at us. I had the misfortune during the running fight to lose the services of Mr. J. R. Snacklett, our Yazoo River pilot, who was disabled by a slight contusion in the head, and I feared to follow the disabled vessel (which carried two guns more than the Arkansas) so near the shore, otherwise he might have been destroyed. We heard no more of him. We then followed the rams into the Mississippi River, where we found a large fleet, including four or five ironclad gunboats, two heavy sloops of war, three or four other gunboats—they were too numerous to count—and seven rams in order of battle. We stood for them, fought them, ran by them at pistol shot distance, blew up one of the rams, and I think did much injury to various vessels of that fleet. All this lasted about two hours, though we were not so long with the crowd in the Mississippi.

Since coming down to this place I learn that one more of the enemy's vessels have been consumed from the effects of our shells. I believe that we accomplished all that was possible under the circumstances. All the officers behaved with great coolness. Our men behaved well. We are much cut up, our pilot-house mashed and some ugly places through our armor.

I regret to add that we lost ten men killed and fifteen wounded, besides some slight wounds among the officers, Lieutenant George W. Gift, Midshipman C. V. Tyler, and Master's Mate J. A. Wilson being among these. I must repair pilot-house and smoke-stack before going far from here if possible. I forgot to mention that owing to our smoke-stack being shot to pieces we could not keep up steam. We came out of the fight with fifty pounds only in the guage. All enemy's vessels that were under weigh near us seemed to be superior to us in speed. On this account our supposed power as a ram was of no use.

I. N. BROWN,  
Lieutenant Commanding.



General Van Dorn sent the following to President Davis:  
Vicksburg, July 15, 1862.

"All vessels of war of the lower fleet, except sloop of war, and all transports, have gotten up steam and are off to get out of the way of the Arkansas. One mortar boat disabled and aground is now burning up.

EARL VAN DORN,  
Major-General.

It is to be remembered that the United States Government built many gunboats on the Ohio and upper Mississippi, most of them iron-plated and they, with a part of Farragut's fleet, were above Vicksburg, while the most of Farragut's fleet were below, and this fight was with the fleet above, causing consternation in the fleet below, and Van Dorn's telegram was in regard to the lower fleet, and as the mortar schooners did not run to Vicksburg, it is apparent that they were somewhat frightened, as they burned this mortar boat that had gotten aground, and their haste was evidently precipitated. They stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once.

General Order No. 51, issued by the War Department at Richmond, in regard to the defense of Vicksburg, winds up as follows;

Lieutenant Brown and the officers and crews of the Confederate steamer Arkansas, by their heroic attack upon the Federal fleet before Vicksburg equaled the highest recorded examples of courage and skill. They prove that the navy, when it regains its proper element, will be one of the chief bulwarks of national defense, and that it is entitled to a high place in the confidence and affection of the country.

By command of the Secretary of war.

S. COOPER,  
Adjutant and Inspector-General.

The Arkansas, having had her pilot-house and smoke-stack patched up, alone set off to recapture New Orleans, that is to say to attempt to destroy the vast fleet in the lower Mississippi. Was it insanity or was it desperation? If the lat-

ter, then the navy boys could be relied upon, for they dearly loved their flag, and no danger could stop them in defending it. So alone she commenced the trip from Vicksburg. How it ended I will let Lieutenant Read tell you:

“The Arkansas left Vicksburg at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, August 3d, and steamed leisurely down the river, having ample time to reach Baton Rouge at the appointed hour. When she arrived within fifteen miles of Baton Rouge her starboard engine broke down. Repairs were immediately commenced, and at 8 o'clock were partially completed, though she was not in condition to engage many of the Yankee vessels on account of the injury received. At 4 o'clock, almost to a minute, General Breckinridge opened the attack on Baton Rouge. A messenger was dispatched at 8 o'clock to ascertain the strength of the enemy's fleet, and the Arkansas proceeded to a point five miles above Baton Rouge, when she was cleared for action.

“We learned from the guerrillas on shore that there were only three gunboats. On rounding the point the starboard engine again broke down, and the ship drifted ashore in sight of Baton Rouge on the Arkansas side. Repairs were immediately commenced, and the ship got again afloat. At 5 o'clock the same evening the engineers reported that the engines were unreliable. It was determined to make another trial trip up the river to ascertain the strength of the engines. Proceeded some 500 yards up the river, when the engines broke more seriously than ever. The crew were engaged all night in repairs. Next morning at 8 o'clock the lookout reported the Federal fleet coming up. The ship was moored head down stream and cleared for action, and in this condition was determined to fight to the last. At 9 o'clock the Essex came round the point and opened fire. At this moment the engineers reported the engine ready and that they would last half a day. The lines were cut and the Arkansas started for the Essex with the intention of running her down. Proceeding about 500 yards in the direction of the Essex, and the larboard engine suddenly stopped. She then made for the bank stern down, the Essex pouring a hot fire into her.

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S. COOPER,  
Adjutant and Inspector-General.

The Arkansas, having had her pilot-house and smoke-stack patched up, alone set off to recapture New Orleans, that is to say to attempt to destroy the vast fleet in the lower Mississippi. Was it insanity or was it desperation? If the lat-

ter, then the navy boys could be relied upon, for they dearly loved their flag, and no danger could stop them in defending it. So alone she commenced the trip from Vicksburg. How it ended I will let Lieutenant Read tell you:

“The Arkansas left Vicksburg at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, August 3d, and steamed leisurely down the river, having ample time to reach Baton Rouge at the appointed hour. When she arrived within fifteen miles of Baton Rouge her starboard engine broke down. Repairs were immediately commenced, and at 8 o'clock were partially completed, though she was not in condition to engage many of the Yankee vessels on account of the injury received. At 4 o'clock, almost to a minute, General Breckinridge opened the attack on Baton Rouge. A messenger was dispatched at 8 o'clock to ascertain the strength of the enemy's fleet, and the Arkansas proceeded to a point five miles above Baton Rouge, when she was cleared for action.

“We learned from the guerrillas on shore that there were only three gunboats. On rounding the point the starboard engine again broke down, and the ship drifted ashore in sight of Baton Rouge on the Arkansas side. Repairs were immediately commenced, and the ship got again afloat. At 5 o'clock the same evening the engineers reported that the engines were unreliable. It was determined to make another trial trip up the river to ascertain the strength of the engines. Proceeded some 500 yards up the river, when the engines broke more seriously than ever. The crew were engaged all night in repairs. Next morning at 8 o'clock the lookout reported the Federal fleet coming up. The ship was moored head down stream and cleared for action, and in this condition was determined to fight to the last. At 9 o'clock the Essex came round the point and opened fire. At this moment the engineers reported the engine ready and that they would last half a day. The lines were cut and the Arkansas started for the Essex with the intention of running her down. Proceeding about 500 yards in the direction of the Essex, and the larboard engine suddenly stopped. She then made for the bank stern down, the Essex pouring a hot fire into her.

"In this condition we opened fire with our stern guns. The Essex continued to advance, and when within 400 yards, the crew of the Arkansas were ordered ashore, and the vessel fired.

"After all hands were ashore the Essex fired upon the disabled vessel most furiously. In an hour after her abandonment the fire communicated to her magazine, and all that remained of the noble Arkansas was blown up."

An extract from telegram of General Van Dorn, to Secretary of War, Richmond:

"Arkansas ordered to co-operate with General Breckinridge, broke machinery five miles above Baton Rouge. On way down was attacked by the enemy; in this condition fought well, inflicting great damage on gunboats, and was then blown up by crew, all of whom escaped. Breckinridge drove the enemy from town to cover of boats; burned camp and large amount of stores; captured some prisoners and several colors."

The Arkansas and Essex were vessels of about the same size and model. The Arkansas carried ten guns, the Essex seven, but in build, plating and engines the Essex was superior, and in the fleet that the Arkansas engaged above Vicksburg, were at least three, if not four, ironclads her superior. Had her engines held, there is no telling what she might have accomplished, but she failed, not from lack of officers and crew, but from defects of machinery.

Captain Lynch wrote the Secretary of the Navy, upon assuming command, in these words: "The Arkansas is very inferior to the Merrimac in every particular. The iron with which she is covered is worn and indifferent, taken from a railroad track, and is poorly secured to the vessel; boiler iron on stern and counter; her smoke-stack is sheet iron."

The Virginia, nee Merrimac, had four inches of rolled iron plates. With the destruction of the Arkansas all of the Confederate ships on the Mississippi were either destroyed by their crews or run up the rivers making into the Mississippi, and from time to time were followed up by superior forces of the enemy, and as they could get no higher up, were de-

stroyed by our people, and the officers and crews were assigned to battery duty and did good service. One of these batteries, Fort Taylor, checked the onward march of the Red River expedition, and destroyed the ironclad Queen of the West, a very formidable steamer carrying six very heavy guns. Our navy boys held their fire; in fact, they kept so still that the enemy did not know that a battery was anywhere about, when all of a sudden our boys opened, and the Queen of the West and her companion, the De Soto, when attempting to turn the Queen, ran aground, and was sunk by our battery. The De Soto escaped for the time.

She had impressed a pilot of a Confederate steamer that she captured carrying stores for our army, and when he saw what damage had been done the Queen he ran the De Soto aground and she was blown up. He was arrested, but what was done to him we have no record.

Another naval battery was commanded by Lieutenant Joseph Fry, who had commanded the Confederate steamship Haurepas. With this vessel he escaped to the White River. Captain Fry, learning that the enemy were about to send an expedition to assist General Curtis, ran his ship to a short distance below St. Charles and sank his vessel and two river steamers in the river. On June 17, 1862, four of the enemy's ships—the Mound City, St. Louis, Lexington and Connestoga—appeared and opened fire. Fry had two batteries of two guns each, one commanded by Lieutenant Dunnington and the other by himself, waiting until he had the Mound City between the two batteries. When both batteries opened on her, the fighting was terrific. When a shot penetrated the boiler of the Mound City and blew her up, the other three vessels, finding they could not silence the batteries, retired with great loss, and ships badly damaged, brought up their transports and landed troops, which took our batteries in rear, and as our sailors had only single barrel pistols the guns were spiked and the crew escaped, except Captain Fry, who being wounded, was taken prisoner.

This is the same Captain Fry who, after the war, was in command of a steamer chartered to land a party of revolu-

tionists and arms, for the Cuban patriots. The landing was successful, but on the return Captain Fry was overhauled by a Spanish gunboat on the high seas, and he and his crew condemned to death. Fry claimed the protection of the American consul, and he either refused to act or did it in such a feeble manner that Fry was shot, while the balance of the crew, who were English and German, got the protection of their consul and were liberated. While many other minor incidents of bravery and dash occurred in the West, the last fight of the Confederates was between the Webb and Queen of the West, Confederate, and the Indianapolis, ironclad, Federal. The Confederates having raised the Queen, which they had sunk, as narrated, and put her in fighting trim, she, with the Webb, set out for the Mississippi. Steaming up that river they came up with the Indianola, an ironclad, having two turrets and carrying 13-inch guns, the most formidable on the river. Both ships made for the Indianola, which was at the time coaling with two barges alongside.

The Queen struck her, or at least one of the barges, which cast off, drifted a short distance and sunk. The Webb, then under full headway, struck about the bow, and crashed in her sides. By this time the Queen got at her again, when seeing his ship in a sinking condition, her captain surrendered, and his ship went down. Some short time afterwards the Queen encountered alone the Federal gunboats Estrella, Calhoun and Arizona. The fight uneven from the start, lasted only a short time, when a shell from the enemy exploded in a supply magazine, blowing up the Queen. Her crew took to the water and were picked up by the Federals, but the major portion were either killed or drowned.

#### CRUISE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES SHIP FLORIDA.

In the early part of the war the Confederate Navy Department sent Commander J. D. Bulloch, one of whose relatives was the mother of President Roosevelt, to Europe to endeavor to have vessels built for the Confederate navy. He had no difficulty in getting them built, but an uphill work to get them to sea. All of the armored vessels were seized and not

allowed to depart, and only a few of the unarmored ones escaped. The first to get away was the Oreto, afterwards known as the Florida. She left Liverpool on March 23, 1862, flying the English flag and commanded by an Englishman. She was loaded with arms and stores for blockade purposes, and bound for Nassau, New Providence. To follow her was the steamer Bahama, fully equipped, and bound for the same port. Upon the arrival of the Florida she was seized and a trial took place. She was found not to have violated the neutrality of England, and was released. Lieutenant J. N. Maffitt had been assigned as her commander, and the Bahama, with only a fragment of crew and officers, cleared for Cardenas, and sailed. A few hours afterwards the Bahama cleared for Wilmington, N. C., and sailed.

They met at a rendezvous, the guns and supplies were transferred to the Florida, and she sailed for and entered the port of Cardenas, Cuba, with seven cases of yellow fever aboard. There were seven United States war ships awaiting her at Nassau, but Maffitt evaded them all, but fearing that they might violate the neutrality of Spain, and seize him at Cardenas, as they afterwards did at Bahia, he sent a dispatch to the Governor of Cuba, asking for protection. That official answered him that he had no means to protect him at Cardenas, but if he could come to Havana, he would insure his safety. This Maffitt did. The fever increased. He lost his stepson, who was his clerk, and several of his men, and after laying in Havana some little time, and not being able to ship a crew, he determined to risk the run to Mobile, Ala.

Before proceeding to tell of the run for Mobile, it will not be out of place to give an insight into the condition of the ship as taken from Captain Maffitt's journal:

"On the morning of the 17th (August) got under way, hoisted and cheered the Confederate flag, and christened the 'Oreto' by her new official cognomen, 'Florida,' parted with the Prince Albert. This was the vessel (schooner) which had taken his guns and stores from the Bahama (steamer), and stood to the starboard and westward. The yellow fever by



this time had gained complete ascendancy, and in our absolute helpless condition were forced to enter a Cuban port. Moreover, we found that neither beds, quoins, sights nor rammers and sponges had been sent us.

"August 18th, at 11:30 p. m., passed a Federal cruiser. We were so close to the reef that he did not see us. At 1:20 a. m., August 19th, entered the harbor at Cardenas, one fireman on watch and about four men, perfectly exhausted, anchored in four fathoms. At 9 got under way and stood into the inner harbor. Communicated with the authorities and represented our helpless condition; received permission per telegram from the Governor-General to remain as long as it was necessary.

"On the 20th, dispatched Lieutenant Stribling and Mr. Vesterling to Havana to obtain through agents, more men and a doctor. The fever had complete possession of the vessel, but as yet none had proved fatal, for I watched every case with the most particular care. 'Twas a sorrowful sight to see our quarterdeck turned into a complete hospital. All men who were able to work we kept fitting side tackles, breachings, etc.

"August 22d—My duties as physician have prostrated me considerably; do not feel well. At 2 p. m. was taken with a slight chill, which I fancied was from getting wet in a thundersquall. Took foot bath and felt better for a time. At 4 while giving medicine to the sick, was seized with a heavy chill, pain in the back and loins, dimness of vision, and disposition to vomit. The painful conviction was forced upon me that I was boarded by this horrible tropical epidemic. I sent for Mr. Floyd and Mr. Wyman, and gave full directions in regard to the duty of the vessel; ordered a physician sent for, and the sick sent to the hospital, and took 40 grains of quinine; then got into a tub of warm water mixed with mustard, took several injections, changed under clothing and sheets, and by this time was in the embrace of a fierce fever. Knowing that fever always affected my brain, I did all that I thought necessary with promptness, even directing the medicine and care of the sick for the night.

"From this period to the 29th, all was blank to me—an epoch of horror and suffering that cannot be realized save by those who have been the recipients of this fell disease. On recovering my first gleam of sunshine I found a medical consultation progressing that was not flattering to my recovery, but Dr. Gillard, of the Spanish gunboat Gaudalquivar, was somewhat hopeful, and I told him his prognostics were correct, as I had not time to die. He and the lieutenant commanding the Gaudalquivar were very polite and attentive, and I hope some day to have it in my power to demonstrate my appreciation of their courtesy. The first unpleasant news conveyed to me on becoming quite sensible was that my dear stepson, Laurens, was seriously ill with fever. Poor boy! He had sat up with me and manifested the most tender solicitude for my recovery. I was distressed that my debilitated condition prevented personal attention to his case. Dr. Barrett, of Georgia, a warm-hearted Irishman, volunteered for the vessel, giving up an excellent situation in the government hospital in Havana in order to demonstrate his devotion to the South in the time of need.

August 30th—At 6:30 p. m. poor Laurens was taken with black vomit. At 7 the noble boy went gently to sleep, beloved and regretted by all who knew him. This blow came like the raven wings of fate, darkening my very soul and nearly producing a relapse. Poor Mr. Seely, our third assistant engineer, and three men departed this life about the same hour. Mr. Floyd is down with fever; also Midshipman Sinclair.

"Mr. Stribling returned, bringing eight men and four firemen. His difficulties in consequence of the neutrality laws had been very great. The Governor-General telegraphed me to proceed to Havana, as there were no forts in Cardenas, and rumor had reached him of an intent on the part of the Yankee to cut me out. The port was already completely blockaded in anticipation of my departure.

"August 31—Committed our dead to their Mother Earth and settled all bills prior to departing for Havana. 'Twas whispered about that we were leaving, and the American consul

dispatched a swift craft to inform the Federal squadron. At 8 p. m the Spanish mail boat (for Havana) left, and when outside was chased by the Federals, who fired shot and shell at her until she entered the harbor of Matanzas. They mistook her for the Florida. At 9:30 we sailed and ran the coast along unmolested.

“September 1st, at 11:30 a. m., entered the harbor of Havana, a large concourse of people assembled upon the quay, and our entrance was attended by a large and favoring audience. Shufelt notified the Yankee fleet of our being in Havana, and an assembly took place off the Moro. Finding that I could not get a crew as it was the season of sickness, when sailors did not congregate in this port, and that my ordnance was defective in arrangement, etc., to say nothing of the want of officers, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for me but to force my way into some Confederate port. In fact, my health was so wretched that I could not well attend to duty, and had to be lifted on deck when necessity called me. Captain Smith volunteered to pilot me into Mobile, and at 9 p. m. I sailed, avoiding the enemy by hugging the shore. The passage was pleasant, though cases of fever continued; but under the fostering care of Dr. Barrett they were not severe.

September 4th, at 3 p. m., made Fort Morgan, and three blockaders were off the bar. At 4:50 p. m. they cannonaded our helpless craft. We could not return their shots, for want of men and proper provision for our guns. The Oneida, Capt. Preble, of ten guns, made an effort to cut us off, but I sheered towards him, and feeling he would be run down, he backed, giving me a momentary advantage. As I ranged ahead of him he poured out a whole broadside that swept away hammocks and some running rigging. One gunboat opened on our port bow, the other on our port quarter, and the cannonading became rapid and precise.

“Having passed the Oneida gave a starboard helm to bring the gunboats in line, and escaped by this range the fire of one of them. This grouping around me bid fair to send the little Florida to the bottom. I hauled down the English flag,

and as soon as the signal halliards could be removed, ran up the Bars and Stars. A shell entered the port quarter, but fortunately neither that nor the nine-inch shell exploded. Several expended Parrott shells struck the mast and fell on board. Our boats were much injured, and all the standing rigging except three shrouds shot away. Our hull was well peppered. Finding that we did not distance the Federals rapidly, I sent the men aloft to loose topsails and top gallant sails, and our sailors responded to the order with alacrity. As soon as they were seen on the yards all the gunboats commenced firing twenty-four-pound schrapnel.

“The standing rigging was shot away as our men came down from aloft. Several were wounded and the boats, masts, shrouds, spars and hull were cut with thousands of schrapnel. The sea was smooth, and our helpless condition gave the enemy confidence and security, which enabled them to coolly use us as a target. The sails availed us considerably, for a light Southeast wind had sprung up. I sent all below, but the officers and two men at the wheel. As we approached the bar a 11-inch shell entered on our port beam about nine inches above the water line, passed through coal bunker, grazing the boiler and entering among the men on the berth deck. By this shot four men were wounded, and James Duncan’s head taken off. Duncan was captain of the maintop and one of our best men. At dusk we were under the guns of Fort Morgan. Were soon visited by the officers. Colonel Powell says the scene was brilliant, and he considers it one of the most dashing feats of the war. Sharkey, captain of fore-castle, and Bellups, quartermaster, were at the wheel during the cannonading, and did well. In truth, everybody acted well their part.

“We were visited by McBlair of the Morgan and Hunter, of the Gaines, their crews cheering as we approached, anchored off Melrose. On the 5th I went up to Mobile with McBlair to recruit. Buried our dead.

Reader, you may search history in vain for a parallel. It does not nor has it ever existed. So mortified were the United States officials, that they made a scapegoat of Preble

and dismissed him from the navy. They had the ships on us, but we had the dash, and under the circumstances, Maffitt, by running into Mobile, has linked his name and fame so stoutly together that time can never efface them. On September 8th Lieutenant Stribling was struck down with the fever, and on the 12th that gallant officer furled his sails and cast anchor in the great beyond.

The Florida having now been thoroughly repaired and fully manned, was ready to take the seas, but the Federals equally determined that she should not do so, had twelve vessels to blockade the entrance to Mobile Bay. Among them was the large and fast steamer R. R. Cuyler which was expected to run the Florida down and sink her.

Maffitt waited patiently for the proper occasion. It came on January 16th, 1863. A severe storm was raging, and during that storm he left his anchorage and steamed across the bar. He was discovered and pursued by several vessels, but when daylight came only the Cuyler was in sight, about five miles astern. She kept up the race all day, and when night came Maffitt changed his course and lost her. The Florida was at times making fourteen and a half knots per hour, while the best speed of the Cuyler was twelve and a half knots. What the Florida did, now that she was as free as a bird, we leave for another chapter, with the remark that her orders were to destroy ships—not to fight them.

We left the Florida a rover on the ocean. On January 19th, 1863, she burned the bark Estelle, from Santa Cruz to Boston, loaded with sugar and honey. On January 29th she entered Havana harbor and coaled. On the 22d she captured and burned the brig Windward, from Matanzas to Portland, and the brig Corris Ann, Philadelphia to Matanzas.

Maffitt then shaped his course for the New England coast and got as far as Hatteras when a severe gale caused damage to his ship and compelled him to make for the West Indies, but on February 12th he overhauled and burned the ship Jacob Bell, from Foo Chow, China to New York, cargo of teas and silks, valued at \$2,000,000, and on the 24th entered the port of Barbadoes. On the same day he sailed south,

and on March 6th captured and burned the ship *Star of Peace*, from Calcutta to Boston, with 840 tons of saltpeter for the Federal Government. On the 15th he captured the schooner *Aldebarian*, New York to Maranham, Brazil, loaded with provisions, supplied the *Florida*, and burned her. On the 28th he captured the bark *Lapwing*, Boston to Batavia, loaded with coal. She was a fine vessel and Capt. Maffitt put two howitzers and a crew on board and put her in command of Lieut. Averett, with instructions to meet him in longitude 30, on the Equator for the purpose of getting coal from him. On the 30th he captured the bark *M. J. Colcord*, New York to Cape Town, loaded with provisions, got out of her what was needed, and burned her; he also overhauled the Dutch brig *Christian*, and put all his prisoners aboard of her. April 14th he fell in with the *Lapwing* and coaled his ship at sea—an irksome and dangerous task. On April 17th he captured the ship *Commonwealth*, New York to San Francisco, cargo valued at \$60,000, and consigned to the Federal Government and burned her. On April 24th he captured and burned the ship *Oneida*, Shanghai to New York, cargo tea, value \$1,000,000. On April 23d he captured and burned the bark *Henrietta*, Baltimore to Rio Janeiro, cargo of flour and provisions. On April 24th he placed prisoners on board French bark *Bremontier*. On April 28th he anchored off the Island of Fernando, De Noronha (Brazil,) communicated with the Governor and found that the *Alabama* (whose career has not yet been given to the reader) had "sailed from here three days before our arrival."

On May 3d, he he fell in with the *Lapwing*. Lieut. Commanding Averett reported the capture of the United States ship *Kate Dyer*, cargo neutral, bonded her for \$40,000. The *Lapwing* leaking, he detached Lieut. Averett and put Acting Master R. S. Floyd in command with orders to anchor under the *Rocas*, 80 miles west of this port.

The *Florida*, then sailed for and entered the port of Pernambuco. On May 6th Maffitt captured the brig *Clarence*, Rio-Janeiro for Baltimore, cargo coffee. Upon the capture of this brig the following letter was addressed to Capt.

Maffitt by Lieut. C. W. Read. The reader has no doubt read of the boy Colonel, Pelham, of the Confederate artillery. In C. W. Read we have the boy commander, for he was born to command, although a mere boy. He was from Mississippi, and was an acting midshipman at the Naval Academy when the war commenced.

It was he who, when Huger fell mortally wounded on the deck of the *McRae*, in the battle of New Orleans, assumed command and fought the ship until he could fight no longer and then destroyed her. Again he was with Capt. Brown, on the *Arkansas*, during her brilliant career, and now he is about to assume a role that eclipses them all. Here is his letter:

C. S. S. Florida, at Sea, May 6.

Lieut. Commanding John N. Maffitt—Sir: I propose to take the brig (*Clarence*) which we have just captured, and with a crew of twenty men to proceed to Hampton Roads, and cut out a gunboat or steamer of the enemy.

As I would be in possession of the brig's papers and as the crew would not be large enough to excite suspicion, there can be no doubt of my passing Fortress Monroe successfully. Once in the Roads, I would be prepared to avail myself of any circumstances which might present for gaining the deck of an enemy's vessel. If it was found impossible to board a gunboat or merchant steamer, it would be possible to fire the shipping at Baltimore.

If you think proper to accede to my proposal, I beg that you allow me to take Mr. E. H. Brown, (engineer) and one fireman with me.

C. W. READ,

2d Lieut, C. S. N.

Reader, if you only knew the surroundings at Fortress Monroe and Hampton Roads you would hold your breath in horror at such a proposition, and you would say, "The man was crazy." He was not. He was perfectly sane. His plans were daring and extra hazardous, but were feasible. Remember this ship or brig was bound for Baltimore, with a cargo of coffee; remember, too, that before the curtain rings

down on this narrative, you will be made aware that Read was only one of the many daring spirits of the Confederate navy, and you will be made aware of the capture of at least four of the Yankee gunboats by small boats of the Confederate navy.

Capt. Maffitt granted Read's request and the two ships parted. We proceed now to follow the Florida.

The Florida then continued to Bermuda, and in that port the Confederate flag received the only salute ever given by an official of a foreign government. The occasion being, I think, Queen Victoria's birthday. Maffitt asked the Governor if he would return a salute fired by the Florida. This is the Governor's reply:

BERMUDA, July 15th, 1865.

Sir: I shall be happy to return any salute that Commander Maffitt may be desirous of ordering in compliment to her Majesty, the Queen. Ten or twelve o'clock to-morrow forenoon would, either of them be convenient hours. In fact any hour would suit, if I am informed a short time previously.

WILLIAM MUNRO.

To Lieut. J. N. Maffitt, Commanding C. S. S. Florida.

But I am a little ahead of my story. After leaving Pernambuco, on May 13th, Maffitt captured and burned the ship Crown Point, from New York for San Francisco, cargo very valuable.

The Florida then proceeded to the Rocas to meet the Lapping, remained fifteen days and not finding the vessel, supposed she had been captured. While there lost the assistant surgeon, Dr. J. D. Grafton, and a seaman, John Sadler, by the capsizing of a boat.

On June 6th he captured and burned the ship Southern Cross, cargo, log wood, from the west coast of Mexico to New York. On June 14th he captured the ship Red Gauntlet, Boston to Hong Kong, cargo of ice, coal, musical instruments, etc., kept her in company for some days to coal, then burned her. On June 16th he captured and burned the ship B. F. Hoxie, cargo of logwood and \$105,000 in silver



bars. On June 27th she captured and bonded for \$10,000, the whaling schooner V. H. Hill, of Providence town, Mass., and placed our prisoners aboard of her. On July 7th she captured the packet ship, Sunrise, New York to Liverpool, cargo neutral; bonded her for \$60,000.

On July 8th, at 12 m., Maffitt sighted a Federal side-wheel man of war. She had four funnels, and was presumed to be the United States steamer Ericksson. She had a large crew on board and was evidently on a cruise for Confederate vessels. "We went in quarters," says Maffitt, "furled sails, and endeavored to get up a good head of steam, but the indifferent quality of the coal we had received from the Red Gauntlet, of which our fires was then made, frustrated all of our efforts. As soon as the Federal steamer got within range of our guns we opened upon him with our starboard broadside, and evidently struck him, as he at once changed his course from us without firing a gun. His superior speed and the setting in of a dense fog enabled him to escape. We were now within 50 miles of New York. Their cruisers lined the whole coast, and having but a small quantity of good coal it was with reluctance that I changed my course. At 8 o'clock p. m. captured and burned the brig W. B. Nash, from New York, and an hour later the whaling schooner Rienzie, from Providence town, with a cargo of oil.

Consider the dash, or the effrontery, if you choose to term it effrontery, of our naval boys. The enemy looking for them in the West Indies, and they burning ships almost in sight of the enemy's largest city. O, that we had ships to match those of our foes, what flag would now be waving over Dixie is not a hard problem to solve.

July 13th Paymaster Lynch died of consumption, and we carried his body to Bermuda and buried him. The Florida after a short stay in Bermuda, sailed for Europe, and on August 21st captured and burned the ship Anglo-Saxon, cargo of coal for New York, and on August 25th arrived at the port of Brest in France. At this place Maffitt, whose health had completely broken down, was detached and Lieut. Barney was placed in command, but as the ship needed con-

siderable repairs before he was ready to sail he, too, was condemned from sickness, and Lieut. C. M. Morris, became the commander of the Florida. The Florida was bark rigged, carried six guns and had a crew of 129, officers and men. After Lieut. Maffitt left her he was promoted to commander and came back to the States; and was assigned to shore duty. His health improving, he took command of the blockade runner Owl, and ran several trips to Wilmington. Learning of the attack on Wilmington he ran into Charleston, but found the city had surrendered, and that he was in the midst of the Yankee fleet. He turned and under fire from a dozen ships recrossed the bar and arrived at Nassau, N. P., where he surrendered his vessel to the owners.

The Florida, under command of Lieut. Morris, after repairing, put to sea and on March 29th captured and burned the ship Avon, with 1,600 tons of guano. On May 18th, 1864, she captured and burned the schooner Geo. Latimer, near Bermuda, Baltimore for Pernambuco, cargo, flour, lard, bread and kerosene oil. On May 19th she captured and burned the brigantine W. A. Clarke, lumber laden, Machias, Me., to Matanzas. On July 1st she captured and burned the bark Harriet Stevens, lumber laden, from Portland, Me., to Cienfuegos. On July 8th she captured and burned the whaling bark Golconda, cargo 1,100 barrels of sperm oil and 700 barrels of whale oil. On July 9th she captured and burned the schooner Margaret Y. Davis, in ballast from Port Royal to New York. On the evening of the same day, near Cape Charles, she overhauled and burned the bark Greenland, from Philadelphia to Pensacola, cargo of anthracite coal which we could not use. She then shaped her course for the Delaware Capes in hope of falling in with Federal transports. At 3 p. m., on July 10th, thirty miles off the eastern shore of Maryland, captured and burned the bark General Berry, New York to Fortress Monroe, cargo of 1,200 bales of hay. Same day burned the bark Zelinda, from Matanzas to Philadelphia, in ballast. Same day overhauled the bark Howard American, neutral cargo, put prisoners on board and allowed

her to proceed. Soon after leaving her discovered a steamer standing to the southward. Proved to be the Electric Spark, New York to New Orleans, with mail and forty-three passengers, crew of thirty-six and very valuable cargo. Took out mail and express safe, hailed the Howard and transferred prisoners, among whom were several United States officers, and burned her. Wanted to send her to Wilmington, but had no engineers. She was then close into the Delaware Capes and as the prisoners would soon be landed and give information of her whereabouts, deemed it prudent to leave the coast. It had been the intention to get in among the fishing fleet higher up and touch the pocket nerve of the Yankee patriots.

The next we hear of the Florida she is at Santa Cruz, on August 4th; and again we hear of her at Bahia, Brazil, where she was treacherously captured by the United States steamer Wauchusett, while the crew were at liberty ashore and many of the officers. Such a breach of neutrality was never heard of before and had it occurred in the port of a nation able to resent the insult an apology would not have sufficed, but war would at once have been declared. The Wauchusett as soon as she had captured the Florida, immediately took her in tow and with her small remnant of officers and crew carried her to Hampton Roads. The officers of the Florida never dreamed that such an act of treachery would be attempted and were taken by surprise and without the power to resist. Brazil, weak as she was made a demand for an apology, and the return of the Florida. This, after some delay, the United States conceded and a day was appointed to turn over the Florida to Brazilian officers, but again the treachery that pervaded the officials of the United States came into play and the night before the day appointed a large American ship ran into and sunk the Florida. Of course, this was claimed as an accident, but the world knows better.

On May 6th, 1865, we left Lieut. Read in the Clarence sailing northward from the tropics, having parted company with the Florida. From Lieut. Read's report, we have the

following: "June 10th, when off Cape Hatteras, learned that it was impossible to carry out my intentions, as Hampton Roads was doubly guarded and no vessel allowed to enter until thoroughly examined. June 21st captured the bark Tacony, and as she was a better vessel, burned the Clarence, after transferring guns and crew to the Tacony. Between the 12th and 24th of June burned and bonded nineteen sail. On June 25th burned the Tacony and transferred guns and crew to schooner Archer. On the 26th I anchored in the harbor of Portland, Me., and at 1:30 a. m. the following morning boarded and captured the United States revenue cutter Caleb Cushing. Day dawned before the cutter could be got out of the range of the forts, and I was in consequence hindered from firing the shipping in the harbor. At 11 o'clock a. m. when about twenty miles east of Portland light, we were attacked by two large steamers and three tugs. After expending all of our ammunition, I blew up the cutter and surrendered in small boats. I will report to you more fully when I return to the Confederacy. As all of our clothing was distributed as relics to the people of Portland, I beg that you will if possible remit to Paymaster Nixon a sufficient sum of money to purchase my men a change of clothing."

This letter is addressed to Secretary Mallory at Richmond, Va., and is dated Fort Warren, Boston harbor, July 20, 1865. The astonishment and perhaps admiration for such audacity and daring, as viewed by the Yanks, was such that they wanted relics and took the clothing as a memento.

The following is Read's report in brief after he was released from Fort Warren: "June 6th 1865, burned bark Windward, Philadelphia to New Orleans, cargo coal for Federal Government. June 7th, captured schooner Alfred H. Partridge, New York to Matamoras, loaded with arms and clothing for the Confederates. Bonded her for \$5,000 for the safe delivery to loyal citizens of the Confederate States of the cargo. June 9th burned the brig Mary Alvina, Boston to New Orleans, cargo commissary stores. June 12th

captured the bark Tacony, in ballast from Port Royal to Philadelphia. As soon as we had possession of her a schooner hove in sight. She proved to be the M. A. Shindler in ballast, from Port Royal to Philadelphia. Then came by the schooner Kate Steward, in ballast from Key West to Philadelphia. I then transferred my prisoners to the Kate Steward and my guns and crew to the Tacony and burned the Clarence and Shindler. June 15th burned the brig Umpire, from Cardenas to Boston, sugar laden. June 20th captured the ship Isaac Webb, from Liverpool to New York, with seven hundred and fifty passengers. Not being able to handle so many people bonded her for \$40,000. Same day burned the fishing schooner Micawber. June 21st burned the clipper ship Byzantium, London to New York, loaded with coal. The same day burned the bark Goodspeed, in ballast, Londonderry to New York. June 22nd captured the fishing schooners, Marengo, Florence E., Ann R. Choate and Ripple. The Florence being an old vessel, put prisoners aboard and burned the others. On June 23rd burned the fishing schooners Ada and Wanderer. June 24th captured the ship Shatemuc, with a large number of emigrants, from Liverpool to Boston, bonded her for \$150,000. Same night captured the fishing schooner Archer. As there were now a number of the enemy's gunboats in search of the Tacony, and my ammunition for the howitzers being exhausted, I determined to burn the Tacony, and in the Archer to proceed up the coast and burn the shipping in exposed ports or cut out a steamer. Having burned the Tacony on June 26th made Portland light. Off Portland I picked up two fishermen, who taking us for a pleasure party, willingly consented to pilot us into Portland. From the fishermen I learned that the revenue cutter Caleb Cushing was in the harbor, and the passenger steamer to New York would remain in Portland during the night. At sunset we entered the harbor and anchored in full view of the shipping. At 1:30 a. m. we boarded and captured the cutter without noise or resistance. The rest has already been told you."

That was not all of the service this gallant boy rendered

to his country. After being exchanged he did service around Richmond, but his restless spirit could not be confined to battery duty and he at his own request was ordered to the *Webb*, the steamer that with the *Queen of the West* destroyed the *Indianola*. This boat was somewhere up one of the Western rivers. Read conceived the idea of taking this boat, mounting one gun, and making his way past New Orleans, gain the Gulf and then continue the destruction of Yankee shipping. Steaming down the Mississippi, and landing every now and then to cut telegraph wires, he was successful in passing through the Federal fleet at New Orleans, but was discovered after passing and was pursued and telegrams ahead caused gunboats below to lookout for him. Seeing that he was headed he ran his boat into the marsh, fired her and surrendered with his crew.

#### OPERATIONS AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

The reader having in all probability been satiated with burning merchant ships, we propose now to bring him back to the States, and tell of river fights. In 1862 Wilmington was scourged with yellow fever, taking off about one-tenth of the population. The writer went there in January, 1863, where he remained nearly the whole year, serving about two months on special duty at Charleston.

So far as fighting goes, little occurred at Wilmington until just before the curtain was rung down upon the Confederacy. But Wilmington at that time was the only port that the Confederacy held. With two channels, one at New Inlet and the other at Caswell, some ten miles apart, with Frying Pan shoals running out between the two, twenty miles into the ocean, coupled with the constant storms that hovered around the coast, made blockading excessively hard and entrance to the river by blockade runners comparatively easy. It was not until the enemy put a second fleet of blockaders on the edge of the Gulf Stream that vessels were captured to any extent. When the writer reported to Flag Officer W. F. Lynch, commanding the naval defences, General Whiting commanded the army defences.

There were two gunboats, The Yadkin, a small wooden vessel, carrying two guns, and the Arctic, which had been the lightship at the end of Frying Pan Shoals. My recollection is that she had no guns, and was a receiving ship with no power of motion. On the stocks were two uncompleted ironclads, the Raleigh and North Carolina. The latter was finished in a few months, and the writer assigned to her. At no time before or since the war has Wilmington enjoyed such a commerce as she did during the latter part of 1862, 1863 and part of 1864. It was no uncommon thing to see ten or twelve steamers lying at her wharves, either unloading supplies for the Confederates or loading with cotton to carry abroad. At one time, if memory is not defective, the writer counted twenty-one at the wharves or lying in the stream. Sometimes as many as five would come in over the two bars and the same number go out. Blockade running had to be done during the dark nights, and a stormy night was still better, if occurring when the moon was not visible. So the reader will perceive that when a blockader entered the port, if he was not ready when the next dark night came, he had to wait over before he could sail. (The North Carolina, after going into commission, took station off Smithville, now South Port, with instructions to come up into fresh water every month and remain a few days to kill the barnacles on her bottom. It was a very inactive station for naval officers—nothing to do except keep watch and be ready should emergency arise.

In this situation, having no enemy to encounter, the Confederate Army and Navy at Wilmington came near having a little bout between themselves. It came about something like this. Flag Officer Lynch entered into a contract with a blockade runner to take out a cargo of cotton for the navy and bring back a cargo for the navy. The captain of this vessel, finding he could get better rates, repudiated his contract and commenced loading on private account. Lynch ordered Lieutenant Kerr, commanding the Yadkin, to take position and prevent this vessel from leaving, which was promptly done. The captain appealed to General Whiting, who had charge of the blockade run-

ners. The writer at that time was a flag midshipman of the station, a high-sounding title, but in reality messenger boy for the flag officer, and his escort with the flag lieutenant, when the flag officer went about on high days. Well, General Whiting as gallant an officer as the Confederacy had, was inclined to follow the example of the Kentucky colonel and take his tea compounded with whiskey and water. Whiting informed the captain that he should leave whenever he was ready, and correspondence passed between the general and flag officer.

As I was the medium of the naval part, I encountered quite a hard time of it. On my first visit to convey a communication "that if the steamer attempted to leave without the naval cotton she would be sunk by the *Yadkin*." I elicited from the general, an ebullition of bad humor. After reading the communication, he turned on me and in language not put down in any of the church manuals, ordered me from his presence, and stated by way of reminder that if I ever brought him another such communication he would kick me out of the office. Well, I had to grin and bear it. Not so with Lynch. For a time he lost his Christianity, and to make a long story short, sent another communication, which I simply handed to the general and attempted to make my departure, when he ordered his orderly to arrest me. But I had slipped through the lines before that official fairly understood the order. In consequence of this second communication General Whiting placed a battery of artillery on the water street, with instructions not to allow any communication with the shore from the *Yadkin*. The flag officer was on board when this order was promulgated, and when he and I attempted to land, a sentry stopped us. Behind the flag officer I marched up the steps at ferry landing—the flag officer brushed aside the bayonet pointed at his breast with his umbrella, and we proceeded to the naval headquarters.

Both parties were determined, and the people at Wilmington became alarmed and sent a delegation to Richmond and laid the matter before President Davis, who ordered both



Lynch and Whiting to appear before him, which they did. What transpired at Richmond was never given out. Lieutenant Williamson, of the navy, was given supervision of the blockade runners, and the ship took out the naval cargo.

The Raleigh was at last finished, Lynch crossed the bar with her at New Inlet early in 1864, and drove the Yankee fleet. Returning his ship struck and broke in two, but the guns and stores were saved.

Some time later the order to come into fresh water having been disobeyed by the commander of the North Carolina, the worms ate through her bottom and she sunk at her anchors opposite Smithville.

This left nothing in the way of ships at Wilmington except the little Yadkin. It was determined to convert some of the blockade runners into gunboats and scourge the coast of the enemy. Two vessels were selected and armed—the Tallahassee, under command of Commander John Taylor Wood, and the Chickamauga under command of Lieutenant John Wilkinson.

#### CRUISE OF THE TALLAHASSEE

After several ineffectual attempts, Captain Wood got to sea, over the Caswell bar, August 6th, 1864.

Passed five blockaders, two of whom fired at him, and was chased by them. Passed and boarded several vessels who proved to be neutral. On August 11th, about eighty miles from Sandy Hook, captured and burned the schooner Sarah A. Boyce, ballast; pilotboat James Funk; brig Carrie Estelle, loaded with logs; bark Bay State, cargo wood; brig A. Richards, cargo coal; schooner Carroll Sprague, pilotboat William Bell, August 12th—Schooner Atlantic, ship Adriatic, bark Suliote, schooner Spokane, brig Billow, schooner Robert E. Packer. August 13th—Bark Glenaven, schooner Lamont Dupont. August 14th—Ship James Littlefield. August 15th—Schooner Mary A, Howee, schooner Howard, schooner Floral Wreath, schooner Sarah B. Harris, schooner Restless, schooner Etta Caroline. August 16th—Bark P. C. Alexander, schooner Leopard, schooner Pearl, schooner Sarah Louise,

schooner Magnolia. August 17th—Schooner North America, brig Neva, schooner Josiah Achom, schooner Diadem, schooner I. Ellis, brig Roan.

Woods then shaped his course for Halifax, Nova Scotia, to get a supply of coal and put in a mast. On his way up the coast Woods entered the mouth of the Penobscot River, but finding no vessels, proceeded to Halifax, where he arrived on August 18th. In twelve days he burned sixteen vessels, scuttled ten, bonded five and released two; total, thirty-three.

Wood intended coming down the coast and continuing his devastation of American commerce, but his treatment at Halifax was such that he had to abandon his intentions and make for Wilmington, with barely enough coal to reach that port. But luck and dash favored him, and on the night of August 26th he entered the port, after an engagement with the enemy's fleet off the bar.

It is supposed that the Tallahassee went to sea a second time, but we have no official data, and nothing except from the diary of Midshipman Clarence Carey, of Chickamauga, who reports: "October 27th—That Tallahassee is ready to go out and lying abreast of us in Cape Fear River. November 19th—Reached Wilmington about 11 a. m., found Tallahassee safe in port. She destroyed six vessels, one of which was a brig, that we chased the second day out. This makes thirty-nine vessels captured by the Tallahassee in all."

#### CRUISE OF THE CHICKAMAUGA.

No official record of the cruise of this vessel was ever found, and probably, like most of the Confederate records, it was destroyed in Richmond when that city was evacuated. Midshipman Carey's diary alone is our guide. "The Chickamauga ran out from over New Inlet bar on the night of October 28, 1864.

"Captured and burned the ship Emily L. Hall, sugar-laden, on October 31st. October 30th—Burned the bark Mark L. Potter. October 29th—Burned the ship Albion Lincoln. On November 1st sighted the lighthouse on Montauk

Point at the end of Long Island, N. Y. Scuttled the schooners Good Speed and Otter Rock, and got papers showing the United States vessels were in search of us. November 6th—Changed course and stood for Bermuda. Reached St. George. November 7th—Sixty-five men and the gunner deserted. November 19th—Re-entered the port of Wilmington after a sharp engagement with five of the enemy's steamers off the bar." These two vessels were then put out of commission, loaded with cotton and sailed for Bermuda or Nassau.

#### CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER

An attempt was made upon Fort Fisher some time before the final battle, which resulted in its capture. General Butler showed his ignorance of cause and effect by exploding a vessel containing several hundred tons of gunpowder as near the fort as he could get. The result was as appreciative as a gnat on the horn of an ox. The ships of the Confederate States Navy at Wilmington, having been put out of commission, as stated, the naval crews and officers were turned over to Col. Lamb. A separate navy battery was under command of Lieutenant Chapman and the balance in the fort.

From Admiral Porter's correspondence with the United States Navy Department we learn:

"That in this attack there were twenty transports, carrying about eighteen thousand troops.

"The fleet consisted of four monitors and the ironclads New Ironsides and Dictator, with forty-eight frigates, sloops, and gunboats, carrying in the aggregate, 570 guns, while the fort manned only seventy-five guns. The enemy formed in four lines, the nearest being a half mile from the forts and the others one-quarter of a mile each farther out; while a fifth line, as reserves, were one and one-half miles away. The action commenced on January 15th, 1865, with a terrible bombardment, which put out of action all but two of the fort's guns. At 10 o'clock of the 15th the men from the ships assailed the water front, while the army took the north face of the fort. The naval crowd was driven back

with great loss, while the army was more successful, and obtained a foothold in the fort. Then commenced the most desperate contest, from casemate to casemate, and it was not until 6 o'clock in the afternoon that our boys overcome with fatigue and outnumbered, surrendered the fort."

We have no official record of our losses. Admiral Porter gives the loss as follows: "Naval officers and men killed and wounded 309, soldiers, 600, with 200 additional killed by magazine explosion. After surrender, Confederate loss, 500 killed, besides wounded: 1,900 prisoners. Porter says they "expended 50,000 shells, and that there was not an inch of ground inside the fort that was not plowed up; that the fort was a mass of ruins and only two guns that were of any use. With the fall of the fort, all our other fortifications were blown up and abandoned, and Wilmington fell into the hands of the enemy."

#### OPERATIONS AROUND CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

On November 16th, 1861, Flag Officer Duncan N. Ingraham was assigned to the command of the naval station at Charleston. Under his supervision two ironclads, the *Chicora* and *Palmetto State*, were built; afterwards two others, the *Charleston* and *Columbia*. The latter on her trial trip struck upon an unknown obstruction and broke in two. The old wooden ship, the *Indian Chief*, was used as a receiving ship. This constituted the naval resources from first to last in the ever memorable attack on Charleston, which may truly be said to have lasted nearly four years.

On January 31st, 1863, Flag Officer Ingraham commanded the fleet, the *Chicora* being under command of Captain John R. Tucker, and the *Palmetto State* under Lieutenant John Rutledge. The morning was hazy and the water smooth. At 4:30 the Confederate vessels crossed the bar, and at 5:30 a. m. commenced the action. Captain Tucker reports as follows: "Commenced the action by firing into a schooner-rigged propeller, which we set on fire, and have every reason to believe sunk. We then engaged a large side-wheel steamer, twice our length, from us on our port bow, firing three shot into her with telling effect, when she

made a run for it. This vessel was supposed to be the Quaker City.

“We then engaged a schooner-rigged propeller and a large side-wheel steamer, and setting the latter on fire, caused her to strike her flag. At this time the latter vessel (supposed to be the Keystone State) was completely at my mercy, I having taken position astern, distance some two hundred yards, at once gave the order to cease firing upon her, and directed Lieutenant Bier, first Lieutenant of the Chicora, to man a boat and take charge of the prize, if possible to save her; if that was not possible, to rescue her crew. While the boat was in the act of being manned, I discovered that she was endeavoring to make her escape by working her star-board wheel, the other being disabled. Her colors being down, I at once started in pursuit, and renewed the engagement. Owing to her superior steaming qualities, she soon widened the distance, hoisted her flag and commenced firing her rifle gun. Her commander, by this faithless act, placed himself beyond the pale of civilized and honorable warfare. We next engaged two schooners, one brig and one bark-rigged propeller, but from lack of speed were not able to bring them into close action.”

Flag Officer Ingraham reports from the Palmetto State: “After crossing the bar, made a steamer at anchor and stood for her. When quite near were hailed. ‘What steamer is that. Drop your anchor or you will be into us,’ replied the Confederate steamer Palmetto State.

“We ran into her and at the same time fired the 7-inch gun into her. She gave an order to fire. In an instant she was enveloped in steam, and I hailed and asked if she surrendered. She replied that she did. I then ordered her to send a boat aboard, which she did, with Lieutenant Abbott, who surrendered and gave a verbal parole for himself and his ship’s company. The vessel proved to be the United States Steamer Mercedita. I then stood to the north and encountered another steamer getting under way, but she soon got out of our way. I then stood for the Chicora to render any aid it needed, she being engaged with several

vessels. I then returned to the harbor, the enemy's ships being entirely out of sight."

Of this engagement General Beauregard said:

"Dear Commodore—Permit me to congratulate you and the gallant officers and men under your command for your brilliant achievement of last night, which will be classed hereafter with those of the Merrimac and Arkansas. May your efforts be always crowned with the same success is the sincere wish of your friend.

"Captain D. N. Ingraham."

"G. T. BEAUREGARD."

The escape of the steamer *Mercedita* caused the United States to order a court of inquiry as to whether she was with her crew a lawful prize to the Confederates, and Commodore Shubrick, U. S. N., was made chairman of the court of inquiry. This board met, and after taking testimony reported that the parole given by Lieutenant Abbott was binding, but took no action as to the vessel, and it was never turned over to the Confederates. Commodore Shubrick was a South Carolinian, who remained on the other side, and at the breaking out of hostilities was the senior captain in the United States navy. Consequently he must have been a very old man, as captain was then the highest grade. This affair caused no little correspondence with foreign governments, the Confederates contending that it had raised the blockade of the port of Charleston, but the matter was finally decided against us. Some time after this affair Commodore Ingraham was placed in command of the station, and Flag Officer Tucker placed in command afloat. Many blockade-runners came into Charleston, which caused the Yanks to sink vessels loaded with stone twice in the channels. The enormous fleet that was at all times off the bar caused many blockade-runners to be captured, and the trade eventually went to Wilmington. As I stated Charleston may be said to have been constantly under fire for nearly four years, and the navy was strained to the utmost to do guard-boat duty.

One of the ironclads was under way every night around Fort Sumter, and from one to two small boats further out; so

to give them some relief, Captain Muse, of the ironclad North Carolina, lying in Cape Fear River, issued the following order, directed to Lieutenant W. T. Glassel:

“Sir.—Sixty men, with three officers, viz., Dr. Griggs, Midshipmen Clayton and Hogue, are placed under your command. You will proceed to Charleston with them without any delay, and report yourself and command to Flag Officer John R. Tucker for duty.

Well, upon arriving, in Charleston, Lieutenant Glassel was detached and ordered to the command of the David, while the balance of the command were ordered to report for duty to Lieutenant Dozier, commanding the Indian Chief. We came to Charleston September 7th, 1863, and remained about two months, doing guard-boat duty. Then we returned to Wilmington. It was just before or shortly after our arrival that Fort Wagner was evacuated, and the Swamp Angel, the gun that occasionally threw a shell into or beyond the city, burst.

The continued attacks of the fleet upon Fort Sumter had reduced the fort to a mere pile of brick, and my recollection is that not a single gun remained mounted. But the flag was still there, and continued to remain until the city was evacuated.

After an all-day bombardment of Fort Sumter by the Union fleet on September 7th, 1863, the enemy conceived the idea of capturing the fort with small boats, expecting that after such a shelling as had been given the fort its defenders would be off their guard. But in this they were mistaken, as no port was ever guarded with more vigilance than was Charleston.

Of this engagement Admiral Dalgren reports in substance:

“The department is already informed that on the night of the 6th (September) the enemy evacuated Morris Island, leaving it in our possession. This offered an opportunity for assaulting Fort Sumter, which was well broken on the gorge and southwest faces. If we were successful this would enable me to pass the obstruction in the main channel. The attack was to be made in four divisions, with six-

teen boats and launches and 400 men, under protection of the New Ironsides. I learned by flag of truce that our party has been repulsed with considerable loss; that 150 men and officers are prisoners, and three men are killed."

The individual reports of commanding officers from whose ships this expedition was drawn show "eleven killed and wounded and 145 missing." The report of Lieutenant Williams, commanding First Division, and who was captured, reports "three killed and twenty wounded, and ninety-five prisoners. Four boats were captured." The fort, as mentioned had no guns mounted, but the garrison, with muskets, pistols, handgrenades and bricks, forced back this crowd of assailants. The Chicora opened with grape and canister at short range, while the forts opened with shell. The fight lasted only a few minutes. The enemy effected a landing on the fort, but their reception was so hot from above and below that they contented themselves with hiding among the bricks. In a friendly dispute over the ownership of the four boats captured, between General Ripley and Flag Officer Tucker, the evidence of the boats themselves, awarded the verdict to the navy, as they were torn up with grape and canister, and the Chicora, was the only one of the defending forces using that ammunition. Had the enemy been successful, there would have been one of the most desperate naval engagements of the war.

We had three good ironclads, several torpedo boats, and as determined a lot of officers and men as ever were assembled. While the odds would have been against us, the position and surroundings would have been in our favor, which might have put a different aspect upon the result of the war. But we are not here to dwell on "what might have been," but to record facts.

On August 5th, the little wooden steamer Juni, Lieutenant Porcher, Confederate States navy, commanding, discovered a Federal launch spying out our position and fortifications. He immediately ran for her, struck and capsized her and brought her crew, consisting of an officer and twenty men, in as prisoners.



We have record of two attempts to blow up the United States ironclad *New Ironsides*. The first was made by J. Carlin. He dates his report Charleston, S. C., August 22nd, 1863, does not give the name of his vessel and his report is made to General Beauregard. Hence it was not an effort by the Confederate States navy. It was a complete failure, according to his report found in Volume 14, United States Official Reports of the Navies of the United States and Confederate States at page 498.

The second attack was made by Lieutenant Glassel in the little steamer *David*. Much has been written of this little boat that is error. She has by many been classed as a submarine. This is wrong. She was shaped like a cigar, capable of carrying only four men, and having a spar attached to her bow, upon which, on the night she struck the *New Ironsides*, was placed a torpedo containing seventy pounds of powder. Lieutenant Glassel informed the writer (he was my executive officer on the *North Carolina*, and I came with him to Charleston) that "in his opinion it was not sufficient; that he had urged a torpedo of 150 pounds, but the officers thought seventy sufficient."

From the report of Engineer J. H. Tomb we gathered the following: "On the night of October 5th the propeller *David*, with the following crew: Lieutenant W. T. Glassel, Engineer James H. Tomb, Pilot Walker Cannon and fireman James Sullivan, steamed out among the Federal fleet. At 9 o'clock p. m., everything being favorable, we headed for the *Ironsides*. When within fifty yards we were hailed, which was answered by a shot from a double-barreled gun in the hands of Lieutenant Glassel. (This killed the officer of the deck of the *Ironsides*.) In two minutes we struck the ship (going at full speed) under the starboard quarter, about fifteen feet from her sternpost, exploding our torpedo about six and a half feet under her bottom. The enemy fired rapidly with small arms, riddling the vessel, but doing us no harm. The column of water thrown up was so great that it recoiled upon our frail bark in such force as to put out the fires and lead us to suppose that the little vessel would sink. The en-

gine was reversed for backing, but the shock occasioned by the jar had been so great as to throw the iron ballast among the machinery, which prevented its working. During this delay the vessel, owing to the tide and wind, hung under the quarter of the Ironsides. The fire upon us was kept up the whole time. Finding ourselves in this critical position, and believing our vessel to be in a sinking condition, we concluded that the only means of saving our lives was to jump over board, trusting that we would be picked up by the boats of the enemy. Lieutenant Glassel and Fireman James Sullivan, provided with life preservers, swam off in the direction of the enemy's vessels, and were not seen afterwards. (They swam to a coal schooner and were taken prisoners).

"The pilot stuck to the vessel, and I being overboard at the time, and finding that no quarter would be shown, concluded it was best to make one more effort to save the vessel. Accordingly, I returned to her and rebuilt my fires. After some little delay, got up steam enough to move the machinery. The pilot then took the wheel and we steamed up channel, passing once more through the fleet, and within three feet of the monitor, being subjected the whole time to one continuous fire of small arms. The Ironsides fired two eleven-inch shot at us."

While the damage done the Ironsides did not put her out of action, due entirely to the want of sufficient powder in the torpedo, it caused considerable injury. Mr. Tomb made several other efforts with the David, but failed to accomplish any results.

We have told the reader, and proved our assertion, that the Confederate States naval officers first put into use the ironclad ship and the torpedo. Now we propose to show a Confederate has the honor of inventing the first submarine boat. H. L. Hunley, of Mobile, Ala., so we are informed, made this invention, and came to Charleston with it. He named his invention after himself. His confidence in the craft was unbounded, and he expected much from it. Naval officers who inspected it, were dubious, but they gave it a

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From the report of Engineer J. H. Tomb we gathered the following: "On the night of October 5th the propeller *David*, with the following crew: Lieutenant W. T. Glassel, Engineer James H. Tomb, Pilot Walker Cannon and fireman James Sullivan, steamed out among the Federal fleet. At 9 o'clock p. m., everything being favorable, we headed for the *Ironsides*. When within fifty yards we were hailed, which was answered by a shot from a double-barreled gun in the hands of Lieutenant Glassel. (This killed the officer of the deck of the *Ironsides*.) In two minutes we struck the ship (going at full speed) under the starboard quarter, about fifteen feet from her sternpost, exploding our torpedo about six and a half feet under her bottom. The enemy fired rapidly with small arms, riddling the vessel, but doing us no harm. The column of water thrown up was so great that it recoiled upon our frail bark in such force as to put out the fires and lead us to suppose that the little vessel would sink. The en-

gine was reversed for backing, but the shock occasioned by the jar had been so great as to throw the iron ballast among the machinery, which prevented its working. During this delay the vessel, owing to the tide and wind, hung under the quarter of the Ironsides. The fire upon us was kept up the whole time. Finding ourselves in this critical position, and believing our vessel to be in a sinking condition, we concluded that the only means of saving our lives was to jump over board, trusting that we would be picked up by the boats of the enemy. Lieutenant Glassel and Fireman James Sullivan, provided with life preservers, swam off in the direction of the enemy's vessels, and were not seen afterwards. (They swam to a coal schooner and were taken prisoners).

"The pilot stuck to the vessel, and I being overboard at the time, and finding that no quarter would be shown, concluded it was best to make one more effort to save the vessel. Accordingly, I returned to her and rebuilt my fires. After some little delay, got up steam enough to move the machinery. The pilot then took the wheel and we steamed up channel, passing once more through the fleet, and within three feet of the monitor, being subjected the whole time to one continuous fire of small arms. The Ironsides fired two eleven-inch shot at us."

While the damage done the Ironsides did not put her out of action, due entirely to the want of sufficient powder in the torpedo, it caused considerable injury. Mr. Tomb made several other efforts with the David, but failed to accomplish any results.

We have told the reader, and proved our assertion, that the Confederate States naval officers first put into use the ironclad ship and the torpedo. Now we propose to show a Confederate has the honor of inventing the first submarine boat. H. L. Hunley, of Mobile, Ala., so we are informed, made this invention, and came to Charleston with it. He named his invention after himself. His confidence in the craft was unbounded, and he expected much from it. Naval officers who inspected it, were dubious, but they gave it a

trial, and Lieutenant Haskell, with a crew, entered it to make a test.

Just as he was about to close the hatch, it sunk, and he and his crew were barely saved. The navy then condemned it, and Mr. Hunley determined to show himself that it was not a failure. So on October 15th he with seven men, entered it to make a dive under the receiving ship Indian Chief. The vessel never came to the surface, and he and his crew were drowned. This accident did not deter Lieutenant Dixon from giving it another trial. So on February 17th he, with a crew, went out to the Yankee fleet, and the next morning the mast and spars of one of the fleet was seen above water, but nothing was learned of the Hunley and her crew. Several days afterwards it was learned from an officer and five men of a Yankee picket boat captured by Boatswain J. M. Smith (my old chum of the Patrick Henry) that the vessel sunk was the Housatonic, carrying twelve guns and a crew of five hundred men and officers; that she had been sunk by a torpedo boat and the whole of her stern off. The men barely had time to take to the rigging, whence they were rescued the next day except three men and an officer, who were drowned.

After the war the torpedo boat that did this work was raised and proved to be the Hunley. Thus perished another crew with her.

To tell of the many other acts of daring and the minor captures made around Charleston, would occupy too much space. As I have given the important events, nothing is left but to note the fact that Sherman having flanked the city, General Hardee had nothing left but to evacuate after the ships had been burned and all government stores destroyed or removed. The ironclad steamer Patapsco was sunk. She was one of the best of the United States monitors, and was on picket duty when she drifted over a torpedo and went down in a minute, carrying with her sixty-five men and officers. On February 18th the United States flag was hoisted over the city by those who had failed to capture her, after nearly a four years' incessant firing upon

her forts. The naval officers and men marched to Richmond, while the troops, under General Hardee, joined Johnsons's army in North Carolina.

#### OPERATIONS AROUND SAVANNAH.

Having already detailed the operations of Flag Officer Tattnall with his little fleet at the battle of Port Royal, there is comparative little to tell of naval operations around Savannah of more than minor importance.

The night in Hampton Roads inspired hope throughout the Confederacy, and aroused a degree of patriotism among our people and a demand for vessels of the Virginia pattern at every Southern port. The ladies of Savannah at once began to raise funds for the building of the ladies' gunboat at Savannah. They sold their jewels and raised subscriptions and at last got sufficient to build this boat, which was named the Georgia. This vessel was hastily built out of green timber, and, I think, covered with railroad iron. Her engines were of insufficient power to move her more than two or three miles an hour, and after serving as a mark of the patriotism of our Southern women for a short time, her seams commenced to open. She was run upon a mud flat below the city and converted into a naval battery.

The fall of Fort Pulaski, the close vigil of the blockading fleet, and the occupancy of the mouth of the river by the enemy put Savannah out of business as a port of entrance for blockade-runners. But one vessel, the Fingal, having entered the port and being a larger and stancher vessel than the average blockade-runners, the Confederate government purchased her and converted her into a gunboat of the Virginia pattern. She was placed in command of Lieutenant Webb, who had so gallantly fought the little tug Teaser in Hampton Roads. On June 17th 1863 Lieutenant Webb entered Wasaw Sound, where lay the United States monitors Wehawken and Nahant, with a side-wheel wooden vessel carrying ten guns, called the Cinaron. Webb steamed at once for them, and they appeared as if retreating, when the Atlanta ran hard and fast aground. In this position the

two monitors ran up within two hundred yards, one on each side, and with fifteen inch guns fired into her. Only four shots were fired from the enemy and five from the Atlanta, the latter at a much longer distance. The weight of these powerful missiles penetrated the iron and wooden sides of the Atlanta, killing and wounding many of her crew. Webb surrendered. At the bow of the Atlanta was a heavily charged torpedo, and it had been Webb's intention to have depended more upon his torpedo and his prow for ramming purposes than upon his guns. Getting ashore spoiled all of his well-laid plans. It has been said that the Atlanta had a speed of ten miles an hour. If this is true, she was the most effective vessel the Confederates ever had, both for ramming purposes and for spar torpedo work, as none of the monitors had such speed. Her loss was a great calamity, and again the C. S. Navy got uncomplimentary newspaper comments. Webb was tried by courtmartial and exonerated.

As an offset to this the capture of the U. S. S. water Witch by Lieutenant Pelot and several boats crews revived naval stock.

On the morning of June 3rd, 1863, Lieutenant Thomas P. Pelot, with five ship's boats and a crew of officers and men amounting to about 100, entered Osabaw Sound, near the Beaulieu Battery. Lying several miles below was the U. S. gunboat Water Witch, commanded by Austin Pendergrass. The Water Witch carried four guns and crew and officers—eighty, all told. With muffled oars the boats in two divisions then pulled out to the Federal ship. When within about thirty yards they were hailed. This about 2 a. m. The hail was answered by a volley of musketry from the boats, and in the next minute the crews were clambering over the sides of the fated vessel. Pelot led one division, which boarded on the starboard side, and Lieutenant Price the other, which boarded on the port side. Our boys were met by a galling fire as they reached the deck. Two of the boats were driven off before reaching the vessel, and several men and officers killed and wounded, so that in fact only three

boat's crews got to the deck, where the hand-to-hand fight was most terrific and lasted something like half an hour.

The night was extremely dark, and it was hard to tell friend from foe. On the Confederate side Lieutenant Pelot was killed and Midshipman Minor wounded; six men killed and six wounded. On the deck in the boats that were driven off one killed and seven wounded. Among the wounded was the negro pilot, who afterwards died. The loss of the enemy was sixteen killed and wounded, and forty-nine men and thirteen officers made prisoners. Lieutenant Price, upon the death of Pelot, assumed command, and the vessel was anchored under Beaulieu Battery. Thence she moved to below Fort McAllister, where she was burned upon the evacuation of Savannah. The Lieutenant Pendergrass here mentioned is the same officer who, after surrendering the Cumberland at the battle of Hampton Roads, treacherously broke his parole. Entering from the Confederate steamer again on his own ship for the avowed purpose of aiding his wounded he never returned, and afterwards opened fire upon the Confederate vessel with musketry. He was court-martialed by his government for losing the Water Witch and suspended with loss of rank for two years.

The Confederates afterwards built two other ironclads at Savannah—the Savannah, which was in commission when the city was captured, and another. The other was uncompleted. Several small armed steamers completed the naval defenses.

When Savannah fell the smaller steamers went up the Savannah River and aided our troops to cross, while Captain Brent, of the Savannah, determined to run for Charleston or Wilmington, and requested the engineer officer to remove the torpedoes, so he could go to sea. This official, after a trial, reported that the anchors were so imbedded in the mud that he could not clear a passage. This caused Captain Brent to destroy his ship. The Samson and Macon reached Augusta, while the Isondaga and Resolute were so badly riddled by the enemy's artillery that they were fired and abandoned. Savannah was occupied by the Federals De-



ember 21st, 1864. It had been my intention to have given this narrative in chronological order, but I soon found that to do so would destroy the continuity of the story, so I had to abandon that idea; and now, that we are on the subject of boat expeditions, will conclude this chapter with a recital of several. This brings us back to where we started from the Potomac River.

#### CAPTURE OF THE SATELLITE AND RELIANCE.

After the battle of Drewry's Bluff, the restless spirit of John Taylor Wood prompted him to get up an expedition to capture some of the enemy's gunboats in the Potomac.

On the morning of the 12th of August, 1863, Lieutenant Wood, with four boats and sixty men and officers, left Richmond. The boats were placed on wheels, and on the 16th the party arrived at the Piankatank River, and launched their boats about twenty-five miles from the mouth. That night they rowed down to the bay, sighted two United States gunboats under way, returned and entered a creek. The enemy having gotten information of our whereabouts, sent up an expedition to capture us, but it returned when nearly in sight of us. Then Lieutenant Wood determined to make his attack from the Rappahannock, as the boats at the mouth of the Piankatank would be on their guard. On August 23rd he found two gunboats anchored off the mouth of the river so close together that it became necessary to board each at the same time. Wood took two boats and Lieutenant Hoge two, and each pulled for the vessel allotted. When within a short distance they were hailed, but continued on and boarded. The fight on deck was pretty stubborn, but within fifteen minutes both vessels were captured. They proved to be the United States gunboats Satellite, two guns and forty men and the Reliance, two guns and forty men. Both were short of coal. Lieutenant Wood ran with them up the Rappahannock to Urbana, where, taking the coal from the Reliance, he, with the Satellite, ran back to the bay and captured the schooner Golden Rod, schooner Coquette and schooner Two Brothers, the first being loaded with coal and the other two with anchors and chains. Wood

then proceeded with his prizes to Port Royal, on the Rappahannock; and knowing that he would be pursued by the enemy, brought his prizes up to Port Royal, stripped them of all that was valuable and fired them.

**SOLDIERS TURN SAILORS—CAPTURE OF THE MORNING LIGHT  
AND VELOCITY OFF SABINE PASS.**

In the coast regiments of the C. S. Army where many seamen, and at times they were of great assistance, in a nautical way, to their comrades of the land forces. We now proceed to tell of a gallant action, the credit of which belongs to the army.

On January 21st, 1863, a sailing ship and schooner were blockading Sabine Pass. The ship carried twelve guns, the schooner two, with a joint crew of 160 men and officers. About daylight two small river steamers, the Josiah Bell, commanded by Captain Charles Fowler, and the Uncle Ben, commanded by Captain Johnson, armed with one small gun each, went to attack them. A breast work of cotton bales protected the men, some three hundred in number. When day broke the attacking party were within four miles of the enemy. Immediately the enemy got underway and were pursued by the steamers, the enemy firing incessantly, but doing little or no damage. When within a mile of each other the Uncle Ben opened, the Bell having got aground. Onward came the Uncle Ben, and when alongside the soldiers sprang over the decks of the Morning Light and she surrendered. The schooner seeing her flag hauled down, did the same, and a prize crew were put on board. This action took place some twenty-eight miles from the Pass.

Finding that the ship drew too much water to cross the bar, she was stripped and burned. The schooner was towed into port. The loss to the Confederates was one man wounded; to the Federals, one killed, two mortally wounded and seven wounded, with 109 prisoners.

**ANOTHER ARMY NAVAL VICTORY.**

Galveston, Texas, lies on an island. It was in the posses-

sion of the enemy and General Magruder determined to regain it. To that end he had a battery erected on shore at the nearest point, and equipped three small steamers—river boats—which were made secure above water by cotton bales. These boats were under command of Captain Leon Smith, an old salt; the Bayou City, mounting two guns, under command of Captain Lubbick or Lubbuck, a master's mate in the C. S. Navy; the Neptune, mounting one gun, and the John F. Karr, mounting one gun. The fleet of the enemy consisted of the Harriet Lane, six guns; the Westfield, eight guns; the Owasco, eight guns; the Clifton, four guns; a steam propeller, four guns; the Sachem, four guns; two armed transports, a bark and two schooners. The battery opened about midnight, and just before day the steamers ran into action. The Bayou City ran into the Harriet Lane under fire from her and the whole fleet.

The Neptune followed but got such a baptism of shot and shell that, finding herself in a sinking condition, she ran into shoal water and went down. Her crew were saved. The Bayou City returned to the attack of the Harriet Lane, and again rammed her, this time forcing her bows under the wheelhouse of the Lane (she was a sidewheeler), and was unable to back off. Lubbuck gave the order to board, and the soldiers soon had the boat. Captain Wainwright, of the Harriet Lane, was killed, as was also Lieutenant Lea, his first officer. The Westfield was fast aground, and the rest of the enemy's fleet at the mercy of our artillery. When a flag of truce was sent by General Magruder to demand the surrender of all, three hours was asked to consider, and with white flags flying on both sides, the enemy silently moved away. The Westfield was blown up by her commander, Captain Ranshaw, who by reason of the premature explosion was killed just as he was leaving his ship. Our loss, 26 killed and 117 wounded. The enemy's loss, 400 killed, wounded and prisoners. We got a gunboat, two barks and a large amount of stores, and recaptured Galveston, Major A. I. Lea, one of Magruder's officers, found

upon going on board the *Harriet Lane*, mortally wounded, his son, Lieutenant Lea, of the U. S. Navy.

#### CAPTURE OF THE GUNBOAT UNDERWRITER.

In the latter part of January, 1863, Lieutenant John Taylor Wood, C. S. N., devised a plan to assist General Pickett in his attack upon Newbern, N. C., and on the 28th Lieutenant Royall came on board the schoolship *Patrick Henry*, lying above Drewry's Bluff, with orders for ten midshipmen for special duty. That night he, with ten ship's boats, pulled quietly down the *James* and up the *Appomatox*, and placing our boats on flat cars, we were well down the Petersburg and Weldon Road when the sun arose. Reaching Kinston, N. C., we launched our boats in the Neuse River, where we awaited two boats from Charleston, under command of Lieutenant Porcher, and two launches from Wilmington under command of Lieutenant Gift. On the morning of February 1st we left, and pulling sixty miles, found ourselves opposite Newbern about 4 a. m. Finding no gunboats, we went around into the Trent (Newbern is situated on a point of land, the Neuse on one side and the Trent River on the other), and finding none there, we returned and took shelter in Batchelor's Creek. There we remained all day, listening to the firing of General Pickett's attack. That night, about 12 o'clock, we left our position and proceeded again to Newbern, where one gunboat was anchored. We formed in two lines, Wood commanding the right and Royall the left, with Gift still further to the left, as a reserve.

The order of battle was that Wood would board on the starboard side, Royall on the port, and Gift to remain off and fire into her with his howitzers if she got underway.

The night was somewhat cool—just such a night as the sailor likes to get under the lee of the smokestack—and we had approached within 200 yards when the lookout struck five bells (half after 2 a. m.) Then he hailed, "Boat, ahoy!" No answer. Again, "Boat, ahoy!" when Wood, standing up in the lead boat gave the command, "Bend to your oars, boys!" White ash did its duty, and in an instant we were

alongside, but not until the crew were on deck to meet us. Engineer Gill was the first to try and climb over the nettings, and received five bullets through the head. A sailor met a similar fate, but the other boats getting alongside, we gained her deck. Then came a hand-to-hand fight for the mastery, cutlass and pistol. Lieutenant Royall, in attempting to board from the port side, got tangled in a hawser that moored the ship to the shore. Her starboard anchor was down, and she was directly under a heavy battery. As a consequence, Royall boarded from her port quarter. Step by step we forced that crew back until, turning and seeing Royall coming up in their rear, they cried out, "Surrender." Then it was that our boys forgot the order to keep quiet and fight their way to stations.

They gave the rebel yell; the fort opened on us, and smashed the machinery so that we could not bring off our prize. Lieutenant Wood then gave the order to Lieutenant Hoge to remain with one other boat and burn her, while Wood conducted the retreat in good order. Hoge succeeded in setting her afire, but as he left her with the other boat, the flames lit up the water, and shot and shell plowed up the waters around him. However he escaped without injury. Midshipman Palmer Saunders was killed on the hurricane deck in a hand-to-hand encounter with a large Swede. He had just clove his head in twain with his cutlass when a musket was put to his ear and fired. Our loss was twenty killed and wounded, among them the two officers mentioned. That of the enemy was unknown. We brought off fifty-nine prisoners, fifteen wounded. Her captain was killed. She proved to be the U. S. gunboat Underwriter, carrying a crew of ninety men and officers, and four heavy guns. Some of her crew escaped by swimming ashore, and some were drowned in the attempt. General Pickett having been forced back, we had to follow, and reached our stations as we came.

## THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA.

We left Capt. Raphael Semmes as the Sumter was sold at Gibraltar. We now introduce him again to you as commander of the Confederate States steamer Alabama, off the coast of Portugal, ready to destroy Federal commerce.

The Tuscarora had been for two months watching a suspicious looking bark being built, named the Enrica, but through the diplomacy of Captain Bulloch, our naval agent abroad, her captain, Craven, was dodged, and the Enrica taken to the north of Ireland, where she was met by steamers and sailing vessels, with her armament, stores, officers and crew.

On August 24, 1862, on the high seas, Semmes unfurled the stars and bars, and commenced a career that has never been equaled.

With no home port to run to, and neutrality laws blocking his every move, he went almost around the world, burning as he proceeded. But let him tell his story.

On September 5th he made his first prize, off the Azores; continued to cruise in that neighborhood for ten days, capturing and destroying several ships. Then, off New York, destroyed several valuable ships.

His coal getting short, he made for the island of Martinique, on the way destroying two very valuable ships.

Coaled at the Island of Blanquilla, coast of Venezuela. Made another rendezvous for coal schooner, and proceeded to the eastern end of Cuba, with the intention of intercepting a California steamer.

Captured a bark from Boston December 7th; overhauled the steamer Ariel, of the California Line, with 700 passengers, 150 marines and one naval commander; parolled them; took from the ship \$8,000 in greenbacks and \$1,000 in silver, and bonded ship; then sailed for rendezvous and coaled.

Up to this time Semmes had captured fifteen ships. Captain Semmes having seen in papers captured on the Ariel that General Banks was preparing a large expedition to invade Texas and Louisiana, shaped his course for Galveston, in the hopes of capturing Bank's transports.

He reports: 'I arrived off Galveston under sail January 11, 1863, and just before nightfall we made the enemy's

fleet, lying off the bar, consisting of five ships of war. One of the steamers was soon after perceived to get under way and steer in our direction. I ordered steam to be got up, but kept sail on the ship as a decoy, that I might entice the enemy's ship sufficiently far from the fleet to offer her battle.

"I wore ship and stood away from the bar, permitting the enemy to approach me by slow degrees. When the enemy had approached sufficiently near I took in all sails, and wearing short around, ran up within hail. It was now dark, it being about 7 o'clock. The enemy hailed 'What ship is that?' we responded, 'Her Majesty's ship Petrel.' The reply was, 'I will send a boat on board.' We now hailed in return to know who the enemy was, and when we had received the reply, 'United States steamer Hatteras,' we again hailed him and informed him that we were the Confederate States steamer Alabama, at the same time giving him a broadside. Our fire was promptly returned, and a brisk action ensued, which lasted, however, only thirteen minutes, as at the end of that time the enemy fired an off gun and showed a light, and upon being hailed by us, replied that he had surrendered and was sinking. I immediately sent boats to his assistance, and had just time to remove the crew when the ship went down.

"The casualties were slight on both sides, although the action was fought at a distance of from 150 to 400 yards. Our shot all told on his hull about the waterline, hence the small number killed and wounded on the part of the enemy, two of the former and three of the latter. We had none killed and only one wounded. The Hatteras mounted eight guns, and had a crew of eighteen officers and 108 men. The Alabama also mounted eight guns, and a crew of 110 men, exclusive of officers. Four of the Hatteras guns were thirty-two pounders, the same calibre as our broadside guns, but our pivot guns were heavier than hers, this being the only disparity between the two ships.

'We received a few shot-holes from the enemy, doing no material damage. The enemy's steamer, Brooklyn, and another steamer steamed out in pursuit of us soon after the action

commenced, but missed us in the darkness of the night.”

Semmes then steamed for Jamaica, landed prisoners, repaired damage and coaled ship.

We next find him at the city of San Domingo, where he stopped to land the crews of two vessels he had burned after leaving Jamaica. He next proceeded to Bahia, having destroyed or bonded ten ships, making his captures up to May 12th, 1863, forty-five in number.

We next hear of Semmes at Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, from which place he reports to the Navy Department that while at Bahia the Confederate States steamer Georgia, Captain Maury, came into port, and was to leave the day after his departure, and also reports that on his run from Bahia he had destroyed eight American ships and put a crew upon the Conrad and armed her as a tender, putting Lieutenant Low in command, and christening her the Tuscaloosa.

To date, August 5, 1863, he had destroyed fifty-five ships, valued at \$4,000,000.

Of his arrival at Table Bay Semmes says: “We have been received here in the most enthusiastic manner, the whole population turning out to do us honor and thronging the ship with visitors for the space of two days.”

The Tuscaloosa, having orders to meet Semmes on the African coast, she was steered for Simon’s Bay, capturing and bonding one ship.

On her arrival she was seized at the instance of the American consul and taken possession of by the British government. Low, after protesting and waiting three weeks, discharged his crew and sailed for Liverpool.

Some time after he had departed the English government reversed the colonial authorities and ordered the ship restored, but there was then no one there to receive the ship.

The American consul contended that a prize was not a prize until condemned by a prize court, and that until condemned the title remained in the original owners, and that this ship had never been adjudged a prize by a proper court. This was sustained by the colonial authorities and affirmed by Her Majesty’s government; but the Admiralty



in this case held that the Tuscaloosa, having entered an English port on the African continent, and been treated as a war vessel of the Confederacy, had a right to return, and upon that ground the ship was ordered restored.

The next we hear of Semmes is at Singapore, December 22nd, 1863. In his dispatch to his home government he says, "I wrote to the department on September 19th."

This dispatch was never found, hence his movements are officially unknown, though his private journal tells us that he determined to try the East Indies, and that he accomplished nothing, being buffeted by storm until reaching Singapore, here he remained until February, 1864, cruising among the Spice Islands and the coast of Cochin China, capturing and burning three vessels.

Having overhauled an English ship, he learned that the United States steamer Wyoming was near the Straits of Sunda watching for him, and as that ship was about his size, he determined to engage her, and sailed for the straits, and for several weeks went in search of her, but never could come up with her.

Semmes says of that part of the world that it is Mohammedan in religion, the natives indolent and friendly to the Confederacy. Some of the officers went hunting on the island of Condore, and brought in a bat (vampire) which measured two feet ten inches from tip to tip of wings. It was said to be a small one, as they often measure six feet. Its head resembled that of a dog or wolf more than any other animal, its teeth being very sharp and strong.

Finding that the Federal trade with China and the East Indies had been entirely driven from the seas, and failing to find the Wyoming, Semmes shaped his course for the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived about March 1st, 1864.

The Alabama needing repairs badly, left the Cape of Good Hope and arrived at Cherbourg, France, where she was allowed only partial repairs. On June 14th, 1864, Semmes sent the following letter to Admiral Bonsfield, at Cherbourg:

Sir: I hear that you were informed by the United States consul that the Kearsarge was to come to this port solely for

the prisoners landed by me, and that he was to depart in twenty-four hours. I desire to say to the United States consul that my intention is to fight the Kearsarge as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements. I hope these will not detain me more than to-morrow evening, or after to-morrow morning at furthest. I beg she will not depart until I am ready to go out.

R. SEMMES, Captain.

This challenge was communicated to Captain Winslow, of the Kearsarge, and he waited for Semmes. On the morning of June 19th, 1864, between the hours of 9 and 10, Semmes steamed out, and when about eight miles off the coast fired his first shot, which was answered, and the battle raged in the presence of thousands on the shore for one and one-fourth hours, when the Alabama went down, carrying many of her crew. Semmes finding his ship fast sinking, endeavored to reach the shore, but in vain, and seeing that he could not, to save life he struck his flag and sent a boat to the Kearsarge, surrendering.

That vessel paid no attention to saving the struggling men in the water until after the yacht Deerhound, owned by John Lancaster, an Englishman, and two French pilot boats commenced picking up the Alabama's men in the water. Then the Kearsarge sent two boats.

Semmes and about forty of his men and officers were landed from the Deerhound, while those picked up by the pilot boats were carried to the Kearsarge.

The loss on the Alabama was considerable, while that of the Kearsarge was slight, only three of her crew being wounded.

She was struck fourteen times in the hull and one shell embedded itself in her rudder post, but did not explode. While Semmes was under the impression that he was equal to the Kearsarge, he did not know that she had ironclad her most vulnerable parts with chain cables veneered with a thin covering of wood.

After this battle Semmes returned to the States, and was given command of the naval defences of James River.

Upon the evacuation of Richmond the naval forces were organized into a brigade and Semmes commanded it, taking part in the battle of Sailor's Creek and surrendering with Lee's army at Appomattox.

Semmes in a letter to Captain Barron, estimates his loss in the fight off Cherbourg to be twenty-six killed and drowned and twenty-one wounded.

In his less than three years cruise he ransomed ten ships, burned forty-two and sunk the gunboat Hatteras, and permitted several old ships to proceed upon taking off his prisoners. Their value, as computed, amounted to \$5,176,164.

Some of our papers criticized Semmes for fighting the Kearsarge, as he was not expected to fight, but only to destroy commerce. This he had done so effectually as to cause the American flag to be a curiosity on the ocean, for his ship with the Florida and Shenandoah, according to the Geneva award, had destroyed \$15,000,000 of property belonging to United States citizens.

Hence with no more worlds to conquer in the way of merchant vessels, he determined to fight war ships.

He had already sunk one of his rating, and hunted another in vain. When he had a chance he determined to avail himself of the opportunity.

Another ship gotten out by Captain Bullock was the Rapahannock, under command of Captain Faultleroy.

She failed to meet the Georgia, another cruiser, and both got their armament.

She sailed for Callais, where she was condemned as unseaworthy.

The Georgia, under command of Captain W. L. Maury, was another ship that made a short cruise, but was found unfit for service.

She returned to Liverpool and was sold.

She captured and burned nine of the enemy's ships.

Only one ironclad ever escaped out of the number built by Lairds for the Confederacy—the Stonewall, which was built in France, under command of Captain T. J. Page. He offered battle to several Yankee ships, but they declined battle,

and the Stonewall, not wishing to lose time by blockading them in neutral ports, left on March 24th, with a view of attacking some of the Federal vessels at Port Royal, and reached the West Indies May 6th, 1865.

Thence she proceeded to Havana, where, learning of the downfall of the Confederacy, Captain Page surrendered his ship to the Havana authorities. Captain Craven was court-martialled and suspended for two years for not giving battle to the Stonewall. His defense was that it was too great a risk to fight an ironclad with two wooden ships.

#### CAREER OF THE IRONCLAD ALBEMARLE.

On the Roanoke River, a short distance below Halifax, N. C., the Confederates built a small ironclad on the pattern of the Virginia, and mounting two guns. When completed she was placed under the command of Captain J. W. Cooke. The vessel was known to the Federals, and a formidable expedition, composed of army and navy, was sent to destroy her. The attempt met with a check at Rainbow Bluff, where a battery was built, two of the enemy's vessels were sunk by torpedoes, and the balance made a hasty retreat down the river, some of the ships much damaged.

The Federals, having failed to destroy her, blockaded the river by sinking obstructions above Plymouth to keep her from coming down. Lieutenant Minor, with ten boats and crews and ten midshipmen taken from the Patrick Henry, early in April, 1864, pulled down the James, up the Appomattox, and before daylight had all of his boats, officers and men on cars, heading down the railroad from Petersburg.

All the juniors knew was that we were on special duty. There were so many spies in and around Richmond that this round-about way had to be taken to make the Yankees think we were going on an expedition down the James. This story was reported, and orders given to be on the lookout for us.

We stopped at a place called Hicksford, in Virginia, and launching our boats in the Meherrin River, proceeded to the Chowan, thence into Edenton Bay, and into a cut-off called Cashie, which landed us into the Roanoke above Plymouth. But I am a little ahead of the story.

Cooke left Hamilton on Sunday evening, April 17th, 1864, and after several mishaps to machinery and on account of a crooked river, going stern foremost most of the time, arrived off Plymouth Monday night about 10 o'clock, that is to say, three miles above Plymouth.

He sounded the obstructions and found he could pass, and fearing the river might fall, did not wait for Lieutenant Minor, but the next morning made for the Federal fleet, consisting of the Westfield, carrying six guns and 117 men, and Miami, carrying thirteen guns, commanded by Captain Flusser, a Kentuckian.

These vessels were chained together especially to meet the attack of the Albemarle.

A smaller steamer, the Bombshell, was at the wharf, but Cooke made for the Westfield, and striking her fair, she went down in a few minutes.

Cooke attempted to back off, but he had gone with such velocity that his ship's prow was ten feet into the Westfield, and as she sunk she carried down the forward part of the Albemarle until water ran into her bow ports.

All this time the Miami was pouring into the Albemarle broadside after broadside, and Cooke, thinking his vessel would be carried down, ordered all hands to the upper deck, where, with musketry, they slaughtered the crews of the two ships. All this time the engines were backed, and the Albemarle at last got clear, and could use her guns upon the Miami, which she did with such effect that she turned and fled, not, however, until her captain had been killed.

Flusser, while the Albemarle was entangled with the Westfield, depressed one of his guns to strike her at right angles, and fired it himself, the result being that his shot was shattered. and a piece, reacting, took off his head. The Bombshell was then sunk. Cook next paid his attention to the forts, and with General Hoke assaulting from the rear and Cooke in front, the town surrendered on April 20th.

This was the situation when Minor entered the river, but it was no fault of his for he got to position at the time he was ordered, but Cooke attacked the day before, as I have

stated. By the fall of Plymouth we got great stores of provisions and 2,800 prisoners, but had it not been for the Albemarle Hoke would have been unable to hold Plymouth, even had he succeeded in capturing the forts.

FIGHT OF THE ALBEMARLE WITH FEDERAL FLEET  
IN THE SOUND.

On May 6th Captain Cooke, under orders from the Navy Department, ran out into the Sound, where he found nine of the enemy's fleet awaiting him.

He at once made for them, and they for him, in two columns, and as they passed both columns poured in their broadsides, one of their shots knocking off the muzzle of one of his guns, entirely disabling it. Then he was left with one gun to fight nine ships, with not less than sixty guns.

The Bombshell which accompanied Cooke, was soon riddled and compelled to surrender. The smokestack of the Albemarle was riddled, and as a consequence steam went down, and the Albemarle was unable to do any aggressive work; but all the same she stood her hand against them all.

The Sassicus attempted twice to run her down, the first time striking the Albemarle a slanting blow, but the second time striking her fair, and hung, bows on, when Cooke fired a shell from his gun that entered her boiler and killed and wounded some twenty of her crew.

After fighting from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until dark, and having their vessels badly damaged and many of their crews killed or wounded, the enemy retired, and Cooke, by burning his lard and bacon, made steam enough to reach the mouth of Roanoke River, where he was taken in tow by the Cotton Plant and carried to Plymouth.

The Albemarle lost only one man and was not injured on her shield.

But this was her last effort, for being built of green timber, she commenced to leak so badly that she was placed near the shore with a girdle of logs around her, and used as a battery.

On the night of October 27th, Lieutenant Cushing, United

States Navy, ran into the Albemarle with a spar torpedo. He had with him thirteen officers and men, all of whom were either killed or drowned, except Cushing and one man.

His steam launch was captured. This Cushing seems to have been the only officer in the United States navy that had any dash about him in the way of boat expedition.

Captain A. F. Warley, Confederate States navy, was in command of the Albemarle at the time of her destruction.

#### BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY,

I have told you how Buchanan, in the Virginia, cleaned out the Federals at Hampton Roads. Now I will tell you how they cleaned out Buchanan in Mobile Bay; but when you read of the odds and the loss of the enemy, you won't think it much of a clean-out.

The Confederate fleet consisted of the iron-clad Tennessee, six guns, and the wooden ships Morgan, six guns; and Gaines, six guns, and Selma, four guns.

Captain J. D. Johnson commanded the Tennessee: Lieutenant George W. Harrison, the Gaines, and Lieutenant P. U. Murphy, the Selma, and Admiral Franklin Buchanan commanded the fleet.

Admiral Farragut's fleet consisted of four monitors, each the equal, if not the superior, of the Tennessee, and carrying twelve guns, with fourteen wooden or partly ironclad ships, carrying 148 guns, all of large calibre. The bay was defended by Forts Morgan and Gaines, with some smaller batteries, Fort Gaines being about two miles from the ship channel; so it may be said that upon Fort Morgan devolved the whole defense, so far as forts went. This fort was commanded by Captain R. L. Page, of the Confederate States Navy, who at the time held the position of brigadier-general. Just below the fort was a line of torpedoes, and just below and above the line of torpedoes Buchanan's fleet lay.

On the morning of August 5th, 1864, the enemy's fleet, which had crossed the bar the day before, steamed ahead in two columns, the Flagship Hartford leading, while the four monitors drew nearer to the fort and opened fire,

Page, who knew of the impossibility of injuring them heeded them not, but endeavored to disable the wooden ships, while Buchanan and his little fleet made a dash for the Hartford, with a view of running her down, but her superior speed thwarted his plans and he then turned upon the other ships of the enemy.

In the meantime the monitor Tecumseh, getting out of line, struck a torpedo, and went down like a rock, carrying her commander and 105 out of her crew of 120 men. By this time, 7 o'clock a. m., the fight had become general.

The Gaines had been so badly riddled that she was in a sinking condition, and her captain ran her ashore and fired her. The Selma, surrounded by four superior vessels, and having her guns dismantled and several of her crew wounded, was compelled to surrender, while the commander of the Morgan, realizing resistance as useless to such a force, retired under the guns of the fort, and made her way to Mobile.

In the meantime Buchanan had been inflicting punishment upon the wooden ships of the enemy, and had been twice rammed by them, but the only damage had been to start his ship's seams and cause her to leak.

The fight had now been going on for over an hour, and the whole Federal fleet had passed the fort and was out of range of its guns.

The chief engineer, having reported the ship leaking, Buchanan ran under the fort, and made an examination, but finding his damage not material steamed again for the enemy, who, upon his approach, divided and his ship became the centre of a circle that hurled upon him the broadsides of eighteen ships, with 160 guns, some of which was fifteen inch, discharging shots weighing each over 400 pounds. Still the old admiral held his own.

Twice more was he rammed. but only to inflict damage to the rammer. Two ships had been put out of action by the Tennessee, and were towed to a place of safety. Several large shot had penetrated the sides of the Tennessee, her plating had been knocked off in several places, her smoke-



stack had been entirely shot away, filling the ship inside with smoke, and causing her steam to go down so that she had barely steerage way; yet her crew, stripped to the waist, stood to her three serviceable guns.

At this juncture the admiral was wounded, and had to be carried below, and shortly after the rudder chains were carried away; but relieving tackles were at once rigged only to suffer the same fate, leaving the Tennessee entirely unmanageable.

Perceiving this, the three monitors took position on her quarters, where she could not bring a gun to bear, and from 200 yards distance continued to pour their heavy shot into her.

Captain Johnson seeing that further resistance was criminal, consulted with the admiral and set a white flag, which ended an action which lasted from sunrise to 10 o'clock.

The loss on the Confederate side was twelve killed and nineteen wounded, while that of the Federals, including those that went down in the Tecumseh, was 400, or fifty less than the whole fighting crews of the Confederates.

The Federal official reports puts their loss at 172 killed and 112 wounded, to which add the drowned, and we have nearly 500, or more than all the men on Buchanan's ships.

Farragut then demanded of Dick Page the surrender of Fort Morgan, but his reply was a flat refusal.

The enemy then commenced a siege of the fort with 10,000 troops on shore, with heavy batteries and a large fleet in front.

Page with only 400 men and twenty-seven guns, prepared to starve it out, but the other forts were in a few days compelled to evacuate under the terrific fire of the monitors, to which they could do no damage.

On August 22nd, the enemy having all of their plans perfected, opened upon the fort from water and land.

The walls which were of brick, were breached in many places, and many of the guns dismounted, when Farragut sent another summons for surrender, to which Page replied:

“Sir, I am prepared to sacrifice life, and will only surrender when I have no means of defense.”

That night and the next day the bombardment was continued, the remaining guns of the fort were dismantled, and the quarters inside of the fort set on fire, which endangered the magazine. Then it was that Page, having no means of defense, surrendered.

The naval forces of the Confederacy at Mobile, under command of Captain Ebenezer Farrand, the Pennsylvanian, who had so gallantly defended Drewry's Bluff, were the uncompleted ironclads Tuscaloosa and Huntsville and the wooden ships Nashville, Morgan and Baltic.

Farragut having captured the forts protecting the bay and thus closed the harbor to blockade runners, did nothing more.

On March 21st, 1865, the Federals, with 30,000 soldiers and many war vessels, made the attack upon the forts of the river, which although they were defended with the greatest gallantry, had to be evacuated, and so Mobile became helpless. In their manoeuvres around these forts the Yankees lost, including the Tecumseh, nine ships by torpedoes, two of which were monitors.

Captain Farrand sunk the unfinished ironclads, and with the remainder of his ships proceeded up the river.

On May 4th he surrendered his command at Nana Hubba Bluff, on the Tombigby River, and on April 11th, 1865, the city of Mobile was occupied by the enemy.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

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This narrative is about to come to an end. I have endeavored to give a true and accurate account of the principal events of the war between the States. I have refrained from mentioning individual acts of bravery and minor events, for to have done so would have made this history too lengthy but before ringing down the curtain I will in this chapter give some other events which belong to the Confederate States Navy.

### THE SCHOOL SHIP.

In the early part of the war the Navy Department sent around a board of examiners to examine the midshipmen on each station, and it was not until the middle of 1863 that a regular naval academy was organized. The Patrick Henry, lying in James River, was selected as a training ship, and Captain William Parker was placed in command with a full corps of professors.

To this school the newly appointed middies were sent, as well as those appointed in the latter part of 1862 and in 1863.

These were designated the second and third classes, for the first classes was still on duty at the different stations:

During the latter part of December, 1863, orders were given sending out the second class to take the place of the first class, and that class was ordered aboard the school ship. The boys did not like this arrangement; they went into the war to fight and not to study aboard ship and be examined yearly by a roving board; but orders had to be obeyed, and just before Christmas we were released and ordered to report on board the Pat. on January 2nd, 1864.

The writer was then on the Wilmington Station, and on reaching Richmond found several of his old shipmates and Jim Smith, the boatswain, his old chum. A theatre party was proposed for the night, and after a slight indulgence to

drive away dull care and in honor of the meeting again after long separation, at the appointed hour we got our tickets and took our seats. The house was fairly well crowded, and just in front of Jim Smith sat a gentleman who evidently was a blockade runner or a beneficiary of that trade, with two friends of the same calibre.

The so-called gentleman was dressed in the height of fashion; and wore a tall beaver, which he kept aloft. This cut off Jim's view of the stage, and he politely asked the individual to please "douse his glim."

The fellow seemed to understand, but replied that he would not take in his royals—that is to remove his hat. Now, Jim was a tolerably large-sized man, and had a hand on him about the size of an ordinary spade, and letting fall his hand on the top of this beaver it went down, with the rim resting on the owner's shoulders.

Immediately a cry was raised, "Put 'em out."

The ludicrous attempt of the fellow to get his head out of that beaver would have made a saint laugh.

Several policemen made for our side, and we made for the door, which we reached ahead of the police; and then followed a lively chase, but we had the speed on them, and having served at Drewry's Bluff, knew every street and alley in the city, and soon dispersed to meet again at the American Hotel.

Of course, the Richmond Examiner gave an account, headed: "Some more Ruffianism of the Navy," but we preferred to remain quiet and let Mr. Pollard soothe his wounded arm with any use he might care to make of printer's ink.

Reporting aboard, we were given an examination, and sat down to study, which was occasionally interrupted as to some of the classes, who were sent out with expeditions, as already told.

On General Fitz Lee's staff was a Prussian officer, a splendid swordsman, who, being in Richmond on a convalescent leave, was sent by the Secretary of the Navy to give our class lessons in the broadsword, and with him came some thirty wooden swords. Well, we took to this thing

very well at first, but the peculiar pronunciation of our teacher and the deviltry of the class soon made it a matter of sport instead of instruction. Our teacher stood for this about one week, after which, in a rage, he cursed us all out and informed Captain Parker that if it were not for the climate and the scarcity of water, he would rather be in hell than teaching them damned midshipmen and took his departure, while each of his loving class got extra duty and quarantine for thirty days. The first class men's mess had as steward a black negro, by name Bob, whose master probably hired him to the ship in the hopes that he would fall overboard, get drowned, or would desert to the enemy.

Now, Bob prided himself that he had one redeeming trait—that is, that he could beat anybody in the service stealing something to eat—and many the flogging he got for practicing his art. He was greatly attached to the midshipmen, and they, on account of his good qualities, loved him as a brother. Well, it became necessary to order out some of the class, with the greater part of the crew, to command the inner line of intrenchments.

It fell to the lot of William Carroll and myself to go to a battery on the Mechanicsville Road, about three miles from Richmond, and Bob went with us. We had not been there long before, in a skirmish on the outer line (there were three lines), our army captured a lot of provisions and many prisoners, who were marched through our battery early in the evening. About night Bob disappeared, as he had a way of doing when he pleased, without asking questions about the countersign. Carroll and myself had laid down for the night, when bang went a shot from our sentry, and the alarm, "Corporal of the guard, turn out the guard, post No. 5!" We were up and dressed in a minute, and buckling on sword and pistol, made for the battery, where we found two cavalymen had been halted, who informed us that they were in pursuit of a negro who had stolen some hams. We knew at once that it was Bob, and to shield him we made the soldiers believe that they had committed an unpardonable sin in rousing up the battery; but on account of

their ignorance we promised we would not report them. So they thanked us and rode away. On returning to the tent we found Bob hidden under one of the cots. Upon being called out to give an account of his conduct, he said that he had strolled out to the outer entrenchments, and seeing a large pile of canvased hams, he drew near and heard a lieutenant say: "Put five aside for this officer, four for another," and so on, and he did not hear them say anything about any for us; so he asked about it, when the lieutenant said: "You d—— black nigger, if you don't get away from here I will blow out your brains!" "Well," said Bob, "I strolled off and around, and watching my chance, grabbed three and lit out. They see me and fired at me, and the bullet whistled so close that I dropped one, but brung two safely into port."

We appeared to be very much grieved, and gave Bob a lecture on stealing. It seemed to impress him, for it was only the next day that we had cherry pie for dinner, which Bob said his "his gal on de 'jining plantat'n gin him, which of course we took as gospel truth until an irate farmer came in that evening and gave us a gentle hint that if we valued that d—— nigger we had better keep him out of his orchard. This also grieved us exceedingly, and again we tried to make an impression upon Bob, but as we were ordered back to ship in a few days we had not the opportunity to find out if Bob's repentance was sincere.

Returning to the ship, we were given thirty days to prepare for our final examination, and in August were examined and promoted to past midshipmen and ordered to different stations, the writer going to Savannah and afterwards to the cruiser Pee Dee.

I neglected to state that upon examining Bob's hat the night he stole the hams, it showed a bullet hole. So it was no wonder he lost one of his tow.

#### THE CRUISER PEE DEE.

Some time in the latter part of 1862 the Navy Department established a navy yard in Marion county, South Carolina, just to the north of the W. and M. R. R. bridge (now Atlan-

tic Coast Line), and occupied at this time by a sawmill plant. The purpose of this yard was to supply material for gunboats at Charleston and Wilmington. This being accomplished, a cruiser was built, named after the river. She was the best wooden ship built by the Confederates that the writer ever saw; was double propeller, schooner rigged, and carried two rifle guns on pivot, bow and stern, and a nine-inch Dahlgren shell gun on pivot amidships. Her commander was Lieutenant Oscar F. Johnson. She carried a crew of about ninety, all told, and was capable of making about nine knots an hour under steam.

When ready, which was about the first of the year 1865, we had orders to proceed to sea on the first rise in the river, and it was with great expectations that we beheld a large freshet about the time Sherman came through. But before we could leave we had orders not to move until further notice, and then came a command to proceed up the river to Cheraw and protect Hardee's crossing, which we did, the ship only drawing nine and a half feet, and returned to the navy yard.

Charleston and Wilmington having fallen, and Potter's cavalry raiding the State, and not being able to hear anything from the Navy Department, and the river then being too low to let us out to sea, Johnston called a council of his officers, and we determined to burn the ship and navy yard and try and join Johnston's army. We proceeded to Sumter by train, after destroying the ship and yard about or between March 15th and 18th, 1865.

From Sumter we marched to Camden, where Lieutenant Price and the writer were detached and ordered to carry dispatches to Commodore Hunter. at Augusta. Ga., and it was with a feeling akin to sadness that we watched our comrades as they marched away without us. But we had a duty to perform and no time to be lost.

Our trunks had been placed on the ground in the burned district, for Sherman had been before us. Unlocking our trunks, we each took out two suits of underclothes, which we donned behind the walls of some building, and then, each

taking his best uniform, we sewed it between two blankets, and leaving everything else, we commenced our march.

Over the river we fell in with Mr. Izlar, the father of Judge Izlar, formerly of the Circuit Court of South Carolina, and traveled together until we reached his house, between Orangeburg and Bamberg. Spending the night with him, we resumed our march down the South Carolina railroad, and on March 22nd reported to Commodore Hunter.

We can only say that no writer or painter has half depicted the destruction made by Sherman in his march through South Carolina, and if in future he is not placed with Attila and Allaric he fails to get justice.

On May 4th Commodore Hunter surrendered his command, consisting of the Macon and Samson, two small gunboats, with officers and crews.

#### THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

To go into detail would make a book of itself of this event, Admiral Semmes was in command, having three ironclads—the Richmond, Virginia, No. 2, and Fredericksburg—with several small wooden vessels, which may truly be said to have been under fire day and night for several months before the evacuation.

All of the officers and crews of the gunboats from Charleston and Wilmington were here, and upon the evacuation the ships were burned and a naval brigade formed, with Semmes in command. At Sailor's Creek they did their last fighting, surrendering when the peerless Lee gave up his sword at Appomatox.

#### EXPEDITION TO RELEASE PRISONERS ON JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Lieutenant Robert Minor organized this expedition, which was composed in a great measure of officers of the Confederate States navy. Proceeding to Canada, their object was to cross over to the United States, seize several small steamers, and with these capture the only United States vessel guarding Johnson's Island and release the prisoners. A traitor divulged the plans, the expedition failed, and Minor and his party barely escaped being made prisoners.



## PRIVATEERS AND TORPEDOES.

Just after the formation of the Confederate States, and before the Federals had time to effect the blockade, several vessels, mostly small sailing ships, took out letters of marque and roved the high seas. They were the Calhoun, York, Jeff Davis, Winslow, Echo, Retribution, Boston, Olustee and Savannah. They were mostly either captured or driven to port and dismantled. During their cruise they captured thirty-one vessels, a few of which were brought in, but the larger part were either destroyed or recaptured.

The torpedo service was managed by both army and navy, and it is impossible to separate the work of each, but from beginning to end there were destroyed United States war vessels and transports to the number of forty, of which nine were ironclads. The artillery also destroyed in our rivers some ten or twelve United States gunboats.

The Confederate States naval vessels captured the following: Florida, 57; Nashville, 2; Sumter, 18; Alabama, 69; Tallahassee, 29; Shenandoah, 36; Tacony, 15, Clarence, 8; Georgia, 9; Chickamauga, 4; Tuscaloosa, 2; making a total of 229; and the Geneva award fixed the value of those destroyed by the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah at \$15,000,000, for which England had to pay the United States; for those destroyed by other vessels no pay was exacted.

On the Mississippi was what was known as the Montgomery fleet, a kind of independent command belonging neither to the army or navy proper, and composed of boatmen and pilots, who did much damage to the enemy on the upper Mississippi, but of whose record we have no authentic accounts.

The official reports of the United States tell us that, from first to last, there was enlisted in the United States service 3,000,000 men, while the South, from first to last, could muster only 600,000. The North was united, the South divided, and of the 3,000,000 Northern soldiers nearly 500,000 came from former slave States. So you can see at a glance the great disparity of numbers, to say nothing of other advantages, and you probably wonder how we could keep up such an unequal contest for four years.

The answer is, Southern women. You found them near the battlefield, cheering on the boys; you found them in the hospitals, attending the sick and wounded; you found them making every sacrifice and facing every privation that the boys at the front might be made as comfortable as possible; and last, but not least, they were the best enrolling officers the Confederacy had. No man able to bear arms that did not go at his country's call could command their smiles, and they pretty soon showed the "stay-at-homes" that their company was not appreciated. At Greensboro, Ga., two young men failed to volunteer. The girls waited for a reasonable time, and then a committee waited upon the young men with a hoopskirt and a corset, and informed them that if they would not be men, that they must don the garb of women. It is needless to say they went to the front.

#### THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

"Last of his race on battle plain,  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again."

On the morning of October 19, 1864, off the Island of Madeira, the ship *Sea King* and the steamer *Laurel* met upon the high seas. The former was the steam man-of-war of the Confederate States, afterwards known as the *Shenandoah*. The *Laurel* carried armament, supplies and officers for the warship, and after the transfer had been made she returned to Liverpool, and the *Shenandoah* hoisted the Confederate flag and steamed in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope.

The first we hear from Captain J. I. Waddell, who was her commander, was from Melbourne, from which port he reports having destroyed seven and ransomed two ships to date—January 25, 1865.

Leaving Melbourne and tracking the path of the *Alabama*, we find from the log of the ship that on April 1st, near Ascension Island, he burned four ships, then headed for the coast of Alaska, and on May 27th burned the *Abigail*, a whaler.

On June 22nd he ransomed the whaler *Milo*, took prisoners and burned the whalers *Euphrates* and *William Thompson*.

On June 25th he burned the brigantine Jireh Swift and the ship General Williams; on July 2nd he burned the Nimrod, W. C. Nye, Catherine, Isabella and Gypsy, and bonded the Pike, putting prisoners aboard. Finding out from newspapers found on board the Abigail that General Lee had surrendered, and seeing also that Lincoln had proclaimed that the war would be continued with vigor, on June 28th, near Diomed Island, he came upon ten American whalers at anchor, ransomed two, and having put prisoners on board, burned the balance.

On August 2nd he boarded the English ship Barracouta, from San Francisco to Liverpool, thirteen days out.

“Having received by the Barracouta the sad intelligence of the overthrow of the Confederate government, all attempts to destroy the shipping or property of the United States will cease from this date,” in accordance with which William C. Whittle, Jr., received the order from the commander to strike below the battery and disarm the ship and crew.”

Waddell then headed for Liverpool, and rounding Cape Horn, steered for Europe.

He met or passed several ships, but avoided them, and the morning of November 6, 1865, the Shenandoah, in charge of an English pilot, taken on the night before, anchored in the river Mersey, with the Confederate flag flying, abreast of the British gunboat Donegal, and sent a communication to Lord Russell, surrendering the ship to the British government. On account of some complication the officers and crew were kept aboard until November 10th, when they were released and left the ship.

The last part of Waddell's journal reads as follows:

“The Shenandoah was actually cruising but eight months after the enemy's property, during which time she made thirty-eight captures, an average of a fraction of over four per month. She released six on bond and destroyed thirty-two, and visited every ocean except the Antarctic. She was the only vessel which carried the flag around the world, and she carried it six months after the overthrow of the South. She was surrendered to the British nation on the 6th of No-

vember, 1865. The last gun in defense of the South was fired from her deck on the 22nd of June in the Arctic Ocean. She ran a distance of 58,000 statute miles, and met with no serious injury during the cruise of thirteen months. Her anchors were on her bows for eight months. She never lost a chase, and was second only to the celebrated Alabama. I claim for her officers and men a triumph over their enemies and over every obstacle, and for myself I claim having done my duty."

My story is ended. A few more years and no one of the gallant army and navy of the Confederacy will be with you to tell of glorious deeds, and perhaps in time the custom of putting flowers on heroes' graves will become neglected or even entirely done away with, but what the poet said of Napoleon may be truly said of Southern warriors:

"Spirits immortal the tomb cannot bind you,  
 For like your own eagles that soar to the sky,  
 You springeth from bondage and leaveth behind you  
 A name and a fame that never can die."

## CLASS OF 1861.

CONFEDERATE STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

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While others are singing the praises of their alma mater, please allow space for the class of 1861.

Twenty-six graduated and received diplomas. They were not by any means extraordinary in mental ability, while many were bright; therefore it is not upon their individuality that we rely for prestige, neither is it the fact that this was the only class the college ever graduated, although it was endowed by thirteen States, but it is the peculiar circumstances and surroundings of this class which, perhaps, make it the most remarkable class that ever graduated, and as such its history may be of interest to the boys of the period.

A peculiarity of this class was it had no societies, neither did it engage in the usual collegiate sports, yet a jollier, more dare-devil set never lived; for fun or pranks they were ever ready, and took hardship or pleasure with equal indifference.

The college we allude to was the Confederate States Naval Academy, and until January, 1864, a board of examiners composed of the higher grade of naval officers visited each station to examine the students, or midshipmen, as they were called, who were expected to do all duty imposed and at the same time keep up their studies. The first examination was held in Richmond in June, 1862, and the second in Charleston in 1863, the third on board the school ship Patrick Henry at Richmond in January, 1864, and the last as to this class is August, 1864. From January to August the class of 1861 was kept on board the school ship, except when detached for special service, which was three-fourths of the time.

We were examined on Mathematics from the lower to the higher branches, on Navigation, on English in all of its

branches, on Gunnery and Ordinance, on Small Arm Drill and Seamanship, and on French. We had no teachers until we reached the school ship, but were expected to fathom everything for ourselves, no lecturers to explain or elucidate; in other words we must make the brick and furnish the straw. At any time that we were engaged in study we must give way to duty, and though we had no recreation as present collegiate ideas run, we were not without physical culture. Rain or shine, hot or cold, we did boat duty, and many of us can tell how for hours we have held the tiller while the crew struggled against the wind and tide to regain the ship only a few hundred yards away, or upon Charleston bar kept guard during the long night, with three men constantly bailing to clear us of the seas that would break over us, to say nothing of avoiding shells that burst around us. Yes, we had all the exercise that we wanted.

Webster and Clay are held up to us as examples, because they overcame poverty and with rush lights pored over their books, but they had the time, however inauspicious, to study. We had to snatch what we could get, and when we had done our duty mighty little of the twenty-four hours remained. Study to the average boy is irksome, ours was without that sequence, which is the harbinger of success, and that we surmounted every difficulty is a proof that no one need despair.

When finally we were ordered to the school ship, we were not permitted to pursue our studies without interruption but were detailed to various expeditions, where some of the class were killed, and in the end were given thirty days to prepare for our final examination, and although our opportunities were not of the best only one failed to pass, and he was given another opportunity and passed, but his name is not among the class as here presented.

We are so much impressed with the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded this class that we give the names and the services of the graduates, and in doing so have only given an outline of the services of most of them, as we rely upon memory, but can say that not one of them but what

received his baptism of fire at least a dozen times, and we desire, also, to state that this is not all of the class, only those who stood their final examination, many being on the cruisers or on foreign service and could not be ordered to the school ship, but who, had they been present, would have passed.

The class as graduated and made passed midshipmen on August, 1864, are:

Berrien, Thomas M., from Georgia, present occupation, lawyer, postoffice Waynesboro, Ga., service Savannah ships and station 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; cruiser Chickamauga, and Fort Fisher 1864, at which latter place was specially mentioned.

Carroll, William, from Maryland, present whereabouts not known, Norfolk and James river 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; battery service around Richmond while attached to school ship; Mobile 1864 and 1865.

Carter, Barron, Georgia, dead, Savannah ships and station 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river and Semmes' naval brigade 1864 and 1865.

Cary Clarence, Virginia, lawyer New York City, cruiser Nashville 1861; Charleston ships and station 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; cruiser Chickamauga, and Fort Fisher 1864, at latter place specially mentioned.

Clayton, W. F., Georgia, lawyer Florence, S. C., Norfolk 1861; James river, Patrick Henry, 1862; battle of Hampton Roads and Drewry Bluff; Wilmington ships and station 1863; special service Charleston 1863; school ship 1864; Capture of the United States steamer Underwriter: Minor's expedition to Plymouth, N. C.; and battery service around Richmond while attached to the school ship Savannah 1864; steamer Pee Dee 1864 and 1865; steamer Macon 1865.

Deas, Ralph J., South Carolina, dead, Drewry's Bluff 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; Capture of the United States steamer Underwriter: Minor's expedition; and battery service around Richmond while attached to school ship; Mobile 1864 and 1865.

Gibbs, Paul H., South Carolina, dead, naval defenses of

Georgia 1861 and 1863; school ship 1864; James River squadron and Semmes' naval brigade 1864 and 1865.

Goode, William D., District of Columbia, whereabouts not known, Mobile squadron 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; James River squadron 1864 and 1865.

Joiner, George A., Alabama, banker and manufacturer Talladega, Ala., special service 1861 and 1863; Mobile 1864 and 1865.

Lee, Daniel M., Virginia, planter and stock-raiser. Fredericksburg, Va., Norfolk 1861; James River, Jamestown, 1862; battle of Hampton Roads, and Drewry's Bluff; Charleston ships and station 1863; capture of the United States Underwriter; Minor's expedition, and battery service around Richmond while attached to the school ship; school ship 1864; cruiser Chickamauga 1864.

McCarrick, Patrick H., North Carolina, dead, service at Norfolk, James River, Drewry's Bluff, and the school ship.

Morehead, Frank, Kentucky, whereabouts not known, served on James river, and batteries around Richmond, and school ship.

Norris, James R., Georgia, New Nork City, Mobile station 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; Savannah. Ga., 1864 and 1865.

Pinckney, Roger, South Carolina, whereabouts not known, Charleston ship and station 1861 and 1862; Drewry's Bluff 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; James River squadron 1864 and 1865.

Pinckney, Thomas C., South Carolina, whereabouts not known, Norfolk 1861; James river 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; James river 1864 and 1865.

Ratcliff, James B., Virginia, whereabouts not known, Mobile and Selma, Alabama, 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river and Semmes' brigade 1864 and 1865.

Bootes, Lawrence M., Virginia, whereabouts not known, served on the Virginia; battle of Hampton Roads 1862; naval works at Atlanta 1862 and 1863; school ship 1864; James river and Semmes' brigade 1864 and 1865.

Scott, Henry M., North Carolina, whereabouts not known,



Mobile station 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river, and steamer Webb on Mississippi 1864 and 1865.

Sevier, Charles F., Tennessee, whereabouts not known, Charleston station 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; cruiser Chickamauga 1864.

Shaw, W. Nelson, Texas, whereabouts not known, naval defenses of Texas 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river 1864 and 1865.

Thomas, Francis M., South Carolina, whereabouts not known, cruiser Nashville 1861; special service 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James River squadron 1864 and 1865.

Tyson, Henry M., Maryland, whereabouts not known, Mobile 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river, and Semmes', brigade 1864 and 1865.

Wilson, Williams F., Alabama, whereabouts not known, Mobile 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river, and Semmes' brigade 1864 and 1865.

Wright, A. O., Alabama, judge of probate, Jacksonville, Fla.; Savannah ships and station 1861 to 1863; school ship 1864; James river, and Semmes' brigade 1864 and 1865.

The stars of the class were: Shaw, Gibbs, Morehead, Deas and Carter, but it was generally admitted by all whom fortune favored with an introduction that all were stars, if not in the firmament of intellectuality, at least as good fellows, and they have the consolation of knowing that when they graduated and laid down books, they had an experience that few can boast of; they were mere boys in age but veterans in experience.



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