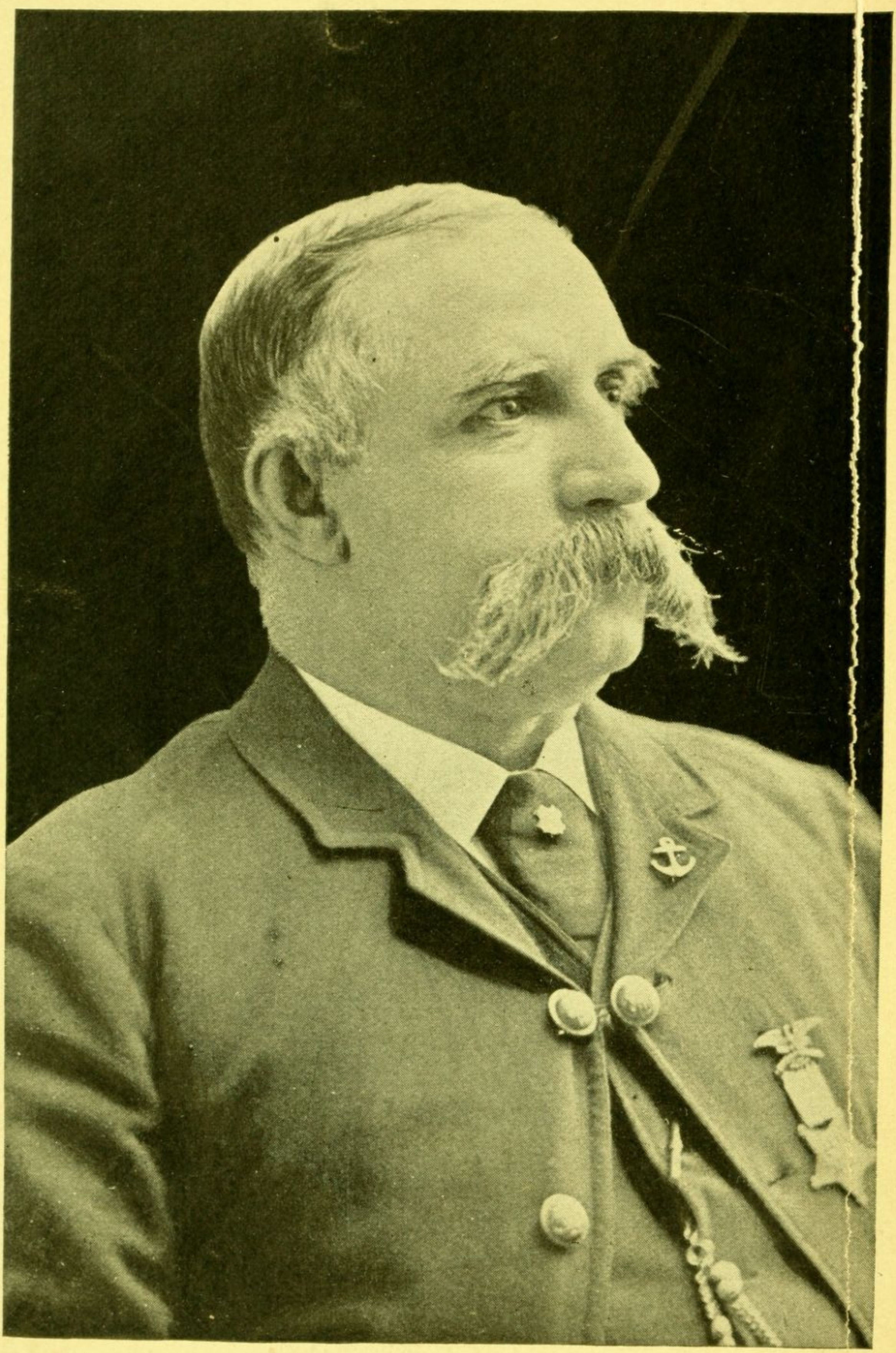

THE AUTHOR, H. S. HOBSON.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN IN 1891.

The Famous Cruise

of the

Kearsarge

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT IN VERSE OF THE BATTLE WITH THE "ALABAMA" OFF CHERBOURG, FRANCE, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1864; CONCLUDING WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF THIS FAMOUS SHIP, TOGETHER WITH INTERESTING INFORMATION CONCERNING HER OFFICERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR, TO THE DATE OF HER WRECK ON RONCADOR REEF IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA, FEBRUARY 2, 1894.

BY H. S. HOBSON,

ONE OF HER ORIGINAL CREW.

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She survived the guns of the enemy and the perils of the deep for thirty years — only to lay her bones upon the surf-beaten shore of an "ocean grave-yard." Not conquered by the storm, but run upon well-known rocks in fine weather: a victim to the careless navigation of her own officers.

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Preface.

An interesting history is connected with all old ships. What stories they might tell if they could but speak! If the career of an ordinary ship is interesting how much more so is that of an old battle-scarred man-of-war. As, I believe, there has never been any book published giving an account of the Kearsarge's famous cruise, I have attempted to tell in plain, simple verse of every port we touched and nearly everything that occurred during that memorable period. Every verse is founded on fact. At the request of some shipmates and friends I have concluded to have them published.

H. S. HOBSON.

TO MY SHIPMATES,

THE VETERAN CREW OF THE FAMOUS OLD WAR SHIP, KEARSARGE.

FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS WE SAILED THE OCEAN, PASSING THROUGH STORMS, DANGER, AND FINALLY BATTLE. WE HAD OUR SORROWS, WE HAD JOYS ; BUT THE GREATEST JOY OF ALL WAS ON THAT MEMORABLE NINETEENTH OF JUNE, 1864, AT CHERBOURG, FRANCE, WHEN, BEFORE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, THAT ANGLO-REBEL PIRATE, THE "ALABAMA," CAME OUT TO SINK OUR GRAND OLD SHIP KEARSARGE.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG WAS AT STAKE ; OUR NAVAL HONOR WAS ALSO AT STAKE. WE UPHELD BOTH. IN ONE HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES THE NOTORIOUS SCOURGE OF THE SEAS WENT DOWN BENEATH THE GREEN WAVES OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, AND NOT A CHEER ROSE FROM US, THE VICTORS.

WE RECEIVED GRATEFUL PRAISE FROM A GRATEFUL NATION.

TO MY SHIPMATES I ASCRIBE THE FOLLOWING VERSES.

THE AUTHOR.

A SOUVENIR

TO ALL WHO LOVE THE UNION AND HONOR THE FLAG; AND ESPECIALLY THOSE BRAVE DEFENDERS WHO FOUGHT ON LAND AND SEA, THAT THE UNION MIGHT BE ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

CRUISE OF THE KEARSARGE.

Written for the ninth reunion of the Kearsarge veterans, held at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 19, 1893, on the twenty-ninth anniversary of the sinking of the "Alabama."

This is a log* of the Kearsarge cruise,
While on a foreign station;
Things that occurred at different times
Are here written down in rotation.

In January, eighteen sixty-two,
At Portsmouth Navy-yard,
A man-of-war went into commission:
Her name was the Kearsarge.

C. W. Pickering is her commander,
The Stars and Stripes now float aloft, sir;
T. C. Harris is the first lieutenant
And our executive officer.

The Kearsarge is a very fast steamer,
She is going in search of the Sumter;
And was built expressly for
A rebel privateer hunter.

* Journal.

The crew came from old Boston,
From the United States Guard 'O ;
And when they arrived at Portsmouth
They looked rather hard 'o.

At the wharf we laid two weeks,
It seemed as if it were four ;
It was so cold in Kittery
I want to lay there no more.

On the the fifth day of February
The Kearsarge was ready for sea ;
The crew were not very sorry
At leaving cold Kittery.

Everything being ready,
We slipped our moorings from the wharf;
There were a great many people
To see the grand Kearsarge off.

As we steamed down the harbor
Our engine worked to suit.
As we passed Fort Constitution
They fired us a salute.

After the forts we had passed
We headed for the coast of Spain ;
It probably will be many months
Before we shall see America again.

On the third day we got into a gale,
It blew both strong and staunch ;
It carried away the ship's head,
A small boat, and the launch.

On our passage across the gulf,
The weather being rather rough,
Some lost their pork and beans
And others lost their duff.*

We have been in a seven days' gale,
The hardest any of our men have seen ;
We came very near being shipwrecked
While crossing the broad gulf stream.

On the seventeenth day out,
"Land, ho !" was the welcome cry ;
We gathered on the forecastle
To see if it was nigh.

*A pudding.

As it came plainer to our view,
And we grew near and nearer,
We soon discovered it to be
The sunny island of Madeira.

We came to anchor at six P. M.,
In the roads of Funchal;
The Portuguese flocked around us
As thick as a black squall.

Oh! what a change from cold Kittery,—
Here the flowers are all in bloom;
The weather is full as warm here
As it is at home the last of June.

The voyage was hard on us landsmen
Who have never been at sea before;
But we shall all be old salts
Before the cruise is o'er.

On a man-of-war you will learn fast,
Soon see how everything is done;
How to wash and scrub the deck
And how to use the holystone.

We soon learned all the calls
  And how to heave the log ;
The call we answered most quickly
  Was when they called, "All hands to grog."

Life is very easy on a man-of-war,
  We are not often over-worked ;
But we get so much pork and beans
  That we sometimes get over porked.

If any of us should lose our teeth
  The cause we can trace way back
To living on duff and "bull-yarn"*
  And eating so much hard-tack.

We have stayed six days at Madeira
  And now we are off to sea again ;
We are bound for fair Cadiz
  In the land of sunny Spain.

On the fourth of March we made land
  And sunny Spain could see ;
We soon saw fair Cadiz
  Rising o'er the deep blue sea.

*Canned beef.

Cadiz is a splendid old city,
As I have oft been told;
One of the ancient walled cities,
Over three thousand years old.

Now we are laying off Cadiz,
Riding at our iron halter; *
The news has come on board to-day
That the Sumter is at Gibraltar.

We are now off to sea again,
Bound for the rock of Gibraltar;
We arrived there late at night
And anchored in Spanish water.

The U. S. Tuscarora is also here
The pirate Sumter to blockade;
We will remain here also
To lend her our aid.

We weighed our anchor again to-day,
To Gibraltar we did go;
We anchored near the Sumter
Within almost a stone's throw.

* Anchor.

Our anchor had not long been down
When the port officer alongside did heave;
He said we could stay twenty-four hours,
And then we must take our leave.

The Sumter's crew sang rebel songs,
"Dixie's Land" and others too;
We retaliated by singing
"Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue."

The Sumter is the first privateer
That through the blockade did run;
She has burned a number of merchant ships,
A number of millions damage done.

Captain Semmes is rather old,
In size not very large;
I think he does not like the looks
Of the U. S. Steamer Kearsarge.

Our twenty-four hours have expired,
We are now getting under weigh;
Going back to Algeciras again,
Which is eight miles across the bay.

We are now going to Tangier,
Passing through the straits once more;
It is a city in the Moorish Empire
Just down the African shore.

We have just arrived at Tangier,
The place looks poverty-stricken;
Our crew say that we came here
To get a load of chickens.

Some of the Moors are on board,
I like their appearance well;
They have attar of rose, morocco shoes,
And other curiosities to sell.

Our gunners were called to quarters,
For a short time remained mute;
And in honor of the Moors
We fired a National salute.

We had not long been through,
Fifteen minutes or more;
When they returned our salute
From their forts on the shore.

We remained here all night
And now we are going away,
Back to our old anchorage again,
Which is in Algeciras Bay.

We are lying off Algeciras yet,
The weather is very fine;
Now we are going to Cadiz
To repair our ship and engine.

We passed through Trafalgar Bay,
Where Nelson his last battle fought
When he whipped the combined fleets;
It was here that he was shot.

We are entering Cadiz harbor now,
For some time we will stay;
We have just let go our anchor
At the upper end of the bay.

Still lying off Cadiz yet,
We all like this old place;
To-night all hands were piped to skylark
And to splice the main brace.*

* Extra drink of grog.

Some got one drink too much,
As they most always do ;
When they were tired of skylarking
They had a little set-to.

We are now off for the Navy-yard,
The Pilot has just come on board ;
At Lacaraca, in Mud Creek,*
The Kearsarge is now moored.

The carpenters are now on board ;
They work so very slow
How long we shall remain here
I am sure I do not know.

This is a great place for making salt,
Although it is very dear ;
The same salt we can buy at home
Cheaper than we can here.

Last night two men ran away,
It was about twelve o'clock ;
A reward was offered for them
And very quickly they were caught.

*River to Navy Yard.

They were brought on board to-day
Dressed partly in citizens' rig;
They were put in double irons
And confined within the brig.*

We sent four sick men home to-day,
Mannal Lewis, and Henry Vandike;
John E. Chase, a first-class fireman,
And also seaman Jacob Pike.

Those two men escaped again last night,
They were under charge of a sentry;
And how they managed to escape
With us remains a mystery.

The carpenters with their work are done,
The Kearsarge we will unmoor her;
We are going back to Algeciras again
To relieve the U. S. Tuscarora.

"All hands unmoor ship," is the cry,
Getting in our hawsers delayed us;
We came to anchor in the afternoon
Off the good old city of Cadiz.

* Lock up.

We are now leaving the city of Cadiz,
This morning being Sunday;
The U. S. Consul has come on board
And we are now under way.

As we were steaming slowly along,
We did not wish to go fast;
A Spanish steamer came up with us
And attempted us to pass.

Our captain gave orders for more steam,
Which made our propeller faster turn;
And in a very few minutes
We left the Spanish steamer astern.

We had general quarters and exercise,
We fired our large battery;
To show the consul what we could do
If we met the Sumter out at sea.

We are now entering Gibraltar straits,
We can plainly see the Rock;
We came to anchor near the Tuscarora
Just about five o'clock.

Nothing of note has occurred
Since I wrote my last dates;
The mail has arrived here to-day
From the United States.

Our minstrels gave a concert to-night,
The quarter deck was full of spectators;
There were a number of ladies on board
To witness our darky imitators.

The U. S. Tuscarora left here to-day,
To Cadiz she has gone;
Where she will remain some time
To have some repairs done.

Some of our men went on shore to-day
And they got rather tight;
And with some Spanish soldiers on shore
Had a pretty hard fight.

It was the first time they had been on shore
And they let themselves loose;
Only a few of them returned to-night,
The rest were put in the calaboose.

To-day they came out of the calaboose.
They will not get in again, they said;
They were nearly eaten up by fleas,
And they do not like a stone bed.

I went on shore in Algeciras,
It being my first time;
I like the Spanish people very well,
But better their aguardiente and wine.

Liberty is stopped again to-day,
The reason why we all understand;
Our men acted so bad on shore
The governor will not let us land.

July the fourth, that great day,
When the Colonists the British dared;
It is now just eighty-six years ago
Since independence was declared.

Our ship with flags was neatly dressed,
This great day to commemorate;
All hands "spliced the main brace,"
This glorious day to celebrate.

"All hands up anchor!" is the cry,
It came up with good speed;
We are going to the Rock to take on stores,
Of which we are much in need.

We have taken on what stores we need,
We are now back at Algeciras again;
As long as the Sumter stays at the Rock
Here we are likely to remain.

The U. S. Storeship Release is here;
For us she has clothing and tomatoes,
Plenty of whisky, pork and beans,
"Bull yarn" and desiccated potatoes.

Semmes has left the Sumter at the Rock,
He has paid off all his crew;
He has gone to England for another ship,
To our commerce more damage to do.

We are still lying off Algeciras yet,
Very fine weather for some time has been;
Word was passed that those who wished
Could jump overboard and swim.

About twenty men were overboard,
As many more began to strip;
When a large shark came up in sight
Within twenty yards of the ship.

Edward Tibbets was the farthest away,
He tried hard to reach the ship;
But the poor fellow was too late,
The shark seized him by the hip.

At that time our boats were all away,
To him no assistance could be rendered;
He tried hard to reach the ship,
But at last to the shark he surrendered.

It was the most dreadful sight I ever saw,
Such a scene I never wish to see again;
He left a widowed mother to mourn his loss,
His native place was Brunswick, Maine.

A court martial was held to-day,
It was the first case of the kind;
The person lost one month's pay,
Three months' police duty was assigned.

News came from Barcelona to-day,
Through the U. S. Consul's aid;
There was a brig with arms and ammunition,
To run the southern blockade.

We soon got up steam and anchor, too,
It did not take us very long;
We are cruising up and down the strait
To catch her when she comes along.

We are still cruising in the strait,
But we have given it up at last;
We have been cruising over a week,
By us she certainly must have passed.

We spoke an American ship to-day
As we were leaving the straits;
She was six days from Leghorn
And bound for the United States.

The U. S. Storeship Release arrived here,
She has been two months up the straits;
We have sent all of our sick on board,
She is now under way for the States.

We are now over at Orange Grove,
Which is at the upper end of this bay;
J. W. Whitaker, one of our engineers,
Left for the United States to-day.

Orders came from the Navy department,
At general muster they were read;
That the grog ration would be stopped,
Five cents a day allowed instead.

After these sad tidings were read,
Around the ship the old tars did whine;
At twelve o'clock they were piped to grog,
It was brought on deck for the last time.

We are at Algeciras yet
Where for some time we have lain;
This is the finest summer I ever saw,
That I am spending in sunny Spain.

The Sumter still lies at the Rock,
At she stays there, we cannot harm her;
We heard Semmes was out sinking ships;
He has a new vessel, called the Alabama.

We are now at the Rock taking on stores,
We get them of one Mr. Hall;
At ten o'clock to-night we went to sea,
It is thought we are going to Fayal.

Early this morning we arrived off Cadiz,
Met the Tuscarora going to Fayal too;
We signaled her to send a boat aboard,
Which they did not like to do.

The U. S. Tuscarora is a very nice ship,
She's going to Fayal the Alabama to find;
Her crew run away with the idea
That they can leave us far behind.

After a short time we both went to sea,
The U. S. Tuscarora took the lead;
They think they are the best ship,
For sailing, steaming and speed.

This morning the weather is very fine
And land cannot be seen;
We saw the Tuscarora this forenoon
Two points on our lee beam.

We steamed very fast last night,
Our propeller about sixty-five did turn ;
This morning at the break of day
We saw the Tuscarora eight miles astern.

Made island of St. Michael at daylight,
And the island Terceria at close of day ;
Went into the port and out again,
To Fayal we proceeded on our way.

We have arrived in the harbor of Fayal,
It is the first time we've been here ;
A few merchant captains are on board
Relating about the Rebel privateer.

The Alabama has been gone fifteen days,
She has burnt some ships of our nation ;
We can't follow her farther than here
As we belong on the European station.

The Tuscarora has just come in port,
They did not expect to find us, they said ;
They thought we were many miles behind,
We beat them twenty-four hours instead.

The scenery around these islands is sublime,
Approaching, Pico is the first you see;
It is a large mountain of conical shape
Seven thousand feet above the sea.

We weighed our anchor and went to sea,
It was about twelve o'clock at night;
This morning as daylight approached
A large steamer appeared in sight.

As soon as she saw us she put about,
We got up more steam and gave chase;
She was a side wheeler, a match for us,
Which made quite an exciting race.

We saw the U. S. St. Louis off our beam,
To us she could not lend any aid;
We supposed this to be the steamer Hero,
Which has lately run the blockade.

Still on chase of said steamer yet,
We have kept it up all night;
But this morning at the break of day
The prize had vanished from our sight.

We stopped the engine, set all sail,
Our track to retrace we put about ;
The said steamer is safe enough now
For our engine is all played out.

Came to anchor at Angra to-day,
Our ship is in bad condition ;
This is where the Alabama took on board
Her crew, arms and ammunition.

The scenery of this island is beautiful,
And also is the harbor and town ;
We are now under way and out to sea,
We arrived at Fayal about sundown.

The U. S. Tuscarora will remain here
Our commerce to protect ;
We bade her good-bye, we're off again,
To sunny Madeira I expect.

Made the island of St. Michael—
Lying off Ponte Del Guardo to-day ;
Lowered a boat which went on shore
And two of the crew ran away.

We had target firing off the harbor,
It was carried on very skilfully;
After firing for two hours or more
We set all sail and went to sea.

We came up with a large clipper ship,
Across her bow we fired a shot;
She hoisted the American flag, hove to—
By the Alabama thought she was caught.

One of our officers has boarded her,
He has just now returned again;
She was ten days from Cardiff,
The Eddystone of Bucksport, Maine.

We are now off the island of Madeira,
Running along the beautiful shore;
Just come to anchor in Funchal,
Eight months since we were here before.

The scenery of this island is superb,
Likewise its fine Madeira wines;
Little has been made the last few years,
Some disorder has killed the vines.

Funchal is a most beautiful place,
Many people from Europe come here;
It is quite a summer resort for them
On account of its salubrious air.

We are going away from here to-night,
To Gibraltar again they say;
To see if the Sumter remains yet,
I hope she has run away.

We made land late this evening,
We can see Gibraltar light;
We came to anchor in Algeciras again
About twelve o'clock at night.

I saw a mirage extending along the Rock,
The most beautiful sight I ever saw;
Our relief from the States has arrived,
It is the U. S. gunboat Chippewa.

The Sumter is still lying at the Rock
And there she is likely to remain;
We left for Cadiz early this evening,
Going to repair at the navy yard again.

We arrived at Cadiz about ten A. M.,
I like this place better than the Rock;
We will remain off the city a few days,
Then go to the navy yard in dry dock.

There is great talk around the ship,
Every one seems to be in a pucker;
Wondering who those men were
That stole the Captain's supper.

As some one lay in his hammock at night,
A dreaming of old Dan Tucker;
He was talking in his sleep
And told who stole the Captain's supper.

They were brought up to the mast,
They owned it up like men;
When you want to see them smile
Just say "Captain's supper" to them.

The U. S. St. Louis has arrived here,
We have never met her before;
She fired a salute in honor of Spain,
Which they answered from on shore.

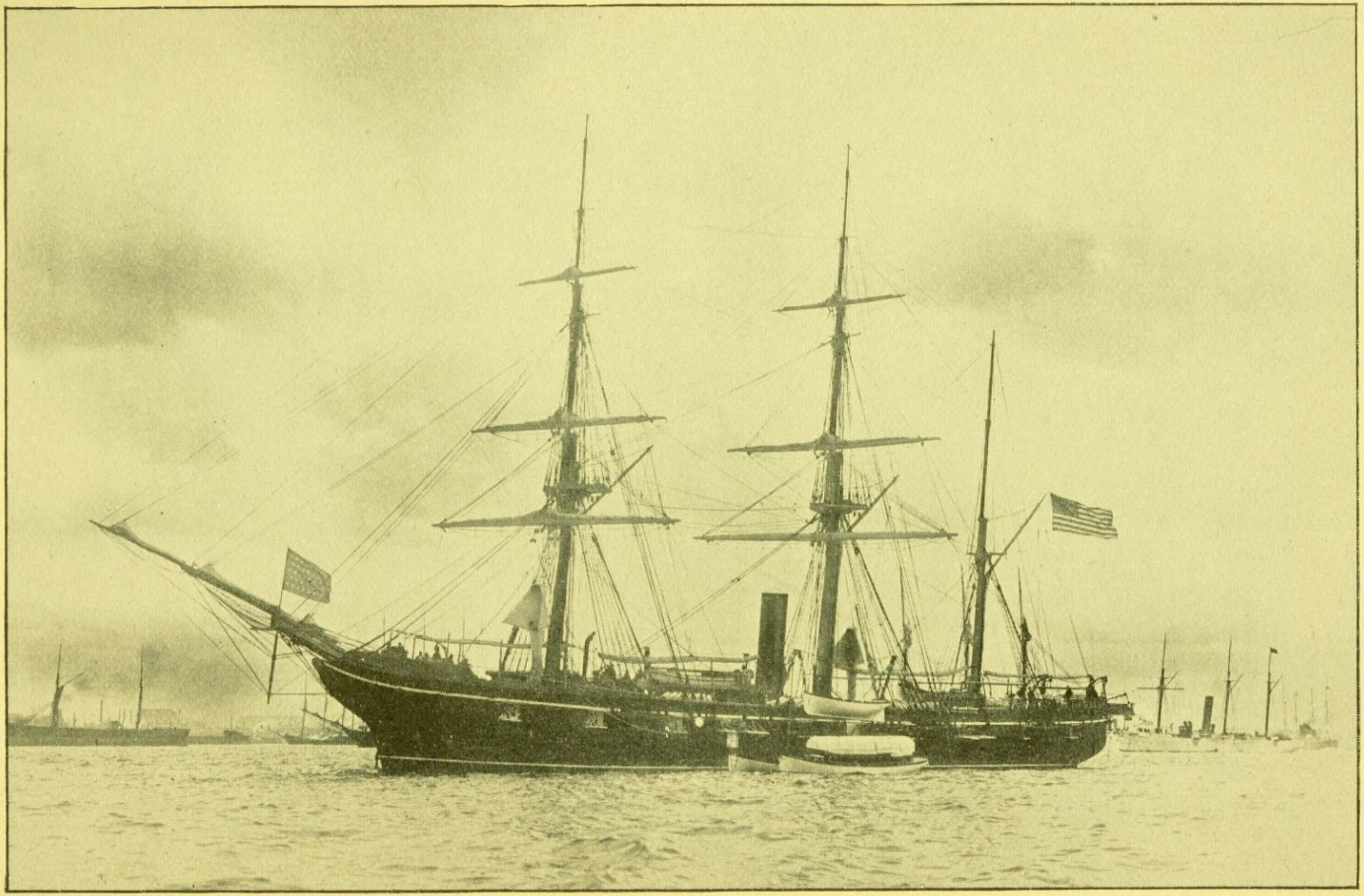
The old St. Louis is all out of date,
You can see by looking at her hull;
They say she has burnt tons of powder
In saluting the old king of Portugal.

We are now on our way to the navy yard,
The stream is not very wide;
Have moored our ship close by the dock—
"Going in" to-morrow at high tide.

To-day we went into dry dock,
We are high and dry fore and aft;
All hands are busy getting the propeller off,
And also getting out the shaft.

There are a few wine shops in the yard
Where the men go and get a little tight;
The marines are posted on the dock,
But some run the blockade every night.

Came out of the dry dock to-day,
To wait for repairs on our shaft;
Again at Lacaraca, in Mud Creek,
The Kearsarge is moored fore and aft.



U. S. S. KEARSARGE, 1893.

I am having forty-eight hours liberty,
In the city of Cadiz it is fine;
The streets are so winding and narrow
I am lost most of the time.

A court martial was held to-day,
The sentence was very light;
The crime was running the blockade
And getting a little too tight.

I wish you all "A Happy New Year,"
This being New Year's day;
The weather is warmer here now
Than at home the last of May.

The U. S. Tuscarora has arrived at Cadiz
To provision and coal ship;
She has been cruising for blockade runners,
But they all gave her the slip.

Our minstrels gave a concert to-night,
The quarter deck wa quite full;
There were a number of people from Cadiz,
Attended by the U. S. Consul.

Some of us went on liberty again to-day,
To San Fernando and the city of Cadiz;
The people on shore are all very fine,
Especially the beautiful Spanish ladies.

T. C. Harris, our executive officer,
Has just been recalled home,
To go down on the blockade.
He left at two o'clock this afternoon.

We hauled into the dry dock again to-day,
Our shaft we will soon receive;
It will not take us long to put it in,
And then Mud Creek we shall leave.

The weather is very unpleasant now,
The wind is very strong and severe;
This is March the ninth, my birthday,
I have passed my twenty-second year.

Our repairs are now all finished,
The ship came out of dock to-day;
We are moored out in the stream
Only for a short time to stay.

We are anchored off Cadiz once more,
The weather is rough, it is blowing hard;
We shall all be glad to get to sea again
After staying so long in the navy yard.

Now we are out to sea once more,
Heading for the port of Fayal;
We are all enjoying it very much,
It is the first time since last fall.

We saw a suspicious looking vessel to-day,
Like the Alabama—after her we went;
It proved to be the Sea King,
Built for the Chinese government.

To-day as we were sailing nicely along,
Everything seemed to be going well;
There was great excitement on the ship
Caused by ringing the fire bell.

The crew came rushing up on deck,
Their sad fate to bewail;
It was amusing to see one colored man,
How quick his face turned pale.

There was also another of the crew
Who seemed to be pretty "sca't;"
In spite of all he could do
His curly hair raised his hat.

The Captain then came up on deck,
He called the executive officer,
Gave all hands stations and instructions
In case a fire should occur.

Our crew were all very glad,
A false alarm it proved to be;
We should not like the ship on fire
Eight hundred miles at sea.

Made the island of St. Michael,
This being on Good Friday;
Sent a boat on shore to get the news,
Then for Fayal we steamed away.

We have just arrived at Fayal,
We were here just six months ago;
This is a fine place to go on shore,
For riding donkeys is all the go.

Captain Pickering has been called home,
We did not like to have him go;
We manned the yards, gave three cheers,
Our new Captain is John A. Winslow.

We also have a new executive officer,
James S. Thornton is his name;
He was on the Hartford at New Orleans
With Farragut of great naval fame.

We are cruising around the Azores now,
Both under steam and sail;
We passed a whaling ship to-day
"Cutting in" a very large whale.

A sad event has occurred on the ship,
It was the death of one of the crew;
His name was Richard Bonner,
A young man both good and true.

All hands were piped to bury the dead,
Very sad and solemn it was to me;
After service and prayers were read
We lowered his body into the sea.

Why he was buried at sea
I could not really understand ;
At the time we lowered him into the ocean
We were about six miles from land.

Back in the harbor of Fayal—
For something to turn up we are waiting ;—
Putting anchor chains on the ship's sides,
Which some folks call chain plating.

Still lying in the harbor of Fayal,
We came here about two weeks ago ;
A blockade runner just came into port,
A side-wheel steamer called the Juno.

To-day the Juno went out to sea,
We are now running after her ;
We are under a very bad handicap,
We are dragging our five ton anchor.

We chased her about eighty miles
And drove her into another port ;
They are asking why we did not catch them,
They are making all kinds of sport.

The Juno has just weighed her anchor,
She is now going out to sea again;
Captain Taylor bade us good-bye,
And sang out, "Catch me if you can."

This time we slipped our anchor,
Let everything go by the run;
We are now gaining on the Juno,
We expect to have some fun.

About one mile from the shore,
There are two rocks with a gap;
The Juno turned and ran through,
They thought they had us in a trap.

We backed our ship, went 'round the rocks,
Then after her very fast we went;
We are overhauling her so mighty quick
As if out of a cannon we were sent.

We are now along her port side,
Crowding her three miles from shore;
Captain Taylor has given up the race,
He found it was of no use trying more.

One of the officers has boarded her,
And our flag is now flying at her mast;
Captain Taylor was surprised
To find the Kearsarge was so fast.

When we were after them the other day
They very easily won the race;
Not knowing we were dragging our anchor,
Which to-day made a different chase.

We are now taking her to Fayal,
We are searching her all through;
If we find anything contraband
Will send her home with a prize crew.

We kept her three days, searched her well,
Her papers were all properly signed;
We have released her and let her go
Because no contraband could we find.

We heard some seven months later,
By one of her crew it was told;
That they had seven tons of powder
In the bottom of her hold.

Why she was not sent to the States,
To me it always seemed very funny;
They might have found the powder,
Then we would had some prize money.

We are out to sea cruising again,
All ready for another exciting race;
If we see a suspicious looking steamer
We are always ready to give her chase.

Some of our old salts like to growl,
Sometimes they have a good right;
When they are called to general quarters
At half-past twelve o'clock at night.

We had one queer and jolly old tar,
Sometimes to the mast head would go;
That day he was on the lookout
How we laughed as he cried "Smoke 'O."

Another day when he was at the mast head
A little rattled he seemed to be;
He said there were two sails in sight,
But only one that he could see.

We arrived at Madeira last night,
Some of us on shore to-day did go;
We had a sleigh ride on bare ground,
Because here they never have any snow.

Here they have small hacks on runners,
They are drawn by a yoke of small cattle;
As you ride over the bare pavement
It makes every bone in your body rattle.

As you go scraping over the pavement,
You can imagine how nice it feels;
I have not seen anything like a wagon,
Or anything else that has wheels.

When you want to go out in the country
Plenty of donkeys you can find;
You are lucky if you don't get kicked off
And left two or three miles behind.

Now we're off to sea once more,
Our stay in Madeira was rather brief;
We have just arrived at Santa Cruz
At the island of Teneriffe.

I saw the top of Teneriffe to-day,
It was a beautiful sight to me;
It is the largest mountain I ever saw,
It is twelve thousand feet above the sea.

After staying here a few days
Off to sea again we did go;
We have arrived at another island,
It is called the island of Porto Santo.

We had target firing off the town,
For some two hours or more;
Then we took our boats and howitzer
And went to drill on shore.

The people on shore were frightened,
They ran to a fort on a hill;
Thinking we were going to take the town,
But we were only having a shore drill.

This is a very historic island,
One of Columbus' stopping stations;
When he found the New World,
Now one of the greatest of nations.

Some islands that we stopped at
We all remember them very well;
Boats came alongside the ship
With all kinds of curiosities to sell.

At Madeira they came off with canary birds,
There was always lots of chaffing;
"Johnny, give me two dollars for the bird,
Me give you the cage for nothing."

Then they would turn it round,
Which caused some more laughing;
"You give me two dollars for the cage,
Me give you the bird for nothing."

Small boys came off in boats,
To get under the bow they did strive;
Then they would sing out to us,
"John, heave a chew tobac for dive."

We used to throw over a small piece,
They would let it get ten feet below;
Then they would dive down after it,
Bring it up and to us would show.

Now we are sailing the ocean blue,
Bad weather it has delayed us;
We have just arrived in Spain,
Once more in the city of Cadiz.

We are taking on stores and coal,
Which had run down very low;
When we get filled up again
Off to sea we soon shall go.

Up anchor again once more,
And now to sea we are well out;
We are going to the coast of France
The Rebel Florida to rout.

We are now off the shores of Portugal,
Our sails are all nicely furled;
We have passed St. Mary's convent,
Which is the oldest in the world.

We have arrived at Brest, France;
It is one of their naval stations
Where they build their ironclads,—
They think they beat all other nations.

This now will be our cruising ground ;
The reason why we came here
The Florida is at the navy yard,
She is another Rebel privateer.

We have been in port about two weeks,
We are having quite a rest ;
It is the coldest weather we have felt,
That we are now having in Brest.

When some of our men get on shore
For the Jersey* saloon they make a rush ;
And with some of the Florida's crew
They very often have quite a brush.

One of our men went ashore the other day,
He got quite full rather quick ;
He met some of the Florida's crew,
They threatened him to lick.

He braced up and squared off,
And said, "You had better let me be ;
If you can't lick Yankee Sullivan
You have no business with me."

* English.

They finally let him alone,
  They thought he was a prize fighter ;
When he is on board of the ship
  There is not a man who is any quieter.

We are out on the ocean again,
  We are a sort of roving band ;
We have just arrived at Queenstown
  In the cove of Cork, old Ireland.

We have been lying here five days,
  There came aboard, Tom, Jerry and Mike ;
On one side of us is the guard ship,
  On the other the island of Spike.

We have bade good-bye to old Ireland,
  That glorious land of blackthorns ;
We have found fifteen stowaways,
  And all of them are greenhorns.

Back to the port of Brest again,
  Where we are most likely to stay
Unless something new turns up,—
  Which is likely to most any day.

Those greenhorns were British subjects,
The British government does claim;
Our minister at London has ordered us
To take them to old Ireland again.

We have just arrived off Queenstown,
It is five weeks since we were here before;
We have put those greenhorns on a tug
And sent them all again on shore.

We are now steaming up the channel,
Where we have never been before;
We have just arrived off Plymouth,
On old Albion's beautiful shore.

We sent one of our boats on shore,
This was the news they did bring;
That John C. Heenan* was defeated
By the English champion Tom King.

We remained here until night,
We are going down the channel again;
We have passed the Eddystone light,
Famed beacon of the stormy main.

*American champion.

Now just arrived off Cherbourg,
The first time we have been here;
This is where the Georgia was repaired,
She is another Rebel privateer.

Have arrived again at the port of Brest,
Cruising on this coast is rather hard;
We have got to go out in the bay,
The Florida is leaving the navy yard.

They have rather funny laws here,
And also a rebel sympathizing way;
If the Florida should go to sea first
We would have to wait one day.

We are now cruising outside the harbor
Up and down the Bay of Biscay;
We are keeping a very close watch,
To catch her if she tries to get away.

We have been cruising outside three weeks
Trying to get a storeship, but can't;
This is a dangerous place to cruise,
Among the islands of Ushant.

A heavy gale came up last night,
It was about twelve o'clock;
We came within a very few feet
Of running on a very large rock.

We are out in the Bay of Biscay yet,
Our minister does not send us relief;
We are short of coal, pork and beans,
"Bull-yarn," "duff," and "salt-horse" beef.

We have now given up all hopes
Of our minister sending supplies to aid us;
We are obliged to leave here now,
For stores we are on our way to Cadiz.

We have arrived at Ferrol, Spain,
In the harbor coaling ship;
As now we have all our coal on board,
For Cadiz we are continuing our trip.

Now we are passing Corunna, Spain,
We are running close along the shore;
This is a city of great fame,
The burial place of Sir John Moore.

After a few days of pleasant sailing
We have arrived at our destination;
We are taking our supplies on board
To keep us from starvation.

We have all of our stores now on board;
We are leaving Cadiz far behind
On our way back to Brest, France,
To see if the Florida we can find.

We are having a very pleasant sail
Along the coast of Portugal;
We are feeling better than two weeks ago,
Of plenty to eat our ship is full.

We have sailed through Biscay Bay,
The weather was not very meek;
Now we are back again at Brest, France,
The Florida has been gone one week.

We were sorry the Florida got away,
With our minister the trouble lies.
He should have sent us a storeship,
With coal and all other supplies.

We are now going to Calais, France,
The Rappahannock to blockade;
She is another Rebel privateer,
Receiving some more French aid.

We have arrived in old England,
Anchored off the city of Dover;
And now we are crossing the channel
To look the Rappahannock over.

Lying off the port of Calais,
The Rappahannock is inside;
We found she cannot come out
Only at full moon and spring tide.

We can go away for three weeks,
But must not go away too far;
So when the moon and tide are full
We will lie off Calais bar.

We have been cruising about the channel,
To Boulogne, Dover and other places;
With the mail steamer in the channel
We often have some pretty sharp races.

We got in a bad gale last night,
It was more than we could stand ;
We lost our sail and fore topmast,
Almost ran on Goodwin Sands.

We just barely escaped going on,
As if by the skin of our teeth ;
If we had struck those sands
We would have been buried beneath.

Our ship is in a very bad condition,
Our fore topmast being gone ;
For repairs now steaming up the Thames
To the city of old London.

Have just arrived at Greenwich,
Where we have never been before ;
We are taking all our powder off,
Putting it in a magazine on shore.

Now we are approaching London,
It is about three o'clock ;
We have at last secured our ship
Inside of the great Victoria dock.

We are lying alongside the wharf,
  We are made fast both bow and stern ;
This is the dock where they built
  That leviathan, the Great Eastern.

We have been in the dry dock,
  We are now floating on a pontoon ;
All hands are cleaning the copper,
  We shall have our topmast soon.

I am now having a run on shore,
  On twenty-four hours of liberty ;
I am hustling around the city
  To see all that I can see.

I went into the church of St. Paul,
  And after there a few hours had spent,
Went up to Trafalgar Square,
  And saw the Nelson monument.

My twenty-four hours have expired,
  I am now down in Blackwall ;
The finest thing I saw in London
  Was the Cathedral of St. Paul.

After staying here about ten days,
Our ship is repaired all around;
We are steaming down the Thames
To Calais, our old cruising ground.

We have looked in at Calais,
The Rappahannock is still there;
We have crossed the channel again,
Just arrived in the harbor of Broadstair.

We have called at all these places,
Margate, Sandgate, and Dungeness,
Folkstone, Deal, Dover and Hastings,
Dunkirk and also at Sheerness.

We are now going into Belgium,
I think our pilot was on a "bend,"
For he has run us fast ashore
In the port of Ostend.

We are getting out all of our hawsers,
Now hauling in the slack;
We are very much afraid
The Kearsarge will break her back.

We ran through a bridge,
And also a large anchor chain ;
When we get out of this place
They will not catch us here again.

We worked hard all through the day,
We worked with all our might ;
We got off at ten o'clock, full tide,
Our ship was found all right.

We are now lying at the wharf,
For a few days we will remain ;
Some of our officers are at Waterloo,
That battlefield of great fame.

This morning we left Ostend,
Now we are off Calais water ;
We are going to Flushing in dry dock,
To repair the tears in our copper.

Arrived at the port of Flushing, Holland,
Anchored in the river Scheldt ;
Some of our men have been on shore,
Strong of Holland gin they smelt.

Now steaming up to the dock,
For a short time we will remain ;
We have another Dutch pilot on board,
He has run us on shore again.

After awhile we got off all right,
Now all secure in the dock we lie ;
Everything is all made tight and fast,
The Kearsarge is now high and dry.

The dock is well up in the city,
There are wine shops here and there ;
It is some like being in Boston
In the center of Haymarket Square.

All of our crew are now on shore,
They are having a fine old time ;
Some are drinking old Holland Gin,
Others dancing and drinking wine.

We stayed in the dock about five days,
For us it was all very fine ;
We could go ashore when we pleased
And come back any time.

Every one is now called on board,
Going out of the dock to-day;
We are pulling out into the stream,
For a short time to stay.

A few men do not come on board,
They are on shore running loose;
All of them have been arrested
And put in the Dutch calaboose.

To be put in the Dutch jail
They thought it rather hard;
They broke out of the jail
And got out into the yard.

They asked the sentry at the gate
If he would go and get the key;
He told them to wait a minute,
He would go in and see.

He was gone but a few minutes,
Not long did he remain;
He came back with twenty soldiers
And put them back in jail again.

Those men have all come on board,
Again down the channel we glide;
Going to lie off Calais a few days,
It is now full moon and high tide.

After lying off Calais a few days
We are taking another sail;
We are going across to Dover
Where we always get our mail.

We always like to get back to Dover
After being out on a few days' sail;
This is where we receive on board
Our brown stout, porter and ale.

Each man is allowed one pint,
Which they do quickly quaff;
It is amusing to hear them call
For a pint of "half-and-half."

We have four messenger boys,
To eat they seldom get enough;
They hang around the quarter deck
And sometimes ask for more duff.

We have some quarter gunners,
Sometimes called "quarter growls;"
If you should put a finger on a gun
You would hear some great howls.

We are crossing the channel again,
Only for a short cruise;
We have anchored in a small fishing town,
It is called Ambletuse.

Now going again up the channel,
Up into the North Sea,
To cruise around a few days;
It is hard telling where next we shall be.

We have arrived again at Flushing,
It is about the sixth of June;
It is very pleasant to hear the chimes,
Every hour they play a tune.

We received glorious news to-day,
The most glorious we have yet heard;
Mr. Dayton, our minister at Paris,
Telegraphed the Alabama is at Cherbourg.

All is bustle now on board the ship,
The recall is now flying aloft;
A Dutch band came to the wharf
And serenaded us as we steamed off.

After we had got well out to sea
Captain Winslow gathered us around;
He said the Alabama was at Cherbourg,
And that will be our cruising ground.

The next morning we arrived at Dover,
Took on our supplies and mail;
We have them now all on board,
For Cherbourg, France, we shall sail.

And now we have arrived off Cherbourg,
Drifting up and down with the tide;
The Alabama is behind the breakwater,
We shall remain on the outside.

One of our boats went on shore
With the captain the news to learn;
Semmes saw Captain Winslow
As he passed the Alabama's stern.

While our captain was on shore
He received a queer kind of greeting;
A challenge from Captain Semmes saying,
Wait! he would come out and meet him.

Our captain has returned on board,
Read the challenge from Capt. Semmes;
He said we would wait for him,
Then we shall see "who sinks or swims."

After Winslow had read the challenge
He said, "Be ready to fight any day;"
We gave him three rousing cheers,
The echo has not yet died away.

The admiral of the port came out
And to Captain Winslow did say:
"You must keep three miles from shore,
Or we will watch you night and day."

The admiral was very gentlemanly,
In giving our captain these notifications;
Winslow told him he should not
Break any laws of the nations.

We lay off Cherbourg about five days,
Sunday, nineteenth of June, weather fair;
Our bell had just tolled for church,
We were reading service and prayer.

Hurrah! the Alabama is coming out,
Outside of the French waters!
We left off our service and prayer
And every man is at quarters.

We are running straight out to sea
For about five miles or more,
So if the fight goes against Semmes
He can't run to the French shore.

Semmes said we were running away,
He thought we were frightened quick;
But he soon found out to his sorrow
We were playing him a Yankee trick.

When we were about six miles out
We turned, straight for them did run;
They fired about twelve shots,
But we had not fired a gun.

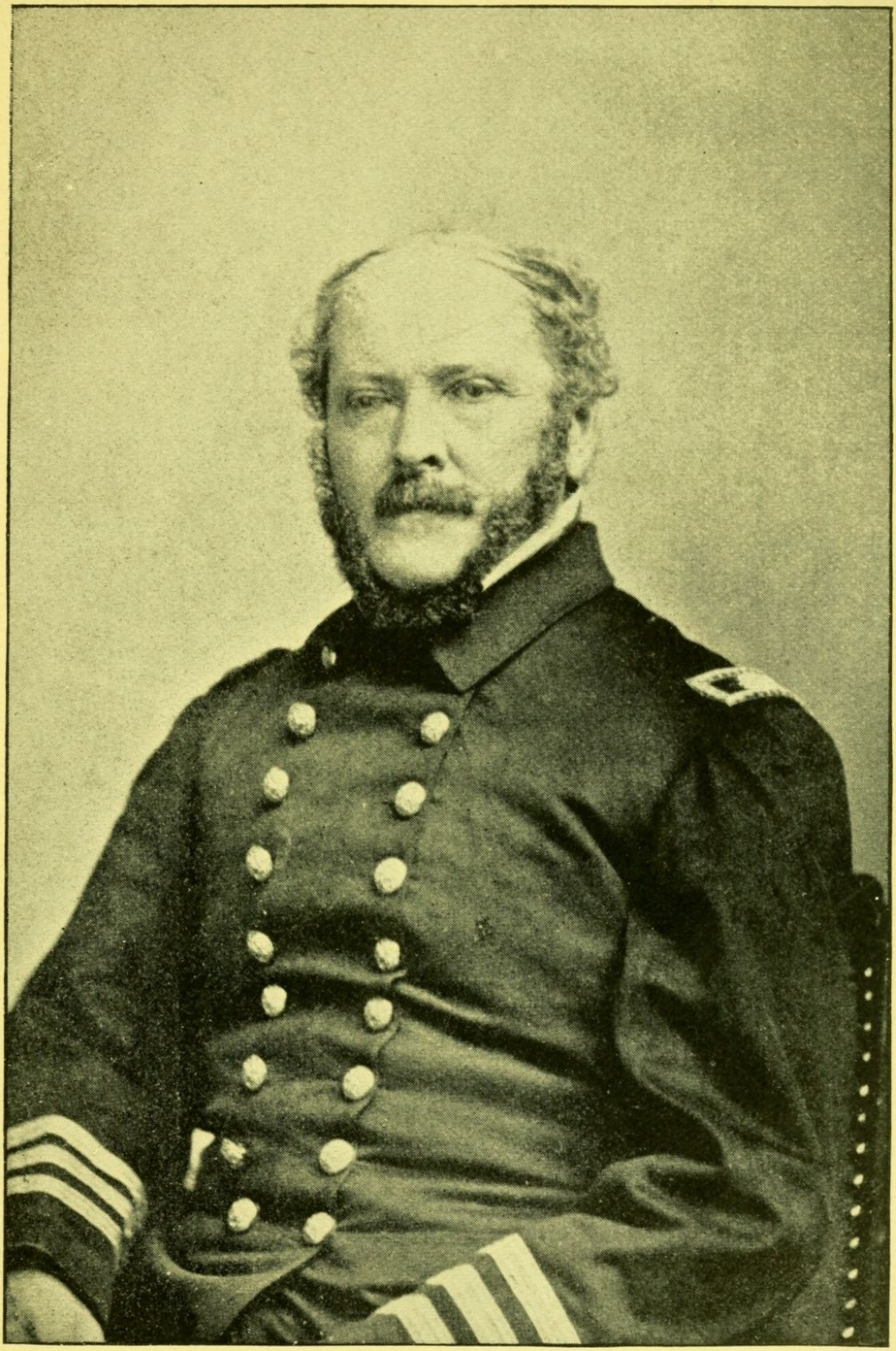
We fired a few shots from the rifle,
Before the broadside guns could bear ;
The gunners were getting impatient,
Probably some of them did swear.

Winslow finally sheered our ship,
Tried to cross the Alabama's stern ;
For Captain Semmes to avoid it
In a circle he had to turn.

Now all of our guns are booming,
Every man doing his duty fine ;
We are striking her in every quarter,
Especially below her water line.

Our brave Lieutenant Thornton,
From gun to gun he came ;
He said, "Take it slow and cool, boys,
Don't fire unless you get good aim."

He said, "Make every shot count,
And we will win the day ;
For every shot that hits,
Is better than fifty thrown away."



CAPT. JOHN A. WINSLOW, 1864.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN AT BOSTON IN 1864.

Winslow is manœuvring the ship,
He keeps us in a good position ;
It looks as if the Alabama was
Getting in a sinking condition.

We are firing slow but sure,
The Alabama's men are firing fast ;
We are putting shells in her sides,
One has nearly cut off her mast.

The first few shots we fired
We cut down their rebel flag ;
Our crew gave three rousing cheers
When on their deck it did drag.

The Alabama has just surrendered,
But at our guns we still remain ;
They have fired two more shots at us,
We are giving it to them again.

They are trying to hoist their sails.
Trying to run for the French shore ;
Captain Winslow said, "Give it to 'em boys,
They can't play tricks any more."

They are holding up a white flag,
We have stopped firing at them;
They are coming to us with a boat
Full of their wounded men.

We lowered all the boats we could,
Our men pulled with all their might;
Before they got half way there
The Alabama had sunk out of sight.

The crew were left floating in the water,
We did our best trying them to save;
We think that more than twenty men,
Killed and drowned, had a watery grave.

The Deerhound came across our stern,
Winslow to them this request did make;
He asked them to help and save
The drowning, for humanity's sake.

The captain replied, "Aye, aye, sir,"
And quickly lowered all their boats;
They soon picked up forty men
Who were hanging on all kinds of floats.

They saw a man floating in the water,
For his life he was trying to swim;
He said: "I am the captain of the Alabama,
I beg of you to take me in."

The Deerhound took them on board
And quickly steamed away;
We always had thought Semmes a coward
And he proved it on that day.

We picked up about seventy men,
The French pilot boats, twelve more;
They said their decks were covered
With the dead lying in their gore.

After every man was picked up,
We steamed to the harbor of Cherbourg;
We dropped our anchor as quietly
As if nothing had ever occurred.

It must have been a grand sight
To thousands of people on shore;
To see that grand naval fight
And hear those great cannons roar.

We made seven complete circles,
As nearly round as they could be;
They fired three hundred and seventy shots,
We fired one hundred and seventy-three.

They struck us twenty-eight times,
To us considerable damage was done;
If that shell had exploded in our stern post
Probably to bottom we would have gone.

The Kearsarge and Alabama were near alike
As two enemies' ships could possibly be;
Here is a description of each of them,
As they appeared that day upon the sea.

The Kearsarge was built in New Hampshire,
In the year of eighteen hundred sixty-one;
Her battery consisted of Dahlgrens,
Then America's best heavy gun.

The Kearsarge was a third-class sloop,
One thousand and thirty-one tons;
She carried one hundred and seventy men
And a battery of seven guns.

The Alabama was built in England,
On the Mersey, by Messrs. Laird & Co.;
Her battery was the best of English guns,
Of which they did loudly blow.

The Alabama was larger than the Kearsarge,
She was one thousand and forty tons;
She carried about the same number of men
And a battery of eight guns.

Semmes said to the French people,
When he went out they would see
How soon he would sink the Kearsarge,
Or have another ship for the Confederacy.

But he was badly mistaken,
Although strong was his will;
He got too much of Winslow's syrup
And the eleven inch Dahlgren pill.

Our captain called us to muster,
He read a prayer with great pride;
He said "We won without loss of life,
God must have been on our side."

He said, "Those men were in the water,
For their lives they had to swim;
Give them some of your dry clothing,"
If any expense report it to him.

The Alabama's men were much surprised,
We treated them with such grace;
The grog tub was brought on deck,
They helped us to splice the main brace.

Lieutenant Wilson was a gentleman,
And a gentleman he proved to be
By offering his sword to Lieut. Thornton,
And not throwing it into the sea.

Thornton gave his sword back to him
And said: "Your sword you may keep;
I always appreciate a gentleman,
Under any circumstances we may meet."

We are keeping five of the officers,
Sent all the rest of the crew on shore;
Our government will get as many exchanged
Before they will fight us any more.

We had not long been in Cherbourg,
Hundreds of people came 'round our ship;
They thought it strange such a vessel
Should the famous Alabama whip.

This is how we won that great fight:
We were very cool, our aim was true;
The Kearsarge was a down-east ship,
She had down-easters for a crew.

There was our brave William Gowen
Who was in the thickest of the fray;
He was the bravest of the brave,
He showed it on that day.

When he was mortally wounded
One of his mates went to take him below;
He said: "No, I can crawl there alone,
Back to your gun you must go."

There was also another brave man,
John W. Dempsey was his name;
His right arm was shot off,
But he did not complain.

When the surgeon was working on him,
Cutting his right arm off,
He was joking the Alabama's men,
Giving them all kinds of chaff.

There was also James McBeath,
A very good and true man was he;
He received a very bad wound
Just below his knee.

All honor is due to our Winslow,
Who manœuvred the Kearsarge that day;
He showed to his noble, gallant crew,
That he could fight as well as pray.

And to our gallant Lieutenant Thornton,
Who had charge of our battery;
He was as fine and brave a man
As ever sailed the deep blue sea.

It was a most glorious victory,
Our country hailed it with joy;
Every man proved himself a hero,
Even to the smallest boy.

We fought on our side, fair and square,
Of them we did not ask any odds;
We ought to thank them very kindly
For shooting to us their ramrods.

The Alabama's men fought to the last,
To them justice we must render;
For the ship sank beneath the waves
In twenty minutes after their surrender.

Semmes did very loudly proclaim
That we were an ironclad;
Because we had chains over our boilers;
The same privilege to do, he had.

If he had been a brave man,
Not a coward as he proved to be,
He would not have run away
Nor thrown his sword into the sea.

Nine days after the battle
Our brave heroic Gowen died;
It was the only loss of life
That occurred on our side.

We erected a monument at his grave,
To mark the place where he does sleep;
He left a widowed mother in Michigan
Who for her brave son will weep.

If any Americans go to France,
If to Cherbourg they should go,
They should visit the French cemetery,
And the grave of the Kearsarge's hero.

After staying here about two weeks,
Some repairs to our ship did give;
We are going to Dover, old England,
To let them see that we still live.

We are anchored again at Dover,
We were here many times before;
We are crowded from morning till night
By hundreds of people from the shore.

They seem to feel bad here in England
Over Captain Semmes' defeat;
But they do give us the honor
Of doing it up very neat.

Semmes is here in England,
With some a hero he seems to be;
They have presented him a new sword
In place of the one he threw in the sea.

Trained gunners from the ship Excellent
Fired the Alabama's guns that day;
The Kearsarge had some Yankees
Who showed them a more excellent way.

Their crew were mostly British subjects,
Of their Royal Naval Reserve;
Some found a watery grave
Which they did well deserve.

Semmes met a good New England ship
And a good New England crew;
They showed France and old England
What New Englanders could do.

The Kearsarge stood like the mountain
That she was named after;
That grand old Kearsarge mountain,
In grand old New Hampshire.

We are receiving grateful praise
From a grateful people at home;
For the service we rendered the country
In sending the Alabama to her doom.

When Farragut heard of the fight
It filled his heart with great emotion;
He said "I had rather been in that fight
Than any that ever occurred on the ocean."

It reminded him of the Roman times
In the days of the old gladiators,
When they went out to mortal combat
Before thousands of spectators.

General Grant was so much elated
When of our great victory he heard,
He fired one hundred shotted guns
Into the city of Petersburg.

I think wherein our great honor lies
In winning that glorious fight,
God must have been on our side,
And we must have been in the right.

Lying off the harbor of Calais,
The Rappahannock is still there;
If she dared come out in the channel
Like the Alabama she would fare.

To-day as we were lying anchored
In the roads of Dungeness;
The Great Eastern passed close by us,
For the cable she is going to Sheerness.

Going again over to Cherbourg,
After being away two weeks or more;
To get two of our wounded men
That were in a hospital on shore.

We have arrived at historic Cherbourg,
Those two wounded men did receive;
It touched my heart very much
To see mate Dempsey's empty sleeve.

The U. S. Ticonderoga has arrived here,
They were in search of the Alabama;
They were a few weeks too late,
She sleeps where nothing can harm her.

And now we have bidden our last farewell
To Cherbourg, glorious 'twill ever be;
Where the Kearsarge won the great fight,
Made a bright page in Freedom's history.

We have arrived at Dover once more,
For us joyful news has just come;
The U. S. Iroquois has arrived here
With orders for us to proceed home.

We were glad to receive those orders,
Which we have expected for some time;
We are to cruise for the pirate Florida,
In the West Indies and south of the line.

The Iroquois went with us up to Deal
To find a good anchoring place;
When we came back to Dover again
We had quite an exciting race.

The Iroquois is the fastest vessel
We have in our navy, it is said;
But to-day, in racing twenty miles
We came in half an hour ahead.

Now good-bye to old England and France,
From these shores we are to retire;
But we never shall forget Cherbourg,
Where we received our baptism of fire.

Farewell, sister ship Iroquois,
Farewell, chalky cliffs of Dover;
We are steaming down the channel,
Our cruise in these waters is over.

Now we are ploughing the Atlantic
Under both steam and sail;
It is pleasant to be out on the ocean
If you do not get into a hard gale.

Sailing the ocean is all very fine,
Especially if no storms you meet;
We have been in a number of gales,
We stood on our heads as well as feet.

The man who wrote that beautiful song
Of the ocean's wave and rolling deep
Had not been three years on a man-of-war
Where the crew on beans they keep.

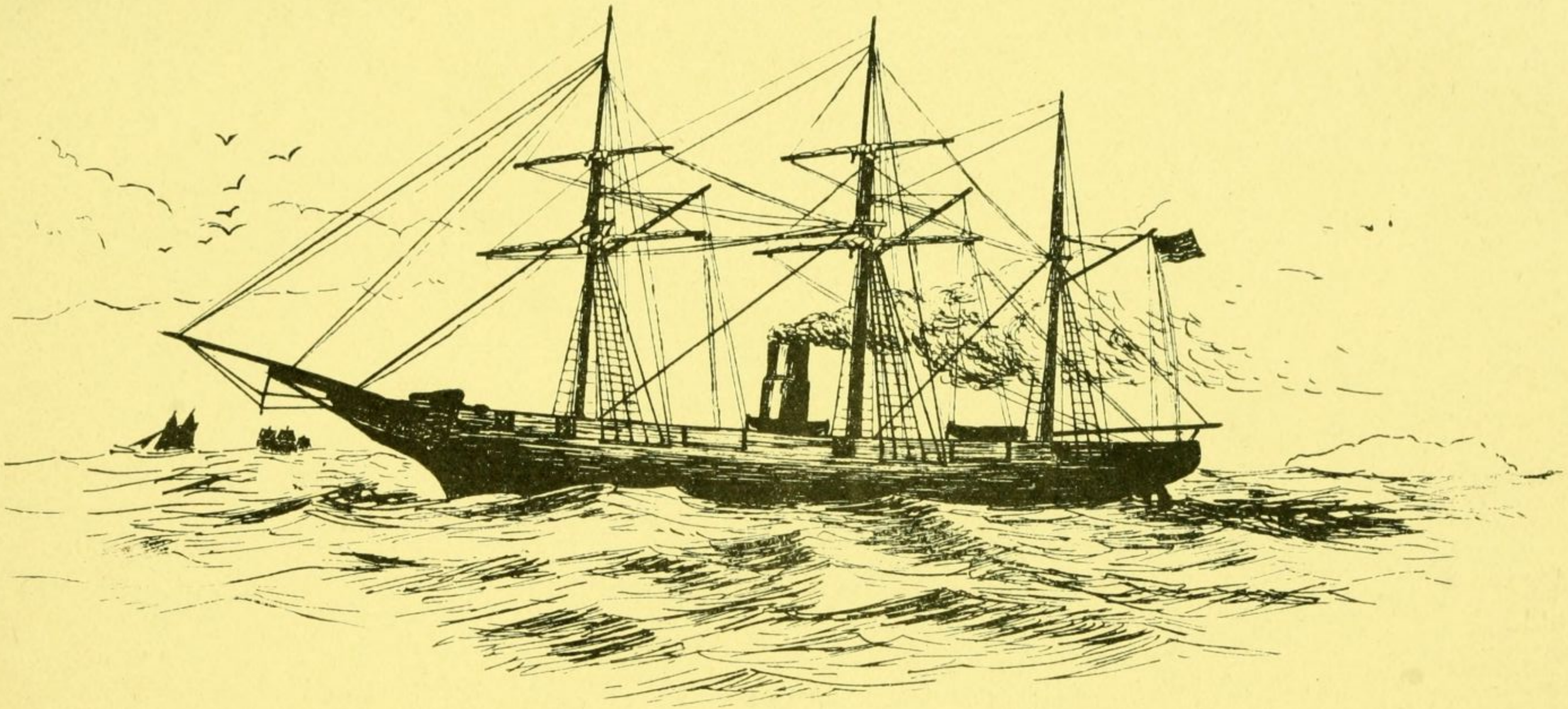
If the weather was always fine
And storms there never should be;
If the women could only climb,
Probably they would all go to sea.

The weather has been very fair
Since we left the European shore,
And we are steaming nicely along;
We shall be in Fayal in a few hours more.

We are passing the island of Pico,
It is on our starboard quarter;
We have come to anchor in Fayal,
The name of the town is Del Horta.

We shall remain here about two weeks
And then we shall go again to sea;
A great many people have come on board
To congratulate us on our victory.

Fayal is a good place to go on shore,
We can do about as we please;
It is a great place for bumboat men,
To sell us lots of donkey cheese.



THE KEARSARGE, 1864.

FROM AN ACCURATE SKETCH DRAWN FOR THE AUTHOR.

About thirty of us were ashore one day,
We got into all kinds of scrapes;
Each one of us hired a donkey
And some were thrown in funny shapes.

To see thirty old tars riding donkeys,
It was quite a laughable scene;
The people were all laughing at us
Because at riding donkeys we were green.

Some of us were thrown over their heads,
Then the donkey's heels would fly;
It reminded me of our rag shags,
Such as we have on the Fourth of July.

We rode five miles along the beach,
Going, my donkey was very kind;
In coming back he kicked me off,
I was left more than two miles behind.

I met a boy coming after him,
For the use of the donkey I did pay;
I told him I would walk into town,
Did not care to ride any more that day.

One old tar who was six feet two
  Could not ride a donkey, he found ;
For when he was on the donkey's back
  Both of his feet dragged on the ground.

To see him riding in that shape
  With us caused quite a laugh ;
We had not gone very far
  Before the donkey kicked him off.

We have been here about two weeks,
  And all on shore have had a good time ;
And now we are off to sea again
  To the West Indies and south of the line.

Now in sight of the island of Barbadoes,
  After being some few days out ;
As we were sailing along to-day
  We saw a very large water-spout.

We have come to anchor in Barbadoes,
  One of our boats has gone ashore ;
This island belongs to England,—
  We were never here before.

Still lying in the harbor of Barbadoes,
It is a very beautiful day;
An English soldier came on board,
He was soon hidden away.

They found it out on shore,
Some officers for him came;
We have found and given him up,
They will take him on shore again.

Our Captain called him to the mast
And kindly to him did say;
"My man, why is it that you
Should want to run away?"

He said, "I am tired of serving the queen,
As for much longer, I shan't;
I want to go to the United States
And fight under General Grant."

Those officers took him on shore
And forty lashes he will get;
They have not stopped their flogging
In the British service yet.

We are off to sea cruising again,
Going down across the line;
We do not expect Neptune on board,
Have been out too long a time.

When a ship first crosses the line
Sometimes Neptune's chariot goes by;
It is hard to make landsmen believe it,
They think an old salt will sometimes lie.

When Neptune comes on board a ship,
Then the old salts have great fun;
Every landsman has to be shaved
In order to become Neptune's son.

One old salt said he did not like
To cross the line, as we are now going;
He said in the month of September
The "auctioneer" gales are always blowing.

We are lying off St. Paul's rock,
Fifty-five miles north of the line;
Our boats went near the rock fishing,
They caught a large mess which was fine.

We lay a few hours off the rock,
Until it was almost dark;
We had some very fine sport,
We harpooned about twenty sharks.

A few of the smallest sharks
We hauled up on the rails;
We soon let them go again
With a large box tied to their tails.

We are death on all sharks,
Have been since that fatal day
When we were in swimming at Gibraltar,
Where one of our crew was carried away.

We are three degrees south of the line,
At Fernado Noronha's Isle;
This is where the Brazilian government
Puts its convicts in durance vile.

We have been looking for the Florida
Ever since we left the European shore;
Now we are headed for America,
Will be there in a few weeks more.

We are north of the line again,
We played it on old Neptune, slick ;
We have arrived at Fort de France,
In the Island of Martinique.

I went on shore to see the place,
Dressed in my best uniform ;
I saw the old historic house
Where the Empress Josephine was born.

This is one of the cleanest places,
Very nicely arranged it seemed to be ;
Two streams of water on each street
Running from a reservoir to the sea.

After staying here some few days
On the ocean again we roam ;
We have arrived at St. Thomas,
From here we shall sail directly home.

This is a very fine and secure harbor,
Ships at anchor can safely ride ;
The U. S. Wachusett came in last night,
She has the pirate Florida outside.

One night as the Wachusett and Florida
Were lying in the harbor of Bahia,
The Wachusett ran into the Florida,
Slipped her cable and ran her out to sea.

The Brazilian forts fired on the Wachusett,
But Captain Collins did not slack;
He said if any of those shots hit him
He would fire at them back.

Collins wanted Winslow to bring her home,
Winslow said "No," with some hesitations;
"You must take her home yourself,
Cutting her out broke the laws of nations."

And now we hear that joyful cry,
A most joyful cry to all shipmates;
"All hands up anchor!" is the cry,
"Up anchor for the United States!"

Such a happy crew you never saw
As round that capstan did run;
All of our music was playing on deck,
Violins, banjos, bones, fife and drum.

We went outside of the harbor,
Took off thirty of the Florida's crew;
They were the meanest looking men
That I ever saw wearing navy blue.

We are headed for the United States,
In seven days we will make the run;
Captain Winslow said he should reach home
In time to vote for President Lincoln.

The first few days the weather was fair,
But now we are in a very hard gale;
We are continually shipping seas
And have lost our fore topsail.

This is one of Cape Hatteras' gales,
Of which most old salts do know;
We passed about five hundred miles off
And a great deal harder was the blow.

After seven days rough passage
We now have passed Minot's light;
We came to anchor in Boston
About twelve o'clock at night.

After thirty-four months cruising
In many a foreign clime and sea
It filled our hearts with joy to see
America, the home of the free.

We are anchored half-way between
Boston and the navy yard;
The wharves are lined with people
To see the now famous Kearsarge.

When the admiral of the navy yard
Of our arrival did learn,
He ordered a salute fired in our honor,
Which we did quickly return.

The Boston papers said we were welcome,
After sinking the Alabama in the sea
And bringing home the good news
Of the capture of the pirate Florida.

The Kearsarge is at Long Wharf,
For the Sailors' Fair she is on exhibition;
Probably in a few days we shall see
The Kearsarge go out of commission.

The city of Boston is giving us a reception,
We are parading the streets with a band;
The Kearsarge crew are heroes of the day
Receiving kind welcomes on every hand.

After parading the principal streets
We were received by great and small;
Now we are listening to welcome speeches
By the mayor and others in Faneuil Hall.

After a number of men had spoken
Winslow was called on to speak, too;
He said, "If there is any honor to give,
Give it all to my gallant crew."

Lieut. Thornton was called on to speak,
For him our hearts were always large;
A lady from New Hampshire was in the hall,
Who christened the grand old Kearsarge.

We are marching the streets again,
Showing our crew seems to be the rage;
We are attending a concert in Music Hall,
We are the chief attraction of the stage.

The Kearsarge has gone out of commission ;
Most all of the crew's time now expires,
After having thirty-four months' cruise,
Visiting five kingdoms, three empires.

The Kearsarge boys were a fine crew,
They all seemed like brothers to me ;
There never was a more fraternal crew
That ever sailed the deep blue sea.

The Kearsarge is still on exhibition,
She is crowded from morning till night ;
Twenty-five cents to go on board
To see the ship that won the great fight.

The Marine Guard is still on board,
Very often on shore they slip ;
They are tired of showing people around
And explaining all about the ship.

After we have told all about the fight
And pictured it out to them plain,
Another crowd will gather around
And want us to tell it again.

One day Governor Andrew was on board,
His presence did us much impress;
He spoke on things relating to the war,
He delivered a short but fine address.

The Kearsarge was on exhibition six weeks
For the benefit of the Sailors' Fair;
We have left her, bidden her good-bye,
She has gone to the navy yard to repair.

The Kearsarge was a strong, staunch ship,
She stood battle, storm and disaster;
We had not a man-of-war at that time
Which could steam any faster.

This closes the cruise of the Kearsarge,
Over thirty months in foreign waters;
Some of us will never meet again,
We shall be scattered in all quarters.

Now, three cheers for the old Kearsarge!
Three cheers for her officers and crew!
Three cheers for our army and navy!
Three cheers for our red, white and blue!

AN ADDRESS TO THE CREW.

Read on the 29th Anniversary of the Sinking of the Alabama.

Shipmates, a few words I have to say,
They are addressed especially to you;
About the good old ship Kearsarge,
Her officers and her noble crew.

We had a fine set of officers,
They were gentlemen in every respect;
And each one of them did well his part
In helping our flag to protect.

Captain Winslow was a fine old gentleman,
A man of very modest ways;
He was out of health most of the time,
He saw a great many sick days.

He gave us a great many privileges
Which other captains would not do;
He saw that every man was treated well,
He was a father to his crew.

He was a fine Christian captain,
For humanity his heart was large;
But a few Sundays missed holding service,
While commander of the Kearsarge.

A fine man was our Lieutenant Thornton,
Who managed our crew so skilfully;
It was his coolness and counsel
That helped to gain that victory.

All shipmates that are now living,
If they are not too far away,
Should try to meet every year
On our great anniversary day.

There is not one of the old crew
But whom we would be glad to meet;
We would share our last crust with them,
Especially if we had hard-tack to eat.

I have seen it in some papers
And heard a great many people say,
That it was one shot from the after pivot
That sank the Alabama that day.

I think that no one man can tell
  Which gun struck her the most;
For we all know very well
  She was riddled from stem to stern post.

Every man did his duty well,
  That he was called on to do;
I think that the medals of honor
  Should have been given to all the crew.

Some time after Semmes reached home
  He thought he would make a hit;
He wrote a book on the Alabama,
  About her cruise and outfit.

It must have been a delicate subject
  For him to write about;
He ought to have written another book,
  And told how she "fit"-out.

The Kearsarge is still in service,
  She has sailed all seas o'er and o'er;
I do not think she has had a better crew
  Than her first, of sixty-four.

May the Kearsarge always be in service,
Our people love her with great devotion;
She fought one of the finest naval fights
That ever was fought on the ocean.

We all went at our country's call
Our glorious flag to protect,
And very nobly we did our part
On the old Kearsarge's deck.

We were ready to fight for our country,
Ready to sacrifice both body and soul;
We were at our quarters ready for action
Before the drum could beat the long roll.

This badge we wear on our breast
Is proof of our good fortune
In being one of the Kearsarge crew
On that memorable nineteenth of June.

It shows to all of our people
That we are veterans tried and true;
That we cruised ten thousand miles
And fought for the "red, white and blue."

On that day we served our country well,
And in history it will ever be recorded;
And as each shipmate passes to his grave,
In heaven I hope he will be rewarded.

Shipmates, have you given a thought,
How fast we are passing away;
Soon there will not be any left
To meet on this great anniversary day.

Our Winslow and our Thornton,
Other officers and many of the crew,
Have been called to the other shore,
Perhaps next it may be me, or you.

Now shipmates, as each one passes away,
Let it be our last request:
To be covered with the American flag
And the Kearsarge badge on our breast.

Shipmates, I thank you for your attention,
While listening to my rhyme;
It must have carried you back
To the days of "auld lang syne."

Shipmates, we soon shall be called home
To join that other patriot band;
Flag of the free, may God protect
Beneath thy folds our glorious land!

WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

Read at the 9th reunion celebrating the 29th anniversary of the sinking of the Alabama.

We are growing old together, shipmates,
Our heads are silvering fast;
Our race of life will soon be run,
All care will soon be past.
Three years we sailed the ocean, shipmates,
Through rough and stormy weather,
And helped to save our nation's flag,—
Now we're growing old together.

It seems to me but yesterday
We stood with health and pride
In line of duty as we sailed,
With shipmates by our side;
And solemn were the vows we made
And said we'll all endeavor
To guard our flag from traitors' hands,—
Now we're growing old together.

Yes, well do I remember, shipmates,
Those battle days long gone

When we together stood in line
Where shot and shell were thrown;
Those fighting days fled swiftly by
Just like the stormy weather;
Our flag is just as dear to-day—
Though we're growing old together.

Our heads with age to gray have turned,
Our cheeks have lost their glow;
And we are now "old vets," shipmates,—
Not lads of long ago;
And though our lives are waning fast
Our hearts we will not sever,
But claim each shipmate near and dear,
As we grow old together.

Reunions many may return
Our friendship to renew,
For the boys of the sturdy Kearsarge
Were a noble and gallant crew.
Many have gone to the other shore,—
Our hearts will yet endeavor
To greet them as in days of yore,—
We're growing old together.

Shipmates, let each be prepared,
While on earth we stay,
To answer the last bugle call
In a Christian way;
To meet one another aloft
Let us all endeavor
Under the flag of the land of love
Where God loves all together.

Part II.

HISTORY OF U. S. S. KEARSARGE.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF HER CAREER, WITH MUCH GENERAL INFORMATION CONCERNING HER ENCOUNTER WITH THE ALABAMA.

The Kearsarge was built at Portsmouth navy yard, N. H., in 1861. Her engines were made by Woodruff & Beach, of Hartford, Conn. She belonged to the same class as the Tuscarora, Wachusett and the Iroquois. She was a third class sloop-of-war of 1031 tons, built of white oak; length 201 feet 4 inches; beam 33 feet 10 inches; depth, 16 feet; draft of water, 13 feet forward and 14 feet aft. She had two horizontal back-acting condensing engines; two main and one auxiliary Martin's patent tubular boilers; she could steam 14 knots per hour. She was launched Sept. 11, 1861, and completed Jan. 18, 1862. Her total cost was $272,514.99.

The first commander was Com. Chas. W. Pickering. On January 18, 1862, he was ordered

to proceed to Cadiz, Spain, in search of the rebel pirate Sumter. The Kearsarge sailed from Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 5, 1862, and after a rough voyage, during which she lost nearly all of her boats, arrived at Madeira on the seventeenth day out, and at Cadiz March 4th. Hearing that the Sumter was at Gibraltar, she left on March 7th, and arrived the same day at Algeciras, just across the bay from Gibraltar where the Sumter was anchored. Here she remained watching the Sumter, with occasional visits to Gibraltar and Tangier, until April 2d, when she went to Cadiz for repairs, remaining there until June, when she again returned to Algeciras to watch the Sumter.

There was little prospect of the departure of the Sumter; most of her crew had left and her officers had joined the Confederate steamer Alabama — the "290." On September 29, 1862, we learned that they were off the Azore Islands destroying American whalemen. The Kearsarge made all haste in pursuit, but the enemy had been gone fifteen days. After making a short cruise among the islands we returned to watch the Sumter. The latter

vessel was sold by the Confederates soon afterward and became a merchantman, and later a blockade runner. The Kearsarge remained in European waters looking for Confederate cruisers which were reported about ready to sail from different ports.

On April 8, 1863, Capt. John A. Winslow assumed command, relieving Capt. Pickering at Fayal, Azore Islands. The winter of 1863 and 1864 was occupied in watching the Florida at Brest, France, and in cruising about the English Channel watching the pirate Rappahannock.

A GRAND NAVAL FIGHT.

The Kearsarge lay at anchor in the harbor of Flushing, Holland, Sunday, June 12, 1864. Mr. Dayton, our minister at Paris, telegraphed Capt. Winslow that the Alabama had arrived at Cherbourg, France. The recall was hoisted for every one to come on board. At evening, as we were leaving the harbor, a Dutch band gave us a serenade. After the ship was well out to sea, Capt. Winslow called all hands to muster, and read the dispatch to us; he said that Cherbourg would be our cruising ground

for the present. On Monday morning the vessel touched at Dover, England, and took on board our stores and mail, and proceeding on to Cherbourg, arrived there Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock. We remained outside of the breakwater. Capt. Winslow took one of the boats and went ashore; he passed under the Alabama's stern. Capt. Semmes saw him pass and the same day sent the following challenge:

"CHERBOURG, JUNE 14, 1864.

To Capt. Winslow:

Seeing that you are outside, hearing that you came here for prisoners landed by me, if you will wait two or three days I will come out and meet you. I want to make some necessary repairs; will not detain you over two or three days.

R. SEMMES, *Capt. C. S. S. Alabama.*"

In a few hours Capt. Winslow returned on board, called all hands to muster, and read the challenge from Semmes. He said: "My lads we will wait for him, and now, my lads, I do not wish to have you underrate Capt. Semmes; he will do all he can to gain the victory. As for his crew I know nothing about them. Let every man be watchful and ready for action at

any moment." We gave three cheers for Capt. Winslow and three for the old Kearsarge.

The French admiral came out the next day and said that we must keep three miles from shore, or he would send an iron-clad to watch us. Capt. Winslow promised to avoid any breach of international law. We cruised up and down outside the breakwater, running in close at night, but keeping outside the three mile limit in the daytime.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIGHT.

The Kearsarge had none to make, as she was always ready to fight at a moment's notice. We were very light in coal, not having half of our allowance on board. The Alabama remained inside of the breakwater, making preparations for the engagement and taking on coal, so as to sink well down into the water.

THE DAY OF OUR GLORY.

After cruising outside five days came the dawn of Sunday, June 19. It was a beautiful morning, the atmosphere a little hazy, and just enough breeze to make white caps on the waves. The morning routine had all been

gone through; the crew were all dressed in clean blue mustering clothes; the decks were white as snow; our bell had just tolled for service. It had hardly ceased when the Alabama was seen coming out, accompanied by a French iron-clad. When they reached the three mile limit, the French iron-clad steamed back to port.

THE KEARSARGE READY FOR ACTION.

As soon as the Alabama was seen approaching every man sprang for his station. The guns were cast loose, ready for action before the long roll was beaten.

SEMMES SAID THE YANKEES WERE FRIGHTENED.

As the Kearsarge was well in shore and somewhat to the eastward of the harbor, Capt. Winslow decided to run out to sea, to prevent, should the fight go against Semmes, his escape to a refuge in French waters.

THE ALABAMA BEGINS THE ACTION.

After we had steamed out about six miles, we turned and ran straight for our adversary. It was 10.57 when the Alabama gave us a broadside of seven guns at 1200 yards' range.

The first shot struck the water within ten feet of the starboard bow; the next went a few feet over the forecastle, under the fore yard, cutting some of the rigging; the other shots did not do much harm. In a few minutes they gave us another broadside without serious result.

The 30-pound rifle on the forecastle opened the battle on our side, firing three shots before the broadside guns could bear. After Winslow had closed to about seven hundred yards, he sheered off so that his broadside guns could work. Then the fight became general. We were using five-seconds fuse and our shells were striking her and bursting on every quarter.

Both ships were working their starboard batteries, and we tried to cross the Alabama's stern to rake. To avoid this danger the enemy sheered off, forcing us both into a circular movement. This was continued to the end of the engagement.

THE RIFLED GUN ON THE FORECASTLE.

This gun was manned by the marine guard; it was firing faster than any other on our ship.

About half an hour after the fight began a shell "stuck" about half way home and could not be rammed in further. We expected to see the gun burst when finally discharged, but it was done without accident, and the rifle continued the good work it had begun.

A BRAVE MAN.

Lieut. James S. Thornton, our executive officer, was continually passing from one gun to another, advising the gunners to work slowly and coolly. He said, "Don't fire unless you get good aim; one shot that hits is better than fifty thrown away."

THE ALABAMA'S RAPID FIRE.

The Alabama's men were firing fast and several of their shots took effect in different parts of our ship. Our rigging was cut in a number of places. One 32-pound shell struck a few feet from the ship, glanced up and lodged under the forward XI-inch pivot gun—happily without exploding. All of our boats except two were completely riddled. A 100-pound rifle shell passed through the smoke-stack, exploding as it was going out. There

were about fifteen men standing near, but none were injured. Another shell came through below the main chains, exploding, and wounding three men. Soon a 100-pound and a 68-pound shell struck us on the chain plating. This "plating," made by hanging our spare anchor chain over the sides along a distance of forty-nine feet, was done fourteen months before the fight. The 100-pound shot severed the chain and went into the ship's side about an inch. The 68-pounder cut the chain also, but did little damage to the ship. Another shell passed through the roof of the engine house, just missing the head of an engineer. A 100-pound rifle shell struck beneath the counter, glanced off, and imbedded in the stern post, but did not explode. The shock was felt all over the ship. It remained there until we came home when it was removed with the damaged timber, and is now in the Naval Museum at Washington.

ON THE KEARSARGE.

Every man was doing his duty well; all seemed to warm up as the fight grew hotter;

there was no flinching, every man standing by his gun, promptly obeying all orders.

THE ALABAMA DOOMED.

At times both ships were completely enveloped in smoke, but as the fighting was in a circle we soon ran out of it, and then the shells would fly thick and fast. After nearly one hour's fighting, the Alabama's fire slackened. She tried to make sail and run for the shore. Her fires were out, rudder and propeller injured and useless, and she was sinking fast. Her ensign at the mizzen peak was shot away early in the engagement and as they could not get down the one flying at the mast head, they fired a gun to leeward in token of surrender, which we acknowledged. Capt. Winslow ordered us to cease firing, but to stand by our guns. After we had stopped for a few moments, two shots from the enemy came booming at us. Capt. Winslow said: "Give it to them, again boys; they are playing us a trick."

SHOWING THE WHITE FLAG.

We gave them two more broadsides, which did great damage; then they held a white flag

over the stern, as a sign of the second surrender. A boat came off with an officer. He said that they were fast sinking, and asked assistance to help save the crew. We sent the only two boats we had left, but before they were half way there the Alabama's bow rose high in the air, her main mast broke off, and down she went stern first and left many of her crew struggling in the water. About this time the English yacht Deerhound, which had been watching at a safe distance, came across our stern. Capt. Winslow asked her commander to help save the drowning. He lowered all his boats and picked up about forty men, Capt. Semmes and fourteen officers among them.

The only gentleman among the rebel pirate officers was Lieut. Wilson who came on board us and gave his sword to Lieut. Thornton. Thornton gave it back to him and told him to keep it. Our boats, with the aid of two French pilot boats, picked up sixty-five men and five officers.

THE DEERHOUND.

As soon as the Deerhound had our prisoners safe on board, she steamed rapidly

away for England. Capt. Semmes and his officers had thrown their swords into the sea when they abandoned their sinking ship.

CASUALTIES.

As nearly as can be learned, there were 9 sailors and 1 officer drowned, 9 of the crew killed, and 21 wounded. We rescued a number of the wounded men and sent them to the hospital on shore.

CASUALTIES ON THE KEARSARGE.

Not a man was killed and only three wounded. John W. Dempsey, quarter gunner, lost his arm. William Gowen, who was wounded in the left thigh, died nine days after the battle. James McBeath was severely wounded in the left leg.

After every man from the Alabama had been rescued and things aboard put to rights, Capt. Winslow called all hands to muster. He read a prayer and said: "We have won the battle without loss of life and God must have been on our side. The Alabama's men have been in the water and you are requested to give them some of your clothing

and report any expense to me. These men have surrendered and I want you to use them as brother shipmates. Your dinner will soon be served out to you. Share it with them." The grog tub was brought up and they helped us to "splice the main brace." The Alabama's men were paroled and sent on shore, except five officers.

The Kearsarge fired 173 shots and the Alabama 370. We made seven complete circles during the fight which lasted one hour and ten minutes. The following table shows the number of shots fired by the Kearsarge.

Two XI-inch guns, - - - -	55 shots.
Rifle on forecastle, - - - - -	48 "
Broadside 32-pdrs., - - - -	60 "
12-pdr. boat-howitzer, - - - -	10 "
Total, - - - - -	173 shots.

DAMAGE TO THE KEARSARGE.

The Kearsarge was struck as follows:

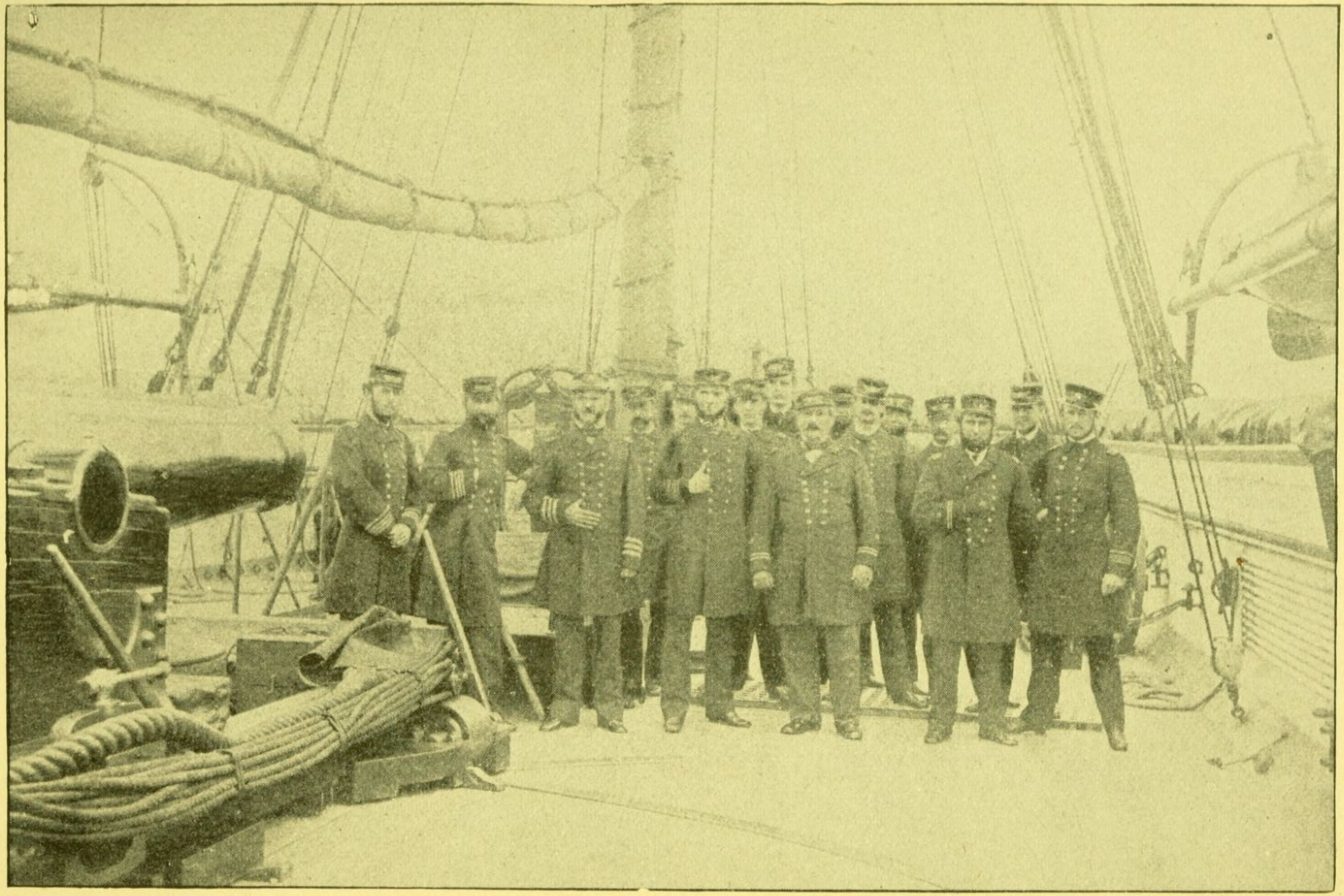
One shot through starboard quarter, taking a slanting direction aft, and lodging in the rudder post. This shot was from the Blakely rifle.

One shot carrying away starboard life-buoy.

Three 32-pounder shots through port bulwarks, forward of mizzen mast.

A shell, exploding after end of pivot port.
A shell, exploding after end of chain-plating.
A 68-pounder shell, passing through starboard bulwarks below mizzen-rigging, wounding three men — the only casualties among the crew during the engagement.
A Blakely rifle shell, passing through the engine-room sky-light, and dropping harmlessly in the water beyond the vessel.
Two shots below planksheer, abreast of boiler hatch.
One, forward pivot port planksheer.
One, forward foremast rigging.
A shot, striking launch's topping-lift.
A rifle shell, passing through funnel, bursting without damage inside.
One, starboard forward main shroud.
One, starboard after-shroud main topmast rigging.
One, main topsail tie.
One, main topsail outhaul.
One, main topsail runner.
Two, through port quarter boat.
One, through spanker (furled).
One, starboard forward shroud, mizzen rigging.
One, starboard mizzen topmast backstay.
One, through mizzen signal halyards, which cut the stops when the battle was nearly over, and for the first time let loose the flag to the breeze.

All repairs to the ship were made by our own crew except a patch on the funnel, which was done by a boiler-maker from shore. We might have come home immediately after the battle without difficulty.



GROUP OF OFFICERS OF KEARSARGE.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN A FEW WEEKS AFTER THE FIGHT, AT DOVER, ENG.

OFFICERS AND CREW U. S. S. KEARSARGE, JUNE 19, 1864.

OFFICERS.

Name.	*Rank.*	*Native of*
John A. Winslow,	Captain,	North Carolina.*
James S. Thornton,	Lieut. Com.,	New Hampshire.
John M. Browne,	Surgeon,	"
J. Adams Smith,	Paymaster,	Maine.
Wm. H. Cushman,	Chief Engineer,	Pennsylvania.
James R. Wheeler,	Acting Master,	Massachusetts.
Eben M. Stoddard,	"	Connecticut.
David H. Sumner,	"	Maine.
Wm. H. Badlam,	2d Asst. Eng'r,	Massachusetts.
Fred. L. Miller,	3d Asst. Eng'r,	"
Sidney L. Smith,	"	"
Henry McConnell,	"	Pennsylvania.
Edward E. Preble,	Midshipman,	Maine.
Daniel B. Sargent,	Paymaster's Cl'k,	"
S. E. Hartwell,	Capt.'s Clerk,	Massachusetts.
Franklin A. Graham,	Gunner,	Pennsylvania.
James C. Walton,	Boatswain,	"
William H. Yeaton,	Act. Master's Mt.	United States.
Charles H. Danforth,	"	Massachusetts.
Ezra Bartlett,	"	New Hampshire.
George A. Tittle,	Surgeon's St'd,	United States.
Carsten B. DeWitt,	Yeoman,	"

* Capt. Winslow was a resident of Roxbury, Mass.

CREW.

Name.	*Rate.*	*Native of*
Jason N. Watrus,	Master-at-arms,	United States.
Charles Jones,	Seaman,	"
Daniel Charter,	Landsman,	"
Edward Williams,	Officers' Steward,	"
George Williams,	Landsman,	"
Charles Butts,	Quartermaster,	"
Charles Redding,	Landsman,	"
James Wilson,	Coxswain,	"
William Gowen (died),	Ordinary Seaman,	"
James Saunders,	Quartermaster,	"
John W. Dempsey,	Quarter-Gunner,	"
Wm. D. Chapel,	Landsman,	"
Thomas Perry,	Boatswain's Mate,	"
John Barrow,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
William Bond,	Boatswain's Mate,	"
James Haley,	Capt. of Forecastle,	"
Robert Strahn,	Capt. Top,	"
James O. Stone,	1st Class Boy,	"
Jacob Barth,	Landsman,	"
Jno. H. McCarthey,	"	"
James F. Hayes,	"	"
John Hayes,	Coxswain,	"
James Devine,	Landsman,	"
George H. Russell,	Armorer,	"
Patrick McKeever,	Landsman,	"
Nathan Ives,	"	"
Dennis McCarty,	"	"

James Boyle,	Ordinary Seaman,	United States.
John C. Woodbury,	"	"
George E. Read,	Seaman,	"
James Morey,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Benedict Drury,	Seaman,	"
William Giles,	"	"
Timothy Hurley,	Ship's Cook,	"
Michael Conroy,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Levi W. Nye,	Seaman,	"
James H. Lee,	"	"
John E. Brady,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Andrew J. Rowley,	Quarter Gunner,	"
James Bradley,	Seaman,	"
William Ellis,	Capt. Hold,	"
Henry Cook,	Capt. after guard,	"
Charles A. Read,	Seaman,	"
William S. Morgan,	"	"
Joshua E. Carey,	Sailmaker's Mate,	"
James Magee,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Benjamin S. Davis,	Officers' Cook,	"
John F. Bickford,	Coxswain,	"
William Gurney,	Seaman,	"
William Smith,	Quartermaster,	"
Lawrence T. Crowley,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Hugh McPherson,	Gunner's Mate,	"
Taran Phillips,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Joachim Pease,	Seaman,	"
Benjamin H. Blaisdell,	1st class Fireman,	"
Joel B. Blaisdell,	"	"

Charles Fisher,	Officers' Cook,	United States.
James Henson,	Landsman,	"
William M. Smith,	"	"
William Fisher,	"	"
George Bailey,	"	"
Martin Hoyt,	"	"
Mark G. Ham,	Carpenter's Mate,	"
William H. Bastine,	Landsman,	"
Lyman P. Spinney,	Coal-heaver,	"
George E. Smart,	2d class Fireman,	"
Charles A. Poole,	Coal-heaver,	"
Timothy Lynch,	"	"
Will H. Donnally,	1st class Fireman,	"
Sylvanus P. Brackett,	Coal-heaver,	"
John W. Sanborn,	"	"
Adoniram Littlefield,	"	"
John W. Young,	"	"
Will Wainwright,	"	"
Jno. E. Ordion,	2d class Fireman,	"
George W. Remick,	1st class Fireman,	"
Joel L. Sanborn,	"	"
Jere Young,	"	"
William Smith,	"	"
Stephen Smith,	2d class Fireman,	"
John F. Stackpole,	"	"
William Stanley,	"	"
Lyman H. Hartford,	"	"
True W. Priest,	1st class Fireman,	"
Joseph Dugan,	"	"

John F. Dugan,	Coal-heaver,	United States.
James W. Sheffield,	2d class Fireman,	"
Charles T. Young,	Orderly Sergeant,	"
Austin Quimby,	Corp. of Marines,	"
Roscoe G. Dolley,	Priv. of Marines,	"
Patrick Flood,	"	"
Henry S. Hobson,	Corp. of Marines,	"
James Kerrigan,	Private,	"
John McAleer,	"	"
George A. Raymond,	"	"
James Tucker,	"	"
Isaac Thornton,	"	"
William Y. Evans,	Nurse,	"
William B. Poole,	Quartermaster,	"
F. J. Veannoh,	Capt. after guard,	"
Charles Hill,	Landsman,	"
Henry Jameson,	1st class Fireman,	"
John G. Batchelder,	Priv. of Marines,	"
John Dwyer,	1st class Fireman,	"
Thomas Salmon,	2d class Fireman,	"
Patrick O. Conner,	"	"
George H. Harrison,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
George Andrew,	"	"
Charles Moore,	Seaman,	"
George A. Whipple,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Edward Wallace,	Seaman,	"
Thomas Marsh,	Coal-heaver,	"
Thomas Buckley,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
Edward Wilt,	Capt. Top,	"

George H. Kinne,	Ordinary Seaman,	United States.
Augustus Johnson,	Seaman,	"
Jeremiah Horrigan,	"	"
William O'Halloran,	"	"
William Turner,	"	"
Joshua Collins,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
James McBeath,	"	"
John Pope,	Coal-heaver,	"
Charles Mattison,	Ordinary Seaman,	"
George Baker,	Seaman,	"
Timothy G. Canty,	"	"
John Shields,	"	"
Thomas Alloway,	"	"
Philip Weeks,	"	England.
William Barnes,	Landsman,	United States.
William Alsdorf,	"	Holland.
Clement Antoine,	Coal-heaver,	Western Islands.
Jose Dabney,	Landsman,	"
Benjamin Button,	Coal-heaver,	Malay.
Jean Briset,	"	France.
Vanburn Francois,	Landsman,	Holland.
Peter Ludy,	Seaman,	"
George English,	"	England.
Jonathan Brien,	Landsman,	"
Manuel J. Gallardo,	2d class Boy,	Spain.
John M. Sonius,	1st class Boy,	Holland.

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE ALABAMA.

OFFICERS AND CREW SAVED BY THE KEARSARGE.

The information in regard to the Alabama's officers and crew was gathered at Cherbourg, France, by Frederick Milnes Edge, Secretary of the American Legation at London.

Francis L. Gault,	Ass't Surgeon,	of Virginia.
Joseph Wilson,	3d Lieutenant.	
Miles J. Freeman,	Engineer,	Englishman.
John W. Pundt,	3d Assistant Eng'r,	"
Benj. L. McCaskey,	Boatswain.	
William Forrestall,	Quartermaster,	Englishman.
Thomas Potter,	Fireman,	"
Samuel Williams,	"	Welshman.
Patrick Bradley,	"	Englishman.
John Orrigin,	"	Irishman.
George Freemantle,	Seaman,	Englishman.
Edgar Tripp,	"	"
John Neil,	"	"
Thomas Winter,	Fireman,	"
Martin King,	Seaman.	
Joseph Pearson,	"	Englishman.
James Hicks,	Capt. Hold,	"
R. Parkinson,	Wardroom Steward,	"
John Emory,	Seaman,	"
Thomas L. Parker,	Boy,	"
Peter Hughes,	Capt. Top,	"

SEAMEN.—John Russell, John Smith, Henry McCoy, Edward Bussell, James Ochure, John Casen, Henry Hig-

gin, Frank Hammond, Michael Shields, David Thurston, George Peasey, Henry Yates, William Clark, David Leggett, Samuel Henry.

ORDINARY SEAMEN.—Henry Godsen, David Williams, Henry Hestlake, Thomas Watson, John Johnson, Match Maddock, Richard Evans, William Miller, George Consey, Thomas Brandon.

COXSWAINS.—William McKenzie, James Broderick, Wm. Wilson.

Edward Rawes,	Master-at-Arms.
Henry Tucker,	Officers' Cook.
William Barnes,	Quarter-Gunner.
Robert Wright,	Capt. Main Top, Wounded.
William McGuire,	Capt. Fore Top, "
William McGinley,	Coxswain. "
John Benson,	Coal-heaver.
James McGuire,	"
Frank Currian,	Fireman.
Peter Loperty,	"
John Riley,	"
Nicolas Adams,	Landsman.
James Clemens,	Yeoman.
James Wilson,	Boy.

The following are those reported to have been killed or drowned.

David H. Llewellyn,	Surgeon,	Welshman.
William Robinson,	Carpenter,	A Northerner.
	Pilot.	

CREW OF THE KEARSARGE AT QUARTERS.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT, BY RONDIN, CHERBOURG, FRANCE.

James King,	Master-at-Arms,	Savannah.
Peter Duncan,	Fireman,	Englishman.
Andrew Shillings,		Scotchman.
Charles Priest,	Coal-passer,	German.
Frederick Johns,	Purser's Steward,	Englishman.
Samuel Henry,	Seaman,	"
John Roberts,	"	Welshman.
Peter Henry,	"	Irishman.
George Appleby,	Yeoman,	Englishman.
A. G. Bartelli,	Seaman,	Portuguese.
Henry Fisher,	"	Englishman.

The above all belonged to the original crew of the Alabama.

The Deerhound carried off, according to her account, 41 ; the names of the following are known.

Raphael Semmes,	Captain.
John M. Kell,	1st Lieutenant.
Arthur Sinclair, Jr.,	2d Lieutenant.
R. K. Howell,	Lieutenant of Marines.

(This person was brother-in-law of Mr. Jefferson Davis.)

W. H. Sinclair,	Midshipman.
J. S. Bullock,	Acting Master.
E. A. Maffit,	Midshipman.
E. M. Anderson,	"
M. O'Brien,	3d Assistant Surgeon.
George T. Fullam,	Master's Mate, Englishman.
James Evans,	"

Max Meulnier,	Master's Mate.	
J. Schrader,	"	
W. B. Smith,	Captain's Clerk.	
J. O. Cuddy,	Gunner.	
J. G. Dent,	Quartermaster.	
James McFagen,	Fireman,	Englishman.
Orran Duffy,	"	Irishman.
W. Crawford,		Englishman.
Brent Johnson,	2d Boat Mate,	"
William Nevins,		"
William Hearn,	Seaman,	"

The last four belonged to the "Royal Naval Reserve."

The dimensions of the two ships were:

Alabama, 220 feet.	Kearsarge, 232 feet.
Length of water line, 210 ft.	" 198½ ft.
Beam, - - - 32 "	" 33 "
Depth, - - - - 17 "	" 16½ "
Two engines apiece of 300 H. P.	" two of 400 H. P.
Tonnage, - - 1040	" 1031

The battery of the Kearsarge consisted of seven guns. Two XI-inch pivots, smooth bore; one 30-pound pivot rifle; four light 32-pounders. We used five guns in the fight.

The battery of the Alabama consisted of eight guns; a 100-pound pivot Blakely rifle, one 68-pounder pivot smooth bore, and six heavy 32-pounders. She used seven guns in the battle. One can see that the two ships were as equally matched as though they had been built expressly for this ever memorable conflict.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Among the incidents of the fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama, some English papers related that an XI-inch shell from the Kearsarge fell upon the deck of the Alabama, and was immediately picked up and thrown overboard. Probably no fight ever occurred in modern times in which somebody did not pick up a live shell and throw it out of harm's way, but we may be permitted to doubt in this case. Five-second fuses take effect somewhat rapidly. The shot weighed considerably more than 100 pounds, and was very difficult to handle. Fifteen pounds of powder, never less, was the firing charge for every shot fired from the XI-inch pivots, the Kearsarge only opening fire from them when within 800 yards of the Alabama. With fifteen pounds of powder and fifteen degrees of elevation, the XI-inch Dahlgren guns were capable of throwing a shell three miles, and yet we are asked to credit such a story as this—that with the same charge at less than half a mile, one of the shells "fell" upon the deck of the Alabama.

Capt. Semmes made the following statement in his official report :—

"Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally."

This is a very touching appeal to come from a man who had spent the two preceding years of his life in destroying unresisting merchantmen. Capt. Winslow had acknowledged the surrender when they fired a lee gun, but when they fired two more shots at us we opened on them again.

A single fact will prove the humanity with which Capt. Winslow conducted the fight. At the close of the action our deck was covered with grape and canister, ready for close quarters ; but we had not used a single charge of this during the contest, although within capital range for it. The greatest consideration was shown for the wounded men from the Alabama who had been taken to the naval hospital at Cherbourg, by the crew of the Kearsarge. Every thing that could be done for their comfort was attended to and they expressed great surprise at the kindness shown them.

WHY THE DEERHOUND WAS PRESENT.

That an English yacht, one belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and flying the "white ensign" too, should have assisted our prisoners to escape after they had formally surrendered themselves, according to their own statement, by firing a gun to leeward, striking their colors, hoisting a white flag, and sending a boat to the Kearsarge, is most humiliating to the honor of the English nation. Some of those signals must have been witnessed from the deck of the Deerhound. Had Capt. Winslow followed the requests of his officers when she steamed off, the Deerhound might now be lying not far from the Alabama. Capt. Winslow could not believe that a gentleman who was asked by himself to "save life," would use the opportunity to decamp with officers and men who by their own admission were prisoners of war.

There is good evidence that the Deerhound was at Cherbourg for the express purpose of rendering assistance to the Alabama. We may be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Lan-

caster, her owner, would have carried Capt. Winslow and his officers to England if the result of the battle had been reversed, and the Alabama had sent the Kearsarge to the bottom. The Deerhound reached Cherbourg June 17th. Between that time and the night of the 18th boats were seen passing between her and the Alabama. It was reported that English gunners came over from England to assist the Alabama in the fight. If this is true, how did the men reach Cherbourg? On the 14th of June Capt. Semmes sent his challenge to the Kearsarge, stating it to be his intention to fight her, "as soon as I can make the necessary arrangements."

Two full days elapsed, during which time he took on board 150 tons additional coal and placed for security in the Custom House, the following valuables:—700 grains of gold coin, six grains of jewelry, set diamonds and two gold watches. What then became of the pillage of all the ships he had destroyed?—the chronometers, etc., which the London *Times* described as the spoils of a whole merchant fleet? These could not be landed on French

soil, and were not. Did they go to the bottom with the ship herself, or were they saved? Capt. Semmes' preparations were apparently completed on the 16th, but still he lingered behind the famous breakwater, much to the surprise of his men.

The Deerhound finally arrived, and the preparations were rapidly completed. How unfortunate that Mr. Lancaster did not favor the *Times* with a copy of his log book, from the 12th to the 19th of June inclusive!

The record of the Deerhound is suggestive. On the morning of that memorable Sunday she steamed out from behind the Cherbourg breakwater at an early hour, scouted hither and thither apparently purposeless, ran back to her anchorage, preceded the Alabama to sea, and was the only close witness of the fight (while the French iron-clad Couronne had the courtesy to return to port). Finally she picked up Semmes, thirteen officers and twenty-six of his men, steamed off to England and left the "apparently much disabled Kearsarge" (Mr. Lancaster's own words) to save two-thirds of the Alabama's drowning crew.

The Alabama went down riddled through and through with our shot and shell and, as she sank beneath the green waves of the channel, not a single cheer arose from us, the victors. The order was given, "Silence, boys," and in perfect silence this terror of American commerce plunged to her last resting place. There is but one key to the victory. The vessels were as nearly as possible equal in size, speed, armament and crew, and the contest was decided by the superiority of the XI-inch Dahlgren guns of the Kearsarge over the Blakely rifle and the 68-pounder of the Alabama, in conjunction with the greater coolness and surer aim of the Union crew. The Kearsarge was not, as represented, especially armed and manned for destroying her foe, but was similar to all the vessels of her class in our navy.

INCIDENTS BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE.

WINSLOW TAKEN FOR THE SHIP'S STEWARD.

During the fight Capt. Winslow wore a rather rusty uniform. A stranger would not have taken him for the commander. When the Alabama's men came on board as prisoners, one of them stepped up to him and said: "Are you the steward of this ship?"

Winslow answered: "I am the captain of this ship."

The man excused himself and said that he was very faint after being in the water, and would like some whiskey. Winslow said, "My man, I am sorry for you," and pointing to our flag, said: "That is the flag you should have been under."

Whiskey was ordered for him.

GEORGE A. WHIPPLE.

While the Kearsarge was watching the Sumter at Gibraltar, in 1862, a man by the name of George A. Whipple ran away from her and shipped on the Kearsarge.

Whipple belonged in North Dana, Mass. When the war broke out he was in New Orleans. He had his choice of going into the rebel army or serving on the Sumter. He chose the latter, because he thought there would be a better chance to get away in some foreign port. While the Sumter was cruising around the West Indies, Whipple obtained liberty to go ashore. He did what a great many old salts do,—got full,—then went on board and cursed Capt. Semmes and the rebel flag. Semmes had him put in irons and a straight jacket, and tied up by the thumbs. He kept him in that position so long that when they took him down they thought he was dead. A man by the name of Robinson, who was also a Northerner, worked over him and brought him back to consciousness. Whipple always swore that whenever he met Semmes he would shoot him on sight.

After the Alabama had surrendered and the prisoners were coming on board, Whipple was found crouching down on the topgallant forecastle with a Sharp's rifle in hand. He

was asked what he was going to do. He said: "Capt. Semmes shall never come on board this ship alive." Some of us thought it would be dishonorable to have anything like that occur after the surrender. We talked to him and finally reported him to one of the officers, who made him put the rifle away. As Capt. Semmes did not come on board, but got away on the Deerhound, I think it was fortunate for him. I believe that Whipple would certainly have shot him. The man who worked over Whipple on the Sumter was also on the Alabama. He was found dead, floating on the water, and picked up by one of our boats and brought on board. Whipple seemed to be much affected by his death.

The above has hitherto been unwritten history, very few of us knowing the facts.

INCIDENTS AT DOVER, ENGLAND.

While the Kearsarge was in the English Channel, before and after the fight, Capt. Winslow kept open ship to visitors, especially at Dover. On pleasant days we received hundreds of people, from 9 A.M. until 5 P.M. The

poor boatmen said the Kearsarge was a God-send to them, as it made business lively when we were in port.

Our crew enjoyed receiving visitors, and were very gentlemanly in showing and explaining all about the ship. It was amusing to hear the questions that were asked. One lady said: "I think you must all come from New York."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you talk so nice. You talk better than we do."

Another lady said: "You are from America, are you not?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I have a brother in America. Do you know him?"

"What is his name?"

"James Wilson."

"Where does he live?"

"Oh, somewhere near New York."

"What is the name of the town?"

"St. Paul."

Many had the idea that New York is about half as large as London, with a few towns

around it, and that this is all there is of America.

One woman said: "Why, you talk like us!"

"Did you not know that Americans speak English?"

"No; I thought they spoke some barbarous language like the French."

After we had shown them around the ship, as they were about to go on shore they would offer us a shilling, or more, which every man refused to take. They were much surprised to find that we refused to take money. They said that on their own ships the men jumped at the chance. We told them that if we were on shore we would take a glass of wine with them.

One Sunday afternoon, while on shore at Dover, a shipmate and myself went up to Dover Castle. The guard at the gate would not let us in. A fine-looking gentleman came up, and he was refused admission also. He told the guard that he lived in Wales, came to London on business and to Dover for the purpose of seeing this castle. He pleaded to go in, but

in vain. He turned to us and said: "Gentlemen, I see by your uniforms that you belong to that American ship lying in the harbor." Then turning to the officers of the guard, he said: "I have been on board that ship to-day and was shown all over it, and invited into the cabin by the captain. I find I am used better by foreigners than by my own countrymen."

Turning to us again, he said: "Gentlemen, if you will come with me down into the city, I will take you to the Ship hotel, and will pay for anything you may call for."

We thanked him for his kindness; but, as it was near sundown, we had to go on board the ship.

Among the visitors that came on board at Dover was a gentleman accompanied by some ladies. One of the old salts showed them about the ship. After they had seen everything and were about to go ashore, the gentleman said: "I suppose you owe your victory to those h'Armstrong guns?"

The old salt replied: "I know nothing about your h'Armstrong guns. These are Dahlgrens, and they are d—n headstrong guns."

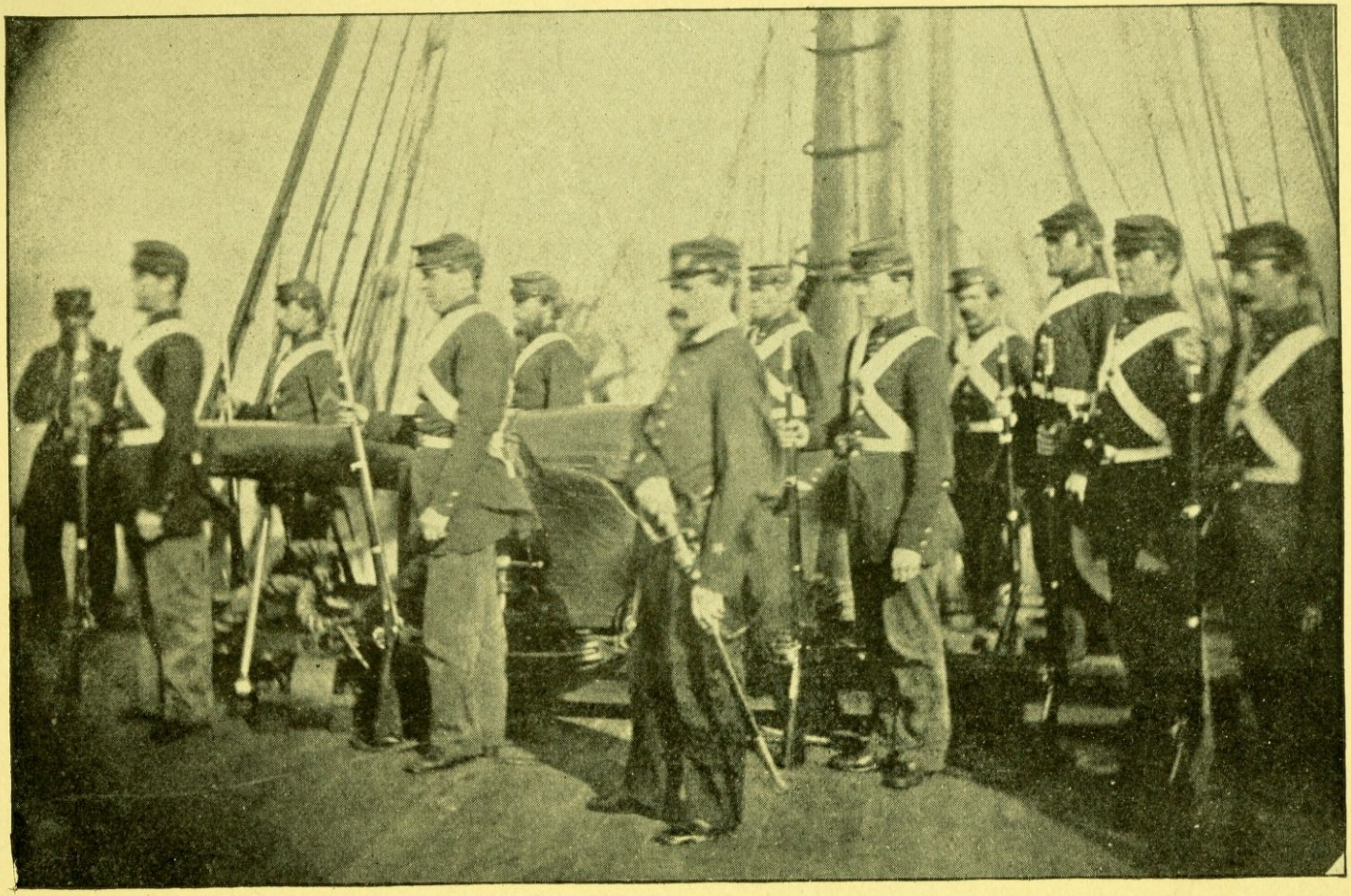
ANECDOTES OF THE "FRENCH BLOCKADE."

While the Kearsarge was watching the pirate Florida at Brest, France, from September, 1863, until February, 1864, the following event took place: The pirate Florida lay in the navy yard being repaired. The Kearsarge was anchored in the harbor. When a few of our men went on shore a large number of the Florida's crew would gather around and insult them. Sometimes they would have quite a lively fight. When some of our officers were on shore in the evening, they were often insulted and jostled on the street by men of the rebel crew, and this continued for some time. Winslow finally became disgusted, and notified the French authorities of the port that he should arm his boats' crews when they went ashore. This he did for a few weeks.

Capt. Winslow also sent a letter to the captain of the Florida complaining of the acts of his men. The letter was directed to the "Captain of the rebel steamer Florida." In a few hours it was returned to Capt. Winslow by an officer

from the Florida, saying it was not properly addressed and would not be received. They wanted Winslow to acknowledge the Florida as a Confederate steamer, which he would not do. After this all trouble between the two crews ceased.

The French and English governments had what was called a "twenty-four-hour law;" that is, if the Kearsarge and Florida were both anchored in the harbor at the same time, and one then went to sea, the other would be obliged to wait twenty-four hours. About the first of February the Florida's repairs were all finished. She was likely to come out of the navy yard any day and go right out to sea. As the Kearsarge would have to wait twenty-four hours, to avoid being caught in that manner Capt. Winslow went outside of the harbor and cruised up and down the Bay of Biscay. After cruising outside about three weeks, running short of coal and other supplies Capt. Winslow requested our minister at Paris to send us a supply vessel. None came, however, and we were obliged to give up blockading the Florida.



MARINES AT THE 30-POUND DAHLGREN RIFLE ON THE TOPGALLANT FORECASTLE.

FROM A PHOTO TAKEN SOON AFTER THE FIGHT, BY RONDIN, CHERBOURG, FRANCE.

CAPT. WINSLOW ADVISED TO DO AS LORD NELSON DID.

There is a story told of Lord Nelson that at a certain naval battle he was sent in with a few ships to fight the enemy. As Nelson seemed to be getting the worst of it, the admiral hoisted the signal for him to withdraw, and one of Nelson's officers reported it. As Lord Nelson had only one eye, he put the glass up to the blind side and said, "I don't see it," and kept on fighting till he gained the victory.

One evening during the three weeks' cruise for the Florida in the Bay of Biscay, Capt. Winslow was on deck talking with one of the officers. It was evident that he was emphatically expressing his desire to destroy the rebel pirate with her officers and crew.

He finally said that if the Florida came outside, he did not want to see her surrender.

The officer replied: "You needn't, captain; you needn't, captain! Put the glass up to that blind eye of yours the same as Lord Nelson did."

Capt. Winslow had been unfortunate in losing one eye a short time before.

If the Florida had come out he probably would have taken the officer's advice, and she would have met a worse fate than the Alabama suffered four months later.

ONE OF OUR CREW TAKEN BY A SHARK.

In the month of July, 1862, while we were watching the pirate Sumter at Gibraltar, the following sad event occurred. The day being Sunday, there was a bull fight up the bay at a place called San Roque. Most of our officers attended. It being near sundown, all of the boats except one went to bring them on board. Some of the old salts saw something in the water between us and the Rock. They called it a sunfish. They got leave to take the only boat that we had left to go and harpoon it. They had not been gone very long when some of the men asked permission to go in swimming, a thing we had done probably twenty times before.

About twenty of us were in the water and as many more were getting ready to jump overboard, when the cry arose: "A shark! a shark!"

The men had formed a sort of circle in the water. Edward Tibbets, a seaman, was in the center of the group. The shark seized him by the thigh, raised him out of the water, when his leg broke, and the shark let go. As the rest of us had climbed on board, we could see that his leg was useless. He swam a few strokes, when the shark seized him again by the hip and held him about two feet under water until he was drowned. Then the shark darted off with him. That was the last we saw of poor Tibbets.

The "sunfish" which the men saw proved to be a shark over fifteen feet long. We called the boat back, but before they came near the ship poor Tibbets had gone to the bottom. It was a trying scene to see the poor fellow carried away and not one of us able to render him any assistance.

His correct name was Sampson instead of Tibbets. About one year before he was on a merchant ship which was captured by the Sumter. He was released on parole not to serve against the Confederacy. This is why he was under another name.

THE NAVAL CAREER OF CAPT. JOHN A. WINSLOW.

The following was obtained through the kindness of the daughter of the late Rear Admiral John A. Winslow, Miss M. C. Winslow, of Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

John Aucrum Winslow, seventh in descent from John Winslow and Mary Chilton, was born in Wilmington, N. C., on November 19, 1811. His father, Edward Winslow, of Boston, Mass., carried on a mercantile house in that city. John Aucrum Winslow married his first cousin, Catharine Amelia Winslow, of Boston.

Winslow was sent to Boston to be educated, and was fitted for college by the Rev. William Sewell, of Dedham, Mass.; but deciding to enter the navy, he obtained his commission as midshipman through the influence of Daniel Webster, February 1, 1827.

His first cruise was in the U. S. S. Falmouth in the West India squadron. In 1833 he was promoted to passed midshipman and in 1839 to lieutenant, these years being employed in alternate sea or shore service.

In 1842 he joined the U. S. frigate Missouri, one of the first steam naval vessels. She visited the principal ports in the United States, then sailed for the Mediterranean. When off Gibraltar she was destroyed by fire. Winslow was sent by the American minister at Spain as bearer of dispatches with the intelligence to the United States, and immediately returned with dispatches from our government to Spain.

In December, 1845, he sailed in the U. S. S. Cumberland for Mexico (during the Mexican war), and was engaged in several boat expeditions up the Rio Grande. He was at the battle of Palo Alto, and in the attack on Tobasco he landed with a division of men. For his gallantry on that occasion he was publicly complimented by Commodore Perry.

In 1849, after serving as ordnance officer at the Boston navy yard, he took part in the naval operations off Mexico, being executive officer of the U. S. frigate Saratoga.

From November, 1851, to April, 1855, he was attached to the U. S. frigate St. Lawrence in the Pacific, received his commission as commander in September, 1855, and com-

manded the Boston naval rendezvous till 1858. He was light-house inspector for the 2d district in 1860–61.

At the opening of the war of the Rebellion he applied to the department for active service and was ordered to the Mississippi under Commodore Foote, and shared, with other officers, in superintending the construction of the gunboats.

Foote had great confidence in Winslow, and he was sent with the first division of the flotilla down the river to Cairo. Having performed this duty, he was ordered to take down the second division. While in command of the flagship Benton, she ran aground owing to the falling of the river. In endeavoring to get the Benton afloat Winslow was badly injured by the parting of an iron hawser, one of the links of the chain striking him with such force in his left arm as to tear the flesh open to the bone, severing the tendons. He was confined to the bed for some time, so severe was the wound, and then ordered home to recuperate. When only partially recovered he returned to the Mississippi and rejoined the flotilla, being

present at Fort Pillow. He commanded the expedition up the White River for the relief of Gen. Curtis' army, and was engaged in several skirmishes with guerillas.

He was promoted captain July 16, 1862, and in December of that year was sent abroad to take command of the U. S. S. Kearsarge. June 19, 1864, he sunk the Alabama off Cherbourg harbor, France. From that date he received his promotion as commodore. He arrived home with the Kearsarge at Boston harbor November 7, 1864.

In 1865 he superintended the construction of iron-clads at East Boston. In 1866 Commodore Winslow was ordered to command the Gulf squadron. In 1868 he was president of a board to appraise iron-clads at New Orleans, Cairo and League Island. In 1869–70 he commanded the Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard, and received his commission as rear admiral. In July, 1870, he assumed command of the Pacific fleet, cruising from port to port in those waters. In July, 1872, his health was so broken that he resigned his command while off Panama, returned to San Francisco in the Pacific Mail

steamer, and passed the winter of 1872–73 in Oakland, Cal. He returned East in April, 1873, passed a few weeks in Washington, D. C., then went on to Boston to his home in Roxbury, where he died September 29, 1873. His remains were interred in Forest Hill cemetery of that city. A boulder from Mt. Kearsarge, N. H., marks his grave.

THE NAVAL CAREER OF CAPT. JAMES SHEPPARD THORNTON.

For the following I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. James S. Thornton, of Thornton's Ferry, N. H.

Capt. Thornton sprang from the sturdy old New Hampshire stock that first settled the state. His great-grandfather, Hon. Matthew Thornton, was president of the provincial congress, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. James Bonaparte Thornton, the father of Capt. Thornton, was also distinguished, being second auditor of the treasury under Jackson and afterwards minister to Peru.

James Sheppard Thornton was born at Thornton's Ferry, in the town of Merrimack, N. H., February 25, 1827. At the age of fourteen he entered the naval academy at Annapolis, through the influence of President Pierce and Hon. Charles G. Atherton. During the Mexican war he was on the blockade in the Gulf of Mexico. He continued in the navy until 1850, when he resigned. In 1854 he re-entered the service, and was assigned to

the storeship Relief of the Brazilian squadron. He continued on this ship until the opening of the Civil war, in the meantime being promoted to lieutenant.

When the war began he was on the brig Bainbridge, but was transferred to Admiral Farragut's flagship, the Hartford, as executive officer. At the battle of New Orleans the captain of the Hartford was killed. Thornton took command of the ship and carried her through safely. Admiral Farragut complimented him on the quarter-deck of the Hartford, and said to him: "In saving the ship you saved the victory." He was commissioned as lieutenant-commander in July, 1862, and was placed in command of the gunboat Winona off Mobile in 1862. One day he espied a rebel steamer, gave chase and destroyed her under the guns of Fort Morgan, although the cannons of the fort were firing on his vessel with terrific vigor during the engagement.

After a short time he was relieved from command of the Winona and placed on waiting orders. The following facts were heard

from Mr. Thornton's own lips while he was on the Kearsarge: "After coming North and reporting as ordered, I was promised by the assistant secretary of the navy the command of a vessel in a few weeks. I was told that I could have a short leave of absence. I went home, and after being there three days received orders to go to New York inside of twelve hours, as a vessel was to sail in that time for Fayal, Azore Islands, and that I was to be executive officer of the Kearsarge." This was a great disappointment to Mr. Thornton. Being a man of commanding presence, full of energy and Yankee grit, he would have preferred to stay on the blockade.

In April, 1863, the Kearsarge arrived at Fayal. There we found Capt. John A. Winslow waiting to relieve Capt. C. W. Pickering, and also Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton to replace T. C. Harris, our former executive officer, who had gone home some two months before. Mr. Thornton had not been on our ship but a few weeks when he proposed to Capt. Winslow that they put the spare anchor chains on the ship's sides, which was done.

Mr. Thornton was a man of simple and unassuming ways, of great courage, having a military bearing that always commanded respect. In a few weeks he had won the lasting love of all the crew. During the next fourteen months we passed through a number of storms, dangers and hardships, and finally, on the 19th of June, 1864, he showed us that we had not overrated him. A braver man never stood on a ship's deck. Passing continually from one gun to another, telling the gunners to take it slow and cool, unmindful of any danger to himself, he gave us that steadiness which won the victory.

Mr. Thornton was afterward advanced several numbers in his grade. After he left the Kearsarge he was commander of the U. S. S. Iosco, and later was executive officer at the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., for three years. Subsequently he was in command of the Monongahela, and was stationed at Rio Janeiro.

One day in the winter, early in 1874, while encountering a heavy gale, he fell in his stateroom, receiving injuries which finally proved

fatal. He was removed to Germantown, Pa., where he died May 14, 1874.

The remains of Capt. Thornton are buried at Merrimack, N. H. A marble pedestal marks the last resting place of one of our bravest naval officers. It is hoped by the survivors of the original crew that in the near future a boulder may be taken from Mt. Kearsarge and placed at his grave.

THE KEARSARGE SINCE THE WAR.

After the Kearsarge was repaired at the navy yard, on April 1, 1865, she went into commission. She made a cruise in European waters under Commander A. D. Harrell, U. S. N., returned to Boston, and went out of commission August 14, 1866. On January 16, 1868, she was again put into commission at Boston, and made a cruise to the South Pacific ocean under Commander James S. Thornton, U. S. N., her executive officer in the combat with the Alabama, going out of commission at the Mare Island navy yard, Cal., December 8, 1873. She again went into commission at Mare Island, and made a cruise in Asiatic waters under the following commanders: D. B. Harmony, until March 1, 1875; R. F. R. Lewis, until July 22, 1875; F. V. McNair, until January 15, 1878, when she went out of commission at Boston, Mass., May 15, 1879. She was commissioned at Boston and made a cruise on the North Atlantic station, under Commander H. F. Picking, until May 7, 1880,

and Commander Geo. B. White until August 16, 1882. On August 16, 1882, Commander William R. Bridgman assumed command, and on August 20, 1883, having been detached from the North Atlantic station, the Kearsarge left New York on a European cruise. Commander C. D. Sigsbee assumed command October 20, 1885. She returned to Portsmouth, N. H., and went out of commission December 1, 1886.

November 2, 1888, she went into commission again at Portsmouth, and has since been attached to the North Atlantic station, under Commander A. D. Brown, until May 15, 1889; Commander E. M. Shepard, until September 30, 1889; Commander W. H. Whiting, until November 5, 1889; Lieut.-Commander Charles Belknap, until November 18, 1890; Commander Horace Elmer, until March 27, 1892, and up to the present time Commander A. S. Crowninshield.

June 19, 1893, she was at Portsmouth, N. H., for slight repairs, and on that day she was visited by twenty-four of the old original crew. Capt. Crowninshield gave us a warm reception.

He said: "Boys, the ship is yours." The Kearsarge Naval Association of Portsmouth and Boston did escort duty. We all received a kind welcome from the admiral of the yard.

The following are the names of those who met at Portsmouth, N. H., June 19, 1893, to celebrate the twenty-ninth anniversary of the sinking of the Alabama:

Charles Fisher,	Washington, D. C.
Philip Weeks,	Lynn, Mass.
James O. Stone,	"
James Magee,	Marblehead, Mass.
Joel L. Sanborn,	South Boston, Mass.
Charles Redding,	Boston, Mass.
John W. Sanborn,	Hyde Park, Mass.
John T. Stackpole,	"
Charles A. Poole,	Waltham, Mass.
John C. Woodbury,	Beverly, Mass.
William W. Wainwright,	Lawrence, Mass.
Austin Quimby,	Salem, Mass.
Henry S. Hobson,	Bonds Village, Mass.
Lyman P. Spinney,	Kittery, Me.
Adoniram Littlefield,	Dover, N. H.
Sylvanus P. Brackett,	Tilton, N. H.
Roscoe G. Dolly,	"
William Smith,	Concord, N. H.
Jere Young,	Newmarket, N. H.
John W. Young,	Portsmouth, N. H.
True W. Priest,	"
Lyman H. Hartford,	"
Martin Hoyt,	"
William G. Evans,	"

Austin Quimby, of Salem, Mass., is president of the Kearsarge Survivors' Association, and William W. Wainwright, of Lawrence, Mass., secretary and treasurer. As nearly as can be learned, there are not over fifty of the old crew, out of 163, who are living. It will not be long before the last one of that gallant company will be called to join those gone before.

May the Kearsarge always be preserved. She has a warm place in the hearts of all Americans who love the Union and honor the navy, and the flag which she battled to maintain before thousands of people at Cherbourg, France, on that great day, June 19, 1864.

HENRY S. HOBSON.

BONDS VILLAGE, MASS., Sept. 30, 1893.

APPENDIX.

FAREWELL, KEARSARGE.

NOTE.

BONDS VILLAGE, MASS., April, 1894.

This book was written in 1893, and the reader can little imagine what pleasure I enjoyed in recalling the events of our memorable cruise. The Kearsarge was in active service, doing more sea duty than any four iron ships we had and receiving great honor in every port she touched, and was growing dearer to our people every year. It is with a sad heart that I record the following.

HER LAST CRUISE.

THE GALLANT OLD KEARSARGE WRECKED.

On January 27, 1894, the Kearsarge was ordered to proceed from San Domingo to Bluefields, Nicaragua, to protect American interests there, which were believed endangered by the troubles between Nicaragua and Hon-

duras. She sailed from Port au Prince, Hayti, on January 30th, and was wrecked on Roncador reef February 2d.

Roncador reef lies about 200 miles northeast of Bluefields, in the Caribbean sea, and is a long, low reef almost submerged. The western end rises only a few feet above the ocean, and to the eastward it is a narrow, submerged ledge extending for eight miles. The Kearsarge struck on the eastern or submerged end of the reef, and the officers and crew were transported by boats to the portion known as the island.

The reef is known among seafaring men as the "graveyard of the Caribbean." The roar of the surf can be heard for miles, but on a calm night a vessel can approach until it is impossible to retreat, without the slightest warning of peril. The island owes its danger to the fact that a current sets toward it which runs at a rate varying from one to four knots an hour. The island is barren, not a spear of grass grows on it, and in severe storms the sea sweeps over it. Its highest point is only ten feet above sea level.

The Kearsarge struck the reef about 6.45 P.M. The lookout cried, "Breakers ahead!" and in a few minutes the vessel went on the reef. She heeled over on her side. In order to right her all of the masts were cut away, and the guns were thrown overboard. As soon as this was done she partly righted. At daylight the boats were lowered, and the officers and crew were transported to the island.

Lieut. Brainerd, with a picked boat crew, left February 4th for the island of Old Providence, ninety miles distant, reaching there the morning of the 5th, and sailing thence on a vessel for Colon. On arrival there he telegraphed the facts to the secretary of the navy, who immediately ordered him to charter a vessel at Colon and rescue the men. The steamer City of Para was chartered, sailed on February 14th for Roncador reef, and brought off the shipwrecked men, arriving at New York the 21st of February.

Congress appropriated $45,000 to raise the Kearsarge. The Boston Towing Co. took the contract. Their steamer, the Orion, left Boston on March 13th, arriving at the reef the

21st. When the reef was reached it was found that the Kearsarge had been burned. It seems that the lawless natives had looted the vessel, and, in order to get the copper, burnt her.

There was not much of the original Kearsarge remaining at the date of her loss. There was not a gun on her which had helped to sink the Alabama. The XI-inch guns are at the Mare Island, Cal., navy yard. The four 32-pounders were sold at the Boston navy yard in February, 1880, to M. Lissbuger, of New York. The 30-pound Dahlgren rifle was sold in December, 1875, to the Boston Machine Co. The 12-pound howitzer was melted up in October, 1889.

The old engines of the Kearsarge were removed at the Portsmouth, N. H., navy yard during June and July, 1887, and broken up during September, 1891. The fragments were put in the scrap heap, turned over to the foundry, and used for various purposes. The engines which replaced those removed were taken from the U. S. S. Nantasket. The ship had been extensively repaired at different navy yards, and it is safe to say that not more than half of her was original at the time of the wreck.

Thus ends the career of one of the most historic ships, ever ready to go at short notice to any place where duty called. If all patriotic Americans feel sad over her loss, how must we, the few original survivors, feel? She was our home for thirty-four months, carrying us safely through many storms and dangers, and finally triumphed in one of the most brilliant naval fights which ever took place. But we are glad she died in the harness, — much better than to be laid up in "Rotten Row."

That she was a victim to the carelessness of her own officers was proved at the court-martial of Capt. Heyerman and Lieut. Lyman. Capt. Heyerman was suspended for one year on waiting-orders pay. Lieut. Lyman received the same sentence. Capt. Heyerman is spoken of by friends and acquaintances as a very able officer. That he regrets the destruction of our gallant old ship is not doubted, and probably he would rather have lost his own life in honorable service for his country.

Farewell, farewell, old Kearsarge!
Thy majestic form we'll never see more;
You were wrecked, looted and burnt
On the reef of Roncador.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, . . . Frontispiece

From a photo taken in 1891.

FACING PAGE

U. S. S. KEARSARGE, 1893, ... 32

CAPT. JOHN A. WINSLOW, 1864, ... 64

From a photo taken at Boston in 1864.

THE KEARSARGE, 1864, ... 80

GROUP OF OFFICERS OF KEARSARGE, . . . 120

From a photo taken a few weeks after the fight at Dover, Eng.

CREW OF THE KEARSARGE AT QUARTERS, . . 128

From a photo taken soon after the fight by Rondin, Cherbourg, France.

MARINES AT THE 30-POUND DAHLGREN RIFLE ON THE TOPGALLANT FORECASTLE, ... 144

From a photo taken soon after the fight by Rondin, Cherbourg, France.

PART I.—POETICAL.

Preface, ... 3

Dedication, ... 5

CRUISE OF THE KEARSARGE, ... 7

AN ADDRESS TO THE CREW, ... 95

WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER, ... 101

PART II.

HISTORY, NARRATIVE, BIOGRAPHY, ANECDOTE.

HISTORY OF U. S. S. KEARSARGE.

Built at Portsmouth, ... 107
Watching the Sumter, ... 108
A Grand Naval Fight, ... 109
The Alabama Sunk, ... 116
Prisoners Escape on the British Yacht Deerhound, . 117
Casualties, ... 118
Damage to the Kearsarge, ... 119

OFFICERS AND CREW OF U. S. S. KEARSARGE, JUNE 19, 1864, ... 121

OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE ALABAMA, . . 127

Dimensions and Batteries of the Kearsarge and Alabama, ... 130

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Throwing a Shell Overboard, ... 131
Humanity of Capt. Winslow, ... 132
Why the Deerhound Was Present, . . . 133
No Cheering Over a Vanquished Foe, . . . 136

INCIDENTS BEFORE AND AFTER THE BATTLE.

Winslow Taken for the Ship's Steward, . . 137
George A. Whipple, ... 137
Incidents at Dover, England, ... 139

ANECDOTES OF THE "FRENCH BLOCKADE."

At Brest, ... 143
The Twenty-four-Hour Law, ... 144
Winslow Advised to Do as Lord Nelson Did, . 145

ONE OF OUR CREW TAKEN BY A SHARK, . 146

NAVAL CAREER OF JOHN AUCRUM WINSLOW, . 148

NAVAL CAREER OF JAMES SHEPPARD THORNTON, 153

THE KEARSARGE SINCE THE WAR, . . . 158
Twenty-ninth Reunion of Crew, June 19, 1893, . 159

FAREWELL, KEARSARGE!
Story of Her Last Cruise and Shipwreck, . . 163

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