

Oliver Peak - June 2nd - 1894

NO. 7.

THE CENTURY SERIES, VOL. I, NO. 7, MAY 7, 1894
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY, PRICE \$7.50 PER YEAR
Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION

PART VII

THE OPENING OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI
AND THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS

THE UNION SIDE, BY ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER (CONTINUED)

THE "BROOKLYN" AT THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS
BY COMMANDER JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT, U. S. N.

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE, BY CAPTAIN BEVERLEY KENNON, LA. S. N.

NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CAPTURE, BY GEORGE W. CABLE

INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION OF NEW ORLEANS, BY CAPTAIN ALBERT KAUTZ, U. S. N.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN (CONTINUED)

HANOVER COURT-HOUSE AND GAINES'S MILL, BY GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER

MCCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE AND MALVERN HILL, BY GENERAL D. H. HILL, C. S. A.

(CONTINUED IN PART VIII)

NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

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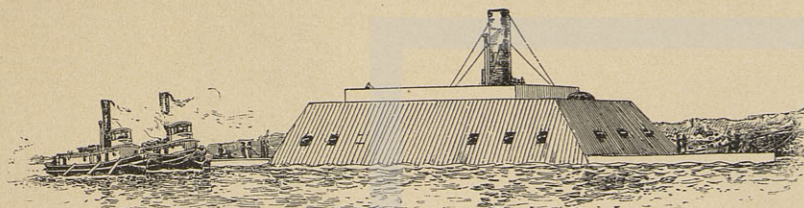
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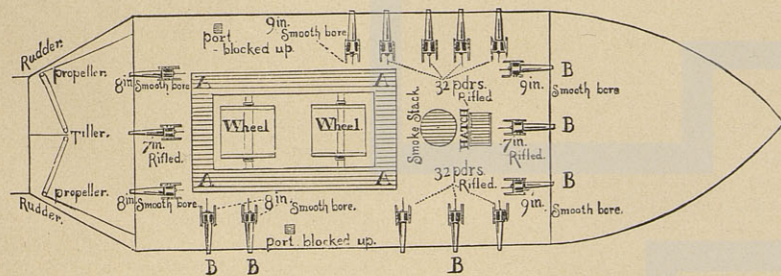
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THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD "LOUISIANA."
On the way to Fort St. Philip.



THE PLAN OF THE "LOUISIANA."*
After a sketch made by commander J. K. Mitchell, about the time of the engagement.
A A, Bulkhead around wheels. B B, Guns used in action.

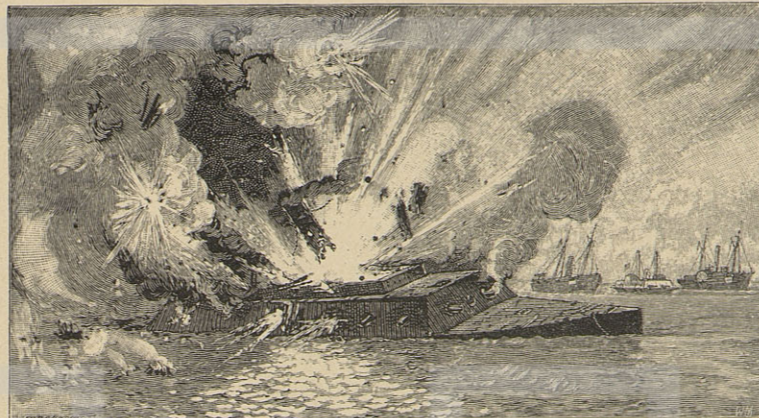
bank and drifted below the forts, where she blew up and sank.

Previous to this a kind of guerrilla warfare had been carried on, and most of the enemy's river-boats had been run ashore or otherwise destroyed, while the *Varuna* lay sunk at the bank with two of her adversaries wrecked beside her, a monument to the gallantry of Commander Boggs.

When the fleet had passed the forts, and there was no longer any necessity for me to hold my position, I dropped down the river with the steamers to where the mortar-boats were anchored, and gave the signal to cease firing. I knew that our squadron had failed to destroy all of the enemy's fleet. The ironclad *Louisiana* lay at the bank apparently uninjured, the *McRae* was at anchor close to Fort Jackson, and three other vessels whose

*Mr. William C. Whittle, who was third lieutenant on the *Louisiana* during the contest against Farragut's fleet in the Mississippi, has sent to the Editors the following statement concerning her armament:

"The hull of the *Louisiana* was almost entirely submerged. Upon this were built her heavy upper works, intended to contain her battery, machinery, etc. This extended to within about twenty-five feet of her stem and stern, leaving a little deck forward and aft, nearly even with the water, and surrounded by a slight bulwark. The structure on the hull had its ends and sides inclined inward and upward from the hull, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and covered with T railroad iron, the lower layer being firmly bolted to the wood-work, and the upper layer driven into it from the end so as to form a nearly solid plate and a somewhat smooth surface. This plating resisted the projectiles of Farragut's fleet (none of which perforated our side), although one of his largest ships lay across and touching our stem, and in that position fired her heavy guns. Above this structure was an open deck which was surrounded by a sheet-iron bulwark about four feet high, which was intended as a protection against sharpshooters and small arms, but was entirely inefficient, as the death of our gallant commander, McIntosh, and those who fell around him, goes to prove. The plan for propelling the *Louisiana* was novel and abortive. She had two propellers aft, which we never had an opportunity of test-



EXPLOSION OF THE CONFEDERATE IRONCLAD, "LOUISIANA."

character I could not make out were moving back and forth from one shore to the other. This looked serious, for such a force, if properly handled, was superior to mine; and I had to provide imme-

diately against contingencies. There were now seven efficient gun-boats under my command, and I at once prepared them to meet the enemy. My plan was to get as many of my vessels as possible alongside of the *Louisiana*, each one to make fast to her, let go two anchors, and then "fight it out on that line."

Meantime Farragut was speeding on his way up the river with all his fleet except the *Mississippi* and one or two small gun-boats, which were left to guard the lazaretto. On his way up the flag-officer encountered more Confederate batteries at Chalmette, the place made famous by the battle of January 8th, 1815. . . .

Farragut made short work of them, however, and our fleet, meeting with no further resistance, passed on and anchored before New Orleans. . . .

ing. The novel conception, which proved entirely inefficient, was that right in the center section of the vessel there was a large well in which worked the two wheels, one immediately forward of the other. I suppose they were so placed to be protected from the enemy's fire. The machinery of these two wheels was in order when my father, Commodore W. C. Whittle, the naval commanding officer at New Orleans, against his better judgment, was compelled to send the vessel down to the forts. The vessel left New Orleans on the 20th of April, I think. The work on the propellers was incomplete, the machinists and mechanics being still on board, and most of the guns were not mounted. The center wheels were started, but were entirely inefficient, and, as we were drifting helplessly down the stream, tow-boats had to be called to take us down to the point about half a mile above Fort St. Philip, on the left side of the river, where we tied up to the bank with our bow down-stream. Thus, as Farragut's fleet came up and passed, we could only use our bow-guns and the starboard broadside. Moreover, the port-holes for our guns were entirely faulty, not allowing room to train the guns either laterally or in elevation. I had practical experience of this fact, for I had immediate charge of the bow division when a vessel of Admiral Farragut's fleet got across our stem, and I could only fire through and through her at point-blank instead of depressing my guns and sinking her."

THE "BROOKLYN" AT THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS.

BY COMMANDER JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT,
U. S. N.

An officer of the "Brooklyn" in the action described.

. . . The present article is intended merely as a personal narrative of the passage of the forts as seen from the deck of the *Brooklyn*. This vessel was a flush-deck sloop-of-war, carrying 22 9-inch guns, 1 80-pounder Dahlgren rifle, and 1 30-pounder Parrott rifle. A small poop-deck extended about fifteen feet from the taffrail, and under this were the steering-wheel and binnacles. I was a midshipman on board doing lieutenant's duty, having charge of a regular watch and in command of a division of guns. My division consisted of 4 guns (2 guns' crews) at the after end of the ship. The guns were numbered in pairs 10 and 11. The No. 11 gun on the starboard side was shifted over to the port side under the poop-deck, and both the No. 11 guns were manned by the marines. It was expected that our principal work would be with our port battery directed against Fort Jackson on the right bank. My two crews manned the No. 10 gun on each side, and also prepared to man the 30-pounder on the poop if occasion should require. On each side of the poop there was a ladder to the main deck. While steaming up to the hulks and until it was necessary for me to be at my guns, I stood on the port ladder with my head above the rail, where I could watch our approach to the forts, and I mounted this ladder several times to see what was going on as we advanced.

On the poop were Captain Craven, Midshipman John Anderson, who had volunteered a few days before from the *Montgomery*, which did not take part in the action, Captain's Clerk J. G. Swift, afterward a graduate of West Point and a lieutenant in the army, and two quartermasters. There was a small piece of ratline stuff carried around the poop, about waist-high. Captain Craven stood at the forward edge of the poop with his hands on this line, and did not move during the whole passage. I had the good fortune during the war to serve with many brave commanders, but I have never met in the service, or out of it, a man of such consummate coolness, such perfect apparent indifference to danger as Admiral Craven. As I write, I hear the sad news of his death.



CHARLES F. MCINTOSH, C. S. N.
Commander of the "Louisiana."

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 24th two red lights were hoisted at the peak of the flag-ship as a signal to get under way. All hands had been on deck since midnight to see that everything about the deck and guns was ready for action, and when the decks were wet down and sanded, it really began to look as if we were going to have some pretty hot business on our hands. The anchor was hove up with as little noise as possible, and at half-past 2 we steamed off, following the *Hartford* toward the entrance to the opening which had been made in the obstructions. The Confederates opened fire about 3 o'clock, when the advance division came in sight and range of the forts, and as we passed ahead of the mortar-vessels we also came in range; but the forts were so far ahead that we could not bring our broadside guns to bear. For twenty minutes we stood silent beside the guns, with the shot and shell from Forts St. Philip and Jackson passing over us and bursting everywhere in the air. As we came to the obstruction the water-battery on the Fort Jackson side opened a most destructive fire, and here the *Brooklyn* received her first shot. We gave the water-battery a broadside of grape. With our own smoke and the smoke from the vessels immediately ahead, it was impossible to direct the ship, so that we missed the opening between hulks and brought up on the chain. We dropped back and tried again; this time the chain broke, but we swung alongside of one of the hulks, and the stream-anchor, hanging on the starboard quarter, caught, tore along the hulk, and then parted its lashings. The cable secured us just where the Confederates had the range of their guns, but somebody ran up with an ax and cut the hawser, and we began to steam up the river. A few moments later there was a sudden jar, and the engines stopped. The propeller had no doubt struck some hard object, but no one knew the cause of the stoppage; and as Craven called out, "Stand by the starboard anchor," and a fatal pause under the enemy's fire seemed imminent, a thrill of alarm ran through the ship. The alarm was groundless, however, as no injury was done, and presently the engines started again, and the ship moved on.



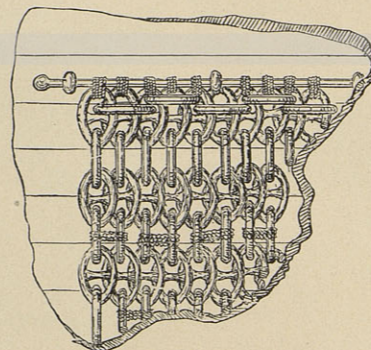
THE "BROOKLYN" ATTACKED BY THE CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

The *Manassas* was described by her commander, Lieutenant Warley, as "a tug-boat that had been converted into a ram, covered with half-inch iron, and had a 32-pounder carronade; her crew consisted of thirty-five persons, officers and men. She was perforated in the fight by shot and shell as if she had been made of paper."

Admiral Melancton Smith thus describes his encounter with the ram: "Having discovered the *Manassas* stealing up along the St. Philip side of the river behind me, I signaled Farragut for permission to attack, which was given. The *Mississippi* turned in mid-stream and tried to run down the ram, barely missing her, but driving her ashore, when her crew escaped, fired at by the *Kineo*, which had not yet anchored. The ram's engines were found to be still in motion, but the approach of a burning wreck compelled me to abandon the idea of attaching a hawser. Her machinery was destroyed by my boats, and after receiving a broadside or two from the *Mississippi*, she floated down the river in flames and blew up."

There were many fire-rafts, and these and the flashing of the guns and bursting shells made it almost as light as day, but the smoke from the passing fleet was so thick that at times one could see nothing ten feet from the ship. While entangled with the rafts, the *Brooklyn* was hulled a number of times; one shot from Fort Jackson struck the rail just at the break of the poop and went nearly across, plowing out the deck in its course. Another struck Barney Sands, the signal quartermaster, and cut his body almost in two. The first lieutenant, Lowry, coming along at the time, inquired who it was, and understanding the response to be "Bartlett," instead of "Barney," he passed the word that he had sent down "all that was left of poor Bartlett." As he came on deck and was about in all parts of the ship during the fight, he gave the men news of the progress of the fight and of the casualties, and for once I was completely out of existence.

The ship was now clear of the hulks and steamed up the river, throwing shells and shrapnel into Fort Jackson as fast as the guns could be loaded and fired. When just abreast of the fort a shot struck the side of the port of No. 9 gun on the port side, and at the same time a shell burst directly over the gun. The first captain's head was cut off and nine of the gun's crew were wounded. I was standing amidships between the two No. 10 guns, and was struck on the back by the splinters and thrown to the deck. I was on my feet in a moment and turned to my port gun. There were only two men standing at it, the first loader and the first sponger, who were leaning against the side of the ship: the others were all flat on deck, one of them directly in the rear of the gun. The gun had just been loaded, and I pulled this man to one side, clear of the recoil, and fired the gun. It was a time when every one felt that he must do something. After the discharge of the gun the men on the deck got



SECTION OF CHAIN ARMOR PLACED ON THE SIDE OF THE "BROOKLYN" TO PROTECT HER BOILERS.
From a sketch lent by Commander Bartlett.

up and came to their places. None of them were seriously hurt. The captain of the gun found a piece of shell inside his cap, which did not even scratch his head; another piece went through my coat-sleeve.

Just after passing Fort Jackson we saw a bright glare on the starboard quarter, and a moment after Captain Craven said, in his deep bass voice, "One bell!" (to slow down), and then, "Two bells!" (to stop her). I went up the poop ladder, and there in plain sight on the left bank, just below Fort St. Philip, was the *Hartford*, with a fire-raft alongside and with flames running up the rigging on the tarred rope to the mast-head.* The tug *Mosher* was near by, but I did not see the ram *Manassas*. It was evidently Craven's intention when he saw Farragut's trouble to go to his rescue. As the engine stopped, the *Brooklyn* dropped down, her head swinging to starboard, until she was on a line between Fort Jackson and the *Hartford*. The fort immediately opened fire on the *Brooklyn* with renewed energy, and she would have been blown out of the water had not the enemy aimed too high and sent the shot through the rigging, boats, and hammock-nettings, many of them just clearing the rail. The port battery was manned, and shell and shrapnel were fired as fast as the guns could be loaded. The *Brooklyn* remained under the fire of Fort Jackson until Craven saw Farragut free from the fire-raft, and then she steamed ahead. This was one of the coolest and bravest

*Commander Albert Kautz, who was at this time lieutenant on the *Hartford*, in a letter to the Editors thus describes this memorable scene:

"No sooner had Farragut given the order 'Hard-a-port,' than the current gave the ship a broad sheer, and her bows went hard up on a mud bank. As the fire-raft came against the port side of the ship, it became enveloped in flames. We were so near to the shore that from the bowsprit we could reach the tops of the bushes, and such a short distance above Fort St. Philip that we could distinctly hear the gunners in the casemates give their orders; and as they saw Farragut's flag at the mizzen, by the bright light, they fired with frightful rapidity. Fortunately they did not make sufficient allowance for our close proximity, and the iron hail passed over our bulwarks, doing but little damage. On the deck of the ship it was bright as noonday, but out over the majestic river, where the smoke of many guns was intensified by that of the pine-knots of the fire-rafts, it was dark as the blackest midnight. For a moment it looked as though the flag-ship was indeed doomed, but the firemen were called away, and with the energy of



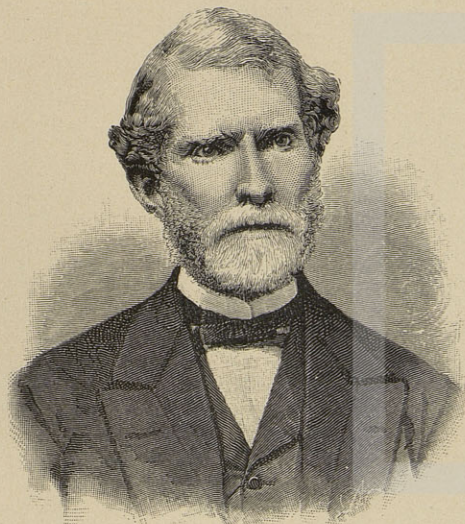
REAR-ADMIRAL THOMAS T. CRAVEN, U. S. N.
In command of the "Brooklyn."

acts that I saw during the war, but it was not mentioned in any official report or newspaper account at the time. In fact, the *Brooklyn's* passage of the forts was hardly noticed by the newspaper correspondents, as Craven had old-fashioned ideas and would allow no reporters on board. I am glad, even at this late date, that I can put on record this act of heroism.

As the *Hartford* lay aground with the fire-raft alongside, her crew were at their work, and I saw the flag-officer distinctly on the port side of the poop looking toward us. From this point the *Brooklyn* steamed ahead, toward Fort St. Philip, and passed close to the fort, firing grape from the starboard battery. When she first came abreast of the fort there was a long blaze of musketry from the parapet, but it soon stopped when she got to work. We were at this time less than one hundred feet from the bank, and the *Hartford* had passed ahead. The barbette guns of the fort not being depressed sufficiently, we received no damage while passing, but we were so close that the powder scorched the faces and clothes of the men. A bullet entered the port of No. 1 gun and struck Lieutenant James O'Kane, who had charge

despair rushed aft to the quarter-deck. The flames, like so many forked tongues of hissing serpents, were piercing the air in a frightful manner that struck terror to all hearts. As I crossed from the starboard to the port side of the deck, I passed close to Farragut, who, as he looked forward and took in the situation, clasped his hands high in air, and exclaimed, 'My God, is it to end in this way!'

"Fortunately it was not to end as it at that instant seemed, for just then Master's Mate Allen, with the hose in his hand, jumped into the mizzen rigging, and the sheet of flame succumbed to a sheet of water. It was but the dry paint on the ship's side that made the threatening flame, which went down before the fierce attack of the fireman as rapidly as it had sprung up. As the flames died away the engines were backed 'hard,' and, as if providentially, the ram *Manassas* [mistake] struck the ship a blow under the counter, which shoved her stern in against the bank, causing her bow to slip off. The ship was again free; and a loud, spontaneous cheer rent the air, as the crew rushed to their guns with renewed energy."

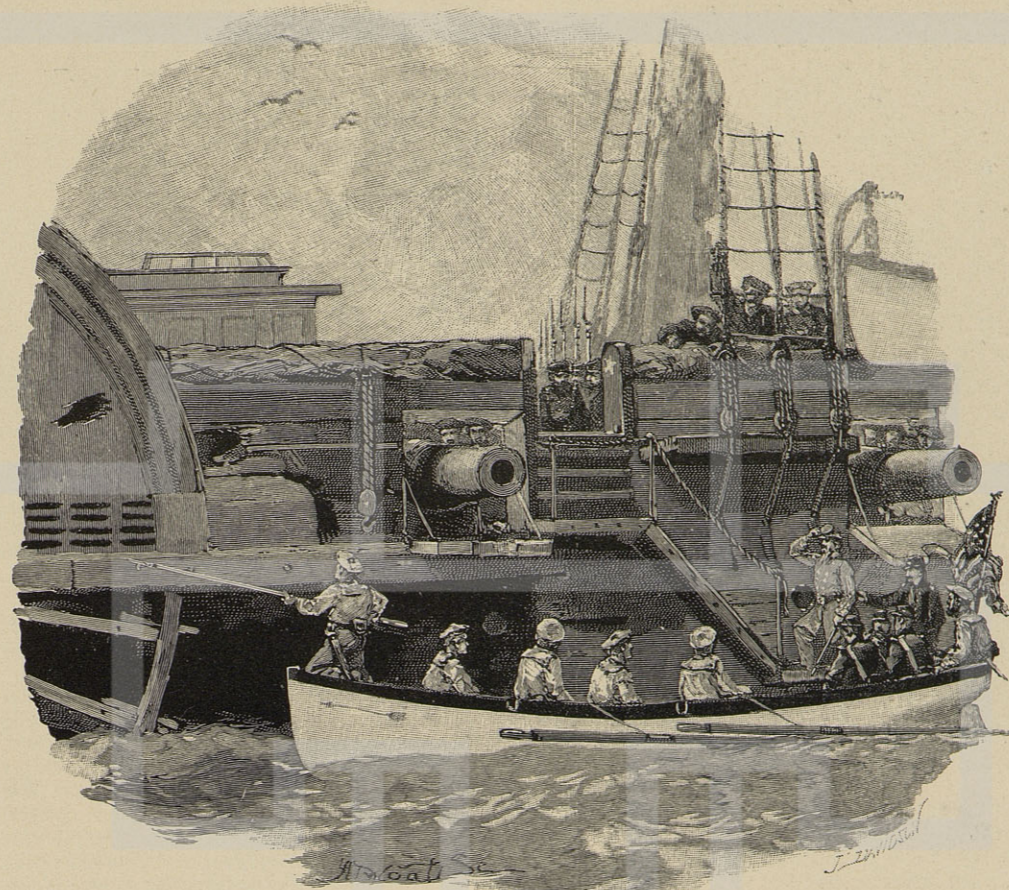


COMMANDER JOHN K. MITCHELL, C. S. N.
In command of the Confederate Naval Forces.

of the first division, in the leg. He fell to the deck, but would not allow himself to be carried below until he had himself fired two of the broadside guns into Fort St. Philip. But the most uncomfortable position on board the ship, during this part of the engagement, was that of the quartermaster, Thomas Hollins, who stood in the starboard main chains, heaving the lead and calling out the soundings. The outside of the ship near him was completely peppered with bullets, and the flames from the enemy's guns seemed almost to reach him; still he stood coolly at his post, and when abreast of the fort he was heard calling out, "Only thirteen feet, sir."

As we passed clear of Fort St. Philip, Captain Craven gave orders to load the starboard battery with solid shot. He had seen the ironclad *Louisiana* moored just above the fort. She gave us one or two shots, but when we came directly abeam of her, she closed her port shutters and received our broadside. We could hear our shot strike against her iron sides. We gave but one broadside and then sheered out into the river. A 9-inch shell, fired by the *Louisiana*, struck the *Brooklyn* about a foot above the water-line, on the starboard side of the cutwater, near the wood ends, forced its way for three feet through the dead-wood and timbers, and remained there. At New Orleans this shot was cut out, and it was found that in their hurry the gunners had neglected to remove the lead patch from the fuse, so that the shell did not explode. Had it done so it would have blown the whole bow off, and the *Brooklyn* would have gone to the bottom.

As we swung out into the current and steamed up the river, we began to see the vessels ahead fighting with the Confederate gun-boats, and a few moments later the cry came aft, "A steamer coming down on our port bow." We could see two smoke-stacks and the black smoke from them. I took a look from the poop ladder, and saw a good-sized river steamer coming down on us, crowded with men on her forward deck, as if ready to board. The order had already been given, "Stand by to repel boarders," and to load with shrapnel; the



COMMANDER PORTER RECEIVING CONFEDERATE OFFICERS ON THE "HARRIET LANE."

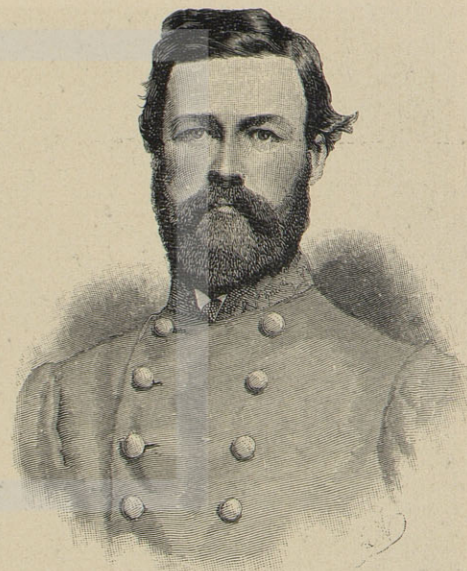
fuses were cut to burn one second. As she approached, Craven gave the vessel a sheer to starboard, and we began with No. 1 gun, the guns aft following in quick succession, the shells bursting almost immediately as they left the guns. There was a rush of steam, shrieks from the people on board the steamer, and, when it came time for my No. 10 gun to fire, the steamer was lost in the smoke. This was the only one of the river flotilla which we encountered or fired into. Just after our engagement with this steamer, a column of black smoke, which came from the dreaded *Manassas*, was seen on the starboard side, and the cry was passed along by men who were looking out of the ports, "The ram, the ram!" Craven called out, "Give her four bells! Put your helm hard-a-starboard!" Then I saw the smoke-stacks of the *Manassas* and the flash from her gun, and the next moment I was nearly thrown on the deck by the concussion, caused by her striking us just amidships. The ram was going full speed but against the current, and, with our helm to starboard, the blow was not at right angles to our keel, though nearly so. I ran to the No. 10 port, the gun being in, and looked out, and saw her almost directly alongside. A man came out of her little hatch aft, and ran forward along the port side of the deck, as far as the smoke-stacks, placed his hand against one, and looked to see what damage the ram had done. I saw him turn, fall

over, and tumble into the water, but did not know at the moment what caused his sudden disappearance, until I asked the quartermaster, who was leadsman in the chains, if he had seen him fall.

"Why, yes, sir," said he, "I saw him fall overboard,—in fact, I helped him; for I hit him along-side of the head with my hand-lead."

No guns were fired at the ram from the starboard battery; all the crews a moment before had been at the port guns. As the *Manassas* drifted by I ran up on the poop, calling the gun's crew with me, to see if I could hit her with the 30-pounder Parrott, but we were unable to depress it sufficiently, at its high elevation, to bring it to bear before she was lost to sight in the smoke. The shot which she had fired came through the chain and planking, above the berth-deck, through a pile of rigging placed against the ship's side, and just entered the sand-bags placed to protect the steam-drum.

A few moments after this incident a vessel passed on our starboard side, not ten feet from us, and I could see through the port the men loading a pivot-gun. She was directly abreast of No. 10 gun and I took the lock-string to fire, when a cry came from on board the vessel, "Don't fire, it is the *Iroquois*!" At the same moment, Lieutenant Lowry also shouted from near the mainmast, "Don't fire!" Seeing the black smoke pouring



BRIGADIER-GENERAL
JOHNSON K. DUNCAN, C. S. A.
In command of Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

from her stack, and noticing that it was abaft the mainmast, I called to Captain Craven, "It can't be the *Iroquois*! It is not one of our vessels, for her smoke-stack is abaft her mainmast!" Captain Craven, however, repeated the order, "Don't fire!" and I obeyed. I was sure it was one of the Confederate gun-boats, but it was my duty to obey orders, and thus the Confederate gun-boat *McRae* escaped being sunk by the *Brooklyn*; for the gun had been depressed, and a 9-inch shell would have gone through her deck and out below the water-line.

Just after leaving Fort St. Philip a shot came in on the starboard quarter and went across the deck, taking off a marine's head and wounding three other men. Lieutenant Lowry came along about this time, and I heard him report to Captain Craven that Lieutenant O'Kane had been wounded. Craven directed him to put me in charge of the First Division, to which Lowry answered:

"I sent poor Bartlett down below half an hour ago cut in two."

"Oh, no, you did not," said Craven; "he is on deck close to you."

Lowry turned and was as much surprised as if he had seen a ghost, and told me to run forward and take charge of the First Division. There had been terrible havoc here. The powder-man of the pivot-gun had been struck by a shell, which exploded and blew him literally to atoms, and parts of his body were scattered all over the fore-castle. . . . It was now almost daylight, and we could see the crews of the deserted boats running for cover to the woods a little way back. Shortly after, the *Brooklyn* came up with the other vessels and anchored near a point where there had been an encampment of troops. They only remained long enough to land and bury the dead. The commanding officers assembled on board the *Hartford* to offer their congratulations to the flag-officer. . . .



FIRING AT THE "VARUNA" THROUGH THE BOW OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

THE CONFEDERATE SIDE.

BY BEVERLEY KENNON, CAPTAIN, U. S. N.
Commander of the "Governor Moore" in this engagement.

... The *Governor Moore*, which was anchored near Fort St. Philip opposite Fort Jackson, could not have been surprised at any time. I slept for the most part only during the day, and but rarely at night. At 8 P. M. four sentinels were always posted on the spar-deck and wheel-houses, and a quartermaster in the pilot-house; an anchor and engine-room watch was set; the chain was unshackled and the fires were banked; both guns were carefully pointed at the opening in the obstructions through which the enemy had to pass to reach us. The vessel being secured as firmly as if at a dock, effective firing of her guns was assured. Every opening in the vessel's side through which a light might be seen was kept closed. At dark the vessel's holds and decks and magazines were brightly lighted to save delay in the event of a sudden call to quarters. Two guns' crews were ready for service, and the officer of the deck and myself were always at hand.

The evening previous to the battle I reported to General Duncan, the commander of the two forts, my observations on the enemy's movements as seen by myself from the mast-head. Yet to my knowledge no picket boat was sent down by us, or any means adopted to watch the enemy and guard against surprise. The result was they were abreast the forts before some of our vessels fired a shot. In a few moments this space was filled with smoke from the guns and exploded shells, intensifying the darkness of the night. A slackening of

the fire on both sides was necessary, since neither could distinguish friend from foe. In some places no object was distinguishable until directly upon it, when it was as soon lost to view, yet the United States squadron steamed ahead, blindfolded, as it were, through the darkness and confusion, soon to find themselves in places of absolute safety and with comparatively few casualties.

At about 3:30 A. M. (April 24th, 1862) an unusual noise down the river attracted my attention. As we expected to be attacked at any moment I descended the ladder to near the water, where I distinctly heard the paddles of a steamer (the *Mississippi*). I saw nothing on reaching the deck, but instantly fired the after gun, the one forward being fired by the sentry there; at the same moment the water-batteries of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip let drive, followed in an instant by a general discharge from all the available guns in the forts, and both batteries of the advancing fleet, mounting 192 guns, and Commander Porter's squadron of 7 vessels, mounting 53 guns, which attacked Fort Jackson's flank below the obstructions. There was also a splendid practice from 19 Federal mortars, which fired their 13-inch shells at intervals (between the vessels) of 10 seconds.

The bursting of every description of shells quickly following their discharge, increased a hundred-fold the terrific noise and fearfully grand and magnificent pyrotechnic display which centered in a space of about 1200 yards in width. The ball had not more than fairly opened before the enemy's ships were between the forts, and the Uncle Sam of my earlier days had the key to the valley of the Mississippi again in his breeches-pocket, for which he



THE "STONEWALL JACKSON" RAMMING THE "VARUNA."

had to thank his gallant navy and the stupidity, tardiness, ignorance, and neglect of the authorities in Richmond.

The first gun fired brought my crew to their stations. We had steam within 3 minutes, it having been ordered by that hour; the cable was slipped, when we delayed a moment for Lieutenant Warley to spring the *Manassas*, then inside of us, across the channel. A little tug-boat, the *Belle Algerine*, now fouled us—to her mortal injury. By the time we started, the space between the forts was filling up with the enemy's vessels, which fired upon us as they approached, giving us grape, canister, and shell. My vessel being a large one, we had too little steam and elbow-room in the now limited and crowded space to gather sufficient headway to strike a mortal blow on ramming. So rather than simply "squeeze" my adversary, I made haste slowly by moving close under the east bank to reach the bend above, where I would be able to turn down-stream ready for work. I took this course also, to avoid being fired and run into by the Confederate rams moored above me; but the ground for this fear was soon removed, as, on getting near them, I saw that one had started for New Orleans, while the telegraph steamer *Star*, ram *Quitman*, and one other had been set afire at their berths on the right bank, and deserted before any of the enemy had reached them, and were burning brightly. They being in a clear space were in full view, and I was close to them. Another reason for leaving our berth directly under Fort St. Philip, where the *Louisiana*, *McRae*, and *Manassas* also lay, was to get clear of the cross-fire of the forts, and that of each ship of the enemy as they passed up close to us, for we sustained considerable damage and losses as we moved out into the stream.

When we were turning at the head of the reach we found ourselves close to the United States steamer *Oneida*, 10 guns, with the United States steamer *Cayuga*, 4 guns, on our port beam. On being hailed with "What ship is that?" I replied, "United States steamer *Mississippi*," to deceive,

she being a side-wheel vessel also, but, seeing our distinguishing light, the *Oneida* raked with her starboard broadside at a few feet distance; the *Cayuga* delivered her fire thirty yards distant; the *Pensacola*, 25 guns, a little farther from us, at one fire with shrapnel from the howitzers in her tops cleared out 12 men at our bow-gun. Beyond her the firing of single guns in quick succession, as some vessel unseen to any one was moving rapidly up-stream, attracted my attention. At the same instant the United States steamer *Pinola*, 5 guns, close to on our port quarter, delivered her fire, kill-



REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES S. BOGGS, U. S. N.
In command of the "Varuna."



THE "PENSACOLA" DISABLING THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola* says, in his report: "The ram [*Governor Moore*], after having struck the *Varuna* gun-boat, and forced her to run on shore to prevent sinking, advanced to attack this ship, coming down on us right ahead. She was perceived by Lieutenant F. A. Roe just in time to avoid her by sheering the ship, and she passed close on our starboard side, receiving, as she went by, a broadside from us." Until I read this, I thought the vessel that did us most damage was the *Oneida*, the other vessels being astern of her. Captain Lee of the *Oneida* in his report speaks of firing into the *Governor Moore*. — B. K.



CAPTAIN BEVERLEY KENNON,
U.S.N.
Commander of the "*Governor Moore*." (From a tintype.)

ing five men in our bunkers. This combined attack killed and wounded a large number of men, and cut the vessel up terribly. Suddenly two, then one Confederate ram darted through the thick smoke from the right to the left bank of the river, passing close to all of us. They missed the channel for New Orleans, grounded on and around the point next above and close to Fort St. Philip; one was fired and deserted, and blew up soon after as we passed her; the others were disabled and were soon abandoned by their crews. One (the *Resolute*) was after taken possession of later by men from the Confederate steamer *McRae*. I do not know what became of the other, the smoke was so dense. All this passed in a few moments. Suddenly I saw between my vessel and the burning *Quitman*, close to us on the west bank, a large, two-masted steamer rushing up-stream like a racer, belching "black smoke," firing on each burning vessel as she passed, and flying her distinguishing white light at the mast-head and red light at the peak. I thought of General Lovell, not far ahead of her on board the passenger steamer *Doublon*, and quickly made a movement to follow this stranger in the hope of being able to delay or destroy her. Besides, the four or even more large ships so close to us, but obscured from view, needed but a little more room, and one good chance and a fair view of us, quickly to annihilate my old "tinder-box" of a ship. I therefore slipped out in the smoke and darkness around us after the advancing stranger, which proved to be the *Varuna*, Captain Charles S. Boggs, mounting 8 8-inch guns

and 2 30-pounder rifles, with a complement of about 200 persons. My whereabouts remained unknown to my former adversaries until all of them came to the *Varuna's* assistance at 6:20 A. M., nine miles above, where she sank, and where parts of her wreck are yet to be seen (1885).

When I started after the *Varuna*, I shot away our blue distinguishing light at the mast-head with a musket, as to have hauled it down would have attracted notice. We could see her, as she was in a clear space, and her lights showed her position. But she soon lost sight of us, for, besides being somewhat in the smoke, there were back of us at this location moderately high trees thickly placed, the spaces filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, making a high dark wall or background on both sides of the river. Until we got clear of this, there was nothing to attract attention toward us, the *Varuna* being half a mile ahead, as shown by her lights. Her engines were working finely and driv-



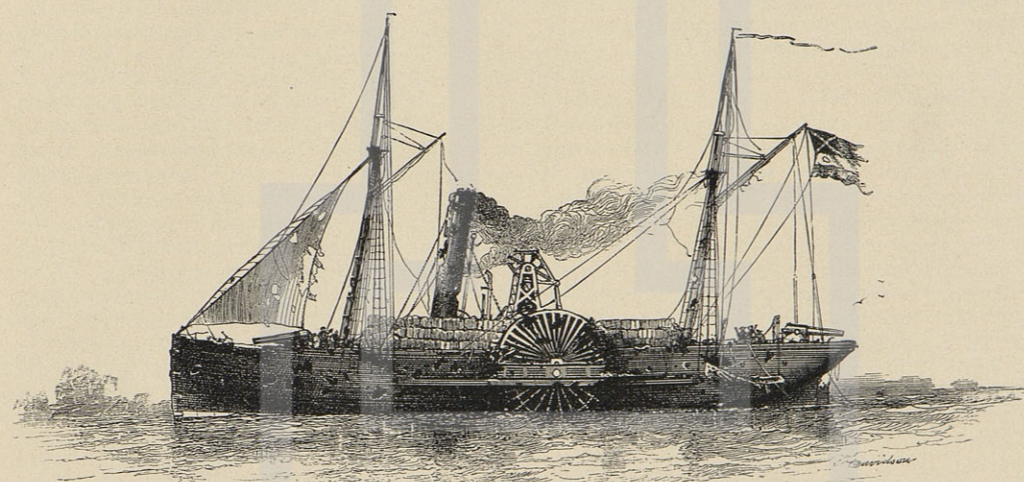
THE "GOVERNOR MOORE" IN FLAMES.

The Union ships in their order, beginning with the left, are the "*Oneida*," the "*Pinola*," the sunken "*Varuna*," the "*Troquois*," and, in the foreground, the "*Pensacola*."

ing her rapidly on her "spurt."* We too, by using oil on our coal, had all the steam we needed. My old ship, shaking all over and fairly dancing through the water, was rapidly lessening the distance between us.

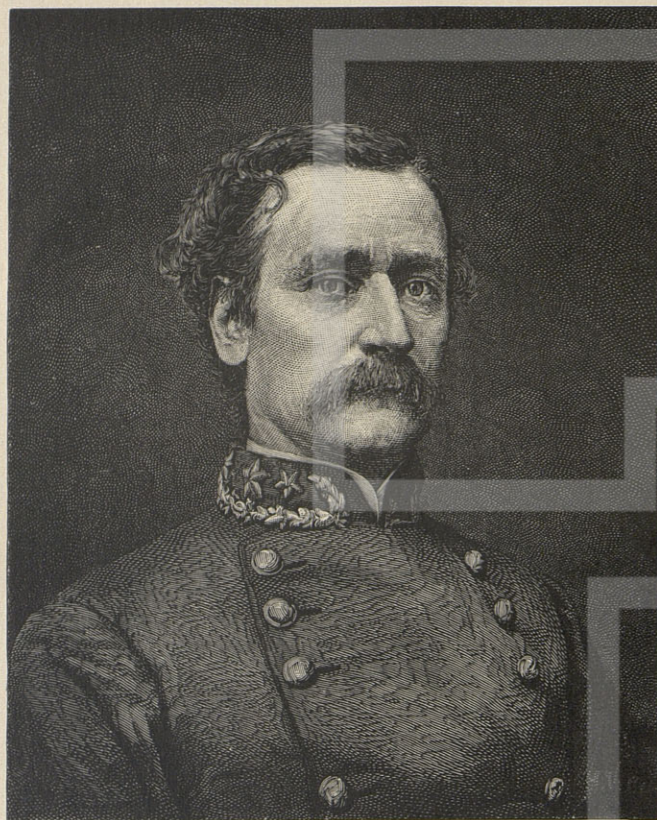
As soon as we reached an open space we hoisted a white light at our mast-head and a red light at the peak. This ruse worked successfully, as the

* Lieutenant C. H. Swasey, of the *Varuna*, remarks in his report upon the slowness of the *Varuna* at this point: "Owing to the small amount of steam we then had (17 pounds), he [Kennon] soon began to come up with us."



THE "GOVERNOR MOORE," AT THE END OF THE FIGHT.

sequel proves. Since our existence depended upon closing with her before she made us out, I urged the men to resist the temptation to fire, and to be quiet and patient, otherwise we would soon be put under water from the effects of her broadsides. We were now one and a half miles from the forts, and one mile from where we gave chase. On our port bow and the *Varuna's* port beam, close under the land, I saw the runaway ram *Stonewall Jackson* making slow progress for want of steam, but working hard to get out of danger. She did not notice us. The *Varuna* could not have seen her or would have fired at her. We soon left the *Stonewall Jackson* astern. Four miles more and we were nearly abreast of Szymanski's regiment at Chalmette camp. Still the *Varuna* had not recognized us. I wanted assistance from that regiment, for I could now see that I had a far superior vessel to mine on my hands. I hoped also for assistance from the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, now a mile or two on our quarter, and from the Confederate States gun-boat *Jackson*, over one mile above us, serving as guard-boat at the quarantine station. To secure all this assistance I had but to show our colors and make ourselves known. The day was just dawning, and there was no smoke about us; so as a bid for help from the sources named, we hauled down the enemy's distinguishing lights and opened fire for the first time upon the *Varuna*, distant about one hundred yards, and with a surprise to her people plainly to be seen. This shot missed her! She replied quickly with one or more guns, when a running fight commenced, she raking us with such guns as she could bring to bear, but not daring the risk of a sheer to deliver her broadside, as we were too close upon her. Her former great superiority was now reduced

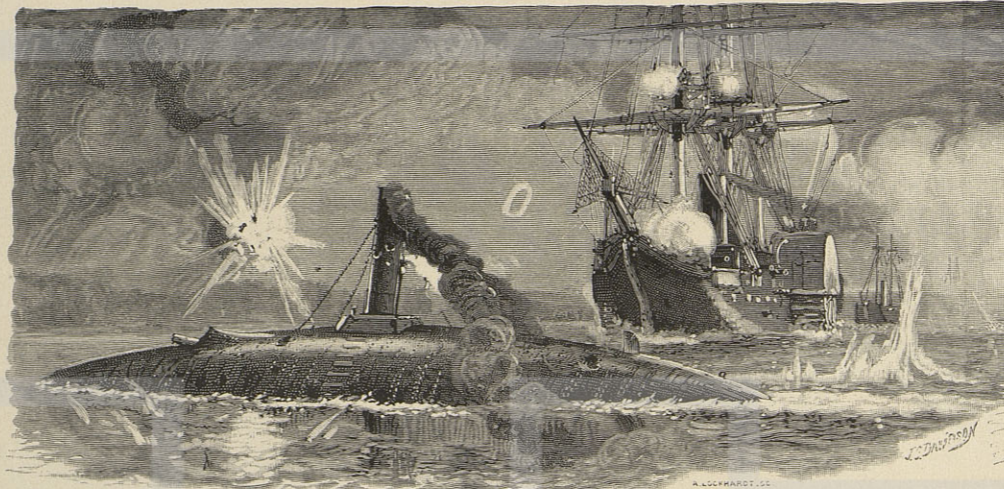


MAJOR-GENERAL MANSFIELD LOVELL, C. S. A.
Commander of Confederate Department No. 1,
with headquarters at New Orleans.

to a lower figure than that of our two guns, for we, having assumed the offensive, had the advantage, and maintained it until she sank.

Our hoped-for and expected aid never came from any source. So far from it, the gun-boat *Jackson*, lying at quarantine, slipped her cable when the fight commenced, firing two shots at both of us, believing us both enemies (one striking our foremast), and started with all haste for the headwaters of the Mississippi, delaying at New Orleans long enough for her people with their baggage to be landed, when Lieutenant F. B. Renshaw, her commander, burnt her at the levee! The infantry at Chalmette camp could not help us, and the "ram" *Stonewall Jackson*, as it then seemed to us, would not!

Then I saw that we had to fight the *Varuna* alone. On finding our bow-gun useless because it was mounted too far abaft the knight-heads to admit of sufficient depression to hull the enemy, then close under our bows, and noting that every shell from the enemy struck us fair, raking the decks, killing former wounded and well men, and wounding others, I realized that something had to be done and that quickly. I then depressed the bow-gun to a point *inside our bow* and fired it, hoping to throw its shell into the engine-room or boiler of the chase. It went through our deck all right, but struck the hawse-pipe, was deflected, and passed through the *Varuna's* smoke-stack. It was soon fired again through this hole in our bows, the shell



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "MISSISSIPPI" ATTEMPTING TO RUN DOWN THE CONFEDERATE RAM "MANASSAS."

striking the *Varuna's* pivot-gun, where it broke or burst, and killed and wounded several men. Until we had finished reloading, the *Varuna* was undecided what to do, when suddenly and to my surprise she ported her helm.

Not wishing to avoid her fire any longer, being quite near to her, we put our helm to port and received the fire from her pivot-gun and rifles in our port bow, but as her shot struck us, under the cover

of the smoke our helm was put hard to starboard,—she not righting hers quickly enough,—and before she could recover herself, we rammed her near the starboard gangway, receiving her starboard broadside and delivering our one shot as we struck her. Her engines stopped suddenly. We backed clear, gathered headway again, and rammed her a second time as near the same place as possible. Before separating, the two vessels dropped alongside each other for a couple of minutes and exchanged musket and pistol shots to some injury to their respective crews, but neither vessel fired a large gun. I expected to be boarded at this time and had had the after gun loaded with a light charge and three stand of canister, and pointed fore and aft ready for either gangway. It was an opportunity for the *Varuna's* two hundred men to make a second Paul Jones of their commander, but it was not embraced. As for ourselves, we had neither the men to board nor to repel boarders. The vessels soon parted, hostilities between them ceased, and the *Varuna* was beached to prevent her sinking in deep water. Then, and not until then, did the *Varuna's* people know that any other Confederate vessel than mine was within several miles of her. Suddenly the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, having to pass the *Varuna* to reach New Orleans, rammed deep into the latter's port gangway. When close upon her, the *Varuna* delivered such of her port broadside guns as could be brought to bear. The *Stonewall Jackson* backed

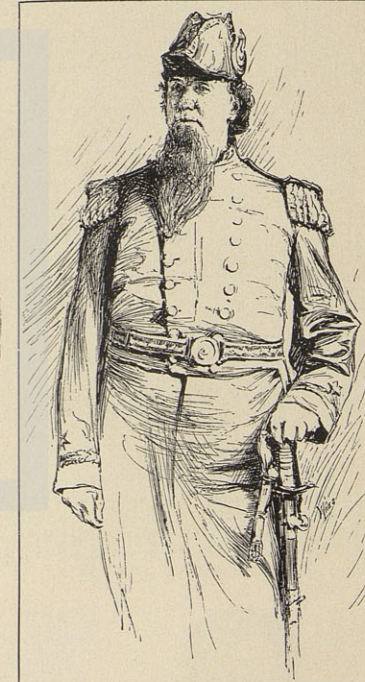
clear, steamed about four miles up the river, and was beached on the opposite bank, fired, and deserted. Her wreck is there now. Having but one gun, and that mounted aft, she did not fire it. Soon after the *Stonewall Jackson* struck the *Varuna* the latter finished sinking, leaving her topgallant forecastle out of the water, and upon it her crew took refuge.

The United States ships *Oneida*, *Iroquois*, *Pensacola*, *Pinola*, and *Cayuga* were now rapidly approaching and near at hand. I started down-stream to meet and try to ram one of them. On passing abreast the *Varuna* some thoughtless man, knowing her forecastle rifle was loaded, fired it and killed and wounded five of our men, one officer included. Had I returned the fire with our after gun, which was loaded with canister, at the crowd of people closely packed upon and near that little shelf, the damage to life and limb would have been fearful. But not a shot did we fire at her after she was disabled.

We had proceeded down-stream but a short distance when Mr. Duke, the first lieutenant, then at conn, where, though wounded, he had remained throughout the fight doing his duty like a brave man, exclaimed, "Why do this? We have no men left; I'll be — if I stand here to be murdered," so he slapped the helm hard-a-starboard. As we came round, the enemy's ships, being near, fired a shower of heavy projectiles which struck the vessel in every part. One gun was dismounted. The boats had already been destroyed. The wheel-ropes, the head of the rudder, the slide of the engine, and a large piece of the walking-beam were shot away; the latter fell on the cylinder-head and cracked it, and filled the engine-room with steam, driving every man out of it. The head of the jib was now hoisted, and with a strong current on the port bow, assisted by the headway left on the vessel, we succeeded in reaching the river-bank just above the *Varuna's* wreck, where the anchor was let go to prevent drifting into deep water to sink, the last heavy firing having struck the vessel on and under her water-line. At this place she was

destroyed by fire, her colors burning at her peak. The vessel was not disabled until this

last attack upon her, although much cut up. By it no one on the *Governor Moore* outside the cotton bulkhead protection to the engine, except those in the magazine- and shell-room, escaped being struck by shot, bullets, or splinters. Additional men were killed, several more of the wounded were killed, and others wounded. It should be remembered that my vessel had been under a terrific fire for 3 hours, in a narrow river with unruffled surface, and at close quarters, from vessels [the *Oneida*, *Cayuga*, *Pensacola*, and *Varuna*] mounting in the aggregate over 30 of the heaviest guns afloat. Out of 93 all told we lost 57 killed and 17 wounded, of whom 4 died in the hospital.



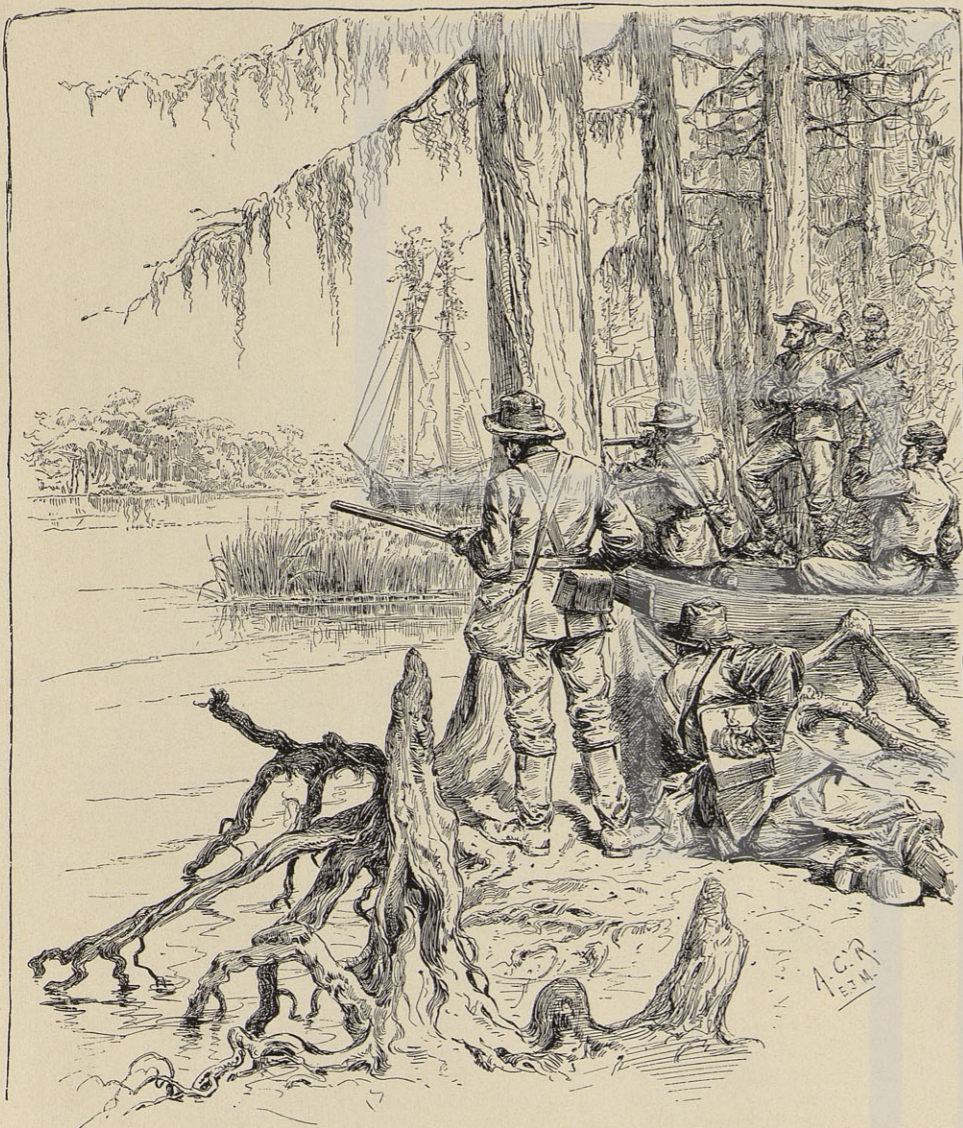
MELANCTON SMITH,
REAR-ADMIRAL, U. S. N.
In command of the "Mississippi."
Drawn from a photograph.

NEW ORLEANS BEFORE THE CAPTURE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

The famous novelist, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., was a lad in New Orleans at the time of the capture, and later served in Company I, 4th Mississippi Cavalry (Confederate).

... There had come a great silence upon trade. Long ago the custom-warehouses had begun to show first a growing roominess, then emptiness, and then had remained shut, and the iron bolts and cross-bars of their doors were gray with cobwebs. One of them, in which I had earned my first wages as a self-supporting lad, had been turned into a sword-bayonet factory, and I had been turned out. For some time later the Levee had kept busy; but its stir and noise had gradually declined, faltered, turned into the commerce of war and the clatter of calkers and ship-carpenters, and faded out. Both receipts and orders from the interior country had shrunk and shrunk, and the



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTERS AND SWAMP HUNTERS ATTACKING MORTAR-BOATS.

brave, steady fellows, who at entry and shipping and cash and account desks could no longer keep a show of occupation, had laid down the pen, taken up the sword and musket, and followed after the earlier and more eager volunteers. There had been one new, tremendous sport for moneyed men for a while, with spoils to make it interesting. The sea-going tow-boats of New Orleans were long, slender side-wheelers, all naked power and speed, without either freight or passenger room, each with a single tall, slim chimney and hurrying walking-beam, their low, taper hulls trailing behind scarcely above the water, and perpetually drenched with the yeast of the wheels. Some merchants of the more audacious sort, restless under the strange new quiet of Tchoupitoulas street, had got letters of mark and reprisal, and let slip these sharp-nosed deerhounds upon the tardy, unsuspecting ships that came sailing up

to the Passes unaware of the declaration of war. But that game too was up.

The blockade had closed in like a prison-gate: the lighter tow-boats, draped with tarpaulins, were huddled together under Slaughterhouse Point, with their cold boilers and motionless machinery yielding to rust; the more powerful ones had been moored at the long wharf vacated by Morgan's Texas steamships; there had been a great hammering, and making of chips, and clatter of railroad iron, turning these tow-boats into iron-clad cotton gun-boats, and these had crawled away, some up and some down the river, to be seen in that harbor no more. At length only the foundries, the dry-docks across the river, and the ship-yard in suburb Jefferson, where the great ram *Mississippi* was being too slowly built, were active, and the queen of Southern commerce, the city that had once believed it was to



THE UNION FLEET ARRIVING AT NEW ORLEANS.

be the greatest in the world, was absolutely out of employment.

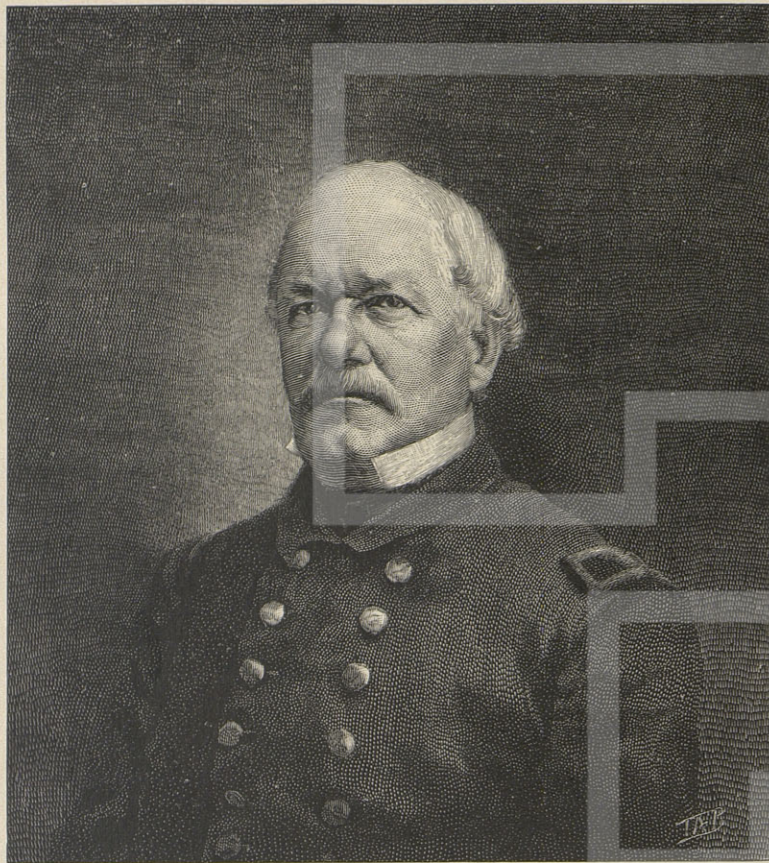
There was, true, some movement of the sugar and rice crops into the hands of merchants who had advanced the money to grow them; and the cotton-presses and cotton-yards were full of cotton, but there it all stuck; and when one counts in a feeble exchange of city for country supplies, there was nothing more. Except—yes—that the merchants had turned upon each other, and were now engaged in a mere passing back and forth among themselves in speculation the daily diminishing supply of goods and food. Some were too noble to take part in this, and dealt only with consumers. I remember one odd little old man, an extensive wholesale grocer, who used to get tipsy all by himself every day, and go home so, but who would not speculate on the food of a distressed city. He had not got down to that.

Gold and silver had long ago disappeared. Confederate money was the currency; and not merely was the price of food and raiment rising, but the value of the money was going down. The State, too, had a paper issue, and the city had another. Yet with all these there was first a famine of small change, and then a deluge of "shinplasters." Pah! What a mess it was! The boss butchers and the keepers of drinking-houses actually took the lead in issuing "money." The current joke was that you could pass the label of an olive-oil bottle, because it was greasy, smelt bad, and bore an autograph—Plagniol Frères, if I remember rightly. I did my first work as a cashier in those days, and I can remember the smell of my cash-drawer yet. Instead of five-cent pieces we had car-tickets. How the grimy little things used to stick together! They would pass and pass until they were so soft and illegible with grocers' and butchers' handling that you could tell only by some faint show of their original color what company had issued them. Rogues did a lively business in "split tickets," literally splitting them and making one ticket serve for two.

Decay had come in. In that warm, moist climate it is always hungry, and wherever it is allowed to feed, eats with a greed that is strange

to see. With the wharves, always expensive and difficult to maintain, it made havoc. The occasional idle, weather-stained ship moored beside them, and resting on the water almost as light and void as an empty peasecod, could hardly find a place to fasten to. The streets fell into sad neglect, but the litter of commerce was not in them, and some of their round-stone pavements after a shower would have the melancholy cleanness of weather-bleached bones. How quiet and lonely the harbor grew! The big dry-docks against the farther shore were all empty. Now and then a tug fussed about, with the yellow river all to itself; and one or two steamboats came and went each day, but they moved drowsily, and, across on the other side of the river, a whole fleet of their dingy white sisters lay tied up to the bank, *sine die*. My favorite of all the sea-steamers, the little *Habana*, that had been wont to arrive twice a month from Cuba, disgorge her Spanish-American cargo, and bustle away again, and that I had watched the shipwrights, at their very elbows, raze and fit with three big, raking masts in place of her two small ones, had long ago slipped down the river and through the blockaders, and was now no longer the *Habana*, but the far-famed and dreaded *Sumter*.

The movements of military and naval defense lent some stir. The old revenue-cutter *Washington*, a graceful craft, all wings, no steam, came and went from the foot of Canal street. She was lying there when Farragut's topmasts hove in sight across the low land at English Turn. Near by, on her starboard side, lay a gun-boat, moored near the spot where the "lower coast" packet landed daily, to which spot the crowd used to rush sometimes to see the commanding officer, Major-General Mansfield Lovell, ride aboard, bound down the river to the forts. Lovell was a lithe, brown-haired man of forty-odd, a very attractive figure, giving the eye, at first glance, a promise of much activity. He was a showy horseman, visibly fond of his horse. He rode with so long a stirrup-leather that he simply stood astride the saddle, as straight as a spear; and the idlers of the landing



REAR-ADMIRAL THEODORUS BAILEY, U. S. N.
Captain in command of the first division of the Union fleet.

loved to see him keep the saddle and pass from the wharf to the steamboat's deck on her long, narrow stage-plank without dismounting.

Such petty breaks in the dreariness got to be scarce and precious toward the last. Not that the town seemed so desolate then as it does now, as one tells of it; but the times were grim.

Opposite the rear of the store where I was now employed—for it fronted in Common street and stretched through to Canal—the huge, unfinished custom-house reared its lofty granite walls, and I used to go up to its top now and then to cast my eye over the broad city and harbor below. When I did so, I looked down upon a town that had never been really glad again after the awful day of Shiloh. She had sent so many gallant fellows to help Beauregard, and some of them so young,—her last gleaning,—that when, on the day of their departure, they marched with solid column and firm-set, unsmiling mouths down the long gray lane made by the open ranks of those old Confederate Guards, and their escort broke into cheers and tears, and waved their gray shakos on the tops of their bayonets, and seized the dear lads' hands as they passed in mute self-devotion and steady tread, while the trumpets sang "Listen to the Mocking-bird," that was the last time; the town never cheered with elation afterward; and when the people next uncovered, it was in silence, to let the body of Albert Sidney Johnston, their great chevalier, pass slowly up St.

Charles street behind the muffled drums, while on their quivering hearts was written as with a knife the death-roll of that lost battle. One of those—a former school-mate of mine—who had brought that precious body walked beside the bier, with the stains of camp and battle on him from head to foot. The war was coming very near.

Many of the town's old forms and habits of peace held fast. The city, I have said, was under martial law; yet the city management still went through its old routines. The volunteer fire department was as voluntary and as redundantly riotous as ever. The police courts, too, were as cheerful as of old. The public schools had merely substituted "Dixie," the "Marseillaise," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," and were running straight along. There was one thing besides, of which many of us knew nothing at the time,—a system of espionage, secret, diligent, and fierce, that marked down every man suspected of sympathy with the enemy in a book whose name was too vile to find place on any page. This was not the military secret service,—that is to be expected wherever there is war,—nor

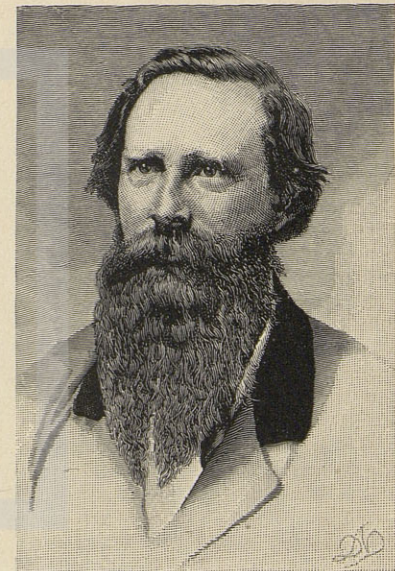


CAPTAIN THEODORUS BAILEY AND LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. PERKINS ON THEIR WAY TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

any authorized police, but the scheme of some of the worst of the villains who had ruled New Orleans with the rod of terror for many years—the "Thugs."

But the public mind was at a transparent heat. Everybody wanted to know of everybody else, "Why don't you go to the front?" Even the gentle maidens demanded tartly, one of another, why their brothers or lovers had not gone long ago, though, in truth, the laggards were few indeed. The very children were fierce. For now even we, the uninformed, the lads and women, knew the enemy was closing down upon us. Of course we confronted the fact very valorously, we boys and mothers and sisters—and the newspapers. Had we not inspected the fortifications ourselves? Was not every man in town ready to rush into them at the twelve taps of the fire-alarm bells? Were we not ready to man them if the men gave out? Nothing

from the school-gates and ran crying to their homes, meeting their sobbing mothers at their thresholds. The men fell into ranks. I was left entirely alone in charge of the store in which I was employed. Late in the afternoon, receiving orders to close it, I did so, and went home. But I did not stay. I went to the river-side. There until far into the night I saw hundreds of drays carrying cotton out of the presses and yards to the wharves, where it was fired. The glare of those sinuous miles of flame set men and women weeping and wailing thirty miles away on the farther shore of Lake Pontchartrain. But the next day was the day of terrors. During the night fear, wrath, and sense of betrayal had run through the people as the fire had run through the cotton. You have seen, perhaps, a family fleeing with lamentations and wringing of hands out of a burning house: multiply it by thousands upon thousands; that was

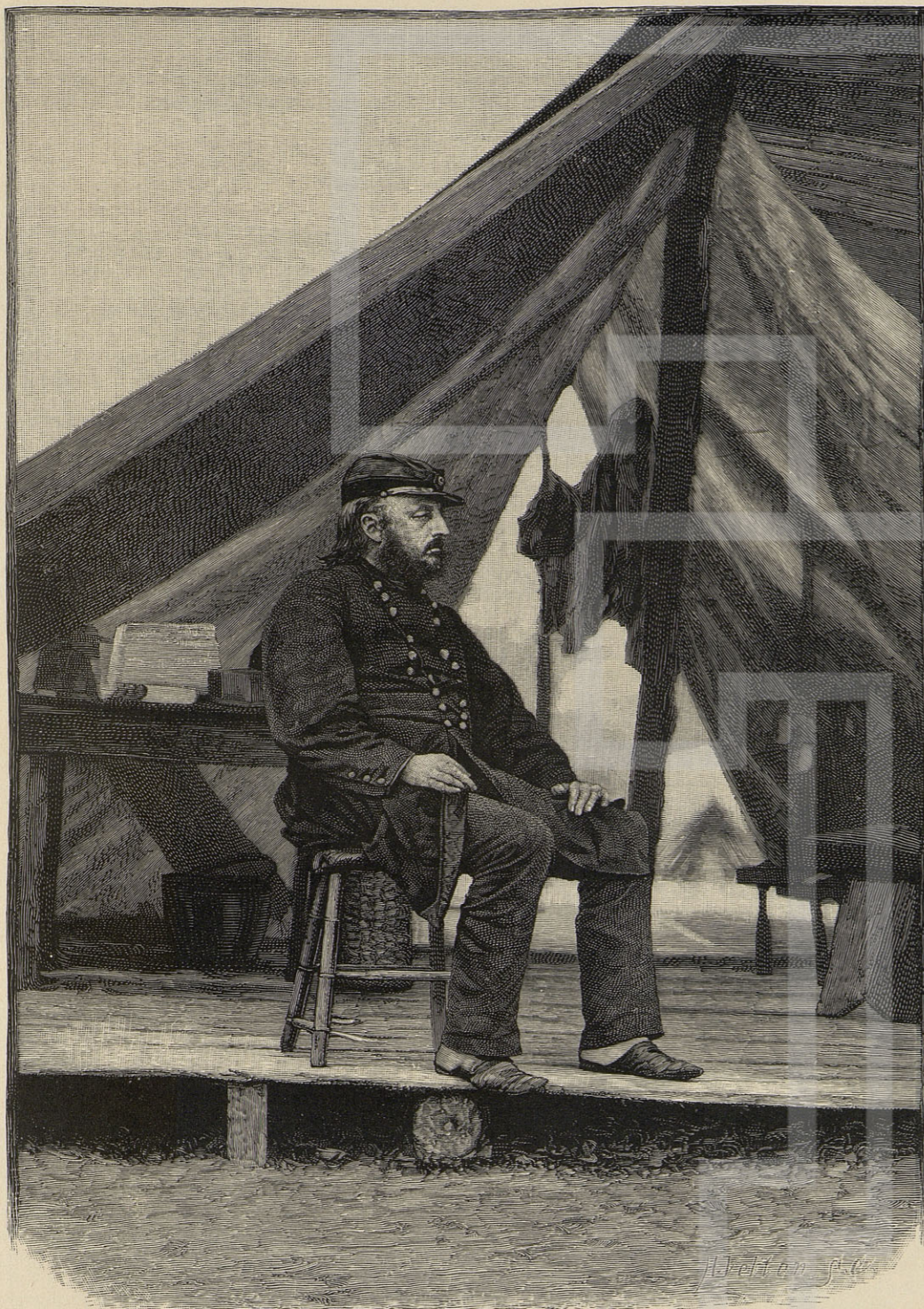


LIEUTENANT THOMAS B. HUGER,
C. S. N.
In command of the "McRae."

afloat could pass the forts. Nothing that walked could get through our swamps. The *Mississippi*—and, in fact, she was a majestically terrible structure, only let us *complete* her—would sweep the river clean.

But there was little laughter. Food was dear; the destitute poor were multiplying terribly; the market men and women, mainly Germans, Gascon-French, and Sicilians, had lately refused to take the shinplaster currency, and the city authority had forced them to accept it. There was little to laugh at. The *Mississippi* was gnawing its levees and threatening to plunge in upon us. The city was believed to be full of spies.

I shall not try to describe the day the alarm-bells told us the city was in danger and called every man to his mustering-point. The children poured out from the school-gates and ran crying to their homes, meeting their sobbing mothers at their thresholds. The men fell into ranks. I was left entirely alone in charge of the store in which I was employed. Late in the afternoon, receiving orders to close it, I did so, and went home. But I did not stay. I went to the river-side. There until far into the night I saw hundreds of drays carrying cotton out of the presses and yards to the wharves, where it was fired. The glare of those sinuous miles of flame set men and women weeping and wailing thirty miles away on the farther shore of Lake Pontchartrain. But the next day was the day of terrors. During the night fear, wrath, and sense of betrayal had run through the people as the fire had run through the cotton. You have seen, perhaps, a family fleeing with lamentations and wringing of hands out of a burning house: multiply it by thousands upon thousands; that was



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U. S. V.
Commander of the Military forces of the New Orleans Expedition.

New Orleans, though the houses were not burning. The firemen were out; but they cast fire on the waters, putting the torch to the empty ships and cutting them loose to float down the river.

Whoever could go was going. The great mass,

that had no place to go to or means to go with, was beside itself. "Betrayed! betrayed!" it cried, and ran in throngs from street to street, seeking some vent, some victim for its wrath. I saw a crowd catch a poor fellow at the corner of Maga-



PIERRE SOULÉ.
From a daguerreotype taken about 1851.

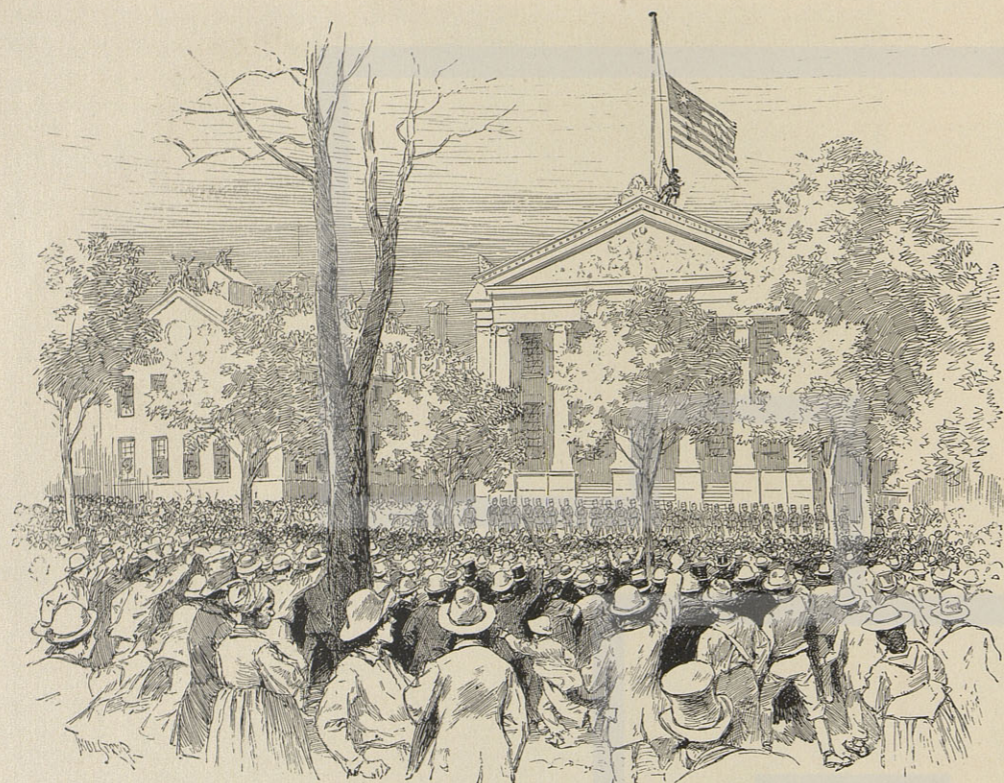
zine and Common streets, whose crime was that he looked like a stranger and might be a spy. He was the palest living man I ever saw. They swung him to a neighboring lamp-post, but the Foreign Legion was patrolling the town in strong squads, and one of its lieutenants, all green and gold, leaped with drawn sword, cut the rope, and saved the man. This was but one occurrence: there were many like it. I stood in the rear door of our store, Canal street, soon after reopening it. The junior of the firm was within. I called him to look toward the river. The masts of the cutter *Washington* were slowly tipping, declining, sinking—down she went. The gun-boat moored next to her began to smoke all over and then to blaze. My employers fell into ranks and left the city—left their goods and their affairs in the hands of one mere lad (no stranger would have thought I had reached fourteen) and one big German porter. I closed the doors, sent the porter to his place in the Foreign Legion, and ran to the levee to see the sights.

What a gathering! The riff-raff of the wharves, the town, the gutters. Such women—such wrecks of women! And all the juvenile rag-tag. The lower steamboat landing, well covered with sugar, rice, and molasses, was being rifled. The men

smashed; the women scooped up the smashings. The river was overflowing the top of the levee. A rain-storm began to threaten. "Are the Yankee ships in sight?" I asked of an idler. He pointed out the tops of their naked masts as they showed up across the huge bend of the river. They were engaging the batteries at Camp Chalmette—the old field of Jackson's renown. Presently that was over. Ah, me! I see them now as they come slowly round Slaughterhouse Point into full view, silent, grim, and terrible; black with men, heavy with deadly portent; the long-banished Stars and Stripes flying against the frowning sky. Oh, for the *Mississippi*! the *Mississippi*! Just then she came down upon them. But how? Drifting helplessly, a mass of flames.

The crowds on the levee howled and screamed with rage. The swarming decks answered never a word; but one old tar on the *Hartford*, standing with lanyard in hand beside a great pivot-gun, so plain to view that you could see him smile, silently patted its big black breech and blandly grinned.

And now the rain came down in sheets. About 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember), I being again in the store with but one door ajar, came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Common street. "Hurrah for



SCENE AT THE CITY HALL—HAULING DOWN THE STATE FLAG.*

Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside, and ran to the front of the mob, bawling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man there had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded, and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender. It was one of the bravest deeds I ever saw done.

Later events, except one, I leave to other pens. An officer from the fleet stood on the City Hall roof about to lower the flag of Louisiana. In the street beneath gleamed the bayonets of a body of marines. A howitzer pointed up and another down the street. All around swarmed the mob. Just then Mayor Monroe—lest the officer above should be fired upon, and the howitzers open upon the crowd—came out alone and stood just before one of the howitzers, tall, slender, with folded arms, eying the gunner. Down sank the flag. Captain Bell, tall and stiff, marched off with the flag rolled under his arm, and the howitzers clanking behind. Then cheer after cheer rang out for Monroe. And now, I dare say, every one is well pleased that, after all, New Orleans never lowered her colors with her own hands.

* General Beauregard, in a letter to Admiral Preble, in 1872, says this flag had thirteen stripes, four blue, six white, and three red, commencing at the top, with the colors as written. The Union was red, with its sides equal to the width of seven stripes. In its center was a single pale-yellow five-pointed star.—A. K.

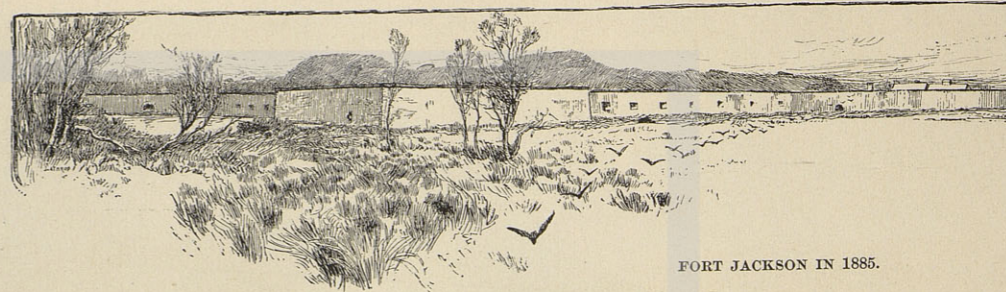
INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY ALBERT KAUTZ, CAPTAIN, U. S. N.

AT 1 o'clock P. M. of the 25th of April, 1862, Farragut's squadron having completed its memorable passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and having silenced the Chalmette batteries, anchored in front of the city of New Orleans in a drenching rain.

Captain Theodorus Bailey, being second in command, claimed the privilege of carrying ashore the demand for the surrender of the city. This was accorded him by the flag-officer, and the captain, accompanied by Lieutenant George H. Perkins (now captain), at once proceeded to the City Hall. Mayor Monroe took the ground that as General Lovell had not yet left the city, the demand should be made on him. At the captain's request the mayor sent for the general, who in a few moments appeared with his staff. General Lovell said he would not surrender the city, adding that he had already withdrawn his soldiers, and that at the close of the interview he had intended to join his command. Captain Bailey had to return and report to Farragut that there was no one on shore willing to surrender the city. Two or three gentlemen had accompanied Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Perkins to the City Hall, and after the interview Colonel W. S. Lovell and one other of the general's staff escorted them to the landing.

The mob, overawed by the frowning batteries of the ships, really seemed dazed and did not offer to assault the Union officers. On the following



FORT JACKSON IN 1885.

morning, however, the people in the streets began to wonder whether anything more was going to be done, and became more violent and boisterous.

Farragut determined to make a formal demand for the surrender on Mayor Monroe, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 26th he sent me ashore, with instructions to deliver the official demand to the mayor. My little force on leaving the *Hartford* consisted of Midshipman John H. Read and a marine guard of twenty men under command of Second Lieutenant George Heisler. We landed on the levee in front of a howling mob, which thronged the river-front as far as the eye could reach. It was expected that I would take the marines with me to the City Hall, as a body-guard, and Farragut informed me that if a shot was fired at us by the mob, he would open fire from all the ships and level the town. The marines were drawn up in line, and I attempted to reason with the mob, but soon found this impossible. I then thought to clear the way by bringing the marines to an aim, but women and children were shoved to the front, while the angry mob behind them shouted: "Shoot, you—Yankees, shoot!" The provocation was certainly very great, and nothing but the utter absence of respectability in the faces of the people caused me to refrain from giving the order to fire.

Fortunately at this critical moment I discovered an officer of the City Guards, whom I hailed and told that I wished to communicate with the mayor. He begged me to leave the marines on the levee, for he felt sure that to march them through the streets at this time would provoke a conflict. As my object was to communicate with the mayor without unnecessary shedding of blood, I sent the marine guard back to the ship, retaining only one non-commissioned officer, with a musket.

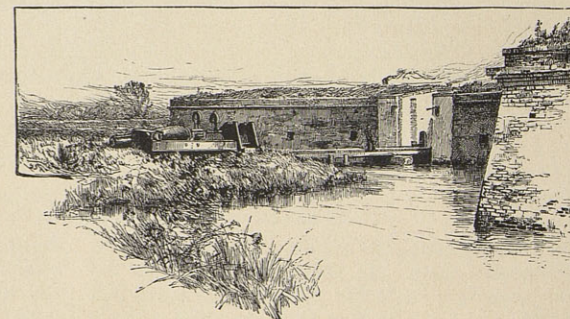
I tied my handkerchief on the bayonet, and with Midshipman Read and this man took up the march for the City Hall. We were cursed and jostled by the mob which filled the streets, but no actual violence was offered us. We found the mayor in the City Hall with his council. The Hon. Pierre Soulé was also there, having doubtless been called in as an adviser. The mayor declined to surrender the city formally, but said as we had the force we could take possession.

While we were in the City Hall a mob came up from the lower part of the city with an American ensign, and when they saw us they tore the flag to shreds, and threw them into the open window at us. I did not comprehend the meaning of this singular and wild demonstration at the time, but afterward learned that on

the morning of this same day Farragut had instructed Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola*, then at anchor abreast of the United States Mint, to hoist a flag on that building, it being United States property. Captain Morris accordingly sent Lieutenant Stillwell with some officers and men from the ship, and the flag was hoisted. It was up only a short time when Mumford hauled it down. It was seized by the mob, which paraded it through the streets with fife and drum until they reached the City Hall, where it was destroyed, as above described. I afterward happened to be present when Farragut reported the hauling down of this flag to General Butler, and I heard the latter say, "I will make an example of that fellow by hanging him." Farragut smiled and remarked, "You know, General, you will have to catch him before you can hang him." General Butler said, "I know that, but I will catch him, and then hang him." History attests how well he kept his word, and there is no doubt but that this hanging proved a wholesome lesson.

The mob soon appeared to be growing more violent, and above the general din was heard an occasional invitation to "the—Yankees" to "come out and be run up to lamp-posts." At this time Mr. Soulé suggested to me that it would save much trouble to all concerned if I would take my party in a carriage from the rear exit of the hall, the mayor's secretary, Mr. Marion Baker, going with us, while he addressed the mob. He did not hope to have the mob obey him, he only expected to hold it long enough to give us time to get to the landing; and he accomplished his undertaking admirably. Few people ever knew what an important service Mr. Soulé thus rendered to New Orleans.

Farragut fully approved my action. I was not expected to bring a satisfactory answer from the mayor, for he was really helpless and had no control over the city. All he could say was, "Come and take the city; we are powerless." . . .



ENTRANCE TO FORT ST. PHILIP,—1884.



THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

From a photograph of the painting by the Prince de Joinville, 1862, made from personal observation.

Persons represented: 1. Gen. F. J. Porter; 2. Gen. G. W. Morell; 3. Gen. George G. Meade (on horseback in the distance), and the following aides-de-camp: 4. Comte de Paris; 5. Colonel Radowitz; 6. Major Hammerstein; 7. Duc de Chartres; 8. Captain Mason.

HANOVER COURT HOUSE AND GAINES'S MILL.

(Continuing "The Peninsular Campaign," from page 94.)

BY FITZ-JOHN PORTER, MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Union Commander at Hanover Court House and Gaines's Mill.

UNDER the direction of General McClellan certain measures for the protection of the right flank of the army in its advance upon Richmond were put in my hands, beginning simultaneously with the march of the army from the Pamunkey. Among these were the clearing of the enemy from the upper Peninsula as far as Hanover Court House or beyond, and, in case General McDowell's large forces, then at Fredericksburg, were not to join us, the destruction of railroad and other bridges over the South and Pamunkey rivers, in order to prevent the enemy in large force from getting into our rear from that direction, and in order, further, to cut the Virginia Central Railroad, the one great line of the enemy's communications between Richmond and Northern Virginia.

A portion of this duty had been accomplished along the Pamunkey as far as was deemed prudent by Colonel G. K. Warren's forces, posted at Old Church, when on the 26th of May, preparatory to an immediate advance upon Richmond, General McClellan directed me to complete the duty above specified, so that the enemy in Northern Virginia, then occupying the attention of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, could not be suddenly thrown upon our flank and rear nor otherwise strengthen the enemy in Richmond. I was allowed to adopt my own plans, and to select such additional forces as I deemed necessary.

At 4 A. M. on the 27th General G. W. Morell, commanding the division consisting of J. H. Martindale's, Daniel Butterfield's, and James McQuade's brigades, marched from New Bridge preceded by an advance-guard of two regiments of cavalry and

a battery of artillery under command of General W. H. Emory. At the same hour Colonel Warren with his brigade moved from Old Church. . . . In a pelting storm of rain, through deep mud and water for about 14 miles, the command struggled and pushed its way to Peake's Station on the Virginia Central Railroad, 2 miles from Hanover Court House, where we came in presence of the enemy.

At once a force of infantry (Colonel C. A. John-

son's 25th New York Volunteers and Berdan's Sharpshooters), protected by artillery, was sent forward to hold the enemy in check, pending the arrival of Morell, who was slowly pushing along the swampy roads. Cavalry and artillery were sent to the left along the Ashland road, to guard our flank and destroy the railroad and telegraph at the crossing. On Martindale's arrival he was sent in support of this force, and with it soon became engaged with very persistent opponents. Butterfield was sent to the front, where, deploying in line, he moved rapidly upon the enemy, put them to flight, and captured many prisoners and one cannon and caisson.



CONFEDERATE RETREAT THROUGH MECHANICSVILLE BEFORE THE ADVANCE OF MCCLELLAN'S ARTILLERY, MAY 24TH.



MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, U. S. V.

As the enemy gave way, the troops were pushed on toward Hanover Court House in pursuit of the fleeing foe and to strike their camp, which I had been informed was near by, but which was found abandoned. Suddenly the signal officers notified me of a large force attacking our flank and rear, and especially the troops under Martindale. At once the infantry were faced about, and at double-quick step hastened to the aid of their imperiled comrades. McQuade's brigade, on arriving opposite the contending forces, moved in line to the attack. Butterfield, now in rear as faced about, pushed his brigade through the woods and fell with vigor upon the enemy's flank. The united attack quickly routed the enemy, inflicting heavy losses in killed and wounded and prisoners. . . .

After the battle of Fair Oaks, during the greater part of the month of June, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, and the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, confronted each other, east of Richmond. The two armies were of nearly equal strength. McClellan's forces, divided by the Chickahominy, were extended south of that stream, from New Bridge to White Oak Swamp, leaving north of the river only the Fifth Army Corps. The Confederate troops faced the Federal army throughout its length, from White Oak Swamp to New Bridge, and thence up the right bank of the Chickahominy, covering the important crossings at Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge, north of the city. . . .

In the middle of June General McClellan intrusted to me the management of affairs on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and confided to me his plans as well as his hopes and apprehensions. His plans embraced defensive arrangements against an attack from Richmond upon our weak right flank. We did not fear the results of such an attack if made by the forces from Richmond alone; but if, in addition, we were to be attacked by Jackson's forces, suspicions of whose approach [from the Shenandoah Valley] were



PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE,
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.
From a photograph.

already aroused, we felt that we should be in peril. But as Jackson had thus far prevented McDowell from joining us, we trusted that McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, who had been directed to watch Jackson, would be able to prevent him from joining Lee, or, at least, would give timely warning of his escape from their front and follow close upon his heels.

With McClellan's approval, my command was distributed as follows:

General Geo. G. Meade's brigade of General Geo. A. McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves was posted at Gaines's house, protecting a siege-battery controlling New Bridge; Generals John F. Reynolds's and Truman Seymour's brigades held the rifle-pits skirting the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek and the field-works covering the only crossings near Mechanicsville and Ellerson's Mill. . . . Cooke's cavalry, near Cold Harbor, guarded the right rear and scouted toward Hanover Court House, while Morell's and Sykes's divisions were conveniently camped so as to cover the bridge-crossings and to move quickly to any threatened point.

Such was the situation on the 24th of June, when, at midnight, General McClellan telegraphed me that a pretended deserter, whom I had that day



UNION ARTILLERY AT MECHANICSVILLE SHELLING THE CONFEDERATE WORKS
SOUTH OF THE CHICKAHOMINY.

sent him, had informed him that Jackson was in the immediate vicinity, ready to unite with Lee in an attack upon my command. . . . Reynolds, who had special charge of the defenses of Beaver Dam Creek and of the forces at and above Mechanicsville, was at once informed of the situation. He prepared to give our anticipated visitors a warm welcome. . . .

Early on the 26th I was informed of a large increase of forces opposite Reynolds, and before noon the Confederates gave evidence of their intention to cross the river at Meadow Bridge and Mechanicsville, while from our cavalry scouts along the Virginia Central Railroad came reports of the approach from the north of large masses of troops.

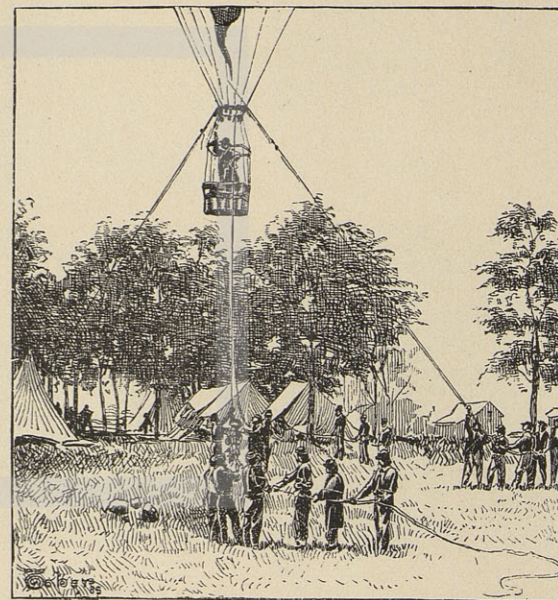
Thus the attitude of the two armies toward each other was changed. Yesterday, McClellan was rejoicing over the success of his advance toward Richmond, and he was confident of reinforcement by McDowell. To-day, all the united available forces in Virginia were to be thrown against his right flank, which was not in a convenient position to be supported. The prizes now to be contended for were: on the part of McClellan, the safety of his right wing, protection behind his intrenchments with the possibility of being able to remain there, and the gain of sufficient time to enable him to effect a change of base to the James; on the part of Lee, the destruction of McClellan's right wing, and, by drawing him from his intrenchments and attacking him in front, the raising of the siege of Richmond.

The morning of Thursday, June 26th, dawned clear and bright, giving promise that the day would be a brilliant one. The formation of the ground south of the Chickahominy opposite Mechanics-

ville, and west to Meadow Bridge, largely concealed from view the forces gathered to execute an evidently well-planned and well-prepared attack upon my command. . . . In the northern and western horizon vast clouds of dust arose, indicating the movements of Jackson's advancing forces. They were far distant, and we had reason to believe that the obstacles to their rapid advance, placed in their way by detachments sent for that purpose, would prevent them from making an attack that day. As before stated, we did not fear Lee alone; we did fear his attack, combined with one by Jackson on our flank. . . .

About 2 o'clock P. M., on the 26th, the boom of a single cannon in the direction of Mechanicsville resounded through our camps. This was the signal which had been agreed upon, to announce the fact that the enemy were crossing the Chickahominy. The curtain rose; the stage was prepared for the first scene of the tragedy. At once tents were struck, wagons packed and sent to the rear to cross to the right bank of the Chickahominy. The several divisions were promptly formed, and took the positions to which they had previously been assigned. General McCall assumed command at Beaver Dam Creek; Meade joined him, taking position behind Seymour; Martindale and General Charles Griffin, of Morell's division, went, respectively, to the right and rear of Reynolds; Butterfield was directed to support General Cooke's, and subsequently Martindale's right, while Sykes was held ready to move wherever needed. Reynolds and Seymour prepared for action and concealed their men.

About 3 o'clock the enemy, under Longstreet, D. H. and A. P. Hill, in large bodies commenced rapidly to cross the Chickahominy almost simul-

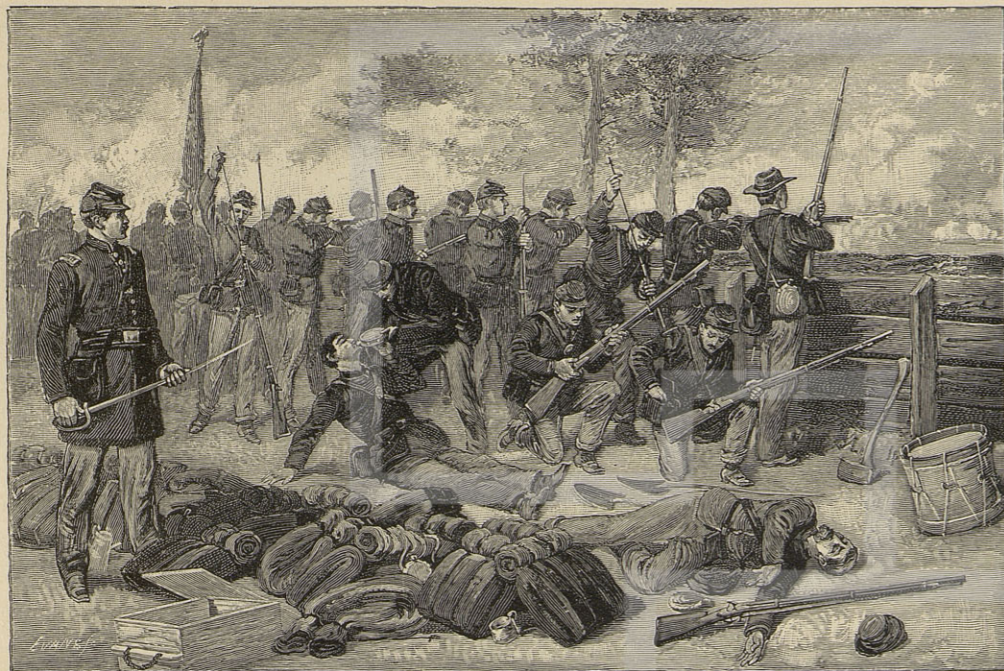


PROFESSOR T. S. C. LOWE OBSERVING THE BATTLE
OF SEVEN PINES FROM HIS BALLOON "IN-
TREPID" ON THE NORTH SIDE OF
THE CHICKAHOMINY.

taneously at Mechanicsville, Meadow Bridge, and above, and pushed down the left bank, along the roads leading to Beaver Dam Creek. In accordance with directions previously given, the outposts watching the access to the crossings fell back after slight resistance to their already designated position on the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek, destroying the bridges as they retired.

After passing Mechanicsville the attacking forces were divided, a portion taking the road to the right to Ellerson's Mill, while the larger body directed their march to the left into the valley of Beaver Dam Creek, upon the road covered by Reynolds. Apparently unaware, or regardless, of the great danger in their front, this force moved on with animation and confidence, as if going to parade, or engaging in a sham battle. Suddenly, when half-way down the bank of the valley, our men opened upon it rapid volleys of artillery and infantry, which strewed the road and hillside with hundreds of dead and wounded, and drove the main body of the survivors back in rapid flight to and beyond Mechanicsville. So rapid was the fire upon the enemy's huddled masses clambering back up the hill, that some of Reynolds's ammunition was exhausted, and two regiments were relieved by the 4th Michigan and 14th New York of Griffin's brigade. On the extreme right a small force of the enemy secured a foothold on the east bank, but it did no harm, and retired under cover of darkness.

The forces which were directed against Seymour at Ellerson's Mill made little progress. Seymour's direct and Reynolds's flank fire soon arrested them and drove them to shelter, suffering even more disastrously than those who had attacked Reynolds. Late in the afternoon, greatly strengthened, they renewed the attack with spirit and energy, some



THE UNION DEFENSES AT ELLERSON'S MILL.
From a sketch made at the time.

reaching the borders of the stream, but only to be repulsed with terrible slaughter, which warned them not to attempt a renewal of the fight. Little depressions in the ground shielded many from our fire, until, when night came on, they all fell back beyond the range of our guns. . . .

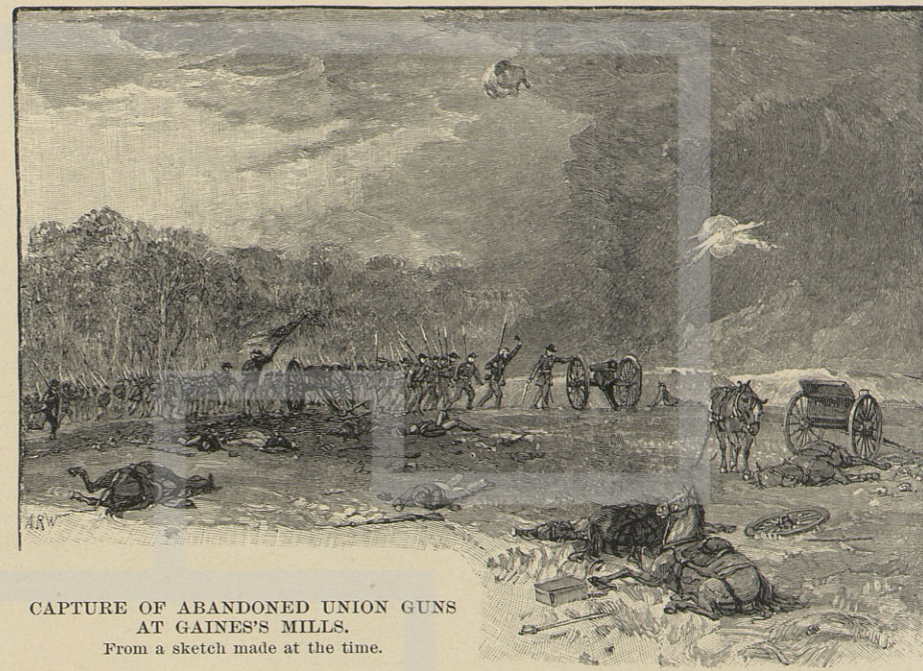
General McClellan had joined me on the battlefield at an early hour in the afternoon. While we discussed plans for the immediate future, numerous and unvarying accounts from our outposts and scouts toward the Pamunkey warned us of the danger impending on the arrival of Jackson, and necessitated a decision as to which side of the Chickahominy should be held in force. He left me late at night, about 1 A. M. (June 27th), with the expectation of receiving information on his arrival at his own headquarters from the tenor of which he would be enabled to decide whether I should hold my present position or withdraw to a well-selected and more advantageous one east of Gaines's Mill, where I could protect the bridges across the Chickahominy, over which I must retire if compelled to leave the left bank. He left General Barnard, of the Engineers, with me, to point out the new line of battle in case he should decide to withdraw me from Beaver Dam Creek. The orders to withdraw reached me about 3 o'clock A. M., and were executed as rapidly as possible.

The position selected for the new stand was east of Powhite Creek, about six miles from Beaver Dam Creek. The line of battle was semicircular, the extremities being in the valley of the Chickahominy, while the intermediate portion occupied the high grounds along the bank of a creek and curved around past McGehee's to Elder Swamp. Part of the front was covered by the ravine of the creek. The east bank was lined with trees and

underbrush, which afforded concealment and protection to our troops and artillery. . . . Before sunrise of the 27th the troops were withdrawn from Beaver Dam Creek and sent to their new position east of Powhite Creek, destroying the bridges across it after them. . . .

Our new line of battle was well selected and strong, though long and requiring either more troops to man it than I had, or too great a thinning of my line by the use of the reserves. The east bank of the creek, from the valley of the Chickahominy to its swampy sources, was elevated, sloping, and timbered. The bed of the stream was nearly dry, and its west bank gave excellent protection to the first line of infantry posted under it to receive the enemy descending the cleared field sloping to it. The swampy grounds along the sources of the creek were open to our view in front for hundreds of yards, and were swept by the fire of infantry and artillery. The roads from Gaines's Mill and Old Cold Harbor, along which the enemy were compelled to advance, were swept by artillery posted on commanding ground.

Along the ground thus formed and close to its border were posted the divisions of Morell and Sykes,—the latter on the right. . . . McCall's division formed a second line, near the artillery in reserve, in rear of Morell, and immediately behind the woods on the left. Reynolds, the first to leave Beaver Dam Creek, had gone to Barker's Mill to cover the approaches from Cold Harbor and Dispatch Station to Grapevine Bridge; but, hearing the battle raging on our left, and having no enemy in his front, while Emory, of Cooke's cavalry, with artillery, was near at hand to do the duty assigned to him, he hastened to join McCall, arriving opportunely in rear of Griffin's left. . . .



CAPTURE OF ABANDONED UNION GUNS
AT GAINES'S MILLS.
From a sketch made at the time.

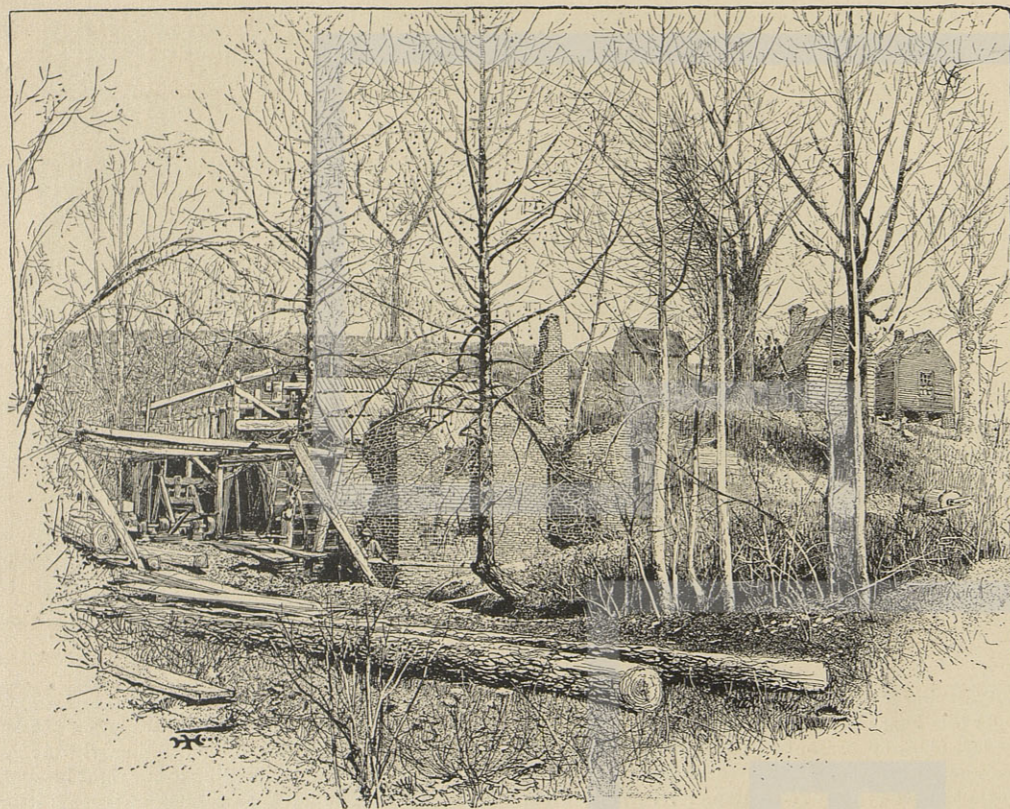
Believing my forces too small to defend successfully this long line, I asked General Barnard, when he left me, to represent to General McClellan the necessity of reinforcements to thicken and to fill vacant spaces in my front line. . . . While withdrawing from Beaver Dam, I had seen, to my delight, General H. W. Slocum's division of Franklin's corps crossing the river to my assistance. McClellan had promised to send it, and I needed it; it was one of the best divisions of the army. . . . But to our disappointment, through some misunderstanding, the division was almost immediately recalled to Franklin. In response, however, to a later call, it returned at a time when it was greatly needed, and rendered invaluable services. . . .

The Confederates, under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, following us from Mechanicsville, moved cautiously by the roads leading by Dr. Gaines's house to New Cold Harbor, and by 2 P. M. had formed lines of battle behind the crest of the hills east of Powhite Creek. These lines were parallel to ours, and extended from the valley of the Chickahominy through New Cold Harbor around Morell's front, so as nearly to reach Warren's brigade—the left of Sykes's division. At Gaines's Mill, Colonel Thomas Cass's gallant 9th Massachusetts Volunteers of Griffin's brigade obstinately resisted A. P. Hill's crossing, and were so successful in delaying his advance, after crossing, as to compel him to employ large bodies to force the regiment back to the main line. This brought on a contest which extended to Morell's center and over Martin's front—on his right—and lasted from 12:30 to near 2 o'clock—Cass and his immediate supports falling back south of the swamps. This persistent and prolonged resistance gave to this battle one of its well-known names.

Another column of the enemy, D. H. Hill's, from Beaver Dam Creek, and Jackson's column, from

Northern Virginia, with which it had united, came opposite my right front from the direction of Old Cold Harbor and deployed, connecting with A. P. Hill's on the left and extending to our right beyond McGehee's. The advance column of these troops came a little earlier than those under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, but were more cautious and for some hours not so aggressive. Believing that they were passing on down the river to intercept our communications, and thinking that I might strike them to good advantage while in motion, I asked permission to follow, intending to attack with Sykes's division and Emory of Cooke's cavalry, leaving Morell and McCall to hold the other lines in check. Information, however, soon poured in, convincing me that this force was larger than any I could use against them, and that still larger forces were forming to attack our left and center. This compelled me to keep my troops united and under cover, and also again to ask aid from the south bank of the Chickahominy. My first message to General McClellan was not delivered, as already stated; my second one was responded to by the speedy arrival of Slocum.

Soon after 2 P. M., A. P. Hill's force, between us and New Cold Harbor, again began to show an aggressive disposition, independent of its own troops on its flanks, by advancing from under cover of the woods, in lines well formed and extending, as the contest progressed, from in front of Martin's battery to Morell's left. Dashing across the intervening plains, floundering in the swamps, and struggling against the tangled brushwood, brigade after brigade seemed almost to melt away before the concentrated fire of our artillery and infantry; yet others pressed on, followed by supports as dashing and as brave as their predecessors, despite their heavy losses and the disheartening effect of having to clamber over many of their



RUINS OF GAINES'S MILL, LOOKING EAST.
From a photograph made in the spring of 1885.

At the time of the battle, this building was of five stories, and was, it is said, one of the finest grist-mills in Virginia. The wooden structure, dovetailed into the ruins, now covers but one pair of burrs. The mill was not injured in the fight, but was burned by Sheridan's cavalry in May, 1864, the fire extending to a dwelling-house which stood just beyond the mill. The main conflict was a mile farther to the south-east, but the ridge shown in the picture was the scene of a most gallant resistance to the Confederate advance by the 9th Massachusetts regiment, acting as a rear-guard to Porter's corps. The road to New Cold Harbor and the battle-ground runs to the right.

disabled and dead, and to meet their surviving comrades rushing back in great disorder from the deadly contest. For nearly two hours the battle raged, extending more or less along the whole line to our extreme right. The fierce firing of artillery and infantry, the crash of the shot, the bursting of shells, and the whizzing of bullets, heard above the roar of artillery and the volleys of musketry, all combined was something fearful.

Regiments quickly replenished their exhausted ammunition by borrowing from their more bountifully supplied and generous companions. Some withdrew, temporarily, for ammunition, and fresh regiments took their places ready to repulse, sometimes to pursue, their desperate enemy, for the purpose of retaking ground from which we had been pressed and which it was necessary to occupy in order to hold our position.

The enemy were repulsed in every direction. An ominous silence reigned. It caused the inference that their troops were being gathered and massed for a desperate and overwhelming attack. To meet it, our front line was concentrated, reinforced, and arranged to breast the avalanche, should it come. I again asked for additional reinforcements. French's and Meagher's brigades, of Sumner's corps, were sent forward by the com-

manding general, but did not arrive till near dark. . . . All available means were used by which I could be kept informed so that I could provide, in the best possible manner, for the many rapid changes and wants suddenly springing up. The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews—the Comte de Paris and Due de Chartres—and Colonels Gantt, Radowitz, and Hammerstein, from the commanding general's staff, joined me as volunteer aides. . . .

During the greater part of the afternoon, D. H. Hill's troops, in detachments, were more or less aggressive on the right. The silence which followed the repulse, already referred to, lasted but a short time. The renewed attacks raged with great fierceness and fury, with slight intermission, along the most of our front, till after 5 o'clock. Large and numerous bodies of infantry from the direction of Old Cold Harbor, under cover of artillery, directed their attacks upon Sykes's division and Martin's battery; others, from the west side of Powhite Creek, were hurled in rapid succession against Martindale and Butterfield. These furious attacks were successfully repelled, but were immediately renewed by fresh troops. . . . At 4 o'clock, when Slocum arrived, all our reserves were exhausted. His brigades were necessarily separated



UNION FIELD-HOSPITAL AT SAVAGE'S STATION, AFTER THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.
From a photograph taken before the army withdrew, early on the morning of June 30th.

and sent where most needed. Newton's brigade, being in advance, was led to the right of Griffin, there to drive back the enemy and retake ground only held by the enemy for an instant. Taylor's brigade filled vacant spaces in Morell's division, and Bartlett's was sent to Sykes, just in time to render invaluable service, both in resisting and attacking. . . .

About 6:30, preceded by a silence of half an hour, the attack was renewed all along the line with the same apparent determination to sweep us by the force of numbers from the field, if not from existence. The result was evidently a matter of life or death to our opponent's cause. This attack, like its predecessors, was successfully repulsed throughout its length. . . .

As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us, and the woods were filled with smoke, limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and reformed regiments, and threw them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. . . . The attacks, though coming like a series of apparently irresistible avalanches, had thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving

back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance, near the center of Morell's line, where by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle our line was penetrated and broken; this at a point where I least expected it. This was naturally the weakest point of our line, owing to the closer proximity of the woods held by the enemy. Under his cover they could form, and with less exposure in time and ground than elsewhere, and launch their battalions in quick succession upon our men. I believed I had guarded against the danger by strongly and often reinforcing the troops holding this part of the line. Here the greater part of McCall's and Slocum's forces were used. Just preceding this break, to my great surprise, I saw cavalry, Rush's Lancers, which I recognized as ours, rushing in numbers through our lines on the left, and carrying off with sudden fright the limbers of our artillery, then prepared to pour their irresistible fire into a pursuing foe. With no infantry to support, and with apparent disaster before them, such of the remainder of these guns as could be moved were carried from the field; some deliberately, others in haste, but not in confusion.

In no other place was our line penetrated or shaken. The right, seeing our disaster, fell back



UNION TROOPS BUILDING THE CORDUROY APPROACHES TO GRAPEVINE BRIDGE.
It was mainly by this bridge that the Union troops were withdrawn the night after the battle of Gaines's Mill.

united and in order, but were compelled to leave behind two guns, the horses of which had been killed. The troops on the left and center retired, some hastily, but not in confusion, often turning back to repulse and pursue the advancing enemy. All soon rallied in rear of the Adams house behind Sykes and the brigades of French and Meagher sent to our aid, and who now, with hearty cheers, greeted our battalions as they retired and reformed. We lost in all twenty-two cannon; some of these broke down while we were withdrawing, and some ran off the bridges at night while we were crossing to the south bank of the Chickahominy. . . .

This loss of guns, General Porter states, was due to an ill-timed charge by Cooke's cavalry.

At night I was called to General McClellan's headquarters, where the chiefs of corps, or their representatives, were gathered. The commanding general, after hearing full reports, was of the opinion that the final result would be disastrous if we undertook longer to hold the north bank of the river with my command in the condition in which it was left by a hard fight and the loss of rest for two nights. In this opinion all concurred; and I was then instructed to withdraw to the south bank and destroy the bridges after me. The plans to move to the James River were then explained, together with the necessity for the movement, and the orders were given for their execution.

My command was safely withdrawn to the south bank of the river, and the bridges were destroyed soon after sunrise on the 28th. . . .

MCCLELLAN'S CHANGE OF BASE AND MALVERN HILL.

BY DANIEL H. HILL, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.
Commander of a Division at Malvern Hill.

FIVE of the six Confederate divisions north of the Chickahominy at the close of the battle of Gaines's Mill remained in bivouac all the next day (June 28th), it being deemed too hazardous to force the passage of the river. Ewell was sent with his division to Despatch Station on the York River Railroad. He found the station and the railroad-bridge burnt. J. E. B. Stuart, who followed the retreating Federal cavalry to White House on the Pamunkey, found ruins of stations and stores all along the line. These things proved that General McClellan did not intend to retreat by the short line of the York River Railroad; but it was possible he might take the Williamsburg road. General Lee, therefore, kept his troops on the north side of the river, that he might be ready to move on the Federal flank, should that route be attempted. New Bridge was repaired on Saturday (the 28th), and our troops were then ready to move in either direction. The burnings and explosions in the Federal camp Saturday afternoon and night showed that General McClellan had determined to abandon his strong fortifications around Richmond. Ewell, who was watching him at Bottom's Bridge, and the cavalry, holding the crossings lower down, both reported that there was no attempt at the Williamsburg route. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were sent across the river at New Bridge early on Sunday morning to move down the Darbytown

road to the Long Bridge road to intercept the retreat to the James River. . . .

In pursuance of General Lee's plan, Huger was directed (on the 29th) to take the Charles City road to strike the retreating column below White Oak Swamp. Holmes was to take possession of Malvern Hill, and Magruder to follow the line of retreat, as soon as the works were abandoned. The abandonment became known about sunrise on Sunday morning, but Grapevine Bridge was not completed till sunset. Jackson then crossed his corps at that point, my division leading. We bivouacked that night near Savage's Station, where McLaws's division had had a severe fight a few hours before. Just at dawn on Monday, the 30th, we were in motion, when I discovered what appeared to be a line of battle drawn up at the station, but which proved to be a line of sick and of hospital attendants, 2500 in number. About half a mile from the station we saw what seemed to be an entire regiment of Federals cold in death, and learned that a Vermont regiment [the 5th] had been in the desperate charge upon the division of McLaws, and had suffered great loss [killed, 31; wounded, 143]. . . .

We reached White Oak Swamp about noon,



THE BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION.
From a sketch made at the time.

and there found another hospital camp, with about five hundred sick in it. Truly, the Chickahominy swamps were fatal to the Federal forces. A high bluff was on our side of the little stream called White Oak, and a large uncultivated field on the other side. In this field could be seen a battery of artillery, supported by a brigade of infantry—artillerists and infantry lying down and apparently asleep. Under cover of Thomas T. Munford's 2d Virginia cavalry, thirty-one field-pieces were placed upon the bluff, and were ordered to open fire as soon



RUNNING AMMUNITION TRAINS INTO THE CHICKAHOMINY.



THE ARTILLERY ENGAGEMENT AT WHITE OAK BRIDGE.
From a sketch made at the time.
The view is from Franklin's position south of the bridge, Jackson's and D. H. Hill's troops being seen in the distance.

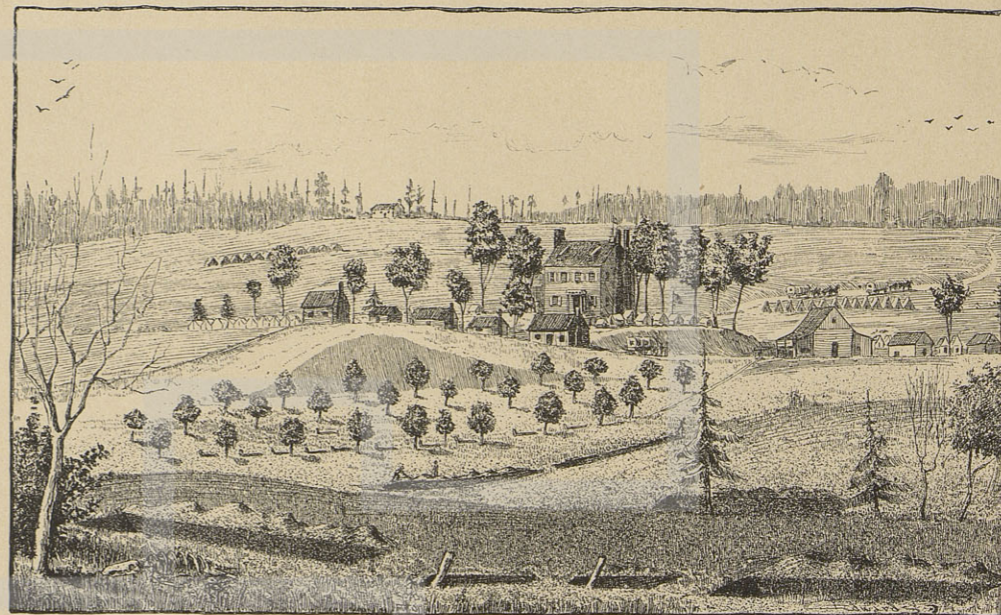
as the cavalry mask was removed. The battery fired its loaded guns in reply, and then galloped off, followed by its infantry supports and the long lines of infantry farther back in the field. Munford crossed his regiment over the ford, and Jackson and myself went with him to see what had become of the enemy. We soon found out. The battery had taken up a position behind a point of woods, where it was perfectly sheltered from our guns, but could play upon the broken bridge and ford, and upon every part of the uncultivated field. It opened with grape and canister upon us, and we retired rapidly. Fast riding in the wrong direction is not military, but it is sometimes healthy.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DANIEL H. HILL, C. S. A.

We had taken one prisoner, a drunken Irishman, but he declined the honor of going back with us, and made fight with his naked fists. A soldier asked me naively whether he should shoot the Irishman or let him go. I am glad that I told him to let the man go, to be a comfort to his family. That Irishman must have had a charmed life. He was under the shelter of his gum-cloth coat hung on a stick, near the ford, when a citizen fired at him four times, from a distance of about fifty paces; and the only recognition that I could see the man make was to raise his hand as if to brush off a fly. One of the shells set the farm-house on fire. We learned from the owner that Franklin's corps was in front of us.

Our cavalry returned by the lower ford, and pronounced it perfectly practicable for infantry. But Jackson did not advance. Why was this? It was the critical day for both commanders, but especially for McClellan. With consummate skill he had crossed his vast train of five thousand wagons and his immense parks of artillery safely over White Oak Swamp, but he was more exposed now than at any time in his flank march. Three columns of attack were converging upon him, and a strong corps was pressing upon his rear. Escape seemed impossible for him, but he *did* escape, at the same time inflicting heavy damage upon his pursuers. General Lee, through no fault in his plans, was to see his splendid prize slip through his hands. Longstreet and A. P. Hill struck the enemy at Frayser's farm (or Glendale) at 3 P. M. on the 30th, and, both being always ready for a fight, immediately attacked. Magruder, who followed them down the Darbytown road, was ordered to the assistance of General Holmes on the New Market road, who was not then engaged, and their two divisions took no part in the action. Huger,



VIEW OF SAVAGE'S STATION FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE RAILROAD.
From a sketch made before the battle.

The railroad passes close to the south side of Savage's house. In the foreground are shown burial trenches, and in the peach orchard the graves of officers. The negro cabins on the left were used by the Sanitary Commission; the barn, on the right, was a hospital, but most of the wounded were sheltered in the tents.

on the Charles City road, came upon Franklin's left flank, but made no attack. I sent my engineer officer, Captain W. F. Lee, to him through the swamp, to ask him whether he could not engage Franklin. He replied that the road was obstructed by fallen timber. So there were five divisions within sound of the firing, and within supporting distance, but not one of them moved. Longstreet and A. P. Hill made a desperate fight, contending against Sumner's corps, and the divisions of McCall, Kearny, and Hooker; but they failed to gain possession of the Quaker road, upon which McClellan was retreating. That night Franklin glided silently by them. He had to pass within easy range of the artillery of Longstreet and Hill, but they did not know he was there. It had been a gallant fight on their part. General Lee reported: "Many prisoners, including a general of division, McCall, were captured, and several batteries, with some thousands of small-arms, were taken." But as an obstruction to the Federal retreat, the fight amounted to nothing.

Major Dabney, in his life of Jackson, thus comments on the inaction of that officer: "On this occasion it would appear, if the vast interests dependent upon General Jackson's coöperation with the proposed attack upon the center were considered, that he came short of the efficiency in action for which he was everywhere else noted." After showing how the crossing of White Oak might have been effected, Dabney adds: "The list of casualties would have been larger than that presented on the 30th, of one cannoner wounded; but how much shorter would have been the bloody list filled up the next day at Malvern Hill? This temporary eclipse of Jackson's genius was proba-

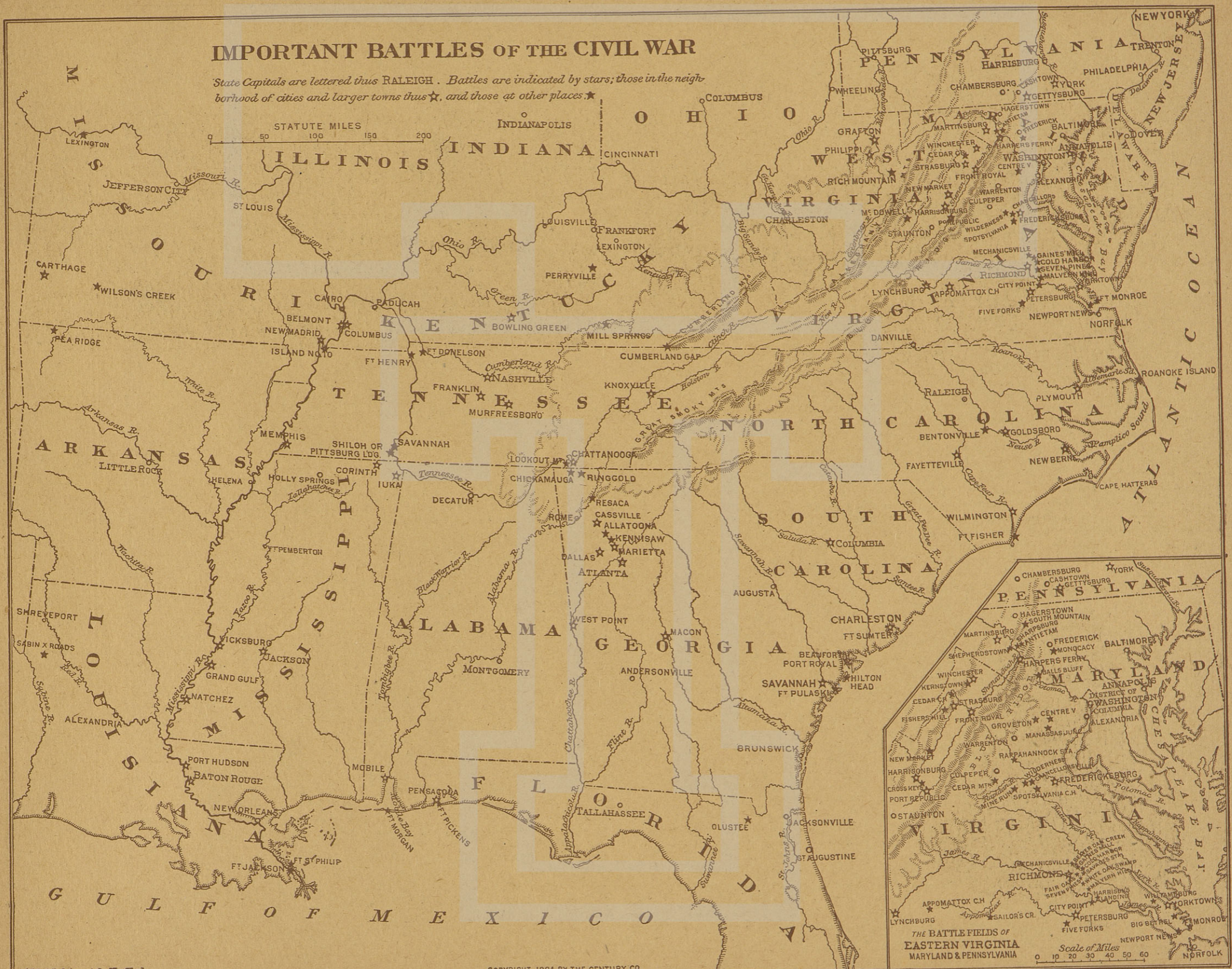
bly to be explained by physical causes. The labor of the previous days, the sleeplessness, the wear of gigantic cares, with the drenching of the comfortless night, had sunk the elasticity of his will and the quickness of his invention for the nonce below their wonted tension. And which of the sons of man is so great as never to experience this?" I think that an important factor in this inaction was Jackson's pity for his own corps, worn out by long and exhausting marches, and reduced in numbers by its numerous sanguinary battles. He thought that the garrison of Richmond ought now to bear the brunt of the fighting. None of us knew that the veterans of Longstreet and A. P. Hill were unsupported; nor did we even know that the firing that we heard was theirs. Had all our troops been at Frayser's farm, there would have been no Malvern Hill.

Jackson's genius never shone when he was under the command of another. It seemed then to be shrouded or paralyzed. Compare his inertness on this occasion with the wonderful vigor shown a few weeks later at Slaughter's [Cedar] Mountain in the stealthy march to Pope's rear, and later still in the capture of Harper's Ferry. MacGregor on his native heath was not more different from MacGregor in prison than was Jackson his own master from Jackson in a subordinate position. He wrote once to Richmond requesting that he might have "fewer orders and more men." That was the keynote to his whole character. The hooded falcon cannot strike the quarry.

The gentleman who tried his "splendid rifle" on the drunken Irishman was the Rev. L. W. Allen. Mr. Allen had been raised in that neighborhood, and knew Malvern Hill well. He spoke of its

IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR

State Capitals are lettered thus RALEIGH. Battles are indicated by stars; those in the neighborhood of cities and larger towns thus ★, and those at other places ★



PART EIGHT WILL CONTAIN
THE CONTINUATION OF GENERAL D. H. HILL'S ARTICLE ON
McClellan's Change of Base and Malvern Hill
WITH GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER'S STORY OF
The Union Side at Malvern Hill

The Famous "Seven Days" Fighting
Described by the Confederate General Longstreet

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