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*The life of David Glasgow
Farragut, first admiral of the ...*

Loyall Farragut
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William Cameron Forbes

Almanac for the

1898



D. G. Faragut
Lieut. Comdr. U. S. N.
" " "

vol. 1. p. 37.

THE

CLASSICAL PARRAMON.

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NEW YORK
APPLETON AND COMPANY,

1891.

1891.



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THE LIFE
OF
DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT,
FIRST ADMIRAL OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY,

EMBODYING HIS
JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

BY HIS SON,
LOYALL FARRAGUT.

WITH PORTRAITS, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.
1891.

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PREFACE.

It was the express wish of Admiral Farragut that his biography should be written by his only son. What would otherwise have been a laborious though grateful task, has been very much lightened by the fact that so large a portion of the material is from his own hand, clothed in his own characteristic language.

If any undue partiality for his fame and character should be apparent in my contributions to the volume, it must be attributed to the nearness of our relationship. The element of filial affection for the kindest of fathers is added to the love and admiration for a brave and skillful commander which are felt not only by his own countrymen, but by multitudes of dwellers on other shores of the great sea that he sailed for half a century.

In the preparation of the work I have conferred with several of the Admiral's brother officers, who participated in the dangers and triumphs of his battles, and have also freely consulted the following publications: "Reports of the Secretary of the Navy for 1862-'65;" "History of the Administration of the Department of the Gulf in the Year 1862," by James Par-
ton (New York, 1864); "The Rebellion Record," by Frank Moore (New York, 1861-'71); "Life and Services of Vice-Admiral Farragut," by P. C. Headley (New York, 1865); "The American Conflict," by Horace Greeley (Hartford, 1865-'67); "The Lost Cause," by Edward A. Pollard (New York, 1866);

"Farragut and our Naval Commanders," by J. T. Headley (New York, 1867); "History of the Navy during the Rebellion," by Charles B. Boynton, D. D. (New York, 1868); "The Cruise of the Franklin," by James E. Montgomery (New York, 1869); "Camp, Court, and Siege," by Wickham Hoffman (New York, 1877); "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," by John Wilkinson, C. S. N. (New York, 1877); "Naval Scenes and Reminiscences of the Civil War," by Rear-Admiral H. Walke, U. S. N. (New York, 1877); "The Battle of Mobile Bay," by Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, U. S. N. (Boston, 1878); lecture on "Naval Operations during the Civil War in the United States," by Rear-Admiral R. V. Hamilton, C. B. (London, 1878); Secretary Welles's articles in the "Galaxy" and "Atlantic Monthly"; and files of the great dailies published during the war. Commodore Parker's monograph is especially valuable, as a close and accurate study of a complicated battle.

My acknowledgments are due to Mr. Rossiter Johnson, for his editorial skill in revising my manuscript and preparing it for the press.

L. F.

NEW YORK, *September 1, 1879.*

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THE LIFE
OF
DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT.

CHAPTER I.

HIS ANCESTORS.

ON the blank leaf of a Bible in the possession of the family of Admiral Farragut appears the following record, written in a bold and legible hand :

“MY SON: Your father, George Farragut, was born in the Island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean, in 1755, the 29th of September, in Ciudadella, and came away from that Island the 2d day of April, 1772—came to America in March, 1776. Your mother, Elizabeth Shine, was born in North Carolina, Dobbs Co., near Kinnston on the Neuse River, in 1765, on the 7th of June. Her father, John Shine—mother, Ellenor McIven.”

This is corroborated by an entry in the books of the ecclesiastical court of Ciudadella, which, being translated, reads as follows :

“No. 155. George Farragut, son of Anthony Farragut and Juana Mesquida, was baptized on the 30th of September, 1755. The godfather, Don Joseph de Vigo; godmother, the

noble lady Doña Juana Martorell. The name of the child, George Anthony Magin. He was born on the 29th of the aforesaid month and year."

George Farragut was descended from the renowned Don Pedro Ferragut, who served under James I., King of Aragon, styled in history *El Conquistador*, in the campaigns which resulted in the expulsion of the Moors from Majorca in 1229, and from Valencia in 1238. In Majorca Don Pedro was Sergeant before the King—an office of high honor and importance, held only by those of noble blood. James bestowed estates upon the knights who accompanied him in these enterprises, and directed the troubadour Mossen Jaime Febrer to celebrate them in verse. The following is the stanza devoted to Pedro Ferragut :



Sobre camp bermell una ferradura
De finisim or, ab un clau daurat,
Pere Ferragut pinta, é en tal figura
Esplica lo agnom. La historia assegura
Ser aragones, de Jaca baixat.
Après que en Mallorca servi de sargent,
Venint á Valencia, hon gran renom guanya
De expert capitá per lo dilitgent;
Los anys, é sucesos lo feren prudent.
Té en lo pelear gran cordura é manya,
Pergue á totes armes fàcilment se apanya.

The late Henry Howard Brownell, on reading these lines, extemporized the following translation, which is sufficiently literal :

A charger's shoe is borne on his shield,
Of purest gold, on a blood-red field,
Set thereon with a nail of the same :
Thus we know him, device and name.
From Jaca, in Aragon, he came.
At Mallorca and Valencia both,
Well he quitted his knightly troth,
Serving as Sergeant before his liege,
Through the conquest, in field and siege:

Strong in battle, by plain or hold,
 Great his fame as a warrior bold,
 And a prudent captain to shun surprise;
 For years and victories made him wise.
 At every manner of arms expert,
 He did on the foe great spoil and hurt.

Those who believe in the transmission of ancestral traits will find a signal illustration of the theory in the character of Admiral Farragut. The qualities attributed by the poet to Don Pedro were those for which his illustrious descendant was pre-eminently distinguished. According to the testimony of his contemporaries in the service, he was one of the best informed and most painstaking officers in his profession, irreproachable in his morals, earnest and energetic, admitting no such word as fail in the vocabulary of duty.

The records of the General Council of the Kingdom of Majorca show that the following members of the family of Ferragut were councilors :

Bernardo Ferragut, of Puebla, in 1461 and 1491.

Valentin Ferragut, of Puebla, in 1492.

Julian Ferragut, of Sansellas, in 1500.

Bernardo Ferragut, in 1505 and 1509.

Jorge Ferragut, of Sansellas, in 1506.

Marcos Ferragut, of Sinen, 1512.

Bartolomé Ferragut, in 1513.

Bernardo Ferragut, in 1516.

Onofre Ferragut, in 1534.

Pedro Ferragut, in 1536, 1540, and 1549.

Gabriel Ferragut, in 1540.

Lorenzo Ferragut, in 1542.

Miguel Ferragut, of Sansellas, in 1563.

Three of the family were magistrates of the City of Palma and Kingdom of Majorca :

Bernardo Ferragut, in 1516.

Juan Ferragut, in 1583.

Gabriel Ferragut, in 1585, 1590, and 1605.

The prebendary Agustin Ferragut, who died in 1576, was a

noted theologian and benefactor of the House of Repentants at Palma.

Pablo Ferragut was topographer and historian of Majorca.

Captain Antonio Ferragut, of Cánaves, fought heroically in the wars of Philip IV., in the seventeenth century, died unmarried, and bequeathed all his property to a college.

Gonzalo Ferragut, a native of Pollenza, was a Dominican priest, was celebrated for his learning, and became Bishop of Urgel in 1827 and of Yoiza in 1831. He died in 1843.

The Ferragut family possessed a large estate and were living in Ciudadella in 1558, when the Turks carried off 4,000 of the inhabitants as slaves. Among these was Antonio Ferragut, with his wife and six children. In February, 1564, the father and mother and one son, Constantino, having been ransomed for 34 gold ducats and 53 aspros (about \$90), sailed from Constantinople for Minorca. Miguel Ferragut, a priest, was conspicuous for his exertions in procuring the exchange and release of the captives. One of them, Marco Antonio Bonet, writing to a Dr. Marti, of Naples, said: "True it is that Miguel Ferragut, presbyter, solicits well that with which you have commissioned him—so well that, as I am informed, no one of our country could do more in such an undertaking; and, if they had given him higher powers, many of us would have acquired our liberty." Miguel himself said in a letter: "I am tired of staying in this place (Constantinople), but if I leave it there will be no one to interest himself for our unfortunate countrymen."

Antonio Ferragut, grandfather of the Admiral, was born in Sinen, Majorca, and was a son of Jorge and of Ursula Guitart. He married Juana Mesquida, daughter of Juan and Juana Bagur. The name Ferragut is now extinct in Minorca. It seems to have been superseded by that of Mesquida.

George Farragut, father of the Admiral, was sent to school at Barcelona, but was seized with the spirit of adventure, and emigrated to America at an early age—but not with the 1,500 Greeks, Italians, and Minorcans who settled in Florida in 1768. He arrived in 1776, promptly sided with the colonists, and served gallantly in their struggle for independence, as also in

the war of 1812. It is said that he saved the life of Colonel Washington in the battle of Cowpens. The name first appears officially in the Journal of the House of Representatives of the United States for 1797. Hon. William C. C. Claiborne, of Tennessee, presented "The petition of George Farragut, praying that he may be allowed the balance of pay due to him for services rendered the United States as Muster Master of the Militia of the District of Washington (East Tennessee), employed in actual service for the protection of the frontiers of the United States south of the Ohio, from the 1st of March, 1792, to the 26th of October, 1793."

Later, Mr. Claiborne became Governor of Mississippi Territory (1801) and of Louisiana (1803). It was probably during this interval, that George Farragut moved to Louisiana, where he soon after entered the naval service.

Until 1811 there was substantially no government on the Mississippi and Louisiana coast. The Spaniards claimed the seaboard, as far as Pearl River, as part of their province of West Florida. But the American settlers in the district revolted, assaulted and took the Spanish fort at Baton Rouge, adopted a flag, and organized a government and a military force.

In taking possession of the disputed territory, by orders from Washington, Governor Claiborne organized it into counties. The present seaboard of Mississippi constituted the counties of Biloxi and Pascagoula.

A dispatch to the Governor, which he forwarded to Washington, runs as follows :

"On the 2d of December, 1810; I arrived in the Bay of Pascagoula. On going on shore next day, a number of men gathered around and said Majors Hargraves and Duprée wished to see me. I said I would call the following morning. Accordingly, on the 4th I found the house of the late John B. Nicolet. On my arrival they ran up the flag of the Convention. Next day pressed John B. Bondro's schooner and two others owned by Anthony Krebs and Augustine, a mulatto. These they brought before Mr. Nicolet's house, and loaded with

negroes, dry goods, liquors, provisions, furniture, etc., the property of deceased. Next day they proceeded up the Pascagoula River. Peter Nicola was appointed commandant of Pascagoula, with orders to compel the inhabitants to swear allegiance to the new government. Returning westward, I found Nicola at Pass Christian, ordering the inhabitants to Pascagoula to take the oath. There were no Spanish authorities on the coast. They had retired to Mobile.

“GEORGE FARRAGUT.”

On January 25, 1811, Governor Claiborne dispatched a Dr. Flood, in the felucca Alligator, Sailing Master George Farragut, to those counties, to select a commission of the most intelligent men as magistrates, etc. In his report, Dr. Flood says that, “at the special request of the inhabitants of Pascagoula, by whom he is greatly beloved, I prevailed on Sailing Master George Farragut to accept the commission of magistrate.”

Whether he severed his connection with the service at this time, I have no record; but as Lieutenant (afterward Major-General) Gaines was appointed to the same office, and retained his commission in the service, it is to be presumed that it was merely a temporary post of honor, no emoluments being attached to the office.

He was a friend and companion of General Jackson, and served with him in the Indian campaigns. He removed to Pascagoula in 1809, and died at Point Plaquet, West Pascagoula, June 4, 1817, aged sixty-three. A son, George Antoine, aged ten, was drowned in July, 1815, having fallen overboard from a boat in which he was being towed behind a schooner. This circumstance weighed heavily on the father's mind to the day of his death.

On his mother's side, Admiral Farragut came of the good old Scotch family of McIven. In his journal, begun while he was a midshipman, he speaks thus of his parents: “I know that my father was an officer in the Revolutionary struggle for our independence; but whether on land or water, I can not say. In fact, his occupations were as various as could be expected of a

restless disposition and a mind filled with enterprise, courage, and a desire for novelty. At one time we hear of him as an officer of the Navy, and then in the somewhat novel character, for a sailor, of a major of cavalry, in the State of Tennessee. He accompanied two gentlemen, McKay and Ogden, on an expedition to survey and settle a part of that State, where they lived for some time in a log hut. After the country became more thickly inhabited, he took unto himself a wife, Miss Elizabeth Shine, of North Carolina, and settled in Tennessee as a farmer."

CHAPTER II.

HIS BOYHOOD.

DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT, the first Admiral of the United States Navy, was born at Campbell's Station, near Knoxville, East Tennessee, on the 5th of July, 1801. In his journal, alluding to the family's early residence in Tennessee, he says :

“In those days, on the border, we were continually annoyed by the Indians, which rendered the organization of the militia a public necessity. My father was appointed a major of cavalry, and served for some time in that capacity ; the condition of the country requiring its inhabitants to be constantly on the outlook. I remember that on one occasion, during my father's absence, a party of Indians came to our house, which was somewhat isolated, when my mother, who was a brave and energetic woman, barred the door in the most effectual manner, and sent all of us trembling little ones up into the loft of the barn, while she guarded the entrance with an axe. The savages attempted to parley with her, but she kept them at bay, until finally they departed, for some reason which is unknown, their intentions having been evidently hostile. My father arrived shortly after with his command, and immediately pursued the Indians, whom, I believe, he succeeded in overtaking and punishing ; at any rate, they were never seen again in that part of the country.”

In 18— Major Farragut received an appointment as sailing master in the Navy, and was ordered to the command of a gun-boat at New Orleans, to which place he shortly afterward moved his family. It was not long after he fixed his residence in that city before his faithful and beloved wife fell a victim to yellow fever (1808). Her funeral, according to a letter of the late

Commodore Daniel T. Patterson, U. S. N., who was a pall-bearer, occurred at the same time with that of Sailing Master David Porter, father of the celebrated Commodore David Porter, of Essex fame. Mrs. Farragut left three sons and two daughters, the younger of the latter being an infant at the breast.

In 1809 Sailing Master Farragut was relieved from command of the schooner, and transferred to the naval station at New Orleans. In the same year he purchased a farm of nine hundred acres on Pascagoula River. In his journal Farragut says :

“I accompanied a young man whom my father sent to clear the place. This expedition was my first experience on salt water, and I fervently hoped, at that time, it would be my last. He took us in a small boat across Lake Pontchartrain, when it was blowing almost a gale; but that fact never caused my father any uneasiness, for he had great confidence in his pirogue, considering it much safer than the gunboats. In fact, we were hailed when passing them, and invited to ‘come on board until the blow was over’; but he replied that he ‘could ride it out better than they could.’ When any one suggested to him the risk to which he subjected his children in thus crossing the Lake, he generally replied that ‘now was the time to conquer their fears.’

“The most daring enterprise which my father ever performed by water was in going from New Orleans to Havana in a pirogue, a species of canoe made of two pieces of wood instead of one. The old gentleman frequently adverted to this voyage in after life. When speaking of the good qualities of his little yawl, a small boat in which he navigated the Lake, which some of his friends thought a dangerous experiment, he would exclaim, ‘Danger indeed! If you had said there was danger in going to Havana in a pirogue, there would have been some sense in it; but this thing is as safe as any craft at the levee.’ This fondness for the sea was very strong with him, but his health was not sufficiently good, at that period of his life, to endure the hardships of actual service, or to indulge in the pleasures of an extended cruise; so he contented himself with

making frequent trips across the Lake, with his children, in the yawl; a practice he kept up until the day of his death.

“When the weather was bad we usually slept on the beach of one of the numerous islands in the Lake, or else on the shore of the main land, wrapped in the boat sail, and, if the weather was cold, we generally half buried ourselves in the dry sand.”

Reference has already been made to Sailing Master David Porter. This gentleman was hospitably entertained, during his last illness, by the parents of Admiral Farragut. To this circumstance the latter attributed his appointment to the Navy. The incident no doubt had an important bearing on his career; but it is highly probable that, even if he had never met his “kind friend and guardian,” as he calls Commodore Porter, to whom he acknowledged through life his great obligations, and with whom to the last he maintained the closest relations of friendship, his early training, his fondness for sea life, and the inclinations of his father, who had already procured the appointment of his eldest son William in the Navy, would still have given David Glasgow to the same service. The following is his own account of the matter:

“It so happened that the father of Commodore Porter was serving on the New Orleans Naval Station with my father. He was taken sick, and my father, hearing of it, had him brought to our house, where, after a severe illness, during which he was nursed by my mother, he died. This, as well as I can remember, occurred in 1809. I mention this kind act on the part of my parents because it is to this circumstance that I am indebted for my present rank in the Navy of the United States. Not long after his father’s death, Commander David Porter took command of the Naval Station at New Orleans, and having heard that his father died at our house, and had received some attention from my parents, he determined to visit us and adopt such one of the children as desired to go with him. He accordingly came to see us, and after a while the question of adoption was put to us all, when I, being inspired by his

uniform and that of my brother William, who had received an appointment in the Navy some time before, said promptly that I would go. This was after my mother's death. I returned with Commander Porter to New Orleans, where I met Mrs. Porter for the first time. Thus commenced my acquaintance with the celebrated Commodore David Porter, late of the United States Navy, and I am happy to have it in my power to say, with feelings of the warmest gratitude, that he ever was to me all that he promised, my 'friend and guardian.'

"I continued to reside with Commander Porter, occasionally accompanying him on excursions and boat expeditions, and sometimes going with my father across the Lake to his plantation; so that I soon became fond of this adventurous sort of life.

"Porter was at length relieved, and returned to Washington in the bomb-ketch *Vesuvius*, I accompanying him. It was then that I took leave of my kind parent for ever. We touched at Havana, where we learned that the brig *Vixen*, Captain Tripp, had been fired into by a British vessel of war. I mention this merely because I believe it was the first thing that caused bad feeling in me toward the English nation. I was too young to know anything about the Revolution; but I looked upon this as an insult to be paid in kind, and was anxious to discharge the debt with interest."

Commander Porter remained at the capital, with his family, for several months, during which young Farragut was placed at school. On the removal of the Porter family to their residence at Chester, Pennsylvania, he accompanied them and was again placed in school, where he remained until Commander Porter was ordered to take charge of the frigate *Essex*. During his stay at Washington the youth had been introduced to the Hon. Paul Hamilton, then Secretary of the Navy, who, after questioning him in regard to the service, promised him a midshipman's warrant as soon as he became ten years of age. This promise was generously redeemed, Farragut's appointment in the Navy bearing date December 17, 1810, when he was a little more than nine years and five months old.

CHAPTER III.

HIS FIRST CRUISE.

PORTER, who, though ordered to do the duty of a captain, was not promoted to that rank till July 12, 1812, took command of the *Essex* in August, 1811, and young Farragut accompanied him, beginning at that tender age the arduous duties of the naval service, in times and under circumstances well calculated to test the endurance of the sturdiest man. The frigate was then lying at Norfolk, Virginia, and the trip from Chester by stage and packet is described in the journal as a long and tedious one, with only the upsetting of a stage to vary its monotony. His first impressions of the service seem to have been favorable. He says :

“ On reaching the *Essex*, I was exceedingly pleased with the ship and her officers. John Downes was the First Lieutenant, James P. Wilmer Second, James Wilson Third, William Finch Fourth, John M. Gamble Marine Officer, Robert Miller Surgeon, Richard K. Hoffman and Alex. M. Montgomery Assistant Surgeons, David P. Adams Chaplain, John R. Shaw Purser. The ship was soon refitted and ready for sea, when we received orders to join the coast squadron under Commodore Rodgers, consisting of the frigates *President*, *States*, *Congress*, and *Essex*, with the brig *Argus*. Nothing occurred of note until we went into port to winter. We cruised on the coast, and exercised the crews until they were brought to as great a state of perfection and discipline as ever existed, probably, in the Navy. Our ship, the *Essex*, was the ‘smartest’ in the squadron, and Commodore Rodgers complimented our captain highly. So efficient had our crew become that they were divided into three watches, and that arrangement remained in force until the day of the ship’s capture.

“We went to Newport, Rhode Island, on Christmas eve, 1811, and anchored off the Bluffs, not being able to bring up in the harbor. About four o'clock in the morning it commenced to blow very hard from the northeast, with sleet and snow, and we let go another anchor, and at half past six let go a third and a fourth; but she dragged the whole of them and went ashore just off the Bluffs. She heeled over very much, and in a short time the main and mizzen top-gallant masts were blown away, everything being so clogged with ice as to render it impossible to house the masts. It was understood that we lay on a bank, and, if the ship should beat over, nothing could save us from being dashed against the cliffs, which seemed a perfect mass of ice. The only hope left of saving the lives of the crew was to cut away the masts as soon as the ship was sufficiently near the bank, and men were accordingly stationed at the galley with axes, ready to execute the order—for no one could keep the deck. The Captain and First Lieutenant were on the lookout by turns, a few minutes only at a time, the cold being so intense that one of the men, an Indian or mulatto, was found in his hammock frozen. Fortunately, the gale abated at this critical period, without doing us any further injury; but there was great destruction on the coast from its fearful effects. The *Nautilus* came in soon afterward, with the loss of her guns, and otherwise severely crippled.

“During the remainder of the winter the midshipmen of the squadron were sent to school to a Mr. Adams, and early in the spring the squadron went to New York, where some of the ships underwent repairs.”

On the 18th of June, 1812, the Congress of the United States declared war against Great Britain. Our little Navy was scarcely in a condition for combined action. A small squadron had been brought together in New York, consisting of the *President*, 44, Commodore Rodgers; the *Essex*, 32, Captain Porter; and the *Hornet*, 18, Captain Lawrence. The other vessels were scattered, some of them undergoing repairs. Commodore Rodgers dropped down the bay with the *President* and *Hornet*, and

was joined on the 21st of June by the United States, 44, Captain Decatur; Congress, 38, Captain Smith; and Argus, 16, Lieutenant Commander Sinclair. The Essex remained a few days in port, overhauling her rigging and restowing her hold. She then got to sea and made several prizes, destroying most of them and receiving the prisoners on board.

It is not the purpose of the present work to follow in detail the events of the war which shed so much glory upon our infant Navy, further than the subject of this memoir is connected therewith. It was his fortune to belong to a frigate which took an active and singularly adventurous part in the contest. The eventful cruise of the Essex and her final capture by a superior British force, after one of the hardest fought and most sanguinary battles that ever occurred on the ocean, form a remarkable episode in naval warfare.

Farragut was but ten years and one month old when he joined his ship, and he bore a gallant part in all her adventures. In his journal, which was begun but a few years later, he gives the following graphic account of the cruise :

“The war with Great Britain was declared just after we began overhauling. The declaration was read to the crew on three successive days, and the Captain put the question to them, whether any one wished his discharge on the plea of being a British subject. No one answered until the third day, when, in the act of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, one man refused, saying that he was an Englishman. He was sail-maker’s mate, and had been promised the position of sail-maker. Unfortunately for him, there was a sailor on board who offered to make oath that the fellow was an American, and that he had known him from his youth; that, in fact, they were from the same town, Barnstable, I think. The crew were enraged to such a degree that violence would have been done if the Captain had not interfered. He determined, however, to gratify them to a certain extent, and allowed the man to be tarred and feathered and put on shore at New York as a coward. This was considered a great outrage on the laws, and Captain

Porter had some difficulty in getting clear of the civil authorities. The man, however, who really was an American, and only wanted a frolic on shore, which he might have had by asking, as great liberty was allowed to the men, afterward served all through the war on the Lakes, where he died about its termination.

“The crew worked with great spirit and assiduity, and the ship was ready for sea in about three weeks, when we sailed on a cruise off the coast, during which we captured the *Alert* and several other prizes. We saw the British ship *Antelope*, 50 guns, on the banks of Newfoundland, and ran near enough to see her upper deck ports. We then hove to, but she passed without noticing us. We also ran into a convoy of transports in the night, passed under the stern of the *Minerva* frigate, and captured a brig with a hundred and fifty troops and some general officers on board. At daylight we showed our colors, and perceived that there were several vessels of war with the convoy, and that all of the transports were armed and had some hundreds of troops on board.

“The captured British officers were very anxious for us to have a fight with the *Minerva*, as they considered her a good match for the *Essex*, and Captain Porter replied that he would gratify them with pleasure if his Majesty’s commander was of their taste. So we stood toward the convoy, and when within gunshot hove to and waited for the *Minerva*; but she tacked, and stood in among the convoy, to the utter amazement of our prisoners, who denounced the commander as a base coward and expressed their determination to report him to the Admiralty. Our crew became so wrought up that they sent a deputation aft to the Captain, requesting him to attack the whole convoy. He replied that it would be madness to do so. He then paroled the officers and troops, took their arms from them, and let them go.

“We afterward fell in with the *Alert* sloop of war, 20 guns, at which time the *Essex* was sailing under reefed topsails, the *Alert* being to windward. As soon as we discovered her in the morning, we put out drags astern, and led the enemy to believe

we were desirous of making our escape, by sending men aloft, shaking out the reefs, mast-heading the yards, and making sail. The Alert was deceived in our character, as was the intention, and bore down upon us. We went to quarters and cleared for action, with the exception of taking out the tompions—our ports remaining closed.

“Suddenly the Alert fired a gun, and we hove to, when she passed under our stern. When she was on the lee quarter, we changed the English flag for the American, upon which the enemy gave three cheers and poured in a broadside of grape and canister. Fortunately, she was too far abaft the beam for the shot to enter our ports, so that they struck harmlessly in the bulwarks. We then put up our helm, and gave her a broadside as soon as the guns would bear, tompions and all! She, of course, had now discovered her mistake, and attempted to run, but too late, for she was in the lion’s reach. In eight minutes we were alongside, when she fired a musket and struck her colors. They hailed, and said the ship was leaking very badly. After we had stopped the leak as well as we could, the officers were transferred to our vessel, and we took the Alert in tow and kept her with us for several days. Finding, however, that our ship was too crowded for safety and comfort, the Captain determined to make a cartel of his prize, and so, disarming her and paroling the officers and crew, he sent them in the Alert to St. John’s, N. F., in charge of Mr. Knight.

“I will here mention an incident which shows the advantage of exercising the men to a certain custom which I have heard severely commented on by officers of the Navy. It was the habit of Captain Porter to sound the alarm of fire at all hours of the night; sometimes he would have a smoke created in the main hold. This was for the purpose of testing the nerves of the crew, and preparing them for an emergency. Whenever this alarm was given, every man repaired promptly to his quarters with his cutlass and blanket, to await the orders of the commander. At the commencement of this system a little confusion would sometimes occur, but delinquents were promptly punished, and in a short time the cry of ‘Fire!’ did not affect

the steadiness of the men; on the contrary, the greatest alacrity was manifested throughout the ship on hearing the alarm, and the application of the system on the occasion I am about to relate was singularly effective.

“While the ship was crowded with prisoners they planned a mutiny. The coxswain of the captain’s gig of the *Alert*, who was a leader in the affair, came to my hammock with a pistol in his hand, and stood by it, gazing intently upon me. Seeing a man thus armed, and recognizing him as a prisoner, I knew there must be something wrong, and, probably from fear more than anything else, I remained perfectly motionless until he passed. Then, slipping from my hammock, I crept noiselessly to the cabin and informed Captain Porter of what I had seen. He sprang from his cot, was on the berth deck in an instant, and immediately cried ‘Fire! Fire!’ The effect was wonderful. Instead of attempting to strike the fatal blow, the prisoners, or mutineers, became alarmed and confused, nor did they recover from their stupor until they heard the boarders called to the main hatch by the Captain, whom they now saw for the first time in their midst, to secure them.

“Shortly after this we returned to the United States. When off New York we fell in with a British squadron. At first we discovered some vessels to leeward, and soon there appeared to be an engagement going on. The Captain, who had been aloft observing them for some time, now came down and told the officer of the deck to haul by the wind and make all sail, as he was convinced it was an English squadron making a sham fight to decoy us down into their clutches, and that they would soon show themselves. This proved true, for immediately on our making sail they did the same in chase. They turned out to be two frigates and a brig, which, as we afterward learned, were the *Acosta*, *Shannon*, and *Ringdove*. The *Acosta* outsailed the others, and appeared to gain on us, so that after dark (the weather was very thick, and I believe it rained hard all night) the Captain called all hands on deck and told them he thought the occasion favorable to tack ship and board the *Acosta*, and, if we were successful, the lights could be extinguished and the other

vessels of the enemy would probably run by us in the dark. We were accordingly provided with suitable badges and a password. Our ship then tacked and stood in the direction where we had last seen the enemy's vessel. As Providence would have it, we missed her. The consequences of a collision would have been serious indeed. The *Acosta* was, no doubt, going eight or ten knots an hour, and we three or four; the first shock would probably have taken the masts out of both vessels, and numerous lives would have been lost in the attempt to board.

"In ten days we made land off the Capes of Delaware, and discovered a schooner in chase of us. We paid no attention to her, however, but hove to for a pilot. The stranger came up with us and passed, although we tried to bring her to. She made sail, and ran in over the shoals. The pilot informed us that she was the privateer schooner *General Armstrong*, and so we troubled ourselves no further about her.

"We went up to New Castle, and thence to Chester, and, after overhauling the ship, put to sea again.

"While in the Delaware, Captain Porter received a challenge from Sir James Yeo, off the Capes, couched in heroic language. We put to sea immediately, but could not find Sir James."

CHAPTER IV.

CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC.

WHILE the *Essex* was lying in the *Delaware*, Captain Porter received orders to join the squadron under Commodore Bainbridge, which sailed from Boston on the 26th of October, 1812, and consisted of the *Constitution*, 44, and the *Hornet*, 18. Porter's orders were, to rendezvous first at Porto Praya in the island of St. Jago, and secondly at Fernando Noronha. Other places of rendezvous were also designated, and he was further instructed to cruise in the track of the British Indiamen until a certain time mentioned, when, failing to fall in with his superior officer, he was at liberty to act according to his own discretion. The *Essex* sailed from the *Delaware* on the 28th of October, and after proceeding to the different rendezvous, and being disappointed in all his efforts to fall in with the Commodore, Captain Porter determined to act for himself, the result of which was the memorable cruise of the *Essex* in the Pacific Ocean; which, though ending in the capture of the frigate by an overpowering force, was nevertheless highly beneficial to our commerce in that far off and then comparatively unknown sea. Without attempting a detailed account of a cruise so well known to all readers of naval history, the author purposes merely to follow the journal of young Farragut, believing that his impressions and views, at that early period of his career, in regard to the scenes in which he bore a part, can not fail to be of interest. After referring to his departure from the Capes of *Delaware*, the journal continues:

“We visited Fernando de Noronha, and thence sailed to St. Catherine in the Eastern Brazils, where we wooded and watered. While there, we heard that the British man-of-war

Montagne, 74, was in the offing. We put to sea that night, but never saw her. We then went round Cape Horn.

“On our cruise so far we had taken several prizes, but nothing worthy of note, except the capture of the Nocton, a British government packet, with about \$55,000 in specie on board. The command of this prize was given to Lieutenant Finch (afterward Captain Bolton), with orders to proceed home. She was captured on her way, between Bermuda and the Capes of Virginia, by a British frigate.

“In going round the Horn, we experienced dreadful weather. We lay off the Cape for twenty-one days. On the morning of the 3d of March, 1813, we shipped a sea that stove in the ports from the bow to the quarter, carried the weather quarter boat on to the wheel, and took the lee boat off the davits; but by great exertion we saved her. Large quantities of water rushed down the hatchways, leading those below to imagine that the ship was sinking. This was the only instance in which I ever saw a regular good seaman paralyzed by fear at the dangers of the sea. Many of the marines and several of the sailors were seen on their knees at prayer; but in this, as in all other emergencies, most of our hardy tars were found ready and willing to do their duty. They were all called on deck, and came promptly, led by a trusty old son of Neptune, William Kingsbury, the boatswain's mate. He was the same who performed the part of Neptune in ‘crossing the line.’ Long shall I remember the cheering sound of his stentorian voice, which resembled the roaring of a lion rather than that of a human being, when he told them ‘D—n their eyes, to put their best foot forward, as there was one side of her left yet.’ By the exertions of this little band under the Captain, First Lieutenant, and officers of the watch, the ship was got before the wind, the quarter boat which had been carried away secured, and the decks cleared up.

“On the following day the men who had been most active were all promoted, except Kingsbury, for whom there was no vacancy; but he was subsequently made boatswain of the Essex Junior.

“After great suffering we at last, on the 4th of March, took

the wind from the southwest, which ran us nearly up to the Island of Mocha, near the coast of Chili. At this place we procured wild hogs and horses, the meat of the latter being infinitely preferred to that of the former, which was fishy and unpalatable.

“A melancholy incident occurred here. While we were lying in ambush for a drove of horses, one of the crew, a quarter-gunner, named James Spafford, had strayed off into the woods, and, as the drove passed, the men raised their guns and fired. Spafford had been aware of what was going on, and as soon as the firing ceased he came out. Lieutenant McKnight, who was near-sighted, seeing a wounded horse making off, fired at him, the ball passing through his neck and unfortunately into the breast of Spafford. McKnight exclaimed,

“‘I have killed him!’ alluding to the horse.

“‘Yes,’ replied Spafford, ‘and you have killed me too. Please have me put into the boat and carried on board, that I may die under my country’s flag.’

“All were struck with consternation. McKnight was nearly crazed, and embraced Spafford, imploring his forgiveness. The poor fellow was carried on board, and lived about two weeks.

“After getting a supply of fresh provisions, and letting the crew have a good run on shore, we sailed for Valparaiso. On arriving off that port we looked in, but seeing no English vessels, the Captain, either for the purpose of trying the crew, or from a conviction that it was best to proceed to leeward in search of British whalers, called the men aft and made them a short speech in his usual animated and enthusiastic style, showing the advantage of abstaining from the pleasures of being in port, that they might enjoy them the more in the future. The effect was always the same, a burst of applause and a determination to abide by his will.

“At the time we were passing Valparaiso our provisions had been almost expended, and the men were on short allowance; but it would have mattered little if we had been as short again. Their devotion to Porter was unbounded, and he could have controlled them with ease. On this occasion their enthusiastic

acceptance of his proposition seemed to check his ambition in a moment; he pondered for a while, and then said, 'No! they have suffered too much already; it would be tasking them ungenerously; I shall go in, if only to give them a run on shore.' And so we entered the harbor and anchored.

"On the 14th of March our crew had liberty; then, after taking in a good supply of jerked beef, we put to sea. Cruising along the coast of Chili and Peru, we fell in with a Peruvian *guarda costa*, the *Nereyda*, 15 guns, which had captured some American vessels. We brought her under our lee, and took possession. Her captain acknowledged the capture of two of our whalers (he had their crews on board), and said he expected orders daily to capture American vessels wherever found, as his government was an ally of Great Britain. He was disarmed, his guns, small arms, and ammunition thrown overboard, and his vessel allowed to leave with only his lower masts and top-masts standing.

"Running down the coast, we recaptured one of the *guarda costa's* prizes, just as she was entering the port of Callao—the ship *Alexander Barclay*, belonging to New Bedford. We then sailed for the Galápagos Islands.

"On the 29th of April, at daylight, we discovered a sail, which proved to be a large ship. In an hour we descried two others; made all sail; came up with and captured the first, which proved to be the *Montezuma*, Captain Baxter, with 1,400 barrels of sperm oil. We continued in pursuit of the others until 11 A. M., when it fell calm, with the chase seven to nine miles distant. We learned from our prisoners that the strangers were the British whale-ships *Georgiana* and *Policy*—both well armed and manned, one having twenty-six and the other thirty-five men. We got out all our boats, and sent them in two divisions under Lieutenant Downes. I was officer of his boat. All the officers of the frigate, except the Captain, Surgeon, Purser, and Boatswain, were in the expedition.

"At 2 P. M., when we were about two miles distant, the enemy hoisted English colors and commenced firing their guns. We pulled up in two divisions, and when within a few yards

Downes hailed, and asked if they surrendered, at the same time displaying the American colors from a pike in the bow of his boat. They gave three cheers, and replied, "We are all Americans." After taking possession, we passed on to the next vessel. The mate was in command, and hesitated for some time, but, seeing one of our men in the bow of the boat cock his musket, he yielded also. We had taken him rather by surprise, as he had to get his guns out of the hold and mount them, and he remarked that, if he had been ready for us, some would have returned with bloody noses.

"The greater part of the crews of both ships were Americans who had been pressed into the English service, and many of them entered for our ship.

"In clearing their decks for action, they had thrown overboard several hundred Galápagos terrapins. The appearance of these turtles in the water was very singular; they floated as light as corks, stretching their long necks as high as possible, for fear of drowning. They were the first we had ever seen, and excited much curiosity as we pushed them aside to make way for the boats. On our return many were picked up, which afforded us an abundant supply of fresh provisions for officers and crew. The meat, cooked in almost any manner, is delicious.

"The Captain ordered the *Georgiana* to be equipped as a cruiser, placing Lieutenant Downes in command, and on the 8th of May she hoisted the American colors and pennant, firing a salute of seventeen guns, which was returned from our ship with nine guns and three cheers. We then separated, our ship going to Charles Island (of the Galápagos group) to examine the post-office—a letter-box nailed to a tree, in which whalers and other vessels deposited records of their movements. Found nothing new but some fresh tracks of men. While there we amused ourselves fishing.

"On one occasion, when out in the gig, the Captain, perceiving a small beach on the Devil's Rock, as it was called, ordered the boat to be run in. As we approached the shore, a number of seals were seen making for the water. He urged the men to try and kill one; so they singled out a fine fellow

and beat him over the head with oars and boat-hooks ; but it was of no avail, as he continued waddling toward the water. Finally, one of the sailors succeeded in getting hold of his tail ; but he dragged the whole crew, who had come to their comrade's assistance, into the water. The Captain fired at the seal when he freed himself from the men, but he sank out of sight. When we returned to the ship, the whalers instructed us in the art of seal-catching ; so we afterward provided ourselves with clubs about three feet in length, sealing-knives, paddles, etc. It was not long before we became adepts in the business. The second attempt, however, was ludicrous. On our landing a fine sea-lion arose, shook his head, and manifested an intention to take to the water.

“ ‘Now, boys,’ cried the Captain, ‘you have a chance to show your American skill. String yourselves along, and each man stand ready to give him a blow on the nose. One blow will fix him.’

“ But, alas ! that one blow was never given. I was of Falstaff's opinion that ‘the better part of valor is discretion,’ and so ran and seated myself in a boat, not liking the gentleman's appearance. A good deal to my surprise, the animal, with a mighty roar, dashed through to the water, the men opening their ranks right and left as he passed. I had a hearty laugh at the Captain, who accused me of being afraid to stand on the beach, while I maintained that I never undertook anything without going through with it. We soon learned the manner of destroying the poor creatures with ease.

“ At Charles Island we let some of the men go on shore daily to take a run. They amused themselves by appointing one as cook while the rest went in search of tortoises and water. We found a spring about three miles from the beach. Birds were in great abundance, particularly doves, and we made a pot-pie of them, cooked the terrapin in his shell, and so made a feast. The prickly pear of the Galápagos grows very large, and the fruit, which we ate for dessert, has an excellent flavor. These were among the happiest days of my life.

“ On the 25th of May we put to sea in search of prizes, and

on the 28th discovered a sail and gave chase. In the afternoon it died away calm, when we got out all the boats and had a good pull before we overhauled her. The Essex overtook us, and the Montezuma picked us up. It was about 8 P. M. when we made the capture, which proved to be the Atlantic, Captain Weir, an American, who had the pusillanimity to say that, 'though he was American born, he was an Englishman at heart.' We had British colors flying at the time, and he thought it would aid him to make this declaration. We put a few men on board, and gave chase to another sail in the southwest. The Atlantic sailed well, and in the night we came up with the stranger, which proved to be the Greenwich. From these two ships we secured water and tortoises enough to supply us for some time. On the 6th of June we saw a beautiful sight, a volcano in a state of eruption on the Island of Narboro, one of the largest of the Galápagos."

The Essex remained in the neighborhood of the Galápagos Islands until the 8th of June. On the 14th she made the coast of Peru, and on the 16th the island of La Plata. On the 19th she ran in and anchored off the mouth of the river Tumbez in the Bay of Guayaquil. Here Captain Porter commenced laying in provisions. Farragut's journal says :

"Our boats were frequently upset at this work ; but, although there were plenty of sharks and alligators to be seen, we did not lose a man. An alligator was killed, measuring sixteen feet in length, and nearly as large around as a flour-barrel.

"On June 25th the Georgiana arrived with three prizes—the Rose, Catherine, and Hector. The officers were taken from them, and the armament shifted from the Georgiana to the Atlantic, which was thenceforward called the Essex Junior.

"I was sent as prize-master to the Barclay. This was an important event in my life, and when it was decided that I was to take the ship to Valparaiso, I felt no little pride at finding myself in command at twelve years of age. This vessel had been recaptured from a Spanish *guarda costa*. The Captain and his

mate were on board, and I was to control the men sent from our frigate, while the Captain was to navigate the vessel. Captain Porter, having failed to dispose of the prizes, as it was understood he intended, gave orders for the Essex Junior and all the prizes to start for Valparaiso. This arrangement caused great dissatisfaction on the part of the Captain of the Barclay, a violent-tempered old fellow; and, when the day arrived for our separation from the squadron, he was furious, and very plainly intimated to me that I would "find myself off New Zealand in the morning"; to which I most decidedly demurred. We were lying still, while the other ships were fast disappearing from view; the Commodore going north, and the Essex Junior, with her convoy, steering to the south for Valparaiso.

"I considered that my day of trial had arrived (for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was). But the time had come for me at least to play the man; so I mustered up courage and informed the Captain that I desired the maintopsail filled away, in order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders, he "would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with a d—d nutshell," and then he went below for his pistols. I called my right-hand man of the crew, and told him my situation; I also informed him that I wanted the maintopsail filled. He answered with a clear "Aye, aye, sir!" in a manner which was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored. From that moment I became master of the vessel, and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the Captain not to come on deck with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard; for I would really have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed.

"I made my report to Captain Downes, on rejoining him, and the Captain also told his story, in which he endeavored to persuade Downes that he only tried to frighten me. I replied by requesting Captain Downes to ask him how he succeeded; and, to show him that I did not fear him, I offered to go back and proceed with him to Valparaiso. He was informed that I was

in command, he being simply my adviser in navigating the vessel in case of separation. So, this being settled and understood, I returned to the Barclay, and everything went on amicably up to our arrival at Valparaiso.

“ We rejoined the *Essex* at the Island of Albemarle, on the 30th of September, 1813, and were delighted to meet our companions again, who had been by no means idle, having taken three prizes—the *New Zealand*, *Seringapatam*, and *Sir Andrew Hammond*. I went in one of the boats to the cove, where in less than half an hour we filled her with the finest rock cod, some of them as yellow as gold. We also caught a couple of land guanas—a large lizard—said to be good eating.

“ We finally left the Galápagos Islands a second time, the Captain having taken all the English vessels he could hear of, except the *Nimrod* and *Conrad*—the latter a letter of marque of twenty guns, which he believed had left the coast. He therefore determined to visit the *Marquesas Islands*, refit his ship, and allow the men a few weeks' indulgence on shore, after the toils and privations of war cruising.

“ The passage across was one of uniform good weather, unaccompanied by any event worthy of note. We made *Hood's Island*, one of the *Marquesas group*. On our approach, a canoe came out to meet us, with eight natives tattooed and ornamented with feathers. They invited us on shore, and promised us fruit and provisions in abundance. Finally we rounded a point and ran into a beautiful harbor, to be called, thereafter, *Massachusetts Bay*. The ship was hauled into a good berth, close in shore, the water being perfectly clear, with a sandy bottom.

“ During our stay at this island the ‘youngsters,’ I among the number, were sent on board the vessel commanded by our Chaplain, for the purpose of continuing our studies, away from temptation. We were allowed, when not occupied with our duties, to ramble about on shore in company with the native boys. From them we learned to throw the spear and walk on stilts; but the most useful accomplishment we acquired was the art of swimming. It really appears as natural for these islanders to swim as to eat. I have often seen mothers take their little

children, apparently not more than two years old, down to the sea on their backs, walk deliberately into deep water, and leave them to paddle for themselves. To my astonishment, the little creatures could swim like young ducks.

“In such amusements the time passed pleasantly enough. We were considered too young to join in the battles which our people were carrying on with the Happers and Typees, and the Captain did not allow us to accompany him on these expeditions inland, at which, of course, we felt indignant.

“A good understanding was finally brought about among all the tribes. The trouble, as stated in Captain Porter’s journal, arose from efforts to protect our friends from the aggressions of neighboring tribes, who would have destroyed all the bread-fruit and other provisions upon which we relied so materially. Being convinced of our superior power, they soon began to make overtures of peace. Each tribe sent deputations, and built a village for the accommodation of our crew, with workshops, the whole being completed in one day. Stakes were fastened together with sinnet (plaited straw) made of cownut husk, and then the whole was covered neatly with cocoanut leaves, in such a substantial manner as to shed the rain perfectly.

“There is a universal custom here of changing names with visitors; and our friends were in the habit of calling every day, bringing with them always little presents, for which they received in return some bauble, or a piece of iron hoop, which they valued highly. This article was used in the construction of tools.

“We refitted the ships and smoked out the rats, which had become so numerous as to endanger our safety, for they were actually cutting through the water-casks, and even into the skin of the ship; we were also afraid for our outer planking.

“While we were engaged in this occupation, a strange sail was discovered in the offing, and the Essex Junior was directed to get under way and make chase. I was permitted to accompany Captain Downes as his aid on this occasion. We soon came up with the vessel, which proved to be the American ship Albatross, an East India trader. We returned to port together,

and I went back to the *Essex*, where I found that during my absence there had been an attempt at mutiny among the prisoners, in consequence of which they had all been placed in irons and put on prison fare. It appears that their intention had been to attack the *Essex Junior*, in canoes from the shore, cut her cables, and put to sea, as they were aware, from the great liberty which had been allowed them, that we had no vessel ready to give pursuit. The Captain acted promptly. He had them all sent aft, first made a mock apology for sending the vessel away, and then lectured them severely for their ingratitude.

“Nothing further occurred worthy of note until we were ready for sea on the 9th of December, when, as was the custom on Sunday, many of the crew visited the *Essex Junior*, and, I suppose from having received some intimation that the ships were about to sail, dissatisfaction was expressed, as the sailors were loath to give up the demoralizing pleasures of the island.

“On Monday morning I saw that all was not right. The Captain took his cutlass in his hand, which he laid on the capstan. He then, though shaking with anger, addressed the crew, who had been mustered on the larboard side of the deck, with forced composure.

“‘All of you who are in favor of weighing the anchor when I give the order, pass over to the starboard side; you who are of a different determination, stay on the larboard side.’

“All of them, to a man, walked over to the starboard. He called up a man named Robert White, an Englishman, and said to him in a severe tone :

“‘How is this? Did you not tell them on board the *Essex Junior* that the crew of this ship would refuse to weigh anchor?’ The man tremblingly replied :

“‘No, sir.’

“‘You lie, you scoundrel!’ said the Captain. ‘Where is the list of the men who visited the *Essex Junior* on Sunday?’

“He then made several of them step forward, and put the question to them one after the other :

“‘Did you not hear of this thing on board of the *Essex Junior*?’

“‘Yes, sir,’ was the response. Then, turning to White, he exclaimed :

“‘Run, you scoundrel, for your life!’ and away the fellow went over the starboard gangway.

“I believe Captain Porter would have killed the man at the moment, if he had caught him, but it was equally evident he did not make any great exertion to do so. White got into a passing canoe, and we never saw him again. Captain Porter then addressed the crew in a hearty manner, praising their good conduct, and holding up to reprobation such miserable villainies. At the same time, he gave them to understand that he always intended to act summarily when such disgraceful affairs came to his notice, and intimated to them that he ‘would blow them all to hell before they should succeed in a conspiracy.’

“Having delivered this address, he wheeled around and ordered them to man the capstan, and the music to play ‘The girl I left behind me.’ The fiddle struck up, the anchor fairly flew to the bows, and we made sail and stood out to sea. Taken altogether, it was the most exciting scene I had ever witnessed, and made such an impression on my young mind that the circumstance is as fresh as if it had occurred yesterday.

“We went to sea in the usual fine weather, leaving behind all the prizes except the Essex Junior. When we were about twelve miles from Hood’s Island, a fresh breeze blowing at the time, a splash was heard in the water alongside, but no attention was paid to it; in fact, the matter was not reported by the person who noticed it until we found out at quarters next morning that an Otaheitian named Tamaha was missing. Upon inquiry, it was discovered that some difficulty had occurred between a boatswain’s mate and himself, the former having struck him, and, as he could not brook the insult, he deliberately jumped overboard in his anger. As a matter of course, we all thought the man had drowned himself; and, as he was a general favorite on shipboard, his loss was much regretted. I learned some years afterward, from an officer of one of the prizes, that Tamaha arrived at Nukahiva on the third day after our departure, having probably swum twenty miles. The nearest land at the

time he left the ship was fully twelve miles distant, and it is doubtful about his having landed at that point, on account of the nature of the shore.

“Nothing of unusual interest occurred during our passage. Every day the crew were exercised at the ‘great guns,’ small arms, and single stick. And I will here mention the fact that I have never been in a ship where the crew of the old Essex was represented, but that I found them to be the best swordsmen on board. They had been so thoroughly trained as boarders, that every man was prepared for such an emergency, with his cutlass as sharp as a razor, a dirk made by the ship’s armorer from a file, and a pistol.”

It will be seen that Farragut was an apt scholar in the profession he had chosen, observant and appreciative; nor did he fail through life to give, on all occasions, the highest credit to his “friend and guardian,” Commodore Porter, for the rare ability and resplendent heroism which distinguished that great naval commander. It was fortunate for himself, for the service, the good of which he labored so earnestly always to promote, and for his country, that the young sailor was trained in a school so admirably adapted to develop his character and shape his career. Those who knew him best and watched his course with most interest, all testify to that thorough knowledge of his profession, readiness of resource, and untiring devotion to his duties in their minutest details, the foundation of which was the wholesome discipline of his earliest service and the illustrious example of his preceptor in the art of naval warfare.

CHAPTER V.

HIS FIRST BATTLE—LOSS OF THE ESSEX—RETURN TO NEW YORK.

ONE of the most sanguinary and gallantly contested battles in maritime warfare, which has scarcely a parallel in the early achievements of our own heroic navy—unless it be the affair of the *Bon Homme Richard*—was the splendid defense made by Porter and his brave officers and crew in the *Essex*, against the combined attack of the British frigate *Phœbe* and sloop of war *Cherub*. This action has been described by Commodore Porter himself, with an exactness of detail for which he was conspicuous; but the recollections of Farragut, who, though at the time hardly thirteen years of age, participated in all the glories and dangers of that bloody conflict, and whose conduct, in the language of his commander, “deserved the promotion for which he was too young to be recommended,” can not fail to be interesting, especially as it is the first time his account of the circumstances has been made public. He says:

“In January, 1814, we arrived off the coast of Chili. After looking into Concepcion, we ran down to Valparaiso, where we lay until the arrival of the British frigate *Phœbe* and sloop of war *Cherub*. This occurred early in February. The frigate mounted thirty long 18-pounders, sixteen 32-pounder carronades, one howitzer, and six 3-pounders in the tops, with a crew of 320 men. The *Cherub* had eighteen 32-pounder carronades, eight 24-pounders, two long nines, and a crew of 180 men.

“When they made their appearance off the port, our whole watch, being a third of our crew, were on shore on liberty. The mate of an English merchantman, which was lying in port at the time, went immediately on board the *Phœbe* and stated to Captain Hillyar that one half of our men were on shore, and

that the Essex would fall an easy prey. The two ships then hauled into the harbor on a wind. The Phœbe made our larboard quarter, but the Cherub fell to leeward about half a mile. On gaining our quarter, the Phœbe put her helm down and luffed up on our starboard bow, coming within ten or fifteen feet of the Essex.

“ I should say here, that as soon as the enemy hove in sight we fired a gun and hoisted a cornet for ‘all boats and men to return’; and that in fifteen minutes every man was at his quarters, and but one was under the influence of liquor, he a mere boy. When the Phœbe, as before mentioned, was close alongside, and all hands at quarters, the powder-boys stationed with slow matches ready to discharge the guns, the boarders, cutlass in hand, standing by to board in the smoke, as was our custom at close quarters, the intoxicated youth saw, or imagined that he saw, through the port, some one on the Phœbe grinning at him. ‘My fine fellow, I’ll stop your making faces,’ he exclaimed, and was just about to fire his gun when Lieutenant McKnight saw the movement and with a blow sprawled him on the deck. Had that gun been fired, I am convinced that the Phœbe would have been ours. But it was destined to be otherwise. We were all at quarters and cleared for action, waiting with breathless anxiety for the command from Captain Porter to board, when the English captain (Hillyar) appeared, standing on the after gun, in a pea-jacket, and in plain hearing said :

“ ‘Captain Hillyar’s compliments to Captain Porter, and hopes he is well.’

“ Porter replied, ‘Very well, I thank you; but I hope you will not come too near, for fear some accident might take place which would be disagreeable to you,’ and with a wave of his trumpet the kedge anchors went up to our yard-arms, ready to grapple the enemy.

“ Captain Hillyar braced back his yards and remarked to Porter that if he did fall aboard him, he begged to assure the captain it would be entirely accidental.

“ ‘Well,’ said Porter, ‘you have no business where you are. *If you touch a rope-yarn of this ship, I shall board instantly.*’

He then hailed the *Essex Junior*, and told Captain Downes to be prepared to repel the enemy.

“But our desire for a fight was not yet to be gratified. The *Phœbe* backed down, her yards passed over ours, not touching a rope, and she anchored about half a mile astern. We thus lost an opportunity of taking her, though we had observed the strict neutrality of the port under very aggravating circumstances.

“We remained together in the harbor for some days, when the British vessels, having completed their provisioning and watering, went to sea and commenced a regular blockade of our ships. One night we manned all our boats for the purpose of boarding the enemy outside. The captain in his boat, with muffled oars, pulled so close up to the *Phœbe* that he could hear the conversation of the men on her forecastle, and thereby learned that they were lying at their quarters prepared for us; so the attempt was given up, and we returned on board.

“It was understood in our ship, one day, that Captain Porter had sent word to Captain Hillyar that, if he would send the *Cherub* to the leeward point of the harbor, he would go out and fight him. We all believed the terms would be accepted, and everything was kept in readiness to get under way. Soon after the *Phœbe* was seen standing in with her motto flag flying, on which was, *God and our Country! British Sailors' Best Rights!* This was in answer to Porter's flag, *Free Trade and Sailors' Rights!* She fired a gun to windward, and the *Cherub* was seen running to leeward. In five minutes our anchor was up, and under topsails and jib we cleared for action—in fact, we were always ready for that. When within two miles of our position, the *Phœbe* bore up and set her studding-sails. This I considered a second breach of faith on the part of Hillyar; for, by his manœuvres in both instances, it was evident that he was either wanting in courage or lacked the good faith of a high-toned, chivalrous spirit to carry out his original intention. However, as Captain Hillyar subsequently proved himself a brave man, in more than one instance, I shall not deny him that common characteristic of a naval officer, and have attributed his

action on these two occasions to a want of good faith. He was dealing with a far inferior force, and it was ignoble in the extreme, on his part, not to meet his foe, when he had the ghost of an excuse for doing so, ship to ship.

“On the 28th of March, 1814, it came on to blow from the south, and we parted our larboard cable, dragging the starboard anchor leeward; we immediately got under way and made sail on the ship. The enemy’s vessels were close in with the weath-ermost point of the bay; but Captain Porter thought we could weather them, so we hauled up for that purpose and took in our top-gallant sails, which had been set over close-reefed topsails. But scarcely had the top-gallant sails been clewed down, when a squall struck the ship, and, though the top-sail halyards were let go, the yards jammed and would not come down. When the ship was nearly gunwale under, the maintopmast went by the board, carrying the men who were on the maintop-gallant yard into the sea, and they were drowned. We immediately wore ship and attempted to regain the harbor; but, owing to the disaster, were unable to do so; therefore we anchored in a small bay, about a quarter of a mile off shore and three quarters of a mile from a small battery.

“But it was evident, from the preparations being made by the enemy, that he intended to attack us; so we made arrangements to receive him as well as we possibly could. Springs were got on our cables, and the ship was perfectly prepared for action.

“I well remember the feelings of awe produced in me by the approach of the hostile ships; even to my young mind it was perceptible in the faces of those around me, as clearly as possible, that our case was hopeless. It was equally apparent that all were ready to die at their guns rather than surrender; and such I believe to have been the determination of the crew, almost to a man. There had been so much bantering of each other between the men of the ships, through the medium of letters and songs, with an invariable fight between the boats’ crews when they met on shore, that a very hostile sentiment was engendered. Our flags were flying from every mast, and

the enemy's vessels displayed their ensigns, jacks, and motto flags, as they bore down grandly to the attack.

“At 3 : 54 p. m. they commenced firing; the *Phœbe* under our stern, and the *Cherub* on our starboard bow. But the latter, finding out pretty soon that we had too many guns bearing on her, likewise ran under our stern. We succeeded in getting three long guns out of the stern ports, and kept up as well directed a fire as possible in such an unequal contest.

“In half an hour they were both compelled to haul off to repair damages. During this period of the fight we had succeeded three times in getting springs on our cables, but in each instance they were shot away as soon as they were hauled taut. Notwithstanding the incessant firing from both of the enemy's ships, we had, so far, suffered less than might have been expected, considering that we could bring but three guns to oppose two broadsides. We had many men killed in the first five or ten minutes of their fire, before we could bring our stern guns to bear.

“The enemy soon repaired damages, and renewed the attack, both ships taking position on our larboard quarter, out of reach of our carronades, and where the stern guns could not be brought to bear. They then kept up a most galling fire, which we were powerless to return. At this juncture the Captain ordered the cable to be cut, and, after many ineffectual attempts, we succeeded in getting sail on the ship, having found that the flying-jib halyards were in a condition to hoist that sail. It was the only serviceable rope that had not been shot away. By this means we were enabled to close with the enemy, and the firing now became fearful on both sides. The *Cherub* was compelled to haul out, and never came into close action again, though she lay off and used her long guns greatly to our discomfort, making a perfect target of us. The *Phœbe*, also, was enabled, by the better condition of her sails, to choose her own distance, suitable for her long guns, and kept up a most destructive fire on our helpless ship.

“‘Finding,’ as Captain Porter says, ‘the impossibility of closing with the *Phœbe*,’ he determined to run his ship ashore



Engagement between the Essex and British Ships Phoebe and Cherub.
(March 28, 1814)

and destroy her. We accordingly stood for the land, but when we were within half a mile of the bluffs the wind suddenly shifted, took us flat aback, and paid our head off shore. We were thus again exposed to a galling fire from the *Phœbe*. At this moment Captain Downes, of the *Essex Junior*, came on board to receive his orders, being under the impression that our ship would soon be captured, as the enemy at that time were raking us, while we could not bring a gun to bear, and his vessel was in no condition to be of service to us.

“Captain Porter now ordered a hawser to be bent on to the sheet anchor and let go. This brought our ship’s head around, and we were in hopes the *Phœbe* would drift out of gunshot, as the sea was nearly calm; but the hawser broke, and we were again at the mercy of the enemy. The ship was now reported to be on fire, and the men came rushing up from below, many with their clothes burning, which were torn from them as quickly as possible, and those for whom this could not be done were told to jump overboard and quench the flames. Many of the crew, and even some of the officers, hearing the order to jump overboard, took it for granted that the fire had reached the magazine, and that the ship was about to blow up; so they leaped into the water, and attempted to reach the shore, about three quarters of a mile distant, in which effort a number were drowned.

“The Captain sent for the commissioned officers, to consult with them as to the propriety of further resistance; but first went below to ascertain the quantity of powder in the magazine. On his return to the deck he met Lieutenant McKnight, the only commissioned officer left on duty, all the others having been either killed or wounded. As it was pretty evident that the ship was in a sinking condition, it was determined to surrender, in order to save the wounded, and at 6:30 P. M. the painful order was given to haul down the colors.”

The loss of the *Essex* in this famous action was 58 killed (including those who soon died), 66 wounded, and 31 missing. Most of the missing were probably drowned. Captain Hillyar’s

official report acknowledged a loss of 4 killed and 7 wounded on the *Phœbe*, and 1 killed and 3 wounded on the *Cherub*. The *Phœbe* received eighteen 12-pound shots below the water line, and both of the British ships were considerably cut up. It was estimated that they threw seven hundred 18-pound shots at the *Essex*, and that the latter fired each of her twelve long guns seventy-five times. The battle lasted two hours and a half, and was witnessed by thousands of people from the shore.

The approved skill and judgment of Admiral Farragut as a naval commander naturally give great importance to his professional opinions; and, although the events which occurred at the time have long since passed into history, it will no doubt be interesting to read his views in regard to this memorable engagement, the details of which, notwithstanding his extreme youth, seem to have been strongly impressed upon his observant mind, and grasped by that genius for maritime warfare so signally developed in his after-life. He says :

“In the first place, I consider that our original and greatest error was in attempting to regain the anchorage; as, being greatly superior to the enemy in sailing qualities, I think we should have borne up and run before the wind. If we had come in contact with the *Phœbe*, we should have carried her by boarding; if she avoided us, as she might have done by her greater ability to manœuvre, then we could have taken her fire and passed on, leaving both vessels behind until we replaced our topmast, by which time they would have been separated, as, unless they did so, it would have been no chase, the *Cherub* being a dull sailer.

“Secondly, when it was apparent to everybody that we had no chance of success under the circumstances, the ship should have been run ashore, throwing her broadside to the beach, to prevent raking, and fought as long as was consistent with humanity, and then set on fire. But, having determined on anchoring, we should have bent a spring on to the ring of the anchor, instead of to the cable, where it was exposed, and could be shot away as fast as put on. This mode of proceeding would

have given us, in my opinion, a better opportunity of injuring our opponents.

“If these were not my reflections at the time, it was because I had always been in the habit of relying on the judgment of others; but they certainly have been my opinions as far back as I can remember to have thought on the subject.

“It has been quite common to blame Captain Hillyar for his conduct in this affair; but, when we come to consider the characteristics of the two commanders, we may be inclined to judge more leniently, although Captain Porter’s complaints in the matter will excite no surprise. Porter was about thirty-two years of age at the time, and the ‘pink of chivalry,’ of an ardent and impetuous temperament; while Hillyar was a cool and calculating man, about fifty years old, and, as he said to his First Lieutenant, ‘had gained his reputation by several single-ship combats, and only expected to retain it on the present occasion by an implicit obedience to his orders, viz., to capture the Essex with the least possible risk to his vessel and crew; and, as he had a superior force, he had determined not to leave anything to chance, believing any other course would call down on him the disapprobation of his government. Mr. William Ingram, his First Lieutenant, was a chivalrous young man, and, it is said, begged Captain Hillyar to bear down and board us, the above being the substance of Hillyar’s reply. Ingram said it was deliberate murder to lie off at long range and fire at us like a target, when we were unable to return their fire. This young officer had previously visited us under a flag of truce, and was shown throughout the ship. His frank and manly bearing quite won the hearts of all on board. While admiring the Essex, he made the remark that ‘it would be the happiest moment of his life to take her to England, should she be captured in equal combat.’ To this Captain Porter replied that, ‘should such an event occur, he knew no British officer to whom he would more readily yield the honor.’ In this sentiment all of our officers concurred. Unfortunately, the poor fellow was not destined to survive the action; for a shot struck the rail, near which he was standing, and a splinter wounded

him so seriously about the head that he died before the termination of the fight. All of our officers and crew who remained attended his funeral, which took place on shore at the Governor's castle in Valparaiso.

"During the action I was like 'Paddy in the cat-harpins,' a man on occasions. I performed the duties of Captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and in fact did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate, and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first; but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect on my nerves. I can remember well, while I was standing near the Captain, just abaft the mainmast, a shot came through the waterways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing by the side of the gun, taking the last one in the head and scattering his brains over both of us. But this awful sight did not affect me half as much as the death of the first poor fellow. I neither thought of nor noticed anything but the working of the guns.

"On one occasion Midshipman Isaacs came up to the Captain and reported that a quarter-gunner named Roach had deserted his post. The only reply of the Captain, addressed to me, was, 'Do your duty, sir.' I seized a pistol and went in pursuit of the fellow, but did not find him. It appeared, subsequently, that when the ship was reported to be on fire he had contrived to get into the only boat that could be kept afloat, and escaped, with six others, to the shore. The most remarkable part of this affair was that Roach had always been a leading man in the ship, and, on the occasion previously mentioned, when the *Phoebe* seemed about to run into us, in the harbor of Valparaiso, and the boarders were called away, I distinctly remember this man standing in an exposed position on the cat-head, with sleeves rolled up and cutlass in hand, ready to board, his countenance expressing eagerness for the fight: which goes to prove that personal courage is a very peculiar virtue. Roach was brave with a prospect of success, but a coward in adversity.

“Soon after this, some gun-primers were wanted, and I was sent after them. In going below, while I was on the ward-room ladder, the Captain of the gun directly opposite the hatchway was struck full in the face by an eighteen-pound shot, and fell back on me. We tumbled down the hatch together. I struck on my head, and, fortunately, he fell on my hips. I say fortunately, for, as he was a man of at least two hundred pounds' weight, I would have been crushed to death if he had fallen directly across my body. I lay for some moments stunned by the blow, but soon recovered consciousness enough to rush up on deck. The Captain, seeing me covered with blood, asked if I was wounded, to which I replied, 'I believe not, sir.' 'Then,' said he, 'where are the primers?' This first brought me completely to my senses, and I ran below again and carried the primers on deck. When I came up the second time I saw the Captain fall, and in my turn ran up and asked if he was wounded. He answered me almost in the same words, 'I believe not, my son; but I felt a blow on the top of my head.' He must have been knocked down by the windage of a passing shot, as his hat was somewhat damaged.

“When my services were not required for other purposes, I generally assisted in working a gun; would run and bring powder from the boys, and send them back for more, until the Captain wanted me to carry a message; and this continued to employ me during the action.

“When it was determined to surrender, the Captain sent me to ascertain if Mr. — had the signal-book, and, if so, to throw it overboard. I could not find him or the book for some time; but at last saw the latter lying on the sill of a port, and dashed it into the sea. After the action, Mr. — said he was overboard himself, trying to clear the book from some part of the wreck where it had lodged—a very unfortunate story, as I had seen it sink into the depths below.

“Isaacs and I amused ourselves throwing overboard pistols and other small arms, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. At length the boarding officer came on board, and, running up to Captain Porter, asked him how he would account

to somebody (I do not remember who) for allowing his men to jump overboard, and at the same time demanded his sword. 'That, sir,' replied Porter, 'is reserved for your master.' The Captain went on board the *Phœbe*, and I followed half an hour later.

"I have already remarked how soon I became accustomed to scenes of blood and death during the action; but after the battle had ceased, when, on going below, I saw the mangled bodies of my shipmates, dead and dying, groaning and expiring with the most patriotic sentiments on their lips, I became faint and sick; my sympathies were all aroused. As soon as I recovered from the first shock, however, I hastened to assist the surgeon in staunching and dressing the wounds of my comrades. Among the badly wounded was one of my best friends, Lieutenant J. G. Cowell. When I spoke to him he said, 'O Davy, I fear it is all up with me.' I found that he had lost a leg just above the knee, and the Doctor informed me that his life might have been saved if he had consented to the amputation of the limb an hour before; but, when it was proposed to drop another patient and attend to him, he replied, 'No, Doctor, none of that; fair play is a jewel. One man's life is as dear as another's; I would not cheat any poor fellow out of his turn.' Thus died one of the best officers and bravest men among us.

"It was wonderful to find dying men, who had hardly ever attracted notice among the ship's company, uttering sentiments, with their last breath, worthy of a Washington. You might have heard in all directions, 'Don't give her up, Logan!'—a sobriquet for Porter—'Hurrah for liberty!' and similar expressions. One of the crew of a bow gun told me of a singular act of heroism on the part of a young Scotchman, named Bissley, who had one leg shot off close to the groin. He used his handkerchief as a tourniquet, and said to his comrades:

"I left my own country and adopted the United States to fight for her. I hope I have this day proved myself worthy of the country of my adoption. I am no longer of any use to you or to her, so good-by!' With these words, he leaned on the sill of the port and threw himself overboard.

“Many of our fine fellows bled to death for want of tourniquets. An old quarter master, named Francis Bland, was standing at the wheel when I saw a shot coming over the fore-yard, in such a direction that I thought it would strike him or me; so I told him to jump, at the same time pulling him toward me. At that instant the shot took off his right leg, and I afterward found that my coat-tail had been carried away. I helped the old fellow below, and inquired for him after the action, but he had died before he could be attended to.

“I escaped without injury, except the bruises from my fall.

“Lieutenant Wilmer, who had been sent forward to let go the sheet anchor, was knocked overboard by a shot. After the action his little negro boy, ‘Ruff,’ came on deck and asked me what had become of his master, and when I imparted to him the sad news he deliberately jumped into the sea and was drowned.

“Mr. McKnight still lived, and with Midshipman Lyman was to go to England, or to Rio de Janeiro, to give evidence in regard to the capture of the ship. Cowell was dead, and Odenheimer was the only lieutenant left with us. Barnwell, the acting master, had been wounded in the breast, but was doing well. Isaacs, Ogden, Dusenberry, and I were all who remained of the midshipmen who were not seriously injured.

“Doctors Hoffman and Montgomery escaped unhurt, although some of their patients were killed by flying splinters while under their hands. These gentlemen exhibited great skill and nerve in their care of the wounded.

“It is astonishing what powers of endurance some men possess. There was one instance of a man who swam to the shore with scarcely a square inch of his body which had not been burned, and, although he was deranged for some days, he ultimately recovered, and served with me in the West Indies. He was the same old boatswain’s mate, Kingsbury, who distinguished himself off Cape Horn, for which he had been made boatswain of the Essex Junior. He accompanied Captain Downes on board in his boat, as he said, ‘to share the fate of his old ship.’ Another seaman swam ashore with sixteen or

eighteen pieces of iron in his leg, scales from the muzzle of his gun. He also recovered, without losing his leg.

"I went on board the *Phoebe* about 8 A. M. on the morning of the 29th, and was ushered into the steerage. I was so mortified at our capture that I could not refrain from tears. While in this uncomfortable state, I was aroused by hearing a young reefer call out:

"'A prize! a prize! Ho, boys, a fine grunter, by Jove!'

"I saw at once that he had under his arm a pet pig belonging to our ship, called 'Murphy.' I claimed the animal as my own.

"'Ah,' said he, 'but you are a prisoner, and your pig also.'

"'We always respect private property,' I replied, and, as I had seized hold of Murphy, I determined not to let go, unless 'compelled by superior force.' This was fun for the oldsters, who immediately sung out:

"'Go it, my little Yankee! If you can thrash Shorty, you shall have your pig.'

"'Agreed!' said I.

"A ring was formed in the open space, and at it we went. I soon found that my antagonist's pugilistic education did not come up to mine. In fact, he was no match for me, and was compelled to give up the pig. So I took master Murphy under my arm, feeling that I had, in some degree, wiped out the disgrace of our defeat.

"I was sent for by Captain Hillyar to come into his cabin, where Captain Porter was, and asked to take some breakfast, when, seeing my discomfiture, he remarked in a very kind manner:

"'Never mind, my little fellow, it will be your turn next, perhaps.'

"I said I hoped so, and left the cabin to hide my emotion.

"We were all soon put on parole, and went on shore; our wounded from the ship being moved to a comfortable house hired for their accommodation. I volunteered my aid to our Surgeon as an assistant, and I never earned Uncle Sam's money so faithfully as I did during that hospital service. I rose at

daylight and arranged the bandages and plasters until 8 A. M.; then, after breakfast, I went to work at my patients. I was employed thus until the 27th of April, when Captain Porter succeeded in making arrangements with Captain Hillyar for the transportation of our crew to the United States in the *Essex Junior*. That vessel was accordingly disarmed, and we embarked in her for New York. But what a small number of officers assembled on that occasion! And yet we had fared better than the crew; their ranks had been woefully diminished. Out of 255 men there remained 132, including the wounded. Two of these we were compelled to leave at the hospital, one of whom died, and the other recovered and returned to the United States. His name was William Call. He lost his leg during the action, and while he was weltering in his blood, and it yet hung by the skin, he discovered Adam Roach skulking on the berth deck, and dragged his shattered stump all around the baggage-house, pistol in hand, trying to get a shot at him.

“We had, as a general thing, very good weather on our homeward voyage, passing Cape Horn under top-gallant studding-sails. I continued to attend to my patients.

“When we arrived off Long Island, at a distance of about ten leagues from the land, we were overhauled by the British *razees* *Saturn*, Captain Nash. The boarding-officer took Captain Porter's report on board to Captain Nash; but that officer expressed dissatisfaction and said,

“‘Hillyar had no business to make such terms with Captain Porter.’

“Whereupon Porter told him that, according to the agreement made, if any of His Majesty's ships should detain him over twelve hours, by his delivery of his sword to the officer detaining him he would be considered a prisoner of war to that officer and absolved from all obligation to Captain Hillyar. Porter accompanied his remarks with the tender of his sword, to be conveyed to Captain Nash. This, however, was refused. The last words of Captain Porter to the boarding-officer were:

“‘Tell Captain Nash that, if British officers have no respect for the honor of each other, I shall have none for them, and

shall consider myself, if detained all night, at liberty to effect my escape, if I can.'

"On the return of the boat to the Saturn, we were hailed and ordered to remain under her lee all night. The next morning, after breakfast, Porter ordered his boat manned and armed. She was a whale-boat, and had the reputation of being very fast. It was evident that he had determined to make a desperate fight, if pursued. He finally pushed off, and his departure was unnoticed for some time, as our ship was directly in the way. When the discovery was made, however, from the masthead of the Saturn, that vessel soon got under way and wore ship, passing under our stern; but about this time, as luck would have it, a dense fog came up, and, though we heard with anxiety every order which was given on board the razeed, not a spar could be seen.

"Making all sail ourselves for Sandy Hook, we were in a few minutes going about nine knots. At 11 A. M. the man from our royal masthead discovered the broad pennant of the Saturn to windward, and before she was out of the fog we were all snug, with our main topsail to the mast. Firing a gun to leeward, she ran down to us and sent a boat alongside with another officer in charge. The first one who boarded us had conducted himself like a gentleman, but this individual was an upstart. He began by remarking:

"'You drift quite fast; we have been going nine knots for the last three hours, and yet we find you abeam with your main topsail to the mast.'

"'Yes,' was the quiet reply of Captain Downes.

"'And that was Captain Porter who left the ship in a boat, I suppose?'

"'It was,' said Downes.

"'Then, by G—d, you will soon be leaving too, if we don't take your boats from you.'

"'You had better try that,' Downes remarked, coolly.

"'I would, if I had my way,' replied the officer.

"Captain Downes's anger was now fully aroused, and, advancing, he said,

“ ‘You impertinent puppy, if you have any business to do here, do it; but if you dare to insult me again I shall throw you overboard,’ accompanying his words with a significant gesture.

“ The young man jumped into his boat and left the ship. In a short time after the regular boarding-officer came to us and stated that Captain Nash ‘hoped Captain Downes would excuse the youth and ignorance of the former officer, who had been ordered to send an apology for his ungentlemanly conduct.’

“ Our crew was then mustered, to see if it tallied with the passport, each man being critically examined as he went by, but none were stopped. As the last one passed, the officer asked one of his boat’s crew,

“ ‘Which is the man you spoke of as being an Englishman?’

“ We were all under great anxiety for some poor fellow who might be a deserter from the British service. The sailor answered, however, with the utmost composure,

“ ‘I never said he was an Englishman.’

“ ‘But,’ remarked the officer, ‘you said you had sailed with him.’

“ ‘True enough,’ was the reply, ‘but it was out of New York.’

“ In some confusion the officer apologized and departed.

“ Our passport was countersigned, and we made sail for Sandy Hook. About sunset we fell in with the enemy’s frigate *Narcissus*, and were of course subjected to another examination; but we made the Hook by eight o’clock in the evening. The night was dark and squally, and we could not procure a pilot; but the Captain took the ship in by chart alone. When opposite a small battery in the Horseshoe, we hoisted our colors with lanterns, and sent a boat on shore with a light in her. By accident, the light was extinguished, and the fort began firing on us. This continued until the boat returned and procured another light, the men on board in the mean time being ordered below. The ship was not struck by a single shot, which caused me to think, at the time, that it was not such an awful thing as was supposed to lie under a battery.

“Having finally convinced them that we were Americans, we furled sails and remained all night, which was probably very fortunate, for the next morning, as we stood into the harbor under full sail, with colors flying, a second battery opened on us. So we found it almost as difficult to get rid of our friends as our foes. We came to anchor at New York on the 7th day of July, 1814, and were much surprised to find that Captain Porter had not preceded us. He made his appearance a day or two later, however, and stated that when he left the *Essex Junior* he was much farther from the land than he supposed, and did not reach the shore until sunset. He had sailed along, being sufficiently below the fog to notice all the movements of both vessels, and saw them making sail for the capes. He had great difficulty in landing through the surf, and when he did get on shore, near Babylon, Long Island, was taken prisoner by the militia. On his producing his commission, they gave him three cheers, fired a salute of twenty-one guns from a small swivel, and furnished him a horse and cart to carry his boat. On his arrival in New York he received a grand ovation. As he rode through the streets, the crowd became so enthusiastic that the horses were taken from his carriage and it was drawn all over the city by the people.

“We were all put on parole until regularly exchanged or peace should be concluded. The *Essex Junior* was sold. Thus ended one of the most eventful cruises of my life.”

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL AT CHESTER—CROSSES THE ATLANTIC.

THE transition from the deck of a man-of-war, and the stirring scenes in which he had so recently taken part, to the quiet of a school-room, offered a great contrast to the mind of young Farragut; but he readily adapted himself to circumstances. He was fortunate, at this time, in the preceptor under whose influence he came. He says:

“ I accompanied my friend Captain Porter to Chester, where I was put to school to a queer old individual named Neif. His method of instruction was simple in the extreme; he had no books, but taught orally on such subjects as he desired us to understand. The scholars took notes, and were afterward examined on these lectures. In the afternoon it was customary for us to take long walks, accompanied by our instructor. On these occasions Mr. Neif would make collections of minerals and plants, and talk to us about mineralogy and botany. The course of studies was not very regular, but we certainly had an opportunity of gaining a great deal of useful information and worldly knowledge. We were taught to swim and climb, and were drilled like soldiers—branches of instruction to be accounted for, probably, by the fact that the old gentleman had been one of Napoleon’s celebrated guards. I do not regret the time passed at this school, for it has been of service to me all through life.

“ While I was at Chester the remnant of the old Essex’s crew passed through, on their way to the Potomac River, to defend Washington. I begged to go with them, but Captain Porter was inexorable; he said that I was too young for land fighting. I therefore missed the engagement at White House,

when Captain Porter attempted to intercept the enemy's vessels after the capture of Washington.

“On the last of November, 1814, I was exchanged, and immediately received orders to the brig *Spark*, Captain Thomas Gamble, then lying at New York, and was employed in fitting her out to join a squadron of small vessels, to be commanded by Commodore Porter, which were intended to prey upon the enemy's commerce. I was quartered on board the *John Adams* receiving-ship. This was the first time in my life that I had been from under the control of a schoolmaster, or the watchful guardianship of Captain Porter, and, having been put in a mess with a set of wild young fellows, I was subjected to great temptation, the dangers of which I only escaped through that strict attention to duty the importance of which had been impressed on my mind by previous discipline. This was the view which my warm and sincere friend, Mr. H. Cocke, the First Lieutenant, took of the matter, and, when I have looked back with a feeling of horror to that period of my life, I have always remembered with gratitude his counsels and kind-hearted forbearance.

“Just as our squadron had completed its outfit and was ready for sea, peace was proclaimed. In March or April, 1815, I received orders to the *Independence*, 74, Commodore Bainbridge, then lying at Boston and fitting out for sea. War having been declared against Algiers, we sailed for the Mediterranean in company with the *Congress*, Captain Morris, and the *Erie*, Captain Ridgely. Captain Crane commanded the *Independence*, and I was assigned to duty as his aid. We arrived out too late to take part in the war, Commodore Decatur having thrashed the Algerines, taken a frigate and brig from them, and made peace with the Bey. We touched at Gibraltar, and thence proceeded to Carthage, where we found all the squadron except the *Guerriere* and *Epervier*. We next showed ourselves off Tripoli, then ran down the Barbary coast and crossed over to Malaga, where we had an entertainment on board. Thence we sailed to Gibraltar, where I visited the celebrated fortifications, which I examined with great interest.

“While at this port I saw, probably, the largest American

fleet ever assembled in European waters, consisting of the Independence, 74; Congress, 36; Erie, 22; Macedonian, 36; Ontario, 22; Chippewa, 16; Boxer, 16; Spark, 12; Epervier, 16; Enterprise, 12; Flambeau, 12; Torch, 12; Firefly, 14; Spitfire, 12; and Lynx, 8—15 vessels, 320 guns.

“As our ship was leaving Gibraltar, homeward bound, the *Guerriere*, Commodore Decatur, arrived at the port. He came alongside to make us an official visit, and, after exchanging courtesies, we parted company, the *Guerriere* entering the harbor and we continuing our homeward course. During the passage we had a fine opportunity of seeing the squadron exercised by signals. The manœuvres were confined, however, to closing and spreading, general quarters, reefing top-sails, and making and shortening sail. The use of signals was quite a passion with Commodore Bainbridge.

“We arrived at Newport, Rhode Island, after a passage of forty days. Here the squadron wintered, with the exception of our ship, which went to Boston. Captain Ridgely, who was then in command, having exchanged with Captain Crane, who took the *Erie*, persuaded the Commodore that his health was too bad to remain on board. After he left us we beat up to Boston in fine style. In fact, this was the first good opportunity we had of trying the sailing qualities of our ship, and they proved all that could be desired.

“The cruise had been of great service to me. I had, during the time, formed the acquaintance of Midshipman William Taylor, one of the finest officers of his rank for many years in the service. He took me under his charge, counseled me kindly, and inspired me with sentiments of true manliness, which were the reverse of what I might have learned from the examples I saw in the steerage of the *John Adams*. Never having had any real love for dissipation, I easily got rid of the bad influences which had assailed me in that ship.

“My next orders were to the frigate *Macedonian*; but I remained in her only one month, when I was transferred to the *Washington*, then lying in President Roads. She was commanded by Captain Creighton, and bore the broad pennant of

Commodore Chauncey, destined for the Mediterranean. Mr. B. Shubrick was First Lieutenant, and I was again Captain's aid. We sailed in the spring of 1816, stopping at Annapolis to receive on board Hon. William Pinkney, our Minister to Naples. We were honored on that occasion with a visit from President Madison and suite. He was accompanied by all the cabinet officers and several other distinguished persons, among them my old friend Commodore Porter, who was then one of the Naval Commissioners. Our vessel was the first ship of the line that many of them had seen. I have good reason to remember the occasion, for I had gone on shore with the market-boat, and did not get off to the ship in time to see my clothes-chest before it disappeared down the hold, the receptacle of all encumbrances about the steerage, so that I was doomed to make my appearance in a somewhat shabby dress, or rather to keep out of the way as much as possible. We manned the yards, exercised the crew at quarters, and endeavored to afford our guests as much entertainment as possible, with which they were highly gratified.

“Mr. Pinkney and family embarked, and we sailed for Gibraltar, where we arrived after a pleasant passage of twenty-two days. The ship performed well, and we had a fine set of officers, from the Commodore down. They were all seamen, and the Captain was the greatest martinet in the service. We had what is called a ‘crack ship,’ that is, she was in beautiful order, with the greatest quantity of ‘bright work,’ clean decks, and a well-drilled crew for performing their duty with dispatch. But all this was accomplished at the sacrifice of the comfort of every one on board. My experience in the matter, instead of making me a proselyte to the doctrine of the old officers on this subject, determined me never to have a ‘crack ship,’ if it was only to be attained by such means. It was no uncommon thing with us for the officer of the deck to call up the whole watch and give them two and three dozen a piece for the fault of one man, or perhaps for an accident. All hands were sometimes kept out of their meals for eight or ten hours, and once, at Algiers, the whole crew was kept on deck all night, for several nights in succession. What would I not give for my old journal of this

cruise, which has been lost! But perhaps it is all for the best; though there was much in it that would be of interest, yet there are many things which I do not care to recall.

“We made but a short stay at Gibraltar, where we found all of the squadron except the frigate *United States*. Captain Shaw was in temporary command, and it was necessary to arrange matters with the new Commodore. We sailed for Naples in company with the frigate *Java*, Captain Perry; the *Constellation*, Captain Gordon; the sloop *Erie*, Captain Crane; the *Ontario*, Captain Downes; the *Peacock*, Captain Rodgers; and the brig *Spark*, Captain Gamble. The ships all sailed remarkably well, and we reached Naples in five days, where we landed Mr. Pinkney with all the honors due to his rank, the whole squadron manning yards and firing a salute. Thence, after visiting Sicily and the Barbary States, we returned to Gibraltar.

“By this time it was late in the season, and the suggestion was made to the Commodore that we should go into winter quarters; but he laughed at the idea, so, after taking on board Mr. Shaler, our Consul General to Barbary, we repaired to Algiers. When we neared the coast, the *Spark*, which accompanied us, took Mr. Shaler off and landed him.

“We lay off Algiers during the whole month of December, and were I to say in one continual gale, it would scarcely be an exaggeration; for though the clerk of the weather would frequently flatter us into the belief that the worst of the gale was over, just long enough to get up the light spars, the wind would return with fresh vigor, accompanied by fog and rain, with such a heavy, chopping sea at times, that I thought our ship would actually roll over. I remember a most peculiar sea that came under my observation; three or four waves seemed to meet from different directions, and threw the water up forty or fifty feet in the air, resembling a *jet d'eau*. The savans on board attributed it to an earthquake, but we certainly felt no shock. We were turned out so often at night that by the end of December we became pretty well accustomed to the rough usage. At last the Commodore was convinced, by the length of the Surgeon's report, that we could not cruise with impunity in the

winter season, and so it was determined to go into Port Mahon and refit. Before we reached that port we carried away our jib-boom and lost a man overboard, the only serious accident of this short but disagreeable cruise.

“ We ran into the harbor with a head wind, clewed up and furled sails, and all the boats of the squadron being in readiness we were towed up to the naval station, where we remained until the following spring. During the winter we were engaged in breaking-out and restowing the hold, refitting our rigging, etc. We allowed the men to go on liberty in squads, and, as they all lived in quarters at the Navy Yard, they were permitted to have two or three days in each week to amuse themselves with theatricals, exhibitions of jugglery, and other entertainments.

“ We fell in with Commodore Shaw at this port, and a formal delivery of the squadron took place.

“ On one occasion some of the young officers of the United States invited Commodore Chauncey's son, his nephew Mr. Clinton, and myself to a ball on board. At the time we were visiting the Ontario, so we adjourned to the United States, where we enjoyed ourselves very much until about midnight, when a boat came alongside with an order from Commodore Chauncey for us to repair on board our own ship immediately. Now, Chauncey had given his son and Mr. Clinton permission to go on board the Ontario, and Captain Creighton, with whom I was a great favorite, had allowed me to accompany them; but the Captain, being one of those who take their text from that portion of the Bible which says, ‘ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,’ in rather a literal sense, showed his displeasure as soon as I appeared, because I had ‘ dared to visit the States without his express authority.’ After many angry expressions, he sent me below. As I had some curiosity to learn how the other boys would fare, I crept silently to the cabin door, and looked through the key-hole. There was Clinton sprawling on the deck, and young Chauncey standing before his father, who was bestowing on him all the angry epithets in his vocabulary, until at length he slapped him over, and, upon the boy's regaining his feet, repeated the dose. When they came into the steer-

age Clinton said to Chauncey, 'Why didn't you do as I did—lie still when he first knocked you down? You might have known the old codger would knock you over again when you got up.'

"For this affair I was kept suspended thirty days."

CHAPTER VII.

A CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

IN the spring of 1817 the squadron left Port Mahon for an extended cruise in the Mediterranean, during which many places of interest were visited, and ample opportunities afforded the officers for observation and recreation on shore. That this was a season of intense satisfaction to young Farragut, is evidenced by the entries made in his journal of that period. There was a strong tinge of romance in his character, a passion for the heroic, which was deeply gratified in visiting the scenes of some of the grandest events in the history of the world. It is not deemed important in this memoir to reproduce from his journal the mere description of places with which the reading public is already familiar through other authors, but rather to follow the text where the personal history of the writer is more directly involved.

During the ship's visit to Malaga, Farragut mentions an entertainment given on board to the English Consul, Mr. Kirkpatrick, whose daughter married the Count de Montijo, and became the mother of the late Empress of the French, Eugenie. He also mentions visiting the public buildings of this "picturesque old Spanish town," among them the magnificent cathedral, and refers to the practice of assassination among the lower orders as being fearfully prevalent at that time. Algeiras possessed no attractions for him, except that its bay had been the scene of so many celebrated naval fights. Naples he regarded as a place of intense interest. He says: "I visited Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the palace of Murat, all of which have been so beautifully described by other writers that it is unnecessary for me to go into details. Mount Vesuvius alone is worth a trip to Naples. I saw it in active eruption on the occasion of my first visit in

1816. Captain Creighton allowed us one of the ship's boats, and we coasted along the bay, visiting Baiæ, the Baths of Nero, the Sibyl's Cave, Posilippo, and the Grotto del Cane. At the latter place I saw an experiment made on a dog, by holding his nose to the ground. The poor animal was thrown into spasms, from the effect of the mephitic gas that exudes from the cave. At Nero's Baths we boiled eggs by lowering them in a basket into the boiling spring, the waters of which are about three hundred feet below the surface of the ground. The whole country around seemed to be situated over a furnace. In bathing we could feel the heat perceptibly by digging into the sand at the margin of the sea.

"It is impossible to describe all the scenes and matters of interest which came under my observation at this period; but the pleasure which I experienced during my sojourn in the Bay of Naples left the most vivid and grateful impressions on my mind. While we were there, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Naples, with their respective suites, visited our ship. Everything was in fine order on board, and a grand display was made to entertain our illustrious guests. I acted as interpreter to the Emperor on that occasion. Prince Metternich was of the party, and I remember that he laughed at me, during our tour around the ship, for addressing the Emperor as 'Mister.' At that time the Prince appeared to be about fifty years old, short and stout, but by no means bad looking. The Emperor was the only one of the party whose appearance struck me as ridiculous. He seemed to be a mere puppet, was attired in a white coat with two loops of silk cord on each shoulder, buttoned to the collar, five large stars on his breast, and wore short, red breeches, with stockings and military boots. His cocked hat was decorated with a green plume, and he took short, mincing steps, presenting to my youthful mind altogether a silly appearance. The King of Naples was a tall, raw-boned, common-looking man.

"For their amusement we exhibited and fired some new seven-barreled pieces which belonged to the ship's armament, and everything was going on very pleasantly, when one of the Emperor's chamberlains mistook the wind-sail for a mast, and,

leaning against it, was precipitated into the cockpit. He escaped, almost miraculously, with only a broken leg; which was fortunate in more than one respect, for, as it was, the occurrence threw the company into a terrible state of alarm, and it really appeared as if their majesties feared we had some evil design on their persons. At any rate, their boats were called away very soon after the accident, and they returned to the city. The chamberlain was attended by our surgeon, and removed to his apartments in the city as soon as it was deemed safe to do so. When our doctor took his final leave of his patient, he was profuse in his thanks and offered him a rouleau of doubloons, which of course was courteously declined.

“At Leghorn I had some experience in regard to the quarantine laws, which are very strict in their requirements and are rigidly enforced. The first thing that attracted my attention on landing was a monument to a former duke, of whom the story goes that, having captured four pirates in one of his expeditions, he was so elated by his success as, on his return from sea, to refuse to observe the rules established by the quarantine laws, and was shot for his temerity.

“Many of the officers went to Rome, but I had to content myself with a distant view of the dome of St. Peter’s as we coasted along. We crossed over to Syracuse, where the only objects of interest were an old amphitheatre and Dionysius’s Ear. I was struck with the filth and miserable appearance of the place and its inhabitants. We passed through the Straits of Messina, on which occasion the Commodore had a corporal’s guard stationed at the gangway to shoot the pilot, in case he ran the ship on shore. We got through, however, without difficulty.

“Crossing over to the Barbary coast, we paid a short visit to the fortified town of Tripoli. This place has nothing to recommend it to the attention of travelers. Being close to the desert, it is swept by the southerly winds, which bring a suffocating heat and clouds of burning sand on their way to the Mediterranean. There are but few Christian families.

“Tunis is a more agreeable place, and the Christian community is larger and more decidedly interesting.

“ We found Algiers better fortified than either of the above-named places, but, owing to the depth of the water, ships of war are enabled to approach very near the harbor defenses, rendering them vulnerable to attack. The anchorage at all these places is dangerous, as ships are constantly exposed to northern gales. The Tunisians avoid this by mooring their ships in a lake which is connected with the sea by a canal ; but they are compelled to move them outside to take in provisions or fit them for sea, the depth of water in the lagoon not being more than six or seven feet.

“ We returned for the winter to Port Mahon, which is one of the best harbors in the world. The Spaniards gave us the free use of their navy yard, and we had every facility for refitting our ships. The men were permitted to go on shore here without any danger of their deserting or being maltreated. The inhabitants are kind-hearted, very partial to Americans, honest, clean, and faithful.

“ In the spring of 1818 the squadron made another cruise, visiting the same ports as in the previous year, but in different order, going by way of the African coast, where we remained a considerable time. There was a constant rivalry between the different vessels in regard to sailing and working ship. We had, undoubtedly, as smart a squadron as had ever been seen in those waters ; but our high state of discipline was acquired, as I have before remarked, at the expense of much severity and many heart-burnings. The Commodore and captains, with the exception of Shaw, who rather took sides with the younger officers, were very arbitrary. The lieutenants and midshipmen sent home memorials, complaining of the conduct of these gentlemen. The appeal of the midshipmen was highly approved by the Navy Department ; but that of the lieutenants contained something like a threat if justice were not done them, and was disapproved by the Secretary.

“ The immediate cause of these remonstrances was the conduct of one captain in striking the marine officer, and of another in striking a midshipman. When the latter demanded redress, he was immediately placed under arrest. A general court-mar-

tial was held on these four officers, the result of which was, that the captains were acquitted on all the charges, and complimented on having their swords returned to them ; while the marine officer and midshipman received a reprimand for their temerity ! This brought matters to such a pass that the situation was intolerable, and the juniors immediately memorialized Congress. From this period the powers assumed by the post captains were moderated, whereas before this event, with the exception of a question of life or death, the absolute authority which they assumed was but little inferior to that of the Czar of all the Russias."

CHAPTER VIII.

STUDY AND TRAVEL IN TUNIS.

“IN the autumn of 1817 Mr. Anderson, our Consul at Tunis, being desirous of returning to the United States, procured for our Chaplain, Mr. Charles Folsom, the appointment to that consulate. I received permission to accompany Mr. Folsom and remain with him for a short period, under circumstances which will be explained by the following letter :

“‘GIBRALTAR, *October 14, 1817.*’

“‘SIR: I beg leave to request that Midshipman Farragut may be permitted to reside with me during the winter at Tunis, and pursue his education under my care. The grounds of my request are the following: Mr. Farragut has been, almost from infancy, in the naval service, with exceedingly limited opportunities of improving his mind. His prospects in life depend on his merits and abilities in a peculiar manner, as he is entirely destitute of the aids of fortune or the influence of friends, other than those whom his character may attach to him.

“‘During his connection with this ship a favorable change has been observed in him. He has acquired a sense of character and a manly tone of thinking from which the best results are to be expected. His desire of cultivating his mind, which at first was feeble, has grown into an ardent zeal. His attention to his studies of late, the manner in which he has repaid my endeavors to advance his knowledge, his improving character, and his peculiar situation, have conspired to excite in me a strong interest in his welfare, and a wish to do all in my power to promote his education. At this critical period of his life, the opportunity he may enjoy with me may prove of incalculable advantage to him, while his conduct for some time past affords

a pledge that he will not be disposed to abuse it. He sees that Mr. Ogden, his constant companion in service, has been manifestly benefited by a similar indulgence, and a generous ambition makes him unwilling to be surpassed by one with whom he has formerly been put in competition.

“ This request is made with the greatest deference, on the supposition that the subject of it coincides with, rather than contradicts, the views of the Government with regard to young officers, and that it cannot be repugnant to the wishes of Captain Porter or any other patron of Mr. Farragut.

“ I feel assured, sir, that you will rightly appreciate my motives in making this application, and that, if it cannot be complied with, it will be owing to the exigencies of the public service, and not to a want of disposition to do whatever may bid fair to be essentially serviceable to the young gentleman in question.

“ With the highest respect,

“ I am, sir, your obedient servant,

“ CHARLES FOLSOM.

“ Commodore CHAUNCEY,

“ United States ship Washington.’

“ In the following month of November, Mr. Folsom and I took passage on board the sloop Erie for Marseilles, where we arrived after a pleasant run. We lay snugly inside the mole at that place for ten days, during which I went sight-seeing and also passed much of my time very agreeably in society. I became acquainted with the families of Messrs. Fitch & Montgomery, the most extensive American house in Marseilles at that day.

“ I had a rather disagreeable affair on the occasion of a dinner party at Mr. Fitch’s. I was obliged to play whist in the evening, much against my inclination, for I had no fondness for cards. Not getting along very well with my hand, the party showed great impatience, and I thought were rather insulting in their remarks. One individual went so far as to dash his cards on the table in derision of my play, when I returned the compliment by throwing them at his head. I apologized to Mr.

Fitch and retired, much mortified at being compelled to violate the proprieties of the occasion and the feelings of my host, but my temper had been sorely tried.

“From Marseilles we proceeded to Tunis. This city is situated on a broad and beautiful plain, bounded in the distance by lofty mountains, at the mouth of the Mejerda, on the west side of an oval lagoon which is connected with the Bay of Tunis by a golletta. It is surrounded by a double wall, the exterior one being about five miles in circuit, inclosing the suburbs, and pierced by four gates. The interior wall, which is higher, incloses the city proper and has six gates. The harbor is defended by a castle which completely commands the golletta, and by several detached forts in other directions. As our ship approached, the town became visible at a considerable distance, rising in long ranges of buildings of dazzling whiteness, presenting a very striking and picturesque appearance. The impression thus made, however, is not sustained by a closer acquaintance. The streets are narrow and uneven, and the houses, which are generally brick or stone, present a very mean appearance on the outside. They consist of a single story, and the interior is in the form of a court with the apartments arranged around it, being much more attractive and often fitted up with great magnificence. Water is abundantly supplied, partly by an aqueduct from a neighboring spring, and partly from cisterns on the roofs of the houses, which collect the rain. The public buildings include several mosques, adorned with fine marbles obtained at immense expense from ruins in the interior of the country. Tunis is three miles southwest of the site of Carthage, and derives additional interest from its proximity to that ancient seat of empire.

“I resided in Tunis for nine months, pursuing my studies under Mr. Folsom, for whom I had formed a sincere attachment. I studied French, Italian, English literature, and mathematics. I found the society of the foreign consuls very agreeable; particularly the Danish consul, who extended to me a degree of hospitality and kindness that I shall never forget. His name was Gierlew. He had married the daughter of an English gen-

tleman named Robinson. I passed some weeks at the residence of this worthy couple, which was built on the site of Carthage, and enjoyed many happy hours wandering about in the vicinity. There are few or no relics of the ancient city, however, except the cisterns.

“I had been pursuing my studies closely for about three months, when I found my health failing from the confinement in-doors, and the doctor recommended a trip on horseback. A journey to the interior of the kingdom was accordingly arranged. The party consisted of the Danish and French consuls, Mr. Folsom, and myself, with a French servant and a guard of soldiers, furnished with a passport from the Bey. We set out on our tour; having with us a covered cart, drawn by mules, to carry our bedding and other baggage. The party all rode on horseback, except that we occasionally took turns in the vehicle when the sun was very hot. The principal point of our expedition was to visit the ruins of a splendid piece of Roman architecture near Susa, the whole district around which place is famous in connection with Julius Cæsar’s African campaign.

“The first day’s travel brought us to the town of Toar, situated on the side of a mountain of the same name, visible from Tunis, and from which Carthage was supplied with water by means of an aqueduct, the remains of which are still to be seen in detached fragments stretching across the plains between the ancient city and the mountain. The spring whence the supply was drawn is well up on the side of the mountain, near which are the remains of a temple to the Water Nymphs. The stream rushes down through the main street of the village, and winds its way to the base of the hill. There was quite an animated scene in the vicinity when we arrived; all the villagers seemed to be engaged in getting water for their various domestic uses, and kept up a lively chatter.

“Our escort, which consisted of a few Mamelukes under command of an officer, who was armed with the Bey’s passport for our party, had a very summary mode of conducting affairs on the route. When within a few miles of a town, one of the soldiers was sent ahead to prepare lodgings for the night. He

went to the Sheik, showed him the *tiscara*, or passport, and demanded a house, with cooks and other servants. The Sheik generally replied that 'all was at his service.' The Mameluke made his selection forthwith, turned the occupants out of the place, and ordered clean mats spread and supper cooked, all of which was readily complied with. On one occasion, when the meal had not been prepared exactly to our liking, the cook was called up by the officer and seized by the soldiers, who forthwith began to bastinado him; but Mr. Folsom interfered and begged the poor fellow off. This summary mode of punishment was pursued throughout the journey, in consequence of which we foreigners expected to be murdered before we got back to Tunis, unless we returned by a different route.

"We visited the towns on the sea-coast, and many of the villages in the interior of the kingdom. On the ninth day from Tunis we ascended rising ground, and saw in the distance, on an extensive plain that stretched out before us, the ruins of the splendid amphitheatre of El Jem. It towered above everything in the vicinity, and as we approached I discovered that the whole village was built from the crumbling fragments of the mighty ruin.

"The day was one of the hottest I ever experienced. The cart would only accommodate three, and I being the youngest was compelled everlastingly to keep the saddle. I was protected by a large straw hat on my head and another on my back, but despite all these precautions I received a stroke of the sun, which caused a partial paralysis of the tongue. For several hours I was unable to express myself or control my speech, and suffered severely from nausea.

"We reached the house selected for our accommodation about sunset, ordered supper, and made arrangements for passing the night. Although very much fatigued by our day's journey, having been constantly in the saddle, we felt a little nervous about sleeping in our new quarters, in consequence of the scowling faces of the inhabitants, who evidently looked upon us as so many 'sons of dogs'—the epithet which they bestow on all Christians. Their deportment was not at all calculated

to reassure us or add to our comfort, as it was quite evident that they were only restrained by fear of the Bey's vengeance, whose mandates were carried out in the most merciless manner by the Mamelukes.

"When the supper came, it consisted of *couscous*, the principal dish of the country, which is made of coarse-ground wheat, placed in an earthen pot, the bottom of which is filled with herbs. This is placed over another pot, in which beef and vegetables are boiled, and cooked by the steam. It is seasoned with saffron, pepper, and other condiments. Unfortunately the cook, in this instance, had upset the pepper-pot into the mess, so that it was almost impossible to eat it. The Captain of the guard ordered him into his presence, and compelled him to partake of the mixture until he howled with anguish, and then deliberately upset the remainder on his head.

"The next morning we made a thorough examination of the amphitheatre. It was about 400 feet in length, and over 300 feet in breadth, extending nearly east and west. There are three tiers of columns complete, and the pedestals for a fourth. Three corridors remain intact. The inclined plane on which seats were placed for the spectators was covered with Roman cement. But very few of the seats remain. The exterior of the structure consisted of hewn stones, three to five feet in length, and from two to three feet thick, with no sign of having been even cemented together. From many of the fragments of statuary, Mr. Folsom judged that this immense pile was built during the reign of the Gordians, but that is mere conjecture. All the statues that were found have their heads broken off. The natives seem to have some superstition in the matter, and consider it a religious duty to carry out this act of vandalism.

"Being rather tired of carrying my gun around, I left it at our hut, but thought it prudent to keep my pistols in my pocket, as I had noticed a suspicious-looking Bedouin following me when I was strolling around the building alone, and on returning to join my companions I met the fellow, who, supposing that I was unarmed, ran toward me with an uplifted club, a weapon they all carry. When he came within a few feet I pre-

sented both pistols, and he immediately turned and fled in the most cowardly manner. I mention this incident to show the willingness with which they would have destroyed our party if we had not been under the protection of the Bey's soldiers. On the route we frequently saw piles of stones, indicating the spot where some poor traveler had been waylaid and murdered. The custom of the country requires passers by each to cast a stone on the grave of the unfortunate, as a tribute of respect.

"The Bedouins say there is a charm or sacred influence about the ruins of El Jem, and give as an evidence a statement that the hawk, pigeon, and other birds will roost together among the ruins without attempting to injure one another. I myself saw a pigeon-hawk sitting close beside a pigeon without evincing the least sign of hostility.

"On the evening of the second day after our arrival we started for the sea-shore, and hoped to reach the town of Monnestin by eight or nine o'clock A. M., but did not succeed in doing so until 4 P. M. We were received with great kindness by the Sheik, who informed us that he had been in Europe and knew something of our customs. He provided us with a fine supper, and afterward joined our company, smoked his pipe, and drank his wine as freely as any Christian. He called the next day, and said he would give us a dinner in European style, at which he would be present. The Moors, in common with other Mohammedans, have their meats cut up, and eat with their fingers; but on this occasion we had joints, and carved for ourselves. For the last course we had a variety of sweatmeats and excellent wine, our host remarking that we (meaning Europeans) were the only people who knew what good wine was, and that he therefore sent to France for his own supply. He drank a bottle, and four solid glasses of brandy, which seemed to have no bad effect on him. When we parted, he presented me with a gazelle.

"Leaving our hospitable Sheik next morning, we changed our route to the eastward. About midday we arrived at a large village, and, to our astonishment, were greeted with all the vile epithets to be found in the Arabic language. The Captain

threatened them with the bastinado; but they hooted at him and threatened, on their part, to stone us all. We now prepared for battle, and being well armed only awaited the orders of the Mameluke whom we regarded as our commander-in-chief. He proved himself worthy of our confidence, and, with his companions, stood firm and defied the mob, which became so large as to block up the narrow street. The Captain now addressed them, and declared that the first man who touched one of us should die on the spot, that their streets should flow with the blood of the inhabitants, and that the head of the Sheik should pay the forfeit for their disregard of the Bey's *tiscara*. This also was received with shouts of derision. Our leader now asked if we were all ready, which was promptly answered in the affirmative. Then giving the command 'Forward!' sword in hand he led us through the street, the mob giving way to the right and left with shouts of scorn; but not a blow was struck. The slightest wavering on the part of the soldiers would probably have cost us our lives; for, in their rage, they would scarcely have remembered the lesson taught by their late master, Sidi Mohammed, who, missing one of his hunters, sent an army and brought in all of the inhabitants, when he began bastinadoing and cutting off heads, until two individuals confessed that they had murdered the man for the trappings on his horse.

"Passing through the village, we encamped a mile beyond, under a large olive-tree, but had scarcely finished our repast when a body of men was discovered approaching us. We packed up our things, and prepared to meet them; but it was soon apparent that their intentions were peaceable. The procession was headed by an old man, who said that they came to ask forgiveness for the offense committed by their young men, that he was very old, and hoped, for the honor of his family, we would not be the cause of his ignominious death and the confiscation of their property. He implored so humbly that we, at least, gave way and told him we would pardon him, but that the first time we heard of a similar act of treachery we would enter our own complaint to the Bey. The Mamelukes yielded most reluctantly; but the matter was finally settled and peace

ratified by our breaking bread with the Arabs, in token of good faith. This ceremony consisted in our partaking of a large dish of cakes and honey with them.

“In the course of a few days we arrived, about sunset, at the town of Sidi Soliman, on the west shore of the Bay of Tunis. We were astonished at the deserted appearance of the place. Hogs and cattle wandered through the streets, but all the houses were closed, and not a human being could be seen, far or near. The plague was on the land! It was too desolate to permit our remaining, even for the night, so, fatigued and weary, we pushed on, though we had been eighteen hours in the saddle. Finally, human nature could stand it no longer, and we took possession of a fine house on the outskirts, and enjoyed a good rest in spite of our fears. The next day we arrived at Tunis.

“After a few days' rest we set out for the ruins of the ancient city of Utica. On the route we visited some of the Bey's palaces, which we found arranged with great taste and regard for convenience. We crossed the river Mejerda, a deep and rapid stream, by means of a scow, and soon arrived at the ruins of the city. There is but little left to indicate the locality. It is clear that the features of the surrounding country have completely changed since Utica was in her glory, and there is every evidence that the sea has receded seven or eight miles, in consequence of which the very site of the city had been a matter of doubt among the savans until the time of Shaw. The old sea-wall, however, which is overgrown with plants, can be easily traced. The cisterns are in a better state of preservation than those of Carthage; only six of these remain, and they measure 135 feet in length by about 20 feet in breadth. Their depth could not be ascertained, because of the accumulation of earth which had washed into them. There was nothing else worthy of note.

“We visited the town of Porto Farma, where the Bey was spending a few days. This place is a rendezvous for small vessels engaged in the coral fishery. The deposits from the river Mejerda have completely closed the harbor, and the bay has become so shallow that only vessels drawing eight to ten feet could

enter where, within the recollection of many old inhabitants, ships of the line could once anchor.

“The coral fishery is carried on by Neapolitans, and they have a small schooner of war on the coast for their protection. The Government of Naples pays a bonus to the Bey for the privilege. The coral is collected principally with a hook and line, that lying in the deep water having the rich, red color so much prized.

“We sent a communication to the Bey, to say that it would afford us pleasure to pay our respects to him in person. He kindly and promptly appointed the next morning for our reception. When we were ushered into his presence, we found his highness to be about the medium height, rather corpulent, and apparently about sixty-five years old. He was seated cross-legged on a low divan, and received us very graciously, waving an invitation to us to be seated also. He wore no ornament except a large diamond ring on his thumb, which some of us estimated to be worth about a thousand dollars. The conversation was about every-day affairs, easy and familiar, and we left feeling that we had been treated very courteously.”

CHAPTER IX.

HIS RELATIONS WITH CHARLES FOLSOM—QUARANTINED AT LEGHORN—ADVENTURES AT PISA.

If any apology were necessary for publishing the simple and somewhat fragmentary journal of this early portion of Admiral Farragut's life—beyond the fact that the public has always manifested an interest in the every-day doings of distinguished men—it might be found in the high expectations which even then his avidity for learning, keen observation, and almost precocious manliness excited in those who had charge of his education. Mr. Richard B. Jones, United States Consul at Tripoli, writing to Mr. Folsom under date of January 20, 1818, said :

“ With regard to my young friend Farragut, if he will only apply steadily to useful purposes the talents with which he is so bountifully enriched, it must, with his amiable disposition and obliging manners, insure him the respect and esteem of all who know him, and place him, at some future period, high in the niche of fame.”

And four months later, May 15, 1818, the same correspondent, still writing to Mr. Folsom, said :

“ You will see by the papers forwarded to you, that the United States have taken possession of Amelia Island. We have also troops on the frontier of Florida. But we shall act on the defensive, unless compelled by self-defense to drive the Spaniards from that country. Our eight seventy-fours, *tell the young Admiral*, are to be finished without delay, as well as

some more frigates. Timber is getting ready for others, and every possible measure is being taken to place our navy on a respectable footing."

When Farragut was in the full tide of fame acquired in our civil war, nearly half a century after the events thus far recorded in this chapter, the following correspondence passed between him and Mr. Folsom :

"BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD, *October 2, 1865.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I sent you by express a token of my respect and affection, which I beg you to accept as such. It will, I hope, be a pleasant reminiscence of our early association, as it sets forth two great epochs of our connection, as well as my poor brain could suggest and the skill of the artist could execute from such rough sketches as I could make, to indicate the desire of my heart to recall to your mind the beginning and the end of our eventful association. Although an artist does not think a picture should require its name to be written over it, still I fear the lack of genius in my sketches makes an explanation necessary. I have endeavored to portray our landing at Tunis in the United States ship *Erie*, you, as United States Consul, receiving the salute due your rank. You are accompanied in the boat by Midshipman Farragut, your humble servant. On the right can be seen Sidi Soloman and the ruins of Carthage. In the sequel, the old Hartford is gracefully lying at anchor, bearing the flag of the Vice Admiral, commanded by another dear friend, Captain P. Drayton, who has just passed away. I surmounted the inscription to yourself with the crest which your research and devoted friendship exhumed from Spanish history as belonging to the name of Farragut. I had hoped to have made this an autograph letter; but my eyes failed me, and I have been compelled to ask Mrs. Farragut's aid as an amanuensis. She joins me in warmest remembrances to you and yours.

"Believe me, as ever, your sincere friend,

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

“CAMBRIDGE, 9th October, 1865.

“MY DEAR BOY: Your letter of the 4th instant irresistibly carries me back, not unwillingly, to the time when—precisely on the 9th of October, 1818, at the Goletta—I strained you to my bosom, fervently kissing each cheek, as I gave you my parting blessing, mingled with my tears. I slowly returned across the dreary lake to my now cheerless home, weeping and disconsolate, for its light seemed quite gone out. My earliest comfort came from the reflection that you were safe from the threatened evil, and I was next supported by a strong inward assurance that our past friendship, so pure and lovely, would in some way be blessed to you in your personal character and in your professional career.

“With me, the things of these days have ever been ‘laid up in my heart.’ And now, what should be my joy and gratitude that I live to see my early friend true, amid all the trials and vicissitudes of so many years, to the principles with which he then set out, a shining example of manly virtue, supremely blessed in all the relations of private life, conducted by Providence to the highest pinnacle of his noble profession, and enabled to plan and achieve what has secured to him undying renown in the history of his country and age!

“I was ever on my guard, my dear Farragut, against flattering you when young, so easy was it for admiration and affection to slide into extravagant praise. Now, indeed, I may join my enthusiastic countrymen in their applauses for all you have accomplished in your profession for the welfare of the nation; for I, if any one has, have eagerly watched your perilous course with straining eyes and bated breath, and a nervous feeling of intimate personal concern. But my heart fondly turns rather to the man, whose first care it has been to deserve any success that might be vouchsafed to him; who, unaltered by actual success so marvelous, cherishes unabated and publicly avows old private regards; and who has just sealed anew a friendship begun in days long distant, but not dim, by bestowing upon me and those dearest to me an inestimable and affecting memorial of his love.

“It is in truth a magnificent poem to us, of most precious significance, and of interest as lasting as the nature of the sentiments it embodies. It is worthy of *you*. It will at once be the admiration of many appreciative friends, and bring me, from all quarters, congratulations without envy. In its appeal to successive generations it will add to their æsthetic enjoyment the moral charm which, in the eyes of present beholders, so blends with and enhances its richness and its rare artistic beauty.

“Your letter, so full of kindness, which followed it and will be inseparable from it, I shall not now attempt to reply to in detail, further than to say that it is doubly precious from the hand that traced it for you (for *us*, shall I not say?), and that your happy idea in the storied vase has been most successfully carried out. Thus it furnishes the suggestion of many a dear reminiscence, and the text for many an interesting narrative, beginning in private and expanding into national annals. You have much increased its interest to me by the commemoration of your dear friend Captain Drayton, whom I had lately learned to regard for his own sake, and at his true and great worth. You must consider this letter as the first expression not only of my own feelings on this happy occasion, but, inadequately, of those of my wife and daughter, who most heartily reciprocate the very kind assurances of yourself and Mrs. Farragut.

“With gratitude, tenderness, and allowable pride,

“Your sincere friend,

“CHARLES FOLSOM.

“Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT.”

The journal of 1818 continues:

“By invitation of one of the superintendents, we visited the tunny fishery. The establishment is situated on a high part of the coast, near Cape Sidi. The nets extend from the cape westward about six miles; they are placed in parallel lines, with connecting cross-nets, forming apartments, apertures being left at certain points for the fish to pass through as they come up the Mediterranean. They are said to approach the land in one

or two places only. We remained with the superintendent all night, and were very handsomely entertained, getting a good fish in the morning for breakfast. The 'patron' brought information that they had about four hundred fish in their nets, and one sword-fish; so we embarked, and pulled off about a mile to the launches, which were riding by the nets while the small boats went in to drive the fish into the 'killing-room.' About twelve o'clock these boats closed up on this apartment on both sides, with a launch at either end. These launches were divided into five compartments, with four men in each, armed with short-handled hooks, while an expert stood on the gunwale with a longer one. When the fish came to the surface, the experts caught them with great dexterity and hauled them toward the boats, within reach of the 'short hooks,' who pulled them into the launch. All this was done with wonderful adroitness and rapidity, the man on the gunwale balancing himself without the least support. The fish were from three to five feet in length. During this exciting work the 'patron' was in his boat, in the center of the net, encouraging the fishermen and occasionally throwing water over them in sport. The sword-fish was seen dashing through the crowd of tunnies, and occasionally running one of them through the body. His desperate efforts to escape from the net were of no avail, however, for, after the capture of over four hundred fish, the gentleman was carefully secured. He measured eight feet in length.

"A short time after our return to Tunis the plague broke out. It was said to have been imported in a vessel from Algiers. The Christians barricaded their houses, and held no communication with the outer world, except through the means of the Moorish domestics. The few who were obliged to go out to work nearly all died. I soon found the confinement extremely irksome; for, though Mr. Folsom and I went out as usual, we were never admitted within the inner barricade. About the 1st of October, 1818, the Danish Consul resolved to leave the place with his family, and, as the deaths had increased to one hundred a day, I determined to accompany him to Leghorn in a Genoese brig which was about to sail for that port. We had a pleasant

trip as far as the island of Sardinia, when a gale arose which compelled us to seek the shelter of a small harbor in the Isle of Pines until the wind abated.

“When off Corsica, I went on deck one evening and found to my surprise that we were very close in shore, the swell setting us toward a point of rocks, and the current carrying us rapidly along. It was a dead calm, and all hands, including the Captain, were asleep! I directed him to be called, but was informed that he had left orders not to wake him. I soon turned him out, however, but, on regaining consciousness, he was so much alarmed that he was utterly powerless to do anything. I told Mr. Gierlew that, unless the boats were got out and the vessel towed off, we should be on shore in less than an hour. This alarmed him, and he gave the necessary orders, threatening to cut off the Captain’s head if he refused to obey, which had the desired effect. The boats were soon out, and by hard labor we just cleared the point of rocks, while the ghastly devils on shore were looking down on us like vultures watching their prey, waiting anxiously, no doubt, to see us wrecked; but, much to their chagrin, we passed safely out of their reach. All hands went to prayers to give thanks for their delivery.

“Upon our arrival at Leghorn we had to submit to a quarantine of forty days, being sent to the third lazaretto and locked up separately for twenty days; then, by great influence, we reached the first, and were all kept together for the remainder of the time. The following correspondence took place between Mr. Folsom and myself at this period:

“‘LAZARETTO, LEGHORN, *2nd November, 1818.*

“‘MY DEAR SIR: We arrived here yesterday evening, after a passage of twenty days with a continual head wind. You know what patient people we are. Our passage was a pleasant one, but long. Through the influence of Mrs. Gierlew’s friends we got on shore the first day, into the third lazaretto. It is more like a prison than any place I ever set my foot in before. However, it must do for forty days, I suppose, though our term of quarantine has not been made known to us yet.

“ ‘As for your dispatches, they were broken open and smoked before I got on shore. You must know that it is impossible for these things to be attended to, as the letters must be delivered to the Captain of the vessel, and if we entered the lazaretto with a sealed letter, it would lengthen our quarantine. The ticket of Mr. Anderson I broke open and kept. There is no use in your tying dispatches with ribbon, because it is taken off immediately.

“ ‘I addressed a note to Mr. Appleton with the dispatches, and I said you intended to write to him at the first opportunity.

“ ‘On our passage we stopped at St. Peter’s Island: it is inhabited by Tabaquines, and I scarcely knew I was out of Tunis. The town is miserable, and the people live by passing vessels. They were so afraid of us that, after they had supplied our wants, they ordered us to leave the place immediately, or they would fire into us.

“ ‘We lay four days under Corsica, near the birthplace of Napoleon, and we fished, etc., to pass the time. I gathered a couple of specimens of the herbs of that isle, which I here send you, tied with a fine piece of ribbon from your dispatches to Government.

“ ‘We have been fortunate in arriving the day before the vessel sails for Tunis. The passages are longer this year than has been known before; some ninety days from Constantinople; forty and fifty from Alexandria. We all enjoy uncommon good health. There are no American vessels here at present. A corvette left here a week ago.

“ ‘You can tell Mrs. Tulin that we arrived without the slightest accident on board, and also give them my respects; say I shall deliver the flower-pot and otto of roses to Miss Bacri, but the letter, as I told you, was broken open and smoked with the rest, and I have no doubt it will be delivered. Give my respects to Knudsen and the French ladies. Mr. Robinson has gone to Lisbon in a Portuguese frigate.

“ ‘The Tuscan papers say that the English are expected off Genoa with an army to attack that place; also that the English intend to evacuate Malta to the inhabitants. Fudge!

“My dear Sir, I have nothing more to say at present, but that we must be patient for forty days, and that I sincerely hope you keep a strict quarantine. Heaven deliver you from the plague, which we all think there is no doubt is in Tunis, and will rage there in a horrible manner.

“I remain your affectionate and, I hope, well-beloved friend,

“D. G. FARRAGUT.

“To CHARLES FOLSOM, Esq.,

“Consul of the United States.’

“TUNIS, *November 4, 1818.*

“MY DEAR FARRAGUT: I wrote to you, October 18th, and inclosed my letter in one from Knudsen to Mrs. Gierlew, by way of Genoa.

“I have lived much less pleasantly since you left me, partly because I am almost alone, and partly because the plague, with its attendant evils, increases daily. It is said that yesterday one hundred and seventy-five interments took place, which I am ready to believe, from the number seen from our house.

“I am very impatient to hear the particulars of your voyage and of your situation in the lazaretto. Let me know where the squadron is when you write, what ship you join, and whatever you may suppose interesting to me. If you wish to hear from me, write frequently, that I may know whither to direct my letters.

“I have much to say to you, but not now. You are dear to me as a brother. Your merit and happiness will always make me happy. If you should be unfortunate, I shall sympathize with you deeply; if you prove less worthy than I have supposed, my grief and regret will be great indeed.

“When you leave the lazaretto, you may venture to buy the “*Beauties of Shakespeare*” and “*Blair’s Lectures on Rhetoric.*” You will find them at the book magazine of Giuseppe Gamba, in the great street (Via Ferdinando, No. 92). They are standard works, and will serve to form your taste. Hereafter I shall have more to say to you on the subject of books and your studies.

“If you receive your money in Leghorn, you had better pay the sum I am to receive to Mr. Appleton, taking his receipt and giving me notice. Remember me to the officers of the Erie, and all acquaintances. Say to Mr. Atwood in particular, that I regret not having the pleasure to salute him in person when the squadron was here. Deliver the dozen of otto of roses to Dr. Montgomery, with the inclosed note.

“Ambrose and your other friends desire to be remembered to you in the warmest manner. You cannot express in too earnest a manner, to Mr. and Mrs. Gierlew, my esteem and good wishes.

“Whether you will hear from me often, will depend on yourself. God bless you, my dear boy, and enable us to meet again.

“Yours,

“CHARLES FOLSOM.

“To Midshipman D. G. FARRAGUT,
“Lazaretto, Leghorn.”

After getting free from the discomforts of the lazaretto, Farragut went to Pisa, where the naval hospital was established. He there found Drs. Heap and Kilson and Lieutenants Cassin and Ray. It was during the gay season, and his time was passed very pleasantly. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was at Pisa with all his court; and a great many visitors came to enjoy the festivities. Farragut, who had already become an accomplished linguist, made many agreeable acquaintances among the Italian nobility and English tourists. Of the latter were Admiral Hotham and his son. A very wealthy lady, the Countess Martioni, gave a splendid ball to the Grand Duke, to which the American officers were invited. Farragut attended this brilliant entertainment, and remarks, with his usual frankness :

“The servants were most gorgeously dressed, and everything was calculated to captivate the eye, but not much to gratify the appetite. We were shown into the supper-room prepared for the Duke and his suite, and allowed to feast—our vision—on

the table. The entire service—dishes, forks, knife-handles even—was gold, and the changes on the side tables were of the same precious metal. We were permitted to walk around the table, and make our exit on the opposite side.

“During the dancing I met with several little incidents, embarrassing at the time to a youth of my age, but rather amusing when remembered afterward. At one time my shoe-buckle caught in the flounce of the Archduchess’s dress. I kicked off the offending shoe with great elegance, and then knelt down and extricated it, with a suitable apology. Soon after this I trod on the Grand Duke’s toe, and had to make another apology. Chagrined at my own awkwardness, I determined to retire, and looked around for my cocked hat, when I found that the Countess Testa was using it for a foot-warmer! I drew it to me rather unceremoniously, at which she remarked that I ‘ought to feel myself highly complimented, and should not be offended.’ To which I replied, ‘Madam, it might be so considered in your country, but not in mine.’”

About the 1st of December, hearing that the squadron had gone to Messina, Sicily, for the winter, Farragut, in company with Lieutenants Ray and Cassin, took passage for that place in an English schooner, and in due time reported for duty. He found Commodore Stewart in command, Commodore Chauncey having gone home in the *Washington*. The broad pennant was flying on board the *Franklin*, 74, Captain Gallagher, to whom Farragut was appointed aid. The remainder of the winter was passed very pleasantly at Messina, with balls two or three times a week at the rooms of the American Consulate. During the afternoons they visited the arsenals, where the younger officers engaged in manly sports, in regard to which Farragut says, “I always held my own at all athletic exercises.”

CHAPTER X.

HIS FIRST PROMOTION—A SUPPOSED PIRATE—ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.

IN the spring of 1819 he made another cruise in the Mediterranean, in the Franklin, ending at Gibraltar. There, after much opposition, he was appointed an acting lieutenant on the brig Shark. In referring to his promotion, he says :

“ One of the important events of my life was obtaining an acting lieutenancy when but little over eighteen years of age. This caused me to feel that I was now associated with men, on an equality, and must act with more circumspection. When I became First Lieutenant, my duties were still more important ; for, in truth, I was really commander of the vessel, and yet I was not responsible—an anomalous position, which has spoiled some of our best officers. I consider it a great advantage to obtain command young, having observed, as a general thing, that persons who come into authority late in life shrink from responsibility, and often break down under its weight.”

The Shark sailed for Malta, and when off that island she ran an exciting race with the English packet brig Pigeon, bearing the news of the death of George III., and beating her in sight of a large concourse of people on shore. Rejoining the squadron, the Shark continued in company with the Franklin until parted during a heavy gale *en route* to Port Mahon. The latter part of the winter was spent at Messina, and Commodore Stewart returned to the United States. While the Shark was at anchor in the harbor at Mahon, in the spring of 1820, Captain Warrington arrived with the Guerriere, bringing news that Commodore Bainbridge had come out to take command. On this Far-

ragut remarks, "It was high time, as things had become a little mixed."

He was now ordered home for his examination, and asked permission to return in the *Guerriere*; but finding, on his arrival at Gibraltar, that her destination was changed to the coast of Africa, he took passage in the *America*, a merchantman. He was accompanied by a young gentleman named Seaton, brother to one of the lieutenants, and two invalided sailors from the squadron. When within a few days' sail of the United States coast, they fell in with a Colombian brig of war, which appears to have given the merchant captain and crew a pretty good scare. Farragut says:

"It was perfectly calm. The stranger used his sweeps, and came up with us about 5 p. m. We took him for a pirate, and our Captain was so much alarmed that I assumed command, mustered the crew, and asked them if they would defend the ship. I had determined to compel the enemy, or 'pirate,' if possible, to sink us, rather than allow ourselves to be captured and reserved for some worse fate.

"I was impressed, on this occasion, with the difference between men-of-war's men and merchant men. The latter seemed to be very much alarmed at the idea of resistance, although they had no hope of mercy by surrendering; while the former yielded instantly to my better judgment, and expressed their willingness to obey orders. Men trained to arms will never fail, if properly led.

"By this time the brig was quite near us, and hailed us in Spanish. We made arrangements to sink the boat which they proposed to send alongside; but, when she reached us, I asked the officer if he came as a friend, to which he replied in good English, 'Yes.' I told him to leave his arms in the boat, which he did, and came on board. He proved to be a Mr. Smith, of Baltimore, and offered to supply us with anything of which we stood in need. We took charge of letters for him.

"I have referred to this incident to remark how easily men may defend themselves against pirates, if they do not become

panic-stricken at the beginning. We had a grindstone and a barrel of tar ready to sink the boat, and the example of the 'blue-jackets' had infused a new spirit into the crew, until they all appeared willing to fight to the last extremity. The Captain and the mates had entreated me, at first, to take off my uniform, thinking it would more certainly bring down on us the vengeance of the supposed 'pirate,' but I emphatically refused."

When we consider that it was a boy of eighteen, orphaned at an early age, and thrown upon his own resources, who accomplished this feat of assuming command of a vessel in which he was a passenger, infusing a martial spirit into the crew of a merchantman in actual contemplation of an immediate battle, and preparing for a skillful and gallant defense against a supposed pirate, we can then see that the Admiral of after years was not made such in a day, or by the mere exigencies of the civil war, but was born for it and trained for it through a long experience.

The *America* arrived at Washington, without further incident, on the 20th of November, 1820. Farragut says:

"I was a stranger in my native land, knowing no one but Commodore Porter and his family. I was ordered to New York for my examination, and went in much trepidation, for this was only the second examination which had been held in our naval service, and we had very little information as to what course would be pursued by the Board. I felt qualified in seamanship, but doubtful as to mathematics."

It appears that Farragut did not pass his examination so well as to satisfy his own ambition, and the disappointment brought on a temporary fit of doubt and gloom. As soon as the trial was over he went to Norfolk, where he had always been kindly treated, and, not being naturally despondent, he soon recovered his buoyancy, and fell in love with a charming young lady.

In May, 1822, he was ordered to sea in the sloop of war *John Adams*, which sailed for Charleston, South Carolina, where in

June she received on board the Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, United States Minister to Mexico, and Mr. Dodd for Guatemala. Sailing for Porto Rico, by some mistake of the pilot the ship ran into a dangerous bay of Santo Domingo, where she was very nearly lost. On the way to Vera Cruz she gave chase to a brig which had been mistaken for a pirate—not an unusual occurrence at that time, as the Caribbean Sea was swarming with them. Farragut was sent in a boat to board the stranger, and the service nearly cost him his life, as the cutter in which he went was almost smashed to pieces alongside. She proved to be a Spanish man-of-war.

Mr. Poinsett was landed at Vera Cruz, which was then in possession of the Mexican party. The last foothold of Spain in her immense North American provinces was the strong fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, at that time in the possession of her troops. Santa Anna had recently captured the city, and been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General for his success. After landing Mr. Poinsett, the John Adams moved down to the island of Sacrificios.

In speaking of the Mexican hero, Farragut says: "I dined with Santa Anna, in company with Mr. Poinsett. He was a young, good-looking fellow of five-and-twenty, and spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of Iturbide, the Emperor." Iturbide had just commenced his brief reign in the month of May, 1822, and such was the general prepossession in his favor, as one to whom the independence of the nation was chiefly due, that, with judicious management, he might have made peace with all his political enemies and consolidated the government under his own administration; but he proved himself unfit for power. He interfered forcibly with the rights of Congress, defied its authority, and, within a few months after his accession to the throne, dissolved that body, substituting an assembly of his own selection. Disaffection spread rapidly, and soon broke into open revolt. Gaxa, in the north, Santa Anna, who was Governor of Vera Cruz, and other notabilities, headed the insurrection. The Emperor was forced to succumb, and in March, 1823, abdicated the throne and fled the country. This unfortunate man returned

to Mexico in July, 1824, probably with the hope of restoring his fallen fortunes. He was recognized, taken prisoner, and delivered, by order of General Gaza, to the authorities of the Province of Tamaulipas. In pursuance of a previous legislative decree, he was shot on the 19th of the same month.

Mr. Poinsett proceeded on his journey to the City of Mexico, and the John Adams sailed for Tampico, taking on board some specie and an old Spaniard who had been nineteen years engaged in surveying the coast.

During this cruise Farragut gained a knowledge of the treacherous Gulf coast which proved of great service to him in after-life. Describing his first experience of a norther, off Tampico, he says :

“ We fell in with a New York schooner, the master of which was an old trader. Captain Renshaw sent me to bring him on board the Adams. At that time there was every indication of good weather, a clear day and a dead calm. As the old Captain came over the gangway a slight air from the north struck the ship, and he instantly remarked, ‘ I must go back to my vessel ; this is a norther.’ I had scarcely time to take him to the schooner and return to our ship, when the gale burst upon us in all its fury. Such is the suddenness of these terrible storms, the approach of which none but the most experienced can detect.

“ After the storm the Captain determined to land an officer on the coast, to communicate with Mr. Poinsett and inform him that the Adams was in the offing. I was selected for this duty. The boat landed me at what was supposed to be a safe place, a ‘ Vigía,’ or lookout station for pilots. I was dressed in summer clothes, except my uniform coat and cocked hat, had five doubloons in my pocket, and was armed with that formidable weapon, a midshipman’s dirk-sword. We had scarcely landed when the weather changed, and the boat had some difficulty in returning to the ship. An old Mexican met us on the beach, and the following conversation took place between him and myself :

“*F.*—How far is it to Tampico ?

“*Mex.*—Three leagues.

“*F.*—Have you a horse ?

“*Mex.*—Sí, Señor—yes, sir.

“*F.*—Can you give me a guide ?

“*Mex.*—Follow the beach.

“*F.*—How much for the horse ?

“*Mex.*—Dos pesos—two dollars.

“*F.*—Bring him along.

“The old fellow disappeared, and soon returned with a fine animal, nicely equipped with a native saddle covered with soft skins—a bed for the rider when necessary. I paid my ‘dos pesos,’ took leave of my shipmates, and started for Tampico.

“In about an hour it came on to blow and rain furiously—in fact, another norther. I, however, reached the Tampico River, but to my dismay found there was not a single habitation on my side of the stream. I shouted for some time, but the roaring of the surf and howling of the storm prevented any response reaching me ; so, wearied out and cold, I spread my *recamo* and prepared to pass a wretched night on the ground. About nine o’clock I heard the splash of oars, and called,

“‘Who’s there ?’

“‘Friends,’ was the reply, ‘I thought you wanted to cross.’

“‘So I do.’

“‘Then come on. The weather is not very inviting to stay here.’

“They directed me to turn the horse loose, as he would find his own way home, and to bring the saddle with me.

“When I reached the other side, I found myself in a village of pilots and smugglers. I was ushered into the presence of the head man, ‘Mata,’ who asked my business. I informed him that I belonged to the ship of war lying off the coast, and wished him to send a pilot when she appeared off the bar.

“‘Very well,’ said he. ‘What else ?’

“‘I wish to go to Tampico.’

“‘What! to-night ?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘I’ll see if I can find any one fool enough to accompany you.’

“During this conversation I saw many inquisitive faces thrust in at the door to take a look at me. At length I was told that a fool had been found, and that he and the horses would be ready in half an hour. In the mean time I inspected my companion, and I must confess I was not greatly reassured by his personal appearance. I felt that I was among a lot of cut-throats, who were probably making plans to rob and murder me.

“At 10 p. m. the horses were brought up, and, after assuring Mata that I would pay the guide the whole amount due for the horses and himself on my arrival at Pueblo Viejo, as old Tampico is called in Spanish, I set off on one of the most miserable rides I ever took in my life. The distance was nine miles, through forests of prickly pear and swamps. Every now and then the guide would turn his horse around with great celerity, utter some oath or imprecation on himself for losing the way, and then try a new route. He did this at least a dozen times, and every time he made the movement I drew my dirk and put myself on the defense, supposing that he had now arrived at a suitable place to rob and murder me. I could only distinguish him through the darkness by his white clothing. Finally he called to me to let go the reins and allow the horse to pick his own way along, or I would get my neck broken. It was apparent that we were descending a hill through a thick chaparral, and several times my cocked hat narrowly escaped being knocked off and lost. I know certainly that the lace and cockade were torn off. The horse would occasionally settle upon his haunches and slide fifteen or twenty feet before he could recover his footing.

“At last, much to my relief, we saw the welcome lights of the village, and my guide informed me that our fatigue of the night would soon be repaid by ‘tortillas’ and coffee. As it was one o’clock a. m., however, I was satisfied with getting to bed and resting my wearied limbs.

“I found, the next day, that Mr. Poinsett had not arrived

from the City of Mexico, but had sent down thirty Americans, released from the prisons of that place through his influence, with orders for me to put them on board the Adams. I accordingly set off with them in canoes for the bar, where we soon arrived; but the sea was breaking so heavily that it was impossible to cross. The ship was signaled farther down the beach, and we finally embarked with safety.

“I had experienced a good deal of concern the night before from the consciousness of being in a rather helpless condition in case of danger; so when I was ordered to Tampico again, to await the arrival of Mr. Poinsett, I provided myself with a sword and pistols.

“During my sojourn at Pueblo Viejo I amused myself attending the fandangoes and parties given by the kind-hearted inhabitants. The norther raged without, but I had very little difficulty in making myself comfortable within. At the hospitable mansions of the Tampicans I acquired a considerable knowledge of the Spanish language, and I had also a fine opportunity of improving my horsemanship in my long rides to the most elevated highlands along the coast, to keep a lookout for our ship. It was at least fifteen days before she hove in sight, as our captain was a very careful navigator.

“Mr. Poinsett arrived during the second week, accompanied by Dennis A. Smith, of Baltimore, and several other Americans who had been released from the prisons. We went down to the bar, and found, to our disappointment, that a heavy fog had set in and the ship had not been seen since morning. We knew that all hands on board had been suffering for want of bread, and Mr. Poinsett had caused a quantity to be baked at Tampico, which we had with us when we reached the pilot station.

“The following conversation took place between Mr. Poinsett and Mata. The surf on the bar was running very high, and we all thought it impossible to pass over. So it would have been with any other boats except the native launches, which are large, buoyant, and well adapted for this kind of service.

"*Mr. Poinsett.*—Mata, will you take us out to the ship in the offing?

"*Mata.*—I will take you over the bar to the ship, if she can be found.

"*Mr. P.*—What will you charge?

"*M.*—I will take you over the bar, pull until sunset, and, if I can find the ship, put you on board. You shall give me one hundred and fifty pesos. If I can not find her, I will return and land you, and you shall give me one hundred and fifty pesos. To-morrow morning take you out again, and go according to the same agreement until we put you on board or you get tired of attempting it.

"*Mr. P.*—It is a bargain.

"One of the party, who thought that *Mr. Poinsett* accepted the terms too readily, and who felt some timidity at the undertaking, asked if he had not some consideration for the lives of others. *Mr. Poinsett* replied:

"'Nonsense! Never put yourself to the trouble of arguing with a man who has you in his power. Have you any other means of getting on board except by this man's boats?'

"'No.'

"'Then you must pay his price, and I think it is quite reasonable. As for the danger, when a man whose profession it is is willing to run the risk, you should not hesitate to go.'

"This ended the conversation, and we soon embarked. The breakers were terrible; but the launch rose beautifully, and shipped but a few gallons of water. After pulling awhile, to our great joy we heard a gun fired from the northeast, which was answered on our part by a pistol-shot. Muskets were then fired from the ship at regular intervals, and, guided by the sound, we soon reached the *Adams*, to the inexpressible satisfaction of all on board, as they had been on half a biscuit a day and short allowance of everything else."

Shortly after this rough experience on the Mexican coast, the *John Adams* returned to Norfolk, where she arrived about the first of December. Here *Farragut* found the *Mosquito* fleet of

Commodore Porter fitting out for sea to cruise against the pirates in the West Indies. Anxious for service, and influenced probably by a desire to be once more under his old commander, he sought and obtained orders to the Greyhound, commanded by Lieutenant John Porter, a brother of the Commodore. After a severe winter, passed in fitting out, the fleet put to sea on the 12th of February, 1823, in a northeasterly gale.

CHAPTER XI.

A CRUISE IN THE WEST INDIES AGAINST THE PIRATES—HIS FIRST COMMAND—YELLOW FEVER.

THE cruise on which the young sailor was now bound proved to be one of stirring adventure and uncommon hardships. It is memorable in the history of our navy in connection with a subsequent act of great injustice to Commodore Porter, who was deprived of his command, rudely ordered home, and court-martialed, for resenting an insult to his flag and an outrage on his officers at the port of Faxardo, in the island of Porto Rico. The true history of this affair has been clearly and fairly set forth in previous publications, especially in the life of the Commodore by his son, Admiral D. D. Porter (Albany, 1875), and the vindication of his conduct is complete and triumphant. In his account of this cruise Farragut says :

“I obtained orders to the Greyhound, Captain Porter, brother of Commodore Porter. After a most severe winter, we sailed on the 12th of February, 1823, in a northeast gale. We had not a single officer on board who had ever sailed before in a schooner, except myself, and I only for a short time ; but I found the little experience which I had of the utmost importance to me. It blew so heavily that we were compelled to take in all sail for an hour or two, and run under bare poles, until all the vessels had reefed their sails and made everything snug for the night. We used no great precautions on our vessel, however, only taking two reefs in the mainsail and square sail, thus having more sail on her than seemed prudent under the circumstances. At any rate, she dashed away from the squadron like a flying-fish skipping from sea to sea. Our Captain sat aft, perfectly composed, not seeming to notice that the vessel was

over-pressed, and when I reminded him that 'she did not rise to the sea,' he replied, 'If she can't carry the sail, let her drag it.' Although the situation of the schooner was dangerous, it was truly ridiculous to see the Captain sitting on one side of the trunk, wrapped up in his cloak, and the First Lieutenant sitting on the other, bundled up, with an umbrella over his head. We soon ran the squadron out of sight, and I never expected to see daylight again; but, much to my relief, the Captain went below about eight o'clock, leaving orders for me to look out for the vessel, and make or shorten sail according to my judgment. I soon got her under the foresail, and she scudded through the gale like a duck."

The Greyhound arrived at the Mona Passage (the channel between Hayti and Porto Rico) in twelve days. While running along under her square sail, she discovered an English squadron, consisting of a frigate, a sloop, and a brig. The frigate made signal to the brig, when she hauled out of line and fired a shot to bring the Greyhound to. Farragut says:

"There was much dispute on board our vessel as to whether the gun was shotted. We went to quarters, and the Captain gave orders if she fired again to return it without further command. Sure enough, a second gun was fired, when Porter said, 'Fire! but don't hit her.' The brig, which mounted twenty guns, was now within musket range. Her officers were all on the poop-deck, and the shot from our long gun passed over in close proximity to their heads. When it is remembered that our schooner was of eighty-five tons, and mounted one long gun and two 18-pounders, it seems rather a saucy proceeding on our part.

"The English Captain, who was a noble fellow, slapped his hand on his thigh, and remarked that 'none but a Yankee would have done that,' and, instead of sinking us, hailed and asked who we were. The reply was, 'A United States vessel of war.' He then said he regretted the mistake he had made in firing the second gun, and would send a boat with an officer to ex-

plain matters. It was amusing to see how furious the crews were.

“When the English Captain heard that our Captain was sick, he sent his boat back with some fruit, and the coxswain who handed it over the side remarked, ‘Here is some fruit for the shot you sent us.’ Our boatswain’s mate, who received it, replied, ‘We have a gun apiece for you, and are always ready to fight or eat with you.’

“We learned that the little Mosquito fleet was to windward, and that night we all ran into Porto Rico. A very sad affair occurred while we were lying here. The Fox was fired into from one of the forts, as she was entering the harbor of San Juan, and her commander, Lieutenant Cocke, was mortally wounded. It was a most provoking act, and the only excuse given by the Spanish authorities was the suspicion against all small armed vessels, excited by the filibustering expedition fitted out in the United States the year previous, to revolutionize Porto Rico, which, it was said, had entered the harbor of St. Bartholomew with the American flag flying. The English Admiral sent his surgeon on board to attend Lieutenant Cocke, who soon died, and all the English officers attended his funeral. Strong remonstrance was made by Commodore Porter in regard to this act, and apologetic explanations were received.

“After watering and provisioning at Aguadilla, where the squadron rendezvoused, the whole fleet sailed for Key West, taking different courses to look out for pirates, as they were now on piratical ground. The Greyhound, Ferret, Weasel, Henly, and Kenna took the southern route, looking into all the nooks and corners on the south side of Santo Domingo and Cuba. A close examination was made of Cape San Antonio, which was said to be one of their favorite haunts; but only a few fishermen were found, ‘poor, innocent-looking fellows,’ but true pirates when the occasion served them.

“On the arrival at Key West many changes were made, with better preparations for boat expeditions. Captain Lawrence Kearny, who had distinguished himself in conquering the Greek pirates of the Mediterranean, took command of our

schooner. Some of the barges fitted out crossed the Gulf to the coast of Cuba, and rendered efficient service. Lieutenant Watson, with the barges Gallinipper and Mosquito, thirty-one men and officers, captured a piratical schooner of sixty tons, carrying a 9-pounder and sixty men. She lay off the bay of Escondida, and was commanded by one of the most blood-thirsty pirates on the coast, who was known by the sobriquet of *Diablito*, 'little devil,' probably on account of his many atrocities. The boats bore down on the pirates in fine style, directly before the wind, with orders to board. The schooner lay in about six feet of water. As soon as Diablito thought the barges were near enough, he told his men he would annihilate them, and fired his 9-pounder, which was loaded up to the muzzle with grape. Very little damage was done, however, except cutting away some of the oars. The pirates soon discovered their inability to stop the progress of our men; the cry among them was *Sanve qui peut!* and they jumped into the sea indiscriminately and made for the shore.

"The schooner was boarded and captured by one of the barges, without a struggle, while the other rowed in shore among the fugitives and cut them to pieces right and left, until all opposition ceased. Diablito was in the act of escaping when the Spanish pilot recognized him and asked permission to shoot him. The pirate chief fell pierced through the head. It was supposed that about forty were killed.

"A few days after this occurrence, Stribling, with two barges, fell in with Domingo, another noted pirate. He was of a different stripe from Diablito; there was something chivalric about the fellow, for on one occasion he sent us all our letters, which he had intercepted, with a message to the effect that 'we were a gallant set of fellows, and he had no wish to keep us out of our letters; but that he would retain the miniature of Lieutenant G.'s wife, in case he should meet the original. He thought if she looked like the picture he would make love to her.'

"Commander Stribling chased Domingo two hours, and told me that the pirates pulled their schooner with their long sweeps

about as fast as he could get on with his oars, keeping up a constant fire until they neared the shore, and then jumped over the bows as our sailors boarded at the stern. Domingo was wounded in the arm, one man was killed, and one was taken prisoner; the rest escaped. The schooner proved to be a well-known pilot-boat from Norfolk, called the Pilot. They had mounted a long pivot-gun on her.

“The Greyhound went down again to the south side of Cuba, as we had heard of the successes of the English in that quarter, and also of their defeat near Porto Rico. Cruising all through the Jardines and around the Isle of Pines, we kept a watchful eye on the coast, but nothing occurred until one day when we were anchored off Cape Cruz, in company with the Beagle, J. T. Newton commanding, Kearny and Newton went on shore in one of the boats to see if there was any game in the neighborhood. The boat’s crew were armed as usual, and had been on shore but a short time when a man suddenly crossed their path. From his suspicious appearance, one of the sailors, named McCabe, leveled his gun at the stranger, and was about to pull the trigger when his arm was arrested by Kearny, who asked what he was aiming at.

“‘A d——d pirate, sir,’ was the response.

“‘How do you know?’

“‘By his rig,’ said the man promptly.

“By this time the fellow had disappeared; but our party had scarcely taken their seats in the boat, in readiness to shove off, when they received a full volley of musketry from the dense woods or chaparral. The fire was returned as soon as possible, but with no effect, as far as could be ascertained, the pirates being well concealed behind the bushes. On board the Greyhound we could hear the firing, but could render no assistance, as Captain Kearny had the only available boat belonging to the vessel. The Captain reached us at dark, related his adventure, and ordered me to be in readiness to land with a party at three o’clock the next morning.

“The schooner was to warp up inside the rocks, to cover the attacking party. I landed, accompanied by Mr. Harrison, of the

Beagle, the marines of both vessels, amounting to twelve men, and the stewards and boys, making in all a force of seventeen. We had orders to keep back from the beach, that we might not be mistaken for pirates and receive the fire of the vessels. We were all ignorant of the topography of the coast, and when we landed found ourselves on a narrow strip of land covered with a thick and almost impassable chaparral, separated from the main land by a lagoon. With great difficulty we made our way through marsh and bramble, clearing a passage with cutlasses, till we reached the mouth of the lagoon. We were compelled to show ourselves on the beach at this point, and narrowly escaped being fired upon from the Greyhound, but, luckily, covered with mud as I was, the Captain with his glass made out my epaulette, and immediately sent boats to transport us across to the eastern shore.

“We found the country there very rocky, and the rock was honeycombed and had the appearance of iron, with sharp edges. The men from the Beagle joined us, which increased my force to about forty men. The Captain, in the mean time, wishing to be certain as to the character of the men who had fired on him the previous evening, pulled boldly up again in his boat, with a flag flying. Scarcely was he within musket-range when, from under the bluffs of the Cape, he received a volley of musketry and a discharge from a 4-pounder swivel. There was no longer any doubt in the matter, and, considering that the enemy had too large a force to imperil his whole command on shore, the Captain decided to reëmbark all but my original detachment, and I was ordered to attack the pirates in rear while the schooners attacked them in front. The pirates had no idea that our vessels could get near enough to reach them, but in this they were mistaken; for, by pulling along among the rocks, our people were soon able to bring their guns to bear on the bluffs, which caused a scattering among them.

“My party all this time was struggling through the thicket that covered the rocks, the long, sharp thorns of the cactus giving us a great deal of trouble. Then there was a scrubby thorn bush, so thick as almost to shut out the air, rendering it next to

impossible to get along any faster than we could hew our way with the cutlasses. The heat had become so intense that Lieutenant Somerville, who had accompanied us, fainted. Our progress was so slow that by the time the beach was reached the pirates were out of sight. Now and then a fellow would be seen in full run, and apparently fall down and disappear from view. We caught one old man in this difficult chase. Our surprise was very great, on returning to make an examination of the place lately vacated by the pirates, to find that they had several houses, from fifty to one hundred feet long, concealed from view, and a dozen boats and all the necessary apparatus for turtling and fishing as well as for pirating. An immense cave was discovered, filled with plunder of various kinds, including many articles marked with English labels, with saddles, and costumes worn by the higher classes of Spanish peasantry. In the vicinity were found several of these caves, in which a thousand men might have concealed themselves and held a strong position against a largely superior force. We contented ourselves with burning their houses and carrying off the plunder, cannon, etc., and returned to the vessel. The old man, who had every appearance of being a leper, was allowed to go.

“My only prize on this occasion was a large, black monkey, which I took in single combat. He bit me through the arm, but had to surrender at discretion.

“In our first march through the swamp our shoes became much softened, and in the last many were completely cut from the feet of the men. Fortunately for myself, I had put on a pair of pegged negro brogans, and got along pretty well, while some of my comrades suffered severely. One of the officers lost his shoe in the swamp; and one of the men, in endeavoring to recover it, was mired in a most ludicrous manner—one arm and one leg in the mud, and one arm and one leg in the air. Nothing could exceed the ridiculous appearance we made when we got to the shore. My pantaloons were glued to my legs, my jacket was torn to shreds, and I was loaded with mud. The men under Somerville saluted me as their commander; but the

sight was too much for all hands, and there was a general burst of laughter.

“Another ridiculous incident of the expedition may as well be mentioned. When we had advanced about half a mile into the thicket I ordered a halt, to await the preconcerted signal-gun from the schooner to push forward as rapidly as possible. At this moment I heard a great noise in our rear, and it occurred to me that the pirates might be behind us in force. In forming my men to receive the attack from that direction, I made a most animated speech, encouraging them to fight bravely, but had scarcely concluded my harangue when, to my great relief, it was discovered that the noise proceeded from about ten thousand land-crabs making their way through the briars!”

After this adventure they visited different ports in the island, continuing the cruise until the provisions ran short, when they returned to Key West. At this time other changes took place in the squadron: Lieutenant Rousseau, Farragut's brother William, whom he had not seen for thirteen years, and several midshipmen from New Orleans joined. Farragut was made executive officer of the steamer *Seagull*, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Porter. This vessel engaged in a short cruise, examining the reefs and shoals of the Gulf. On the day of her return to Key West the yellow fever broke out. The journal says:

“Midshipman Marshall, of Kentucky, was the first victim, and many other fine fellows followed him. The disease was of a very malignant type, and medical skill (of which we had the best in the service) seemed to avail but little. On the *Seagull* we lost but two cases, although few escaped the disease. I was so fortunate for the time being. We found it went hardest with those who had been sent in the barges, which was supposed to be the result of sleeping in the open air; but this theory did not apply to all cases, for on board the *Greyhound* we all slept on deck. For myself, I never owned a bed during my two

years and a half in the West Indies, but lay down to rest wherever I found the most comfortable berth."

Twenty-three out of the twenty-five officers who were attacked by the fever died, and the men suffered in the same proportion. The Commodore was left so much enfeebled by the disease that he determined to return home. The Seagull arrived at Norfolk after a tempestuous voyage of forty-three days, and all hands were glad to be once more in the region, for they were well-nigh starved at Key West. An anecdote is told of one of the surgeons who was met one morning walking on the beach, reading the "Pleasures of Hope," with the skull of a turtle in his hand. "Ah!" said he, "what a noble mess this fellow would have made!"

Farragut sailed again for the West Indies, and mentions a delightful visit to the Windward Islands. He passed some time at St. Kitts and St. Bartholomew, and ran down to the south side of Porto Rico and Santo Domingo. He also visited the port of Santiago de Cuba. The Seagull met a Colombian man-of-war with an American prize that was sailing under a sea-letter which the Colombian said was false, declaring that she was in reality Spanish property. Captain Voorhees, after considering the matter, determined to take her, and did so, sending her to Norfolk in charge of Lieutenant Brown. The vessel turned out to be a *bona fide* American, and Farragut remarks that "this case shows the necessity of officials signing their names distinctly. The naval officer's name was on the papers, but no one in our ship could make it out, or discover, in fact, whether it was a signature at all."

When off the Tortugas, Farragut obtained leave of absence for one month, to visit his friends in New Orleans, whom he had not seen in many years. During his absence, his father had died on his plantation. The vessel in which he took passage carried the first load of bricks for building Fort Jackson, one of the defenses of New Orleans which he ran by in his first famous achievement in the civil war, nearly forty years later.

“I went to see my sister, and got into conversation with her about myself. I told her I had seen her brother recently. After about an hour, she invited me to the house, where the lady with whom she lived pronounced me her brother, and I pleaded guilty.

“I set out in a miserable little brig for Key West again, and arrived there just in time to hit a vacancy occasioned by the return of Lieutenant Duncan of the *Ferret*, then in *Matanzas*. But I had great difficulty in obtaining the command; for although Commodore Porter had established the rule in his squadron that all promotions should go by seniority in date of warrant, and not by number in passing, and we had tacitly agreed to it by joining the squadron, knowing this to be the rule—yet when it came to me, he was so much afraid he might be accused of partiality that he was unwilling to give me the *Ferret*, which was then in charge of Midshipman Payne. But when he found that she was considered rightfully mine by Captain Bolton, captain of the fleet, he reluctantly gave way.

“I consider this another important event in my life. I had succeeded in getting a command. I went to sea in a few hours after joining my vessel, and recommenced operations against the pirates; but they had been well thinned out by this time, and kept so close in their hiding-places that they rarely ventured out, except in the night, and my duties were principally those of a convoy through the Gulf as high as the “Double-headed-shot Keys.” The navigation was difficult, and it required great vigilance to prevent the loss of my vessel; but it was an admirable school for a young officer, and I realized its benefits all my life. I have never felt afraid to run a ship since, generally finding it a pleasant excitement.

“I had many cases of yellow fever on board, and was compelled to treat them myself, which, thank God! I did successfully. It was not of the most malignant type. One of the midshipmen, Mr. Miner, would not allow me to prescribe for him, because, he said, I was not a regular physician. I could not get him on shore for several hours, and the young doctor, just out from the United States, had never seen a case of yellow

fever; consequently he died. His death was the only one on board the Ferret while I commanded her.

“On the 1st of August, 1823, I returned to Key West, and was ordered to Nassau, N. P. In this passage I was currented both ways in the Gulf Stream, and had awful thunder-storms and a constant gale.

“While we were in Nassau the acting gunner (rated gunner’s mate) hailed an English surveying ship and told them he was an Englishman and a deserter from his Majesty’s ship Pandora. This was in consequence of my refusing him permission to come on shore; the Commodore’s orders not allowing any of the men to go ashore during the yellow-fever season. When I learned of the circumstance, I got the schooner under way, ran outside, called all hands, punished the gunner’s mate, and reëntered the port. I waited two days to see if the English would demand him, determined not to give him up. They did not, however, and I heard meantime that an American had been promptly given up by an English man-of-war in Havana. So I thought I would offer him to the English Commodore. He behaved remarkably well, said he understood the character of such fellows, and was unwilling to receive him. But I insisted, and at last he consented. The man’s punishment was increased by his being mulcted of his pay, for not fulfilling his contract with the Government.

“At Nassau we received great kindness from the people and authorities.

“We sailed for home, and had a fine run of five days. I was taken down with the fever in sight of Washington, and as soon as we got up to the city I went to the hospital, where I was very ill. But I so far recovered as to be able to visit my friends in Norfolk about the middle of September.

“Meanwhile my command was taken from me and given to Lieutenant C. H. Bell, who refused to receive from me any account of the qualities of the schooner, saying he would find them out as I had. Unfortunately, before he did so he capsized off the north side of Cuba, and lost many of his crew.

“One might suppose that these events of my life passed

lightly by; on the contrary, I had always to contend with the burden first imposed on me by Commodore Porter's saying that I was 'too young for promotion.' Although that remark was made just after the action of the Essex, I never appeared to get any older in the eyes of the Government or my commander, and consequently had to contend inch by inch, as opportunities presented, with men of riper age and apparently more entitled to the places sought. Still, my good star prevailed in this instance, and it is to the enjoyment of these trials (!) that I have always felt myself indebted for whatever professional reputation I have attained."

He might have added, if modesty had permitted, that it was likewise by his indefatigable industry in improving the advantages offered, that he acquired the skill and experience which served him in the great opportunities of his after-life, and enabled him to use them for the benefit of his country.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS MARRIAGE—VOYAGE TO FRANCE WITH LAFAYETTE—A WINTER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—A VISIT TO NEW HAVEN—ESTABLISHES A SCHOOL—REVOLUTIONS IN BUENOS AYRES—THE BRAZILIAN COURT—CHASED BY A PIRATE—AT CHARLESTON DURING THE NULLIFICATION TROUBLES—FARRAGUT AS AN EXECUTIVE OFFICER—MAKING COMBS—A STRANGE DISEASE—HE TAKES COMMAND OF THE BOXER—LETTER FROM COMMODORE PORTER.

ON the 24th of September, 1823, David Glasgow Farragut married Susan C., third daughter of Jordan and Fanny Marchant, of Norfolk, Virginia. He went to Washington with his bride, and spent a few weeks at Commodore Porter's. His health at this time was very delicate, he had not fully recovered from the effects of the fever, and he suffered from the affection of the eyes caused by the partial sunstroke received in Tunis.

In August, 1825, he was promoted to a lieutenantcy, and ordered to the frigate *Brandywine*, Captain Morris, which had been designated to convey the Marquis de Lafayette to France. Farragut's journal continues :

"We sailed from the Potomac on the 13th of September. Lafayette was received with all military honors—manning yards, salutes, etc. Several steamers accompanied him to the ship. We ran out past the Capes, going eleven knots an hour.

"That night the ship sprang a leak, and took in so much water that we threw overboard two or three thousand shot, but still the leak continued.

"We had a rough but short passage, arriving in Havre on the twenty-fifth day. I was sent in to ascertain whether the General could land. They kept me in the boat; but next morning the ship was admitted to pratique, and a steamer went out

to bring the General ashore. We took leave of him in the usual military style. His family, a Mr. Somerfield, and a young Frenchman were also passengers, and departed with him, as did also Captain Morris.

“ We then made sail for Cowes, and ran into that port in a gale of wind, under close-reefed maintop-sail and fore-sail. Here we calked ship. I visited Portsmouth and Ryde. They would not let me visit the dockyard without permission from London. After calking the ship, we sailed for the Mediterranean, Lieutenant Gregory in command.

“ An amusing incident happened here. The pilot said his boat would go out through the Needles and cut us off. But I proposed to take her in tow, telling him that if we lost sight of her we should never see her again, unless the Captain hove to off the Needles for her. He laughed at the idea; but so it was. We ran out with a fine breeze round Spithead, and never saw the pilot-boat again. When some days out, we fell in with a vessel that was water-logged and abandoned. At the pilot's request, we put him on board of her; but he also was obliged to abandon her, and arrived in Gibraltar about a week after we did.

“ We joined the squadron at Gibraltar, and ran up to Mahon with them. Captain Patterson, who was then Captain of the fleet, took command of us; but shortly afterward Captain Reed arrived from France and took our ship, while Captain Patterson took the Constitution.

“ We were laid up all winter, refitting, and in the spring returned to the United States and went into New York, where we arrived in May, 1826. Our passage home was made in a succession of gales from the southwest, shifting suddenly to northwest, and always taking us aback; but we managed to get her round without harm.

“ During this short cruise the Brandywine was perhaps one of the fastest vessels in the world. I have seen her, when sailing with the Mediterranean squadron, spare them twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen sails.

“ In New York I left her and went to Connecticut with my

unfortunate wife, who had become a great sufferer from neuralgia. I remained with her four months, while she was under the treatment of Dr. Ives.

“During my stay in New Haven I amused myself by attending the lectures of the professors at Yale College. My eyes were becoming quite weak, and this was a great treat to me. I was especially interested in the lectures of Professor Silliman.

“In October, 1826, I returned to Norfolk, where I remained, attending my suffering wife, till October, 1828. I had been ordered to the receiving-ship *Alert*, Captain Kennedy, and was allowed to reside on board with my wife.

“Here I established a school for the boys, who, with very few exceptions, did not know their letters. When Hon. S. L. Southard, Secretary of the Navy, inspected the Navy-yard, Commodore Barron took him on board the ship where my school was kept, to see the boys. They were thirty-seven in number, and had made such progress as to elicit one of the few, the very few, compliments I ever received from the Navy Department or its head.

“This school furnished one remarkable instance of what may be accomplished by perseverance. One boy objected to going to school, saying that he was away from home to get clear of going to school, that he never could learn his letters, and that he did not see the use of learning. To all which I replied that it was my duty and my pleasure to see that he went to school, and that if he did not stay there the prescribed time, and do his best to learn, I would not cease to punish him, and he might rest assured it would cost him much less to learn than to let it alone. He was obdurate, and I was compelled to punish him in some way or other. I first talked to him, holding out all the inducements that my ingenuity could suggest; but, to use his own language, he said ‘he’d be damned if he would learn.’ I whipped him almost daily, for some time, and then resorted to other modes of punishment. Finally, I believe I accomplished much more by ridicule. Suffice it to say, I conquered him, and he took to his book kindly and learned very rapidly. In about twelve months I sent him to sea with a recommendation for a

yeomanry situation. At the time of leaving me he wrote a good hand, and was uncommonly smart at arithmetic.

"About seven years afterward a well-dressed, good-looking young man came up to me in the streets of Norfolk, called me by name, and extended his hand. I gave him mine, and by the warmth with which he grasped it I took it for granted he must suppose me an old acquaintance. I told him I thought he was laboring under some mistake, perhaps taking me for my brother.

"'Oh no!' said he, 'I make no mistake; if I did not know you, to whom I am more indebted than to any one in the world, it would really be strange.'

"I said I had no recollection of him, and asked his name.

"'I have grown probably a foot since we parted,' said he, 'but do you not recollect the boy who gave you so much trouble on board the Alert?'

"'Oh yes!' said I, 'very well; but I should never have recognized him in you.'

"'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I am the same, and am ready to acknowledge you as the greatest benefactor and friend I ever had, in this world of trouble.'

"I told him I was glad if he had profited by the little education he had received on board the Alert, and that I acquitted him of all obligation to me, as it was highly probable that he was indebted more to his own perverse disposition than to anything else. I had no doubt it was that which excited my determination not to be outwitted by a boy of fifteen. I took him home with me.

"'Now,' said I, 'I would like to hear your story since you left the Navy, and to what good fortune you owe your present condition.'

"'It is told in a few words,' said he. 'When I left the Navy I went out in an East Indiaman, with a desire to learn seamanship. At Batavia the Captain died, and the chief mate was taken sick. I was a pretty good arithmetician, and the mate had taught me navigation enough to work a day's work. On our homeward passage the mate died also, but before his death he requested the men to obey me as their commander. I

took the ship safely into New York, and the owners made me a handsome present and sent me out as mate of one of their ships until they had a vacancy among their small vessels. Soon after, the vessel which I now command was in want of a captain, and I was appointed to her and am now in the Charleston trade.'

"In October, 1828, I received orders to the sloop of war *Vandalia*, which had just been launched and was lying at Philadelphia, fitting for sea under command of Captain Gallagher. I was associated on board with my old friends Joshua Sands and William H. Gardner, the latter my brother-in-law.

"We sailed from Philadelphia on the 28th of December, 1828, for the Brazil station, and had a fine run to Rio, the ship proving herself a good sailer and a prime sea-boat.

"Here we found that Commodore Creighton and the sloop of war *Boston* were at the Rio de la Plata, and we soon joined them. The Commodore ordered Gardner to his own ship, the *Hudson*, and we all sailed for Rio again.

"The trial of speed was very interesting, as the *Boston* had a high reputation, having beaten all the men-of-war on that station. We were a perfect match during the time we were in company (several days). We were under the same sail, except that we had a reef in our topsails, to make them set better, and kept side by side, the slightest negligence of one giving the other the advantage.

"At length H—— determined that he would not go to Rio with us, and deliberately hauled his wind and made off, in defiance of all signals. As his ship outsailed the Commodore, the latter was unable to catch him. It was the greatest outrage on Navy discipline that I have ever witnessed. To the honor of the Navy, he was cashiered next year for the offense; but he was pardoned, and allowed to die in the service.

"The *Guerriere* and *St. Louis* arrived at Rio, on their way to the Pacific station, and Lieutenant Downing was permitted to go on board the *Guerriere*. As soon as our provisions, etc., were in, we were ordered to the Rio de la Plata, in consequence of the revolution in that quarter."

Perhaps for some readers the succeeding passages of Farragut's journal will be more intelligible for a brief explanation of the state of things in Buenos Ayres at this time. In 1824 the Argentine Republic was formed, under the administration of Las Heras. Brazil forced the United Provinces into a declaration of war, and blockaded the city of Buenos Ayres in January, 1826. The different provinces varied in extent, as well as in the character and interests of their population, and these circumstances rendered the union essentially weak. There was almost a feudal aristocracy in the north. In the wide ranges of the pampas, the herdsmen held the power; but there was a great degree of moderation in the agricultural states. Buenos Ayres, the only seaboard state, and by far the richest, took the lead. The higher classes possessed immense landed estates, and many of them had been educated in Europe. They hoped to extend European civilization over the whole country by means of a form of government under which the power was to be wielded by the rich and educated. Their party, the "Unitarians," formed the constitution of 1825, under which the authority of the nation was represented by a small aristocracy. The greater part of the large province of Buenos Ayres took its political complexion from the republican tone of the cattle-drivers and herdsmen. Their leader was Juan Manuel de Rosas, who was descended from an old Spanish family, and was daring, ambitious, and cunning. He found numerous supporters among the masses of the people, especially after he had extended the limits of the province of Buenos Ayres by subduing the savages of the pampas, who were implacable enemies of the guachos or herdsmen. No sooner had he espoused the cause of the Federalists than his popularity spread to the other provinces. He had opposed the Unitarians unsuccessfully at first, but by 1827 he had acquired sufficient influence to make headway against them, and was aided by Bustos, Governor of Cordova; Ybarra, Commandant of Santiago; Quiroja of Rioja, and Lopez of Santa Fé. They protested against the Constitution of 1825, and took up arms. Rivadavia, the successor of Las Heras, finding himself powerless, resigned, and Rosas and his colleagues chose

Dorrego, Governor of Buenos Ayres, to succeed him. In 1828 Dorrego made a treaty of peace with Brazil, from which year dates the recognition of the Banda Oriental of Uruguay. A confederation was formed (January, 1831) between the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, and Corrientes, which was soon joined by the other provinces. But some of the officers who had commanded in the late war, distrusting the triumph of federal principles under Dorrego, with the other Governors and the established army of the Republic, set on foot a counter revolution, headed by one Lavalle. They defeated Dorrego and Rosas, and shot the former without a trial. Rosas, Quiroja, and Lopez formed a new league, and overthrew Lavalle, who resigned. Rosas was chosen in his place, and afterward became Dictator.

At the time of Farragut's arrival the Lavalle revolution had just taken place, and Dorrego had been shot. The journal continues :

“ We stopped a short time at Montevideo, a small, walled town of about 10,000 inhabitants [now, 1879, over 100,000], which has a fine back country, but has never been able to increase much, on account of the revolutions. We then ran up to Buenos Ayres, and anchored off the town, distant about five miles, which is as near as any vessel drawing twelve feet of water can approach.

“ Buenos Ayres was at this time held by General Lavalle, who had initiated a revolution and put himself at its head. General Rosas, with five hundred guachos, was besieging the city.

“ Rosas himself excelled all the other guachos in feats of horsemanship, throwing the lasso, etc. A few years since, to show his prowess on a great occasion, he rode at full speed down the street, where he had stationed a herdsman with a lasso at the corner of the public square. As Rosas entered the square, the herdsman threw the lasso and caught the horse by the fore leg. The animal fell headlong, and broke his neck, while Rosas, to the admiration of the multitude of spectators, alighted on his feet and walked off as if nothing had happened, raising his cap in return for the cheers of the people.

“Lavalle was now very active in his preparations for the defense of the city. The streets were ditched in every direction, to prevent the assault of cavalry, and guns were placed in position to rake every street leading out toward the country. Lavalle was a good soldier and a gallant one. He frequently made sorties in which he cut his way through the guachos of Rosas, who were compelled to yield to his superior prowess and discipline. But the odds were against him, the whole country being in arms, and he could obtain nothing in the way of supplies except by sea, so that at length he was compelled to come to terms.

“Many barbarities were committed on both sides. It is told of Lavalle that one day he rode out under a flag of truce to the camp of Rosas, and asked politely to see the General. Although informed that he was absent, he accepted an invitation from the officer in charge to enter the tent. Remarking that he had not had much rest for some time past, Lavalle said if there was no objection he would remain until the General’s return. He then stretched himself on the ground, and was soon wrapped in profound sleep. When Rosas returned, the officer said :

“‘Lavalle is in your tent!’

“‘And to what good fortune am I indebted for this news?’

“‘He came under a flag of truce, and asked permission to repose until your return.’

“‘Very well,’ said Rosas, ‘do not allow him to be disturbed. Any one who can sleep in the tent of his most deadly enemy must be a brave man ; and, let his fate be what it may, he shall have a peaceful sleep to prepare for it.’

“When Lavalle awoke he and Rosas had a conference, which resulted in a peaceable termination of their troubles, much to the joy of the people.

“The next day I was present when Rosas entered the city. A high mass was celebrated at the cathedral, and the *Te Deum* sung. A Governor was elected from the neutrals ; but he was merely a figure-head for Rosas, who from that time became Dictator of the Republic.

“We lay off the city for five months ; but I seldom went

ashore, as there was nothing going on which interested us. Assassinations were of nightly occurrence—the invariable result of the disbandment of armies in that country. The currency was very much depreciated, and commerce suffered greatly for want of security.

“After peace was established the *Vandalia* returned to Rio de Janeiro. Here the Commodore arrived, and we all went to pay our respects to the Emperor, Dom Pedro I. The rooms were richly decorated, and the courtiers were the most richly dressed persons I ever saw.

“We walked up, bowing as we entered the room, again midway, and also when directly in front of the Emperor. Then we backed out on the opposite side of the room, bowing at the same intervals.

“In a short time (October 16, 1829) the Emperor’s bride,* the daughter of the Duke of Leuchtenburg, arrived in a Brazilian frigate, whereupon each fort fired a salute of one hundred guns, and each vessel one of twenty-one. The harbor was enveloped in a cloud of smoke nearly the whole day. It is said that in three days more than six thousand rounds were fired. As soon as the frigate was reported in the offing, the Emperor went out in a steamer to meet his bride, and towed in the ship. In the evening the Empress was seen from the balconies of the palace, playing with the Emperor’s children.† She was a fine-looking woman, with all the animation of the French grisette. The marriage was solemnized with great magnificence the next day, all the principal streets being arched and decorated with flags and other emblems.

“Some days afterward a grand audience was given at the

* The second wife of Dom Pedro I. was the Donna Amelia Augusta Eugenia Napoleona, daughter of Prince Eugene, Duke of Leuchtenburg. In commemoration of her arrival the Imperial Order of the Rose was instituted.

† The first Emperor’s children at that time were: D. Maria da Gloria, already Queen of Portugal, who was afterward married to Dom Fernando, Duke of Saxe Coburg, and became the mother of the present and preceding kings of Portugal; D. Januaria, now married to D. Luiz, Count of Aguila; D. Francisca, now married to D. Francisco, Prince de Joinville; and Dom Pedro de Alcantara, now Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil.

palace, which was attended by the Commodore and some of the officers of the squadron. I was among the number. The Empress stood beside her husband, and received our salutations. We had to go through the same formalities before the Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria da Gloria, in an adjoining apartment. She was a little, Dutch-built girl, ten or twelve years of age, with light hair and fair complexion. I had seen her mother* embark at Marseilles, when I was at that port in the Washington, in 1816.

"In November, 1829, the Natchez, with Commodore Cassin, arrived and saluted Commodore Creighton. In December my eyes had become so bad that I was compelled to be surveyed and sent home. I took passage in the brig Barnegat, of Boston, and had a very pleasant voyage of fifty days. Off Cape St. Roque we were chased by a piratical-looking craft; but when she was within two miles of us a breeze sprang up, and we soon left her behind. We had made every preparation to defend ourselves. We had four 18-pounder carronades, which the second mate and I mounted on trucks, so that we could run them all around the deck. We had twenty-four pounds of powder and a quantity of musket-balls and spike nails. Our crew consisted of six athletic young men, besides the officers, all ready and willing to fight, and we all cut up our flannel shirts for cylinders. We outsailed the supposed pirate, but the circumstance gave us something to talk about during the rest of the voyage.

"We arrived off the Capes of Virginia in February, 1830. I found my wife still suffering and bed-ridden. I was soon summoned to attend a court-martial in Philadelphia, but returned to Norfolk in March, and was ordered to the receiving-ship Congress. I had my family on board with me, and remained till August, 1831, when I was transferred to the frigate Java.

"Nothing worthy of note occurred at this time, except the

* Donna Maria Leopoldina Josepha Carolina, Archduchess of Austria, first wife of Dom Pedro I., and mother of the four children previously mentioned, died at Rio de Janeiro, December 11, 1826.

negro insurrection in Southampton County, Virginia. We got ready to defend the Navy-yard; but old Nat. Turner and all his party were killed, and the affair ended.

“In the summer of 1832 my wife’s health was so bad that I took her to Philadelphia, to consult some of the learned physicians. The cholera broke out, and we went to Frederick, Maryland.

“On the 4th of December, 1832, I received orders to join the Natchez as her First Lieutenant. She was then at the yard, fitting out, and was not delivered to us till the 28th. In the morning I received orders to go on board the receiving-ship and select the crew, which I did, and ‘watched’ them. At 2 o’clock they were transferred, when we immediately began setting up the rigging fore and aft, and bent the sails by sunset. We took in spare spars, etc., and dropped down between the forts.

“On the 2d of January, 1833, we took in the powder, reported the ship ready for sea, and dropped down to Hampton Roads, where Commodore Elliott and Captain Zantzinger came on board.

[The “nullification” troubles—the attempt of South Carolina to disregard the United States revenue laws—were at their height, and the Natchez was ordered to Charleston.]

“We got under way on the 5th. The Experiment was in company, and we took her in tow with two parts of a five-inch hawser. This parted, and we took her in tow again with a seven-inch hawser.

“Commodore Elliott made us set up the rigging and unshackle the cables. In doing the latter, John S. Davis was washed overboard. Both vessels hove to; but, as the Experiment was much nearer the wind than our ship, she caused us to fall off and gather headway, which parted the hawser a second time. Meanwhile she lowered a boat and picked up the man.

“The conduct of Midshipman Jarvis, who volunteered his services on this occasion, deserves particular commendation. A gale was coming on, and it was with great difficulty that they regained the ship; so that the man’s life was saved at the imminent risk of those in the boat.

“On the 10th we lost the jib boom, and on the 11th parted company with the Experiment. During the night of the 11th it blew a tremendous gale. About 2 o'clock a sea struck the vessel with such force on the weather beam as to move the sheet anchor ten or eleven inches, at the same time rolling away the quarter boat, davits and all. About half-past 3 o'clock a meteoric ball exploded ten or twelve feet above the booms, with such a report and appearance as caused us for a moment to believe that the ship was struck by lightning.

“Daylight discovered the wind-mill on Cape Romain. We bore up for Charleston Bar, within ten miles of which we took on board Mr. Lee, the pilot. As soon as the tide was sufficiently high we made sail for the bar, in crossing which we struck three times, but went over. In beating up for Rebellion Roads, however, owing to the anxiety of the Commodore to get up, the pilot continued to run the ship too late, and she grounded on the northern banks, where she lay all the night of the 18th and thumped very heavily. On the morning of the 19th we got her off, and beat up to our anchorage in Rebellion Roads, where we remained till the 12th of March.

“We discovered that the best method of coasting southward in winter is, to be in shore in the morning, and off at night.

“During our stay in Rebellion Roads the crew were exercised every morning at small arms, and in the afternoon, when the weather permitted, at the great guns.

“We boarded up the head, rigged a spritsail yard, abolished the mess-chest, and fitted up lockers on the berth-deck. We lay at single anchor, as a necessary precaution against fire-ships, in consequence of which we fouled our anchor and the ship dragged. On the 12th of March we ran up to Charleston, and anchored off the Battery.

“We kept open house during our stay at Charleston for all parties. Our boats were generally employed in bringing company on board, and we entertained our visitors with music and dancing.

“On the 17th of February, 1833, a fire broke out in the city, and I was dispatched with the launch and first cutter, with

fifty men, to assist in extinguishing the flames. I think this act brought us into favor, for during the remainder of our stay the principal occupation of the officers seemed to be attending balls and parties given by the citizens. I remember a very handsome affair, with tableaux, at the residence of Mrs. Rutledge.

“On the 26th of March the Commodore’s broad pennant was struck, and on his departure a salute was fired and three cheers given him (by his order). We dropped down to Rebelion Roads, got under way, and stood out to sea.

“On the 4th of April General Scott came on board to take passage with us. We found him to be an agreeable gentleman and pleasant companion.

“On our arrival at Norfolk, Captain Zantzinger repaired to the seat of government, and the President was pleased to order Mr. Boyle, Acting Secretary of the Navy, to address us a letter of approbation.

“In April we received information that our ship was destined for the coast of Brazil, but the Department had granted permission for the officers to visit their friends a month, which they all availed themselves of except Mr. Pinkham and myself. We allowed the crew to go on shore by squads, and discharged two sailors who were too old and infirm for sea service. I only mention this because I consider it illiberal in our Government to discharge seamen when they become too infirm for further service.

“On May 6th we dropped down to Hampton Roads, and two days later were under sail for Pernambuco.”

The duties of executive officer, which Farragut now exercised for the first time on so large a vessel, were performed with great zeal and skill. An officer who sailed with him says: “Never was the crew of a man-of-war better disciplined, or more contented and happy. The moment all hands were called and Farragut took the trumpet, every man under him was alive and eager for duty. I remember well one occasion when he took the Natchez out of the harbor of Rio, which at the entrance is quite narrow, against a head wind, by a manoeuvre

termed, at that day, 'box hauling.' There were several foreign men-of-war in port, English and French, whose officers and crews were watching us closely. Many declared that the manœuvre could not be successfully accomplished; but it was done splendidly, without a balk or failure, and I shall remember to my dying day the glow of pride and satisfaction which we all felt." After giving the log of the voyage to Pernambuco, the journal continues:

"I went on shore, and called on the different authorities, finding everything quiet except for the civil war in the interior, which appears to have been instigated more by the brutality of the military commanders than by any predilection of the parties for either of the emperors.

"The man-of-war anchorage at Pernambuco is exceedingly uncomfortable and somewhat dangerous. During our stay there was constantly a heavy swell setting in from the south and east. But vessels drawing less than thirteen feet go within a natural mole that could not be excelled by art.

"From here we went to Bahia, where we found our Commodore in the Lexington, and the schooner Enterprise.

"On June 24th we got under way and stood out to sea in company with the Lexington. The Commodore was disposed to try the sailing of the vessels, and directed us by telegraph to make sail, which we did. Accurate calculations showed that we outsailed the Lexington nine hundred yards an hour.

"On the 3d of July we arrived at Rio, where we took in stores. Most of these were received from the public storehouses hired by the United States on the island of Cobras. No government ever suffered more in a small way from the maladministration of a department than ours in this respect. Slop clothing (for one item) is sent out in abundance and deposited here to remain for the use of the squadron. If the clothes were ever good, by the time they are required more than half have been destroyed by the rats and moths. The remainder, though not sufficiently bad to be condemned, are generally so much injured that it is a great imposition to compel the men to take

them. The officers, being sensible of this fact, allow the men to procure clothing of a better quality, and at a cheaper rate, from the shore. Hence the system, from beginning to end, is one of spoliation on the Government, and is an injury to every one except the contractor.

“On the 13th we got under way, and on the 30th arrived at Buenos Ayres.

“The *pamperas* or heavy squalls experienced here are from the southwest. They sweep over the pampas, or great plains, bordering the river—hence their name. They bear a strong resemblance to our northwest squalls. When one of them struck the ship, she careened considerably, and brought home the starboard anchor sufficiently to bring a strain on the larboard.

“We took on board some hide rope, for topsail ties, sheets, trusses, and wheel-ropes. This material has been considered the very best for these purposes. We also received some patent lights for various parts of the ship, to supply the deficiencies of her construction, in which, as usual, everything had been sacrificed to strength, without regard to air or light.

“On October 16th the American brig *Hyperion* brought official notice of the death of Commodore Bainbridge [he died in Philadelphia, July 28, 1833], together with an order for the performance of his funeral honors, and also an order for us to repair immediately to Montevideo. In the afternoon we received news that a revolution had broken out in the province of Buenos Ayres.

“On the 17th we half-masted the colors, issued an order to wear crape for thirty days, and at meridian fired thirteen minute-guns, as a mark of respect to the departed Commodore.

“The Captain received a petition from the American and British merchants asking him to remain here. He referred it to the Commodore.

“The 18th was the first fair day for many weeks. I went ashore in company with the Captain, and spent the day pleasantly. Among other things, I visited the comb manufactory, where I saw the whole process of making and mending horn and shell combs. The horns are first scraped, the tips and butts sawed off,

and sawed down one side. They are then placed in a pot of boiling water, by the side of which, on the same furnace, is one of oil. When sufficiently softened in the former, they are removed to the latter, which clarifies them. In fifteen or twenty minutes they are taken out and placed between two iron plates, against which is a screw of great power, turned by a lever ten or twelve feet long. By means of this the horn is pressed as thin as required. When taken from between the plates, it bears a strong resemblance to the horn used for lanterns, only thicker. As the combs are of enormous size, being some fifteen inches from side to side, they are compelled to unite several pieces, which is done by softening them a second time, lapping the edges, and placing them between a pair of hot tongs, somewhat like those used by blacksmiths, taking care to place several thicknesses of wet cotton cloth next to the shell or horn. The size being obtained, a former is laid on, and they are sawed into proper shape, after which they undergo another scraping, and are passed into the hands of the carver, and then to the polisher, which process is performed principally with rottenstone. They are then warmed a third time, placed on shaping-blocks, and confined thereto by broad leather straps until perfectly cold, when they are taken off and receive their last polish by rubbing with the hand.

“The diseases prevalent here are tetanus (lockjaw), smallpox, and a disease which they call *iraic*.

“Tetanus arises from various causes, most frequently from wounds, the slightest of which often produces death. A short time ago an English gentleman had a scuffle with a guacho, in which his thumb was dislocated, but he received no other injury. Tetanus ensued, and he died in forty-eight hours.

“*Iraic*, I believe, is peculiar to South America. I confess, however, that the many marvelous stories I have heard on the subject have rendered me somewhat skeptical as to its real existence. It is said to be a vein of air that passes through the house, affecting everything in its course. The head of one person will be drawn down to the shoulder; that of another will be twisted; a third will have an arm drawn up; a fourth a

leg; a fifth will have violent ear-ache; a sixth a palsied tongue; a seventh palsied limbs; and so on. It cracks glass of every description. Even the furniture is sometimes rent by it; and innumerable other marvelous phenomena are said to be produced. Some few of these cases I have seen; but they did not appear to me extraordinary, as the same effects are frequently produced at home by taking cold."

Farragut remained on the Natchez till the 12th of February, 1834, during which time the ship visited Bahia, Montevideo, Buenos Ayres, and other ports. On the 6th of March he took command of the schooner Boxer, which had joined the squadron from the East Indies, her late officers being relieved to return home. The Boxer was in the harbor of Rio at the time, and required, after her long cruise, considerable overhauling and refitting. This was Farragut's second command, and he took great interest in his vessel. He dwells at some length, in his journal, on the alterations which he made in her rigging and ballasting.

"On the 17th I received an invitation from Commodore Taylor to meet the little Emperor [Dom Pedro II., present Emperor], and accordingly repaired on board the Princess Royal, in company with Captain Geisinger. As his Majesty left the quay, cannon from the shore batteries announced his departure, and all the men-of-war in the harbor manned their yards and cheered him. On reaching the ship he was received by the principal personages, civil and military, of the several nations represented in Rio at that time. A handsome collation was in readiness, and it occurred to me that both the Emperor and his sisters indulged in the pleasures of the table more freely than was necessary for children of their age. On their return to the shore the same ceremonies took place. It reminded me of what the frogs in the fable said to the boys who stoned them—'What is fun to you is death to us.' The poor Brazilian sailors had been on the yards from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., in a broiling tropical sun.

“The frigate *Potomac* arrived about this time, and I went on board and met my old friends Commodore Woolsey and Captain Downes.

“On this day the present Emperor [Pedro II.] ascended the throne. We all went to court, preceded by Mr. Browne, *Chargé d’Affaires*, who dosed the Emperor with a speech upon his glorious accession. We were presented one by one to his little Majesty. The evening entertainment began with a vocal concert, and was followed by a grand ball, which was opened by the two little princesses, who danced the ‘gavot’ in very pretty style. I have never seen children in any country dance with the same grace as those of Brazil.

“The room prepared for the Emperor on this occasion was lined throughout with damask silk. The dresses of the gentlemen attached to the court were rich and gaudy beyond all conception. The court tailor must have been at his wit’s end in getting up such a variety of designs. The coats of the subalterns had a small sprig on the collar, and then the ornamentation increased with every grade until it came to the Emperor, whose coat was so completely covered with embroidery that it would have been difficult to discover the color of the cloth. One old gentleman particularly attracted my attention. He seemed to have had his turn after the inventor of the costumes had exhausted his genius on the chamberlains. The tailor had therefore given him a coat covered indiscriminately with broad gold lace.

“The Commodore received orders to send the *Boxer* home, and I was ready to sail and received my final instructions on June 8th. I went on board the *Natchez* to take leave of the good old Commodore and Captain Zantlinger, but did not find them. I took leave of them by letter, and, after saying good-by to my old messmates, returned on board and got under way.”

The voyage home was without incident, except an exciting race with the *Pigeon*, the fastest English packet afloat. The journal says: “When we trimmed by bringing the crew aft, we just held way with her; but as soon as they went forward

she left us." The Boxer arrived at Norfolk on July 25th, when the crew were discharged and the ship laid up.

The following letter, written about a year later by Commodore Porter, who at that time represented the United States at the Turkish capital, exhibits very clearly the relations between himself and Farragut, and shows in what esteem the aged hero of our first naval war held the young officer who was destined to command mightier squadrons and conduct vaster operations to a successful issue :

"ST. STEPHANO DE CONSTANTINOPLE, *June 20, 1835.*

"MY DEAR GLASGOW: I have been incessantly occupied for near a fortnight in answering the letters which left America about a year since, and only reached me lately. Among them was yours of the 6th of August, '34, and I do not recollect whether I have acknowledged the receipt of it yet. I am rather under the impression that I have; but, if so, it must have been but a short letter, and I now seat myself again to write more fully, though really I have spun out so many yarns on every subject that I scarcely have anything more to say to any one; my head, my hand, and even my pen are tired, it is almost worn out.

"The continued illness of your wife is truly distressing. I know what sickness is, and I know how to sympathize with those who are afflicted. For a year past I have been borne down with it—at one time on the verge of the grave, and the whole time afflicted with loss of spirit; and can now speak with difficulty and with pain. At one time it was thought to be a paralysis of the tongue, but this, fortunately, was not the case; however, it was bad enough, and perhaps nothing but my removal to this village, where the air and water are pure and excellent, and living in the most persevering retirement and tranquillity, have saved me. I find myself now recovering gradually but slowly, yet very weak, and I return thanks to the Giver of all good, that when He deprived me of health, strength, and spirit, He allowed me to retain my mind, which I am not sensible has been weakened. Yet it may have been, and no one has been willing to

so inform me. You may remember how much the Bishop in 'Gil Blas' was offended when he was told that his homilies smelt of the apoplexy from which he had not been long recovered.

"However, I am getting old, have had many sorrows, much sickness and affliction, and have lasted much longer than men do under such circumstances generally; but I bear all with sufficient fortitude, and, as I have nothing to merit from Fortune more than she has done for me, I have nothing to complain of on her account. I have never been elated with prosperity, and ought not to be, and hope I am not, depressed at the loss of worldly goods. My country has thus far taken care of me, and I hope by good conduct to merit what she has done, endeavoring to serve her to the utmost of my power. There was a time when there was nothing that I thought too daring to be attempted for her; but those times are past, and appear only as a confused and painful dream. A retrospect of the history of my life seems a highly-colored romance, which I should be very loath to live over again; and it would not be believed, if it was written. My sufferings in Mexico, the trials of fortitude I underwent, exceed all belief; but now I am enjoying Elysium, compared to what I then suffered in body and mind.

"But let it pass. They have left an impression on my mind that can never be effaced. I have been taught to admire a bold struggle with adversity as one of the most noble moral spectacles, and pride myself on acquitting myself with honor.

"I could not serve that base and unprincipled nation; but they would not let me. But I left them without a stain on my character, which was not what others, under the same circumstances, would have done.

"But where am I running to? It is time that I should stop. But before I finish my letter, my dear Glasgow, I must say that the next thing to be admired is a grateful heart; and I am sure that I have found in yours that treasure which should be so much prized. I have always endeavored to do good, solely for the sake of good. I have never looked for any other return than what my feelings gave me, and to find such sentiments of

gratitude from you, after all others had forgotten that they had received any benefits from me, is truly refreshing to the feelings.

“Accept, my dear Glasgow, my best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me to be your sincere friend,

“DAVID PORTER.

“Lieutenant-Commandant D. GLASGOW FARRAGUT,
“U. S. Navy.”

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME IN NORFOLK—HE TAKES COMMAND OF THE ERIE—THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA—OBSERVATIONS AND OPINIONS ON THE BATTLE—DEATH OF MRS. FARRAGUT.

“ I REMAINED on leave of absence, awaiting orders, until April 10, 1838. I was a member of every court-martial that met in Norfolk during this period, by which means I became well acquainted with that part of my duty.

“ During the summer I made a visit to Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria ; but by September my wife was so ill that I was compelled to return home. Shortly after this her sister, Mrs. William D. Porter, died. I was necessarily confined very much to the house, for my wife was so helpless that I was obliged to lift her and carry her about like a child.

“ I found it absolutely necessary to adopt some mode of amusement, so I purchased carpenter's tools, and occupied myself in repairing damages about the premises, until in the course of time I became quite a carpenter—at least, sufficiently skillful to answer my own purposes.

“ In this way I passed my time till the 8th of April, when I was ordered to take passage for Pensacola in the *Levant*, Captain Paulding, then ready for sea and destined for the West Indies.

“ I had been an applicant for sea service during the last two years, but had not received orders, because my date interfered with that of the First Lieutenant of the Commodore's ship. At last a member of Congress who was a friend of the Navy made a speech attacking the Department for allowing Commodore Dallas to keep a set of young officers employed who were his favorites, whereupon changes were made, and I was ordered to the *Constellation*.”

The cruise in this vessel was a short one of two months, during which she visited Tampico, and after looking around the Gulf returned to Pensacola.

On August 7, 1838, Farragut was appointed to the command of the sloop Erie. The cruise of this vessel, recorded by him with minute detail, is interesting from its connection with the events of the brief war between France and Mexico, arising out of the claims of France for compensation for injuries inflicted on French subjects in Mexico, and other unsettled questions. The city of Vera Cruz was blockaded by a French squadron, and the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, deemed impregnable by its possessors, was taken after a six hours' cannonade. The gallantry of Santa Anna on the occasion, in defending the place against the forces landed by the French, is mentioned with high commendation. The loss of his leg by a cannon ball excited in his favor a strong popular feeling of admiration and sympathy among his countrymen.

The Erie was ordered to the scene of these operations to look after American interests, and Farragut watched the movements of the belligerents with close attention. On taking command of the vessel he found that his predecessor, Captain Ten Eyck, was under orders to proceed to sea immediately, and with his usual promptness and energy he went to work to put them into execution. The Erie sailed for Tampico, and on her arrival off the bar discovered a French brig-of-war, the Laurel, Marquis Duquesne commanding. The Erie anchored, and received a boat from the Laurel, the usual courtesies being exchanged between the two commanders. Farragut visited the city, where he received polite attentions from the English Consul, Mr. Crawford, and found a quantity of specie for his vessel. On the 24th, hearing that the French forces had arrived off Vera Cruz, he proceeded to that port, for the protection of the Americans and other strangers. On the 25th they made Ponto Delgado, and enjoyed a fine view of the mountains Orizaba and Perote. At 6 A. M. they overhauled the French brig Valagie, and soon after saw the castle and the city of Vera Cruz. The passage from Tampico had been made in thirty-seven hours.

They ran in under the island of Sacrificios, where they found the French Commodore Bazoche, with the frigates Herman and Iphigenie, and two or three brigs-of-war. Captain Farragut called upon the French commander, and also paid his respects to the Governor of Vera Cruz, who received him very politely and offered to allow the Erie to run up and anchor under the castle. The journal continues :

“ I passed the day with our Consul, Mr. Hargous. A French barque arrived the next day, and the Captain informed me that he had left Bordeaux under the impression that the blockade was at an end, and now found himself with twenty-eight souls on board, and no water. The French could not spare any, and he begged it of me as an act of charity. I accordingly sent him four hundred gallons; then went on board and told the French Commodore that I could not market for him, and handed him a communication on the subject of blockade. The next day I visited our Consul, and received a letter from Bazoche in reply to my own. I conversed with the English Consul about supplying the French, and found that he coincided with me in the opinion that it was wrong, and we determined not to do it. I gave him a copy of Bazoche’s letter.

“ The French brig Dunois arrived on the 7th of September. I sent some fruit on board, and her Captain and First Lieutenant visited and congratulated me on my command. They were fine fellows; more like men than any I had seen in the French squadron.

“ I occupied myself in sounding around the reefs and islands of Sacrificios, and did not find the anchorage as good as I expected between Pizarro and Sacrificios. On the 8th I spent the day in town, and on my return found the sea rolling very heavily. I got well ducked. A tide-wave had set in, so called because it comes and ends with the flood-tide.

“ On the 9th we had a fine day. I inspected the ship, and sent a part of the crew to Sacrificios to take a run on shore.”

Captain Farragut attended a grand entertainment at Vera

Cruz, in honor of Mexican independence. On the 19th of September he sailed for Pensacola *via* Tampico, with specie. News of a revolution in Tampico, and a request that a ship of war might be sent, caused his return to that place. He arrived off the bar October 7th, and found there H. B. M. ship Satellite. He says:

“I tried to cross the bar in my gig, but was warned back by the British officers, as the swell was very heavy. I visited the Satellite, and learned that Commodore Dallas had left for New Orleans with specie. The insurgents were in possession of the town under Montenegro, while the forts and surrounding country were held by Ampudia. During the day we heard firing.

“At 4 P. M. the British captain came off, and I again attempted to cross the bar; but the sea began to rise before I reached it, and there was every indication of a norther. We returned, slipped our cable, and put to sea, the Satellite doing the same; and for two days we rode out a stiff gale. On the 13th of November I went on shore, accompanied by the purser and doctor, and learned that all communication with the town was cut off; so we took horses and went to Pueblo Viejo, to see the Consul. We had a conference with General Canales, and he agreed to allow communication between the American and English ships and their consuls down at the bar.

“On my return to the Erie I found that Mr. Lewis, the First Lieutenant, had received on board General Mabia, who had come for the purpose of joining the Federal party at Tampico, but, finding the bar in possession of the government forces, was obliged to abandon the attempt, as he would have been shot if he had entered, and his vessel confiscated. As an act of humanity Mr. Lewis received him, and I should have done the same.

“On the 17th we ran down to Vera Cruz, and learned that the 27th was the day appointed for the final conference and settlement of the questions at issue between the French and Mexicans, and that war or peace would immediately follow. In the mean time preparations were made by us to embark the American citizens and their valuables, in case of bombardment.

“On the 27th of November we learned that the express had arrived with the final decision of the Mexican Government, declining the terms proposed by Admiral Baudin. The French fleet immediately began hostile preparations. Steamers took the sloops of war in tow, and anchored them to the north of the castle, and also placed the frigates to the east, close to the reef. The Prince de Joinville, in the Creole, got under way and took his position to the north, but did not anchor. Baudin, in the Nereide, took his station on a north-and-south line, with the two remaining frigates in the center. The French civilians were all embarked and taken down to Sacrificios. At 9 A. M. I sent boats to bring off the Americans, and went myself to superintend the embarkation.

“At precisely 2:30 P. M. the Admiral's ship fired the first gun, and immediately the firing became general. The Prince had the hottest berth, but stood his ground like a man, occasionally wearing ship to bring a fresh broadside to bear. At 3:30 a magazine in the southeast water-battery blew up with a tremendous explosion, and from that time the fire of the castle slackened.

“The Prince changed his position, and beat around in fine style to the south side of the castle, there continuing the action. Shortly after, another explosion took place, demolishing the tower on the citadel. I do not remember whether this was the result of an accident or was caused by a shell from the fleet.

“At 5 P. M. the frigate La Gloire was taken in tow and hauled out of the fight; but never had a little ship done her duty more thoroughly than she during that two hours and a half. Her constant firing was the admiration of all on board our ship. We could see her more distinctly than the others. All the frigates, however, kept up a tremendous fire. The castle fired more slowly from the commencement, and toward sunset did not discharge more than three guns a minute. The Prince de Joinville's ship must have suffered a good deal, as he was always in the most exposed positions. He had to retire at 5 P. M.

“At sunset the firing ceased, with the exception of the bomb vessels, which kept it up until the fleet hoisted lights. The

castle suffered greatly from the explosions, but I do not think the ships were near enough to damage it materially.

“At 6 A. M. on the 28th a steamer took La Gloire in tow and carried her down to take the place of the Medea, returning and taking the Medea to her post again. At 9 A. M. she towed the Prince’s vessel up to the in-shore berth, eastward of the castle.

“It was not long afterward that I received an extract from the log-book of the French ship La Fortuna, in which it was announced that the castle had capitulated. I heard from the English Consul that the Mexicans lost 200 men, while the French had 8 killed and 14 wounded. Gardner and I called on the French Admiral, who received our congratulations most cordially, and said how much he regretted the folly of these people, who, without cause, had made themselves responsible for the loss of so many lives; as the points upon which they disagreed had been acknowledged for many years.

“According to the terms of the capitulation, General Rincon was to retain command of the city, with only 1,000 men, the remainder of the forces to retire ten leagues from the sea-coast, and all hostile operations to cease for eight months.

“The casualties in the French fleet, as I learned, were: The Admiral’s ship had about 20 shots in her, but was not much injured. One midshipman was killed; two lieutenants and three men were wounded. La Gloire had three shots in her hull. I do not remember her loss in killed and wounded. The Iphigenie was in the most exposed position; the guns of the Cavalier also were on her, and the First Lieutenant assured me that he did not think ten shots missed their mark. She had 150 in her hull and 8 in her mainmast. But what were they? Only from nine, twelve, and eighteen-pounders, which, owing to bad powder, in many instances hardly buried the shot. She had about a dozen men killed, and a few wounded.

“I visited the castle to ascertain the cause of its early surrender, and a single glance satisfied me that it would have been impracticable for the Mexicans to stand to their guns. The very material which formerly insured their safety was now a means of destruction, for the castle is built of a sort of lime-

stone resembling coral, into which a solid shot will penetrate a short distance and remain buried, having little or no effect; but with shell it was another matter, they would explode, and rend the stone in immense masses, killing and wounding the men at the guns, in many instances shattering the walls from summit to foundation. I am perfectly satisfied that in a few hours more it would have been a mass of rubbish. Only picture to yourself a shower of two hundred shell and shot a minute falling into the castle! Davis told me a man might stay there and be killed, but it was impossible to do anything, for he was not on his feet five minutes before he was knocked down again by a fragment of wood or stone.

“Out of two hundred and sixty Mexican sailors in the water-batteries, only thirty-eight escaped; and in the hurry and confusion of removing the dead but little pains were taken to secure the weights affixed to sink them, so that their bodies were seen floating about in all directions.

“The Cavaliero Alto was very much shattered, and a few more shells would have reached the magazine. The guns were rendered useless, with scarce an exception, by the destruction of the carriages. Loaded shells were found lying alongside of them. I suppose they had difficulty in keeping the men at the guns. There were furnaces for heating shot, but no preparations for using them. The fact seems to be, that they were astonished at the shower of missiles hurled upon them, and were incapable of effective resistance. They could not have been more surprised than I was at the effect of shell-shot. Each of the frigates had two 8-pounder guns and about a dozen carronades, out of which they fired nothing but shell. The Creole fired nothing else, and the bomb-vessels threw one hundred and fifty, twenty-five of which fell in the castle. I have no doubt, if it had not been for the motion of the sea they would have completely demolished the structure. This was the only error, in my opinion, in the Admiral’s arrangements. He should have placed the bomb-vessels to the south, instead of east, where they would have little or no motion.

“Many would be disposed to accuse the Mexicans of pusil-

lanimous conduct; but, although I am of the opinion that a better defense might have been made by placing their men under cover and awaiting the assault which would have followed in a few hours, yet I believe that, with their limited means and preparations, together with their orders not to fire the first shot, the result would have been the same.

“ On the 29th the Americans and other foreigners went on shore again, and affairs began to assume a tranquil aspect. The French visited the town and market, as we did. On the 4th of December all was bustle and confusion in the city. The news was, that Santa Anna had arrived and Rincion had been ordered to Mexico for trial, the Government disapproving of his capitulation and other proceedings. The Consul, Gardner, and I immediately called on Rincion. He told us that Santa Anna would take command. We next called on that gentleman, who received us kindly, and said we must ‘ tell President Van Buren and Mr. Forsyth that we were all one family, and must be united against Europeans obtaining a foothold on this continent.’ He promised that everything should be done to secure our citizens from harm or loss, and informed us that the Mexican Government had disapproved of the surrender, and that they were determined to perish with the town rather than yield one point for which they had contended. He further informed us that he had sent official notice to that effect to the French Admiral.

“ It appears that Baudin replied to Santa Anna, giving him until the next morning to answer. Whatever his demands were, they were not complied with, and it was determined to renew the attack.

“ The French landed in three divisions, one at each fort on the north and south of the city, and one at the mole; the last commanded by Baudin in person. They blew the gates off their hinges with sacks of powder, and the Prince de Joinville, with about one hundred men, rushed for Santa Anna’s headquarters; but the guard resisted them twenty minutes, and Santa Anna was enabled to make his escape through the adjoining house, in his shirt and trousers. Arista was captured.

“ The Mexicans had about four hundred men in the city,

scattered in the different fortifications, who soon gave way before the French and retreated to the barracks, where Santa Anna joined them. The Prince collected a force and tried to dislodge them, but was repulsed. He continued his efforts for one or two hours, however. Although the town may be said to have been virtually in the possession of the French, a desultory fire was still kept up from the house-tops, which caused them considerable loss.

“The Admiral, conceiving that he had accomplished the object of the attack, viz., the destruction of the forts, so that he need apprehend nothing from them in case of a norther, gave the order to embark. The moment this movement was attempted, Santa Anna sallied out with three or four hundred men, and harassed the French all the way on their return to the mole, making a desperate effort to destroy their boats and take the Admiral prisoner. This object was frustrated by the discharge of a field-piece loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, by which Santa Anna had his left leg taken off and a dozen of his party were killed or wounded. The Mexicans, however, continued to fight with great gallantry, and Admiral Baudin had a narrow escape with his life. The French acknowledged nearly one hundred killed and wounded; the Mexicans twenty or thirty. When the disparity of force (the French landed in a dense fog with twelve hundred men, in three divisions) and the other circumstances are fairly considered, I think it will be found that Santa Anna’s defense was highly creditable to himself and his countrymen.”

The following letter to Commodore Barron is valuable, as giving more fully Farragut’s observations on this action, and especially his opinion of the effectiveness of bomb-vessels :

“UNITED STATES SHIP ERIE, *March, 1839.*

“MY DEAR SIR: You have doubtless seen many accounts of the attack and capture of San Juan de Ulloa, and therefore I do not write with the hope of giving you anything new on the subject, but simply for the purpose of explaining the causes of

the capture, and of giving you some idea of the improvements going on in the French navy while we are standing still, paralyzed by an adherence to the rules of '93, which were no doubt very good in their day, but which by no means suit the present time.

“For example, the castle of San Juan de Ulloa could not have been taken by thrice the force on those principles, while we who saw it fall now believe it could have been taken by half the force employed. By the new system, the English and ourselves may affect to despise the French by sea, but depend upon it, sir, they are in science far ahead of us both, and when England next meets France on the ocean she will find a different enemy from that of the last war. Of all this I know you have seen much in theory, but I have seen it tested in practice. I will commence by giving Admiral Baudin the greatest praise for the plan and execution of the whole affair. He would be undoubtedly a *rara avis* in any navy. He is about fifty years of age, has lost his right arm, looks like a north of Europe man, has a fine address, and speaks English well. He has every mark of a polished seaman and officer, with the expression of great decision, with firmness and activity to execute his well-digested plans. These were my remarks the first time I saw him, and his subsequent conduct soon proved I was right. I will now proceed to the causes of the fall of San Juan.

“In the first place, the Admiral had the plan of the castle, taken from the original in Madrid, by which he soon discovered that there were certain points of bearing on which they could bring but five or six guns to bear, and that the engineer had calculated on the reefs for protection. By sounding, he found he could moor two frigates head and stern in that position. (The commander of the third frigate had been out here a long time, lost many men by fever, and suffered much by privation, and somewhat in reputation for having dissented from Commodore Bazoche's desire to attack it on a former occasion. The Admiral consented that he should take the third position, but told him he would be more exposed, as the fort could bring eight or ten guns more to bear on them by extending their lines.)

The guns on these angles of the fort he knew to be of small caliber. Although you would scarcely credit it, the Mexicans had given an order to the commander of the fort not on any account to fire the first gun. The Admiral, as every good general will, fully availed himself of the advantage thus yielded by the enemy, went on shore at night, and made his notes of all the weak points, etc. They saw him, but dared not fire! This order I consider the principal cause of the French sustaining no loss. They were thus enabled, on the morning of the attack, to take their positions one by one, and moor very deliberately, head and stern, until they were all in position; whereas a well-directed fire from the fort could have destroyed the steamers. The utility of the latter vessels was never so apparent. Everything was done by them. The day was calm, or nearly so, and the ships had no sails to manage. As soon as the anchor was let go, they were ready for action. The bomb-vessels were next placed (for which the range had been calculated), and two sloops took position at right angles with their range, to tell by signal the effect of the bombs. So you see all was arranged with science and skill, and without the slightest interruption.

“At the signal, they poured in upon the castle such a shower of shot and shell that nothing but a casemated battery could have enabled the men to stand at their guns. Now it was seen for the first time that the material of which Ulloa is built (soft coral) was the worst substance in the world for protection against the modern shell. The French threw almost entirely shell-shot, which entered the wall twelve or eighteen inches and then exploded, tearing out great masses of stone, and in some instances rending the wall from base to top. The damage done by these shell-shot was inconceivably greater than that by the shell from the bomb-vessels, owing to the former striking horizontally, while the latter fell perpendicularly on the bomb-proofs, doing but little damage—unless they caused the explosion in the citadel, which is disputed by the Prince de Joinville, who claims the credit for his ship, to whose broadside the explosion responded. But I am satisfied of one fact, viz., that they might have bombarded with the bomb-vessels for a month without

success, while the frigates would in four hours more, with their shell-shot, have reduced the fort to a heap of ruins. In each of the frigates they have two or four 80-pounders that threw shell, in addition to the 32-pounders.

“Having given you an account of the principal causes of their success, I will now descend to smaller matters, in which I know you feel somewhat interested as well as myself. On looking around the decks of the *Iphigenie*, which was still cleared for action, I could not help comparing her with the arrangements of our ship, the one possessing all the improvements of the day, and the other fitted up precisely as she would have been in '98. The French have no shot-boxes, match-tubs, or wad-nets, which of themselves occupy no small space on a ship's deck. The shot are in racks made of bar iron. They use the percussion lock and fulminating tubes, and their wads are little grummetts made of rope-yarns, about the size of a three-inch rope for thirty-twos, and I think a glance will suffice to show you that they are better than ours for every useful purpose; they stop the windage better, occupy less space, and take less material and time to make them. As to this simple, permanently useful lock, what shall I say? It is a simple copper hammer, pulled by a lock-string—no spring, no machinery, in fact, nothing that can become deranged. I have now seen them tested four hours—as rapid firing as I ever expect to see—and no complaint made, all the Frenchmen speaking in the highest terms of them. To my knowledge, two or three have been sent to the Department, and yet we are still using spring-locks. The First Lieutenant of the *Iphigenie* I am well acquainted with, and can rely on what he says. He told me that some of their guns changed their breechings seven times during the action! That with us would have been a serious affair; but, when I saw the simplicity of their arrangement, I found, as he said, that with them it was nothing. The permillion ring is removed at pleasure, and the breeching, being already spliced with an eye on each end, is shackled to the side in a moment.

“I have already said too much, for a letter to any other person of your rank, but I flatter myself that I know your love of

improvement, and that my intentions will be duly appreciated. If we who wander about the world do not keep those at home informed of the daily improvements in other navies, how can we hope to improve, particularly when we see men impressed with the idea that, because they once gained a victory, they can do it again? So they may, but I can tell them it must be with the means of 1838, and not those of 1812.

“Sincerely yours,

“D. G. FARRAGUT.

“To Commodore JAMES BARRON.”

On the 12th of January, 1839, Farragut gave up the command of the *Erie*, then lying at Pensacola, to Commander Smoot, terminating a cruise to which he declared he would always look back with pleasure. He returned home by land, visiting his sister in New Orleans. On his arrival at Norfolk, finding his wife's health in a precarious condition, he remained unemployed, except by occasional duty on courts-martial, until December, 1840. He says:

“At this time the disease of my afflicted wife appeared to be drawing to a crisis. On the 27th of December she terminated a life of unequalled suffering, which for sixteen years she had borne with unparalleled resignation and patience, affording a beautiful example of calmness and fortitude.”

No more striking illustration of his gentleness of character is shown than in Farragut's attention to his invalid wife. His tenderness in contributing to her every comfort, and catering to every whim, through sixteen years of suffering, forms one of the brightest spots in the history of his domestic life. When not at sea, he was constantly by her side, and proved himself a faithful and skillful nurse. It was the subject of remark by all who were thrown with him, and a lady of Norfolk said, “When Captain Farragut dies, he should have a monument reaching to the skies, made by every wife in the city contributing a stone to it.”

CHAPTER XIV.

APPOINTMENTS AND EXERCISE ON SHIPBOARD—VISITS FROM CELEBRITIES—FARRAGUT RECEIVES A COMMISSION AS COMMANDER—THE BRAZILIAN STATION—A BULL-FIGHT—HE TAKES COMMAND OF THE DECATUR—GOVERNOR ROSAS—A SINGULAR FESTIVAL—A DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE—UP THE PARAHYBA—AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.

“I APPLIED for sea service, and on the 22d of February, 1841, received orders to the Delaware, as her executive officer. She was in the stream, in charge of the officers of the receiving-ship, and on the 24th of March was delivered to us. I proceeded at once to overhaul her and rig ship with all possible dispatch.

“I now saw and encountered for the first time the great difficulty of handling half tops. I had been a looker-on for several days while the officers of the Pennsylvania with much difficulty succeeded in placing them. They spent from four hours to half a day in placing a single half top. I discovered that the operation could be performed in from fifteen to twenty minutes, in which time I put over the tops of the Delaware.

“On the 7th of May four hundred and fifty men were transferred to the ship. I stationed them as soon as possible, and proceeded to get ready for sea. On the 13th we dropped down between the forts, and on June 4th were towed down to Hampton Roads.

“Most of the crew were seamen and landsmen, and even a large portion of the able seamen were ignorant of exercise, so that two months were spent in drilling them at the single guns and by divisions, before I considered them sufficiently schooled to attempt general quarters.

“I had considerable difficulty in organizing the powder division, and making the necessary fixtures for whipping it up

to the upper deck. This was done by large wooden gin-blocks screwed into the decks—one over the after hatch, another over the fore, for the main-deck guns, and another at the fore scuttle, slung to an iron crane from the bit-head, which supplied the spar-deck guns. They each had a corresponding pulley on the orlop deck, around which worked a leather belt with double hooks, on which the lanyards of the passing-boxes were placed for ascending or descending.

“From the 12th of July, 1841, the regulation which required a divisional exercise daily, and general quarters Tuesdays and Fridays, was adhered to as rigidly as possible. At general quarters the magazines were always opened, and masked balls were passed in lieu of cartridges, which enabled us to test the perfection of our powder arrangements.

“On the 23d it was determined to test our preparations for battle by something more satisfactory than the mere passing of balls. The Captain therefore gave orders for three broadsides. The ship was cleared for action, the decks sanded, small arms passed into the tops, preventer braces on the lower and topsail yards, and, in fine, every arrangement made for a sham fight.

“I began by giving the usual orders in exercise, going through the motions of firing—the charge supposed to be already in the guns. I then gave the order to pass the powder from the magazine, and for the captains of the guns to go on with the exercise, loading and firing as fast as possible. In four minutes from the time the first gun was fired, the main-deck divisions had completed their three broadsides; the lower deck was perhaps a minute longer. The firemen, boarders, pikemen, and small-arm men were all exercised, the latter discharging from six to twelve rounds. In fifteen minutes from the time the first gun was fired, the guns were reported secure, and the retreat beaten. This I consider fair work for a line-of-battle ship.

“I went on shore to visit the laboratory at Old Point, and while there saw the whole process of preparing fuses for shells. They meal the powder by rubbing it in a mortar; then with a ladle about as large as a thimble pour it into the fuse, place an iron presser on it, and strike it fifteen or twenty blows, till the

driver rebounds. This process is repeated until the fuse is filled. Before putting in the last ladleful, they lay in the top of the fuse a piece of quick match about two inches long, then drive in the last ladleful, leaving the ends of the match to be coiled down in the bore of the fuse. The fuse is then driven into the shell till its outer end is even with the inner surface of the fuse-hole. Put a little mealed powder on the top of the quick match, and place over the end of the fuse the iron cap, and screw it down. Then remove the end of the small piece of red morocco from the filling-hole of the shell, pour in a pint or a pint and a half of priming powder, stop up the hole with a small pine plug, and your shell is ready for use. I burned many of the fuses by way of experiment. They seldom burned less than ten seconds, although when fired they did not appear to burn over five. Fuses are generally calculated to burn two seconds to the inch.

“We were ordered to Annapolis, and arrived there on August 4th. Here we were visited by the people to the number of nearly two thousand daily.

“On the 14th the steamer *Washington* came alongside, bringing the Secretary of the Navy and other members of the Cabinet, and about a hundred members of Congress, with a hundred other gentlemen and ladies. The Secretary inspected the ship, and the company amused themselves looking about the deck, and talking and eating with Jack Tar. After dinner we cleared for action, and went through the exercises, firing six broadsides.

“On the 25th we received on board Chief Justice Taney, with several ladies and gentlemen. They invited the officers to go on board the steamer to dance.

“On September 27th the Captain came on board, bringing my commission [as commander] and those of Berryman and Stanley. All hands were called to muster, and the several commissions were read.

“Colonel Watmough came on board and spent a few days with us. A more agreeable gentleman and warm-hearted fellow I never became acquainted with.

“I wet my commission with a dozen of champagne.

“We got under way, stood down the bay, and on October 1st anchored in Hampton Roads. We found there the French frigate L'Armide and the brig Bison. During a severe gale the Prince de Joinville visited the vessels, and notwithstanding the violence of the wind the yards were manned and the vessels dressed out with flags. When he left, two broadsides were fired, that being the salute of the Prince. It was said that one of the sailors was blown from the yards, and not one in the tier could stand in his place.

“On the 18th Robert Walsh, Esq., Secretary of Legation at the court of Brazil, came on board to take passage, and on the 22d President Tyler, accompanied by Commodore Morris, Captains Black and Armstrong, and Commander Stribling, came on board. While they were with us we went through all the evolutions of an engagement.

“On November 1st we got under way, and stood out to sea, in company with the ships Washington, Harkaway, and Cyane.

“On the 28th we discovered that the copper was bursting off. It appeared to me to be caused by the swelling of the felt, which started the nails on the upper edge, and then as she rose the hydraulic pressure forced it off downward. I was satisfied from the first that the application of felt was absurd, as it has no strength, and as soon as the copper is removed the felt washes away; besides this, it swells sufficiently to burst off the copper, and is only a dead weight *on* the bottom and produces great irregularity *in* the bottom. I saw the bottom of the Guerriere when the copper was removed from it after a lapse of twenty-five years. It had been put on with a coat of turpentine and tallow, and the wood was as fresh as the day it was put on, and the bottom perfectly smooth.

“On December 12th we made the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, and found all the squadron here except the Enterprise.

“On the 14th our Commodore visited the French, Brazilian, and Portuguese, and was saluted. The Portuguese, from ignorance, displayed the American flag, so we were by etiquette

obliged to return the salute. Such salutes are never returned unless the national flag is displayed, but it is the custom always to acknowledge this compliment.

“Christmas day! And nothing could be more uninviting for a country visit. Yet we had engaged to dine with Birckland; so off we set, the Commodore, Captain McCauley, and I. We had a dismal ride, and got there too late for dinner. We had a pleasant time, however, but found that returning was worse than going. The driver was drunk, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew a gale and howled dismally among the dark old forest trees. We arrived on board thoroughly drenched.

“I began the new year by giving the ship a general overhauling. The Emperor of Brazil and all the royal family, with our Minister Mr. Hunter and all the naval commanders, came on board to visit us.

“We fired a salute for the amusement of the Emperor and his sisters, beat the retreat, and escorted them into the cabin, where they partook of a collation—by themselves—and then the nobles and the rest of the company were served.

“On the 15th we made all sail, in two columns, and went to sea. On the 31st we arrived at Montevideo.

“February 3d a schooner came off with a party of ladies and gentlemen to visit our ship; so we had a little waltz.

“We celebrated Washington’s birthday with a salute. The Montevidean and Brazilian men-of-war also fired, but the French and English did not.

“On the 27th we went ashore to see a bull-fight. We saw seven or eight bulls killed by the matadores, and two horses killed by the bulls. One bull was baited by five bull-dogs, a most amusing sight. The bull kept one, and sometimes two, of the dogs in the air nearly all the time. The precision with which the matadores strike the bull is astonishing. In every instance the first blow was fatal. But it is altogether a barbarous sight, and must have done much in Spanish countries toward producing the reckless use of the knife, and other cruel practices which are so common. Even delicate women do not appear to

be affected at the sight of a horse trampling out his own bowels as he walks along after being gored by the bull.

“On the 1st of April we interred the remains of Midshipman McCook in the English burying-ground, with all the honors due to his rank. Thus terminated the short career of a zealous young officer, who, if he had been spared, was likely to prove one of Neptune’s worthiest sons.

“On June 1st I received orders to relieve Commander Ogden in the Decatur, and accordingly went on board, mustered the crew, read my orders, and assumed command.

“Thus closed my service on board the Delaware as executive officer, a service to which I shall always look back with gratification, as it was the last step in the ladder of subordinate duties, and I feel proud to think I performed it with the same zeal as the first.”

Although Farragut had held several commands, they were assigned under the exigencies of the service, and not by right of rank. He was now on board a ship with the full rank, and, although it was his practice to give himself earnestly to whatever duties were required of him, still he evidently felt an excusable degree of pride and satisfaction in his present position, beyond that which he had experienced in his brevet service.

On taking command of the Decatur he found that several of the crew had been discharged, and an entire reorganization was necessary, which he promptly effected. He mentions that his vessel outsailed the whole squadron. While his ship was lying at Rio de Janeiro, he speaks of the pleasant interchange of civilities with British naval officers, especially Captain Bruce, of the *Agincourt*, 74, who was a lieutenant on board the *Belvedere* in the war of 1812, and whom Farragut calls a “clever fellow,” which was a strong term of praise with him.

On the 2d of July the Decatur, in company with the Delaware, sailed for the Rio de la Plata. The Fourth, the anniversary of our national Independence, was celebrated as well as possible, considering that the ship was at sea in a heavy gale. The vessels anchored in the harbor of Montevideo on the 13th,

and on the 15th Commodore Morris transferred his broad pennant to the Decatur and proceeded in her to Buenos Ayres. The journal continues :

“ We went on shore a good deal, our time being chiefly taken up with official visiting during the day and ‘ tertulias ’ at night.

“ We paid a visit to Governor Rosas, and were highly entertained by a description of his early campaigns, the subject being introduced by an inquiry on the part of Commodore Morris as to the character of the Indians of the interior. The Governor mentioned a singular fact showing the effect of climate on the inhabitants. He said he made it a rule never to treat with the natives during a northeasterly wind, or to admit them to his presence, for during such periods they were morose and intractable ; but that during the southwest wind he never found the least difficulty in making arrangements with them on honorable terms, as at such times they were always brave and generous. He added that he had made this discovery early in life, and subsequently profited by it in his campaigns.

“ At half-past ten, on this occasion, the other officers were invited into an adjoining room, leaving Rosas and the Commodore alone, and they were engaged in a private conversation until twelve o’clock.

“ We had an excellent opportunity to form an idea of Rosas’s character, as he appeared to throw off all restraint while with us. But the Commodore informed us that, as soon as he laid business matters before him, Rosas was a different person ; he was calm and measured in manner and language. We concluded, from our observations, that he was a man of uncommon mind and energy, and as a general thing reasonable ; but on the subject of secret societies he was a madman, if we might judge from his furious denunciation of them. He said they would ruin the United States at some future day.

“ The next interesting incident was our visit to the Governor’s *quinta*, or country house. The Commodore and I started out on horseback on the morning of the 10th, and, after picking our way through the mud for about an hour, along what is called

the 'Beach road,' found ourselves in front of the quinta. On entering the yard we saw some guachos preparing a table with eatables, under a kind of summer house or extension of the back porch. We were kindly welcomed and invited into the sitting-room, where we found Madame Marcellius, the younger sister of Rosas, a most beautiful and interesting woman. In a short time Emannelita, his daughter, entered, accompanied by several of her lady friends, among them the wife of her brother, and her cousin Corina, the daughter of Colonel Rosas. Corina is her nearest and dearest friend, and they sympathize in all their tastes and amusements—except that Emanuelita possesses a much higher order of mind. It was her province to entertain the Governor's company, and to see that they went away pleased with their visits—a duty which involved great responsibility and was not always agreeable, as she was compelled to associate with all degrees of persons, the highest and the lowest. Señorita Emanuelita was plainly but neatly attired in calico, with a white apron, her hair dressed simply, the only ornament being a narrow ribbon bow on one side, which is worn by all the ladies of Buenos Ayres as an evidence that they are good Federalists. She appeared glad to see us, and entered into a lively chit-chat with an ease peculiar to herself. When she went out for a few moments, Madame Rosas sang and played on the guitar, in very good taste, so far as we were capable of judging.

"We found the weather very uncomfortable—raw while sitting under the porch, and intensely hot in the sun—which inclined us to shorten our visit; so, as soon as propriety would permit, we rose to take our leave; but they insisted on our remaining to breakfast, telling us we would find only every-day fare, *à la costumbre del país*. This excited the Commodore's curiosity, as he was desirous of learning the manners of the country, so the invitation was accepted. We went out to the breakfast-table—though that was rather a misnomer, as it was really a dinner. We all sat down with our hats and caps on, the natives wearing their ponchos. The table groaned under the load of provisions. There were, I think, eight dishes to each course, any one of which was enough for all, and four courses. Corina

helped the gentlemen, while Emanuelita did the honors of the entertainment. The former paid more attention to the *costumbre del país* than to the taste and quality of her American guests, for she helped us as abundantly as if we had been laboring men, and half-starved ones at that. It was no want of delicacy on the part of the young lady, however, who was perfectly genteel in appearance and demeanor.

“Madame Marcellius seemed to be a superior person. Although somewhat too large to be called a good figure, still her face was so pretty, the expression so soft, and her manners so easy and graceful, that she would always be considered *distinguée*. The others were better trained and more accustomed to play their parts in the salas of the city. But they all appeared as much at home, *à la guacho*, as they did the first night I saw them in town.

“During the breakfast, champagne and claret flowed quite freely. After the meal, Manuelita proposed a visit to her ball-room, and we all walked down to the river-side, where we found an American brig which had been cast up on shore during a heavy gale. The Governor had her got up on even keel and fitted up by dropping the middle deck so as to have a height of nine feet between decks. This made a room of thirty by eighteen feet. The cabin was used for a ladies’ dressing-room, and the whole arrangement was unique, but convenient.

“We returned to the city about three o’clock in the afternoon. The Commodore and I mingled much in society, attending tertulias at the houses of Casati Roodes, Mr. Mandevill, the English Minister, Mr. G. Zimmerman, and Consul Edwards, until the 21st, when we sailed for Montevideo.”

Farragut’s vessel soon returned to Buenos Ayres. On the 10th of September, while there, the death of the Duke of Orleans, eldest son of Louis Philippe, was announced, and he joined the French vessels in the harbor in paying respect to his memory. He says :

“During the month of September I made it a rule to spend two or three evenings a week at the Governor’s. On the 5th

of October we rode out to the encampment to witness a military festival called 'the feast of the month of Rosas,' during which period, from the 5th to the 11th, there is a great interchange of civilities, ending on the last day with a general celebration in honor of Rosas's victories. This custom was established, I believe, through the diplomacy of Madame Rosas.

"Our party went to the Government House to take refuge from the dust, breakfasted with 'Manuelita and her lady friends, visited the encampment, and then returned to town, but not before promising 'Manuelita to come back on the 11th.

"On that day, at 7 A. M., I mounted my horse and rode out to the camp, where I arrived in two hours. The ladies were not yet up, so I took my seat under a tree and silently watched the religious ceremonies going on. Near the Government House a large canopy was erected, drawn out to posts eighteen feet high, covering an area of about thirty feet diameter. Near the center was an altar for divine service; on the left was a smaller one, and in front of this, just within the curtain of the tent, was a pulpit. Handsome carpets were spread before each. When everything was in readiness, it being then ten o'clock, the Commander was notified, the bands of music struck up, and soldiers were seen marching from all directions toward the pavilion. At their head was the commanding officer, the General, and the senior Colonel, to whom I was introduced. The troops were marshaled in front of the tent, numbering about three thousand. As the senior officers approached, carrying the portrait of the Governor, all heads were uncovered, the band playing the national hymn. The ladies of the household followed, and knelt before the altar. The picture was placed on the small altar, and two officers, with drawn swords, stood by to guard it. They were relieved every fifteen minutes during the services, which were long and tedious.

"An old priest, said to be a Spaniard, made a discourse, which was nothing more than a eulogium on Rosas and an exhortation to the soldiery. The amount of it was, that the Governor was the author of all the good thus far enjoyed, and to the soldiers they looked for all the benefits to come. He said that

God would smile upon them and support them in the great good work of destroying the 'savage Unitarians.'

"Vivas resounded from the whole army, as well as from the large concourse of spectators who had been attracted, like myself, by curiosity. At the close of the address, rockets were fired, the bands of music struck up again, and, amid the clatter, the portrait was borne to the apartment of Rosas's son by two general officers.

"These ceremonies occupied nearly five hours, during which time eight soldiers were prostrated by the overpowering heat.

"The troops were all fine-looking men, well dressed, well armed, and apparently well disciplined. They form a corps de reserve, are stationed five leagues from the city, and are always ready to march at a moment's warning. Rosas had also fifteen hundred soldiers at Chascomanas, six hundred at Bahia Blanco, and six hundred at Tondil, besides a thousand friendly Indians at the two last-named places. By reference to the map it will be seen that he could concentrate a considerable force upon any part of the province in which that monster 'Unitarianism' might rise against him.

"At 3 p. m. we sat down to dinner. Many toasts were drunk to the 'illustrious restorer of the laws,' many in commemoration of his departed spouse, who by her sagacity had wrought so much good, and many to the 'kind, amiable, and beautiful daughter,' all of which 'Manuelita most assuredly deserved, except the beauty; she could not altogether lay claim to that attribute. Loud vivas followed every toast.

"After dinner we walked over to witness the amusements of the camp. First, we saw an exhibition of tight-rope dancing, and then the great guacho game of riding at a ring, which is called by the Spaniards *sortija*. An avenue is formed of evergreens, spanned by three arches—one at each end and one in the middle. From the latter a ring is suspended, so placed that a horseman may reach it when at full gallop. A certain number of young men enter the lists, the horses and riders caparisoned in the richest style, but in strict guacho costume. They are equally divided, and a party is placed under each of the

arches at the extremities of the course. At a given signal each one in turn starts off at full speed, armed with a short lance to take off the ring. It is astonishing with what dexterity they accomplish this feat. I believe, during the half hour that I was present, the ring was missed but three times. Every successful rider received the vivas of the multitude. One of the Governor's nephews, named Ecuri, was the champion on this occasion.

"About eight o'clock we walked out to witness an abortive attempt to send up a balloon, which rose about fifty feet and then collapsed.

"At nine we got into a carriage and were driven to another part of the camp, where a ball-room had been fitted up in an old quinta. The walls formed two sides of a square, while the enclosure was completed with evergreens hung with emblematic decorations and lanterns. All around the house were groups of negroes and the lower class of natives, thumping away on drums and guitars, and executing the national dances.

"We were all seated in the corridor for nearly an hour, waiting the exhibition of some fireworks, which finally went off and were very beautiful. As the last spark went out, the national hymn was performed by the band, all the assembly joining, with uncovered heads.

"We were now invited into the ball-room, which was very neat and sufficiently large for the company, and, but for one feature, would have done great credit to the manager. This was a picture which would have disgraced even barbarian society. It was a full-size figure representing a Federal soldier, with a Unitarian lying on the ground, the Federal pressing his knees between the victim's shoulders, whose head was pulled back with the left hand, and the throat cut from ear to ear, while the executioner exultingly held aloft a bloody knife and seemed to be claiming the applause of the spectators. I am sure I do not err in saying that every one of our party felt an involuntary shudder come over him when his eye fell on this tableau; nor did we afterward recover our spirits; everything in the way of gayety, on our part, during the night was forced and un-

natural. We returned to the city about seven o'clock the next morning.

"On the 5th of November I was invited to a ball at the Victoria Theatre, and went in company with our Consul and several officers of the ship. It was given to 'Manuelita, and opened by her with a minuet, after which the dancing became general. There were quadrilles, Spanish contra-dances, waltzes, and occasionally a 'minuet montenero,' the national dance. On this, as on all other similar occasions, I danced the first quadrille with the charming 'Manuelita.

"On the 12th, the firing of great guns announced the arrival of Admiral Brown, of the Buenos Ayres navy, who had been sent up to Parana in pursuit of Garibaldi, the Montevidean commander, who had undertaken to carry stores to Corrientes. As he met with many obstacles in his course, Brown was enabled to overtake him. Garibaldi ran his vessel into a creek, and made a most desperate resistance, fought until he had expended everything in the way of ammunition, then landed his crew and set his vessel on fire; when Brown returned, having accomplished the object of his expedition.

"Eleven o'clock the next day was the hour appointed for the successful Admiral to land. The *Comandancia*, or house of the Captain of the Port, was decorated with flags; two open carriages drove down to the beach—one a sort of triumphal car for the good old Admiral, the other containing his wife and 'Manuelita.

"Brown landed amid the huzzas of the crowd, and the firing of guns and rockets. Two bullocks were at the same time roasting on the beach, as *carne con cuero*. The party marched in slow order to the *Comandancia*, preceded by a band of young men playing guitars and singing a song composed for the occasion. On the 17th of October a grand ball was given in honor of the Admiral's victory, which I attended."

Nothing of interest occurred during the remaining weeks of Farragut's stay at Buenos Ayres. He continued to visit the

Governor's family, riding out frequently with the ladies, and became, as he says, quite an expert horseman. After joining the Delaware at Montevideo, and making an exchange of some officers, the Decatur proceeded to Rio. She remained but a short time in port, when, dispatches for the United States having been received on board, she sailed on her homeward voyage.

Farragut, who was very proud of the working and sailing qualities of his little ship, describes how he managed to get her out of the harbor of Rio, under circumstances somewhat similar to those in which the Natchez had been placed about nine years previous, reference to which has been already made. In both instances his thorough seamanship and skill were displayed to the admiration of many professional men who watched his manœuvres with great interest. In regard to the working of the Decatur, he says :

“Getting under way was rather a difficult manœuvre with us, having Rat Island on our starboard beam, a Brazilian frigate on our larboard, a sloop of war on our starboard quarter, but nearly astern, and a large merchantman on our larboard quarter; the tide running flood, wind south, and lying in eleven and a half fathoms of water. The great difficulty to be apprehended was, that in such a depth of water the tide would sweep us into the hawse of the sternmost vessels before we could gather headway, as they were all lying close to us. We succeeded, however, in the following manner: hove to a short stay, set the topsails, braced the head yards slightly a-box on the larboard tack, braced the after yards sharp up on the starboard tack, and, as soon as the anchor was a-weigh, fell off to port; hove the anchor briskly up to the bows, braced around the head yards, boarded the main tack, and hauled out the spanker; boarded the fore tack, eased off the main sheet, and just cleared the stern of the frigate; so we lost nothing. Then we proceeded to cat and fish the anchor, and get all sail set, continuing to beat out of the harbor. About sunset we cleared Santa Cruz. This, I apprehend, is one of the

few instances of a vessel beating out of the harbor of Rio against wind and tide."

The Decatur stopped at the Island of Maranham, and sixty-two hours after arrived off Para. Farragut, while lying at this place, made a little excursion to the interior, his account of which is as follows :

"On the 20th the Consul came on board, and we set out with a small party to go up the River Parahyba about twenty-five miles, in one of our boats. We arrived at a place called Boavista about 12 M., where we procured paddles and proceeded to our place of destination, which we reached about 2 P. M. Entering a small creek about twice the width of our boat, we paddled upward of a mile. On the banks of this little stream we saw a great many India-rubber trees, and quantities of cane from thirty to forty feet in length.

"We landed at the house of Jose Angelo, where we spent two days most delightfully, rambling through the vast forests and examining the various productions of the province in their natural growth—the cocoa, the red dye annotto, and the whole process of manufacturing the India-rubber, even moulding it ourselves, with our hands, into different shapes. I never saw such a luxuriant growth of coffee in any of the southern provinces; the cane also is remarkably fine, and the cocoa the spontaneous production of the soil.

"I saw no efforts at cultivation; but, rich and productive as the country is, the inhabitants are compelled to import sugar and coffee from the south, which is owing to the great destruction of plantations during the revolution, and the sweeping off of the greater part of the laboring population by famine and disease.

"On the 21st, after visiting one of the neighbors, we walked through the woods four miles to our first place of landing, Boavista, the boats going around. This walk was performed in the full heat of the day, yet so dense was the foliage that I went the whole distance with my hat off. We partook of various

drinks during the day, made from the fruits of the country. One from the mucilaginous covering of the cocoa is delicious, similar in taste to the juice of the water-melon; another, which is made from a species of palm, had something the flavor of peaches and cream, and, with a dash of wine, was a delightful beverage.

“We set out on our return in the boat about 5 p. m. Toward dusk I heard a roaring like steam, which none of us could account for; I soon perceived, however, that it came from the ocean, but did not think it was anything more than a ‘tide rip.’ Our old host, however, became very much alarmed, and advised us to keep close in-shore to avoid the tide-flow which he feared would swamp us. I entertained no such apprehension of the danger, but followed his advice to gratify him. I soon found that he had reason for his caution; for the seas came upon us so fast that one large fellow boarded us before I could get the boat clear, and gave us considerable trouble to escape. The waves came rolling in about four feet high; but we passed out in gallant style, receiving only a good wetting.”

The next day the Decatur sailed for Chesapeake Bay. Only one notable incident occurred on the voyage, which was an earthquake at sea. Farragut thus describes its effect:

“This morning there was a general alarm in the ship, caused by a rumbling noise, which was variously attributed; by some to the running out of chain cables, by others to the rolling of barrels under the decks, and then a painful impression prevailed that the ship was scraping over a bank. It soon became apparent that it was the shock of an earthquake. I had the time marked; it increased gradually in intensity for two minutes, and ceased at the end of three minutes. When it was at its height, the ship shook very much, and the noise resembled the veering out of chain cables. The nearest land, Anguila, was one hundred and thirty miles off. I suppose it must have been very severe on shore. An hour after the shock the northeast trades sprang up quite fresh, and all the clouds were dispersed.

There appeared to be a sympathy between the earthquake and the weather."

On the 18th of February, 1843, the Decatur arrived at Norfolk, and Farragut was relieved.

"This cruise," he says, "under Commodore Morris, was one of great interest to the Navy: it was the first effort of the old officers to exercise in naval tactics by the squadron, almost abandoned since 1812. Prior to that period our little fleets, small as they were, had been accustomed to cruise off the coast of the United States and exercise the officers and crews in the different manœuvres at sea. It was my good fortune to command the 'smartest' vessel in the Brazilian squadron. Her spars were light, however, and easily handled. My visit to Buenos Ayres was pleasant and highly instructive; moreover, being on the most familiar terms with Governor Rosas and his family, I was enabled to do many kind acts for the Unitarians, who were in constant danger of their lives, by reason of political accusations, if not actual offenses.

"After my ship was laid up at Norfolk I went to Washington, in order to obtain some employment if possible. I waited on the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Abel P. Upshur, who at once put an end to all my self-importance by laughing at my pretensions for retaining command of the Decatur, which was destined for the coast of Africa.

"I obtained leave of absence, and returned to Norfolk, there patiently to await the pleasure of the Department. After serving on a court-martial, my health being quite delicate, I went up to the mountains, and spent the summer at Fauquier Springs and thereabouts.

"Meanwhile I applied for a command, or for any appropriate employment, but was uniformly unsuccessful. On September 1st I heard that the command of Norfolk Navy-yard was vacant by the removal of Commander Saunders. I went to Washington, and urged my claim, but all to no purpose. Hon. David Henshaw, of Massachusetts, who had been appoint-

ed to succeed Mr. Upshur as Secretary of the Navy, said it was enough for him that I was from Norfolk; it was his intention to send Northern officers south, and Southern officers north. I lent my feeble aid to stop his confirmation by the Senate, and it was with not a little satisfaction that I heard he had said he was largely indebted to the officers of the Navy for his rejection."

CHAPTER XV.

**MARRIAGE TO MISS LOYALL—SERVICE ON THE PENNSYLVANIA—
THE MEXICAN WAR—HIS EAGERNESS TO CAPTURE THE CASTLE
OF SAN JUAN DE ULLOA—HIS DISAPPOINTMENT—RETURN TO
NORFOLK NAVY-YARD—LECTURES, EXPERIMENTS, AND AUTHOR-
SHIP.**

ON the 26th of December, 1843, Commander Farragut married Virginia, eldest daughter of William Loyall, Esq., a well known and most respected citizen of Norfolk, Virginia. After a wedding tour in which they went as far north as New York, they returned to Norfolk by way of Richmond.

In April, 1844, he was ordered to the ship of the line *Pennsylvania*, at Portsmouth, Virginia, as her executive officer. Commodore Bolton, the Lieutenant Finch of the *Essex*, was in command of the station. The journal continues :

“ Few notable occurrences took place, except the visit of President Tyler with his beautiful bride. They were accompanied by a large retinue of officers and a few ladies. Later in the summer we had a visit from Governor McDowall, of Virginia, and in the autumn there was a large concourse of Presbyterians at the meeting of a synod in Norfolk, and they also visited our ship. In fact, our time was almost entirely taken up with the little details of duty and in showing strangers around the ship.

“ In November there was great excitement about the election of a President, each party claiming the victory by turns. Mr. Polk, the Democratic candidate, was successful, and the Whigs, filled with mortification, execrated the system of making voters out of new emigrants.

“ By the removal of Captain Smoot I was left in command

of the ship, and later I was ordered to the Navy-yard as second in command, having been applied for by Commodore Wilkinson. There I remained until the Mexican war broke out, when I made immediate application for duty at the seat of war, believing that my experience on the coast of Mexico would be of special value to the Government. Among other efforts to obtain command of a ship, I addressed the following letter to the Secretary of the Navy :

“ UNITED STATES NAVY-YARD, GOSPORT,
“ *November 3, 1846.*

“ SIR : At the commencement of our difficulties with Mexico I addressed a letter to Mr. Bancroft [Secretary of the Navy from March, 1845, to September, 1846], requesting service in the Gulf, and expressed to him hopes that long service and experience in that quarter, together with a tolerable knowledge of the Spanish language, might make me serviceable to the Government. To this letter I received no reply. After the declaration of war, I offered my services again, and requested a command. To the last I received the usual reply, “duly noted.”

“ It is from fear that my first-mentioned letter did not reach the Department that I now take the liberty of addressing you, sir, in much the same language, with the sincere hope that, should anything like an attack on the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa be contemplated, at some future day, I may be allowed to participate in the glorious achievement, for such I believe it will be whenever it is undertaken.

“ I served in the Gulf in 1822, '23, and '24, under Commodore Porter, and in 1838, '39 under Commodore Dallas. I was present, in command of the sloop-of-war Erie, when the castle was taken by the French in 1838, and was in the castle a few minutes after its surrender, and I therefore know how vulnerable it is to ships. I was intimate with the French officers, and saw daily all their preparations and plans of attack ; all of which might be serviceable. I am proud to say I learned a good deal. The French were prepared to attack by escalade, if it had not surrendered the morning it did. This I also considered feasible,

and at, perhaps, much less risk than by bombardment; but it would have been executed under cover of night. My intimate knowledge of the localities and these arrangements induces me to hope that I may have a position under whoever has the good fortune to command the squadron.

“ I will here mention also, for fear the Honorable Secretary may not have seen it, that I gave Commodore Stockton my minutes of the attack on the castle, for his use when it was supposed that he was bound for Vera Cruz, and he informed me that he had given them to Mr. Bancroft.

“ From that document you will learn the true state of the castle at the time of the surrender.

“ I feel that I have trespassed on your time, but my anxiety for the service, as well as the desire to make myself useful, must be my apology.

“ I have the honor to be, respectfully, sir,

“ D. G. FARRAGUT.

“ To Hon. J. Y. MASON,

“ Secretary of the Navy.’

“ I finally obtained command of the sloop of war *Saratoga*, after much difficulty. I had urged my claims on the ground that I had a thorough knowledge of the harbor of Vera Cruz, having been there during the attack on the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa by Admiral Baudin, had taken great pains to inform myself as to the local advantages in attacking the place, measured the depth of water all around the fort, and marked the penetration of every shell from the French ships; and that in so doing I had not at the time looked forward to a war with Mexico, but *I had made it a rule of my life to note these things with a view to the possible future.* I had labored much in this way, and it was the first opportunity I had ever had of reaping a reward. I urged that I could take the Castle of San Juan with the *Pennsylvania* and two sloops of war like the *Saratoga*, for which declaration I came very near being ruled out as a monomaniac. I was willing to take the inferior position of executive officer on board the *Pennsylvania*, that I might have

the duty of organizing her crew for the fight; but it was not permitted, and I did not obtain command of the *Saratoga* until February, 1847.

“I sailed two days after I got possession of the ship, with a crew made up of every servant and boat’s crew I could lay my hands on, Commodore Skinner and Captain Stribling, to their credit be it said, giving up theirs cheerfully. I was then ten per cent. short of my complement, and had only one man who was rated ‘seaman.’ I exercised them daily on the voyage, whenever the weather permitted, and off the Bahama Banks we fired at a target, and they made pretty good practice. I had them in fair trim by the time we reached Vera Cruz. But we were just too late; the castle had surrendered to our forces, under General Scott [March 26, 1847], and the flag was proudly floating over its walls.

“I took the yellow fever while there, and was near losing my life.

“Of all the service I had seen since entering the Navy, this cruise was the most mortifying. It was insisted that the castle had been strengthened with granite and was no longer the same as in 1838. Unfortunately, the officers then in the Gulf, who did not understand the condition of the fortifications or know the people, were not willing to attack, because an English officer had said that the castle ‘could sink all the ships in the world.’ It is now known, and sadly felt, that they were imposed upon. The Navy would stand on a different footing to-day if our ships had made the attack. It was all we could do, and should have been done at all hazards. Commodore Conner thought differently, however, and the old officers at home backed his opinion; but they all paid the penalty—not one of them will ever wear an Admiral’s flag,* which they might have done, if that castle

* There is something noteworthy in these words, uttered thirty years ago. Farragut thought, with many other intelligent friends of the Navy, that the rank of Admiral should exist in our service, for many reasons, not the least of which was the disadvantage our fleets would labor under in case of coöperation with a foreign squadron, when, by the established custom of nations in regard to rank, we would always be compelled to yield precedence to the grade of Admiral. He rejected the

had been taken by the Navy, which must have been the result of an attack.

“ I have little to look back to with satisfaction or pleasure at that time, except the consciousness of having done my duty. As I had the ill-will of my Commodore (Perry), I was not permitted to participate in any of the expeditions and more honorable duties, but was placed under a reef of rocks off Tuxpan, to blockade that port. When I could bear the imposition no longer, I reported the facts to the Navy Department, and asked to be relieved from under his command, or from command of the ship. Accordingly I was ordered home with my vessel. My letters were considered improper by the Secretary of the Navy.

“ ‘ UNITED STATES SHIP SARATOGA, SACRIFICIOS,
“ ‘ *December 12, 1847.*

“ ‘ **SIR :** As the time for which this ship was fitted out (twelve months) will expire in March, 1848, and her rigging, which, in my anxiety and at my earnest desire, was unwillingly passed by the surveyors for that period, is already beginning to give way, and conceiving that we have endured all the privations, sickness, etc., incidental to a cruise on the coast of Mexico, in the most aggravated form, having had all my officers, and more than half my crew, down with the yellow fever ; and lastly, having failed not only in eliciting from my commander-in-chief any participation in the more honorable duties of the squadron for my officers and crew, but also, as I conceive, common justice, having already been kept on the blockade of Tuxpan five and a half months out of seven on the station, while the other vessels of the squadron have been very differently situated :

“ ‘ I have the honor to request that, if it is not deemed expedient for the ship to return to the United States within that

idea that such a designation imported a title of nobility, any more than that of General or Commodore, and always believed that some signal success or brilliant achievement by the Navy would favor the creation of that grade. Hence his bluntly expressed dissatisfaction at the opportunity thrown away, as he regarded it, by the failure to attack the castle of San Juan de Ulloa. How his faith was justified, the subsequent events of our civil war illustrate.

period for the purpose of receiving a new gang of rigging and a new set of officers, I may be released from the command, as the readiest means of securing to those who remain in her a more favorable consideration. I am fully aware, sir, that great latitude must be given to the commander of a squadron, in order to secure his best exertions; but, if he uses the trust with prejudice or partiality, there is no alternative to the subordinate but the one I seek, viz., to get from under his command, and in so doing I am anxious that those who have shared with me the evils of my command should participate in the pleasure of my relief.

“‘I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,
 “‘D. G. FARRAGUT, Commander.

“‘HON. J. Y. MASON,
 “‘Secretary of the Navy,
 “‘Washington, D. C.’

“‘NAVY-YARD, VERA CRUZ, *December 17, 1847.*

“‘SIR: I should have forwarded the accompanying letter from Commander Farragut without comment, did it not ascribe to me a feeling of prejudice to him. In this opinion he is mistaken, as it would be impossible for me to entertain a prejudice against an officer with whom I never before served, and in whose company I do not recollect to have passed twenty-four hours in my life.

“‘As to the service in which he has been employed, circumstances of sickness in the squadron, and the consequent withdrawal of the Mississippi and Decatur, made the arrangement absolutely necessary to the faithful performance of the duties devolving on me as commander-in-chief.

“‘The crew of the Saratoga have been less exposed to the unhealthy localities of the coast than any vessel of the squadron, and have suffered less, in proportion to number, than most of them.

“‘I leave it to the Department to judge of the propriety of the language and tone of the letter of Commander Farragut.

“‘I have the honor to be, with great respect, sir, your obedient servant,

“ ‘M. C. PERRY,
 “ ‘Commanding Home Squadron.

“ ‘HON. JOHN Y. MASON,
 “ ‘Secretary of the Navy,
 “ ‘Washington, D. C.’

“ ‘PENSACOLA, *January 25, 1848.*

“ ‘SIR: AS I before stated, I am aware that the Commodore of a squadron is made the judge as to the best mode of employing the vessels under his command, and therefore my letter of the 12th of December, 1847, was only intended as a conditional petition to get from under the command of Commodore Perry, and I stated my reasons for wishing to relinquish a command I had sought with so much ardor for twelve months, and obtained at such a sacrifice; but not with a view to any controversy with my commander. But, lest by my silence I should be supposed to admit the truth of the statements contained in the comments of Commodore Perry, I will reply to them paragraph by paragraph, in their respective order:

“ ‘That when an officer, for the first time in any service, denies me an equal share in the honorable duties of the squadron, and imposes an undue share of the disagreeable, I am bound to attribute it either to prejudice against me or partiality for those who are benefited thereby, or to both combined; and I apprehend that I would have no great difficulty in convincing you, sir, that a prejudice could possibly exist without my having served with an officer, or spending twenty-four hours in his company, although we have served before in the same squadron more than once.

“ ‘In his second paragraph he assumes that my complaint is grounded on the “hardship of my duty in blockading Tuxpan,” whereas it would never have been mentioned, or even thought of by me, except in connection with the fact of having been denied all participation in the expeditions fitted out by the squadron, the last of which occurred about the middle of June,

and the Mississippi, I believe, had been sent to Pensacola some time in August, and the Decatur on the 1st of September.

“In the third paragraph, the Commodore is pleased to say that we “have been less exposed to the unhealthy localities than any vessel of the squadron,” which I admit is but too true, and by which he simply means that we were not on the expeditions—which was certainly not our fault or because I did not solicit it; therefore I leave the generosity of the remark to the consideration of the Department. That we have suffered less in proportion to number, I deny, as we have had, exclusive of my own case, which was pronounced a high state of bilious fever, ninety-nine cases; and, although we had but four deaths, the suffering was peculiarly aggravated, and many of those who have recovered were given up by the surgeon. As far as I can ascertain, no ship in the squadron, except the Mississippi, has had a greater number of persons down with the yellow fever, although I believe the John Adams lost two and the Decatur one more than we have.

“In conclusion, I beg to state that my complaints are simply these :

“First. Being denied to participate in the expedition to Coatzacoalco, but made to relieve Captain Breese, who did not desire it, and who had participated in all the expeditions as well as in the attack on Vera Cruz.

“Secondly. Not being allowed to join the expedition against Tabasco, when other vessels had arrived from the United States which could have relieved me as well as the Decatur, whose Captain was unable to leave his own ship.

“Thirdly. When the fever broke out on the Decatur at Tuxpan, I was sent immediately to relieve her, and she was sent to Pensacola, where her sick could have the advantage of a hospital; whereas, under the same circumstances, when I notified the Commodore I had fifty cases, my letters were unnoticed, I was ordered to perform duties, blockading and running along the coast, compelled to put to sea in gales, and kept on the blockade for two months after the fever had broken out, and treated as if nothing had occurred on board the vessel.

“ ‘ Lastly. The ungenerous attempt to injure me in the estimation of the Department by his letter of the 15th of August, 1847, relative to the landing of General Parades, by intimating that I had neglected my duty in not boarding the British steamer Teviot, whereas he was perfectly aware that I arrived at Vera Cruz after sunset the night before, the steamer arrived at six o'clock the next morning, and it had never been considered the duty of the vessels of war to interfere with the port regulations of Vera Cruz by boarding the British steamer after it was taken possession of by the army, and that my orders were simply to tender my services to the Governor, which I did. Governor Wilson will bear testimony to the fact that I not only offered him my services on all occasions, but that the utmost good feeling and personal friendship always existed between us. Commodore Perry, in a conversation with me in the presence of Colonel Wilson, remarked that “ I might have boarded the steamer,” to which I replied that “ I did not consider it my duty to do anything of the kind, unless requested to do so by the Governor; that they had their own boarding officers and port regulations, which I presumed answered all their purposes; but that since the Governor had been compelled to displace the boarding officer, he had requested me to have all vessels boarded, as he had no competent person to perform the duty, and since then I had given it my strict attention ”; to which the Commodore replied that he would issue a circular to that effect, which he did.

“ ‘ Now, sir, had Vera Cruz been under our authority, I should have considered it my duty to board all vessels entering the port; but, as it was in charge of the army, I felt it my duty to avoid everything that might be construed into an interference with the military prerogative. I was soon after ordered to Tuxpan, and in the course of a month had the mortification to see it going the rounds in the newspapers that I had been reprimanded by Commodore Perry for neglect of duty in permitting General Parades to enter Vera Cruz. I now have the still greater mortification to see among the letters published in the “ Union,” in obedience to a call from Congress, that Commo-

dore Perry has actually tried to make the same impression on the Navy Department. How far he succeeded, I know not; but I feel well assured that I shall stand acquitted when the circumstances are made known. I recur to these circumstances for the purpose of showing the Honorable Secretary that my impression of prejudice is not without cause, or my complaint without justice.

“ ‘I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

“ ‘D. G. FARRAGUT.

“ ‘To Hon. JOHN Y. MASON,

“ ‘Secretary of the Navy.’

“ On February 19, 1848, I arrived in New York, paid off my crew, and delivered up my ship at the Yard. I am sorry to say that during this cruise I was compelled to rid the service of a lieutenant, a midshipman, two gunners, and a sail-maker, and to bring my first lieutenant to a court-martial, on the very last day, for drunkenness. My lieutenant of marines had died while serving on shore at Tampico. Out of my crew of one hundred and fifty, a hundred had yellow fever, and I lost two of my best men overboard on the way home.

“ After I had delivered up the Saratoga, I was appointed to be second in command again at the Norfolk Navy-yard; which proved to me at least one fact—that I had lost nothing of the good opinion of the Secretary, Mr. Mason.

“ There I passed two years in the usual routine of duty, occasionally serving on a court-martial. I had a severe attack of cholera, and the surgeon of the Yard, Dr. Blacknall, gave me up; but I recovered, and went to White Sulphur Springs, where I remained two or three months.

“ In October, 1850, I was ordered to Washington, to draw up a book of ordnance regulations for the Navy, in connection with Commander T. A. Dornin, and Lieutenants Barron, A. A. Harwood, and Fairfax. It occupied us nearly a year, when the chief of the bureau, Commodore Warrington, died, and we were called on for revisions by the new chief, Commodore Morris. This employed us nearly six months longer, and finally many

of the best features of our work were overruled and stricken out; as were also the drawings, which we considered fine illustrations.

“During those eighteen months I attended regularly the lectures at the Smithsonian Institution, losing but a single one, and I can record my feeble testimony as to the benefit of Mr. Smithson’s legacy. You will rarely come away from such lectures without being somewhat wiser than you went.

“When the ordnance book was finished, I was ordered to the Norfolk Navy-yard as ordnance officer, and was directed to give the officers there a weekly lecture on gunnery.

“In the summer of 1852 I was ordered to Old Point Comfort, to test all the different classes of guns in the Navy, by bursting one or two of each class with a series of fires. The object was to satisfy the Government and the founders on the question whether the tensile strength of the iron is a test of the endurance of the gun. I was employed on this most interesting duty nearly a year, and gave the results in a pamphlet published by the bureau, in which many preconceived opinions of the service were entirely overturned. After concluding these experiments, I returned to the Navy-yard, and resumed my lectures.”

Lieutenant Percival Drayton was associated with Farragut in the ordnance experiments, and an intimacy was then formed with that accomplished gentleman and gallant officer which lasted for the remainder of their lives. The pamphlet alluded to, like everything else which does not originate and end in Washington, was soon allowed to go out of use. It was not, indeed, a work of any pretension, but it contained facts which are always important in the profession, and many of which were unknown before. The book of ordnance regulations was highly commended by officers of other navies than our own. “But where is it now?” asked Farragut at a later day. “God only knows! For those who had the power called a new board ten years after, and made a few necessary changes to suit the introduction of steam and heavy guns, and the names of the original

board were obliterated, while the result of their labor probably stands to-day as the work of some other individuals. I do not care for the praise that such a volume might win ; but I despise the spirit that prompts those who have a little temporary power about the seat of government to purloin the credit due to others."

When the Crimean war broke out, Farragut applied for orders to go thither as a professional observer, in the following letter to the Secretary of the Navy :

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, *April 12, 1854.*

"SIR: As I informed you in my interview with you on the 6th inst., I am most desirous of visiting the fleets of England and France in the Baltic or the Mediterranean, with a view to ascertaining whether in the outfits and preparations for war they possess any advantages over our ships of war, and if so, in what they consist.

"It is with great diffidence that I approach the Department with such a request ; but I am satisfied that though there may be some, there are few who feel the same interest in such matters as myself, and I perhaps flatter myself in supposing that there are few who would enter into the work so cordially, and of those few none may possess the advantage which my long service would give me ; in addition to this, I speak French, Spanish, and Italian.

"I am aware that I am asking a great deal of the Department ; but as I have been in the service since I was nine years of age, I feel that my name and character are equally well known to the Department and the Navy ; upon which I most respectfully rely for your favorable consideration of my request to be attached to any commission that may be sent for the above-named purposes, or to be appointed to any command destined for the seat of war.

"I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

"D. G. FARRAGUT.

"To Hon. JAMES C. DOBBIN,
"Secretary of the Navy."

No action was taken by the Navy Department on this suggestion of Farragut's, but he was shortly after assigned the important duty of founding a Navy-yard on the Pacific coast.

“NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

“*April 15, 1854.*”

“SIR: Your letter of the 12th inst. has been received, and the suggestions contained therein will receive careful consideration: The Department, however, has not determined upon the course to pursue in the matter referred to.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“J. C. DOBBIN,

“Secretary of the Navy.

“To Commander D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Norfolk, Virginia.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SERVICE IN CALIFORNIA—THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—CRUISE OF THE BROOKLYN—PECULIAR SERVICE IN MEXICO.

THE Government, being desirous of establishing a navy-yard on the Pacific coast, sent a commission of three naval officers to select a site. They decided upon Mare Island, opposite Vallejo, California. This island is in San Pablo Bay, about thirty miles by the inland route from San Francisco, and is three miles in length and half a mile in breadth. It is almost a peninsula, being connected with the mainland by an immense marsh, or "tule," which is interspersed with ponds and streams that render it impassable.

In August, 1854, Farragut was ordered to repair to this place and begin the work of establishing the Navy-yard. He took passage with his family in the *Star of the West*, the vessel which afterward figured so conspicuously in the early operations of the civil war.

As there were no arrangements for the accommodation of officers on the island, the Government placed the old sloop-of-war *Warren* at their disposal, so she was taken up the bay and moored opposite the Yard. Farragut lived on board, with his family, seven months, until temporary buildings could be put up. The work of the Yard was soon begun in earnest. The quiet little town of Vallejo, which consisted of a few scattered houses, and had at one time been the capital of the State and boasted a State house, soon began to show signs of renewed life. Workmen were attracted to the place, and, as they were not allowed to live on the island, the scene was quite animated, with a "mosquito fleet" of boats spread over the wide expanse of the strait, plying backward and forward, morning and evening. The town also began to increase in size, and real estate

speculations were the order of the day. Farragut did not lose the opportunity to invest his savings in "town lots," which have since proved of some benefit to his family.

The four years passed on this station were of great advantage to his health, which was not at all good when he arrived on the coast of California. He had passed much of his life in tropical countries, and had suffered so severely from yellow fever and cholera that he was obliged to be very careful in his diet; but the exhilarating exercise on horseback which he took almost daily, with the delightful climate, soon began to show good effects upon him.

He saw the importance of a navy-yard on the Pacific coast of the United States, and labored earnestly to get the Mare Island Yard in as efficient a state as possible, so that in the event of war with any foreign power it would be ready to repair and supply our cruisers. He reserved the ornamental work until everything of importance had been accomplished. The large blacksmith shop, the first permanent building erected, is a monument to his energy in carrying out this policy.

Nothing worthy of particular notice occurred during his four years' service in California, outside of his regular and arduous duties at Mare Island, except in connection with the formation of the "Vigilance Committee of '56," an organization with which Farragut felt some sympathy at first, in consequence of the outrages perpetrated by the desperate and lawless characters who infested San Francisco. While he could not but admire the executive ability displayed by the leaders of the Committee, he was not officially called on to approve or disapprove the means employed by the citizens to rid themselves of the evils under which they suffered. The only instances in which his interference was invoked, and the course which he thought proper to adopt under the circumstances, are explained by the following extracts from a letter addressed to his son by a gentleman who had close official relations with Captain Farragut at the time, and who enjoyed every opportunity of knowing the facts, as well as of understanding his sentiments on the occasion:

“During the exciting times of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, when many personal friends on either side were endeavoring to influence his partial action, his position was indeed trying, and no one, remote from the times, scenes, and influences, can imagine the delicacy and temptations of his position, or the firmness and moderation it required. No personal sympathy could bias his official judgment, or influence his action. In reply to the Governor of the State, who applied for aid to suppress the insurrection, he referred him to that article in the Constitution of the United States which requires, first, the assembling of the Legislature in such an event, if possible, and, if not, and the danger be too imminent, the appeal of the Governor to the President of the United States, by whose authority and orders alone he (your father) could act. There was no telegraph to the Pacific coast in those days, and it required six or eight weeks for intercommunication. But had he assumed the responsibility, and sided with one or the other of the highly inflamed parties, he might have precipitated the State into civil war, or greatly aggravated the existing troubles. So he refused to interfere, although I know he had most decided convictions with reference to the unlawful outrages incident to that period of great excitement. He confined himself, however, to the strict letter of his duty, and did not in any way interfere until the imprisonment, by the Vigilance Committee, of the Navy Agent at San Francisco, Dr. R. P. Ashe, when a letter of demand for his release was forwarded to Commander Boutwell, then in command of the *John Adams*, which had been sent to take a position off the city in case of emergency, with instructions to enforce it. Fortunately, the Committee sent the Navy Agent on board the ship before the order was communicated, and thus a crisis was avoided. What the result might otherwise have been, it is difficult to conjecture. It is hardly necessary to state the extent of the authority given to Boutwell in his orders, but he was firmly instructed to protect Government property, and military, naval, and judicial officers of the United States, in their respective duties; beyond that not to go, nor compromise the United States Government with either party. . . .

“I need not recall to your mind the remarkable manner in which your father blended dignity of personal and official character with perfect accessibility. The poorest laborer could approach him with any complaint or grievance, without awe or inferiority of manhood, and feel that he would receive equal and exact justice without respect to person. Your father inspired and preserved the confidence, respect, and esteem of all his subordinates. His large and generous hospitality, and his simple, genial, and inspiring manners quickly removed all conventional barriers to social enjoyment, and with such a host no guest could help feeling at home.

“In his official life he knew but one motive—duty. Well do I remember when his three years’ command of the Navy-yard at Mare Island had expired, which, by the custom of the Navy Department, should be succeeded by an equal term of sea duty. The Department, fully satisfied with the work he had accomplished, and at a loss for a competent successor, informed him that, if he would indicate a preference to remain, he would be continued for another term. His answer, as nearly as I can recall his exact words, was: ‘I have no volition in the matter; your duty is to give me orders, mine to obey. Other officers have rights and privileges, with which I do not feel disposed to interfere. I will await my right and turn to a command, or remain in command here, as you may be pleased to direct.’

“Knowing, as I did, that it would be personally agreeable, and in many respects convenient for him to remain at the Yard to complete some of the principal works which he had begun, and in which he felt a just pride and interest, I suggested a slight modification of his language, leaving an implication of his preference.

“‘No,’ said he, ‘it may be used hereafter to deprive me of my right to command a squadron, which has been the ambition of my naval life. Let the Department make what it can of my reply, and give me orders. I shall not then compromise any of my rights to a command. I have never shirked any duty whatever in my life, and, God helping me, I never shall. I have made it the rule of my life to ask no official favors, but to await

orders and then obey them. Such is an officer's duty and his best policy.' This was strikingly characteristic of the man—strict devotion to duty.”

Farragut's attitude toward the Vigilance Committee is more particularly shown by the following letters, taken from the records of the Navy Department :

“NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA, *June 30, 1856.*

“SIR: The John Adams, Commander E. B. Boutwell, arrived at San Francisco on the 22d ult., from the Sandwich Islands.

“San Francisco has been in a very unsettled state for some weeks past, in consequence of the killing of the editor of the ‘Evening Bulletin,’ James King of William. A large number of the citizens banded together, and assumed the command of the city, took Casey, who shot King, and a man by the name of Cora, who, a short time since, shot the marshal of the State, Richardson, and hung them both together. Everything has been done with perfect organization and deliberation, and the regularly constituted authorities of the city or State have not been able to interfere, or prevent any of the movements of the Vigilance Committee.

“Since the hanging the Committee have been busy in causing the arrest of certain notorious characters, whom they charge with the habitual stuffing of ballot-boxes and controlling elections by force, and have determined to send them out of the country. They have several such characters now in confinement, ready to send by the next steamer to the East. One of them, apprehending that it might be their intention to hang them, committed suicide. This was the notorious prize-fighter, Yankee Sullivan.

“About this stage of affairs, Governor Johnson called on me for assistance to sustain the authorities of the State; but of course I declined any interference in the matter, as I had neither the authority nor the requisite force for any such purposes; and, besides, I told the Governor that Captain Boutwell

was the best judge of his own responsibilities. Captain Boutwell declined all interference in the matter. I fear it may yet end in an outbreak, and a violent struggle, and may cause bloodshed among the better portion of the community; but all as yet is quiet.

"The John Adams is being docked, and undergoing some slight repairs, principally on her sails; she will be able to sail in about ten days.

"We have heard nothing from Puget Sound lately, or Commodore Mervine; but I believe the war in the Sound is about drawing to a close.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

"Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,

"Secretary of the Navy."

"NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, July 2, 1856.

"SIR: I had the honor of addressing you by the last mail, on the subject of the revolutionary movement in this country. You will now perceive, by the journals of the day, that the Vigilance Committee claim it to be successful revolution, inasmuch as they have completely overpowered the Law-and-Order party, taken the few arms they had from them, and paroled the captured soldiers of the State, with the exception of our old naval storekeeper Maloney, and Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court. Although you have, no doubt, seen the various accounts in the papers, I deem it my duty to give you my account as a disinterested looker-on; for the community is in such a state of excitement that no one appears to see but one side of the affair. Every one feels that we are on a volcano, and is mentally feeling for the first sensation of explosion.

"After the Governor had issued his proclamation, calling out the militia, and failed to obtain arms for them from General Wool, as he supposed he would, General [W. T.] Sherman resigned the command of the State forces, and General Howard was appointed his successor. He attempted to organize the State forces in the city of San Francisco, where the Vigilantes had six thousand men under arms, with artillery, and the most

perfect system of espionage. The General's next movement was to procure a few stand of arms from General Wool, which were due the State by annual distribution. They were delivered to one of General Howard's men, Maloney, who was on his way to San Francisco from Benicia, in a sail-vessel, when it was boarded at 2 A. M., and the arms were taken to the Vigilance Committee rooms.

"Maloney and his party were released; but a short time afterward, upon reflection, the Committee determined to re-arrest Maloney, for reasons best known to themselves, and sent a police-guard from their own forces after him. By this time he had reached Dr. Ashe's room, where, by appointment, he was to meet the General and make his report as to the result of his expedition. He was followed thither by the Vigilantes, who, on entering the room, requested Maloney to accompany them to the Vigilance Committee rooms. Maloney asked if they had any warrant for him, and being answered in the negative, he declined going, and Dr. Ashe and Judge Terry, who were present, ordered the Vigilance police out of their room. They immediately went for reënforcements, and the party in the room set out for the armory or assembly room of the Law-and-Order party, intending to resist the Vigilance Committee in the attempt to take one of their company; as Maloney was one of the militia company of Ashe's command, called into service by the Governor.

"Joined by some eight or ten others while retreating toward the armory, they were overtaken by the Vigilance police before they reached the room, when Terry and Ashe faced about and told them to stand off. They rushed on, however, and attempted to wrest Judge Terry's gun from his hands, saying they would take him and his gun too. The scuffle became fierce between the Vigilantes and Terry and Ashe, until, at last, a pistol was fired. Dr. Ashe and others say it was fired by one of the Vigilantes at Terry, while their party say it was fired by accident; but it was evident that they thought it was fired at them. The ball passed between them. At this moment Terry drew his bowie knife with his left hand, and struck Hopkins,

one of the Vigilance police, who had hold of him, on the neck, whereupon the police fled, and the Law-and-Order party made good their retreat to their armory, where, in a few minutes after the tap of the bell on the roof of the Vigilance Committee buildings, they were surrounded by three or four thousand men, armed with muskets, cannon, etc.

“There were but sixteen men inside of the armory, all of whom were willing to die there and then; but Judge Terry said No; it was his life the Vigilantes wanted, and his friends should not be sacrificed for him. So they surrendered, and were conveyed as prisoners to the Vigilance Committee rooms. The next day all but Judge Terry and Maloney were released upon parole.

“Commander Boutwell, as soon as he heard that Dr. Ashe was confined, wrote a letter to the Committee, and he was released upon parole.

“These are the facts, as far as I have been able to learn them from the most disinterested persons.

“The Vigilance Committee claim that, if Hopkins dies, Judge Terry shall be hung, as guilty of murder; and as Judge Terry’s friends are very numerous, and are generally warm-hearted, impulsive men, if this man Hopkins dies, and Terry be hung, there is no predicting the result. They are now smothering their feeling for the purpose of endeavoring to save Judge Terry’s life; for on the first hostile movement they will take his life. It is so understood. There is very little doubt that the Committee are anxious that Hopkins may live, and that they regret the whole affair; for, up to the time of Terry’s arrest, the Committee were sanctioned by an overwhelming majority. I think they are aware they have caused a division in public opinion, and people are beginning to come to their sober senses, and will not be willing to be longer governed by they know not whom.

“I have been in revolutionary countries, and I could always find some one in authority; but here, although they are in correspondence with me, I know no one except the bearers of their letters, and should have thought them to be mere messengers,

had they not told me they were members of the Executive Committee. Therefore, in my replies, I addressed my letters to them, and not to 'No. 33, Secretary,' whom I did not know.

"There is a great effort, on both sides, to mix us up in these matters; but, as I know the tenderness with which the general Government touches the subject, I have told them that I shall do nothing without orders. But my views on the subject will be sufficiently explained by my letters to Commander Boutwell, and Messrs. Farwell and Case of the Executive Committee, without troubling you with a repetition of them. . . .

"All of which is respectfully submitted for your consideration, with the hope that my course in the affair will meet with your approbation.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

"Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,

"Secretary of the Navy."

"U. S. SHIP JOHN ADAMS, OFF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

"June 28, 1856.

"To the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE,

"GENTLEMEN: You are either in open rebellion against the laws of your country, and in a state of war, or you are an association of American citizens combined together for the purpose of redressing an evil, real or imaginary, under a suspension of the laws of California.

"If you occupy the position assigned to you by Judge Shattuck, one of your ablest judges (and one who sympathizes with those who wish to reform abuses under the law), I, as an officer of the United States, request that you will deal with Judge Terry as a *prisoner of war*, and place him on board my ship.

"But if you desire to occupy the position of a party of citizens, acting under a suspension of, or against, the law of California, you will, I think, on reflection, and from a desire to conform to the requirements of the Constitution of your country, from a due regard to justice, and, above all, from a desire to avoid the shedding of American blood by American citizens

upon American soil, surrender Judge Terry to the lawful authorities of the State.

"You, gentlemen, I doubt not, are familiar with the case of Koszta. If the action of Captain Ingraham in interfering to save the life of Koszta (who was not then an American citizen)* met the approbation of his country, how much the more necessary is it for me to use all the power at my command to save the life of a native-born American citizen, whose only offense is believed to be in his efforts to carry out the law, obey the Governor's proclamation, and defend his own life.

"The attack of one of the policemen of the Vigilance Committee, who perhaps would have killed the Judge if the Judge had not wounded his adversary, was clearly without the sanction of the law. Gentlemen of the Committee, pause and reflect before you condemn to death, in secret, an American citizen, who is entitled to a public and impartial trial by a judge and jury recognized by the laws of his country.

"I trust you will appreciate my motives, and consider my position. I most earnestly pray that some arrangement may be effected by which peace and quietude may be restored to this excited community.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"E. B. BOUTWELL, Commander."

"EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE CHAMBERS, COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE,
"SAN FRANCISCO, *June 29, 1856.*

"To Captain DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U. S. Navy,

"SIR: We take the liberty of inclosing herewith a copy of a letter received this day from Commander Boutwell, of the United States ship John Adams, also a copy of a reply.

"Owing to the extraordinary logic and menacing tone of Commander Boutwell's communication, we deem it advisable to

* In July, 1853, D. N. Ingraham, commanding the United States sloop-of-war St. Louis, in the Mediterranean, protected Martin Koszta, a Hungarian who had taken the preliminary steps for becoming a citizen of the United States, against arrest by the Austrian Consul at Smyrna. Commander Ingraham's conduct was approved by the Government, and Congress voted him a medal.

submit it to his superior's notice, for whom we entertain the highest regard and esteem.

(“ Under seal of the Committee,)

“ 33, SECRETARY.”

“NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *July 1, 1856.*

“GENTLEMEN: I have perused with great attention the correspondence between the Committee of Vigilance and Commander Boutwell, and although I concur with the Commander in many important facts in the case, still I conceive it to be my duty to avert, as far as possible, the evils now hovering over this highly excited community. And although I believe Commander Boutwell to be actuated by the same motive, he has perhaps taken a different mode of attaining this end. I perfectly agree with him that the release or trial of Judge Terry, in accordance with the Constitution of the United States, would be the readiest mode of attaining the great object we all have in view. That instrument, in Article 5th of the Amended Constitution, says: ‘No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury [except in a military service], nor shall he be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law.’ Further, in Article 6th, ‘in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.’

“Now, as I understand the organization of the Vigilance Committee, through the medium of the public prints, etc., none of these requirements are complied with. The society is secret, and all its acts are conducted with secrecy; and, were it not that I had the honor of receiving the documents referred to above from your hands, I should know no one in this correspondence but ‘No. 33, Secretary.’ Article 4th (section 4) of the Constitution provides that ‘the United States shall guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and on application of

the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature can not be convened), shall protect each of them against domestic violence.'

"The last is the grave and momentous question which is truly embarrassing to the officers of the general Government, so far removed from the seat of government, and one which every officer must decide for himself, according to his sense of duty to his God and his country. But you may be assured, gentlemen, that I shall always be ready to pour oil on the troubled waters, rather than do aught to fan the flame of human passions, or add to the chances of the horrors of civil war.

"You will please inform the Committee that I shall address Commander Boutwell on the subject to-day, by the same conveyance that carries this communication to you.

"I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Commandant of Mare Island Navy-yard.

"To Messrs. FARWELL and CASE,

"Of the Committee of Vigilance,

"San Francisco, California."

"NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *July 1, 1856.*

"SIR: I yesterday received a communication from the Vigilance Committee, inclosing a correspondence between yourself and the Committee, in relation to the release of Judge D. S. Terry, and requesting my interposition. Although I agree with you in the opinions expressed, in relation to the constitutional points, I can not agree that you have any right to interfere in this matter, and I so understood you when we parted. The Constitution requires, before any interference on the part of the general Government, that the Legislature shall be convened, if possible, and, if it can not be convened, then the application of the Executive. I have seen no reason why the Legislature could not have been convened long since, yet it has not been done, nor has the Governor taken any steps, that I know of, to call it together.

"In all cases within my knowledge, the Government of the United States has been very careful not to interfere with the

domestic troubles of the States, when they were strictly domestic and no collision was made with the laws of the United States, and has always been studious of avoiding, as much as possible, collision with State rights principles.

“The commentators Kent and Story agree that the fact of the reference to the President, by the Legislature or Executive of the State, was the great guarantee of State rights. I feel no disposition to interfere with your command; but, so long as you are within the waters of my command, it becomes my duty to restrain you from doing anything to augment the very great excitement in this distracted community, until we receive instructions from the Government. All the facts of the case have been fully set forth before the Government by both parties, and we must patiently await the result.

“I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

“Commander E. B. BOUTWELL,

“Commanding United States Ship John Adams,

“Off San Francisco, Cal.”

“UNITED STATES SHIP JOHN ADAMS, OFF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
July 2, 1856.

“MY DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the 1st inst., and, as I do not wish to ‘augment the very great excitement in this distressed community’ by my presence, I shall go to sea as soon as possible. I think it due to myself, however, to state that I considered my ship, after I left the Navy-yard on Mare Island, to be under the command of Commodore Mervine, or I should have consulted you in regard to the action I took to obtain the release of Judge Terry, and therefore did not mean to treat you with any disrespect. Indeed, I would have done so anyhow, if it had been convenient.

“It is true that we concurred at one time in the opinion that we ought to wait for orders from Washington, before taking any part in the San Francisco troubles; but the fact of your having consented to serve on a Committee to settle the controversy between the State authorities of California and the Vigilance Committee, induced me to believe that your opinion on the sub-

ject had undergone a change. In regard to the interference of the Federal officers, I am unable to discover any difference, as far as the doctrine of State rights is concerned, between the position of the commander of the Navy-yard at Mare Island, who acts, or consents to act, as a commissioner to settle the terms of peace, and the commander of the John Adams who writes a letter to the Committee of Vigilance, asking that the life of an American citizen may not be taken in haste, and that he may be dealt with according to the laws of his country.

“I am a State rights man myself, and therefore do not believe that it is any part of the creed to overturn the laws of the State, hang men without trial by jury, and imprison a judge of the Supreme Court.

“Independent of all this, they (the Committee) have interfered with the Federal Government in arresting the Navy Agent of this port without legal authority, and in violation of the dearest rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States to every American citizen.

“In conclusion, sir, I must inform you that I have been applied to by the Governor of the State, Judge Terry, the prisoner himself, the Collector of the Port, and the United States Marshal of this district, and appealed to by the distressed wife of the Judge, to interfere in this unhappy controversy between a portion of the people of San Francisco on the one side and the State on the other; and what I have done has been dictated by humanity and a conscientious discharge of my duty, and I am prepared to meet the consequences.

“I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“E. B. BOUTWELL, Commander.

“To Captain D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Commanding United States Navy-yard,

“Mare Island, California.”

“NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *July 2, 1856.*

“SIR: I have received your letter of this day's date, and regret to see the spirit of it, inasmuch as we are all desirous of attaining the same end, and only differ as to the mode of doing it. I think it becomes us to be temperate, and there was

nothing in my letter calculated to convey any other feeling to you. I knew that when we parted you entertained the same ideas as myself in relation to our duties as Government officers, and I felt no disposition to interfere with your command, and should not have done so, had you not written a letter to the Committee which induced them to think that it was your intention to fire on the city. Now, independent of the call of humanity in behalf of the many innocent persons who would be thus exposed, I think it would be the most certain inhumanity to Judge Terry, whose life, I think, would pay the forfeit at the very first gun.

“It is not with your usual coolness and clearness of vision that you say (in substance) that you see no difference between my consenting to be on a committee on the part of the State Government to endeavor to bring about an amicable arrangement of these difficulties and your writing a letter to the Committee of Vigilance asking that the life of an American citizen may be spared, etc. You forget that the same letter also contains this paragraph: ‘If the action of Captain Ingraham in interfering to save the life of Koszta (who was not then an American citizen) met the approbation of his country, how much more necessary is it for me to use all the power at my command to save the life of a native born American citizen,’ etc. This was very plainly indicating that you would use ‘all the power at your command,’ and it was so understood by the Committee, and they therefore asked my interposition for humanity’s sake to that portion of the community who are not parties in this melancholy affair.

“Why you should think my willingness to act as a peace-making agent (which I, of course, would have done as an individual, and not as the Commandant of Mare Island, and could in no wise have implicated the United States Government) was an evidence of any change in my opinion as to non-interference officially, I am unable to understand.

“You knew my willingness, at the time we were together, to act if I was called on; but I never was called on, and consequently did not act, which I only regret the more as I am still

under the impression that Judge Terry is to be liberated by peaceable, not forcible means. I may be wrong, but I feel well assured of the fact that you nor any other person in that community is more anxious to save the life of Judge Terry or serve him than I am ; we only differ as to the means to be resorted to.

“ I received a deputation and a letter from the Executive Committee, and I have every assurance of their desire to put an end to this unhappy state of affairs, and since I have addressed them by name, and told them I did not know ‘ No. 33,’ I have received a very polite note from their President, Mr. Coleman. So, now we have persons to deal with, we are the more likely to accomplish some good end.

“ As to that portion of your letter in which you speak of being in your opinion without the jurisdiction of my command, etc., you were, and are still, under the command of Commodore Mervine, and, as I before observed, I should not have interfered with you, but for cause. But you must be aware that you can not be beyond my control so long as you are within these waters.

“ It is the duty of the superior officer present to act according to the best judgment for the general good. He alone is responsible, after an appeal is made to him, and not the junior. That there was ever any disrespect intended by you, never entered my mind. That you are besought by the Government party to blow the town down, I am well aware. But that we should act in our public capacity with unbiased judgment, is only called for the louder. The people on both sides are violent, and it therefore becomes us to be cool and temperate. As to your responsibilities in this case, alluded to in your letter, you shall have the full credit to which they may entitle you ; the correspondence shall be forwarded by the next mail to the Navy Department.

“ Your course may be more approved than mine. If so, be assured my eye will not be evil because you have proved to be right.

“ Very respectfully, yours,

“ D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

“ To Commander E. B. BOUTWELL.”

“NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *July 3, 1856.*”

“SIR: As, on the reporting of Lieutenant Corbin for duty, you will have one more than the complement of officers allowed you by the Department, and there will then exist no good reason for detaining Lieutenant Haxtun, you will, therefore, direct that officer to take passage (in the Oregon steamer) for Fort Vancouver, and thence proceed by land to Seattle, in Washington Territory; on his arrival at that place to report to Commander Swartwout, in compliance with his original instructions, received from the Hon. Secretary of the Navy. You will not sail until these arrangements are made, nor until further orders from me, as your presence may be necessary in the harbor.

“You will receive on board Judge D. S. Terry, for his personal safety, should any arrangement be accomplished to that end.

“I am, very respectfully, etc.,

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

“To Commander E. B. BOUTWELL,

“Commanding U. S. Ship John Adams,

“Off San Francisco, California.”

“NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA, *July 17, 1856.*”

“SIR: I have to inform the Department that no change has taken place in the domestic relations of San Francisco since my last communication. The city is under strict military rule; and as the Law-and-Order or Government party are without arms or organization, they are unable to resist the grossest outrages and excesses committed by the Vigilance party. At a mass meeting held on Saturday evening (the 12th inst.), when it was difficult to decide, on the passage of certain resolutions, which (the ayes or nays) had the majority, the Vigilance Committee (so Mr. Turner states, who was present) made a number of arrests of Law-and-Order men, and sent them to prison, by way of keeping order. This procedure overawed the rest of them, and the resolutions, demanding the resignation of the city and county officials, were carried in the affirmative by the Vigilance party.

“Judge Terry is still in confinement, undergoing his trial

by the Vigilance court. They say it will probably be brought to a close in the course of a week.

"I have detained the John Adams until I see the result. I shall have the Decatur and Warren on hand for such purposes as the Department may see fit to use them for.

"I will also write to Commander Swartwout to-day, to send the John Hancock down to me, as she would be absolutely necessary to the faithful carrying out of any system of coercion that the Government may see fit to adopt. I hope I need not say that the Department may depend upon my discretion to avoid all difficulty, and my energy in carrying out the views of the Department when the time for action shall arrive.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

"Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,
"Secretary of the Navy."

"NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA, *August, 1856.*

"SIR: Since my last communication much of interest has transpired in San Francisco, which I shall endeavor to give you an account of, nearly as it occurred.

"On the 20th day of July I received a note from Judge McAllister, of the Circuit Court of the United States, requesting an interview with me, and, at the same time, a message from Dr. Gwin that he, the Judge, the sub-Treasurer, and the Superintendent of the Branch Mint in San Francisco, would await my arrival until a late hour that night, to consult as to the safety of the funds, papers, etc., of the United States. I could not go down that night, as it was late, calm, and foggy, but went down in the morning at an early hour.

"On my arrival I found that the sub-Treasurer had concluded that he could not agree to putting the funds in his possession, four million dollars in gold, on board of the John Adams for security, unless I would demand it of him, and then he would cover his responsibility by a protest. So there was no necessity for my seeing him personally, as Dr. Gwin informed

me that such was his (the sub-Treasurer's) idea of the requirement of the law under which he acted.

"I had all the necessary arrangements made for conveying the money to Mare Island for safety, and the ships ready to protect it. I had the Decatur's and Warren's batteries in good order, with plenty of ammunition for such an occasion, as it would only be the mob that would wish to take the funds, and they would, in all probability, be without organization. Judge McAllister desired to know of me whether, should it become necessary, in his official capacity, to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* for the person of Judge Terry, I would give the United States Marshal the necessary assistance on the water to prevent the abduction of Judge Terry from the harbor of San Francisco by the associated mobites styling themselves a Vigilance Committee. I told the Judge that, if he could make it clear to me that he had the right to issue the writ, I would give him the assistance; and that, although I was unwilling to move in this matter, I would support the Constitution and laws of the Union to the extent of my power. He informed me that there are very large interests pending before the Supreme Court of the State, and that there are citizens of other States and foreigners who are kept out of their moneys, etc., by the confinement of the Judge, and they had applied to and were anxious for him to have him released. He also showed me the law, with his application of it to the present case; whereupon, being convinced that he had the right to issue the writ, I gave Commander Boutwell orders (a copy herewith forwarded), on the application of the United States Marshal for assistance, under a writ of *habeas corpus*, to render him all in his power to secure the person of Judge Terry, and prevent, if possible, his abduction. I also sent the schooner Fenimore Cooper down to Commander Boutwell, for the purpose of better effecting this end, and she is a very fast sailer. She still lies there.

"In all this I hope you will see that I have been actuated by a sense of duty to do what I thought to be best for the Government, and not for myself, for I hope I have no feeling paramount to my duty as an officer. These people have been

running riot, and setting all law and the Constitution at defiance, and I did not know at what moment they would seize the money at the Branch Mint. The history of nearly all revolutionary movements shows such to be the result the moment the *canaille* get the upper hand.

“On Tuesday last, as you will see by the papers, the Vigilance Committee publicly executed two more men—Brace and Hetherington. The latter they took from the city police.

“The moment the case of Judge Terry is disposed of—which, it is to be hoped, will be before the sailing of the next steamer—I shall allow Commander Boutwell to sail on his cruise to the Islands; and, as the Indian war is nearly if not quite over, I have directed the return of the John Hancock to this place, to remain until these difficulties are over, when she can return to Puget Sound, or not, as Commodore Mervine may desire. I beg to state, however, that I have not heard from or of the Commodore’s arrival at any port since he sailed from the Sandwich Islands in February last.

“I perceive that the Chief of the Bureau of Docks and Yards appears to expect his arrival at this place soon, to test the basin and railway.

“I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

“Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,
“Secretary of the Navy.”

“NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *August 19, 1856.*

“SIR: Since my last communication, I have only to record the release of Judge Terry, which occurred on the 7th inst. It appears that he had been acquitted by the Executive Committee some ten days or two weeks before, but the delegates from the corps were unwilling to let him off, as their men cried loudly for his blood. But, after a stormy debate, they at length determined to submit to the decision of the Executive Committee; so the Judge was cleared by a few majority, and set at liberty at two o’clock in the morning of the 7th, unconditionally. It

is thought that my preparation at the Yard of the vessels of war, for such service as might be required of them, was one great cause of his liberation, simply because they did not know for what purpose the vessels were got in readiness for action; but the cause was, as explained to you in my last, for the protection of the funds, provided the sub-Treasurer thought proper to remove them to this island for my protection. I did not think proper to undeceive them, and said nothing on the subject.

“After the Judge was liberated he went first to the house of a friend, where his wife was; but, learning from some of the Committee that it was dangerous for him to remain in the city, his friends prevailed on him to go on board the John Adams, where he remained until the Sacramento steamer was passing, when he was put on board of her. It appears that the Judge’s friends had assembled to see him off, a large number accompanied him in the steamer, and a still larger number were on the wharf. He was received on board the steamer with cheers, and in passing the John Adams the steamer cheered her, which was returned by the John Adams and the revenue cutter.

“It appears further, from Commander Boutwell’s letter, that he fired a gun as a signal to his friends that the Judge had departed, so that they might know the fact without coming off to the ship to ascertain it. The Judge, as you will perceive by the papers, had quite a triumphal entrée into Sacramento.

“The effort now is to remove the city authorities, and elect such as are friendly to the Vigilance Committee; but I hear of no further excitement. The Vigilance Committee still keep up their military organization, and in all probability will do so until they think themselves secure from the law. On the 18th they had a grand parade and review, and then dismissed the great body of their troops, and only held them bound to turn out for mutual support in case of necessity.

“I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

“Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,
“Secretary of the Navy.”

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *August 2, 1856.*

"Commander E. B. BOUTWELL, U. S. N.,
 "Commanding U. S. Ship John Adams,
 "San Francisco, California.

"SIR: I have received your dispatch of the 3d July, covering a correspondence between yourself and Captain Farragut, and persons calling themselves a Committee of Vigilance. The general spirit and tone of your communications are approved. Your prompt action in the demanding the release of the Navy Agent, Dr. Ashe, was right, and evinced a commendable determination not to allow the Officers of the Federal Government to be molested.

"The spirit manifested by you in regard to the release of Judge Terry was generous, and, no doubt, originated in patriotic motives. You could not, however, properly have resorted to force in his behalf.

"The Department can not, by this mail, notice in detail all the points presented in the correspondence. A communication this day addressed to the Commodore or senior officer at San Francisco discloses fully the views of the President and the Department as to the future. A copy will be furnished to the officers in command of vessels in the Pacific.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
 "J. C. DOBBIN."

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *August 2, 1856.*

"Captain D. G. FARRAGUT, U. S. N.,
 "Commanding U. S. Navy-Yard,
 "Vallejo, California.

"SIR: Your dispatch of the 2d July, covering a correspondence between yourself, Commander Boutwell, and certain persons styling themselves a Committee of Vigilance, has been received. A communication of this date, addressed to the Commodore or senior officer of the station, will disclose fully the views of the President and the Department as to the future course of officers in regard to the sad state of affairs in San Francisco. Commander Boutwell's interference in behalf of the Navy Agent is approved.

"I cannot, by the present mail, reply in detail to the many points presented in the dispatches received.

"Thus far the conduct of yourself and Commander Boutwell has been prudent, and marked by a proper spirit.

"I trust ere this reaches you that the melancholy and inexcusable state of affairs may have ceased to exist, and that law and order may once more prevail.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"J. C. DOBBIN."

"NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *September 2, 1856.*

"SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 2d of August, together with a letter for Commodore Mervine.

"It is gratifying to me to know that the Department approves of my course in the past, and equally so that it has found no fault with Commander Boutwell; for, although I differed with that officer in his threat to the Vigilance Committee, I knew his motive was good, and we both had the same object in view, to procure the release of Judge Terry. But I only desired to avoid the horrors of civil war, the danger of which seemed imminent.

"I understand that the Vigilance Committee still keep up their organization, but have reduced their active force, keep within doors of their Committee rooms, and do not make such external parade as heretofore; but the men retain their arms, and stand ready to answer a call to arms at any moment. Within a few days past they have issued an order, through the daily papers, to Supervisor I. D. Musgrove, to leave the State for ever.

"I beg again to call the attention of the Department to the fact that Commodore Mervine is not here, nor had we heard from him for six months until a few days since, when I received a letter from him at Valparaiso, dated July 1st. It may be many months before I hear from him again, and, should I send him the letter which 'contains the views of the President on the course to be pursued in future by officers,' it may not reach

him in six months more, as he will no doubt have sailed from Valparaiso, and his letters will await his return to that port. There is no officer in his squadron that I have seen, who hears from him oftener than once in six months.

"I therefore respectfully request that the Department will permit me to have its views on all matters in which I may be called to act; for it will readily perceive that the Commandant of this Yard will be the person called upon to act in most cases, as the ships of the squadron generally avoid San Francisco, except to refit or obey orders.

"The commanding officer of the squadron, previous to my arrival on the station, gave permission to the senior officer in this port to open his official documents in his absence, and Commodore Mervine extended the privilege to me; but, owing to the peculiar superscription of this last communication, I felt a delicacy upon the subject, yet, on reflection, I determined to open it, in order that I might act knowingly, in accordance with the views of the Government.

"I confess I felt a little at loss to understand the intentions of the Department in using the expression 'or the senior officer on duty,' but in case of any necessity arising, calling for action or interference on the part of the Navy (which I hope may not occur), I shall understand it to mean me, and shall act accordingly to the best of my judgment and discretion.

"Political parties appear to be making great efforts for the ascendancy in San Francisco, and no doubt it will hinge on Vigilance or anti-Vigilance; but perhaps the Presidential contest will for the time absorb all the bad feelings which have sprung up between men and families within the last few months.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

"Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,
"Secretary of the Navy."

"NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, *September 18, 1856.*

"SIR: Your communication of the 18th ultimo was duly received by the mail of yesterday. I was much gratified at the

approval of the Department of my conduct in case of the John Hancock, etc.

"I am happy to inform the Department that everything appears quiet here at present. I hear nothing of the Vigilance Committee, and, as the cases of Rand and Durkee have been disposed of without difficulty, I see nothing now to authorize the slightest apprehension of further trouble.

"The parties are now marshaling their forces for the political struggle in the approaching election, which I trust will do much to absorb the accumulated wrath engendered by the late unfortunate state of affairs. Commodore Mervine, I hear, is at Panama.

"The Decatur is here, nearly ready for sea.

"I shall have up the Warren in a day or two, to test the basin and railway. It was contemplated to take up the Independence; but as she did not arrive in time, and the contractors reported the basin and railway ready for testing, and the Bureau of Yards and Docks had directed me in such an event to take up the Warren, I shall do so about the 22d of the present month.

"I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Commandant.

"Hon. J. C. DOBBIN,
"Secretary of the Navy."

In July, 1858, after a residence of four years on the coast of California, Farragut returned to the East by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Soon after his arrival, he was ordered to take command of the Brooklyn, one of the new sloops-of-war built by contract. He made a trial trip in this vessel to Beaufort, S. C., where he was most cordially received by the inhabitants. Few vessels of the Brooklyn's size had ever entered these waters, and everything was done to make the visit agreeable. Farragut's letter-book of that date contains suggestions to the Navy Department for various changes in regard to the rigging and internal arrangements of his ship; but altogether his

reports were very favorable, and the vessel was soon after accepted by the Government and ordered to the Gulf of Mexico.

A very unfortunate affair occurred about the middle of this cruise, which made a deep impression on Farragut.

The Brooklyn was about to depart for Vera Cruz with our Minister, Hon. Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, and his family, and it was necessary, considering our relations with Mexico at that time, that the ship should reach her destination as soon as possible. Unfortunately, she was detained off Staten Island by a slight accident to the machinery, and in some mysterious manner liquor was smuggled on board, and many of the crew were discovered to be under its influence. A seaman named Ritter was confined for drunkenness. It appears that he became abusive and noisy, and that the ship's corporal, a man named Cooper, rather exceeded his authority, and used a gag to stop his shouting. Either from apoplexy or from excessive drink, the man died very suddenly. The first intimation that Farragut had of the affair was while he was sitting at tea with Mr. McLane in the cabin, when the sound of angry voices and a trampling of feet on the deck told him something was wrong. He seized a cutlass from the rack at the cabin door, and rushed to the mainmast, where he held at bay a noisy crowd of sailors who were uttering imprecations against the ship's corporal. They had been led to this act of insubordination by one or two evilly disposed men who had induced them to come aft and demand that the "murderer" be given up to them.

Farragut controlled his temper, spoke calmly to them, and said that the case would be fully investigated and justice would be done. During this harangue he found it impossible to distinguish the leaders, who occasionally uttered mutinous sentiments; but he afterward remarked that he was thankful he had not made the discovery.

By this time, however, the officers and marines had assembled, and the men dispersed quietly.

Farragut now sent for the coroner, who summoned a jury of citizens, and the inquest continued all night, every facility being offered for carrying on the examination. At 3 o'clock

A. M., the coroner informed him that he intended to have the examination continued on shore, as the jury were not satisfied with the conflicting testimony, and that he wanted certain men (who were prisoners) sent ashore. Farragut replied that he could not allow men who were in confinement for various offenses to be sent ashore. If their testimony was needed, they must be requisitioned by proper authority (*habeas corpus*). The coroner replied that he did not think it necessary himself, but the jury had suggested it. Farragut sent the body on shore, and, fearing that Cooper's life was in danger, sent him to report to the commanding officer at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, recommending him to his care so far as seeing that justice was done him. But the man was arrested by the police as soon as he landed on Staten Island, and lodged in jail.

In the mean time a summons was sent on board by the coroner, written in pencil, to demand the witnesses. Farragut did not obey the summons, as he had already informed the coroner of his decision in the matter. "Believing," he says, "that I had done all that was necessary in the premises, and that further delay might prove injurious to the public interests, I determined to put to sea." The sequel to this affair, though ending in his entire exoneration, was a source of exceeding annoyance. During the trip down to Vera Cruz he discovered that one of the crew, named Williams, had been inciting them to mutiny over imaginary wrongs by writing doggerel poetry and distributing it. His poetry was seized, and he was placed in close confinement.

Farragut's zeal for the service was not appreciated in Washington. Political pressure was brought to bear, his ship was ordered back to Staten Island, and the trial of Cooper took place in mid-winter. From the harassing abuse that Farragut received from pettifogging lawyers, and the erroneous statements in the papers, one would have imagined that *he* was on trial, instead of Cooper. Mr. Charles O'Connor sustained Farragut with his opinion in this matter, and, though a stranger, refused to accept a fee, saying, "Sir, it has been such pleasure for me to defend such a frank man, that I will not accept a cent."

After Farragut returned to Vera Cruz, the annoyance to which he had been subjected brought on an attack of fever, from which he barely recovered. A battle would not have affected him half as much as an accusation of cruelty or injustice. In answer to a statement made in one of the papers, he says:

“I am at all times ready to answer to the laws of my country for any cruelty, and I feel assured that no one who knows me will believe me guilty of cruelty to anything, least of all to my fellow man. So long as I stand acquitted in my own mind before my Maker, I shall be content, and I feel entire confidence that my countrymen who seek the truth in forming a judgment will protect me with their respect and good will.”

It seems somewhat remarkable that Farragut should be destined to see so much service in the Gulf of Mexico, with the waters of which he had become so familiar that those who served with him on that cruise bear testimony to the perfect ease with which he handled the Brooklyn, going in and out among the reefs in all kinds of weather.

His first orders were to visit Port au Prince, Hayti, on account of the troubles in that island; but on his arrival he found that a bloodless revolution had been accomplished (January, 1859); the Emperor Soulouque had taken refuge in Jamaica, and Geffrard had been elected President of the Republic. In reporting to Flag Officer McCluney at Aspinwall (March 11) he says:

“I was satisfied that the revolution was one of a permanent character, and that no counter-movement was likely to take place, as the people seemed to be tired both of the oppression of their late Emperor and of civil war. Moreover, the present President, Geffrard, appears to be a general favorite with the people. Everybody seems to hail the revolution as a blessing, and Geffrard as the only man to terminate the ‘war of color’; for, although a black, he has mixed blood in his veins. In his

inaugural address, he spoke on that subject very conservatively, saying that they should be like a perfect picture composed of many colors, enabling them to become a more perfect nation by the uniting of color."

After watering at Porto Bello, "one of the finest harbors in the world," the ship proceeded to Vera Cruz. There Farragut communicated with the Hon. Robert M. McLane, who had just presented his credentials to Juarez, the liberal President, who had been recognized by our Government.

The country was in its chronic state of revolution. Juarez held the city of Vera Cruz and the principal ports on the coast, while Miramon, of the clerical or church party, occupied the city of Mexico and the surrounding country. None of that energy which marked the days of Santa Anna was apparent. Signs of decay were to be seen on every side; crumbling walls, old-fashioned ordnance, and squalid soldiery told the story of a retrograde movement in the condition of the country.

In this state of affairs, the interests of American citizens were constantly involved, and appeals for protection were promptly met by Captain Farragut. On the 2d of January, Minister McLane being advised by the Consul at Tampico of an anticipated attack on the place by a portion of Miramon's forces, a boat fully equipped with howitzer, small arms, and provisions was landed under command of Lieutenant William N. Jeffers (now Commodore), for the protection of the Consulate and American residents. No conflict took place, but Lieutenant Jeffers was fully prepared with his little force to cover the embarkation of any citizens in the event of an attack, and under such circumstances he was instructed not to allow the American flag to be struck, "but, in case of being overpowered, I do not wish you to make a wanton sacrifice of life, but retire in your boat, with the assurance to the commanding General that both he and his Government will be held strictly accountable for any violation of the person or property of an American citizen."

During this period the ship, which had been placed at the disposal of Mr. McLane, was engaged in taking him to different points along the coast to communicate with our consular representatives. Farragut's associations with Mr. McLane were of the most pleasing nature. Once when he was twitted with being at the beck and call of a civilian, he answered :

"I can only say that I am always at the service of the country in doing my duty, and would rather be subject to the directions of an intelligent man, appointed by the Government for a purpose on account of his qualifications, than to be under some old fool who has floated up to his position without the first requisites, the only merit that he possesses being that he had been in the Navy all his life without having done anything to recommend him, either to the Government or to his brother officers."

The duty of navigating a vessel of the Brooklyn's size along the Mexican coast was hazardous in the extreme, but Farragut rather enjoyed the excitement. In speaking of his return to Vera Cruz, after a visit to Campeachy, he says :

"I can't help loving my profession, but it has materially changed since the advent of steam. I took as much pleasure in running into this port the other day in a gale of wind as ever a boy did in any feat of skill. The people seemed astonished. McLane said he would sooner have done it than anything else—except to *take a ship*."

While the Brooklyn was lying in the harbor of Vera Cruz, in company with the sloop of war Saratoga, the time was not passed idly. Every good day was taken advantage of for exercising the crews of the two ships in their various duties, and quite a lively competition sprang up between them in the manipulation of sails, target practice, and boat expeditions.

Farragut's interest never flagged in carrying out these routine duties, and nothing escaped his eye which bore on his profession. His evenings were passed on shore, visiting among both native and foreign residents, many of them being acquaint-

tances formed during his earlier visits, which dated as far back as 1838. Being of a most genial and sociable nature, and speaking both French and Spanish with ease, he made many friends.

We find among his papers the following letter of thanks from American merchants, and his reply. In the expedition referred to, Farragut had ridden out with the representatives of other nations to see General Robles, bearing an official letter to him from United States Minister McLane. Robles was in command of the Miramon forces at Jalapa. The object of the expedition was to negotiate with Robles, and through him with Miramon, for the better protection of American citizens residing in the City of Mexico, and to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Miramon Government and the Consuls of the United States residing in those parts of Mexico which were within the jurisdiction of the Miramon Government, with whom at that time that Government refused to hold intercourse, as they were acting under exequaturs issued by the Juarez Government in view of its recognition by the Government of the United States. The expedition was eminently successful, and especially so in that it enabled Consul Black, in the City of Mexico, to maintain quasi official relations with the Government in that city while Juarez was in Vera Cruz.

“VERA CRUZ, June 28, 1859.

“SIR: We the undersigned, citizens of the United States, parties interested in the *conducta* of specie which has just come in from the City of Mexico, after having been placed in jeopardy during several days by the illegal detention of it at a point some thirty miles distant from this city by General Robles, one of the Generals of the Miramon Government, appreciating fully the valuable services rendered to us by you in your mission to General Robles's camp, beg to be permitted through the present medium to offer to you this testimony of our grateful acknowledgments for having contributed so actively toward relieving our property from the imminent danger to which it was momentarily exposed.

"We have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servants and fellow citizens,

"E. BEHN,
F. W. SHUEKE,
FUENTES CANABOL,
C. MARKOE."

"U. S. STEAMER BROOKLYN, VERA CRUZ, *July 31, 1859.*

"GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 28th June did not reach me until after my arrival at Pensacola some time in July, when I had no means of replying until my return to this port, and I now avail myself of the earliest opportunity to express to you my thanks for your very favorable appreciation of the small service rendered in the line of my duty, carrying out the wishes of the United States Minister. Had there been a necessity for further action, I trust that the Navy would not have been found indifferent either to the call of their countrymen or that of humanity, from any quarter.

"Hoping that you may not again be subjected to such a long interruption of your commercial affairs,

"I remain, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

During the whole time that Farragut remained with the Brooklyn subject to the service of the United States Minister, the greatest intimacy existed between him and the Minister, and the moral force which the association gave to the latter was of great value to the country. Without it, the mission could not have been established, and the constitutional government of Mexico might never have had its seat in the City of Mexico or have been recognized by the governments of England, France, Spain, and Germany. The Ministers of England, France, and Germany met Mr. McLane at Jalapa, after a meeting with the Minister of Spain at Vera Cruz, and in a very short time thereafter all four of them recognized Juarez in the City of Mexico as the legal and constitutional President of the Mexican Republic, all of which was prior to the war between France and Mex-

ico, and the unfortunate and unwise establishment of the Empire by the conquering army.

The Brooklyn returned to the United States with Mr. McLane in September, but returned again to Mexico in the following November, with the Minister and his family. Finally in December he was taken up the Mississippi and landed at a plantation below New Orleans.

A singular circumstance occurred in connection with this visit to the Mississippi River. Farragut's brother William, a retired Lieutenant, had been on duty for many years at the naval rendezvous at New Orleans. He was an invalid, crippled by rheumatism contracted in the line of duty in the West Indies, was lying at the point of death when he heard of his brother's ship being in the river, and expressed a hope that he would live to see him. Farragut hastened up to the city, unaware of these facts, looking forward with pleasure to seeing a brother from whom he had been separated for so many years; but the messenger of death had preceded him, and he only arrived in time to see the lifeless form of his brother and follow it to the grave.

This visit to the river in a ship of war was a little more than two years before the passage of the forts, and it was doubtless of service to him in freshening his memory of the locality.

In 1860 the Government, having determined to send a scientific party to make an exploration for a proposed route across the Isthmus at Chiriqui, designated the Brooklyn to transport the members of the party and their impedimenta to the starting-point on the Gulf side. Singularly enough, the Department sent an officer in command of the expedition who was Farragut's junior. The latter was compelled by his orders to go wherever this officer desired the presence of the vessel, and it amounted virtually to a junior being placed over his senior in rank. Captain Engle, in command of the expedition, was an acquaintance from boyhood, and toward him Farragut had the friendliest feelings, but he was not the person to allow such a mistake of the Department to pass unnoticed. He sent in his protest; but as the interests of the service required that there

should be no avoidable delays in the departure of the ship, he sailed from Hampton Roads, August 13, 1860. The appeal to the Secretary of the Navy was not in vain, and in the following October Farragut was relieved by Captain W. S. Walker, who was returning home from Aspinwall, and placed on waiting orders, where we find him at the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE QUESTION OF ALLEGIANCE, AND ITS ANSWER.

THE momentous questions involved in the attempt at secession and the war that followed it have been discussed by the ablest men of the age, and finally settled by the arbitration of the sword; and probably there are few, if any, who do not now recognize in the preservation of our national union the best and safest conclusion of that unhappy struggle. But when the experiment of disunion was untried, the battle was to be fought, and the passions and prejudices which had made it inevitable were at their height, it was not so easy for everybody to distinguish clearly between the right and the wrong. In the autumn and winter of 1860, as our affairs assumed daily a more threatening aspect, military and naval men of Southern birth or connections were placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position. Unaccustomed to political casuistry, they were called upon to decide the highest question of allegiance and duty, when it had been sophisticated by partisan logic and prejudiced by the most passionate appeals to their social predilections and local ties. Many of them had passed the greater part of their lives in the service of the United States Government, and could scarcely be expected to give up without a severe heart-struggle the positions of honor and trust which they had earned so faithfully and held so long. To them the idea of a dismemberment of the Union was like an unreal vision, and the sentiment that favored it the merest twaddle. But at last sectional animosities had become so embittered by the result of the Charleston Convention, the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the investment of Fort Sumter, that a division of sentiment began to appear among men devoted to the profession of arms.

Farragut had just been relieved from command of the



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Comd District of Columbia
D. C. Vanuget

Brooklyn, and was on waiting orders at his adopted home, Norfolk, Virginia. This place was preëminently a naval town. Many of the resident families were connected by marriage with Navy men (his wife's connections being nearly all in the Navy); the city was filled with officers—some on duty at the Navy-yard, others on waiting orders, and there were a few from the extreme South who had actually sent in their resignations, doubtless from the pressure brought to bear by relatives and friends.

These gentlemen used to congregate every morning at a certain store, and talk over the news of the day. The convention in session at Richmond, discussing the fate of the commonwealth, furnished perhaps the most exciting topic.

Farragut had the sagacity to perceive the impending storm, but he was laughed at for his prophecies, and was called a "croaker." It grieved him exceedingly, and he passed many sleepless nights thinking over the matter. He said, "God forbid I should have to raise my hand against the South." He regretted deeply the necessity that would compel him to show his allegiance by fighting, but the question of duty to the National Government remained always the same. The position taken by him on this occasion, like every act of his life, was clear and well defined. If an amicable division of the country should take place, through the will of the people North and South—though he shuddered at such a result—he should undoubtedly settle among his relatives and friends in Virginia. But he felt that he owed his first allegiance to the United States Government, which had given him his professional education, employment, and rank. He had strong hopes—judging from the patriotic sentiments of various speeches in the convention—that Virginia would not join in the attempt at secession; and, when her action was precipitated by the excitement that followed the attack on Fort Sumter and President Lincoln's call for troops, he did not believe it was in accordance with the will of a majority of her people. He felt, as he expressed it, that "the State had been dragooned out." The convention passed the ordinance, by a vote of 88 to 55, on April 17th, and fixed

the time for the required popular vote upon it at the last Thursday in May! Long before that date the Legislature had adopted the Confederate Constitution and voted money for military purposes, the Navy-yard at Norfolk and the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry had been seized, and the State was overrun with soldiers from the extreme South.

On the morning when it was announced that Virginia had passed the ordinance of secession (April 18th), Farragut went as usual to the rendezvous previously mentioned, and was soon aware, by the reserved manner and long faces of those about him, that affairs had reached a climax. He expressed himself freely, as not satisfied with the action of the convention, and believing that President Lincoln was fully justified in calling for troops after the seizure of the forts and arsenals. He was impatiently informed that a person of his sentiments "could not live in Norfolk," to which he calmly replied, "Well, then, I can live somewhere else."

Returning home immediately, with the feeling that the time for prompt action had arrived, he announced to his wife his intention of "sticking to the flag," and said to her, "This act of mine may cause years of separation from your family; so you must decide quickly whether you will go North or remain here." It is needless to say that her decision was as prompt as his own, to go with her husband.

As a young officer, Farragut had laid stress upon certain events of his early life; but he little dreamed that the display of judgment shown by him on this occasion would outshine every circumstance of his previous history, and be the turning-point in his naval career. His patriotism, his decision of character, and a strict sense of duty, assisted him in deciding the momentous question of loyalty, and a life-long study of his profession had prepared him for the terrible contest which followed. His experience in revolutionary countries, and a not over-confidence in human nature, impressed him with the feeling that a bloody war would soon begin. With a sad heart he determined to move to the North and quietly await the wishes of the naval authorities at Washington.

Accompanied by his wife and son, he departed by steamer for Baltimore on the evening of April 18th, passing out of the harbor on the very day when the State authorities were erecting a battery at Sewall's Point, opposite Fortress Monroe, and making other preparations for the seizure of Government property. On his arrival in Baltimore he found the city in a ferment of excitement. The encounter between the Massachusetts troops and the mob had just taken place, and communication between that city and Philadelphia by rail had been severed by the destruction of the bridge over the Susquehanna. After many inquiries, he succeeded in getting passage on a canal-boat, and thence continued to New York without further adventure. After passing a few days in the city, amid the noisy preparations of war, with its din of drums and military display, he secured a little cottage at the village of Hastings on the Hudson, resolved to remain there quietly until called upon for service.

The time passed pleasantly enough, and acquaintances were made in the community which ripened into the warmest friendships. But Farragut watched with deep anxiety the commencement of hostilities. He longed to take an active part in the war; for he stood on no neutral ground. The matter had now become a question of the preservation of the Union, and he desired to do his share in maintaining the Government which he had assisted in protecting from a foreign enemy in 1812, and which now needed help against internal foes.

It was some relief to him to be assigned to duty as member of a naval retiring-board which had convened at Brooklyn. This at least showed a proper recognition of his loyalty. But the duty of passing judgment upon brother officers was not the most agreeable occupation for one of his sympathetic nature, nor could a person of his active temperament be blamed for finding such work irksome in the extreme. An unfinished letter is in existence, which shows the drift of his thoughts at this period; he offers his services to the Government, to command a fleet vessel and search for the Sumter, the first of the Confederate cruisers whose appearance in the waters of the Atlantic

had caused such a commotion in our merchant marine. He had a theory in regard to the movements of that enterprising vessel, and desired nothing better than to undertake her capture. But the Government had more serious work for Farragut, and without his knowledge had been considering his adaptability for a gigantic enterprise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST NEW ORLEANS.

AFTER the unfortunate events of the summer of 1861, the National Administration, fully aware that the loyal North required substantial victories and was ready to furnish everything that might be necessary therefor, raised large armies and increased our naval establishment. On the upper Mississippi a flotilla was organized under Flag-officer A. H. Foote, who soon made the enemy feel his power at Forts Henry and Donelson.

But the greater portion of the Mississippi, from Memphis to the Gulf, was controlled by the Confederates, who were thus enabled to transport immense supplies from the Southwest to the seat of war. The occupation of this great stream by the Union forces would seriously embarrass them. It was known that at New Orleans a naval force, consisting of rams and armored vessels, was in process of construction and organization under skillful Southern officers, and that preparations were making to defend the approaches from the Gulf, as well as from above. The capture of New Orleans would not only be the first and most important step toward the possession of the river, but would deprive the Confederacy of by far the richest and most populous city within its borders.

It has been said on good authority that, in selecting a leader for an expedition against New Orleans, the qualifications of various officers for such a command were secretly discussed at Washington, and the choice gradually dwindled down to three. Secretary Welles claimed the credit of selecting Farragut for the service. He said he had formed a high opinion of him during his own early official life at Washington. He was strongly endorsed by Commodore Joseph Smith (afterward

Rear-Admiral), chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, with whom Farragut had corresponded officially for several years. Commander David D. Porter, who had been taken into the confidence of the Secretary, was sent as an intermediary to ascertain whether the proposed service would be agreeable.

The result was, that Farragut was ordered to report in person at the seat of government, and he obeyed the summons with alacrity. An abrupt and mysterious note appears among his papers, written from Washington, December 21, 1861, in which he says: "Keep your lips closed, and burn my letters; for perfect silence is to be observed—the first injunction of the Secretary. I am to have a flag in the Gulf, and the rest depends upon myself. Keep calm and silent. I shall sail in three weeks."

After this interview with Mr. Welles, he received preparatory orders on the 23d of December, and in January the following:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *January 9, 1862.*

"SIR: You are hereby appointed to command the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, and you will proceed to Philadelphia and report to Commodore Pendergrast; and, when the United States steam sloop-of-war *Hartford* shall be prepared in all respects for sea, you are authorized to hoist your flag on board of that vessel.

"The Western Gulf Blockading Squadron commences at, but does not include, St. Andrew's Bay in West Florida, and extends to the Rio Grande. The coast of Mexico and Yucatan will also be considered within the limits of your command. Further instructions will be issued before your departure.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GIDEON WELLES.

"Captain D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Appointed to command the W. G. B. S.,

"Hastings on Hudson."

His subsequent confidential instructions specially charged him with the "reduction of the defenses guarding the ap-

proaches to New Orleans, and the taking possession of that city," in addition to the ordinary duties of blockade, as is shown by the letter which follows :

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *January 20, 1862.*

"Flag-officer D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Appointed to command Western Gulf
Blockading Squadron,

"SIR: When the Hartford is in all respects ready for sea, you will proceed to the Gulf of Mexico with all possible dispatch, and communicate with Flag Officer W. W. McKean, who is directed by the inclosed dispatch to transfer to you the command of the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron. . . . There will be attached to your squadron a fleet of bomb-vessels and armed steamers enough to manage them, all under command of Commander D. D. Porter, who will be directed to report to you. As fast as these vessels are got ready they will be sent to Key West to await the arrival of all, and the commanding officers, who will be permitted to organize and practice with them at that port.

"When these formidable mortars arrive and you are completely ready, you will collect such vessels as can be spared from the blockade, and proceed up the Mississippi River and reduce the defenses which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you. If the Mississippi expedition from Cairo shall not have descended the river, you will take advantage of the panic to push a strong force up the river to take all their defenses in the rear.

"As you have expressed yourself perfectly satisfied with the force given to you, and as many more powerful vessels will be added before you can commence operations, the Department and the country require of you success. . . . There are other operations of minor importance which will commend themselves to your judgment and skill, but which must not be allowed to interfere with the great object in view—the certain capture of the city of New Orleans.

“Destroy the armed barriers which these deluded people have raised up against the power of the United States Government, and shoot down those who war against the Union; but cultivate with cordiality the first returning reason which is sure to follow your success.

“Respectfully, etc.,

“GIDEON WELLES.”

Farragut fully appreciated the importance of this undertaking, to himself as well as to the country. Not only was his professional reputation at stake, but a failure on his part might be interpreted as a want of zeal in the enterprise, because he was of Southern birth. His smiling face, however, showed a perfect satisfaction with his orders, and a confidence in his ability to execute them. Before receiving these orders, he had expressed the opinion that he “could take New Orleans,” and had made up his mind as to his course of action if he should be called upon to perform that task.

He had very little faith in the efficacy of a mortar-fleet, and would have preferred to dispense with that appendage to the expedition. But it had been determined upon before he was consulted, the costly mortars had been ordered in November, and the schooners for them were being made ready under the direction of Commander D. D. Porter. So he accepted the undertaking, with its existing conditions, and proceeded to carry it out, as nearly as these would permit, in accordance with his early plan.

On February 2, 1862, he sailed from Hampton Roads in the steam-sloop *Hartford*, which was destined to be his home for the remainder of the war, and to bear him safely through severe trials and dangers to the termination of the great struggle. She was selected for his flag-ship because she was one of the finest vessels of her class in the service. Of a graceful outline, with well-proportioned spars, the *Hartford* was the admiration of all who could see beauty in a ship. Farragut was enthusiastic about the vessel, as many of his letters show.

She was a screw-ship of the second class, with full sail-power,

and of nineteen hundred tons burthen; her extreme length being two hundred and twenty-five feet, her greatest breadth of beam forty-four, and her mean draught of water, with everything in, sixteen feet three inches. Her engines were direct-acting, developing a speed of eight knots, and her greatest speed, under sail and steam combined, was eleven knots. At the time she carried a battery of twenty-two nine-inch Dahlgrens, two twenty-pounder Parrots, and the fore- and main-tops were arranged with protections of boiler-iron for the service of howitzers, a suggestion of Farragut's. This formidable battery was afterward increased by the addition of a rifled Sawyer gun on the forecastle. The flag officer believed in the Napoleonic idea—plenty of guns. His desire seemed to be, to make use of every available space where guns could be profitably worked.

The Hartford arrived at the rendezvous, Ship Island, about one hundred miles north-northeast of the mouths of the Mississippi, on February 20th, seventeen days from Hampton Roads, having been detained at Key West by head winds. From there he wrote, under date of March 19th :

“None of our vessels have yet arrived. I sent over to Biloxi yesterday, and robbed the post-office of a few papers. They speak volumes of discontent. It is no use—the cord is pulling tighter, and I hope I shall be able to tie it. God alone decides the contest; but we must put our shoulders to the wheel.

“I see that Yancey has made a speech in New Orleans, the substance of which was that ‘all Europe wished to see was, the total destruction of this country.’ That was the truth, and what a comfort it must have been to him to think that he had been one of the greatest instruments in the consummation of their designs! He has returned home disgusted with England. His whole speech went to show the desperation of ‘the cause.’

“You can better imagine my feelings at entering Hampton Roads as an enemy of Norfolk than I can. But, thank God, I had nothing to do with making it so.”

General B. F. Butler, commanding the military force designated to coöperate with Farragut's fleet, sailed in transports from Hampton Roads on February 20th, and, after an adventurous voyage, in which the vessel containing himself and a portion of his force narrowly escaped wreck, arrived at Ship Island on the 25th of March. On this date Farragut writes :

"I am now packed and ready for my departure to the mouth of the Mississippi River. The last vessel, the Miami, takes me down. I spent last evening very pleasantly with General Butler. He does not appear to have any very difficult plan of operations, but simply to follow in my wake and hold what I can take. God grant that may be all that we attempt. I have now attained what I have been looking for all my life—a flag—and, having attained it, all that is necessary to complete the scene is a victory. If I die in the attempt, it will only be what every officer has to expect. He who dies in doing his duty to his country, and at peace with his God, has played out the drama of life to the best advantage."

Farragut received his last instructions from the Navy Department in the following communication :

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *February 10, 1862.*

"Flag-officer D. G. FARRAGUT, U. S. Navy,

"Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron,

"Ship Island,

"SIR : I inclose to you herewith sketches from the United States Engineer Bureau relative to the works on the Mississippi River ; also a memorandum prepared by General Barnard, United States Army, who constructed Fort St. Philip. The most important operation of the war is confided to yourself and your brave associates, and every light possible to obtain should be carefully considered before putting into operation the plan which your judgment dictates.

"It is reported that nineteen feet of water can be carried over the bar. If this be true, the frigate Mississippi can be

got over without much difficulty. The Colorado draws about twenty-two feet; she lightens one inch to twenty-four tons; her keel is about two feet deep. The frigate Wabash, when in New York in 1858, drew, without her spar-deck guns, stores, water casks, tanks, and coal (excepting thirty tons), aft twenty feet four inches, forward sixteen feet, or on an even keel eighteen feet four inches. This would indicate a very easy passage for this noble vessel, and, if it be possible to get these two steamers



APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS.

over, and perhaps a sailing vessel also, you will take care to use every exertion to do so. The powerful tugs in the bomb flotilla will afford the necessary pulling power. The tops of these large steamers are from thirty to fifty feet above the fort, and command the parapets and interior completely with howitzers and musketry. The Wachusett at Boston; the Oneida, Richmond,

Varuna, and Dakota at New York; and the Iroquois from the West Indies, are ordered to report to you with all practicable dispatch, and every gunboat which can be got ready in time will have the same orders. All of the bomb-vessels have sailed, and the steamers to accompany them are being prepared with great dispatch. It is believed the last will be off by the 16th instant.

“Eighteen thousand men are being sent to the Gulf to cooperate in the movements which will give to the arms of the United States full possession of the ports within the limits of your command. You will, however, carry out your instructions with regard to the Mississippi and Mobile without any delay beyond that imposed upon you by your own careful preparations. A division from Ship Island will probably be ready to occupy the forts that will fall into your hands. The Department relies upon your skill to give direction to the powerful force placed at your disposal, and upon your personal character to infuse a hearty coöperation among your officers, free from unworthy jealousies. If successful, you open the way to the sea for the great West, never again to be closed. The rebellion will be riven in the centre, and the flag to which you have been so faithful will recover its supremacy in every State.

“Very respectfully, etc.,

“GIDEON WELLES.”

The Delta of the Mississippi has been aptly described as “a long, watery arm, gauntleted in swamps and mud, spread out into a grasping hand,” of which the fingers are the five passes or mouths—Pass à l’Ostre, Northeast Pass, Southeast Pass, South Pass, and Southwest Pass. The heavy deposits of mud brought down by the stream formed a bar at the entrance of each pass, preventing the ingress of ships of the heaviest draught.* The continual shifting of these mud-banks rendered it very difficult to obtain a correct knowledge of the channels and their condition. The pilots were constantly sounding, and

* The removal of these bars and deepening of the channel constitute the work undertaken by Captain James B. Eads, now (1879) in progress.

changing the buoys and landmarks, and occasional efforts were made to dredge out the channels.

New Orleans, on the left bank of the Mississippi, about one hundred miles from its mouth, was by far the wealthiest and most important city of the Confederacy. Its population in 1860 was 168,675, while that of Charleston was but 40,500, that of Richmond but 38,000, and that of Mobile but 29,000. Just before the war, New Orleans had the largest export trade of any city in the world; in 1860-'61 it received for shipment ninety-two million dollars' worth of cotton and more than twenty-five million dollars' worth of sugar. These facts, together with the importance of its position from a military point of view (for possession of the Mississippi by the national forces would cut the Confederacy in two), made it the largest prize at which any single expedition could be aimed.

At a point about thirty miles above the head of the passes, where the river makes its last great bend—the lowest favorable locality for defense before reaching the Gulf—the United States Government had erected two forts, St. Philip on the left or north bank, and Jackson a little farther down stream on the right. In 1815 a single fort at this point had held the British fleet in check for nine days, though they threw into it more than a thousand shells. Perhaps a knowledge of this fact was one reason for Farragut's lack of faith in the proposed reduction by bombardment. Fort St. Philip was originally built by the Spaniards, but the work was wholly inclosed by the United States authorities in 1812-'15, and since 1841 had undergone extensive repairs and modifications. It consisted of a quadrangular earthwork with brick scarp, rising nineteen feet above the level of the river, and a wet ditch, having exterior batteries above and below, and all the guns *en barbette*. Jackson, the more formidable of the two forts, was mostly built in 1824-'32. It is a pentagonal bastioned fortification, built of brick, with casemates, glacis, and wet ditch; the whole work rising twenty-five feet above the surface of the river. The Confederate Government had early taken possession of these forts, and put them in complete order. When Farragut's fleet appeared before

them, Fort Jackson, with its water battery, mounted seventy-five guns, and St. Philip about forty. These guns included columbiads, mortars, and rifled pieces, but were mostly 32-pounders, smooth bore. Fourteen of the guns of Fort Jackson were in bomb-proof casemates. The works were garrisoned by about fifteen hundred men, commanded by Brigadier-General J. K. Duncan ; St. Philip being under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Higgins.

Just above the forts lay a rebel fleet of fifteen vessels, under Commodore J. K. Mitchell, including the iron-clad ram *Manassas* and an immense floating battery covered with railroad iron, called the *Louisiana*. Just below Fort Jackson the Confederates had obstructed the river with a heavy chain, brought from Pensacola. It was pinned to the under side of a row of cypress logs, which were thirty feet long and four or five feet in diameter. The logs were but a few feet apart as they lay in the river, the ends of the cable were made fast to great trees on shore, and the whole was kept from sagging down stream by seven anchors. But the spring freshet piled up an immense raft of driftwood against the structure, and after a time it gave way and was swept out to sea. It was soon replaced with two lighter chains, supported on a row of eight dismasted vessels anchored abreast across the river. A section next to the right bank was still supported by logs, as before.

A company of two hundred sharpshooters ranged up and down the banks, to give the forts intelligence of the Federal movements and pick off men whenever opportunity offered.

The task that lay before Farragut was, to break through the obstructions, pass between the forts, conquer the rebel fleet, and then steam up to New Orleans, lay the city under his guns, and demand its surrender. For its accomplishment he had six sloops-of-war, sixteen gunboats, twenty-one schooners, each carrying a 13-inch mortar, and five other vessels. The fleet carried over two hundred guns, and this was by far the most powerful naval expedition that had ever sailed under the American flag.

General Butler was at a hand with a military force of fifteen

thousand men, to hold whatever Farragut might capture, and if possible to coöperate with him.

The mortar schooners, with their convoys, went in by Pass à l'Outre; the others by Southwest Pass—all except the Colorado, which drew twenty-two feet of water and could not be taken in at all, as there was but fifteen feet on the bar. Great difficulty was experienced in getting over the Brooklyn, Mississippi, and Pensacola. The Mississippi, after being lightened in every possible manner, was dragged over through a foot of mud, by tug-boats. While engaged in these operations, Farragut wrote, under date of March 10th :

“I am up to my eyes in business. The Brooklyn is on the bar, and I am getting her off. I have just had Bell up at the head of the passes. My blockading shall be done inside as much as possible. I keep the gunboats up there all the time. . . . We have the stampede on them now, but it will stop if we meet with some reverse through the stupidity of any of our generals. The great man in our country must not only plan but execute. Success is the only thing listened to in this war, and I know that I must sink or swim by that rule. Two of my best friends have done me a great injury by telling the Department that the Colorado can be gotten over the bar into the river, and so I was compelled to try it, and take precious time to do it. If I had been left to myself, I would have been in before this.”

The non-arrival of coal transports was also a source of anxiety and delay, though General Butler supplied him generously from his transports. On the 8th of April he wrote :

“I now find our own vessels are beginning to arrive, so that my alarms on that account are dispelled, and, so soon as the vessels can coal and get in their stores and munitions of war, we shall be ready to proceed up the river.

“Yesterday was a day of rejoicing to me. We got the Pensacola over the bar, after two weeks' work. Now we are all right. The ships are getting in the articles taken out to

lighten them. The General spent last evening with me, and returned to Ship Island this morning. . . .

"I am anxiously looking for the fall of Columbus, and something from Burnside. I see that Pennock was in the fight at Island No. Ten, and the Benton was severely handled. I hope the place will be ours before you read this—and a good many other places.

"April 11th.

"You appear desirous to move for the sake of our dear boy. I wish you to do just as you please; you know I have perfect confidence in your judgment. All places are alike to me where my wife and child are with me. But, on the eve of so important an event as is about to occur with me, I advise you to hold on until you see the result. God dispenses His will according to His judgment, and not according to our wishes or expectations. The defeat of our army at Corinth, which I saw in the rebel papers, will give *us* a much harder fight; men are easily elated or depressed by victory. But as to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success; shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest. I trust in Him as a merciful being; but really in war it seems as if we hardly ought to expect mercy, when men are destroying one another upon questions of which He alone is the judge. Motive seems to constitute right and wrong."

When the day for action arrived, General Butler's forces were embarked on transports, ready to be moved at once, in accordance with the progress of the naval operations. In his detailed report, Commander Porter thus described the placing of the mortar fleet:

"The schooners sailed up partly, or were towed by steamers, and on the morning of the 18th of April they had all reached their positions, ready to open fire. Previous to taking their places, I had directed the masts to be dressed off with bushes, to make them invisible to the enemy and intermingle with the

thick forest of trees and matted vines behind which they were placed. This arrangement proved to be an admirable one, for never once during the bombardment was one of the vessels seen from the forts, though their approximate position was known."

On the first day, six of the mortar schooners were placed under the left bank of the river, and the remainder under the right bank, their distance from Fort Jackson being about three thousand yards; but on the second day the six were moved across to the right bank, where they were all moored to the trees on shore. The mortars threw shells weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds, and as Fort Jackson, on which their fire was to be concentrated, was entirely hidden by the intervening woods, they had to be worked upon a computed aim. Five days before, Mr. F. H. Gerdes, of the Coast Survey, had been sent up the river to make a map which should give the bearings and distances of the fort, the hulks, the position chosen for the mortar-boats, etc. This was done, with great exactness, by triangulation.

For six days and nights the mortars kept up an unremitting fire, mainly on Fort Jackson, throwing nearly six thousand shells. The Confederates acknowledged a loss of fourteen killed and thirty-nine wounded by the bombardment. But the main result which Commander Porter expected to effect was the breaking of the bastions and casemates, and dismounting of the guns. A good deal of damage was done to the buildings inside of Fort Jackson, and the levee was cut, letting in considerable water; but its fire was not silenced.* One of the schooners was sunk, and one of the steamers disabled, by rifled shot from the fort.

Farragut's patience was sorely tried by this delay. He had never had much faith in the mortars, and now it was evident,

* In a report dated May 5, 1862, Lieutenant Weitzel, who had examined the works, said: "Fort St. Philip stands, with one or two slight exceptions, to-day without a scratch. Fort Jackson was subjected to a torrent of 13-inch and 11-inch shells during a hundred and forty-four hours. To an inexperienced eye it seems as if this work were badly cut up. It is as strong to-day as when the first shell was fired at it."

as he had anticipated, that almost the only practical effect of the bombardment was, to give the enemy long warning of the attack by the ships. Nor was this the only difficulty. In his report of the progress of the bombardment, he says :

“The wind was blowing from the northwest, and chilly, the current running with great strength, so that the ships, when under way, could scarcely stem it. I shall await a change of wind, and a consequent less violent current, before I attack the forts, as I find great difficulty in avoiding collisions among the vessels. Two of the gunboats, Katahdin and Sciota, have been seriously damaged by getting across-hawse of the ships and running into each other. We lose a great many anchors and cables, and those articles are very much needed in the squadron. The Hartford is almost the only ship that has not lost both. . . . They have sent down five fire-rafts. None produced any effect on the fleet, except the last, which only caused the collision of the Sciota and Kineo, both of which vessels dragged across the bows of the Mississippi and carried away the mainmast of the first and damaged them both very much. But the raft was turned clear of all the vessels of the fleet. As the wind and strong current were peculiarly favorable, it gave us more trouble than on any previous occasion.”

These fire-rafts were flat boats piled with dry wood smeared with tar and turpentine, which were set adrift all in flames, with the expectation that they would work havoc among the thickly-clustered ships of our fleet. But they were managed by boats' crews, who quietly tackled them and towed them to the shore, where they burned away harmlessly, or let them drift out to sea.

Farragut's squadron had been prepared for the great struggle in accordance with the following general order :

“You will prepare your ship for service in the Mississippi River in the following manner :

“Send down the top-gallant masts. Rig in the flying jib-boom, and land all the spars and rigging, except what are neces-

sary for the three topsails, foresail, jib, and spanker. Trice up to the topmast stays or land the whiskers, and bring all the rigging into the bowsprit, so that there shall be nothing in the range of the direct fire ahead.

“Make arrangements, if possible, to mount one or two guns on the poop and top-gallant forecastle; in other words, be prepared to use as many guns as possible ahead and astern, to protect yourself against the enemy’s gunboats and batteries, bearing in mind that you will always have to ride head to the current, and can only avail yourself of the sheer of the helm to point a broadside gun more than three points forward of the beam.

“Have a kedge in the mizzen chains (or any convenient place) on the quarter, with a hawser bent and leading through in the stern chock, ready for any emergency; also grapnels in the boats, ready to hook on to, and to tow off, fire-ships. Trim your vessel a few inches by the head, so that if she touches the bottom she will not swing head down the river. Put your boat howitzers in the fore-maintops, on the boat carriages, and secure them for firing abeam, etc. Should any injury occur to the machinery of the ship, making it necessary to drop down the river, you will back and fill down under sail, or you can drop your anchor and drift down, but in no case attempt to turn the ship’s head down stream. You will have a spare hawser ready, and when ordered to take in tow your next astern do so, keeping the hawser slack so long as the ship can maintain her own position, having a care not to foul the propeller.

“No vessel must withdraw from battle, under any circumstances, without the consent of the flag-officer. You will see that force and other pumps and engine hose are in good order, and men stationed by them, and your men will be drilled to the extinguishing of fire.

“Have light Jacob-ladders made to throw over the side for the use of the carpenters in stopping shot-holes, who are to be supplied with pieces of inch board lined with felt and ordinary nails, and see that the ports are marked in accordance with the ‘ordnance instructions’ on the berth deck, to show the locality of the shot-hole.

“Have many tubs of water about the decks, both for the purpose of extinguishing fire and for drinking. Have a heavy kedge in the port main-chains, and a whip on the main yard, ready to run it up and let fall on the deck of any vessel you may run alongside of, in order to secure her for boarding.

“You will be careful to have lanyards on the lever of the screw so as to secure the gun at the proper elevation, and prevent it from running down at *each fire*. I wish you to understand that the day is at hand when you will be called upon to meet the enemy in the worst form for our profession. You must be prepared to execute all those duties to which you have been so long trained in the Navy without having the opportunity of practicing. I expect every vessel's crew to be well exercised at their guns, because it is required by the regulations of the service, and it is usually the first object of our attention; but they must be equally well trained for stopping *shot-holes* and extinguishing fire. Hot and cold shot will, no doubt, be freely dealt to us, and there must be stout hearts and quick hands to extinguish the one and stop the holes of the other.

“I shall expect the most prompt attention to signals and verbal orders, either from myself or the Captain of the fleet, who, it will be understood, in all cases acts by my authority.

“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

After the bombardment had continued three days Farragut called a council of his captains, on board the flag-ship, and informed them that he desired their opinion as to the best manner of passing the forts. He had made up his mind to attempt it, in any event. To explain the general order which was issued after the council had dissolved, it becomes necessary to give the written opinion of Commander Porter, sent to the flag-officer, of which the following is a copy:

“When the ships are over the bar, guns mounted, coal-bunkers filled, sick on shore, hospital arrangements made for wounded, the fleet should move up, mortar fleet all in tow. The chain across the river to remain untouched for the present,

or until after the mortars get their position and open their fire. It is a good defense on our side against fire-ships and rams, which may be sent down the river, and our ships can so command the opening that nothing can pass down. As the mortar vessels are somewhat helpless, they should be protected at all points by the vessels of war, which should be ready at a moment's notice to repel any attack on them by rams, floating torpedoes, or fire-ships; the two latter to be towed out of the way, the rams to be run down by the heavy ships, while such vessels as the Westfield and Clifton attack them end on with cannon, while gunboats try to force them to the shore. When everything is ready for the assault, a demand for surrender should be made in language least calculated to exasperate, and of such a nature as to encourage those who might be disposed to return to their allegiance. There is evidence of a strong Union feeling in New Orleans, and everything should be done, without losing by delay, to prevent a counter-feeling.

“When it is evident that no surrender of the forts will be made, the mortars should open deliberate fire, keeping two shells in the air all the time, or each mortar vessel fire once in every ten minutes. Fort Jackson, being casemated, should receive the largest share of the bombardment; three or four vessels being employed against Fort St. Philip, firing as often as they can coolly and conveniently load and point. In the mean time preparations should be made to destroy, at a moment's notice, the vessels holding up the chain, or the chain itself, which can be done by applying a petard to the bobstays of the vessels or to the chain itself; all of which petards are prepared, and a man accustomed to the business with galvanic battery.

“In my opinion there are two methods of attack: one is for the vessels to run the gantlet of the batteries by night, or in a fog; the other, to attack the forts by laying the big ships close alongside of them, avoiding the casemates, firing shells, grape, and canister into the barbette, clearing the ramparts with boat guns from the tops, while the smaller and more agile vessels throw in shrapnel at shrapnel distance, clearing the parapets and dismounting the guns in barbette. The large ships should

anchor with forty-five fathoms of chain with slip-ropes; the smaller vessels to keep under way, and be constantly moving about, some to get above, and open a cross-fire; the mortars to keep up a rapid and continuous fire, and to move up to a shorter range.

“The objections to running by the forts are these: It is not likely that any intelligent enemy would fail to place chain across above the forts, and raise such batteries as would protect them against our ships. Did we run the forts, we should leave an enemy in our rear, and the mortar vessels would have to be left behind. We could not return to bring them up without going through a heavy and destructive fire. If the forts are run, part of the mortars should be towed along, which would render the progress of the vessels slow, against the strong current at that point. If the forts are first captured, the moral effect would be to close the batteries on the river and open the way to New Orleans; whereas, if we don't succeed in taking them, we will have to fight our way up the river. Once having possession of the forts, New Orleans would be hermetically sealed, and we could repair damages, and go up on our own terms and in our own time.

“Nature points out the ‘English Turn’ as the position to be strongly fortified, and it is there the enemy will most likely make his strongest stand and last effort to prevent our getting up. If this point is impassable, there is solid ground there, and troops can be brought up and landed below the forts and attack them in the rear, while the ships assail them on the front. The result will doubtless be a victory for us. If the ships can get by the forts and there are no obstructions above, then the plan should be, to push on to New Orleans every ship that can get up there, taking up as many of the mortar fleet as can be rapidly towed. An accurate reconnoissance should be made, and every kind of attainable information provided, before any movement is made.

“Nothing has been said about a combined attack of army and navy. Such a thing is not only practicable, but, if time permitted, should be adopted. Fort St. Philip can be taken

with two thousand men covered by the ships; the ditch can be filled with fascines, and the wall is to be easily scaled with ladders. It can be attacked in front and rear.

“ Respectfully submitted,

“ DAVID D. PORTER, Commander U. S. N.”

Immediately after the council, Farragut issued the following general order :

“ UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“ *Mississippi River, April 20, 1862.*

“ The flag-officer, having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opinion that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly, or we shall be again reduced to a blockading squadron, without the means of carrying on the bombardment, as we have nearly expended all the shells and fuses and material for making cartridges. He has always entertained the same opinions which are expressed by Commander Porter; that is, there are three modes of attack, and the question is, which is the one to be adopted? His own opinion is, that a combination of two should be made, viz., the forts should be run, and when a force is once above the forts to protect the troops, they should be landed at quarantine from the Gulf side by bringing them through the bayou, and then our forces should move up the river, mutually aiding each other as it can be done to advantage.

“ When, in the opinion of the flag-officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh, and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, No. 8, and abide the result—conquer, or be conquered—drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best.

“ Unless the signal above mentioned is made, it will be understood that the first order of sailing will be formed after leaving Fort St. Philip, and we will proceed up the river in accordance with the original opinion expressed.

“The programme of the order of sailing accompanies this general order, and the commanders will hold themselves in readiness for the service as indicated.

“D. G. FARRAGUT,
“Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.”

Having decided to run by the forts, he confided to his trusted Fleet Captain, Bell, the dangerous mission of proceeding with the gunboats *Pinola* and *Itasca* to make a passage for his fleet through the chain obstructions.

Lieutenant Caldwell and his party, with great coolness and bravery, boarded one of the hulks and succeeded in detaching the chains. They were accompanied by Mr. Kröehl, the inventor of a new submarine petard, which he placed under one of the hulks. But in the swift current it was difficult to keep the vessels still, and by a movement of the *Pinola* the wires connecting it with the battery were snapped, so that it could not be exploded. However, a sufficient opening was made for the fleet to pass through, in spite of the heavy fire to which the party were subjected.

A private letter written by Farragut next day (21st) is especially interesting, in that it shows his affection for his friend Bell:

“We have been bombarding the forts for three or four days, but the current is running so strong that we cannot stem it sufficiently to do anything with our ships, so that I am now waiting a change of wind, which brings a slacker tide, and we shall be enabled to run up.

“We had a deserter from the fort yesterday, who says the mortars and shells have done great damage. I can not find out what [Confederate] naval officers are here, except John Wilkinson. The deserter says Fort Pulaski is taken, and that Island No. Ten has been passed by the gunboats, but that the rebels beat us at Corinth. I hope to hear all about it by the Rhode Island, and much more from McClellan.

“Captain Bell went last night to cut the chain across the

river. I never felt such anxiety in my life as I did until his return. One of his vessels got on shore, and I was fearful she would be captured. They kept up a tremendous fire on him; but Porter diverted their fire with a heavy cannonade. They let the chain go, but the man sent to explode the petard did not succeed; his wires broke. Bell would have burned the hulks, but the illumination would have given the enemy a chance to destroy his gunboat, which got aground. However, the chain was divided, and it gives us space enough to go through. I was as glad to see Bell on his return as if he had been my boy. I was up all night, and could not sleep until he got back to the ship."

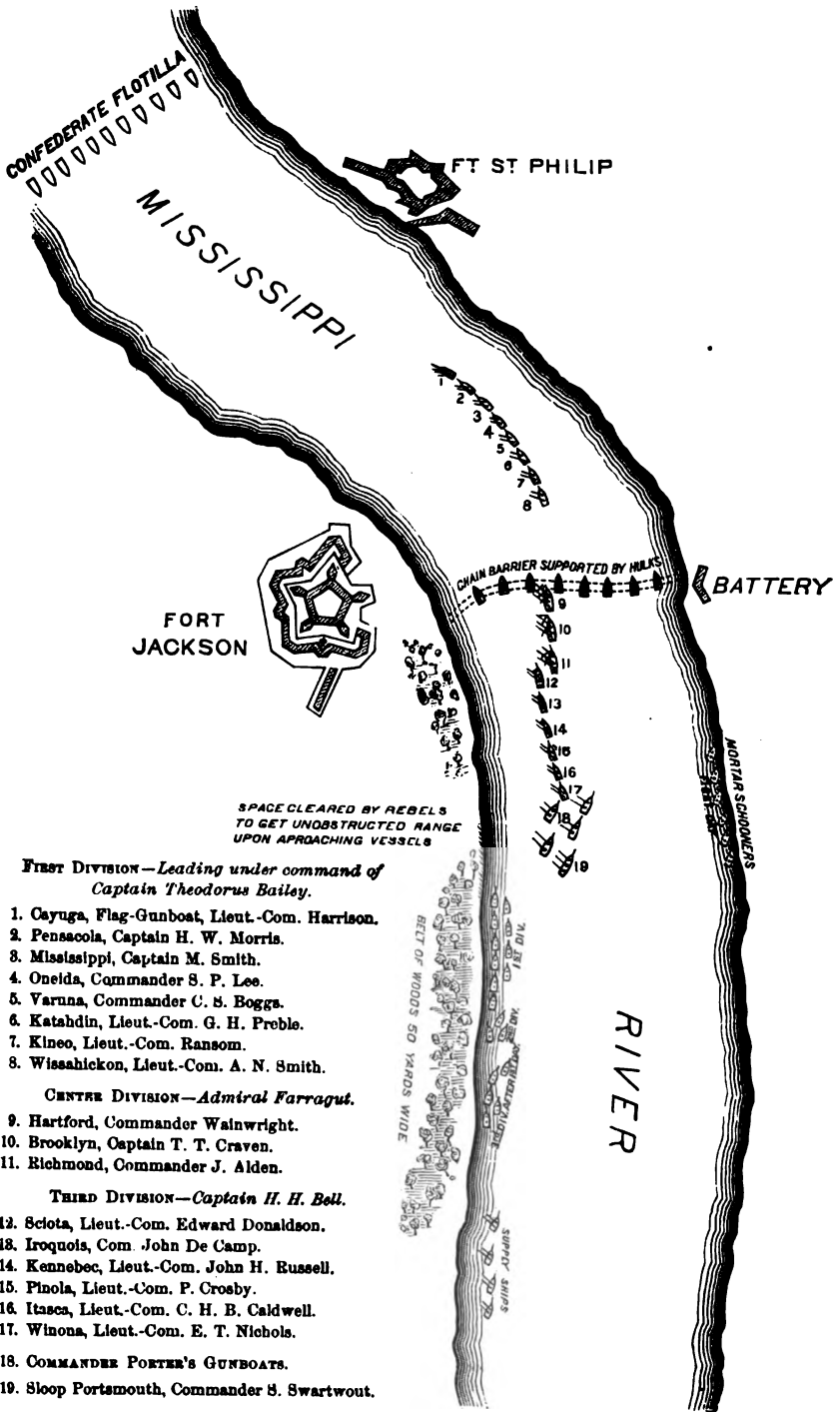
CHAPTER XIX.

THE RIVER FIGHT—CAPTURE OF THE CITY.

FARRAGUT had made up his mind to run by the forts at the close of the fifth day's bombardment; but the necessity of repairing damages to two of his vessels delayed him twenty-four hours longer. He had intended to lead the column in his flagship Hartford; but in the final disposition he gave that post to Captain Theodorus Bailey, at his own earnest request, who hoisted his red flag on the gunboat Cayuga.* The order of sailing is shown in the accompanying diagram.

As early as April 6th Farragut had reconnoitred the forts in broad daylight, going up within cannon-shot of Jackson in the Kennebec, where he sat in the cross-trees, glass in hand, till the rebel gunners began to get the range of his ship. The attempt to pass was to be made in the night, April 23-24; and, as the moon would rise about half past three o'clock in the morning, the fleet were warned to expect the signal for sailing at about two o'clock. In this, as in the case of nearly all important operations early in the war, the enemy were mysteriously apprised of what was to be done. On the 23d the forts hardly fired a shot all day, though Porter kept up a terrific bombardment. In answer to a dispatch from General Lovell in New Orleans, that day, General Duncan, commanding Fort Jackson, wrote: "Heavy and continued bombardment all night, and still progressing. No further casualties, except two men slightly wounded. God is certainly protecting us. We are still cheerful, and have an abiding faith in our ultimate success. We are making repairs as best we can. Our barbette guns are still in working order. Most of them have been disabled at times.

* Captain Bailey's ship, the Colorado, being unable to cross the bar, many of her officers and crew were distributed through the attacking squadron.



SPACE CLEARED BY REBELS
TO GET UNOBSTRUCTED RANGE
UPON APPROACHING VESSELS

FIRST DIVISION—Leading under command of
Captain Theodorus Bailey.

1. Cayuga, Flag-Gunboat, Lieut.-Com. Harrison.
2. Pensacola, Captain H. W. Morris.
3. Mississippi, Captain M. Smith.
4. Onelda, Commander S. P. Lee.
5. Varuna, Commander C. S. Boggs.
6. Katahdin, Lieut.-Com. G. H. Proble.
7. Kineo, Lieut.-Com. Ransom.
8. Wissahickon, Lieut.-Com. A. N. Smith.

CENTRE DIVISION—*Admiral Farragut.*

9. Hartford, Commander Walnwright.
10. Brooklyn, Captain T. T. Craven.
11. Richmond, Commander J. Alden.

THIRD DIVISION—*Captain H. H. Bell.*

12. Sciota, Lieut.-Com. Edward Donaldson.
13. Iroquois, Com. John De Camp.
14. Kennebec, Lieut.-Com. John H. Russell.
15. Pinola, Lieut.-Com. P. Crosby.
16. Itasca, Lieut.-Com. C. H. B. Caldwell.
17. Winona, Lieut.-Com. E. T. Nichols.
18. COMMANDER PORTER'S GUNBOATS.
19. Sloop Portsmouth, Commander S. Swartwout.

Passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, April 24, 1862—Order of Attack.

The health of the troops continues good. Twenty-five thousand [in reality, about five thousand] thirteen-inch shells have been fired by the enemy, one thousand of which fell in the fort. They must soon exhaust themselves; if not, we can stand it as long as they can."

At sunset the wind had died away, except a slight breeze from the south, and there was a haze upon the water. Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell was sent up in the Itasca to examine the obstructions and find whether the passage was still open. At eleven o'clock he gave the signal that it was, and about the same time the enemy opened fire on him, sent down burning rafts, and lighted the immense piles of wood which they had prepared on the shore near the ends of the chain.

Soon after midnight the hammocks were stowed, and the work of quietly clearing the ships for action began. At five minutes before two o'clock the signal to weigh anchor—two ordinary red lights at the peak of the flag-ship—was displayed; but it was half past three, the hour of moonrise, before all was ready. In the light of the blazing rafts and bonfires, moon or no moon made little difference now.

Porter with his gunboats, and Swartwout in the Portsmouth, had been directed to move up stream nearer to Fort Jackson, and engage its water battery while the ships were going by, which they promptly did.

Captain Bailey led off with his division of eight vessels, whose objective was Fort St. Philip, and all of them passed through the opening in the cable. Both forts opened fire upon his flag-ship, the Cayuga, soon after she had passed the hulks. Five minutes later she was pouring grape and canister into St. Philip, and in ten minutes more she had passed beyond range of that work, to find herself surrounded by eleven rebel gunboats. Three of them attempted to board her at once. An eleven-inch shot was sent through one of them at the close range of thirty yards, and she immediately ran aground and burned up. The Parrott gun on the fore-castle drove off another; and Bailey was preparing to close with the third, when the Oneida and Varuna, which had run in close to St. Philip, thus avoiding

the elevated guns of the fort, while they swept its bastions with grape and shrapnel, came up to the assistance of the Cayuga. The Oneida ran under full steam into one of the rebel ships, cut her nearly in two, and left her to float down stream a helpless wreck. She fired right and left into the others, and then went to the assistance of the Varuna, which was ashore on the left bank, hard pressed by the Governor Moore and another, said to be the Manassas. The Varuna was rammed by them both, and sank at the end of fifteen minutes; but in that time it is claimed that she put three eight-inch shells into the Governor Moore, and so crippled her with solid shot that she surrendered to the Oneida, and drove five eight-inch shells into another, which sent her ashore. Still another of her shells exploded the boiler of a rebel steamer. The Pensacola steamed steadily but slowly by, firing with great deliberation and regularity, doing special execution with her eleven-inch pivot gun and her rifled eighty-pounder. But this was not done without receiving a heavy fire in return, and her losses (thirty-seven men) were the greatest of any in the fleet. She sent her boats to the assistance of the sinking Varuna. The Mississippi was fought regularly in line, like the Pensacola, but escaped with light losses. She encountered the ram Manassas, which gave her a severe cut on the port quarter below the water-line, and disabled her machinery. But she riddled the ram with shot, boarded her, and set her on fire, so that she drifted below the forts and blew up. The Katahdin ran close to the forts, steamed by rapidly, and got near the head of the line, where she put a few good shots into the iron-clad Louisiana. The Kineo ran by close under St. Philip, and then assisted the Mississippi in handling the ram Manassas; but she was afterward attacked by three rebel gun-boats at once, and, her pivot-gun carriage becoming injured, she withdrew and continued on up stream. The Wissahickon ran ashore before she reached the forts, got off, passed them, and above ran ashore again. Most of these operations were carried on in the darkness occasioned by the thick smoke, lighted, however, by the lurid flashes of more than two hundred guns.

The Hartford, bearing Flag-Officer Farragut, led the second

division of the fleet. She was under way at 3:30 A. M., and twenty-five minutes later opened with her bow guns on Fort Jackson, receiving a heavy fire from both forts. Twenty minutes thereafter, in attempting to avoid a fire-raft, she grounded on a shoal near St. Philip. At the same time the ram *Manassas* pushed a raft upon her port quarter, and in an instant she was on fire. A part of the crew went to "fire quarters" and soon subdued the flames, while the working of her guns was steadily continued, and she was then backed off into deep water. This movement turned the ship's head down stream, and it was with some difficulty that she was turned around against the current; but this was finally accomplished, and she continued to steam up the river, firing into several of the enemy's vessels as she passed. Among these was a steamer full of men, apparently a boarding-party. She was making straight for the Hartford when Captain Broome's gun, manned by marines, planted a shell in her, which exploded, and she disappeared. Watson remarks that the Admiral stood during this critical period coolly giving his orders and watching the ship slowly turn, referring occasionally to a little compass which was attached to his watch-chain, though most of the time during the engagement he was forward observing the conflict. The Brooklyn got out of her course, ran over one of the hulks, and became entangled in the raft, where she suffered a raking fire from Fort Jackson, and a pretty severe one from St. Philip. Scarcely was she disentangled and on her way up stream when she was butted by the *Manassas*, which, however, had not headway enough to damage her much, and slid off in the darkness. Then she was attacked by a large rebel steamer, but gave her the port broadside at fifty yards and set her on fire. Groping along through a black cloud of smoke from a fire-raft, she came close abreast of St. Philip, into which she poured such tremendous broadsides that by the flashes the gunners were seen running to shelter, and for the time the fort was silenced. The Brooklyn then passed on, and engaged several of the enemy's gunboats at short range. One of these, the *Warrior*, came under the port broadside, when eleven five-second shells were instantly planted in

her, all of which exploded, setting her on fire, and she was run ashore. The Brooklyn was under fire an hour and a half, and her losses were almost as severe as those of the Pensacola. The Richmond, a slow ship, brought up the rear of the second division, steaming steadily and working her guns with great regularity. Her commander attributed her small losses mainly to the complete provision of splinter-nettings.

The Sciota, carrying Fleet-Captain Bell, led the third division. She steamed by the forts, firing as she passed, and above them burned two steamboats. She sent a boat's crew to receive the surrender of an armed steamer, but it was found to be fast aground. The Iroquois passed within fifty yards of Fort Jackson without injury, but was subjected to a terrible raking cross-fire from St. Philip, and was also raked by the McRea with grape-shot and langrage. She drove off the McRea with an eleven-inch shell and a stand of canister, and afterward passed through a group of rebel gunboats, giving each a broadside of shell as she went by. Her losses were heavy. The Pinola passed up in line, firing her eleven-inch pivot-gun and Parrott rifles at the flashes of Fort Jackson's guns, which at first were all that could be seen; then she emerged from the cloud of smoke, stood over toward St. Philip, and in the light of the blazing rafts received the discharges of its forty guns. She was the last vessel that passed the forts, and got up in time to put one or two shells into the gunboats of the enemy. The Kennebec got out of her course, became entangled in the rafts, and did not get free till it was broad daylight and too late to attempt a passage. The Itasca, arriving in front of Fort Jackson, received a shot in her boiler, which made it impossible for her to proceed, and was turned down stream. The Winona got astray among the hulks, and lost so much time that when she came within range of Fort Jackson it was daylight, and the fleet had passed on. The first three or four shots from the fort swept away the entire crew of her rifled gun, save one man. Still she kept on, until the lower battery of St. Philip opened on her at less than point-blank range; this was too much for her, and she prudently headed down stream and ran out of the fire.

Thus was accomplished a feat in naval warfare which had no precedent, and which is still without a parallel except the one furnished by Farragut himself, two years later, at Mobile. Starting with seventeen wooden vessels, he had passed with all but three of them, against the swift current of a river but half a mile wide, between two powerful earthworks which had long been prepared for him, his course impeded by blazing rafts, and immediately thereafter had met the enemy's fleet of fifteen vessels, two of them iron-clad, and either captured or destroyed every one of them.* And all this with a loss of but one ship from his own squadron. Probably few naval men would have believed that this work could have been done so effectually, even with iron-clads.

The magnitude of this novel enterprise was scarcely realized at the North when the first news was received. It was heralded that Farragut had simply "run by the forts," and there was an evident desire on the part of some to belittle the importance of the circumstance, although it was afterward acknowledged, by both Federal and Confederate reports, that he had passed under a terrific fire. An officer who participated in the engagement is of the opinion that, had the passage been attempted in broad daylight, the Union fleet would have sustained a fearful loss.

Captain Bailey, in the *Oayuga*, preceding the flag-ship up the river to the Quarantine station, captured the *Chalmette* regiment, encamped on the river bank.

On the morning of the 25th, the *Oayuga* still leading in the

* Captain John Wilkinson, who was at this time executive officer of the iron-clad *Louisiana*, says, in his "Narrative of a Blockade Runner": "Most of us belonging to that little naval fleet knew that Admiral Farragut would dare to attempt what any man would; and, for my own part, I had not forgotten that while I was under his command during the Mexican war he had proposed to Commodore Perry, then commanding the Gulf squadron, and urged upon him, the enterprise of capturing the strong fort of San Juan de Ulloa at Vera Cruz *by boarding*. Ladders were to be constructed, and triced up along the attacking ships' masts, and the ships to be towed alongside the walls by the steamers of the squadron. Here was a much grander prize to be fought for, and every day of delay was strengthening his adversaries."

progress up stream, the Chalmette batteries, three miles below New Orleans, were encountered. The Hartford and Brooklyn, followed by several others, coming up rapidly, soon silenced them—and now the city was fairly under Union guns. This result had cost the fleet thirty-seven men killed, and one hundred and forty-seven wounded.

Farragut appointed eleven o'clock of the morning of the 26th as the hour "for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness and mercy in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood."

In this first flush of victory he wrote :

"OFF NEW ORLEANS, FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
"April 25, 1862.

"MY DEAREST WIFE AND BOY: I am so agitated that I can scarcely write, and shall only tell you that it has pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known. I shall return properly my thanks, as well as those of our fleet, for His goodness and mercy. He has permitted me to make a name for my dear boy's inheritance, as well as for my comfort and that of my family. We lost about thirty killed and ninety wounded. I lost no officers. Jim * escaped, but the other two servants were wounded. I took the city at meridian to-day. Such vandalism I never witnessed as the destruction of property. All the beautiful steamers and ships were set on fire and consumed. Captain Bell is well. He acted his part nobly. In fact, all the officers did their duty to my admiration, which I will notice at a more convenient season. I have only time to thank God and bless you both. Give my love to the family and all the neighbors.

"D. G. F."

About noon of the 25th Farragut sent Captain Bailey ashore to demand of the Mayor the unconditional surrender of the city, and that the Louisiana State flag be taken down from the

* His negro servant.

City Hall. Bailey raised the stars and stripes on the Mint, but the Mayor refused to haul down his flag or make a formal surrender. A most extraordinary correspondence ensued, in which the open-hearted but straightforward and determined character of Farragut's letters was in striking contrast with the disingenuous evasions and protests of the Mayor. It is said that the latter were written at the dictation of Pierre Soulé, the veteran politician; the correspondence therefore assumes somewhat of a permanent interest. Farragut was not only master of the situation by virtue of his guns, but even on paper his dignified demeanor calmly overrides all the finessing of the ex-Senator. The following is the correspondence, omitting a few unimportant notes :

" UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
 " At anchor off the City of New Orleans,
 " *April 26, 1862.*

" SIR: Upon my arrival before your city I had the honor to send to your honor Captain Bailey, United States Navy, second in command of the expedition, to demand of you the surrender of New Orleans to me, as the representative of the Government of the United States. Captain Bailey reported to me the result of an interview with yourself and the military authorities. It must occur to your honor that it is not within the province of a naval officer to assume the duties of a military commandant. I came here to reduce New Orleans to obedience to the laws of, and to vindicate the offended majesty of the Government of, the United States. The rights of persons and property shall be secure. I therefore demand of you, as its representative, the unqualified surrender of the city, and that the emblem of sovereignty of the United States be hoisted over the City Hall, Mint, and Custom-House by meridian this day, and that all flags and other emblems of sovereignty other than those of the United States shall be removed from all the public buildings by that hour. I particularly request that you shall exercise your authority to quell disturbances, restore order, and call upon all the good people of New Orleans to return at once to their vocations; and I particularly demand that no persons shall be molested in

person or property for professing sentiments of loyalty to their Government. I shall speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday—armed men firing upon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the old flag.

“I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.

“His Excellency the MAYOR of the City of New Orleans.”

“Your honor will please give directions that no flag but that of the United States will be permitted to fly in the presence of this fleet, so long as it has the power to prevent it; and, as all displays of that kind may be the cause of bloodshed, I have to request that you will give this communication as general a circulation as possible.”

“MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, CITY HALL, *April 26, 1862.*

“SIR: In pursuance of the resolution which he thought proper to take, out of regard for the lives of the women and children who still crowd this great metropolis, General Lovell has evacuated it with his troops, and restored back to me the administration of its government and the custody of its honor.

“I have, in concert with the city fathers, considered the demand you made of me on yesterday of an unconditional surrender of the city, coupled with a requisition to hoist up the flag of the United States on the public edifices, and to haul down that which still floated to the breeze from the dome of this hall; and it becomes my duty to transmit to you the answer which the universal sentiment of my constituency, no less than the promptings of my own heart, dictate to me on this sad and solemn occasion.

“The city is without means of defense, and utterly destitute of the force and material that might enable it to resist the overpowering armament displayed in sight of it.

“I am no military man, and possess no authority beyond that of executing the municipal laws of the city of New Orleans. It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to lead an

army to the field, if I had one at my command, and I know still less how to surrender an undefended place, held, as this is, at the mercy of your gunners and mouths of your mortars. To surrender such a place were an idle and unmeaning ceremony. The city is yours by the power of brutal force, and not by any choice or consent of its inhabitants. It is for you to determine what shall be the fate that awaits her.

“As to the hoisting of any flag than the flag of our own adoption and allegiance, let me say to you, sir, that the man lives not in our midst whose hand and heart would not be palsied at the mere thought of such an act, nor could I find in my entire constituency so wretched and desperate a renegade as would dare to profane with his hand the sacred emblem of our aspirations.

“Sir, you have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword. I doubt not but that they spring from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspire them. You will have a gallant people to administer during your occupation of this city; a people sensitive of all that can in the least affect its dignity and self-respect. Pray, sir, do not allow them to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by the dastardly desertion of the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, nor of such as might remind them too painfully that they are the conquered and you the conquerors. Peace and order may be preserved without a resort to measures which could not fail to wound their susceptibilities and fire up their passions.

“The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with. You may trust their honor, though you might not count on their submission to unmerited wrong.

“In conclusion, I beg you to understand that the people of New Orleans, while unable at this moment to prevent you from occupying this city, do not transfer their allegiance from the Government of their choice to one which they have deliberately repudiated, and that they yield simply that obedience which the conqueror is enabled to extort from the conquered.

“Since writing the above, which is an answer to your verbal communication of yesterday, I have received a written communication, to which I shall reply before twelve o’clock m., if possible to prepare an answer in that time.

“Respectfully,

“JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

“Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT,

“United States Flag-Ship Hartford.”

“UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

“At anchor off the City of New Orleans,

“April 28, 1862.

“SIR: Your communication of the 26th instant has been received, together with that of the City Council.

“I deeply regret to see, both by their contents and the continued display of the flag of Louisiana on the Court-House, a determination on the part of the city authorities not to haul it down. Moreover, when my officers and men were sent on shore to communicate with the authorities and to hoist the United States flag on the Custom-House, with the strictest orders not to use their arms unless assailed, they were insulted in the grossest manner, and the flag which had been hoisted by my orders on the Mint was pulled down and dragged through the streets. All of which go to show that the fire of this fleet may be drawn upon the city at any moment, and in such an event the levee would, in all probability, be cut by the shells, and an amount of distress ensue to the innocent population which I have heretofore endeavored to assure you that I desired by all means to avoid. The election is therefore with you; but it becomes my duty to notify you to remove the women and children from the city within forty-eight hours, if I have rightly understood your determination.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.

“His Honor the MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL
of the City of New Orleans.”

“MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, CITY HALL, *April 26, 1862.*

“SIR: Your communication of this morning is the first intimation I ever had that it was by ‘*your strict orders*’ that the United States flag was attempted to be hoisted upon certain of our public edifices by officers sent on shore to communicate with the authorities. The officers who approached me in your name disclosed no such orders, and intimated no such designs on your part; nor could I have for a moment entertained the remotest suspicion that they could have been invested with powers to enter on such an errand while the negotiations for a surrender between you and the city authorities were still pending. The interference of any force under your command, as long as these negotiations were not brought to a close, could not be viewed by me otherwise than as a flagrant violation of those courtesies, if not of the absolute rights, which prevail between belligerents under such circumstances. My views and my sentiments in reference to such conduct remain unchanged.

“You now renew the demands made in your former communication, and you insist on their being complied with, unconditionally, under a threat of bombardment within forty-eight hours; and you notify me to remove the women and children from the city, that they may be protected from your shells.

“Sir, you can not but know that there is no possible exit from this city for a population which still exceeds in number one hundred and forty thousand, and you must therefore be aware of the utter inanity of such a notification. Our women and children can not escape from your shells, if it be your pleasure to murder them on a question of mere etiquette. But, if they could, there are but few among them who would consent to desert their families and their homes, and the graves of their relatives in so awful a moment. They would bravely stand the sight of your shells rolling over the bones of those who were once dear to them, and would deem that they died not ingloriously by the side of the tombs erected by their piety to the memory of departed relatives.

“You are not satisfied with the peaceable possession of an undefended city, opposing no resistance to your guns, because

of its bearing its doom with something of manliness and dignity, and you wish to humble and disgrace us by the performance of an act against which our nature rebels. This satisfaction you can not expect to obtain at our hands.

"We will stand your bombardment, unarmed and undefended as we are. The civilized world will consign to indelible infamy the heart that will conceive the deed and the hand that will dare to consummate it.

"Respectfully,

"JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

"Mr. FARRAGUT, Flag-Officer of the United States fleet
in front of the City of New Orleans."

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"At anchor off the City of New Orleans,

"April 29, 1862.

"SIR: The forts St. Philip and Jackson having surrendered, and all the military defenses of the city being captured or abandoned, you are required, as the sole representative of any supposed authority in the city, to haul down and suppress every ensign and symbol of government, whether State or Confederate, except that of the United States. I am now about to raise the flag of the United States upon the Custom-House, and you will see that it is respected with all the civil power of the city.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.

"His Honor the Mayor of the City of New Orleans."

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"At anchor off the City of New Orleans,

"April 30, 1862.

"GENTLEMEN: I informed you, in my communication of the 28th of April, that your determination, as I understood it, was not to haul down the flag of Louisiana on the City Hall, and that my officers and men were treated with insult and rudeness when they landed, even with a flag of truce, to communicate

with the authorities, etc., and if such was to be the determined course of the people the fire of the vessels might at any moment be drawn upon the city. This you have thought proper to construe into a determination on my part to murder your women and children, and made your letter so offensive that it will terminate our intercourse; and, so soon as General Butler arrives with his forces, I shall turn over the charge of the city to him and resume my naval duties.

“Very respectfully, etc.,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.

“His Honor the MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL of New Orleans.”

At noon of the 26th, during divine service, officers and crews were startled by the discharge of a howitzer in the main-top of the Pensacola. The man aloft had seen four men mount to the roof of the Mint and tear down the United States flag, and he had instantly fired the gun, which was loaded with grape and trained on the flag-staff. The leader of these desperate fellows, who thus imperiled the lives and property of their own friends and neighbors, was, by order of General Butler, tried for the offense, early in June, and being found guilty was hanged for it; the gallows being a beam and rope thrust out of one of the highest windows of the Mint.

On his arrival at Quarantine, Farragut had sent Captain Boggs (who had commanded the *Varuna*) through in a boat by the bayou, to inform General Butler and Commander Porter of his success. The Captain was twenty-six hours in getting through. But General Butler, on board the *Saxon*, had followed the fleet up to within range of the forts, and thus had witnessed the passage of the ships. As soon as he was assured of Farragut's success he hurried back to his troops. They rendezvoused at Sable Island, twelve miles in the rear of Fort St. Philip, whence they were carried up on transports and landed at a point five miles above that work. At the same time Commander Porter had sent six of his mortar boats to the bay behind Fort Jackson, where they arrived on the morning of the 27th,

thus making the investment complete. That night two hundred and fifty of the garrison of Fort Jackson came out and surrendered themselves to the Union pickets.

While Farragut was passing the forts, Porter had been pounding away at them with his mortar boats and their attendant steamers—the Harriet Lane, Westfield, Owasco, Clifton, and Miami. On the 24th he demanded a surrender, but was refused. For three days there was little or no firing on either side. During this time the enemy were busy setting up some of their dismantled guns, and transferring others to the iron-clad floating battery Louisiana.

On the 28th the commander of the forts, General Duncan, learning that New Orleans was in the possession of Farragut, accepted the terms offered by Porter. While the articles of capitulation were being drawn up and signed, on board the Harriet Lane, and flags of truce were flying, the rebel naval officers, after destroying three of their four remaining vessels, set fire to the Louisiana and cast her adrift. Fortunately, she exploded before she reached the Union flotilla; otherwise, Porter says, she would have destroyed every one of his ships. After receiving the surrender of the forts he went up the river, captured the naval officers who were supposed to have been guilty of this perfidious act, and put them in close confinement, and they were sent North, to be dealt with as the Government might see fit. Commodore John K. Mitchell, the highest of rank among these officers, sent a letter to Farragut, justifying himself for destroying his vessels, and excusing his apparent attempt to blow up Porter's flotilla, in this wise :

“Lieutenant Whittle was sent in a boat with a flag of truce, to inform Commander Porter that in firing the Louisiana her magazine had not been effectually drowned, and that, though efforts were made to drown the charges in the guns, they may not have succeeded. This information was given in consideration of the negotiations then pending under flag of truce between him and Fort Jackson; but while the message was on its way

the explosion took place—a fact that does not affect the honorable purposes intended by it.”

The Confederate naval officers claimed, in justification of their action, that they were no party to the flag of truce, nor were they included in the terms of surrender of the forts, General Duncan treating only for the garrisons under his command, and expressly disclaiming all connection with the Navy. The United States Government was disposed to treat these officers rigorously; but matters were explained in a correspondence which ensued between the Secretary of the Navy and Commodore Mitchell, and the restrictions were removed.

On the 29th of April Farragut sent a force on shore consisting of a battalion of two hundred and fifty marines under Captains Broome and Ramsey, and two howitzers manned by sailors from the *Hartford*, in charge of Midshipmen J. H. Reed and Hazeltine—all under command of Captain Henry Bell. This little force marched through the streets filled with an exasperated populace, and proceeded to the Custom-House, Mint, and City Hall, taking formal possession and replacing the Confederate flag by that of the United States. They held possession until the arrival of General Butler and his troops, on the evening of May 1st, when Farragut turned the city over to him.

The official report of this famous battle, by the officer who planned it in all its essential details and fought it through to a brilliant success, has a strong and peculiar interest of its own; for which reason it is here produced in full, though some of its particulars have already been related.

“UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP *HARTFORD*,

“At anchor off the City of New Orleans,

“*May 6, 1862.*

“SIR: I have the honor herewith to forward my report, in detail, of the battle of New Orleans. On the 23d of April I made all my arrangements for the attack on, and passage of, Forts Jackson and St. Philip.

“Every vessel was as well prepared as the ingenuity of her

commander and officers could suggest, both for the preservation of life and of the vessel, and perhaps there is not on record such a display of ingenuity as has been evinced in this little squadron. The first was by the engineer of the Richmond, Mr. Moore, by suggesting that the sheet cables be stopped up and down on the sides in the line of the engines, which was immediately adopted by all the vessels. Then each commander made his own arrangements for stopping the shot from penetrating the boilers or machinery, that might come in forward or abaft, by hammocks, coal, bags of ashes, bags of sand, clothes-bags, and, in fact, every device imaginable. The bulwarks were lined with hammocks by some, with splinter nettings made of ropes by others. Some rubbed their vessels over with mud, to make their ships less visible, and some whitewashed their decks, to make things more visible by night during the fight, all of which you will find mentioned in the reports of the commanders. In the afternoon I visited each ship, in order to know positively that each commander understood my orders for the attack, and to see that all was in readiness. I had looked to their efficiency before. Every one appeared to understand his orders well, and looked forward to the conflict with firmness, but with anxiety, as it was to be in the night, or at two o'clock A. M.

"I had previously sent Captain Bell, with the petard man, with Lieutenant Commanding Crosby, in the Pinola, and Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell, in the Itasca, to break the chain which crossed the river and was supported by eight hulks, which were strongly moored. This duty was not thoroughly performed, in consequence of the failure to ignite the petards with the galvanic battery, and the great strength of the current. Still it was a success, and, under the circumstances, a highly meritorious one.

"The vessel boarded by Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell appears to have had her chains so secured that they could be cast loose, which was done by that officer, thereby making an opening sufficiently large for the ships to pass through. It was all done under a heavy fire and at a great hazard to the vessel, for the particulars of which I refer you to Captain Bell's

report. Upon the night preceding the attack, however, I dispatched Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell to make an examination, and to see that the passage was still clear, and to make me a signal to that effect, which he did at an early hour. The enemy commenced sending down fire-rafts and lighting their fires on the shore opposite the chain about the same time, which drew their fire on Lieutenant Commanding Caldwell, but without injury. At about five minutes of two o'clock A. M., April 24th, signal was made to get under way (two ordinary red lights, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy), but owing to the great difficulty in purchasing their anchors, the Pensacola and some of the other vessels were not under way until half-past three. We then advanced in two columns, Captain Bailey leading the right in the gunboat Cayuga, Lieutenant Commanding Harrison, he having been assigned to the first division of gunboats, which was to attack Fort St. Philip, in conjunction with the second division of ships, and the Hartford the left; Fleet-Captain Bell leading the second division of gunboats in the Sciota; Lieutenant Commanding Donaldson to assist the first division of ships to attack Fort Jackson, as will be shown by the general order and diagram sent herewith. The enemy's lights, while they discovered us to them, were, at the same time, guides to us. We soon passed the barrier chains, the right column taking Fort St. Philip, and the left Fort Jackson. The fire became general, the smoke dense, and we had nothing to aim at but the flash of their guns; it was very difficult to distinguish friends from foes. Captain Porter had, by arrangement, moved up to a certain point on the Fort Jackson side with his gunboats, and I had assigned the same post to Captain Swartwout, in the Portsmouth, to engage the water batteries to the southward and eastward of Fort Jackson, while his mortar vessels poured a terrific fire of shells into it. I discovered a fire-raft coming down upon us, and in attempting to avoid it ran the ship on shore, and the ram Manassas, which I had not seen, lay on the opposite side of it, and pushed it down upon us. Our ship was soon on fire half-way up to her tops, but we backed off, and, through the good organization of our fire department, and the

great exertions of Captain Wainwright and his first lieutenant, officers, and crew, the fire was extinguished. In the mean time our battery was never silent, but poured its missiles of death into Fort St. Philip, opposite to which we had got by this time, and it was silenced, with the exception of a gun now and then. By this time the enemy's gunboats, some thirteen in number, besides two iron-clad rams, the *Manassas* and *Louisiana*, had become more visible. We took them in hand, and, in the course of a short time, destroyed eleven of them. We were now fairly past the forts, and the victory was ours, but still here and there a gunboat made resistance. Two of them had attacked the *Varuna*, which vessel, by her greater speed, was much in advance of us; they ran into her and caused her to sink, but not before she had destroyed her adversaries, and their wrecks now lie side by side, a monument to the gallantry of Captain Boggs, his officers, and crew. It was a kind of guerilla; they were fighting in all directions. Captains Bailey and Bell, who were in command of the first and second divisions of gunboats, were as active in rendering assistance in every direction as lay in their power. Just as the scene appeared to be closing, the ram *Manassas* was seen coming up under full speed to attack us. I directed Captain Smith, in the *Mississippi*, to turn and run her down; the order was instantly obeyed, by the *Mississippi* turning and going at her at full speed. Just as we expected to see the ram annihilated, when within fifty yards of each other, she put her helm hard aport, dodged the *Mississippi*, and ran ashore. The *Mississippi* poured two broadsides into her, and sent her drifting down the river a total wreck. Thus closed our morning's fight.

“The Department will perceive that after the organization and arrangements had been made, and we had fairly entered into the fight, the density of the smoke from guns and fire-rafts, and the scenes passing on board our own ship and around us (for it was as if the artillery of heaven were playing upon the earth), it was impossible for the Flag-Officer to see how each vessel was conducting itself, and can only judge by the final results and their special reports, which are herewith inclosed;

but I feel that I can say with truth that it has rarely been the lot of a commander to be supported by officers of more indomitable courage or higher professional merit.

“Captain Bailey, who had preceded me up to the Quarantine station, had captured the Chalmette regiment, Colonel Szyman-ski; and, not knowing what to do with them, as every moment was a great loss to me, I paroled both officers and men, and took away all their arms, munitions of war, and public property, and ordered them to remain where they were until the next day. I sent some of the gunboats to precede me up the river, to cut the telegraph wires in different places.

“It now became me to look around for my little fleet, and to my regret I found that three were missing—the Itasca, Winona, and Kennebec. Various were the speculations as to their fate, whether they had been sunk on the passage or had put back. I therefore determined immediately to send Captain Boggs, whose vessel was now sunk, through the Quarantine bayou, around to Commander Porter, telling him of our safe arrival, and to demand the surrender of the forts, and endeavor to get some tidings of the missing vessels. I also sent a dispatch by him to General Butler, informing him that the way was clear for him to land his forces through the Quarantine bayou, in accordance with previous arrangements, and that I should leave gunboats there to protect him against the enemy, who, I now perceived, had three or four gunboats left at the forts—the Louisiana, an iron-clad battery of sixteen guns; the McCrea, very similar in appearance to one of our gunboats, and armed very much in the same way; the Defiance, and a river steamer transport.

“We then proceeded up to New Orleans, leaving the Wissahickon and Kineo to protect the landing of the General’s troops. Owing to the slowness of some of the vessels, and our want of knowledge of the river, we did not reach the English Turn until about 10:30 A. M. on the 25th; but all the morning I had seen abundant evidence of the panic which had seized the people in New Orleans. Cotton-loaded ships on fire came floating down, and working implements of every kind, such as are used in

ship-yards. The destruction of property was awful. We soon descried the new earthwork forts on the old lines on both shores. We now formed and advanced in the same order, two lines, each line taking its respective work. Captain Bailey was still far in advance, not having noticed my signal for close order, which was to enable the slow vessels to come up. They opened on him a galling fire, which caused us to run up to his rescue; this gave them the advantage of a raking fire on us for upward of a mile with some twenty guns, while we had but two nine-inch guns on our fore-castle to reply to them. It was not long, however, before we were enabled to bear away and give the forts a broadside of shells, shrapnel, and grape, the Pensacola at the same time passing up and giving a tremendous broadside of the same kind to the starboard fort; and, by the time we could reload, the Brooklyn, Captain Craven, passed handsomely between us and the battery and delivered her broadside, and shut us out. By this time the other vessels had gotten up, and ranged in one after another, delivering their broadsides in spiteful revenge for their ill treatment of the little Cayuga. The forts were silenced, and those who could run were running in every direction. We now passed up to the city and anchored immediately in front of it, and I sent Captain Bailey on shore to demand the surrender of it from the authorities, to which the Mayor replied that the city was under martial law, and that he had no authority. General Lovell, who was present, stated that he should deliver up nothing, but in order to free the city from embarrassment he would restore the city authorities, and retire with his troops, which he did. The correspondence with the city authorities and myself is herewith annexed. I then seized all the steamboats and sent them down to Quarantine for General Butler's forces. Among the number of these boats is the famous Tennessee, which our blockaders have been so long watching, but which, you will perceive, never got out.

“The levee of New Orleans was one scene of desolation. Ships, steamers, cotton, coal, etc., were all in one common blaze, and our ingenuity was much taxed to avoid the floating conflagration.

“I neglected to mention my having good information respecting the iron-clad rams which they were building. I sent Captain Lee up to seize the principal one, the *Mississippi*, which was to be the terror of these seas, and no doubt would have been to a great extent; but she soon came floating by us all in flames, and passed down the river. Another was sunk immediately in front of the Custom-House; others were building in Algiers, just begun.

“I next went above the city eight miles, to Carrollton, where I learned there were two other forts, but the panic had gone before me. I found the guns spiked, and the gun-carriages in flames. The first work, on the right, reaches from the *Mississippi* nearly over to Pontchartrain, and has twenty-nine guns; the one on the left had six guns, from which Commander Lee took some fifty barrels of powder, and completed the destruction of the gun-carriages, etc. A mile higher up there were two other earthworks, but not yet armed.

“We discovered here, fastened to the right bank of the river, one of the most herculean labors I have ever seen—a raft and chain to extend across the river to prevent Foote’s gunboats from descending. It is formed by placing three immense logs of not less than three or four feet in diameter and some thirty feet long; to the center one a two-inch chain is attached, running lengthwise the raft, and the three logs and chain are then frapped together by chains from one half to one inch, three or four layers, and there are ninety-six of these lengths composing the raft; it is at least three quarters of a mile long.

“On the evening of the 29th Captain Bailey arrived from below, with the gratifying intelligence that the forts had surrendered to Commander Porter, and had delivered up all public property, and were being paroled, and that the navy had been made to surrender unconditionally, as they had conducted themselves with bad faith, burning and sinking their vessels while a flag of truce was flying and the forts negotiating for their surrender, and the *Louisiana*, their great iron-clad battery, blown up almost alongside of the vessel where they were negotiating;

hence their officers were not paroled, but sent home to be treated according to the judgment of the Government.

“General Butler came up the same day, and arrangements were made for bringing up his troops.

“I sent on shore and hoisted the American flag on the Custom-House, and hauled down the Louisiana State flag from the City Hall, as the Mayor had avowed that there was no man in New Orleans who dared to haul it down; and my own convictions are that if such an individual could have been found he would have been assassinated.

“Thus, sir, I have endeavored to give you an account of my attack upon New Orleans, from our first movement to the surrender of the city to General Butler, whose troops are now in full occupation, protected, however, by the Pensacola, Portsmouth, and one gunboat, while I have sent a force of seven vessels, under command of Captain Craven, up the river, to keep up the panic as far as possible. The large ships, I fear, will not be able to go higher than Baton Rouge, while I have sent the smaller vessels, under Commander Lee, as high as Vicksburg, in the rear of Jackson, to cut off their supplies from the West.

“I trust, therefore, that it will be found by the Government that I have carried out my instructions to the letter and to the best of my abilities, so far as this city is concerned. All of which is respectfully submitted.

“I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

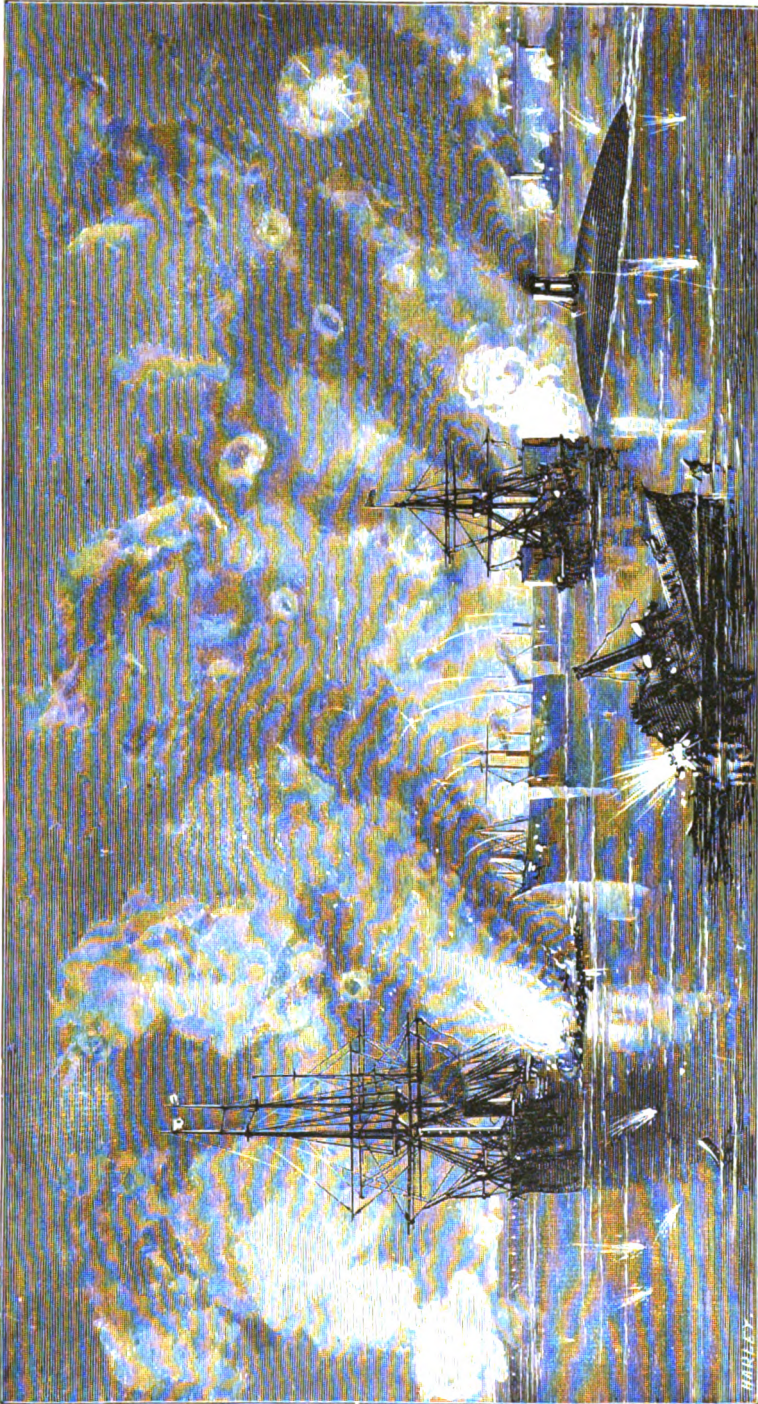
“Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

“HON. GIDEON WELLES,

“Secretary of the Navy,

“Washington, D. C.”

It happened one day that a certain little poem, cut from a Hartford paper, fell under the eye of Captain Farragut, and greatly pleased him. It was an ingenious and spirited versification of the General Orders printed at page 221 of this volume. He wrote a note to the author, who proved to be Henry Howard



Manassas.

Mississippi.

FARRAGUT'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI.

Hartford.

HARLEY

Brownell (born in Providence, 1820; died in Hartford, 1872). In a correspondence which ensued, Brownell expressed a strong desire to witness a naval battle, and Farragut assured him he would give him an opportunity. This promise was redeemed by his appointment as acting ensign on the flag-ship Hartford, and he participated in the fight at Mobile. He subsequently embodied his "General Orders" in this longer poem :

THE RIVER FIGHT.

(MISSISSIPPI RIVER, APRIL 24, 1862.)

Do you know of the dreary Land,
 If land such region may seem,
 Where 'tis neither sea nor strand,
 Ocean nor good dry land,
 But the nightmare marsh of a dream —
 Where the Mighty River his death-road takes,
 'Mid pools, and windings that coil like snakes,
 (A hundred leagues of bayous and lakes,)
 To die in the great Gulf Stream ?

No coast-line clear and true,
 (Granite and deep sea blue,)
 On that dismal shore you pass —
 Surf-worn boulder nor sandy beach,
 But ooze-flats far as the eye can reach,
 With shallows of water-grass —
 Reedy savannas, vast and dun,
 Lying dead in the dim March sun —
 Huge rotting trunks and roots that lie
 Like blackened bones of the Shapes gone by,
 And miles of sunken morass.

No lovely, delicate thing
 Of life o'er the waste is seen —
 But the cayman couched by his weedy spring,
 And the pelican, bird unclean —

Or the buzzard, flapping on heavy wing
Like an evil ghost, o'er the desolate scene.

Ah, many a weary day
With our Leader there we lay,
In the sultry haze and smoke,
Tugging our ships o'er the bar—
Till the Spring was wasted far,
Till his brave heart almost broke—
For the sullen River seemed
As if our intent he dreamed—
All his shallow mouths did spew and choke.

But, ere April fully past,
All ground over at last,
And we knew the die was cast—
Knew the day drew nigh
To dare to the end one stormy deed,
Might save the Land at her sorest need,
Or on the old deck to die !

Anchored we lay—and, a morn the more,
To his captains and all his men
Thus wrote our stout old Commodore—
(He was n't Admiral then :)

GENERAL ORDERS.

“Send your to'gallant masts down,
Rig in each flying jib-boom !
Clear all ahead for the loom
Of traitor fortress and town,
Or traitor fleet bearing down.

In with your canvas high—
We shall want no sail to fly !
Topsail and foresail, spanker and jib,
(With the heart of oak in the oaken rib,)
Shall serve us to win or die !

Trim every hull by the head,
 (So shall you spare the lead,)
 Lest, if she ground, your ship swing round,
 Bows in-shore, for a wreck—
 See your grapnels all clear, with pains,
 And a solid kege in your port main-chains,
 With a whip to the main-yard—
 Drop it, heavy and hard,
 When you grapple a traitor deck!

On forecastle and on poop
 Mount guns, as best you may deem—
 If possible, rouse them up,
 (For still you must bow the stream)—
 Also hoist and secure with stops
 Howitzers firmly in your tops,
 To fire on the foe abeam.

Look well to your pumps and hose—
 Have water-tubs, fore and aft,
 For quenching flame in your craft,
 And the gun-crews' fiery thirst—
 See planks with felt fitted close,
 To plug every shot-hole tight—
 Stand ready to meet the worst!
 For, if I have reckoned aright,
 They will serve us shot, both cold and hot,
 Freely enough, to-night.

Mark well each signal I make—
 (Our life-long service at stake,
 And honor that must not lag!)
 Whate'er the peril and awe,
 In the battle's fieriest flaw,
 Let never one ship withdraw
 Till orders come from the Flag!"

Would you hear of the River Fight ?
 It was two, of a soft spring night —
 God's stars looked down on all,
 And all was clear and bright
 But the low fog's chilling breath —
 Up the River of Death
 Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
 And round him ranged the men
 Who have made their birthright good
 Of manhood, once and again —
 Lords of helm and of sail,
 Tried in tempest and gale,
 Bronzed in battle and wreck —
 Bell and Bailey grandly led
 Each his Line of the Blue and Red —
 Wainwright stood by our starboard rail,
 Thornton fought the deck.

And I mind me of more than they,
 Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
 That have shown them worthy sons
 Of the Seamen passed away —
 (Tyson conned our helm, that day,
 Watson stood by his guns).

What thought our Admiral then,
 Looking down on his men ?
 Since the terrible day,
 (Day of renown and tears !)
 When at anchor the Essex lay,
 Holding her foes at bay,
 When, a boy, by Porter's side he stood
 Till deck and plank-shear were dyed with blood,
 'Tis half a hundred years —
 Half a hundred years, to-day !

Who could fail, with him ?
 Who reckon of life or limb ?
 Not a pulse but beat the higher !
 There had you seen, by the star-light dim,
 Five hundred faces strong and grim —
 The Flag is going under fire !
 Right up by the fort, with her helm hard-a-port,
 The Hartford is going under fire !

The way to our work was plain,
 Caldwell had broken the chain,
 (Two hulks swung down amain,
 Soon as 'twas sundered) —
 Under the night's dark blue,
 Steering steady and true,
 Ship after ship went through —
 Till, as we hove in view,
 Jackson out-thundered.

Back echoed Philip ! — ah, then,
 Could you have seen our men,
 How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
 To their work of toil and of clamor !
 How the loaders, with sponge and rammer,
 And their captains, with cord and hammer,
 Kept every muzzle ablaze !
 How the guns, as with cheer and shout
 Our tackle-men hurled them out,
 Brought up on the water-ways !

First, as we fired at their flash,
 'Twas lightning and black eclipse,
 With a bellowing roll and crash —
 But soon, upon either bow,
 What with forts, and fire-rafts, and ships —
 (The whole fleet was hard at it, now,
 All pounding away !) — and Porter
 Still thundering with shell and mortar —

'Twas the mighty sound and form
Of an Equatorial storm !

(Such you see in the Far South,
After long heat and drouth,
As day draws nigh to even —
Arching from North to South,
Blinding the tropic sun,
The great black bow comes on —
Till the thunder-veil is riven,
When all is crash and levin,
And the cannonade of heaven
Rolls down the Amazon !)

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,
Down came a pyramid of fire —
It was one of your long coal barges.
(We had often had the like before) —
'Twas coming down on us to larboard,
Well in with the eastern shore —
And our pilot, to let it pass round,
(You may guess we never stopped to sound,)
Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,
Ran the Flag hard and fast aground !

'Twas nigh abreast of the Upper Fort,
And straightway a rascal Ram
(She was shaped like the devil's dam)
Puffed away for us, with a snort,
And shoved it, with spiteful strength,
Right alongside of us, to port —
It was all of our ship's length,
A huge crackling Cradle of the Pit,
Pitch-pine knots to the brim,
Belching flame red and grim —
What a roar came up from it !

Well, for a little it looked bad —
 But these things are, somehow, shorter
 In the acting than the telling —
 There was no singing-out nor yelling,
 Nor any fussing and fretting,
 No stampede, in short —
 But there we were, my lad,
 All a-fire on our port quarter !
 Hammocks ablaze in the netting,
 Flame spouting in at every port —
 Our Fourth Cutter burning at the davit,
 (No chance to lower away and save it).

In a twinkling, the flames had risen
 Half way to main top and mizzen,
 Darting up the shrouds like snakes !
 Ah, how we clanked at the brakes,
 And the deep steam-pumps throbbed under,
 Sending a ceaseless flow —
 Our top-men, a dauntless crowd,
 Swarmed in rigging and shroud —
 There ('twas a wonder !)
 The burning ratlins and strands
 They quenched with their bare hard hands —
 But the great guns below
 Never silenced their thunder !

At last, by backing and sounding,
 When we were clear of grounding,
 And under head-way once more,
 The whole rebel fleet came rounding
 The point — if we had it hot before,
 'Twas now, from shore to shore,
 One long, loud thundering roar —
 Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
 And smashing as you never heard before !

But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
 And to save the Land we loved so well,

You might have deemed our long gun-deck
Two hundred feet of hell !

For all above was battle,
Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone—
(But, down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan).

And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
Drearly blinking
O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke,
That ever such morning dulls—
There were thirteen traitor hulls
On fire and sinking !

Now, up the river !—though mad Chalmette
Sputters a vain resistance yet.
Small helm we gave her, our course to steer—
'Twas nicer work than you well would dream,
With cant and sheer to keep her clear
Of the burning wrecks that cumbered the stream.

The Louisiana, hurled on high,
Mounts in thunder to meet the sky !
Then down to the depth of the turbid flood,
Fifty fathom of rebel mud !
The Mississippi comes floating down,
A mighty bonfire, from off the town—
And along the river, on stocks and ways,
A half-hatched devil's brood is ablaze—
The great Anglo-Norman is all in flames,
(Hark to the roar of her tumbling frames !)
And the smaller fry that Treason would spawn,
Are lighting Algiers like an angry dawn !

From stem to stern, how the pirates burn,
Fired by the furious hands that built !

So to ashes for ever turn
The suicide wrecks of wrong and guilt !

But, as we neared the city,
By field and vast plantation,
(Ah, mill-stone of our Nation !)
With wonder and with pity
What crowds we there espied
Of dark and wistful faces,
Mute in their toiling-places,
Strangely and sadly eyed—
Haply, 'mid doubt and fear,
Deeming deliverance near—
(One gave the ghost of a cheer !)

And on that dolorous strand,
To greet the victor-brave
One flag did welcome wave—
Raised, ah me ! by a wretched hand,
All outworn on our cruel Land—
The withered hand of a slave !

But all along the Levee,
In a dark and drenching rain,
(By this, 'twas pouring heavy,)
Stood a fierce and sullen train—
A strange and a frenzied time !
There were scowling rage and pain,
Curses, howls, and hisses,
Out of hate's black abysses—
Their courage and their crime
All in vain—all in vain !

For from the hour that the Rebel Stream,
With the Crescent City lying abeam,
Shuddered under our keel,
Smit to the heart with self-struck sting,
Slavery died in her scorpion-ring,
And Murder fell on his steel.

'Tis well to do and dare—
 But ever may grateful prayer
 Follow, as aye it ought,
 When the good fight is fought,
 When the true deed is done—
 Aloft in heaven's pure light,
 (Deep azure crossed on white)
 Our fair Church-Pennant waves
 O'er a thousand thankful braves,
 Bareheaded in God's bright sun.

Lord of mercy and frown,
 Ruling o'er sea and shore,
 Send us such scene once more !
 All in Line of Battle
 When the black ships bear down
 On tyrant fort and town,
 Mid cannon-cloud and rattle—
 And the great guns once more
 Thunder back the roar
 Of the traitor walls ashore,
 And the traitor flags come down !

In an article on "Napoleon and the Southern Confederacy," in the "North American Review," for October, 1879, which was compiled from Confederate archives, occurs this passage: "At this critical time, when the Emperor felt the necessity of immediate action and had determined upon his 'friendly' appeal to the North to open the ports, and, should such appeal be likely to be ineffectual, to back it by a declaration of his purpose not to respect the blockade, what he 'did not anticipate' occurred. While he was speaking the Federal guns opened fire and in a few days the news flashed across the ocean that Farragut and the heroic old Bailey had swept past the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi, and that New Orleans had fallen. The disastrous effect of this catastrophe upon the projects of the French emperor appears from Mr. Slidell's dismal acknowledgments."

CHAPTER XX.

FROM NEW ORLEANS TO VICKSBURG—THE GOVERNMENT'S PLAN,
AND FARRAGUT'S—PASSAGE OF THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG
—BRECKINRIDGE'S ATTACK ON BATON ROUGE—DESTRUCTION
OF THE RAM ARKANSAS.

ON the afternoon of the 26th of April Farragut had gone up the river to capture the two forts at Carrollton, eight miles above the city, intended to protect it from enemies coming down stream. But he found the works deserted, the guns spiked, and the carriages burning. Under date of April 29th he wrote :

“Of course the New Orleans papers abuse me, but I am case-hardened to all that. I don't read the papers, except to gain information about the war. I find all the forts along the coast are surrendering, and we shall have nothing to do but occupy them. I shall be off for Mobile in a few days, and put it to them there. I have done all I promised, and all I was expected to do. So, thanks to God, I hope I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of my friends as well as my country.

“ *April 30th.*

“We have destroyed, or made the enemy destroy, three of the most formidable rams in the country. Arthur Sinclair declared that the *Mississippi* (ram), which he was to command, was far superior to the *Merrimac*. But we were too quick for them. Her machinery was not in working order, and when I sent after her they set her on fire, and she floated past us, formidable even in her expiring flames. Mitchell commanded the other as flag-officer. Poor Charlie McIntosh was her captain, and is now going on shore in a dreadful condition. It is not

thought he will live; but he has a good constitution, and that will do a great deal for him.

“Their fleet has suffered very much in this affair, both in reputation and in vessels. We destroyed them all, some fourteen or fifteen, and many lives were lost.

“One of the city council, in one of our interviews, said to me sadly, when I told him that McIntosh was so badly wounded: ‘Well, sir, he knew his task was a difficult one, and said to me before he left, that their work would be no child’s play; that he knew his enemy, and that you were as brave as you were skillful.’

“Loyall would have been delighted, as I was, to see the contest between the old Mississippi and the Hollins ram Manassas, after we had passed the forts. I saw the ram coming up. I hailed Melancton Smith, and told him to run her down. Smith turned his ship, head down stream, and they ran at each other. We all looked on with intense anxiety. When within fifty yards, the enemy’s heart failed him, and he turned to the right and ran on shore. Smith poured in a broadside, which riddled her. Thus ended the Hollins ram. She floated down stream, on fire from her own furnaces; the officers and men making their escape to the shore.

“These rams are formidable things; but, when there is room to manœuvre, the heavy ships will run over them. The difficulty at Hampton Roads was, that the ships were all at anchor and near shoal water.

“I am now going up the river to meet Foote—where, I know not—and then I shall resume my duties on the coast, keep moving, and keep up the stampede I have upon them.

“I have so much to say to my dear wife and boy that it will be the occupation of my declining years, I hope, by the bright fireside of our happy home.

“It is a strange thought, that I am here among my relatives, and yet not one has dared to say ‘I am happy to see you.’ There is a reign of terror in this doomed city; but, although I am abused as one who wished to kill all the women and children, I still see a feeling of respect for me. The foreign consuls

called on me yesterday, and were extremely polite, and appeared anxious for me to aid them in getting provisions for the city. They feared starvation and riots."

Farragut had already dispatched several vessels up the river. Commander James S. Palmer, in the *Iroquois*, took possession of Baton Rouge and Natchez, after a short parley with the authorities of each place; and Commander S. Phillips Lee, with the advance gunboats, appeared off Vicksburg, May 18th, and summoned the authorities to surrender. But this demand was defiantly refused, and the answers returned showed the presence of a military force.

On the morning of June 9th the *Itasca* and *Wissahickon* were fired upon by a rifled battery at Grand Gulf, which planted twenty-five shots in the former and seventeen in the latter, killing one man and wounding five.

The most perplexing question that the Union commanders had to deal with was this one of protecting their forces from the desultory fire of field batteries and sharpshooters along the river. Wherever any considerable Confederate force boldly presented itself and disputed the passage of the ships, it could be met and fought in regular battle. But against this guerilla warfare, which could have no possible effect on the grand result, and was simply the murder of so many individual sailors and marines, there was no defense except in some species of retaliation. Several towns were therefore notified that if the vessels were fired upon from their vicinity, the towns would be bombarded. This gave rise to considerable correspondence, in which, of course, the usual chivalrous plea for "defenseless women and children" was prominent. The pith of the argument is sufficiently shown in a single letter from Farragut to General Lovell, who had commanded the Confederate forces in New Orleans:

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
"Baton Rouge, June 17, 1862.

"SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 12th instant, together with its inclosure, in which

you are pleased to say that vengeance will be visited upon the women and children of Rodney, if our vessels are fired upon from the town. Although I find no such language contained in the letter of Lieutenant Commanding Nichols, or even any from which such inference might be drawn, still I shall meet your general remark on your own terms. You say you locate your batteries 'at such points on the river as are deemed best suited,' etc., without reference to the people of the town, and claim no immunity for your troops. Now, therefore, the violation is with you. You choose your own time and place for the attack upon our defenseless people, and should, therefore, see that the innocent and defenseless of your own people are out of the way before you make the attack; for rest assured that the fire will be returned, and we will not hold ourselves answerable for the death of the innocent. If we have ever fired upon your 'women and children,' it was done here at Baton Rouge, when an attempt was made to kill one of our officers, landing in a small boat, manned with four boys. They were, when in the act of landing, mostly wounded by the fire of some thirty or forty horsemen, who chivalrously galloped out of the town, leaving the women and children to bear the brunt of our vengeance. At Grand Gulf, also, our transports were fired upon in passing, which caused the place to be shelled, with what effect I know not; but I do know, that the fate of a town is at all times in the hands of the military commandant, who may, at pleasure, draw the enemy's fire upon it, and the community is made to suffer for the act of its military.

"The only instance I have known where the language of your letter could possibly apply, took place at New Orleans on the day we passed up in front of the city, while it was still in your possession, by your soldiers firing on the crowd. I trust, however, that the time is past when women and children will be subjected by their military men to the horrors of war; it is enough for them to be subjected to the incidental inconveniences, privations, and sufferings.

"If any such things have occurred as the slaying of women and children, or innocent people, I feel well assured that it was

caused by the act of your military, and much against the will of our officers; for, as Lieutenant Commanding Nichols informs the Mayor, we war not against defenseless persons, but against those in open rebellion against our country, and desire to limit our punishment to them, though it may not always be in our power to do so.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Flag-Officer, Commanding Western Gulf
Blockading Squadron.

“Major-General MANSFIELD LOVELL,

“Commanding Confederate troops,

“Jackson, Mississippi.”

Farragut reached Vicksburg in his flag-ship, happily without accident, save being aground one night; but the navigation of the river was attended with great danger to all the larger vessels, and the commanders had to be constantly on the alert to keep their vessels in deep water. An accident here to machinery or hull might prove disastrous; for a vigilant enemy was on the watch for any such mishaps, and, like leviathans stranded, the ships would fall an easy prey. It seemed marvelous at that time to think of vessels of the class of the Hartford and Brooklyn penetrating so far into the interior of the country, contending with the treacherous currents and shoals of the muddy stream. The appearance of tall-sparred ships, with their long, dark hulls, moving slowly around the bends of the river, must have been a startling sight indeed to such of the inhabitants as had never been down to the sea.

A small military force followed Farragut in transports. It consisted of two infantry regiments and Nim's (Massachusetts) battery, all under the command of General Thomas Williams, an experienced and gallant officer of the regular army.

Farragut's own policy would have been, now that the port of New Orleans was sealed up, to attack the defenses of Mobile, taking advantage of the panic created by his recent successes. At that time the task would have been comparatively easy, and

his blockaders would have been relieved from arduous service on the coast. Commander Porter concurred in this opinion, saying, in a letter dated from Pensacola, June 3d, "Mobile is so ripe now that it would fall to us like a mellow pear."

In the following dispatch Farragut explains why he abandoned the contemplated attack on Vicksburg and returned to New Orleans :

" UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

" Off New Orleans, June 3, 1862.

" SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the duplicates of your dispatches of the 16th and 19th ult., as also a dispatch from the Assistant-Secretary, dated the 17th; in all of which I am urged and required by the President of the United States to use my utmost exertions, without more delay, to open the Mississippi River up to Flag-Officer Davis's command. In the dispatch of the 17th it is intimated that I might have forgotten my instructions on that subject, contained in my original orders of the 20th of January.

" Such a thing could scarcely be possible, but the Department seems to have considered my fleet as having escaped all injury, and that when they arrived off New Orleans they were in condition to be pushed up the river. This was not the case; but, the moment the vessels could be gotten ready, the gunboats were all sent up, under command of Commander S. P. Lee, with directions to proceed to Vicksburg, and take that place and cut the railroad. Some time was consumed in trying to procure pilots. I mean, by a pilot, one who has a knowledge of the river, for we were totally ignorant, and from all I could hear it was not considered proper, even with pilots, to risk the ships beyond Natchez.

" As I stated in my last dispatch (No. 100), the dangers and difficulties of the river have proved to us, since we first entered it, much greater impediments to our progress, and more destructive to our vessels, than the enemy's shot. Between getting aground, derangement of the machinery, and want of coal, the delays in getting up the river are great, and in Commander Lee's case there was some misapprehension of orders, by which

he says he lost two days in reaching Vicksburg. By the time he arrived there, however, he was satisfied that the force of the enemy was too great for him to venture to take the town, or even to pass it.

"The land in the rear of Vicksburg is about two hundred feet high, on which are placed some eight- and ten-inch columbiads, which are perfectly secure from our fire. Commander Lee made application for more force, and the Iroquois, having just arrived from special service, had been sent on by Captain Craven. I directed Captain Palmer to take command at Vicksburg. I also determined to get the ships up there if possible, which I did a day or two after.

"General Williams arrived in the mean time with fifteen hundred men, when I proposed to him, if he could carry the battery on the hill, I would attack the town. He made a careful reconnoissance, and returned to me in the afternoon, when I had all the commanders assembled. He reported that it would be impossible for him to land, and that he saw no chance of doing anything with the place so long as the enemy were in such force, having at their command thirty thousand men within one hour by railroad. A large majority of the commanders concurred with him in the opinion.* I was quite sick at the time, and felt disposed to submit rather to their judgment than my own, and consequently determined to invest it on the lower side with my whole disposable gunboat force, and thereby draw a portion of their forces, guns, etc., from Beauregard's army, which appeared to be the next best thing to be done.

* Colonel Wickham Hoffman, who was a member of General Williams's staff, tells the story of this interview in his "Camp, Court, and Siege." "Arrived opposite Vicksburg, we boarded the flag-ship to consult for combined operations. We found Farragut holding a council of his captains, considering the feasibility of passing the batteries of Vicksburg as he had passed the forts. We apologized for our intrusion, and were about to withdraw, when he begged us to stay, and, turning to Williams, he said: 'General, my officers oppose my running by Vicksburg as impracticable. Only one supports me. So I must give it up for the present. In ten days they will all be of my opinion, and then the difficulties will be much greater than they are now.' It turned out as he had said. In a few days they were all of his opinion, and he did it."

"The army had been sent up with only a few days' rations, and I was compelled to supply them from the squadron, thereby reducing our own supplies, which were barely sufficient to bring the ships back to New Orleans, making allowance for probable delays.

"The river was now beginning to fall, and I apprehended great difficulty in getting down should I delay much longer.

"Captain Morris, in the mean time, had been having coal-vessels towed up the river just above Natchez, which vessels I was obliged to bring down and keep in company with the vessels of war, for fear of their being captured by the guerilla bands which appear to infest almost the entire banks of the river wherever there are rapids and bluffs.

"I had no conception that the Department ever contemplated that the ships of this squadron were to attempt to go to Memphis, nor did I believe it was practicable for them to do so, unless under the most favorable circumstances, in time of peace, when their supplies could be obtained along the river. Our gunboats, although they have heavy batteries, are nearly all so damaged that they are certainly not in a condition to contend with iron-clad rams coming down upon them with the current, as are those of the upper Mississippi, which are built for the purpose, are iron-clad, and are designed to contend with enemy's gunboats coming up against the current. We consider the advantage entirely in favor of the vessel that has the current added to her velocity. . . .

"I arrived at New Orleans with five or six days' provisions and one anchor, and am now trying to procure others. As soon as provisions and anchors are obtained, we will take our departure for up the river, and endeavor to carry out, as far as practicable, the orders conveyed in your different dispatches.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.

"HON. GIDEON WELLES,

"Secretary of the Navy."

In a private letter of nearly the same date as the above dispatch, June 2d, he gives free expression to his opinions of the policy of keeping sea-going vessels in a river like the Mississippi :

“They will keep us in this river until the vessels break down, and all the little reputation we have made has evaporated. The Government appear to think that we can do anything. They expect me to navigate the Mississippi nine hundred miles in the face of batteries, iron-clad rams, etc., and yet, with all the iron-clad vessels they have North, they could not get to Norfolk or Richmond. The iron-clads, with the exception of the Monitor, were all knocked to pieces. Yet I am expected to take New Orleans and go up and release Foote from his perilous situation at Fort Pillow, when he is backed by the army and has iron-clad boats built for the river service, while *our* ships are to be periled by getting aground and remaining there till next year ; or, what is more likely, be burned to prevent them falling into the enemy's hands. A beautiful prospect for the ‘hero’ of New Orleans !

“Well, I will do my duty to the best of my ability, and let the rest take care of itself.

“It was well that the Merrimac was blown up, for I never would have had another vessel. Everything was seized for Hampton Roads, to look after the Merrimac. Thank God she is gone ! I hope now they will send us a monitor. She would keep the river clear and save thousands of lives—as well as the Navy, which the river will use up.

“Senator McDougal, I hear, has asked for a vote of thanks of Congress for me. ‘Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.’ But they can not deprive me and my officers of the historical fact that we took New Orleans. Now they expect impossibilities of me. . . .

“Some will find fault with me for not doing them justice in my report of the passage of the forts ; but you can not satisfy all as to the measure of praise, and you know me well enough to know that I will not say what I *don't know* ; and as to praising people individually who fought in the dark, for gallant

conduct, and whom I did not see, that is out of the question. But I was particular as to all that came under my notice, and sent all the reports of the commanding officers respecting their officers. I regret that Bailey did not get the thanks of Congress as recommended by the President."

Farragut was not reassured by the appearance of the batteries of Vicksburg, and saw at once what a formidable place it might become under an energetic commander. The land force cooperating with him was totally inadequate for the work. In fact, the soldiers could hardly get a footing on the low, flat Louisiana shore, the whole country being flooded, while an attempt to land on the Mississippi side, with a superior garrison at Vicksburg to confront, would have been pure madness. He realized the necessity of dashing by the batteries at once, if at all; but, as he says in the dispatch quoted above, in the council which he held with his captains, to consider the advisability of making the attempt, he was not sustained, and, for the time being, the project of an attack was given up, and the troops returned to Baton Rouge. In a letter written after his return from this first visit to Vicksburg he says, in explanation :

"I am so pressed with business that I have only time to say a hasty word to my wife and child. I had a most anxious time up the river. It wore upon my health more than I could imagine. My anxiety was intense. Only think—five hundred miles up a river, knowing, too, that the enemy calculated I would never get back in my ship! It was amusing, however, when I *did* return, to receive the congratulations of my friends. They had it reported that my legs were shot off, and that I was a prisoner at Jackson! Money was lost and won on the speculation. It is astonishing how they believe what they wish to believe.

"I did not pass Vicksburg; not because it was too strongly fortified, not because we could not have passed it easily enough, but we would have been cut off from our supplies of coal and provisions. We would have been placed between two enemies,

and so the captains advised me not to do it. I was very sick at the time, and yielded to their advice, which I think was good; but I doubt if I would have taken it had I been well. We might have lost some vessels; their guns are on cliffs two hundred feet high, where *we* can not reach *them*, and they have a plunging fire on us. But fighting is nothing to the evils of the river—getting on shore, running afoul of one another, losing anchors, etc. Besides, we have to send vessels with the army wherever they go, which reduces my force for operations. I find, the more you do the more is expected of you—that is, the work becomes more complicated—and I am now worked to death.”

The Government seemed determined that the river should be “opened at every hazard,” and Farragut was ordered to call on all his available force, including Porter’s mortars, and return to Vicksburg. General Butler now sent six regiments and two batteries, and soon quite a fleet of steamers was wending its way to the afterward famous stronghold. After receiving his orders, Farragut wrote, under date of June 6th :

“ I just write a line by the Connecticut, at the last moment, to assure you of my continued good health. I leave for up the river, to ‘clear the river,’ as the Department is pleased to call it. When we shall get down again, is a question to be decided by time alone. But the same good God who has thus far preserved me will still preside over my destiny. In the course of human longevity I have not long to live, and, although it would be most agreeable to spend it with you both, still it is our place to submit patiently to His will and do our duty.”

“BATON ROUGE, *June 15th.*

“ Things appear a little more cheerful to-day, and I have the heart to write. We received letters and papers yesterday, saying that Davis had destroyed the enemy’s fleet at Memphis. It was done in handsome style, in presence of all the city, so that now I shall hope to see him down this way soon. Vicksburg

will be the half-way house, where the last battle of the Mississippi River will be fought, and then Davis will be left in full possession with his gunboats, which are built and well calculated for the service, while our vessels are too long and draw too much water.

“If I ever go above Vicksburg, as ordered, I do not expect to get down again until spring; for there are places in the river having not half the depth of water drawn by our ships. Still, I could not help hoping something would turn up to help us. Vicksburg is now the only important point on the river in the possession of the enemy, and I hope soon we shall have that.

“I was threatened with an attack of nervous fever on my last visit, owing to loss of rest when my ship was aground. I thought she was gone.

“OFF ELLIS CLIFFS, *June 22d.*

“I just sit down to commune with you, after one of the most trying events. Yesterday, while we were running up the river, everything propitious, the ship ran aground. I never left the deck, except to get a drink of tea, until she was off, this morning at 8:30. Fortunately, General Williams was with me, with eight steamers. They pulled and tugged until they got her off; but I several times made up my mind to spend the summer there—rather, that the ship would. I always feel that I am responsible for the ship that bears my flag; but, thank God! I was patient and did not suffer as I did before, for I knew that I had done all I could to prevent her from being up the river so high, but was commanded to go, and replied that I would go and do the best I could to comply with the wishes of the Department. It is a sad thing to think of leaving your ship on a mud-bank, five hundred miles from the natural element of a sailor.

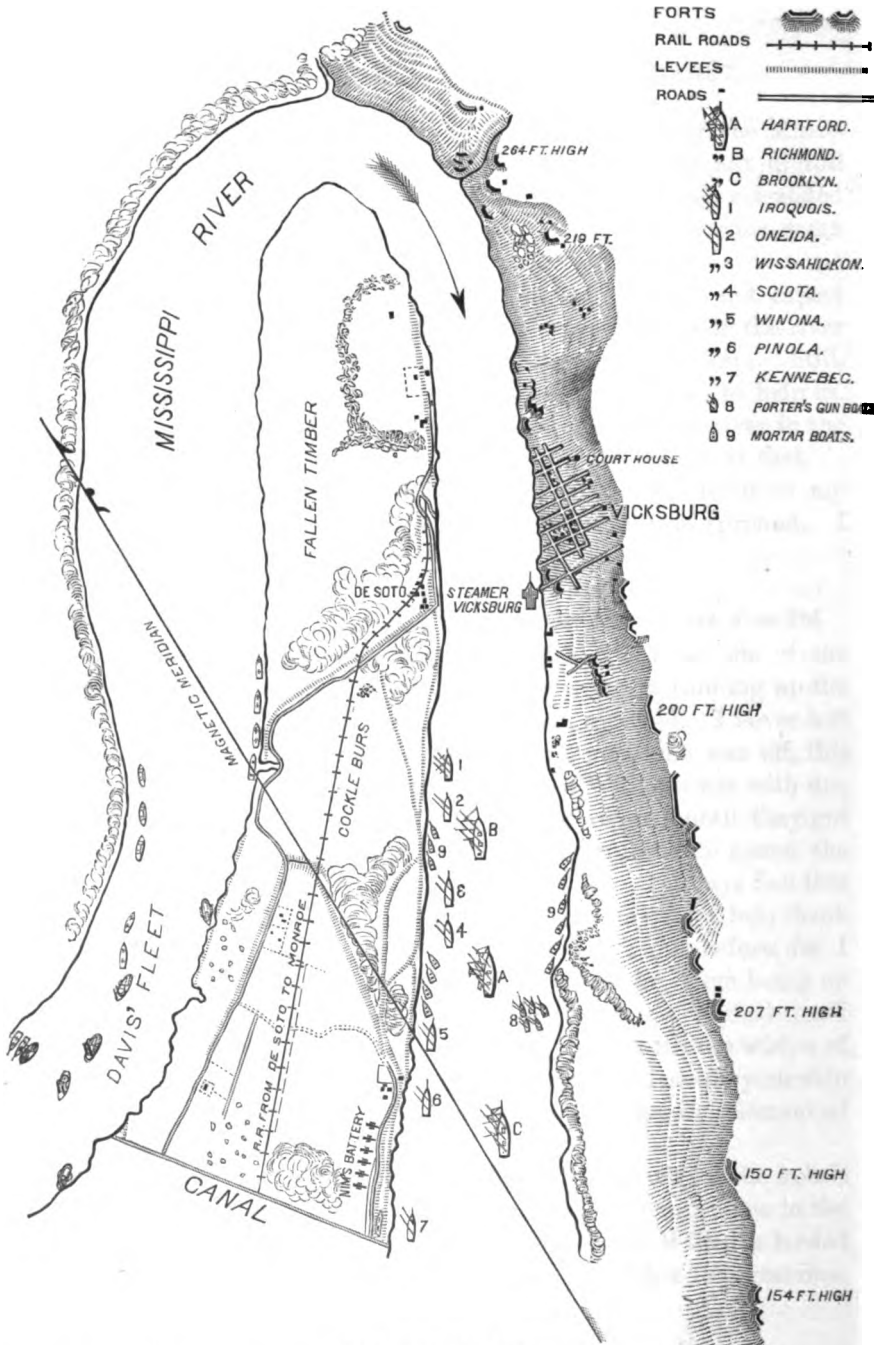
“At five o'clock we reached this place, where the rebels fired into our transports. Here we met Commander Lee in the Oneida, and Nichols in the Winona. General Williams landed his soldiers, to stretch their legs and try to catch a few guerillas, but did not succeed.

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SCALE OF MILES.



Passage of Vicksburg Batteries, June 28, 1862—Order of Attack.

"We passed Natchez at 8:20 A. M. All the townspeople were on the bluffs to see the fleet go by. It was a pretty sight—sixteen vessels—the Hartford like an old hen taking care of her chickens. We saw them all pass ahead safely, and helped them along when required."

The fleet reached Warrenton, a few miles below Vicksburg, safely, although, as mentioned, the enemy had entered a protest at Ellis Cliffs and Grand Gulf, in the shape of attacks on transports by guerillas. On June 26th Farragut writes :

"Here we are once more in front of Vicksburg, by a peremptory order of the Department and the President of the United States, 'to clear the river through.' With God's assistance, I intend to try it as soon as the mortars are ready, which will be in an hour or two. The work is rough. Their batteries are beyond our reach on the heights. It must be done in the daytime, as the river is too difficult to navigate by night. I trust that God will smile upon our efforts, as He has done before. I think more should have been left to my discretion ; but I hope for the best, and pray God to protect our poor sailors from harm. If it is His pleasure to take me, may He protect my wife and boy from the rigors of a wicked world."

The general order prescribing the plan of attack was as follows :

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
"Below Vicksburg, June 25, 1862.

"The mortar-boats and gunboats of the mortar flotilla having been placed by Commander D. D. Porter, according to his judgment, to the best advantage to act upon the batteries on the heights and the fort below the hospital, at 4 A. M. to-morrow they will open fire upon the same and on the city of Vicksburg.

"At the display of the signal for the ships and gunboats to weigh, they will form in a double line of sailing, the Richmond, Commander James Alden commanding, leading ; the ships

Hartford, Commander R. Wainwright commanding, next; Brooklyn, Captain T. T. Craven, third. The gunboats will form another line, so as to fire between the ships, in the following order: Iroquois, Commander James S. Palmer, and Oneida, Commander S. Phillips Lee commanding, ahead, but on the port bow of the Richmond, so as to fire into the forts at the upper end of the town, without interfering with the fire of the Richmond; next in order, the Wissahickon, Commander John De-Camp, and the Sciota, Lieutenant Commanding Ed. Donaldson, in the line with the Iroquois and Oneida, but on the port bow of the flag-ship, so as to fire between the Richmond and flag-ship; next, the Winona, Lieutenant Commanding Ed. T. Nichols, and Pinola, Lieutenant Commanding Pierce Crosby, on the port bow of the Brooklyn.

“The Hartford will, as often as occasion offers, fire her bow guns on the forts at the upper end of the town; but the broadside batteries of all the ships will be particularly directed to the guns in the forts below and on the heights. The free use of shrapnel is considered the best projectile, but great care must be taken in cutting the fuses, so as always to be sure that they burst short of their destination. When close enough, give them grape. The inclosed diagram will show the position of the respective vessels in the order of attack.

“When the vessels reach the bend in the river, the Wissahickon, Sciota, Winona, and Pinola will continue on; but, should the enemy continue the action, the ships and Iroquois and Oneida will stop their engines and drop down the river again, keeping up their fire until directed otherwise.

“The Kennebec, Lieutenant Commanding John Russell, will take position in the rear of, and in a line with, the Pinola, so as to fire astern of the Brooklyn.

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.”

The object of this order appears to have been, to present as continuous a broadside fire as possible, and, at the same time, bring the bow guns into service. A heavy raking fire was ex-

pected, and the arrangement of the vessels was simply a double order of sailing to suit the narrowness of the channel and the high situation of the batteries.

The mortars were placed in position and began firing on the 26th of June; but the range was defective, and they moved up closer, opening in earnest on the 28th at four o'clock A. M.

The whole fleet now got under way, and steamed up, in the double line of sailing described in the general orders; the three largest vessels—Richmond, Hartford, and Brooklyn—on the right, forming the starboard column, nearest to the rebel batteries.

At the sound of the first gun from the Iroquois, Porter, with the gunboats under his command, came up on the starboard quarter and opened in fine style upon the enemy, to assist the advancing line, while his mortars kept their shells whizzing in the air. Battery after battery now opened, and, as the fleet proceeded, the ridge of bluffs seemed one sheet of flame. Of the movements of his flag-ship Farragut says: "The Hartford fired slowly and deliberately, and with fine effect, far surpassing my expectations in reaching the summit batteries. The rebels were soon silenced by the combined efforts of the fleet and the flotilla, and at times did not reply at all, for several minutes. I passed up at the slowest speed, and even stopped once, in order that the Brooklyn and the sternmost vessels might close up."

In two hours the whole fleet had passed the batteries, with the exception of the rear division, which consisted of the Brooklyn, Katahdin, and Kennebec. Their failure to pass was owing to a misunderstanding of a portion of the general orders.

The fleet was comparatively fortunate in this engagement, receiving only a few hard knocks. The Hartford had several shot-holes in her hull, and her maintopsail yard severed. The casualties—fifteen killed and thirty wounded—were not severe, considering the time under fire.

Farragut finished his letter, begun below Vicksburg on the 28th, on the next day, with his remarks on the action.

"ABOVE VICKSBURG, *June 29th.*

"My last sheet was closed as a letter for my wife and boy, in the event of any accident happening to me in the fight which I knew was to come off in a few hours.

"There were difficulties in the way, and the mortars did not get their fuses right until it was too late for us to move against the town that evening; so I postponed it until the morning of the 27th. We were under way by 2 A. M., and off Vicksburg by daylight. The scene soon became animated, as both parties were doing their best to destroy each other.

"We had no difficulty in driving them from their guns; but the batteries were so elevated that the gunners could lie down until we had poured in a broadside, and then run to their guns and reopen fire as each ship passed. They kept it up pretty well, though we fortunately received little injury. Occasionally a vessel was struck by a large shot. Wainwright's cabin was well cut to pieces, but we lost but one man killed and eleven wounded.

"I was in my favorite stand, the mizzen rigging, when all at once the captain of the gun on the poop-deck wished to fire at a battery which would require him to point his gun near me, and requested me to get down, which I did, to avoid the concussion. I was only a moment in doing so, when the whole mizzen rigging was cut away just above my head! Although the shot would not have struck me, I would have tumbled on deck. But, thank God, I escaped with only a touch on the head, which did not break the skin, and has not given me a thought since. This same shot cut the halyards that hoisted my flag, which dropped to half-mast without being perceived by us. This circumstance caused the other vessels to think that I was killed.

"It seems to me that any man of common sense would know that this place can not be taken by ships, when the army in its rear consists of ten thousand or fifteen thousand men, and *they* don't care about sacrificing the city. We did not attempt particularly to destroy the city; it was more important to fire at the batteries. The soldiers have no interest in preserving it, as

they know it is only a matter of time for it to fall into our hands. As soon as General Halleck sends the soldiers to occupy it by land, we will drive them out of the forts.

"To-day is Sunday, and we had prayers at eleven o'clock. I signaled the fleet to 'return thanks to Almighty God for His mercies.'

"My report is now bothering me. . . . Such things are painful, but I must tell the truth in my official statements. I do not desire to injure any one. . . .

"I am still well, and so is Bell. All of us are anxious to see an end of this river war. God grant it may be over soon, or we shall have to spend the rest of the year in this hottest of holes."

The following is the detailed official report of the action at Vicksburg :

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
"Above Vicksburg, Mississippi, July 2, 1862.

"SIR: In obedience to the orders of the Department and the command of the President, I proceeded up to Vicksburg with the Brooklyn, Richmond, and Hartford, with the determination to carry out my instructions to the best of my ability.

"My difficulties and expenses in getting coal and provisions up the river have been very great, and it has only been accomplished by great exertions on the part of Captain H. W. Morris, aided by the army. Captain D. D. Porter's mortar flotilla, which was deemed indispensable to shell out the heights, had also to be towed up. All this caused great delay, but, by the steady exertions of that officer, and the assistance of all in whose power it was to help, we succeeded in getting up sixteen mortar vessels, and arrangements were soon made to bombard the forts on the heights at Vicksburg. Owing, however, to some imperfection in the fuses (which Captain Porter will explain), he was two days getting his ranges. On the evening of the 27th he reported to me that he was ready, and I issued my general order for the attack on the 28th, at 4 A. M.

"At 2 A. M. on the 28th June, the signal was made to weigh,

and we proceeded up to the attack in the order of steaming prescribed in the diagram accompanying the general order. At four o'clock precisely, the mortars opened fire, and at almost the same moment the enemy fired his first gun, which was returned by the leading vessels—Iroquois, Commander J. S. Palmer; Oneida, Commander S. P. Lee; and Richmond, Commander James Alden. The other vessels—Wissahickon, Commander John DeCamp; Sciota, Lieutenant Commanding Edward Donaldson; this ship, Commander R. Wainwright; Winona, Lieutenant Commanding E. T. Nichols; and Pinola, Lieutenant Commanding Pierce Crosby—next came up, and poured in their fire successively. At almost the same instant, Commander D. D. Porter came up on our starboard quarter with the Octorara, Westfield, Clifton, Jackson, Harriet Lane, and Owasco, and opened in fine style upon the enemy. The Hartford fired slowly and deliberately, and with fine effect—far surpassing my expectations in reaching the summit batteries. The rebels were soon silenced by the combined efforts of the fleet and of the flotilla, and at times did not reply at all for several minutes, and then again at times replied with but a single gun.

“I passed up at the slowest speed (we had but eight pounds of steam), and even stopped once, in order that the Brooklyn and sternmost vessels might close up.

“The Hartford received but very little injury from the batteries in or below the town, but several raking shots from the battery above the town did us considerable damage: they were 50-pounder rifle and 8-inch solid shot. The first passed through the shell-room in the starboard forward passage, and lodged in the hold, but did no other harm. The 8-inch struck the break of the poop and passed through the cabin, but hurt no one; the rigging was much cut, and the port maintopsail yard was cut in two.

“If the ships had kept in closer order, in all probability they would have suffered less, as the fire of the whole fleet would have kept the enemy from his guns a longer space of time, and, when at his guns, his fire would have been more distracted.

"When we reached the upper battery we soon silenced it, and it was reported to me that its flag was struck. We therefore gave three cheers; but when we had passed about three quarters of a mile above they reopened fire with two heavy guns. I was unable to reply to this raking fire, being out of range. Although their shots were well directed, they either had too much or too little elevation, and only cut our rigging to pieces, without injuring any one seriously, which was strange, as the Iroquois, Winona, and Pinola were on our quarter.

"At 6 A. M., meeting with Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet, of the ram fleet, who offered to forward my communications to Flag-Officer Davis and General Halleck, at Memphis, I anchored the fleet and went to breakfast, while I prepared my hasty dispatch (No. 120) and telegram for the Department. I also sent across the peninsula to see what was the cause of Captain Craven and the vessels astern of him in the line not passing up. I also desired a list of their casualties, which appear by their letters to have been '*none*.' The casualties in the fleet, as far as heard from, in the passing vessels were seven killed and thirty wounded. Commander Porter reports eight killed and ten or twelve wounded; but that was not his official report, probably, but referred more particularly to the two steamers, Clifton and Jackson, each of which had an accidental shot—the Jackson in the wheel-house, killing the helmsman, and the Clifton a shot through her boiler, killing (by scalding) the men in her magazine, six in number, and one man was drowned by jumping overboard. I herewith forward the report of Acting Lieutenant Commanding C. H. Baldwin, of the Clifton.

"The Department will perceive, from this (my) report, that the forts can be *passed*, and *we have done it*, and can *do it again as often as may be required* of us. It will not, however, be an easy matter for us to do more than silence the batteries for a time, as long as the enemy has a large force behind the hills to prevent our landing and holding the place.

"General Williams has with him about three thousand men, and, on the occasion of our attack and passing, placed a battery of artillery nearly opposite the upper forts, for the purpose of

distracting the raking fire from us while running up; but the fort, having a plunging fire upon them, dismounted one of the guns, and killed a man and a horse.

“It gives me great pleasure to say that General Williams, Colonel Ellet, and the army officers of this division generally, have uniformly shown a great anxiety to do everything in their power to assist us; but their force is too small to attack the town, or for any other purpose than a momentary assault to spike guns, should such an opportunity offer.

“It gives me great pleasure also to report that the officers and men of the ships which accompanied me up the river behaved with the same ability and steadiness on this occasion as in passing Forts Jackson and St. Philip. No one behaved better than Commander J. S. Palmer, of the Iroquois, who was not with me on the former occasion. It pains me much to limit my praise, but I can not speak of those who did not come up. It was their duty to have followed me, with or without signal, particularly as it was too early and too smoky to distinguish signals. I inclose their explanations herewith.

“As to Commander R. Wainwright and the officers and crew of this ship, I can not speak too highly of their steadiness and coolness, and the energy with which they performed their duties. This ship was conducted as coolly and quietly as at an ordinary drill at general quarters. There was no confusion of any kind throughout the whole action, and, as far as I could observe the other vessels, the same feeling actuated all the officers and crews engaged.

“The Captain of the fleet, Commander H. H. Bell, was on the poop by my side, and, not being able, as I before stated, to do much in the management of the fleet, owing to the darkness and the smoke, gave his attention to looking up the batteries and pointing them out to the officers in charge of the guns, and assisting them with his judgment on all occasions.

“My secretary, Mr. E. C. Gabaudan, noted the time of passing events, and acted as my aid when required, which duty he performed with coolness and steadiness.

“I must not fail to mention the coolness of our pilot, John

J. Lane, who, although this was the first time he had ever been under fire, did not for a moment quit his post, but steadily guided the ship in her course. He is not a *professional* pilot, as *they* can only be obtained by force in New Orleans.

"All of which is respectfully submitted by your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Flag-Officer, Western Gulf Squadron.

"HON. GIDEON WELLES,

"Secretary of the Navy."

Captain Craven's explanation of his failure to pass the batteries is set forth in the following report.

"UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP BROOKLYN,
"Below Vicksburg, June 30, 1862.

"SIR: In compliance with your order of yesterday's date, to make my official report of my attack on Vicksburg, on the 28th instant, and to give my reason for not following the flag-ship up the river, etc., I submit the following:

"At 3:15 A. M., June 28th, got under way, took position in the prescribed line of battle, and followed the flag-ship; at 4:05 A. M. the enemy opened fire upon the advanced vessels. When this ship arrived abreast of the lower batteries the steamers of the mortar flotilla, which seemed to be without any form of order, obstructed our passage in such a manner as to oblige us to stop our engines, and thus delayed our progress. At 4:45 A. M., as the 80-pounder rifle was the only gun bearing upon the hill, and able to reach, we opened with that vigorously, keeping well inside their line of fire. At 5:15 the gunboats, and a few minutes after the bomb-vessels of the mortar flotilla, having ceased firing, all the batteries, which had previously been partially silenced, immediately renewed the action, hailing a cross fire on this ship and the two gunboats. At this time the smoke cleared away ahead of us, and, to my surprise, I could see nothing of the flag or other ships in the line. While we were hotly engaged, trying with our two rifles to silence their most annoying battery, fire was opened upon us by a battery of five

pieces of flying artillery, from a position about two thirds of the way down the hill, and in front of the southernmost battery. Being within easy range, we opened our starboard broadside with shell and shrapnel, and drove them from their position. Finding myself entirely unsupported, except by the Kennebec and Katahdin, which two vessels gallantly performed their part in the engagement, and knowing that it was impossible to reduce a single one of those hill-top batteries, at 7:25 A. M., after sustaining their fire for two hours and forty minutes; I discontinued the action, and at 8:25 A. M. came to anchor about two and a half miles below Vicksburg.

“My reasons for not following the flag-ship up the river, that is, *above* and *beyond* the fire of the forts, are simply because, in your general order of the 25th instant, you say ‘Should the action be continued by the enemy, the ships and the Iroquois and Oneida will stop their engines and drop down the river again;’ and, on the evening of the 27th, twice (when in the cabin and on the quarter-deck of your flag-ship) I asked you if it was your wish or desire for me to leave any batteries behind me that had not been silenced, you answered ‘No, sir; not on any account.’

“It affords me great pleasure to bear witness to the excellent deportment of my officers and men; a more cool or a braver set of men was never on board of any vessel.

“We were hulled but twice, one shot taking effect below water, on our starboard bow; and we received some damage to our rigging. We have no casualties on board.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“THOS. T. CRAVEN, Captain.

“Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT.”

On the arrival of Flag-Officer Charles H. Davis, after his brilliant success at Memphis, Farragut wrote:

“ABOVE VICKSBURG, *July 2, 1862.*

“Davis joined us yesterday. The iron-clads are curious looking things to us salt-water gentlemen; but no doubt they

are better calculated for this river than our ships. They draw from six to eight feet of water; we from ten to sixteen. They look like great turtles. Davis came on board to see me, and appeared delighted to do so. He thought our meeting in this world again was wonderful. We have made the circuit (since we met at Port Royal) around half the United States, and met on the Mississippi!

“The river can only be kept open by having troops.”

In passing the batteries of Vicksburg, Farragut had but carried out his orders to the letter, viz. : to clear the river and connect with the upper fleet. He was satisfied of the strength of the position, and was also aware that, now that Island No. Ten and Memphis had fallen, a determined effort would be made to hold this important point. General Williams, with his brigade of about 3,000 men, did everything in his power to assist the ships in the passage up, by placing his field batteries on the Louisiana shore, opposite the upper end batteries, to distract the raking fire of the enemy; “but their force was too small to assault the town, or for any other purpose than a momentary assault to spike guns, should such an opportunity offer.” Farragut remarks also to the Department: “I am satisfied it is not possible to take Vicksburg without an army of 12,000 or 15,000 men. General Van Dorn’s division is here, and lies safely behind the hills. The water is too low for me to go over twelve or fifteen miles above Vicksburg. . . . The Department will perceive from this (my report) that the forts *can be passed*, and we *have done it, and can do it again*, as often as it may be required of us. It will not be an easy matter for us to do more than silence their batteries for a time, so long as the enemy has a large force behind the hills to prevent our landing and holding the place.”

The Government’s dispatches to Farragut at this time show the anxiety that was felt, and the urgency with which they desired him to turn his whole attention to the opening of the river. One dispatch and its answer are significant:

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, *May 22, 1862.*

"SIR: The Department learns with much pleasure that you have gone up the Mississippi. The opening of that river is the first object to be attained, since the fall of New Orleans. The iron-clads of the enemy have made an attack upon our flotilla in the west, and have been repulsed. They are mostly fitted up as rams, but are not equal to those you have already so gloriously extinguished.

"The Susquehanna is the only vessel that can be sent to you. The contractors of machinery have disappointed the Government in every instance, and placed the Department in a most embarrassing position as to vessels. I think the mortar flotilla had better open fire upon Fort Morgan [at the entrance of Mobile harbor], while the more important duty of opening the Mississippi devolves upon the other vessels under your command.

The Susquehanna, drawing nineteen feet of water, is ordered to go off Mobile and there await your orders. Commander Hitchcock is in command.

"The Kearsarge and Ino, in the Mediterranean, are ordered to report to you, and also the Cayuga, at New York, so soon as she is ready.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GIDEON WELLES.

"Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron."

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

Above Vicksburg, June 30, 1862.

"SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 22d of May, in which you mention that the mortar flotilla had better go off Mobile and bombard Fort Morgan, etc.

"The mortar flotilla have never done better service than at Vicksburg, notwithstanding the imperfection of their fuses. I have no doubt that they did the forts on the heights great damage, and on the morning of the attack did much to distract the fire from the fleet. Should they go to Mobile without the fleet,

they will have no protection from the iron-clad rams. The rebel gunboats can not stand before ours; but what they dignify by the name of *iron-clad rams* is an article entirely different, and, had they succeeded in getting any one of those on the Mississippi finished before our arrival, it would have proved a most formidable adversary. We have one now blockaded up the Yazoo River, and hope to prevent her from ever getting down, and if she does come we hope to be able to dispose of her. It is very different in Mobile Bay, where they can run out and attack the mortar boats and Commander Porter's gunboats, which are totally unprotected. I should fear the destruction of his flotilla, as there is no vessel there except the Susquehanna, and she will find great difficulty in operating in the Bay.

"I have written, as I informed you, to General Halleck and Commodore Davis, and so soon as I receive their reply I shall attack Vicksburg again. But the enemy will continue to fortify the bluffs on this river, and Vicksburg must, in my judgment, be held as a central and important strategic point. It is necessary to send small forces from here to occupy the bluffs below. There are none above, between this place and Memphis. Grand Gulf, Rodney, Ellis Cliffs, and Port Adams will require vessels of war to convoy merchantmen past them, until they can be permanently occupied by the army. Every vessel that passes up is fired into by the enemy, and the reports of Commanders Palmer and De Camp show how severely the Wissahickon and Itasca were handled by rebel artillery on a recent occasion.

"All of which is most respectfully submitted, for the information of the Department, by

"Your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT.

"To Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
"Secretary of the Navy."

The Government no doubt had in view a coöperation of the Western army with Farragut, but the news from Corinth was not encouraging. General Halleck telegraphed to Farragut the 3d of July: "The scattered and weakened condition of my

forces renders it impossible for me, at the present time, to cooperate with you. Probably I shall be able to do so as soon as I can get my troops more concentrated. This may delay the clearing of the river, but its accomplishment will be sure to follow in a few weeks."

While awaiting these results, the ships were occupied with a monotonous siege, and various attempts to annoy the enemy. Farragut made a reconnoissance with Davis in the Benton, the latter's flag-ship, to watch and get the range of a new battery. It was his first experience on one of these iron-clads, and his sailor prejudices were not dissipated by the adventure. The fire of the enemy had been scarcely drawn, when a heavy shot crashed through the armor, and killed a man by his side. Gazing for a moment at the frightful spectacle, he coolly remarked: "Everybody to his taste. I am going on deck; I feel safer outside." And there he remained outside, until beyond range.

On the 5th of July Farragut was deprived of the services of a valuable lieutenant in the detachment of Commander Porter from his squadron. The Government, needing that distinguished officer's services for an important command, had ordered him home. Farragut, in forwarding a report of the operations of the mortar flotilla in this vicinity, says:

"It gives me great pleasure to say, that nothing could exceed that officer's perseverance in getting to the scene of his labors, or the steadiness with which his officers and men have carried on the work of demolition and annoyance to the enemy.

. . . We hope soon to have the pleasure of recording the combined attack by army and navy for which we all so ardently long."

About the time when it had been almost decided to give up the attack on the defenses of Vicksburg, an event occurred which materially influenced a change in Farragut's programme. On the 15th of July, before daylight, the rebel ram Arkansas dashed gallantly out of the Yazoo River, pursued by the Carondelet, Tyler, and Queen of the West. She succeeded in running the gauntlet of the vessels of both squadrons, and was soon under the protection of the batteries of Vicksburg. Most

of the Federal boats were anchored with banked fires; and, although every available gun was brought to bear upon her, she eluded them all and got safely under cover. She was rendered temporarily harmless as a ram by several well-directed shots which disabled her machinery and carried away her smoke-stack; but she was still thought to be formidable. Farragut immediately made preparations to follow her, as his transports and the mortar boats anchored below were now in danger. Just at dark he passed the city, keeping up a heavy fire to discover the whereabouts of the ram, while Davis engaged the batteries at the upper end of the town. With all their efforts she could not be dislodged, being secured under a heavy battery and behind a large wharf-boat undergoing repairs. Farragut was extremely mortified at this whole affair, and, as he expressed it, "would have given his commission to have had a crack at her." A second attempt to disable this vessel was made by the *Essex*, Commander W. D. Porter, and by *Ellet* in his ram. But the former ran aground, and the latter was so severely handled by the batteries that she had much difficulty in regaining her anchorage. The attack was boldly conceived, but was not a success.

Finally, on the assurance from Davis that the *Essex* and *Sumter* would take charge of this portion of the river and watch the movements of the ram, Farragut returned to New Orleans; for it had become a decided conviction with the authorities that nothing could be done for the present in the vicinity of Vicksburg, as troops could not be spared for the purpose. The summer, too, was far advanced, and the falling waters warned Farragut that it would be imprudent to remain longer with his large vessels so far up the river. The sick-list was increasing fearfully, particularly among the soldiers exposed to the malarial disorders of the locality, and General Williams's force also reëmbarked for Baton Rouge. Commander Richard Wainwright, commanding the *Hartford*, fell a victim to the climate, and died on the 10th of August, off New Orleans, lamented by officers and men.

But Farragut was not destined to be kept long in suspense

by the Arkansas. Scarcely had he reached New Orleans when a call for assistance from Baton Rouge, on receipt of the intelligence of the combined attack on that place by Breckinridge and the ram, caused him to return hastily, accompanied by the Brooklyn, Westfield, Clifton, Jackson, and Sciota. His relief can be imagined, on reaching there, to find that Breckinridge had been repulsed by General Williams, though at the expense of that gallant officer's life, who fell at the head of his command. Colonel Hoffman, in describing this engagement, says: "Early one foggy morning twelve thousand men, under Breckinridge, attacked our three or four thousand men fit for duty. But they did not catch Williams napping. He had heard of the intended movement, and was prepared to meet it. Our forces increased, too, like magic. Sick men in hospital, who thought that they could not stir hand or foot, found themselves wonderfully better the moment there was a prospect of a fight. Happily a thick mist prevailed. Happily, too, they first attacked one of our stanchest regiments, holding the center of the position. This fine regiment was armed with breech-loaders, the only ones in the Gulf. Lying on the ground, they could see the legs of the rebels below the mist, and fire with a steady aim upon them, themselves unseen. On the right the Thirtieth Massachusetts was engaged, but not hotly. The left was but slightly pressed. Williams had carefully reconnoitered the ground the afternoon before, and marked out his different positions. As the battle progressed, he fell back upon his second position, contracting his lines. As it grew hotter, he issued orders to fall back upon the third position. As he gave the order, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-first, Colonel Keith, as plucky a little fellow as lived, came to him and said, 'For God's sake, General, don't order us to fall back! We'll hold this position against the whole d—d rebel army.' 'Do your men feel that way, Colonel?' replied Williams; and, turning to the regiment, he said, 'Fix bayonets!' As he uttered these words, he was shot through the heart. The men fixed bayonets, charged, and the rebels gave way. The Fourth Wisconsin, on our left, waited in vain for the orders Williams had promised

them, eager to advance, for he had meant that this regiment should take the rebels in flank. The victory was won, but its fruits were not gathered."

The ram had not participated directly in the attack, but had remained a few miles up the river, where the *Essex* engaged her. She appeared to have some difficulty with her propelling power, and, almost immediately after the gunboats appeared and opened on her, flames were seen issuing from her port-holes. She backed in shore and was abandoned, and although every effort was made to secure her, she burned to the water's edge and blew up. Farragut writes to the Department: "It is the happiest moment of my life that I am enabled to inform the Department of the destruction of the ram *Arkansas*; not because I held the iron-clad in such terror, but because the community did."

In a private letter, on his return to New Orleans after this occurrence, he writes, under date of July 20th :

"My last trip up the Mississippi was a fruitless one, but it was well done, because it showed the enemy that we were prompt and always ready to be upon them with a sharp stick. I received the news in the middle of the night, and at daylight was off in the *Hartford* for *Baton Rouge*, after the *Arkansas*. I had told the Secretary that I did not believe she would ever leave the forts at *Vicksburg*, but that if she did she was mine. Before I got there she was blown up. My delight would have been to smash her in *Hartford* style; but I would have been just as well pleased for *Bell* to have done it; he would have done it just as well. Although *Bill Porter* did not destroy her, he was the cause, and thought his shells did the work; for they would hardly have destroyed her unless he had made the attack. I insist that *Porter* is entitled to the credit of it. He said to his officers, 'That fellow keeps me uneasy, and, after I get my breakfast to-morrow, I will go up and destroy him.' And he did, to the best of his ability."

CHAPTER XXI.

RETURN TO NEW ORLEANS—DESTRUCTION OF DONALDSONVILLE—
COMMISSIONED REAR-ADMIRAL—DUTIES AT PENSACOLA—BANKS
SUPERSEDES BUTLER—DISASTER AT GALVESTON—FARRAGUT
PROPOSES AN EXPEDITION AGAINST PORT HUDSON.

ON returning to New Orleans, Farragut found an accumulation of business connected with the details of his squadron. He was "worked to death," as he expressed it, "but did not mind that, so long as all went well with us" (the Federal cause). He had carried out his instructions conscientiously, and it was some satisfaction to him to feel that the long line of river from Vicksburg to the sea was clear of any serious obstructions, although he was aware that it would require the utmost vigilance on the part of his gunboats to prevent the construction of fortifications at certain points above Baton Rouge; but feeling that his presence was needed in the Gulf, and that his vessels were sadly in want of repairs, he hurried up his courts-martial and dispatches, in order to get off to Pensacola, which had again become an important naval station.

His letters on various topics during this interval are interesting, being a free expression of his opinions to those in his confidence. He says:

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"*New Orleans, July 29, 1862.*

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about any one's trying to undermine me. I can see as much as any one, but don't choose to act upon it until the time comes. I fortify myself as well as I can, and trust to my honesty for the rest. Some will try to injure me, but I defy them. There is a feeling among some to get home. They have had fighting enough. Bell and

some few others stick to me. Bell is my main dependence, though Alden and Palmer are good friends. Some are bitter against me, no doubt, because I tell them when I think they don't do their duty. You know my fault is not oppression, but being too lenient; but a man *must* do his work, particularly when that work is *fighting*, and if he doesn't I'll tell him of it. I don't want such men under my command, and am too glad for them to go home and get their 'rights.' I have several of that stripe here; but they have too much good sense to apply to go home because I tell them of their faults. I have no doubt they will try to injure me, and may do it in the dark; but let them come out in the open daylight, and you will see in what a color I will put them before the country.

"The repulse of McClellan at Richmond was a great blow to the Federal cause. There is no doubt in my mind that they beat us at lying. They spread reports that they have a hundred thousand men, when they have not fifty thousand. You know I always told you so from the beginning, and it has been my experience all the time. It makes me so angry that I have no patience. The officers say I don't believe anything. I certainly believe very little that comes in the shape of reports. They keep everybody stirred up. I mean to be whipped or to whip my enemy, and not be scared to death. I see that Halleck is General-in-Chief. Now we want some one to execute for him."

Under date of August 10th, he reported to the Department the destruction of Donaldsonville:

"SIR: I regret to inform the Department that at the town of Donaldsonville, on the Mississippi, they have pursued a uniform practice of firing upon our steamers passing up and down the river. I sent a message to the inhabitants that if they did not discontinue this practice I would destroy their town. The last time I passed up to Baton Rouge to the support of the army, I anchored about six miles above Donaldsonville, and heard them firing upon the vessels coming up, first upon the

Sallie Robinson and next upon the Brooklyn. In the latter case they made a mistake, and it was so quickly returned that they ran away. The next night they fired again, upon the St. Charles. I therefore ordered them to send their women and children out of town, as I certainly intended to destroy it on my way down the river; and I fulfilled my promise to a certain extent. I burnt down the hotels and wharf buildings, also the dwelling-house and other buildings of a Mr. Philippe Landry, who is said to be a captain of guerillas. He fired upon our men, but they chased him off. We also brought off some ten or twelve of his negroes, and supplied ourselves with cattle and sheep from his place."

Writing to his family under date of August 12, 1862, he says:

"It is at last my happiness to announce to you the fact that I have received my commission as a Rear-Admiral in the Navy of the United States, accompanied by act of Congress, on parchment, of a vote of thanks to myself and the officers and men of my squadron, for their gallantry in passing Forts Jackson and St. Philip, etc.

"It is gratifying to me that my promotion should not have rested simply on my seniority, but that my countrymen were pleased to think that it was fairly merited.

"Yesterday I hoisted my flag at the main, and the whole fleet cheered, which I returned with a most dignified salute. I called all hands, and read the act of Congress complimentary of their achievements. I got under way, and stood down the river, leaving a general order to be read to the fleet. I stopped at the forts, to let the men see what they had done to deserve the resolutions. The enemy's guns are heavy, and plenty of them, but we caught them by surprise, although Higgins said he had expected us before, but that the time had passed.

"There is not a word of truth about this ship's going home. My work is only half done; but it is the worst half, I hope. Don't believe a word about the rams. There is nothing here

that my gunboats can not whip." [Here follows a copy of the General Order.]

"The Commander-in-Chief feels happy in acknowledging the honors paid him by the officers of his command, and still more so that the Government, in communicating to him the intelligence of his promotion, should have accompanied it by the resolution of Congress in which the people and Government acknowledge the gallantry of the officers and men of the fleet, for the handsome manner in which they overcame the rebels in their multifarious forms of forts, floating iron-clad batteries, rams, gunboats, etc.; thereby showing a full appreciation of your merits and ability to do your duty under all circumstances. And your Admiral feels assured that you will never disappoint these high expectations. A new field is now opening before you; but to your ordinary duties is added the contest with the elements. Let it be your pride to show the world that danger has no greater terror for you in one form than another; that you are as ready to meet the enemy in one shape as another; and that you have never, in your wooden ships, been alarmed by fire-rafts, torpedoes, chains, batteries, iron-clad rams, gunboats, or forts. The same Great Power preserves you in the presence of them all.

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, *Pensacola, August 21, 1862.*

"Bell and Palmer were promoted to-day, and I don't know two worthier officers. Bell I always esteemed a good officer. I have tried Palmer in the fiery furnace, and he is as true as steel.

"As to 'intervention,' I don't believe it, and, if it does come, you will find the United States not so easy a nut to crack as they imagine. We have no dread of 'rams' or 'he-goats,' and, if our editors had less, the country would be better off. Now they scare everybody to death."

The change to Pensacola was a delightful one to officers and men, after the harassing work on the river, and the invigorating

salt air soon showed its effects in the rapid decrease in the sick-list. He writes :

“ September 3d.

“The health of myself and all on board is excellent, the temperature is delightful, and my crew are getting back to their accustomed tone. I received letters from the Department by this mail, entirely different from the last. They talk about my ‘wisdom,’ ‘judgment,’ etc., but when the Arkansas was at Vicksburg I was to ‘destroy her at all hazards.’ I would have given my admiral’s commission to have gotten up to the Arkansas. I wanted a wooden ship to do it. The iron-clads are cowardly things, and I don’t want them to succeed in the world.”

After some of the reverses of the Army of the Potomac, he writes :

“I am repairing my vessels as fast as I can ; but, if your generals go on as badly as they have lately, I don’t see how this war is ever to end—until we destroy one another. England, and in fact all Europe, has looked long for the day when the glory of the United States should depart. I still hope some man will rise up who is able to conduct the army to victory.”

“ September 21st.

“As to prize money, I never count upon it. If any comes, well and good ! But I am not so anxious to make money as I am to put an end to this horrid war.

“You can’t imagine what a time I have of it to keep some of the officers from going home, as they say, ‘only for a week’ ; but they hope that when they get North they may be relieved. But I won’t let them go unless on medical survey. They complain ; but I tell them that it is of no use, we must all do our duty, and when that is completed we can *all* go home.”

“ September 22d.

“It is storming now—I suppose the true equinoctial gale, and these are the times that try the commander of a squadron.

I could not sleep last night, thinking of the blockaders. It is rough work lying off a port month in and month out. I am very indulgent when I can be so. I have six vessels off Mobile, so that one can always come in for coal. They are all the time breaking down and coming in for repairs; but I generally have to remain here to regulate matters."

While lying at this old naval station, Farragut was joined by his son, who found him in the best of spirits. His vessels had been very successful on the Texas coast. Galveston, Corpus Christi, and Sabine City* had all been captured with but slight

* Of the operations on the Texas coast and on the Mississippi, Farragut writes to the Department:

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, *Pensacola Bay*, October 15, 1862.

"SIR: I am happy to inform you that Galveston, Corpus Christi, and Sabine City, and the adjacent waters, are now in our possession.

"A short time since I sent down the coast of Texas Acting Volunteer Lieutenant J. W. Kittredge, with the bark *Arthur*, the little steamer *Sachem*, and a launch, with which force he said he could take Corpus Christi and the waters adjacent, from whence we heard of so many small craft running to Havana. He succeeded very well; took the places, made several captures, and compelled the enemy to burn several of their vessels; but, on one occasion, venturing on shore with his small boat, he was surrounded and taken prisoner, and carried to Houston, where they paroled him on condition that he should go North, and not serve until regularly exchanged. He returned here in the *Arthur*, and I shall send him North in the *Rhode Island*. I next sent the *Kensington*, Acting Master F. Crocker commanding, with the *Rachel Seaman* and a launch, with a howitzer, to Sabine Pass. He, too, succeeded well. He found at the bar one of the mortar schooners—the *Henry Jones*, Acting Master Lewis Pennington commanding—whom he invited to take part with him, which he did, and, according to Acting Master Crocker's report, performed his duty with great credit, as will be seen by the report herewith inclosed. They took the fort, and are still going ahead finely, having taken several prizes, one of which arrived here yesterday with dispatches.

"I next sent Commander W. B. Renshaw, with the gunboats *Owasco*, *Harriet Lane*, *Clifton*, and *Westfield*, to take Galveston, which he did in the shortest time, and without the loss of a man. It appears that the first shot from the *Owasco* exploded directly over the heads of the men at and around the *big gun* (their main reliance), and the enemy left. A flag of truce was hoisted, and the preliminaries arranged for a surrender, which took place on the 9th instant. The reports will give you all the particulars.

"All we want, as I have told the Department in my last dispatches, is a few soldiers to hold the places, and we will soon have the whole coast. It is a much

opposition, and Lieutenant-Commander McKean Buchanan, with light-draught steamers, had been operating successfully in Berwick's Bay and the Atchafalaya River.

But one disagreeable thing had happened. The rebel cruiser Oreto* had appeared off the blockade, with the British flag flying, deceiving our blockaders by her close similarity to an English dispatch-boat, and, though fired upon when the discovery was made, succeeded by her superior speed in reaching Mobile.

Farragut was anxious to seal up this port, and it was the general impression that, after making necessary repairs to his vessels, an attack would be made. In fact, he made no secret of his desire to begin the work, and remarked that "he did not care whether the enemy were aware of his intentions or

better mode and a more effectual blockade to have the vessels inside instead of outside. I need vessels of light draught for the small ports and inland lakes and waters, and a few heavy vessels (the largest not to exceed seventeen feet draught) for outside work.

"I herewith inclose the reports of Commander W. B. Renshaw, Acting Master W. O. Lunt, of the Arthur, and Acting Master Crocker. Corpus Christi and the adjacent waters are all still held by the Sachem and other small vessels.

"I regret that the next exploit of our small vessels was not so bloodless as the preceding ones. I inclose you the report of Lieutenant-Commander Ransom, by which you will perceive that they captured fifteen hundred head of cattle *en route* for the enemy, and succeeded, by great perseverance, in getting them down to New Orleans. In the attack on our transports, however, coming down the river, Lieutenant Charles Swasey and one or two seamen were killed.

"Lieutenant Swasey was the executive officer of the Varuna when she was sunk in passing the forts on the Mississippi, and was afterward transferred to the Sciota, where he lost his life. He was a young man of modest merit, and would, no doubt, have continued to *live* as he *died*—in the faithful discharge of his duties. I knew him but slightly, but feel assured that he deserved all that his commander has said of him, and deeply deplore his death, although he died at the post of honor.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Rear-Admiral, commanding Western Gulf Squadron.

"Hon. GIBBON WELLES,

"Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C."

* This cruiser, built in England for a Confederate privateer, afterward assumed the name of Florida, and became notorious for her depredations on our commerce. She ran out of Mobile (January 16, 1863,) on a dark and stormy night, and, although chased and fired upon by the *Oncida* and the *Cuyler*, made her escape.

not. The only thing he should keep to himself was the *day*." He showed his son confidentially his plan of attack, and it differed only in a few details from the one subsequently adopted. He had made no provision for iron-clads, as he did not expect any from the North. He distinctly said that he should select a day when the tide was running flood, and a light breeze blowing from the west, so that the smoke from the rebel forts would be blown in upon their gunners and disconcert their aim. From information derived from refugees, he learned that the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay were being strengthened, and rams were in process of construction under the supervision of his old friend Buchanan, who, he knew, would eventually give him trouble.

But his hopes of an immediate encounter were not to be realized; for, after he had lain at Pensacola for three months, reports began to arrive from the commanding officer in the river that the Confederates, with renewed energy, were building batteries above Baton Rouge, and strongly fortifying Port Hudson, about 160 miles above New Orleans. Feeling that his presence was necessary, and that he must show that he was on the alert, he returned to the Crescent City as soon as possible. In the following letter he explains to the Department why he made this movement, and in what condition he found affairs at New Orleans:

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"New Orleans, November 14, 1862.

"SIR: I am once more in the Mississippi River. I deemed that my presence here would be well, as the French Admiral is here with two vessels at the city, and a frigate at the bar. There is also an English corvette off the city, and we sailors understand each other better in many cases than landmen. General Butler also informed me that he was operating very largely with his forces in the Opelousas, which was an additional reason for my entering the river.

"I inclose herewith Lieutenant-Commander Buchanan's report. He is commanding the naval forces coöperating with the

army in Opelousas, and has already had two fights with the enemy's steamers and land forces. These little vessels require a sheet of boiler-iron around them, as a protection against musketry, when they would be able to run up the whole length of the river and catch all the boats in the branches.

"I called on General Butler for the purpose of ascertaining when he could give me a small force to attack Fort Gaines, and to notify him that when the Department wished it I would attack the forts and go through into Mobile Bay without his assistance; but that it would embarrass me very much not to have my communication open with the outside, and that, with one thousand men to menace Gaines in the rear, I felt certain they would soon abandon both forts, once we got inside. He promised to assist in the operations so soon as General Weitzel returns from Opelousas, although he urges me to attack Port Hudson first, as he wishes to break up that rendezvous before we go outside. It will take at least five thousand men to take Port Hudson.

"I am ready for anything, but desire troops to hold what we get. The General has really not half troops enough; he requires at least twenty thousand more men to hold the places and do good service in this river, and occupy Galveston, whither he proposes to send a regiment.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

"Hon. GIDEON WELLES,
"Secretary of the Navy."

Farragut was hampered in many ways, and prevented from making an immediate start up the river to the new point of danger. The river had not risen sufficiently, and the Government desired him to move with the utmost caution. Vessels were promised him, to take the place of those which had become disabled from constant service, and, above all, the authorities fully concurred with him in the idea that no successes on the river could be permanent without a coöperating army. The Gulf Squadron, too, suffered from the disadvantage of being far

away from headquarters, with three squadrons intervening, which needed supplies.* So Farragut was compelled to resort to the utmost economy, and at the same time keep his vessels in serviceable condition. The arrangements for repairs at that time, at Pensacola, were entirely inadequate, and there was a scarcity of coal and oil, which had now become essential elements in naval warfare. He writes from New Orleans, November 27th :

“I am still doing nothing, but waiting for the tide of events and doing all I can to hold what I have, and blockade Mobile. So soon as the river rises, we will have Porter down from above, who now commands the upper squadron, and then I shall probably go outside. I do not think the Government wish me here after Porter arrives ; but I am agreeable, if they will only let me do something to keep the boys up to their work. We shall spoil unless we have a fight occasionally. Blockading is hard service, and difficult to carry out with perfect success, as has been effectually shown at Charleston, where they run to Nassau regularly once a week. We have done a little better than that ; we take them now and then. I don't know how many escape, but we certainly make a good many captures. Hunter has made one a week. But we are all anxious about the *Oreto*, or Florida. The deserters say that she is loaded with cotton, and that a great effort is to be made to run her out of Mobile. They may succeed, and it is reported that she has slipped out in the night—which I hope is untrue.”

“*December 4th.*”

“We have a rumor to-day that there has been a big fight in Virginia, and that Lee has been defeated after four days' hard fighting. I trust it is true ; and, if so, we may be able to see a prospect of an end to this war. As Micawber says, ‘I am wait-

* The Navy Department had a herculean task to perform in keeping the large naval force on the rivers and seaboard in supplies and in proper condition for offensive operations ; but Secretary Welles and his able assistant, Captain G. V. Fox, showed an untiring zeal and wonderful executive ability in the administration of the affairs of the Department, although sometimes under very discouraging circumstances.

ing for something to turn up,' and in the mean time having patience for the water to rise, etc.

"My people are carrying on the war in various parts of the coast, and it takes all my energies to keep them supplied with provisions and coal. I have a great many irons in the fire, and have to look sharp to keep some of them from burning. But I hope all will come out well. We have either taken or destroyed all the steamers that ran from Havana and Nassau to this coast, except the Cuba and Alice, and I hope to catch those in the course of time. I have all the coast except Mobile Bay, and am ready to take that the moment that I can get troops to hold the forts, etc., or that the Department says the word. But I find it takes too much force to hold the places for me to take any more, or my outside fleet will be too much reduced to keep up the blockade and keep the river open until the arrival of Porter from above. But I am always hopeful. No doubt they will want to move me soon; not because they find fault with me, but because room is wanted for some favorite to win his spurs. But they shall never say that I backed out. I will do my duty, and obey my instructions. Don't think that I hold on from ambitious motives. I know too well the history of all revolutions, not to know that I now have everything to lose and nothing to gain. My country has rewarded me for my services, and it is not for me to say I *will* or I *won't* continue in command, but to be, as I always am, ready to do my duty and stay or go as I am directed."

One bright day in December (the 16th) some excitement was created on the levee by the appearance of several large steamers coming up the river, loaded with soldiers, their bands playing and the men cheering as they passed the city. It was the army of the new commander of the Department, General N. P. Banks, now sent to supersede General Butler. The change was a surprise to many, and to none more than to Farragut. His relations with General Butler had always been friendly, and in the various military operations in the Gulf Butler had lent his hearty coöperation. His administration of

affairs as Military Governor has been severely criticised ; but it is only justice to say that, in every instance where complaint was made of apparent irregularities, General Butler showed a desire to have matters thoroughly investigated.

His policy in allowing vessels to clear from New Orleans with merchandise, and his efforts generally to restore traffic, caused many adventurers to flock thither, and, under the semblance of loyalty, abuse these privileges. Vessels were constantly clearing for some Mexican port, only to take advantage of the first opportunity to run into a Confederate port. When Farragut became aware of this state of affairs, he made every effort to circumvent these speculators, and sent the following appeal to the Collector of the port :

“ FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

“ *New Orleans, December 10, 1862.*

“ SIR : I regret to inform you that Lieutenant-Commander Read, of the U. S. steamer *New London*, reported to me some days since that he found a schooner loading at the basin on Lake Pontchartrain for Matamoras, and he received information that she was to run the blockade. Of this I had very little doubt, as this class of vessels attempt it frequently, and no doubt sometimes succeed. I directed him to keep a good lookout for her, and, when she was ready for sea, to examine her very strictly, and, if he discovered anything wrong in her papers, to seize her the moment she entered the lake ; but, if all her papers were right, to let her pass, and I would have other lookouts for her. He reported the papers all right, and she sailed.

“ He now informs me that he has good information that she ran down toward Fort Pike, changed her course, and made for Pontchatoula, the well-known depot of the Confederates, carrying a cargo of just such articles as are most required for the use of the rebel army, viz., salt, blankets, shoes, etc.

“ Now, sir, there must be a great difference in our understanding of the wishes of the Government on the subject of distressing the enemy. I feel it my duty to break up the salt-works all along the coast, and have vessels employed for that

purpose from here to St. Andrew's Bay and down to Matagorda, and with great success. I do all I can to prevent the enemy from receiving supplies of any kind, even via Matamoras, and capture all vessels off the coast of Texas bound to that port with salt and other articles contraband of war, and in a word harass the enemy in every way I can, while I find the custom-houses in the United States clearing vessels daily for Matamoras. This I believe to be the work of the enemy through the medium of men whose thirst for gain far outsteps their patriotism. For such I have no consideration, and I now give them fair warning through you (and I will inform the Government) that I shall do all in my power to break up this unrighteous traffic, by fraudulent clearances, with the enemy's ports. I say 'fraudulent clearances' because I have every reason to believe that the shippers intend their cargoes for the enemy, and will therefore land them through the first unblockaded port they may chance to find. It is to these unscrupulous speculators that I call your attention, and I trust and believe that you will give me your assistance by ceasing to clear for Matamoras via the lake, and by notifying me of any suspicious vessels that may be clearing from the port down the coast.

"I am also informed by many that there is a constant running of contraband articles across the lake from the basin by small vessels that get passes for various purposes; but I hope soon to have vessels of war of such light draught in the lake as will enable me to break up this trade effectually, and expose the operations of ruthless speculators who are now dishonoring our cause by taking every possible advantage of turning a dollar, even at the expense of our country's honor.

"I shall at the earliest moment make known all the facts of this case ('J. L. Davis') to General Butler, in order that he may investigate it.

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

"GEO. L. DENNISON,

"Collector of Customs, New Orleans."

Farragut writes under date of December 16th :

“ General Banks’s arrival here upsets everything. Butler is relieved, and goes home. How the change will work I know not. I think it will be a good opportunity to enter upon a milder system of administration ; but I am satisfied that Butler was the man to begin. Banks brought me an autograph letter from the President, and says the President told him to rely on my ‘ judgment,’ ‘ discretion,’ etc., and we are likely to get along very well. He has troops to open the Mississippi and occupy Texas. We shall have a new rule in Sodom.

“ If it were only possible to get them to do something in the direction of Richmond, we could soon reduce the war to a distressing focus, though it might still be carried on for a long time by guerilla bands in the interior, kept alive by ambitious military chiefs who in time will sink into insignificance.”

Three days later the Admiral wrote to the Department :

“ FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“ *New Orleans, December 19, 1862.*

“ SIR: I have the honor to inform the Department that on the arrival of General Banks with his troops I recommended to him the occupation of Baton Rouge. He approved of the move, and ordered his transports to proceed directly to that city. I ordered Commander James Alden, in the Richmond, with two gunboats, to accompany them and cover the landing.

“ Baton Rouge is only twelve or fifteen miles from Port Hudson, and is therefore a fine base of operations. I am ready to attack the latter place and support General Banks the moment he desires to move against it.

“ Very respectfully your obedient servant,

“ D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

“ HON. GIDEON WELLES,

“ Secretary of the Navy.”

While Farragut was awaiting the organization and forward movement of Banks’s army, two serious disasters occurred on

the coast of Texas, undoing much of the work that had been accomplished there.

The first was the recapture of Galveston, at daylight, January 1, 1863, by the enemy. This involved the capture also of the *Harriet Lane* and the small Federal garrison on Galveston Island, and the destruction of the *Westfield*. It appears that the attack was made upon the gunboats by several river steamers, one armed with a 68-pounder, and another with field pieces. All were protected with cotton-bales and swarmed with sharpshooters. The narrowness of the channel prevented the Federal vessels from manœuvring for mutual support as the steamers approached. The *Harriet Lane* was the first attacked, or at least she attempted to run into the steamers and use her guns, but grounded and was in turn rammed and boarded. Her captain and many men were killed while fighting gallantly. In the mean time the *Sachem* and *Coryphæus*—the former a disabled steamer, and the latter a schooner—having attempted unsuccessfully to protect the soldiers on shore from a land attack, were with difficulty worked out of the harbor and saved. The *Owasco*, anchored below the town, moved up to assist the *Harriet Lane*, without being aware of her capture, but, on discovering that fact, was compelled to desist for fear of injuring their own people. The *Clifton* also worked through another channel to the assistance of the *Westfield*, which was aground, but could not relieve her, on account of shoal water. Captain Renshaw, on the *Westfield*, who was the ranking officer, finding that the *Harriet Lane* was in the possession of the enemy, and at the same time receiving a summons to surrender, determined to blow up his vessel and get the other gunboats out of the harbor. In carrying out this design, he was killed, together with the boat's crew, by the premature explosion of the magazine.

The remaining vessels succeeded in passing the bar, and the blockade was temporarily raised.

Farragut's first impulse was to go immediately to Galveston. It seemed as if his presence was needed everywhere at this time, but he finally ordered Commodore H. H. Bell, who

volunteered for the duty, to proceed down the Texas coast and take charge of matters in that vicinity.

The Commodore had hardly reached Galveston bar when he forwarded news of the sinking of the *Hatteras*, commanded by Captain Homer C. Blake, by the *Alabama*. It appears that a suspicious vessel appeared off the bar, and the *Hatteras* was signaled to give chase. Captain Blake, noticing that he gained rapidly on the stranger, suspected that some deception was being practiced upon him, and prepared his ship for action. When he reached the vicinity of the stranger, she was lying broadside on, awaiting him. He hailed to ask the name of the steamer when within easy speaking distance, and received the answer, "Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Vixen*." He had hardly ordered a boat piped away when they called out, "We are the Confederate steamer *Alabama*," accompanying the remark with a broadside. The slight iron shell of the *Hatteras* was perforated below the water line, and her engine was disabled; and, although Captain Blake tried to close with the *Alabama*, he soon found his vessel in a sinking condition. He says in his report: "With the vessel on fire in two places, and beyond human power a hopeless wreck upon the water, with her walking-beam shot away, and her engine rendered useless, I still maintained an active fire, with a double hope of disabling the *Alabama* and of attracting the fleet off Galveston, which was only twenty-eight miles distant." He was compelled to surrender, and his ship sank in ten minutes after the crew had been transferred to the *Alabama*. But for the disabling of the engine and boiler in the earlier part of the fight, the *Hatteras* would have stood a better chance of success, as her battery, though of lighter calibre than the *Alabama's*, was fought admirably, giving the enemy two shots for one while she floated.

Farragut, it may be imagined, felt this misfortune deeply. He was anxious to go down to Texas in person, but the state of the bar at Southwest Pass prevented him. The *Hartford* got aground, and was with difficulty pulled back into deep water. The ship was for a time actually in peril. On account of this circumstance, and the fact that his services might be

required at any time by the movement of Banks on Port Hudson, he gave up the visit and returned to the city.

Galveston was not regained. Commodore Bell found out, by the time he had completed his preparations for an attack, that the enemy, with great energy, had mounted heavy guns to receive him; and, as he had not a sufficient force to make an attack, nothing further was done, except to blockade. On the strength of these successes, and the capture of a schooner at Sabine Pass, the rebel General J. B. Magruder published a proclamation declaring the coast of Texas "open to trade," which brought forth a counter-declaration from Bell that "any merchant vessel appearing off the aforesaid ports, or attempting to pass out from the said ports, under any pretext whatever, will be captured, notwithstanding the aforesaid proclamation, and sent into an open port of the United States for adjudication."

Although Bell had not succeeded in recapturing Galveston, Farragut had such confidence in his judgment and discretion that he felt him to be a proper person to represent him on the coast, and it was with grim humor that he wrote him on receipt of dispatches containing correspondence between foreign consuls and rebel officers on the subject of blockade, "I am glad you took occasion to *remark on the state of the weather* when that English man-of-war visited the coast, for it is evident from what has recently transpired at Charleston that they are not over scrupulous in their representations about the blockade."

The agitation of the subject of intervention, or the granting of belligerent rights to the South, was not conducive to a remarkably good feeling between our sailors and those of England and France, especially as their men-of-war were constantly watching the effectiveness of our blockade. The following story illustrates this statement. During the winter of 1862-'3 H. B. M. ship *Rinaldo* (the same vessel that bore Messrs. Mason and Slidell to England after they were surrendered by our Government) was lying off New Orleans and very near the Hartford. The officers and men of this corvette were the recipients of all kinds of attention from the citizens, and the ship was constantly crowded with visitors. This seemed natural, and

was no cause of envy, but soon they began to learn the Confederate songs on board the *Rinaldo*, and it was a nightly occurrence to hear them singing. One old sailor of the *Hartford* avowed that he heard cheering for Jeff. Davis. The men noticed it first, and they expressed their indignation very forcibly whenever they met any of the *Rinaldo's* men on shore. It was Farragut's invariable custom to go on shore in the evening to visit among the families of army officers and an old acquaintance, Dr. Mercer. On one occasion, when accompanied by several officers, his attention was called to the chorus of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," which could be distinctly heard, from the deck of the English ship. He turned to Captain Palmer and remarked, "We must have a stop put to that." Palmer did not think it was a matter that should be taken notice of, but he soon saw that the Admiral took it seriously to heart, for he added, "If it *isn't* stopped, we shall have to drop down and blow him out of water."

Captain Hewitt, a gallant and gentlemanly officer, behaved very well about the affair when he heard that it annoyed the Admiral, and forthwith explained that the singing had all occurred during his absence on shore. He gave strict orders that any repetition of these songs would end in the ship's being anchored some miles down the river, where the crew would be deprived of the pleasures of the city.

The disasters at Galveston had a depressing effect upon Farragut, although rendering him more resolute. He writes on January 13th, in relation to the Hatteras affair and the death of Lieutenant-Commander Buchanan in the *Teche* :

"Yesterday was a sad day for me. I went to see Banks, and he handed me a dispatch from the bar, announcing the loss of the Hatteras. When I came on board I read another, telling me of the death of one of my bravest and most dashing officers, Lieutenant-Commander Buchanan, son of Paymaster Buchanan, and nephew of Frank. But we drove the enemy from his position, and silenced his batteries. Well, I hope we shall soon have some good luck, for I am sick of disasters. I was in hopes

Bell would retake Galveston; but the loss of the Hatteras throws him back.

“Misfortunes seldom come singly. This squadron, as Sam Barron used to say, ‘is eating its dirt now’—Galveston skedad-dled, the Hatteras sunk by the Alabama, and now the Oreto out on the night of the 16th. They saw her, and chased her, and when last seen the Cuyler was within four miles of her. I still hope the Cuyler may destroy her. I have two fears: first, that the Oreto may be too much for the Cuyler; second, that if the Cuyler runs her down, as I think she will, in a gale, as it was blowing, both vessels will go down. I would not hesitate a moment, and I don’t think Emmons will.

“I fear Bell has given the enemy too much time at Galveston. I could not send him any more gunboats. All our steamers are in want of repairs, and it is impossible to get them off in less than two days.”

We find this letter finished in the handwriting of a boy, and we shall be pardoned for producing it. It is merely an echo of the sentiments on board the Hartford after these reverses:

“Father’s eyes have given out; so I will finish this letter. He has been very much worried at these things, but still tries to bear it like a philosopher. He knows he has done all in his power to avert it, with the vessels at his disposal. If the Government had only let him take Mobile when he wished to, the Oreto would never have run out.”

In all his letters at this time, Farragut shows great interest in the various movements of the armies and the events taking place in other parts of the country. He explains the reason of his own inactivity quite forcibly and bitterly:

“*January 7, 1863.*

“There is a fearful fight going on at Murfreesboro; but they have a stampede on us, and until that is stopped we shall be unable to do anything with them. We get the news through

Secesh in three days. I was disappointed at Burnside's failure, but hope I shall not be in Rosecrans. We can do nothing but blockade, while the people in the army are pouring out their heart's blood.

"As to Mobile, I would have had it long since, or been thrashed out of it. I feel no fears on the subject; but they do not wish the ships risked, for fear that we might not be able to hold the Mississippi. I was much distressed at our loss at Fredericksburg. It was a gallant affair for the soldiers, but Burnside should not have attacked the batteries in front with nothing but infantry. I never blame men who fight so well as they did. It was almost equal to the battle of Wagram, where Macdonald marched up to a hundred guns. That Curtis's Division behaved magnificently. Why couldn't Burnside land above or below?"

"February 1st.

"You will no doubt hear more of 'Why don't Farragut's fleet move up the river?' Tell them, because the army is not ready. Farragut waits upon Banks as to when or where he will go."

"February 13th.

"We are doing nothing but await the great events, except now and then an expedition with small-draught gunboats on the bayous. But Banks is not willing to move in the great attack yet awhile. They do not want us up above yet. They don't want our rank.

"Bell is still at Galveston, having a watchful time of it. Every one is calling on me to send them vessels; which reminds me of the remark of the musician, 'It is very easy to say blow! blow! but where the devil is the wind to come from?'

"Pensacola writes, 'We are to be attacked, and want more force.' Ship Island the same. Mobile the same. And yet I am losing my vessels every day, and getting none in return. Our disaster at Galveston has thrown us back and done more injury to the Navy than all the events of the war."

“*February 18th.*”

“Your ideas of the war are all right; but, notwithstanding that the politicians have done the mischief, I believe it was God’s will to have it so. No people could go on with such vice and extravagance as ours, without being brought to a reckoning sooner or later. As to my condition in the war, I could not hope to be better off under any circumstances in a civil war. Every one will have to participate in the troubles of his country, and he can only hope for a quiet conscience by doing his duty in accordance with his own convictions. This I have done. Civil war once commenced will run its course, like a violent disease, and frequently changes its character *in toto*; and thus it may be with ours. It is difficult to see the end, and, as you say, all we can do is to perform our duty and pray for the best results. I scarcely know what to hope. I do not see any improvement in the moral condition of the country. Those who can, seem to be doing all they can to swindle the Government. And it appears to be as bad in the Confederacy as with us, judging from the papers.

“There seems to be little doing now, except making preparations for great battles at Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, and Fredericksburg. If there is only a decisive battle gained by the United States, it will soon bring things to a close; but that does not appear such an easy thing to accomplish. Our people never seem to be in any condition, after one of those battles, to follow up their advantages. Rosecrans made a beautiful fight; but the bad conduct of his right wing so disabled him that he could not follow Bragg. Still, my hopes have always been in Rosecrans. We can hear of nothing except through rebel sources.”

“*February 17th.*”

“Loyall and I went to the opera last night. Do not be shocked. It was a concert given by the young ladies of New Orleans to raise money for the poor. We all thought we ought to go. So I took a box for myself and staff. It was a beautiful sight, and the singing, I suppose, was very fine. But you know two facts: I am no judge, and I am no admirer of oper-

atic music. I could but feel, however, that I was giving my money to those who would not give me a Christian burial if they could help it. Still, poor creatures! I feel as if I could say, 'Lord, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Farragut, as we can perceive from the tone of his letters, was anxious to retrieve the disasters which were having such a demoralizing effect on his command, and when the news came to New Orleans that Colonel Ellet, in the ram *Queen of the West*, had run the batteries of Vicksburg and come to grief in the Red River, he resolved to pass above Port Hudson and police the entire river between Bayou Sara and Vicksburg. He felt that he could increase materially the discomfiture of the Confederate armies at Vicksburg and elsewhere by doing everything in his power to cut off their supplies from the southwest. The question which now arose with him was, whether he should wait until Banks could make a diversion in rear of Port Hudson, or proceed with his ships alone. He decided to wait a reasonable time for the army. Frequent and almost nightly visits were made to the headquarters of General Banks, to urge him to send troops to Baton Rouge, and thence lay siege to Port Hudson; and later, when the *Indianola* ran by Vicksburg and was boarded and captured, the Admiral announced that the time had arrived for his move up the river. Banks now announced his readiness to advance also, and the fleet started up to Baton Rouge. The spirit and object of this dash past the batteries are shown in Farragut's General Order to his captains:

"Bear in mind that the object is, to run the batteries at the least possible damage to our ships, and thereby secure an efficient force above, for the purpose of rendering such assistance as may be required of us by the army at Vicksburg; or, if not required there, to our own army near Baton Rouge. If they succeed in getting past the batteries, the gunboats will proceed up to the mouth of Red River, and keep up the police of the river between that river and Port Hudson, capturing everything they can. Whoever is so fortunate as to get through, will pro-

ceed to carry out the views contained in the General Order, that is, stop the communication between Red River and the rebels on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, and communicate with the army and fleet above, and, if their services are not required to assist in reducing Vicksburg, return to the mouth of Red River and keep up the blockade until the want of provisions and coal makes it necessary to return to Baton Rouge. Nurse your coal with all possible care.

“Supplies of coal and provisions may probably be obtained from the fleet and army above. As long as supplies can be obtained, the vessels above Port Hudson will remain there.”

CHAPTER XXII.

PASSING THE BATTERIES AT PORT HUDSON.

AT Port Hudson, as at Vicksburg, the Mississippi makes a sharp turn. The left or eastern bank consists of bluffs fifty feet high, while the right bank is a low, flat peninsula within the bend of the stream. The current, which is very strong, sweeps out a deep channel under the bluffs, and the water shallows toward the opposite shore and is filled with eddies. Under any circumstances, the utmost skill and care are required to navigate ships past this point. The batteries here had been reconnoitered as early as November 15th, 1862, by the gunboats Kineo and Sciota. Lieutenant-Commander R. B. Lowry, in his report, said: "Enough was seen to decide the fact that the place was strongly fortified and is by nature the most formidable obstacle on the river. The plan of the rebel fortifications appears to be this: to place their works in such a position that, we having passed or silenced one or more of the lower batteries, other concealed batteries open, which will throw a cross-fire into the stern of the vessels, which would then be exposed to a cross-fire from batteries yet to be approached and silenced, and from the masked ones left astern."

It was arranged between Admiral Farragut and General Banks that the former should run by the batteries of Port Hudson, while the latter attacked them from the land side, to create a diversion in favor of the fleet. On the 9th of March, General Banks, who had concentrated a force of twelve thousand men at Baton Rouge, about fifteen miles below Port Hudson, wrote to the Admiral:

"The possibility of my failing to meet you on your arrival at Baton Rouge leads me to suggest in this manner some ideas in reference to your enterprise.

“My command will be ready to march Tuesday. If you arrive on Tuesday, and move upon the batteries Wednesday, we shall be in position to threaten the enemy in the rear of his fortifications, and occupy him during the passage.

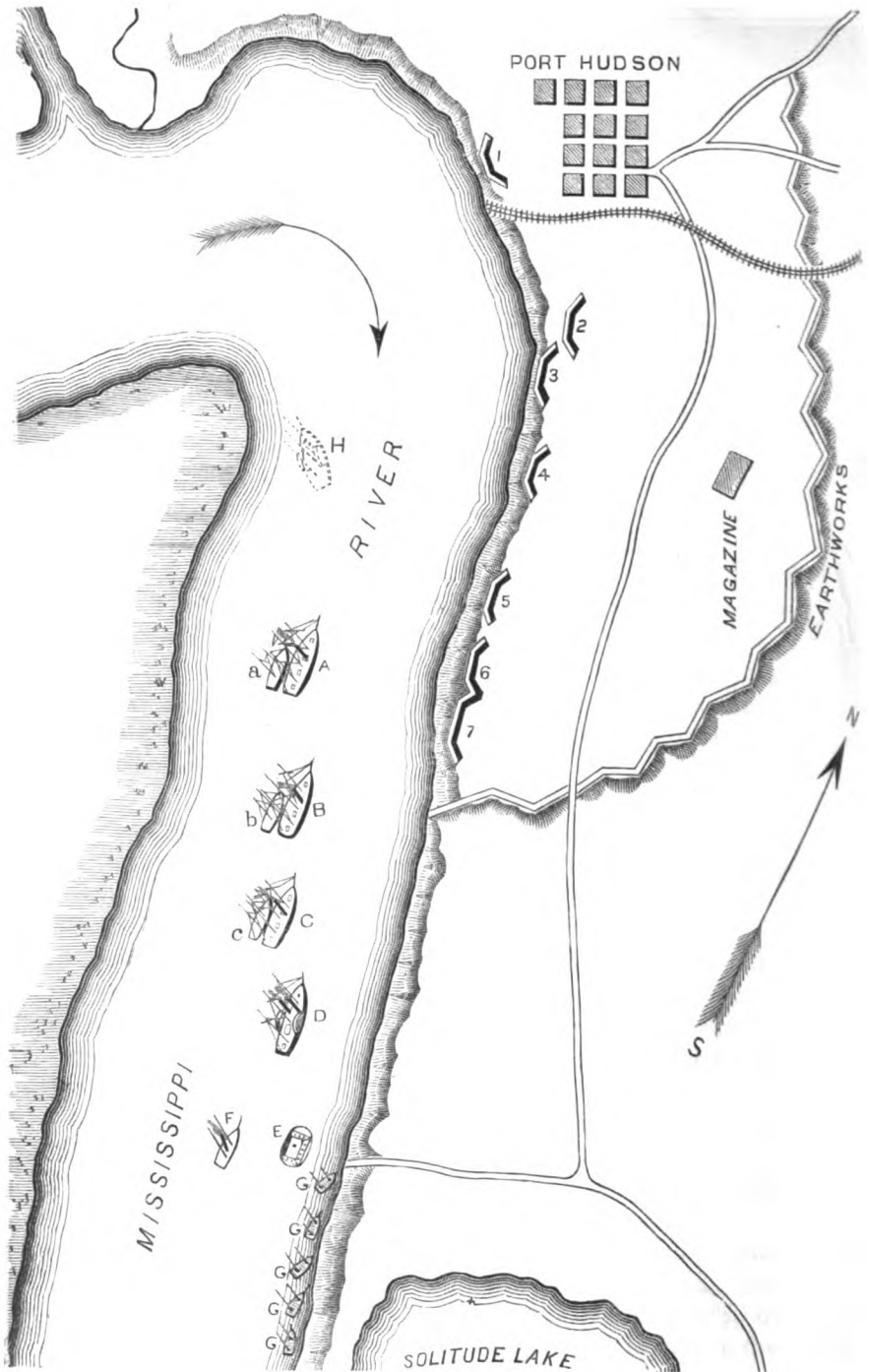
“The important objects to be gained by the passage of the batteries will be: First, the concentration of the fleet above Port Hudson, for the destruction of the rebel vessels. Second, blockade of Red River and the bayous. Third, communication with naval and military forces at Vicksburg.

“Being assured of your success, we will follow our chances upon the enemy’s position, or fall back upon Baton Rouge, as circumstances shall require, and endeavor to establish communication with you across the point opposite Port Hudson. Under the protection of a gunboat near Prophet’s Island, we will communicate with one of the boats above, if possible. There is a railway above Port Hudson, which should be disabled if possible. The bridge one or two miles from the river bank may be burned by some private party, contraband or otherwise, for compensation.”

Farragut had hastily collected such vessels as could be spared for the work, and made his preparations with all possible dispatch. Some of the vessels which had gone North had been replaced by the arrival of the *Monongahela*, Captain J. P. McKinstry, and the *Genesee*, Commander W. H. Macomb. By the morning of March 14th, the fleet was assembled just below Port Hudson. The iron-clad gunboat *Essex* and steamer *Sachem*, with the mortar schooners, took a position a mile ahead, just under Prophet’s Island.

At five o’clock that afternoon the Admiral received a dispatch from General Banks, announcing that his forces were at the cross-roads, ready to move upon the land-side defenses. He replied that he hoped to pass the batteries by midnight.

Besides the mortar schooners and their two attendant gunboats, the fleet consisted of four ships and three gunboats. The *Mississippi*, being a side-wheeler, could not take a gunboat; but one was assigned to each of the other ships, to be lashed on the



Order of Attack on Batteries at Port Hudson, March 14, 1863.

A. Hartford (flag-ship), Captain James S. Palmer. a. Albatross, Lieut.-Com. John E. Hart. B. Richmond, Commander James Alden. b. Genesee, Commander W. H. Macomb. C. Monongahela, Captain J. P. McKinstry. c. Kineo, Lieut.-Com. John Waters. D. Mississippi, Captain Melancton Smith. E. Essex, Commander C. H. B. Caldwell. F. Sachem, Act. Vol. Lieut. Amos Johnson. G. G. Mortar schooners. H. Spot where Mississippi grounded.

port side; the fastest gunboat being given to the slowest ship. The following was the order:

HARTFORD, flag-ship.—Captain James S. Palmer.

ALBATROSS, gunboat.—Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Hart.

RICHMOND.—Commander James Alden.

GENESEE, gunboat.—Commander W. H. Macomb.

MONONGAHELA.—Captain J. P. McKinstry.

KINEO, gunboat.—Lieutenant-Commander John Watters.

MISSISSIPPI.—Captain Melanoton Smith.

By this arrangement, if one of the larger ships became disabled, its gunboat could tow it along and be protected by its bulwarks. All the vessels were trimmed by the head, as was Farragut's custom, so that if they grounded it would be forward first, and they would not be swung around by the current. Every protection to life that the ingenuity of the officers could devise was called for and adopted. The mortar fleet and its gunboats were to keep up a rapid fire from the time the first gun was heard till the vessels had passed out of range. The following was the Admiral's General Order:

“The ships will each take a gunboat on her port side, and secure her as well aft as possible, so as to leave the port battery clear for the enemy's battery on the port side of the river, going up, after we round the point opposite Port Hudson.

“Each ship will keep a very little on the starboard quarter of her next ahead, so as to give free range to her chase guns, without risk of damage from premature explosion of shrapnel or shell.

“The captains will bear in mind that the object is, to run the batteries at the least possible damage to our ships, and thereby secure an efficient force above for the purpose of rendering such assistance as may be required of us to the army at Vicksburg, or, if not required there, to our army at Baton Rouge.

“If they succeed in getting past the batteries, the gunboats

will proceed up to the mouth of Red River, and keep up police of the river batteries between that river and Port Hudson, capturing everything they can.

“Should any vessel be disabled so that she is unable to pass Port Hudson, she will use the gunboat to the best advantage. If the captain thinks he can get by, try it; if he thinks not, let the gunboat drop her down below the range of the batteries. If both are disabled, then club down with a light anchor, or use the sails, as in his judgment may seem best. But I expect all to go by who are able; and I think the best protection against the enemy’s fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns, shell and shrapnel at a distance, and grape when within four hundred or five hundred yards.

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.”

About dusk the signal was made, with a red lantern displayed cautiously over the stern of the Hartford, for the fleet to form in line and follow the flag-ship. To one familiar with the sounds on board a man-of-war, and the sight of answering lights, it was soon apparent that the order was being promptly and quietly obeyed. But these moments of waiting seemed hours. The Admiral anxiously walked the deck, occasionally making a remark to Jenkins or Palmer, and watched for the signal “All ready.” Some of the vessels seemed to have trouble in raising their anchors; and, as a little tug-boat puffed alongside with dispatches for the Admiral, he sent her off to hurry up the ships in the rear. Finally the Hartford steamed ahead slowly, as the ships dropped into line.

The scene was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The night was closing in rapidly, and not a breath of air was stirring. An unnatural quiet prevailed on board the ship. The men are standing at the guns, with their sleeves rolled up, eagerly waiting for the work before them. Forward on the forecastle stands Watson looking after his Sawyer rifle, while in the waist of the ship, Tyson, Read, Hazeltine, and Wemple, officers of division, move about the deck, cautioning the captains of their respective crews, and giving orders in a

low voice. Captain Broome and Lieutenant Higby, with their marines who man the quarter-deck guns, stand all ready with accouterments on, prepared to pull on train-tackle, or to repel boarders with their muskets. Ensign C. Jones is looking after the Parrott rifle on the poop, and we know he will give a good account of himself in the action. Kimberly, the First Lieutenant, seems to be omnipresent. He is looking after details himself, to see that everything is in readiness for fire quarters; splinter nettings up, and the carpenter's department in an efficient state for repairing damages. One of the most exposed positions on the ship, to my mind (if any one place is safer than another), is that occupied by Engineer Speights, who stands by the bell that communicates with the engine-room. On his coolness and bravery in transmitting orders from the deck may depend the safety of the ships. Down below, too, we feel that there are others who are a no less important part in the *personnel* of the Hartford. Chief Engineer Kimball and his assistants stand at their posts. In the event of a shot or shell penetrating the boiler or the steam-chest, they run greater risk of their lives than those above them on the spar deck. Fleet Surgeon Foltz, with Doctors King, Hugg, and Kennedy, is down below preparing for the wounded. Ensign J. Read has a general supervision of affairs on the berth deck, and we know that in his characteristic manner he is keeping every one up to the mark in his division.

The pulsation of the engine, and the thump! thump! of the screw, sounded painfully distinct as we neared the batteries. The Admiral stood on the poop deck, with his immediate staff around him, moving about occasionally, in that quick, active way for which he was so conspicuous; now watching the vessels astern, now looking ahead for the first offensive demonstration from the enemy. In the midst of these anxieties of a commander, his thoughts reverted to his son, who stood beside him. He had not time to say much, but in the most affectionate manner gave him some practical hints as to the mode of using a tourniquet and stanching a wound. Taking from his pocket a simple piece of hempen rope, about a yard in length,

to which was securely fastened at one end a cross-piece of wood, he showed how quickly the rope could be passed round a wounded limb and twisted tightly by means of the piece of wood, which acted as a lever.*

Suddenly a rocket darted up into the air, on the right bank of the river, followed quickly by another, and almost immediately after came a sharp discharge from a battery in front. Only the Sawyer gun forward on the forecastle could be brought to bear, but it was put in service as soon as possible. Soon—though it seemed ages—new batteries opened out abreast of the ship, and our guns replied with a will. The gunners would watch for a flash, and then blaze away with alacrity. The trouble seemed to be, to keep them from firing *too* rapidly. Such a sight is not often to be witnessed in a life-time. As the action became general, the pyrotechnic display was magnificent. The deep hollow roar of the mortars anchored below could be heard, in contradistinction from all other sounds, and they kept at their work manfully, eliciting more than one compliment from the Admiral. The thirteen-inch shells, with their burning fuses, passed across the heavens like meteors. The old ship quivered at each discharge of her Dahlgrens, and seemed a

* A communication written by Fleet Surgeon J. M. Foltz contains these passages: "Admiral Farragut's son, his only child, had arrived but a short time before, on a visit to his father. The passage of Port Hudson we all knew would be hot work. After dark on the evening of the 14th, a few hours before the attack, I requested the Admiral to permit his son, who was accidentally on board, to assist me below with the wounded, where he could render important service, and where he would be in the best protected part of the ship. He was not in the service, and had nothing to gain, but everything to lose, by exposure on the quarter deck. The Admiral listened to me patiently, but replied:

"No, that will not do. It is true our only child is on board by chance, and he is not in the service; but, being here, he will act as one of my aids, to assist in conveying my orders during the battle, and we will trust in Providence and *la fortune de la guerre*."

"I also made the same suggestion to the son; but neither would he listen to it. He 'wanted to be stationed on deck, and see the fight.'"

"At one time the Hartford was so near the batteries that a Confederate officer, in command of a battery on shore, said he could have killed the officers on the poop deck with a ship's pistol, and that he trained a gun loaded with grape on this group of officers, but it missed fire, and they were saved."

mass of fire. The enemy had started bonfires at different points, to perfect their aim, and these added materially to the illumination and enhanced the grandeur of the scene. The smoke from the guns, at this juncture, enveloped the ship to such a degree that the pilot called out from the mizzen-top that he could not see ahead. The firing, as far as the Hartford was concerned, was immediately stopped—and not a moment too soon, for the fact was revealed that the ship was running on shore right under the enemy's guns. She grounded for an instant; but, owing to the efforts of the Albatross in backing, she paid off into the middle of the stream. The Richmond, following closely after, and unaware of the accident, loomed up through the fleeting smoke with her bowsprit almost over the Hartford.

After this event, Farragut deemed it prudent to discontinue firing, and the Hartford forged ahead under full steam, and anchored beyond range, having been under fire an hour and ten minutes.

But the Richmond, Monongahela, Genesee, and Mississippi, where are they? The only answer we get is the booming of cannon and mortar and a sight of masts and spars away below, in relief against a fiery sky. The Admiral, with intense anxiety, watches for the remainder of his little force to turn the point; but something appears to be wrong. In a low tone he remarks, "My God! what has stopped them?" No one can answer that question, but all are straining their eyeballs to fathom the mystery. Suddenly a brighter light shot up into the sky, and it was soon reported from the mast-head that a ship could be seen on fire and appeared to be the Mississippi! Only those who were in the confidence of the Admiral knew the distress occasioned by this unhappy announcement. If he could only be there to assist his comrades! But prudence forbade him to risk his ship again and endanger the success of his plans. Besides, the firing below was gradually slacking up, and it was evident that the remainder of the fleet, for some prudential reason, had retired from the conflict. The burning ship and bonfires occupied his attention for the remainder of that night. It was painful to hear the occasional ejaculations from

the spectators on the deck of the Hartford, as they watched the destruction of the Mississippi. "There goes her topmast!" one would say; and the discharge of a heavy gun would elicit the remark, "Her battery is getting heated." Occasionally loaded shells could be heard exploding. But the old ship held together until 4 o'clock A. M., when she blew up with a dull roar resembling distant thunder. Farragut now for the first time went below to take a little rest, after the anxieties of the night.

It was not till some days afterward that the Admiral learned, through rebel sources, of the running aground of the Mississippi, the efforts of her gallant captain to save her, and her final destruction to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

The Richmond had also met with an accident when nearly past; and all the vessels had suffered to such an extent as to cause their abandonment of the attempt to pass the batteries. Captain McKinstry, of the Monongahela, had been severely, and Lieutenant-Commander A. Boyd Cummings, executive officer of the Richmond, mortally wounded. The latter died four days afterward, at New Orleans.

General Banks had advanced his force and driven in the rebel pickets, but found the defenses too strong, and the garrison, which consisted of 16,000 effective men, too well prepared for him to attempt a serious attack.

The Hartford, in this action, lost but one man killed and two slightly wounded. The ship was cut up a great deal in rigging, spars, and hull, but fortunately escaped any injury to the machinery. One thing that contributed to the success of this lucky ship in this battle was the fact that she had a good pilot. Thomas R. Carrell knew the river thoroughly, and was brave and cool under all circumstances. The Admiral knew his worth, and had great confidence in his ability. In passing Port Hudson, Carrell stood up in the mizzen-top and called out "Starboard!" or "Port!" with perfect *sang froid*. Occasionally the Admiral would call out to him, and a cheery response would afford relief to his fears that some accident had befallen the pilot.

At one time during the action a steamer was reported as "bearing down on the Hartford." The affair at Galveston was fresh on the minds of all, and it was exciting to see the Admiral seize his sword, which was lying on the signal locker (he hardly ever wore it in action), and hear him give the order to "man the port battery and call away the boarders," remarking, *sotto voce*, "Let them come." He evidently intended to take part personally in repelling any attempt to board the flag-ship. But he was not destined to have an opportunity of reverting to the old-fashioned tactics. The steamer never appeared. A building on the bank and the bonfires had been the cause of the deception.

After the Hartford had reached a place of safety and come to anchor (at one o'clock A. M.), in the excitement and disappointment consequent on the mishap to the remainder of the fleet, no notice had been taken of the fact that the Albatross had cast off her lines and moved up stream to gain a suitable anchorage. She drifted down, however, abreast of the Hartford on the *starboard side*. Some of the men on the flag-ship discerned through the darkness an object moving with the current, and immediately there was a cry of "Ram! ram!" The men on deck jumped to the starboard battery, and in a moment every gun was trained on the little gunboat at short range. But for a prompt answer to the hail of the Admiral, the sequel would have been dreadful.

Farragut was now anxious to hear the fate of his vessels below, and, as previously arranged, signal guns were fired at intervals during the morning; but no answering gun could be heard. It was impossible to communicate by land, as the gleam of muskets and sabers on either bank showed him that his movements were being closely watched by rebel scouts. Many a man, placed in the position now occupied by Farragut, would have been discouraged. With his flag-ship and one light gunboat he found himself cut off from all communication with his compatriots, and in the heart of the enemy's country, with dangers on water and on land to contend against. Besides this, he was acting somewhat on his own responsibility, and was not

aware how far his course would be approved by the Government.*

It was on just such occasions as this that his indomitable spirit shone forth. He determined that the passage of the batteries should not be altogether barren of results, and therefore ordered the Hartford to be headed up stream, followed by her consort.

The following is the Admiral's official report of the action at Port Hudson :

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
"Off Mouth of Red River, March 16, 1863.

"SIR: It becomes my duty again to report disaster to my fleet, although I know neither the extent nor the attendant circumstances; I shall therefore confine my report to those facts which came under my own personal observation.

"On the morning of the 13th instant, off Baton Rouge, I inspected the ships of my command to see that all the proper arrangements had been made for battle, etc., and I am happy to say found everything well arranged, and the ships well prepared in every respect. My General Order had been previously written, and delivered to each commanding officer for his guidance in passing Port Hudson. I had had a consultation with General Banks in the morning, and he informed me that he was ready to move against Port Hudson immediately, and make a diversion in my favor, and attack the place if he found it practicable, etc. At 4 p. m. I signalized to the fleet to get under way, and we proceeded up the river to near Prophet's

* In attacking the batteries of Port Hudson, Farragut had taken advantage of the following order :

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, October 2, 1863.

"SIR: While the Mississippi River continues to be blockaded at Vicksburg, and until you learn from Commander D. D. Porter, who will be in command of the Mississippi squadron, that he has in conjunction with the army opened the river, it will be necessary for you to guard the lower part of that river, especially where it is joined by the Red River, the source of many of the important supplies of the enemy.

"I am respectfully, etc.,

"GIDEON WELLES,

"Secretary of the Navy."

Island. Early the next morning (14th) we proceeded on up to the head of Prophet's Island, where we found the Essex and the mortar boats all lying ready for their work. I called all the commanders on board of this ship, and consulted Commander Caldwell as to the batteries, his information connected with the place, and the character of the steamers we saw above (they were five in number, two cotton rams for boarding our gunboats, and the others river steamers, transports, etc.). I also directed the mortar boats to commence firing, in order to get their ranges, which they did, but finding the distance too great I directed them to move half a mile nearer. We conversed freely as to the arrangements, and I found that all my instructions were well understood, and, I believe, concurred in by all. The gunboats were assigned to the ships according to their speed, giving the Richmond—she being the slowest ship—the Genesee, she being the most powerful and fastest gunboat. The stations of the others will be seen in the diagram annexed to my General Order.

“After a free interchange of opinions on the subject, every commander arranged his ship in accordance with his own ideas. I had directed a trumpet fixed from the mizzen-top to the wheel, on board of this ship, as I intended the pilot to take his station in the top so that he might see over the fog or smoke, as the case might be. To this idea, and to the coolness and courage of my pilot, Mr. Carrell, I am indebted for the safe passage of this ship past the forts. At 5 P. M. (14th) I received a dispatch from General Banks, announcing that his command was at the Cross-Roads, and all ready to move upon Port Hudson; in reply I informed him that I hoped to have passed at midnight. At dusk I made signal to the gunboats to take the stations assigned to them. At 9 P. M. I made signal for the fleet ‘to weigh,’ but from some cause or other the Mississippi and Monongahela did not come up to their stations, although they answered the signal. At 10 P. M. the tug Reliance came alongside, and I sent her to order them to *close up*, and as soon as I could see the vessels in position we went ahead. My instructions to Commander Caldwell were, not to open fire until

the enemy opened upon us. I think we took them by surprise somewhat, as they did not open fire upon us until we were abreast of a large light placed on the opposite side to guide their fire there. The lookout threw up rockets, and a battery soon opened upon us, at about 11:20 P. M., but did not answer our broadside. Commander Caldwell, of the *Essex*, now opened in fine style, and the mortar boats did their duty in the most handsome manner, keeping up their fire until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. This ship moved up the river in good style, Captain Palmer governing, with excellent judgment, her fire according to circumstances, stopping when the smoke became too dense to see, and reopening whenever a fresh battery fired upon us; but we always silenced their battery when we fired. At last the current from around the point took us on the bow and threw us around, almost on shore; but, backing the *Albatross*, and going ahead strong on this ship, we at length headed her up the river. The upper batteries now opened on us, and we could only reply with the two guns on the poop—a 9-inch and a 30-pounder Parrott rifle—but they both did their duty well.

“When we rounded the bend I saw the *Richmond*, as indeed I had done whenever during the action the smoke was not too dense, and I thought that she was following us in fine style, as I could see the effect of each of her broadsides upon the batteries. Great, however, was my surprise when I found that she did not come up after we had rounded the point, but my fears were not excited until sufficient time had elapsed for the other vessels to join us.

“I soon saw a vessel on fire, and apparently grounded, and I feared she was one of ours. I next saw her drifting down the river, with her guns going off and the shells exploding from the heat. We now arrived at the conclusion that one or more of the vessels had met with disaster, and the rest had dropped down the river again. The firing ceased about this time (2 A. M.), and near 4 A. M. (15th) the burning vessel blew up with a great explosion.

“The nature and details of this disaster will doubtless be

communicated to you by the senior surviving officer below Port Hudson, in command of the fleet.

“In conclusion, I can only say that I know not how far I am responsible for this sad affair, but I take it for granted that, as the flag-ship came safely through and saw the others following, the disaster must have been caused by an accidental shot disabling a vessel, and the others stopped to assist her, instead of coming through and letting one of the gunboats take her down; but I have too high an estimation of *each* and *every one* of the officers commanding those vessels to imagine for a single instant that everything in their power was not done to insure success. The only fear I had was, getting ashore in rounding the bend.

“I assigned no gunboat to the Mississippi, for two reasons: first, I had but three gunboats; second, she, being a side-wheel steamer, could not take one alongside to advantage, and in fact, with the exception of the assistance they might have rendered the ships if disabled, they were a great disadvantage.

“If, in this effort to come up and cut off the enemy’s supplies from Red River and recapture the Indianola, misfortune has befallen some of our vessels, I can only plead my zeal to serve my country, and the chances of war; and I felt that my orders of October 2, 1862, fully justified me in doing what I should have done two months ago, but for the disasters at Galveston and Sabine Pass, the strong force of the enemy at Mobile, and the inadequacy of my force to meet all these contingencies.

“I therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that I acted to the best of my judgment, and hence am only answerable for the imperfection of that judgment.

“Concerning the Hartford, I can not speak too highly of her captain, officers, and crew. All did their duty as far as came under my observation, and more courage and zeal I have never seen displayed. The officers set a good example to their men, and their greatest difficulty was to make them understand why they could not fire when the smoke was so dense that the pilot could not see to navigate.

“I had two pilots, Mr. Thomas R. Carrell and Mr. J. B.

Hamilton; the first-named passed Vicksburg with me, and my main reliance was placed upon him, for I know his great good qualities of courage and skill, and he never disappointed me for a single moment. Mr. Hamilton also conducted himself with great steadiness, and was a valuable aid to Mr. Carrell.

“Captain T. A. Jenkins, captain of the fleet, Mr. E. C. Gaudan, my secretary, and Mr. Loyall Farragut, who acted as signal officer, assisted by Mr. Palmer, Captain Jenkins’s clerk, were all at my side on the poop deck, and exerted themselves to render every assistance in their power.

“I shall only mention the officers and crew of this ship in general terms, leaving it to Captain Palmer to speak of them more specifically according to their merits. To the good firing of the ships we owe most of our safety, for, according to my theory, the best way to save yourself is to injure your adversary; and although we received some ugly wounds, our casualties were small, as we only lost one man killed and two slightly wounded, and they were both at their guns again in a few minutes, as ready and as willing, if not quite so able as before, to do their duty.

“The Albatross being the most vulnerable of the gunboats, and her speed being about equal to that of this ship, was assigned to her; and although it was not in Lieutenant-Commander Hart’s power to do much, still he did all that was in his power, and whenever he could bring a gun to bear ahead or astern on the port side it was instantly fired. She suffered to the same extent as this ship, losing one man killed, but none wounded.

“I have the honor to inclose the fleet surgeon’s report.

“All of which is respectfully submitted by

“Your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Rear-Admiral, Commanding West Gulf Squadron.

“HON. GIDEON WELLES,

“Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.”

The sloop Richmond lost three killed and twelve wounded. Commander Alden says in his report:

“Our attempt to pass the batteries was frustrated by a shot striking the steam-pipe in the vicinity of the safety-valves, upsetting them both, and letting off the steam. At the time this accident occurred we were well up with the flag-ship, and with her were engaging the last battery. The turning-point was gained, but I soon found that even with the aid of the Genesee we could make no headway against the strong current. I was compelled, though most reluctantly, to turn back, and by the aid of the Genesee soon anchored out of the range of their guns.

“My noble and gallant friend, Lieutenant-Commander Cummings, the executive officer of this ship, was shot down at my side just before this accident occurred, his left leg being taken off below the knee by a cannon-shot, while he was in the bravest manner cheering the men at the guns.

“To say in the most emphatic manner that all did their duty nobly and well, under the most trying circumstances that men could be placed in, is but a feeble tribute to their devotion and gallantry. For more than two hours they stood to their guns, and replied in the steadiest manner to the most galling fire that I have ever witnessed, not excepting the memorable passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Our difficulties in this action were heightened by the abrupt turn in the river, where the strongest of the enemy's batteries were placed, by the obscurity of the night, and by the humidity of the atmosphere; this last causing the smoke to settle around us so that we were compelled to cease firing, to find our way.

“Just before the accident to our steam-pipe, a torpedo was exploded close under our stern, throwing the water up thirty feet, bursting in the cabin windows, and doing other unimportant injury. Lieutenant Terry's services in this action can hardly be overestimated; to his consummate coolness, which I have never seen excelled, together with a quick eye, the rescue of this vessel is in a great measure due. Captain Ramsay, who deserves especial mention, in charge of the Marine division of great guns, had nearly a whole gun's crew swept away by a single cannon-shot. Acting Masters Gibbs and Wilson, to-

gether with Ensigns Swann and Haskins, fought their guns ably and well. Master's Mate Cox, together with my clerk Mr. Bogart, who acted as aid and signal officer, deserve mention, too, for their promptness in carrying my orders. To Mr. Moore, our Chief Engineer, great credit is due for his management throughout the fight, and particularly after the accident to the steam-pipe."

On board the *Monongahela* six were killed and twenty-one wounded. The following extracts are from the reports of Captain McKinstry, and of Lieutenant Nathaniel W. Thomas, on whom the command devolved after the wounding of Captain McKinstry :

"On our way up the river we were fired upon from the west bank, principally musketry, which was apparently silenced by the *Kineo*, which was in tow.

"The firing of the *Hartford* and *Richmond*, preceding us, with that of the enemy's guns, had so filled the atmosphere with smoke as to prevent distinguishing objects near by.

"At 11:30 P. M. the *Monongahela* grounded on the west shore of the river, near the turning-point, and was exposed to a severe fire for some thirty minutes. Previous to grounding, it was reported that the *Kineo's* rudder had been rendered useless by a shot. When the *Monongahela* grounded, the *Kineo* parted her fasts. A hawser was secured to her again.

"Soon after midnight the bridge was shot from under me, by which I was precipitated to the deck, and seriously bruised, and have since been confined to my room. The subsequent events on board the *Monongahela* have been reported by the executive officer, Lieutenant Thomas, upon whom devolved the command. His cool, determined bearing, as well as that of the officers and crew in general, deserves commendation.

"Our failure to pass Port Hudson, after having so nearly accomplished your [Admiral Farragut's] order, must be imputed to the inefficiency of the engines."

“ At about 11:30 came opposite the enemy’s principal battery. Our pilot was on the starboard side of this vessel, and the Kineo’s pilot on our port side, to guide us clear of Thompson’s Point. But, notwithstanding this precaution, the vessel grounded just below the Point, and the wheel became immovable. The Kineo, being of a lighter draft, broke adrift and went a short distance ahead and grounded, carrying away our port fore-brace, port fore-top-mast, and topgallant-mast back-stays, and the hammock nettings on the port side forward, and tearing the port sheet-anchor from its place. At this time, the shot from the enemy were taking great effect on our decks, disabling two broadside 32-pounders, and temporarily disabling No. 2 eleven-inch pivot. At the same time you [Captain McKinstry] were struck from the bridge, the same shot killing three men on the port side, abaft the bridge.

“ The Kineo having backed astern, we made fast to her with a single hawser, and backed our engines. The Kineo turned down the river outside of us, and succeeded in swinging us off after we had been aground under a heavy fire for twenty-five minutes. Our helm now being under command, we cast off the Kineo and started, in accordance with your [Captain McKinstry’s] order communicated from below, up the river, firing at the batteries abeam with five-second shell and shrapnel. We were nearly by the principal battery when the crank-pin of the forward engine was reported heated, and the engine stopped, the chief engineer reporting that he was unable to go ahead. The vessel became unmanageable and drifted down, passing the batteries again at a distance of thirty yards. The enemy opened on us with grape, and his sharpshooters with musketry. On returning from reporting this condition of things to you, I found both pilots conning the vessel head down stream, and the enemy’s shot passing over us. We ceased firing when we began to drop down stream.

“ Acting Master’s Mate Henry B. Rome was knocked overboard by the bursting of a shell. He has since come on board unhurt, having swum ashore.

“ I must, sir, speak of all the officers stationed at the guns

in the highest terms of praise; and, for captains of guns and quartermasters of this ship, it would be impossible to make better selections than we now have.

“The vessel is damaged mostly in the rigging, spars, and upper works. The enemy’s grape swept everything on deck before it. From the appearance of the outside of the vessel, at least eight shots of different sizes must have gone completely through us.”

The loss on board the *Mississippi*, which was burned, was not exactly ascertained. Sixty-four were missing, of whom about twenty-four were thought to be killed. Captain Smith says in his report :

“Our approach was signalized by the rebels on the west bank of the river, and at 11 o’clock P. M. the batteries opened fire upon the flag-ship. At this time the *Essex* engaged the lower batteries, the bomb-vessels commenced shelling, the flag-ship opened fire, and the engagement became general as the vessels came in range. At thirty minutes A. M. the *Richmond* passed down the river, and owing to the darkness and smoke was for some time taken for an enemy by the crew of the *Mississippi*, who were with difficulty kept from firing into her.

“The *Monongahela*, which was the one next ahead, could not at this time be seen. Supposing that she had increased her distance, the order was given to ‘go ahead fast,’ that we might close up. We had now reached the last and most formidable batteries, and were congratulating ourselves upon having gained the turn, when the *Mississippi* grounded and heeled over three streaks to port. The engine was immediately reversed, and the port guns (which had not been fired) were run in, to bring her on an even keel; after which her own fire from the starboard battery was recommenced. The engine was backed for thirty-five minutes, and the steam was increased from 13 to 25 pounds, which was considered by the chief engineer the greatest pressure the boilers would bear, when the pilot stated that it would be impossible to get the vessel off. I then ordered the port



Passage of the Batteries of Fort Hudson.
(March 14, 1865.)

battery to be spiked, and with the pivot-gun to be thrown overboard; but the latter was not accomplished before I deemed it most judicious and humane to abandon the vessel, as the enemy had obtained our range and we were exposed to the galling and cross fire of three batteries, their shot hulling us frequently.

“The sick and wounded were now ordered up, at which time we ceased firing, and three small boats (all we had) were immediately employed in landing the crew, while preparations were being made to destroy the vessel. Up to this time the men had been working the guns in the most splendid style, and aiming at every flash, which was the only guide to the location of the rebel works. It was by no means certain that the officers and crew would not, even after landing, fall into the hands of the enemy, as musketry had been fired from the west shore on our passage up; but, as this was of less consequence than the capture of the ship, the crew were directed to throw overboard all the small arms, the engineers ordered to destroy the engine, and the ship set on fire in the forward store-room. To be positive that this was effectually done, the yeoman was sent below to make an examination, when three shots entered the store-room, letting in the water and extinguishing the flames. She was then fired in four different places aft between the decks; and, when the combustion had made sufficient progress to render her destruction certain, I left the ship, accompanied by the first lieutenant, all having now been landed, and passed down to the Richmond under the fire of the rebel batteries.

“At three o'clock A. M., the Mississippi was observed to be afloat and drifting slowly down the river, and at half past five she blew up, producing an awful concussion, which was felt for miles around.

“I consider that I should be neglecting a most important duty, should I omit to mention the coolness of my executive officer, Mr. Dewey, and the steady, fearless, and gallant manner in which the officers and men of the Mississippi defended her, and the orderly and quiet manner in which she was abandoned after being thirty-five minutes aground under the fire of the

enemy's batteries. There was no confusion in embarking the crew, and the only noise was from the enemy's cannon, which did not cease until some time after the ship was enveloped in flames and the boats had passed out of range of their guns.

"Whether my conduct shall receive the censure or approval of the Department, I beg to assume the entire responsibility of the course I have pursued, as no suggestions were made by the officers, nor was any consultation called."

There were no casualties on board the Albatross. The Genesee had three men wounded. Commander Macomb says :

"At about 11:50 the batteries opened fire upon the vessels, which was immediately returned by the heavy broadside of the Richmond, and in which we joined with all the guns we could bring to bear on that side, viz., the bow pivot 100-pounder Parrott, the stern pivot ten-inch, and the starboard after nine-inch gun. . . .

"At 2 A. M. cast off from the Richmond for the purpose of anchoring. At this moment, the Mississippi was reported to have grounded abreast of the batteries. We immediately proceeded up to her with a view of rendering assistance, and found her on fire, fore and aft. Sent one of the cutters to search the right bank of the river, and rescue any of the officers or crew they might find there.

"I take great pleasure in noticing the coolness and attention with which the officers, seamen, and marines conducted themselves during the action. While making honorable notice of the conduct of all, I would mention the attention and celerity with which the fire, caused by the ignition of a ten-inch shell near the shell-room, which had been struck by a rifled shot passing through the side of the ship, was extinguished."

The Kineo lost no men, but was pretty badly crippled, especially by a shot that lodged in the rudder-post and made it impossible to move the rudder. Commander Watters says in his report :

“We were unable to join in the action until 10:30 P. M., when, abreast the lowest battery, with which our consort was engaged, we received a fire of musketry from the opposite bank, which was replied to immediately with two-second shrapnel and grape, silencing them quickly. In this manner we continued steadily on, our consort keeping up a brisk fire upon the enemy’s batteries, whose fire we were receiving, and we watching for a renewal of the musketry from the west bank. An hour later, when under the principal batteries, and getting along very well, although the atmosphere was greatly obscured by the smoke of our guns, and it was difficult to see, we had kept the channel, and had reached the bend in the river, one fore-gaff was shot away, and a few seconds afterward a shot lodged in our rudder-post, splitting it, and rendering the rudder useless. Endeavored to work it with relieving tackles and rudder-chains, but found it could not be moved to the right or left. Sent a man over the stern, in a bowline, to examine the damages, and found the shot firmly imbedded between the rudder-post and stern-post, thereby wedging it completely.

“At this time we were receiving the heaviest fire of the enemy’s batteries, who generally fired over, and our consort being damaged also in the rudder was unable to keep the channel, and the two vessels were driven ashore by the current, which was very strong, and thrown on Thompson’s Point, going full speed.

“We drove about a ship’s length ahead, and grounded within ten feet of the bank. The engines being reversed, we succeeded in getting off; backed down to the Monongahela to render assistance, which was asked for, she being still hard aground, and receiving a terrific fire astern of her.

“Had great difficulty in working the ship in the current so as to get near the Monongahela, which we could only do by alternating the motions of the engines; but could not get near enough to receive her hawsers, in consequence of the current cutting us off. Then resolved to go ahead and try to spring her off with the hawser we had, in which we were successful, and her bow swung off into deep water. . . .

“Soon after anchoring, heard a call for aid, and sent a boat, which picked up an officer and eighteen men belonging to the Mississippi.

“In conclusion I can not speak in too high terms of the steady bearing and gallant conduct of the officers and men of this vessel, every one of whom behaved well.”

Commander Caldwell, of the Essex, thus describes the part which she took in the action :

“As the flag-ship Hartford passed this vessel, we got under way, and, leaving the mortar vessels, proceeded up the river some distance and took up a position to enfilade the lower batteries. At eleven o'clock the enemy fired the first gun. I then made the signal for the mortar vessels to open fire, and it was continued by them and this vessel without intermission till 1:30; the vessels throwing a total of two hundred and ninety-six shells, including ninety from this vessel. The effect of the fire of the mortars seemed to be to paralyze the efforts of the enemy at the lower batteries, and we observed that their fire was quite feeble compared to that of the upper batteries.

“About one o'clock a boat from the Mississippi came along-side with wounded men, and reported their vessel on shore, and that a large number of the men were on the opposite bank. We crossed the river immediately, and took a number on board. The Mississippi had been observed on fire for some time. She was now coming down quite fast, in flames, and close in to the west bank. I was obliged to recross the river to get out of her way, fearing an explosion from her magazine. As she passed the mortar vessels, the guns of her port battery were discharged, throwing the shells over the vessels, but fortunately doing no damage.

“After she passed down, we crossed the river again, and took on board all the remainder of the crew that were there, making in all that were received on board about sixty officers and men.”

The Sachem, Lieutenant Amos Johnson, took position close by the Essex, and opened fire on the batteries with a twenty-

pound Parrott and two thirty-two pounders. She was going to the assistance of the Mississippi when she met and picked up the boat containing Captain Smith and two other officers. Shortly after, she was struck by a raft, which fouled her propeller. The remainder of the time, till four o'clock, she spent in picking up the stray men of the Mississippi.

The total loss of the fleet in this battle was one hundred and thirteen—thirty-five killed, and seventy-eight wounded or missing.

After receiving the reports of this action, the Secretary of the Navy wrote to Admiral Farragut, under date of April 2: "The Department congratulates you and the officers and men of the Hartford upon the gallant passage of the Port Hudson batteries, and also the battery at Grand Gulf. Although the remainder of your fleet were not successful in following their leader, the Department can find no fault with them. All appear to have behaved gallantly, and to have done everything in their power to secure success. Their failure can only be charged to the difficulties in the navigation of the rapid current of the Mississippi, and matters over which they had no control."

Although Farragut spoke of the action at Port Hudson as a disaster to his fleet, yet it had resulted in placing two powerful vessels where they could blockade pretty effectually the mouth of Red River, thus preventing the rebels from either bringing supplies down that great stream, or sending reinforcements up it to join the army of General Dick Taylor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT VICKSBURG—CORRESPONDENCE WITH GENERAL GRANT AND ADMIRAL PORTER—LOSS OF THE INDIANOLA AND LANCASTER.

THE Hartford and Albatross now cautiously continued their course up the Mississippi, anchoring at nightfall to avoid the immense floating logs, and getting under way at dawn. It seemed as if the quarter watch worked all night clearing the cable of logs. The sentinels were continually deceived by the grotesque forms assumed by these floating masses; frequently seeing "boats with armed men" in the gloom, and all on board felt the necessity of the utmost vigilance.

On the morning of the 16th two of the crew of the ram Queen of the West came on board in a dug-out, having escaped after her capture by the enemy in Red River. That vessel, under command of Colonel Charles R. Ellet, had come down from the upper fleet, now commanded by Acting Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, and, after penetrating some distance up Red River, had run aground under the guns of a battery. She was disabled by a shot through her steam-pipe, and was then abandoned, many of her officers and crew being captured.

Farragut felt that he could not be too vigilant. Their success at Galveston had given the rebels great confidence, and in bold hands the Queen of the West might be a serious annoyance. But he contented himself with keeping a bright lookout, and would have liked nothing better than that she should make her appearance. At the mouth of Red River occasionally a bank of black smoke would reveal the presence of a steamer, but it would quickly disappear when the tall spars of the Hartford were discovered.

On the 17th of March the ships came to anchor off Natchez,

and the Admiral sent the following note to the Mayor, by his chief of staff, Captain Jenkins :

“SIR: I trust that it is unnecessary to remind you of my desire to avoid the necessity of punishing the innocent for the guilty, and to express to you the hope that the scene of firing on the United States’ boats will not be repeated by either the lawless people of Natchez or the guerilla forces; otherwise, I shall be compelled to do the act most repugnant to my feelings, by firing on your town in defense of my people and the honor of my flag.

“I shall be most happy to see his honor the Mayor on board.

“Very respectfully,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Rear-Admiral.”

This letter was probably intended to mislead the Mayor into the belief that the ship would remain a few days off Natchez, but she was promptly under way at dawn.

Early on the morning of the 19th an incident occurred which showed that the enemy were preparing to dispute Farragut’s passage. As the ships approached Grand Gulf, several negroes of both sexes were observed on the levee, waving their hands and pointing to the cliffs above. One old woman in particular attracted attention by the dramatic way in which she waved her bandanna. The Admiral was not left long in suspense. A long line of fresh earth on the hillside soon opened into view, and a battery of rifled field-pieces opened on our vessels. The rebel guns were concealed, and were withdrawn immediately after firing. The Hartford returned the fire as soon as possible, but the broadside guns did very little effective work, on account of the extreme elevation of the battery. The Admiral contented himself with signaling the Albatross to close up under the flag-ship’s port side for her protection, and then passed ahead under full steam.

In this short engagement two poor fellows were killed, and six were wounded.

There is a ludicrous side to everything, even to a battle. The Hartford had passed almost beyond range, and the enemy's shot were falling, many striking under the stern, when Captain Jenkins remarked to Farragut, "Admiral, this ship goes entirely too slow." Just then a shell exploded in the water under the quarter, near where they stood, and the Admiral answered dryly, "I should think she *was*—just at this moment."

Ten miles above Grand Gulf they passed what was then supposed to be the wreck of the Indianola, but what was in reality Porter's "dummy" ram. The Indianola had come down from the upper fleet to operate in the vicinity of Red River, and, while encumbered with two coal-barges alongside, had been rammed by the Webb and Queen of the West. Being disabled and in a sinking condition, she surrendered. This occurred on the 14th of February. While the enemy were making efforts to repair her and utilize her guns, Admiral Porter fitted up an old flat-boat to look like one of his "turtle" gunboats, with mud furnaces and a smoke-stack made of pork-barrels. Fire was kindled in these furnaces, and the craft set adrift without a soul on board. A tremendous cannonade from the batteries failed to stop her, and the frightened authorities at Vicksburg hastily ordered the destruction of the Indianola. The countermanding order, when the trick had been discovered, arrived just after the Indianola had been blown up and sunk!

On the afternoon of the 19th the Hartford came to anchor about twelve miles below Vicksburg, and three miles below the village of Warrenton under the bluffs on the Mississippi side. An officer commanding the lower picket-guard of Grant's army now boarded the ship, and quickly informed Farragut of the situation of affairs in the vicinity. The mass of the army was encamped on the Louisiana shore, and stretched along the levee for several miles. The low peninsula opposite Vicksburg, called Young's Point, the scene of Williams's attempt to cut a canal and turn the channel of the river, was now overflowed, and the river was pouring through crevasses in the neglected levee at various points, presenting truly a scene of desolation. Admiral Porter, with several of his boats, was absent with Sherman in Deer

Creek on the Yazoo Pass expedition, one of the first attempts to flank Vicksburg; but Farragut was not aware of this fact, and had sent his secretary, Edward C. Gabaudan, across the Point to apprise Porter of his presence. Mr. Gabaudan, however, carried out his orders literally, and procuring a horse rode through a country infested with guerillas, and joined Porter.

Farragut was anxious to keep up his supply of coal, and, in order to establish easier communication with the forces above, cautiously moved up past the apparently deserted village of Warrenton. When he was within easy range, a casemated battery in the centre of the place opened on the ship, but was soon silenced by a well-directed broadside, which drove off the gunners for the time being. The Hartford now anchored above a crevasse on the opposite shore, having sustained little or no damage in this short engagement. But the event inspired him with the idea that a force of infantry might be landed under cover of his guns, and perhaps gain a foothold on the Mississippi shore. Captain Jenkins made a reconnoissance on the right bank immediately opposite, and developed the fact that preparations were being made for more guns. In the mean time Farragut had written to General Grant :

“FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“*Below Vicksburg, March 20, 1863.*

“GENERAL: I herewith transmit to you by the hand of my secretary a dispatch from Major-General N. P. Banks; it was sent up to me the evening I was to pass the batteries at Port Hudson.

“Having learned that the enemy had the Red River trade open to Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and that two of the gunboats of the upper fleet had been captured, I determined to pass up, and, if possible, recapture the boats and stop the Red River trade, and this I can do most effectually, if I can obtain, from Rear-Admiral Porter or yourself, *coal* for my vessel. By my trip up the river I have become perfectly acquainted with the enemy's forces on the banks and his boats in the adjacent waters.

"I shall be most happy to avail myself of the earliest moment to have a consultation, with yourself and Rear-Admiral Porter, as to the assistance I can render you at this place; and if none, then I will return to the mouth of Red River and carry out my original design.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Rear-Admiral.

"Major-General U. S. GRANT."

General Grant wrote :

"*March 21, 1863.*

"ADMIRAL: Hearing nothing from Admiral Porter, I have determined to send you a barge of coal from here. The barge will be cast adrift from the upper end of the canal at ten o'clock to-night. Troops on the opposite side of the point will be on the lookout, and, should the barge run into the eddy, will start it adrift again.

"Admiral Porter is now in Deer Creek, or possibly in the Yazoo, below Yazoo City. I hope to hear from him this evening. As soon as I do, I will prepare dispatches for General Banks, and forward them to you.

"I have sent a force into the Yazoo River, by the way of Yazoo Pass. Hearing of this force at Greenwood, Miss., and learning that the enemy were detaching a large force from Vicksburg to go and meet them, determined Admiral Porter to attempt to get gunboats in the rear of the enemy. I hope to hear of the success of this enterprise soon.

"I am, Admiral, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Major-General.

"Admiral FARRAGUT, U. S. Navy."

To this the Admiral replied :

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"*March 22, 1863.*

"GENERAL: I am most happy to inform you that the coal barge arrived safely, and we are now coaling from her. She is

much larger than our necessities require ; but it is a good fault, and we will carry her down with us.

“I see the enemy is building a very formidable casemated work at Warrenton. I fired at it yesterday coming up, but think I did it little or no injury. I see they are at work on it again ; and shall interrupt them to-day with an occasional shot or shell, to prevent their annoying me on the way down. But, if you think proper to make a little expedition over that way to destroy it, my two vessels will be at your service so long as I am here. On my way down I shall pass close to it, and do my best to destroy it ; but I suppose that will not amount to much, as they will soon be able to repair damages. They do not appear to have any amount of armed force there, but quite an extensive working party, which I have just ordered a gunboat down to break up.

“I shall be happy to receive your dispatches for General Banks.

“There are no batteries between this place and Red River, except Grand Gulf, where they have four 20-pounder Parrotts. There are no steamers on the Mississippi River between here and Red River, or were not when I came up ; and, if they have come out since, I shall have them below me when I go down, so that, if Admiral Porter wishes to send down any of his boats, he will know what they will have to contend with. I am greatly obliged to you for your politeness, and remain,

“Your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT.

“Major-General U. S. GRANT,
“Commanding U. S. Army at Vicksburg.”

General Grant then wrote :

“HEADQUARTERS BEFORE VICKSBURG,
“*March 23, 1863.*

“ADMIRAL: As you kindly offered me the coöperation of your vessels, and the use of them to transport troops to Warrenton, should I want to send an expedition to destroy their batteries, I have determined to take advantage of the offer.

"I have directed General Steele to select two regiments from his command, and get them to the opposite side of the peninsula to-day, ready to embark as soon as in your judgment you think it should be done. I send no special instructions for this expedition, further than to destroy effectually the batteries at Warrenton, and return to their camp here. They will be glad to receive any suggestion or direction from you.

"This is a bad day for troops to be out, but in that particular may be favorable to us.

"Thanking you, Admiral, for your offer of the services of your vessels, I remain your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT,

"Major-General.

"P. S.—Captain Walke, who is the senior naval officer here in the absence of Admiral Porter, asked me yesterday for cotton bales, with which to pack two of the rams for the purpose of sending them to join you. I promised him anything in the world the army has, for the accomplishment of this purpose, and presume the vessels will be sent. I look upon it as of vast importance that we should hold the river securely between Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

"U. S. G.

"To Admiral FARRAGUT,
"Commanding West Gulf Squadron."

The expedition to Warrenton was finally given up, because it was found that the rebels had detached a large force from Vicksburg to meet it. In a subsequent letter General Grant wrote:

"With a little lower stage of water, I would endeavor to occupy New Carthage [about thirty miles below Vicksburg, on the Louisiana side]. This occupied, and one gunboat from this fleet below the city, the enemy could be kept out of Warrenton, and also from taking supplies from a rich country that can be reached through bayous with flat-boats on this side of the river.

"I see by Southern papers received yesterday, that Vicksburg must depend upon Louisiana, or west of the Mississippi, for supplies. Holding Red River from them is a great step in the direction of preventing this. But it will not entirely accomplish the object. New Carthage should be held, and it seems to me that in addition we should have vessels sufficient below to patrol the whole river from Warrenton to the Red River. I will have a consultation with Admiral Porter on this subject. I am happy to say the Admiral and myself have never yet disagreed upon any policy.

"I am looking for a mail in to-day, and, should one arrive with later dates of papers than you have already been furnished, I will send them over."

The following letter, written at this time, shows that Farragut was exceedingly anxious, on account of the meagre news, as to the fate of his fleet below Port Hudson :

"BELOW VICKSBURG.

"It has pleased God to permit me to arrive here in safety, and once more to address you from this ill-fated place. I passed the batteries of Port Hudson with my chicken (the Albatross) under my wing. We came through in safety. Your dear boy and myself are well. He was cool under fire, and bore himself well. . . .

"Would to God I only knew that our friends on the other ships were as well as we are! We are all in the same hands, and He disposes of us as He thinks best. The other ships failed to come past the forts, and I fear to hear the news from below. The fight was nothing to us. You know my creed: I never send others in advance when there is a doubt; and, being one on whom the country has bestowed its greatest honors, I thought I ought to take the risks which belong to them. So I took the lead. I knew the enemy would try to destroy the old flag-ship, and I determined that the best way to prevent that result was to try and hurt them the most. It was a grand sight. I did not fear the batteries so much as the sudden turn in the

river. The strong current might set us on shore, and we did not miss it much. By hard work and a good pilot, we succeeded in getting round, head up stream. We were hit eight times, losing but one man. God was with us. Poor Smith, I hear through Secessia, has lost his ship, and the other vessels were compelled to drop down the river. I have only this ship and the Albatross. I came along up to see what they are doing at Vicksburg, and send you this letter to relieve your anxiety. I trust it may reach you before the news of the affair reaches New York. War has its ups and downs, and we must meet good and bad fortune with becoming fortitude. One of my greatest troubles on earth is the pain and anxiety I inflict upon one of the best of wives. . . .

“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

On the 24th he wrote :

“Although the Almighty continues to bless with his protection our dear boy and myself, and in fact my whole ship, considering what we have gone through with, it is marvelous! I dread to hear the particulars of the disaster to the remainder of the fleet. I think so highly of the captains that I feel certain that no slight thing would have stopped them. God grant that my fears may prove untrue! I do not wish you to write me *via* Cairo unless you do so immediately. I shall not be long in this vicinity. General Ellet endeavored to send me down two of his rams to-day. One was destroyed by the enemy, and the other was much injured, but I hope it will soon be repaired. I am in hopes we shall be able to get one or two iron-clads from Porter, to keep the river trade shut up.

“I am trying to make up my mind to part with Loyall and let him go home by way of Cairo. I am too devoted a father to have my son with me in troubles of this kind. The anxieties of a father should not be added to those of the commander. . . . God grant that he may be as great a comfort all the days of your life as he has been to me. Much as it will pain me to part with him, I feel that I am making a manly sacrifice for the benefit of my wife and child. May God bless you both!”

"25th.

"You can not imagine the pleasure I have received to-day by a New Orleans paper which gives an account of the fleet below—to learn that Alden and Smith escaped unhurt. McKinstry, it is said, will lose his leg. I sincerely hope not. Poor Cummings, they say, is mortally wounded; he is a fine fellow and a noble officer. The list of killed and wounded was small, compared to what I imagined. I now give L. money and send him to you."

The following letter to Admiral Porter shows the deep interest taken by Farragut in the movements of the army, as well as in his own work. The suggestion mentioned was in a measure eventually adopted by General Grant in his final attack on Vicksburg:

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"*Below Vicksburg, March 22, 1863.*

"DEAR ADMIRAL: I regret that I did not find you at Vicksburg, and also that my secretary should have deemed it necessary to follow you up the river in your expedition, to bother you when so engaged.

"The General has kindly sent me the coal down, and I am now filled up and all ready to start for the Red River blockade, where I hope to find some one of my unfortunate vessels that failed to get by Port Hudson. I see by the papers that General Ellet is anxious to retake the Queen of the West, so that I hope you will be able to let two of the rams and one iron-clad come down and blockade Red River for me. The enemy have only the Webb and Queen of the West, rams, and another freight-boat protected with cotton, for the purpose of boarding our gunboats, but have no guns on board.

"I felt a delicacy in suggesting anything to General Grant, but my idea is that, if he thinks he can not take Vicksburg, the best thing would be to go down and take Grand Gulf and hold it, and then with 10,000 or 20,000 men go down and attack Port Hudson simultaneously with General Banks from below;

and I would aid all I could with this ship and the Albatross and any others that might come up to my assistance.

"The Red River trade will be the great blow to their strength. They can get nothing when Red River is well blockaded. The General's coal I shall leave at the bayou below Vicksburg, for any of your vessels that may require it. There is left some four hundred tons, at least.

"Wishing you every success in all your undertakings,

"I remain very truly yours,

"D. G. FARRAGUT.

"D. D. PORTER,

"Acting Rear-Admiral,

"Commanding Western Flotilla, above Vicksburg."

Under the same date, Admiral Porter wrote :

"U. S. S. CINCINNATI,

"*Deer Creek, Miss., March 22, 1863.*

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I am too glad to receive a communication from you, for we have heard all kinds of reports. Above all, though, I regret that . . . the loss of the *Indianola* should have been the cause of your present position. You have had some affairs in your own squadron similar to the *Indianola* affair, causing equally painful results.

"I will do all I can to send you coal, if I can get out of this creek, where I have been fighting for four days without eating or sleeping.

"I sent down a wooden monitor, which destroyed the *Indianola*!—and, could I have done so, would have sent you a messenger. I will float you down coal barges—I did it safely to the *Indianola* and ram *Queen of the West*. It takes a coal barge about three hours to get below Warrenton. When the coal barge leaves, I will fire rockets, and send the coal down on Tuesday and Wednesday nights only. Keep boats out for it.

"I would not attempt to run the batteries at Vicksburg, if I were you; it doesn't pay, and you can be of no service up here

at the present moment. Your services at Red River will be a Godsend; it is worth to us the loss of the *Mississippi*, and is at this moment the severest blow that could be struck at the South. They obtain all their supplies and ammunition in that way.

"The *Indianola* is full of coal—if you can get it. I sent a man down to blow her up, which I hope you won't object to, as I hear you think of trying to raise her. You would find it impossible; she is too heavy—though the rebels will get her up, having all the conveniences, and the energy of the devil.

"Do not, for God's sake, let the rebels take you by boarding. They will try it, as sure as you are born. They line their vessels with cotton-bales, which resist shot perfectly. Let me recommend a very hard cotton wad over your shell, thoroughly saturated with turpentine, squeezed nearly dry. I set fire to the City of Vicksburg in that way.

"And now, my dear Admiral, I am so worn out that I must stop writing, without saying half that I wish to. The sharpshooters are plugging away at us, and I have to sit down in a hot corner. General Sherman is driving the rebels before him, and I hope to-night to have a good sleep.

"Yours very truly,

"DAVID D. PORTER,

"Acting Rear-Admiral,

"Commanding *Mississippi Squadron*."

"Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Commanding *Western Gulf Squadron*."

Four days later Admiral Porter wrote:

"U. S. *MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON*,

"*March 26, 1863.*

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I send down to-night a barge with the provisions required for the *Hartford* and the other steamers. It will leave here as the moon goes down, and no doubt will go safe. If it does not, and the rebels get it, they will have a jollification. They have not seen a piece of salt pork for months.

"I intended to get over to see you, but General Grant says that it is a very long walk. I have been so much confined to the ship, since I have been here, that I have almost lost the use of my legs. All my time is spent at my desk, and I get no exercise; which does not agree with me. My trip up the river has been of great service to me, and I feel like a new man. I wish we had the opportunity to move about more; but the rebels are up to all our dodges; they are a wide-awake set of fellows. That man Acklin says that the rebels have the guns of the Indianola mounted at Red River. Can not you ascertain whether this is so or not? She had two eleven-inch guns in her casemate, and two nine-inch aft. They could easily be recovered, if they are still on board. Your ship could hoist out the nine-inch, and, by blowing up the casemate, drag out the eleven-inch. If left there, they will have them certainly. I have a diver here, who will find out all about it, if you like. Mr. Krehl is not ready to blow up the Indianola; he wanted so many things to do it with, that I told him to let it alone. Please remember me to Jenkins and Palmer. When you come up again, I have room for all hands to come and stay a day or two, and enjoy the good things of life, of which I keep a stock on hand. I hope they will be serviceable.

"Your son got over here safe, and I took him in. I expect he will give you an amusing account of my ménage. The first evening he came, we had eight dogs in the cabin. I have to resort to all kinds of things for amusement. Loyall was quite at home on mush and cream and fresh butter, all of which we have in abundance.

"Kind regards to all friends, and believe me

"Yours truly and sincerely,

"DAVID D. PORTER.

"I have written to the Honorable Secretary, explaining how it was that the ram Lancaster was lost. She was a miserable concern, and would not have been of the slightest use to you—all worn out."

Farragut had written to Porter :

“FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“*Below Vicksburg, March 25, 1863.*”

“DEAR ADMIRAL : I find myself in a most awkward predicament, being here with only my ship and the little Albatross as a tender, unable to do anything but go up and down the river, or, what is of much more importance, blockade the mouth of Red River for a limited period. I have expressed the desire to you to have an iron-clad, one at least, and two rams, to assist me in this matter, and I now repeat it, so that, when it becomes absolutely necessary for me to go down the river to replenish my provisions and resume my duties in command of the blockading squadron, I may do so without reopening the Red River trade. There is nothing below or in Red River that could successfully compete with an iron-clad and two rams.

“General Ellet called on me, to know if I desired two of his rams. I replied that I needed such vessels, and would be very much gratified to have them, but ‘would not interfere with Admiral Porter’; that I understood his boats to be a component part of your fleet. He said all he desired to know was, ‘whether I considered it to the benefit of the country and the cause to have them below Vicksburg,’ to which I replied, ‘certainly.’ And he said that was all he desired to know, and that he should run down in the night. I told him that, although I was very anxious for the force I had asked of you, and was ignorant of your relative positions, I feared he was wrong in doing so; although it might be done in safety during the darkness of the night, which he said he could avail himself of.

“I had made an arrangement with General Grant, and more particularly with Colonel Wood, of the 76th Ohio Volunteers, to convoy a party to Warrenton and cover the attack at that place, for the purpose of breaking up a casemated battery. General Ellet proposed that his two rams should carry over the party, while we attacked the batteries when they should arrive below. All these arrangements were made, the troops ready for embarkation, the night serene and beautiful—so much so

that I sincerely hoped the General would not think of sending his vessels down. And just as I had come to that conclusion, between half-past five and six o'clock in the morning, I heard the batteries open. I felt that all was lost, unless by the merest accident. My fears were realized. The Lancaster was totally destroyed. The Switzerland had two shots in her boilers—otherwise not materially injured.

“I write this letter for two purposes: first, to exonerate myself from any charge of a disposition to interfere with your command; and secondly, with a hope to excuse General Ellet from any feeling to do that which he thought disagreeable to you. On the contrary, all who surrounded him at the time thought, and so expressed themselves, that it would be in accordance with your wishes, were you present.

“In conclusion, I beg to state that I shall now return to the mouth of the Red River, which I consider the limit of my jurisdiction under my old orders, but which will be curtailed to below Port Hudson, once I pass that place, until it is captured by our own forces.

“On my arrival below, I shall endeavor to communicate with General Banks across the isthmus opposite Port Hudson, when he will have a full understanding of General Grant's views as to an attack on that place above and below.

“Very truly yours,

“D. G. FARRAGUT.

“D. D. PORTER,

“Acting Rear-Admiral,

“Commanding Mississippi Squadron.”

To which Porter replied:

“U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,

“Yazoo River, March 26, 1863.

“MY DEAR ADMIRAL: Yours of 26th, at Biggs's Plantation, has been received. I should have made an effort to get down to see you (and hope to do so still), but I thought that you had dropped below Warrenton. I came back and found a great many things to do—many letters from the Secretary requiring

immediate answers. General Ellet, with his new brigade, also belongs to my command, and I have been occupied all the morning with him.

"In relation to the Switzerland, keep her with you, but please make the commander understand that she is under *your* command, or he will go off on a cruise somewhere before you know it, and then get the ship into trouble. She is a very formidable ship as a ram, but I would never expect to see her again if she got out of your sight. With her and the Albatross you can defy all the vessels the rebels have.

"The great object is to cut off supplies. For that reason I sent down the Queen of the West and Indianola. I got them past the batteries without a hurt, as I would have done with the Lancaster and Switzerland, had I been here.

"I would with great pleasure give you one or two iron-clads, but I have none that are fit for service just now, and the fight at Haines's Bluff must come off soon. The Queen of the West or the Webb would walk right through these iron-clads, while a ram would keep them in check. They say the rebels have the Indianola's guns. Can you ascertain if such is the fact? At low water the whole thing will be exposed. It will be an object for you to remain at Red River as long as possible, and I hope you will do so. It is death to these people; they get all their grub from there.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"DAVID D. PORTER, Acting Rear-Admiral,

"Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

"Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron."

Farragut had also written :

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"Below Vicksburg, March 25, 1863.

"DEAR ADMIRAL: Since my last letter, I have received your last letter by my secretary, Mr. Gabaudan. I am delighted to find that our ideas agree so well on the subject of the blockade

of Red River ; but you say nothing of the iron-clads and rams to assist me in that operation when I shall be compelled to leave there and make my way down to New Orleans. I was in hopes you would have been here in time and sent me an iron-clad to assist in demolishing this casemated battery at Warrenton—unless a force is landed and captures it—a thing I think easily accomplished at present, as the town is surrounded by water, and assistance, except by infantry, is not easily obtained.

“My isolated position requires that I should be more careful of my ship than I would be if I had my fleet with me. I can not get to a machine-shop, or obtain the most ordinary appliances for repairs without fighting my way to them. I deeply regret the rashness of General Ellet in sending his boats past the batteries in broad daylight. You say truly that I have had some disasters in my own fleet similar to that of the *Indianola*. I consider the Galveston affair the greatest blow that the Navy has sustained during the war. It has emboldened our enemies to undertake anything, and in many cases demoralized our own people.

“We are pretty well prepared for boarding. Wishing you every success in your different undertakings, I am

“Yours truly,

“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

The exploit of General Ellet, alluded to in the above correspondence, was a bold and reckless undertaking, and doubtless brought forth the admiration of the enemy as well as that of the Federals. General Ellet had signified his intention, on his own responsibility, of reënforcing Farragut with the *Switzerland* and *Lancaster*. It was prearranged that the attempt should be made before daylight on the morning of March 25th. The boats of the *Hartford* and *Albatross* were placed in readiness to assist, in case of disaster. After midnight all hands were listening attentively for the first gun announcing the discovery of the rams by the enemy. But the night wore on without a sign of a steamer. We began to think that for some prudential reasons the running of the batteries had been postponed. But

just after sunrise a booming was heard away up the river, and two steamers were seen approaching. Gun after gun reverberated over the hills, and shortly the *débris* of a steamer came floating along, without a living object on its crushed timbers. It was the Lancaster. Then came the Switzerland, drifting helplessly with the current. But the Albatross soon ran up to her assistance, and towed her in safety to the levee.

It appeared afterward that these vessels had been delayed in coaling and provisioning, but the gallant young Ellet had determined to start "as soon as he was ready." Sending all of his crew on shore, with the exception of those absolutely necessary to handle the boats, he dashed recklessly out into the stream. He was soon discovered, but kept dauntlessly on his way, running the gantlet of six miles of batteries. The Lancaster was soon a mere wreck, her men providentially escaping on cotton-bales intended for the protection of the machinery. Ellet, on the Switzerland, fared better; a shot disabled his engine, but, with colors flying defiantly, he drifted down out of range. Altogether, it was one of the most desperate undertakings of the war.

In answer to the appeal for iron-clads, Admiral Porter wrote:

"U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON,
"Yazoo River, March 28, 1863.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL: You misunderstood the purport of my letter. I never supposed for a moment that you wanted the iron-clads for your own security, for the Hartford could whip all the rebel navy in these waters. I only spoke of the greater efficiency of the Switzerland. I have here only five iron-clads that can stem the current—not mentioning the Lafayette, which I had brought down here to have her completed. She will not be fit for service for a time to come.

"If you could see the five iron-clads that have just returned from the most remarkable expedition vessels ever started on, you would not think them very suitable for running any distance. They are almost to pieces—rudders gone, pipes down, every boat smashed, decks swept, and wheels broken.

“ ‘The play was worth the candle,’ and, had we got through and formed a junction with the expedition that got through Yazoo Pass, it would have settled Vicksburg. But I could not afford to run any risks, and, our army being far behind for want of transportation, I gave it up (as I since found out) very wisely, as the enemy sent 6,000 men up there with heavy guns. So we had all our knocking to pieces for nothing. That I don’t mind, as long as I lose none of the vessels; for our people at the North howl so over the loss of an old rat-trap that it makes me cautious. My idea is, ‘nothing venture, nothing gain.’”

“I thought you wanted the iron-clads right off, which could not very well be done; but I shall have no difficulty in getting a force to Red River before you leave. We are going to work our way down the Bayou Macon, and some morning you will see us coming out of the mouth of the Red River. Please don’t send a broadside into us.

“The route I speak of is very practicable, and is now open. There will be some fighting to do, but that we get paid for.

“I hope you received your provisions. I heard a gun fire about the time the barge arrived opposite the town, which I presume was an alarm given, caused by the smell of pork, which the nostrils of the rebels are not used to. Could they have captured that barge, they would have saluted with two hundred guns.

“I don’t know yet how our expedition down the Yazoo Pass gets along. They waited one week longer than they should have done—for some soldiers; when their orders were to push on and wait for nothing. They gave the enemy just time to erect a fort of six heavy guns, which our fellows have been fighting ever since, with a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded.

“When I get all my chickens together, we will commence the descent of the Bayou Macon into Red River. If the rebels have not recovered those nine-inch guns, we can clean out that country in a short time. If they have got them, they can give us trouble, in a narrow river where only two vessels can fight abreast.

"Your son went up last night. I sent him in one of our vessels.

"I was sorry not to see you before you went, but I was so worn out after the late expedition that I was not fit to attempt the walk. I have been suffering lately with dysentery, and am not strong. Remember me to Palmer and Jenkins, and, when you meet my old friend Alden, say a thousand kind things for me. I hope it is not true that Cummings is killed. He was a gallant officer, and too good a man to lose.

"With my best wishes for your success and safe arrival below,

"I remain truly and sincerely yours,

"DAVID D. PORTER,

"Acting Rear-Admiral.

"Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron."

The following letter was written by Farragut just before leaving the vicinity of Vicksburg :

"BELOW VICKSBURG, *March 27, 1863.*

"MY DEAR BOY: I was gratified to hear that Colonel Abbot treated you so kindly, and that you got up to Porter's fleet with so much ease. I trust in God for your safe arrival home to the embrace of your dear mother, whose sufferings must have been great to have a husband and son in such constant danger. But she knows that our lives are always in the hands of the Supreme Ruler. I trust you will make up for the lost time you have sustained by the temporary sojourn with me. I hope it is not time wasted. You have seen much in a short time, and know what your father's sufferings have been for the honors he has gained; that his life has not been spent on a bed of roses. But, my son, follow your father's rules to the best of your ability. Do as little wrong as the weakness of your nature will permit, and as much good as you can. Pray to God to give you good understanding, and keep you from evil and protect you from harm. I know you will always be affectionate to your

mother, and make amends for your father's absence and take care of her when he is gone. You know we must all fade away by turns. God grant that you may both enjoy a long and happy life, and be free from this terrible affliction, civil war, which miserable demagogues have brought upon our once happy country. May God bless and preserve you, my devoted son.

“Your affectionate father,
“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

PATROLLING THE RIVER.—APPEALS FOR IRON-CLADS.—THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH BANKS AND PORTER.

FARRAGUT in his flag-ship now dropped down the river, followed by the Albatross and Switzerland. "His friends" at Grand Gulf gave him a warm reception. Three heavy guns had been sent down from Vicksburg for his especial benefit. But this time he was better prepared for them, and succeeded in silencing their battery without serious damage to his vessels. One fine young sailor, named William Jones, was mortally wounded; the bolt of a stanchion that had been shot away passed through him. He was carrying a shell at the time, and made an effort to lift it while the bolt was in his body. He died on the following day, regretted by officers and crew.

The mouth of Red River was reached on the 2d of April, without further annoyance, although some excellent points for batteries had been passed. The Albatross was sent off on a reconnoissance, and returned with fresh provisions. Many skiffs and flat-boats were destroyed, and at one place a large supply of corn intended for Port Hudson.

The 6th of April found the Hartford at anchor a few miles above Port Hudson, within full view of the fortifications, and it was not without pride and curiosity that this stronghold was examined. It seemed wonderful to think of the ships passing the concentrated fire of so many guns with comparatively so small a loss of life.

Farragut was now anxious to apprise General Banks of his return, and to test the practicability of communicating with his friends across the peninsula which makes out opposite the town; but the enemy's videttes were watching his movements, and an attempt at decoy signaling was discovered by Captain Eaton,

the army signal officer on board. It was impossible to send a messenger by land. Guns fired at intervals, and rockets sent up at night, failed to elicit a response.

At this juncture the Admiral's secretary, Mr. Edward C. Gabaudan, volunteered to take a dispatch to the fleet below, by water. A small dug-out was covered with twigs, ingeniously arranged to resemble the floating trees which were a common sight on the Mississippi. At nightfall Mr. Gabaudan lay down in the bottom of his little craft under the brush, with his revolver and a small paddle by his side, and silently drifted out into the current, followed by the prayers of his shipmates. He reached the Richmond in safety, with but one adventure, which came near being his last. His frail bark was swept in so close to the shore that he could distinctly hear the sentinels talking. The size of his craft attracted attention, and a boat put out to make an examination. Gabaudan felt that his time had come; but with finger on the trigger of his revolver, he determined to fight for his liberty, and quietly awaited discovery. Fortunately for him, the rebels were not in a pulling humor that night, and seemed satisfied with a cursory glance. His mind was greatly relieved when they pronounced him to be "only a log," and returned to the shore. About ten o'clock p. m. a rocket was seen to dart up into the air some miles below, a signal of the success of the perilous undertaking.

The Hartford now returned to the mouth of Red River, chasing two steamers *en route*, one of which was captured by the Albatross in one of her expeditions.

While lying here, Farragut captured a rebel mail, through which he got the information that an attempt would be made to board him with river boats, similar to the attack at Galveston. He therefore took every precaution against such a surprise, by fastening heavy logs alongside to prevent his vessel from being rammed. This was in addition to the expedient previously adopted, of lowering the yards athwart the bulwarks, and fastening heavy chain cables to their extremities, forming a perfect cordon around the ship. These preparations evidently had a good moral effect.

On the 15th of April, when the Hartford had returned to Port Hudson, Mr. Gabaudan came on board, accompanied by several army officers. The right bank was now free from the enemy in force, though the party narrowly escaped capture by guerillas. Captain Eaton was enabled to carry on an animated signaling with the Richmond, from the masthead of the ship. The following semi-official letter was sent to General Banks :

" U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
" *Above Port Hudson, April 13, 1863.*

" MY DEAR GENERAL : Thanks to an overruling Providence, I am once more back again within communicating distance of you. I avail myself of this my first opportunity to send you the communication of General Grant, together with this dispatch. It is my intention to wait here, and maintain a rigid blockade of Red River until the arrival or failure of the forces above to join me and make the attack upon Port Hudson as indicated in the communication of General Grant. I confess that my ignorance of the inland navigation to which he alludes prevents me from being able to express an opinion as to when they will accomplish their work, or whether they will be able to accomplish it at all. If it can be done, it will be a clever thing. . . .

" The failure of my vessels to get by Port Hudson was a sad blow to me, and yet it was what might naturally be looked for in a battle. A chance shot disabled the Richmond, and the pilots did the rest by running the ships on shore. We escaped with only one man killed and two slightly wounded, and the ship not at all injured, although frequently struck.

" I have fought the batteries at Grand Gulf and Warrenton five times since, and have lost three more men ; but, taken altogether, we have escaped very well. Had two more of my vessels gotten past, I should not have been compelled to apply to Admiral Porter for additional vessels to blockade Red River. As it is, I have only one ram, the Switzerland. My force being so small, we are compelled to keep together, but I hope it will not be long before we hear from the upper fleet. . . .

"In order to stop the supply of provisions to Port Hudson and Vicksburg, I returned as soon as I could get my supplies and repair damages to the Switzerland. . . .

"I was much gratified to learn that you were in possession of the point opposite Port Hudson. I hope you will be able to keep open the communication. I shall not make my visits often, however, as I wish to prevent the boats from going up or down the river from Red River. I suppose they will attack me soon. I am all ready for them. We shall get used to fighting after a while.

"My feelings have been most severely exercised in consequence of the disaster at Port Hudson, not knowing what had caused it, and having such implicit faith in the several commanders. I felt and feared the worst consequences to them, and was greatly relieved when I learned, through rebel sources, that none of them were killed. But poor Cummings was a great loss, both to the country and to his family. The injury to McKinstry, I hope, is not so bad as they made out. The failure to get through, I know, was almost death to them all. Poor Smith! I was afraid to hear from him. I saw all from a distance, yet was unable to help them. I blamed no one, and I told the Department I knew they did all in their power to get past.

"Very truly yours,

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

Farragut now learned of the investment of Port Hudson by the army, and the expedition by way of Brashear City to Alexandria on Red River. He kept his two vessels in constant motion patrolling, and did all in his power, with this limited force, to destroy provisions and boats. He sent the Switzerland up to Grand Gulf, reports having reached him of Admiral Porter's engagement there and his movement down the river. At this time he wrote to Porter:

"*Off Red River, May 2, 1863.*

"DEAR ADMIRAL: I am still here blockading this river, and doing all in my power to cut off the supplies of the enemy. I

go down to the mouth of Old River, just above Port Hudson, once a week, to communicate with the fleet below. General Banks has made a raid into the Opelousas country, defeated Taylor, captured 2,000 prisoners and some of their best officers, has pushed on to Opelousas, and when last heard from was within thirty miles of Alexandria. They have deserted the Atchafalaya and Fort De Russey on Red River, removing the guns, and gone up to Alexandria to make their stand. They are looking for reënforcements from Kirby Smith, and if I had two, or even one, of your iron-clads, I would now be at Alexandria to meet Banks, and could easily cut off at the mouth of Black River the fleet of Kirby Smith. Do send me one or two of the iron-clads for this service. It will only last a few days, and certainly you can not render a greater service to the country anywhere else. If you do not send me a force of at least two boats, I shall be obliged to relinquish my blockade and go down the river, as my fuel will be nearly expended. I now keep the enemy from sending forces from Port Hudson to Taylor. With one or two iron-clads I could capture Kirby Smith's whole fleet at the mouth of Black River.

"I hear, through rebel sources, that our cavalry have made a raid on the Jackson Railroad and broken up considerable of it, and even penetrated to Jackson. No doubt the enemy has sent every man that can be spared to Johnston, in anticipation of the battle with Rosecrans, and I do not believe there are 20,000 left in Vicksburg, or over 10,000 in Port Hudson. Now is the time for attack. Do send the gunboats.

"Very truly yours,

"D. G. FARRAGUT.

"To Acting Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,

"Or the Commanding Officer at Grand Gulf.

"I send this by Colonel Ellet, of the Switzerland, who is a very efficient and active officer, ready and willing to do anything in his power. He will return with your answer to me, and when I go down the river I shall send him up to you, as he prefers that to going down to New Orleans."

On the evening of May 1st, while the Hartford was lying at the mouth of Red River, the lookout reported a steamer coming down that stream. Immediately the rattle was sprung; the men were soon at their quarters, and fifteen guns were trained on the stranger, only waiting the Admiral's command to fire. She proved to be the United States gunboat Arizona, the first vessel through from Brashear City *via* the Atchafalaya. When she gave her night signal, three hearty cheers went up from the crew, for it announced letters from home and a new route to New Orleans.

On the 4th of May a portion of Porter's fleet made its appearance and steamed by into Red River. It consisted of the Benton (flagship), Pittsburg, Lafayette, ram Sterling Price, and tug-boat Ivy.

Farragut now felt that his services were no longer needed in this vicinity, and he determined to go below and push the siege of Port Hudson. The Government seemed satisfied with his efforts, and acknowledged in the most flattering terms the service rendered since the passage of Port Hudson, but had come to the conclusion that the heavy-draught ships were not adapted for the up-river work. Farragut still had faith in the broadsides of his sloops and their ramming power, where he had room to use them advantageously, but the current and shoals of the Mississippi had formed a more dangerous obstacle to success than the fire of the enemy's guns. Still he was well satisfied with his work, and remarked in regard to a Southern newspaper criticism:

“Whether my getting by Port Hudson was of consequence or not, if Pollard's stomach was as tightly pinched for food as theirs at Port Hudson and Vicksburg have been since I shut up Red River, he would know how to value a good dinner and a little peace.”

Admiral Porter having arrived, Farragut determined to return to New Orleans, to look after the affairs of his squadron and conduct the naval operations in the siege of Port Hudson. He says in his dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy:

“Feeling now that my instructions of October 2, 1862, have been carried out by my maintenance of the blockade of Red River until the arrival of Admiral Porter, and learning, both from the Department and the newspapers, that the iron-clads are on their way down to me, I shall return to New Orleans as soon as practicable, leaving the Hartford and Albatross at the mouth of Red River to await the result of the combined attack upon Alexandria, but with orders to Commodore Palmer to avail himself of the first good opportunity to run down past Port Hudson.”

The following are the instructions to Commodore Palmer, referred to above :

“FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“Mouth of Red River, May 6, 1863.

“COMMODORE : My presence being required at New Orleans, I shall leave you in command of the blockade of the Mississippi between Red River and Port Hudson, until the attack shall have been made against Alexandria by Acting Rear-Admiral Porter and General Banks.

“It is reported that the presence of our vessels in this vicinity has straitened the troops at Port Hudson, as well as the inhabitants. You will therefore rather tighten than relax the blockade, for which purpose I will leave you the Arizona and Estrella, that you may keep one of the three boats between Bayou Sara and Port Hudson, making a trip in exchange every few days, to report to you.

“So soon as Alexandria is reduced or abandoned by our forces, Porter will have at his command ample force to assume the control of the river to Port Hudson, and you will be at liberty to use your judgment in running the batteries (if they are not by that time abandoned by the enemy) and rejoining me at New Orleans.

“Should you need coal in the mean time, I think Admiral Porter will have it sent for, as he will require some for his own fleet.

“Captain Alden has been directed to render you all the as-

sistance in his power in your descent. I shall communicate with you from New Orleans, and see that your wants are cared for. When the charge of the river is assumed by Admiral Porter, as is expected by the Department, you will send the *Estrella* and *Arizona* down the *Atchafalaya*; the former to the mouth of *Cote Blanche*, and the latter to *Berwick's Bay*, directing Lieutenant-Commander Cook to report to me at New Orleans.

“Wishing you a short and pleasant time, I remain,

“Yours respectfully,

“D. G. FARRAGUT.

“To Commodore JAMES S. PALMER,
“Commanding Flag-Ship *Hartford*.”

The sympathetic cheers which went up from the crew, as they manned the rigging when Farragut left the *Hartford* to return to New Orleans, were ever remembered by him with pleasure. There was much of sentiment in his composition, and he could appreciate such a demonstration when given with unmistakable sincerity. His association with Commodore Palmer, too, had been extremely agreeable, and he had especially learned to respect that officer from one incident. At the passage of *Vicksburg*, Palmer commanded the *Iroquois*, the leading ship. The flag-ship stopped her engines for a few minutes, to allow the vessels in rear to close up. Perceiving this circumstance, and imagining that some accident had befallen the Admiral, Palmer dropped his vessel down to the *Hartford*. The Admiral misunderstood the movement at first, and seizing a trumpet from the officer of the deck he hailed, saying, “Captain Palmer, what do you mean by disobeying my orders?” Palmer replied, “I thought, Admiral, you had more fire than you could stand, and I came down to draw part of it off.” It was gallantly done, and Farragut never forgot it. Under a reserve of manner and dignified bearing which almost amounted to pomposity, Palmer showed a warm and generous nature. He was brave and cool under fire, and always ready to obey his chief's commands. The writer has seen him going into battle

dressed with scrupulous neatness, performing the last part of his toilet in buttoning his kid gloves as though he were about to enter a ball-room. He died at St. Thomas, West Indies, Dec. 7, 1867, while in command of the South Atlantic squadron.

On reaching New Orleans, Farragut wrote :

" May 11th.

" Here I am once more in this city, in General Banks's house, writing to you. I arrived this morning from the mouth of Red River, by one of the dozen winding streams that cut through this country. I left Captain Palmer to look out for the ship while I came down to see what I could do to make the path easy for his return down the river.

" Our troops have taken Alexandria—that is, Porter did it with his iron-clads.

" The Government thinks the wooden ships have done their duty. I came to try and ease the old Hartford down by the forts, or leave her there until they are taken. Everything is going on well just now. If we could only whip Johnston, and take Charleston, then we should get along toward the close of this civil war.

" You say you think I am getting too ambitious. You do me great injustice in supposing that I am detained here a day by ambition. I am much more apt to lose than win honors by what I do. My country has a right to my services as long as she wants them. She has done everything for me, and I must do all for her. Gladly would I go home; but you see how it is. Dupont is being blamed. It may be my turn to-morrow. All I can do is, my best. The worst of it is, that people begin to think I fight for pleasure. God knows there is not a more humble poor creature in the community than myself. . . . I shall go to church to-morrow, and try to return suitable thanks for the many blessings that have been bestowed upon me.

" D. G. F."

" May 12th.

" Thank God, I am very well to-day, but with an immense load of business on my shoulders. I am case-hardened, how-

ever, and do not mind work, as you know, so long as we prosper; that is all. We seem to have the run upon them now. I hear that Hooker is having a severe fight.

"The raider, Colonel Grierson (from Memphis to Baton Rouge) is here. We dined together at the St. Charles. He seems a modest man, and looks like a fellow of great energy. I hope Port Hudson will soon fall, and that will finish my river work. As soon as Mobile and Galveston are away, I shall apply to be relieved. But it is difficult to get off, as long as the country demands my services.

"They make a great deal of me here; I don't know why, unless it is because I did not get my head knocked off. . . .

"I trust in God that Hooker has won a battle, though the rebels make it out a defeat, with a heavy loss on both sides. But fighting is the only way to end the war. Now we are looking for Dupont's attack on Charleston, with intense anxiety. Things are still looking well in this quarter. We hope for the success of Grant at Vicksburg. If any one of the great battles is decisive in our favor, all will go well, and I shall hope for a shorter war than I did. I am growing old fast, however, and want rest.

"D. G. F."

Shortly after this visit to New Orleans, the Admiral moved up to the vicinity of Port Hudson, his flag being temporarily hoisted on the *Monongahela* (Captain Melancton Smith). The investment by the army had begun with vigor. The ships bombarded every night, and sometimes during the day, or whenever it was possible to do so without injury to our own troops closing in on the ill-fated place. A four-gun battery of nine-inch Dahlgrens, manned by sailors from the *Richmond* and *Essex*, and commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Terry and Ensigns Swan and Shepard, did some effective service on shore. Farragut watched with great interest the progress of the siege. Among his papers we find the draft of a letter to General Banks, written after the first unsuccessful assault:

“FLAG-SHIP MONONGAHELA,
“ *May 28, 1863.*

“DEAR GENERAL: I deeply sympathize with you in your losses and failure to carry the works of the enemy. I know nothing of the arrangement of their works, and consequently have no judgment in the case. When I saw General Weitzel open his battery on the extreme right, I thought we were all right; but, when they silenced his fire, I feared that all was lost, and that he had retired. In their exultation they opened upon us. We returned the fire, and continued to shell them until their guns were silenced. I now feel anxious to know what will be your next view of the case, in order to coöperate. I sent General [T. W.] Sherman and some of the wounded down to New Orleans in our tug, and have this morning sent two medical officers down to Springfield Landing, to assist your surgeons. I only desire to know in what other way I can help you. When you have made up your mind as to your next move, please let me know, that I may govern myself accordingly.

“Sincerely yours,
“ D. G. FARRAGUT.”

“AT PORT HUDSON,
“ *May 29, 1863.*

“DEAR SIR: We mean to harass the enemy night and day, and to give him no rest. I desire to establish a system of signals with you by night and day, by which we can make instant communication. This can be done by means of rockets at night, and with a signal flag, which I think we can accomplish, in the daytime. I shall want you to shell the town at night incessantly. I think if you can get the range of the centre of the town, and then drop the shells on the right and left, front and rear, for the space of half a mile from the town, it will harass the enemy without injury to us. A trial experiment can be made, so that you can have immediate notice of its effect, and may extend your operations in the direction where it may be possible without injury.

“An examination of the works, when we reached them,

showed them to be very formidable, and the country in which they are placed is a perfect labyrinth. One is unable to comprehend the lay of the land even after having traveled through it. Ravines, woods, and obstructions of every sort disconcert the movement of troops, and break up the lines. A portion of these difficulties will disappear as we get acquainted with the ground, but at first encounter they are very formidable.

“I want you to send me immediately five hundred hand-grenades. Let them be accompanied, if you please, by an officer who can explain to our men their proper management. I desire, if possible, that some means may be devised by which the steamers may be brought out of Thompson’s Creek. If you can suggest anything upon that subject, I should like it. I did not receive your letter of the 20th, until last night, but most of the suggestions contained therein had been complied with. The telegraphic operator has been instructed to open communication with you at Springfield Landing.

“I have the honor to be, etc.,

“N. P. BANKS,

“Major-General Commanding.

“Admiral FARRAGUT.”

“DEAR GENERAL: Your two dispatches have this moment been received. I am delighted to find that you maintain so good a position. I thought Weitzel had been driven back, by the heavy bombardment in the night. I can not but think that one of the best points of assault is on the water front. Captain — came down here opposite the Essex day before yesterday, and knows the way. It is not over a mile and a quarter to the citadel. If you would come down abreast of the Essex, and march up under the support of the fleet, it seems to me that we could put you within the lines. The only thing I don’t know is the character of the land along shore. Your engineer officer might look at it. We have no hand-grenades; they are not in use in the Navy, though we esteemed them highly during the war of 1812.

"If you can furnish pilots and engineers, the steamers can come out of Thompson's Creek at any time, and run up to the Hartford. As to the enemy's forces, we had a deserter yesterday, who said they had about 4,000 men. They must work them very severely night and day, but they work on a small radius. You must overcome them by perseverance. I will shell them, but I do not believe it does much good, as they are not where we can reach them; they fall back to the inner line at night. However, we will fire every time they show themselves. They have been lavish with ammunition yesterday and to-day, and yet we heard that they had not much on hand! Wishing you success,

"I remain, yours truly,
"D. G. FARRAGUT."

Farragut wrote to Commodore Morris, commanding at New Orleans:

"U. S. S. MONONGAHELA,
"Port Hudson, June 1, 1863.

"DEAR COMMODORE: Don't allow the tug to remain at New Orleans any longer than is necessary to get in her stores, and if she breaks down send up the Reliance. I must have a vessel here all the time until this place is taken. . . .

"Let me know if there is any more news from Mobile or Pensacola that requires my attention. Send my mails up as they arrive, after you open and see if there is anything that requires your immediate action.

"Get the Clifton into the Sound as soon as possible, for I have no doubt Buchanan has some idea of going through Grant's Pass. That was what he wanted the flag of truce for—to find out the depth of water beyond the Pass inside. I do not believe he can get his gunboats through. . . .

"We are well supplied now with munitions of war.

"Yours truly,
"D. G. FARRAGUT,
"Rear-Admiral."

He wrote to the Secretary of the Navy:

"FLAG-SHIP *MONONGAHELA*,
"June 15, 1863.

"SIR: Since my last communication we have had an assault on Port Hudson by the Army, but in consequence of some accident it was not successful, and we stand very much as we did before.

"General Banks appears to think his position somewhat improved, but I do not understand how, except that it is a little nearer.

"We are expending an enormous amount of shot and shell, as the firing is kept up constantly. I shall have to economize, as we are reduced to our last five hundred mortar shells.

"In the Navy battery, we have four nine-inch guns, in charge of Lieutenant-Commander Terry, of the Richmond, with Acting-Ensigns Swan and Shepard.

"I know nothing of the details of the fight on Sunday morning; there was a terrible cannonade for an hour or two, and I believe a charge was made, which from some accidental cause was unsuccessful. The men are reported to be in good spirits.

"We take a number of deserters every day, and they represent their food limited to three ears of corn a day, with half a pound of fresh beef. They have about two hundred and fifty head of cattle, many of them being killed daily by the shot and shell.

"Their ammunition particularly is also short; but as they husband their resources, only firing when we assault them, and then using fragments of our shell and pieces of railroad iron, they are likely to hold out for some time. Still, I hope they will be compelled to surrender before they can get reinforcements; although they are said to have a strong force on the west bank of the Mississippi. We have the Hartford and four gunboats to keep them from crossing.

"Very respectfully,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Rear-Admiral.

"HON. GIDEON WELLES,

"Secretary of the Navy."

“About the middle of June, while Farragut was watching the progress of the siege, the monotony was varied by a demonstration on the part of the Confederate forces on the west bank of the Mississippi, under their energetic leader, General Dick Taylor. Taylor readily gained information of the condition and numbers of the garrisons in the Teche Country, and he was also aware of the fact that the military force at New Orleans was quite small; so he determined to take advantage of the situation and make a bold attempt to cut off Banks's line of communication with New Orleans and create a diversion in favor of General Gardner, who was besieged in Port Hudson. His first objective point was Brashear City, which he captured, together with the garrison (consisting mainly of convalescent soldiers), and an immense amount of supplies. But in making this movement, a portion of his force, under Colonel Major, moving rapidly down the river, attacked Plaquemine, capturing some prisoners and destroying two transports that were aground.

Farragut, on receipt of this intelligence, saw the importance of prompt action, and hastened to thwart the enemy in his designs. Leaving Captain Macomb in charge of affairs at Port Hudson, he hastened down to Plaquemine in the Tennessee, but on his arrival at Baton Rouge was much gratified to find that Lieutenant-Commander Weaver, in the Winona, had gone to the rescue and shelled the rebels out of the town, and had followed them down to Donaldsonville, which place he reached in advance of them. By dark the Admiral was there himself, where he found the Kineo, Lieutenant-Commander John Waters, sent up from New Orleans by Commodore Morris. The enemy withdrew, and continued on to Brashear City, but boldly intimated that they would return and attack the place. Woolsey, in the Princess Royal, was placed in command at Donaldsonville, while Weaver was ordered to cruise up and down, and shell the rebels wherever they showed themselves on the river bank. Weaver did good service in this way. The little fort at Donaldsonville consisted of an earthwork ditched on three sides, the fourth being on the river front. A few guns were mounted on this work, but the garrison, which consisted of two hundred

and twenty-five men, mostly invalids, knew nothing of the service of artillery. In this emergency Farragut ordered Waters, who volunteered for the duty, to assist the officer in command in drilling his men; so that by the time the enemy appeared the fort was in a passable condition for defense.

Having made this disposition of his gunboats, Farragut proceeded down the river, as the most exaggerated rumors had reached him of Taylor's advance on New Orleans. The enemy certainly made no secret of their movements. On the 17th they reached the Lafourche crossing, and were twice repulsed with heavy loss; but their attack on Brashear City on the 23d was a complete surprise; the naval force, consisting of a small tug mounting two 12-pound howitzers, was compelled to retire, her commander claiming that he could not fire without injuring the Union troops. Finally on the 27th the Confederates appeared at Donaldsonville, the rebel General Green sending word that he intended to attack, and notifying the women and children to leave.

At 1:20 A. M. on the 28th the attack was made. A storming party succeeded in entering the fort; but the Princess Royal opened a flanking fire above and below, hurling destruction into the enemy's ranks and driving back the supporting party. Of the two hundred who led the charge, one hundred and twenty were captured inside the ditch of the fort. By 4:30 the enemy had retreated; and as daylight appeared, and the smoke cleared away, the flag was seen to be flying, which brought forth three hearty cheers. The Winona reached Donaldsonville in time to take part in the defense of the place, and was closely followed by the Kineo, which the Admiral had sent up at the first intimation of hostilities. In this little engagement the gunboats played a conspicuous part, and there is no doubt that but for the Admiral's promptness, and the pluck and judgment of Woolsey, ably seconded by Weaver and Watters, Donaldsonville would have been captured and the enemy would have succeeded in their designs.

Farragut gained some information of the movements and position of Dick Taylor's forces, through the singular adventure

of one of the sailors of a gunboat. It appears that this man had wandered off a short distance from the town of Donaldsonville, entirely unarmed, when he unexpectedly ran against a Texan soldier who was sitting across a log by the roadside, weary and footsore. Jack saw the soldier's musket, and thought himself in a tight place, but, assuming an indifferent tone, he entered into conversation with the stranger, and learned that he had straggled off from a column of Confederate troops. The Texan must have been a most unsuspecting mortal, or the sailor egregiously deceived him, for the man started along with him in the direction of the town. The sailor, at an unguarded moment, seized the rebel's musket, and ordered him to surrender. He then marched his prisoner down to the levee, made signal for a boat, and took the man on board. The Texan was very much mortified at the fact of having been captured by an unarmed man.

Farragut now notified Banks of the affair at Donaldsonville :

"NEW ORLEANS, *June 22, 1863.*

"GENERAL: I arrived at Plaquemine just in time to find that the gunboat Winona had shelled the enemy out of the town, and that the town had suffered also. The enemy burnt two steamers, the Sykes and Anglo-American, the former being aground, and the latter trying to get her off.

"I learn that there were three thousand men in the raid, all Texans, and that they were going to Donaldsonville to get stores, etc. They have no baggage wagons, or only a few. They live on the country from day to day, and have only ammunition for a show fight (what they have in their boxes and caissons). They have fifteen six- and eight-pounders, and one twenty-pounder Parrott. They say that they heard Taylor had fifteen hundred men below, who, I suppose, are now attacking the Lafourche crossing, where our people have repulsed them twice. General Emory has sent reënforcements.

"I think, General, it is bad policy to have guns on the right bank of the river when there are not men enough to defend them. The enemy will certainly, if defeated at Brashear City

(which they announce as their next place of attack, to procure ammunition and provisions), make an effort to obtain those supplies from Fort Banks, or the Fort at Donaldsonville. If they once get either of those works, they may capture transports and do us much damage before we find it out and dislodge them. I have at Brashear City the only gunboat that can enter the bay, except those above Port Hudson.

"These people may do us some damage, but if Port Hudson falls within a week, with five thousand men, you can capture every one by landing above and marching down upon them.

"I will be up in a day or two, but I know that Captain Alden will do all that I could do if I was there.

"I concentrated three or four gunboats at Donaldsonville in a few hours, which induced the rebels to give it up.

"Wishing you every success,

"Respectfully and truly yours,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Rear-Admiral.

"Major-General N. P. BANKS,

"Commanding Department of the Gulf."

General Banks sent the following acknowledgment of the part played by the Navy in the affair at Donaldsonville:

"BEFORE PORT HUDSON, *July 5, 1863.*

"DEAR SIR: The result at Donaldsonville was very gratifying, and I feel greatly indebted to the officers of the Navy for the assistance they gave, and the distinguished part they played in this most creditable affair.

"General Emory writes me (July 3d) that the rebels have fired upon our transports from a point some few miles below Donaldsonville. They have disabled the Iberville, which was towed back to New Orleans, and put some shots through one or two other vessels. I desire you, if possible, to patrol the river with the gunboats, so that our communication may be kept open for a few days longer; this is very important. General Emory is much alarmed for the safety of New Orleans, but I can not think the city in any danger. It is impossible for me just now

to send him the reinforcements he requires. But, although their movements will occasion some inconvenience, I am quite satisfied that there is no imminent peril.

"We have no news from Grant. Affairs in the north are becoming interesting. We are progressing favorably, but not as rapidly as I could wish, with our movements here. Three or four days more will bring our affairs to a successful issue. I shall be delighted to see you again.

"I have the honor to be, etc.

"N. P. BANKS,

"Major-General Commanding."

"Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT.

To Commodore Bell, blockading off the Texas coast, Farragut wrote:

"FLAG-SHIP PENSACOLA,

"NEW ORLEANS, *June 28, 1863.*

"COMMODORE: We are beginning to understand your letter about Magruder sending all the troops out of Texas. They are now at the end of the railroad, and have captured Brashear City. A part of the force came on the Mississippi opposite Port Hudson. They are now marching upon this city, and we are expecting to have a lively time. I followed one party down the river, and prevented them from attacking Donaldsonville, so they continued on down to meet Mouton at Brashear.

"I did think of sending for you, but I think we have enough here at present. I have the Portsmouth, Pensacola, Monongahela, and smaller vessels. I have the Tennessee for my vidette boat, and will try to make myself a little comfortable on board of her. The idea is, that the moment the rebel army arrives opposite New Orleans, their friends in the city will rise and seize arms and public stores in the city, and go ahead. I am disposing everything now for the attack. The whole object of the enemy is to divert Banks from Port Hudson.

"The siege goes on slowly, but I trust surely. I would like to go back there, but New Orleans would be game, and I must go with it.

"The New London or some other boat will be sent you in a

few days, so that you will be able to send the worst of your gunboats to this place or Pensacola for repairs.

“Wishing you a pleasant time,

“I remain your friend,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Rear-Admiral.

“To Commodore BELL,

“Commanding on Coast of Texas.”

To Commodore Morris, at New Orleans, he wrote from Port Hudson :

“FLAG-SHIP TENNESSEE,

“BELOW PORT HUDSON, *July 4, 1863.*

“COMMODORE: We are greatly in want of 100-lb. Parrott shell. Please send them up, the moment any arrive. I see no way of estimating the time it will take to reduce this place. They say they are eating their mules; but God knows if it is true. The deserters also say they have only twenty-five hundred men for duty. Our men are apparently on top of the works. Why they do not go in, I can not tell. Our vessels can do no good, as they can not fire, for fear of injuring our own troops. Keep a good lookout on the Texans at or below Donaldsonville. I have not yet seen General Banks. He sent an escort for me, but I was too unwell and had too much to attend to in getting Caldwell off, etc. But I will go up tomorrow if he sends a horse for me. I hope you celebrated the day by dressing the ships and firing a national salute.

“Very truly yours,

“D. G. FARRAGUT,

“Rear-Admiral.

“To Commodore H. MORRIS,

“Commanding at New Orleans.”

To General Emory, at New Orleans, Farragut wrote:

“FLAG-SHIP TENNESSEE,

“PORT HUDSON, *July 5, 1863.*

“DEAR GENERAL: Your note is duly received. I understand the play of the rebels, and think we can foil them. I have

ample force on the river to keep them in check. They are on the west bank from Donaldsonville down about twelve or fifteen miles, and a picket of two or three hundred extending down as far as Bonnet Carre. Watters shelled them the other night as I came up. I have two boats at Donaldsonville, and one below to convey the transports.

"The Quartermaster-General ought to be very particular in the captains of his steamers, as a rebel will run in and surrender if he has half a chance. . . .

"I had a long letter from Porter to-day by the Arizona. He says it is reported that Vicksburg will surrender to-day. They had pride in not surrendering until after the Fourth of July.

"I shall go to see General Banks to-morrow. You have plenty of force at New Orleans—two sloops of war and three or four other vessels there whose guns are as good as ever, and even if their steam is not available they can shell the city.

"It is most important to have the gunboats watch the rebels on the river.

"Porter writes me that they are playing the same game with him in trying to cut off supplies. They are two or three thousand strong up there.

"Very respectfully,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Rear-Admiral.

"Brigadier-General EMOY,

"Commanding U. S. forces, New Orleans."

Commodore Palmer had the pleasure of announcing the fall of Vicksburg, in the following letter:

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"July 7, 1863.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I sent you word this morning of the fall of Vicksburg. They paroled everybody—25,000 men—and then Grant's army started after Johnston, and were close upon him.

"But there is bad news from the North. The rebels have

been everywhere successful. They have Harrisburg and Carlisle, and have certainly, ere this, Baltimore and Philadelphia. The Government have dismissed Hooker, and placed Meade in command. Poor Foote is dead, and Dahlgren has Dupont's fleet. Porter sent me down a coal-barge, which has sunk where she grounded, at Point Coupée, in five feet of water. I shall send up and have it discharged by contrabands. But another will come down either to-day or to-morrow by the Switzerland.

"Porter did not write, but sent off the Price with the news.

"I send the steward over with your things, and he will take this letter.

"Ever yours truly,

"J. S. PALMER."

But the satisfaction with which Farragut received this intelligence was saddened by one occurrence. At the first intimation of the affair at Plaquemine, he had dispatched a tug to New Orleans to Captain Jenkins to "come up if he could crawl," take command of the Richmond, and conduct affairs at Port Hudson, while he proceeded down to the new point of danger. Jenkins, although sick, with his usual energy started at midnight in the Monongahela, accompanied by a transport loaded with much-needed supplies of ammunition and provisions for the army. Arriving at College Point, a few miles below Donaldsonville, they found that the enemy, with renewed energy after the affair at Donaldsonville, had planted batteries on the river bank. Twelve guns were mounted, with embrasures cut in the levee; and, as the Monongahela approached, they opened on her with artillery and musketry. This fire was promptly returned, and the rebels driven from their guns; but, sad to say, Abner Read, commanding the Monongahela, was mortally wounded, and shortly after died at Baton Rouge. This officer had made quite a reputation on Lake Pontchartrain while commanding the New London, by his vigilance in overhauling and capturing smugglers and blockade-runners. Farragut remarked that "he was a loss to both our Navy and the country, and that no service could boast a better officer."

Captain Jenkins was slightly wounded by the same shot that gave the death-blow to poor Read.

The *Monongahela* and her charge reached Baton Rouge safely, having accomplished the object of their mission. The engagement at College Point had not been prolonged, because the safety of supplies was of the utmost importance.

Captain Jenkins had a most singular experience in New Orleans, in connection with the rumored raid on that city. He had gone down with Farragut on his first visit, and while there was taken sick with fever, which compelled him to remain behind at the house of Dr. Mercer, when Farragut returned to Port Hudson. In this condition he was called upon by General Emory, who informed him that an attack was threatened upon the city by the rebels from Brashear City, and that the report was, that their friends in New Orleans would cooperate with them in a general uprising; that it was part of their programme also to seize all prominent officials and hold them as hostages to prevent the ships from firing into the city. Jenkins told the General that he would not budge, and that "if the rebels succeeded in getting possession, to tell Morris not to hesitate about firing into any house where he might be incarcerated, but to go ahead and knock the town down." It was shortly after this that he received the summons from Farragut to take command of the *Richmond* and the operations before Port Hudson (in the place of Captain Alden, who had gone North).

Jenkins understood the urgency of the request, and started up in the *Monongahela*. The enemy had faithful allies in New Orleans who kept them well informed of everything going on, and in this instance the ship was scarcely under way before flash lights along the river bank assured Jenkins that they knew what he was doing. He had taken advantage of the new moon to facilitate his movements, but, as he had an intimation that the enemy had placed batteries at College Point, the vessel's speed was regulated to reach that place after daylight, where the engagement already described took place.

Farragut was at Baton Rouge when he received the intelli-

gence of the attack on the *Monongahela* and transports, and he says in his report to the Department :

“I proceeded on my way down to Donaldsonville, determined to convoy the next tow, in order to ascertain the true state of affairs, which were greatly magnified, on the river banks. At 6:30 P. M. on the 9th I started down the river in the *Monongahela*, followed by the *Essex*, which vessel I had in the mean time sent up for, and the *Kineo* and *Tennessee*. I soon drew their fire on the *Monongahela*, but she was more successful than the night before, and very shortly silenced their guns; but they continued their musketry fire for almost two hours. The batteries were four in number, and opened on us in succession. I am glad to report that we lost no one injured on either of the gunboats, but the orderly sergeant of the *Tennessee* was mortally wounded, and died during the night. The tow passed safely down without injury, and we anchored about five miles below the batteries.”

The surrender of Vicksburg, on the 4th of July, was followed in a few days by the capitulation of Port Hudson, after a most gallant defense by the Confederate General Gardner. On this subject Captain Jenkins, commanding the steamer *Richmond*, wrote :

“BELOW PORT HUDSON,
“July 9, 1863.

“ADMIRAL : At nine o'clock and fifty minutes A. M. yesterday, I received the dispatch from General Banks, dated at 5 A. M. of that day, which I sent to you by the *Essex*, informing you that commissioners had been appointed to meet at 9 A. M. of that day, to agree upon terms for the surrender of Port Hudson.

“You will not fail to observe that there was no invitation given to the Navy to participate, either in the preliminary arrangements for the surrender of the place, or in its formal occupation. Had the dispatch of General Banks been received in time to have exchanged communications with him on the subject, I should have felt it my duty to insist that one of the com-

missioners to make arrangements for the surrender of the place should be a Navy officer of rank to represent you and your fleet. . . .

“Very respectfully,

“THORNTON A. JENKINS.

“Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT.”

The Mississippi was now clear of any formidable works—a subject of congratulation to Farragut, for he felt that he had contributed all in his power toward this result. From New Orleans, on the 15th of July, he wrote :

“I continue my health, my vessels are all repairing, and I am trying everybody by court-martial, to clear the calendar. I wrote to Porter to-day, to turn over the river to him above New Orleans, and as soon as the courts are over I shall sail to look after the blockade, and then take a run home, that is, if nothing occurs in the shape of a reverse. Everything seems to be going well. Meade appears to be the man, after all. He has manœuvred a large force, and I hope has saved the Union. We have done our part of the work assigned to us, and all has worked well. My last dash past Port Hudson was the best thing I ever did, except taking New Orleans. It assisted materially in the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. I think we have them all right now.”

At this time Admiral Porter wrote to him :

“FLAG-SHIP BLACK HAWK,

“OFF VICKSBURG, *July 16, 1863.*

“DEAR ADMIRAL: Yours of July 9th has been received, by the Genesee. I should have been down to see you before this, but you know what it is, by this time. Notwithstanding Vicksburg is taken, you will be surprised to hear that I have not one iron-clad to spare. I have four sunken ones, within stone's-throw of me: the Indianola, Cincinnati, Cairo, and De Kalb. The latter was blown up four days ago, by a torpedo, and I fear

is a total wreck. When Sherman brought Johnston to a stand at Jackson, and surrounded him in the city, there was but one thing for Johnston to do, and that was, to cut his way out and escape by the way of Yazoo City and the transports he had assembled there. He consequently had it strongly fortified, and the finest steamers on the river all ready there for the purpose of embarking.

“General Grant and I started an expedition up there, and the De Kalb attacked the batteries, while the soldiers landed. The rebels fled, leaving everything in our hands. They set fire, unfortunately, to four splendid steamers, and burned them up, and we only captured one, a semi-gunboat. While the De Kalb was moving up slowly, she ran on a torpedo, which blew her bow right out of her, and down she went! Nobody killed or drowned, thank Heaven! We captured six heavy guns from the enemy, and lost thirteen by the sinking of the De Kalb—rather a losing business, but the loss is only temporary. We are getting the guns out, and may save the hull. The Lafayette came up here with her keel burned in two, and her bottom burned half through. I am trying to fix her up; she will do for a scare-crow, though they will be afraid to fire her heavy guns. The Tuscumbia has never been repaired since the Grand Gulf affair, where she got a pretty good hammering, and I have to keep her lying still at an exposed point. The Mound City has sprung a leak in her boilers, and can not make a fire.

“So I only have the Carondelet, Choctaw, Benton, and Louisville, that can move. They are stationed at points where the rebels have heavy batteries, and the Choctaw and Pittsburg are stationed at the mouth of Red River.

“These things I have now are nothing but the old rattle-traps Davis left here, and it is as much as the commanders can do to keep them afloat. I have to depend on the tin-clads to keep the river clear above us, and they have a hard time of it. Still, they whip the light batteries the rebels put up, have killed a good many men, and the rebels are gradually getting tired of it. They have never captured or materially hurt a transport yet, and they think it won't pay to be shot at for nothing.

"I have sent an expedition up the Red River and the Tensas. If no accident happens to them, I will send them below as soon as they return, and send off the Lafayette as soon as I get her keel repaired. I have two nice iron-clad 'turreted monsters' coming down. They *started* three months ago, and, after returning now and then to the machine-shop and contractors, have concluded to stay there for the rest of the season.

"The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers have fifteen gunboats to guard them, and until Rosecrans does something I can hope to use none of those vessels.

"I have heard nothing yet from the Department about extending my command, but am waiting here for orders. When I get them, I will come down at once. I do not know that I can do anything unless you leave me all the small vessels until I can get others. They should send out here a goodly number from the North. I expect, though, they have their hands full looking out for Semmes. I hope General Banks will remove all the guns from Port Hudson, or the rebels will get in there again. If Johnston escapes from Sherman and gets down that way, he will try it. The plan of the enemy is, to have flying batteries all along the river, and annoy us in that way. They have already planted one twenty-five miles below here, one at Rodney, and are going to put another at Ellis's Cliffs. We shall be kept busy chasing them up.

"As soon as I can get hold of Ellet's brigade, which is now up the river, I will send it down. It consists of a small force, but can land, and perhaps capture the guns.

"Hoping to see you soon, and congratulating you on the capture of Port Hudson,

"I remain, respectfully and truly yours,

"DAVID D. PORTER,

"Acting Rear-Admiral.

"To Rear-Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT."

About the 1st of August, Admiral Porter arrived at New Orleans in his flag-ship, the Black Hawk, and Farragut returned to his old love, the Hartford, and sailed for New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK—A. WELCOME BY PROMINENT CITIZENS— RESOLUTIONS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

ON his arrival in New York, Farragut reported to the Navy Department, in the following letter :

“FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“*New York, August 16, 1863.*”

“SIR: I have the honor to report my return North in the flag-ship Hartford, in accordance with your letter of June 15th.

“On the 1st instant, Acting Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter arrived at New Orleans in his flag-ship Black Hawk, accompanied by the gunboat Tuscumbia. He announced to me that the Mississippi River was undisturbed by the enemy from Cairo to New Orleans, whereupon I wrote him a congratulatory note upon my being able to do in person what I had before done by letter, viz. : turn over to him the command of the Mississippi River from New Orleans to its head waters.

“I then informed him that I should depart for the North on a short leave. My arrangements having been previously made, I left New Orleans at 6:30 P. M. that day (1st instant), and arrived here to-day, making the passage in nine days and no hours.

“This ship, the Richmond, and the Brooklyn, all require extensive repairs before they are fit for winter service in the Gulf. This vessel requires, however, less repair than either of the others, as she is uninjured below the water-line, except, per-

haps, her stern, the extent of damage to which can only be ascertained by docking.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

“HON. GIDEON WELLES,

“Secretary of the Navy.”

These historic ships were great objects of curiosity on their arrival at the Navy-yard. Upon examination, it was discovered that the *Hartford* alone had been struck two hundred and forty times by shot and shell in nineteen months of actual service.

When not quietly resting in his home at Hastings, Farragut found his time fully occupied in social duties. He showed his interest in the welfare of the village by contributing the first five hundred dollars received as prize-money to the erection of an Episcopal church, as a thank-offering for his deliverance from the dangers to which he had been exposed.

During his whole stay at the North he was the recipient of distinguished consideration from her citizens, and the following letter, treasured up among his papers, is worthy of production :

“New York, *August 13, 1863.*

“SIR: The citizens of New York are too familiar with your brilliant career in the public service not to feel earnestly desirous of showing, in some appropriate manner, their high appreciation of your personal and professional character. The whole country, but especially this commercial metropolis, owes you a large debt of gratitude for the skill and dauntless bravery with which, during a long life of public duty, you have illustrated and maintained the maritime rights of the nation, and also for the signal ability, judgment, and courtesy with which, in concert with other branches of the loyal national forces, you have sustained the authority of the Government, and recovered and defended national territory. The undersigned have great pleasure in tendering you a cordial welcome on your return from

the successful discharge of responsible duties, the results of which have given increased admiration for the Navy, and a new lustre to the national flag.

"In offering this expression of their cordial esteem, the undersigned request that you will gratify them and their fellow citizens, by appointing some convenient time, during your stay in this city, when you will allow them in person to assure you of the high respect and regard with which they are

"Your obedient servants,

SHEPHERD KNAPP,	J. H. FONDA,	A. W. GREENLEAF,
B. R. WINTHROP,	W. M. VERMILYE,	NATHANIEL HAYDEN,
E. DELAFIELD SMITH,	KISSAM & Co.,	ARTHUR LEARY,
MORRIS KETCHUM,	A. V. STOUT,	LUTHER C. CLARK,
WILLIAM H. LEE,	H. BLYDENBURGH,	DENNING DUEB,
ELLIOT C. COWDIN,	J. BOORMAN JOHNSTON	O. D. F. GRANT,
HENRY W. T. MALL,	R. H. LOWEY, [& Co.,	CHARLES A. SECOR,
B. W. BONNEY,	A. M. PALMER,	HIRAM BAENEY,
JAMES G. KING,	RICHARD BERRY,	W. T. HOWARD,
CHARLES KNEELAND,	A. T. STEWART,	CHARLES G. BUTLER,
G. P. ROBBINS,	GEORGE S. COE,	J. H. ALMY,
LEONARD W. JEROME,	FRANCIS A. HALL,	GEORGE W. BLUNT,
RICHARD C. MCCORMICK,	JOSEPH J. COMSTOCK,	HENRY V. POOR,
ROBERT H. MCCURDY,	S. DRAPER,	J. AUSTIN STEVENS, JR.,
DAVID HOADLEY,	EDWARD MINTURN,	HENRY J. RAYMOND,
J. SEYMOUR,	HENRY S. CHAPMAN,	A. A. LOW & BROTHERS,
MASON THOMSON,	J. TAYLOR JOHNSTON,	JOHN B. HALL,
JOHN J. CISCO,	E. NYE,	GIBSON A. PALMER,
M. H. GRINNELL,	O. E. DETMOLD,	T. KETCHAM,
ISAAC BELL,	C. A. STETSON,	WILLIAM E. DODGE,
JAMES GALLATIN,	PARKER JONES,	WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES,
CHARLES GOULD,	WILLIAM H. BROWN,	E. D. STANTON,
NEHEMIAH KNIGHT,	DAVID M. BARNES,	O. C. NORVELL,
R. D. LATHROP,	ABRAHAM M. COZZENS,	D. VAN NOSTRAND,
WILLIAM BARTON,	J. HOWARD, JR.,	DAVID B. SCOTT,
PROSPER M. WETMORE,	ROBERT L. TAYLOR,	RICHARD A. MCCURDY,
J. D. VERMILYE,	FRANCIS LIEBER,	B. H. HUTTON.

"To Rear-Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT,
"United States Navy."

The Chamber of Commerce of New York also tendered their congratulations in the form of the following resolutions,

which were adopted on November 5, 1863, engrossed on parchment, and presented to the Admiral :

“Whereas, Admiral Farragut has rendered most important service to the merchants of the United States, in common with all its citizens, by his gallant conduct in opening the Mississippi River to the commerce of the world, and in rescuing the port of New Orleans from rebel hands ; therefore be it

“Resolved, That in forcing the passage of the Mississippi River under the guns of Forts St. Philip and Jackson, through narrow channels and against rapid currents, and through a fleet of fire-ships, rams, and men-of-war, and wresting from the enemies of the country the great port of New Orleans, Admiral Farragut has achieved one of the most celebrated victories of any time, has added a new and lustrous page to the naval history of the United States, and has proved himself a worthy successor of those earlier heroes of the republic who shrank from no obstacle, and whose daring was always superior to the difficulties and dangers of their undertaking.

“Resolved, That in the progress of the war for the unity and life of this great nation, no services have been more eminent than those of Admiral Farragut ; and both the commerce of the seaboard and the agricultural interest of the interior are specially indebted to him for an achievement which has so largely added to the prosperity of both.

“Resolved, That in the daily increasing commerce of the port of New Orleans, this Chamber recognizes the natural result of the returning loyalty of that great city, and accepts it as a pleasing omen of the renewed happiness and prosperity which will accrue to each and all of the southern cities when they are wrested from the oppressive rebel sway and restored to the mild and beneficent rule of the Government of our common fathers ; and, when the happy day of peace shall again dawn upon us a united and prosperous people, the fame of the man whom we now honor will be cherished by all alike as a common and national glory.

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce watches with profound interest the course of the Admiral, and will hail with joy and hope the day when, at the head of some noble squadron, he may again lead the victorious way to the restoration of other cities to the national rule.

Resolved, That a fairly engrossed copy of these resolutions, duly certified to by the officers of the Chamber, be placed in the hands of the Admiral.

“A. A. Low, President.

“JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Secretary.”

To which the Admiral sent the following reply :

“ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK,

“December 16, 1863.

“SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the ‘Resolutions of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York’ in relation to myself, handsomely engrossed on parchment, and accompanied by your kind letter fulfilling the requirements of said resolutions in presenting the copy.

“In reply, I beg you, sir, to express to that honorable body my sincere thanks for this and other distinguished marks of their high appreciation of the services I have rendered our common country, and particularly its commerce, both internal and external, by what they are pleased to consider ‘one of the most celebrated achievements of any time—the capture of New Orleans.’

“That we did our duty to the best of our ability, I believe; that a kind Providence smiled upon us and enabled us to overcome obstacles before which the stoutest of our hearts would have otherwise quailed, I am certain. I trust the recipient of these honors will ever remember the injunction of the poet :

‘If thou hast strength, ’twas Heaven that strength bestowed.
For know, vain man, that valor belongs to God.
’Tis man’s to fight, but God’s to give success.’

Being on the eve of departing for my station, I fully feel and shall gratefully cherish these kind sentiments of interest, and hope for the success of the fleet I have the honor to command; and that those expectations may be realized is the sincere desire of

“Your obedient servant,

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

“JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, Esq.,

“Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE GULF AGAIN—BLOCKADING MOBILE—OPINIONS ON NATIONAL AFFAIRS—PREPARATIONS FOR THE BATTLE.

EARLY in January, 1864, in the midst of a violent snow-storm, Farragut hoisted his flag again on the Hartford, and departed for the Gulf. Many changes had taken place during his absence, and but few of his old officers remained in the squadron. An old associate, Captain Percival Drayton, commanded the flag-ship and acted as his Fleet Captain. Lieutenant-Commander J. C. Watson, who had served with him on the river, and to whom he had become very much attached, now performed the duties of Flag Lieutenant. In his letters he frequently mentions these gentlemen in the most affectionate way, as having his full confidence. On his arrival at New Orleans, he wrote: "Here we are once more, my dear boy, at this place; but oh, how changed! Masked balls are the order of the day. They must be having a fine time, but the 'ram fever' still exists."

After a short stay at the Crescent City, he visited Ship Island and Pensacola, the established depots for supplies and repairs.

He was now preparing for the long-desired attack on the defenses of Mobile Bay. It was wholly impossible to prevent vessels from entering that port occasionally, in spite of the vigilance of the blockaders. Forts Morgan, Powell, and Gaines protected the principal channels, and the light blockade-runners would creep along shore under cover of night, guided by experienced pilots, and soon be under the protecting guns of the forts. It had become dangerous work, however, as the affair of the Oreto had put the officers on their mettle, and now and

then some adventurous craft would suffer for her temerity. Most of these vessels were bound for Matamoras, on the Rio Grande—at least their papers indicated this insignificant Mexican town as their destination. A story is told of the capture of a steamer off Mobile with every indication of being a blockade-runner. The captain was sent on board the flag-ship and presented to the Admiral to be interrogated. Farragut recognized in him an old acquaintance and one of the most experienced merchant captains in the Gulf. It was a rather embarrassing meeting, but Farragut treated his prisoner very kindly, asking him in his off-hand way, “what in the world he was doing so close in to Mobile, three hundred miles out of his course, when his proposed destination was Matamoras?” The captain replied to this close questioning by entering into a long account of the manner in which he “had been swept in-shore by a northeast gale.” After he had finished, Farragut with a good-natured smile touched the man on the shoulder and remarked, “How could you be blown to the northward and eastward by a northeast gale? I am sorry for you, but we shall have to hold you for your thundering bad navigation.”

Among the articles captured on this vessel were a thousand copies of a caricature of General Butler.

On the 20th of January the Admiral made a reconnoissance of the defenses of the bay, concerning which he wrote to the Department:

“I went in over the bar in the gunboat Octorora, Lieutenant-Commander Lowe, taking the Itasca in company as a precaution against accident. We passed up to Sand Island, and lay abreast of the light-house on it. The day was uncommonly fine, and the air very clear. We were distant from the forts three to three and one half miles, and could see everything distinctly. I am satisfied that if I had one iron-clad at this time I could destroy their whole force in the bay, and reduce the forts at my leisure, by coöperation with our land forces—say five thousand men. We must have about two thousand five hundred men in the rear of each fort, to make regular approaches by

land, and to prevent the garrison's receiving supplies and reënforcements; the fleet to run the batteries, and fight the flotilla in the bay.

"But without iron-clads we should not be able to fight the enemy's vessels of that class with much prospect of success, as the latter would lie on the flats, where our ships could not go to destroy them. Wooden vessels can do nothing with them, unless by getting within one hundred or two hundred yards, so as to ram them or pour in a broadside.

"The iron-clad Nashville, I am told by a refugee, will not be ready before March; and he says Buchanan made a speech to his men, saying that as soon as she is finished he will raise the blockade, etc. It is depressing to see how easily false reports circulate, and in what a state of alarm the community is kept by the most absurd rumors. If the Department could get one or two of the iron-clads here, it would put an end to this state of things, and restore confidence to the people of the ports now in our possession.

"I feel no apprehension about Buchanan's raising the blockade of Mobile; but, with such a force as he has in the bay, it would be unwise to take in our wooden vessels, without the means of fighting the enemy on an equal footing.

"By reference to the chart, you will see how small a space there is for the ships to manœuvre."

On the 2d of March Farragut wrote to his son:

"I have just returned from a busy party. We have been shelling Fort Powell, in Grant's Pass. We were at it for two or three days. They replied to us with five or six rifled guns of large calibre. They struck the mortar schooner John Griffiths four times in succession with 100-pounder shells, but fortunately none of them exploded, and but one man was slightly wounded. The Jackson burst a Sawyer gun, and cracked another. The enemy's shot flew a mile beyond us, but struck none of the other vessels. We silenced them in an hour and a quarter, causing them to remain in their dodging-holes until we stopped at sunset.

We were four thousand yards off, lying fast aground—could get no closer.

“I saw the Mobile ram Tennessee yesterday. She is very long, and I thought moved very slowly.

“A norther is blowing, but as soon as it subsides I will take another look at her. If she comes out, we can see what she amounts to. If good for anything, she ought to be very formidable. The Sawyer gun has great range and accuracy, but the elevation and powder were too much for the strength of the metal. We had several 30-pounder Sawyers in the Calhoun [alluding to the reconnoissance at Fort Powell]. They stood well during the fight; but I must confess I had more confidence in the Parrotts. The great thing is that, when they burst, the fracture is generally forward of the jacket, and the men know that fact, and do not show the same anxiety as they do about the Sawyer.”

As the cares of his squadron required his presence everywhere, the Admiral used a light-draught steamer captured in the river, called the Tennessee, as his flag-ship. She had now become a regular man-of-war, and was well adapted for the service required of her. Frequent visits were made to New Orleans, Ship Island, and Pensacola. He was anxious to attack Mobile, as he felt that every week's delay rendered the work more dangerous. But he was delayed by orders, and by the necessity of awaiting the arrival of ships from the North. Meanwhile he wrote to his family various letters, from which the following extracts are taken :

“*March 5th.*

“As to my work, give yourself no uneasiness about it. When it is to be done, it will be done quickly, so far as I am concerned. I am as ready in a day as in a year.”

“*FLAG-SHIP TENNESSEE,
New Orleans, April 4, 1864.*

“I am here in this city of attraction—at least for our young officers. It is the most difficult thing in the world to keep them away from it, and, when they once get here, to get them

away again. I confess blockading is a most disagreeable business; but, if we had nothing but agreeable things to do in war, everybody would be in the Navy, and no one would be worthy of reward or promotion. We must take the world as it comes. This is a state of civil war, and God has dealt with us most generously thus far. My duty is arduous mentally only.

"I suppose you saw the notice of me as 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' declaring that, when I had taken Mobile, they would give me a suitable force to take Charleston, and then run me for President of the United States! As if a man who had toiled up the ladder of life for fifty-two years, and reached the top round in his profession, did not need a little rest. My own opinion is, that if I survived those two engagements, there is little doubt that a presidential campaign would finish me. No, after I have finished my work, I hope to be allowed to spend the remainder of my days in peace and quiet with my family on the banks of the Hudson.

"It is for man to plan, and God to rule, and I am perfectly submissive to His will, but hope He will grant my prayer. I expected from the beginning to fight to the end of this war, or to my end, and I am still ready and willing to do so if my health will permit.

"This is a day to try men's hearts. It is blowing a perfect gale. The wind is howling, the rain is pouring down in torrents, and the quick flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder, all combine to create melancholia; and yet how thankful I feel for the blessings I am permitted to enjoy in being in port, instead of out at sea. My cabin is all afloat with rain running down from the heretofore undiscovered leaks."

"A beautiful morning. It would be difficult to believe that yesterday could have been such a day as above described. The vessels in port are returning to their stations, and, like good housekeepers, we are loosing sails to dry after rainy weather, cleaning up the good old ship, and making things comfortable once more. The ship is in fine order. We get along like a happy family—only, I lack my wife.

"If any one asks what I am doing, answer, Nothing but waiting for the world to turn round till it comes to my turn to do something, and then I will 'pitch in'; but I am like cold sauce, always ready."

"April 24, 1864.

"MY SON: This night two years ago was the anxious night of my life, when I felt as if the fate of my country, and my own life and reputation, were all on the wheel of fortune, to be turned by the finger of the All-Wise; when *Diwi*, 'I said it.' It was only left to do or die. God was my leader, and we passed through a fiery furnace where none but He could have carried us. It is the second anniversary of the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and, being Sunday, it seemed a fit occasion for going to church and offering up our prayers and thanks to the Dispenser of all things for His blessings and mercies during the last two years.

"We have had many gloomy days, and this is one of them. Secesh is holding her head high and looking steadily to the contest for supremacy, while we appear to think of nothing but the contest for a new president!

"I hear that the enemy got ahead of our troops on the march to Shreveport. Our forces had several miles of wagons ahead of the column, and no one looking out for the enemy. The first thing they knew, the enemy were upon them in force, and whipped them in detail, and Bull Run was reënacted. We lost three or four thousand killed, wounded, and missing, the wagon train, and twenty guns, the finest batteries we had. But the enemy followed too far, and were too much elated. Our people made a stand at Pleasant Hill, fell back in the centre, and out-flanked the enemy and cut them to pieces in turn. Our army fell back twenty miles to Grand Ecore, and 'made a masterly change of base,' in order to rest on the river, where the gunboats could give protection.

"We daily expect to hear of a battle. How it will terminate, God only knows.

"I tell you all these things, boy, that you may learn as you go along in life. At any rate, when you get a command, don't

put your baggage in the way, so that you can not get your troops or guns out except by stampeding.

"I write flat on my back. I am just getting over a boil that would humble the greatest hero that ever fought a ram.

"Yours affectionately,
"D. G. FARRAGUT."

In May, a beautiful sword, with scabbard of massive gold and silver, the hilt set in brilliants, was presented to the Admiral by members of the Union League Club, New York. The following letter accompanied it:

"UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK,
"May 28, 1864.

"Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT,
"Commanding Western Gulf Squadron, etc.

"DEAR SIR: On the part of members of the Union League Club, allow us to present you with the accompanying sword.

"Please accept it as a slight token of the high esteem in which you are held here by all, and an evidence of our appreciation of the brilliant services you have rendered to our common country.

"With the assurance that you will always have our sympathies and best wishes,

"We remain, yours sincerely,
"HENRY L. PIERSON,
"THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
"FRANK E. HOWE,

"Committee on Presentation."

The sword and letter were transmitted through General James Bowen, who added his own sentiments and congratulations:

"NEW ORLEANS, June 14, 1864.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I am most happy to be the medium of transmitting to you the accompanying sword, presented to you by the Loyal League of New York, as a testimonial of the

sense in which your distinguished services to the Union are held by that association of loyal men.

“The presentation ought to have been made on the waters of the Mississippi, and in front of the city you compelled to return to its allegiance. It should have been made in the presence of the Army and Navy, that they might learn to emulate your glorious achievements by seeing how a grateful people appreciate them; nor would the lesson have been without its value upon this population, whose seeming loyalty is maintained only by the guns directed at them.

“But you are away, watching over the interests of the country for which you have done so much, and the presentation must be made without its fitting circumstances and appropriate witnesses.

“I remain, very dear Admiral, with great respect, your obedient servant,

“JAMES BOWEN, Brigadier-General.

“To Rear-Admiral D. G. FARRAGUT.”

No one could appreciate such a compliment more deeply than Admiral Farragut. His replies to these letters are characteristically simple and emphatic:

“UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

“OFF MOBILE BAR, *June 18, 1864.*”

“MY DEAR GENERAL: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note informing me of your having been assigned the agreeable duty of transmitting me a sword, presented by the Loyal League of New York, as a testimonial of the sense in which my services to the Union are held by that association of loyal men.

“I sincerely thank you, General, for your good intentions of a public presentation and the high-toned and flattering sentiments you express. But, as you say, General, I am away watching over the interests of our country, and literally watching its enemies, who, like hawks, are ready to pounce upon us at the first unguarded moment. Had I been able, however, to be

present and to have received the sword in the manner you desired, I could only have expressed, under the fair canopy of heaven and in the presence of thousands, my grateful sense of the high appreciation of my services to the country by the Loyal League in the presentation of this most appropriate testimonial.

"I beg you to say to the presiding officer of the League that I receive the sword with a full appreciation of the great honor thus conferred. And, as my whole life has been devoted to my country, I hope that in the due course of time it will descend to an only son, who will, like his father, always be ready to draw it in defense of the Union and against its enemies.

"With great respect, General, I remain your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

"To Brigadier-General JAMES BOWEN."

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"OFF MOBILE, June 25, 1864.

"GENTLEMEN: I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your communication, or scroll of presentation, with the sword presented me by the Union League of New York.

"I was informed of its arrival in New Orleans by a most courteous and flattering letter from Brigadier-General Bowen, to whom I sent my answer, requesting him to say to the Union League that I received the sword with a full appreciation of the great honor conferred upon me. This letter will, no doubt, be laid before you in due course of time; but it gives me great pleasure to repeat to you, gentlemen, my sincere thanks for this testimonial of your high appreciation of my services to the country to which my whole life has been devoted.

"Next to the feeling of having done your duty is that of knowing that your efforts are appreciated by your countrymen. I receive this gift as one of those gratifying evidences, and you may rest assured, gentlemen, that it will be duly cherished by your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

"To Messrs. HENRY L. PIERSON, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, FRANK E. HOWE,
"Committee on Presentation."

I continue the extracts from his letters, which show how his preparations progressed :

“PENSACOLA, *May 12th.*

“MY DEAR SON: I have not written to you for some time, having been so pressed with business that I have not a moment to spare. I am depressed by the bad news from every direction. The enemy seem to be bending their whole soul and body to the war, and whipping us in every direction. What a disgrace that, with their slender means, they should, after three years, contend with us from one end of the country to the other, after we had taken nearly half of their land! I trust that the telegrams from the North are not correct. The rebels say they have defeated Grant; but I do not believe it, and my opinion is, that if they whip him to-day they will have to repeat it to-morrow.

“*May 13th.*

“While I was writing, my mail schooner arrived from New Orleans, bringing continued bad news—that Grant is hemmed in, and Porter working to get out of Red River. The rebels had a jubilee yesterday at Fort Morgan, in honor of the capture of Steele by Price. I expect Porter to save Banks. I am very much afraid the army will be captured. I get right sick, every now and then, at the bad news.

“The Bermuda is coming in. She brings me some officers.

“I still hope Grant has beaten Lee by this time; but, since I know the locality of the campaign, I doubt it, for its success seems to depend on the ignorance of the rebels as to our intentions, whereas they appear to know everything that is going on in our councils as soon as it is uttered. We seem to be surrounded by spies and traitors, in almost every public office in the country.

“I am at work on the old Hartford, to make her ready for any work I may have to do.

“So you are destined, my son, to be satisfied with that old sword which Pinkham gave me. It has been my trusty com-

panion through most of the dangers of my life. I hope you will always value it highly.

“May God bless and preserve you.

“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

“FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

“OFF MOBILE, *May 21, 1864.*

“Well, here we are again, my son, off this disagreeable place, blockading. I learned last night that Buchanan had gotten down, in the ram *Tennessee*, to Fort Morgan; so it was as little as I could do to come and see if such was the case, and if he intended to ‘raise the blockade.’ One thing appears to be certain, that I can get none of the iron-clads. They want them all for Washington. We will trust in God, as we have always done before.

“You can only know by your own feelings what suspense I must be in, at this distance from the scene of the impending battles in Virginia. We have the Southern papers of the 17th, and yet they contain no news. All is dark with respect to Grant and Lee. Grant has done one thing. He has gone to work making war and doing his best, and kept newsmongers out of his army. The only comfort I have is, that the Confederates are more unhappy, if possible, than we are.

“*May 22d.*

“Since writing the above our mail has arrived, and the news is most cheering. Grant is coming up to the mark of a soldier. He is earnest, as well as the enemy; and so they will be likely to fight it out. We ought to pray for the preservation of Grant’s life.”

In a letter of about the same date, still off Mobile, he writes :

“I am lying off here, looking at Buchanan and awaiting his coming out. He has a force of four iron-clads and three wooden vessels. I have eight or nine wooden vessels. We’ll try to amuse him if he comes.

"Well, boy, all these stirring events are to you what 1812 was to me, only you are of a better age than I was at that time.

"We started with few good officers of experience, but shall end with some of the best in the world. Our fellows are beginning to understand that war means fighting. It is the duty of an officer to save his men as much as possible; but in almost all cases there has to be a certain amount of sacrifice of life.

"I have a fine set of vessels here just now, and am anxious for my friend Buchanan to come out."

To Admiral Bailey, at Key West, he writes, on May 26th :

"Everything depends upon the great battles in Virginia and Georgia. I am watching Buchanan in the ram Tennessee. She is a formidable-looking thing, and there are four others, and three wooden gunboats. They say he is waiting for the two others to come out and attack me, and then raid upon New Orleans. Let him come. I have a fine squadron to meet him, all ready and willing. I can see his boats very industriously laying down torpedoes, so I judge that he is quite as much afraid of our going in as we are of his coming out; but I have come to the conclusion to fight the devil with fire, and therefore shall attach a torpedo to the bow of each ship, and see how it will work on the rebels—if they can stand blowing up any better than we can. The news from the North is still very good, by our papers, and not bad by the rebel papers. They only claim to have whipped Butler and repulsed Grant.

"June 3d.

"It amuses me to see the effect of religion. Everybody relies upon God until it comes to fighting; then they rely upon men. You can't make men fight unless they are so disposed. Remember the words, 'Victory or success is with God.' *He* must give Grant the power over his officers and men to fight, and himself the gift of foresight into results, and the daring to undertake. As I believe God is on our side, I believe He will sooner or later give us the victory. . . .

"A Mobile paper says: 'An old naval officer, looking at Farragut's fleet manœuvring, says it was very lubberly.' I don't suppose he ever saw a *fleet* exercise in his life!

"OFF MOBILE, *June 9th.*

"I only drop you a line to-day, to let you know that I am well, thank God! Alden, Jenkins, Marchand, and Leroy all dined with me yesterday. I had a fine turkey, given me by the captain of the *Circassian*, and a gopher by the captain of the *Itasca*.

"I wrote you by the prize *Donegal*, captured by *Jouett*. I hope she will get home safely. I am always afraid of those vessels being recaptured. I think, after the brush of the *Alabama* in *Mississippi Sound*, my friend *Buchanan* will be a little more chary about coming out to visit 'Farragut's fleet,' as they call it. I wish he would come along and let us have it over.

"*Watson* is well again. I would not advise him to go home, for the world; it would break his heart. He thinks he is bound to see the war out.

"*June 21st.*

"I am tired of watching *Buchanan* and *Page*, and wish from the bottom of my heart that *Buck* would come out and try his hand upon us. This question has to be settled, iron *versus* wood; and there never was a better chance to settle the question as to the sea-going qualities of iron-clad ships. We are to-day ready to try anything that comes along, be it wood or iron, in reasonable quantities. Anything is preferable to lying on our oars. But I shall have patience until the army has finished its campaign in *Virginia* and *Georgia*. I hope it will be the close of the war.

"*July 6th.*

"MY DEAR SON: I received your letter, as well as that of your mother, yesterday—my birthday, sixty-three years old. I was a little down in the mouth, because I thought we had not done as well as we ought to, in destroying a blockade-runner that tried to force her way by us. But *Dyer*, in the *Glasgow*, ran her on shore under the guns of *Fort Morgan*, and I had

been trying to get the gunboats to destroy her, but they did bad work, and the rebels were at it night before last, trying to get her off. I determined to send a party to board and set her on fire. Watson volunteered for the work, and I sent him with Tyson, Ensigns Dana, Whiting, Glidden, and Pendleton, and Master's Mate Herrick. Jouett and McCann covered the party. Well, as you may suppose, it was an anxious night for me; for I am almost as fond of Watson as yourself, and interested in the others. I thought it was to be a hand-to-hand fight, if any. I sat up till midnight, and then thought they had found the enemy in too great force, and had given it up, so I lay down to rest. About half an hour later the rebel was reported to be on fire, and I was happy, because I had heard no firing and knew the surprise had been perfect. And so it turned out. The rebels scampered off as our fellows climbed on board. The boats returned about 2 o'clock A. M., all safe—no one hurt. I was anxious until their return. But no one knows what my feelings are; I am always calm and quiet.

“I have never seen a crew come up like ours. They are ahead of the old set in small arms, and fully equal to them at the great guns. They arrived here a mere lot of boys and young men, and have now fattened up, and knock the nine-inch guns about like 24-pounders, to the astonishment of everybody.”

“*July 20, 1864.*”

“The victory of the Kearsarge over the Alabama raised me up. I would sooner have fought that fight than any ever fought on the ocean. Only think! it was fought like a tournament, in full view of thousands of French and English, with a perfect confidence, on the part of all but the Union people, that we would be whipped. People came from Paris to witness the fight. Why, my poor little good-for-nothing Hatteras would have whipped her [the Alabama] in fifteen minutes, but for an unlucky shot in her boiler. She struck the Alabama two shots for one, while she floated. But the triumph of the Kearsarge was grand. Winslow had my old First Lieutenant of the Hart-

ford, Thornton, in the Kearsarge. He is as brave as a lion, and as cool as a parson. I go for Winslow's promotion!"

"OFF MOBILE, July 31st.

"MY DEAR SON: I have been trying for some time to find a spare moment to drop you a line, but could not do so; but, as this may be my last opportunity, I avail myself of it, as the boat is now off for New Orleans.

"The monitors have all arrived, except the Tecumseh, and she is at Pensacola and I hope will be here in two days. The Confederates at Fort Morgan are making great preparations to receive us. That concerns me but little. I know Buchanan, and Page, who commands the fort, will do all in their power to destroy us, and we will reciprocate the compliment. I hope to give them a fair fight, if I once get inside. I expect nothing from them but that they will try to blow me up if they can. . . .

"With such a mother, you could not fail to have proper sentiments of religion and virtue. I feel that I have done my duty by you both, as far as the weakness of my nature would allow. I have been devoted to you both, and, when it pleases God to take me hence, I shall feel that I have done my duty. I am not conscious of ever having wronged any one, and have tried to do as much good as I could. Take care of your mother if I should go, and may God bless and preserve you both!

"Your devoted father,

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

The preparations for the attack on the defenses of Mobile were now about completed, and Farragut had apprised each of his commanders of his plans for passing into the bay. Generals Canby and Granger had visited the Hartford, and in this interview it had been agreed that all the troops that could be spared should be sent to cooperate with the fleet in the attack upon Forts Morgan and Gaines. Subsequently General Canby informed the Admiral that he had not sufficient force to invest both forts; so, at Farragut's suggestion, a body of troops was

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July six

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FLAG SHIP... *Hartford*

WESTERN GULF BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

Off Mobile Sept. 4th 1864

My dearest Wife,

I write & have this letter for you.

I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning if "God is my leader" as I hope he is, & in him I place my trust, if he thinks it is the proper place for me to die.

I am ready to submit to his will, in that as all other things - my great mortification is that my signals, the Iron clouds were not ready to have gone in yesterday - The army landed last night & are in full

view of us this morning
& the Tencusel has not
yet arrived from Pei-
-sacala -

Had Bkps & presume you
my darling & my dear
Boy, if any thing should
happen to me - & my
his blessings also rest up
on your dear Mother &
all your Sisters & their
children -

Your devoted & affection^d
-ate husband, who never
for one moment forget
his love, duty, or fidelity
to you his devoted &
best of loves -

D. T. Harragub

To,

Mrs. D. T. Harragub

Hastings on the Hudson N.Y.

landed on Dauphin Island, a long, narrow strip of land on which Fort Gaines is situated, the landing being covered by the Conemaugh, Lieutenant-Commander J. C. P. DeKrafft.

Farragut appreciated the assistance of the army in this case, and the responsibility of his position. He determined not to commit the imprudence of beginning an attack without having taken every precaution to insure success. He says in a private letter: "I am ready to take the offensive the moment the army will act with me. There is no doing anything with these forts so long as their back-doors are open; besides, my communications must be kept open for supplies, which requires a force of troops to cut off all the enemy's land communication with Mobile."

The 4th of August had been fixed upon as the day for the landing of the troops and the entrance into the bay; but, as Farragut says in his detailed report of the engagement, "owing to delays mentioned in Captain Jenkins's communication to me, the Tecumseh was not ready. General Granger, however, to my mortification, was up to time, and the troops actually landed on Dauphin Island. As subsequent events proved, this delay turned to our advantage, as the rebels were busily engaged during the 4th in throwing troops and supplies into Fort Gaines, all of which were captured a few days afterward."

The attack was now postponed till the next morning. The following letter, which I give in full, shows that Farragut appreciated the desperate work before him:

"FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

"OFF MOBILE, *August 4, 1864.*

"MY DEAREST WIFE: I write and leave this letter for you. I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning, if God is my leader, as I hope He is, and in Him I place my trust. If He thinks it is the proper place for me to die, I am ready to submit to His will, in that as all other things. My great mortification is, that my vessels, the iron-clads, were not ready to have gone in yesterday. The army landed last night, and are in full view

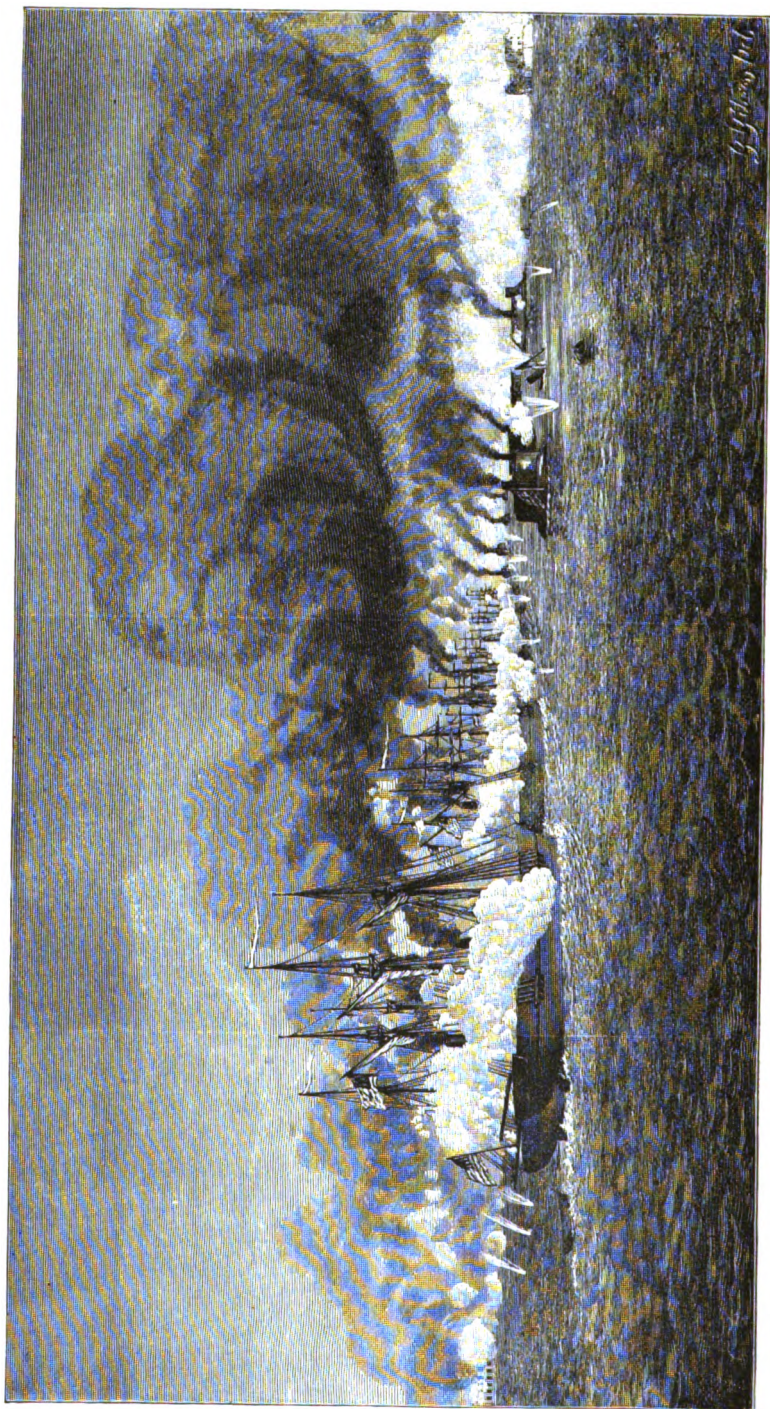
of us this morning, and the Tecumseh has not yet arrived from Pensacola.

“God bless and preserve you, my darling, and my dear boy, if anything should happen to me, and may His blessings also rest upon your dear mother, and all your sisters and their children.

“Your devoted and affectionate husband, who never for one moment forgot his love, duty, or fidelity to you, his devoted and best of wives.

“D. G. FARRAGUT.

“To Mrs. D. G. FARRAGUT,
“Hastings on the Hudson.”



Battle of Mobile Bay.
(August 5, 1864)

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY—DESCRIPTION OF THE DEFENSES—
DISPOSITION OF THE FLEET—RUNNING BY THE FORTS—SINK-
ING OF THE TECUMSEH—ENCOUNTER WITH THE RAM TEN-
NESSEE—CHASING THE ENEMY'S GUNBOATS—SURRENDER OF
FORT GAINES—INCIDENTS—THE ADMIRAL'S DETAILED REPORT
—POETRY.

THE battle of Mobile Bay was the most brilliant action in which Farragut took part, and the crowning achievement of his naval career. The defenses of the bay, at the time of this attack, consisted mainly of the three forts—Morgan, Gaines, and Powell. Fort Morgan, a pentagonal, bastioned work, with a full scarp wall of brick, four feet eight inches thick, is on the west end of a peninsula which incloses the bay, called Mobile Point, and forms, with Gaines, the principal defense of the main ship-channel from the Gulf. Its armament consisted of eighty-six guns of various calibers—rifled thirty-twos, ten-inch columbiads, and two seven-inch and eight-inch Brooks rifles. In each bastion flank were two smooth-bore 24-pounders. In the exterior batteries twenty-nine additional guns were placed; the water battery, in particular, bearing two rifled thirty-twos, four ten-inch columbiads, and one eight-inch Brooks rifle. Within was a citadel for soldiers' quarters, loop-holed for musketry. The garrison, including officers and men, numbered six hundred and forty.

Fort Gaines stands at the eastern extremity of Dauphin Island, three miles northwest from Fort Morgan. This is a star-shaped fort, built of brick, with semi-detached scarp of five

feet, and small works in the angles for flank defense. When the army landed for its investment, only thirty guns were mounted, of which three were columbiads, and the others 32- and 24-pounders. Platforms were prepared for ten additional guns. The garrison consisted of forty-six officers and eight hundred and eighteen men.

On the flats southward and eastward of Fort Gaines, innumerable piles were driven, to obstruct the passage of vessels, and, from these, two lines of torpedoes extended toward Fort Morgan, terminating at a point a few hundred yards from that fort, indicated by a red buoy. This portion of the channel was left open for the convenience of blockade-runners. Vessels using it were compelled to pass within easy range of the guns of the fort.

Six miles northwest of Fort Gaines is another narrow channel, for light-draught vessels, called Grant's Pass. Here the Confederates had begun the construction of a redoubt on a small island, partly of made land, between Cedar Point and Little Dauphin Island. The front face was nearly completed, and mounted an eight-inch columbiad, and one six-and-four-tenths and two seven-inch Brooks rifles.

Auxiliary to this land defense, about five hundred yards northward from Fort Morgan, lay the iron-clad steamer Tennessee. She was two hundred and nine feet in length, and forty feet broad, with a projecting iron prow, two feet below the water line. Her sloping sides were covered with an armor varying from five to six inches in thickness. She carried six Brooks rifled cannon in casemate, two of which were pivot, and the others broadside guns, throwing solid projectiles of one hundred and ten and ninety-five pounds respectively. The ports, of which there were ten, were so arranged that the pivot guns could be fought in broadside, sharp on the forward quarter, and in a direct line with the keel. Her steering gear was badly arranged and much exposed.

Near her were anchored three wooden gunboats—the Morgan, Gaines, and Selma. The Morgan carried one 63 cwt. eight-inch gun and five 57 cwt. 32-pounders; the Gaines, one eight-

inch Brooks rifle and five 57 cwt. 32-pounders ; the Selma, three eight-inch Paixhans and one old-fashioned heavy 32-pounder converted into a rifle and banded at the breech, throwing a solid projectile weighing about sixty pounds.

Farragut had already issued these general orders, and there was no secret as to his proposed attack :

(General Order, No. 10.)

“ U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
“ *Off Mobile Bay, July 12, 1864.*

“ Strip your vessels and prepare for the conflict. Send down all your superfluous spars and rigging. Trice up or remove the whiskers. Put up the splinter nets on the starboard side, and barricade the wheel and steersmen with sails and hammocks. Lay chains or sand-bags on the deck over the machinery, to resist a plunging fire. Hang the sheet chains over the side, or make any other arrangement for security that your ingenuity may suggest. Land your starboard boats, or lower and tow them on the port side, and lower the port boats down to the water's edge. Place a leadsman and the pilot in the port-quarter boat, or the one most convenient to the commander.

“ The vessels will run past the forts in couples, lashed side by side, as hereinafter designated. The flag-ship will lead and steer from Sand Island N. by E. by compass, until abreast of Fort Morgan, then N. W. half N. until past the Middle Ground, then N. by W., and the others, as designated in the drawing, will follow in due order, until ordered to anchor ; but the bow-and-quarter line must be preserved, to give the chase guns a fair range ; and each vessel must be kept astern of the broadside of the next ahead ; each vessel will keep a very little on the starboard quarter of his next ahead, and, when abreast of the fort, will keep directly astern, and, as we pass the fort, will take the same distance on the port-quarter of the next ahead, to enable the stern guns to fire clear of the next vessel astern.

“ It will be the object of the Admiral to get as close to the

fort as possible before opening fire ; the ships, however, will open fire the moment the enemy opens upon us, with their chase and other guns, as fast as they can be brought to bear. Use short fuses for the shell and shrapnel, and, as soon as within 300 or 400 yards, give them grape. It is understood that heretofore we have fired too high, but, with grape-shot, it is necessary to elevate a little above the object, as grape will dribble from the muzzle of the gun.

“If one or more of the vessels be disabled, their partners must carry them through, if possible ; but, if they can not, then the next astern must render the required assistance ; but, as the Admiral contemplates moving with the flood-tide, it will only require sufficient power to keep the crippled vessels in the channel.

“Vessels that can, must place guns upon the poop and top-gallant forecastle, and in the tops on the starboard side. Should the enemy fire grape, they will remove the men from the top-gallant forecastle and poop to the guns below, until out of grape range.

“The howitzers must keep up a constant fire from the time they can reach with shrapnel until out of its range.”

(General Order, No. 11.)

“Should any vessel be disabled to such a degree that her consort is unable to keep her in her station, she will drop out of line westward and not embarrass the vessels next astern by attempting to regain her station. Should she repair damages so as to be able to reënter the line of battle, she will take her station in the rear, as near the last ship as possible. So soon as the vessels have passed the fort and kept away to the N. W., they can cast off the gunboats at the discretion of the senior officer of the two vessels, and allow them to proceed up the bay and cut off the enemy’s gunboats that may be attempting to escape up to Mobile. There are certain black buoys placed by the enemy across the channel, from the piles on the west side of the channel toward Fort Morgan. It being understood that

there are torpedoes and other obstructions between the buoys, the vessels will take care to pass eastward of the easternmost buoy, which is clear of all obstructions. The Admiral will endeavor to remove the others before the day of attack, as he thinks they support that which will otherwise sink, and at least to destroy them for guides to the demons who hope to explode them. So soon as the vessel is opposite the end of the piles, it will be best to stop the propeller of the ship and let her run in with her headway and the tide, and those having side-wheel gunboats will continue on with the aid of their paddles, which are not likely to foul with their drag-ropes.

“D. G. FARRAGUT, Rear-Admiral.

“Commanding Western Gulf Squadron.

“P. S.—Carry low steam. D. G. F.”

Farragut's ships were arriving rapidly, and a great deal of enthusiasm was manifested in the fleet. Acting Rear-Admiral Bailey, who led the fleet at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and who now commanded the East Gulf Squadron, even as far back as March had written, “I reciprocate with you in perfectly ignoring personal interests or private feeling, but going in with heart and soul for the good of the service and the perpetuation of the nation in its entirety. Nothing will please me more than to hoist once more the square red flag, and lead the van of your squadron into Mobile Bay to the capture of Forts Morgan and Gaines, as well as the city. Put me down for two chances, as the Jackass said to the Monkey at the Lion's ball.”

But circumstances prevented Bailey from taking part in the attack, much to his regret. The yellow fever broke out in his squadron, he was stricken down himself, and it was deemed prudent, for sanitary reasons, that the vessels of the two commands should be kept apart.

After describing the state of affairs in his squadron, Admiral Bailey wrote, July 30th. . . . “Under these circumstances, I opine that my appearance off Mobile, with the San Jacinto or any of my vessels, would be deemed by you more dangerous to

your squadron than Admiral Buchanan's fleet of gunboats and iron-clads.

"Your kind letter is at hand, and I have a longing desire to be with you at the attack on Fort Morgan and the rebel fleet. From all I hear of the movements of the Army of the Gulf, I hardly think they will be able to coöperate with you in force before October or November. In the mean time I propose to avail myself of authority received by the last mail, to turn over my command to Captain T. P. Green, with permission to return North for the purpose of recruiting my health. Hoping to be down in time to join in the attack on Mobile, of the date of which I hope you will keep me advised, I am," etc.

Volunteers were not wanting, Commander J. R. M. Mul-lany and Lieutenant-Commander George H. Perkins being conspicuous among the number. The former was assigned to the gunboat Oneida, and the latter to the double-turreted monitor Chickasaw.

Farragut had fully intended to run into the bay on the 4th of August; but the non-arrival of the Tecumseh from Pensacola, as already described, prevented him from doing so. It was with great satisfaction that he saw her steam behind Sand Island on that afternoon, and take up her anchorage with the Winnebago, Manhattan, and Chickasaw.

On the morning of the 5th, long before day, through the whole fleet could be heard the boatswains' cheery pipes and calls of "all hands" and "up all hammocks"—sounds so familiar on ship-board; and soon after an orderly entered the cabin and called Captain Drayton. While the Admiral, Drayton, and Palmer were partaking of their breakfast, daybreak was reported, but weather threatening rain. The clouds worked round, however, and, in spite of its being Friday, the sailors' day of misgivings, they congratulated themselves on the good omen. The wind too was west-southwest—just where Farragut wanted it, as it would blow the smoke of the guns on Fort Morgan!

At four o'clock the wooden ships formed in double column,

lashed in pairs, in the following order, the first mentioned of each pair being the starboard vessel :

BROOKLYN.—Captain James Alden.

OCTOBERA.—Lieut.-Commander Charles H. Green.

HARTFORD, *flag-ship.*—Fleet-Captain Percival Drayton.

METACOMET.—Lieut.-Commander James E. Jouett.

RICHMOND.—Captain Thornton A. Jenkins.

PORT ROYAL.—Lieut.-Commander Bancroft Gherardi.

LACKAWANNA.—Captain J. B. Marchand.

SEMINOLE.—Commander Edward Donaldson.

MONONGAHELA.—Commander James H. Strong.

KENNEBEC.—Lieut.-Commander William P. McCann.

OSSIPEE.—Commander William E. Le Roy.

ITASCA.—Lieut.-Commander George Brown.

ONEIDA.—Commander J. R. Madison Mullany.

GALENA.—Lieut.-Commander Clark H. Wells.

The Brooklyn was appointed to lead, because she had four chase-guns and apparatus for picking up torpedoes.

At half past five the Admiral, still sipping his tea, quietly said, "Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way." In one minute answering signals came from the whole fleet, the wooden vessels taking up their respective positions, and steering for Sand Island Channel, while the four monitors filed out of Monitor Bay, and formed in single column to the right of the wooden ships, the leading one being abreast of the Brooklyn, thus :

TECUMSEH.—Commander T. A. M. Craven.

MANHATTAN.—Commander J. W. A. Nicholson.

WINNEBAGO.—Commander Thomas H. Stevens.

CHICKASAW.—Lieut.-Commander George H. Perkins.

The Confederate vessels had in the mean time taken up their position in single line of echelon across the channel, with their port batteries bearing on the fleet. The Tennessee was a little

westward of the red buoy and close to the inner line of torpedoes.

Farragut had taken the precaution to place the steamers *Genesee*, *Pinola*, *Pembina*, *Sebago*, *Tennessee*, and *Bienville* to the south and east of Fort Morgan, to keep up a flank fire on that fortress; but they could not anchor sufficiently near to be of much service.

At 6:47 A. M. the booming of the *Tecumseh's* guns was heard, and shortly afterward Morgan replied. As the fleet of wooden vessels came within shorter range, Farragut made signal for "closer order," which was promptly obeyed, each vessel closing up to within a few yards of the one ahead, and a little on the starboard quarter, thus enabling such of the ships as had chase-guns to bring them to bear. The ball had opened, but the enemy had the advantage, and the Union fleet now received a raking fire from forts and rebel gunboats for fully half an hour before they could bring their broadsides to bear with effect. But at the end of that time the *Brooklyn* and *Hartford* were enabled to pour in their broadsides, driving the gunners from the barbette and water batteries.

While the movements of the *Tecumseh* are being eagerly watched by all in the fleet, let us turn to the scene on the flagship. On the poop-deck stands Captain Drayton. About him are the officers of the staff—Watson, Yates, McKinley, and Brownell—while Knowles, the signal quartermaster, identified with the *Hartford*, attends to his duties. We must not forget the three old sailors at the wheel—McFarland, Wood, and Jassin. They have been in every engagement of the ship, and upon their coolness, in a great measure, depends its safety. And there stood the Admiral in the port main rigging, a few ratlins up, where he could see all about him, and at the same time converse with Jouett, who stood on the wheel-house of the *Metacomet*, which was lashed alongside. Freeman, his trusty pilot, stood above him in the top. In contrast with this, the scene on deck, where the men worked their guns with a will, was one of animation. As the smoke increased and obscured his view, the Admiral, step by step, ascended the rig-

ging, until he found himself partly above the futtock bands and holding on to the futtock shrouds. The watchful eye of Drayton detected his perilous position, and, fearing that some slight shock might precipitate him into the sea, he ordered Knowles to take up a line and make the Admiral's position more secure. Knowles says, in his simple narrative, "I went up with a piece of lead-line, and made it fast to one of the forward shrouds, and then took it round the Admiral to the after shroud, making it fast there. The Admiral said, 'Never mind, I am all right'; but I went ahead and obeyed orders, for I feared he would fall overboard if anything should carry away or he should be struck." Here Farragut remained until the fleet entered the bay.

From the private journal of an officer who was on the Hartford, I take the following extract referring to the commencement of the action :

"The order was, to go 'slowly, slowly,' and receive the fire of Fort Morgan. At six minutes past seven the fort opened, having allowed us to get into such short range that we apprehended some snare; in fact, I heard the order passed for our guns to be elevated for fourteen hundred yards some time before one was fired. The calmness of the scene was sublime. No impatience, no irritation, no anxiety, except for the fort to open; and, after it did open, full five minutes elapsed before we answered. In the mean time the guns were trained as if at a target, and all the sounds I could hear were, 'Steady! boys, steady! Left tackle a little; so! so!' Then the roar of a broadside, and an eager cheer as the enemy were driven from their water battery. Don't imagine they were frightened; no man could stand under that iron shower; and the brave fellows returned to their guns as soon as it lulled, only to be driven away again.

"At twenty minutes past seven we had come within range of the enemy's gunboats, which opened their fire upon the Hartford, and, as the Admiral told me afterward, made her their special target. First they struck our foremast, and then lodged a shot of 120 pounds in our mainmast. By degrees

they got better elevation ; and I have saved a splinter from the hammock netting to show how they felt their way lower. Splinters after that came by cords, and in size sometimes were like logs of wood. No longer came the cheering cry, ' Nobody hurt yet.' The Hartford, by some unavoidable chance, fought the enemy's fleet and fort together for twenty minutes by herself, timbers crashing, and wounded pouring down—cries never to be forgotten."

By half past seven the Tecumseh was well up with the fort, and drawing slowly by the Tennessee, having her on the port beam, when suddenly she reeled to port and went down with almost every soul on board, destroyed by a torpedo.

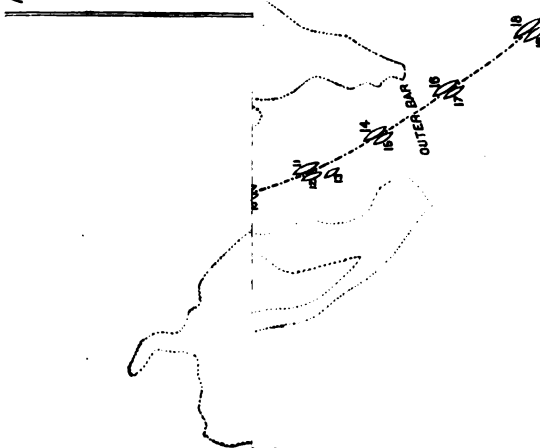
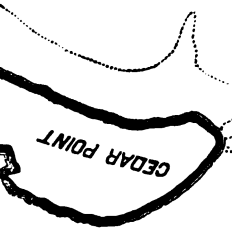
Craven, in his eagerness to engage the ram, had passed to the west of the fatal buoy. If he had gone but his breadth of beam eastward of it, he would have been safe, so far as the torpedoes were concerned.

This appalling disaster was not immediately realized by the fleet. Some supposed the Tennessee had been sunk, or some advantage gained over the enemy, and cheer after cheer from the Hartford was taken up and echoed along the line. But Farragut, from his lofty perch, saw the true state of affairs, and his anxiety was not decreased when the Brooklyn, just ahead, suddenly stopped. He hailed his pilot Freeman above him in the top, to ask, "What is the matter with the Brooklyn? She must have plenty of water there." "Plenty and to spare, Admiral," the man replied. Alden had seen the Tecumseh go down, and the heavy line of torpedoes across the channel made him pause. The Brooklyn began to back; the vessels in the rear, pressing on those in the van, soon created confusion, and disaster seemed imminent. "The batteries of our ships were almost silent," says an eye-witness, "while the whole of Mobile Point was a living flame."

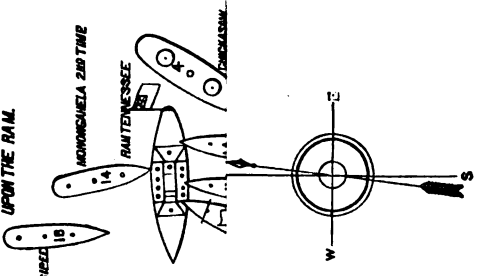
"What's the trouble?" was shouted through a trumpet from the flag-ship to the Brooklyn.

"Torpedoes!" was shouted back in reply.

"Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut. "Four bells!



POINTS OF COLLISION OF DIFFERENT VESSELS UPON THE RAM.



...the fleet was one supposed to be surprised, without succumb to
 struck by one and sinks; Brooklyn backs astern, causing confusion; Flag-ship takes
 the lead and passes up and engages the ram Tennessee and the gunboats of the enemy.
 No. 3. Running fight with the enemy's fleet, which ends in the capture of one, destruc-
 tion of another, and the ram and one gunboat take shelter again under Fort Morgan.
 No. 4. Fleet pass up and are in the act of anchoring when the ram Tennessee is
 seen coming out to attack them.
 No. 5. Shows the manner the attack was made by the fleet upon the ram by ram-
 ming her in succession and keeping up a constant fire upon her at the same time.
 The points of contact are shown by the sketch in the northeast corner of the plate.
 D. G. FARRAGUT.

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1865.
 De Kraft's flotilla bombarding Fort Powell.

Entrance of Rear-Admiral Farragut's Fleet into Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.

Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!" And the Hartford passed the Brooklyn, assumed the head of the line, and led the fleet to victory. It was the one only way out of the difficulty, and any hesitation would have closed even this escape from a frightful disaster. Nor did the Admiral forget the poor fellows who were struggling in the water where the Tecumseh had gone down, but ordered Jouett to lower a boat and pick up the survivors.

A Confederate officer who was stationed in the water battery at Fort Morgan says the manœuvring of the vessels at this critical juncture was a magnificent sight. At first they appeared to be in inextricable confusion, and at the mercy of their guns; but when the Hartford dashed forward, they realized that a grand tactical movement had been accomplished.

The Hartford was nearly a mile ahead before the line could be straightened; but the vessels were soon able to pour in a storm of shell, shrapnel, and grape, that completely silenced the batteries; not, however, before they had all suffered more or less. The Oneida, having the most exposed position, at the rear of the column, was severely handled. The wisdom of lashing the vessels two-and-two was now manifest; for this vessel, though in a helpless condition, was easily towed along by her consort the Galena with the flood-tide. The Admiral's theory "that the safest way to prevent injury from an enemy is to strike hard yourself," was exemplified in his warning to his captains to run *close* to Fort Morgan, and use shell, shrapnel, and grape freely. It is said that the Richmond and Brooklyn were saved from destruction at the time the line was being straightened by the rapid broadsides of shrapnel which those ships poured into the water battery. The aim of the artillerists on shore was disconcerted by the dense smoke which enveloped the ships, and they were driven from their guns by the rapid firing. An officer who participated in the engagement remarks that it "was painfully apparent, judging from the number of shot that passed over the rail of my ship, that a few yards to the west would have increased the damage and casualties."

As soon as the Hartford had crossed the torpedo-ground and

was steaming rapidly up the channel, Buchanan on the Tennessee saw the blue flag of Farragut. He made a dash to ram the flag-ship, but failed to do so, the ships merely exchanging shots. By this time the Brooklyn and Richmond had passed safely over the obstructions, and were following in the wake of the Hartford. But the Tennessee now turned her attention to the Brooklyn, making apparently for her starboard bow; but, when within a hundred yards of that ship, she starboarded her helm and passed within two hundred feet of her, pouring in a broadside which perforated her sides through and through, doing great damage. Passing on, she attempted the same manoeuvre with the Richmond, the next in line, apparently first attempting to ram and then sheering off. Captain Jenkins saw her approaching, and placed marines on the forecastle with orders to fire into the advancing monster's ports whenever the iron shutters opened, at the same time giving orders to use solid shot in his heavy guns and aim at the Tennessee's water-line. The two vessels passed each other at their best speed in opposite directions. Whether from the rapidity of the movement or the precaution taken by Captain Jenkins to disconcert the aim of the gunners, the Tennessee's shot passed over the Richmond. She also missed the Lackawanna; but the fire from her heavy guns created sad havoc, while the shot from the Union fleet had failed to make any impression on her mailed sides. Strong, in the Monongahela, attempted to ram her in turn; but she avoided the blow, and the two vessels collided at an acute angle, the ram swinging alongside of the Monongahela's consort, the Kennebec, whose sharp cutwater sheared her barge in two. A shell from her gun exploded on the Kennebec's berth-deck, and for a moment it was supposed that she was on fire; but, by the cool conduct of McCann and his officers, confidence was quickly restored.

The ram next paid her compliments to the crippled Oneida, running under her stern and delivering two broadsides in rapid succession, destroying her boats and dismounting a 12-pound howitzer on the poop. Her gallant captain, Mullany, was severely wounded.

The Tennessee then returned to her anchorage under the guns of Fort Morgan.

Farragut had turned his attention to the enemy's gunboats as soon as he was clear of the forts. Their raking fire had been a source of great annoyance, one shot alone, from the Selma, having killed ten men and wounded five. After the fleet had passed the obstructions, these vessels had continued the contest, keeping up with the leading ships and exchanging shots, thus separating themselves widely from the Tennessee. Soon the Gaines was in a sinking condition, and her commander ran her aground under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she was afterward set on fire. A few minutes after her departure, the Selma and Morgan, seeing the hopelessness of the encounter, also retreated, the former up the bay, and the latter down toward Navy Cove. It was about this time that Farragut made his signal, "Gunboats chase enemy's gunboats." He often mentioned with enthusiasm the prompt "Ay, ay, sir!" from Jouett, as he responded to the order, set his axe-men at work to cut the fastenings which confined the Metacomet to the Hartford, and was off in a moment. The Metacomet, being the fastest, engaged the Morgan; but a thick squall of rain coming up obscured the combatants and stopped the firing. During this squall the Morgan, as was afterward learned, grounded upon a long spit which runs out from Navy Cove for about a mile. In the mean time the Metacomet, Port Royal, Kennebec, and Itasca had started after the Selma, and the Metacomet captured her three or four miles up the bay. The Morgan backed off the shoal, and proceeded to Fort Morgan; and that same night, under a starlit sky, Captain Harrison made a successful and hazardous retreat up to Mobile, pursued and fired upon by several of our gunboats.

The fleet now came to anchor about three miles up the bay, with anchors hove short, when the ram Tennessee was seen steaming directly for the flag-ship. Buchanan had anticipated the Union commander, for Farragut had intended to attack him the moment it was dark enough for the smoke to prevent Page, in the fort, from distinguishing friend from foe. He

had made his plan to go in with the three monitors, himself on the Manhattan, and board her if feasible. But he now accepted the situation, and signaled the fleet to "attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed."

The Monongahela was under way at the time, and Strong immediately dashed for the ram with full speed; but the Tennessee paid no attention to it, merely putting her helm a-port, which caused the Monongahela to strike her obliquely. The ram also fired two shots at her antagonist, piercing her through and through, while the shot from the Monongahela rolled harmlessly down its sloping sides. The Chickasaw also gave her one of her solid bolts, but this merely penetrated, without doing serious damage. The next vessel to bear down on her was the Lackawanna, and she seems to have suffered more than the ram, for her bow was stove in fully three feet above and five feet below the water-line, while the ram received but a slight shock, quickly righting and moving steadily for the Hartford. The Hartford now took the aggressive, and, following in the wake of the Lackawanna, struck the ram a fearful blow, and poured in a broadside, but it had no effect whatever.

The ram had one great advantage—she was surrounded by enemies, and could fire continually, whereas the Union vessels had to use the utmost care not to fire into or collide with one another. An accident of this nature happened to the flag-ship as she was about to attack for the second time. She was run into by the Lackawanna and cut down nearly to the water's edge.

But in the mean time the monitors Manhattan, Winnebago, and Chickasaw had been hammering away at the ram with their heavy shot, her steering apparatus and smoke-stack were shot away and her port shutters jammed, and one 15-inch shot had penetrated her armor. Her Admiral was wounded, and she showed her white flag and surrendered.

This great victory cost the Union fleet three hundred and thirty-five men. Of the one hundred and thirty in the Tecumseh, seventeen were saved and one hundred and thirteen drowned. The other casualties, fifty-two killed and one hun-

dred and seventy wounded, were distributed as follows: Hartford, twenty-five killed, twenty-eight wounded. Brooklyn, eleven killed, forty-three wounded. Lackawanna, four killed, thirty-five wounded. Oneida, eight killed, thirty wounded. Monongahela, six wounded. Metacomet, one killed, two wounded. Ossipee, one killed, seven wounded. Richmond, two slightly wounded. Galena, one wounded. Octorora, one killed, ten wounded. Kennebec, one killed, six wounded.

Knowles, the old quartermaster, mentions that he saw the Admiral come on deck just as the poor fellows who had been killed were being laid out on the port side of the quarter-deck. He says, "It was the only time I ever saw the old gentleman cry, but the tears came in his eyes, like a little child."

The losses in the rebel fleet were ten killed and sixteen wounded—confined to the Tennessee and Selma—and two hundred and eighty prisoners were taken. The loss in the forts is unknown.

The next morning the Admiral published this General Order to the fleet:

(General Order, No. 12.)

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
" *Mobile Bay, August 6, 1864.*

"The Admiral returns thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the fight of yesterday.

"It has never been his good fortune to see men do their duty with more courage and cheerfulness; for, although they knew that the enemy was prepared with all devilish means for our destruction, and though they witnessed the almost instantaneous annihilation of our gallant companions in the Tecumseh by a torpedo, and the slaughter of their friends, messmates, and gunmates on our decks, still there were no evidences of hesitation in following their commander-in-chief through the line of torpedoes and obstructions, of which we knew nothing, except from the exaggerations of the enemy, who had given out

‘That we should all be blown up as certainly as we attempted to enter.’

“For this noble and implicit confidence in their leader, he heartily thanks them.

“D. G. FARRAGUT,
“Rear-Admiral Commanding W. G. B. Squadron.”

Among the Admiral's notes I find the following memorandum concerning the loss of the *Tecumseh*: “General Orders required the vessels to pass inside the buoys next to Fort Morgan. When the *Tecumseh* reached that point, it looked so close that poor Craven said to the pilot, ‘The Admiral ordered me to go inside that buoy, but it must be a mistake.’ He ran just his breadth of beam too far westward, struck a torpedo, and went down in two minutes. Alden saw the buoys ahead, and stopped his ship. This liked to have proved fatal to all of us. I saw the difficulty, and ordered the *Hartford* ahead, and the fleet to follow. Allowing the *Brooklyn* to go ahead was a great error. It lost not only the *Tecumseh* but many valuable lives, by keeping us under the fire of the forts for thirty minutes; whereas, had I led, as I intended to do, I would have gone inside the buoys, and all would have followed me. The officers and crews of all the ships did their duty like men. There was but one man who showed fear, and he was allowed to resign. This was the most desperate battle I ever fought since the days of the old *Essex*. It has been said that Buchanan was advised not to make his second attack, as we were all prisoners. Buck said, ‘No, I will be killed or taken prisoner, and now I am in the humor I will have it out at once.’”

In the excitement of success, Farragut wrote:

“MOBILE BAY, *August 5, 1864.*

“The Almighty has smiled upon me once more. I am in Mobile Bay. The *Tennessee* and *Buchanan* are my prisoners. He has lost his leg. It was a hard fight, but Buck met his fate manfully. After we passed the forts, he came up in the ram to attack me. I made at him, and ran him down, making all the

others do the same. We butted and shot at him until he surrendered. The Selma was annoying us, but I sent Jouett (Metacomet) after him, who in a short time brought his colors down. But, sad to say, the Tecumseh was sunk by a torpedo, and poor Craven with his gallant crew went to the bottom. I have lost a number of fine fellows, more than ever before. Lieutenant Adams was wounded. Mr. Heginbotham will probably lose a leg. [He died.] Johnston, who married Miss P., commanded the Tennessee. They made a gallant fight, but it was all to no purpose.

“My ship is greatly cut up—twenty-five killed, and twenty-eight wounded. I escaped, thank God! without a scratch.

“God bless you, and make you as thankful for this victory as I am.

“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

“August 8th.

“As I told you on the 5th, it pleased God to grant me one of the hardest earned victories of my life, and one momentous to the country, over the rebel ram Tennessee. I always said I was the proper man to fight her, because I was one of those who believed I could do it successfully. I was certainly honest in my convictions and determined in my will, but I did not know how formidable the Tennessee was. On the 6th, Fort Powell was evacuated and blown up. This morning Gaines surrendered to the Navy; but I would not neglect the Army, so had General Granger in to sign the articles of capitulation with me. Three rousing cheers went up from the fleet as I announced by signal, ‘Our flag waves over Gaines.’

“D. G. FARRAGUT.”

Among the incidents of this famous battle, none that I have been enabled to gather shows a greater display of heroism than the effort of Acting Ensign (now Lieutenant-Commander) Henry C. Nields to rescue the survivors of the Tecumseh. Commodore Parker says: “Starting from the port quarter of the Metacomet, and steering the boat himself, this mere boy pulled directly under the battery of the Hartford, and around the

Brooklyn, to within a few hundred yards of the fort, exposed to the fire of both friends and foes. After he had gone a little distance from his vessel, he seemed suddenly to reflect that he had no flag flying, when he dropped the yoke-ropes, picked up a small ensign from the bottom of the boat, and, unfurling it from its staff, which he shipped in a socket made for it in the stern-sheets, he threw it full to the breeze, amid the loud cheers of his men. 'I can scarcely describe,' says an officer of the Tennessee, 'how I felt at witnessing this most gallant act. The muzzle of our gun was slowly raised, and the bolt intended for the Tecumseh flew harmlessly over the heads of that glorious boat's crew, far down in the line of our foes.' After saving Ensign Zetlich, eight men, and the pilot, Niels turned, and pulling for the fleet, succeeded in reaching the Oneida, where he remained until the close of the action."

A similar act of gallantry bears especial mention.

Just after the fleet came to anchor, the quartermaster reported the Loyall coming alongside. This steam barge, armed with a brass howitzer, and called after the Admiral's son, had followed the vessels into the bay, on the port side of the Seminole. Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, having attended to the wounded of the flag-ship, was desirous of visiting the other vessels and assisting the surgeons, and for this purpose the Loyall was placed at his disposal by the Admiral. He had just shoved off on his mission of mercy when the Tennessee was seen steaming for the Hartford. The Admiral beckoned to Palmer, just before he made his general signals, and desired him to "go to all the monitors, and tell them to attack that Tennessee." The monitors were some distance apart, but our little boat was fast, and soon conveyed orders to them all.

At a later date, in reference to a bill before Congress for the "reorganization of the medical corps of the Navy," the Admiral alludes to this service of Surgeon-General Palmer in a letter addressed to that officer:

"In time of war all persons should be available for duty, only retaining the relative rank in their own corps. Without

this clause, the services of some of the most efficient medical officers might be lost to the government, where most essential. I am aware that such might not be the case, as they would no doubt volunteer, but while legislating it is best to provide for it on the face of the bill; although I am happy to say that from my own experience *war* is the time when I have always found the medical officers ready and willing to do their duty without regard to personal risk, and it gives me special pleasure to refer to your case in Mobile Bay, where *you*, in the little *Loyall*, carried my orders round the fleet for the ships to run down the ram *Tennessee*, and did it with cheerfulness and alacrity."

When the *Tecumseh* was going down, Commander Craven and his pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret. Craven, knowing that it was through no fault of the pilot, but by his own command, that the fatal change in her course had been made, stepped back, saying, "After you, pilot." "There was nothing after me," said Mr. Collins in telling the story; "for when I reached the top round of the ladder, the vessel seemed to drop from under me."

Among those who went down with the gallant Craven was Chief-Engineer C. Farron, who, though an invalid, went on board out of his bed from the hospital at Pensacola. No nobler heroism was displayed than by this officer.

To show the effect of the heavy fire from the enemy's gunboats—the starboard steerage of the *Hartford* was literally knocked into small fragments, and a heavy oak stanchion, broken in two in the middle, was carried aft into the ward-room.

Ensign Whiting, who commanded the gun on the forecastle, had his piece disabled and his crew swept away. Numerous instances of the same nature occurred in other vessels of the fleet.

When a shot penetrated the starboard boiler of the *Oneida*, causing the instant scalding of thirteen men, one gun's crew wavered for a moment as the steam rushed out, but at Mul-

lany's order, "Back to your quarters, men!" they instantly returned to their gun. Captain Mullany soon after lost his arm and received six other wounds.

The romantic incident of the Admiral's being lashed to the mast has led to considerable controversy.* The difference of opinion resulted from the fact that Farragut did not remain long in any one position. While the fleet was entering the bay, he was in the *port main rigging*, where he was secured by the signal quartermaster, as before mentioned. But when the ram made her attack, he had returned to the deck, and when the Hartford was about to ram the Tennessee, he took up his position in the *port mizzen rigging*, where, as his Flag-Lieutenant (now Commander) J. C. Watson says, "I secured him by a lashing passed with my own hands, having first begged him not to stand in such an exposed place." It was no uncommon thing for him to show activity of this kind, and the sensible precaution suggested by his fleet-captain, which he adopted, was an afterthought.

When the Lackawanna ran into the Hartford, the Admiral was standing aft on the poop-deck. In a moment he was climbing over the side to see the extent of the damage. "Immediately," says Captain Drayton, "there was a general cry all round, 'Get the Admiral out of the ship!' and the whole interest of every one near was, that he should be in a place of safety. Of course, it was a mere sudden impulse, for an instant's thought would have satisfied any one that he was not the man to look out for himself. The Admiral jumped outside to see what injury had been done, and, finding that we should float, ordered me to keep on with all speed and strike the enemy's ram again. But just before we came up with her she showed the white flag. What touched me, though, was the satisfaction that pervaded the crowd around me at the supposed safety of the Admiral. The love of officers and crew for the Admiral it would be difficult

* This discussion arose on the exhibition of a picture by William Page—a full-length portrait of the Admiral at the battle of Mobile, which represents him as lashed in the futtock shrouds. The picture was purchased by a committee in 1871, and presented to the Emperor of Russia.

·better to illustrate than by showing, as I have, that when they thought themselves in danger they thought only of him.”

At my earnest solicitation, Surgeon-General Palmer has furnished me with an extract from his private journal, describing his interview with Admiral Buchanan :

“The Richmond waved to me as I passed in the Loyall, and told me that Admiral Farragut had partly signaled for me to return, which I did immediately. When I got near enough to the Hartford, the Admiral himself hailed, and directed me to go aboard the captured ram and look after Admiral Buchanan, who was wounded. It was difficult even from a boat to get on board the Tennessee, and I had to make a long leap, assisted by a strong man’s hand. I scrambled literally through the iron port, and threaded my way among the piles of confusion to a ladder, by which I mounted to where Admiral Buchanan was lying in a place like the top of a truncated pyramid. Somebody announced me, and he answered (tone polite, but savage), ‘I know Dr. Palmer’; but he gave me his hand. I told him I was sorry to see him so badly hurt, but that I should be glad to know his wishes. He answered, ‘I only wish to be treated kindly as a prisoner of war.’ My reply was, ‘Admiral Buchanan, you know perfectly well you will be treated kindly.’ Then he said, ‘I am a Southern man, and an enemy, and a rebel.’ I felt a little offended at his tone, but rejoined carefully that he was at that moment a wounded person and disabled, and that I would engage to have his wishes fulfilled. As to the present disposal of his person, that Admiral Farragut would take him aboard the Hartford, or send him to any other ship he might prefer. He said he didn’t pretend to be Admiral Farragut’s friend, and had no right to ask favors of him, but that he would be satisfied with any decision that might be come to. Dr. Conrad, lately an assistant surgeon in our navy, told me he was fleet-surgeon, and desired to accompany Buchanan wherever he might go.* I promised that he should, and returned to the

* There is no question that Dr. Palmer saved Admiral Buchanan’s leg, if not his life. It had been proposed by the Confederate fleet-surgeon to resort to amputa-

Hartford, and reported to Admiral Farragut circumstantially. This generous man seemed hurt at Buchanan's irritated feeling, and said he (Buchanan) *had* formerly professed friendship for him. I saw there must be some embarrassment in bringing them together, and therefore proposed that I should have a steamer to take all the wounded to Pensacola, and another one to send all ordinary invalids to New Orleans."

The following is the Admiral's detailed report of the battle of Mobile Bay :

" UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
" *Mobile Bay, August 12, 1864.*

"SIR: I had the honor to forward to the Department, on the evening of the 5th instant, a report of my *entrée* into Mobile Bay, on the morning of that day, which, though brief, contained all the principal facts of the attack.

"Notwithstanding the loss of life, particularly on this ship, and the terrible disaster to the *Tecumseh*, the result of the fight was a glorious victory, and I have reason to feel proud of the officers, seamen, and marines of the squadron under my command, for it has never fallen to the lot of an officer to be thus situated and thus sustained.

"Regular discipline will bring men to any amount of endurance, but there is a natural fear of hidden dangers, particularly when so awfully destructive of human life as the torpedo, which requires more than discipline to overcome.

"Preliminary to a report of the action of the 5th, I desire to call the attention of the Department to the previous steps taken in consultation with Generals Canby and Granger. On the 8th of July I had an interview with these officers on board the *Hartford*, on the subject of an attack upon Forts Morgan and Gaines, at which it was agreed that General Canby would send all the troops he could spare to cooperate with the fleet. Circumstances soon obliged General Canby to inform me that

tion, but upon examination Dr. Palmer declined to have the operation performed, and for his skillful management of the case received grateful acknowledgments in after life from Buchanan.

he could not dispatch a sufficient number to invest both forts; and, in reply, I suggested that Gaines should be first invested, engaging to have a force in the Sound ready to protect the landing of the army on Dauphin Island, in the rear of that fort, and I assigned Lieutenant-Commander De Krafft, of the Cone-maugh, to that duty.

“On the 1st instant General Granger visited me again on the Hartford. In the mean time the Tecumseh had arrived at Pensacola, and Captain Craven had informed me that he would be ready in four days for any service. We therefore fixed upon the 4th of August as the day for the landing of the troops and my entrance into the bay; but, owing to delays mentioned in Captain Jenkins’s communication to me, the Tecumseh was not ready. General Granger, however, to my mortification, was up to time, and the troops actually landed on Dauphin Island.

“As subsequent events proved, the delay turned to our advantage, as the rebels were busily engaged during the 4th in throwing troops and supplies into Fort Gaines, all of which were captured a few days afterward.

“The Tecumseh arrived on the evening of the 4th, and, everything being propitious, I proceeded to the attack on the following morning.

“As mentioned in my previous dispatch, the vessels outside the bar, which were designed to participate in the engagement, were all under way by forty minutes past five in the morning, in the following order, two abreast, and lashed together: Brooklyn, Captain James Akden, with the Octorora, Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Green, on the port side; Hartford, Captain Percival Drayton, with the Metacomet, Lieutenant-Commander J. E. Jouett; Richmond, Captain T. A. Jenkins, with the Port Royal, Lieutenant-Commander B. Gherardi; Lackawanna, Captain J. B. Marchand, with the Seminole, Commander E. Donaldson; Monongahela, Commander J. H. Strong, with the Kennebec, Lieutenant-Commander W. P. McCann; Ossipee, Commander W. E. Le Roy, with the Itasca, Lieutenant-Commander George Brown; Oneida, Commander J. R. M. Mullany, with the Galena, Lieutenant-Commander C. H. Wells. The iron-

clads—Tecumseh, Commander T. A. M. Craven; Manhattan, Commander J. W. A. Nicholson; Winnebago, Commander T. H. Stevens; and Chickasaw, Lieutenant-Commander G. H. Perkins—were already inside the bar, and had been ordered to take up their positions on the starboard side of the wooden ships, or between them and Fort Morgan, for the purpose of keeping down the fire from the water battery and the parapet guns of the fort, as well as to attack the ram Tennessee as soon as the fort was passed.

“It was only at the urgent request of the captains and commanding officers that I yielded to the Brooklyn’s being the leading ship of the line, as she had four chase-guns and an ingenious arrangement for picking up torpedoes, and because, in their judgment, the flag-ship ought not to be too much exposed. This I believe to be an error; for, apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank in the Navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flag-ship, and, as will appear in the sequel, such attempt was very persistently made, but Providence did not permit it to be successful.

“The attacking fleet steamed steadily up the main ship-channel, the Tecumseh firing the first shot at forty-seven minutes past six o’clock. At six minutes past seven the fort opened upon us, and was replied to by a gun from the Brooklyn, and immediately after the action became general.

“It was soon apparent that there was some difficulty ahead. The Brooklyn, for some cause which I did not then clearly understand, but which has since been explained by Captain Alden in his report, arrested the advance of the whole fleet, while, at the same time, the guns of the fort were playing with great effect upon that vessel and the Hartford. A moment after I saw the Tecumseh, struck by a torpedo, disappear almost instantaneously beneath the waves, carrying with her her gallant commander and nearly all her crew. I determined at once, as I had originally intended, to take the lead; and, after ordering the Metacomet to send a boat to save, if possible, any of the perishing crew, I dashed ahead with the Hartford, and the ships

followed on, their officers believing that they were going to a noble death with their commander-in-chief.

"I steamed through between the buoys, where the torpedoes were supposed to have been sunk. These buoys had been previously examined by my flag-lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, in several nightly reconnoissances. Though he had not been able to discover the sunken torpedoes, yet we had been assured, by refugees, deserters, and others, of their existence; but, believing that, from their having been some time in the water, they were probably innocuous, I determined to take the chance of their explosion.

"From the moment I turned northward, to clear the Middle Ground, we were enabled to keep such a broadside fire upon the batteries of Fort Morgan, that their guns did us comparatively little injury.

"Just after we passed the fort, which was about ten minutes before eight o'clock, the ram Tennessee dashed out at this ship, as had been expected, and in anticipation of which I had ordered the monitors on our starboard side. I took no further notice of her than to return her fire.

"The rebel gunboats Morgan, Gaines, and Selma were ahead; and the latter particularly annoyed us with a raking fire, which our guns could not return. At two minutes after eight o'clock I ordered the Metacomet to cast off and go in pursuit of the Selma. Captain Jouett was after her in a moment, and in an hour's time he had her as a prize. She was commanded by P. V. Murphy, formerly of the United States Navy. He was wounded in the wrist, his executive officer, Lieutenant Comstock, and eight of the crew killed, and seven or eight wounded. Lieutenant-Commander Jouett's conduct during the whole affair commands my warmest commendations. The Morgan and Gaines succeeded in escaping under the protection of the guns of Fort Morgan, which would have been prevented had the other gunboats been as prompt in their movements as the Metacomet; the want of pilots, however, I believe, was the principal difficulty. The Gaines was so injured by our fire that she had to be run ashore, where she was subsequently destroyed;

but the Morgan escaped to Mobile during the night, though she was chased and fired upon by our cruisers.

“Having passed the forts and dispersed the enemy’s gunboats, I had ordered most of the vessels to anchor, when I perceived the ram Tennessee standing up for this ship. This was at forty-five minutes past eight. I was not long in comprehending Buchanan’s intentions to be the destruction of the flag-ship. The monitors, and such of the wooden vessels as I thought best adapted for the purpose, were immediately ordered to attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on at full speed; and then began one of the fiercest naval combats on record.

“The Monongahela, Commander Strong, was the first vessel that struck her, and in doing so carried away her own iron prow, together with the cutwater, without apparently doing her adversary much injury. The Lackawanna, Captain Marchand, was the next vessel to strike her, which she did at full speed; but though her stern was cut and crushed to the plank-ends for the distance of three feet above the water’s edge to five feet below, the only perceptible effect on the ram was to give her a heavy list.

“The Hartford was the third vessel which struck her, but, as the Tennessee quickly shifted her helm, the blow was a glancing one, and, as she rasped along our side, we poured our whole port broadside of nine-inch solid shot within ten feet of her casemate.

“The monitors worked slowly, but delivered their fire as opportunity offered. The Chickasaw succeeded in getting under her stern, and a fifteen-inch shot from the Manhattan broke through her iron plating and heavy wooden backing, though the missile itself did not enter the vessel.

“Immediately after the collision with the flag-ship, I directed Captain Drayton to bear down for the ram again. He was doing so at full speed, when, unfortunately, the Lackawanna ran into the Hartford just forward of the mizzen-mast, cutting her down to within two feet of the water’s edge. We soon got clear again, however, and were fast approaching

our adversary, when she struck her colors and ran up the white flag.

"She was at this time sore beset; the Chickasaw was pounding away at her stern, the Ossipee was approaching her at full speed, and the Monongahela, Lackawanna, and this ship were bearing down upon her, determined upon her destruction. Her smoke-stack had been shot away, her steering-chains were gone, compelling a resort to her relieving tackles, and several of her port-shutters were jammed. Indeed, from the time the Hartford struck her until her surrender, she never fired a gun. As the Ossipee, Commander Le Roy, was about to strike her, she hoisted the white flag, and that vessel immediately stopped her engine, though not in time to avoid a glancing blow.

"During this contest with the rebel gunboats and the ram Tennessee, which terminated in her surrender at ten o'clock, we lost many more men than from the fire of the batteries of Fort Morgan.

"Admiral Buchanan was wounded in the leg; two or three of his men were killed, and five or six wounded. Commander Johnston, formerly of the United States Navy, was in command of the Tennessee, and came on board the flag-ship to surrender his sword, and that of Admiral Buchanan. The surgeon, Dr. Conrad, came with him, stated the condition of the Admiral, and wished to know what was to be done with him. Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, who was on board the Hartford during the action, commiserating the sufferings of the wounded, suggested that those of both sides be sent to Pensacola, where they could be properly cared for. I therefore addressed a note to Brigadier-General R. L. Page, commanding Fort Morgan, informing him that Admiral Buchanan and others of the Tennessee had been wounded, and desiring to know whether he would permit one of our vessels, under a flag of truce, to convey them, with or without our wounded, to Pensacola, on the understanding that the vessel should take out none but the wounded, and bring nothing back that she did not take out. This was acceded to by General Page, and the Metacomet proceeded on this mission of humanity.

"I inclose herewith the correspondence with that officer. I forward also the reports of the commanding officers of the vessels that participated in the action, who will no doubt call attention to the conduct of such individuals as most distinguished themselves.

"As I had an elevated position in the main rigging near the top, I was able to overlook not only the deck of the Hartford, but the other vessels of the fleet. I witnessed the terrible effects of the enemy's shot, and the good conduct of the men at their guns, and although no doubt their hearts sickened, as mine did, when their shipmates were struck down beside them, yet there was not a moment's hesitation to lay their comrades aside, and spring again to their deadly work.

"Our little consort, the *Metacomet*, was also under my immediate eye during the whole action up to the moment I ordered her to cast off in pursuit of the *Selma*. The coolness and promptness of Lieutenant-Commander Jouett throughout merit high praise; his whole conduct was worthy of his reputation.

"In this connection I must not omit to call the attention of the Department to the conduct of Acting Ensign Henry C. Neilds, of the *Metacomet*, who had charge of the boat sent from that vessel when the *Tecumseh* sank. He took her in under one of the most galling fires I ever saw, and succeeded in rescuing from death ten of the crew, within six hundred yards of the fort. I would respectfully recommend his advancement.

"The commanding officers of all the vessels that took part in the action deserve my warmest commendations, not only for the untiring zeal with which they had prepared their ships for the contest, but for their skill and daring in carrying out my orders during the engagement. With the exception of the momentary arrest of the fleet when the *Hartford* passed ahead, to which I have already adverted, the order of battle was preserved, and the ships followed each other in close order past the batteries of Fort Morgan, and in comparative safety too, with the exception of the *Oneida*. Her boilers were penetrated by a shot from the fort, which completely disabled her; but her

consort, the Galena, firmly fastened to her side, brought her safely through, showing clearly the wisdom of the precaution of carrying the vessels in two abreast. Commander Mullany, who had solicited eagerly to take part in the action, was severely wounded, losing his left arm.

"In the encounter with the ram the commanding officers obeyed with alacrity the order to run her down, and without hesitation exposed their ships to destruction, to destroy the enemy.

"Our iron-clads, from their slow speed and bad steering, had some difficulty in getting into and maintaining their position in line as we passed the fort, and, in the subsequent encounter with the Tennessee, from the same causes were not as effective as could have been desired; but I can not give too much praise to Lieutenant-Commander Perkins, who, though he had orders from the Department to return North, volunteered to take command of the Chickasaw, and did his duty nobly.

"The Winnebago was commanded by Commander T. H. Stevens, who volunteered for that position. His vessel steers very badly, and neither of his turrets will work, which compelled him to turn his vessel every time to get a shot, so that he could not fire very often, but he did the best he could under the circumstances.

"The Manhattan appeared to work well, though she moved slowly. Commander Nicholson delivered his fire deliberately, and, as before stated, with one of his fifteen-inch shot broke through the armor of the Tennessee, with its wooden backing, though the shot itself did not enter the vessel. No other shot broke through the armor, though many of her plates were started, and several of her port-shutters jammed, by the fire from the different ships.

"The Hartford, my flag-ship, was commanded by Captain Percival Drayton, who exhibited throughout that coolness and ability for which he has been long known to his brother officers. But I must speak of that officer in a double capacity. He is the fleet-captain of my squadron, and one of more determined

energy, untiring devotion to duty, and zeal for the service, tempered by great calmness, I do not think adorns any navy. I desire to call your attention to this officer, though well aware that, in thus speaking of his high qualities, I am only communicating officially to the Department that which it knew full well before. To him, and to my staff in their respective positions, I am indebted for the detail of my fleet.

“Lieutenant J. Crittenden Watson, my flag-lieutenant, has been brought to your notice in former dispatches. During the action he was on the poop, attending to the signals, and performed his duties, as might be expected, thoroughly. He is a scion worthy the noble stock he sprang from, and I commend him to your attention.

“My secretary, Mr. McKinley, and Acting Ensign H. H. Brownell, were also on the poop, the latter taking notes of the action, a duty which he performed with coolness and accuracy.

“Two other acting ensigns of my staff, Mr. Bogart and Mr. Heginbotham, were on duty in the powder division, and, as the reports will show, exhibited zeal and ability. The latter, I regret to add, was severely wounded by a raking shot from the Tennessee when we collided with that vessel, and died a few hours after. Mr. Heginbotham was a young married man, and has left a widow and one child, whom I commend to the kindness of the Department.

“Lieutenant A. R. Yates, of the Augusta, acted as an additional aid to me on board the Hartford, and was very efficient in the transmission of orders. I have given him the command temporarily of the captured steamer Selma.

“The last of my staff to whom I would call the attention of the Department is not the least in importance. I mean Pilot Martin Freeman. He has been my great reliance in all difficulties in his line of duty. During the action he was in the maintop, piloting the ships into the bay. He was cool and brave throughout, never losing his self-possession. This man was captured early in the war in a fine fishing-smack which he owned, and though he protested that he had no interest in the war, and only asked for the privilege of fishing for the fleet, yet his ser-

vices were too valuable to the captors as a pilot not to be secured. He was appointed a first-class pilot, and has served us with zeal and fidelity, and has lost his vessel, which went to pieces on Ship Island. I commend him to the Department.

“ It gives me pleasure to refer to several officers who volunteered to take any situation where they might be useful, some of whom were on their way North, either by orders of the Department or condemned by medical survey. The reports of the different commanders will show how they conducted themselves. I have already mentioned Lieutenant-Commander Perkins, of the Chickasaw, and Lieutenant Yates, of the Augusta. Acting volunteer Lieutenant William Hamilton, late commanding officer of the Augusta Dinsmore, had been invalidated by medical survey, but he eagerly offered his services on board the iron-clad Chickasaw, having had much experience in our monitors. Acting volunteer Lieutenant P. Giraud, another experienced officer in iron-clads, asked to go in on one of these vessels ; but, as they were all well supplied with officers, I permitted him to go in on the Ossipee, under Commander Le Roy. After the action he was given temporary charge of the ram Tennessee.

“ Before closing this report, there is one other officer of my squadron of whom I feel bound to speak—Captain T. A. Jenkins, of the Richmond, who was formerly my chief of staff : not because of his having held that position, but because he never forgets to do his duty to the Government, and takes now the same interest in the fleet as when he stood in that relation to me. He is also the commanding officer of the second division of my squadron, and, as such, has shown ability and the most untiring zeal. He carries out the spirit of one of Lord Collingwood’s best sayings : ‘ Not to be afraid of doing too much ; those who are, seldom do as much as they ought.’ When in Pensacola, he spent days on the bar, placing the buoys in the best position, was always looking after the interests of the service, and keeping the vessels from being detained one moment longer in port than was necessary. The gallant Craven told me, only the night before the action in which he lost his life : ‘ I regret, Admiral, that I have detained you ; but,

had it not been for Captain Jenkins, God knows when I should have been here. When your order came, I had not received an ounce of coal.' I feel I should not be doing my duty did I not call the attention of the Department to an officer who has performed all his various duties with so much zeal and fidelity.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Commanding W. G. Blockading Squadron.

"HON. GIDEON WELLES,

"Secretary of the Navy."

On receiving the Admiral's announcement of the battle and its results, Secretary Welles wrote him the following graceful letter of congratulation :

"NAVY DEPARTMENT,

"Washington, August 15, 1864."

"SIR: Your dispatch of the 5th instant, stating that you had on the morning of that day entered Mobile Bay, passing between Forts Morgan and Gaines, and encountering and overcoming the rebel fleet, I had the satisfaction to receive this day. Some preliminary account of your operations had previously reached us through rebel channels.

"Again it is my pleasure and my duty to congratulate you and your brave associates on an achievement unequalled in our service by any other commander, and only surpassed by that unparalleled naval triumph of the squadron under your command in the spring of 1862, when, proceeding up the Mississippi, you passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and, overcoming all obstructions, captured New Orleans and restored unobstructed navigation to the commercial emporium of the great central valley of the Union.

"The bay of Mobile was not only fortified and guarded by forts and batteries on shore and by submerged obstructions, but the rebels had also collected there a formidable fleet commanded by their highest naval officer, a former captain in the Union

Navy, who, false to the Government and the Union, had deserted his country in the hour of peril, and leveled his guns against the flag which it was his duty to have defended.

“The possession of Mobile Bay, which you have acquired, will close the illicit traffic which has been carried on by running the blockade in that part of the Gulf, and gives point and value to the success you have achieved.

“Great results in war are seldom obtained without great risks, and it was not expected that the possession of the harbor of Mobile would be secured without disaster. The loss of the gallant Craven and his brave companions, with the Tecumseh, a vessel that was invulnerable to the guns of Fort Morgan, by a concealed torpedo, was a casualty against which no human foresight could guard. While the nation awards cheerful honors to the living, she will ever hold in grateful remembrance the memory of the gallant and lamented dead, who periled their lives for their country, and died in her cause.

“To you and the brave officers and sailors of your squadron who participated in this great achievement, the Department tenders its thanks and those of the Government and country.

“Very respectfully,

“GIDEON WELLES,

“Secretary of the Navy.

“Rear-Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT,

“Commanding Western Gulf Blockading Squadron,
Mobile Bay.”

General Butler sent the following characteristic letter :

“HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA,

“IN THE FIELD, August 11, 1864.

“MY DEAR ADMIRAL: I had the exquisite gratification of telegraphing from the Richmond papers the first account of your most glorious success, and the noble exploit of your fleet. I need not use the language of compliment where none is needed. It is all said in one word: *It was like you.* Reminding me so much of the passage of the Mississippi forts, was it wonderful that, boy-like, in my tent all alone, when the rebel journal

was brought in and the official telegram read that you and seventeen of your vessels had passed Fort Morgan, I called out, 'Three cheers for Farragut'? They were given with a will that brought in my staff and orderlies, who thought their General had gone crazy, perhaps from sunstroke, whereas it was only a stroke of good luck, of high daring and noble emprise, quite as brilliant as anything the sun could do.

"Let me assure you, Admiral, that those cheers, the first given on the occasion in the loyal North, are not done ringing yet; but every hill-top is resounding with them, as they are caught up from hamlet to hamlet, and city to city, of a grateful nation. I speak no language of hyperbole, and only the words of sincere admiration, when I say I envy you, alone of all men, for the place you have in the hearts of your countrymen, a feeling, however, which will not prevent me from at all times adding my mite to the tribute, and now, as always, subscribing myself,

"Most truly yours,

"BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

"Rear-Admiral FARRAGUT."

I can not refrain from inserting another letter, from an old naval friend, which I know was deeply appreciated:

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL: When I heard of your glorious success at Mobile, I was prompted to write and congratulate you, and began a letter, but tore it up, as I sometimes do, in disgust. I feel now that I would, were I in your situation, like to be greeted on my return by my naval friends, and be told by them that they rejoiced in my glory and my success. I believe there are few if any who do not congratulate you in their hearts most sincerely; but I desire to put it on record in a friendly way that I am glad of your success, both because I know you deserve it, and because I feel that you are better able to bear your honors meekly than some who might have more luck but have less ballast. May God continue you His blessing.

"ANDREW A. HARWOOD."

Henry Howard Brownell, who was an Acting Ensign on the Hartford, made this battle the subject of a poem which speedily became famous :

THE BAY FIGHT.

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,
The steady Trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The Ocean Stream our channels wet,
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

By reef and shoal obscurely mapped,
And hauntings of the gray sea-wolf,
The palmy Western Key lay lapped
In the warm washing of the Gulf.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Santa Rosa's withered beach,
And Pensacola's ruined wall.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

Yet, coastwise as we cruised or lay,
The land-breeze still at nightfall bore,
By beach and fortress-guarded bay,
Sweet odors from the enemy's shore,

Fresh from the forest solitudes,
Unchallenged of his sentry lines —
The bursting of his cypress buds,
And the warm fragrance of his pines.

Ah, never braver bark and crew,
 Nor bolder Flag a foe to dare,
 Had left a wake on ocean blue
 Since Lion-Heart sailed *Trenc-le-mer*!

But little gain by that dark ground
 Was ours, save, sometime, freer breath
 For friend or brother strangely found,
 'Scaped from the drear domain of death.

And little venture for the bold,
 Or laurel for our valiant Chief,
 Save some blockaded British thief,
 Full fraught with murder in his hold,

Caught unawares at ebb or flood —
 Or dull bombardment, day by day,
 With fort and earth-work, far away,
 Low couched in sullen leagues of mud.

A weary time, — but to the strong
 The day at last, as ever, came ;
 And the volcano, laid so long,
 Leaped forth in thunder and in flame !

“Man your starboard battery !”
 Kimberly shouted —
 The ship, with her hearts of oak,
 Was going, mid roar and smoke,
 On to victory !
 None of us doubted,
 No, not our dying —
 Farragut's Flag was flying !

Gaines growled low on our left,
 Morgan roared on our right —
 Before us, gloomy and fell,
 With breath like the fume of hell,
 Lay the Dragon of iron shell,
 Driven at last to the fight !

Ha, old ship ! do they thrill,
 The brave two hundred scars
 You got in the River-Wars ?
 That were leeches with clamorous skill,
 (Surgery savage and hard,)
 Splinted with bolt and beam,
 Probed in scarfing and seam,
 Rudely lited and tarred
 With oakum and boiling pitch,
 And sutured with splice and hitch,
 At the Brooklyn Navy-Yard !

Our lofty spars were down,
 To bide the battle's frown,
 (Wont of old renown) —
 But every ship was drest
 In her bravest and her best,
 As if for a July day ;
 Sixty flags and three,
 As we floated up the bay —
 Every peak and mast-head flew
 The brave Red, White, and Blue —
 We were eighteen ships that day.

With hawsers strong and taut,
 The weaker lashed to port,
 On we sailed, two by two —
 That if either a bolt should feel
 Crash through caldron or wheel,
 Fin of bronze or sinew of steel,
 Her mate might bear her through.

Steadily nearing the head,
 The great Flag-Ship led,
 Grandest of sights !
 On her lofty mizzen flew
 Our Leader's dauntless Blue,
 That had waved o'er twenty fights —
 29

So we went, with the first of the tide,
 Slowly, mid the roar
 Of the Rebel guns ashore
 And the thunder of each full broadside.

Ah, how poor the prate
 Of statute and state
 We once held with these fellows —
 Here, on the flood's pale-green,
 Hark how he bellows,
 Each bluff old Sea-Lawyer !
 Talk to them, Dahlgren,
 Parrott, and Sawyer !

On, in the whirling shade
 Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
 We drew to the Line of Death
 That our devilish Foe had laid —
 Meshed in a horrible net,
 And baited villainous well,
 Right in our path were set
 Three hundred traps of hell !

And there, O sight forlorn !
 There, while the cannon
 Hurtled and thundered —
 (Ah, what ill raven
 Flapped o'er the ship that morn !) —
 Caught by the under-death,
 In the drawing of a breath
 Down went dauntless Craven,
 He and his hundred !

A moment we saw her turret,
 A little heel she gave,
 And a thin white spray went o'er her,
 Like the crest of a breaking wave —

In that great iron coffin,
 The channel for their grave,
 The fort their monument
 (Seen afar in the offing),
 Ten fathom deep lie Craven,
 And the bravest of our brave.

Then, in that deadly track,
 A little the ships held back,
 Closing up in their stations —
 There are minutes that fix the fate
 Of battles and of nations
 (Christening the generations),
 When valor were all too late,
 If a moment's doubt be harbored —
 From the main-top, bold and brief,
 Came the word of our grand old Chief —
 "Go on!" 'twas all he said —
 Our helm was put to starboard,
 And the Hartford passed ahead.

Ahead lay the Tennessee,
 On our starboard bow he lay,
 With his mail-clad consorts three,
 (The rest had run up the Bay) —
 There he was, belching flame from his bow,
 And the steam from his throat's abyss
 Was a Dragon's maddened hiss —
 In sooth a most cursèd craft! —
 In a sullen ring at bay
 By the Middle Ground they lay,
 Raking us fore and aft.

Trust me, our berth was hot,
 Ah, wickedly well they shot;
 How their death-bolts howled and stung!
 And the water-batteries played
 With their deadly cannonade
 Till the air around us rung;

So the battle raged and roared —
Ah, had you been aboard
To have seen the fight we made !

How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip !
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship !

And how the enemy's shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers —
But ah, the pluck of the crew !
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well ;
Steadily came the powder,
Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck ;
And the dead were laid to port,
All a-row, on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor —
There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit.

There were blue eyes from turfy Shannon,
There were black orbs from palmy Niger —
But there, alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger !

A little, once, it looked ill,
Our consort began to burn—
They quenched the flames with a will,
But our men were falling still,
And still the fleet was astern.

Right abreast of the Fort
In an awful shroud they lay,
Broadsides thundering away,
And lightning from every port—
Scene of glory and dread !
A storm-cloud all aglow
With flashes of fiery red—
The thunder raging below,
And the forest of flags o'erhead !

So grand the hurly and roar,
So fiercely their broadsides blazed,
The regiments fighting ashore
Forgot to fire as they gazed.

There, to silence the Foe,
Moving grimly and slow,
They loomed in their deadly wreath,
Where the darkest batteries frowned—
Death in the air all round,
And the black torpedoes beneath !

And now, as we looked ahead,
All for'ard, the long white deck
Was growing a strange dull red ;
But soon, as once and again
Fore and aft we sped,
(The firing to guide or check,)
You could hardly choose but tread
On the ghastly human wreck,
(Dreadful gobbet and shred
That a minute ago were men !)

Red, from main-mast to bitts !
 Red, on bulwark and wale —
 Red, by combing and hatch —
 Red, o'er netting and rail !

And ever, with steady con,
 The ship forged slowly by —
 And ever the crew fought on,
 And their cheers rang loud and high.

Grand was the sight to see
 How by their guns they stood,
 Right in front of our dead
 Fighting square abreast —
 Each brawny arm and chest
 All spotted with black and red,
 Chrism of fire and blood !

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
 Worth all the weary time —
 Worth the woe and the peril,
 To stand in that strait sublime !

Fear? A forgotten form !
 Death? A dream of the eyes !
 We were atoms in God's great storm
 That roared through the angry skies.

One only doubt was ours,
 One only dread we knew —
 Could the day that dawned so well
 Go down for the Darker Powers ?
Would the fleet get through ?
 And ever the shot and shell
 Came with the howl of hell,
 The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
 And the long line of corpses grew —
Would the fleet win through ?

They are men that never will fail,
 (How aforetime they've fought!)
 But Murder may yet prevail—
 They may sink as Craven sank.
 Therewith one hard, fierce thought,
 Burning on heart and lip,
 Ran like fire through the ship—
 Fight her, to the last plank!

A dimmer Renown might strike
 If Death lay square alongside—
 But the Old Flag has no like,
 She must fight, whatever betide—
 When the War is a tale of old,
 And this day's story is told,
 They shall hear how the Hartford died!

But as we ranged ahead,
 And the leading ships worked in,
 Losing their hope to win,
 The enemy turned and fled—
 And one seeks a shallow reach,
 And another, winged in her flight,
 Our mate, brave Jouett, brings in—
 And one, all torn in the fight,
 Runs for a wreck on the beach,
 Where her flames soon fire the night.

And the Ram, when well up the Bay,
 And we looked that our stems should meet,
 (He had us fair for a prey),
 Shifting his helm midway,
 Sheered off and ran for the fleet;
 There, without skulking or sham,
 He fought them, gun for gun,
 And ever he sought to ram,
 But could finish never a one.

From the first of the iron shower
Till we sent our parting shell,
'Twas just one savage hour
Of the roar and the rage of hell.

With the lessening smoke and thunder,
Our glasses around we aim —
What is that burning yonder ?
Our Philippi — aground and in flame !

Below, 'twas still all a-roar,
As the ships went by the shore,
But the fire of the Fort had slacked,
(So fierce their volleys had been) —
And now, with a mighty din,
The whole fleet came grandly in,
Though sorely battered and wrecked.

So, up the Bay we ran,
The Flag to port and ahead ;
And a pitying rain began
To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the Fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag ;
When lo ! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the Rebel Rag —
The Ram is again under way
And heading dead for the Flag !

Steering up with the stream,
Boldly his course he lay,
Though the fleet all answered his fire,
And, as he still drew nigher,
Ever on bow and beam
Our Monitors pounded away —
How the Chickasaw hammered away !

Quickly breasting the wave,
Eager the prize to win,
First of us all the brave
Monongahela went in
Under full head of steam —
Twice she struck him abeam,
Till her stem was a sorry work,
(She might have run on a crag !)
The Lackawanna hit fair,
He flung her aside like cork,
And still he held for the Flag.

High in the mizzen shroud
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm)
Our Admiral's voice rang loud,
"Hard-a-starboard your helm !
Starboard ! and run him down !"
Starboard it was — and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the Foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather —
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
Drayton, courtly and wise,
Kindly cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now,
The flame of fight in his eyes !)
His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel !

But, as the space grew short,
A little he seemed to shun us,

Out peered a form grim and lanky,
 And a voice yelled — “Hard-a-port !
 Hard-a-port !— here ’s the damned Yankee
 Coming right down on us !”

He sheered, but the ships ran foul
 With a gnarring shudder and growl—
 He gave us a deadly gun ;
 But, as he passed in his pride,
 (Rasping right alongside !)
 The Old Flag, in thunder tones,
 Poured in her port broadside,
 Rattling his iron hide,
 And cracking his timber bones !

Just then, at speed on the Foe,
 With her bow all weathered and brown,
 The great Lackawanna came down,
 Full tilt, for another-blow ;
 We were forging ahead,
 She reversed — but, for all our pains,
 Rammed the old Hartford, instead,
 Just for’ard the mizzen chains !

Ah ! how the masts did buckle and bend,
 And the stout hull ring and reel,
 As she took us right on end !
 (Vain were engine and wheel,
 She was under full steam) —
 With the roar of a thunder-stroke
 Her two thousand tons of oak
 Brought up on us, right abeam !

A wreck, as it looked, we lay —
 (Rib and plankshear gave way
 To the stroke of that giant wedge !)
 Here, after all, we go —
 The old ship is gone ! — ah, no,
 But cut to the water’s edge.

Never mind, then — at him again !
 His flurry now can't last long ;
 He 'll never again see land —
 Try that on *him*, Marchand !
 On him again, brave Strong !

Heading square at the hulk,
 Full on his beam we bore ;
 But the spine of the huge Sea-Hog
 Lay on the tide like a log,
 He vomited flame no more.

By this, he had found it hot —
 Half the fleet, in an angry ring,
 Closed round the hideous Thing,
 Hammering with solid shot,
 And bearing down, bow on bow —
 He has but a minute to choose ;
 Life or renown ? — which now
 Will the Rebel Admiral lose ?

Cruel, haughty, and cold,
 He ever was strong and bold —
 Shall he shrink from a wooden stem ?
 He will think of that brave band
 He sank in the Cumberland —
 Ay, he will sink like them.

Nothing left but to fight
 Boldly his last sea-fight !
 Can he strike ? By heaven, 'tis true !
 Down comes the traitor Blue,
 And up goes the captive White !

Up went the White ! Ah then
 The hurrahs that, once and again,
 Rang from three thousand men
 All flushed and savage with fight !

Our dead lay cold and stark,
 But our dying, down in the dark,
 Answered as best they might —
 Lifting their poor lost arms,
 And cheering for God and Right !

Ended the mighty noise,
 Thunder of forts and ships,
 Down we went to the hold —
 O, our dear dying boys !
 How we pressed their poor brave lips,
 (Ah, so pallid and cold !)
 And held their hands to the last,
 (Those that had hands to hold).

Still thee, O woman heart !
 (So strong an hour ago) —
 If the idle tears must start,
 'Tis not in vain they flow.

They died, our children dear,
 On the drear berth deck they died ;
 Do not think of them here —
 Even now their footsteps near
 The immortal, tender sphere —
 (Land of love and cheer !
 Home of the Crucified !)

And the glorious deed survives.
 Our threescore, quiet and cold,
 Lie thus, for a myriad lives
 And treasure-millions untold —
 (Labor of poor men's lives,
 Hunger of weans and wives,
 Such is war-wasted gold.)

Our ship and her fame to-day
 Shall float on the storied Stream,

When mast and shroud have crumbled away
And her long, white deck is a dream.

One daring leap in the dark,
Three mortal hours, at the most —
And hell lies stiff and stark
On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours —
The Bay is lost and won,
An Empire is lost and won !
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,
Twine them in one more wreath
Of tenderest white and red,
(Twin buds of glory and death !)
For the brows of our brave dead —
For thy Navy's noblest Son.

Joy, O Land, for thy sons,
Victors by flood and field !
The traitor walls and guns
Have nothing left but to yield —
(Even now they surrender !)

And the ships shall sail once more,
And the cloud of war sweep on
To break on the cruel shore —
But Craven is gone,
He and his hundred are gone.

The flags flutter up and down
At sunrise and twilight dim,
The cannons menace and frown —
But never again for him,
Him and the hundred.

The Dahlgrens are dumb,
Dumb are the mortars —

Never more shall the drum
 Beat to colors and quarters—
 The great guns are silent.

O brave heart and loyal !
 Let all your colors dip—
 Mourn him, proud Ship !
 From main deck to royal.
 God rest our Captain,
 Rest our lost hundred.

Droop, flag and pennant !
 What is your pride for ?
 Heaven, that he died for,
 Rest our Lieutenant,
 Rest our brave threescore.

O Mother Land ! this weary life
 We led, we lead, is 'long of thee ;
 Thine the strong agony of strife,
 And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-sprent,
 The weary rows of cots that lie
 With wrecks of strong men, marred and rent,
 'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens
 Wherein the flame our war-fleet drives ;
 The fiery vaults, whose breath is men's
 Most dear and precious lives.

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
 Dread Nature clears our murky air,
 Thus in the crash of falling crime
 Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow
 That melt the ore of mortal kind :
 The Mills of God are grinding slow,
 But ah, how close they grind !

To-day the Dahlgren and the drum
 Are dread Apostles of his Name ;
 His Kingdom here can only come
 By chrisim of blood and flame.

Be strong : already slants the gold
 Athwart these wild and stormy skies ;
 From out this blackened waste, behold,
 What happy homes shall rise !

But see thou well no traitor gloze,
 No striking hands with Death and Shame,
 Betray the sacred blood that flows
 So freely for thy name.

And never fear a victor foe—
 Thy children's hearts are strong and high ;
 Nor mourn too fondly—well they know
 On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
 Though, ever smiling round the brave,
 The blue sea bear us on to death,
 The green were one wide grave.

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD, MOBILE BAY,
August, 1864.

In answer to Brownell, who asked permission to dedicate his volume of poems to him, Farragut wrote :

“BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD, *September 22, 1866.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND: I can certainly make no objection to the handsome dedication of your poems to me ; the warmth and

deep feeling with which it is made are only emblematic of your own ardent and affectionate nature. I have always esteemed it one of the happy events of my life that I was able to gratify your enthusiastic desire to witness the grandest as well as most terrible of all nautical events, a great sea-fight! And you were particularly fortunate in its being one in which all the ingenuity of our country had been employed to render it more terrible by the use of almost every implement of destruction known in the world, from the old-fashioned smooth-bore gun to the most diabolical contrivances for the destruction of human life. And permit me to assure you I have fully realized all my anticipations that your pen would faithfully delineate the scene and do justice to the subject; and although your feeling of friendship for your commander should sometimes manifest itself rather partially, it will be forgiven by the world, under the circumstances, and blotted out by the recording angel as was Uncle Toby's sin when he swore his friend should not die, and it will only be remembered with grateful feelings by your

"Affectionate friend,
"D. G. FARRAGUT."

It is not often that a ship or a regiment going into battle carries a poet among its men; or if it does, the poet generally falls in the fight, for nearly all the martial lyrics in our language have been written by civilians or non-combatants. Drayton, Campbell, Motherwell, Macaulay, Tennyson, Halleck, and Hoffman, all have written famous battle-pieces, yet not one of them ever saw a battle, except Campbell, and he only witnessed it from the tower of a convent. The old Hartford seems to have been singularly fortunate in this respect, having two poets among her actual combatants—for on a ship going into battle there can be no such thing as a non-combatant. Paymaster William T. Meredith wrote this spirited lyric after the fight:

FARRAGUT'S MORN.

FARRAGUT, Farragut,
 Old Heart of Oak !
 Daring Dave Farragut,
 Thunderbolt-stroke,
 Watches the hoary mist
 Lift from the Bay,
 Till his flag, glory-kissed,
 Greet's the young day.

Then, as the hurricane
 Hurtles in wrath
 Legions of clouds amain
 Back from its path,
 On Morgan's parapet,
 To the guns' lips,
 With bows of oak, Farragut,
 Hurls the iron ships,
 Hurls back their riven sides
 Belching forth smoke !
 Fear-driven Treason hides —
 Iron yields to oak.

Lashed to the shrouds that sway
 High o'er the deck,
 Where the white clouds away
 Roll from the wreck,
 Hear his word sternly sent
 Through the hot air,
 Mark his glance firmly bent
 When the guns glare.

See the masts reel and lunge,
 When by the head
 The sinking ships lift and plunge,
 Deep with their dead.
 Parchéd lips drink the smoke,
 Striving to cheer ;

Decks with red blood a-soak,
From veins without fear.

Under the shattered walls,
White flies the water,
Spray from the hissing balls —
Lads, will ye falter?
One cheer for Farragut,
High as the sun!
Taut lock-strings for Farragut,
Mobile is won!

Into the direful cloud,
Leads the blue flag,
Teeth-set and head bowed,—
Now die they who lag —
By the forts, o'er the Bay,
Trembling and torn —
America names the day
Farragut's Morn.

Oh, while old ocean's breast
Bears a white sail,
And God's soft stars to rest
Guide through the gale,
Men will him ne'er forget,
Old heart of oak,
Farragut, Farragut,
Thunderbolt-stroke!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BRITISH OPINIONS OF THE VICTORY—THE CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN—THE HARMONY BETWEEN LAND AND NAVAL FORCES—EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS—WHY FARRAGUT WAS NOT SENT TO WILMINGTON.

EVERY American, whether Union or secessionist, understood well enough the value and significance of Farragut's victory. For we were now in the fourth year of the war, its political issues were well defined, its military problems were clearly marked out, and it was evident that it could have but one termination. The practical question was, how soon that termination could be brought about by the exhaustion of the South's resources. If our armies had done nothing but hold their own, and the Navy had gone on capturing seaboard cities and effectually sealing up the ports, the Confederacy must have fallen. But the British public, who had no admiration for any valor but that displayed by the rebels, and could not understand how the prospects of the Confederacy could be at all diminished so long as Lee's army held out, needed a little instruction. "The British Army and Navy Gazette" supplied it in an able article, from which the following paragraphs are taken :

"Whatever speculations may have been sent abroad concerning the value of Farragut's success in forcing the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay, there can now be no doubt of the signal character of his victory and of the serious blow given to the Confederates in that quarter. It was argued that he had done nothing more than run past Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan, and sink and destroy a certain number of the enemy's fleet; that his position was most precarious, as his transports could not pass the batteries and he would have to run back for supplies; that

he could not get up to the town, in consequence of shoal water and of formidable works on land; and that he could not hope to hold his own, as he had no troops to make an impression on the sides of the bay and prevent the transmission of supplies to the forts at the entrance.

“Yesterday’s news blew all these speculations, arguments, and assertions into the air, with one exception. By the surrender of Fort Gaines on the west side of the entrance, and by the voluntary destruction of Fort Powell, the position of Farragut is rendered secure. The middle channel is left open, and stores can be landed under the guns of Fort Gaines; and the channel to New Orleans, which was closed by Fort Powell, must now fall into the hands of the victors.

“Next to New Orleans, the city of Mobile was the greatest cotton port in the States. It was lately driving a considerable trade in blockade-running, and gave abundant supplies to the Confederacy. Now, neither can cotton go out nor goods run in, and Mobile, its inhabitants, and garrison, are thrown on the resources of the impoverished and hard-pressed Confederacy.

“Already a fleet of transports, laden with fresh provisions and ice, has sailed from New York to supply the doughty Admiral, whose feats of arms place him at the head of his profession, and certainly constitute him the first naval officer of the day, as far as actual reputation, won by skill, courage, and hard fighting, goes.”

In a pamphlet on “Naval Operations during the Civil War in the United States,” Rear-Admiral R. V. Hamilton of the British Navy, after telling the story of the Mobile fight, says: “It appears to me that a disastrous defeat was converted into victory by (in so unexpected a contingency) the quickness of eye and power of rapid decision Farragut possessed, which saw at a glance the only escape from the dilemma the fleet were placed in, and which can only be acquired by a thorough practical knowledge in the management of fleets, and for want of which no amount of theoretical knowledge, however desirable in many respects, can make up in the moment of difficulty.” Admiral

Hamilton attributes the Federal naval successes largely to the free use of shell instead of solid shot, and the rapidity of fire.

General Granger's troops were now transferred to the rear of Fort Morgan, and invested it on the 9th of August. Just a week after the passage of the forts, the Admiral wrote :

"August 12th.

"When I wrote you last, I think we had Forts Gaines and Powell. We are now tightening the cords around Fort Morgan. Page is as surly as a bull-dog, and says he will die in the last ditch. He says he can hold out six months, and that we can't knock his fort down.

"We have free egress to New Orleans through Mississippi Sound. My sister writes me a long letter, begging me not to risk my life. How little people know of the risks of life! Drayton made his clerk stay below, because he was a young married man. All my staff—Watson, McKinley, and Brownell—were in an exposed position on the poop deck, but escaped unhurt, while poor Heginbotham was killed. He was a good man, and a loss to Drayton.

"General Canby and Commodore Palmer came over yesterday from New Orleans to 'see the sights.' They spent the night with me, and visited Forts Gaines and Powell.

"Of course you see how the papers are puffing me; but I am like Brownell's old cove, 'all I want is to be let alone,' to live in peace (if I survive this war) with my family.

"The small gunboats arrived just in good time, when the Glasgow and Loyall were my chief dependence for light work. The latter was mistaken by the enemy for a torpedo-boat. I have quite a colony here now—two forts, a big fleet, and a bay to run about in.

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

During this interval Fort Morgan had been holding out stubbornly, a summons to surrender being firmly refused by the commander. It became a mere question of time. Troops were pouring in, heavy siege guns were being placed in position, and

the investing lines getting closer and closer. Even the captured Tennessee's formidable battery was turned against the doomed fort. A battery of four nine-inch Dahlgren guns, manned by seamen from the fleet and under the command of Lieutenant H. B. Tyson, also took part in the siege. But after a furious cannonade on the 22d, which was gallantly replied to by Morgan, Farragut writes (at 9:45 A. M., August 23d):

“General Granger signals to the Admiral, ‘Unconditional surrender of Fort Morgan. All Page asks is, to be sent North. To be turned over at 2 P. M.’ I shall send them all off to New Orleans this evening, and the stars and stripes will once more wave over the forts at the entrance to Mobile Bay. They should have done so some time ago.”

The total number of prisoners captured in the defenses of Mobile was one thousand four hundred and sixty-four, with one hundred and four guns.

We now find the Admiral “resting on his oars,” as he expresses it, as far as fighting was concerned, although he had plenty to occupy his attention in the bay. He was engaged, too, in the dangerous work of taking up torpedoes. Twenty-one of these “hellish inventions” were picked up in the main ship channel, and he writes on the 13th of September that “this part of the channel is now believed to be clear, though beyond doubt many more were originally anchored there—report says one hundred.”

About the 1st of September, Farragut was standing on the deck with several officers, watching the Kennebec coming in from Pensacola. Soon after, an officer came on board with dispatches for the Admiral marked “Important.” With natural curiosity, all the officers were waiting to hear the latest from the North, and even the old quartermaster on watch stretched his neck forward to catch a few stray bits of information. The Admiral handed the papers to Lieutenant Watson, and asked him to read their contents, remarking that he “had no secrets.”

The dispatch was from the Department, warning him not

to attempt an attack on the defenses of Mobile, unless he was sure that he had a sufficient force, as powerful reënforcements would be sent to him as soon as possible. It was with intense satisfaction that he viewed his ships lying quietly at anchor in the bay, and the national flag floating over the forts at the entrance.

In his congratulatory letter to Admiral Farragut, after hearing of the capture of Fort Morgan, Secretary Welles said: "In the success which has attended your operations, you have illustrated the efficiency and irresistible power of a naval force led by a bold and vigorous mind, and the insufficiency of any batteries to prevent the passage of a fleet thus led and commanded. You have, first on the Mississippi and recently in the bay of Mobile, demonstrated what had been previously doubted—the ability of naval vessels, properly manned and commanded, to set at defiance the best constructed and most heavily armed fortifications. In these successive victories you have encountered great risks, but the results have vindicated the wisdom of your policy and the daring valor of our officers and seamen."

The official report of General Gordon Granger is especially valuable, in that it shows the perfect accord which existed between the land and naval forces in these operations. The following extracts exhibit this, and at the same time tell the story from a soldier's point of view:

"Under orders from the Major-General commanding the Military Division of West Mississippi, dated New Orleans, July 31, 1864, I took command of the expedition that was to coöperate with the Navy against the enemy's works at the entrance to Mobile Bay.

"The instructions under which I was acting left it to my discretion to disembark upon Mobile Point, east of the entrance to the bay, and invest Fort Morgan, or to land upon Dauphin Island, west of the entrance and in rear of Fort Gaines. After consulting with Rear-Admiral Farragut, I decided to land behind Fort Gaines, because of the difficulty of landing upon

Mobile Point from the open sea outside, the presence of the enemy's gunboats in position in the bay to command all land approaches to Fort Morgan, and the comparative facility with which Fort Gaines might be reduced, and the channels for light-draught vessels opened. This last consideration was of much importance in its bearing upon the question of supplying the fleet of the Navy, should their projected attempt to run by the forts into the bay be successful.

"Off this point the transports came to anchor upon the afternoon of the 3d, the movement up from the place of rendezvous having been covered by that part of Admiral Farragut's fleet stationed in Mississippi Sound, under command of Captain DeKrafft, U. S. N. To this officer and his command I am much indebted for valuable services in sounding the approaches to the island, and in disembarking the troops. The latter work, under his direction and in charge of Lieutenant Pomeroy, commander of the gunboat *Estrella*, was most excellently done, and so rapidly that the engineer regiment, the first to land, was in line upon the beach before the last of the transports had found anchorage.

"In all this work the small boats and boats' crews from the Navy were industriously engaged, plying with great activity between the transports and the shallows of the beach.

"Preceding the advance of troops, the woods were shelled by the gunboats of the Navy up to a point beyond where the line was to be established.

"Being notified on the 7th by Rear-Admiral Farragut that a flag of truce had been sent in to him from the enemy, and that he awaited me for consultation, I went on board his flagship, the *Hartford*. After an official correspondence held with the enemy, Fort Gaines, with its entire armament, garrison, stores, and supplies, was surrendered by Colonel Charles D. Anderson, C. S. A., commanding, to the combined forces of the Navy and Army of the United States, Captain Drayton, U. S. N., on the part of the Navy, and Colonel Albert J. Meyer, U. S. A., on the part of the Army, receiving the surrender; and on the morning of the 8th our troops occupied the fort, the

forces of the garrison marching out, stacking arms, and being placed on vessels for transfer to New Orleans.

“Rear-Admiral Farragut and myself now dispatched to the fort [Morgan] a summons to surrender, borne under flag of truce by Lieutenant Watson, of the Navy, and Captain Montgomery, my Adjutant-General.

“On the 22d, at daylight, the bombardment opened from land and water, and the fort was silent.

“The monitors Chickasaw, Winnebago, and Manhattan, of the Navy, with the iron-clad Tennessee, lay up at close range, and, with the larger vessels of the fleet outside, delivered their fire with accuracy and effect. I had already had occasion to remark the precision with which the guns upon the vessels were handled. The firing from the land was excellent, particularly that from Battery Farragut and the mortar batteries.

“Early on the morning of the 23d, a white flag was displayed by the fort, and under its walls I received an offer to capitulate, addressed to Rear-Admiral Farragut and myself. The Admiral being notified, terms of capitulation were arranged between Brigadier-General Page, C. S. A., commanding, Captain Drayton, U. S. N., and Brigadier-General Arnold, U. S. A. Captain Drayton, U. S. N., for the Navy, and Brevet Brigadier-General Bailey, U. S. V., for the Army, received the surrender of the fort.

“In reviewing the work thus successfully accomplished by the forces of the Navy and Army coöperating together, I am pleased to record the perfect harmony existing between these two branches of the service. For my own part, I can not sufficiently acknowledge the assistance rendered by the fleet and the Admiral in command, in transporting and disembarking the troops, guns, and materials employed by me in the operations. In brief, during all our relations, the officers of the fleet, with their distinguished commander, displayed in a high degree those qualities which mark their gallant service.”

Brigadier-General Richard K. Arnold, chief of artillery, says in his official report :

“During this time four 9-inch Dahlgrens, which General Granger had made arrangements with Admiral Farragut to secure before my arrival, had been taken from their ships and placed by the Navy in the batteries constructed for them.

“On examination of the works after the surrender, all but one or two of the guns bearing on our land and naval forces were found to have been rendered unserviceable by the combined fire of the fleet and the land batteries.

“The result of this bombardment demonstrates conclusively the inability of permanent works of this class to withstand the concentrated fire of artillery, whenever positions of 1,000 yards can be secured for batteries. Although the fort was not breached, it is evident that the power of artillery, which it was the intention of the commanding general to bring into play in coöperation with the Navy on the second day of the bombardment, would probably have reduced Fort Morgan to a mass of ruins, and destroyed at least one half of its garrison.

“Lieutenant Tyson, and Ensigns Cooper, Weldes, and Casse, of the Navy, with four gun-detachments from the flag-ship Hartford, were placed in charge of the Dahlgren batteries. From the time of their landing they labored well and faithfully in getting their guns into the difficult position selected for these batteries, and by their distinguished skill and accuracy during the bombardment contributed greatly to our success. Their services bespeak especial commendation.”

The Admiral made a reconnoissance in the *Metacomet* to within three and a half miles of Mobile, accompanied by several light-draught iron-clads. He discovered that the *Nashville*, an uncompleted ram, had been sunk across the main ship channel, completely obstructing it, and that there was also a row of piles guarded by batteries. It was impossible to approach the city until these obstructions could be removed. He thus gives vent to his feelings on the subject of attacking the city, and shows some of the disadvantages under which he labored in his last battle :

“As I have a moment to spare, I take advantage of it to let you know that I am as well as a man can be who can neither sit, walk, nor stand five minutes at a time, on account of Job’s comforters. But, thank God (I have so much to be thankful for, that I am thanking Him all the time), I am otherwise in pretty good condition.

“As this is the last of my work, I expect a little respite, unless the Government want the city of Mobile, which I think is bad policy. It would be an elephant, and take a large army to hold it. And besides, all the traitors and rascally speculators would flock to that city, and pour into the Confederacy the wealth of New York. If the Government wish it taken, they must send the means to hold it. I must confess I don’t like to work in seven and nine feet of water, and there is no more within several miles of Mobile. The enemy has barricaded the channel with forts, piles, and sunken vessels. Now, you know I am in no way diffident about going anywhere in the Hartford; but when I have to leave her and take to a craft drawing six feet of water, I feel badly.”

He now seems to be awaiting the movements of the army. He pays a visit to Fort Gaines, and remarks, “In my opinion, they are doing a great deal of unnecessary work in strengthening the fort. Who can attack it until the fleet is driven out of the bay? Better work the soldiers at their guns.” On the 12th of November he says :

“It being a clear day, I determined to run up and look at the blockade and surroundings. Saw the Nashville (very formidable, as much so as the Tennessee), Tuscaloosa, and Huntsville—all iron-clads, also two floating batteries, Morgan and Baltic. We are blockading them with one small iron-clad, the Chickasaw, and three small gunboats. The enemy has thrown up a large work on the eastern side of the bay, nearly opposite Dog River Bar—a fort with four guns near the water and three in rear. A work on the hill has as yet no guns. By landing at the wharf about two miles below, the army could march up

in rear, while the Navy attacks in front, and carry the hill. I think with our field batteries they could be driven out of the lower works. Now is the time! We have let slip precious time to create a diversion in Sherman's favor."

While waiting to learn the wishes of the Government with regard to his further movements, Farragut wrote several letters, extracts from which will interest the reader who has followed his story thus far :

" Mobile Bay, October 13, 1864.

"MY DEAR SON : In regard to your studies, bear in mind, that which is acquired easily does not stick so well by you as that which has required labor. I confess I don't know much about analytical geometry, and I might not have seen the use of steam, telegraphs, and railroads, when I was as young as you are; but I do now fully comprehend the difficulties of keeping them all in order for working. So go along with your age, my boy, and remember also that one of the requisite studies for an officer is *man*. Where your analytical geometry will serve you once, a knowledge of men will serve you daily. As a commander, to get the right men in the right place is one of the questions of success or defeat.

"Take another lesson from the affair to which you alluded—about contending with the Government. Dr. Franklin said: 'Always stoop your head a little, rather than run it against a beam.' It is not necessary to do wrong to avoid a difficulty. To submit to the decisions of the Government is what we all have to do. The object of government is to decide these matters. It may sometimes do injustice, but an unwise decision will recoil on the officials that be, sooner or later. Therefore, my son, avoid difficulties with your superiors if possible, but never submit to indignity without becoming remonstrance.

"Holt's report upon the secret societies in the United States, formed to overthrow the Government, brings to mind an interview between Rosas and Commodore Morris in Buenos Ayres, in 1832, on which occasion I acted as interpreter. Rosas said,

'Your Government can not last long. You have too many secret societies. They will destroy any country and upset any government.' Of course we did not think he meant what he said of *our* Government, but that he was letting us understand that he could not always do as he pleased, on account of the Masorecura Club, which, I remarked to the Commodore, would soon destroy him. It looks now as if he was not far from right in our case.

"Keeping an officer with a magnificent fleet in a port where there is not water enough to float the vessels, reminds me of the fable of the fox inviting the stork to dinner, and serving everything in shallow dishes."

"November 4th.

"Don't believe that I can be spoiled by adulation. Thank God, I am able to resist that temptation, if no other. I avoid the ports as much as possible, for my own sake as well as for the well-being of my officers and men. They are not all as able to resist the devil—especially in the shape of a bottle—as I am. But my fleet is very sober. I have only a few disposed in that way.

"I think the Confederates are beginning to be a little down in the mouth out here. They firmly believed they would re-take New Orleans in less than six months when I was last there. All that I used to tell them in Norfolk about civil war is upon them now with a vengeance."

"D. G. FARRAGUT."

Among other compliments paid to the Admiral, after his last success, was the desire of prominent politicians to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the presidency in the canvass then approaching. Farragut politely declined the proffered honor, and in alluding to the circumstance, says: "I am greatly obliged to my friends, but am thankful that I have no ambition for anything but what I am, an admiral. Of course I desire a good name as such. I have worked hard for three years, have been in eleven fights, and am willing to fight eleven more if necessary; but when I go home I desire peace and comfort."

The tone of several of these letters shows a little depression of spirits. His health had become enfeebled, from the strain upon him physically and mentally, and he longed for rest. Captain Drayton, with a true, disinterested friendship, wrote home to his family that if the Admiral remained longer in the Gulf, he feared for the consequences.

About the 1st of September the Department, being unaware of his physical condition, had proposed to change the scene of Farragut's labors by giving him command of the naval operations in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C. The late Gideon Welles, in one of his published papers on President Lincoln's administration, explained why Farragut's name was withdrawn, and Admiral Porter's substituted :

“By special request of the Lieutenant-General, Rear-Admiral Porter had been, on the 22d of September, transferred from the Mississippi squadron, where he had served with Grant and coöperated with the Army in the capture of Vicksburg, to the North Atlantic squadron, with a view to the command of the expedition against Fort Fisher. This command had been first assigned to Admiral Farragut, on the 5th of September, after the successful mission of Assistant Secretary Fox and General Gillmore to induce General Grant to lend a military force to coöperate with the Navy. This was at a period when the tide of affairs, political and military, had taken a favorable turn, elsewhere than in the vicinity of Richmond. The proceedings and nomination at Chicago had just been promulgated, Atlanta had fallen, the Bay of Mobile and the forts which guarded its entrance were in our possession, and the importance of prompt additional successes and decisive blows was felt by the administration to be necessary. But Admiral Farragut, the great and successful hero of the war, who was selected to command the expedition, had written me on the 27th of August a letter, which I did not receive until after my orders of the 5th of September assigning him to the command of the Fort Fisher expedition, saying his strength was almost exhausted, ‘but as long as I am able, I am willing to do the bidding of the De-

partment to the best of my abilities. I fear, however, my health is giving way. I have now been down in this Gulf and the Caribbean Sea nearly five years out of six, with the exception of the short time at home last fall, and the last six months have been a severe drag upon me, and I want rest if it is to be had.'

"On receiving this letter, it was felt that further exaction on the energies of this valuable officer ought not to be made; he was therefore relieved from that service, and Rear-Admiral Porter was substituted. The action of the Department in giving Porter the command instead of Farragut was much commented upon and never fully understood by the country, which had learned to appreciate the noble qualities of Farragut, and gave him its unstinted confidence. The great Admiral always regretted—though on his account I did not—that he had reported his physical sufferings and low state of health before my orders were received or even issued."

CHAPTER XXIX.

RETURN TO THE NORTH—PRESENTATION OF A HOUSE—WHY FARRAGUT WAS ORDERED TO THE JAMES—ENTERS RICHMOND—SPEECH AT NORFOLK—HOLMES'S POEM.

FARRAGUT now received orders to return to the North in the Hartford. He writes from off Pensacola Bar, Nov. 30, 1864: "We are off at last for the North, with the delightful hope of seeing our beloved ones, wives and sweethearts. May God grant us a quick and pleasant passage. My labors have been incessant up to the last moment. I feel as if I were leaving my charge for a short recreation, but I shall not anticipate evil. God has not only been merciful to me, but blessed me with great success, and I still trust in his mercy."

On the 12th of December the ship reached New York. The city officials made preparations to receive him; a revenue cutter, with a committee of reception on board, met the Hartford at the Narrows, and a crowd welcomed him on his arrival at the Battery. A formal reception was given to him and Captain Drayton at the Custom House, where Collector Draper made the speech of welcome and read the resolutions of the Merchants' Committee:

"Recognizing the illustrious service, heroic bravery, and tried loyalty which have distinguished the life of Rear-Admiral D. G. Farragut in the cause of his country—especially the lofty spirit of devotion by which he has been animated during all the period of the present war, and the signal victories achieved by him over the utmost skill and effort of the rebellion, therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of fifty citizens, to be named by the Chair, with power to add to their number, be appointed

to receive Admiral Farragut on his arrival, now soon expected, at this port.

Resolved, That a Federal salute be fired in honor of the arrival of the flag-ship Hartford with Admiral Farragut on board.

Resolved, That the City of New York, following the example of the great free cities of the world, in doing honor to their illustrious countrymen, honors itself by tendering to Admiral Farragut an invitation to become a resident thereof, and that the committee be appointed to devise the best mode of carrying this resolution into effect, so that the man, his achievements, and his fame, may belong to the city.

Resolved, That we see with the highest satisfaction that the President, in his annual message, and the Secretary of the Navy, recommend the creation of a higher grade of naval rank, with the designation of Admiral Farragut as the recipient, as a national recognition of distinguished service and exalted patriotism.

Resolved, That the offer made by the Collector, of a revenue cutter for the use of the committee in meeting the flag-ship Hartford, be accepted with thanks."

To these resolutions, which were received with tumultuous applause, the Admiral responded as follows :

"MY FRIENDS: I can only reply to you as I did before, by saying that I receive these compliments with great thankfulness and deep emotions. I am entirely unaccustomed to make such an address as I would desire to do upon this occasion ; but if I do not express what I think of the honor you do me, trust me, I feel it most deeply. I don't think, however, that I particularly deserve anything from your hands. I can merely say that I have done my duty to the best of my abilities. I have been devoted to the service of my country since I was eight years of age, and my father was devoted to it before me. I have not specially deserved these demonstrations of your regard. I owe everything, perhaps, to chance, and to the praiseworthy exer-

tions of my brother officers serving with me. That I have been fortunate is most true, and I am thankful, deeply thankful for it, for my country's sake. I return my thanks to the committee for their resolutions, especially for the one in regard to the creation of an additional grade."

After cheers had been given for Farragut, Drayton, and the fleet in Mobile Bay, Colonel A. J. H. Duganne was introduced, and read a ballad written for the occasion.

Wherever Farragut chanced to visit during the period of relaxation from the cares of service, the same hearty welcome awaited him.

In pursuance of the third resolution of the merchants' meeting, that some means be devised for making Admiral Farragut a citizen of New York, the sum of fifty thousand dollars was raised by subscription, and presented to him in the form of Government bonds, the understanding being that he would use them for the purchase of a home in the city, which he did. If any vindication is needed for this generous gift and its acceptance, beyond the high character of those concerned, it may readily be found in the peculiarity of our public service. Here, a man rises by merit from the lowest position to the highest honors, with no hereditary rank or estates to support the costly social and other obligations thereby entailed. The presentation took place at the Custom House on Saturday morning, December 31st, the following address, engrossed on parchment, being read :

"NEW YORK, *December 31, 1864.*

"To Vice-Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT, Senior Flag-Officer of the United States Navy:

"DEAR SIR: It is but an act of duty on the part of the citizens of this commercial community to acknowledge the brilliant services you have rendered to the country in guarding its maritime interest, protecting its commerce, and maintaining the honor of its flag.

"The gallantry displayed by the fleet which, under your orders, opened the Mississippi, from the Delta to the Crescent

City, deservedly won the applause of a grateful people, and still later, in the contest now waging for the restoration of the national authority and the possession of the forts and territory of the Union, your unparalleled skill and dauntless intrepidity in forcing the entrance of the Bay of Mobile, and capturing its defenses, thrilled the hearts of your countrymen and excited the admiration of every generous nation.

“The deeds which illustrate alike your name and the naval history of the Republic have been fitly recognized in your promotion to a grade higher than has ever before been known in the American Navy—a rank fairly won in the bloody conflicts, justly bestowed by the Government, and gladly hailed by the American people.

“The citizens of New York can offer no tribute equal to your claims on their gratitude and affection. Their earnest desire is, to receive you as one of their number, and to be permitted, as fellow citizens, to share in the renown you will bring to the Metropolitan City.

“This desire is felt in common by the whole community, and, in the hope that it may not be inconsistent with your own views, the grateful duty has been confided to us of placing in your hands the accompanying testimonial; and we remain, with the highest respect and regard, faithfully your friends,

“MOSES TAYLOR, Chairman,

“SAMUEL SLOAN, Secretary,

“JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,

“Francis Skiddy, C. H. Marshall, S. B. Chittenden, Isaac Bell, John Taylor Johnston, William T. Blodgett, George Opdyke, Marshall O. Roberts, Samuel Wetmore, W. E. Dodge, George F. Nesbitt, John A. Stewart, A. A. Low, S. Draper, Richard Schell, M. H. Grinnell, R. H. McCurdy, John C. Green, and many others.”

To this address the Admiral replied :

“GENTLEMEN : I can not allow this opportunity to pass without making some reply to what you so kindly say of me in mak-

ing the gift, although I reserve to myself the privilege of rendering a more fitting acknowledgment at some future time. I will respond now to a few points in the address as I remember them.

“As to the duties you speak of that were performed by myself in command of the fleet in the South and Southwest, I have only to say, as I have repeatedly said before, that they were done in obedience to orders from the Department at Washington. I have carried out the views of the Department in accomplishing what I promised to endeavor to do. In opening and protecting commerce, I have simply done my duty in the sphere to which I was called.

“But when it comes to personal matters, I can only say, would that I had language to express the gratitude I feel for what you have done. From the moment, I may say, I made the entrance to this harbor, I have been the recipient of honors of every description, and it would be impossible for me, even if I were in the habit of making speeches, to express what I so heartily feel. As to becoming a resident and a citizen of New York, nothing would be more grateful to my feelings.

“I came here, I can hardly say as a refugee, but being forced out of the South, where I had resided more than forty years; came naturally to this city, as the metropolis of the country, and made my resting-place on the banks of the Hudson. I have every reason to be grateful; you have always extended to me and my family the kindest treatment; and it would be but natural that we should feel a desire to be with you.

“But, gentlemen, you know I am a public officer, and must go just where I am ordered. Still it may be that, consistently with my obligations, I can be here; and I will endeavor to make such arrangements, if it appears that at the same time I can perform my duty to my country.”

On December 22d a bill creating the grade of Vice-Admiral was introduced into Congress, and passed both houses. On the 23d the President signed it, and named Farragut for the office, which nomination was immediately confirmed by the Senate.

In January, the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, visiting their home at Hastings on the Hudson, met with a most enthusiastic public reception. The streets were spanned with triumphal arches, and the words "New Orleans," "Mobile," "St. Philip," "Jackson," "Gaines," and "Morgan," with various mottoes, were displayed in evergreen letters.

Late in December, 1864, the Richmond papers announced that a movement was on foot which would astonish the world. This turned out to be a scheme for the Confederate iron-clads and gunboats in the James to descend the river, break through the obstructions at Howlett's, destroy the pontoon bridges at Aiken's Landing, and cut off both the Army of the James and the Army of the Potomac (the former being on the left bank, and the latter on the right) from their base of supplies at City Point. The attempt was made on January 23, 1865. It was seriously embarrassed by the grounding of the largest iron-clad, and was completely baffled by the prompt and energetic action of Lieutenant-Commander (now Captain) Homer C. Blake, who, at the request of General Grant, left his station at Deep Bottom on his own responsibility and proceeded up stream. He had the Eutaw and the Onondaga under his command. The latter, posted at the obstructions, had been driven down stream by the fire of the Confederates, and had lost one propeller. Its place was supplied by lashing a tug to her port quarter, and, under a heavy fire, she was moved up and moored where she could command the gap in the obstructions. In the night this gap was filled with sunken coal-barges, and the Confederate opportunity was lost for ever.

Farragut was at this time in Washington, and was at once ordered to the James.* He hoisted his flag on the steamer Don, Lieutenant T. H. Eastman, and proceeded at once to City Point and Howlett's. After carefully examining the situation, and approving Commander Blake's dispositions, the naval force in the James being now considerably increased, he returned to Washington.

* Admiral Porter, who commanded the North Atlantic squadron, was making the attack on Fort Fisher.

When Richmond fell, Farragut entered the city a short time before President Lincoln, Tuesday, April 4th. Charles C. Coffin, war correspondent of the "Boston Journal," wrote: "The Capitol, outside and in, like the Confederacy, is exceedingly dilapidated. The windows are broken, the carpets faded, the paint dingy, the desks rickety. The members of the Legislature had left their letters and papers behind. General Weitzel was in the Senate Chamber, issuing his orders. General Shepley, military governor, was also there; also General Devens. The door opened, and a smooth-faced man, with a keen eye and a firm, quick, resolute step, entered. He wore a plain blue blouse, with three stars on the collar. It was the old hero who opened the way to New Orleans, and who fought the battle of the Mobile forts from the mast-head of his vessel—Admiral Farragut. He was accompanied by General Gordon, of Massachusetts. They heard the news yesterday noon, and made all haste up the James, landing at Varina, and taking horses to the city. It was a pleasure to take the brave Admiral's hand, and answer his eager questions as to what Grant had done. Being latest of all present from Petersburg, I could give him the desired information. 'Thank God, it is about over!' said he, meaning the rebellion. I was standing on the bank of the river, viewing the scene of desolation, when a boat pulled by twelve sailors came up stream. It contained President Lincoln and his son, Admiral Porter, Captain Penrose, of the Army, Captain A. H. Adams, of the Navy, and Lieutenant W. W. Clemens, of the Signal Corps."

A few days later Farragut visited Norfolk, Virginia, his old home, which in 1861 he had been compelled to leave because of his fidelity to the government he had sworn to serve. There was a strong feeling of resentment against him on the part of some of his old friends; but he took it philosophically, and did not refrain from expressing his views with conscientious frankness. A reception was given him by the Union people of the place and the naval and military officers stationed there, and he made a speech in which he recounted the circumstances of his departure:

“MR. CHAIRMAN, GENTLEMEN OF THE UNION LEAGUE, FELLOW CITIZENS, AND MY BROTHER OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY: I thank you for the kind remarks which you have been pleased to make, and I wish that I had the language to express myself as I have heard others very near me four years ago, in this place, when we had our best speakers standing forth for the Union, and striving with all their rhetoric to persuade the people to desist from their unholy resolution, and cast their votes for the Union. This meeting recalls to me the most momentous events of my life, when I listened in this place till the small hours of the morning, and returned home with the feeling that Virginia was safe and firm in her place in the Union. Our Union members of the Convention were elected by an overwhelming majority, and sent to Richmond, and we believed that everything was right. Judge, then, my friends, of our astonishment in finding, a few days later, that the State had been voted out by a miserable minority, for the want of firmness and resolution on the part of those whom we trusted to represent us there, and that Virginia had been dragooned out of the Union.

“What was the reason for this act? The President’s call for seventy-five thousand men? Why, our arsenals, navy-yards, money in the mint at New Orleans, had been seized, and Sumter bombarded. Was it, then, remarkable that the Government of the United States should call for troops to sustain itself? Would Jackson have submitted to this? No; for I recollect that I myself had the honor to be sent to South Carolina to support his mandate that the Union must and should be preserved. I was told by a brother officer that the State had seceded, and that I must either resign, and turn traitor to the Government which had supported me from my childhood, or I must leave this place. Thank God! I was not long in making my decision. I have spent half of my life in revolutionary countries, and I know the horrors of civil war, and I told the people what I had seen, and what they would experience. They laughed at me, and called me ‘granny’ and ‘croaker’; and I said, ‘I can not live here, and will seek some other place where

I can live, and on two hours' notice.' I suppose they said I left my country for my country's good, and thank God I did!

"I went from here with the few valuables I could hastily collect. I was unwilling to believe that this difficulty would not have been settled; but it was all in vain, and, as every man must do in a revolution, as he puts his foot down, so it marks his life. It has pleased God to protect me thus far, and make me somewhat instrumental in dealing heavy blows at the rebellion. I have been nothing more than an instrument in the hands of God, well supported by my officers and men, who have done their duty faithfully.

"I hope, my friends, that this day, with its events, may prove the culminating point of our revolution; and I hope that before long all will be restored to that peace and reunion which has been sought by the Government and desired by everybody; and then you, gentlemen, who have deserved so well of your country by your steady adherence to its Government, will receive the reward which fidelity, and honesty, and moral courage always deserve."

In the summer of 1865 the Admiral visited New England. The citizens of Boston held an enthusiastic reception in Faneuil Hall for him and General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter. On the 6th of July the Union Club gave a dinner to the Admiral. Among the guests was Oliver Wendell Holmes, who read the following graceful and characteristic poem:

A TOAST TO THE VICE-ADMIRAL.

Now gallant friends and shipmates all,
 Since half our battle's won,
 A broadside for our Admiral!
 Load every crystal gun!
 Stand ready till I give the word —
 You won't have time to tire —
 And when that glorious name is heard,
 Then let the main deck fire!

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft,
 Our eyes not sadly turn
 And see the pirates huddling aft
 To drop their raft astern ;
 Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey
 The lifted wave shall close —
 So perish from the face of day
 All Freedom's banded foes !

But ah ! what splendors fire the sky !
 What glories greet the morn !
 The storm-tossed banner streams on high,
 Its heavenly hues new born !
 Its red fresh dyed in heroes' blood,
 Its peaceful white more pure,
 To float unstained o'er field and flood
 While earth and seas endure !

All shapes that feel the living blast
 Must glide from mortal view —
 Black roll the billows of the past
 Behind the present's blue —
 Fast, fast are lessening in the light
 The names of high renown —
 Van Tromp's proud besom pales from sight,
 Old Benbow 's half hull down !

Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea
 Or skirts the safer shores,
 Of all that bore to victory
 Our stout old Commodores ;
 Hull, Bainbridge, Porter — where are they ?
 The answering billows roll
 Still bright in memory's sunset ray —
 God rest each gallant soul !

A brighter name must dim their light
 With more than noon-tide ray —
 The Viking of the River Fight,
 The Conqueror of the Bay !

For others shape the marble form,
 The molten image cast ;
 But paint him in the battle-storm,
 Lashed to his flag-ship's mast.

Now then, your broadside, shipmates all,
 With grape well loaded down !
 May garlands filled with sunshine fall
 To gild his silvered crown !
 I give the name that fits him best —
 Ay, better than his own —
 The Sea King of the sovereign West,
 Who made his mast a throne !

In Cambridge the horses were taken from his carriage, and drag-ropes attached to it, and two hundred Harvard students drew him through the streets to the various college buildings. In the evening a reception was held at the residence of Charles Dean, Esq.

At Portsmouth, N. H., as the Admiral with his wife and son left the residence of Admiral Bailey to embark for the Isles of Shoals, in July, the two thousand men employed in the Navy-yard assembled on the wharf to greet him. The yards of the Pawnee, Admiral Dahlgren's flag-ship, were manned, and six cheers given for the "Hero of the Mississippi."

From the termination of the war till 1868, Farragut, on account of his delicate health, was not assigned to any particular duty, except that he was for a short time a member of a board for considering promotions. But his time was fully occupied in correspondence connected with the winding up of the affairs of the Western Gulf Squadron.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RANK OF ADMIRAL—CRUISE OF THE FRANKLIN IN EUROPEAN WATERS—FARRAGUT'S JOURNAL.

ON July 25, 1866, Congress passed a law creating the grade of Admiral, which had never before existed in our Navy, and as a matter of course the office was immediately conferred upon Farragut. The next year he was given command of the European squadron, and hoisted his flag on the Franklin, Captain Alexander M. Pennock, a frigate of four thousand tons, carrying thirty-nine guns and seven hundred and fifty men.

Two days before the day fixed for sailing, Mrs. Farragut, who had made arrangements to cross the Atlantic in a passenger steamer and join her husband on the Continent, received a telegram from President Johnson giving her permission to accompany the Admiral in the Franklin. This timely courtesy was all the more appreciated because it was entirely unsolicited and unexpected. The Admiral then asked that the same privilege be extended to her cousin Mrs. Pennock, wife of the commanding officer, which was granted.

The Franklin sailed from New York on the afternoon of June 28, 1867, and arrived at Cherbourg, France, on the 14th of July. The first six days of the voyage were as bright and beautiful as could be desired; after that, some stormy weather was experienced, but nothing that seriously delayed the progress of the ship.

Thus after an interval of more than forty years, the midshipman of eighteen returned to European waters, bearing the highest naval rank that his country could confer—a rank which he himself had largely helped to create. He was received with distinction by the crowned heads of Europe, reviewed the iron-clad fleets of England, Russia, and France, and studied

the apparatus of the dock-yards and arsenals. He looked upon these honors as paid to his flag no less than to himself, considered that the duty of entertaining was required of him by his rank, and in his receptions went to the full extent of his income. At the same time, he never for a moment lost sight of his duties as the commander of a squadron and servant of his country. Not a harbor was visited where he did not observe critically its chances for defense by sea or land. "Who knows," said he, "but that my services may be needed here some day?" During a part of this cruise, he kept a journal, which is here given, with only the omission here and there of such technical details as would not interest the reader :

"June 17, 1867.

"Hoisted my flag, and gave a reception on board the Franklin. At 5 o'clock President Johnson came on board, and was received with all the honors. All the American and French ships of war saluted with twenty-one guns, and manned their yards. The French officers were invited to the reception and ball, headed by Rear-Admiral Didot, and including the two hundred midshipmen on the school-ship. All went off well."

"June 28th.

"Mrs. Farragut has received permission to accompany me in this ship to Europe. Went on board with Mrs. Farragut and Mrs. Pennock. Put to sea at four o'clock P. M., under two boilers, and continued to run with steam when the wind was ahead or very light. When we could make seven knots with the wind, we took up the propeller, or let it revolve; difference, two to three knots in favor of hoisting the propeller. Found it did not hoist high enough by three feet; had it altered at Cherbourg, where Admiral Reynaud was very kind, and most cheerfully did all we wished. We made the passage in sixteen days."

"July 14th.

"To-night we arrived at Cherbourg. It began to rain and blow, which continued till the 21st. We exchanged salutes and

visits in the rain. I saw my old acquaintances, Vice-Admiral Reynaud and Rear-Admiral Laroimes, commanding the iron-clad fleet."

"July 21st.

"Went to Paris with Mrs. Farragut, and let the officers go, as they wished to see the Exposition. Passed through a most beautiful country, most beautifully cultivated. We visited our Minister, General Dix, who gave us a handsome reception, and were called upon by nearly all the Americans in Paris.

"We visited the Exposition daily during our stay. I did not see half of the departments. Saw pretty much all the boats and guns, however.

"Vice-Admiral Halstead was exhibiting a new system of iron-clad, with upper decks and tripod masts; upper works for the comfort of the crew. I do not think an iron-clad can be so constructed as to float easily with all the appurtenances for sail and steam, and the additional superstructure of decks, having at the same time armor thick enough to resist 15- or 20-inch shot."

"July 26th.

"Heard that the Empress was coming to Cherbourg in her yacht. I hastened down to Cherbourg, exchanged notes with Admiral Reynaud, and promised to participate in the honors to her Majesty.

"At ten o'clock P. M. received an invitation to dine with the Emperor in Paris."

"July 27th.

"At nine o'clock A. M. started again for Paris, leaving Captain Pennock and Captain Le Roy to make arrangements, receive the Empress, and give my apology. At half past seven in the evening General Dix called for me, and we went to the Tuileries.

"On entering, I was met by his Majesty, who shook hands, and welcomed me to France. General Dix was placed on the right and I on the left of the Emperor; the ministers of Foreign Affairs and Marine in front. The others, ten in number, I did not know.

"The Emperor seemed surprised to learn that I had been in Paris for some time, and still more that I had come from Cherbourg that morning. I told him that I went to receive the Empress, but, on the receipt of his invitation, determined to accept, as it was uncertain about her movements, on account of bad weather, etc.

"He asked me if I knew the Dunderberg (iron-clad). I replied in the affirmative, and said she was formidable. Did I think she would cross safely? I said 'Yes,' and added that the officer who made the trial trip in her had spoken very favorably of her sea-going qualities; and that was when they supposed she was intended for our Navy.

"His Majesty spoke also of an invention for propelling vessels by means of a kind of piston, and asked if I had seen it. I replied I had not, but had heard it highly spoken of by an English engineer. He remarked that it was his own invention, made some years since, and he would be glad if it could be made useful.

"He led the conversation in everything, and talked freely on subjects that he felt an interest in."

"July 29th, Sunday.

"Went to the Episcopal church, and after the service took leave of General Dix, who was going to join his family in Switzerland."

"July 30th.

"Took leave of Mrs. Farragut, and returned to Cherbourg. Visited our Consul and Admiral Reynaud."

"July 31st.

"Visited the arsenal, by appointment. Met Admiral Reynaud and lady, and several officers.

"Cherbourg dock-yard is one of the most compact and complete I ever saw. It has nine dry docks. There were four iron-clads on the stocks, one being nearly ready for launching. The shops and foundries are in fine order. Saw two steam hammers and two tilt hammers in one shop, 1,000 to 4,000 lbs. each. They put on the iron plating with screws instead of

rivets. It may answer. They splice in the iron rigging, instead of turning in.

"Found the copper off the bottom of the Ticonderoga, and asked to have her docked. Admiral Reynaud said it should be done immediately."

" July 31st.

"Took leave of Admiral Reynaud and his lady, returned on board, and at three o'clock made signal to the Onondaga and Frolic to follow our motions, and put to sea."

" August 1st.

"Standing along the coast of England. Saw the watering-places very distinctly. Passed through the Downs; many vessels in sight, forty to sixty at a time."

" August 3d.

"Arrived off the Skaw, and took a pilot."

" August 4th.

"One of the marines, William Wallis, died of heart disease."

" August 5th.

"Sent a party of marines, with surgeon and marine officer, on shore at Nyborg, to bury the dead.

"This being the anniversary of the Mobile Bay fight, I had all the officers in the cabin to take a glass of wine with me. Anchored in Kiel Bay. The Frolic arrived about eight o'clock. Gave him his orders to go to Stettin in the morning."

" August 7th.

"Made experiments with the primers on the 5-lb. charges, and became convinced that the cause of our bad salutes was the want of practice in pulling the lock-string."

August 8th.

"As usual, weather fine, wind light. All sail on ship."

August 10th.

"Arrived at Cronstadt, and got a pilot to show us our anchorage. Soon the fort began firing, and two ships fired salutes

of seventeen guns. By this time the smoke was so dense that we could not tell who was firing. We fired a national salute, with the Russian flag at the fore. An iron-clad and a side-wheel steamer of war manned their rigging and cheered us. We manned both sides, and returned all their cheers. Rear-Admiral Lessovski came on board to pay his respects, and stayed till after sunset. This was a very warm reception, even more than we expected. We found the Ticonderoga here."

"August 11th.

"The Swedish Commodore came on board. He has four iron-clad monitors, the same as ours. Ericsson keeps the Swedish Government posted up on the monitor system. This gentleman, who was aide-de-camp to the King of Sweden, is an intelligent man, and very agreeable."

"August 12th.

"To-day was appointed for me to receive the Russian naval officers, to be introduced by Admiral Lessovski. At half past ten I went on shore at Cronstadt. Visited the Admiral and our Consul. Had a pleasant visit at the Admiral's, and insisted on bringing Madame Lessovski on board with me, to see the ship, to which we returned at half past twelve.

"At half past one a steamer came out, with many boats in tow, anchored near us, and the officers came on board—about one hundred. I received them on the quarter-deck, with the full guard of marines and the crew all at quarters. Took them all through the ship, introduced them as well as I could, and then took them into the cabin, where they partook of the refreshments I had prepared for them. They all appeared to enjoy themselves, and were as much surprised at my entertainment as I had been by the reception they gave me when I entered the port. At three o'clock they took leave. We gave them a salute of seventeen guns, coming and going."

"August 13th.

"Went to return the call of the Swedish Commodore Sundon, but did not find him on board. Saw his four monitors.

"The Mayor and several consuls came on board. Showed them through the ship, and then invited them into the cabin, and gave them a lunch. Table set in the form of a Russian flag.

"At five o'clock went on shore with staff, and dined with Governor * Lessovski and his family."

"August 14th.

"Went up to St. Petersburg with my staff, to see our Minister, Hon. Cassius M. Clay. We rode all round the city, and visited the Isaac Church, the most elegant and richest I ever saw."

"August 15th.

"On my return to Cronstadt, found that Admiral Lessovski had an invitation for me to visit with him the country palace of the Grand Duke Constantine, for a presentation, with my captains and the Swedish Commodore. In the morning we set out in a Government steamer. At St. Petersburg took the railroad for the Grand Duke's palace. Found the Swedish officers and Minister already there.

"His Highness is very affable and intelligent, with an astonishing memory of men and events in relation to our country and Navy. He invited us to dine with him at five o'clock, and in the mean time to amuse ourselves riding about the grounds.

"We saw the small lakes, and every variety of boat, from an Esquimau canoe to a gondola. Then we rode to the armory, in which are deposited millions of wealth, in diamonds and other precious stones, decorations of sword-handles, saddle-cloths, and every species of arms that can be thought of. Also a toilet set of gold, presented by Napoleon I. to Alexander of Russia, after the treaty of Tilsit.

"At five o'clock we returned to the palace, and prepared for dinner. When the Grand Duke entered, he asked us to partake of the appetizer, according to the custom of the country. At the table he seated me on his right. At dinner he commenced the conversation affably and with good understanding

* The Russian Admiral was Governor of Cronstadt.

of the improvements in the vessels and implements of the present day. He said he wished me to go down to Trongsund, to see his iron-clad fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral Boutakoff. He spoke of himself as a sailor, and said that he had intended his eldest son to step into his shoes, but he could not, being a martyr to sea-sickness. Fixed the day for visiting our ship, the 16th."

" August 16th.

"At 4 P. M. the Grand Duke and suite arrived in his yacht. We manned yards, saluted, and cheered ship. His Highness went all through the ship, and by the most pertinent questions showed a knowledge of both steam and sailing vessels. He repeated his invitation for me to visit his iron-clad fleet. I told him I would accompany him at any time. He said, 'No, I want you to go when I am not present, as the honors would be mine, and I wish them to be yours particularly.'"

" August 17th.

"Went to St. Petersburg, accompanied by Captain Le Roy, Dr. Foltz, Mr. Moore, Mr. Watson, and Major Montgomery; also Mrs. Farragut. We were also accompanied by Mr. Kane and Captain Ritchakoff, who had been appointed for that purpose."

" August 18th.

"Arrived in Moscow at eleven o'clock, after a very pleasant ride through a pretty well cultivated country, crossing the Volga and one or two other rivers. Captain Ritchakoff soon made arrangements for our visiting the Kremlin on Monday. I called on such of the authorities as were in the city."

" August 19th.

"Visited the Kremlin and the principal palaces, churches, and public buildings of Moscow, with Colonel Posniak as our guide. The Alexander Palace is equal, if not superior, in style, finish, and richness, to anything I have seen. They all contain an immense amount of gold, silver, and jewels, elaborately displayed, with crowns, thrones, armor, arms, saddles, old coaches,

etc. The churches in the Kremlin also contain great wealth in embroidery and jewels, bestowed upon the backs of Bibles and embodied in the robes of priests. The back of one of the Bibles is said to be valued at one million dollars. In gazing on these things, it is impossible to refrain from reflecting upon the amount of good this wealth might do if properly employed.

“ We were shown many relics of departed saints, and saw hundreds entering to bow down and kiss them. Little children were held up by their parents to perform this sacred duty.

“ The walls of one church are covered with pictures representing the sacrifice of heretics by every means of torture which human ingenuity could possibly devise. The senior prelate presented me with two pictures of saints, painted on blocks of wood.

“ From the balcony of the palace we had a fine view of the city, and our guide pointed out the road by which the French entered Moscow, and also that by which they left. We visited a convent, from which we had a fine view of the other side of the city.

“ Hence we went to the Zoölogical Garden, which is a beautiful evening walk. It contains some small lakes, is prettily decorated with flowers, and is well taken care of. The collection of animals is not large. Although I understand that hogs abound in this country, this is the only place where I have seen one.

“ In passing through the Kremlin yard, we had an opportunity of examining the big bronze gun, with a bore thirty-six inches in diameter. The shot was lying under it. There was also a great variety of guns, captured in the Eastern wars.

“ We saw the Great Bell, which was broken, according to one tradition, by falling from the steeple of the Kremlin; according to another, by the breaking of the tackle employed in raising it.

“ In the evening we took passage for Nizhni Novgorod, at the confluence of the Volga and the Oka, two hundred and fifty miles from Moscow, and arrived there the next morning at

eleven o'clock. We were soon waited upon by the nephew of the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Schultze, who was authorized to make provision for our stay at the railway depot. His uncle called soon after breakfast, and drove us all over the famous fair-grounds.

"The Governor, who is a general in the army, also waited upon us, and drove us to his mansion, which is on the high ground on the opposite side of the river. We were there introduced to his two interesting daughters, who were in charge of an English governess.

"In the evening we repaired, by invitation, to the merchants' dining-hall, where a most sumptuous dinner had been prepared for us. The first dish was sturgeon soup, or *sterlitz*. There was also a boiled fish of the same kind, about three feet long. Both of them were alive that morning, and had been brought from the Caspian Sea. They cost as much as four hundred roubles (two hundred and eighty dollars) apiece. The fish resembles the common sturgeon in scarcely any particular, except in the shape of its body. The meat is white and delicate, and is esteemed one of the greatest luxuries in the country.

"From the high ground of the city, looking down upon the rivers, you might fancy yourself at Baton Rouge—only allowing the imagination to supply a river running at right angles to the Mississippi, under the bluffs. Both rivers (Volga and Oka) are covered with freight boats and steamers. There are about two thousand of the former, and four hundred and fifty steam tow-boats. The strangest thing is, that all their goods are deposited on the low, flat ground opposite the city. The fair-grounds are about one mile square, covered with temporary houses, booths, etc., most of which are washed away, or more or less ruined, by the autumn rains and the breaking-up of the rivers in the spring. It is wonderful that such an immense amount of property should be so recklessly imperiled, when it might be so easily secured on the opposite side of the river, where the ground is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high.

"The Oka is crossed on bridges of boats, but at this point there are no bridges over the Volga.

"Although you do not see the different races of people that once visited Novgorod, the visitor is still surprised at the immense amount of produce brought from the Caspian, and from other points south and east. I had not an opportunity of seeing a hundredth part of the articles for sale. Samples are exhibited at the Exchange, and when a sale is made the seller has his boat hauled to the bank, or alongside the outer boat, and the goods are landed. The work of landing and disposing of the articles draws hither many thousands of laborers. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact that the fixed population of the town is from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand, while at the time of our visit it was over sixty thousand.

"Our dinner was a very handsome affair. After the coffee was served, the gypsies sang and danced for us. The style was much the same as that of the Spanish fandango.

"About nine o'clock we took leave of our hosts, and returned to Moscow, arriving next morning at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon we started for St. Petersburg, where we arrived at nine o'clock in the morning of

"August 22d.

"I remained all this day visiting the Hydrographic Department and studying the plans of the military fortifications in the Engineering Department; in all of which I took the deepest interest. I found everything in the Hydrographic Office in perfect order. All the work is done in their own building. They engrave and print their charts—a full set of which the Minister of Marine was kind enough to present to me. I also saw the plans of the different fortifications of Russia, and had everything explained to me in cases where there had been contests between Russia and other nations.

"The old Paul Palace I would recommend to all naval and military men, as one of the most interesting places to visit in St. Petersburg. It was rendered doubly so from the kindness and courtesy with which we were received. I was particu-

larly indebted to Colonel Guern for his kindness on this and other occasions."

" August 23d.

"I was engaged to dine with the Minister of Marine, Admiral Crabbe, on board the Ruric, off Cronstadt. This was an official dinner given to me, to which I had been invited a week before. Accompanied by Captain Retchikoff, and the officers of my staff, I went down in the Government steamer which had been at my service during my stay at Cronstadt.

"At five o'clock we went alongside the Ruric, and found her beautifully decorated with flags, and a sumptuous dinner prepared on the spar-deck. I found there nearly all the Russian naval officers. The dinner went off delightfully, and when we left they burned blue and white lights and cheered lustily."

" August 24th.

"Visited the Hermitage, and the Winter Palace, where the curiosities and collections are generally of the same nature as those I had seen in the Kremlin. I saw everything but the snug, domestic room which in my opinion is so essential to human happiness. I was surprised at the beautiful works of art in porphyry and marble, in all the palaces I visited, made in and brought from Siberia.

"From the Hermitage I went to the Kazan Cathedral, where I saw the trophies of various battle-fields of Peter the Great and the Russian generals. The balustrade around the altar is of solid silver."

" August 25th, Sunday.

"I went to the American Episcopal Mission Church, and heard a very fair sermon from an American minister."

" August 26th.

"By appointment, I went in a steamer twenty miles up the Neva, to a foundry where they were at work for the Government, casting, boring, and rifling the famous Krupp guns. They were also doing a variety of railroad work. The Russian Colonel who superintends this foundry shows fine capacities by

his selection of tools and mechanics and the manner in which he has pushed the work ahead. He has been in the United States, and is familiar with our foundries. He showed us everything, beginning with the department for making the crucibles in which the steel is melted; then the melting; then the casting of the gun; all of which we witnessed.

"They had eleven truck guns in process of manufacture, and I should think they would turn out more in a day than any nation of Europe has at the present time.

"After our return from the foundry, I dined with Prince Gallitzin, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, at his residence. Mrs. Farragut, Captain and Mrs. Pennock, and Captain Le Roy accompanied me.

"It was there arranged that we were to spend the next day at my excellent friend Admiral Lessovski's, and in the evening attend a ball to be given in our honor."

"August 27th.

"Determined to leave St. Petersburg for good. This morning was notified that the Grand Duke had placed his yacht at my service, to convey us to Cronstadt.

"I went direct to my ship, accompanied by Minister Clay, and at two o'clock received the French Minister, M. Talleyrand, and suite.

"On going to the ball, which was held in the Government House, we were received with blue lights, rockets, and cheers. It was a magnificent affair. Supper was served at one o'clock, and the guests retired about four o'clock A. M."

"August 28th.

"In company with Admiral Lessovski and the Colonel of Engineers, I visited Fort Constantine this morning. The fort is of the usual form, but it is of wrought iron on the top of a heavy granite basement. It is well supported with a strong backing of wood, and the front will be faced with concrete or earth in time of war. It appears to me to be a most excellent system for batteries.

"In the afternoon, on board my ship, I received Prince Lichtenberg."

"August 29th.

"This day I gave a large entertainment on board the Franklin, to the officers—military, naval, and civil. We had the company of Admirals Crabbe and Lessovski and Prince Gallitzin, and all the officers of high rank in the Army and Navy who were about St. Petersburg; also the Mayor and Council of Cronstadt.

"The ship was handsomely decorated, and an entertainment was set out on the gun-deck. The table was about one hundred feet long, and was inclosed with flags, as was also the opposite side of the gun-deck, quarter-deck, and poop, where the younger portion of the company enjoyed the dance."

"August 30th.

"This morning at five o'clock I left Cronstadt with the Franklin, Canandaigua, Ticonderoga, and Frolic, and proceeded to Trongsund Roads. This trip was made because of a wish expressed by the Grand Duke Constantine, that I should visit the iron-clad fleet assembled there for the purpose of naval exercise during the summer months.

"As we entered the sound leading to Trongsund Roads, a sloop-of-war on the lookout met us and saluted my flag. Some eight miles farther up, we discovered the monitor fleet, ten in number, coming down in line abreast, flanked by two sloops-of-war, and firing a salute of seventeen guns, each vessel taking part in the salute, firing from right to left. This salute was novel, and the effect was beautiful. They steamed past us in line, turned in line by a general movement admirable for its accuracy, and followed us to the anchorage, where the heavy iron-clads were moored in line; the station of honor being assigned to us in advance.

"Vice-Admiral Gregory Bontakoff, whose flag was flying from the iron-clad frigate Petropavlosk, now saluted, and the whole Russian fleet cheered. After we anchored, each of the monitors constituting the escorting squadron rounded under our stern, fired her battery, cheered ship, and took position in line

in rear of the heavy iron-clads. We cheered in turn. Boutakoff, with his admirals and captains, called and paid their respects, inviting me and my officers to visit Viborg the next day, and afterward dine with him on board his flag-ship.

"In the evening we were honored with another novel, beautiful, and interesting display. All the boats of the fleet, fully manned, were formed in two divisions in line ahead, each division towed by a small steamer; the men bearing brilliant lights, and singing wild Russian peasant-songs. One division passed our bow, the other our stern. We acknowledged the compliment with cheering by our crew and our band playing the Russian hymn.

"On the following day, with my staff and commanding officers, I went on board the two-turreted ship *Smertch*, under the escort of Vice-Admiral Boutakoff, and steamed to Viborg. Several of my officers followed in the Government steamer. After visiting some places of interest, and receiving a handsome entertainment, we returned to our ships.

"In the evening, accompanied by officers of my squadron, I dined on board the Russian flag-ship. On this occasion, a most kind and generous compliment was paid to the American people and our Navy by an extract from the Russian 'Signal Orders,' a copy of which I obtained.*

"Every vessel of the Russian squadron was brilliantly illuminated.

"The next morning, with several officers, I inspected the vessels of the iron-clad fleet."

"September 1st, 2 A. M.

"We weighed anchor, and proceeded to sea, exchanging salutes with the flag-ship, and thus, amid cheering from all the ships of the two squadrons, concluded a visit which from first to last has been marked by the interchange of the warmest friendliness."

* The translation of the extract was: "Let us remember the glorious examples of Farragut and his followers at New Orleans and Mobile." The quotation was prettily printed on a card in the two languages and distributed among the guests.

"September 3d.

"At 2 A. M. anchored off Waxholm, Sweden, about fifteen miles below Stockholm, and immediately thereafter exchanged salutes with the fort.

"About four o'clock P. M. a Swedish gunboat came alongside, having on board General Bartlett, our Minister, and Mr. Perkins, Consul.

"On the following day, accompanied by part of my staff and commanding officers, I called on Count Platen, Minister of Marine, and on the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, by both of whom we were received with the kindest cordiality. Count Platen invited me and several officers to dine, and we were entertained in the handsomest manner, the table being graced with the presence of the highest officials in Stockholm and their ladies.

"On the same day I received an invitation through Count Platen to dine with his Majesty King Charles XV., at his summer palace.

"At the appointed time we repaired to the palace, and were presented to his Majesty, who was not only courteous but cordial in his manner, drank my health, and expressed his gratification at again having vessels of war of the United States in Swedish waters. In return, I expressed the great pleasure it would give me to receive his Majesty on board my ship. He regretted that his health would not permit him to accept my invitation."

"September 7th.

"To-day I gave an entertainment on board the Franklin, returning the civilities which had been extended to me.

"During my stay here a gunboat was placed at my disposal, and Captain F. Malmberg, of the Coast Artillery, was assigned as my aid, to whose kindness and courtesy I am much indebted.

"I was presented while here, through Emil Warberg, hydrographer, with a very valuable collection of charts.

"I was very favorably impressed with the Swedes, and received nothing but kindness from them during my entire stay."

"September 9th.

"This morning, at 11 o'clock, we weighed anchor and proceeded to sea, reaching the Baltic at 2 o'clock.

"During my stay at Stockholm, I received the greatest kindness from General Bartlett, our Minister, and his sister, and also from Count Platen."

"September 10th.

"On our way down the Baltic, I made general signal to exercise at target, put out a barrel, and hove squadron to. The firing was generally good. Also exercised the other vessels at changing topsails, the Franklin at the topgallant yards, reefing topsails, etc."

"September 12th.

"At 12 o'clock m. the pilot ran the Franklin ashore off Nyborg, on a bank, where she remained until the tide began to rise, and was then hauled off."

"September 13th.

"Got under way at 5:30 A. M., and proceeded up the Great Belt. The wind was fresh, and, fearing that we might not be able to accomplish the trip around to Copenhagen by night without putting on full steam, I ordered all the furnaces lighted, being at the same time desirous to try the full speed of all the vessels. This I did to my perfect satisfaction. This ship steamed eight miles an hour against almost a gale, proving that the Franklin against a fresh breeze and a moderate sea was more than a match for any of the other vessels. Her performance gave general satisfaction, and I think under full power she steams better than any frigate in the service.

"This night we anchored in the Sound, about five miles from Elsinore, and on the following morning anchored off Copenhagen."

"September 14th.

"I called upon the United States Minister, Mr. Yeaman, and with him called upon Mr. Raasloff, Minister of War, and Admiral Dockum, Minister of Marine—the only two ministers in Copenhagen.

"The armories are particularly worthy of a visit. I saw there cannon hundreds of years old, and numerous species of small arms, similar to those now in use, which claim to be inventions of the present day. At least, the variations have been so trifling that it is doubtful whether there have been any improvements. I have visited armories in France, Russia, and Sweden, but have nowhere seen so complete a collection, chronologically arranged, as at Copenhagen. Among other things, I saw an entire battery of breech-loading cannon of wrought-iron, taken out of a vessel that was sunk during the seventeenth century, which seemed to me to contain all the essential points of modern breech-loaders."

"September 16th.

"Minister Yeaman gave a dinner to me and my officers, at which were present all the foreign ministers. I returned these civilities by a reception and collation on board the Franklin on the 18th."

"September 19th.

"Accompanied by our Minister, Mr. Yeaman, and my staff and commanding officers, I was presented at Court, and on the same evening dined with his Majesty the King of Denmark, his brothers, and his two sons—Frederick, the Crown Prince, and George, King of Greece. The King was pleased to drink the prosperity of our country, as well as my own individually.

"During my stay at Copenhagen, I inspected the Crown Battery, in company with the Minister of War, who was anxious that I should see it. This fort is made of concrete, molded into shape—that is, it is made in a mold. The effect of a shot upon it would be to mash the part struck, without disintegrating.

"While we were going to the fort, a torpedo was exploded by a galvanic battery under a raft of timber prepared for the occasion. The timber was knocked high into the air. A series of experiments was being made for the defense of the harbor. Many heavy guns are mounted in the fort. The embrasures are as small as possible, and are supported by iron rings—the invention of General De Russey, U. S. Engineers.

"The first moment I arrived in Copenhagen, I began a

search for my old friends Gierlew and Knudsen, who had been so uniformly kind to me in Tunis while they were consuls there. Mr. Gierlew had long since departed, and left his family poor. Knudsen died last year, but left his family well off. Mr. Heckscher, our Consul, informed me that he knew both of the families. Mr. Gierlew's daughter Caroline, he said, was married to a blind man, a literary gentleman, and they made a scant living by translating for periodicals, etc. Emma was living at Elsinore on a small sum. I sought them out, and will keep my eye on them. I left them my photograph and a little keepsake.* Knudsen's daughter had married a captain in the Danish navy. He appeared to be a fine young man, and I invited him on board to my reception."

"September 20th.

"Weighed anchor, and proceeded again to sea. When off the Skaw, the Canandaigua and Ticonderoga having been directed to visit certain ports, we parted company."

"September 23d, Monday.

"Saturday afternoon the wind began to blow from the west, and it has increased in force until to-day, when it became a gale, hauling more to the north, and blowing with great violence."

* Montgomery's "Cruise of the Franklin," page 127, calls the keepsake "a very substantial token of his regard." One of these ladies handed Mrs. Farragut a letter to read which her father had preserved for half a century as a valued remembrance of Midshipman Farragut, remarking that, "although her family would not part with the original, she was willing that a copy might be made of it." It reads as follows :

"UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL,
"PISA, January 27, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to inform you that I had a pleasant ride out last evening with a young Jewess, who was very easy and agreeable in her conversation, so that I did not repent in the least my late ride, as we contrived to make the time pass.

"I have also to inform you that this morning, after rising from my bed at eleven o'clock (to my shame), and after mature reflection, I determined to repair immediately to Messina and join the squadron. You may be a little surprised at so sudden a determination, but you know it is the duty of a person of my profession to decide quick and execute with promptness and spirit.

"I have the honor to inform you that,

"Sincerely I remain your young friend.

"D. G. FARRAGUT.

"To MR. A. C. GIERLEW, Consul-General to his Danish Majesty for Tunis."

"September 25th.

"Gale subsided. The Franklin, although she rolled and plunged violently, did not strain anything, and came out of the gale with only the loss of one of her head-boards."

"September 26th.

"Anchored off Gravesend, England, having been detained twenty-four hours off Sheerness by a fog.

"Exchanged salutes with the fort, and was saluted by the Formidable, the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker, who sent an officer to welcome me to the port and tender me all the facilities of the dock-yard.

"A few hours later I received a note from Sir Baldwin, inclosing a telegram from the Lords of the Admiralty, in these words: 'The Board will be happy to render any assistance and attention to Admiral Farragut and his squadron that may be agreeable to him.'

"I addressed a note to Mr. Adams, our Minister, informing him of my desire to pay my respects to him, etc. Received a reply from Mr. Moran, Secretary of Legation, saying that, as Mr. Adams was absent on the Continent, it would afford him gratification to contribute to our comfort and pleasure during our sojourn in England."

"September 28th.

"Accompanied by part of my staff, I visited London. Was called upon by Mr. Moran and our Consul, Mr. Morse. Accompanied by Mr. Moran, I called upon Lord Stanley and the Lords of the Admiralty, none of whom, however, were in the city."

"September 29th.

"Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, returned my call, and tendered me every facility for visiting points of naval interest in England.

"Subsequently the Lords Commissioners invited me to accompany them on their annual tour of inspection of the dock-yards at Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, and Portsmouth. Thus far I have visited the three first named, and was much gratified

not only by what I saw, but by the great courtesy invariably bestowed upon me and my officers.

“In London I dined by invitation with Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres and Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, and on each occasion met many distinguished naval officers. I also dined twice with her grace the Duchess Dowager of Somerset.

“The Prince de Joinville visited the flag-ship off Gravesend, and invited me and my officers to his place at Mount Lebanon. This invitation was promptly accepted. After we had partaken of a handsome *déjeuner*, he drove us through Bushey Park and Richmond to Hampton Court, returning to Twickenham station by Kew Gardens.

“During my sojourn in London I visited many places of interest—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, the Zoölogical Gardens, etc., all of which afforded me very great pleasure.

“I received an invitation to dine with the Lord Mayor, and one to visit Sheffield and Liverpool, both of which I was obliged to decline, in consequence of my departure for Lisbon.

“Before leaving London, I was visited by the Count de Paris and Mr. Adams.

“October 12th.

“Returned to the Franklin, after spending two weeks in London.

“October 14th.

“In company with Vice-Admiral Sir Baldwin Walker and Rear-Admiral Astley Cooper Key, Acting Director-General of Ordnance, I availed myself of a permit to witness the gun-practice at Shoeburyness. On landing, we were received by Colonel Fisher and Major Curtis, of the Royal Artillery, who showed us everything of interest, and entertained us in the most hospitable manner.

“Experiments were being made with our fifteen-inch gun and the English nine-inch rifled gun. The targets were riddled by both; and, though it appeared to me that the fifteen-inch gun produced the most destructive effects, experiments have not yet decided the relative merits of the two. Although they

accord a superiority to our iron, they consider that the conical shot of their nine-inch gun, weighing 250 pounds, will accomplish a greater penetration, while the fifteen-inch gun has greater crushing power.

“On our return, the Vice-Admiral and the officers of the yard were received and entertained by me on board the *Franklin*.

“While I was in London, Mr. Deane, Secretary of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, called upon me and tendered the use of the Atlantic Cable to transmit to America, free of charge, any messages which I might desire to send—a compliment which we highly appreciated.

“*October 15th.*

“Left Sheerness, and on the morning of the 16th anchored off Portsmouth, exchanging salutes with the authorities.

“Wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty, in accordance with a previous arrangement, that I would be ready to receive them on the 17th. Accordingly on that day the Right Honorable Mr. Corry, Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne, Rear-Admiral Key, and Captain T. Brandreth, accompanied by Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley and staff, were received on board with full honors. After inspecting the ship and taking an early dinner, they returned to London.

“*October 18th.*

“In company with Sir Thomas Pasley, I made a most interesting visit to the dock-yard, commanded by Rear-Admiral Wellesley. This yard is a fine one for building and repairing; but, as it is insufficient for the wants of their service, they are now taking in from 150 to 200 acres of additional land, most of which is reclaimed from the shallow water.

“I saw several iron-clads, in which they are trying all the experiments suggested by officers and ingenious mechanics. Some have hollow masts and yards of iron; some on the tripod principle. They have not as yet extended the iron rigging beyond the lower masts, as they say they find a difficulty in exercising with it on the upper masts.

“From the dock-yard I accompanied Admiral Pasley to the

Excellent, gunnery ship, commanded by Captain Arthur W. A. Hood, who gave us an opportunity of witnessing all the exercises of officers and men in the various drills. Shot, shell, and Hale's rockets were fired at targets, and, to my surprise, the rockets performed very well. I am informed that the improvements in the rockets have resulted from placing shields on the rear end, against which the jet of fire strikes, giving the rocket a rotatory motion.

“Young officers of the Royal Navy are exercised on board the Excellent at the great guns and small arms, preparatory to their examination. It is also part of the system to instruct men in the use of diving apparatus by actual practice. I noticed a great improvement in the apparatus, which consists in placing a small case on the diver's back, similar to a knapsack, containing sufficient condensed air to sustain life for several hours, and entirely under the diver's control.

“From the Excellent we went on board the Water Witch. This is an iron-clad of about seven hundred tons. She carries two eight-inch rifled guns, and is propelled in a novel manner. The water rises from below into a box, whence a rotary pump, worked by steam, throws it with great violence into two square tubes placed on the outside of the vessel, one on each side, nearly amidships, and about at the water-line. These tubes are ten or twelve feet long, and twelve inches in diameter, open at both ends. Near the center is a valve, under the control of the officer of the deck, and as he turns it the water is thrown either forward or aft, thus propelling the vessel ahead or askew, at his will.

“As soon as we got on board she sailed out of the harbor, and, to my amazement, she went ahead at a speed of seven or eight miles an hour, against a fresh breeze and quite a sea. The machinery, when once put in motion, had no interruption till we were alongside the wharf again. She was sent ahead, backed, and turned upon her center with great ease. On our return from Spithead, she made as much as nine knots an hour, up to within sixty yards of the wharf, when she was suddenly checked, and brought to the wharf with infinitely more ease

than any steamer I ever saw; notwithstanding she is a heavy vessel, plated with four and a half inches of iron. As a vessel of war, however, it struck me that the exposure of these boxes to the enemy's shot was a serious defect.

" October 19th.

"The Duke of Cambridge signified his desire to visit the Franklin. At half-past two I received him and his staff with all honors. He appeared to be much pleased, and after a brief stay left the vessel with the same honors with which he was received.

"Owing to our brief sojourn at Portsmouth, we were obliged to decline many invitations, only accepting the hospitality of Admiral Pasley, Rear-Admiral Wellesley, and Captain Beauchamp Seymour of the flag-ship Victory—Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar. A small steamer was placed at my disposal during my entire stay.

" October 20th.

"Left Portsmouth, and on the morning of the 21st anchored in the harbor of Plymouth. The weather was so bad that I could not call upon the authorities till next day.

"Captain Purdy, flag-captain of Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, came on board, and after tendering the civilities of the port, placed at my disposal during our stay here the steam-yacht Princess Alice.

" October 22d.

"Went on shore at Devonport, and was received at the wharf by Admiral Martin and Rear-Admiral Drummond and staff. With these I called upon the commander-in-chief of the military forces, Major-General Sir Augustus A. Spencer, and afterward visited the dock-yards of Keyham and Devonport. The two are connected by a tunnel, through which it is intended to lay a railroad. The Keyham yard and the floating docks have recently been greatly enlarged. I found here the same facilities for work of every kind that I had noticed at the other dock-yards. All their cranes and shears, and indeed nearly all of their appliances, are made of iron.

"I went on board the Agincourt, which was fitting for sea,

an armored vessel of 6,621 tons, and the Prince Albert, a four-turreted vessel on Captain Cole's principle, of nearly 2,600 tons. The latter is armed with one gun in each turret, a nine-inch, twelve-ton, rifled gun. The Agincourt is being changed from five masts to three, the former number having been reported against by the commanding admiral of the Channel fleet.

"Experiments are being tried on board the Prince Albert to avoid the effects of the shock of the blast of the heavy guns on the hurricane deck and light work past which they may be obliged to fire; but as yet no satisfactory results have been arrived at.

"I visited the victualing establishment at Plymouth, in charge of Captain Tatham, which supplies the principal part of the bread for the Royal Navy. The organization of the establishment appeared to be good, and the bread was of excellent quality. From this department is supplied the mess furniture of all the officers and of the crew, and to the latter also provisions and small stores.

"From here we went to the Naval Hospital, where I made an inspection of the several departments with Captain Tatham and Surgeon Stewart. The principal point of difference between this and other hospitals that I have visited is, that for different diseases they use distinct buildings instead of wards.

"To-day a Prussian iron-clad arrived in the harbor with her mainmast lying across her deck. It was of tubular iron. It appears that she rolled away her foremast and mainmast in a heavy swell off Cape Finisterre. The captain says there was very little wind; he attributes the break to a defect in the iron.

"I am happy to say that here, as elsewhere in England, I have been treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy. The day after my arrival I dined with Admiral Martin, and on the following evening with the commander-in-chief of the military forces, Major-General Spencer, where I was invited to meet H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge. On each occasion the principal officers of the Army and Navy were assembled.

"October 24, 1867.

"Left Plymouth in the afternoon, and after a very pleasant passage, anchored, on the afternoon of the 28th, off the city of Lisbon, Portugal. Found in the harbor the Canandaigua, Ticonderoga, Shamrock, and Guard."

Here ends the Admiral's journal.

The cruise was continued to Gibraltar, November 24; Cartagena, December 5; Port Mahon, Minorca, December 19; Toulon, January 7, 1868; Spezia, February 4; Naples, March 5; Messina, April 7; Syracuse, April 10; Malta, April 12; Lisbon, April 28; Flushing, Holland, June 4; Ostend, Belgium, June 21; Southampton, England, June 24; Cowes, July 16; Gibraltar, Spain, July 27; Syra, Greece, August 5; Smyrna, Turkey, August 6; Chanak, August 12; Constantinople, August 21; Athens, August 31; Trieste, September 14; Gibraltar, October 7.

Farragut's incomplete account of this cruise is well supplemented by that of Major James E. Montgomery, Secretary to the Admiral, from whose very full notes I take the following:

"Early on the morning of Easter Sunday the Franklin entered the harbor of Valetta, the capital of the island of Malta, and was shortly afterward moored near the English iron-clad squadron, commanded by Vice-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget.

"The appearance of this famous old roadstead is very formidable, and, judging from the number and position of the fortresses and batteries bearing upon it, may be considered almost impregnable against an attack from sea.

"Owing to the day, the customary saluting was postponed by mutual understanding until the morrow; but, in the mean time, our *entrée* was most beautifully enlivened by the band upon the Caledonia greeting us with the familiar strains of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' to which we immediately responded with 'God Save the Queen,' which invariably brings a smile to the austere countenance of the most dignified Britisher that ever wore the scarlet or the blue.

"As soon as moored, the Admiral was visited by the United States Consul, Mr. William Winthrop, who was profuse in his greetings, and informed our chief that very extensive preparations had been set on foot in Malta to give him a brilliant reception. The Admiral smiled, as one who finds himself in the hands of enthusiastic admirers, and calmly awaited the ordeal.

"Mr. Winthrop has done the honors as American Consul in this port for nearly thirty-five years, having been appointed by President Jackson.

"During the morning many of the officers attended service in the English church, and in the afternoon Vice-Admiral Paget, and Rear-Admiral Henry Kellett, Superintendent of the Dockyards, called upon Admiral Farragut, and enjoyed a most friendly meeting in the cabin. There were also on board at the same time large numbers of English soldiers; and the red and blue mingled most fraternally, and in their greetings symbolized the very spirit of international cordiality.

"Upon our arrival at this celebrated station, the English squadron, consisting of ten vessels, several of them iron-clad frigates, was ready to start on a cruise to the Levant; but the day of its departure had been purposely delayed, in order that the commander and his officers might unite in the honors to be extended to Admiral Farragut. The fleet was very formidable, comprising the

Iron-clad frigate Caledonia (flag-ship),	4,125 tons,	Captain Gardner,
Iron-clad frigate Lord Warden, . . .	4,080 "	Captain Rolland,
Iron-clad frigate Lord Clyde,	4,067 "	Captain Dew,
Iron-clad frigate Caradoc,	676	Com. Elphinstone,
Frigate Arethusa,	3,141	Com. Adeane,
Frigate Endymion,	2,486	Captain Wake,
Steam-sloop Psyche,	885	Com. Sir F. Blackwood,
Steam-sloop Wizard,		Com. P. J. Murray,
Frigate Hibernia,	2,580	Captain Norcock,
Gunboat Tyrian,		Com. Church,

having an aggregate of about 23,000 tons and carrying 240 guns, many of them of very heavy caliber.

“Early on the following morning the grand passage of national compliments commenced, and was pretty generally continued throughout the day.

“At eleven o'clock the Admiral, accompanied by his staff and the American Consul, Mr. Winthrop, left the flag-ship for the purpose of performing his official duties by calling upon the Governor-General, Sir Patrick Grant, and, upon reaching the Custom-House Landing, was received by a guard of honor, consisting of a full company of the Royal Artillery, and by them escorted to the Palace, formerly the residence of the Grand Master of the Order of St. John.

“Within this superb monument of former glory and present power, the Admiral was most kindly and cordially received by Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, and by them tendered the hospitalities of the city. After a very pleasant interview and the most friendly greetings, the Governor escorted his guests through one or two of the grand corridors, richly embellished with scenes commemorative of the more important battles of the Order, and invited them to a more general examination of the building at such time as the Admiral might appoint.

“Forcing himself away from all the interesting relics which were strewn profusely around in that historic museum, the Admiral led the way with the delighted Consul to the really palatial residence of Vice-Admiral Lord Clarence Paget, a worthy successor of the gallant Knights of Malta who once tenanted that magnificent building, where our entire party received a most cordial welcome from the hospitable master himself and his highly accomplished consort, Lady Paget, and were made to feel so much at home that impressions of the pleasant visit are indelibly impressed upon our hearts, and recall the most agreeable reminiscences.

“After passing a delightful hour or two with these noble specimens of the Saxon household, we were escorted by them to St. John's Cathedral, the principal temple of the Knights of Malta, and decidedly the most interesting souvenir on the island. It is alone worthy of a visit to that little sea-girt spot, and repays a very careful inspection. Everything within its somber

and massive walls speaks of an epoch of almost fabulous power. Along the rich mosaic pavement are the tombs of the Knights of the Order, their escutcheons disclosing their rank and recording their services; while the two aisles, extending along on either side of the nave, contain the various chapels of the Knights of Spain, Portugal, Austria, France, Bavaria, and England.

“These, with the numerous superb mausoleums of Grand Masters, composed of bronze, copper, and marble, all showing the highest perfection of art, and the tombs of the famous La Valette, Pietro de Monte, and other chieftains, contained in the crypt, present the most beautifully illustrated history of this celebrated order, which, for more than two centuries and a half, not only held possession of the island against the most fierce and terrible assaults of the Turks, but sent its more famous commanders to extend its glory in Germany, Spain, Portugal, and other countries of Europe.

“During the afternoon Governor-General Sir Patrick Grant returned the Admiral’s visit, and was received on board the flag-ship with all the honors; and in the evening a kind invitation to occupy his box at the opera was gladly accepted, and we had the pleasure of witnessing a very fair performance, in Italian, of the sublime tragedy of ‘Macbeth’; although it certainly seemed inhuman in the actors to *sing* over the ‘taking off’ of the unfortunate Duncan.

“Throughout the day the ship was fairly besieged with visitors, and pressing invitations from the different regiments of the garrison and private individuals were received, and accepted or declined by the Admiral, as his time and prior engagements demanded.

“Our short sojourn within this rock-bound harbor clearly demonstrated the assurance that the Admiral’s visit had been a long-expected and a devoutly wished-for event; and, immediately after our arrival, it became evident that extensive preparations had been making for his reception, and that the desire to accord him a fitting welcome extended to officers of every rank in both branches of the service.

"We subsequently learned that the anticipated ovations had become the subject of conversation in the club-houses and private residences, and that many plans were suggested to give *éclat* to the advent of the great American Admiral.

"*Fêtes* and reviews, dinners and *déjeuners*, balls and *matinées* had been determined upon, and our arrival in the harbor served as a signal for a general unmasking of the social batteries and their unfailing discharges in our behalf.*

"To give additional pleasure to these hospitable overtures, there was an unusual amount of good feeling displayed by every one; a general desire prevalent to act out the part of host.

"A large number of the prominent officers of the garrison called, on the morning of April 14th, to pay their respects to Admiral Farragut, and, as soon as they had inspected the ship and departed, he paid an official visit to Rear-Admiral Kellett, and accompanied that officer upon a grand tour of examination of the immense dock-yard, which is capable of admitting the largest men-of-war. The result of this little promenade was very exhausting; but, as the Admiral has a most marvelous fondness for such things as appertain to his profession, every thought of fatigue vanished before the pleasure of the inspection.

* As an evidence that this fellowship was not confined to a few, but extended among all classes of the population, I present a copy of some verses printed on half-sheets of paper, and distributed among the sailors on the evening after our arrival.

Ho, brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of "heart of oak,"
That would n't warp, or swerve, or
stir,
From what I thought or spoke.
And you, a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind, and true —
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you're a Briton too.

I know your heart, an honest heart —
I read your mind and will,
A greyhound ever on the start,
To run for honor still.
And shrewd to scheme a likeli plan,
And stout to see it done —
I tell you, Brother Jonathan,
That you and I are one.

"God Save the Queen" delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers";
The good old strains your heart-strings
thrill,
And catch you by the ears;
And we, oh, hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you —
We like you, Brother Jonathan,
And "Yankee Doodle" too!

What more? I touch not holier things,
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith or kin.
As friend with friend, and man with man,
Oh let our hearts be thus —
As David's love to Jonathan,
Be Jonathan's to us!

“In the afternoon, in company with Lady Grant, Mrs. Farragut, and Captain Grant, we made an excursion to San Antonio, the summer palace of the Governor, situated about four miles west of Valetta, on the road to Cittá Vecchia, passing near the famous Grotto of St. Paul, in which, according to tradition, the zealous apostle, accompanied by his co-laborer, St. Luke, resided for three months.

“On the same evening, with Mrs. Farragut and his staff, Admiral Farragut was very delightfully entertained at a grand banquet given in honor of his arrival by the Governor-General, Sir Patrick Grant. It was in all respects a most superb *fête*, and unusually elegant in its surroundings. The Admiral was received with all the honors, the band of the palace performing our national airs as he entered, and the soldiers presenting arms. A large number of the prominent officers of the garrison were present on this happy occasion. The supper-table was artistically arranged in the grand armory of the old Knights of Malta, which afforded an excellent opportunity for a leisurely inspection of that intensely interesting apartment. It is an immense saloon, containing the armor, weapons, and armorial bearings of the old knights, and answers at the same time as an arsenal for the storage of large quantities of muskets, pistols, and other arms for the use of the garrison.

“It would require an auctioneer to enumerate the seemingly endless list of relics which arrest the visitor’s attention in that historic room, for any other voice would weary of recounting the suits of armor, the coats of mail, the cuirasses, the gauntlets, battle-axes, and old specimens of artillery, which speak eloquently of a bygone period of chivalry.

“The succeeding day was quite an animated one throughout Valetta, the streets being alive with people flocking hither and thither to see the grand review ordered in honor of Admiral Farragut.

“The first review took place in the morning, upon which occasion the entire naval brigade was in line, and presented an unusually fine appearance. The sailors turned out strong, and manoeuvred remarkably well, eliciting the highest commenda-

tion from the Admiral, whose eye glanced with admiration along the marching columns of his brother tars. This was succeeded at an early hour in the afternoon by a very imposing and brilliant review of all the troops composing the garrison, by General Sir Patrick Grant, when about five thousand soldiers appeared under arms, all of whom marched admirably, and showed the good effects of a rigid discipline.

“The Admiral occupied an advanced position by the side of the reviewing officer, and received the salutes of the several regiments as they passed.

“Some of the subsequent evolutions performed by them were executed with wonderful precision, the great aim of English tactics being to unite evenness of alignment with steadiness of movement, and the effect was very fine and inspiring to those who have a weakness for soldierly accomplishments.

“A large concourse of citizens, numerous enough to cause one to believe that Valetta had been depopulated, surrounded the field occupied by the military, and united in the general acclamations which greeted the various evolutions.

“In the evening Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, with the staff, were very handsomely entertained at dinner by Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, at which everything that could add to the general effect due to the presence of their guests was supplied with a most liberal hand.

“As we entered the house and passed up to the reception-room, the capacious hall was lined on either side with soldiers and sailors alternately placed, while the garrison band played our national airs as prettily as if the performers had an equal copartnership in them.

“There were about thirty persons at the table, most of whom were naval officers, and toward the conclusion of the banquet Lord Paget made a few very eulogistic remarks about his distinguished guest and the ‘great country he represented,’ which he knew so well, and proposed as a toast, ‘The health of Admiral Farragut, whose reputation is European as well as American, and now belongs to the world.’

“The Admiral was taken aback, as the sailors say, as he did

not anticipate any speech-making; but, nevertheless, he immediately rallied, formed in close column, and made a counter attack which left the field and its honors about equally divided. The entertainment was one of the most agreeable we had ever experienced, the host and hostess by their genuine hospitality and sparkling manner giving a freshness and pleasure to the scene which made every one feel contented with himself and all the world besides.

“During the evening a brilliant reception was given, of which a large number of officers and prominent civilians availed themselves to pay their respects to the Admiral, who was the principal point of attack. The capacious saloons were all thrown open, presenting a charming suite, filled with the *élite* of the Maltese world, and a universal buzz rapidly succeeded the comparative quiet of the dining-hall, which had so recently been the scene of the banquet.

“Sir Patrick and Lady Grant were present with their daughter; also Rear-Admiral Kellett, C. B., who has the misfortune to be a bachelor; all the general and commanding officers of the brigades and regiments, and many of the leading members of the civil government. It was a most delightful reunion. ‘The iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve’ ere the pleasure-seekers separated and returned to their respective quarters.

“The afternoon of the following day had been reserved by the Admiral for a return *matinée* on board the Franklin, and all the persuasions of the regimental officers could not induce him to abandon it, to dine with them or to accept attentions from any quarter. Although they told him that he was their guest, and that he was not expected to entertain them, he was inflexible as a rock, and insisted upon acknowledging their many kindnesses by a reception on his own floating tabernacle.

“Upon this well-remembered occasion the Franklin was robed in most glorious and becoming colors. No belle of the fashionable world ever felt prouder of her appearance, or anticipated more confidently the sure conquest of some susceptible

admirer, than did the Captain, the executive, and the deck officers of their improvised ball-room, and the admiration it would excite among the expected guests. Captain Pennock's countenance was serenely pleasant; and even the scrutinizing glance of the Chief of Staff failed to detect the slightest disarrangement in her dress. Lieutenant-Commander Pearson was forced to smile as his eye took a last survey of the whole; and Manley, Coffin, Harris, and Hoff successively peeped above the hatch, commended the style of the ship's toilet, and then retired to their quarters to await the grand *dénoûment*.

"Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, with their daughter, arrived early, and were received with a national salute, the band playing 'God Save the Queen' as they advanced along the deck. Lord and Lady Clarence Paget appeared soon afterward, and were received with similar honors. These were followed by Lord Houlton, Colonial Secretary, and Lady Houlton; Rear-Admiral Kellett, C. B.; Major-General Ridley and staff; Major-General Atherley and staff; Colonel Goodenough, commanding the Royal Artillery, and Mrs. Goodenough; Colonel and Mrs. Dunford; Colonel and Mrs. Rich; Colonel and Mrs. Gubbins; Colonel Woods; Colonel and Mrs. Glyn; Colonels Eager, Shute, and Lyon; Major Hawley; Baroness Damico; Messrs. Walter Stewart and Thornhill, Flag-Lieutenants to Admiral Paget; Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop; Mr. and Mrs. Eynaud, and a very large number of the society-world of Valetta.

"The gay decks of the flag-ship soon became brilliant with glittering uniforms, the dashing scarlet of the English infantrymen contrasting beautifully with the navy blue of the royal artillery and the American line and staff. No ball-room on shore was ever more animated; dancing was maintained without cessation for four hours; not even the attractions of a sumptuous entertainment on the gun-deck enticing the Terpsichoreans from the enchanting galop or popular waltz; and when the hour for departure arrived, the delighted guests passed reluctantly over the gangway, leaving assurances of having enjoyed a most agreeable afternoon, and expressing the usual regrets that it was registered among the things that were.

“On the following morning the Archbishop of Malta paid an official visit to the Admiral; and as soon as he left the ship, the latter called upon the commanding officers of all the English vessels of war in the harbor; after which, very agreeable visits were again made to Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, and Lord and Lady Paget.

“The same evening, being the last of our sojourn in Malta, had been set apart by the officers of the Army and Navy for a grand ball in honor of Admiral Farragut, to be given at the Union Club-House, a very large building formerly owned by one of the Grand Masters, and specially adapted for entertainments of such magnitude. This proved a most superb scene in our closing act, and was well calculated to impress Malta and her people most firmly upon the memory. The street immediately in front of the building was lined on either side by a regiment of soldiers, and as the Admiral approached the entrance they presented arms, and their band performed our national melodies. The large vestibule and halls adjoining were beautifully decorated with flags of various devices, and the corridors and stairway, besides being handsomely embellished, were lined with soldiers and sailors alternately placed; the former presenting with the musket and the latter with the cutlass.

“Upon entering the grand saloon, which was magnificently festooned with the ensigns of England and America in most fraternal embrace, the band struck up ‘Hail Columbia,’ when the audience arose and received the city’s guest with all the honors. He was then presented to all the members of the committee, and the festivities were speedily inaugurated by the formation of the quadrille of honor, in which the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut, Sir Patrick and Lady Grant, and Lord and Lady Paget participated with all the energy of modern dancers. It seems like the repetition of a twice-told tale to describe the gay scene which followed as a most brilliant one. It can better be imagined, as a beautiful and graceful tribute to our great naval hero, a captivating testimonial to his cosmopolitan reputation, and a well-remembered period of pleasure to all those who participated in its enjoyments.

“Early in the following morning, when all felt more or less visionary and unsettled, according to the extent of the dissipation of the preceding evening, preparations were on foot for our departure from Valetta. The attentive Consul, anxious to see the last of a visitor who had done so much to glorify his country, came on board before ‘one bell,’ and was soon followed by Vice-Admiral Paget and staff, and Rear-Admiral Kellett. Lord Paget visited the ship not only to bid a friendly adieu to Admiral Farragut, but to complete the necessary arrangements to give him a parting review ere they separated outside the harbor; his own squadron being then ready to start on a cruise to the Levant. As soon as the plan proposed was thoroughly understood, all parties retired to their respective posts, and immediately thereafter the flag-ship got under way and stood out to sea, preceded by the *Frolic* and *Ticonderoga*; the commanding officers of these vessels having orders to fall into line as soon as we were sufficiently far from land to execute the movement.

“At the same time we were followed by all the vessels of the English fleet, and the wharves and batteries, house-tops, and prominent points along the quay being lined with spectators waving handkerchiefs and caps, and cheering most lustily, the scene became thrilling and inspiring beyond description.

“As soon as the *Franklin* was fairly outside the capes, she was hove to in a very heavy sea, and the entire English squadron passed close along our starboard beam in review; the rigging of each vessel being manned with sailors cheering most wildly, and their bands successively playing ‘Hail Columbia’ or the ‘Star-Spangled Banner’; to each of which we responded with cheer for cheer, and with the softer strains of ‘God Save the Queen.’

“The *Caledonia*, the flag-ship of the English commander, passed ahead, having the van in that great line of frigates, and was followed successively by the *Lord Warden*, *Lord Clyde*, *Endymion*, *Arethusa*, and *Tyrian*; the Swedish corvette *Gefle*, Captain Rosengren, who was accompanying Admiral Paget’s fleet, bringing up the rear; while the *Psyche*, with Admiral

Kellett and a large number of ladies and gentlemen on board, sported around the Franklin and waved many kind adieus.

“When all had passed, Admiral Paget hoisted the American ensign at the main, and fired a salute of seventeen guns in honor of Admiral Farragut; and then made a beautiful flank movement, bearing up in line abreast for the eastward, hoisting Marryat's signal, ‘Bon voyage’; to which several compliments we replied, gun for gun, with the flag of St. George at our mast-head, and ‘The same to you’ from the signal-book, and thus, as the Admiral says in his official report, ‘terminated one of the most agreeable visits of our cruise.’

“During the review the sea ran very high, under the influences of a blustering nor'wester; and, as the several large masses of wood and iron plunged and pitched, at one moment diving under the trough of the agitated waters, and at another raising their long rams on the very crest of the wave, the effect was very striking.

“The Lord Clyde passed so close to the Franklin that an active sailor could have almost leaped from one to the other; and Mrs. Farragut, fearing a collision, and not admiring the long iron peak which threatened destruction, retreated hastily to the port cabin, and there calmly awaited the result of the impending catastrophe.

“The English squadron, having a most favorable wind, soon made sail, and under full canvas bounded away to the eastward and gradually disappeared from view; while the martyr Franklin, with her consorts, headed westwardly, and, with sails closely furled, tried the contest of steam against wind, and slowly bore away from the hospitable shores of that formidable way station on the Mediterranean. . . .

“Admiral Farragut returned to his flag-ship, still lying off Flushing, the special object of admiration to the Netherlanders, on the 20th of June; and His Majesty King Leopold having expressed an earnest desire to visit the ship off Ostend, he at once notified our Minister, Mr. Sanford, that, if agreeable to the King, he would be happy to receive him on board off that place on the morning of the 22d instant.

“Accompanied by the Ticonderoga, he sailed from Flushing on the 21st, and early on the following morning arrived off Ostend, when every preparation was speedily made to receive the royal visitors.

“On this occasion the fates seemed to have taken up arms against us, and we experienced the first bad weather upon a reception-day. The fountains of heaven were literally opened, and the rain came down in pitiless torrents; yet, notwithstanding this unpropitious omen, their Majesties of Belgium, attended by the ladies in waiting, the King’s suite, foreign ministers, and Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, heroically braved the storm, and fulfilled their mission with an indifference which savored very strongly of the very attribute of royalty. When within a short distance of the flag-ship, the King and Queen were transferred to the Admiral’s barge and conveyed to the frigate, and upon passing over the starboard gangway were received with royal honors, the yards of the Franklin and the Ticonderoga being manned, and national salutes fired by both vessels.

“Upon appearing on deck, their Majesties were cordially received by Admiral and Mrs. Farragut and all the officers, *en grande tenue*; and, while the band was quietly discoursing the Belgian national air, they were escorted through the ship, which seemed to interest them more than usual, from the fact that their own kingdom does not boast a navy.

“After visiting the various decks and engine-room, the crew were exercised for the edification of the royal inspectors; and the weather having suddenly changed its intentions and favored us with a brilliant atmosphere, a target was thrown overboard, conducted to a respectable distance, and fired at by both ships. Fortunately for our reputation as marksmen of Daniel Boone accuracy, the practice was remarkably fine, and the target received a battering which would have sent the biggest iron-clad to her last resting-place in the deep, deep sea, long before the shattered barrels ceased to show their wrecks above the water.

“His Majesty, accompanied by Admiral Farragut, then visited the Ticonderoga, and thoroughly examined that model ship,

whose discipline and order could not be surpassed; and after returning to the flag-ship, the royal party partook of refreshments in the Admiral's cabin, and talked unreservedly of the great pleasure derived from their visit, and of their high appreciation of the greatness of the nation so well represented off their coast.

"After remaining on board for nearly four hours, and by their friendly and genial manner attaching to themselves all with whom they were brought in contact, the royal visitors reluctantly took their departure, leaving the flag-ship with the same honors with which they had been greeted, the yards being manned, salutes fired, and the band performing their national melody.

"Before returning to Ostend, the royal yacht, freighted with the head of a kingdom, passed around the Franklin, those on board cheering and receiving cheers, waving adieus, and receiving glad acknowledgments; after which, she disappeared in the misty outline of the coast, the flag-ship resumed her republican simplicity, and her officers mused, under the narcotic influences of the popular weed, upon their associations with royalty.

"On the following morning, accompanied by the *Ticonderoga*, the Franklin was placed on her course for Southampton, and arrived off that city early on the 24th of June, anchoring opposite the great naval hospital, and in full view of the noble ruins of Netley Abbey on one side and of the extensive plains of the New Forest directly opposite.

"The *Swatara* was at anchor in the bay, and the *Canandigua* had been expected from Toulon; but, learning by telegram that she would be delayed for several days, the Admiral yielded to the importunities of his restless suite, and consented to join in a pilgrimage to the 'land o' cakes and usquebaugh,' the home of his maternal ancestry.

"With this object in view, he took French leave of his flag-ship on the morning of June 26th, and, accompanied by Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and his staff, turned his face northward, and, after passing through London, York (where a stop

was made to examine the splendid cathedral and old castle), and over a country rich in agricultural development, reached the beautiful city of Edinburgh, where, owing to the absence of all diplomats and consuls, he was permitted the rare enjoyment of being the second 'great unknown' in the very atmosphere of him who once bore that mysterious title.

"Our sojourn in the metropolis of Scotland extended over several days, during which period we became deeply interested in its many associations with ancient and modern times. The 'tragical-historical' Palace of Holyrood, replete with memories of Mary Stuart, was a Mecca to us; and, thence passing along the old Canongate to the famous Castle, with Mons Meg perched on its summit, we were shown the 'Heart of Midlothian,' the house and home of John Knox, the old Tolbooth, and many other places immortalized by the author of 'Waverley.'

"Before leaving Scotland we followed the footsteps of all modern travelers, and made a rapid tour to the home of Sir Walter Scott; stopping first at Melrose Abbey, to meditate within its stately ruins over the tombs of the Black Douglas and Sir Michael Scott, and then continuing on to Abbotsford, where we remained several hours, enjoying a spirit association with the late gifted proprietor, whose relics are there jealously preserved. The Admiral was specially delighted with the long rifle and the leathern purse of the famous Rob Roy, and derived more satisfaction in recalling the freebooter's exploits than in listening to the stories of jeweled gifts even from the great Napoleon.

"From this interesting home we drove to Dryburgh Abbey, within the crumbling, ivy-crowned walls of which majestic ruin slumber the remains of the author of 'Waverley.' It is a lovely spot on the banks of the gentle Tweed, and is alone an ample recompense for a visit to Scotland.

"Leaving Edinburgh, the Admiral and his suite pursued a westward course, and, passing by Bannockburn and Stirling Castle, took the delightful route through Lochs Katrine, Awe, Venachar, and Lomond, to Glasgow; having a superb view of the Trosachs, and the entire country so beautifully described in

the 'Lady of the Lake'; and reaching the great commercial city on the same evening.

"Shortly after arriving in Glasgow, he was officially visited by the American Consul, General Duff, who in the course of the morning presented, in accordance with their own request, the corporate authorities of the city. These, having been informed of the contemplated visit of the naval hero to their metropolis, had at once resolved to call in a body and present him a fitting welcome. From these gentlemen the Admiral received every attention during his short sojourn in that great commercial emporium, and was escorted by them to all places of interest within reach, and to the immense ship-yards of Messrs. Napier & Sons, and Randolph, Elder & Co., in both of which he was received with a cordiality exceedingly gratifying."

In his official report upon this visit the Admiral says :

"These yards are very extensive, having many vessels on the stocks, there being in the latter no less than thirteen, amounting to upward of 24,000 tons. What particularly interested me was, to see the varieties in building. Some were entirely of iron; some, iron frames with wooden stem and sternpost, and wooden planking. . . . There were also two armor-plated frigates, and a vessel of war on Coles's turreted principle, differing only in bringing the deck flush with the base of the turret, which made a height of ten or eleven feet between decks. . . . Mr. Napier and Mr. Elder were very kind in showing us everything in their respective dock-yards, and I feel much indebted to them for their great courtesy. Mr. Napier extended me an invitation to be present at the official trial trip of a ram built by his firm for the Dutch Government, which, unfortunately, I did not receive in time; and before leaving kindly sent me photographic views of many of the best vessels he had constructed."

"Within these professional precincts Admiral Farragut was in his element, and it was with great difficulty that he could be persuaded to return to his hotel, to partake of a very sumptuous

entertainment prepared by the authorities. Upon this happy occasion he had an opportunity of expressing his thanks to the officials who surrounded him, not only for the pleasure they had given him in offering so many facilities for visiting the chief points of interest in their great city, but for the very flattering manner in which they had spoken of his country, and extended him so much kindness and hospitality as its representative.

“After the interchange of friendly sentiments to an extent which might have caused Dominie Sampson to exclaim, ‘Prodigious!’ the parties separated for the night, mutually pleased with the international courtesies which had been the order of the day.

“On the following morning, the Admiral, having learned by telegram of the arrival of the *Canandaigua*, made a hasty exit from Glasgow, and proceeded to Southampton, stopping *en route* at Oxford, simply to rest from the fatigue of the long railway journey of four hundred good English miles.

“On the morning of July 10th Admiral Farragut proceeded to London, to attend a banquet given by Mr. Bierstadt to Professor Henry W. Longfellow.

“During his temporary absence the *Franklin* was officially visited by Prince Alfred, commanding her Majesty’s ship *Galatea*, who was most cordially received by Commodore Pennock and Captain Le Roy. Until the officer of the deck politely requested to know what name he should announce to the Commodore, and received for a response ‘the Duke of Edinburgh,’ he had not supposed that he was addressing a scion of the royal household; for the watchful Quartermaster had simply reported ‘an English Captain coming alongside, sir,’ and the officer, recognizing but the naval rank, had received him accordingly, and then smiled at his indifference.

“The good-natured and very popular Prince seemed rather to enjoy the joke, and, after remaining some time on board, examining the frigate very carefully, and conversing freely with the officers escorting him about the recent improvements in gunnery, took friendly leave, at the same time inviting the Admiral,

his commanding officers, and staff to dine with him on the 12th inst., on board the *Galatea*.

“On his return from London, Admiral Farragut found the following communication awaiting a reply :

“ ‘TOWN CLERK’S OFFICE,
“ ‘*Southampton, July 7th, 1868.*

“ ‘SIR : I am directed by the Mayor and Corporation to convey to you their extreme pleasure at your arrival at this port with the squadron under your command.

“ ‘The Mayor and Corporation, ever anxious to pay every tribute of respect and esteem to the great nation represented by you on the present occasion, request you and the officers under your command will honor them by attending a municipal entertainment in celebration of your arrival at this port.

“ ‘The Mayor and Corporation trust it will be convenient and agreeable for you to accept the present invitation ; and they desire me to add, that they will be most happy to consult your convenience as to the day upon which the entertainment should take place.

“ ‘I have the honor to remain, sir,

“ ‘Your most obedient servant,

“ ‘CHARLES E. DEACON,

“ ‘Town Clerk.

“ ‘TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.’

“The Admiral replied at once to this tender of a complimentary dinner, stating that his official duties would not permit him to accept the invitation ; otherwise he would be most happy to meet the civil authorities in the manner proposed.

“During the same evening he also received a letter from Captain Arrow, R. N., informing him that the Prince of Wales desired to visit him on the following day, if the time specified would be agreeable. Accordingly, on the morning of the 14th the flag-ship was placed in readiness to receive any and every sovereign in Europe with the most smiling welcome, and at ten o’clock the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* was announced

alongside, and immediately thereafter the Prince, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, came on board, and was received with all the honors due to his rank, the yards being manned and a salute of twenty-one guns fired, with the royal standard floating at the main, and the band playing 'God Save the Queen.' The Prince visited all parts of the ship, and appeared much delighted with the inspection (for the Franklin certainly looked as neat and trim as rubbing and scrubbing could make her); and on his departure the same honors were repeated.

"On the same day the Admiral received a very kind note from the Earl of Hardwicke, residing near Netley Abbey, which is so characteristic of the sailor that I can not withhold its insertion.

"18TH JULY, SYDNEY LODGE.

"Admiral the Earl of Hardwicke presents his compliments to Admiral Farragut, and begs to say that he is now resident at the above address. He is lame, and has difficulty in boarding ship, or he should wait in person on Admiral Farragut.

"The Earl of Hardwicke hopes that he may be able in some way to gain Admiral Farragut's friendship.

"ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, U. S. NAVY."

"The Admiral waived ceremony, 'stood not upon the order of going,' but went at once, with his staff, to Sydney Lodge, where he was most cordially welcomed, and tendered a public dinner, which he was compelled to decline by reason of his anticipated departure.

"On the morning of the 16th a large party visited the ship, and made themselves and the officers unusually happy for several hours, or until the arrival of Mr. Moran, our *Chargé d'Affaires* at London, when orders went forth to prepare for a change of base, which was the signal for their reluctant departure.

"Late in the afternoon the Franklin got under way, and, followed by the Canandaigua and Ticonderoga, proceeded down to Cowes, Isle of Wight, the headquarters of the yacht-clubs,

where we anchored between the Galatea, commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the iron-clad frigate Hector, exchanging with the latter a complimentary salute of seventeen guns.

“On the succeeding day, in accordance with previous arrangements, Admiral Farragut, accompanied by Mr. Moran, the commanders of the vessels, and part of his staff, went on board the Galatea, and was received with all honors, and cordially welcomed by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg. Upon the subject of this visit the Admiral becomes very eloquent :

“The Prince invited us to go round his ship, which we did with great pleasure, and found her a model vessel, both in arrangement, ventilation, and cleanliness; nothing could have surpassed her in any of these respects. In fact, there was nothing that did not bespeak the untiring vigilance and industry of the executive officers, as well as the supervision of her commander.

“She was open for inspection from stem to stern, and from the keelson up, and in every way reflected the greatest credit upon her officers; while the readiness with which the Prince asked questions in relation to similar arrangements in our Navy, and made comparison with theirs, showed that he was well posted in all the details of the naval service.’

“Upon concluding this inspection, the American visitors partook of a most elegant lunch, and then accompanied the Duke to Osborne House, stopping *en route* to examine the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, a model of naval architecture. Upon reaching the royal country residence, they were presented to her Majesty, and by her received most courteously—all the glittering surroundings of royalty being concealed entirely beneath the domestic comforts of the faithful wife and devoted mother.

“After a very pleasant interview, during which her Majesty conversed freely with the Admiral about our country, in which she manifested deep interest, the party withdrew, and were chaperoned by Prince Alfred to various parts of the model farm, and to the museum and other buildings, including a

carpenter-shop and turning-room, fitted up for the pleasure and instruction of the youthful scions of the family during the lifetime of their father.

“ Altogether this visit was one of intense pleasure and interest, and revealed much of that home-life which is the charm and boast of the mother country, whose people, far less progressive than their go-ahead descendants, understand the value of life, and enjoy it most rationally and comfortably.

“ On the following morning the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and Major Montgomery, made a short excursion inland to Carisbrooke Castle, and returned through Osborne grounds to the frigate, where he arrived just in time to receive an official visit from the Mayor and corporate authorities of Southampton, who were shortly afterward followed by the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, Prince Christian, and Admirals Pasley and Warden, all of whom were complimented with the customary salutes as they respectively passed over the gangway.

“ During the same afternoon he received a package from the Duke of Edinburgh, containing three large pictures of the Queen, Prince Albert, and himself, accompanied with the following note :

“ ‘ H. M. S. GALATEA,
“ ‘ *Cowes, 18th July, 1868.*

“ ‘ MY DEAR ADMIRAL : You told me yesterday that you had no good portrait of the Queen. I therefore send you a print of her Majesty, which I hope you will accept as a remembrance of your visit yesterday. I also send a print of my father, and one of myself. Should I not have the pleasure of seeing you again before you sail, I wish you a pleasant continuation to your cruise, and a safe return home.

“ ‘ Believe me,

“ ‘ Yours very truly,

“ ‘ ALFRED.’

“ The Admiral gladly received these testimonials, and carefully stored them away among his valuables, and wrote the

Prince immediately, thanking him for his very acceptable present.

“Orders had been issued to prepare for sea on the morrow. Everything was full of preparation, and, as our course had been decided upon, we had but to muse over past pleasures and anticipate the changes incident to such an extended cruise as the one upon which we were about to sail. The mail-bag that night was laden with farewells for friends at home, and with assurances of further correspondence from the Golden Horn.”

Not the least interesting part of this cruise was the visit to Spain. The Admiral was presented to Queen Isabella, and renewed his acquaintance with the Countess Montijo (mother of Empress Eugénie), with whom he had danced fifty years before at Malaga.

A remarkable ovation was given him on the island of Minorca, one of the Balearic group. During his many visits to Port Mahon in his midshipman days, he had received messages from persons living in the interior of the island, who claimed relationship. He had never accepted any of these invitations, perhaps from a boyish indifference on his part, and it was only in later life that his interest in the matter became awakened. In an old Spanish book, the poems of Mossen Jaime Febrer, sent to him by the late George Ticknor, he read the account of his ancestor, Pedro Ferragut, which is given in the first chapter of the present volume. Several escutcheons belonging to the family, all containing the distinguishing horseshoe, have the addition of ecclesiastical and military emblems, showing that there were descendants of Pedro in the various professions. The Admiral adopted this device for the adornment of his plate, as a mere fancy. The simplicity of his life attests too well that it was far from his desire to be pretentious, and he remarked that he “was not under particular obligations to any of his ancestors for his good fortune.”

On reaching Port Mahon, he found that his name and successes had preceded him, and the quiet islanders claimed him as their own. A deputation of citizens waited on him, with an

invitation to visit Ciudadella, the capital city, which was the birthplace of his father. Major Montgomery, who accompanied the Admiral and his party on this visit, thus describes it :

“The day after Christmas had been designated by the Admiral for his promised visit to Ciudadella, in response to the cordial invitation of the authorities and people of that city. The news of this tour of pleasure had spread rapidly to all parts of the island, and occasioned a general rest from labor and a popular concentration upon the lines of travel. At the towns of Alayor and Mercadal, flocks of people of both sexes had assembled on the road-side to unite with the authorities in tendering our naval chieftain a cordial welcome, and in expressing their delight at his advent.

“Although unable to accept the offers of hospitality which even in these unpretending villages were showered upon him, the Admiral heartily acknowledged the gratification he felt at their demonstrations of personal regard, and, passing along the excited lines, he underwent a siege of hand-shaking. At these points and elsewhere along the route, soldiers had been stationed to pay him proper honors, and to tender him any assistance he might require throughout his journey.

“On his arrival within four miles of Ciudadella, he was formally received by the Alcalde, and a large committee, comprising many prominent citizens, tendered the hospitalities of the city, and cordially welcomed him as its guest. After a brief interchange of courtesies, he was transferred to a very handsome barouche, and conducted forward in the van of a quite formidable-looking procession, demonstrations of every kind increasing as he approached this ancient capital of Minorca, the present residence of many of those who prefer the quiet seclusion of their island home to the more dazzling notoriety incident to many of the older and gayer provinces of the mainland. Outside the walls of the city his appearance was no sooner heralded than masses of people of every age, sex, and condition rushed forward to greet him, filling the air with cheers and acclamations. As he passed the gates of the city, the walls, house-tops,

and balconies were crowded with anxious spectators, uniting demonstrations of welcome with equally expressive shouts from the swaying multitude who had taken possession of the principal thoroughfares. One old man of three score years and ten, with tears streaming down his weather-beaten face, stamped sincerity itself upon the nature of the welcome by shouting aloud, 'He is ours! he is ours! but I shall never see him more.'

"The avenue leading to the residence of Signor Don Gabriel Squella, which had been kindly placed by that gentleman at the disposal of the Admiral and his suite, was literally blocked with people, and the excitement rose rapidly to fever heat as the head of the column appeared in view endeavoring to make a breach in a body absolutely closed in mass. It was with no little difficulty that the procession forced a passage; and although policemen did their utmost, and jostled, crowded, and threatened, accompanying their language with all the vocabulary of Spanish expletives, it was found necessary to disembark at some distance from the hospitable mansion, and trust to the humanity of our entertainers to afford an entrance on foot. But the temporary concealment of the Admiral within the delightful headquarters which had been assigned him seemed to be the signal for a renewed outburst, which brought him to the balcony, upon which he stood bowing his thanks, and acknowledging in every possible way his heartfelt appreciation of the cordial welcome extended him; until it appeared that there was no prospect of a cessation of hostilities, when, for the first time in his life, he was persuaded to retreat in the face of superior numbers.

"The excitement continued unabated, however, throughout the entire evening, and it was not until near midnight that the crowd slowly dispersed, and the peaceful little city of Ciudarella resumed its wonted quiet, and its order-loving citizens, unaccustomed to all such sounds of revelry by night, retired to their own little homesteads.

"During this time, a fine band of music was stationed in the capacious vestibule on the first floor of Signor Squella's mansion, and almost all the prominent citizens of the place, with their families, called to pay their respects to the city's

guest, making the scene of excitement within as pleasant as that without was tumultuous.

“On the following morning, enthusiasm arose with the sun, once more took firm possession of the street fronting the headquarters of the Admiral, and there kept anxious watch. I am confident that, had there been an election that day for Governor of the Balearic Islands, or for King of Spain itself, the Admiral would have been chosen without opposition.

“At an early hour, accompanied by his entire suite, all surrounded and followed by an admiring and excited throng, he was escorted by the committee and other citizens to all the places of interest in and about the city, and finally to the Cathedral, in which he had scarcely been seated before it was literally packed in every part by people, their hundreds of eyes being riveted upon the pleasant countenance of the unappalled Admiral, who withstood the onslaught with as much *sang froid* as if accustomed to such trying ordeals.

“Soon after, the great organ pealed forth our own national melodies, recalling our far-off land even to those whose knowledge of its power and glory was limited to its history, and the sparse information derived from the few Americans who have visited this secluded city.”

Italy did her share in the general ovation, and the visit to her sunny shores forms another bright chapter in the narrative of the cruise. At Florence the Admiral was the guest of Victor Emanuel. At Rome, he received the blessing of Pius IX., who remarked that, “of all men, he had a most enviable reputation.”

Major Montgomery gives an interesting account of the attentions received by the Admiral at Naples, and the visit to Pompeii :

“On the third day after our arrival, the Admiral, with Mrs. Farragut, Mrs. Pennock, and the officers of the squadron in port, were invited by Senator Fiorelli, Superintendent of the Museums of Naples and Pompeii, to be present on the 12th

instant, at the excavation of a chamber in the house once tenanted by Signor Balbo, or, as he used to be called while living, Balbus, in the latter city. The work in that edifice of the partially resurrected town had been delayed in consequence of the anticipated visit of the Admiral; and, as there was at that time a perfect colony of Americans in and around Naples, the occasion was readily embraced by them to tender their great representative a grand entertainment, to be given in the Stabian Thermæ, where the luxurious Pompeians were wont to pass hours in refreshing enjoyment.

“The day appointed happened to be a most favorable one, and all the American world in those parts attended the novel celebration. Special cars were provided, with the American colors flying, and, accompanied by Senator Fiorelli, Admiral Provana, a large number of officers, and representatives from our own happy land in gay profusion, the steam-horse conveyed the excursionists rapidly over Herculaneum to her quiet sister city of the dead, and then re peopled her streets with the astonished citizens of another clime—the inhabitants of a world beyond the great sea.

“On reaching the gates of the city, the excursionists formed a long procession, inspecting many objects of interest as they advanced, the band of the Second Regiment playing the national airs; and, on arriving within the capacious Forum, they improvised a mass-meeting around the cœnaculum, and there, where the city senators once discussed the affairs of Pompeii, the Admiral was cordially welcomed, in behalf of the Italian Government, by Admiral Provana; then, by Messrs. W. H. Aspinwall and Smith Clift, members of the committee of arrangements, introduced to all the Americans present—a process which occupied a considerable period, from the number of applicants for a greeting.

“Upon the conclusion of this ceremonial they were conducted to the private residence of the lamented Balbo, where the pick-axe and the spade were soon at work, restoring to the light of the nineteenth century the privacy of a chamber which had been buried with scoriæ and pumice-stone for nearly 1,800

years. The apartment, being small, was soon cleared, and revealed various articles of household furniture equal to those of modern times; numerous loaves of home-made bread, considerably overdone; and several human skeletons, which Surgeon Foltz examined critically, and declared them to have been women—drawing his conclusions, in a complimentary manner, from the smallness of the feet and the symmetry of the frame. It was observed, however, that one skull had an unusually heavy projection of the lower cheek-bone, and a would-be wag remarked that ‘that man must have been a lawyer, from the remarkable extent of his jaw.’

“When the chamber had been cleared of the dust of its eighteen centuries, and received once more the breath of life, the guests proceeded to the *Thermæ*, where a very sumptuous entertainment had been provided by the American residents, the committee consisting of Messrs. Aspinwall, Clift, W. H. Allen, C. N. Beach, Captain Charles Hunter, Dr. A. Hayes, Professor J. F. Frazer, Hon. George P. Marsh, and Messrs. B. F. Breeden, T. Roessle, Charles T. Howe, and John C. Jay.

“Within these old walls, rich with frescoes, some as fresh as on the day they were painted, the delighted Americans passed several hours most agreeably, dancing in the very halls which once reflected the happy faces of the epicurean Pompeians, the lively strains of a magnificent band echoing strangely among the surrounding temples and ruins.

“The festivities were kept up until the brilliant light on Mount Vesuvius revealed the approaching shades of night, when the actors returned to Naples and Sorrento, delighted with the day’s excursion, some regretting that the ‘German’ could not have closed the performances, in order that the spirits of Diomed, Nydia, Ione, Glaucus, Sallust, Pansa, and the others might observe the controlling passion of the present decade.

“On the 14th the ship was very handsomely dressed with flags, and a national salute fired in honor of the King’s birthday; and immediately thereafter the Admiral, accompanied by his staff, attended a grand review of the troops of the garrison and the National Guard, where he was most enthusiastically

received with deafening cheers, presented by General Pettinengo to Prince Humbert and the other distinguished personages present, and then assigned the position of honor upon the reviewing-ground.

“The same evening Admiral Provana gave a grand banquet in honor of Admiral Farragut at the Comando Generale della Marina. On this occasion Admiral Farragut was accompanied by Colonel Lawrence, Captain Pennock, Captain Le Roy, and part of his staff, and on arriving at the Admiralty was received by a guard of honor composed of a detachment of Bersaglieri, the most popular corps in Italy. The corridors and stairways of the building were most beautifully decorated with camellias and other choice plants; and when the guests entered the principal saloon they were greeted with the thrilling notes of ‘Hail Columbia,’ sweetly performed by the Marine Band.

“There were about thirty-four persons present at this feast, including the Marchese di Rudini, Prefect of Naples; General Pettinengo; Senator Fiorelli; Admirals Longo and Cerutti; Captain Acton, and others known to fame in Italy. The strains of our national melodies introduced the first regular toast of the evening, ‘Our distinguished Guest,’ which was received with great enthusiasm; while the modest recipient essayed a brief acknowledgment, expressing the great pleasure it afforded him to revisit Italy and to observe her steady progress.

“The guests separated at a late hour, the two nationalities mutually delighted, and each wishing the other an uninterrupted career of happiness and prosperity, emphasizing their friendly sentiments with expressive ejaculations of ‘*Viva America!*’
Viva Italia!’”

At Nice Farragut received a most cordial welcome. A grand entertainment was given by the American residents, at which gathered a galaxy of foreign and native notabilities. According to existing treaties, no vessel of the Franklin’s size could be permitted to enter the Bosphorus; so Farragut visited the great city of the Sultan in the Frolic, a smaller vessel of his fleet. He had an audience with the Sultan Abdul Aziz, and was entertained by the Grand Vizier and by General Ignatieff,

the Russian Minister, and others. In the mean time, while the Admiral was feasting and sight-seeing, the American Minister, Hon. Lovejoy Morris, was anxious that the flag-ship should be allowed to visit the city, and, after strenuous efforts to obtain that privilege, finally triumphed. This achievement of our worthy representative can not but cause a smile. It is but a fair example of the routine and red-tapeism in the East. Major Montgomery tells the story :

“The application for this permission had been referred to the ambassadors of the five great powers, parties to the Treaty of Paris, which excludes all vessels of war of her magnitude from the privilege of passing up the Straits. Much delay resulted from these conferences; and, while it was known that the Sultan had given his consent from the beginning, it was also whispered that one, and perhaps two, of the members of the diplomatic corps had demurred, and strenuously opposed an acquiescence in the request, as establishing a dangerous precedent. It was argued by them that their consent would be contrary to the express terms of the treaty; and, when reminded by Mr. Morris that an exception had lately been made in the case of the Alexander Nevski, a Russian frigate of fifty guns (recently lost off Denmark), with the Grand Duke Alexis, third son of the Emperor, on board, it was answered that the vessel in question was commanded by a prince of the blood. This reply afforded our zealous minister the opportunity of ventilating the republican notions upon which our government is based, and he lost no time in representing to their excellences that ‘in America, where there were no titles, all were in one sense princes of the blood’; that the flag-ship contained at least seven hundred of them; that the Admiral was one of the most distinguished members of the republic’s household; and that, if exceptions were confined exclusively to princes of the blood as recognized in Europe, persons of eminence in the United States would be, by such interpretation, excluded entirely from privileges accorded to others.”

The Franklin reached New York November 10, 1868.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIS LAST DAYS—VISIT TO VALLEJO—DEATH—THE FUNERAL—MEMORIALS.

IN the summer of 1869 the Admiral and Mrs. Farragut visited the Pacific coast. He felt a warm interest in the Navy-yard there, which had been established by him, and was for four years under his command. He was anxious to see the improvements made by his successors, and great was his delight when he stood on the ground that gave him a full view of the completed works.

When the citizens of Vallejo learned of his coming, they got up an impromptu reception. A large cavalcade went out to meet him, and escorted him through the town to the residence of General J. B. Frisbie, whose guests he and Mrs. Farragut were. The City Council gave him a reception, Hon. Paul K. Hubbs making the speech of welcome, in which he said: "You left us a captain. You are here to-day the high Admiral of the American Navy. You have imprinted a great name upon the page of history. This is no fulsome adulation. The world instinctively honors the brave. We desire humbly but fitly to pay allegiance to national duty and unexampled skill in the execution of it; to the peace-maker of our land, and of the world's oceans, in the person of our great naval chieftain. Remain with us while you can, and be at home among us. Your orders will be as promptly obeyed here as were those issued from the fore-top of the Hartford."

The Admiral, whose heart was deeply touched at this reception, where he saw many of his old employees at the Navy-yard, responded in this little speech :

"GENTLEMEN: I did not anticipate a reception of this character, but confess I am not disappointed at this renewal of old

friendships, not tarnished, I hope, by my action since I left you eleven years ago. In the national matters of which you speak, I have, I know, done my duty. Thrown upon a whirlwind of startling events, I have been, sometimes railroad-like, sometimes meteor-like, flashed from one extraordinary scene of excitement to another, so intense of purpose, so overwhelming in success or failure, that language fails me to present to you, my friends, any description of what the mind endures under such pressure. The fiat of the Almighty is seen in the result. The lull now produces an inexplicable sensation of the past. I shall be happy—very much so—to spend with my family some short time among you, and get a good rest.”

In the evening there was a brilliant illumination and torch-light procession.

Farragut applied himself, while here, to the development of his property, particularly as there was every indication at the time of a prosperous future for the little town. He was enthusiastic in the work going on, and always predicted good fortune to Vallejo.

In returning from California he was taken suddenly ill of heart disease, and was detained for some time at Chicago. For a few days his life was despaired of, but by skillful treatment and good nursing he was sufficiently restored to resume his journey. Several severe attacks followed, and his naturally powerful constitution was wonderfully apparent in the quickness with which he recovered from them. But his health was gradually failing.

His last official duty was to take charge of the naval obsequies of George Peabody, when the remains arrived at Portland in H. B. M. ship *Monarch*, in January, 1870.

In the summer the Navy Department placed at the Admiral's disposal the dispatch steamer *Tallapoosa*, which conveyed him and his family to Portsmouth, N. H., where he became the guest of the late Rear-Admiral A. M. Pennock, a connection by marriage, who was in command of the Navy-yard.

It seems as if the Admiral had a premonition of his approach-

ing end, for, as the Tallapoosa neared Portsmouth, he arose from his sick-bed at the sound of the salute being fired in his honor, dressed himself in his full uniform, and went on deck. Looking up with a sad smile at his blue flag floating from the mast-head, he remarked, "It would be well if I died *now*, in harness." And shortly after his arrival, an old sailor who had charge of the sloop-of-war Dale, then dismantled and lying at the wharf, says that one day the Admiral wandered on board, and after looking about the ship, stepped ashore, remarking, "That is the last time I shall ever tread the deck of a man-of-war." This foreboding proved true. At the commandant's house, on the 14th of August, 1870, at the age of sixty-nine, he quietly passed away. In the last scene he was surrounded by his family and loving friends, including many of his comrades in arms; and he died, as he had lived, under the old flag, to which his bravery, skill, and fidelity had given an added glory.

The citizens of Portsmouth and authorities at the Navy-yard did themselves honor in the marked respect shown to the departed Admiral. Both civic and military organizations took part in the obsequies. Many true and tried friends followed him to his temporary resting-place, and there listened to an eloquent and heartfelt address from his friend and pastor, Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, D. D.

In September, at the request of citizens of New York, the Government sent the frigate *Guerriere* to Portsmouth to bring the Admiral's remains to New York, where they were to be transferred to their final resting-place, committees representing the Common Council and the Military Order of the Loyal Legion (of which Farragut was the Commander) attending as a guard of honor. Off Nantucket the ship ran aground, and the remains were transferred to the steamer *Island Home* and taken to Hyannis, whence they were forwarded to Fall River by rail, and thence to New York by boat, and placed on board the sloop of war *Brooklyn*, to be brought up the harbor with ceremony.

The municipal authorities took charge of the public funeral,

which was held on September 30th. The public schools and offices, the Custom-House, the Stock Exchange, and the leading mercantile houses were all closed. The city edifices were draped, bells tolled, and minute guns fired. A procession which included the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet, many naval and military officers, veteran associations, ten thousand soldiers, the Fire Brigade, and numerous civic societies, escorted the body, which was borne by sailors, from the boat-landing to the Harlem train at Forty-seventh Street, by which it was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery, in Westchester County, the trustees of which had set apart for the purpose a beautiful plot of ground. There it now rests, under a monument erected by the Admiral's widow and son.

Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Admiral Farragut in Farragut Square, Washington.* The commission was given to Miss Vinie Ream, and it is expected that the work will soon be completed. At the same time, Mr. St. Gauden has been commissioned by a committee of citizens of New York to produce a statue of the Admiral, to be erected in that city.

On the left of the chancel in the Church of the Incarnation (corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street) is placed a mural tablet with a likeness of the Admiral, in bas-relief, modeled by Mr. Launt Thompson. This was erected by the Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the State of New York, as a tribute of love to their first Commander.

* Joint resolution entitled "A joint resolution amending joint resolution of April 16, 1872, relating to the statue of the late Admiral Farragut," approved June 22, 1874, it was—

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to contract with some suitable and skillful sculptor for a bronze statue of the late Admiral Farragut, as authorized in the joint resolution of April 16, 1872, to be disposed of as therein directed: *Provided*, That the selection of the sculptor or artist to execute the statue shall be made by the Secretary of the Navy, the General of the Army, and Mr. Virginia L. Farragut, or a majority of them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERISTICS—RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS— CONCLUSION.

It would be impossible for any man to occupy a position like Farragut's without incurring more or less enmity ; but this gave him very little anxiety. On one occasion it was reported to him that a few disaffected officers in the squadron were working against him. "I know nothing about it," said he, "nor do I care to know ; but I will give them something else to think about, for I intend to fight a battle in a few days." And that battle took place.

In his official reports he was always ready to acknowledge acts of gallantry by his subordinates, and to recommend promotions ; but he remarked that every officer was expected to do his duty—that was required of him by his commission. Once when it was remarked that a certain officer was too young for promotion, and it would turn his head, Farragut, remembering his own experience, answered, "Well, if he can't stand prosperity, that will be his own fault." On the other hand, when some of the officials of the Navy Department wanted to pass off a lot of favorites as efficient officers, "Gentlemen," said he, "you can no more make a sailor out of a land-lubber by dressing him up in sea-toggery and putting a commission into his pocket, than you could make a shoemaker of him by filling him with sherry cobblers."

Writing to a friend on the subject of a pay-bill that was before the Senate, he said : "In my opinion, an officer's pay, when he reaches the highest grade, is given him as a reward for long and faithful services. But the ignorant, as well as the wise and efficient, have risen to the command of squadrons and stations, according to their position on the Register ; and when it was

attempted to change that order of things, the law was ignored by the country and the President. . . . I have always been an advocate of promotion or distinction for professional services of a chivalrous character, and would never object to the promotion of any brother officer who had the good fortune to be at the right place at the right time, and did an act by which he risked his life and reputation in the performance of his duty."

He added much to the labors of his position as a commanding officer by his great patience in listening to matters that could as well have been disposed of by a subordinate. He could not turn from any one who approached him on duty, and his affable manner cost him many moments that should have been spent in repose. He often remarked that as a young officer he had complained of interference with his duties in any shape; but when he found himself loaded with responsibilities, he could not help giving personal attention to details. "No man," he said, "can tell how he will act in a responsible position, till he finds himself in it."

Speaking of success, the Admiral said he always fixed his eyes on his object, and then pursued it with impetuosity, giving little heed to dangers and obstacles, calculating thus: "I have to take this place. The chances are that I shall lose some of my vessels by torpedoes or the guns of the enemy, but with some of my fleet afloat I shall eventually be successful. I can not lose all. I will attack, regardless of consequences, and never turn back." It was this, primarily, which insured his success at Mobile. Another element which there came into play was his profoundly religious nature. He used to say that in the confusion which ensued upon the sinking of the *Tecumseh* and the stopping of the *Brooklyn*, he felt that all his plans had been thwarted, and he was at a loss whether to advance or to retreat. In this extremity his natural impulse was to appeal to Heaven for guidance, and he offered up this prayer: "O God, who created man and gave him reason, direct me what to do. Shall I go on?" And it seemed as if in answer a voice commanded him to "Go on!"

In talking about soldiers, he said he laid it down as a maxim

that, "if once you get in a soldier's rear, he is gone." This was the key to his plan at New Orleans, Port Hudson, and Mobile.

He was never at a loss to apply his experience when necessity required it, and no one ever knew him to hesitate in the performance of duty from a want of knowledge. He felt that he thoroughly understood his profession; and being thrown upon his own resources so early in life, he acquired a self-confidence that served him in good stead when he gained an important command.

But he was as prompt to decline meddling with what he did not understand, as to undertake what he did. After the war an appeal was made to him to allow his name to be used as a director of a company then organizing, accompanied with an intimation that stock representing one hundred thousand dollars would be placed in his name on the books. To this he replied: "Having duly considered your kind proposition to become a director of the ——, I have come to the conclusion that no pecuniary reward should be an inducement for the risk of reputation, and, although I am satisfied that the company intends that I should not be liable to any pecuniary loss, it could not, in the event of failure, prevent the suspicion falling upon me which naturally belongs to the directors of such an institution, and to say that I had nothing to do with its management would not exonerate me in the estimation of those who had taken shares upon the ground of my being a director. I have therefore determined to decline entering into any business for which I have neither the time nor perhaps ability to attend to. Will you please accept for yourself and the company my thanks for the generous offer, and best wishes for your success?"

Prominent Democrats urged Farragut, in 1868, to allow his name to be placed before their convention as a nominee for the Presidency. They inclined to the belief that "a man of liberal, national, and patriotic views, who is not regarded as a partisan Democrat, whose public career has been at once loyal and heroic, whose name is the signal for unbounded respect and acclaim," would be borne to the White House with enthusiasm. But their appeal was in vain; he had no political aspirations, and felt that

he would never give satisfaction as a politician. He wrote to a correspondent: "I hasten to assure you that I have never for one moment entertained the idea of entering political life, even were I *certain* of receiving the election to the Presidency. . . . My entire life has been spent in the Navy: by a steady perseverance and devotion to it I have been favored with success in my profession, and to risk that reputation by entering a new career at my advanced age, and that career one of which I have little or no knowledge, is more than any one has a right to expect of me. I therefore beg that you will tender to those gentlemen, who may think with yourself of proposing my name as a candidate, my thanks for this great compliment; but I am *fixed* in my determination not to serve, under any conditions or circumstances." But no man watched with greater interest the political conflict then going on.

A gentleman who served with Farragut tells a story of his own first service as a navigating officer. The ship was but a few days out from port, when on one occasion he went to the Captain to report the reckoning. Farragut took down his chart and parallel ruler, and began tracing out the course sailed, and locating the ship's position. Finally he raised his head slowly, and much to the young man's chagrin remarked, "You may depend upon it, sir, you are wrong; there is some mistake in your calculation; the ship can't be there." Our friend was at first disposed to be indignant at the mere suggestion of any inaccuracy in his work, but he controlled his feelings and re-examined the figures, and sure enough found his error and blushingly acknowledged the fact. But Farragut reassured him by remarking kindly, "Never mind, sir, all men are liable to make mistakes, and—perhaps a few women."

His dry humor was proverbial, and even in his last illness he kept those about him in a smile by the quaintness of his remarks. Once the doctor was making an examination by sounding in the region of his heart, when he touched some sensitive part. An expression of pain crossed the Admiral's brow, and he exclaimed, "Great guns and small arms! You doctors remind me of C—; you make a hole in a fellow, and then put

a shot in afterward." This referred to an exaggerated report of a gunboat captain during the war.

On the day preceding his departure from London, the Duchess of Somerset was entreating him to dine with her, for the fourth time, on the morrow, when he grasped her hand in both of his, and exclaimed, "But, my dear fellow, it is impossible!" The Duchess was greatly amused, claimed the term of endearment as a legacy from Admiral Farragut, and used to take a lively pleasure in relating the anecdote.

From the time of his sojourn in Tunis, in 1818, Farragut had labored under the disadvantage of weak eyes, the result of the partial sunstroke received in that country. But, in spite of a misfortune which interfered so much with anything like study, he was enabled to accomplish a great deal by employing readers in the various ships in which he sailed, and to the day of his death he always had some book on hand to be read to him. He was blessed with an excellent memory for facts, and most of the Journal which we have published was written from dictation.

Admiral Shubrick, who sailed with Farragut, used to tell a story illustrating his linguistic powers. An old woman came alongside of the ship in a bumboat; but no one could communicate with her, as she seemed to speak an unfamiliar tongue. Some one suggested, "Send for Farragut; he speaks the language of the devil." Accordingly Farragut came on deck, soon found out that she was an Arab, and conversed with her quite freely, to the amazement of those about him. He had acquired the language while he lived in Tunis.

He was fond of argument, always carried it on good-naturedly, and, if he had honest convictions, would never yield them, however impolitic they might seem.

His education under the old Swiss schoolmaster gave him an interest in all athletic sports. He won a set of diamond studs, in a foot-race with a brother officer; and even after his fiftieth year it was no unusual thing for him to call up some of the crew of his ship and have a bout at single-stick. When in command, and particularly during the war, he invariably wore

or carried his sword on shore with him, a habit which he had acquired when serving on the South American coast. In returning to his ship at night he frequently had to pass through the worst part of the seaport towns, where naval officers were sometimes molested, and being a good swordsman he remarked that if he should be attacked he had more confidence in that (his sword) than any other weapon. For many years he kept up a custom of going through certain gymnastic exercises on his birthday, to test his powers, and it was not till his sixtieth year that he abandoned it.

He had few secrets, expressed his sentiments freely, and remarked that "he believed in doing things open and above board, as such a policy in the long run would always give one the advantage over an intriguing adversary."

In a long talk that I had with him one evening, he told me that he really felt under more constraint as an admiral than when he was a midshipman. Then he had the first lieutenant to quarrel with; but now he had to face the Government, and all his faults were faults that affected his reputation. He said he made it a rule never to quarrel with the powers that be; he did not approve of that in a commanding officer.

The frequency of religious sentiment in his letters seems somewhat remarkable, when we consider that he was not a professed Christian till late in life. It was probably the result of his early training by his mother, which, though she died when he was very young, must have made an impression that he never lost. When he was dangerously ill in Chicago, he desired to have a clergyman called, saying, "He must be my pilot now." At the time of his death he was a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He once remarked, when speaking of navigating a ship, that he "never felt so near his Maker as he did when in a storm, knowing that on his skill depended the safety of so many lives."

Farragut was once on duty at a navy-yard where one of the principal employees was detected in peculations. A board which convened to investigate the charges pronounced the individual guilty. The man had strong friends in Washington,

and, instead of his being dismissed, the orders were that he be "publicly admonished" and restored to duty. It devolved upon Farragut to administer the reprimand, which he did very effectively. After reading his instructions aloud to the assembled officials, he turned to the man and said slowly, "Mr. B——, you have heard the order in regard to admonishing you. I have only one remark to make," pointing his finger at him: "Remember the eighth commandment, *Thou shalt not steal.*" An officer who was present says, "Any further remark seemed superfluous, if we might judge from the abject misery depicted on the countenance of the unhappy man."

In January, 1865, the "United Service Magazine" said of Farragut: "When his biography comes to be written, the public, who now see only high courage and indomitable vigor rewarded by great and brilliant victories, will recognize the completeness and harmony of a character that has so far appeared to them only in profile. The stainless honor, the straightforward frankness, the vivacity of manner and conversation, the gentleness, the flow of good humor, the cheerful, ever-buoyant spirit of the true man—these will be added to the complete education, the thorough seamanship, the devotion to duty, and lastly, the restless energy, the disdain of obstacles, the impatience of delay or hesitation, the disregard of danger, that stand forth in such prominence in the portrait, deeply engraven on the loyal American heart, of the great Admiral."

If this eloquent prediction has not been fulfilled by the present volume, the fault lies not in the subject, but in the pen that has traced it. The moral of Farragut's life is, that success is not an accident; that the surest way to become great is by rising to the top of one's own profession, thoroughly mastering the duties of each grade as it is reached. To such a man, fame, if it comes, is but an episode; his mind is fixed solely upon the full development of his powers and the effective performance of his appropriate work. If the story simply told in these pages has not shown how the Admiral's whole life was a preparation for the brilliant victories won in an aggregate of less than six hours of actual fighting; if it has not exhibited him as

a gentleman of genial temperament, wide sympathies, and stainless honor, whose wisdom lay in his sincerity, and whose strength in his patient self-confidence, who never forgot either his love for his country or his oath to protect her government; —if the details of his life and his own recorded words do not convince the reader of this, it would be useless to supply the deficiency with any rounded epithets or generalized statements. It might have been said of him as emphatically as it was said of Tourville, that he was competent to fill any place on ship-board, from that of carpenter up to that of admiral. He was as brave as Nelson, as pure as Collingwood, and as skillful as they; but he had that to do which neither of those great captains ever dreamed of. They knew how to lay ship to ship, and achieve a victory. With him it was first ship against fortress, fire-raft, and hidden torpedo, and immediately thereafter a grapple with the fleet of the enemy; and what he achieved will for ever be suggested by the names of New Orleans, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, and Mobile. And if it adds a shade of sadness to his story to remember that his highest honors were won in vanquishing his own countrymen, it gives it a ten-fold glory when we consider that the war he made so successfully was not for foreign conquest, not for mercantile jealousy, not for any miserable dispute over an imaginary balance of power, but simply for liberty and justice to all classes of his fellow men, clearly for the rightful government of his native land, earnestly for that unity without which the founders of this republic would have built in vain.

1107
1875

CHRONOLOGY.

- 1801—*July 5*, born at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee.
- 1810—*December 17*, appointed Midshipman in the United States Navy.
- 1811—*August*, sailed on his first cruise.
- 1812—*June*, put in command of the Alexander Barclay, as prize-master.
- 1814—*March 28*, his first battle, Essex and Phœbe.
July 7, arrived at New York, a paroled prisoner.
- 1815—*April*, sailed for the Mediterranean.
- 1816—*Spring*, sailed for the Mediterranean a second time.
- 1817—*Spring*, began an extended cruise in the Mediterranean.
Autumn, went to study at Tunis.
- 1818—Second cruise to the Mediterranean.
- 1819—*Spring*, cruise in the Mediterranean continued.
- 1822—*February*, sailed in schooner Greyhound for West Indies. Became executive officer of the Seagull.
July, obtained command of the Ferret.
September, married Miss Marchant.
- 1825—*January 23*, commissioned Lieutenant, and ordered to the Brandywine, to convey Lafayette to France.
- 1826—*May*, arrived at New York; ordered to receiving-ship Alert, at Norfolk, Virginia.
- 1828—*October*, ordered to the Vandalia.
December, sailed for the Brazil station.
- 1830—*February*, arrived home.
- 1832—*December*, ordered to the Natchez.
- 1833—*January*, ordered to Charleston, on account of the nullification troubles.
May, sailed for the coast of Brazil.
- 1834—*March*, took command of the Boxer, and sailed for Brazil.
July, returned home.
- 1838—*August*, took command of the Erie, and sailed for Vera Cruz.
- 1839—*January*, gave up the Erie.
- 1840—*December*, his wife died.
- 1841—*February*, became executive officer of the Delaware.
September 9, commissioned Commander.

- 1842—*June*, took command of the Decatur, and sailed for the South American station.
- 1843—*February*, arrived at Norfolk.
December, married Miss Loyall.
- 1844—*April*, ordered to the receiving-ship Pennsylvania.
July, to Navy-yard, Norfolk.
- 1847—*February*, took command of the Saratoga, and sailed for the Gulf of Mexico.
- 1848—*February 19*, arrived in New York—ordered to Navy-yard, Norfolk.
- 1850-'51—Employed in compiling a book of ordnance regulations.
- 1854—*August*, ordered to California, to establish a navy-yard.
- 1855—*September 14*, commissioned Captain.
- 1858—*July*, left California; ordered to take command of the Brooklyn, and convey Minister McLane to Mexico.
- 1859—*January*, ordered to Hayti.
- 1860—Took an exploring party to the Isthmus of Chiriqui.
- 1861—*April*, forced to leave Norfolk, Virginia, because of his loyalty; removed to Hastings on the Hudson, New York.
- 1862—*January*, given command of the Western Gulf Squadron, and sent against New Orleans.
April 24, attacked and passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip with his fleet, and captured New Orleans.
June 28, passed the batteries at Vicksburg.
July 16, commissioned Rear-Admiral.
- 1863—*March 14*, passed the batteries at Port Hudson.
August 1, sailed for New York.
- 1864—*January*, sailed for the Gulf.
August 5, attacked and passed the defenses of Mobile Bay, and conquered the rebel fleet.
August 23, received the surrender of Fort Morgan.
December 12, reached New York.
December 23, commissioned Vice-Admiral.
- 1865—*January 23*, ordered temporarily to the James River.
April 4, entered Richmond.
- 1866—*July 25*, commissioned Admiral.
- 1867—*June 28*, sailed from New York, in the Franklin, for an extended cruise in European waters.
- 1868—*November 10*, reached New York.
- 1869—*Summer*, visited the Pacific coast.
- 1870—*August 14*, died, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
September 30, public funeral held in New York.

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APPENDIX.

LIST OF VESSELS AND OFFICERS AT THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 24, 1862.

*Those who were killed or mortally wounded are indicated thus, * ; wounded, thus, †.*

Steam-Sloop "Hartford" (Flag-Ship).

Flag-Officer, David G. Farragut.	Third Assistant Engineers, Conrad J. Cooper, Charles M. Burchard, Isaac De Graff, and Albert H. Fulton.
Fleet-Captain, Henry H. Bell.	
Commander, Richard Wainwright.	
Lieutenants, James S. Thornton and Albert Kautz.	Acting Midshipmen, Herbert B. Tyson, Edward C. Hazeltine, John Henry Read, and Henry J. Blake.
Fleet Surgeon, J. M. Foltz.	Acting Master's Mates, Edwin J. Allen, Thomas Mason, Lewis S. Locke, and George H. Loundsberry.
Surgeon, Stewart Kennedy.	Boatswain, James Walker.
Assistant Surgeon, Joseph Hugg.	Sailmaker, J. A. Holbrook.
Marine Officers, Captain J. L. Broome and Lieutenant George Heisler.*	Acting Gunner, John Duncan.
Paymaster, George Plunkett.	Acting Carpenter, James H. Conley.
Chief Engineer, James B. Kimball.	Flag-Officer's Secretary, A. V. Vandennevel.
Master, John C. Watson.	Flag-Officer's Clerk, B. S. Osbon.
Acting Masters, Daniel S. Murphy, Ezra S. Goodwin, Horace J. Draper, and Albert Cook.	Fleet-Captain's Clerk, Thos. B. Waddel.
Second Assistant Engineers, John Purdy, Edw'd B. Latch, and Fletcher A. Wilson.	Captain's Clerk, A. D. Bache.

Steam-Frigate "Colorado."

Captain, Theodorus Bailey.	Acting First Assistant Engineer, David Fraser.
Lieutenants, John L. Davis, Joseph E. De Haven, and Robert Boyd.	Second Assistant Engineer, J. Cox Hull.
Surgeon, Philip S. Wales.	Acting Second Assistant Engineer, John Fraser.
Assistant Surgeons, Morris H. Henry, Adrian Hudson, and J. Otis Bush.	Third Assistant Engineers, Albert Murray, L. L. Olmstead, William L. Smith, George H. White, Webster Lane, and Isaac R. McNarry.
Paymaster, A. W. Russell.	Acting Midshipmen, F. J. Higgenson and William R. Bridgeman.
Chief Engineer, George Gideon.	Acting Master's Mates, Alexander Cush-
Acting Masters, John Sherrill, Joseph W. Tuck, James Taylor, Tecumseh Steece, and William B. Stoddard.	
First Assistant Engineer, Loyd A. Williams.	

man, Nathaniel Hobbs, Moses W. Stone, Augustus Farrell, and David T. Potter.
 Boatswain, Zachariah Witmarsh.
 Gunner, James D. Barton.

Steam-Sloop "Pensacola."

Captain, Henry W. Morris.
 Lieutenants, F. A. Roe and Jas. Stillwell.
 Surgeon, J. Winthrop Taylor.
 Paymaster, George L. Davis.
 Acting Surgeon, W. B. Dick.
 Second Lieut. Marines, John C. Harris. †
 Chief Engineer, S. D. Hibbert.
 Acting Masters, E. C. McKay and E. C. Schultz. †
 Second Assistant Engineers, S. L. P. Ayres and C. H. Ball.

Carpenter, George E. Anderson.
 Sailmaker, Joseph C. Bradford.
 Coast Pilot, Daniel Pepper.
 Captain's Clerk, B. F. Monroe.
 Paymaster's Clerk, William R. Upham.
 Third Assistant Engineers, T. G. Smith, J. L. Vanclair, J. T. Mercer, J. T. Hawkins, George W. Magee, and John C. Huntley. †
 Gunner, D. A. Roe.
 Boatswain, Wilson Goodrich. †
 Carpenter, Joseph B. Cox. †
 Acting Master's Mates, George A. Storm, George Dolliver, † Alfred Reynolds, † Joseph Kent, and Charles Gainsford.
 Paymaster's Clerk, George C. Richardson.

Steam-Sloop "Brooklyn."

Captain, Thomas T. Craven.
 Lieutenant, R. B. Lowry.
 Surgeon, Samuel Jackson.
 Assistant Surgeon, James S. Knight.
 Marine Officer, James Forney.
 Paymaster, Charles W. Abbot.
 Chief Engineer, William B. Brooks.
 Masters, J. C. Stafford, † George Dewhurst, Lyman Wells, and James O'Kane. †
 Acting Master, Thomas B. Beekering.
 First Assistant Engineer, B. E. Chassaing.
 Second Assistant Engineers, James At-

kins, Alexander V. Fraser, Jr., and James H. Morrison.
 Third Assistant Engineers, Charles F. Mayer, Jr., B. D. Clemens, Jacob L. Bright, and Joseph Morgan, Jr.
 Midshipman, John Anderson.*
 Acting Midshipmen, H. T. Grafton and John R. Bartlett.
 Master's Mates, Henry C. Leslie, Robert Beardsley, William Taber, and E. S. Lowe. †
 Captain's Clerk, Joseph G. Swift.

Paymaster's Clerk, William Robertson.

Sloop "Portsmouth."

Commander, Samuel Swartwout.
 Lieutenant, Philip C. Johnson.
 Surgeon, J. S. Dungan.
 Assistant Surgeon, H. M. Wells.
 Assistant Paymaster, Casper Schenck.
 Master, Francis O. Davenport.
 Acting Masters, Andrew A. Ward, Wm. G. Mitchell, and Gilbert Richmond.

Acting Midshipman, Walter Abbot.
 Master's Mates, John Smith, Thomas P. Jones, Thomas B. Gammon, and Sidney S. Beck.
 Acting Gunner, Thomas Cassidy.
 Acting Carpenter, John Shannon.
 Assistant Sailmaker, Henry J. Hayden.

Steam-Sloop "Oneida."

Commander, S. Philips Lee.
 Lieutenant, Montgomery Sicard.
 Chief Engineer, Francis C. Dade.

Surgeon, John Y. Taylor.
 Paymaster, Charles W. Haasler.
 Master, Francis S. Brown.

Acting Masters, Pierre Giraud, Thomas Edwards, and Elijah Ross. Brower, George W. Stivers, Richard M. Hodgson, and William D. McIlvane.
 Midshipmen, Frederick J. Nalles and George W. Wood. Captain's Clerk, Charles W. Higgins.
 Second Assistant Engineers, Horace McMurtrie and Ruben H. Fitch. Acting Boatswain, James Herold.
 Third Assistant Engineers, Alfred T. Clark, Geo. B. Alling, and J. J. Earle, Jr. Paymaster's Clerk, Charles W. Truffak.

Steam-Sloop "Mississippi."

Captain, Melancton Smith. Ensigns, A. S. Barker, O. A. Batcheller, and Edwin M. Shepard.
 Lieutenant, George Dewey. First Assistant Engineer, G. B. N. Towers.
 Surgeon, Robert T. Maccoun. Second Assistant Engineer, J. Cox Hull.
 Assistant Surgeon, J. W. Thirley. Third Assistant Engineers, Frederick G. McKean, Samuel R. Brooks, James J. Noble, and Henry W. Phillips.
 Paymaster, T. M. Taylor. Chief Engineers, William H. Rutherford and E. T. Lawton. Acting Master's Mate, Henry B. Francis.
 Marine Officer, Captain P. H. W. Fontainé. Boatswain, Joseph Lewis.
 Acting Masters, Frederick T. King, † Geo. Munday, Charles T. Chase, Robert L. Kelly, and F. E. Ellis. Gunner, William Cope.
 Carpenter, John Green.
 Captain's Clerk, W. C. Gibson.

Steam-Sloop "Varuna."

Commander, Charles S. Boggs. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, E. C. Mayloy, Samuel Robinson, and George L. Harris.
 Lieutenant, C. H. Swasey. Acting Gunner, Thomas H. Forturn.
 Acting Assistant Surgeon, W. G. Bruce. Acting Master's Mates, Thomas H. Lawrence, Silas H. Bevins, Henry D. Foster, and James L. Blauvelt.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, Chas. T. Fitch. Captain's Clerk, E. B. Deshler.
 Acting Masters, Ezra Leonard, John D. Childs, and Daniel H. Hayden.
 Acting First Assistant Engineer, R. Henry.
 Acting Second Assistant Engineer, James Schultz.

Steam-Sloop "Iroquois."

Commander, John De Camp. Second Assistant Engineers, Benjamin C. Bampton, E. S. Boynton, Franklin K. Hain, † and John H. Hunt.
 Lieutenant, David B. Harmony. Carpenter, John A. Dixon.
 Lieutenant, Frederick V. McNair. Acting Gunner, William Ryder.
 Surgeon, Benjamin Vreeland. Paymaster's Clerk, William P. Forman.
 Paymaster, Robert H. Clark. Master's Mates, Charles F. Willard and George W. Cole.
 Acting Masters, John F. Harden and John McFarland.
 First Assistant Engineer, in charge, John H. Long.

Steam-Sloop "Richmond."

Commander, James Alden. Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Thomas F. Wade.
 Lieutenants, A. Boyd Cummings and Edward Terry. Paymaster, George F. Cutter.

Surgeon, A. A. Henderson.
 Captain of Marines, Allan Ramsay.
 Assistant Surgeon, John D. Murphy.
 Chief Engineer, John W. Moore.
 Acting Masters, Frederick S. Hill, S. B. Coggeshale, and Charles J. Gibbs.
 First Assistant Engineer, Eben Hoyt, Jr.
 Second Assistant Engineer, J. L. Butler.
 Third Assistant Engineers, Albert W. Marley, G. W. W. Dove, R. B. Plotta, and Charles E. Emery.

Acting Third Assistant Engineer, Charles J. Cooper.
 Acting Master's Mates, H. F. Moffatt, J. Russell Howell, Wm. R. Cox, John B. Bradley,* R. P. Swann, and J. Vandyke.
 Boatswain, Isaac T. Choate.
 Gunner, James Thayer.
 Carpenter, H. Dixon.
 Captain's Clerk, R. D. Bogert.

Steamer "Sciota."

Lieutenant Commanding, Edward Donaldson.
 Lieutenant, Henry A. Adams.
 Assistant Surgeon, H. F. McSherry.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, Charles H. Lockwood.
 Second Assistant Engineer, Charles E. De Valin.

Acting Masters, A. McFarland and Graham P. Foster.
 Acting Master's Mates, John H. Field, G. C. Taylor, John H. Staples, and S. J. Hazazar.
 Third Assistant Engineers, Edw. Curtis, A. H. Price, and H. M. Quigg.
 Captain's Clerk, J. H. Reifenyder.

Steamer "Katahdin."

Lieutenant Commanding, Geo. H. Preble.
 Lieutenant, Nathaniel Green.
 Assistant Surgeon, Somerset Robinson.
 Acting Paymaster, R. F. Ladd.
 Acting Masters, George Harris and W. H. Polleys.
 Second Assistant Engineer, T. M. Dukehart.

Third Assistant Engineers, F. A. R. George, William P. Reid, and William W. Heaton.
 Acting Master's Mates, George Lemard, J. W. Hartshorn, J. W. Thode, and A. Whiting.
 Captain's Clerk, Edward P. Preble.

Steamer "Winona."

Lieutenant Commanding, E. T. Nichols.
 Lieutenant, John G. Walker.
 Assistant Surgeon, Arthur Mathewson.
 Paymaster, Henry M. Denniston.
 Acting Masters, Charles Hallet and Felix McCurley.
 Second Assistant Engineer, Jas. P. Sprague.

Third Assistant Engineers, Joseph Watten, Edward Gay, and Robert T. Hatfield.
 Acting Master's Mates, William F. Hunt, Alfred Staigg, Frank H. Beers, and Charles Haumett, Jr.
 Captain's Clerk, A. F. O'Neil.

Steamer "Itasca."

Lieutenant Commanding, C. H. B. Caldwell.
 Lieutenant, George Bacon.
 Assistant Surgeon, Heber Smith.
 Assistant Paymaster, Arthur J. Pritchard.
 Acting Masters, Edmund Jones and Amos Johnson.

Third Assistant Engineers, James M. Benckert, Truman Jones, John Borthwick, and Henry E. Henshaw.
 Acting Master's Mates, Wm. E. Bridges, Neil Alexander, George Spencer, and Joseph B. Crane.
 Captain's Clerk, Fitz Henry Price.

Steamer "Cayuga."

Lieutenant Commanding, Napoleon B. Harrison.	Second Assistant Engineer, George W. Rogers.
Lieutenant, George H. Perkins.	Third Assistant Engineers, Ralph Aston, J. W. Sidney, and J. C. Chaffee.
Assistant Surgeon, Edward S. Boget.	Acting Master's Mates, James Gillin, Charles Post, Theodore B. Magee, and Robert C. Bostwick.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, J. W. Whiffin.	Captain's Clerk, Charles M. Burns.
Acting Masters, Thomas H. Morton and E. D. Percy.	

Steamer "Pinola."

Lieutenant Commanding, Pierce Crosby.	First Assistant Engineer, John Johnson.
Lieutenant, A. P. Cooke.	Third Assistant Engineers, Peter A. Sasse, William F. Law, and John Everding.
Assistant Surgeon, Luther M. Lyon.	Acting Master's Mates, Wm. H. Thompson, William C. White, and Charles V. Rummel.
Assistant Paymaster, C. S. Warren.	Captain's Clerk, William H. Byrns.
Acting Masters, William P. Gibbs and John G. Lloyd.	

Steamer "Wissahickon."

Lieutenant Commanding, A. N. Smith.	Second Assistant Engineer, Thomas S. Cunningham.
Lieutenant, Edward E. Potter.	Third Assistant Engineers, Augustus Mitchell, P. H. White, and A. Sackett.
Acting Masters, George Fernig, R. Price Walter, and B. G. Hardy.	Acting Master's Mates, Charley M. Bird, Inmez M. Forsyth, and O. L. S. Roberts.
Assistant Surgeon, H. Ackley.	
Assistant Paymaster, F. C. Upton.	

Steamer "Kineo."

Lieutenant Commanding, George M. Ransom.	Second Assistant Engineer, S. Wilkins Cragg †
Lieutenant, A. S. Mackenzie.	Third Assistant Engineers, James Maughlin, C. F. Hollingsworth, and C. J. McConnell.
Assistant Surgeon, A. S. Oberley.	Acting Master's Mates, William S. Keen, John Bartol, Jr., Walter H. Davis, and George A. Faunce.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Henry W. Diman.	
Acting Masters, Oliver Colburn and L. A. Brown.	

Steamer "Kennebec."

Lieutenant Commanding, John H. Russell.	Second Assistant Engineer, H. W. Fitch.
Lieutenant, T. B. Blake.	Third Assistant Engineers, B. C. Gorrong, L. W. Robinson, and E. E. Roberts.
Acting Masters, Henry C. Wade and William Brooks.	Acting Master's Mates, H. E. Tinkham, J. W. Merryman, J. W. Page, and J. D. Ellis.
Assistant Surgeon, Charles H. Perry.	Captain's Clerk, George P. Lovering.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, C. L. Burnett.	

Steamer "Harriet Lane."

Commander D. D. Porter (Commanding Mortar Flotilla).	Lieutenant Commanding, J. M. Wainwright.
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Lieutenant, Edward Lea. Second Assistant Engineers, M. H. Plunkett and C. H. Stone.
 Acting Masters, J. A. Hannum, W. F. Monroe, and C. H. Hamilton. Third Assistant Engineers, J. E. Cooper, A. T. E. Mullin, and Robert N. Ellis.
 Assistant Paymaster, R. J. Richardson. Acting Master's Mate, C. M. Davis.
 Assistant Surgeon, T. N. Penrose.
 Captain's Clerk, John B. Norris.

Steamer "Owasco."

Lieutenant Commanding, John Guest. Second Assistant Engineer, W. K. Purse.
 Lieutenant, Chester Hatfield. Third Assistant Engineers, D. M. Egbert, J. A. Scott, and Charles H. Greenleaf.
 Acting Masters, David P. Heath and Henry Babcock. Master's Mates, John Utter, John G. Arbona, Walter H. Tomlinson, and Thomas D. Babb.
 Assistant Surgeon, W. W. Leavitt.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, R. Beardsley.
 Captain's Clerk, A. D. R. Crawford.

Steamer "Westfield."

Commander, William B. Renshaw. Second Assistant Engineer, W. R. Greene.
 Acting Masters, C. W. Zimmerman, L. D. Smalley, F. C. Miller, Gustav Vassallo, and Joseph Warren. Third Assistant Engineers, George S. Baker, Charles W. Smith, and John Van Hogan.
 Acting Assistant Surgeon, E. H. Allis. Acting Midshipman, Stephen A. McCarty.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, Charles C. Walden. Master's Mates, David Harvey, John P. Arnette, and William P. Babcock.
 Captain's Clerk, Dudley S. Griffith.

Steamer "Miami."

Lieutenant-Commander, A. D. Harrell. Acting Second Assistant Engineer, L. W. Simonds.
 Acting Lieutenant, Robert Townsend. Third Assistant Engineers, Guy Sampson, Henry D. Heisner, and Charles C. Davis.
 Acting Masters, William N. Wells, Milford Rogers, and John Lear. Acting Master's Mates, John Quevedo, William H. Harrison, and Robert Roundtree.
 Assistant Surgeon, David Kindleberger. Captain's Clerk, William C. Fay.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, William H. Sells.
 First Assistant Engineer, James F. Laddin.

Steamer "J. P. Jackson."

Lieutenant Commanding, Selim A. Woodworth. Second Assistant Engineer, John B. Morgan.
 Surgeon, Thomas S. Yard. Third Assistant Engineers, James Barnes, Samuel Strude, and James D. Cadwell.
 Paymaster, A. D. Weld. Sailmaker, John F. Dearbon.
 Acting Masters, Stephen D. Jay, Charles G. Arthur, and Miner B. Crowell. Captain's Clerk, M. W. Whitlock.
 Master's Mates, Jeremiah Murphy, Wm. H. Howard, and Albert B. Artell. Paymaster's Clerk, William L. Kellog.

Mortar Schooner "Norfolk Packet."

Lieutenant Commanding, Watson Smith.	Acting Master's Mates, W. E. H. Fentress,
Assistant Surgeon, A. B. Judson.	William Collins, and John Bath.
Acting Master, E. C. Merriman.	Captain's Clerk, William Ferguson.

Mortar Schooner "T. A. Ward."

Lieutenant Commanding, Walter W. Queen.	Acting Master's Mates, William Hatch,
Assistant Surgeon, A. A. Hoehling.	Geo. W. Wood, and James McDonald.
	Captain's Clerk, Archer Ferris.

Mortar Schooner "Horace Bealls."

Lieutenant Commander, K. R. Breese.	Acting Master's Mates, James Becker,
Acting Master, George W. Sumner.	Wm. G. Morris, and Thomas H. Baker.
Assistant Surgeon, R. T. Edes.	Captain's Clerk, Albert W. Bacon.

Steamer "Clifton."

Acting Lieutenant Commanding, C. H. Baldwin.	Acting Master's Mates, William W. Weld, Charles Albert, and Loring Cannon.
Acting Masters, Robert Rhodes, B. S. Weeks, and E. A. Howell.	Acting Second Assistant Engineer, James A. Fox.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, D. D. T. Nestell.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, S. S. Vollum, L. Spanburgh, and P. Finnigan.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, James Wing.	Captain's Clerk, S. M. Taylor.
Midshipmen, Hayden T. French and H. B. Rumsey.	

Bark "Houghton."

Acting Master Commanding, Newell Graham.	Assistant Paymaster, Clifton Helten.
Acting Master's Mates, George R. Clifton and Theron W. Squires.	Paymaster's Clerk, Henry Cushing.

Mortar Schooner "Henry Janes."

Acting Master Commanding, Lewis W. Pennington.	Acting Master's Mates, Anthony Soper, Z. Predmore, and R. W. Spates.
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Mortar Schooner "William Bacon."

Acting Master Commanding, William P. Rogers.	son, George W. Law, and Henry E. Ripley.
Acting Master's Mates, Chas. D. Thomp-	

Mortar Schooner "Sea-Foam."

Acting Master Commanding, Henry E. Williams.	Acting Master's Mates, James Perkins, Joseph Moss, and Ambrose Felix.
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Mortar Schooner "Para."

Acting Master Commanding, E. G. Furber. Acting Master's Mates, Edw. Ryan, Jno. McDonough, and W. W. Hughes.

Mortar Schooner "George Mangham."

Acting Master Commanding, John Collins. John M. Richards, William H. Dade,
Acting Master's Mates, Samuel A. O'Brien, and John Williams.

Mortar Schooner "Sarah Bruen."

Acting Master Commanding, Abraham Christian. James S. Hyde, and Sylvester Rowland.
Acting Master's Mates, Niles C. Rider,

Mortar Schooner "Racer."

Acting Master Commanding, Alvin Phinney. ler, Henry C. Whitmore, and David B. Covey.
Acting Master's Mates, Everett S. Man-

Mortar Schooner "O. H. Lee."

Acting Master Commanding, Washington Godfrey. wick, Arthur T. Parsons, and Thomas G. Hall.
Acting Master's Mates, Joseph H. Chad-

Mortar Schooner "Dan Smith."

Acting Master's Mates, George W. Brown, Francis W. Towne, Erich Gabrielson, and R. S. Sommers.

Mortar Schooner "Adolph Hugel."

Acting Master Commanding, James Van Boskirk. Acting Master's Mates, Peter Decker and W. H. Thompson.

Mortar Schooner "Maria J. Carleton."

Acting Master Commanding, Charles E. Jack. Douglas F. O'Brien, and Jerome B. Johnson.
Acting Master's Mates, August Adler,

Mortar Schooner "Sidney C. Jones."

Acting Master Commanding, James D. Graham. Acting Master's Mates, R. W. Wagstaff, W. C. Graham, and J. W. Cortelyon.

Mortar Schooner "Sophronia."

Acting Master Commanding, Lyman Bartholomew. Acting Master's Mates, E. W. Pelton and Andrew F. Williamson.

Mortar Schooner "Matthew Vassar."

Acting Master Commanding, Hugh H. field, David H. Greswold, and George
Savage. S. Hines.
Acting Master's Mates, William H. Pen-

Mortar Schooner "C. P. Williams."

Acting Master Commanding, A. R. Lang- William Cowlings, and George C. Pen-
thon. field.
Acting Master's Mates, John R. Fegan,

Mortar Schooner "J. Griffith."

Acting Master Commanding, Henry Acting Master's Mates, R. M. Clark and
Brown. Thomas Larensaler.

Mortar Schooner "Orvetta."

Acting Master Commanding, Francis E. Acting Master's Mates, Enos O. Adams,
Blanchard. Sanford Randall, and William Munro.

Mortar Schooner "Arletta."

Acting Master Commanding, Thomas E. Acting Master's Mates, Israel S. Bunce,
Smith. Sylvim W. Fetchett, and Thos. Devine.

Coast Survey Steamer "Sachem."

Assistant Commanding, F. H. Gerdes. Mates, Eben. Johnson, W. H. Shrively,
Assistants, J. G. Ottmans, James Harris, W. Thompson, and J. Duffy.
and Richard D. Halter. Aid, Thomas Bowie.
Sailing Master, Thomas A. Sears.

LIST OF VESSELS AND OFFICERS AT THE BATTLE OF
MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

Steam-Sloop "Hartford" (Flag-Ship).

Rear-Admiral, David G. Farragut. Fleet Surgeon, J. C. Palmer.
Fleet-Captain, Percival Drayton. Fleet Paymaster, Edward T. Dunn.
Lieutenant-Commander, Lewis A. Kim- Fleet Engineer, William H. Shock.
berley. Surgeon, Philip Lansdale.
Lieutenants, J. Crittenden Watson, A. R. Assistant Surgeons, William Commons
Yates, Herbert B. Tyson, and La Rue and F. Woolverton.
P. Adams.† Paymaster, William T. Meredith.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, George Chief Engineer, Thomas Williamson.
Mundy. Captain Marines, Charles Heywood.

- Rear Admiral's Secretary, Alexander McKinley.
- Acting Ensigns, G. B. D. Glidden, William H. Whiting, H. H. Brownell, H. H. Heginbotham,* Robert D. Bogart, and William L. Dana.
- First Assistant Engineer, Edward B. Latch.
- Second Assistant Engineers, John Wilson, Isaac De Graff, and H. L. Pelkington.
- Third Assistant Engineer, James E. Speights.
- Acting Third Assistant Engineers, William McEwan,† T. Benton Brown, and John D. Thompson.
- Boatswain, Robert Dixon.†
- Paymaster's Clerk, Horatio N. Wood.
- Acting Master's Mates, Richard P. Herrick,† George B. Avery, William H. Hawthorne, William H. Childs, and Joseph J. Finelli.

Steam-Sloop "Richmond."

- Captain, Thornton A. Jenkins.
- Lieutenant Commander, Edward Terry.
- Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Charles J. Gibbs.
- Surgeon, Lewis J. Williams.
- Assistant Surgeon, J. McD. Rice.
- Paymaster, Edwin Stewart.
- Chief Engineer, Jackson McElmell.
- Second Lieutenant Marines, C. L. Sherman.
- Acting Master, Prince S. Borden.
- Ensign, Philip H. Cooper.
- Acting Ensigns, Lewis Clark, Colby M. Chester, and Arthur H. Wright.
- First Assistant Engineer, Emory J. Brooks.
- Second Assistant Engineers, Albert J. Kenyon, Absalom Kirby, John D. Ford, and Robert Weir.
- Third Assistant Engineers, William H. Crawford, Charles W. C. Sartar, James W. Patterson, and Thomas McElmell.
- Acting Master's Mates, James West, Theodore J. Werner, William C. Seymour, and Walter A. De Witt.
- Pilot, William Stewart.

Steam-Sloop "Lackawanna."

- Captain, J. B. Marchand.
- Lieutenants, Thomas S. Spencer and S. A. McCarty.†
- Paymaster, James Fulton.
- Surgeon, T. W. Leach.
- Acting Assistant Surgeon, W. T. Hutchinson.
- Acting Masters, Felix McCurley and John H. Allen.
- Ensigns, G. H. Wadleigh and Frank Wildes.
- Acting Ensign, Clarence Rathbone.†
- First Assistant Engineer, James W. Whittaker.
- Second Assistant Engineers, E. J. Whittaker and George W. Roche.
- Third Assistant Engineer, Isaac B. Fort.
- Acting Third Assistant Engineers, David Hennessy and George W. Sullivan.
- Acting Master's Mates, William J. Lewis, C. H. Foster, and John C. Palmer.

Steam-Sloop "Brooklyn."

- Captain, James Alden.
- Lieutenant Commander, Edward P. Lull.
- Lieutenants, Thomas L. Swann and Charles F. Blake.†
- Surgeon, George Maulsby.
- Assistant Surgeon, H. Smith.
- Paymaster, Gilbert E. Thornton.
- Chief Engineer, Mortimer Kellogg.

Ensigns, Charles H. Pendleton and C. D. Sigsbee.	win, Joel A. Bullard, and William H. De Hart.
Acting Ensigns, John Atter and D. B. Cassel.†	Acting Third Assistant Engineer, Henry H. Arthur.
Second Assistant Engineers, John D. Toppin, David Hardie, Haviland Barstow, and George E. Tower.	Sailmaker, D. C. Brayton.†
Third Assistant Engineers, F. C. Good-	Acting Master's Mates, Frederick C. Duncan, A. L. Stephens,† and William H. Cook.*

*Monitor "Tecumseh."**All drowned except Langley and Cottrell.*

Commander, T. Augustus Craven.*	Acting Assistant Paymaster, George Worke.*
Lieutenant, John W. Kelly.*	
Acting Masters, Charles F. Langley and Gardner Cottrell.	Second Assistant Engineers, F. S. Barlow* and Henry S. Leonard.*
Acting Ensigns, John P. Lettic* and William Titcomb.*	Acting Second Assistant Engineer, T. Ustick.*
Chief Engineer, C. Faron.*	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, George Relter* and James L. Parsons.*
Acting Assistant Surgeon, William A. Danker.*	

Steam-Sloop "Monongahela."

Commander, James H. Strong.	Acting Ensigns, D. W. Mullan, James H. Rodgers, George Gerard, and P. E. Harrington.
Lieutenants, Roderick Prentiss* and O. A. Batchenor.	
Surgeon, David Kindleberger.	Second Assistant Engineers, Joseph Trilly, J. J. Bissett, Edward Cheeney, and Phillip J. Sanger.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, William B. Lewis.	Acting Third Assistant Engineer, Amos C. Wilcox.
Assistant Paymaster, Forbes Parker.	
Chief Engineer, George E. Kutz.	

Steam-Sloop "Ossipee."

Commander, William E. Le Roy.	Second Assistant Engineer, William H. Vanderbilt.
Lieutenants, J. A. Howell and Richard S. Chew.	
Surgeon, B. F. Gibbs.	Acting Second Assistant Engineers, Martin H. Gerry, James R. Webb, George W. Kidder, and Alfred Colin.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, Jon. K. Bacon.	Third Assistant Engineer, John Matthews.
Paymaster, Edward Foster.	Acting Third Assistant Engineer, William Collier.
Acting Chief Engineer, James M. Adams.	Acting Master's Mates, George Pilling and William Merrigood.
Acting Masters, C. C. Bunker and C. W. Adams.	Assistant Gunner, John Q. Adams.
Acting Ensigns, Charles E. Clark, Henry S. Lambert, and William A. Van Vleck.	

Steam-Sloop "Oneida."

Commander, J. R. Madison Mullany.†	Charles S. Cotton, and Edward N. Kellogg.
Lieutenants, Charles L. Huntington,	

Surgeon, John Y. Taylor.	First Assistant Engineer, Reuben H. Fitch. †
Acting Paymaster, George R. Martin.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, W. E. Deaver and Nicholas Dillon.
Chief Engineer, William H. Hunt. †	Acting Master's Mates, Edward Bird, Daniel Clark, and John Devereaux.
Ensign, Charles V. Gridley.	Pilot, John V. Grivet.
Acting Ensigns, John L. Hall and John Sears.	

Steam-Sloop "Seminole."

Commander, Edward Donaldson.	Acting First Assistant Engineers, Claude Babcock and Alvin B. Calden.
Surgeon, John I. Gibson.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, William Drinkwater, Patrick I. Hughes, and William H. Whiting.
Paymaster, Levi J. Stockwell.	Acting Master's Mates, C. A. Thorne and Henry Webb.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, John A. Johnston.	Captain's Clerk, George A. Ebbets. †
Acting Master, William A. Marine.	
Acting Ensigns, Francis Kempton, Walter S. Church, and David K. Perkins.	

Iron-Clad "Winnebago."

Commander, Thomas H. Stevens.	Acting First Assistant Engineers, James Monroe and John Wilson.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, William F. Shankland.	Acting Second Assistant Engineers, E. L. Morse and Philip Allman.
Acting Master, Austrony S. Megathlin.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Robert D. Wright, James W. Quinn, James Morris, and Thomas J. Myers.
Acting Ensigns, James Whitworth, Michael Murphy, and John Morrissey.	Acting Master's Mates, Henry C. Atter, John L. Hall, William Edgar, and Charles S. Lyons.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Henry Gerard.	Acting Gunner, Robert Sherman.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, Joseph G. Bell.	
Acting Chief Engineer, Simon Shultice.	
First Assistant Engineer, John Purdy.	

Monitor "Manhattan."

Commander, J. W. A. Nicholson.	Acting First Assistant Engineer, William H. Miller.
Lieutenant, E. M. Schoonmaker.	Acting Second Assistant Engineers, James B. Farrand and Thomas Finnie.
Acting Master, Robert B. Ely.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Edward Misset, Charles F. Stroud, and Harrie Webster.
Acting Chief Engineer, C. L. Carty.	
Assistant Surgeon, John H. Austin.	
Acting Assistant Paymaster, H. G. Thayer.	
Acting Ensigns, John B. Trott, George B. Mott, and Peter France.	

Steamer "Galena."

Lieutenant-Commander, Clark H. Welles.	First Assistant Engineer, Wm. G. Buehler.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Charles W. Wilson.	Acting Assistant Paymaster, Theodore Kitchen.
Acting Master, D. W. C. Kells.	Acting Assistant Surgeon, Geo. P. Wright.

Acting Ensigns, Henry Pease, Jr., and
Sandford S. Miner. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Pat-
rick Burns and William Welcker.
Second Assistant Engineers, Charles H.
Greenleaf and John A. Scot. Acting Master's Mates, Francis Tuttle
and James H. Delano.

Steamer "Conemaugh."

Lieutenant-Commander, J. C. P. De-
Krafft. Acting First Assistant Engineer, A. La-
point.
Acting Masters, J. W. Stapleford and
James F. Alcorn. Acting Second Assistant Engineers, P. H.
Kendricken and Robert Whitehill.
Assistant Surgeon, J. J. Allingham. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, J.
F. Knowlton and Thomas Kidd.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, C. E. Taylor.
Acting Ensigns, William A. Byrnes, J.
D. Hademan, and William F. Dolliver. Acting Master's Mates, John Bowman,
John K. Myttinger, and Wm. Campbell.

Steamer "Port Royal."

Lieutenant-Commanders, Bancroft Ghe-
rardi and Thomas C. Bowen. Acting First Assistant Engineer, Fletcher
A. Wilson.
Acting Masters, Edward Herrick and
Thomas M. Gardner. Second Assistant Engineers, Francis B.
Allen and Henry Snyder.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, Edward R.
Hutchins. Acting Second Assistant Engineer, John
B. McGavern.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Frank K.
Moore. Third Assistant Engineer, W. C. F. Rei-
chenbuck.
Acting Ensigns, William Hull and For-
tesque S. Hopkins. Acting Master's Mates, Eugene V. Tyson,
Henry D. Baldwin, William A. Pres-
cott, and Samuel S. Bumpus.

Steamer "Metacomet."

Lieutenant-Commander, James E. Jouett. First Assistant Engineer, James Atkins.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Henry J.
Sleeper. Second Assistant Engineer, George P.
Hunt.
Acting Masters, N. M. Dyer and John O.
Morse. Third Assistant Engineers, George B.
Rodgers, James H. Nash, and D. W.
King.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, E. D. Payne.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, H. M. Ham-
man. Acting Master's Mates, J. K. Goodwin
and Rufus N. Miller.
Acting Ensigns, George E. Wing, John
White, and Henry C. Nields. Pilot, John H. Collins.

Steamer "Octorora."

Lieutenant-Commander, Charles H.
Greene.† Assistant Surgeon, Edward R. Dodge.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, William
D. Urann. Acting Assistant Paymaster, Joseph H.
Pynchon.
Acting Masters, H. S. Young and Henry
R. Billings.† Acting Ensign, George H. Dodge.
Acting First Assistant Engineers, William
W. Shipman and M. N. McEntee.†

Second Assistant Engineer, Rozeau B. Plotta. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Joseph Knight and Gustar W. Best.
 Acting Second Assistant Engineer, Jarol Huber. Acting Master's Mates, George P. Gifford and George W. Adams.

Steamer "Kennebec."

Lieutenant-Commander, Wm. P. McCann. Acting Ensigns, John J. Butler, Hosea E. Tinkham,† and Joseph D. Ellis.
 Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Edward Baker. Second Assistant Engineers, Lewis W. Robinson and John S. Pearce.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, Edward T. Barker. Acting Third Assistant Engineer, James Eccles.
 Acting Assistant Surgeon, George W. Hatch.

Steamer "Sebago."

Lieutenant-Commander, William E. Fitzhugh. Acting First Assistant Engineer, Wm. Morris.
 Acting Master, Jerome B. Rogers. Acting Second Assistant Engineer, W. P. Agera.
 Acting Assistant Surgeon, T. Munson Coan. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Robert Miller, Bernard Kerby, and Franklin Babcock.
 Assistant Paymaster, Henry A. Strong. Acting Master's Mates, Thomas Ellamson and Ephraim R. Foster.
 Acting Ensigns, Charles B. Dorrance,* E. D. Martin, and Samuel G. Blood.

Steamer "Pinola."

Lieutenant-Commander, Oscar F. Stanton. Second Assistant Engineer, Howard D. Potts.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, A. B. Robinson. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Samuel A. Appold, Philip Ketler, Francis E. Hasmer, and Patrick H. Friel.
 Acting Assistant Surgeon, A. T. Hanson. Acting Master's Mate, John Rosling.
 Acting Ensigns, Charles V. Rummell, James W. Brown, William Symonds, and Albion P. Gibbs.

Steamer "Itasca."

Lieutenant-Commander, George Brown. Acting Ensigns, Charles H. Hurd, James Igo, and Edward S. Lowe.
 Acting Master, Richard Hustace. Second Assistant Engineers, John Bothwick and George C. Irelan.
 Acting Assistant Paymaster, Alfred G. Lathrop. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Charles A. Laws and Alfred Hoyt.
 Acting Assistant Surgeon, Henry Brockwood. Acting Master's Mates, L. E. Heath and Marcus Chapman.

Steamer "Pembina."

Lieutenant-Commander, J. G. Maxwell. Acting Assistant Surgeon, A. R. Holmes.
 Acting Master, Bowen Allen. Acting Paymaster, Walter Fuller.

Acting Ensigns, William Lyddon, Brad-
dock M. Chester, Charles Putnam, and
Charles L. Crandall. Second Assistant Engineers, James W.
Sidney and Richard M. Hodgson.
Third Assistant Engineer, Chas. F. Nagle.
Acting Master's Mate, Henry T. Davis.

Monitor "Chickasaw."

Lieutenant-Commander, George H. Per-
kins. Acting First Assistant Engineer, Charles
Chadwick.
Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Wm. Ham-
ilton. Acting Second Assistant Engineers, Elisha
P. Bartlett, James J. Maratta, and
Thomas H. Nelson.
Acting Masters, Ezekiel D. Percy and E.
B. Pike. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Albert
H. Goff, Sarill Whitehead, Alexander
H. Wiggins, Alfred Wilkinson, Henry
Wentworth, and George Harris.
Acting Chief Engineer, William Rodgers. Acting Master's Mates, Allen A. Mann,
M. F. Kershaw, M. G. Jones, and F. A.
Case.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Edmund S.
Wheeler. Gunner, John A. McDonald.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, Garrett D.
Buckner.
Acting Ensigns, George L. Jordan and J.
Louis Harris.

Steamer "J. P. Jackson."

Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, S. W. Pen-
nington. Acting Second Assistant Engineer, Chas.
Goodwin.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, Thomas S.
Yard. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, James
D. Cadwell, Albert Mayer, John E.
Hease, and L. R. Burgoyne.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Charles B.
Perry. Acting Master's Mates, Achilles Kalinski
and Charles Heath.
Acting Ensigns, Robert Henderson, Wm.
H. Howard, and Jos. H. Wainwright.

Steamer "Cowslip."

Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Charles G.
Arthur. Acting Master's Mate, Jacob Teal.
Acting Ensign, John Dennett. Acting Third Assistant Engineer, J. R.
Davidson.
Acting Second Assistant Engineer, Ben-
jamin S. Cook. Acting Master's Mates, Frederick A.
Grass, Jr., and J. P. Canfield.
Acting Third Assistant Engineer, John
Miller. Acting Second Assistant Engineer, John
Rogers.
Acting Master, William T. Bacon.

Steamer "Stockdale."

Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Thomas
Edwards. Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Wil-
liam Cromwell and Ambrose Kim-
ball.
Acting Master, Spiro V. Bennis. Acting Master's Mates, Frederick H.
Johnson, Charles H. Cleveland, and
Daniel Dennis.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, J. W. Day.
Acting Second Assistant Engineer, Alex-
ander M. Geary.

Steamer "Buckthorn."

Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Commanding, Washington Godfrey.	Acting Second Assistant Engineer, Robert A. Copeland.
Acting Master's Mates, Benjamin F. Robinson, Henry J. Wyned, and Henry A. Mayo.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, Edward R. Hubbard and Alfred O. Tilden.

Steamer "Genesee."

Acting Master, George E. Nelson.	Second Assistant Engineers, F. D. Stewart and Thomas Fitzgerald.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Charles H. Lockwood.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, George W. Kiersted and Thomas Campbell.
Assistant Surgeon, Francis H. Atkins.	Acting Master's Mates, H. E. Giraud and A. H. Morgan.
Acting Ensign, William F. Bacon.	
Acting First Assistant Engineer, David Frazier.	

Steamer "Glasgow."

Acting Master, Richard J. Hoffner.	Acting Second Assistant Engineer, Robert S. Lytle.
Acting Ensign, Charles Wellea.	Acting Third Assistant Engineer, John McAutiffe.
Second Assistant Engineer, John F.ingham.	
Acting Master's Mates, John F. Baker and William Jones.	

Steamer "Estrella."

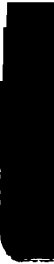
Acting Master, G. P. Pomeroy.	Acting First Assistant Engineer, Robert G. Pope.
Acting Ensign, W. W. Duley.	Acting Third Assistant Engineers, George R. Marble and James F. Winters.
Acting Assistant Surgeon, W. H. Kinney.	Acting Master's Mates, E. G. Caswell and F. A. Sherman.
Acting Assistant Paymaster, Peter H. Taws.	

Steamer "Narcissus."

Acting Ensign, William G. Jones.	Acting Master's Mates, Charles R. Marple and Edward A. Moorse.
Acting Third Assistant Engineers, John L. Young and William Pancake.	

THE END.







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