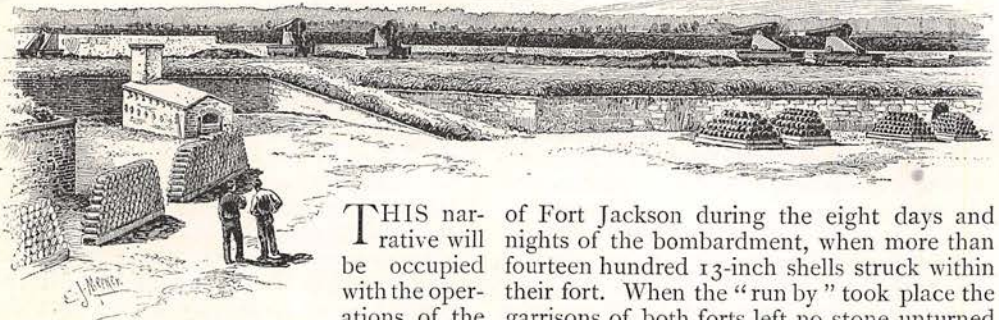


FIGHTING FARRAGUT BELOW NEW ORLEANS.*

BY THE COMMANDER OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."



RIVER-SIDE INTERIOR OF FORT ST. PHILIP.

THIS narrative will be occupied with the operations of the State and River Defense gun-boats, and especially with the movements of my vessel, the *Governor Moore*, and without particular reference to the forts. No men ever endured greater hardships, privations, and sufferings than the garrison

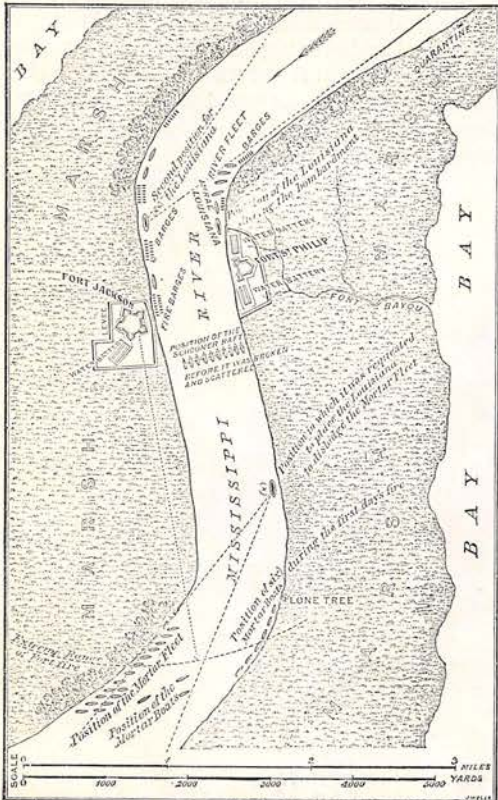
of Fort Jackson during the eight days and nights of the bombardment, when more than fourteen hundred 13-inch shells struck within their fort. When the "run by" took place the garrisons of both forts left no stone unturned to stem the tide of battle, but to no purpose.

Nor shall I refer especially to the *Louisiana*, *Manassas*, and *McRae*, of the regular C. S. Navy. Of these I saw nothing after the battle began. I did see and do know of the movements of all the other gun-boats, which, to avoid confounding with the regular navy vessels, I will refer to as "rams."

The *Louisiana* was simply an iron floating battery. She was in an unfinished state, and although officered from the regular navy, her crew was composed exclusively of volunteer soldiers, totally unused to ships and the handling of heavy guns. Her ports were too small to admit of the elevation or depression of her guns, thereby almost entirely destroying her efficiency. The responsibility for this was long since placed with Secretary Mallory, who not until four months before New Orleans fell, and after Stevenson fashioned that "pigmy monster" the *Manassas*, and in a measure tested her power, ordered the construction of the *Louisiana*, which had been a floating dock. She was decked over, roofed, iron-plated, armed, and given engines which never propelled her until after the fight was lost. Commander McIntosh, her "fighting captain," was killed early in the action, and was succeeded by Lieutenant John Wilkinson, and his brave officers and men did all in their power to beat back the enemy, but to little purpose, as thirteen of the enemy's seventeen vessels passed their vessel and the forts.

The *McRae*, a small vessel mounting a battery almost exactly like that of the *Owasco*, Farragut's smallest vessel, lost her commander, T. B. Huger, early in the battle, and as it

The top of the map is west.



POSITIONS OF THE CONFEDERATE FLEET AND OF THE UNION MORTAR-BOATS BEFORE THE RUNNING OF THE FORTS BY THE UNION FLEET.—EDITOR.

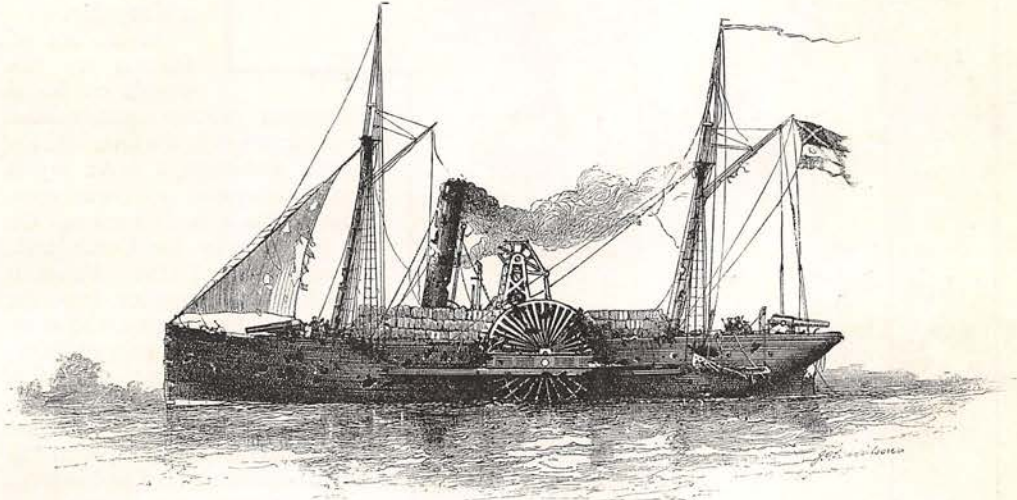
* In THE CENTURY for April, 1885, the reader will find other maps and illustrations relating to the subject and accompanying Admiral Porter's paper on "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi."—EDITOR.

happened, he was killed by a shot fired from the *Iroquois*, the vessel on which he was serving when he resigned his commission in the United States Navy. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Reed, who fought the ship gallantly until the end of the battle.

The *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, had previously done good service, and this time came to grief after two hours' fighting, because every ship that neared her selected her thin, half-inch-iron roof and sides for a target. In considering the responsibility for the fall of New Orleans, it should be remembered that Messrs. Benjamin and Mal-

All of them had their pilot-houses, engines, and boilers perfectly protected by a bulkhead of cotton bales which extended from the floor of the hold to five feet or more above the spar-deck. These and other such vessels were fitted out by the State and the city of New Orleans after the regular navy refused to take them, and to Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Lovell (ex-lieutenant United States Navy) is due the credit of their novel construction.

Of the other eight "rams," the *General Quitman* was like my ship, but smaller. The remaining seven had been tug-boats, and were of wood, with walking-beam engines. Each of



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

lory were better fitted for the law than to preside over the War and Navy Departments of a newly fledged government.

The vessel which I commanded was formerly the ocean-built wooden paddle-steamship *Charles Morgan*, of about nine hundred tons, and having a walking-beam engine. When armed by the State of Louisiana she was named the *Governor Moore*, and received two rifled 32-pounders (not banded and not sighted) and a complement of ninety-three persons. She was not iron-plated in any manner whatever. Her stem was like that of hundreds of other vessels, being faced its length on its edges above water, with two strips of old-fashioned flat railroad iron, held in place by short straps of like kind at the top, at the water-line and at three intermediate points. These straps extended about two feet abaft the face of the stem, on each side, where they were bolted in place. The other eight "rams" had their "noses" hardened in like manner. All had the usual-shaped stems. Not one had an iron beak or projecting prow under water.

them mounted one or two guns, had about thirty-five men, and measured not far from one hundred and fifty tons.

These nine "rams" were an independent command, and recognized no outside authority unless it suited their convenience; and it was expected that this "fleet" and its branch at Memphis "would defend the Upper and Lower Mississippi, without aid from the regular navy." We lay at the head of the turn in the river just above the forts, the place of all others for all the Confederate vessels to have been. Here they would have been less liable to be surprised; they would have been clear of the cross-fire from the forts and not exposed to the broadsides of the enemy when passing them, while both guns of each ram could have raked the enemy for over a mile as they approached; they would have been out of the smoke, and would have had extra time to raise steam, to prepare to fire and to ram; moreover they would have been at a great advantage to ram, since the advancing vessels would have had to incline to the eastward on reaching

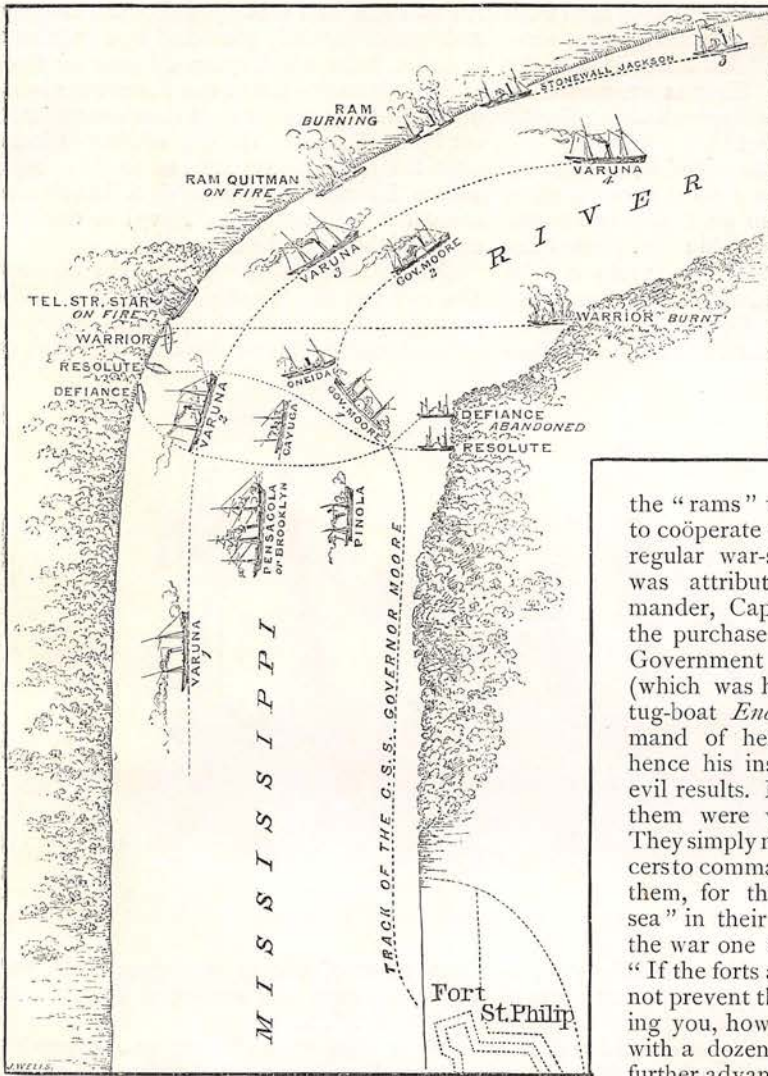


CHART OF THE FIRST MOVEMENTS OF THE "VARUNA" AND "GOVERNOR MOORE."

them. Not one of them to my knowledge, nor was it ever reported, availed itself of one of these advantages, for when they saw the enemy approaching, those having steam tried to escape, whilst others that did not have it were set afire where they lay, as I myself witnessed. Not one of them made the feeblest offensive or defensive movement, excepting in the accidental case of the *Stonewall Jackson* nearly three hours after, as I shall relate. Had they

* The "Navy Register" of January, 1863, gives Flag-Officer Farragut's seventeen vessels one hundred and ninety-three guns, and Commander Porter's seven vessels sixty-five guns. The frigate *Colorado*, being unable to cross the bar, transferred April 11th her 24-pounder howitzer to the *Sciota*; on the 6th of April four 9-inch guns to the *Oneida* and *Troquois*; and on April 9th, three officers, 142 men, and her spar-deck battery of twenty

done their duty simply in firing, what might they not have accomplished! Nearly every United States ship reports firing into them, but not a single one reports having been rammed or fired at by one of them, with the exception of the *Stonewall Jackson* and my ship.

As an act of fairness to the people on board the "rams" who so signally failed to cooperate with the forts and the regular war-ships, I must say it was attributable to their commander, Captain Stevenson. On the purchase by the Confederate Government of the *Manassas* (which was his creation from the tug-boat *Enoch Train*), the command of her was refused him; hence his insubordination and its evil results. None of the men on them were wanting in courage. They simply needed competent officers to command, lead, and instruct them, for they were totally "at sea" in their new vocation. After the war one of them said to me, "If the forts and you fellows could not prevent the enemy from reaching you, how could you expect us with a dozen guns to check their further advance? I saw there was no use risking life for nothing, so I fired the vessel and skipped."

The fault rests with those who kept them there. Had regular naval officers, instead of being kept in the mud forts on the creeks in Virginia, and in the woods of the Carolinas cutting timber to build iron-clads, been sent to these vessels even at the eleventh hour, they would have proven very formidable.

The Confederates had in all thirteen vessels, and but thirteen of Farragut's vessels passed the forts.* The former lost a fine opportu-

8-inch guns, for distribution in the fleet. Add thirty-eight 32-pounders, and nineteen 13-inch mortars on board the "bombers" and twenty-nine 12-pounder howitzers, one to each of twenty-four vessels, the five larger ones having two, both in their tops, and we find they had in all, three hundred and sixty-nine guns, of recent construction, fully equipped with latest improvements, and commanded and handled by trained men. Excepting



GENERAL J. K. DUNCAN, IN COMMAND OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

nity here. Richmond, in the minds of some officials, bore the same relation to the Confederacy that Paris has ever done to France; hence the delay for several months to prepare for the defense of New Orleans, whilst Richmond was being fortified, and the mistake in not sending Commander John K. Mitchell to the "three fleets," near the forts, until three and a half days before the fight, and then with

one sailing ship and the mortar vessels, all of the guns were mounted on board steamers, the larger ones protecting their boilers and engines by tricing up abreast them on their outer sides their heavy chain cables, sixty links of one of them weighing more than all the iron on the bows and elsewhere on all the Confederate State and River Defense Fleet, numbering nine vessels, and all built of wood. In the above list of guns, about twenty-six were 11-inch pivots; about one hundred and forty were 9-inch; about fifty-four were 8-inch; about sixty were 32-pounders; about forty were rifled 20 to 80 pounders, nineteen were 13-inch mortars, thirty were howitzers. To meet them the Confederates had one hundred and twenty-eight guns of assorted sizes in the two forts, and forty-one on board their vessels. Of this number thirty-two only were of recent manufacture and fully equipped. The remainder were out of date by several years, and were commanded and manned, as a rule, by inexperienced though brave men; one hundred and twenty-two were old-time 32-pounders. There were also three 7-inch and thirteen 6-inch rifles, four brass field-pieces, eleven mortars (eight 10- and one 13-inch), four 8-inch, four 9-inch, and eight 10-inch guns; total, 169. If I have erred, it is in not giving all the guns on the United States ships, as the "Register" always gives the least number mounted. Howitzers are never included, any more than pistols, but when mounted in a vessel's tops to be fired at men on an exposed deck, as was the case with the Federal ships in this action, they become formidable weapons.—B. K.

a vessel (the *Louisiana*) which could simply float, but nothing more!

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

The evening previous to the battle I reported to General Dun-

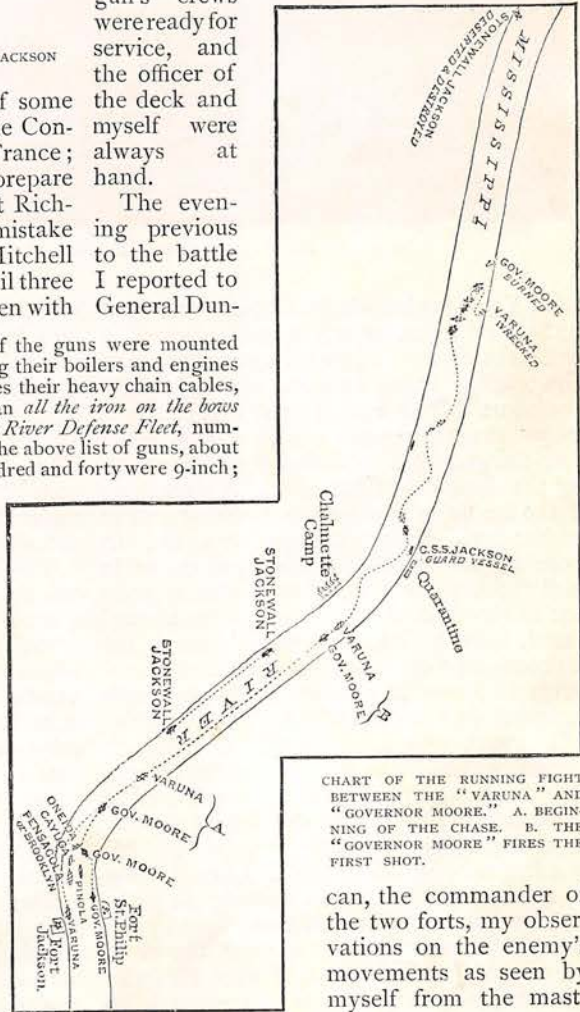
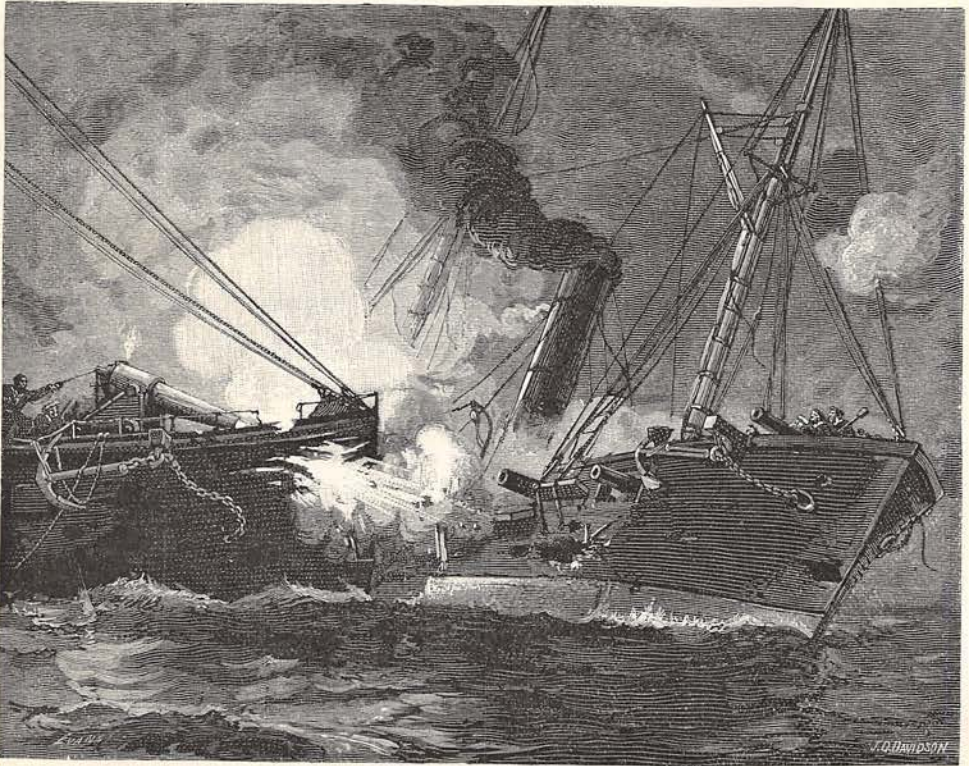


CHART OF THE RUNNING FIGHT BETWEEN THE "VARUNA" AND "GOVERNOR MOORE." A. BEGINNING OF THE CHASE. B. THE "GOVERNOR MOORE" FIRES THE FIRST SHOT.

can, the commander of the two forts, my observations on the enemy's movements as seen by myself from the mast-



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

head. Yet to my knowledge no picket boat was sent down by us, or any means adopted to watch the enemy and guard against surprise. The result was they were abreast the forts before some of our vessels fired a shot. In a few moments this space was filled with smoke from the guns and exploded shells, intensifying the darkness of the night. A slackening of the fire on both sides was necessary, since neither could distinguish friend from foe. In some places no object was distinguishable until directly upon it, when it was as soon lost to view, yet the U. S. squadron steamed ahead, blind-folded, as it were, through the darkness and confusion, soon to find themselves in places of absolute safety and with comparatively few casualties.

At about 3:30 A. M. (April 24, 1862) an unusual noise down the river attracted my attention. As we expected to be attacked at any moment I descended the ladder to near the water, where I distinctly heard the paddles of a steamer (the *Mississippi*). I saw nothing on reaching the deck, but instantly fired the after gun, the one forward being fired by the sentry there; at the same moment the water batteries of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip let drive, followed in an instant by a general dis-

charge from all the available guns in the forts, and both batteries of the advancing fleet, mounting two hundred and forty-two guns, and Commander Porter's squadron of seven vessels mounting seventy-two guns, which attacked Fort Jackson's flank below the obstructions. There was also a splendid practice from nineteen Federal mortars, which fired their 13-inch shells at intervals (between the vessels) of ten seconds.

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

The first gun fired brought my crew to their stations. We had steam within three minutes, it having been ordered by that hour; the cable was slipped, when we delayed a moment for Lieutenant Warley to spring the

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

When we were turning at the head of the reach we found ourselves close to the United States steamer *Oneida*, thirteen guns, with the United States steamer *Cayuga*, six guns, on our port beam. On being hailed, with "What ship is that?" I replied, "United States steamer *Mississippi*," to deceive, she being a side-wheel vessel also, but, seeing our distinguishing light, the *Oneida* raked with her starboard broadside at a few feet distance; the *Cayuga* delivered her fire thirty yards distant; the *Pensacola*, twenty-eight guns (or the *Brooklyn*), a little farther from us, at one fire with shrapnel from the howitzers in her tops cleared out twelve men at our bow-gun. Beyond her the firing of single guns in quick succession, as some vessel, unseen to any one, was moving rapidly up-stream, attracted my attention. At the same instant the United States steamer *Pinola*, five guns, close to on our port quarter, delivered her fire, killing five men in our bunkers. This combined attack killed and wounded a large number of men, and cut the vessel up terribly. Suddenly two, then one Confederate ram darted through the thick smoke from the right to the left bank of the river, passing close to all of us. They missed

the channel for New Orleans, grounded on and around the point next above and close to Fort St. Philip; one was fired and deserted, and blew up soon after as we passed her; the others, the ram *Defiance* and ram *Resolute*, were disabled and deserted.

One (the *Defiance*) was taken possession of later by men from the Confederate steamer *McRae*. I do not know what became of the *Resolute*, the smoke was so dense. All this passed in a few moments. Suddenly I saw between my vessel and the burning *Quitman*, close to us on the west bank, a large, two-masted steamer rushing up-stream like a racer, belching "black smoke," firing on each burning vessel as she passed, and flying her distinguishing white light at the mast-head and red light at the peak. I thought of General Lovell, not far ahead of her on board the passenger steamer *Doubloon*, and quickly made a movement to follow this stranger in the hope of being able to delay or destroy her. Besides, the four or even more large ships so close to us, but obscured from view, needed but a little more room, and one good chance and a fair view of us, quickly to annihilate my old "tinder-box" of a ship. I therefore slipped out in the smoke and darkness around us after the advancing stranger, which proved to be the *Varuna*, Captain Charles S. Boggs, mounting ten 8-inch, one 11-inch, two 20-pounder rifles, one 12-pounder howitzer, with a complement of about two hundred persons. My whereabouts remained unknown to my former adversaries until all of them came to the *Varuna's* assistance at 6:20 A. M., nine miles above, where she sank, and where parts of her wreck are yet to be seen.

When I started after the *Varuna*, I shot away our blue distinguishing light at the mast-head with a musket, as to have hauled it down would have attracted notice. We could see her, as she was in a clear space, and her lights showed her position. But she soon lost sight of us, for besides being somewhat in the smoke there were back of us at this location moderately high trees thickly placed, the spaces filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, making a high dark wall or background on both sides of the river. Until we got clear of this, there was nothing to attract attention toward us, the *Varuna* being half a mile ahead, as shown by her lights. Her engines were working finely and driving her rapidly on her "spurt." We too, by using oil on our coal, had all the steam we needed. My old ship, shaking all over and fairly dancing through the water, was rapidly lessening the distance between us.

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

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

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

Then I saw we had to fight the *Varuna* alone. On finding our bow-gun useless because it was mounted too far abaft the knight-heads to admit of sufficient depression to hull the enemy, then close under our bows, and that every

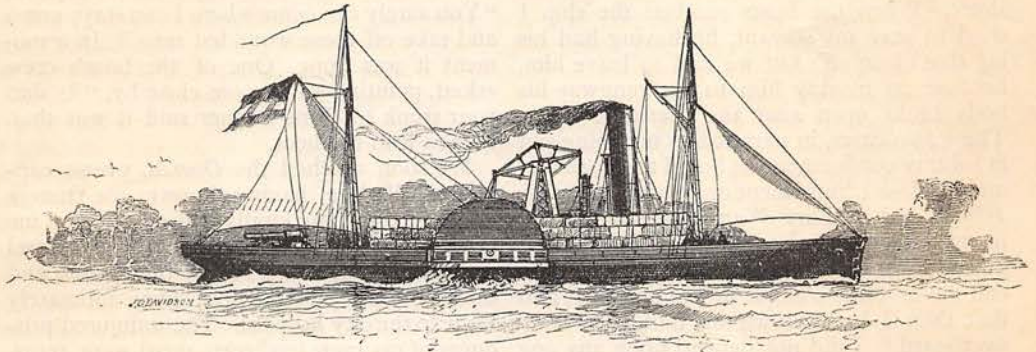
shell from the enemy struck us fair, raking the decks, killing former wounded and well men, and wounding others, I realized that something had to be done and that quickly. I then depressed the bow-gun to a point *inside our bow* and fired it, hoping to throw its shell into the engine-room or boiler of the chase. It went through our deck all right but struck the hawse-pipe, was deflected and passed through the *Varuna's* smoke-stack. It was soon fired again through this hole in our bows, the shell striking the *Varuna's* 11-inch pivot-gun, where it broke or burst, and killed and wounded several men. Until we had finished reloading, the *Varuna* was undecided what to do, when suddenly and to my surprise she ported her helm.

Not wishing to avoid her fire any longer, being quite near to her, we put our helm to port and received the fire from her pivot-gun and rifles in our port bow, but as her shot struck us, under the cover of the smoke our helm was put hard to starboard,—she not righting hers quick enough,—and before she could recover herself, we rammed her near the starboard gangway, receiving her starboard broadside and delivering our one shot as we struck her. Her engines stopped suddenly. We backed clear, gathered headway again, and rammed her a second time as near the same place as possible, doing damage of such mortal nature, although we had been going in the same direction, that she was steered for the eastern bank, where she grounded forward, her after end soon sinking in deep water.* Before separating, the two vessels dropped alongside each other for a couple of minutes and exchanged musket and pistol shots to some injury to their respective crews, but neither vessel fired a large gun. I expected to be boarded at this time and had had the after gun loaded with a light charge and three stand of canister, and pointed fore and aft ready for either gangway. It was an opportunity for the *Varuna's* two hundred men to make a second Paul Jones of their commander, but it was not embraced. As for ourselves, we had neither the men to board nor to repel boarders. The vessels soon parted, hostilities between them ceased, and the *Varuna* was beached to prevent her sinking in deep water. Then and not until then did the *Varuna's* people know that any other Confederate vessel than mine was within several miles of her. Suddenly the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, having to pass the *Varuna* to reach New Orleans, made her presence known by ramming deep into the latter's port

* The first instance of a wooden vessel ramming her adversary in battle as her principal means of offensive-defensive action.—B. K.

gangway as she lay grounded forward and sinking aft. When close upon her, the *Varuna* delivered such of her port broadside guns as could be brought to bear. The *Stonewall Jackson*, having no need to strike again, backed clear, steamed about four miles up the river, and was beached on the opposite bank, fired, and deserted. Her wreck is there now. Having but one gun, and that mounted aft, she did not fire it. Within two minutes after the *Stonewall Jackson* struck the *Varuna* the latter finished sinking, leaving her topgallant fore-

engine, and a large piece of the walking-beam were shot away; the latter fell on the cylinder-head and cracked it and filled the engine-room with steam, driving every man out of it. The head of the jib was now hoisted, and with a strong current on the port bow, assisted by the headway left on the vessel, we succeeded in reaching the river bank just above the *Varuna's* wreck, where the anchor was let go to prevent drifting into deep water to sink, the last heavy firing having struck the vessel on and under her water-line. At this place she was de-



THE "STONEWALL JACKSON."

castle out of the water, and upon it her crew took refuge.

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

We had proceeded down-stream but a short distance when Mr. Duke, the first lieutenant, then at the conn,* where, though wounded, he had remained throughout the fight doing his duty like a brave man, exclaimed, "Why do this? We have no men left; I'll be — if I stand here to be murdered," so he slapped the helm hard a-starboard. As we came round, the enemy's ships, being near, fired a shower of heavy projectiles which struck the vessel in every part. One gun was dismantled, the boats were already destroyed. The wheel-rope, the head of the rudder, the slide of the

stroyed by fire, her colors burning at her peak. The vessel was not disabled until this last attack upon her, although much cut up. By it no one on the *Governor Moore* outside the cotton bulkhead protection to the engine, excepting those in the magazine and shell-room, escaped being struck by shot, bullets, or splinters. Additional men were killed, several more of the wounded were killed, and others wounded. It should be remembered that my vessel had been under a terrific fire for three hours, in a narrow river, with unruffled surface, and at close quarters, from vessels mounting in the aggregate over sixty of the heaviest guns afloat. We lost fifty-seven killed, and seventeen wounded, of whom four died in the hospital.

Twenty-four years have now passed without any Confederate account of this fight being made public. Now that "the fictions of hastily compiled histories of partisan writers" are being corrected, I add my mite as an act of justice to all interested, and to the gallant dead and those living, of the *Governor Moore*.†

The burning of my ship has ever been a source of regret to me, as it was done by my order, and by me individually, simply because

† When the *Governor Moore* was destroyed she was four miles from any Confederate vessel under water, and nine miles from any Confederate vessel on the water. But she and the *Varuna* were surrounded on the water front by five United States ships.—B. K.

* The person who stands at the compass in a man-of-war, to see that the correct course is steered, is "at the conn."—EDITOR.

I did not wish to surrender her. Finding that the boats of the United States ships were picking up the *Varuna's* people, I ordered the uninjured of my crew to assist our wounded to our boat, and to the shore. Many took hold, others did not. I saw several wounded men landed. I aided several to leave the vessel, and called to men then standing in the water to help them, which they did. I placed life-preservers on others. One man who was wounded in the arm was afraid to jump; he had on two life-preservers. I shoved him overboard and saw him assisted to the shore. When the boats reached the ship I tried to save my servant, he having had his leg shot clean off; but we had to leave him, because on moving him to the gangway his body broke open near the shattered thigh. These two cases, in part, led to my being put in solitary confinement on board the *Colorado*, and in close confinement on board the *Rhode Island*, and at Fort Warren—in all, three months. Some one had reported that "I had killed my steward because he had failed to call me at three o'clock in the morning, and that then I had thrown his half-dead body overboard." I did not depend upon any one to call me. Moreover, the steward and his eight-year-old boy, who was on a visit to him (and who was to have returned on the steamer *Doubloon*), being in the magazine, were not touched. They were made prisoners.

When every wounded man in sight of me was removed, I set fire to the ladders leading to the magazine and shell-room, first pouring oil over them and over clothing hanging in some of the state-rooms to insure the ship's destruction. I went then to the gangway, expecting to find what remained of one of our boats, into which I had ordered Lieutenants Haynes and Henderson (both wounded slightly) to place such of the wounded as were unable to move themselves. I found those two had taken it *alone*, and left the vessel. As they were quite near, I "persuaded" the return of the boat, which the latter brought back, the former jumping overboard and being picked up by the *Oneida's* boat. He went to Fort Warren. Into our boat I was preparing to lower some wounded men when the boats of the squadron came alongside, and took them and myself off the burning ship. When I went to the gangway to see if any wounded had been placed in our boat, for I expected the boilers and magazines to explode at any moment, I found the wounded men referred to, in the gangway. They said, "Captain, we stood by you; do not desert us now." I told them

I would not, and I remained with them until they left the vessel, and then I left in the *Oneida's* boat, and not half a second too soon. I was too much bruised to help any one overmuch, but I did all I could. Had no uninjured man left the vessel until the wounded had been cared for, I could have escaped capture, like Lieutenants Duke and Frame and the purser, the two former being wounded.*

When the *Oneida's* boat approached the *Governor Moore*, one of its crew recognized me. The officer of the boat wished to know if there was danger of an explosion. I replied, "You surely can come where I can stay; come and take off these wounded men." In a moment it was done. One of the boat's crew asked, pointing to a room close by, "Is that your trunk?" I no sooner said it was than he had it in the boat.

We soon reached the *Oneida*, whose captain, S. P. Lee, having known me from a child, received me kindly and entertained me most hospitably. The wounded of my vessel were attentively cared for on the *Oneida* and other United States ships. They ultimately went to the city hospital. The uninjured prisoners of my crew (eighteen men) were transferred to the *Hartford*, where I saw them. I do not think any of my wounded were burned. If they were, it was because they were stowed out of sight, and I was left alone (as is well known) to care for them.

As to the fate of the thirteen Confederate vessels, Commander Porter in his official report states that "the *Louisiana*, *McRae*, and ram *Defiance*, with the *Burton* and *Landis*, both river passenger boats, which had been used by the *Louisiana*, close to which they lay, to berth her officers and crew, were still at the forts flying their colors two days after the battle." The *Jackson*, two guns, escaped before daylight to New Orleans from Quarantine Station, six miles above the forts, without being seen by any other United States vessel than the *Varuna*. The *Manassas*, disabled by the *Mississippi*, aided by other vessels, was destroyed by her commander, who swam to the *Louisiana* with his crew and was made prisoner with her people two days after. The *Stonewall Jackson*, seen in the distance only, excepting by the *Varuna's* and *Governor Moore's* people, was destroyed by her officers about thirteen miles above the forts, and out of gun-shot of the enemy; and my ship was destroyed by my own hand about nine miles above them. The *Quitman* and another gunboat, with the telegraph steamer *Star*, were fired on the report of the first gun. They

* My officers were merchant mates, so were the quartermasters; the gunner had been to sea as a sailor on a man-of-war. My crew consisted of artillery and infantry

detachments, and of longshoremen, cotton-pressers, and river boatmen—93, of whom 57 were killed and 17 wounded, 4 of the latter dying afterward.—B. K.



THE "PENSACOLA" DISABLING THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

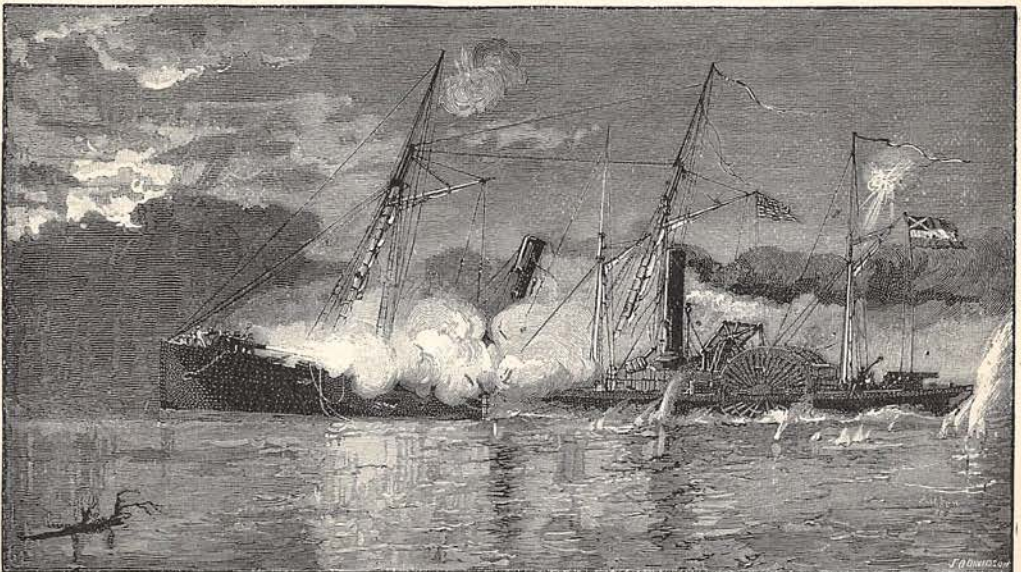
Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola* says, in his report: "The ram [*Governor Moore*], after having struck the *Varuna* gun-boat, and forced her to run on shore to prevent sinking, advanced to attack this ship, coming down on us right ahead. She was perceived by Lieutenant F. A. Roe just in time to avoid her by sheering the ship, and she passed close on our starboard

side, receiving, as she went by, a broadside from us.' Until I read this, I thought the vessel that did us most damage was the *Oncida*, the other vessels being astern of her. Captain Bailey of the *Cayuga*, Captain Lee of the *Oncida*, Lieutenant-Commander Crosby of the *Pinola*, and Captain Craven of the *Brooklyn*, in their reports speak of firing into the *Governor Moore*.—B. K.

were blazing when my ship reached them. I have already described the fate of the *Resolute* and one other ram. The passenger boat *Doubloon* reached New Orleans all right. My vessel ran over the little tug *Belle Algerine*. The *Mosher* was destroyed when taking a fire-raft alongside the *Hartford*. Of the little tug *Music* and three of the rams I know nothing beyond seeing them burn and explode their magazines after being deserted.

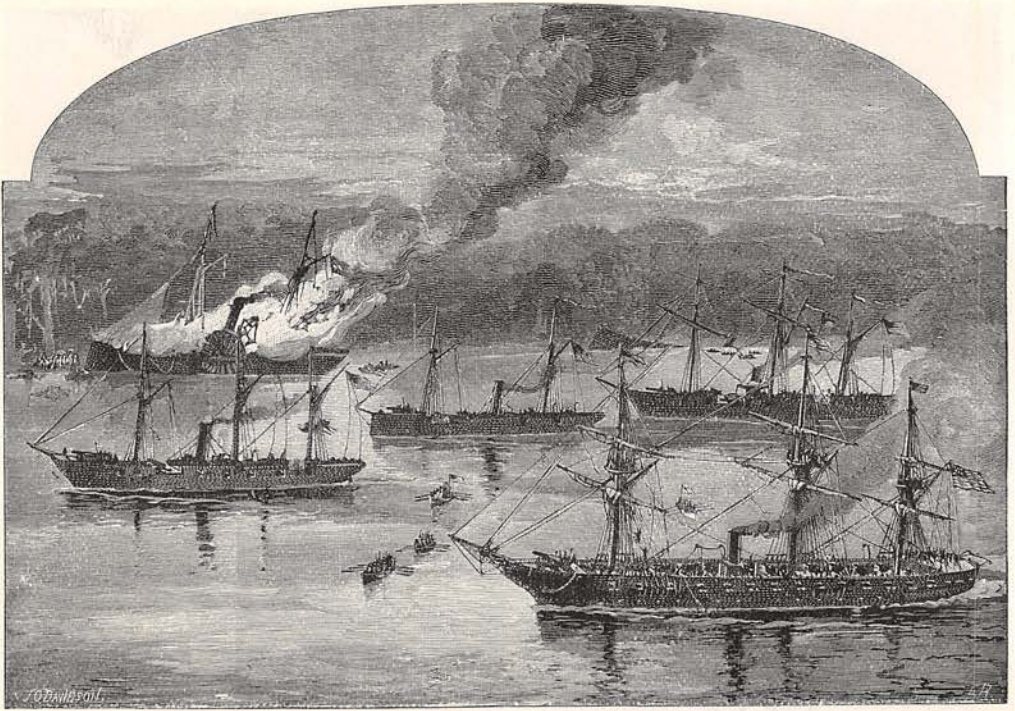
My old classmates and messmates among

the officers, and shipmates among the crews of the U. S. ships at New Orleans, treated me with great kindness. To mention a few, Captain Lee shared his cabin with me. Lieutenant J. S. Thornton gave me his room on board the *Hartford*, and with Lieutenant Albert Kautz made it possible for me to extend some hospitality to friends who called upon me. Lieutenant-Commanding Crosby on receiving me on board the *Pinola* gave me the freedom of the cabin. When taking me to the *Colorado* Lieu-



THE "STONEWALL JACKSON" RAMMING THE "VARUNA."

Captain Boggs and Lieutenant Swasey of the *Varuna* state, in their official reports, that their vessel was rammed twice by the *Governor Moore* before the *Stonewall Jackson* showed herself.—B. K.



THE "GOVERNOR MOORE" IN FLAMES.

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

tenants Kidder Breese and Phil Johnson, both my classmates, came with offers of money and clothes, as did Acting Master Furber. When on board the *Oneida*, anchored close to the levee at the city, I slept from choice under a shelter aft—not a poop deck exactly—which was under the orderly's eye. Near daylight something called him away. An old sailor who had been on several ships with me, and who by my evidence in his favor was once rescued from much discomfort and trouble, suddenly jumped to my cot, saying, "The preparations are made, lose no time, out of the port by the line there ready for you," and handing a paper inclosing several gold pieces was off as suddenly as he came. I watched my opportunity and returned his money to him rolled up in a tobacco wrapper, saying in as few words as possible why I would not betray the confidence placed in me.

When General Butler came on board the *Cayuga* he asked of Lieutenant-Commanding Harrison, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at me as he walked aft, "Where did you catch him?" Loud enough for Butler to hear I replied, "Where you were not on hand, or your army either."

I was to have been paroled, but the burning of my vessel, the reported killing of the steward and reported burning of my wounded changed my destination to Fort Warren, where, although I was denied the freedom enjoyed by the other prisoners, I was treated with much consideration by Colonel Justin Dimick, who made fast friends of every prisoner under his charge for his kindness to them.

The war has long been over with me, and the most "uncompromising" on both sides must acknowledge the creation of a new, richer, happier, and better South and mightier common country as the result of the unhappy strife.

My old antagonists have ever been kind to me, and to many others of their old antebellum companions and friends. In 1867 a Union man gave me the command of a vessel he owned. In 1868 a Boston company offered me the position of first mate of one of their new iron steamships. In 1869 the colonel of a New York regiment and a rear-admiral of the United States Navy secured my appointment as Colonel of Coast Defenses in the Egyptian Army; and I am now holding positions for which I was recommended by an officer whose ship fought mine below New Orleans.

Beverley Kennon.