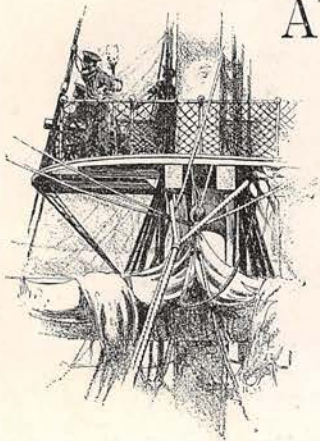


INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY AN OFFICER UNDER FARRAGUT.



THE MAIN-TOP OF THE "HARTFORD"
WITH HOWITZER.

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

the time, but this did not dampen the ardor of Farragut or his people, neither did it wash away the bitterness from Confederate lips. On board the ships every face beamed with joy and smiles, while the excited and infuriated mob that had taken possession of the levee made the very air sulphurous with curses. Here were two factions of the same nation in such close proximity that they could hear each other's voices and look into each other's faces. One was in exuberant spirits, with banners streaming over them from every mast-head; the other, depressed and exasperated, was surrounded by the blackened and charred remains of steamers and cotton bales which they themselves had fired.

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 General Lovell said he would not surrender the city, adding that he had already withdrawn his soldiers, and at the close of the interview intended to join his command.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

to the City Hall, and after the interview Colonel Lovell and one other of the general's staff escorted them to the landing. The mob, overawed by the frowning batteries of the ships, really seemed dazed and did not offer to assault the Union officers. On the following morning, however, the people in the streets began to wonder whether anything more was going to be done, and, maddened by liquor and loss of sleep, they became more violent and boisterous.

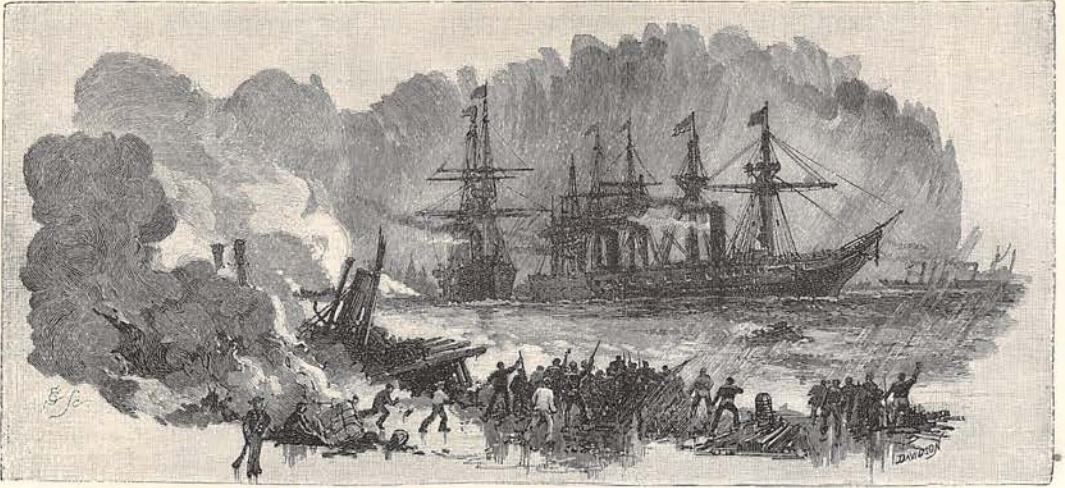
Farragut determined to make a formal demand for the surrender on Mayor Monroe, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th he sent me ashore, with instructions to deliver the official demand to the mayor. My little force on leaving the *Hartford* consisted of Midshipman John H. Read and a marine guard of twenty men under command of Second Lieutenant George Heisler. We landed on the levee in front of a howling mob, which thronged the river-front as far as the eye could reach. It was expected that I would take the marines with me to the City Hall, as a body-guard, and Farragut informed me that if a shot was fired at us by the mob he would open fire from all the ships and level the town. The marines were drawn up in line, and I attempted to reason with the mob,



CAPTAIN BEVERLEY KENNON, COMMANDER OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

but soon found this impossible. I then thought to clear the way by bringing the marines to an aim, but women and children were shoved to the front, while the angry mob behind them shouted: "Shoot, you—Yankees, shoot!" The provocation was certainly very great, and nothing

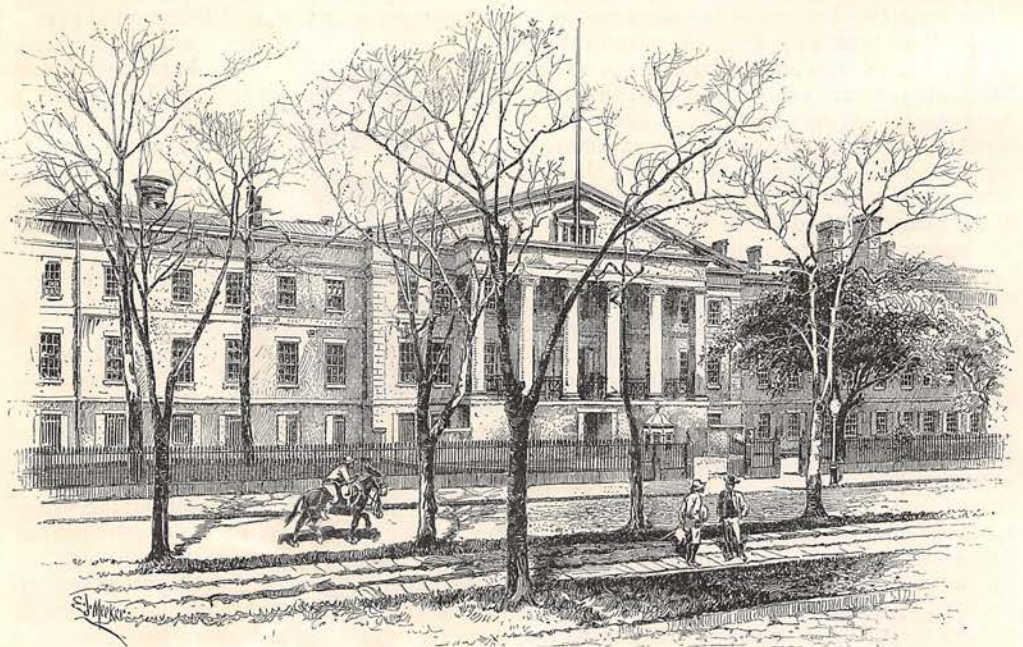
but the utter absence of respectability in the faces of the people, caused me to refrain from giving the order to fire. Fortunately at this critical moment I discovered an officer of the City Guards, whom I hailed and told that I wished to communicate with the mayor. He begged me to leave the marines on the levee, for he felt sure that to march them through the streets at this time would provoke a conflict. As my object was to communicate with the mayor without



ARRIVAL OF THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" AND THE FLEET OPPOSITE THE LEVEE.

unnecessarily shedding blood, I sent the marine guard back to the ship, retaining only one non-commissioned officer, with a musket, on the bayonet of which I tied my handkerchief, and with Midshipman Read and this man took up the march for the City Hall. We were cursed and jostled by the mob which filled the streets, but no actual violence was offered us. We found the mayor in the City Hall with

his council. The Hon. Pierre Soulé was also there, having doubtless been called in as an adviser. The mayor declined to surrender the city formally, but said as we had the force we could take possession. I found the mayor polite and courteous in his manner, and distinctly remember how he invited me into his private office to wash my hands, I having been jostled by the mob in crossing the levee and



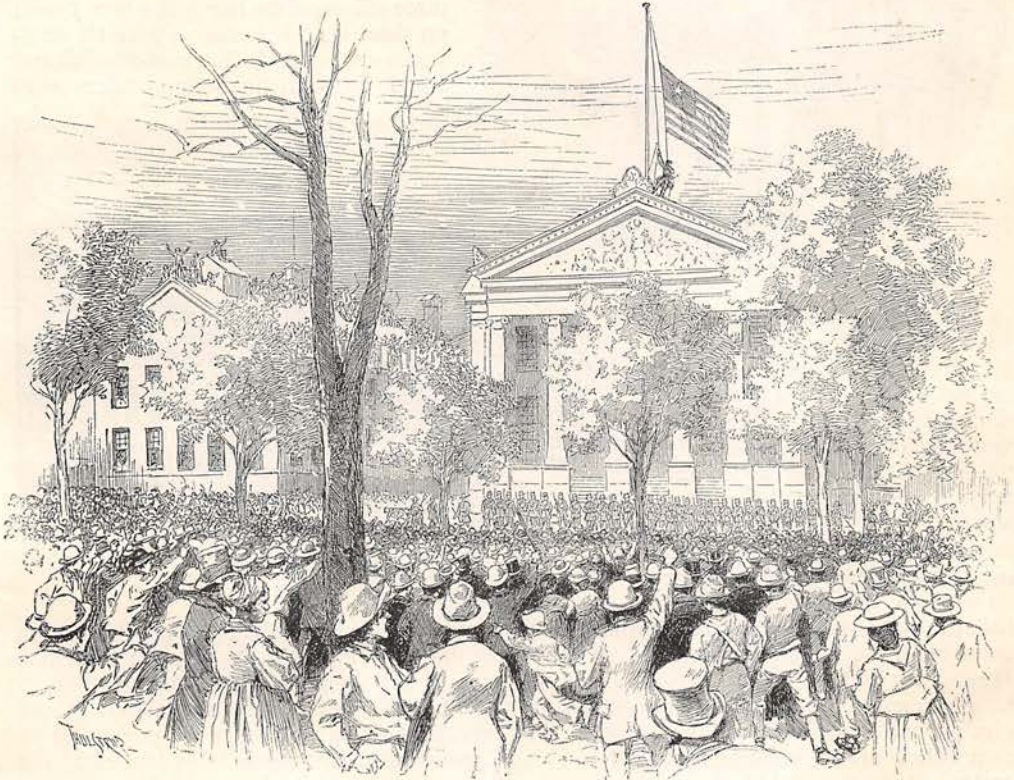
THE UNITED STATES MINT, NEW ORLEANS.

William B. Mumford, who hauled down the flag which by Farragut's order had been raised over the Mint, was convicted of treason, and by General Butler's order was hanged on the 7th of June from a gallows placed under the flag-staff of the

Mint. Mumford, who was a North Carolinian, though long a resident of New Orleans, addressed a vast crowd from the gallows. He spoke with perfect self-possession, and said that his offense had been committed under excitement.—EDITOR.

pushed bodily into a ditch of muddy water, blackening my hands and covering my uniform with pieces of burned cotton, thus giving me anything but a dress-parade appearance. I soon, with the assistance of the mayor, managed to brush up enough to pass muster, and had a pleasant chat with the different gentlemen in the council chamber, the topic being the passage of the forts.

with Farragut's instructions. It had only been floating to the breeze a short time when Mumford hauled it down. It was seized by the mob, which paraded it through the streets with fife and drum, until they reached the City Hall, where it was destroyed, as above described. I afterwards happened to be present when Farragut reported the hauling down of this flag to General Butler, and I heard the latter say, "I



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

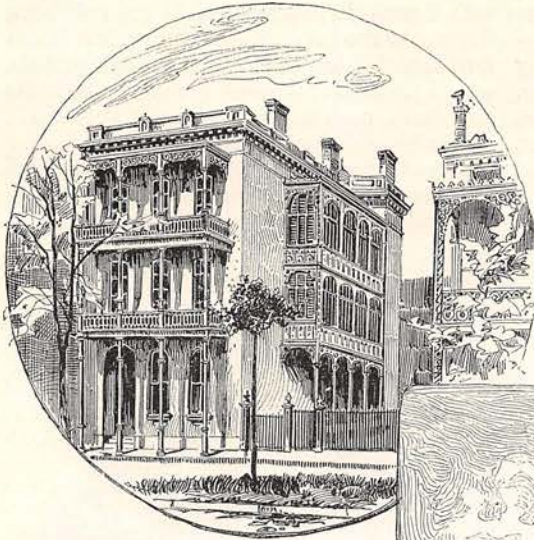
The local papers spoke of the State flag on the City Hall at the time, as the "Lone Star flag." General Beauregard, in a letter to Admiral Preble, in 1872, says this flag was adopted in 1861 by the State Convention of Louisiana. It had thirteen

stripes, four blue, six white, and three red, commencing at the top, with the colors as written. The Union was red, with its sides equal to the width of seven stripes. In its center was a single pale-yellow five-pointed star.—A. K.

While we were in the City Hall, a mob came up from the lower part of the city with an American ensign, and when they saw us they tore the flag to shreds, and threw them into the open window at us. I did not comprehend the meaning of this singular and wild demonstration at the time, but afterwards learned that on the morning of this same day Farragut had instructed Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola*, then at anchor abreast of the United States Mint, to hoist a flag on that building, it being United States property. Captain Morris accordingly sent Lieutenant Stillwell with some officers and men from the ship, and the flag was hoisted in conformity

will make an example of that fellow by hanging him." Farragut smiled and remarked, "You know, general, you will have to catch him before you can hang him." General Butler said, "I know that, but I will catch him, and then hang him." History attests how well he kept his word, and there is no doubt but that this hanging proved a wholesome lesson.

To my mind the situation in the City Hall, after the flag scene, was decidedly uncomfortable, and I soon discovered that Mr. Soulé was as little charmed with it as I was; nor was the mayor very happy. Had I felt the same while standing before the mob on the levee, I would probably have given the order



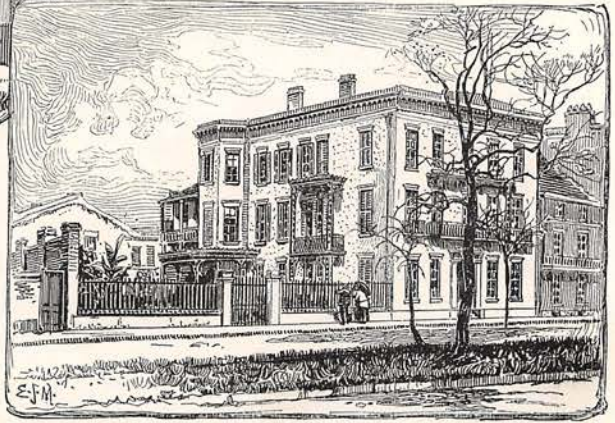
to fire, and then Farragut would have destroyed the city. The mob appeared to be growing more violent, and above the general din was heard an occasional invitation to "the — Yankees" to "come out and be run up to lamp-posts." At this time Mr. Soulé suggested to me that it would save much trouble to all concerned if I would take my party in a carriage from the rear exit of the hall, the mayor's secretary, Mr. Marion Baker, going with us, while he addressed the mob. He did not hope to have the mob obey him, he only expected to hold it long enough to give us time to get to the landing; and he accomplished his undertaking admirably. This episode made an indelible impression on my memory, and I have ever since entertained a profound admiration for the forensic ability of Pierre Soulé. Few people ever knew what an important service Mr. Soulé rendered to New Orleans on this occasion, and I do not know that he ever received any public recognition, but I do know that I shall never forget it.

Farragut was glad to see me return safely to the ship, and fully approved of my management in communicating with the mayor as I did. I was not expected to bring a satisfactory answer from the mayor, for he was really helpless and had no control over the city. All he could say was, "Come and take the city; we are powerless."

The 27th and 28th passed in rather a fruitless negotiation, but time did an important work. The mob tired itself out, and no longer threatened such violence as on the 26th.

On the 29th Farragut decided that the time

had come for him to take formal possession of the city; he felt that this was a duty he owed to the navy, and he accordingly sent an expedition on shore under command of Fleet Captain H. H. Bell, and of this party I was second in command. I had a detachment of sailors and two boat-howitzers, and was assisted by Midshipmen John H. Read and E. C. Hazeltine. It is a strange fact that the three officers of the line with whom I went on shore on this occasion were all afterwards drowned. Bell as rear-admiral and Read as lieutenant-commander were



PRIVATE HOUSES IN WHICH CONFEDERATE OFFICERS WERE CONFINED DURING THE OCCUPATION BY THE UNION FORCES.

swamped in a boat while going ashore from the *Hartford*, at Osaka, Japan, and Hazeltine as an ensign went down in the *Housatonic*.

A battalion of marines made part of our expedition; this was under the command of Captain John L. Broome. We landed at the foot of Canal street and proceeded to a position in front of the Custom-house, where the marines were drawn up in line, with loaded pieces and flanked by the howitzers, loaded with shrapnel. The people made no demonstration, but looked on in sullen silence. Captain Bell and I, with a boatswain's mate carrying our ensign, entered the Custom-house, where the postmaster received us cordially, remarking, "Thank God that you are here. I have been a Union man all the time. I was appointed by Buchanan, not by Jeff Davis; he only allowed me to remain." The postmaster showed us to the roof of the building, where we found a flag-staff with halliards. The boatswain's mate bent on the flag and I reported all ready, when Captain Bell gave the order "Hoist away!" and the boatswain's mate and I put our hands to the halliards and "the stars and stripes rose into the sky and swelled on the breeze." A guard with a lieutenant of marines

was left in charge of the flag at the Custom-house, and the landing party moved on to the City Hall, the crowd increasing as that small body of Union men approached the "State flag." There the marines were again drawn up in line, and the howitzers commanded the streets; thousands of spectators filled the open spaces. That immense assemblage had the will to annihilate the small force of sailors and marines, but they had begun to think, and the impression that resistance to United States authority would invoke the wrath of the squadron had gone abroad; still no one knew but what one or two desperate men were ready to fire the train that would lead to the magazine.

Captain Bell gave Mayor Monroe the privilege of hauling down the State flag, but he indignantly declined. Captain Bell then directed me to go to the roof of the building and haul the flag down, he remaining on the top floor at the foot of the ladder. An ordinary ladder led to the roof, through a small covered hatchway. The boatswain's mate ascended first, shoved the hatch cover to one side, and gained the roof. I followed him, and finding the halliards knotted, I drew my sword and cut them; we then hauled the flag down, took it to the floor below and handed it to Captain Bell, who on our return to the ship delivered it to Farragut.

Before we ascended to the roof, the mayor informed Captain Bell, in the presence of his officers, that the men who attempted to haul down the flag might be shot by the indignant populace assembled on the surrounding house-tops, and he expressed his fears in the hope that he would not be held responsible for the act, in case it should be perpetrated.

Fortunately for the peace of the city of New Orleans, the vast crowd looked on in sullen silence as the flag came down. There was no flag hoisted on the City Hall in place of the State flag, for the reason that it had not covered United States property. The mission of the landing party having been accomplished, the officers and men returned to the levee in marching order, where they took boats for their respective vessels. The flag on the Custom-house was guarded by the marines of the

Hartford, until the arrival of General Butler with his troops.

On the morning of May 2d Farragut sent me with the keys of the Custom-house to the St. Charles Hotel, where I delivered them



CAPTAIN HENRY H. BELL, FARRAGUT'S CHIEF-OF-STAFF AND COMMANDER OF THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE FLEET.

to General Butler, remarking as I did so, "General, I fear you are going to have rather a lawless party to govern, from what I have seen in the past three or four days." The general replied, "No doubt of that, but I think I understand these people, and can govern them."

The general took the reins in his hands at once, and held them until he was relieved of the command of the Department of the Gulf.

Albert Kautz.

FARRAGUT'S DEMANDS FOR THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY THE MAYOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

ON the morning of the 25th of April, 1862, there being no longer any doubt as to the approach of the Federal fleet, Mayor Monroe determined to hoist the flag of Louisiana over the City Hall. At his request, I ascended to the roof of the building prepared to execute his design, but with instructions to await the issue of the possible contest at Chalmette, some four miles below the center of the city where our last line of defense was established. I waited accordingly with the flag bent on to the halliards, and my gaze fixed eagerly upon the approaching steamers.

Suddenly quick flashes leaping from their dark sides recorded the fact that they were abreast of the redoubts, but their fire was delivered without check to their speed, and in hardly more time than I take to tell of it, they were dark and silent once more.

I reported to Mr. Monroe, who was standing in the street below, that it was all over, and at a signal from him the flag whose lowering was to be the occasion of so much angry controversy ran fleetly to the mast-head, and spread its folds to the moist kisses of the east wind.