

DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

NIGHT ESCAPE OF THE "TALLAHASSEE" OFF WILMINGTON.

ENGRAVED BY ROBERT HOSKINS.

## CONFEDERATE COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.

### I. THE "TALLAHASSEE'S" DASH INTO NEW YORK WATERS.

BY HER COMMANDER, JOHN TAYLOR WOOD, COLONEL C. S. A.<sup>1</sup>

FROM the capes of the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Rio Grande is a coastline over three thousand miles; and, as the blockade began at Washington on the Potomac, if we include the inland waters of Virginia, North Carolina, and other States, this distance is doubled. It was this long stretch of coast, fronting on nine States, that by proclamation of President Lincoln was placed under blockade in the spring of 1861. The means of making it effective were inadequate. The navy of the United States, comprising some forty vessels, was distributed on different stations in every part of the world. Not more than five or six steamers were immediately available. However, a navy was rapidly improvised by the purchase or charter of a large number of steamers of all kinds and classes, from a

ferry-boat to a Liverpool steam-packet; and in the course of a few months the principal points were covered; but not as they were later, when, during the last years of the war, a larger number of vessels were employed in blockading Wilmington or Charleston than were used on the whole coast during the first year. Independent of the men-of-war built at the Union navy-yards, nearly 500 vessels, principally steamers, were taken from the merchant service and converted into cruisers.

As great as was the extent of the Confederate coast, but comparatively few points had to be guarded. From Cape Henry to Wilmington there was but one harbor that could be used—that of Beaufort, which was soon occupied by the Federals. The inlets and sounds of the Carolinas, Georgia, and the Gulf States, which were easily accessible, were not used by the blockade-runners, for they had no connections with the interior, and no facilities for handling cargoes. And even the few ports that could be entered were rapidly lessened by occupation,

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Wood was a lieutenant on the *Merrimac* in the fight with the *Monitor*, and described that action in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March, 1885. See also the Century War-Book, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I, page 692.—EDITOR.

both in the Gulf and the Atlantic; so that after the second year of the war but two ports—Wilmington and Charleston—were open to the Confederacy.

It was through these that the Confederates continued to receive supplies of all kinds to within a few months of the close of the war. Both were difficult of approach on account of the shoals which obstruct their harbors, and for the same reason it was difficult to blockade them effectually. With the occupation of Morris Island, and the closing of all channels but one leading to Charleston, Wilmington became the favorite resort. This town is situated on Cape Fear River, about thirty miles above its two entrances into the Atlantic. Fronting the mouth of the river is Smith's Island and Fryng-Pan Shoals, extending seaward some eighteen miles. Though the two entrances are only six miles apart, the distance by sea is some forty miles, and each required a distinct blockading squadron. The access to both was hazardous on account of shoals, shifting in position and depth of water with every heavy gale. The western inlet was guarded by Fort Caswell, an ante-bellum work. The eastern or new inlet was protected by Fort Fisher, a very formidable earthwork with outlying defenses.

On either flank and in front of the Atlantic coast of the United States are the English stations of Halifax, Nassau, and Bermuda. The last two were the main feeders of the blockade. Nassau, on one of the Bahamas, is six hundred miles south of Wilmington, and Bermuda seven hundred miles east. Both can be approached from every direction, and afforded safe and hospitable ports for the blockade-runners. Halifax, eight hundred miles to the northward and eastward, was used only occasionally. At the outset steamers, and even sailing-vessels, were used for this trade; but as the stringency of the blockade increased, steamers better fitted for the work were employed, and finally a class especially adapted to the service was built in England. They were long, low, lightly constructed iron steamers of light draft, with powerful motive power, either screw or feathered paddle-wheels, with no spars, and were painted lead-color.

The captain of a successful blockade-runner needed to be a thorough seaman and a skilful navigator. His work required boldness, decision in emergencies, and the faculty of commanding and inspiring the confidence of his crew. There were captains who ran in and out a great number of times. Captain

John Wilkinson made twenty-one successful runs inside of twelve months, and not in a fast steamer. That absence of these qualities would invite loss was made apparent in a great number of instances, when the steamers were almost thrown away by bad landfalls, or by the captain or crew wilting at the first sight of a cruiser or the sound of a gun. The pecuniary stake was large; and blockade-running offered a certain amount of excitement and adventure that drew into its service some distinguished foreign naval officers, who, under their own or assumed names, made the most successful commanders.

Among the steamers coming to Wilmington I had long been on the lookout for a suitable one which would answer for a cruiser, and finally selected the *Atlanta*, an iron twin-screw of seven hundred tons gross, and two hundred feet long. She had been built at Millwall, below London, ostensibly for the Chinese opium trade; and was a first-class, well-constructed vessel, and fast, making fourteen and a quarter knots on her trial trip. She had two engines, which could be worked together or separately. The necessary changes were soon made to receive the crew and armament. The latter consisted of one rifled 100-pounder amidships, one rifled, 60-hundredweight 32-pounder forward, and one long Parrott aft. The officers and crew were all volunteers from the Confederate gunboats on the James River and North Carolina waters. She was formally put in commission on July 20, 1864, and rechristened the *Tallahassee*.

My orders from the Secretary of the Navy were general in their scope. "The character and force of your vessel," they said, "point to the enemy's commerce as the most appropriate field of action, and the existing blockade of our ports constrains the destruction of our prizes."

Ten days sufficed to get things in working order, and the crew into shape, when we dropped down the river to wait a favorable time for running the gantlet, which was only when there was no moon and when the tide served. I determined to try the eastern, or new, inlet, and on the night of August 4 the outlook was favorable. Everything was secured for sea. The lights were all carefully housed, except the binnacle, which was shaded; fires were cleaned and freshened, lookouts were stationed, and the men were at their quarters. The range lights were placed; these, in the absence of all buoys and lights, were necessary in crossing the

bar, and were shown only when vessels were going in and out. The Mound, a huge earth-work, loomed up ahead, looking in the darkness like a black cloud resting on the horizon. We started ahead slowly, but brought up on the "rip," or inner shoal. Two hours of hard work with the engines, and with a kedge astern, were lost before we got off, and then it was too late for the tide. We turned up the river a short distance, and anchored. The next night we had the same experience, except that we grounded so badly that it required three steamers to tow us off.

Finding that with the state of the tide and our thirteen and a half feet draft the eastern inlet was impracticable, I determined to try the western one. Steaming down to Fort Caswell, we waited for darkness. Only a few fleeting clouds were in the sky. As the moon went down on the night of August 6, at ten, we approached the bar, fearful of a repetition of our previous mishaps; and as the leadsmen called out the water in a low tone, our hearts rose in our throats as it shoaled: "By the mark three,—and a quarter less three,—and a half two,—and a quarter two." She touched, but did not bring up. Then came the joyful words: "And a half two."

We had just grazed the "Lump," a bad shoal in mid-channel, and were over the bar. Chief Engineer Tynan was by my side on the bridge. I turned to him and said: "Open her out, sir, but let her go for all she is worth." With a bound he was in the engine-room, and in a few moments I knew from the tremor of the vessel that the order was obeyed, and with a full head of steam we leaped on. "A sharp lookout ahead!" was the order passed forward. We were hardly clear of the bar when back came the words: "A steamer on the starboard bow!" "A steamer ahead!" The two made us out at the same time, and signaled. I hailed the fore-castle, and asked how the steamer under our bows was heading. "To the southward," was the reply. The helm was accordingly ported, and we passed between them, so close under the stern of the one that was ahead that a biscuit could have been tossed on board. As we dashed by we heard the sharp, quick words of command of the officer in charge of the after pivot: "Run out!" "Starboard tackle handsomely!" "Elevate!" "Steady!" "Stand clear!" Then the flash from the muzzle, like a gleam of lightning, illumined the water for a moment, and a heavy shell flew singing over our heads, leaving a trail like a comet. It was an excellent line shot. That order, "Elevate!" had saved us. The steamer on the starboard side opened,

and our opponents, now on our quarter, joined in; but their practice was wild, and in a few moments they were out of sight. I did not return their fire, for it would only have shown our position, and I did not wish our true character to be known, preferring that they should suppose us an ordinary blockade-runner.

During the night we ran to the southward until clear of Frying-Pan Shoals, and then hauled up to the eastward. More to be feared than the inshore squadron were the vessels cruising offshore from forty to fifty miles, in a position to sight at daylight the vessels that might come out during the night, and these were the fastest and most efficient blockaders. I was not surprised when, at daylight the next morning, a cruiser was reported in sight astern, hull up. As we were outlined against the eastern sky, she had seen us first, and from the dense smoke issuing from her funnel I knew she was in sharp chase. At eight another steamer was made out ahead. I changed our course eight points, bringing one on each beam, and the chase became interesting. One we made out to be a large side-wheeler, and she held her own, if she did not gain. Mr. Tynan made frequent visits to the engine-room, trying to coax out a few more revolutions; and he succeeded, for we brought them gradually on our quarter, and by noon had lowered their hulls two or three strakes. It was at times like this that the ship and engines proved themselves reliable; for had a screw loosened or a journal heated we should have been lost.

The ship was very deep with an extra supply of coal, and probably out of trim, so we were prepared, if hard pressed, to sacrifice some of it. Fortunately it was calm, and they could not use their canvas to help them. It was Sunday, and feeling relieved as to our pursuers, all hands were called, and divine service was read. By 4 P. M. our pursuers were astern, hull down, and had evidently given up. About the same time another was sighted from the masthead; but by changing our course a few points she was kept at a respectful distance. Just after dark we were nearly on top of another before we could change our course. Burning a blue light, the stranger headed for us. As we did not answer her signal, it was repeated, and a minute later she opened fire. The shells passed uncomfortably near, but in a half-hour we lost sight of each other in the darkness. The fact that we were chased by four cruisers on our first day out proved how effective was the blockade. Upward of fifty vessels were employed at this time outside

the port of Wilmington,—vessels, of all kinds, from the 40-gun frigate to the captured tin-plate blockade-runner,—a larger number than were ever before employed on like service at one port.

The next few days were uneventful. We stood to the northward and eastward, under easy steam, and spoke several English and foreign vessels, from one of which we got late New York papers. Twenty miles below Long Branch we made our first prize, the schooner *Sarah A. Boice* of Boston, for Philadelphia in ballast. Her crew and their personal effects were brought on board, and she was scuttled. In all cases the prisoners were allowed to retain a bag of their clothes; nor were they asked for their money, watches, etc. In one case it was reported to me that one of the crew had taken a watch from a prisoner; this being found to be true, it was returned, and the man was punished. The chronometers, charts, and medicine-chests were the only things taken out of the prizes, except such provisions as were necessary.

Standing over toward Fire Island Light, on the Long Island shore, we found seven sail in sight. One ran down toward us, which we recognized at once as a New York pilot-boat. She luffed to under our quarter, launched a small boat, and a few minutes later a large, well-dressed man in black, with a high hat, heavy gold watch-guard, a small valise, and a bundle of papers under his arm, stepped over the side. As he did so his eyes glanced up at our flag at the peak, which was lazily unfolding in a light breeze.

"My —! what is that? What ship is this?" said he, turning to me.

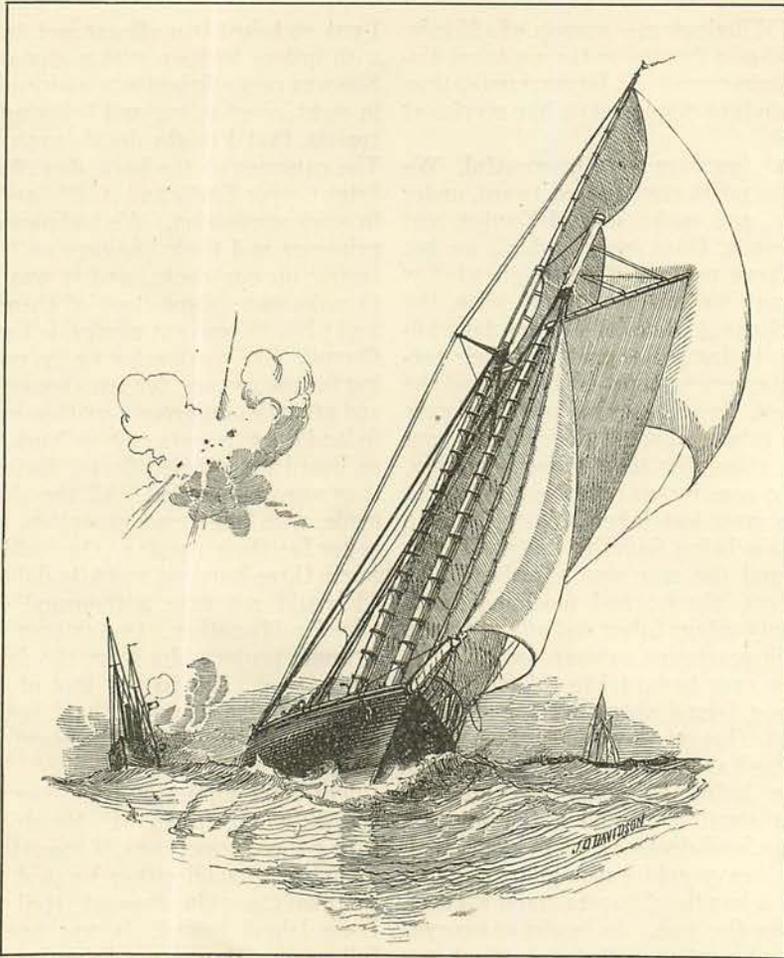
"The Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*," I replied.

A more astonished man never stood on deck of vessel. He turned deadly pale, and drops of perspiration broke from every pore; but rapidly bracing himself, he took in the situation, and prepared to make the best of it. He was told that his vessel was a prize, and that I would make a tender of her. He was ordered to go on board, and return with his crew and their personal effects. It was the pilot-boat *James Funk*, No. 22, one of a class of fine weatherly schooners found off New York, from one to two hundred miles out, at all seasons, manned by as thorough seamen as ever trod ship's deck. Years before, while attached to the sloop of war *Germantown*, I had seen one of them work this vessel under sail down the East River, against a head wind but fair tide, "backing and filling" in a manner that called forth the admiration of all.

I put on board two officers and twenty men, with orders to keep within signal distance, She was very efficient when several sail were in sight, overhauling and bringing alongside vessels, that I might decide upon their fate. The captures of the bark *Bay State* and the brigs *Carrie Estelle* and *A. Richards* followed in quick succession. We had now over forty prisoners and their baggage on board, lumbering up our decks, and it was necessary to make some disposition of them. Toward night No. 22 brought alongside the schooner *Carroll*. She was bonded by the captain, acting for the owners, for ten thousand dollars; and after he had given a written engagement to land the prisoners at New York, they went on board with their effects. Before leaving they were all paroled. All the prisoners we made, with hardly an exception, were most eager for their paroles. One said: "This is worth three hundred and fifty dollars to me." "I would not take a thousand dollars for mine," said another. One skipper said that if it would protect him from the draft he was partly reconciled to the loss of his vessel. Another, whose vessel had been bonded, brought all his crew on board to secure their papers.

The next victim was another pilot-boat, the *William Bell*, No. 24. My object in capturing these vessels was, if possible, to secure a pilot who could either be paid or coerced to take the ship through Hell Gate into Long Island Sound. It was now near the full moon. It was my intention to run up the harbor just after dark, as I knew the way in by Sandy Hook, then to go on up the East River, setting fire to the shipping on both sides, and when abreast of the navy-yard to open fire, hoping some of our shells might set fire to the buildings and any vessels that might be at the docks, and finally to steam through Hell Gate into the Sound. I knew from the daily papers, which we received only a day or two old, what vessels were in port, and that there was nothing then ready that could oppose us. But no pilot could be found who knew the road, or who was willing to undertake it, and I was forced to abandon the scheme.

From these inquiries arose the report that I would attempt to enter the harbor. Three days were spent between the light-ship and Montauk Point, sometimes within thirty miles of the former—and about twenty prizes were taken. The most important was the packet-ship *Adriatic*, one thousand tons, from London, with a large and valuable cargo and one hundred and seventy passengers. On account



THE "TALLAHASSEE" CHASING THE PILOT-BOAT "WILLIAM BELL."

of the latter I was afraid I would have to bond the ship; but fortunately our tender came down before the wind, convoying the bark *Suliotte*, and I determined to use her as a cartel after the captain had given bonds for ten thousand dollars. She was laden with coal; but the distance to Sandy Hook was only seventy miles. The passengers were nearly all Germans, and when told that their ship was to be burned were terribly alarmed; and it was some time before they could comprehend that we did not intend to burn them also. Three hours were occupied in transferring them and their effects with our boats. In many cases they insisted upon taking broken china, bird-cages, straw beds, and the most useless articles, leaving their valuables behind. After all were safely on board the *Suliotte*, the *Adriatic* was fired [see page 417]; and as night came on the burning ship illumined the waters for miles, making a picture of rare beauty. The breeze was light and

tantalizing, so our tender was taken in tow, and we steamed slowly to the eastward toward Nantucket. The neighborhood of New York had been sufficiently worked, and the game was alarmed and scarce.

Rounding South Shoal light-ship, we stood in toward Boston Bay. As the tender proved a drawback to our rapid movements, I determined to destroy her. It was a mistake, for I was authorized by the government to fit out any prize as a cruiser, and this one ought to have been sent along the eastern coast. A number of sail were sighted, but most of them were foreigners; this could be told by the "cut of their jibs." It was not necessary to speak them. A few unimportant captures were made, and then we sighted a large bark. First Lieutenant Ward, the boarding officer, returned, and reported the *Glenarvon*, Captain Watt, a fine new vessel of Thomaston, Maine, from Glasgow with iron. He was ordered to return and secure

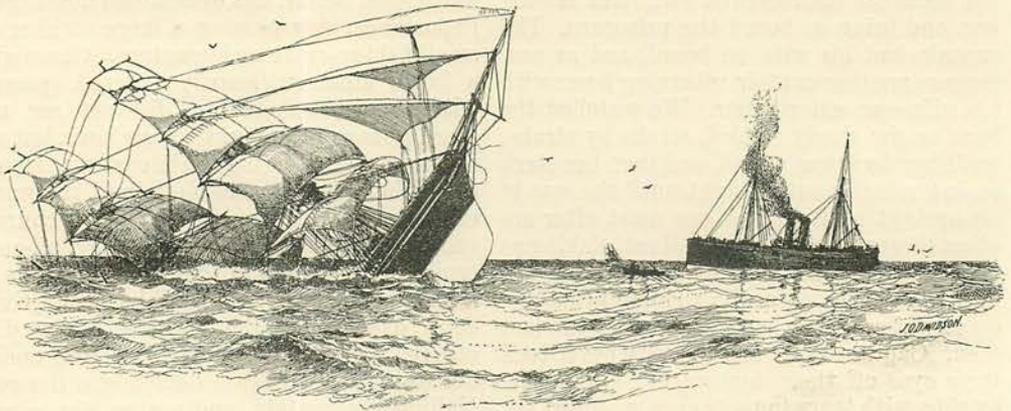
the nautical instruments, etc., and scuttle her, and bring on board the prisoners. The captain had his wife on board, and as passengers another captain returning home with his wife—an elderly pair. We watched the bark as she slowly settled, strake by strake, until her deck was awash, and then her stern sank gradually out of sight until she was in an upright position, and one mast after another disappeared with all sail set, sinking as quietly as if human hands were lowering her into the depths. Hardly a ripple broke the quiet waters. Her head spars were the last seen. Captain Watt and his wife never took their eyes off their floating home, but side by side, with tears in their eyes, watched her disappear. "Poor fellow," she said afterward; "he has been going to sea for thirty years, and all our savings were in that ship. We were saving for our dear children at home—five of them."

Miserable business is war, ashore or afloat. A brave, true, and gentle woman, at the same time strong in her conviction of what she thought right, was the captain's wife, and she soon won the admiration and respect of all on board. But what shall I say of the passenger and his wife? If I said she was the very reverse of the above, it would not begin to do her justice. She came on board scolding, and left scolding. Her tongue was slung amidships, and never tired. Her poor husband, patient and meek as the patriarch, came in for his full share. Perhaps the surroundings and the salt air acted as an irritant, for I can hardly conceive of this cataract of words poured on a man's head on shore without something desperate happening. Even Mrs. Watt did not escape for quietly criticizing President Lincoln and his conduct of the war, particularly as regards the navy, on which point she could speak feelingly, Xantippe even threatened to report her to the police as soon as they reached the United States. At rare intervals there was a calm, and then she employed the time in distributing tracts and Testaments. When she left us to take passage in a Russian bark, she called down on us all the imprecations that David showered on his enemies. And as a final effort to show how she would serve us, she snatched her bonnet from her head, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the sea. Peace to her memory! I gave them my cabin; indeed, from the time of leaving Wilmington I had but little use of it. I slept and lived on the bridge or in the chart-room, hardly taking off my clothes for weeks.

We ran along the eastern coast as far as

Matinicus, Maine, but overhauled nothing of importance, only passing a large number of small fishing-craft and coasters. One night a large steamer, heavily sparred, passed within musket-shot, but did not see us. Her lights were in sight for an hour, but we showed none. Steering to the eastward round Seal Island and Cape Sable Island, the western extremity of Nova Scotia, we, of course, had our share of the "ever-brooding, all-concealing fog" which in the summer season is a fixed quantity in this neighborhood. Suddenly, one evening, the fog lifted, and we discovered a ship close aboard. Passing under her stern, we read *James Littlefield* of Bangor. Hailing the captain, and asking him where from, and where bound, "From Cardiff, with coals for New York," came back as his answer. He was told to heave to. Here was the cargo of all others that we wanted, and I determined to utilize it, if possible. Lieutenant Ward was sent on board to take charge, put her under easy sail, and keep within one or two cable-lengths of the steamer. As the night closed in the fog became denser than ever, so much so that one end of the vessel could not be seen from the other—a genuine Bay of Fundy fog, one that could be handled. For some hours, by blowing our whistle every five minutes, while the ship was ringing a bell, we kept within sound of each other. But the latter gradually grew duller, until we lost it altogether; and I spent an anxious night, fearing that should it continue thick we might be separated. But soon after sunrise a rift in the fog, disclosing a small sector of the horizon, showed us the ship some five miles away. Steaming alongside, I determined to take no more risks in the fog. Banking our fires, we passed a hawser from our bows to the ship's quarter, and let her tow us. I held on to the ship, hoping it would become smooth enough to lay the two vessels alongside and take out a supply of coals; for although there was only a moderate breeze, there was an old sea running from the south'ard. To use our boats would have been an endless and dangerous operation. I thought of taking her into one of the small outposts on the neighboring coast of Nova Scotia; but this would have been a clear case of violation of neutral territory. The day passed without change in weather or sea, and very reluctantly I was compelled to abandon the hope of free coals, and look to Halifax for a supply. Ordering Lieutenant Ward to scuttle the ship, we left her to be a home for the cod and lobster.

After being two or three days without



THE SINKING OF THE BARK "GLENARVON."

observations and without a departure, to find your port in a thick fog requires a sharp lookout and a constant use of the lead. However, we made a good hit. The first "land" we made was the red head of a fisherman, close under our bows, in a small boat, who, in the voice of a Boanerges, and in words more forcible than complimentary, warned us against tearing his nets. In answer to our inquiries in regard to the bearings of Sambro, Chebucto Head, etc., he offered to pilot the ship in. Accepting his services, and taking his boat in tow, we stood up the harbor. Soon we emerged from the fog, and the city of Halifax was in sight.

The harbor of Halifax is well known as safe, commodious, easy of access, and offering many advantages. Coming to anchor, I had my gig manned, and went on board the line-of-battle ship *Duncan*, to call upon Sir James Hope, commanding on this station, and then upon the governor, Sir Richard Graves MacDonal, who received me very kindly, asking me to breakfast next morning, a compliment which I was obliged to decline, owing to the limited time at my disposal. By the Queen's proclamation, the belligerents could use her ports only for twenty-four hours, except in case of distress, and take no supplies, except sufficient to reach the nearest home port. I wanted only coal, and by the energetic action of our agents, Messrs. B. Wier & Co., I was able to procure a supply of the best Welsh. To a distinguished gentleman of the medical profession we were indebted for a new spar; for I neglected to mention that while off New York we were in collision with the ship *Adriatic*, and lost our mainmast and all attached.

From the time of our arrival, Judge Jackson, the energetic American consul, had not

ceased to bombard the authorities, both civil and military, with proofs, protests, and protocols in regard to our ship. He alleged general misdemeanors, that we had violated all the rules of war, and protested against our taking in supplies. The provincial government acted as a buffer, and I heard of the protests only in a modified form. However, I was anxious to conform to the Queen's mandate, and could only plead our partly disabled condition for exceeding the twenty-four hours. To my request for an additional twelve hours I received the following answer:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S.,  
19th August, 1864.

SIR: In reply to your application for additional time to ship a mainmast, I have no objection to grant it, as I am persuaded that I can rely on your not taking any unfair advantage of the indulgence which I concede. I do so the more readily because I find that you have not attempted to ship more than the quantity of coals necessary for your immediate use. I have, etc.,

(Signed) RICHARD G. MACDONALD,  
Lieut.-Governor.

COM. J. TAYLOR WOOD, C. S. Cruiser *Tallahassee*.

In writing to Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the 23d of August, the lieutenant-governor said:

It was clear that a cruiser reported to have captured or destroyed between thirty or forty vessels in about twelve days, and said to have speed exceeding by five knots that of the *Alabama*, was the most formidable adversary which Federal commerce had yet encountered. Under these circumstances, if she was permitted to take in a supply of coal here in excess of that strictly allowed, I felt that I should be enabling her to use one of her Majesty's ports for the purpose of procuring the material most destructive to the shipping and property of a power with which her Majesty is at

peace. In the peculiar case of the *Tallahassee*, every five tons of coal in excess of the amount strictly allowable might be regarded as insuring heavy loss to Federal shipping. Accordingly, when Captain Wood applied later in the day for permission to complete his complement of coals up to one hundred tons, I informed him that he was at liberty to do so, and expressed my gratification at finding that he had not been using the extra period of his stay for the purpose of obtaining more coals than sufficed for his immediate wants. I also, in communicating that permission to the admiral, requested the latter to relieve Captain Wood from further surveillance, as I was extremely anxious, under the circumstances, to avoid wounding his feelings. Later in the day he applied for, and I gave him, permission to remain twelve hours longer for the purpose of shipping a new mainmast. He did not, however, wholly avail himself of that permission; for without waiting to step the mast, he left the harbor soon after midnight, as appears from the inclosed full and satisfactory report obligingly transmitted to me by the admiral.

At the close of the second day our new mast was towed alongside and hoisted in. Immediate preparations were made for sea. During the day two or more of the enemy's cruisers were reported off the harbor; indeed, one came in near enough to communicate with the shore. During our stay we had seen late New York papers with accounts of our cruise, and the excitement it had caused on the seaboard. The published reports of most of the prisoners were highly colored and sensational. We were described in anything but complimentary terms. A more blood-thirsty or piratical-looking crew never sailed, according to some narratives. Individually I plead guilty; for three years of rough work, with no chance of replenishing my wardrobe, had left me in the plight of Major Dalgetty. When I called upon the admiral I had to borrow a make-up from some of the ward-room officers.

We noticed that a number of vessels had been sent in pursuit. A Washington telegram said: "The first information of the depredations of the *Tallahassee* was received by the Navy Department on the 12th instant, after office hours. Secretary Welles immediately ordered the following vessels in pursuit: namely, *Juniata*, *Susquehanna*, *Eolus*, *Pontoosuc*, *Dunbarton*, and *Tristram Shandy*, on the 13th; the *Moccasin*, *Aster*, *Yantic*, *R. R. Cuyler*, and *Grand Gulf* on the 14th; and on the 15th the *Dacotah* and *San Jacinto*. These were all the vessels available in the navy."

It began to look as though we would have to run the blockade again. To my request to Mr. Wier for a good pilot, he sent on board Jock Fleming. He was six feet in height,

broad, deep-chested, and with a stoop. His limbs were too long for his body. His head was pitched well forward, and covered, as was his neck, with a thick stubble of grayish hair. His eyes were small and bright, almost hid beneath overhanging eyebrows. His hands were as hard, rough, and scaly as the flipper of a green turtle. Bronzed by exposure to sixty seasons of storm and sunshine, he could tell of many a narrow escape, carrying on to keep offshore in a northeast snow-storm, or trying to hold on in a howling nor'wester, when every drop of water that came on board was congealed into ice, and soon the vessel was little better than an iceberg, and nothing remained but to run off into the Gulf Stream to thaw out. He knew the harbor as well as the fish that swam its waters. He was honest, bluff, and trusty.

MacNab's Island divides the entrance to the harbor of Halifax into two channels. The main, or western, one is broad, deep, and straight, and is the only one used, except by small coasters. The eastern is just the reverse, without buoys or lights. In looking over the chart with Fleming, I asked him if it was not possible to go out through the latter passage, and so avoid the enemy lying off the mouth of the main channel. I saw only five or six feet marked on the chart over the shoalest spot at low water.

"How much do you draw, cap'?"

"Thirteen feet, allowing for a little drag."

"There is a good tide to-night, and water enough; but you are too long to turn the corners."

"But, pilot, with our twin-screws, I can turn her around on her center, as I turn this ruler."

"Well, I never was shipmate with the likes of them; but if you will steer her, I'll find the water."

"Are you certain, pilot, there is water enough? It would never do to run ashore at this time."

"You sha'n't touch anything but the eel-grass. Better get ready about eleven."

I hesitated; and divining from my face that I was not satisfied, he said as he rose:

"Don't be 'feared; I'll take you out all right; you won't see any of those chaps off Chebucto Head."

As he spoke he brought his hand down on my shoulder with a thud that I felt in my boots. His confidence, and my faith in the man, determined me to make the attempt. Some friends and English officers were on board to the last; and as we hove up the anchor and started ahead at midnight, they

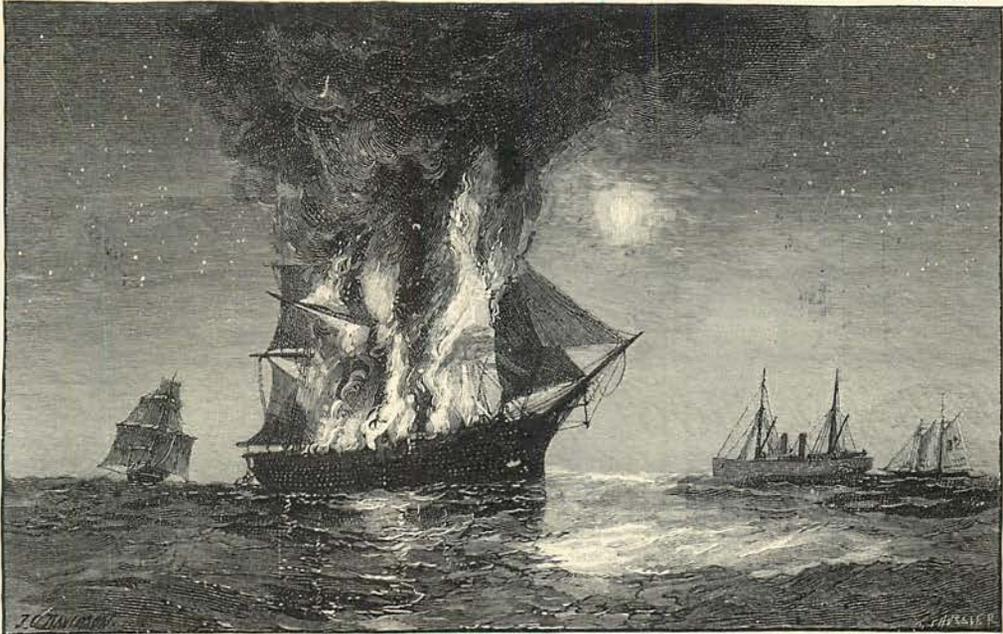
left us with hearty good wishes. The moon was old and waning, with dark clouds rapidly chasing one another across its face from the southward. Steaming slowly out, only the dark shores of MacNab's Island on one side and the mainland on the other could be seen, but whether a stone's throw or a mile distant could not be discovered. Once or twice Fleming appeared lost, but it was only for a moment. At the sharp twists in the channel I sent a boat ahead with a light to mark the turns. At one place, by the lead, there was hardly room between the keel and the bottom for your open hand. In an hour we opened the two lights on Devil's Island, and the channel broadened and deepened. Soon we felt the pulsating bosom of the old Atlantic, and were safe outside, leaving our waiting friends miles to the westward. Fleming dropped his boat alongside, and with a hearty shake of the hand, and an earnest God-speed, swung himself into it, and was soon lost in the darkness. He had kept his word, bringing us out without feeling the bottom—a real achievement. Years after I often met him, and there was nothing in the old man's life he was so fond of relating as how he piloted the *Tallahassee* through the eastern passage by night.

The run down the coast was uneventful, a few unimportant prizes being made. Many vessels were spoken, but most were foreign. A number were undoubtedly American, but to avoid capture had been registered abroad, and were sailing under other flags. I had intended going to Bermuda for another supply of coal, but the prevalence of yellow fever there prevented. As we approached Wilmington we were reminded, by sighting one or two steamers, that we were again in troubled waters. The first one we made out was a long, low, paddle-wheel boat, evidently a captured blockade-runner. By changing our course we soon parted company with her. Later in the day another was dodged. In running the blockade, if with good observation we were certain of our position, the best plan was to run direct for the Mound or harbor. If not, then better strike the shore to the northward (if running for New Inlet), and follow it down. As the soundings are very regular, this could be easily done. The weather was hazy and smoky—so much so that we could not depend on our sights. I therefore ran in toward Masonboro Inlet, about thirty miles to the northward of Fort Fisher, making the land just at dark; then ran into five fathoms, and followed the shore, just outside the breakers curling up on the

beach. A sharp lookout was kept, and the crew were at their quarters. The fires were freshened, and watched carefully to avoid smoking or flaming. The chief engineer had orders to get all he could out of her. I knew that one of the blockaders, if not more, would be found close to the shore; and soon one was made out ahead. I tried to pass inside, but found it impossible; the enemy's ship was almost in the surf. A vigilant officer certainly was in command. Our helm was put a-starboard, and we sheered out. At the same time the enemy signaled by flash-lights. I replied by burning a blue light. The signal was repeated by the first and by two others. I replied again by a false fire. Some valuable minutes were gained, but the enemy now appeared satisfied as to our character, and opened fire. We replied with all our battery, directing our guns by the flash of theirs. This was entirely unexpected, for they ceased firing, and began to signal again. Our reply was another broadside, to which they were not slow in responding. The *Tallahassee* was now heading the bar, going fourteen knots. Two or three others joined in the firing, and for some time it was very lively. But, like most night engagements, it was random firing. We were not struck, and the enemy were in more danger from their own fire than from mine.

Soon the Mound loomed up ahead, a welcome sight. Our signal-officer made our number to Fort Fisher, and it was answered. A few minutes later the range lights were set, and by their guidance we safely crossed the bar and anchored close under the fort. The next morning, at daybreak, the blockading fleet was seen lying about five miles off, all in a bunch, evidently discussing the events of the night. At sunrise we hoisted the Confederate flag at the fore, and saluted with twenty-one guns. The fort returned a like number. During the day we crossed the rip, and proceeded up the river to Wilmington. So ended an exciting and eventful cruise of a month. In this time we had made thirty-five captures, about half of which were square-rigged vessels.

The *Tallahassee*, it is true, was built in England, but not for a blockade-runner. She was fitted out and equipped in a Confederate port. Of her armament, two guns were cast in Richmond, and one was captured. Her officers and crew were all in the service previous to joining her. She sailed from a Confederate port, and returned to one. She was regularly commissioned by the Navy Department, and was as legally a cruiser as was General Lee's force an army. Her status was



DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSELER.

THE "TALLAHASSEE" BURNING THE PACKET "ADRIATIC." (SEE PAGE 412.)

entirely different from that of cruisers fitted out in England. The Geneva award was intended to cover only losses arising from the cruises of the *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, etc., vessels fitted out or sailing from English ports, or which, like these, had never visited a Confederate port; and its recipients were at first wisely confined to those who could establish their losses from these vessels. But after paying all these, half of the £3,000,000 sterling still remained. After some years it was determined to divide it among the sufferers by all the cruisers. The claims presented to the court for the disposal of the award were of the most extraordinary character. I received from different attorneys letters asking for information upon points in regard to the *Tallahassee's* cruise, and inclosing schedules of losses of different parties. I have no idea how the court adjusted these losses; but I do know that if some of the

claimants were paid ten per cent. of their demands, they were amply reimbursed for all losses. One captain of a small vessel put in a claim for \$200 for a feather-bed, a hair-mattress, and a pair of blankets, and for nearly \$800 worth of clothing! Another exhibit, of a mate, for losses called for \$26 for a feather-bed. Another claimant had sixteen different suits of clothing, besides miscellaneous articles of wearing-apparel of all kinds—enough to furnish a Chatham-street shop. Nothing was left out: razor, brush, and cup, \$3.50; shoe-brush and blacking, \$1.03. Of course every one, from the captain to the cook, had a watch and chain, generally gold, valued at from \$100 to \$250, never less. And these exhibits were all sworn to!

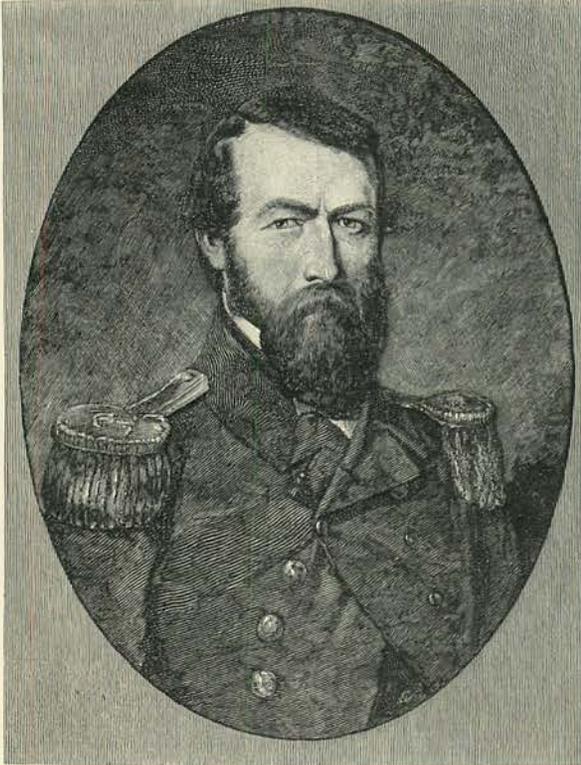
The *Tallahassee* made another short cruise, under Lieutenant Ward, and then returned to England. Later she was sold to the Japanese government as a cruiser.

## II. THE EVENTFUL CRUISE OF THE "FLORIDA."

BY G. TERRY SINCLAIR, FORMERLY MIDSHIPMAN, C. S. N.

AFTER the evacuation of Norfolk, Virginia, in May, 1862, our forces retreated to Richmond; and soon after my arrival there I was ordered to proceed to Charleston, and thence to Nassau, where I was to

report to Commander North or Lieutenant Maffitt for duty. The following evening, in company with several officers, I left for Charleston; but on arriving and taking a survey of the blockading fleet off the bar,



ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

JOHN TAYLOR WOOD, COLONEL C. S. A., COMMANDER OF THE  
"TALLAHASSEE." (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT BY GALT.)

which were plainly visible from the city, concluded it was easier to issue such orders than to execute them. On the evening of June 3 I went on board the *Cecile*, a small river steamer, painted lead-color to render her difficult of observation at night. About midnight, as the moon settled behind the hills, we slowly steamed out of the harbor, and were soon in the midst of the enemy, whose dark hulls were plainly visible to us. We crept slowly by, our wheels barely revolving, lest the sound should reach the ears of the enemy. Knowing well that discovery meant a prison for an indefinite time, each minute seemed an hour. To us, who so plainly saw the dark hulls of the enemy, it barely seemed possible that they did not also see or hear us; but they did not. Before morning we encountered a heavy gale from the southward and eastward, and for thirty-six hours had little hope of reaching Nassau; but we arrived safely on the 5th, when I reported for duty to Lieutenant-Commanding J. N. Maffitt.

At Nassau I found the *Oreto* (afterward the *Florida*), which had been seized by the British authorities on suspicion of being the property of the Confederate States, and in-

tended for use against the United States. After a long and tedious trial, the *Oreto* was released in August, and, in charge of her English captain, left the harbor. Going out in her as passengers were Captain Maffitt, Lieutenants J. K. Stribling and J. O. Bradford, Paymaster Read, two engineers, Midshipmen R. S. Floyd, George D. Bryan, and myself. At one of the small uninhabited islands back of Nassau we were met by a schooner, which had on board our armament and stores, with a few men, whom we hoped to induce to join us after our object was made known. Captain Maffitt now read his commission, hoisted the Confederate flag, and changed the vessel's name to *Florida*. A short speech having been made to the men, setting forth the advantages of enlistment with us, they were told they could either join or return in the schooner. About twenty took the former course.

We were nearly a week taking in stores and mounting guns. In that time one of our men was taken down with yellow fever, and died in a few days. With a boat's crew I carried the body ashore the same night, and prepared the grave in time for Lieutenant Stribling, who came on shore in the morning and read the burial service—a sad duty which we performed for poor Stribling also within a month.

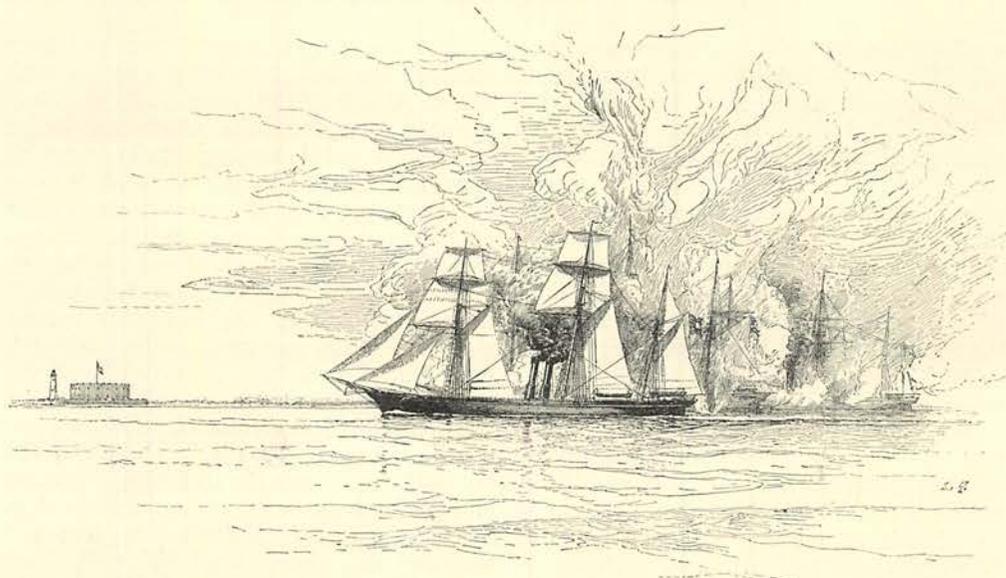
We now started for Cardenas, at which place we buried Paymaster Read, one of our engineers, and three of our men, all of whom died of yellow fever. At this point our captain was seized with the fever. He at once ordered the ship to be run into Mobile, touching at Havana on our way, where we obtained the services of an experienced physician, Dr. Bennett of Georgia, who agreed to share our dangers.

About half-past four on the evening of September 5 we came in sight of the blockading fleet off Mobile, consisting of the *Oneida*, *Winona*, and a small sailing-craft. Captain Maffitt, who was at this time scarcely able to stand on deck, at once decided that, in the absence of a pilot, he would take daylight rather than darkness for a dash in. In order to make the enemy hold his fire as long as possible, the English ensign was hoisted on our ship, and with all speed we made a

dash for the bar, the *Oneida* and *Winona* coming out to meet us as we approached, the latter coming up on our starboard side, and the former on our port, at the same time hailing, and ordering us to heave to, which we promised to do, but "forgot it." There was now but a short lapse of time between a blank cartridge and broadsides fired into us, at a distance of only about one hundred yards. As our English flag was no longer a protection, we lowered it, and in its place hoisted our own colors. According to the report of Commander Preble of the *Oneida*, we were under this terrible fire from 6:03 till 6:22, when we crossed the bar and ran under the guns of Fort Morgan. The ravages of the fever had prevented our doing more than mounting our guns and securing them for sea; otherwise we should have returned the enemy's fire. We received one 11-inch shell opposite our port gangway, near the water-line. It passed through our coal-bunker, painfully wounding one man and beheading another, thence to the berth deck, where our men had previously been ordered as a place of safety. Fortunately this shell did not explode, the fuse having been knocked out, probably by contact with the ship's side. Another shell entered the cabin, and, passing through the pantry, raised havoc with the crockery. The ship to the day of her destruction bore the marks of upward of fourteen hundred shrapnel balls. Our additional casualties were two men slightly wounded. As we came to anchor under the

guns of Fort Morgan, cheer upon cheer from the soldiers on the ramparts greeted us. We remained in Mobile Bay, repairing damages, putting ship and battery in order, and selecting and drilling our crew, until January, when we considered ourselves ready for another dash.

The *Florida* was now officered in full, and as well equipped as it was possible for a ship to be with our limited resources. She was barkentine-rigged, 700 tons, 192 feet in length, 16 feet beam, and drew 12½ feet. Her speed under steam alone, in smooth water, was about 10¾ knots. She had two funnels, working upon hinges, one lowering forward, the other aft. We made good use of this arrangement by appearing, and being reported by vessels, sometimes as a steamer with two funnels, then as with one, and at other times as a sailing-vessel. Our battery consisted of six broadside guns, formerly smooth-bore 32-pounders, but now rifled and carrying a 68-pound conical shell; in addition to these, we carried two pivot-guns, 110-pounders. This arrangement enabled us to fight five guns on a side. Our officers were now Commander J. N. Maffitt; Lieutenants S. W. Averett, J. L. Hoole, C. W. Read, and S. G. Stone; Chief Engineer W. S. Thompson; Surgeons F. Garrettson and J. D. Grafton; Midshipmen R. S. Floyd, George D. Bryan, James H. Dyke, and myself (the first two were afterward made lieutenants); Master's Mates T. T. Hunter and L. Vogel; and a crew of about one hundred men.

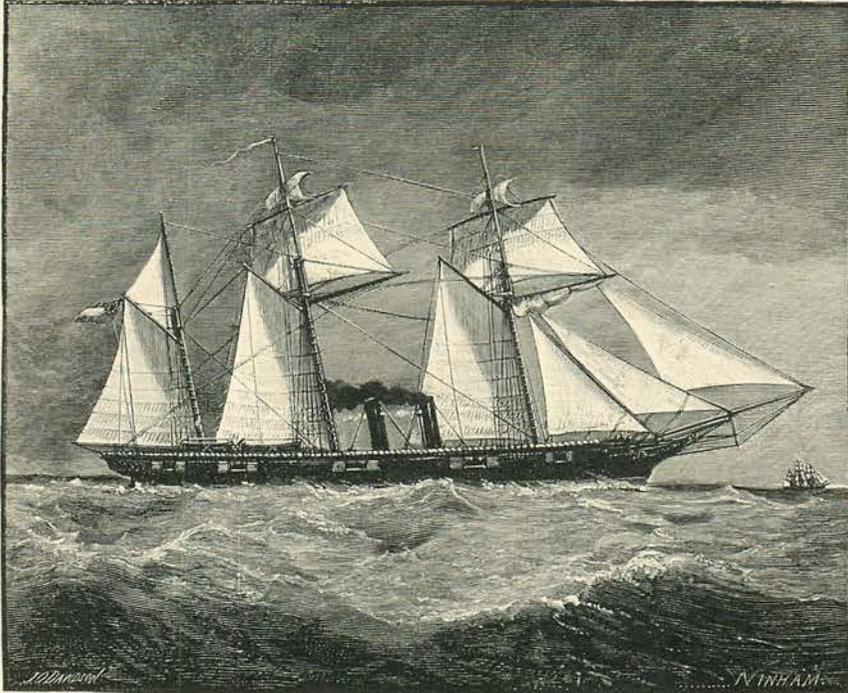


DRAWN BY SCHELL & HOGAN, FROM A SKETCH BY REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY WALKER.

THE "FLORIDA" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE OFF MOBILE BAY.

The fleet off Mobile now consisted of eleven vessels; but notwithstanding this force, on the night of January 13, 1863, Captain Maffitt determined to take advantage of the heavy gale which was blowing, and make the attempt to get out; but we were compelled to turn back, owing to some slight accident to our machinery, which occurred just before

everything ready for making sail at a moment's notice. Now came the words, "Sail right ahead, sir!" "Starboard your helm!" was the reply, and slowly we passed within a few hundred yards of a black, lowering object. Scarcely was she passed when again came the words, "Sail right ahead, sir!" and now followed by "Port your helm!" Thus we



DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

THE "FLORIDA" CHASING THE SHIP "STAR OF PEACE."

ENGRAVED BY E. A. WINHAM.

reaching the bar. This trip, however, was not without its lesson, as we found many phantom ships were reported by the crew. We regulated this, on the next trial, by placing officers about twenty feet apart, forming a continuous line aft to the wheel, where stood the captain and the pilot. The ship had previously been whitewashed.

The gale continuing, and the night being very dark, we again started early on the following night; but before we reached the bar the pilot informed us it was too dark for him to get his bearings, and we were again compelled to turn back, but were all ordered to lie down and rest in our clothes. Shortly before two o'clock, a few stars having made their appearance, the pilot announced his readiness to take the ship to sea. We called "All hands up anchor!" and by two o'clock were again heading for the bar. In the meantime we had men stationed aloft, with gaskets cast off, and the bunt of the topsails in hand,

worked our way out until five had been sighted, the last two lying one on each beam. At this critical moment the engineer reported that the coke, which was being burned to avoid making smoke, was all gone, and unless he put coal on at once he could not answer for the consequences. The order was at once given to put coal on; and as soon as the first shovel entered the furnace a volume of thick black smoke shot straight across the deck of the blockader on our starboard beam, and in an instant a bright light flashed from him, answered by all the others, and we knew we were discovered.

Then came the command, "Let fall and sheet home your topsails!" There was the rattle of chains, and the tramping of feet, as all speed was made to get sail on our ship. We soon had our little craft under fore- and maintopsail, spanker, and jib, with fore- and mainsails; then men were sent aloft, and topgallant-yards crossed, and topgallant-

sails set, and also lower and topmast studsails.

With this heavy pressure of canvas in such a gale, our little craft seemed to stand for a moment and tremble; but gradually she rose, and in a few seconds was off like a deer. We soon found that only one vessel was following us, and she rapidly falling astern, we secured our battery. After all sail was made, the log was hove, and showed a speed of 13.6 knots; and this was the first time we had ever tested our speed under steam and sail. Our pursuer was soon out of sight; but just before day we passed a sloop of war, hove to under close-reefed topsails, which we believed at the time to be the United States steamer *Richmond*. If so, we made a narrow escape, as she had greater speed, and was in every way a superior ship to ours. But we were not stopped, although we passed within half a mile of her. As soon as we passed out of sight of our suspicious-looking friend, we altered our course, steering for the Yucatan Banks. Daylight showed us one of the blockaders still in pursuit, but only as a speck from our topgallant-yards; but the carrying away of our maintopsail-yard about this time forced us to shorten sail, and before we could send another yard aloft, and make sail again, our pursuer was well in sight from our deck. When all was in order again, however, he soon passed out of sight.

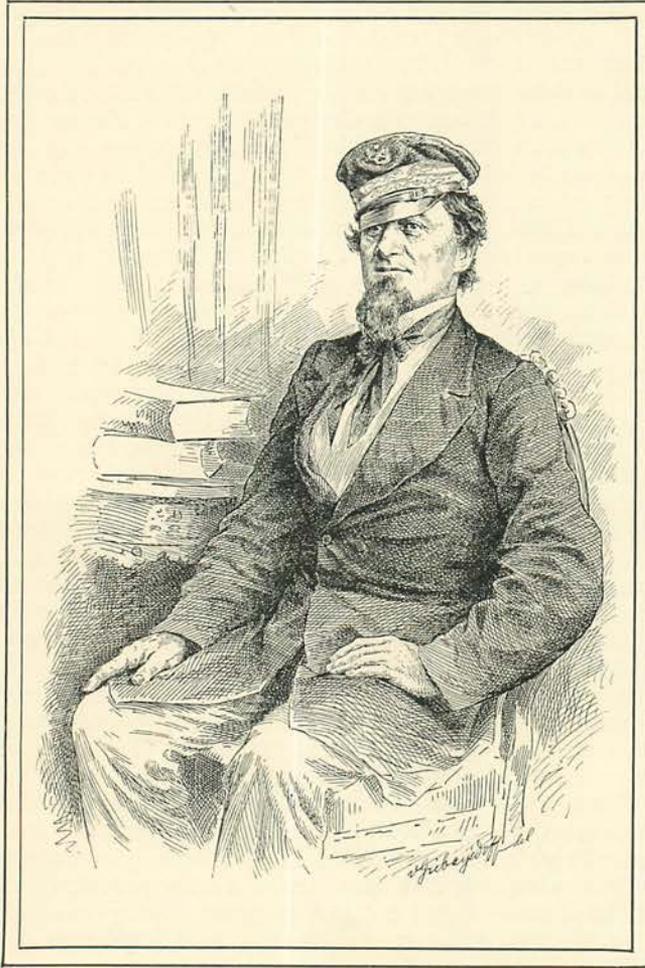
On the 17th we captured our first prize, the brig *Estelle*, off the coast of Cuba; and about eight o'clock on the night of the 21st ran into Havana, came to anchor, and, ordering the drum and fife on deck, introduced ourselves to the tunes "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." In a few minutes our deck was crowded with visitors. We left Havana next day, steaming along the coast to the eastward, and before sundown made our second capture. Our third prize saved us the trouble of a chase, running into our arms while we were making ready to destroy number two. As darkness approached we noticed the smoke of two steamers coming from the direction of Havana. Thinking they might be the enemy's cruisers, we hastily fired both prizes, got clear of the light, and hid under the shadow of the land; and from our position saw the two steamers stop, make a short survey, and then dart off.

We now shaped our course for the American coast, but found the weather too cold and boisterous to admit of boarding vessels, so we turned our nose to the southward again, touching at Barbados on our way to the equator, where we proposed remaining in the

track of homeward-bound ships. Many vessels were captured on our way down; but on the 12th of February our most valuable capture was made—perhaps the most valuable taken by a Confederate cruiser during the war. We sighted this vessel about eight in the evening, but not until ten o'clock did we get near enough to give her a shot from our bow pivot, and even this fell considerably short. She rounded to, however; and as she lay thus, with black hull, gilt streak, scraped and varnished masts, and snow-white sails, there was a general exclamation of admiration, coupled with regret that such a thing of beauty must be destroyed. She proved to be the clipper-ship *Jacob Bell*, from Foochow, bound to New York with a cargo, mostly tea, valued at upward of a million dollars. On March 27 we captured the bark *Lapwing*, with a fine assorted cargo of Yankee notions, canned meats, fruits, vegetables, etc. The most valuable part of the cargo to us was several hundred tons of coal, which we determined to hold; and with this idea in view, Lieutenant Floyd, myself, and seven men, with arms and a 12-pound howitzer, were transferred to her. A quantity of the canned goods was sent to the *Florida* for the use of the officers and men.

We now made a place of rendezvous with the *Florida*, where we could meet a month later, which we did, coaling ship, and starting on a fresh cruise, having previously arranged another meeting. Owing to calms and currents, we were unable to reach the point of meeting on time, and thus we parted, not to meet again for some time. During these two cruises Lieutenant Floyd and I took alternate nights for duty on deck, lying down near the man at the wheel, who would call us when a squall was seen coming up. These blows, although short, are very severe in the calm belt while they last; so we were compelled to rouse the men and shorten sail until they passed over, when we would lie down again. This would sometimes be the case two or three times during the night.

With the *Lapwing* we captured and bonded a ship by a little ruse and impudence. Having first sawed a spar to the requisite length to represent a long gun, we painted and then mounted it on two wheels taken from a family carriage found on board. With this trained on the enemy, but not too conspicuously in view, we hove him to with a shot from our 12-pounder. With four well-armed men I was sent on board, and brought the captain, with his papers, back with me, he coming in his own boat. It was not until



CAPTAIN J. N. MAFFITT, COMMANDER OF THE "FLORIDA."

the captain came on board our ship that he discovered our weakness; but it was then too late, and there was nothing else to be done, so he bonded his ship to us, returning in his own boat.

Failing to meet the *Florida*, we shaped our course for Barbados, arriving about 3 A. M., May 30. Heaving to, we waited for daylight, when we found ourselves off the center of the island and about seven miles from land. We launched the boat, putting the nautical instruments, charts, provisions, water, and clothes in her; and about seven o'clock, all being ready, fired the *Lapwing* fore and aft, and started for the southern point of the island, and thence up the western side, where the harbor is located. A strong breeze soon set in, blowing us toward the breakers, and for several hours it looked as if we would be on them before we could clear the point; in fact, it was noon before we did so. It was now our

intention to make the people on shore believe we had accidentally taken fire; and with this idea in view, we had our men dressed merchant-sailor style, we assuming the same rig ourselves. But when about two miles from the town, we were met by two negroes in a canoe, who sailed close alongside, and asked us where the *Florida* was, silencing us, when we expressed ignorance of the existence of any such vessel, by informing us that they had visited the ship when in Barbados, and remembered our faces. Seeing that disguise was now useless, we had the men put on their best blue uniforms, while we donned our nattiest gray, and, with a small Confederate flag in the stern, pulled for the dock in true man-of-war style. At the landing we were met by a yelling crowd of not less than five thousand, mostly blacks. So great was the crush that Floyd was borne to the custom-house over the heads of the crowd; and making his exit by a rear door, paid his respects to the governor, and obtained permission to land. We were cordially received, many courtesies being

extended by merchants and others. The day after our arrival—Sunday—a gentleman stopped his carriage while on his way to church, and kindly invited us to join him; but we were compelled to decline. We, however, accepted an invitation to dine with him at his country-seat. His carriage called for us later at the hotel. Arriving at his house, we had the pleasure of meeting several of the English officers attached to the garrison. After dinner we had a fine view of the ocean and harbor; and while thus pleasantly engaged saw the United States steamer *Vanderbilt*, the presence of which cut our visit short. She, however, after communicating with the American consul, went to sea; but our friends informed us that she was not far away when night came. We, however, got away safely a few nights afterward, taking passage in an English bark, and arriving at Queenstown about the middle of July.

Shortly after our arrival the *Florida* put into Brest, France, for needed repairs, and to fill up her depleted complement of officers. Besides Lieutenant Floyd and myself, Lieutenant Read and one of the engineers had been sent off on another prize, the *Tacony*. The *Tacony* was abandoned in the harbor of Portland, Maine, by Lieutenant Read, who had previously captured the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing*, in which he was attempting to escape when captured by a force hastily organized for pursuit. Our assistant surgeon, Grafton, was drowned in the surf while attempting to land at a small deserted island called Las Rocas; and the health of Lieutenants Averett and Hoole was such as to prevent them from continuing longer with us. At Brest our greatest misfortune befell us. Captain Maffitt had permitted all his officers to go up to Paris on a short leave, when a report was started among our crew that only the officers would be allowed to go ashore during our stay in port. This caused a mutiny, in which all the crew engaged except about thirty. These we retained, but the others were forced to leave, notwithstanding their repentance when they found they had been deceived.

The French government extended us every courtesy, granting us the use of their dry-dock, where we gave the ship's bottom a thorough overhauling. As usual, a protest was entered against our being permitted to make repairs. The American minister took the ground that repairs to our machinery could not be regarded as "necessary repairs," giving as a reason the fact that the *Florida* captured as many, if not more, prizes under sail than under steam. To this Napoleon replied: "Because a duck can swim is no reason why his wings should be cut."

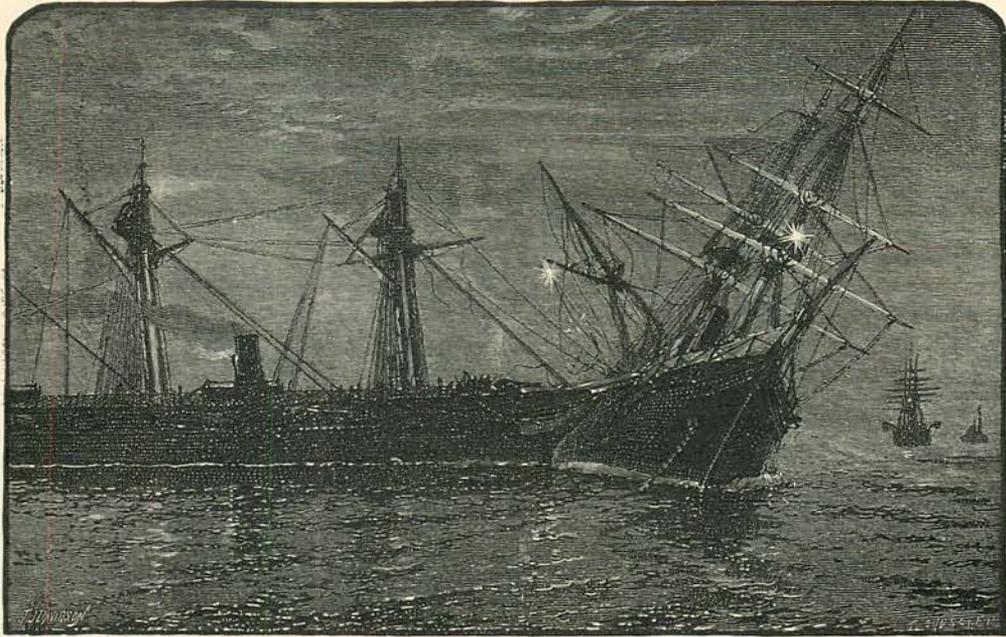
During our cruise on the *Lapwing* the *Florida* made a visit to Bermuda; and when Captain Maffitt called on the governor, who was an admiral in the English navy, the latter in a joking way expressed surprise that an ex-officer of the American navy should be guilty of a breach of etiquette in entering the harbor without saluting the English flag. To this Captain Maffitt replied that he could not do otherwise, as his salute would not be returned. The governor replied that he (Captain Maffitt) could not tell unless he tried. This was hint enough for Captain Maffitt, who returned to his ship, went to quarters, and hoisting the English ensign at his masthead, saluted it; to which the fort replied. This, I think, is the only instance in which the Confederate flag was saluted

by a foreign nation; but it caused the governor's recall.

It was not until February, 1864, that we were thoroughly ready for sea again, and left Brest. During nearly all this time the United States steamer *Kearsarge* was in the harbor with us. Our agents in London succeeded in getting about sixty men for us, who were enlisted for secret service, and were not aware of their destination until we dropped down to the lower harbor, when they were brought on board at night, and the next day they had matters explained to them. Nearly all joined us, and we now had a crew of about ninety men. The rest of our complement, one hundred and twenty men, was afterward drawn from the foreigners found on prizes. Our officers were now Commander Charles M. Morris, who succeeded Captain Maffitt; Lieutenants T. K. Porter, S. G. Stone, Samuel Barron, Jr., R. S. Floyd, and George D. Bryan; Surgeon Thomas J. Charlton; Assistant Surgeon Thomas Emory; Paymaster Richard Taylor; Chief Engineer W. S. Thompson, and two assistants; Midshipmen William B. Sinclair, Jr., James H. Dyke, and myself; and Master's Mate Thomas T. Hunter, Jr.

After leaving Brest, we continued the work of destruction until we were off the island of Bermuda, where an English man-of-war came out to meet and invite us in. As she passed, her flag was dipped, her officers at the same time raising their hats in salute. Such unusual compliments as these, and from such a source, had their effect upon our new recruits, who had seen enough of man-of-war life to know we had been specially honored. From Bermuda we returned to our old cruising-ground near the equator. American vessels were growing scarcer every day, and at times weeks would pass without our crew making a capture. One of our prizes, the *Star of Peace*, had a cargo of saltpeter. We fired her just before dark, and when upward of fifty miles away could see the glare in the heavens. At times a column of flame would shoot high in the air, as if from some Vesuvius.

Another of our captures, a vessel from the East Indies, contained a rare character in an old lady, who, we were told, was a missionary on her return home for a vacation. As usual, Captain Morris gave this lady one of the state-rooms in his cabin; but it was not long before she had the entire cabin, and I think, had she stayed much longer, would have been captain. She was intensely Union, and had little use for "rebels," nor did she



DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

THE "WACHUSETT" RAMMING THE "FLORIDA."

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

hesitate to tell us so. We got in the habit of watching for her head, as it came up out of the cabin hatch, when there would be a general scamper; but the poor officer of the deck was compelled to stand and take her tongue-lashing. The old lady usually promenaded the deck with a green-cotton umbrella raised; and on one occasion one of the retreating ones returned and found that Lieutenant Stone, who was in charge of the deck, had gone into the rigging, where he remained, looking very much like a cat up a tree, with a dog watching him.

Turning out, one morning, and coming on deck, I saw three burning vessels around us, and our decks crowded with the crews and their luggage; and we, of course, remained thus lumbered until a foreigner was found, who was always our outlet for prisoners. About noon on July 10 we sighted a steamer between us and the land, and standing to the southward and eastward. We hoisted the English flag, and altered our course so as to intercept her. Shortly before one o'clock, when about a half-mile off, we lowered the English and hoisted the Confederate flag, at the same time firing a shot across her bow. We were now running parallel with her; and seeing that she had increased her speed, and would probably get away, fired a shot, which passed close over her rail, and the captain's passengers then forced him to stop. She proved to be the *Electric Spark*, from New York for

New Orleans, and carrying the United States mail, all of which was brought on board and carefully overhauled with the view of obtaining useful information. At one time we were in sight of Sandy Hook. All the passengers and crew were transferred before dark to a fruit-schooner bound for New York, only a few miles distant. We then prepared to carry off our prize, to be converted into a cruiser; but a sad accident changed the captain's plans, and he ordered her to be sunk, which was done. Midshipman W. B. Sinclair, Jr., cousin of the writer, was placed in charge of a boat containing the steamer's money safe, and attempted, after dark, to pull to the *Florida*, about a half-mile distant. With this load his speed was necessarily slow. The wind, freshening in the meantime, caused his boat to ship considerable water, and she sank when not more than one hundred yards from the ship. He had secured one of the oars, when the cockswain, William Sharkey, appealed to him for help, saying he could not swim. His appeal to this brave lad, only in his teens, was not in vain, but with the oar he gave his life. The Confederate Navy Department did not let this gallant act pass unnoticed. A "general order," eulogizing the self-sacrifice, was read on board every vessel in commission, with colors at half-mast. It is a remarkable coincidence that Surgeon Grafton, who was drowned at Las Rocas, was appealed to in the same way

as was Midshipman Sinclair, by the same man, and with the same result.

With sad hearts we now stood to the eastward, with a wind which before morning increased to a gale. In due course we arrived at the island of Madeira. It was night when we came to anchor, and a bright moon at the time revealed a man-of-war at anchor near us, which we were satisfied was an American. The morning opened bright and beautiful. As eight o'clock approached, the hour for hoisting colors on a man of war, the officers and men on our neighbor were eagerly watching our movements, no doubt as well satisfied of our identity as we of theirs. As our colors floated to the breeze we could see a stir on board. Immediately a boat was lowered from her and started for the shore. The object of that visit was made known when we went on shore to make arrangements for coaling and provisioning the ship. The governor requested us to leave,—he could not order us to do so,—saying the American threatened to fire on us if we attempted to coal ship. In vain we appealed to the governor, and cited our rights as belligerents, at the same time telling him our enemy was only bluffing. Being a sailing-vessel, and the weather perfectly calm, he would be at our mercy. Finally we agreed to take twenty-four hours' coal, and run down to Teneriffe, in order to relieve the Portuguese governor's mind; but our enemy would not agree to this.

We now went to "quarters," paid an extra price for the labor, got the coal alongside, and without being molested hoisted it on board. The next morning we anchored at Teneriffe. The same evening our friend sailed in and came to anchor near us, and the same game of bluff was tried as at Madeira; but this being a Spanish possession, and two of their men-of-war being present, the result was that the American was allowed the usual twenty-four hours in port, and we, by permission of the authorities, remained four or five days.

Our cruise was no holiday, though our victims were only defenseless merchantmen. We were liable to meet an armed ship at any time. The difficulty of getting coal forced us to keep our fires banked, and in this condition we could not get under steam in less than fifteen minutes—ample time for an enemy to destroy us should he come suddenly upon us while under steam himself. As evidence of the risk we ran in chasing vessels at night,—which we always did when we sighted them,—we on one occasion

chased a vessel, and upon her refusal to heave to fired a blank cartridge, and in response received a like salutation, and found ourselves in dangerous proximity to a man-of-war, and with all hands at quarters and ready for action. Our supposed prize turned out to be an Englishman.

In regard to the duties and discipline on board the *Florida*, we were governed by the same rules and regulations as the United States navy. The majority of our officers had received their education at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and all the others save one were the sons of officers who had served in the same navy, so they were not ignorant of what constituted a well-disciplined ship. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that we could ship a crew in the manner we did, and at the same time have men who cared for the officers and ship, as ours always did. It is true our officers, without exception, did everything in their power to make the crew comfortable and happy, and every indulgence consistent with discipline was granted.

One of our orders was that the private property of the officers and crews of prizes should always be respected, and I cannot recall an instance where it was disobeyed. To be sure that this order was not violated, and to prevent the men from getting liquor from the prizes, a midshipman was sent with every boarding officer, and remained with the men at all times. Many of the men taken on board at Brest had for a while abandoned the ocean and followed the fortunes of Garibaldi; and often at night, when all was calm, these Italian voices joined in singing their camp-songs, and, later on, our Confederate songs.

The sight of an American flag on the high seas had become such a rare occurrence that in October it was decided to round Cape Horn and make a raid on the whalers in the Pacific Ocean; and with this object in view our prow was turned to the southward, with the intention of stopping at Bahia, Brazil, where we were to give our own men a much-needed run on shore, and at the same time make some slight repairs. We were running straight for port, and expected to arrive the same evening, when about noon we discovered a sail to windward and seaward which looked like an American. We at once set fore and aft sails, lowered the propeller, and started in pursuit. The stranger at once altered his course, crowded on all sail, and showed every evidence that he suspected our mission. This proved to be our last, as well as our longest,

chase, not coming up with him until eight o'clock at night. As I came over her side with Lieutenant Bryan, our boarding officer, the captain remarked: "It 's no use to say anything; I knowed ye as soon as I seed ye; but you did n't get any coffee this time, only a load of stones." She proved to be the bark *Mondamen*, from Rio bound to Baltimore, and it seems her captain had been made prisoner by us before. On October 4 we burned this our last prize, and at nine o'clock that night steamed into the harbor of Bahia. As we approached our anchorage, a boat, evidently a man-of-war, pulled near us, and, in reply to our inquiries, stated she was H. M. S. *Curlew*. Lieutenant Stone, who was standing near the captain at the time, remarked that her Majesty's officers never talked through their noses. Daylight proved his suspicions to be correct, for near us lay the United States steamer *Wachusett*, Commander Napoleon Collins. A boat soon left the enemy's vessel for shore, and later on our captain went on shore making an official call upon the governor, and asking his permission to make the repairs which we needed.

During this visit Captain Morris, at the request of the governor, pledged his word to commit no overt act while in the harbor; and United States Consul Wilson, acting for Commander Collins, gave the same promise. Relying upon this pledge, we allowed half of our crew to go on shore, and the following day permitted the others to do the same. Previous to this, however, the shot were drawn from our guns, a precaution usually taken while in port, to avoid accident.

Shortly after eight o'clock on the evening of October 5, while in charge of the deck, a boat approached, which I hailed, and was informed that it contained the American consul. Captain Morris not being on board, I sent for Mr. Porter, at the same time telling the consul to come alongside, and apologizing for not asking him on board. When Mr. Porter came on deck, he was handed from the boat a letter addressed, "Captain Morris, Steamer *Florida*." To this form of address he took exception, and so informed Mr. Wilson. But the latter objected to addressing our captain or ship in any other way notwithstanding Mr. Porter's calling his attention to the fact that General Grant, in his communications with General Lee, addressed him as the commander of the forces of the Confederate States. Mr. Porter also told him he was satisfied as to the object of his visit, and that if he (the consul) was very anxious for a favorable reply, he could get it

by addressing his communication properly. This ended the interview.

The following day Captain Morris was approached by a gentleman, who stated he was authorized by Mr. Wilson to challenge us to fight the *Wachusett*, and that he (Mr. Wilson) would assist us, in any way in his power, to have such repairs put upon our ship as we deemed necessary. To this Captain Morris replied: "You may say to Mr. Wilson that I have come to Bahia for a special purpose, and when this is accomplished I shall leave. I will neither seek nor avoid a contest with the *Wachusett*, but should I encounter her outside Brazilian waters, I will use my utmost endeavors to destroy her."

About two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, Master's Mate T. T. Hunter, being in charge of the deck at the time, heard the *Wachusett* slip her cable, and saw at once that she was under way and standing for us. He had Mr. Porter called at once, the captain being on shore; but as the latter reached the deck the *Wachusett* struck us in the starboard mizzen-chains, carrying away our mizzenmast and maintopmast, both of which came down on our deck, crushing our awnings, which were set at the time down to the deck, and thus, as it were, enveloping us in a bag. At this time two shots were fired from their battery, in order to make sure of sinking us; but their guns were depressed too much, and the shot only struck the water alongside.

Oft-repeated and anxious inquiries were now made to know if we were willing to surrender; but not until an engineer was sent below, and reported the ship was rapidly sinking,—a report, I may add, without a shadow of truth,—did Mr. Porter and his adviser Mr. Stone agree to surrender the ship; nor would they have surrendered had they not believed she would sink before the enemy could tow her out. During the time which elapsed between the ramming and the surrender of the *Florida*, a constant and heavy fire from small arms was kept up, but, strange to say, with only three wounded as the result, and they were on the *Wachusett*.

It will doubtless be said that we showed a want of vigilance in permitting ourselves to be caught unprepared to give battle as we were; but there are some extenuating circumstances. As previously stated, it was our intention to start upon a long and tedious cruise. Our men, with few exceptions, had not been on shore since we left Brest in February, and therefore greatly needed recreation. The moment we sincerely gave

our pledge to make no attack upon the enemy we placed ourselves at a disadvantage, and it would have been better to have left the harbor at once. When I say we placed ourselves at a disadvantage I mean that if a collision occurred after that, it must be begun by the enemy; and the attacking party, particularly at night, has greatly the advantage.

Commander Collins gave as an excuse for thus attacking us in a neutral port that his government would never overlook his permitting the *Florida* to escape him; but I leave it to the reader to decide if the conversation between the representatives of the American consul and Captain Morris, and the previous interviews between the consul and Mr. Porter, looked as if we intended to run away. But supposing that such was our intention, the *Wachusett* was a heavier ship than ours, and had a larger crew. The formation of the harbor of Bahia was such that a single vessel could have completely sealed it, nor can I think that an enemy who would thus attack us in a neutral port would hesitate long about blockading such port.

I am glad to be able to say that those officers of the *Wachusett* who expressed themselves to us on the subject deprecated the manner in which we were taken; and I should also add that our treatment while on the *Wachusett* was uniformly courteous, to the extent even of surrendering their rooms to us. Had Captain Morris cared less for his word than he did, the *Wachusett* would probably have met our fate, as on the night of our arrival, and certainly a portion of the next day, a part of the *Wachusett's* machinery was on shore, and this was known to us at the time.

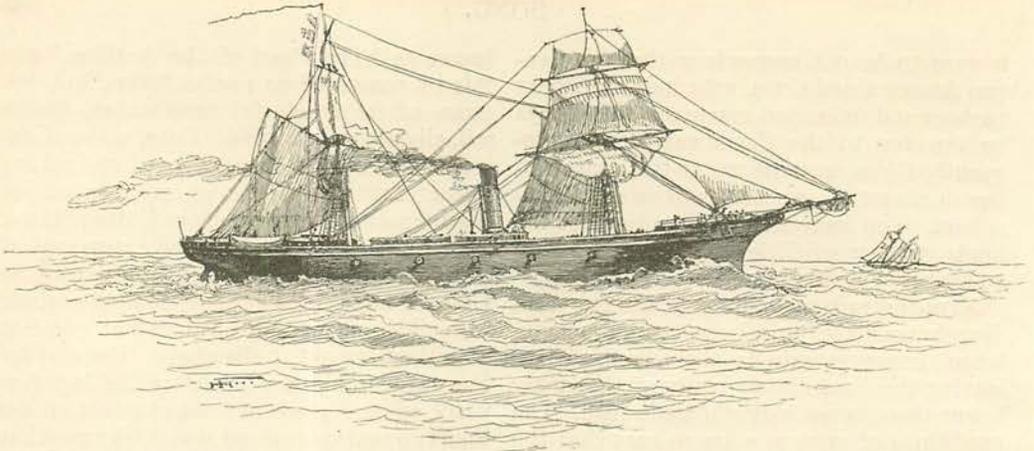
As soon as the ship was surrendered, a

prize crew was placed on board, and all our officers and men transferred to the *Wachusett*, who took the *Florida* in tow, and proceeded to sea, touching at St. Thomas, where we met the *Kearsarge*, with the prisoners taken from the *Alabama*, arriving in Hampton Roads in due course. Of course a demand was made by Brazil to have the *Florida*, with her officers and crew, returned to Bahia; but all the beautiful rhetoric of Mr. Seward and the Brazilian minister was cut short when a careless tug *accidentally* ran into and sank the *Florida* while lying in deep water in Hampton Roads.

After this *accident* we were released from Fort Warren on February 1, and were permitted to go to Europe in a Cunarder. We were not allowed to place ourselves under any obligations to the enemy, being permitted to pay our own passage. The captures by the *Florida* and her tenders, while under the command of Captain Maffitt, amounted to fifty-five vessels; but I have no data which would enable me to give the number captured during Captain Morris's command. They probably amounted to twenty or twenty-five vessels. It was a lively and brilliant entertainment; but John Bull kindly came in when it was at an end, and paid the fiddler.

It always struck me as a distinction without a difference when orders were issued to us to destroy the property of Northern merchants, but to respect the property of the officers and crew. In the former case the owner was absent; in the latter he was present. But our instructions and example in this mode of warfare came from those who were our victims. It is to be hoped, however, that this relic of barbarism will in time be frowned down by the whole family of nations.





DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RIDEAU, CHERBOURG.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "GEORGIA."

## CONFEDERATE COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.<sup>1</sup>

### III. "THE CONFEDERACY'S ONLY FOREIGN WAR."

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN,

Formerly Midshipman on the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*.

AS I am probably the sole survivor of the only foreign war in which the late Southern Confederacy engaged, I have determined, after more than thirty years of silence, to give a true history of it to the public. It may be asked how I became a survivor. In reply, I would explain that a Southerner is a survivor, in contradistinction to a Northerner, who is a veteran.

In the winter of 1863-64 I was the only midshipman on the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*. My rank did not allow me to seek companionship among the crew, nor did it permit of my associating on terms of equality with the lieutenants. We first joined the *Georgia* off Ushant Island, on the coast of France, after having been pitched and tossed about in the English Channel in a small tug-boat during a terrific gale which lasted for three days. We hoisted our guns and ammunition on board the new cruiser, and raised the Confederate flag; and then we met with our first disappointment: the crew we had brought out refused to go in the vessel, with the exception of barely a sufficient number to venture to sea with. However, we rectified this difficulty in a few days by capturing a big prize, the *Dictator* of New York, and shipping nearly her entire crew. We burned the *Dictator*, and proceeded to the Cape Verde Islands,

where we came near running into the hands of a United States man-of-war which was riding peaceably at anchor within the harbor. We turned suddenly, and ran around the island, and waited for the man-of-war to go to sea in search of us. I am glad to say that we never saw her again.

We then went to the port of Bahia in Brazil, where we met the *Alabama*, and I had a good time with the numerous little midshipmen on board. The *Georgia* then cruised down the Brazilian coast as far as Rio de Janeiro, off which port we captured the *George Griswold*, dangerously near the tabooed marine league. We then steered out into the Atlantic, and captured and burned several vessels. The captain of one of them, the *Good Hope*, had died on the voyage, and his crew had preserved his body in brine. Captain Maury of the *Georgia* had the remains brought on board his ship, wrapped the rude coffin in the United States flag, read the Episcopal service for the burial of the dead at sea, and committed the body to the deep. While this religious ceremony was going on, the *Good Hope*, a few hundred yards away, with all sail set, was one mass of flames from her trucks to her keelson, and two white sea-birds were circling around the main-truck of the *Georgia*. I was in charge of the deck while the ceremony was going on, and the lookout reported to me that a sail on the starboard bow was bearing down upon us

<sup>1</sup> For narratives of the cruises of the *Tallahassee* and the *Florida*, see the July CENTURY.—EDITOR.

very rapidly. I noiselessly stationed myself behind our captain, and informed him of the fact. He paid no attention to me, and I felt very uneasy; but the moment the coffin splashed into the waves he showed that he had heard me, for his next words were: "Beat to quarters, sir!" We went to our guns, and awaited the stranger, who came close up, hove to, and lowered a boat. Soon the captain came on board the *Georgia*. His first words as he stepped over the side were: "Can I be of any assistance? How did she catch fire?" Poor fellow! he thought the blaze was accidental, and had headed for the burning ship to offer assistance. His vessel proved to be the American bark *Seaver*. He explained that he had been for a long time in the Pacific Ocean, and was ignorant of the fact that civil war was raging at home. Under the circumstances, Captain Maury decided not to burn him. Our prisoners were put on board of his vessel, and he went on his way rejoicing.

It was in these seas that one night, during a gale of wind, we came near having a collision with the United States frigate *Niagara*. She passed so close to us that you might have thrown the usual biscuit aboard. It was well for the tempers of the officers of the *Niagara*, as well as for our own nerves, that neither of us knew the name of the other ship until the "cruel war was over."

We next found ourselves at the barren island of Trinidad. This lonely spot is generally sighted by vessels, who approach it to see if their chronometers need correcting after a long sea-voyage. We lay hidden under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf, a natural monument which rises out of the sea alongside the island to the height of twelve hundred feet. We lay at anchor here for some time, and made two prizes, one of which we burned, after taking enough coal out of her to replenish our bunkers. The first intimation that passing vessels would have of our proximity would be a shot skipping across their bows as a signal that we desired them to stop. We then sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Simon's Town to find that the *Alabama* had sailed a few hours before.

Some of the lieutenants of our ship made up a jolly party, and visited the city of Cape Town. When they returned I was given my liberty for a few days. What to do with it, I had not the slightest idea; so I hired a horse, and rode across the to me unknown country between Simon's Town and Cape Town. On the way, I met a Dutch boy who

could not speak English, and a tame Kaffir negro, with whom, despite my utter loneliness, I did not fraternize on account of my Southern prejudices. At last I arrived at Cape Town, hungering for human society. At the hotel, after performing my ablutions, I was shown into the dining-room. I thought, on seeing the crowd of people, "Here, at all events, is company who wont object to my rank." I was wrong. There was company, and very interesting company at that! But on my entrance several of them arose, and flying oaths made the air of the place sultry. I could hear above the din one particular voice swearing that he would never eat at the same table with a pirate! These words were not accurate, as he had eaten at the same table with me for three weeks while he was a prisoner on the *Georgia*. It seems that the hotel was full of ship-captains whose vessels had been destroyed by the Confederate cruisers. For a moment it looked as if they were going to assault me. I was armed, and, true to the instincts of my native land, I got the "drop" on them. The proprietor was horrified. He rushed between us, and begged me to accompany him. I complied. He invited me into his private apartments, where I dined with his wife and daughters. Here, at last, was society more congenial than that of the Yankee skippers. Since I have become older I have often felt grateful to that inn-keeper for taking me out of the room in time; for I have been told that a British jury would not have looked upon a man who shot down another with the same favor that I might have expected in my native Louisiana.

The next day I returned over the weary road to Simon's Town, and rejoined my ship in high spirits. While we were calking decks and taking provisions on board, her Majesty's troop-ship *Himalaya* entered the harbor. There was a British regiment on board, bound for the East Indies. They took the greatest interest in the "pirate," and some of the officers invited the little "secesh" midshipman, as they called me, to dine on board of their huge ship. It was a red-letter day with me, and I enjoyed my visit immensely, as they made much of me; and when they were leaving port the soldiers cheered our ship. We manned the rigging and returned the compliment with three times three.

We put to sea a few days afterward, and cruised to the southward a short distance, where we met the tea fleet coming from the East. By this move we missed running into the United States ship *Vanderbilt*, which was

hunting for us. When we turned to the north with the fleet, and while going from one vessel to another inquiring of them their nationality, we came under the shadow of Table Mountain late in the afternoon, and saw the *Vanderbilt* on the horizon, steaming for Table Bay. We did not molest her, but satisfied ourselves with making a prize of the merchant ship *John Watt*. The *Vanderbilt* was six times as large as the *Georgia*, and carried twelve eleven-inch guns, whereas the *Georgia* carried only five little pop-guns, the largest of which was a five-inch rifle.

Night after night, as we continued on our course to the north, the sea was illumined with phosphorescent lights. Grass was growing upon our hull, some of it being six inches long, reducing the speed of the ship to five or six knots under steam at her best. We next entered the port of Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands, famed among sailors as the place where Nelson lost his arm. The governor kindly permitted us to coal ship and buy fresh provisions, and after a pleasant rest of three days we went on our way. A Federal man-of-war had left this port only a few days before we entered it.

We now steered north, evidently seeking a dry-dock, of the services of which we stood in much need, as the ship could hardly drag herself through the water. One day, during a calm, we captured the *Bold Hunter*, loaded with coal. We tried to replenish our stock from her, but, the wind rising, the sea became too high, and we recalled our prize crew, who before returning fired the ship. The officer of the deck on the *Georgia*, through carelessness, allowed his vessel to drift too near the burning prize, which was forging ahead under all sail, with no one aboard to control her movements. Seeing a collision imminent, he pulled the engine-bell to go ahead at full speed. As the engine started there was a crash in the engine-room, and we knew that the usual accident had happened—namely, that the wooden cogs which turned the shaft had broken. In an instant the *Bold Hunter* was upon us. She rose on a high sea, and came down on our rail, smashing boat-davits and boats. She recoiled, and rushed at us again like a mad bull. This time, plunging from the top of a huge wave, she came down on our taffrail, doing much damage. It now looked as though the cruise of the *Georgia* was about to end; and had not the *Bold Hunter* suddenly sheered off and passed to leeward of us, the only "foreign war" in which the Southern Confederacy ever engaged would never have been fought.

While the engineers were repairing our engines we calmly gazed upon our late antagonist, the fires seething in her vitals and leaping up her beautiful white sails to her mastheads, and then running down her tarry rigging to her body again. She rolled and plunged and seemed to writhe in mortal agony until relief came in one deep dive, and she disappeared. Never had a ship without a crew made a more desperate and damaging attack upon her pitiless tormentor.

Having finished our repairs, we proceeded on our way toward the English Channel.

The next day we had an exciting encounter with a Frenchman—the bark *La Patrie* of Marseilles. We overhauled her when there was barely sufficient air stirring to fill her sails. This was the only kind of weather in which we could catch anything, so foul had the hull of the *Georgia* become by our long stay in tropical waters. When ordered to heave to, the Gaul refused, saying he was a "Frenchman, and would not stop for a pirate," adding that we were *canaille*.

The insolence of the reply did not ruffle the gentle temper of Captain Maury. "Oh, he will stop," he said. "I have observed that Frenchmen like theatricals, but they don't mean any harm." He then ordered a boat lowered, and, turning to me, gave me my instructions as boarding officer. "Board her, sir," he said, "and tell her captain that you only want to see his papers. If they are correct, we do not wish to molest him; but if he is an American masquerading under the French flag, with a Frenchman on deck to deceive us, I will blow him out of the water if he does not swing his mainyard immediately. Use no force, sir."

With an unarmed boat's crew, I went alongside the stranger. Her captain stood in the weather gangway, holding an old sword in his right hand, which he menacingly flourished as he forbade me to attempt to board. His crew were behind him, two of them having guns, the rest being armed with handspikes and various other harmless-looking implements, such as marlinespikes, but deadly weapons, in reality, when in the hands of sailors. I returned to the *Georgia*, and reported the manner of my reception. Our first lieutenant now joined me in the boat, and the crew was armed. We went back to the infuriated Frenchman, but met with no better success. We were anxious to avoid using force, as we were bound to a French port; but this defiance of our rights as a belligerent was too much to be patiently

borne. Again returning to the cruiser, we "beat to quarters," and fired a blank cartridge, with no apparent result. We then fired a solid shot across his bow. The Frenchman still defied us. As the *Georgia* swung round, our captain, scarcely allowing room enough for the stern-chasers to miss our adversary, ordered me to fire. The shot struck the water a few inches from his cutwater, covering his fore-castle with spray. In my nautical experience I never before or since saw a maintopsail thrown aback so suddenly. We again entered the boat, this time boarding *La Patrie* without waiting for an invitation. As interpreter, I demanded to see the ship's papers. Her captain replied that we would have to use force. "Ask him," said our lieutenant, "if he wants me to knock him down. I am tired of this nonsense. If he does not show his papers in two minutes, I will fire his ship." The skipper said he wanted the lieutenant only to lay his finger gently on his coat-sleeve—that would be sufficient; and with many gestures proceeded to show how it ought to be properly done. If the lieutenant would only grant this favor, he would show his papers at once, and no longer detain us. The lieutenant complied with his request, and the Frenchman led the way into his cabin. With a courtly bow he remarked, "*Ici nous sommes des messieurs,*" produced his papers, which were all correct, and opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate the occasion. This incident was afterward made the subject of a diplomatic correspondence between the Emperor's government and Mr. Slidell. Fortunately for us, a few days after our battle with *La Patrie* we found a small French brig in distress. She was on her beam ends, and out of provisions and fresh water. We righted the little fellow, who hailed from Cherbourg, and supplied his wants. This rescue was of value to us when the report of *La Patrie's* captain reached France.

Shortly after these adventures, on a dark night we entered the artificial fortress harbor of Cherbourg. When day broke we were greeted by a grand view of the French iron-clad fleet anchored on our starboard beam in two long lines between us and the forts on the breakwater.

We had been here only a few days when a fearful storm burst upon us in the night. A wooden line-of-battle ship dragged her anchors and came down upon us. She held her ground only when she was a few fathoms away. All that night we watched her anxiously, praying that those cables would not

part. When day broke it was a grand sight to see the huge ironclads pitching bows under to every sea. Later in the day it was heartbreaking to witness the efforts of the fisher-boats struggling in from the Channel, missing the narrow entrance to the port, and go smashing upon the rocks. One fellow made such a gallant struggle for life that the French flag-ship *La Couronne* cut loose a launch containing twenty men and a young lieutenant, which had been towing astern, and they rowed to the rescue of the fishermen, whose craft went tumbling upon the rocks of destruction before the assistance arrived. And then the launch followed, being smashed like an egg-shell, and her heroic crew perishing with her. When the elements quieted down, the bodies were picked up, and there was a grand funeral. We poor "pirates" were invited to attend, and we saw a rare pageant. The bodies were placed on light-artillery gun-carriages, the coffins being draped with the national colors. Soldiers and marines lined the avenue from the dock-yard to the cemetery. A large number of priests, followed by bands of music, preceded the cortège. Then came the biers, followed by admirals and other officers, according to rank. We were placed just after the admirals. Then came the crew of the *Couronne*, numbering six hundred men, followed by the ships' companies of the rest of the fleet. Upon arriving at the cemetery, the bodies of the common sailors were first lowered into one big grave. They were to abide together in death, as they had lived and suffered together in life. But the officer had a separate grave. Just as his body was being lowered into it, a gorgeous aide-de-camp on a grand charger dashed up and called a halt. He saluted the ranking admiral, and handed him a package and an official communication. The packet contained the cross of the Legion of Honor. The communication was an order from the Emperor to pin it on the breast of the young man. The coffin was opened, the order obeyed. The officers and sailors drew to one side; then battery after battery of flying artillery dashed up, fired a salvo over the graves, limbered up, and made room for the next. It was a grand sight. You may say that it was theatrical, that everything was timed, and all had been prepared beforehand. Supposing it was, what young officer with blood in his veins but would gladly give his life to serve a country that would make him the central figure of such a *coup de théâtre*, even though it was only his dead body which received the ovation?

After waiting many weary weeks in Cherbourg, the *Georgia* was finally given permission to enter the government dock and be overhauled and repaired. I was granted leave for a few days to visit friends in England; for although a solitary midshipman on the *Georgia*, I had some friends in various corners of the earth. I stopped in Calais to see some old classmates of my Annapolis days, who were attached to the Confederate steamer *Rappahannock*, which was lying in that harbor. She was a condemned English gunboat, and had been bought at auction by a Confederate agent, and then stolen from an English port by a Southern naval officer, and run into Calais to be fitted out as a commerce-destroyer.

After paying my visit to England, I returned to the *Georgia*, where I found that all was hurry and excitement. Something was about to occur—no one knew what, but all hands were on the qui vive. Our old captain had been detached; our new captain was our former first watch officer, a man under thirty years of age; our new executive was our former navigator, a man of twenty-three; and the additional new lieutenants were still younger men. The *Kearsarge* was outside waiting for us. One dark night we took up our anchor and slipped out. Morning found us well down the English Channel, surrounded by steamers and sailing-craft, but paying attention to none. Out into the Atlantic we sped, away from the haunts of men.

One day, when it was getting very lonely, the masthead lookout broke the monotony by singing out, "Sail ho!" "Where away?" asked the officer of the deck. "Two points off the starboard bow, sir," came the reply. I reported the sail to the captain, who was busy over a chart; I also explained that the strange sail had long skysail poles, which was a never-failing sign of a Yankee. When I had finished, without looking up, he simply said: "Tell the officer of the deck, sir, to hold his course." I was dumfounded, and when I repeated the message, something that sounded like a very low whistle came from the officer. Onward we flew, under steam and sail, as though we were afraid of being too late for something. At last the welcome cry of "Land ho!" came from the masthead, and we were soon anchored in the open ocean, about two miles from the land. "Where are we now?" I heard a lieutenant ask the navigator. "Off the coast of Morocco, about thirty miles south of Mogador," was the reply.

Day after day we rolled and tugged at our anchor, the monotony being broken only by the sight of an occasional caravan coming out of the desert, winding its way along the beach for a short distance, and then disappearing behind the mountains, which come down to the sea at this point.

Our young captain became restless and uneasy; he spent most of his time nervously pacing the quarter-deck; and at last, the strain becoming too great to be borne alone, he informed his officers that he was waiting for the *Rappahannock*, to give her our battery, as the Confederate naval authorities in Paris had decided to put the *Georgia* out of commission, as she was not fitted for the service. The *Rappahannock* was long overdue at the rendezvous, and our captain was at a loss what to do.

Some of the officers were smoking near the gangway when I remarked to one of them that I had seen the *Rappahannock* at Calais. The captain overheard me. "What's that, sir? What did she look like? What do you know about her?" "I know that she is a dilapidated old craft, and the midshipmen said that she was hogged, or had broken her back, by resting on the bottom at low tide in the dock. When I saw her she was made fast to the quay by two cables, one forward, the other aft, the shore ends being made fast to posts, on each of which sat a French gendarme to make sure that the ship should not get away!" At this there was consternation in our camp; but as our commander decided to wait a few days longer, we had to rest content. One day, while in charge of the deck, I saw a small object apparently floating on the water near the shore. It was bobbing up and down as it rose and fell with the motion of the sea. As it came nearer it looked like a white sponge. Slowly it approached the ship, until at last, with the aid of marine glasses, I discovered that it was an old white-headed man swimming through the waves, which were high enough to make our ship roll. At last he reached the vessel, caught hold of the Jacob's-ladder, and slowly dragged his poor, emaciated body out of the water. He had a piece of gunny-sack around his hips for clothing. After his great exertion, he fell upon the deck insensible. Our doctor poured a glass of brandy down his throat, without effect, and in a few moments repeated the dose, which revived him. He was offered a third; but the faithful Mohammedan, true to his religion, pointed his bony finger toward the heavens, and shaking his head, uttered the one word, "Allah!"

The officers contributed a lot of old clothes, two old razors, and a couple of sheets for the old man to make a turban with. A boat was lowered, and I took him to the shore, where I found the surf running so high that it was impossible to land. However, the old Moor did not mind it at all, and smilingly jumped overboard, and waded to the dry land. The next morning a boat-load of the followers of the prophet came alongside, and offered us some fine fresh fish. We reciprocated, and offered sheets, scrap-iron, etc., which were highly appreciated. After they had left us, several of the officers, including myself, tired of the monotony of ship life, asked permission to go ashore for a walk along the beach. The captain, thinking it would be safe, as the natives had shown themselves to be so friendly, granted the request, little dreaming that his amiable act was about to plunge the Southern Confederacy into a foreign war.

We stepped into a boat, and the sailors seemed delighted to row us ashore. Upon arriving in shallow water, the blue-jackets jumped overboard, and, amid great laughter, each officer mounted on the shoulders of a man, and rode through the surf, dry-shod, to the beach. Dismounting, we raced and jumped like a parcel of school-boys. The wet sailors, who had returned to the boat, smilingly watched our antics.

Suddenly—I never knew how it happened—I was surrounded by a crowd of armed Moors. Their guns seemed to be about eight or ten feet long. Each fellow was yelling at the top of his voice in an unknown tongue, and the bushes back of the beach seemed to be pouring an endless torrent of men toward me. I gazed around wildly, looking for my companions. None of us were armed, but I wanted company, and wanted it badly. I saw some of them, but they were all separated, and all surrounded as I was. With marvelous dexterity a dusky giant seized me by the shoulders from behind, twisting me around until I faced the sea, and—oh, the humiliation of it!—he kicked me! He kicked me at every step while crossing the beach; he kicked me into the water; and, not satisfied with this, he kicked me until I was up to my neck in the sea, and desisted only when I climbed into the boat, where I found all my comrades. They had all been treated in the same unceremonious manner. I shall go down to my grave firmly believing that the brute of a “true believer” who personally attended to my embarkation had a blacksmith’s rasp lashed to the sole of his foot.

Our sailors bent to their oars without orders. Save for the rhythm of the stroke, the silence was oppressive. It was at last broken by a gallant lieutenant mildly asking why the rest of us had not shown fight. The conundrum remained unanswered. Arriving on board our ship, the captain was quickly made aware of the facts as to our inhospitable reception and rough treatment by the Moors. At first he smiled; but as the tale concerning the indignities to which we had been subjected was unfolded, he grew angry, lost his temper, and fairly yelled, “Beat to quarters!” We manned our guns. I commanded the third division, composed of two little ten-pound Whitworths. “Fire a shell for range, sir,” said the captain to me. I fired, and the shell exploded against the mountain-side. “Two thousand five hundred yards will do it, sir!” The word was passed forward to the officers in charge of the heavy guns. War was declared against Morocco, and the battle began. As fast as we could load and fire, for an hour or more we pelted the Moors—or, at least, we pelted the places where we thought they were; for the mystery of their sudden appearance was solved at the first fire, when the frightened hordes on the beach rushed up the barren hillsides, and disappeared into the bowels of the earth.

Toward evening the barometer fell rapidly; a heavy swell was rolling in from the ocean, the wind was rising, and we were on an unfriendly lee shore. Our captain decided to put to sea. “All hands up anchor!” was the boatswain’s welcome call, and next we heard from the forecandle the still more cheering cry, “The anchor is aweigh, sir!” “Ring ahead!” said the first lieutenant. The engines slowly revolved, when all at once there was a crash in the engine-room, a stop, and we knew our engine had broken down again. “Let go your anchor!” shouted the officer of the deck; but the wind had increased in violence, and the ship dragged it on her way to the shore. “Let go your port anchor!” came from the quarter-deck, and it dropped with a thud. All the cable on board was paid out, and still we continued our promenade toward the shore. The engineers were working for their lives below; but the line officers could only stand still and gaze upon the thousands of Moors who were again gathered on the beach, waiting impatiently for their prey and their revenge, which was now so nearly within their reach. And still the *Georgia* dragged her anchors. We were approaching very near the shore,

and could hear the yells of rage, hatred, and insult which the mob hurled at us. We needed no interpreter now to understand them. All at once a tremor went through the ship, and we knew that the engines were again moving. A hearty cheer went up from our crew, which was hushed by another crash in the engine-room. We were very close to the shore by this time, and among the rocks, which could be plainly seen from the deck. The Moors were fairly foaming at the mouth. Again the engines started ahead, and this time they continued to revolve. We weighed first one anchor, and then the other. The wind increased in violence while we battled with the elements, slowly but surely drawing away from the land. Night had enveloped us by this time, and we could only imagine the chagrin and disappointment of the followers of the prophet. We proceeded to Bordeaux, where we were informed that the French gendarmes still sat on the posts to which the *Rappahannock* was made fast at the quay of Calais.

We spent several delightful weeks in Bordeaux. Thousands of people visited the *Corsair*, as they called the *Georgia*. Many refugees from New Orleans also called on us, and showed us every attention. At last we regretfully said good-by, and steamed down the river to the mouth of the Gironde, where we waited until night to make our escape from the Federal men-of-war, who were well posted as to our movements. With all lights out, we passed into the Bay of Biscay, neither seeing nor being seen by our would-be captors. We shaped a course for St. George's Channel, and safely entered the port of Liverpool without further adventure.

I was the only officer who desired to visit the shore on the night of our arrival. I proceeded at once to the theater, being dressed in full uniform. The audience had evidently heard of my arrival. I never before fully

realized what an important personage I was, and regretted that my past had been wasted among unappreciative people. My importance suddenly dawned upon me. The house arose *en masse*, and wildly cheered. The manager asked as a favor that I would deign to occupy the most conspicuous box. The artists acted at me alone, ignoring even the gallery, and introduced into the play "gags" about the Southern cruiser, which caused the spectators to interrupt the performance with their cheers.

After the play I was feasted by perfect strangers, graciously permitting many of them to shake my hand. I did not care whether they thought I was Admiral Semmes or not. Doubtless this was the only occasion on record where a midshipman was the ranking officer present. The next day, May 10, 1864, the crew of the *Georgia* was paid off, the Confederate flag was hauled down, and the ship was put out of commission. The *Georgia* was sold to a British merchant who had a contract to carry the mails from Liverpool to Lisbon and the Cape Verde Islands. On her first voyage for the new owner she was captured off the mouth of the Tagus by the United States frigate *Niagara*, and sent to Boston, despite the fact of her *bona fide* English ownership. She was condemned by an admiralty court and was sold as a prize.

Once again, during the winter of 1867, I saw the *Georgia*. Strolling along the wharves in Charleston, South Carolina, one day, my eyes suddenly fell on a familiar model. It was the gallant old cruiser, now a disreputable-looking steam-brig being loaded with cotton. To see the Stars and Stripes proudly floating at her peak did not strike me as anything unusual. We had constantly cruised under these colors, in former days, to deceive our enemies. A few months after I last saw her, the *Georgia* dashed herself against the jagged rocks of Newfoundland.

#### IV. THE LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

BY JOHN THOMSON MASON R, FORMERLY MIDSHIPMAN OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

WITH the exception of the *Stonewall*, an ironclad built in France and got to sea too late to be of any service, the *Shenandoah* was the last of the Confederate cruisers to elude the vigilance of the neutral governments of Europe—a much more difficult feat to accomplish than it had been when the *Alabama* and *Florida* made their escape from England, some two years earlier.

On October 1, 1864, a number of Confederate naval officers, who had been for some time waiting orders in England and France, received instructions from Commodore Samuel Barron, who was the senior officer in Europe, with headquarters at Paris, to proceed at once to Liverpool, and report for duty to Captain James D. Bulloch, the Confederate naval agent there. I

was fortunate enough to be one of those officers, having been sent to Europe more than a year before to join the *Alexandra*, then building at Liverpool, which was seized by the English government before her completion.

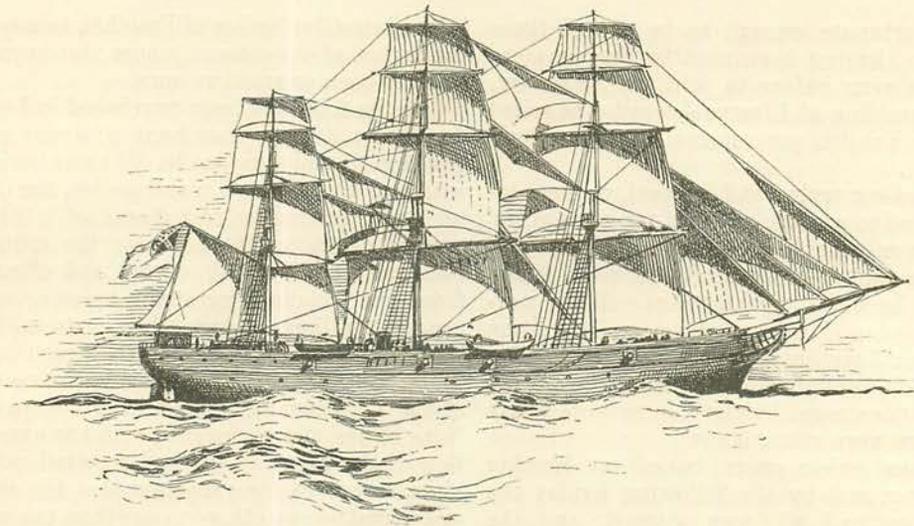
Upon our arrival at Liverpool, we were instructed to procure an outfit for a two years' cruise as quickly as possible, to have our trunks packed in wooden cases so that they might have the appearance of ordinary merchandise, and to send them on board the steamer *Laurel* at Clarence Basin. Nothing was told us of the destination of the *Laurel*; but if questioned by any one, we were to say that we were going home.

These orders were issued on Monday morning, and by the following Friday the baggage had all been shipped, and the officers were instructed to remain at their respective quarters all day Saturday, ready to move at a moment's notice. The utmost secrecy was observed, and not one of these officers, some twenty in number, knew what was to be the destination of the party; nor did we seek for information, knowing that secrecy was of the essence of the undertaking. At six o'clock on Saturday evening, however, after a day of suspense, orders were received by us to be on Prince's Pier at nine o'clock, and to go on board the tug *Black Hawk*. Twenty-three officers and about a dozen picked men, the latter being the remnant of the crew of the *Alabama*, which had been kept together for such an occasion, met at the rendezvous, and were soon carried on board the *Laurel*, then lying in the river; and before daylight the next morning the *Laurel* weighed anchor and went to sea. The unsuspecting pilot who took us out complimented Captain Ramsey of the *Laurel* on the good behavior of his passengers, who all seemed to know their places at once, gave no trouble, and asked no useless questions. The *Laurel* was a small steamer owned by the Confederate government, and used afterward as a blockade-runner. She cleared for Matamoras, via Nassau, but her real destination was the Madeira Islands, where she was to rendezvous with the *Sea King*, afterward the *Shenandoah*, the latter having sailed from London the same day that we left Liverpool. In addition to the "passengers" I have mentioned, the *Laurel* had on board the guns, gun-carriages, ammunition, and all the other equipment and stores of a warlike nature intended for the *Shenandoah*. Five days of rapid steaming, with fine weather and a smooth sea, brought us to Madeira, where we anchored

in the beautiful harbor of Funchal, to await the arrival of our consort, whose movements had not been so rapid as ours.

The *Sea King* had been purchased in London by an English merchant who was engaged in the shipping-trade. She was loaded with coal and assorted merchandise, the latter being provisions and stores of a non-warlike character intended for the cruise. She was supplied with a crew and officers from the English merchant service, and cleared for Bombay and other ports in the East Indies on a cruise not to exceed two years. She was an ordinary merchant vessel of the kind usually sent on such a voyage. None of her officers or crew, with the exception of the captain, who had received some hints, suspected for a moment that the ship was bound on any other voyage than the one named in the shipping articles. In short, there was nothing about the vessel, officers, crew, or cargo to excite the suspicions of the most watchful, and the result was that she left her dock without difficulty or detention. At the moment of starting, however, Lieutenant William C. Whittle, who was to be the executive officer of the *Shenandoah*, was put on board as a passenger, under an assumed name. As soon as the ship was fairly outside of English jurisdiction, Mr. Whittle made himself known to Captain Corbet of the *Sea King*, showed his authority from the owner to purchase the vessel, took charge of her, and immediately shaped her course for the Madeira Islands, where she arrived a few days later than the *Laurel*. The *Sea King* did not come into the harbor, but signaled the *Laurel* from the offing, and we went out at once and joined her. The two vessels were run under the lee of Desertas Island, an uninhabited rock, where they were anchored alongside, and the guns, ammunition, and other stores on the *Laurel* were transferred to the decks of the *Sea King* as rapidly as possible.

Captain Corbet had with him a crew of forty or more, and we had hoped that most, if not all, of them would be only too glad to join us; but in this we were grievously disappointed. After leaving London the sailors had soon discovered that something unusual was in the wind. They had become restive about the mysterious voyage upon which they were embarked, and when they found their vessel at anchor under a lonely and barren rock in mid-ocean, taking on an additional cargo, they demanded to know what it meant. Upon being informed of the true state of affairs, they became



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A DRAWING OF THE "SHENANDOAH" MADE BY LIEUTENANT SCALES DURING THE CRUISE.

THE "SHENANDOAH."

Lieutenant Scales's picture was made from accurate measurements.

very indignant at the deception which had been unavoidably practised upon them, and when asked if they would like to join the *Shenandoah*, they stubbornly declined our enticing offers of generous wages and liberal bounty. They upbraided poor Captain Corbet, who had been almost as much in the dark as they, in unmeasured terms; and but for our presence, I think they would have given him a ducking. The end of it all was that we paid them the three months' wages, as a forfeit for the violation of the shipping articles, to which they were entitled under the English law, and turned them over to Captain Ramsey on the *Laurel*, to be landed by him at Teneriffe. Only a few firemen and coal-heavers remained with us; and when ready for sea, instead of a crew of one hundred and fifty men, which would have been our proper complement, we could muster only nineteen, all told, including those in the fire-room, the cook, and a cabin-boy.

Lieutenant Waddell, who was to command the *Shenandoah*, was much discouraged at this outlook. He thought it would be very unsafe to take the vessel on a cruise with so slim a crew, and talked of running into a French or Spanish port; but the officers being called into council, we all protested strongly against such a course, knowing that in all probability our cruise would end in whatever port we made. We told the captain that if he would take the wheel, we would work the ship and do whatever else was needed until such time as we could pick up recruits from the prizes we might capture, or elsewhere, as occasion should offer.

The captain having given his assent to this arrangement, the anchor was weighed, and on the evening of the 19th of October, just eleven days after the two vessels left England, we parted company with the *Laurel* and her cargo of growling sailors, and the cruise of the *Shenandoah* began. Short-handed we most certainly were; but as the officers, including the captain and doctors, numbered twenty-four, we had, with our crew of nineteen, forty-three souls on board; and as we were all in the best of spirits, able and willing to do any kind of work required of us, we were not so badly off, after all.

The *Shenandoah* was a full-rigged ship of excellent sailing qualities. She carried a cloud of canvas, having cross-jack, royal studding-sails, jib-topsail, and all the "high-fliers." She had rolling topsail-yards, which were of great assistance to us in shortening sail in the early days of the cruise, when sailors were so scarce. She was a wooden ship with iron knees and frame, iron masts and bowsprit, and steel yards, and all of her standing-rigging was of wire. She was of the class of vessels known as "auxiliary screws," having a propeller that could be hoisted out of the water when not in use, and a funnel that shut down, like a telescope, flush with the ship's rail. Her engines were small, the steaming apparatus being intended for use only in calm weather, and she could not steam much more than eight knots an hour under the most favorable conditions. She was a fast sailer, however, and on more than one occasion during our cruise her log showed seventeen knots.

The armament, which was mounted under many difficulties during the first few days after leaving Madeira, consisted of six guns—two rifled 32-pounders forward, and four 8-inch shell-guns amidships. There were also two little brass “pop-guns” on the poop-deck, which the *Sea King* had carried as a merchantman.

Our commanding officer, Lieutenant James I. Waddell, was from North Carolina. He had been an officer in the United States navy, and resigned at the beginning of the war to join the Confederate service. The executive officer, Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., was a Virginian, a son of Commodore William C. Whittle of the old navy, and had also seen service before the war. The other lieutenants were John Grimball of South Carolina; Sidney S. Lee, son of Captain S. S. Lee of the old navy, and nephew of General Robert E. Lee; Francis T. Chew of Missouri; and Dabney Minor Scales of Mississippi. Lieutenants Whittle and Grimball were in the same class at Annapolis with Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay. Our sailing-master was Irvine S. Bulloch of Georgia, who had held the same position on the *Alabama* at the time she was sunk off Cherbourg; he was a younger brother of Captain James D. Bulloch. The remaining ward-room officers were Surgeon Charles E. Lining of South Carolina; his assistant, F. J. McNulty; Paymaster W. B. Smith; Chief Engineer Matthew O'Brien of New Orleans; and passed midshipmen Orris A. Browne and John T. Mason, both Virginians. In addition to these, we had three assistant engineers, three master's mates, and the four forward officers, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker.

It would be difficult to describe the condition of the *Shenandoah's* decks and of the ship generally at the start. The stores from the *Laurel* had been simply thrown on board, and lay about in hopeless confusion. The heavy guns and gun-carriages, in huge boxes, so lumbered up the deck that it was almost impossible to move, much less work the ship. The vessel was new and strange to us all, and the stores put on board of her at London were stowed without any expectation of their being used during the voyage, so that everything had to be overhauled. The officers and men were divided into gangs, and went to work with a will. Fortunately for us, the weather continued fine, and in the course of ten days we had things in pretty good shape—port-holes cut and guns mounted and secured, magazines built and ammunition safely

stored, the fore and after holds carefully restowed, and everything snug for the voyage.

Meantime the ship was heading to the southward, the object of the cruise being to destroy the American whaling fleet, more particularly that in the North Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Sea. On October 29, ten days after the cruise began, when about fifteen degrees north of the equator, we captured our first prize, the bark *Alina* of Searsport, Maine, bound from England to Buenos Ayres, and loaded with railroad iron. Vessel and cargo were valued at ninety-five thousand dollars. All neutral ports being closed to us, and our own closely blockaded, we had no alternative but to destroy her; so, the vessel and cargo being appraised and condemned as prize by a drumhead prize court, the *Alina* was scuttled within an hour after her capture. We took nothing from the prize but her ensign and chronometer, the officers and crew of the prize being allowed to take their personal effects, or baggage, with them when sent on board the *Shenandoah* as prisoners. We made it a rule from the start that there should be no pillaging of the captured vessels. If we needed stores for the ship's use, we took them, but our sailors were never allowed to plunder on their own account. The *Alina* had a crew of nine men, six of whom joined us at once, and were a most welcome addition to our slender ship's company.

During the next few weeks we were in the track of vessels crossing the equator, and made a number of captures, among them the schooner *Charter Oak* from Boston, the sides of which inclosed a freight less precious than that of its colonial namesake, but much more acceptable to us just then, it being an assortment of canned fruits and vegetables instead of musty parchments. The *Charter Oak*, however, gave us an accession which we had not anticipated, in the shape of the captain's wife, sister, and little boy. As we had no accommodations for ladies, Captain Waddell gave them quarters in one of his cabins. A few days afterward we spoke a Danish brig, and transferred a number of our prisoners to her, paying their passage to Rio, to which port the brig was bound.

On the 10th of November, about midnight, we captured a large ship called the *Kate Prince*, bound for Bahia, which we bonded, putting on board of her the captain of the *Charter Oak* and his family. Other vessels captured in this locality were the bark *D. Godfrey*, brig *Susan*, and schooner *Lizzie M. Stacey*, all of which were burned.

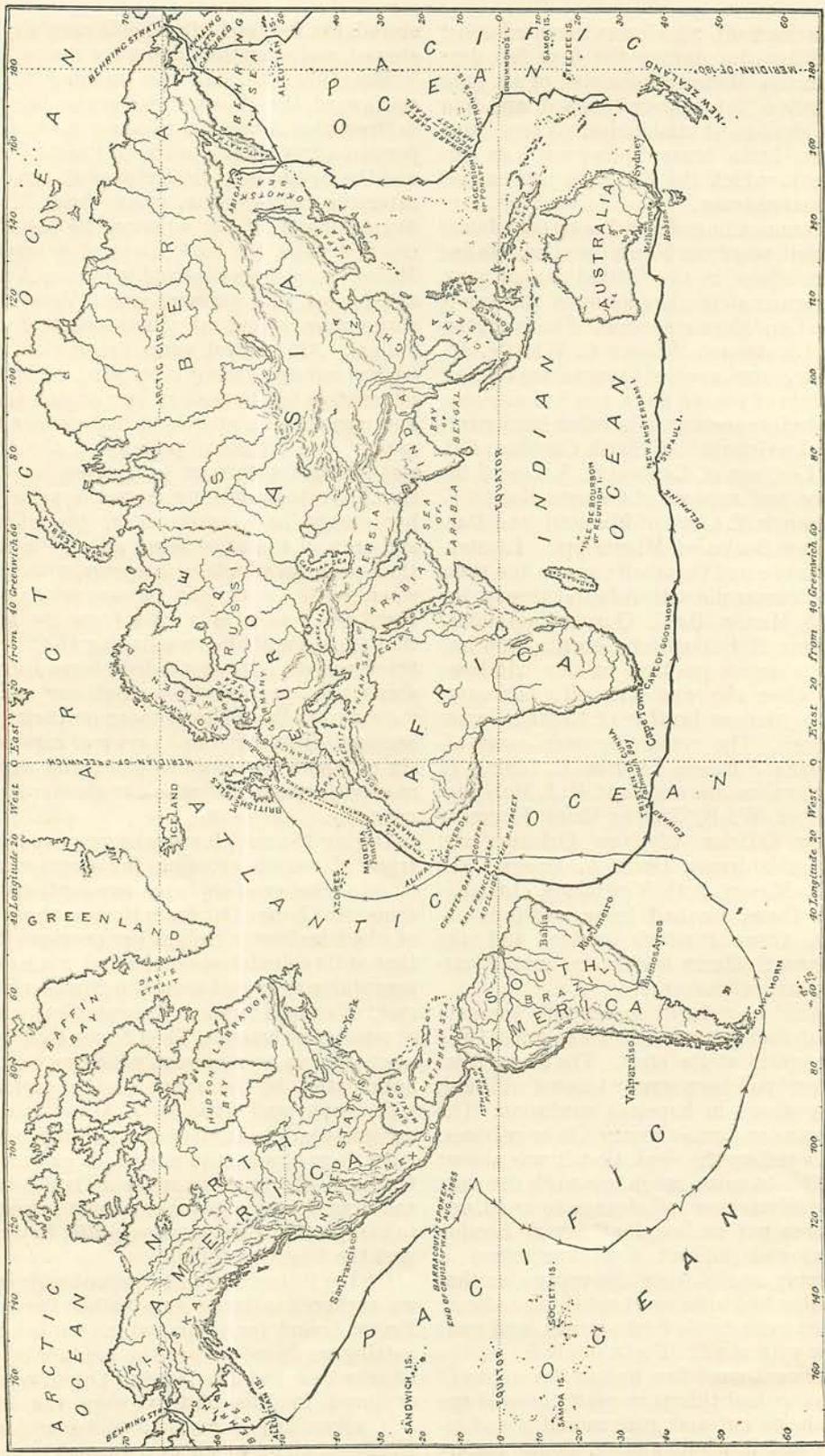


CHART OF THE CRUISE OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

DRAWN BY JACOB WELLS, AFTER ONE PLANNED BY CAPTAIN WADELLE.

From each of these prizes we received recruits for our ship's company; in some cases all hands volunteered, with the exception of the officers. In one case the captain himself expressed a desire to ship before the mast on the *Shenandoah*. This was the captain of the brig *Susan*. He was a German, and knew little and cared less about the war between the States, and was deterred from becoming one of us only by the consideration that such action on his part might prejudice the rights of the owners of the vessel and cargo in claiming their insurance money. Most of the sailors in the American merchant service were foreigners, and it was due to this fact that so many of them shipped with us when their vessels were destroyed.

By the latter part of November we were pretty well to the southward, and early in December we entered the whaling-grounds of the South Atlantic. We did not stop to cruise here, as our principal field of operations was to be in the North Pacific and the Arctic. In passing, however, we picked up one whaler, the bark *Edward* of New Bedford, with a good-sized whale alongside, which the crew were busily engaged in cutting up and trying out. We were now quite near the island of Tristan da Cunha, an out-of-the-way place inhabited by some forty people, mostly English and Americans, who very seldom saw any one from the outside world, no vessels stopping there, except an occasional whaler to get fresh water and provisions. Having burned our prize, we ran into Falmouth Bay, the harbor of this little island, and put ashore the officers and crew of the *Edward*, and got from the inhabitants of the island some fresh meat, for which we gave in exchange flour that we had taken from the prize. This island was the first land we had seen since leaving Madeira, but we did not drop anchor, and no one was allowed to go ashore. On the 7th of December we took our departure from Tristan da Cunha, and shaped our course around the Cape of Good Hope for Australia. The day after leaving Tristan da Cunha we discovered that the coupling-band of our propeller-shaft had been damaged seriously, thus rendering our steaming apparatus useless for the time being. But as our main reliance in fast traveling was upon the sails, this accident caused us no delay. We got the propeller upon deck, however, and in the course of a few weeks the engineers repaired the injury as well as it was possible to do it at sea. In the meantime we continued our course under sail with fair winds and fine weather, which

lasted until Christmas, when we encountered a very severe gale of wind, which continued for several days, and did us considerable damage.

Late in the afternoon of the 29th of December, in about 40° south latitude, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, we very unexpectedly captured the bark *Delphine* of Bangor, Maine. The gale of the previous few days had scarcely abated, and the sea was running very high, when the *Delphine* came up astern of us. We were under reefed topsails, with propeller up and fires out, and the bark was under a good press of canvas, and to windward of us, so that we were very much afraid she would give us the slip before we could make sail. But the captain of the *Delphine* had no suspicions, taking us for an Englishman, and ran close up to us for the purpose of exchanging signals. The *Shenandoah* was then hauled close up to the wind, and the bark passed under our stern, leaving us to windward, when we at once fired a blank cartridge from one of our little guns. The *Delphine* at first paid no attention to this, but kept her sails full, and gained on us rapidly. We then cleared away the two forward guns, and prepared to give her a rifle-shot; but before we were ready for this she hauled up her mainsail and hove to. Captain Nicholls of the *Delphine* was of course greatly chagrined at the manner in which he had been caught; and when informed that his vessel was to be destroyed, he declared that his wife, whom he had with him, was a delicate and nervous woman, and that it would be as much as her life was worth to bring her from one ship to the other in such rough weather. Captain Nicholls pleaded so earnestly that Captain Waddell was much moved, and thought seriously of letting the bark go under bonds. At this juncture the first lieutenant suggested that the surgeon be sent off to see Mrs. Nicholls, which was done. Dr. Lining, upon his return, reported that she was a person of robust health and strong nerves, and that there was not the slightest cause for apprehension on her account. We had taken two stanch whale-boats from the *Edward*, and these were found very useful in transferring the crew of the *Delphine* in the high sea that was running. We brought all hands off safely, hoisting Mrs. Nicholls and the stewardess on board in a boatswain's chair; but it was nearly midnight before we got the bark on fire and resumed our course. The prisoners from the *Delphine* remained with us until we reached Australia. Captain Nicholls and his wife were taken into

the ward-room mess and were given quarters in the starboard cabin. Mrs. Nicholls was a handsome woman, and after the first few days she was quite gracious, and would sit in the ward-room and chat with the officers and play checkers and backgammon with us. Captain Nicholls, however, was very melancholy, and refused to be comforted. One of the officers endeavored to rally him by saying: "Now, captain, just suppose that on the morning of the day you came up with us you had altered your course only a *quarter of a point*; we should not have seen you, and you would never have been captured." Captain Nicholls turned on him with a grim smile, and retorted: "That shows how much you know about it. That is just what troubles me; I did alter my course that very morning exactly a quarter of a point, and that was the only reason why I was captured."

The weather cleared up with the beginning of the new year, and on January 2, 1865, we made the island of St. Paul, which the sailing directions and all the books we had on board described as thrown up by volcanic action, and uninhabited. There was very little wind at the time, and when we were about five miles from the land some of the officers got permission to go ashore. We pulled off in a whale-boat, and upon reaching the island found, much to our surprise, that there were two Frenchmen in possession of the place, and that it was used as a fishing-station by these men, who came from the Isle de Bourbon, on the coast of Africa. They fished during the summer, and left in the fall with their catch, the winter season being too rigorous and stormy to stay on the island. It will be remembered that we were in the Southern Hemisphere, where January is midsummer. The water of the harbor literally swarmed with fish, and we very soon filled our boat. On one margin of the little bay we found a spring the water of which was almost hot enough to cook the fish that we caught from the other end of the boat.

From St. Paul to Melbourne nothing of interest occurred; but a few days before reaching Australia we missed a fine prize. Captain Waddell was extremely anxious to reach port in time for the mail for England, which left at the end of the month, and he was making all haste under steam and sail when we sighted a large ship, American rigged; but the captain would not go out of his course to overhaul her, being of the opinion that she was the English ship *Nimrod*, which we had spoken a few days before. Most of

the officers were of a different opinion, which was justified by the sequel; for when we got into port we learned beyond a doubt that the ship in question was the *David Brown*, an American vessel, owned by the father of Mrs. Nicholls. Captain and Mrs. Nicholls had recognized the ship at once, and trembled for her safety. We caught the January mail, but we did not catch the *David Brown*.

On January 25, 1865, we made the land of Australia. About noon we took on board a pilot, and in the afternoon of the same day we were safely anchored in Hobson's Bay, the port of Melbourne. We had expected to spend only a few days here, but the week of steaming just before reaching port, with the damage to our shaft sustained in the South Atlantic, and imperfectly repaired, had been productive of serious results. A diver who was sent down to examine the stern bearings reported the injury so great that it would be necessary to dock the vessel in order to make the necessary repairs. Thus our stay in Melbourne became a matter of weeks instead of days.

The colonial authorities were extremely civil, and readily granted us permission to make the repairs required, and to take in coal and such provisions and other non-warlike stores as we needed. The citizens received us with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and did everything in their power to make our visit pleasant. We were dined and fêted at every turn. Crowds of people came daily to visit the ship, and our decks were so encumbered with guests that it became impossible to do any work, and at the end of the first week we were compelled to establish visiting hours. While the work of repairs was going on, and we were enjoying the hospitalities of Melbourne, an incident occurred which for a time threatened to bring our cruise to an untimely end. Although most of the people were apparently in sympathy with us, there were at Melbourne a number of American shipping merchants, and they, with the American consul, tried in every way to involve us in a dispute of some sort with the authorities, in the hope that the ship might thus be detained or seized. Some of the men that we had shipped from prizes deserted shortly after we got into port, and one of these deserters was induced to make an affidavit that a British subject named "Charley" had been enlisted on the *Shenandoah* after she reached Melbourne. Armed with this affidavit, the American consul and his friends went to the commissioner of trade and customs, who happened to be

the only member of the colonial government who did not sympathize with us, and demanded the seizure of the vessel for this alleged offense. The *Shenandoah* was then on the dry-dock, or slip, undergoing repairs to her stern-post, and the first intimation we had of the trouble was the appearance in the afternoon of a number of police officers and militia, who surrounded the ship-yard, told the proprietor that he would not be allowed to launch the vessel, and warned all those who were employed in making repairs to the ship to stop work. Thus, although the *Shenandoah* was not actually seized, and every one on board was free to go and come, yet in point of fact we could not have been more effectually detained. An officer then presented himself at the gangway, with a warrant for the arrest of Charley, and requested permission to search the ship for him, which was of course refused; but the master-at-arms of the ship was ordered to make the desired search, which was done, and no one but the ship's company and the hired mechanics were found on board. The colonial authorities were duly informed of the result, but were not satisfied. In the meantime all the carpenters, joiners, painters, and calkers who had been at work on the vessel left, the mechanics engaged in the repairs to the stern-post and shaft alone remaining. The gentleman who had the contract for this part of the work said at once that if we would provide his men with food and lodging, he would keep them on board until the job was finished, but that if they went ashore once they might be prevented from returning. We readily assented to the arrangement, and this, the most important work, went on without interruption. As for the rest, it was so far advanced that the ship's carpenter could manage it.

About nine o'clock that night an officer was sent from the *Shenandoah* with a communication to the government to the effect that the ship would be ready to launch at high tide in the afternoon of the following day, and that if the existing restraint was continued, Captain Waddell would haul down his flag, pay off his crew, and proceed home at once by way of England, leaving his vessel where she was. No reply was received to this letter, but it had the desired effect; for the next day, as the afternoon tide came in, the policemen and militia disappeared. The repairs to the shaft were finished in the meantime, and when the moment for launching arrived the proprietor of the yard politely informed us that he was ready to put the ship into the river. We were launched safely at five

o'clock, and what had threatened for a time to be a very serious complication was thus happily terminated within twenty-four hours, without causing us the least delay. It is needless to say that the *Shenandoah* had not shipped any men in the port of Melbourne, and that the story about Charley was a pure invention of the deserter who swore to it.

After this we had no further communication with the authorities, but proceeded with all possible speed to get the ship ready for sea, having been three weeks in port, losing valuable time, with the principal object of our cruise unaccomplished. We had been obliged to lighten the ship to put her on the ways, and three days were spent in replacing the coal and other stores, and in taking in such additional supplies as we needed before we were ready to resume our cruise. During this time the captain received numerous warnings of mysterious plots, alleged to have been set on foot by the American consul and his friends, to blow up the *Shenandoah* or set fire to her. Although we did not attach much importance to these anonymous communications, we kept a bright lookout, particularly at night, and no strange boat was allowed to approach the ship.

On the morning of February 18 we weighed anchor and went to sea. Our crew of thirty-odd men had suffered somewhat from desertions at Melbourne, so that we were still deplorably short-handed; and although we had applications enough to man our ship twice over, we were compelled to decline all overtures to enlist men while in British waters. When the ship was fairly outside of English jurisdiction, however, it soon became known that there were a number of strangers on board; and when these "stowaways" were mustered on deck they numbered forty-two, about twice the number of our own crew—men of all nations, kindred, and tongues. Among them was the captain of an English steamer lying at Melbourne when we left, who had thrown up his command to come on board of us, and who was made captain's clerk.

These stowaways had been smuggled on board, and doubtless with the knowledge and connivance of the crew; but I do not believe that a single officer knew that we had any one on board but the ship's company when we left Australia, nor did one of the stowaways show himself until the vessel was fairly at sea. We shipped these men, and they made a most welcome accession to our crew.

After leaving Australia we cruised for a few weeks off the coast of New Zealand, but encountered nothing but a succession of

gales and rough weather; and from there we made our way to the North Pacific, and touched at Ascension Island, one of the Carolines, just north of the equator, which we knew to be the recruiting-station for whalers, it being the time of year for whale-ships to stop for fresh provisions before going to the Northern seas.

Ascension Island is inhabited by Kanakas, who live in the most primitive style, having not even the elements of civilization. Sailing-vessels touch there from time to time, but up to the time we were there no steamer had ever been in sight of the island. As we approached the land the breeze left us, and we furled all sail and steamed into the harbor, to the terror of the natives, as, so far as their knowledge went, we were moving without any means of locomotion. In the harbor we found four American whalers, the ships *Eduard Carey* and *Hector*, and the barks *Pearl* and *Harvest*, of which we made prizes.

A few days after our arrival we invited the king of the island to make us a visit. He accepted the invitation, and came off from the shore in one of our boats, the captain's gig, which we sent for him, escorted by a perfect cloud of native canoes containing the members of the royal household and his body-guard. The costumes of the people were admirably adapted to the climate, their bodies being tattooed from head to foot. They wear over this a "coat" of cocoanut-oil, which gives the skin a fine gloss, and makes the tattooing show to greater advantage; and when this is done, your Ascension Islander is in full toilet. The king and his suite came on board the *Shenandoah* with some trepidation, but were soon reassured by our manner toward them, and proceeded to examine the guns and engines with great interest and wonderment. After making the tour of the ship they sat down on the deck and smoked pipes with us, and we conversed through an interpreter, an English convict who had escaped from Australia and had been many years on the island. Upon getting up to take their departure, our guests unwittingly left a portion of their costume behind them, and the next morning we had extra work in holystoning the deck. We took some stores from the prizes to replenish our supply, and then burned all four vessels, after putting the crews ashore on the island and giving them such things as they needed in the way of clothing and provisions from their ships.

On April 15 we went to sea again, having spent two weeks at Ascension Island, and continued our northerly course. Upon

reaching the outer edge of the Japan seas, we cruised there for about a week in the track of vessels crossing the Pacific; but meeting no American ships, and our principal object being to capture whale-ships, we went on to the Okhotsk Sea, which we entered on the 20th of May. We accomplished little in the Okhotsk, the only prize we captured there being the whaling-bark *Abigail*, which we burned, taking the officers and crew on board the *Shenandoah*. We found the "floe" ice very heavy in the Okhotsk. One morning, when pretty well up north, during a calm with a dense fog, we forged into one of these immense floes, and when the fog lifted we were completely surrounded by ice as far as the eye could see. Fortunately for us, the weather remained calm, and we were able to work out of our uncomfortable position without serious damage.

We cruised three weeks in the Okhotsk Sea; but either there were no more whalers there, or else we could not find them, and at the end of that time we passed out, and shaped our course for Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean. Our prisoners from the *Abigail* were a very jolly set, and bore their misfortune with great cheerfulness. Almost every evening they would enliven the monotony of their captivity by a dance on the fore-castle or a "shanty." Fifteen of these men joined us, among whom were two of the mates.

On the twenty-first day of June we entered Bering Sea, and crossed the 180th meridian of longitude. Having completed half the circuit of the globe in an easterly direction, we gained a day; but before nightfall we went out of our course to chase a ship, which carried us back to the other side, and our new day was lost almost as soon as won. The following morning, however, we again crossed the central meridian, and the 22d of June was a double day, forty-eight hours long.

The sight of large pieces of "fat-lean," or whale meat, floating in the water now warned us that whalers were at work near by, and very soon afterward we came up with several.

The week which followed was the busiest of the cruise. Not a day passed without our making one or more captures. In all we took twenty-five whale-ships, which, with the exception of three or four, were burned. Some disposition had to be made of the prisoners, and as we could not put them ashore in those frozen regions, we were obliged to bond one vessel in every six or seven, in order to dispose of the crews of the others. One of the vessels which we bonded was in charge of a woman, the wife of the captain, who had died

at sea. Occasionally, when the weather was fine and we had more prisoners than we could conveniently accommodate on board, we put them astern in whale-boats for the day. On one occasion we had twenty-four of these loaded boats towing astern.

Our last capture was made on the 28th of June, on which day we took eleven vessels. Nine of them were fired, and were all burning at the same time within a few miles of one another. One of these eleven vessels had been caught in an ice-floe, and was so badly injured that her captain had determined to abandon her, preparatory to which there was a sale of all the movables on board, which the other vessels had assembled to attend. Most of these were at anchor near the injured vessel, and hence we captured them all with but little trouble.

The captain of one of these vessels showed fight. He mounted the poop-deck of his ship, armed with a bomb-gun used in killing whales, and threatened to fire into the boat which was about to board him. The officer in charge of the boat, however, disregarded this threat, and pulled to the gangway and went on board with his crew. When the flag was about to be hauled down, another scene of the same sort was enacted; but by this time the boarding party had discovered that the belligerent captain had been celebrating the occasion, and was royally drunk. He was taken in charge after some resistance, and refusing to leave his ship, had to be lowered into the boat with a block and tackle. Several of the ships, when they saw what was going on, slipped their cables, and steered, some for the shore to get within the marine league, and some for the ice-floes; but as the wind was light, and we had steam up, we very soon had them all in hand.

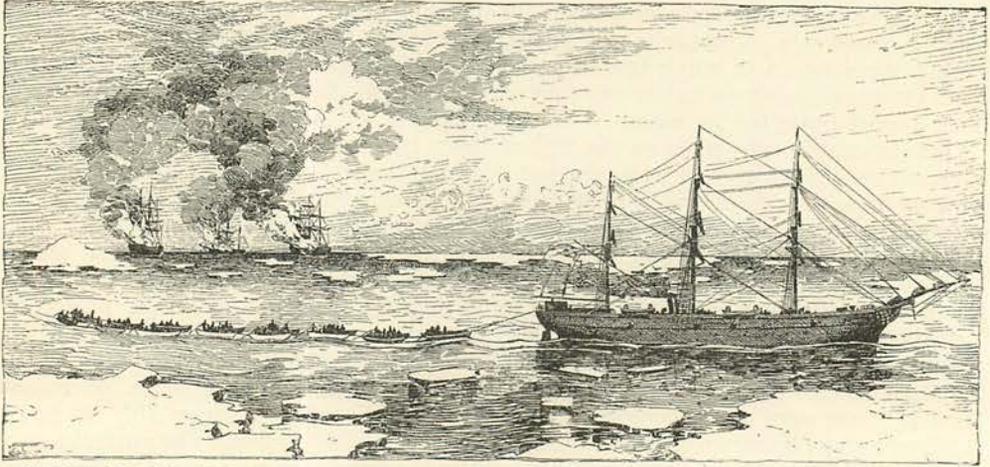
We were now in Bering Strait, and the next morning entered the Arctic Ocean, where we encountered heavy floes of ice, and the navigation was very dangerous. There was every reason to believe that a number of whalers had passed into the Arctic ahead of us, and we hoped to come up with them; but the captain was afraid to venture very far, the ice being so heavy; and after a day spent in the Arctic, we turned and steered to the southward. On the 5th of July we passed out of Bering Sea into the open Pacific, and saw the last of the ice-floes.

For the next month nothing occurred to break the monotony of ordinary sea life on the *Shenandoah*. We were steering to the southward to get into the track of the China traders and the Pacific mail-steamers. By

the end of the month we were in the desired cruising-ground, and on the 2d of August we overhauled and spoke the English bark *Barracouta*, from whom we received news of the collapse of the Confederate government. While in the Arctic Ocean we had received from the *William Thompson*, one of the captured whalers, California papers of April 22, giving an account of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the evacuation of Richmond; but the same papers contained the proclamation of Mr. Davis, issued from Danville, saying that the war would be prosecuted with renewed vigor. We had hoped all along that the disaster might not be as bad as these accounts stated; but the *Barracouta* had left San Francisco on July 20, and it was impossible to doubt the correctness of the news she gave us, and yet so strong had been our faith that it seemed incredible to us.

The important question now arose as to what was the proper disposition to be made of the *Shenandoah*. Captain Waddell at first thought of taking the ship to Australia, and running into Sydney or back to Melbourne, and the course of the ship was altered with that view, and for twenty-four hours we steered for Australia. At the end of that time, however, the captain changed his mind, and the course was again altered, and we resumed our way to Cape Horn, the captain announcing to the officers and crew that he had determined to take the ship to the nearest English port; but her actual destination was not made known to any one. Immediately after parting company with the *Barracouta*, the guns of the *Shenandoah* were dismantled and sent below into the hold for ballast; the port-holes, which were of our own construction, were boarded up again; and all the small arms and warlike appliances were stowed away between decks. We kept the ship under sail most of the time, with propeller up and smokestack "reefed," saving the little fuel that remained for condensing fresh water for the use of the ship's company, and for any other emergency that might arise.

After doubling Cape Horn, the question of the ship's destination was again agitated among the officers. Were we bound for Cape Town, or would we go on to Liverpool? Cape Town was, in point of fact, the nearest English port, but it was thought by some that a home port would be preferable to a colonial one. As between Cape Town and Liverpool the ward-room officers were about evenly divided, and the question was very fully discussed by them, and their respective views



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A SKETCH LENT BY JOHN T. MASON.

FAREWELL TO LAWRENCE ISLAND PRIZES.

were made known to Captain Waddell by written communications addressed to him. The captain finally called a council of the five lieutenants, and submitted the question to them. At this deliberation the first lieutenant declined to vote, on the ground that he was the executive officer, and as such had already fully expressed his views to the captain; his preference, however, was for Cape Town. The remaining four lieutenants voted one for Cape Town and three for Liverpool, and thus the matter was finally decided. While the subject of the final disposition of the ship was being discussed, Captain Waddell expressed to two of the officers the opinion that, as government property, the *Shenandoah* reverted to the conquering power, and that it would be, perhaps, strictly considered, proper to take the ship into a United States port and surrender her. This suggestion, being strongly opposed by the two officers to whom it was made, was not further considered. Many of the officers thought that the best course, and a perfectly proper one, would be to destroy the ship and go ashore in the boats; but to this the captain would not give his consent, and it was therefore abandoned. We kept steadily on our course, and as far as possible gave everything a wide berth.

Our crew, augmented by the stowaways from Melbourne and volunteers who had joined us from the prizes captured, now numbered about one hundred and thirty men, of all nations under the sun; and as they were acquainted with the unfortunate termination of the war for the South, and knew that the *Shenandoah* had no govern-

ment behind her, we had contemplated the possibility of having some trouble with them. But in this we were agreeably disappointed, for every one of this cosmopolitan crew behaved with perfect subordination. Our first lieutenant, Mr. Whittle, had from the start preserved the most admirable discipline on board at all times, and it was in a great measure due to his excellent management of the crew that no difficulty occurred.

On September 29 we struck our track of the year before in the South Atlantic, and early in October crossed the equator. So far we had not lost a man by sickness or accident, but we had now two very sick men on board. There is a superstition among sailors that, however long a sick man may last at sea, he is sure to die as soon as he "smells the land." Our two invalids respected this superstition, for they died within a few days of each other, and less than a week before the ship reached Liverpool, and when some of the old sailors declared they could smell the bogs of Ireland.

On the 5th of November, 1865, we reached England, anchoring in the Mersey on the morning of the 6th, and the cruise of the *Shenandoah* ended, the vessel being surrendered to the English authorities. When we took on board the pilot, the first question we asked him was about the war in America, as we had been hoping against hope that there might be some mistake about the news we had received in the Pacific. This called forth an amusing cartoon from "Punch," representing the *Shenandoah*, with Captain Waddell, astride of one of his guns, shouting through a huge trumpet to a pilot-boat in the distance: "Is Queen Anne dead?"