



DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Gulf Expeditions proposed.—The Lower Mississippi.—Ship Island.—General Phelps's Proclamation.—Reported Defenses of New Orleans.—Butler's Instructions.—His Voyage to Ship Island.—The Naval Expedition.—Porter and Farragut.—Farragut's Instructions.—Meeting at Ship Island.—Surveys of the River.—Forts Jackson and St. Philip.—Bombardment of the Forts.—Cutting the Barricade.—Preparations for Passing.—List of Vessels.—The Passage of the Barricade.—The Fight with the Forts.—The Naval Combat.—Destruction of the Varuna.—The Hartford on Fire.—The Brooklyn, Richmond, and Pensacola.—Destruction of the Manassas.—The missing Gun-boats.—The Losses.—The Passage up the River.—Capture of the Chalmette Regiment.—Panic in New Orleans.—Destruction of Property.—The Chalmette Batteries.—Arrival before the City.—The Summons to Surrender.—Bailey and Lovell.—Farragut and the Mayor.—The Union Flag hauled from the Mint.—Farragut's Warning.—The Mayor's Reply.—Waiting for Butler.—Surrender of Forts Jackson and St. Philip.—Treachery of Mitchell.—Destruction of the Louisiana.—Condition of the Forts.—Surrender of the Vessels.—Arrival of Butler at New Orleans.—Landing of Troops.—The March through the Streets.—Military Occupation of New Orleans.

THE Federal government had no sooner recovered from the panic of Bull Run than it resolved to attempt the recapture of some of the places on the Gulf of Mexico which had been seized by the Confederates. New Orleans was the most important of these. Not only was it the only large city in the Confederacy, but it was its chief commercial emporium. More than half the cotton sent abroad was shipped from its wharves; it was the entrepôt of the great valley of the Mississippi; its possession would open the whole course of the great river. But it was supposed to be so strongly defended that no force could be spared sufficient to take it. McClellan declared that it would require 50,000 men. Mobile was next in importance, and an expedition was planned against it, to be placed under the command of General Butler. Texas was then suggested as of more immediate importance. Galveston in our possession, the German cotton-planters would, it was thought, bring the state back to the Union.

Whether New Orleans, Mobile, or Galveston were finally fixed upon as the object of attack, Ship Island was the best place of rendezvous for the expedition, being within striking distance of every point on the Gulf of Mexico. The Mississippi, reaching its long arm downward, has built up a narrow mud causeway for a hundred miles into the centre of the Gulf. The country on each side, lying below the level of the river, is a strange compound of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. Between this causeway and Cape St. Blas, on the east, is a deep indentation of the Gulf, with several smaller bays penetrating still farther inland. Midway in this indentation, known as Mississippi Sound, Mobile Bay sets up into the Alabama coast. The shallow lagoons known as Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, opening from the sound, pierce far into the State of Mississippi, furnishing a water route for vessels of light draught from New Orleans to the Gulf, independent of that

by the river. Almost in the centre of the sound, ninety-five miles from the mouths of the Mississippi, sixty-five from New Orleans, and fifty from Mobile, is Ship Island, a low bank of shifting white sand, seven miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, almost the counterpart of Fire Island in Long Island Sound. On the eastern end, a few groves of stunted oaks and pine find sustenance; at the western end is an excellent harbor, capable of sheltering a fleet of the largest vessels. The island possesses, also, the prime advantage of an abundant supply of water. Sink a barrel any where, and it is filled with pure water filtered through the clean white sand. The island had been for some months in possession of a small detachment from the Federal blockading navy, when in December, 1861, General Phelps was sent there with a considerable body of troops, the advance part of Butler's expedition. He signalized his advent by a strange proclamation addressed to the people of the Southwest, in which he affirmed that the admission of any new slave state into the Union was a violation of the Constitution, and that the states in which slavery existed at the adoption of the Constitution were bound, by becoming parties to that compact, to abolish it. Monopolies, he said, were destructive to national prosperity, and slavery was the greatest of all monopolies. Labor was inherently noble, and the motto of the country should be, "Free labor and workingman's rights." This proclamation was never fairly published, and so it was quietly ignored by the government.

Butler was just about to embark for Ship Island from Fortress Monroe, when the order was countermanded. The affair of the Trent had occurred; England had demanded the surrender of Mason and Slidell, and there was a prospect of war with Great Britain. This question was adjusted, and government again took up the expedition to the Gulf. New Orleans was fixed upon as its object. If the accounts of its defenses, ostentatiously put forth by the Southern papers, were true, the city was unassailable by any force that could be brought against it. Forts Jackson and St. Philip, seventy-five miles below New Orleans, on opposite sides of the river, it was said, mounted 173 rifled 63-pounders of the best English manufacture. Just below them was a dam, which no fleet could force in less than two hours, during which it would be under the direct fire of the forts, many of whose guns were furnished with red-hot shot. The forts were manned by 3000 men, many of them experienced artillerists. Then there were almost ready two floating steam batteries, covered with four and a half inches of solid English and French iron plates, each carrying twenty 68-pounders, so arranged that their balls would "skim the water, striking the enemy between wind and water." Besides these, there were fire-ships, incendiary shells, Congreve rockets, and the like. Then there was a constant succession of redoubts all the way from the forts to the city; those at Chalmette, Jackson's old battlefield, had rifled cannon, with a proved effective range of five miles. All the



GODFREY WEITZEL.

navies in the world could not force their way up the rapid current of the Mississippi in the face of such obstacles. Moreover, in New Orleans itself were 32,000 infantry, and as many more quartered close by, all in "discipline and drill far superior to the Yankees." For generals they had Mansfield Lovell and Ruggles, "who possess our entire confidence;" and "for commodore old Hollins, a Nelson in his way."

But the Federal government had learned that the strength of the defenses of New Orleans had been greatly exaggerated, and was convinced that the city might be taken by a strong naval force, aided by a moderate army. Butler asked for only 15,000 men. These were given to him, with a conditional promise of 3000 more from Key West and Pensacola. The troops were sent by detachments to Ship Island, the commanding general accompanying the last, leaving Hampton Roads on the 25th of February. His instructions, dated two days before, directed him to keep the object of the expedition a profound secret. No one was to know the destination except Major Strong, his chief of staff, and Godfrey Weitzel, soon to be a general, but then only a lieutenant of the engineers, in which capacity he had aided in the construction of the forts on the Mississippi. "The object of your expedition," said McClellan in his order, "is one of vital importance—the capture of New Orleans. The route selected is up the Mississippi River, and the first obstacle to be encountered, perhaps the only one, is in the resistance offered by forts St. Philip and Jackson. It is expected that the navy can reduce the works. Should the navy fail to reduce the works, you will land your forces and siege train, and endeavor to breach the works, silence their fire, and carry them by assault. The next resistance will be near the English Bend, where there are some earthen batteries; here it may be necessary for you to land your troops, to co-operate with the naval attack, although it is more than probable that the navy unassisted can accomplish the result. If these works are taken the city of New Orleans necessarily falls." Then followed a plan for operations against Mobile, Pensacola, and Galveston. "It is probable," wrote McClellan, "that by the time New Orleans is reduced, it will be in the power of the government to re-enforce the land-forces sufficiently to accomplish all these objects;" but, in the mean time, Butler was "never to lose sight of the fact that the great object to be achieved is the capture and firm retention of New Orleans." This object was gained, but not in any respect in the manner proposed by McClellan. The forts were run, not reduced by the navy or carried by assault by the army; and when tidings came of the capture of the city, McClellan was calling for more men to enable him to hold his own before Richmond, instead of being able to send re-enforcements to New Orleans.

Butler took leave of the President and cabinet on the 24th of February. "Good-by, Mr. President," he said; "we shall take New Orleans, or you will never see me again." "The man that takes New Orleans," said the Secretary of War, "is made lieutenant general." The prophecy was fulfilled in spirit, if not in letter. New Orleans was taken by the navy, not by the army. The commander of the naval expedition was in time created vice-admiral, a rank in the navy corresponding to that of lieutenant general in the army. Of the man who was to be made lieutenant general, almost nothing was known, only that just a week and a day before he had "proposed to move immediately upon the works" at Fort Donelson, unless the "terms of an immediate and unconditional surrender" were accepted.

Butler, with the last of his command, left Hampton Roads for Ship Island

on the 25th of February, in the steamer Mississippi. The voyage, which should have been accomplished in a week, occupied a month. The steamer almost grounded near Hatteras Inlet; fairly grounded, and came near sinking, on the Frying-pan Shoals, off Cape Fear; put into Port Royal for repairs; started out, and ran aground again. The captain was clearly incompetent. If the vessel was to get to Ship Island by water she must have a new commander. Butler deposed the captain, put him under arrest, and appointed a new commander in his place. At length, on the 25th of March, the Mississippi reached Ship Island. The commanders of the naval expedition were already there, awaiting Butler's arrival.

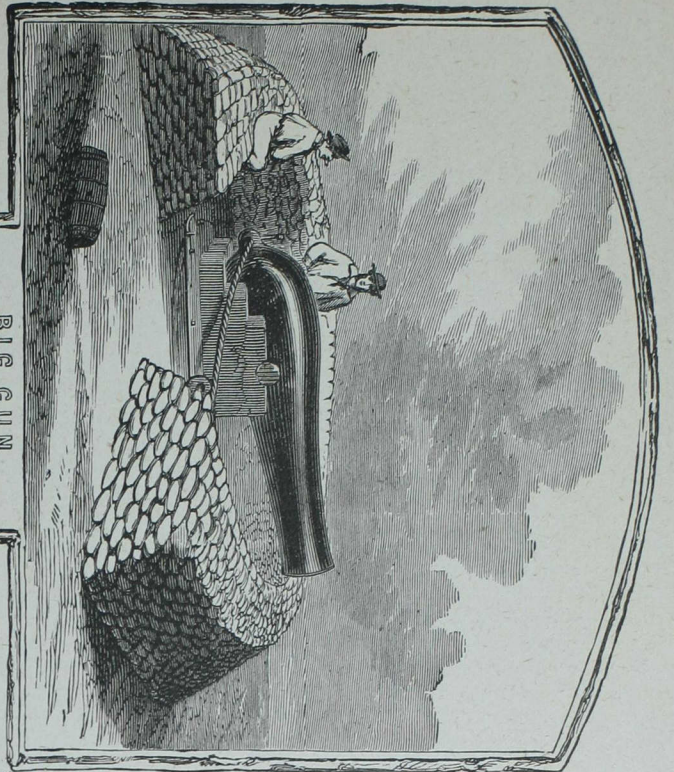
The naval force had been laboriously organized. Besides the blockading squadron in the Gulf, a fleet of armed steamers, gun-boats, and a bomb flotilla consisting of twenty-one schooners, each carrying a mortar capable of throwing a bomb of 215 pounds, was provided. The mortar vessels were placed under the command of David D. Porter, then commander in the navy, since admiral. He was the son of that Commodore Porter whose exploits in the Essex form one of the most stirring chapters in the naval history of our war of 1812, and a younger brother of William D. Porter, of whom we have written, and shall have to write. The outbreak of the rebellion found him, after thirty years of service, a lieutenant in the navy, his name standing high on the list.

The government hesitated long in selecting the man who should have the chief command of the naval expedition. The choice was not made until the preparations were almost completed. It fell upon David G. Farragut, then a captain in the navy, to whom was assigned the rank of Flag-officer of the Western Gulf Squadron. The father of Farragut, a native of the island of Minorca, came to America in 1776. He entered the army, where he rose to the rank of major. After the war, having married in North Carolina, he migrated to Tennessee, taking up his residence near Knoxville, where his son was born in the first year of the present century. Like many another boy inland born, he would be a sailor. Porter, an intimate friend of the father, procured a midshipman's warrant for the child, then only ten years old, and took him upon his own vessel. Young Farragut, then fourteen years old, was with Porter in the famous Essex fight in Valparaiso Bay, and received the special commendation of his commander for his conduct, though he was too young to be recommended for promotion. In times of peace naval promotion comes slowly. Farragut, who had become lieutenant in 1825, was appointed commander in 1841, and captain in 1855. Meanwhile he had served at home and abroad, afloat and ashore, noted always for his diligence in mastering the duties of his profession, and for his facility in acquiring languages. He learned French at home, Spanish and Portuguese in South America, Italian and Arabic in the Mediterranean. The outbreak of the rebellion found him on shore duty at Norfolk, where he possessed a small estate. Of his sixty years, all but ten had been passed in the service of his country. He was proof against the temptations which assailed every officer of Southern birth or connections—temptations to which Buchanan and Tattall, Maury and Page, Semmes and Maffit yielded. He managed to make his escape from Norfolk, leaving every thing behind him. He bore his three-score years lightly. No one who saw him would suppose that he was past middle age. A modest, quiet man, doing the duty which came to his hands without show or parade, he was now to have the opportunity of showing that he possessed the highest qualities of a commander.

Farragut received his first instructions on the 20th of January. They were followed by others three weeks later. As soon as his flag-ship, the



DAVID D. PORTER.



BIG GUN
Commanding Channel

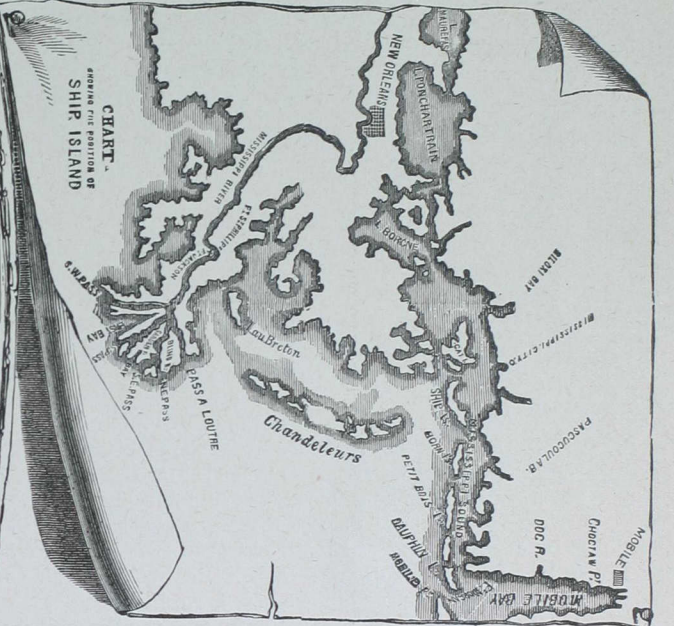
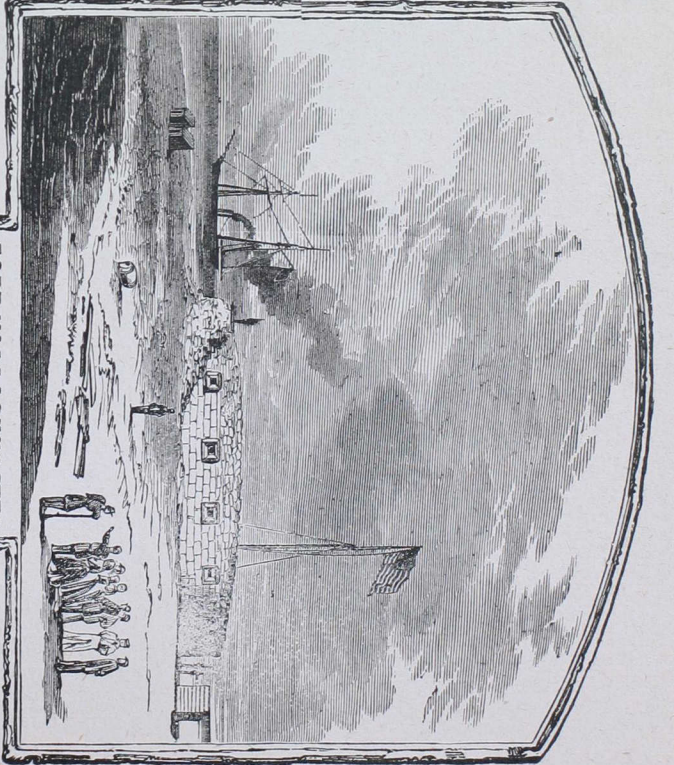


CHART
SHOWING THE POSITION OF
SHIP ISLAND



FORT MASSACHUSETTS
SHIP ISLAND



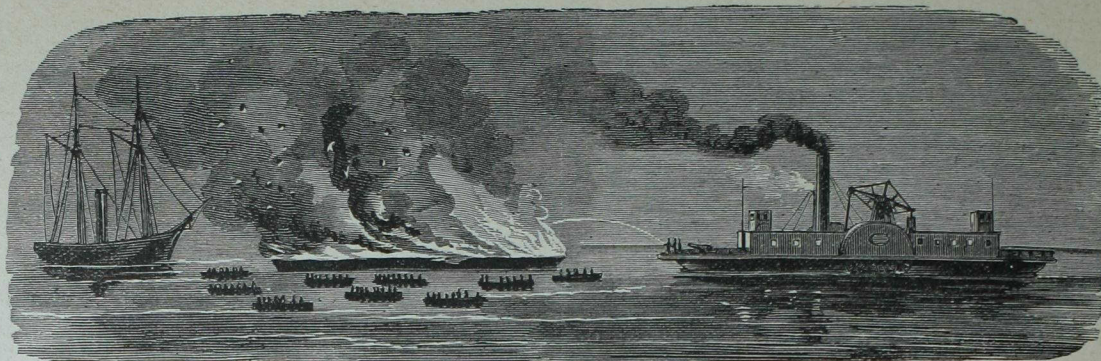
SHIP ISLAND AND THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS.

Hartford, was ready, he was to proceed to sea, and take the command of the Western Gulf blockading squadron. The mortar boats were to rendezvous at Key West. When all was ready, he was to collect such vessels as could be spared from the blockade, proceed up the Mississippi, and reduce the defenses which guarded the approaches to New Orleans. When he appeared off that city, he was to take possession of it under the guns of his squadron, hoist the American flag, and keep possession until the troops came up. Then, if the squadron from above had not descended, he was to push a strong force up the river, and take the defenses in the rear. "As you have expressed yourself perfectly satisfied with the force given to you," wrote the Secretary of the Navy, "and as many more powerful vessels will be added before you can commence operations, the Department and the country will require of you success. There are other operations of minor importance, but nothing must be allowed to interfere with the great object in view, the certain capture of the city of New Orleans. The Department relies upon your skill to give direction to the powerful force placed at your disposal, and upon your personal character to infuse a hearty co-operation among your officers free from unworthy jealousies." This confidence was fully justified. The great object in view was gained; and if the secretary's anticipations that "if successful, you open the way to the sea for the great West, never to be closed; the rebellion will be riven to its centre, and the flag to which you have been so faithful will recover its supremacy in every state," were not at once attained, it was through no fault of Farragut and his associates. Never before, save when Nelson, supported by Collingwood, and Hardy, and Harvey, won the great fight at Trafalgar, was a commander so truly and loyally supported by his subordinates as was Farragut by Porter, Bailey, Bell, and the officers and men of every vessel in the fleet. No trace of any unworthy jealousy appeared. In the fight every officer did his best; and in the reports, while each told what his own vessel had done, every one was eager to praise his associates. These reports, fully forty in number, leave nothing to be desired by the historian who has to describe the capture of New Orleans.

Farragut reached Ship Island on the 20th of February, more than a month before the arrival of Butler, who was daily expected. He ran down with his fleet to the mouths of the Mississippi, and for a full month was busy in getting his vessels over the bar. It was supposed that there was nineteen feet of water. If so, all the vessels could be got over, except, perhaps, the Colorado, which drew twenty-two when loaded, but lightened an inch for twenty-four tons. The Wabash drew eighteen feet on an even keel, and could be got over without difficulty. All the other vessels, it was thought, could easily pass. But fifteen feet was found to be the utmost depth. Neither the Colorado or the Wabash could cross. The Mississippi, lightened almost to the bare hull, was got over, tugs pulling her through a foot of mud. The fleet which entered the Mississippi consisted of forty-five vessels of all classes. Five were powerful steam sloops, the largest vessels which had ever crossed the bar; there were seventeen gun-boats, twenty-one mortar schooners, and two large sailing vessels. All told, they carried something more than 200 mortars and guns, many of them of heavy calibre.

The last of the large steamers were not fairly over the bar until the 8th of April. But meanwhile Farragut and Butler had met at Ship Island and concerted their plan of operations. Porter's bomb vessels were to assail the forts. If he reduced them, well; if not, Farragut would try to run past them. If he succeeded, Butler should bring up his forces through the bayous to the rear of the forts, cutting them off from New Orleans, which Farragut would have held with his fleet.

Three weary weeks passed before active operations were begun. But much work was done in this interval. The whole course of the river up to the forts was accurately surveyed. No more desolate region exists than that near the mouths of the Mississippi. On the right is swamp and lagoon; on the left lagoon and swamp. A stunted tree, a dilapidated house, only breaks the dull mud level. One hardly knows whether land or water predominates. Land first fairly gets the victory after a contest of thirty miles, when a thick belt of wood finds soil from which to grow on the west bank. Just here the river makes a bend, scarcely perceptible in a general map. At this bend, on the first patch of firm ground, were placed the first and the only seaward defenses of New Orleans. On the west, or convex side of the bend, was Fort Jackson; a little above, on the east, or concave side, was Fort St. Philip. Fort Jackson itself mounted seventy-four guns, with a supplementary battery of six. Fort St. Philip had forty guns. Both forts had been constructed by the best engineers that West Point could furnish, among whom were Beauregard and Weitzel. They were not quite completed when the rebellion broke out, but the deficiencies were thought to have been supplied by the zeal of the Confederates. They were thought to be impregnable, though the voyager up the Mississippi would hardly notice them, unless it were as the first two objects which broke the monotony of the dull mud level. All that he could see was two neatly sodded green slopes, surmounted by low brick walls, with a few black openings for guns. The river here is half a mile wide, with a current of four miles an hour, its course commanded by the guns of the two forts. But these guns were only a part of the defenses. Straight across the river from Fort Jackson a strong barrier had



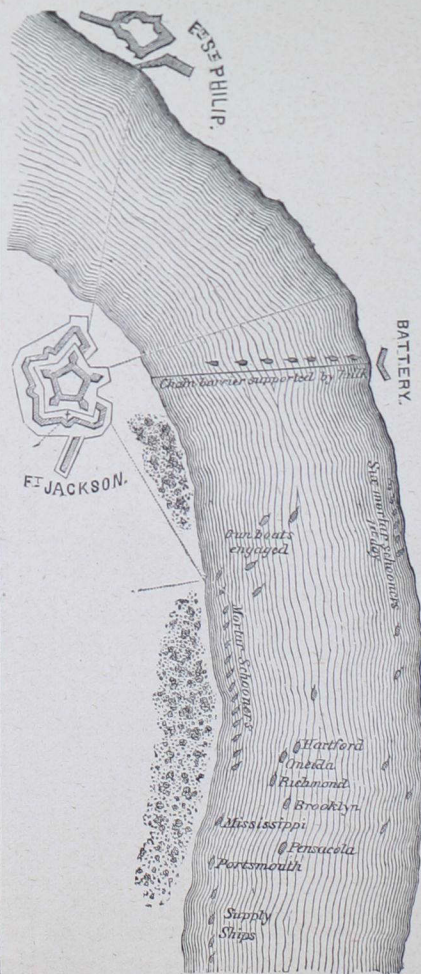
FIRE-RAFTS.

been stretched. 'Upon this the Confederates had twice lavished their labor. First, they had placed a row of heavy logs, bound together by an iron chain, across the stream. The drift-wood from above lodged against this, forming a huge raft, the pressure of which in time became too great for the strength of the chain; one night it parted, and the whole structure was swept down to the Gulf. Taught by experience, the Confederates built a new barricade upon wiser principles. Eight hulks, partially dismantled and filled with logs, were strongly anchored in the stream, with intervals through which the drift-wood could pass. A chain passing from one to another bound all together. Near the left bank the barricade could be opened at will to permit a vessel to pass. One end of the barricade was covered by the guns of Fort Jackson; the other was protected by a battery, both sweeping its entire length, while Fort St. Philip, from above, could pour its whole fire upon any assailant. Above lay a fleet of rams, gun-boats, and fire vessels, whose number and strength were unknown. The whole was in charge of a recreant Pennsylvanian, J. K. Duncan, brigadier general commanding coast defenses. The two forts were especially commanded by Edward Higgins, once an officer in the army of the United States.

The western bank of the river, for eight miles below Fort Jackson, was lined by a belt of dense woods fifty yards wide, completely hiding the fort from the view except at one point, where the trees had been cleared away in order to afford unobstructed range upon ascending vessels. Porter had resolved to place his bomb schooners close to the bank and screened by these woods, over which they were to fling their shells into the invisible fort. The exact bearing and distance of the fort from the station assigned to each vessel must be ascertained. This work was performed with no little risk by members of the coast survey detailed for that purpose. They had to resort to all kinds of observations from all possible positions, hardly one of which was upon firm ground. Some stations consisted of flags among the overhanging branches, the angles between them being measured from boats in the stream below; other stations were the chimney-tops of deserted houses, to which the observers worked their way through the roofs. All the while

they were exposed to a random fire from the guns of the fort, and to shots from riflemen lurking in the woods. But, in spite of all difficulties, the work was accomplished, and an accurate map was prepared, showing the bearing and distance of almost every point in the river from the flag-staffs of the forts.

On the morning of the 17th of April all the vessels of the expedition were drawn up closely together four miles below the forts. The enemy opened the fight by sending down a fire-raft, piled up with wood saturated with tar and turpentine. A boat which put off from the Iroquois dragged the raft ashore, where it burned itself harmlessly out. All that day and the following night fire-rafts came down, but it was soon found that they were harmless. The final preparations for the bombardment were now made. The mast-heads of the bomb vessels would rise just above the woods on shore. From them the walls of the fort could be seen, though the vessels were undistinguishable from the forts; for Porter had ordered the masts to be dressed off with branches and vines. Of the dense mass of green, no one in the fort could tell what was forest and what was mast and rigging. On the



THE FORTS AND VESSELS.

morning of the 18th all the bomb vessels had taken their positions, the foremost a little more than a mile and a half (2850 yards) from Fort Jackson. Behind this, in close order, were anchored twelve other vessels; across the river were six other mortar vessels, the foremost a little more than two miles (3680 yards) from Fort Jackson, upon which the whole fire was to be concentrated. At nine o'clock the action commenced, the mortar vessels firing in order, each one every ten minutes. The forts replied. All day long the mortar boats kept up their constant fire, while gun-boats were dashing here and there, up and down the river, firing upon and receiving fire from the forts. Fire-rafts also came down, but they were easily disposed of. No one of the vessels lying under the lee of the woods was struck this day; two of those across the river were hit, killing one man and wounding three. The day was wearing to its close when a dense column of smoke and flame was seen rising from the fort. The citadel had been fired by the bombs; all the clothing and commissary stores were destroyed, and the magazine was in imminent danger. Porter could not know this. He supposed that it was another fire-raft ready to be launched against him. Night-firing was uncertain; the wind had set in fresh; no one could know how long the bombardment would last; the men were worn with labor and fasting, and so at dusk Porter ordered the firing to cease. If he had known all, he would have kept up the bombardment through the night. As it was, he thought it best to be prudent. This, he says, was the only mistake that occurred during the bombardment. Next day the bombardment was resumed, the fort responding as briskly as before. One mortar vessel was struck by a shell and sunk, two men being wounded; another was hit by a shot which killed one man, and disabled the mortar for two or three hours. On the third day no harm was done to the fleet, and nothing showed that Fort Jackson was seriously injured by the 4000 bombs discharged at it. Porter began to lose confidence in mortars; but a deserter came in, telling a fearful story, only partly true, of the havoc made in the fort. Hundreds of shell, he said, had fallen within the works, casemates were broken in, citadel and outbuildings burnt, magazine endangered, levee cut, and men demoralized and dispirited. So the mortar fleet went to work with renewed vigor.

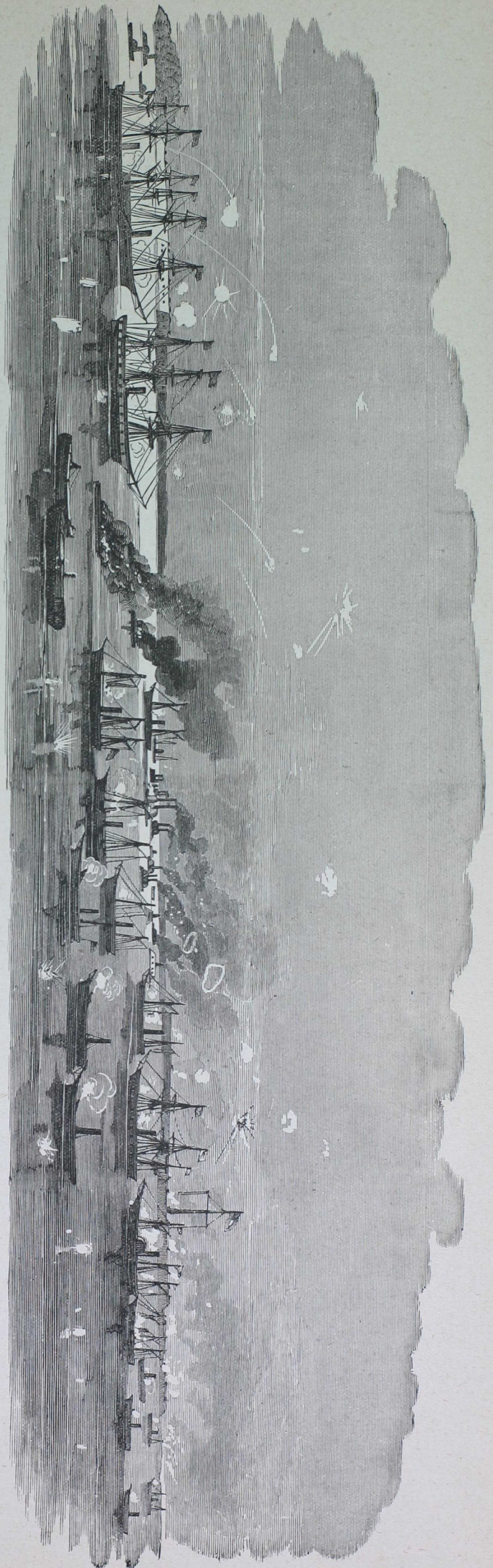
Farragut, meanwhile, had come to the conclusion that the mortar fleet would never reduce the forts. He must try what could be done by steamers and gun-boats. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly, or the great fleet would be again reduced to a mere blockading squadron, for shells, fuses, and cartridges were nearly expended. He would try to run the forts, or, if that could not be done, would engage them at close action, "and abide the result; conquer or be conquered; drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion was best," when the decisive moment should arrive.

Before the forts could be passed the barricade must be cut. This work was assigned to Bell, the fleet captain, commander of the flag-ship. Two gun-boats were given him for this work. One of these, the *Pinola*, was furnished with a petard, to be flung on board a hulk, and then ignited by a galvanic spark. The other, the *Itasca*, was to rely upon stout arms wielding hammer and chisel. The boats crept up on the night of the 20th, under cover of a fierce bombardment and of darkness. They reached the barricade. The *Pinola*, stopping her engine, threw her petard fairly upon one of the hulks; the strong current caught the vessel, whirling her down stream, and snapping the conducting wire before the spark could be transmitted. The *Itasca* was more fortunate. She steamed up to the middle hulk, and lashed herself to it. Her men leaped on board the hulk. In half an hour they cut the chain and loosed the hulk from its anchors. Gun-boat and hulk, lashed together, were swept by the current to the shore, the hulk luckily inside. The central hulk thus removed, the one on each side swung away, leaving an opening wide enough for three vessels to pass abreast. The *Pinola*, balking, through no fault of her own, in her own part of the enterprise, did good service in aiding her more fortunate consort. Getting again under way, she steamed up to the barricade, threw successively two five-inch hawsers to the *Itasca*, broke both in trying to drag her off, started her at length with a larger one, and the two boats returned in triumph to the fleet. Their joint work was done. The way to New Orleans was open to Farragut, if he dared attempt it.

Farragut was ready to dare it. He made every preparation to fit his fleet for the venture which he saw must devolve upon it. The fleet would be exposed to hazards of every kind, and every precaution was taken against them. Foremost of all was one devised by Moore, the engineer of the *Richmond*. He proposed that the iron chain cables should be looped over the side of the vessels, so as to form a sort of armor protecting the line of the engines. This defense was adopted by the whole fleet. Months after, it was adopted by the *Kearsarge* in her memorable encounter with the *Alabama*. Each commander made, besides, his own special arrangements for preventing shot from reaching vital points in his vessel. Hammocks, coal, bags of ashes, bags of sand, were piled up forward and abaft. Some rubbed their vessels with mud, to render them less perceptible; others whitewashed their decks, to make things more visible by night. Farragut's general order,¹ addressed to the commander of each vessel, provided for almost every possible

¹ The following are sentences from this order: Send down topgallantmasts. Rig in the flying jibboom, and land all the spars and rigging except what are necessary for the three topsails, foresail, jib, and spanker. Trice up the topmast stays, or land the whiskers, and bring all the rigging into the bowsprit, so that there shall be nothing in the range of the direct fire ahead. Mount one or two guns on the poop and topgallant forecastle, bearing in mind that you will always have to ride head to the current, and can only avail yourself of the sheer of the helm to point a broadside gun more than three points forward of the beam. Have a kedje in the mizzen chains; a hawser bent through the stern chock; also grapnels to tow off fire-ships. Have light Jacob ladders made to throw over the side for the use of carpenters in stopping shot-holes. See that pumps and hose are in good order for extinguishing fire. Have many tubs of water about the decks, for the purpose of extinguishing fire and for drinking. Have heavy kedje in the port main chains, and whip on the main yard, ready to run it up and let fall on the deck of any vessel you may run alongside of in order to secure her for boarding.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTS.



contingency. Much of it is hardly intelligible except to the nautical mind; but there are sentences which have the ring of Nelson or Napoleon: "I wish you to understand," he says, "that the day is at hand when you will be called upon to meet the enemy in the worst form for our profession. Hot and cold shot will, no doubt, be freely dealt to us, and there must be stout hearts and quick hands to extinguish the one and stop the holes of the other. I shall expect prompt attention to signals and verbal orders, either from myself or the captain of the fleet, who, it will be understood, in all cases acts by my authority."

Farragut had resolved to attempt to run past the forts. The time was fixed for the night of the 23d. The bombardment was to be kept up until then, mainly to occupy the enemy. So a rain of shells was kept up. Duncan, in the forts, reported cheerfully for the public in New Orleans. The enemy had fired 25,000 shells, of which a thousand had fallen in the fort, doing little real harm; "they must soon exhaust themselves; if not, we can stand it as long as they can." Confidentially, he writes less confidently. Mitchell, the naval commander, was urged to get the great ram Louisiana down at once, to draw off some part of the heavy fire from the mortar vessels. The position of the fort was critical; casemates were shattered and crumbling away, and the magazine was in peril. Duncan exaggerated his danger. Instead of 25,000 shells, barely 5000 had then been thrown against him; of these, not a third of a thousand had fallen within the fort. For all practical purposes, it was as strong when surrendered on the 28th as when first assailed ten days before.

Farragut's arrangements for passing the forts, like most great things when stripped of all accessories, were very simple. The mortar fleet, with its own steamers, and the sailing vessels, were to remain behind, yet covering the advance with their fire. Five steamers and twelve gun-boats were to run or fight the forts. All told, they carried 294 guns.¹ They were arranged in two columns. The barricade once passed through the opening made by the Itasca, Bailey, second in command, with the right column, was to deal with Fort St. Philip; Bell, captain of the fleet, with the left column, was to deal with Fort Jackson. Caldwell, of the Itasca, had in the mean while been sent up to ascertain if the gap which he had made in the barricade was still open. He found that the channel was clear, and that the whole fleet could pass.

Just after two o'clock on the morning of the 24th two small red lights were shown. This was the signal for advance. At half past three the whole fleet was fairly under way. The Hartford—Farragut, perched in the fore-rigging, peering anxiously through his glass into the thick darkness—led the left column of the blue; Bailey, in the Cayuga, led the right, all the other vessels following in close order. The forts were about two miles above. The vessels steamed slowly up against the strong current, making scarcely two miles an hour. As soon as they were fairly under way, the five small steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla threw a hot enflaming fire upon the water batteries, while the mortar schooners opened upon the forts a bombardment fiercer than had before been delivered. For an hour there was not an instant when five shells were not in the air; sometimes there were half a score. The ascending fleet was clearly in view from the flotilla below, every spar, man, and rope clearly visible through the flames, which seemed to be eating them up. When the last vessel disappeared in the smoke, Porter gave the signal to cease firing and drop down the river. He had done his share in the work. The rest must be left to Farragut.

Both columns passed the barricade without serious difficulty, only that three gun-boats missed the opening and were obliged to turn back. The real work was now to begin, for they were right under the guns of the forts, and open to the attack of the Confederate rams and gun-boats. Each man had now to fight at his own discretion; Farragut could only guess how each vessel was conducting itself; but he was able after the fight was over to report that "it has rarely been the lot of a commander to be supported by officers of more indomitable courage or higher professional merit."

Bailey, whose red flag was borne by the Cayuga, caught the first fire from Fort St. Philip. This fort had received no harm from the bombardment beyond the disabling of a single heavy gun. The flag-boat could bring no gun to bear at first, and steamed straight on, delivering a fire upon the fort in passing, and soon finding herself attacked by the whole fleet of Confederate gun-boats, with no supporting vessel in sight. "Hot but congenial work," says Bailey. Two large steamers, one on starboard bow, another astern, tried to board; off starboard beam was a third; but an 11-inch Dahlgren, at thirty yards' distance, quieted him; he shoved for shore, ran aground, and burned himself up. The Cayuga's fore-castle Parrott drove off her enemy on the bow; by that time the Varuna and Oneida came dashing up, and took part in the fight.

The Varuna, Boggs in command, built for a merchant vessel, was the swiftest and weakest boat in the squadron. Giving Fort St. Philip a passing fire, she dashed up stream, and soon found herself in a nest of rebel steamers. She "worked both sides" upon these. Her first opponent, apparently crowded with troops, caught her starboard fire, and drifted ashore, with boiler ex-

ploded. Three more on either side soon shared the same fate. She then slacked steam, and was overhauled by two of the enemy, both iron-clad at the bows, and intent upon running her down. Hitherto not a man had been hurt on the Varuna. But now the Governor Moore, her foremost enemy, gave a raking fire, which killed three and wounded nine men, and almost simultaneously butted her twice. The Moore got more than she gave. Boggs managed to throw three shells into her abaft of her armor, besides a few favors from a stern rifled gun, when she dropped out of action partly disabled. Another boat, iron-clad at the bows, with an under-water beak, was at the same time assailing the Varuna. She struck her fairly, with damaging force, receiving shot which glanced harmlessly from her mailed bow; then she drew off, and came back, delivering another blow on the same spot, which crushed in the side of the Varuna. But in the *melée* her bows were dragged around, exposing her unarmored side. Five 8-inch shells, delivered from the now sinking Varuna, settled her, and she went ashore. Fifty of her crew were killed and wounded. She was set on fire by her own commander, who burned his wounded with his vessel. This fight was brief. In fifteen minutes after the Varuna was first butted she was on the bottom, her topgallant fore-castle only being out of water. The Oneida had by this time come up. Boggs waved her on to finish the Moore. This accomplished, the Oneida returned and took off a part of the crew of the sinking Varuna; the rest were rescued by other vessels. The honors of the fight must be accorded to the Varuna, the only lost vessel. Before she went down she had helped to sink or disable six vessels of the enemy, any one of whom was fairly her match.

The large steamers were meanwhile having a rough time. The Hartford had hardly got under way when she received the fire of Fort Jackson. She replied from two fore-castle guns, keeping straight on for the barricade. Passing this, Farragut sheered off at the distance of half a mile, and poured in full broadsides of grape and canister, which drove every man in the fort under cover; but the casemate guns kept up a hot fire. Fort St. Philip now opened upon the advancing fleet. The fire became general, but the smoke was so dense that it was difficult to distinguish friends from foes; the flash of the guns was the only object at which forts or fleet could aim. A huge fire-raft soon loomed up amid the blackness. Farragut, in trying to avoid it, ran his vessel on shore. The raft, pushed on by the ram Manassas, whose black hull was invisible, was shoved right upon the Hartford. In a moment the good ship was on fire half way up to her tops, the flames bursting through the ports and running up the rigging. "Fire quarters" were beaten, the flames extinguished, the steamer backed off from shore, extricating herself from the raft, and pointed up stream. This in a few minutes brought her opposite St. Philip, upon which she poured her fire from one broadside, while the other blazed at Jackson. A half hour more of this hot work carried the Hartford beyond the range of the forts, and brought her among the remains of the Confederate fleet, which had been pretty thoroughly dealt with by the gun-boats, which had gained the advance.

The Brooklyn, meanwhile, had had her share of hot work. Her place in the line was directly after the flag-ship. In the smoke and darkness she lost sight of the Hartford, and became entangled among the hulks of the barricade. She fell athwart the stream, her bow grazing the bank. Here she caught the fire of St. Philip. Regaining her position, she passed the opening, and met the Manassas, which delivered a shot at ten feet distance; this was stopped by the sand-bags which protected that vital point, the steam drum. The ram twice attempted to butt; but she was too close to get up full speed, and the blows were harmless. Morse's improvised chain armor proved a perfect protection to the sides of the Brooklyn. The Manassas slid off and disappeared in the darkness, to reappear only once more. A Confederate steamer then tried the Brooklyn, which was all the time raked from Fort Jackson. "Our port broadside," says Craven, the gallant captain of the Brooklyn, "at the short distance of fifty or sixty yards, completely finished him, setting him on fire almost instantaneously." The Brooklyn groped her way in darkness and smoke until she found herself abreast of St. Philip, so close that there was but thirteen feet of water. She was in a position to bring her full broadside to bear, and for a few minutes poured in a storm of grape and canister which drove the men from their guns and silenced the fire of the fort. Having passed the forts, the Brooklyn, still under way, engaged several of the enemy's gun-boats, pouring in a destructive fire at short range, generally from sixty to a hundred yards. "The effects of our broadsides," says Craven, "must have been terrific." The Brooklyn was under fire an hour and a half, and suffered severely both in men and in damage to the vessel.

The three other steam ships played worthy but less conspicuous parts. The Richmond, the slowest vessel, groped its way through the fiery channel after the way had been cleared, suffering little. The Pensacola took the full fire of St. Philip passing slowly up, frequently stopping to return it. Her men lay flat on deck to receive the first fire of the forts. The enemy over-shot, and many lives were thus saved; but the loss on the Pensacola exceeded that of any other vessel. She did not come up with the enemy's gun-boats until the action with them was nearly over. The Mississippi, in a few months to go down at Port Hudson, felt the enemy's fire. She received ten shots, eight of which passed sheer through her, and got a severe wound from the Manassas, which she at last disabled.

The Manassas was the great reliance of the Confederate fleet. She was built somewhat after the model of the Virginia, and it was supposed that she could deal with the Federal fleet as the Virginia had dealt with the Cumberland. In the gray of the morning, when the Federal fleet had fairly passed the forts and had destroyed the Confederate flotilla, the Manassas appeared coming up after them, hoping even then to retrieve the fortunes of the fight.

¹ The following are the vessels, with the number of their guns, ordered to attempt to pass the forts: Steam ships—Hartford, 28; Brooklyn, 26; Richmond, 24; Pensacola, 24; Mississippi, 13. Gun-boats—Cayuga, 7; Oneida, 10; Varuna, 9; Katahdin, 7; Kineo, 6; Wissahickon, 6; Sciota, 5; Iroquois, 9; Kennebec, 5; Pinola, 5; Itasca, 4; Winona, 6; in all, 17 vessels, with 294 guns. The three gun-boats Itasca, Winona, and Kennebec failed to pass the barricade. No accurate list of the Confederate vessels encountered above the barricade has been preserved. There appear to have been in all 16 or 18 armed vessels, carrying about 50 guns. Many of them were designed for rams, so that the number of guns is no measure of their real offensive power. The iron-clad Manassas, which was supposed capable of clearing the whole river, carried but one gun. The following list, only partially accurate, is the most complete which can now be given of the Confederate flotilla: Louisiana, iron-clad, 16; Manassas, iron-clad, 1; McRae, 8; Governor Moore, 3; General Quitman, 2; Jackson, 2; Lovell, 1; Warrior, 2; Resolute, 2; Reliance, 2; Breckinridge, 1; Stonewall Jackson, 1; Galveston, 2; Anglo-Norman, 2; Star, 1.



THE HARTFORD ON FIRE.

Farragut ordered Smith of the *Mississippi* to turn and run her down. The head of the *Mississippi* was pointed down stream, and she dashed toward the ram with the full velocity of steam and stream. When only fifty yards apart, the ram put her helm apart and dodged the blow, but ran fast on the bank. Her crew got ashore as best they could. The *Mississippi*, balked of her blow, poured in two broadsides, thoroughly riddling the *Manassas*, and then boarded. But it was not worth while to save her. The hulk was dragged off from the bank, fire set to her, and she was sent drifting down the current without a man on board. Half an hour after, the *Manassas* came drifting down the river below the forts, seemingly ready to pounce upon the defenseless mortar vessels. Fire was opened upon the hulk, but it was soon discovered that she was harmless. Flame and smoke were pouring from every opening, and she was evidently sinking. Porter, wishing to save her as a curiosity, got a hawser on board and tied her to the bank. Hardly was this done when a faint explosion was heard, her only gun went off, and, emitting flames through her bow port, the *Manassas* gave a final plunge and disappeared under the turbid waters of the river.

The morning had hardly broken, and the fog was not lifted from the riv-

er, when Farragut, the battle won, looked round for his fleet. Three gun-boats were missing, whether captured, sunk, or driven back he could not then know. He afterward learned that they were safe. The *Winona* and *Kennebec* had got fouled among the hulks of the barricade, and at daylight found themselves a mark for the whole fire of the two forts, against which it was madness to contend, and had turned their heads down stream. The *Itasca*, which had opened the barricade, had met with misfortune and disappointment. She tried bravely to pass, and only desisted when several shot from Fort Jackson passed through her. One pierced her boiler, making an opening through which the steam rushed in a dense cloud, filling fire-room and engine-room, driving every one from below. Others caused leaks which threatened to sink the boat. She was also forced to withdraw. Caldwell, her commander, gave pathetic utterance to his heartfelt sorrow and disappointment that his disabled condition prevented him from being a participant in the complete success of the enterprise to which he had contributed so much. The *Varuna*, victorious in death, was a total loss. The seven days' bombardment, and the three hours' fight with forts and fleet, had cost in all 37 killed and 171 wounded, more than half of which fell upon the five



THE CRESCENT CITY IN 1862.

steam ships.¹ The forts shot too high throughout, and the gun-boats, lying low, were overshot. Their injuries were mainly received in the combat with the enemy's flotilla.² The entire loss of the Confederates has never been ascertained. In the forts 14 were killed and 38 wounded. The loss on the boats must have been very severe, for at least twelve of them were sunk or burned.

Farragut found his fleet somewhat battered, but sufficient for the work which it had to do. Boggs, his own vessel being lost, volunteered to take a boat, make his way through the bayous bordering the Mississippi, and convey dispatches to Porter and Butler, still below the forts. Butler was told that the way was clear for him to send up his troops by the bayous in the rear of the forts, where their landing would be protected by gun-boats left for that purpose. For Porter there was a note from Farragut, telling in sharp sailor phrase of the rough time which he had had; how once he thought it was all up with him; how he fought his way through, destroyed the Confederate fleet, was starting for New Orleans; the city captured, he would come back and attend to the forts, which Porter should hold as they were, unless, indeed, they should surrender, as he thought they would, upon being summoned. Just now he was going ahead. "I wish," he concluded, "to get above the English Turn, where they say the enemy have not placed a battery yet, but have two above, nearer New Orleans. They will not be idle, and neither will I. You supported me nobly."

But after passing the forts there was no serious opposition. The batteries which had been reported to line the levee above had no existence. The Chalmette regiment was encamped at the quarantine station five miles above the forts. Bailey ran the Cayuga up to the bank, hailed the colonel, and ordered him to pile his arms and come on board. The regiment surrendered, and were released on parole, only they must remain where they were until next day. The fleet steamed up the river through a scene of almost pastoral quiet. The banks for a mile on each side were lined with sugar plantations, green with young cane, dotted over with gangs of negroes busy at work. Now and then a white flag, or the Union colors, was hung out from a villa, or waved from the levee. Sometimes a white man would appear, making gestures of hatred or defiance. Here and there the slaves swarmed up to the levee, hoe in hand, waving their battered hats, and shouting a welcome to those who, they had learned by the strange system of free-masonry peculiar to the negroes, had come to be their deliverers. On other plantations, where they were kept under more strict control, they dug doggedly on, not seeming to notice the unwonted spectacle of an armed fleet steaming up the river. As evening fell, the fleet came to anchor eighteen miles below New Orleans by the bends of the river, but only half that distance in a

straight line. Huge volumes of fiery smoke were seen rolling up. A great panic had suddenly fallen upon the Crescent City.

On the morning of the 24th no man in New Orleans dreamed that the city was in danger. Duncan had telegraphed the evening before, giving an account of affairs up to the morning. "Heavy and continuous bombardment all night, and still progressing. No farther casualties except two men slightly wounded. We are cheerful, and have an abiding faith in our ultimate success. Twenty-five thousand 13-inch shells have been fired by the enemy, one thousand of which fell into the fort. They must soon exhaust themselves; if not, we can stand it as long as they can." Duncan overcounted. Hardly 5000 shells had then been thrown. Eight or nine thousand was the utmost limit after two days' more.

This cheering report appeared in the New Orleans morning papers of the 24th. Every body thought every thing was well until half past nine, when the alarm-bell was heard. Twelve strokes, four times repeated, summoned all armed bodies to their headquarters. A telegram from below, cut off at the fifteenth word, said, "It is reported that two of the enemy's gun-boats have succeeded in passing the forts." Not two, but seven times two, if the truth had been known. Five long hours passed without a farther word. Mansfield Lovell, commander at New Orleans, had the day

before gone leisurely down toward the forts. He came back, dashing along the levee at racing speed, bringing tidings that the whole Union fleet—not merely two gun-boats—had passed the forts, destroyed the Confederate flotilla, and were approaching New Orleans. It was late in the afternoon. The panic set in. Officers rode about impressing carts to haul the cotton from the store-houses to the levee for burning. The foreign consulates were crowded with persons bringing their valuables to be deposited for safe-keeping under foreign flags. The banks sent off their four millions of gold, which soon found its way to the Confederate treasury, never to be reclaimed. The military bodies hurried to their armories; but instead of the 64,000 infantry in and about the city, "in discipline and drill far superior to the Yankees," there were less than 3000 troops and a few thousand militia. Lovell abandoned the city, taking off his soldiers, and followed by some thousands of the militia; the others doffed their uniforms and remained behind. The governor of the state fled up the river in the swiftest steamer he could find, scattering proclamations directing the burning of every bale of cotton and every barrel of sugar which the enemy could by any possibility reach. The whole city was mad with apprehension and rage, with bewilderment and fury. Some denounced Duncan, some upbraided Lovell, some demanded that the city should be made another Moscow, some clamored that every Union man should be brought to the lamp-post. Worse even than the coming of the Yankees, all the scoundrelism of the city, noted for the number of its scoundrels, broke loose. The municipal authorities, restored to administration by the cessation of martial law, were at their wits' end. The police was powerless. There was but one way to save the city from burning and plunder. The mayor called upon the European brigade, composed of foreigners, to take charge of the city. They accepted the charge, and suppressed the tumult. At evening the authorized work of destruction began. The torch was applied to 15,000 bales of cotton, piled up on the river bank; to nearly a score of cotton-ships, ready to elude the blockade through some of the fifty outlets; to as many steam-boats, the relics of that mighty fleet which once lined the levee, four deep, for miles; to a great iron-clad ram, almost completed, which was to sweep the river; to miles of steam-boat wood and acres of coal; to ship-timber, dry docks, board-yards—to every thing combustible which the Yankees could use. The heads of hundreds of barrels of sugar and hogshheads of molasses were stove in. Men, women, and children, white, black, and parti-colored, scooped up molasses and sugar from the ground, and carried it off in pails, baskets, tubs, and aprons. Few of the inhabitants of New Orleans, except the slaves, slept on the night of Thursday, the 24th of April.

At dawn the next morning Farragut weighed anchor, and steamed cautiously up the river. Evidences of the panic in New Orleans were every where visible. Burning cotton-ships and ship-yard apparatus on fire came floating down. The destruction of property was awful. At half past ten they came in view of Jackson's old battle-field, three miles below the city. Earth-works were visible by the old lines on each shore. The fleet was drawn up in two lines as before, one to attend to each bank. Bailey, in the Cayuga, was far ahead, not having seen the signal to slacken speed and allow the slower vessels to come up. A raking fire was opened upon him for a mile from twenty guns—not the famous five-mile rifled cannon which the newspapers had placed there just twenty days before. He could reply with only two fore-castle guns. In twenty minutes the fleet got up. Each vessel, in passing, bore away, and gave the forts a broadside of shells, shrapnel, and grape, silencing them effectually. This affair cost the fleet one man, Midshipman John Anderson, of the Brooklyn, knocked overboard by the wind of a ball and drowned. For the rest, it was, in Farragut's words, "one of the little elegancies of the profession—a dash and a victory."

At noon the fleet rounded the bend, came into full view of the Crescent City, and cast anchor. Fires were blazing all along the shore; the stream was full of burning vessels; the levee was aswarm with an angry mob, who

¹ The following is the loss on each vessel belonging to the running fleet, as reported by the surgeon general:

BELL'S DIVISION.			BAILEY'S DIVISION.		
	Killed.	Wounded.		Killed.	Wounded.
Hartford.....	3	10	Mississippi.....	2	6
Brooklyn.....	9	26	Pensacola.....	4	33
Richmond.....	2	4	Cayuga.....	—	6
Sciota.....	—	2	Oneida.....	—	3
Iroquois.....	6	22	Varuna.....	3	9
Kennebec.....	—	—	Katahdin.....	—	—
Pinola.....	3	7	Kineo.....	1	8
Itasca.....	—	4	Wissahickon.....	—	—
Winona.....	3	5		10	65
	26	80			

Besides these, during the seven days' bombardment, 2 were killed (one by a fall from the mast-head) and 26 wounded. One more was killed afterward. The entire cost of the capture of New Orleans was 39 men killed and 171 wounded; one mortar boat and one gun-boat sunk.

² According to the accounts of a deserter, the casemate guns which threw hot shot from Fort Jackson erred on the other side. The officer in command, fearing to fire too high, depressed his guns below the horizontal line; wishing to work his guns vigorously, they were run out with a jerk; the consequence was that the balls rolled out into the moat, while the guns blazed harmlessly away with powder and wadding. The officers on the rampart told him that his shot were falling short. He tried to remedy the defect, and, fixing a correct aim on one particular vessel, blazed away at it. Only when the Federal fleet had got out of range did he discover that he had been devoting himself to one of the Confederate chain hulks.

amused themselves with hunting down a few persons who raised a faint cheer for the Union. A fierce rain-shower came down and melted away a part of the crowd. In the midst of it a boat put off from the Hartford, with no white flag of truce flying. The crew were rigged in the freshest man-of-war style, as though they were on a pleasure-trip. In the stern sat three officers—Morton in command of the boat, Bailey and Perkins charged to see the authorities, whoever they might be, and demand the surrender of the city. These two stepped ashore, amid cheers for Jeff. Davis and the South, and groans for Lincoln and his fleet. Some of the crowd, wiser than the rest, conducted the two messengers to the City Hall, the mob yelling around. "No violence," said a newspaper next morning, "was offered to the officers, though certain persons who were suspected of favoring their flag and cause were set upon with great fury and roughly handled;" but it added, "on arriving at the City Hall it required the intervention of several citizens to prevent violence being offered to the rash ambassadors of an execrated dynasty and government."

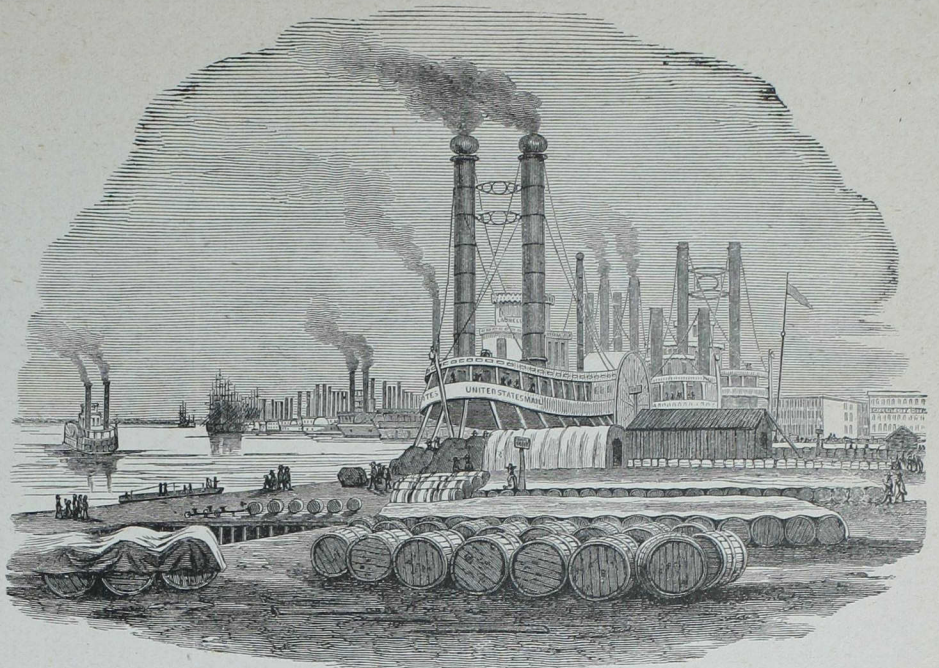
The story of the actual surrender of New Orleans reads like a farce, which might at any moment be turned into a tragedy; for the furious mob, and the city which sheltered it, lay at the mercy of the Union fleet.

The two officers entered the City Hall, and introduced themselves to his honor the mayor—a smug, pompous little gentleman, addicted to the use of flowery phrases. After formal salutations had been exchanged, Bailey announced that he had come to demand the surrender of the city and the hoisting of the Union flag on the public buildings. Mayor Monroe had no authority to surrender, and would not hoist the Union flag; General Lovell was the military commander; he should be sent for. Meanwhile conversation was kept up; courteous in form, but with an occasional sharp tang. The Union officers praised the valor of the Confederate forts and fleets, and regretted the destruction of so much property in the city. The mayor rejoined, tartly, that the property was their own; if they chose to destroy it, it was nobody's business. Bailey replied that, as things stood, it looked very much like biting off one's own nose to spite his face. Just then Lovell came in. After due hand-shakings, Bailey again announced his errand. Lovell could not think of surrendering the city. He had evacuated it with his troops; it was defenseless, and Farragut could shell it if he chose. He would retire and leave the city authorities to do as they thought proper. The mayor thereupon said that he would consult the City Council, and report the result next day.

Farragut was amused and puzzled; but, as his men were tired out, he concluded to wait till next day for the action of the city fathers, especially as there were several matters that could be attended to in the mean while. There were sundry rams, almost completed, meant to be the terror of the river; several forts; and, above all, a boom lying ready to swing across the river to prevent the descent of any fleet from above. It was a stupendous structure, three quarters of a mile long, composed of logs four feet in diameter and thirty feet long, lying three abreast, bound together with chains. There were ninety-six of these lengths. These were all rendered harmless.

An hour after daylight on Saturday a boat put off from the shore containing messengers from the mayor. The City Council would meet at ten, and the Federal commander should be apprized of the result of their deliberations. Farragut replied that it was not within the province of a naval officer to assume the duties of a military commander. He had come to reduce New Orleans to obedience to the laws of the United States. The city must be surrendered, all hostile flags must be hauled down, and that of the United States be hoisted on all public buildings by noon; there must be no more outrages upon loyal people; they should try to quell disturbances, restore order, and call upon the people of New Orleans to return to their usual avocations; the rights of person and property should be secure.

The city fathers met, and the mayor read to them the reply which he had prepared for Farragut. They approved it heartily. It was the most singular document ever offered to a conqueror by the authorities of a conquered town. The city had been evacuated by the troops, the administration of its government and the custody of its honor had been restored to the mayor, whose duty it became "to transmit the answer which the universal sentiments of his constituency, no less than the promptings of his own heart, dictated on that sad and solemn occasion. I am no military man," he continued; "it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to lead an army to the field, and I know still less how to surrender an undefended place. The city is yours by the power of brutal force. As to the hoisting of any other flag than the one of our own adoption, the man lives not in our midst whose hand and heart would not be palsied at the mere thought of such an act; nor could I find in my entire constituency so wretched and desperate a renegade as would dare to profane with his hand the sacred emblem of our aspirations." The mayor went on to compliment the commander upon the sentiments which he had manifested. "They sprung from a noble but deluded nature," were worthy of one "engaged in a better cause," and the mayor "knew how to appreciate the motives which inspired them." The Federal commander should remember that he had "a gallant people to administer; a people sensitive to all that can in the least affect its dignity and self-



THE LEEVE IN 1862.

respect. Do not allow them to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, nor of such as might remind them too painfully that they are the conquered and you the conquerors. Peace and order may be preserved without a resort to measures which could not fail to wound their sensibilities and fire up their passions." And more of the same sort, the purport of all being that the captors were modestly desired to withdraw the fleet which commanded the city, and leave the people to themselves, with full power to work their will upon any Union men in their midst. At all events, if they wanted the Federal flag raised, they must do it themselves. There was bravado, if not bravery, in this reply; but a man powerless to harm his opponent, who knows that he can be harmed only by being struck through the bodies of women and children, may safely venture upon bravado.

Next morning Farragut sent a small party ashore to hoist the Union flag on the Custom-house and Mint, with strict orders not to use their arms unless actually assailed. They were insulted, but not assaulted. The flags were left without a guard; but the guns of the Pensacola were trained upon the Mint, and the mob were warned that fire would be opened upon the building if any attempt was made to disturb the flag. At eleven o'clock the crews of all the ships were assembled on deck to "return thanks to Almighty God for his great goodness and mercy in permitting them to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood." An April shower seemed coming up, and the gunner of the Pensacola removed the wafers by which the guns are discharged. The report of a howitzer from the main-top turned all eyes toward the Mint. Four men were seen upon the roof; one cut the flag from the staff, and all dragged it off. Without orders, the strings to every gun of the Pensacola were pulled. No shot followed. The fortunate removal of the wafers alone prevented a full broadside from being poured into the city. The flag was carried into the street, paraded in a cart to the sound of fife and drum, trailed through the mire, and then torn into shreds, which were distributed among the screaming crowd.

Farragut hardly knew what to do. The insult had been committed; he could take ample vengeance, but only by opening fire, and punishing the innocent as well as the guilty. His kindly nature revolted at this. He took till next day to consider and to consult with Butler, who had come up the river, as yet without bringing any troops. The result was that Farragut wrote to the mayor, noticing the refusal to haul down the state flag, detailing the outrages which had been committed, and warning him that "the fire of this fleet might be drawn upon the city at any moment, and in such an event the levee would in all probability be cut by the shells, and an amount of distress ensue to the innocent population, which I have heretofore endeavored to assure you that I desired by all means to avoid. The election is therefore with you; but it becomes my duty to notify you to remove the women and children from the city within forty-eight hours, if I have rightly understood your determination."

The mayor returned an impudent reply. He could not conceive that the Federal flag had been hoisted by the orders of "Mr. Farragut;" the interference of any force while negotiations for surrender were pending was a flagrant violation of the courtesies, if not of the rights, recognized among belligerents. The city still contained a population of 140,000, and "Mr. Farragut" must be aware of the utter inanity of such a notification. "Our women and children," he continued, "can not escape from your shells, if it be your pleasure to murder them on a question of mere etiquette. You are not satisfied with the peaceable possession of an undefended city, opposing no resistance to your guns, because of its bearing its doom with something of manliness and dignity, and you wish to humble and disgrace us by the performance of an act against which our nature rebels. This satisfaction

you can not expect to obtain at our hands. We will stand your bombardment, unarmed and undefended as we are. The civilized world will consign to indelible infamy the heart that will conceive the deed, and the hand that will dare to execute it."

This insolent message gave Farragut an opportunity to extricate himself from the dilemma of submitting to an insult to his flag or of avenging it by punishing the innocent with the guilty. He simply replied that the mayor had made his letter so offensive that it would terminate all intercourse between them. General Butler was close at hand with his forces. When he arrived the charge of the city would be turned over to him. But, in the mean time, the flag of the Union was to be raised on the Custom-house, and the mayor must see that it was respected. Every ensign and symbol of government, whether state or Confederate, except that of the United States, must be hauled down. This was done. Captain Bell, with a few marines, marched into the city, hauled down the Confederate flag, hoisted that of the Union, locked the Custom-house, put the key in his pocket, and returned, leaving the flag unguarded. It was not again molested.

By this time it was known that Forts Jackson and St. Philip had been surrendered, the remainder of the Confederate fleet destroyed or given up, and the river-road to New Orleans open to the unarmed transports which were to bring up Butler's troops. The forts had been passed—not reduced, or even seriously injured. The great iron-clad ram Louisiana was unharmed. She had taken no part in the action, though on the day before her work had been assigned. It is said that her crew were all drunk. Three armed steamers had moreover escaped. If they were no match for the Union armed vessels, they might yet make havoc of the mortar schooners and transports. As soon as the passage was achieved, Porter sent a flag demanding the surrender of the forts. Higgins had no official information that New Orleans had been occupied, and could not then entertain a proposition for surrender. The next day, the 28th of April, Colonel Higgins had occasion to change his mind. Weitzel, whose old duck-shooting experience came into use, had guided expeditions through the bayous; they had got above both forts, cutting them off from communication with New Orleans. A mutiny had broken out in Fort Jackson; 250 men had come out and surrendered to the Union pickets. Porter again demanded a surrender. "You have defended the forts gallantly," he said, "and no more can be asked of you. I know you can hold out some time longer, but in the end you must yield. You can gain nothing by farther resistance. You shall have terms sufficiently honorable to relieve you from any feeling of humiliation. Officers shall retire on parole, with their side-arms; soldiers shall be paroled, laying down their arms; public property shall be given up; private property shall be respected." Higgins replied that he would give up the forts on these terms, but he had no authority over the navy, and was not responsible for what it should do. There had been a quarrel between the military and naval commanders. Each accused the other of failure of duty. Four Union boats steamed up with white flags flying, answered by white flags on the forts. Duncan and Higgins came on board the Harriet Lane, where the articles of capitulation were to be formally drawn up. While this was being done, word was brought to Porter that the Louisiana, all ablaze, was coming straight down upon them. "This is not creditable to the naval commander," said Porter. "We are not responsible for the acts of these naval officers," responded Higgins. "Is there much powder aboard, and are the guns loaded?" "I presume so; but we know nothing of naval matters here." The heated guns now began to go off, with every probability of throwing shot and shell amid friends and foes. Porter coolly remarked to the Confederate officers, "If you do not mind the explosion which is soon to come, we can stand it." No one moved from his seat, and the conference proceeded as calmly as though nothing had happened. The current sheered the burning vessel across the river, and when it was just abreast of Fort St. Philip it blew up, scattering the fragments in every direction, and killing one man in the fort. The noise was heard for miles. When the smoke cleared away not a vestige of the Louisiana was visible; she had gone down in the deep waters of the Mississippi. Had the explosion occurred, as Mitchell, the treacherous naval commander, intended it should, in the midst of the Federal fleet, every vessel would have been destroyed.

Duncan and Higgins acted with perfect good faith. Not the slightest change was made in the forts while the articles of capitulation were being drawn up. Every thing was surrendered as it stood when the white flag was raised. Officers and men were released on parole. They came out from the fort looking more like school-boys going home than men who had just been made prisoners. Not a few were of Northern birth, who had enlisted to man the forts in the full belief that they would never be called

upon to fight. New Orleans, it was thought, might be assailed from above; nobody dreamed that a fleet from below would seriously attempt to fight or pass the forts. Yet such is the marvelous power of discipline, that they stood to their work like men who were fighting for a cause dear to them, instead of one for which they had no sympathy. A part of them, indeed, took the first fair occasion to desert. Duncan appeared at New Orleans next day, and harangued the angry crowd on the levee. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that nothing but the mutiny of a part of his command could have induced him to surrender. But for that he could have held out for months.

Fort St. Philip was hardly scarred. Fort Jackson, to an unprofessional eye, had been severely handled. It had been plowed with shells, the citadel had been burnt, the magazine endangered, casemates crumbled and flooded, walls cracked, drawbridge broken down, causeways blown up, holes made by bombs every where visible. Naval officers, who knew that a shattered ship was defenseless, were justified in supposing that the fort was really reduced; that another day's bombardment would have finished it; that it could have stood but little more without coming down about its defenders' ears, and would need to be demolished and rebuilt if government ever intended to fortify the site again. Weitzel, who knew better the capabilities of a fort, told a very different story. The navy, he reported, passed the forts, but did not reduce them. St. Philip, with one or two exceptions, was without a scratch. To an unexperienced eye, Jackson seemed badly cut up; but to resist an assault, or even regular approaches, it was as strong as when the first shell was fired against it.

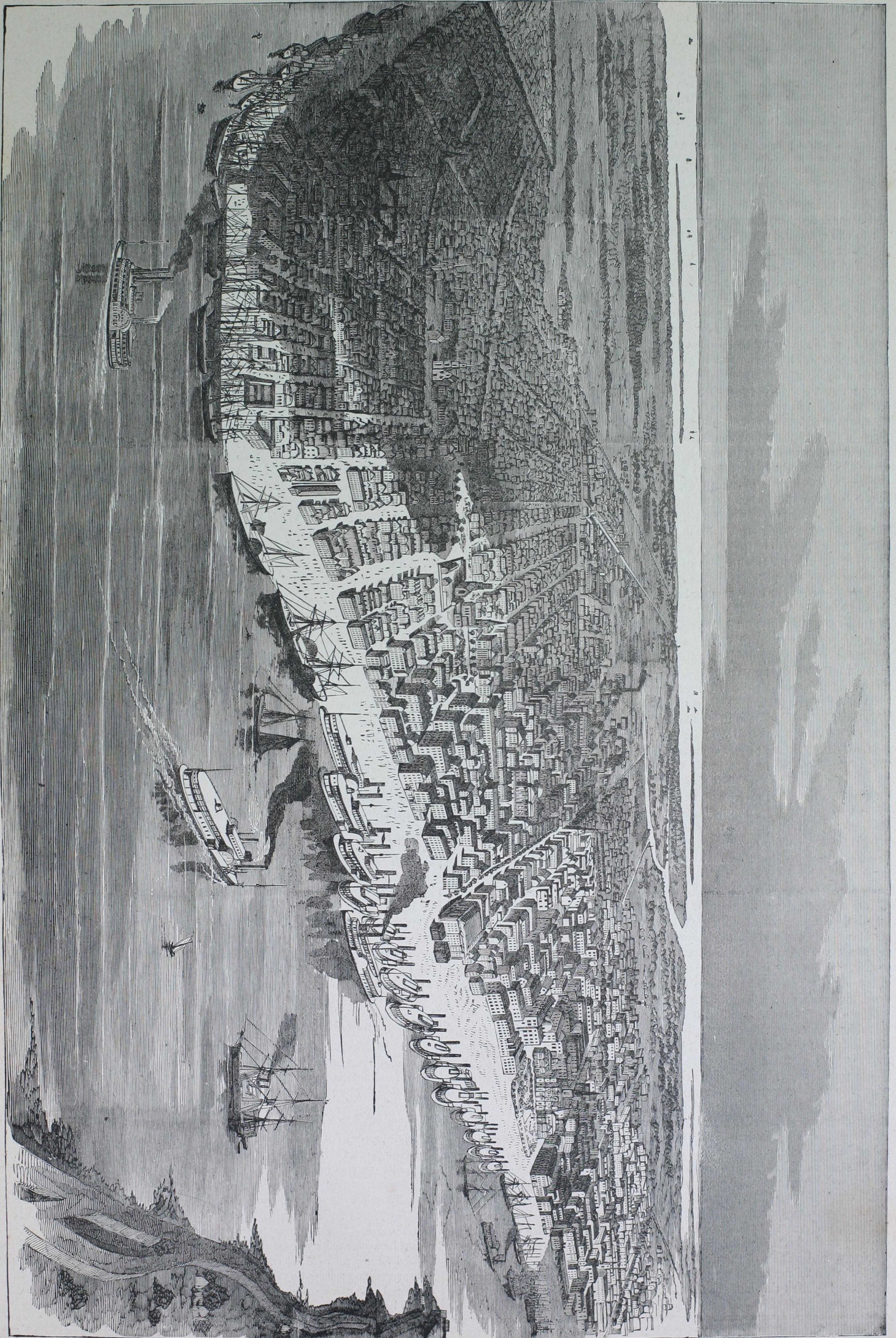
The forts having been surrendered, Porter turned his attention to Mitchell, who lay half a mile above with three steamers, one of which he had just scuttled. A shot fired over him from the Harriet Lane caused him to lower his flag. Twenty-one officers and 300 men surrendered at discretion. The men were dismissed on parole; the officers were retained as prisoners to answer for their perfidious conduct in continuing hostilities while they had a flag of truce flying.

The forts were surrendered on the 28th of April. Butler, hastening down to bring up troops some way, found the river-road open. The transports, among which was the Mississippi—not the war steamer of the same name—were soon under way, freighted with soldiers who had been wearily waiting at the Head of the Passes. At sunset on the 29th she reached the forts, now held by blue coats instead of gray. At midnight the general came on board, and the vessels passed up the river. The voyage occupied the whole of the last day of April. At noon on the 1st of May the Mississippi lay along the levee of New Orleans. A crowd had gathered, but not the angry mass which had been seen there for almost a week. They seemed to be disposed to make a joke of the circumstances. There was a popular song, set to a rollicking tune, telling how a mythical "Picayune Butler" had come to a mythical town. The coincidence of names struck the mob. "Picayune Butler" was asked to come ashore and show himself. The general grimly enjoyed the joke. He wished the tune of "Picayune Butler" played for the delectation of the mob. The band happened to be destitute of the score, and were obliged to give "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" instead.

But, apart from chaffing, there was work to be done. Butler determined to take military possession of the city at once. In four hours a company of the Thirty-first Massachusetts landed on the levee and quietly pressed the crowd back, making room for the remainder of the regiment and for the Fourth Wisconsin. Both regiments then formed, a file taking each side of the street, the general and his staff marching on foot. Strict orders had been given for the conduct of the troops. There was to be no plundering of public or private property. No officer or soldier should, upon any pretext, absent himself from his station without arms or alone. They were to march in silence, except that the bands were to play; no notice to be taken of offensive or insulting words. If a shot was fired from a house, they should halt, arrest the inmates, and destroy the house. If they were fired upon from the streets, the offender should, if possible, be arrested, but they should not fire into the crowd unless absolutely necessary for self-defense, and then not without orders. The troops moved steadily on, seemingly unconscious of the surging masses crowding the side-walks, hurraing for Beauregard, Bull Run, and Shiloh, cursing Butler and the Yankees. They passed the St. Charles Hotel, now deserted; five days before it was the head-quarters of Lovell; to-morrow it was to be the head-quarters of Butler. They reached the unfinished, roofless Custom-house, which the government had been building, Beauregard being engineer, when the rebellion broke out. The Union flag floated, unguarded and unmolested, from its walls. The door was locked, and the key was on board the Hartford. Entrance was forced and, half an hour before sunset on the 1st of May, the Union troops were making preparations in an upper story for their first meal in New Orleans. Strong guards were posted at all needful points. The rage of the mob had exhausted itself, the city relapsed into perfect quiet. Butler returned to the vessel, to add the last words to the proclamation which was formally to announce on the morrow that New Orleans was again under the flag of the Union.



PASSING UP THE BAYOU.



THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.