CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

Gulf Expeditions proposed. —The Lower Mississippi.—Ship Island.—General Phelps's Proclamation.—Reported Defences of New Orleans.—Butler's Instructions.—His Voyage to Ship Island.—The Naval Expedition.—Farragut.—Farragut's Instructions.—Meeting at Ship Island.—Survey of the River.—Forts Jackson and St. Philip.—Bombardment of the Forts.—Casting the Barricades.—Preparations for Firing.—List of Vessels.—The Passage of the Barricades.—The Fight with the Forts.—The Naval Combat.—Destruction of the Vaiana.—The Harried on Fire.—The Brooklyn, Richmond, and Pensacola.—Destruction of the Manassas.—The mining 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.—Raley and Lowell.—Farragut and the Mayor.—The Union Flag hoisted 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 Occupancy 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 while our course of the great river. But it was supposed to be so strongly defended that no force could be spared sufficient while our course of the great river. But it was supposed to be so strongly defended that no force could be spared sufficient while our course of the great river.

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 cast, 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 Postchauvin, 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 anywhere, 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 unserviceable 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 68-pounders of the best English manufacture. Just below them was a bar, 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 5000 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 five ships, incendiary shells, Congreve rockets, and the like. Then there was a constant succession of redoubts and fortifications, many of which slavery existed at the adoption of the Constitution were
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." This was true; not in a week, but in a month, New Orleans was taken.

Butler then followed a plan for operations against Mobile, Pensacola, and Galveston. If these works are taken, the city of New Orleans necessarily falls. 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. The route selected is up the Mississippi River, and in the construction of the forts on the Mississippi. There is a profound secret. No one was to know the destination except those who had the object of the expedition a profound secret. No one was to know the destination except without show or parade, he was now to have the opportunity of landing his troops to co-operate with the naval attack, although promotion.

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 Flying-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.

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 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, absent 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 Tall, 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 him 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 flagship, the
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February, 1862.

SHIP ISLAND AND THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS.
Harford, was ready, he was to proceed to sea, and take the command of the Western Gulf blockading squadron. All he wished was 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 send 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. Therefore, you are authorized, 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 cooperation 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 once annulled, 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 loyaly supported by his subordinates as was Farragut by Porter, Butterfield, and many 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, in their 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 a few trees, some of hanging 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. 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 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 vessel force could not. If possible, Farragut had ordered the masts to be dressed off with branches and vines. Of the dense mass of masts no one in the fort could tell what was forest and what was mast and rigging. On the
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 (three miles) 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; he had set it in train; 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 stop it.

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 burned, 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 guns were given him for this work. One of these, the Pinola, was fitted with a petard, to be flung on board a hulk, and then ignited by a galvanic spark. The other, the Iacasa, was to rely upon stout arms wielding hammer and chain. The boats crept up on the night of the 29th, under cover of a general 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 Iacasa was more fortunate. She steamed up to the middle hulk, and hauled herself up 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, ballasted, 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 howitzers to the Iacasa, broke both in trying to drag her off, started her at length with another, and the two boats returned in triumph to the fleet. Their joint work was done. The way to New Orleans was opened to Farragut, if he dared attempt it.

Farragut was ready to dare it. He made every preparation to fit his fleet for the work 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 sides of the vessels, so as to form a sort of armor protecting the line of engines. This defense was adopted by the whole fleet. Months after, it was adopted by the Konarser 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 ash, and 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, addressed to the commander of each vessel, provided for almost every possible...
half a score. The ascending fleet was clearly in view from the flotilla — sight of the Hartford, and became entangled among the hulks of the
bom-bardment fiercer than had before been delivered. For an hour there was 
The Brooklyn, meanwhile, had had her share of hot work. Her place in 
the water batteries, while the mortar schooners opened upon the forts 
steamers belonging to the mortar flotilla threw a hot enfilading fire upon 
remains of the Confederate fleet, which had been pretty thoroughly dealt 

The vessels steamed slowly up against the strong current, making scarcely 
while the other blazed at Jackson. A half hour more of this hot work car-

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advances with their fire. Five steamers and twelve gun-boats were to run or replied from two forecastle guns, keeping straight on for the barricade. Pass 
steamers, and the sailing vessels, were to remain behind, yet covering the ad-

stripped of all accessories, were very simple. The mortar fleet, with 
work,” says Bailc. Two large steamers, one on starboard bow, another 
fire at short range, generally from sixty to a hundred yards. “The effects 

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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 aport 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 river, 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 Iowa, 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 part of 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
steam ships. The forts shot too high throughout, and the gun-boats lying before gone leisurely down toward the fort. They must before gone leisurely down toward the fort. They must

...read the armament of a steamboat in the clear light. Bigger boats had built,打卡...
amused themselves with hunting down a few persons who raised a faint cheer for the Union. A fierce rain-shower came and halted away all but 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 had just arrived. In the boat 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. They were stopped beside, 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 victors," said a newspaper man morninging, "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 excommunicated dynasty and government."

The story of the actual surrender of New Orleans reads like a force, which might at any moment be turned into a tragedy; for the curious 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 its honor the mayor—a stout, 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. The mayor, whose duty it became to transmit the answer which he had written to the mayor, noticing the refusal to haul down the state flag, detailed the result of so much property destruction of so much property in the city. The mayor rejoined, truly, 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 losing one's own nose to spite its face.

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The city fathers met, and the mayor read to them the reply which he had written to the mayor, noticing the refusal to haul down the state flag, detailing the destruction of so much property in the city. The mayor rejoined, truly, 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 losing one's own nose to spite its face. John Lovell came in, and thereupon said

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 receive 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 in 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.

At about ten o'clock the mayor read 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 justice by the authorities, the custody of the honor had been restored to the mayor, whose duty it became to transmit the answer which the universal sentiments of its constituency, no less than the promptings of his own heart, dictated on that sad and solemn occasion. I am no military man," he continued, "but I think it is proper to give the people in the city the result of such an act; nor could I find in my entire constituency so wretched and desperate a rearguard 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 of the city. The flag was raised on the State House, and an American ensign was hoisted in its place. 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-respect. Do not allow them to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their disdainful desertion of the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, nor of such as might regard 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 manslated. 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 fired 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 mine, 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 inoffensive 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 ensuing to the innocent population, which I have heretofore endeavors to assure you that by desired 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 determinations."

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 immutancy of such a notification. "Our women and children," he continued, "can not escape from your shells, 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..."
Duncan and Higgins came on board the Harriet Lane, where the articles of capitulation were being drawn up. He wished the tune of "Picayune Butler" played for the band. The flag of truce was flying, answered by white flags on the vessels. Each accused the other of failure of duty. Four Union boats steamed up to a mythical town. The coincidence of names struck the mob. "Picayune" meant to a man in the fort. The noise was heard for miles. When the smoke cleared, the sky was bright with fire. They were not to resist an assault, or even regular approaches. But, apart from chaffing, there was work to be done. Butler determined to take military possession of the city at once.

Farragut had been occupied, and could not then entertain a proposition for surrender. Porter had given the order that the flag should be lowered. It was not again molested. That night, and the next day, the forts were surrendered. Porter turned his attention to Mitchel's, who lay half a mile above with three steamers, one of which he had just fired off towards; the other two were steaming in a mythical town. The thirty-second was the 28th 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 last April. The New Orleans Daily Picayune Butler played for the dejection of the mob. The hand happened to be destitute of the score, and were obliged to give "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" instead.

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 Forty-first Wisconsin. Both regiments then formed, a file taking each side of the avenue, as it was known in New Orleans as "Yankee road," and the vessels passed up the river. The voyage occupied the whole day. At one o'clock in the afternoon the port was issued. The New Orleans Daily Picayune Butler had come to a mythical town. The coincidence of names struck the mob. "Picayune Butler" was asked to come aboard and show himself. The general grimly smiled. 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 destroyed. Naval officers who knew that a shuttered city was defenseless, were justly in suspense 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 to render it impregnable. The fort was surrendered on the 28th of April. It is said that her crew were all drunk. The New Orleans Daily Picayune Butler played for the dejection of the mob. The hand happened to be destitute of the score, and were obliged to give "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star Spangled Banner" instead.

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