HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

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XIII.—TEXAS LOST AND WON.

Magnitude of Texas.—Its Seecessions.—Treason of General Twiggs.—The Capture at Leon.—Bombardment at Galveston.—The Royal Yacht.—The Massacre at Johnston's Creek.—Testimony of Dr. Dana.—Capture of Corpus Christi.—Sabine Pass.—Expeditions up the Calcasieu and the Memonton.—The Surrender of Galveston.—Recovery by the Rebels.—Slaughter upon the Wharf.—Fate of the Westfield.—The Alabama.—The Conscription.—Disaster at Sabine Pass.—Armatos Pass.—Evacuation of Brownsville.—Surrender of Kirby Smith.

The State of Texas is larger than the whole Empire of France. The greatest length of France is 664 miles; its greatest breadth 620 miles. Its total area, according to official tables published by the French Government, is 199,946 square miles. Texas, in extreme length, is 800 miles; its extreme breadth is 750 miles. Its area is 237,504 square miles. It has been said that the whole island of Great Britain could be laid down upon the State of Texas, leaving a border all around sixty miles broad.

This majestic domain was received into the American Union on the 27th of December, 1845. Its admission involved the United States in a costly and bloody war with Mexico, and the payment of ten millions of dollars in five per cent. bonds. Its population in 1860 amounted to 601,039, of whom 189,682 were slaves. Of this white population we may suppose that one in five were adult males, making 84,069. Of these probably one-half, including their patriotic Governor, Samuel Houston, were friendly to the Union. Thus less than fifty thousand settlers in Texas—the majority of them men of no property, no intelligence, and no consideration—had the effrontery to attempt to wrest from a nation of thirty millions of people territorial equal to the whole Empire of France, and in which territory the Government had paid ten millions of dollars, and had conducted a sangurary war at an expense which can not well be estimated.

On the 1st of February, 1861, a packed convention, which represented scarcely one-half of the counties in the State, assembled at Austin, and passed an ordinance, with seven dissenting votes, declaring

"That Texas is a separate sovereign State, and that her citizens and people are absolved from all allegiance to the United States or the Government thereof."

Immediately upon this General David E. Twiggs, an officer in the United States army, who was in military command in Texas, joined the Secessionists, and voluntarily surrendered to them all the United States property which had been intrusted to his care. This consisted of thirteen forts, fifteen thousand stand of arms, eighty pieces of ordnance, fifty-five thousand dollars in specie, about twelve hundred horses, with mules, wagons, tents, provisions, ammunitons of war, to the estimated value of nearly two million of dollars. All the United States soldiers, 2500 in number, were taken prisoners, stripped of their arms, and only released on parole not to serve against the Confederate States until exchanged.

In response to this action of General Twiggs the Secretary of War, J. Holt, on the 1st of March, issued the following order, which was countersigned by Samuel Cooper, Adjutant-General of the United States. This was the last order issued by Cooper, who directly after entered the Confederate service as Adjutant-General:

"By the direction of the President of the United States* it is ordered that Brigadier-General David E. Twiggs be and is hereby dismissed from the army of the United States for his treachery to the flag of his country, in having surrendered, on the 18th of February, 1861, on the demand of the authorities of Texas, the military posts and other property of the United States in his Department and under his charge."

In reply to this a letter appeared in the Charleston Courier of May 18, over the signature of General Twiggs, addressed to James Buchanan, then ex-President, in which the writer says:

"Your warped right to dismiss me from the army might be sequenced in, but you had no right to brand me as a traitor. This was personal, and I shall treat it as such—not through the papers, but in person. I shall most assuredly pay a visit to Lancaster for the sole purpose of a personal interview with you. So, Sir, prepare yourself. I am well assured that public opinion will sanction any course I may take with you."

The rebel convention in Charleston, a few weeks after, passed a formal vote approving the conduct of General Twiggs in resigning his commission and turning over the public property under his control to the enemies of the flag he had sworn to defend.

The traitor General was, in May, by the rebel authorities, placed in command of the Military Department of Louisiana, and also received the reward of the appointment of Major-General in the Confederate army.

There was in Texas, at the time of General Twiggs's treason, a force of United States troops consisting of about 2500 men. They were organized in thirty-seven companies. Of these twenty-two were infantry, five artillery, and ten cavalry. These troops were mainly employed to protect the country from the invasion of savages. They were consequently very considerably dispersed over the wide territory. Twenty of these companies were on the Rio Grande. The remainder were stationed at various forts quite widely scattered.

As these patriot troops could neither be persuaded nor compelled to follow their General into the camp of the enemy many of them were permitted to return to the North. Some detachments were taken prisoners and released upon parole. They were, however, allowed to

* James Buchanan.
leave the State only from the port of Galves-
ton and by the Mississippi River. Four hun-
dred and fifty of these troops, under Major
Sibley, had embarked on board some schoon-
ers at Salaria. A Texan force in some armed
steamers came down upon them from Indian-
ola and took the whole body prisoners of war.
They were not released until they had taken
an oath not to take up arms against the South-
ern Confederacy. This was on the 24th of
April.

Soon after, on the 9th of May, eight compa-
nies of infantry, consisting of three hundred
and sixty-six men, rank and file, were on the
road, preparing to leave the State, about twen-
ty-two miles west of San Antonio. They were
under the command of Colonel Reeve. The
rebel Colonel Van Dorn collected a force of
fifteen hundred men, a portion of them caval-
ry, with a battery of flying artillery consisting
of six 12-pounders, and took a strong position
to intercept them.

It was in the beautiful month of May, when
the whole of that sunny region bloomed with
verdure and flowers. Though it may be too
much to say that Texas had been mainly set-
tled by vagabonds and escaped felons of the
United States, it is certainly true that that
Lieutenant Bliss, a young officer of the United States Army, distinguished for his bravery, mounted his horse and rode along the line of the rebel troops. As his eye glanced over their serried ranks the exultation of the foe burst forth in repeated cheers. He returned to his commander with the sad announcement that resistance would be utterly availing. Colonel Reeve was thus compelled to surrender his whole command unconditionally as prisoners of war, and to give his word of honor that he would report himself, with his men, at the rebel camp at Leon that evening at six o'clock. The victorious rebels, greatly elated with their achievement, marched back to their camp, which they reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock Colonel Reeve arrived with his command. They pitched their tents on the spot designated for them, and stacked their arms. The next morning they were marched through San Antonio to a camp at San Pedro Springs, about two miles beyond.

As Governor Houston had refused to give his support to the traitorous measures which the rebels had so fiercely commenced, a popular Convention had voted him expelled from the gubernatorial chair, and had placed the Executive power in the hands of a more pliant man, Lieutenant-Governor Clark. On the 18th of June Clark issued a proclamation declaring it to be treason for any inhabitant of Texas to hold any communication with the people of the North, and announcing:

"That it will also be treasonable for any citizen of Texas to pay any debts now owing by him to a citizen or citizens of either of said States or Territories, or to contract with them any new debts or obligations during the continuance of said war."

All Northern citizens were ordered to leave Texas within ten days. Thus easily was this majestic realm apparently wrested from the United States, and passed over to a band of rebels who insanely engaged in the endeavor to subvert all free institutions upon the continent of North America.

The early exigencies of the war were such that but little attention could be devoted to the remote State of Texas. As soon as possible, however, a small naval force was sent to blockade the harbor of Galveston, her principal port of entry. Galveston was the most populous and commercial city of Texas. It is situated on a small island, at the mouth of Galveston Bay, about 150 miles southwest from New Orleans. This island, about three miles long, and half a mile wide, separates the bay from the often tumultuous waves of the Gulf of Mexico. A railroad bridge, three-fourths of a mile in length, runs across the shallow water of a portion of the bay to the main land. The population of the city was about 7000. It was composed mainly of adventurers who were seeking their fortunes in those remote realms. The great majority of them eagerly espoused the cause of the rebellion. At the eastern end of the island, at a spot called Bolivar Point,
they erected batteries sufficiently powerful to command the bay against the entrance of any naval force we could then send there.

Our vessels, however, so effectually blockaded the port that the commerce of the little, bustling, traitorous city was utterly destroyed. Our British cousins could not creep in with their supplies of arms and powder; and no cotton could leave to add to the resources of rebeldom in foreign lands. For a few weeks no occurrence of importance took place. The crowning batteries rendered it impossible for the vessels to enter the bay. And the vessels, keeping watch and ward outside of the bar, rendered ingress or egress alike impossible. There had been a tacit understanding that there should be no wanton firing which would merely endanger individuals.

Early in the morning of the 3d of August, 1861, the gun-boat Dart, in its cautious cruisings, came within range of one of the shore-batteries. The rebel commander took deliberate sight of her with one of his heaviest guns. A slight puff of smoke rose above the breastwork; there was a thundering report, which swept over the ocean, and a shot came bounding along which, though aimed directly at the steamer, fortunately did not strike her. The challenge thus given was promptly accepted. In an instant a puff of smoke was seen issuing from the bows of the steamer as she moved slowly onward, and a shell, with return compliments, was hurled screaming through the air. For some time this interchange of shots was continued, though with great deliberation. As the rebel batteries were in the rear of the town and close to it, our gun-boats could not open fire upon those batteries without endangering the inhabitants by every shot they should throw. Captain James Alden had on this account humanely abstained from provoking a contest. He was therefore much surprised at the temerity of the rebel commander, Colonel Moore, in commencing an attack, when he could not but know that the return fire would inevitably reach the women and children in the streets of Galveston. After this exchange of shots for some time, the Dart withdrew and reported facts to Captain Alden in the South Carolina.

Curious to know whether the rebels, under these circumstances, were insane enough to provoke a fight, a larger force was got under way about 5 o'clock in the evening, and stood in for the batteries. As soon as the steamers were within range of the shore-guns the rebels again opened fire. Captain Alden sent back a few return shots, and then with extraordinary humanity withdrew, as he knew that both shot and shell would endanger the helpless people in the town. But twelve or fourteen shots were exchanged. Fragments of shells and one 32-pound ball entered the city. One shell fell among a group of men who were on an eminence watching the conflict. It cut one man in two, and slightly wounded two or three others.

It does not appear that the inhabitants of Galveston deserved any special consideration. The Galveston News says:

"During the firing of the city rang with the shouts of the people from the roofs and balconies at every discharge from the batteries, and even the ladies participated in the enthusiasm of the excitement, manifesting the utmost anxiety to see our shot strike the steamer and sink her."

The British and Hanoverian Consuls, residing in the city, had the effrontery to remonstrate against our ships returning the fire of the batteries, assuming that it was the bombardment of the city without giving the customary notice. To this Captain Alden indignantely replied:

"We were no sooner within range of their guns than they opened their fire, when we, after exchanging a few shots, retired, preferring that it should appear that we were beaten off rather than continue a contest where, as the result shows, so many unoffending citizens must necessarily suffer. In conclusion, let me add, that no one can regret the injury done to moffending citizens more than I do. Still I find no complaints of my acts of the 3d instant coming from the military or civil authorities of Galveston. And, with due deference to your consideration and humanity, I must respectfully remark that it is the first time I have ever heard that the women and children and unarmed citizens of an American town were under the protection of foreign Consuls."

On the night of the 7th of November of this year there took place in these waters one of the most daring adventures of the war. The rebels had an armed schooner in the bay, the Royal Yacht, which was acting as a guard at the entrance of the harbor. She was armed with a 32-pounder, and had a crew of about twenty-five men. Some distance farther up the bay, moored to a wharf, under the guns of Pelican Island Fort, there was a rebel man-of-war steamer, the General Rusk, which carried four guns and a large crew.

On the 7th, Lieutenant James E. Jonett aloft, and, after a careful survey of the harbor, proposed to Captain Eagle, of the United States frigate Sainte, that he should take two launches and a volunteer crew, and in the night, with muffled oars, row by the guard-schooner and cut out the General Rusk.

"I will not," said he, "attempt the General Rusk unless I can surprise her. If I am discovered by the schooner I will abandon my design upon the steamer and fall back and take the schooner. It would be madness to attempt the steamer if discovered."

Volunteer crews, of twenty men for each launch, were soon found. Lieutenant Jonett was in command. Lieutenant John G. Mitchell took charge of the second launch. The crews were dressed in blue frocks with white cap-covers, that they might recognize each other in the dark. Each man had his specific duty assigned him. Loaded shells, port fires, fire-balls, and slow matches, were all got ready. Immediately after dark the launches were hoisted out, and the guns placed in them with ten charges of shrapnell and ten of canister. Every man was armed with a cutlass and a Colt's revolver. At just half past eleven the crew
started on their perilous enterprise. The wind and the tide were both against them. They, however, pulled lustily for two hours and a half, steering widely to the northward, to avoid the guard-schooner, hoping to get ahead of the Kusk, and then to drop down upon her. They, however, pulled lustily for two hours and a half, steering widely to the northward, to avoid the guard-schooner, hoping to get ahead of the Kusk, and then to drop down upon her. The guard-schooner passed the schooner, and were prosperous approaching the steamer, which was all unconscious of its danger, when both boats suddenly grounded heavily upon a shoal, which was not laid down in the charts. In their endeavors to get off they were discovered. Signal-lights were exchanged from fort to fort, lanterns were run up, and the steamer was all alive with excitement like that in a nest of wasps suddenly disturbed. The adventurers in the two frail launches were now exposed to the fire of the Kusk and of all the four forts. As it would be madness under these circumstances to attempt to take the steamer, Lieutenant Jonett gave the order, "Pull for the schooner. Second launch will board her on starboard bow, first on starboard beam."

As they turned the wind and tide which had before opposed was now with them. In five minutes they made the schooner now directly before them. The men pulled silently, though vigorously, at their muffled oars. Not a word
was spoken save the low and almost whispered orders of their commander, "Give away, men. Ready with the gun, Mr. Carter."

The watchful sentinel on board the schooner caught sight of them, but knowing not whether they were friends or foes, in a sternutarious voice shouted three times, "Boat away!" The eventful crisis had come in which minutes are as hours. "Fire, Mr. Carter," exclaimed Mr. Jonett. The primer was damp and the gun missed. Than came the rapid, excited order, "Give away, quick; trail oars; stand by to board!" At that moment Mr. Carter had again primed; the gun was fired, and a shell pierced the Royal Yacht at the water-line. But by the recoil of the gun the boat was driven back several feet, thus frustrating their boarding. Also, at the same instant the crew of the schooner poured into the boats a volley of bullets, which fire our men returned with their revolvers with such effect as to drive many of the rebels below. All this occurred in less time than it takes to read it. Both launches were now alongside of the schooner, and the men sprang on board. The desperate, bloody, hand-to-hand conflict was soon over.

As Lieutenant Jonett was rushing forward upon the crew a rebel thrust a sword-bayonet fastened to a pole through his right arm into his side, pinning his arm to his side, nearly knocking him from his feet, and having him at that advantage endeavored to thrust him overboard. But Lieutenant Jonett seized the pike with his left hand, broke it, without pulling it from his arm, and struck at the man's head as he dodged below. The deck was soon cleared, and the whole crew driven down the hatch. It is to be borne in mind that this scene of tumult and death occurred in the midst of midnight darkness. In the confusion of boarding the lanterna had gone out. There was now no time to be lost, since the whole harbor was aroused.

Lieutenant Jonett, as he pulled the pike from his side, nearly fainted from loss of blood. Finding his sight growing dim he summoned all his mental energies to triumph over physical disablement, and sprang vigorously forward to finish his work. The prisoners were all below, and refused to come up to take their places in the boats. There was no time for parleying. A military persuasive was sent down to them in the shape of a shell, loaded with eighty balls. The appeal was irresistible. They came tumbling up "like mad." In the conflict one of our men had been killed and seven wounded. The wounded were taken in one of the boats and the prisoners in the other. The gun was spiked, the small-arms and flag taken, and the vessel set on fire fore and aft. She was in a sinking condition from the effect of the shell which had penetrated her, and therefore could not be brought out.

The night was very dark, the sea rough, and they were six miles from the Santee. There were more prisoners in the boat than well men. Lieutenant Jonett had heroically concealed his wound, lest the prisoners should be emboldened to rise and take the boat. His voice was failing him, and he could feel the hot blood gushing from his side. He thrust two of his fingers, with his flannel shirt covering them, into his wound, and thus he sat for three weary hours cheering his exhausted men at the oars. The day was just dawning as they reached the ship.

It was indeed a brave undertaking—we can not say chivalric, for the rebels have spoiled the word—to undertake to cut out a ship under four forts, and in the vicinity of a large town. The adventure proved a great success, though all was not accomplished which was hoped for. Thirteen were taken prisoners. How many were killed is not known, as it is said that many leaped overboard and swam for the shore.

Slowly yet surely the National Government was gathering its strength to avenge its outraged authority, and to reclaim that vast realm over which rebellion had ventured to unfurl its flag. The citizens of Galveston trembled in view of the doom which was certainly impending. The largest guns they had on the island were 32-pounders, whose range did not exceed two miles. Nothing in the way of reinforcements could reach them by sea; and it seemed next to impossible to transport over weary leagues of hill and vale, river and morass, guns of a larger calibre. But the United States Government would soon have a fleet at the mouth of their harbor with guns aloft of the largest bore, and which would throw shot and shell three or four miles. Thus at our leisure we could lay the city in ashes, and blow their batteries into the air without receiving a harmful shot in return.

Appalled by this prospect the rebels concluded to evacuate the city. They consequently commenced removing their hospital stores and all public and private property of a movable kind to Houston, about forty miles in the interior. These measures were adopted with the utmost precautions to avoid surprise. At the same time the desperate attempt was undertaken to transport a battery of four Columbiads and several rifled cannon from Alexandria, on the Red River, to which place the ordinance had been conveyed from New Orleans, across Northern Louisiana to the Sabine, a distance of about eighty miles, and thence a couple of hundred miles through Texas to Galveston. A force of between two and three hundred oxen were employed, and for a time they accomplished about ten miles a day. They, however, encountered such obstacles that the enterprise was abandoned.

In the mean time Texas was contributing very efficiently to the support of the rebellion. Her exuberant fields had produced crops in such fabulous abundance that it was said that Western Texas alone was capable, at the lowest rates, of feeding and foraging the whole army of the Confederacy could means of transportation be furnished. Thousands of cattle
were sent across the Mississippi, and immense supplies of grain. And by the middle of July, 1862, out of a voting population of but sixty-four thousand men forty-five thousand rushed or were driven into the rebel ranks. The conscription was so merciless that this number was soon increased to sixty-four regiments.

Some faint idea may be formed of the terrible relentlessness of this conscription from the following facts, taken from the Galveston Union, a German paper published in Galveston after its occupation by the Union troops.

On a small stream called Johnston’s Creek, near the origin of the Grand Cape and the Piedraules, there was a very industrious and thriving little settlement of American and German families. There was no village, but their farms were scattered along the banks of the stream and over the prairie. In their sublime solitude, all equally rich and equally poor, and dwelling in humble cabins, they were banded together for protection against marauding Indians. The future was bright before them, with promise of ever-increasing comforts and opulence. So far as there can be Arcadian simplicity and peace in this lost world of ours, these settlers, “from strife and tumult far,” on their fertile acres and beneath the most genial sky enjoyed that blessing.

Faint rumors had reached them of the war, when one morning some officers of the Confederacy appeared among them to collect war taxes, and to organize them into military companies for drill. Money was an article unknown among them. They lived so far from each other on their large farms that to meet to drill would leave their families without protection to the vagabond Indians prowling around. Moreover, they took no interest in the rebel cause, for all their sympathies were with the National Government, from which they had received only benefactions.

But treason had no heart of mercy for those who would not espouse its cause. A notorious ruffian, by the name of Duff, with a company of ferocious vagabonds, was sent to drag these men from their homes into the rebel ranks. Mr. Oldham, Senator from Texas, made a speech in the rebel Congress, remonstrating against the recklessness with which the Texans were torn from their homes.

“The best troops of Texas,” he said, “you have transported east of the Mississippi, brought to Virginia, put into the hottest part of the contest, where they have been decimated; and now three-fourths of each regiment from Texas sleep in their graves, or have been discharged on account of sickness. Let this Government continue to draw on the fighting population of Texas to keep up these regiments, and Texas will be ruined, irretrievably ruined.”

The doomed men fled for refuge to the mountains. One man alone, Frederic Degener, was left behind. The watchful eye of his wife described the approach of the foe. With a loud cry she gave the alarm. With the fleetness of a deer he commenced his flight. The rebel gang pursued and discharged fourteen shots after him. Fortunately he escaped. The marauders plundered his house, but condescended not to burn it down over the heads of his distracted wife and children. From house to house these miscreants roved with savage ferocity, plundering and burning, and cursing those who had escaped as abolitionists—the most terrible term of reproach which the lips of rebellions could coin.

The wives and children of many of these ruined families joined their husbands and fathers in the attempt to escape to Mexico, hoping in that land of anarchy and violence to find refuge from the misery with which the Confederacy was overwhelming them. This sorrowing band of fugitives soon numbered sixty-eight men. They necessarily traveled slowly. The impecunious foe pursued. They were overtaken one morning before daybreak by a gang of two hundred mounted rebels. The fugitives fought with the energies of despair. They were overpowered, and every man was slain excepting twelve who made good their escape. Several of these were afterward captured and immediately hung. A few escaped across the Rio Grande, after spending weary days of exposure and hunger among the mountains. Of these sixty-eight victims of rebel atrocity but five were Americans. All the rest were Germans.

Dr. Adolph Domai, a distinguished German traveler then residing in Texas, writes of this massacre of Union men, which was continued throughout Texas:

“We know personally of most of these unfortunate victims who have been murdered so mercilessly, not because they rebelled against the Government, but because they would not act against the Union, and would rather fly to Mexico. These murdered Union men were some of the greatest benefactors of the State. They had done the hardest pioneer work in it, clearing it from wild beasts and Indians. They had saved it to civilization through more than one period of pestilence and famine. They furnished the proof that they could cultivate sugar and cotton without the least danger to health, and had increased the riches of the country millions of dollars. Hundreds who succeeded in making their escape rave about the woods, having lost every thing. Hundreds are now chased like wild beasts through the wilderness of Northwestern Texas, and succumb because of the most horrid tortures, their fate being never known to their fellow-men.”

On the 17th of May, 1862, Captain Henry Eagle, then in command of the squadron off Galveston, sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the town. He stated that a large naval and land force would soon arrive amply sufficient to compel the surrender, and that he wished to save the effusion of blood and the destruction of property. The rebel General Herbert returned the very appropriate reply, that when the land and naval force made their appearance the demand would be answered.

Previous to the movement upon Galveston it was deemed expedient to close some adjacent ports and destroy some batteries which were affording protection to blockade-runners,
About three hundred miles southwest of Galveston, at the mouth of the Nueces River, was the little hamlet of Corpus Christi. From its harbor many small craft were running over to Havana and bringing back such stores as the rebels needed. On the 12th of August the United States yacht Corypheus caught sight of one of the rebel armed vessels. Chase was immediately given, and from a Parrott gun shot were thrown, booming over the waves, with such accurate aim that the rebels ran their vessel ashore and set her on fire. The crew of the Corypheus landed, extinguished the fire, and hove the vessel off. Two other vessels they drove ashore, to which the rebels successfully applied the torch.

The next day a flag of truce was sent to the rebels, demanding the evacuation of the place by the military, but consenting that the inhabitants should remain, and that their private property should be respected. The rebel commander refused these terms, and asked for forty-eight hours that he might remove the women and children. This was generously granted him. On Saturday morning, August 16, the bombardment was commenced by the rebels opening fire at the early dawn from a battery which they had planted behind the
levee. At intervals throughout the day the conflict was continued, the gun-boat Sachem and the yacht Coryphaeus keeping up a vigorous fire. The rebel batteries were frequently silenced, the gunners RETREATING and hiding behind the levee. As soon as our fire ceased, there being nothing to fire at, the gunners would return and again open upon the ships. Both vessels were repeatedly struck.

On Monday morning the very bold deed was performed of landing a 12-pound gun with thirty men, under Alfred H. Reynolds, to take a position from which they could rake the rebel battery. At the same time the schooner Reindeer, William Baker in command, steamed to a point from which they could now down, with a storm of grape and canister from a 24-pound howitzer, any force which might be sent to charge the heroic little band which had landed.

Mr. Reynolds, with his gun, advanced to within musket-range of the enemy and opened a rapid raking fire with shell. At the same time the steam gun-boat Sachem poured in upon the foe a terrible fire of shells from her 32-pounders, while the yacht was no less efficient with her Parrott gun. The conflict had now risen almost to the dimensions of a battle, when a body of one hundred and sixty infantry were seen Deploying to charge our heroic little band. But the eye of the Reindeer was upon them, and they were greeted with such a discharge of shrapnell and canister that they were scattered like withered leaves by the gale.

The enemy's battery was now silenced, and his only hope was in the capture of Reynolds's gun. Suddenly a squadron of cavalry, about three hundred in number, appeared, charging at full speed down upon the little band of thirty men. But the patriots had a powerful ally in the Reindeer. The schooner poured such a scathing storm of canister into their ranks, peal following peal in swift succession, that neither man nor horse could stand it. The column, staggered by the smothering assailment, reeled and fled mangled and bleeding.

As our whole force did not exceed one hundred men we could not hold the town. Lieutenant J. W. Kittridge, however, who was in command, observing that the cavalry had emerged from the streets of the town and had retreated back again to the shelter of their streets, spurred them out, driving them back into the plains. Our triumphant little fleet of five vessels, having inflicted this severe punishment upon the rebels, now anchored in the bay. While all the officers and men behaved heroically, exposed to the fire of a battery completely sheltered behind earth-works, Amos Johnson, commanding the Sachem, William Barker of the Reindeer, and Mr. Bellows of the Coryphaeus, received special commendation. Though the vessels were often struck it is remarkable that but one man was wounded, and that slightly.

About one hundred miles east of Galveston, at the mouth of the Sabine River, was the port called Sabine Pass, where the enemy had a small battery of four guns to protect their blockade-runners. On the morning of the 23d of September the steamer Kensington and the schooner Rachel Seaman, under command of Frederick Crocker, arrived at the mouth of the river, where they found at anchor the mortar schooner Henry James, Pennington commander. The two vessels crossed the bar, and, notwithstanding a vigorous fire from a rebel battery of four pieces, speedily silenced their guns. A boat expedition was then sent up the Pass to attack the battery in the rear. But the enemy got scent of the danger and fled. The schooners then took a position from which they utterly destroyed the battery, and received the surrender of the town. Then came a series of romantic adventures, each of which accomplished some important object, and convinced the rebels that they had roused the energies of a foe whose chastening hand was terrible.

The Kensington started for the River Mermentan, fifty miles east of Sabine, to destroy an unfinished battery and capture some blockade-runners there. They pursued in the launch a rebel steamer and two schooners, which were lying up Lake Calcasieu, watching an opportunity to run the blockade. The party which remained at Sabine destroyed a large railroad bridge, thus securing themselves against any land attack. They captured two British blockade-runners, the Velocity and the Adventure. The character of this unrecorded service may be inferred from the following extract from the report of Commander Crocker:

"I shall start up the Lake Calcasieu for the steamer, and hope to take her. In which event I propose to arm her, and go up the Mermentan River until I take the steamer there. Upon these two, if I get them safely to Sabine, I propose to place our Parrott guns and howitzers, and make a dash up the Sabine River, where there are several steamers and schooners and no batteries. If I am successful there, I shall return and go up the Neches River, where there are still more steamers and vessels, and where, at the town of Beaumont, there is a large railroad bridge, on the main line of Texas, which, destroyed, will stop all communication between Eastern and Western Texas. All this is defended by only two 24-pounders in battery, and those I hope to overpower with the Parrotts. In which event I shall take or destroy all above, and thus completely use up one of the most viscous and active of the secession ports."

The expedition up the Calcasieu River and Lake was eminently successful. The launch was accompanied by twelve men and two officers. They proceeded up the river eighty miles, and were absent four days. Having captured the steamer Dan, of which they were in search, they returned in the steamer with the launch in tow. Stopping at the town of Charleston, on the lake, they burned a large steamer lying there, and also levied upon the town a contribution of sweet-potatoes and beef. Many strong Union men were found. They informed Commander Crocker that a large party of rebels had collected in ambush to attack them with rifles and sharp-shooters as they should pass below. The very simple and effective precaution against this danger was adopted.
of seizing ten or twelve of the inhabitants of the place, who were posted around the man at the wheel. Thus they passed unmolested down the river. As soon as they had reached a place of safety the prisoners were released.

The closing of Sabine Pass proved to be a very important event. All kinds of munitions of war in large quantities had been run in here, and an immense amount of cotton had been exported.

And now the hour had come for the capture of Galveston. On the morning of the 8th of October Commander Renshaw approached with four steamers so as to command the city with his guns. The Harriet Lane was then sent over the bar, with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the place, allowing them one hour to decide. After standing in some distance a rebel shot was fired to bring the steamer to. She immediately anchored to wait for a boat from the shore. There was so long a delay, indicating that the rebels were merely trying to gain time, that Captain Wainwright sent an executive officer to inquire into the cause of the tardiness and to explain the object of his visit.

After much parleying the officer was permitted to land. He informed Colonel Cook, the rebel commander, that Captain Wainwright had a message to deliver from the officer in command of the naval squadron in the offing. The Colonel promised to send a proper officer to receive it. Thus the interview ended, and the messenger returned to the ship. Still there was delay, the reason for which it was not difficult to understand. At length a sail-boat was seen pushing out very leisurely from the city with a white flag flying, beating against the wind. Captain Wainwright, indignant at such trilling, weighed anchor and steamed outside of the bar to communicate the result of his mission to Commander Renshaw. The sail-boat, with the white flag, was still to be seen in the distance. As it was deemed important to make the attack upon the forts that day, to save time the whole force was got under way with the view of meeting the boat. But as soon as the vessels had got within range of the hostile batteries the foe opened fire. It was returned with such vigor that in a few minutes every gun was silenced, and the gunners were seen scattering in all directions.

The sail-boat, with the white flag, had now put back. Commander Renshaw was not a little embarrassed how to act in the emergency. The whole city lay within easy range of his guns. Just then he was met by half a dozen discharges from two short 24-pounders immediately between him and the city. Commander Renshaw, in his report to Admiral Farragut, says:

Here a dilemma. A white flag, sent by my own request, was within half a mile of me. To have silenced this insignificant battery would have necessitated firing through the most thickly populated part of the town, where all the consular flags were flying, and with the almost certainty of killing some woman, child, or alien, which cata-

trophe all these consuls would make a handle of to try and impose their Governments with the idea that we were carrying on this war like barbarians, and possibly cause some embarrassment to our Government.

"True, it may be said, in a strictly military point of view, that having first fired upon me from the town gave an unlooked right to return that fire. And I have not a doubt that I disappointed the rebels very much by not having done so; their object being to provoke such a result. But, on the other hand, let it be taken into consideration the many motives that governed me in taking the course that I did; not the least of which was, that no advantage would be gained by destroying the city at that time, when I knew that should negotiations for its safety fail I would be in no worse position than if I then occupied, while by granting a truce of four days I would deposit the foreign consuls of all cause of complaint and stop the months of humanitarians."

Influenced by such considerations, Commander Renshaw made the signal to his fleet, "Cease firing," and hoisting a flag of truce, cast anchor. The sail-boat, perceiving this, turned and soon came alongside. It contained a major and captain of the rebel army. They were informed that the unconditional surrender of the city was demanded. The summons was carried on shore. Soon a messenger returned with a positive refusal, adding that the responsibility of destroying the town, which was entirely at the mercy of our fleet, and of endangering the lives of women, children, and aliens, rested entirely upon the commander of the National squadron. The rebel messengers also stated that the yellow-fever was prevailing in the city.

After a long colloquy Commander Renshaw consented to a truce of four days, that the women, children, and aliens might be removed. He stated, however, that there was to be an explicit understanding that they were not to increase the defenses of the city, and that every thing was to remain as it was at that time. "Certainly," was the reply, "that is nothing more than you have a right to demand." Unfortunately these terms were not reduced to writing.

Soon a deserter brought to the fleet the intelligence that the rebels were removing, by night, the guns from one of the batteries. Two patriot officers were accordingly sent on shore to charge the rebel officers with a breach of faith. They replied that they understood the terms to be that they should not increase their defense, not that they should not weaken it by removing their guns. In view of the misunderstanding it was deemed best to allow the truce to continue and to permit them to take the guns, which were but four in number and were not of much value.

The people who escaped to our ships from the terrors of rebel conscription indicated that the middle and lower classes cherished strong Union sentiments. They gave a fearful account of the reign of terror to which all had been subjected. Press-gangs were ranging the country, driving every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty into the ranks.

As we had not then and there a sufficient force to send a body of men on shore to occupy the city, Commander Renshaw simply sent a
new men with a flag to be raised for half an hour, to show our absolute possession of the place. He also brought his ships before the town with all his guns double shotted, prepared signally to avenge any insult. The city was thus held until the 1st of January, 1863.

The naval force at this time holding Galveston consisted of the Westfield, Clifton, Harriet Lane, Owasco, Sachem, and Corypheus. A small force of National troops, consisting of but two hundred and sixty, rank and file, commanded by Colonel Burrill of the Forty-second Massachusetts volunteers, occupied a wharf in the town. It seems that notice had been given by some friendly lips to the commanding officers of both land and naval forces that an attack was about to be made upon them, and it is not easy to account for the want of preparation in which we were found.

About 3 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of January, it being bright moonlight, several rebel steamers were seen descending the bay. The Harriet Lane advanced to meet them, and encountered two at the same time. One of these, the Bayou City, was armed with a 68-pounder rifled gun, was barricaded with cotton bales for a height of twenty feet from the water-line, and was manned by two hundred troops.
The other, the Neptune, was similarly barri-
coded, carried one hundred and sixty men, and
was armed with two small brass field-pieces.
The conflict on both sides was conducted with
the utmost bravery and desperation.

The Neptune was soon sunk by her powerful
antagonist in about eight feet of water, she hav-
ing backed, while in a sinking condition, upon
the flats. But the Bayon City ran into the
Harriet Lane, grappled her by catching under
her guard, and poured in terrible volleys of
musketry from her numerous and well-protect-
ed crew. At the same time the crew of the
Neptune, which had grounded near by in shal-
low water, also delivered a rapid and deadly
fire. This storm of bullets from three hundred
and sixty muskets, rapidly fired, at the short-
est possible range, by men entirely protected
by cotton bales, soon drove the crew of the
Harriet Lane, but about one hundred in num-
ber, from their guns. The rebels from the
Bayon City, with yells and like swarming
wolves, bounded on board the patriot steam-
er.

Her commander, Captain Wainwright, though
wounded, refused to surrender, and died man-
fully defending himself with his revolver. The
assailing force was too strong to be resisted.
All opposition was speedily quelled, and the
noble steamer, unharmed, and with all its arm-
ament in perfect order for immediate action, fell
into the hands of the rebels. It was, as it were,
but the work of a moment. Such is war, such
its vicissitudes. The rebels were now in power
upon those waters, and our whole little squad-
ron seemed to be at their mercy.

While this catastrophe was occurring upon
the water a still more awful scene of disaster
was taking place upon the land. As we have
mentioned, two hundred and fifty men of the
Forty-second regiment of Massachusetts Volun-
teers were on the wharf. But three companies
of the regiment had as yet arrived. They were
at the end, near the water, with no possible
means of retreat or escape from an overpow-
ering force. In the bright moonlight the rebels
came rushing upon them in bands of strength
which could not be resisted. With howls of
exultation they swept down upon the doomed
patriots. They were shot, sabred, stabbed,
driven into the sea. They fought, as Massa-
chusetts men ever do fight, with bravery which
could not be surpassed. It was all in vain.
How many were slain in that dreadful midnight
hour is not known. The few survivors were
taken prisoners, and hurried back forty miles in
the country to Houston.

The moon had now gone down, and it was
very dark. It was not safe to attempt to re-
take the Harriet Lane, as our own troops, un-
armed and helpless, were crowded upon her
decks. The Owasco moved cautiously up and
exchanged a few shots with the enemy's arti-
illery upon the shore. The channel was narrow,
and she frequently grounded. She could only
bring one 11-inch gun to bear upon the foe.

In the meantime the deadly howitzers of the
Harriet Lane were turned upon her, and the
guns of the other rebel steamers, and she was
also assailed by such a merciless peppering of
musketry from the swarming rebel troops on
the boats and on the shore, that she was driven
back with every one of her rifle-gun crew
wounded and one killed. The Sachem also took
a very active part in the contest.

The account we receive of these scenes is
confused, for the event itself was full of confu-
sion, darkness, and bewildermont. From the
various and contradictory account of the de-
tails I have thought it safest to follow the offi-
cial report of the Court of Inquiry ordered by
Admiral Farragut to investigate the disaster,
though some who profess to have been eye-wit-
nesses give very different statements. For in-
stance, Magruder, the rebel commander, and
the official report of the Court of Inquiry states
that the conflict commenced about three o'clock
in the morning. But the correspondent of the
Houston Telegraph, who professes to have been
present, says that he timed it, and it was exac-
tly eight minutes before five. The official re-
port says that the Neptune was sunk, and that
the Bayon City alone boarded the Harriet Lane.
But the New York Tribune correspondent, giv-
ing the narrative as he received it from the lips
of one of General Hamilton's staff, says that
both the Bayon City and the Neptune boarded
the Harriet Lane. The description he gives of
the capture is truly eloquent, though it will be
seen that it is slightly different from our narra-
tive:

"The doomed vessel, her steam not up, unable to
ecape, was the centre of a perfectly infernal fire dance.

Seen from the Mary A. Boardman the spectacle assumed an
aspect at once grand and terrible. Overhead and
round night was slowly retiring before day; the dim
light prevalent being rent by the frequent flashes of can-
on, the ceaseless shift of shell, and the omnipresent short-
lived blaze of musketry, while the hellish discord beggars
all description. Prominent amid it, one heard the sono-
rous boom of the 11-inch gun of the Owasco, the hallow-
ing of the batteries, and the volleys, shrieks, and detonations
pervading the town.

"But our struggle is nearing its end. The rebel steami-
er and ram have closed at length, on either side of the
Harriet Lane, boarded her, and a bloody struggle is rages-
ing on her deck. Her invaders, madmen, it is said, with
whiskey, fight like infinite devils, precipitating them-
theselves headlong on the guards, swarming fire and ash,
and pouring an incessant hail of small-balls from above and
below upon the devoted crew. They contend with an en-
nemy apparently unwilling either to give or take quarter.
Scornfully they are met, sternly resisted. Gallant Captain
Wainwright is killed, and of his one hundred and thirty
men all but ten or twenty share his fate, and the Harriet
Lane is captured by the enemy."

Commodore Renfrow's flag-ship, the West-
field, was armed with two 9-inch guns, four
68-pounders, and two riled guns. The mo-
mement the Harriet Lane, from her post farther
up the bay, signaled danger, the Westfield got
under way to run up abreast of the town. Swept
by the current she ran upon a shoal at high
tide and there remained immovable. It was a
thousand-ton boat, one of the best of the squad-
ron, with a rudder at each end and double-boil-
ers. There she lay, at this critical hour, helplessly imbedded in the sand.

The Clifton, a New York boat of the same general character, came to her rescue, and tugged and tugged in vain. Abandoning the effort as hopeless, the Clifton steamed toward the Harriet Lane, which was about three miles distant. The rebels opened upon her with two heavy guns which they had suddenly, during the night, mounted on an old abandoned battery. The Clifton, which had two 9-inch guns, forty 32-pounders, and one pivot rifled gun, vigorously replied with her whole armament. The Mary Boardman made an attempt to release the Westfield. But after snapping a hawser asunder, and the tide rapidly falling, she relinquished the endeavor.

It was now half past seven o'clock. The rebels hoisted a white flag on the Harriet Lane. This steamer was so fastened to the Bayou City that it could not immediately be released. The rebel account in the Houston Telegraph says:

"It became plainly evident that unless the Bayou City and Harriet Lane could be separated the enemy could escape if they wished. To gain time, therefore, a flag of truce was taken to the Oswego and Clifton, now lying close together, and a demand for a surrender."

The flag of truce came on board the Clifton, informed her chief officer of the capture of the Harriet Lane, the death of her commander and first-lieutenant, and the killing and wounding of two-thirds of her crew. The rebel officer, Major Smith, demanded the surrender of all the patriot vessels, consenting, however, that one should be permitted to leave the harbor with the crews of all the rest; and threatening, in case these terms were not accepted, to steam down the harbor with the Harriet Lane and capture them all.

Lieutenant Llaw, of the Clifton, replied that he was not the commanding officer, and that he could not imagine that such terms would be accepted. He, however, offered to take Major Smith in his gig over to the Westfield, that he might tender his proposal to Commodore Renshaw. Flags of truce were now flying from our vessels and from the parties on shore. The rebels, in the mean time, were getting their artillery in position and preparing the Harriet Lane for action. Commodore Renshaw refused the proffered terms, and ordered all the vessels to get out of port as soon as possible. As the Westfield could not be floated he prepared to blow her up.

It was then about a quarter past nine o'clock. Fifteen minutes were allowed for the crew to leave the ship, with such articles of baggage as they could at the moment seize upon. The Mary A. Boardman was about 500 feet off, ready to receive the crew as they were rapidly transferred in three boats. In about twenty minutes one hundred and fifty men were conveyed from the one vessel to the other. To the admirable energy, prudence, and presence of mind of Captain Wier and Major Burt, the rescue of the crew is greatly attributed.

One cutter, containing the last of the crew, now only remained alongside of the Westfield. At the distance of but a few yards there was another boat, laden almost to the water's edge, proceeding to the Mary A. Boardman. The Commodore and two others remained last on board the ship to apply the torch to the slow-match. The ship had two magazines, and was crowded with a supply of powder, shells, and ammunition. Commodore Renshaw stood quietly on the fore-deck, just over one of these open magazines. The cutter, with but two oarsmen and eight or ten passengers, was alongside, waiting for him to apply the match and leap on board. His two companions, Engineer W. K. Green, and Lieutenant Charles W. Zimmerman, had taken their seat in the boat. He applied the match, and stepped down the staircase to enter the boat, when, by some casualty which can now never be explained, a white puff of smoke burst through the hatchway, followed by an explosion so tremendous as to shake both air and ocean like the upheaval of an earthquake. A volcanic flame ascended to the clouds in the form of an inverted cone, filled with shot and shells, and every conceivable form of fragments of wood and iron. In this awful billow of ruin both boats with their contents instantly disappeared. Immeasurable shells exploded in the air, adding to the sublimity and horror of the scene. The crowd on board, the Mary Boardman gazed with awe upon the appalling spectacle. As the fiery missiles fell "in hideous ruin and combustion down," the ocean, throughout a circle 500 feet in diameter, was agitated as if these were raining down upon it a storm of the fabled bolts of Jove.

One only of the powder magazines had exploded, utterly demolishing the forward half of the Westfield, and leaving the remainder of
the boat a shattered wreck. But a few minutes elapsed ere the whole ship seemed to burst into flame—shells were exploding, and shotted cannon going off. The Mary Boardman put on all steam and hastened away from the presence of so dangerous a neighbor. At the same time the rebel gun-boats were seen coming down the bay. Nothing remained for our discomfited squadron but precipitate flight.

Lieutenant Law was now commanding officer. The Owasco was his only efficient vessel. As he did not consider this as by any means a match for the Harriet Lane, it was decided best to abandon the blockade. Though this disaster could exert but a trifling influence upon the general conduct of the war, it was an achievement of which the rebels could be justly proud, and which a patriot can not reflect upon but with chagrin.

A rebel prisoner narrates the following incident as occurring on board the Harriet Lane. We presume it to be true, though of course we can not vouch for it:

"Almost the first men struck down were Captain Wainwright and Lieutenant Lee, who both fought with a desperation and valor that no mortal could surpass. When bleeding and prostrate upon the deck they were still dealing death among their enemies. One young son of Cap-

tain Wainwright, only ten years of age, stood at the cabin-

door, a revolver in each hand, and never ceased firing un-
til he had expended every shot. One of his poor little hands was disabled by a ball shattering his four fingers. Then his infantile soul gave way; and he burst into tears, saying: "Do you want to kill me?" "The little hero was taken prisoner.

Immediately after the disaster at Galveston a conflict took place in those waters which, though apparently a deplorable defeat, proved in its results one of the most signal achievements of the war, and developed that marvelous hero-in which has ever characterized the American navy. As soon as the tidings reached New York, designs reverse which our arms had encountered in Galveston bay, the Hatteras, under Commander Homer C. Blake, was sent with a few other vessels to attempt to retake the place. The Hatteras arrived off Galveston on Saturday, January 10, 1863. At half past three o'clock Sunday afternoon, while at anchor with the fleet, under Commander Bell, a strange sail was seen far away in the southeast which was supposed to be a blockade-runner, making the land in preparation for run-

ning in during the night. The Hatteras was signaled to give chase.

Commander Blake immediately got under way, and soon ascertained that the strange sail was a steamer, which fact he signalled to the flag-ship. The strange steamer was then under canvas, and floated from her peak apparently the English red ensign. Lieutenant Blake pressed the chase until sunset, when the stranger furled her sails and came to, taking such a position as to give a full view of her spars and of a small portion of her hull. It was now nearly seven o'clock, and quite dark. It had, however, become evident to nearly all on board the Hatteras that the fancied blockade-runner was nothing less than the redoubtable rebel pirate Alabama, of English build, with English armament, and English gunners. Should this prove true there was no alternative before Lieutenant Blake but to fight her at the most desperate odds, or to make an inglorious sur-

render. Commander Blake was equal to the hour and instantly adopted the heroic resolve.

The ship was cleared for action and every man was at his post. As the Alabama was vastly superior to the Hatteras in structure and in armament, Lieutenant Blake was fully aware that the only chance for him was to bring the vessels into the closest quarters, and with des-

peration of courage to endeavor to carry the foe by boarding. The unknown vessel was now lying to, broadside on, waiting for the Hatteras to come up. When the Hatteras had got within about 75 yards the stranger was hailed, and asked what vessel it was. The reply was returned, "Her Britannic Majesty's ship Vixen." And to the return question "What ship is that?" the answer was given, "The Hatteras."

The propeller of the suspicious stranger was now turning, and it was observed that she was apparently endeavoring to gain a position for a raking fire. The Commander instantly frus-
trated that movement and said that he would send a boat on board. In a moment after this the stranger shouted out, through the darkness, "This is the Confederate steamer Alabama," and instantly poared in a broadside from her starboard battery. The fire was as promptly returned. The frenzy of battle was instantly at its height, every nerve on both vessels being strained to its utmost tension. The Alabama had six long 32-pounders, one 105-pounder ri-

fe on a pivot, one 68-pounder with double for-
tified pivot, one 24-pounder rifle. The Hatteras had four 32-pounders, two 20-pounders, one 20-pounder rifle, and one 12-pound howitzer.

Commander Blake, as the battle was fiercely raging, endeavored to close with the Ala-
bama to board her. But the superior speed of the rebel craft enabled Semmes to thwart all such designs. The vessels were, however, within thirty yards of each other. Thus for twenty minutes did the frail Hatteras lie exposed to the tremendous pounding of the formidable buccaneer. Soon after the commencement of the action the Hatteras was set on fire by ex-

ploding shells. The fire rapidly worked aft to the magazine, which was composed of light pine planks above the water-line. The men at the magazine remained at their post as long as powder could be passed up without explod-

ing.

Every broadside from the Alabama hurled upon the Hatteras four hundred and eighty pounds of iron, while at the same time one hun-
dred and thirty-six riflemen were sweeping its decks with numbing bullets. Still not a man flinched. The flames were now rushing up the hatchways; there were but two inches of pine between the fire and the magazine.
During these terrible moments when the ship was on fire, and shells were tearing through her sides and exploding with awful destruction, when the engine was destroyed, and the engine-room and deck enveloped with scalding steam, the steward of the ship, a colored man, performed an act of calm and deliberate heroism which should place his name very high upon the roll of honor. Under the passageway there was stored a large quantity of small-arms and ammunition. As shell after shell exploded, setting the light material on fire, the room became very hot and filled with smoke. The order had been given to "drown the magazine."

The steward remained unshakenly at his post, dashing water upon the ammunition, until the close of the action. When asked if he did not find his position rather warm and dangerous, he replied:

"Yes; but I knew that if the fire got to the powder they gentlemen on deck would get a grand hoist."

Another negro, the Captain states, got a musket, and through the entire action there could be heard its regular discharge. Every broadside the Hatteras received was returned with a cheer, and with an immediate response with our own feeble guns. Every man seemed inspired with the same firm resolve which animated the soul of Commander Blake.

So many shot and shells had entered the Hatteras at the water-line, peeling off the thin platting of iron, that the vessel was now rapidly sinking. The forward part was under water; the fire raging below; flames bursting up through the hatches, and every moment it was expected that the fire would reach the magazine; still not a man left his gun. All were willing to go down or up rather than strike our flag or allow it to fall into rebel hands. It was only at this time, when not a gun could be brought to bear, that Commander Blake, feeling that he had no right to sacrifice uselessly the lives of all under his command, reluctantly gave the order to fire a lee-gun in token of surrender. As the ship was rapidly sinking the port-guns were thrown overboard.

With the aid of the boats of the two vessels the surviving crew were all safely conveyed on board the Alabama, and in ten minutes the Hatteras went down, bow first, with her pontoon still flying at the main-head. All her armament and stores sank into the ocean's depths with her, and the rebels gained but a fruitless victory. In the rebel account of this conflict we find the following description of the injuries inflicted upon the Alabama:

"We had one shot through the stern, passing through the lamp-room, smashing every thing to pieces; one shell a few feet ahead of the forecastle, passing through the bulwarks, ripping up the deck, and lodging in the port without exploding. In truth, had it exploded I would hardly have written you this. A second shell struck a few feet forward of the bridge, and tore up the deck. A third and fourth in the main rigging, one striking a chain-plate and doubling it; both entered the coal-bunkers, but only one exploded. A fifth shot passed through our midship boat, and striking the smoke-stack, passed through and through, scattering iron splinters around like hail. A sixth and last struck the muzzle of the after broadside gun."

Strange as it may seem none were killed on the Alabama, and but one wounded. On board the Hatteras two were killed and five wounded. The men, as they were taken on board the Alabama, were put in irons; the officers paroled. The rebel steamer, which, as we have before said, was English in build, armament, and crew, now made for an English port. The vessel had been so roughly handled that it was nine days before she reached Kingston, in Jamaica. Never before did men look so earnestly for the appearance of one of our vessels of war. At Kingston the Alabama remained thirteen days for repairs. Those repairs cost in gold eighty-five thousand dollars, signal proof of the heroism with which the Hatteras had fought. Captain Blake writes indignantly, "During this time John Bull's minions had the pleasure of insulting men who, if they ever have the pleasure of meeting them on the ocean, will remind them that the insults are remembered."

The following correspondence, which is highly honorable to both parties, explains itself:

"To the Commander of H. M. ship Greyhound:

"Lieutenant-Commander H. C. Blake, of the United States Navy, presents his compliments to the Commander of H. M. ship Greyhound, and desires to learn whether or not he may consider the playing of "Dixie's Land" by the band of the Greyhound, upon the arrival of the Confederate steamer Alabama, on the evening of the 21st instant, as a mark of disrespect to the United States Government, or its officers who were prisoners on board the Alabama at the period indicated. Lieutenant-Commander H. C. Blake respectfully requests an early response.

"United States Consulate, Jamaica."

To this note an answer was returned which greatly honors the commander of the Greyhound. Had all the English officials manifested the same spirit, friendship instead of the bitter animosity would now have existed between these two great nations:

"Commander Hickey, R.N., presents his compliments to Lieutenant-Commander Blake, U.S.N., and has to acquaint him that on the evening in question he was on board the A—— dining with Captain Crocroft. Shortly after the time of the officer of the guard reporting the Alabama's arrival he heard the drums and fife of H. M. S. Greyhound playing, among other tunes, the tune of "Dixie's Land"; that he immediately repaired on board, causing other national tunes to be played, among which was the United States national air; and severely reprimanded the inconsiderate young officer who had ordered "Dixie's Land" to be played, calling for his reasons, and writing and forwarding them forthwith, with his report to Commodore Hugh Dunlop, C.B., who severely reprimanded the officer.

"As the officer in question had no idea that any U.S. officer or man was on board the Alabama, it must be evident to Lieutenant-Commander Blake that no insult was intended."

"H. M. S. Greyhound, Port Royal, Jamaica, January 24, 1863."

After much delay a vessel was chartered, which transported the officers and men of the Hatteras to Key West. Thence by steamer they were conveyed to New York. We have
spoken of this apparent disaster as truly a victory. The Alabama had been for weeks cruising on the south side of Cuba for the purpose of intercepting and capturing our California steamers. She had nearly exhausted her provisions and coal. A fresh supply must be had and another cruise projected. She had captured the Ariel, on which she found a paper giving the details of the sailing of Banks's expedition conveyed by a single gun-boat.

It was dangerous for the pirate to enter the ports on the Gulf, where coal and provisions could be procured, so he conceived and adopted the plan to run down to Galveston, where he knew we had a number of merchant steamers blockading. These he was confident of capturing without any resistance. From them he would supply himself; then run up the coast into the mouth of the Mississippi, destroying our light blockading vessels up to that point, where he expected to fall in with and capture and parole the Banks expedition. He designed, then, to run up along our coast, destroying transports and other vessels that he might fall in with. With these plans in view he appeared off Galveston; and but for the heroic fight which Lieutenant Blake gave him he might have accomplished all.

Semmes told Lieutenant Blake that he had not the slightest idea that he would venture with the Hatteras to fight the Alabama; and he said to another officer that "Commander Blake had more d——d assurance than any man he ever saw." The Alabama received such rough treatment that, instead of storing away coals and provisions at her leisure, she had to put all her pumps in motion to keep the ship afloat. She was compelled to go to Kings- ton for repairs, and then to steal away from there in the presence of a large squadron sent to intercept her. The plan of campaign which we have given was detailed by Semmes himself to Lieutenant Blake.

Blockade-running was now pushed with great vigor. It was principally done by schooners to and from the Brazos River, taking out cotton and bringing back materials of war. In February of this year Lubbock, the rebel Governor of Texas, stated, in his message to the Legislature, that the State had contributed 68,500 men to the Confederate armies, and that there remained in the State only 27,000 men between the ages of sixteen and thirty. In November he stated that the number furnished amounted to 90,000 men, and consequently there were only 5500 left between the ages of sixteen and sixty. He urged that there should be no ex- empts whatever, and that every man, including aliens, should be forced into the army. So ter- ribly in earnest were these bold, bad men to sustain the institution of slavery, by which they could compel poor men to work for them without wages.

We have before spoken of Sabine Pass. The Sabine River, which is about five hundred miles in length, is the dividing line between Louisi- ana and Texas. The stream, about five miles before its entrance into the Gulf, expands into a lake about eighteen miles long and nine wide. The outlet from this lake into the Gulf is called Sabine Pass. The city was situated on the right bank of the river, near the mouth. The Pass was considered as a point of great strategic importance as a base of operations either against Western Louisiana or Eastern Texas. It was about two hundred and eighty miles west of the Mississippi, fifty miles east of Galveston, and sixty miles from Houston, the capital of Texas. Early in September an expedition was fitted out, under General Franklin, to occupy this Pass, which was then in possession of the rebels. It was understood to be defended by a battery of field-pieces with two 32-pounders, en barrate, and two gun-boats which were also rams. The attacking force consisted of four thousand men, under General Franklin, who were conveyed in transports, and four steamers, the Clifton, Sachem, Arizona, and Granite City, under Lieutenant Crocker. The fleet moved from the rendezvous, off Berwick Bay, piloted by the gun-boat Arizona, Captain Tibbotts. General Godfrey Weitzel, who had already won renown, commanded the first divi- sion of the corps.

There was a blockading vessel stationed off the Pass. As the fleet steamed rapidly on all eyes kept a bright look-out to discover the ves- sel. But no vessel could be found; and at three o'clock on the morning of the 8th they hove to and ascertained that the fleet had run quite a distance beyond the Pass. The block- ader happened to be absent on a cruise, and by this mishap a day was lost. The fleet could, of course, be seen by the rebels steamin- ing along the coast, and thus the foe was app- rised of the danger.

It was arranged, as the plan of attack, that the four gun-boats should advance upon the batteries into close range, so that, while their heavy guns were pouring in their fire of shot and shell, one hundred and fifty sharp-shoot- ers, occupying selected positions on the ves- sels, should pick off the rebel gunners. As soon as the batteries were silenced and the rams driven off the transports were to come up and land their troops to secure the conquest. There were some large vessels there which had been on the blockade, but which could take no part in the engagement, as their extensive drought of water would not permit them to approach within gunshot of the batteries.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 8th of September, before the plan of attack was finally settled, the Clifton entered the bay and opened fire upon the fort. The object was to draw the fire of the rebel batteries so as to uncover their position, and ascertain the weight of the oppos- ing force. In the mean time Generals Frank- lin and Weitzel carefully examined the shore of the Pass, to select the most eligible point for disembarking the land-force. As the Clifton steamed up the Pass, carefully reconnoitring
the region, she occasionally threw a shot from her huge rifled guns at the only earth-work which was visible. There was no response. The Clifton steamed up within easy range of the guns of the fort, examined the face of the work, which was from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards in length, and returned to her consorts without eliciting a shot.

The order of battle was now arranged. The Clifton, Arizona, and Sachem were to engage the rebel works. The Granite City, whose armament consisted of a broadside of small brass guns, was detached to cover the landing of General Weitzel's division of five hundred men. They were New York troops, crowned with the victory of Port Hudson.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the gun-boats steamed forward on their arduous mission. The Clifton led. The Granite City followed as convoy to the transport, General Banks, which was to land the advance of the land-force. The Sachem and the Arizona steamed off to the right, to take positions nearly opposite the battery. The conflict was opened by a shell from one of the 9-inch pivot guns of the Clifton, which exploded inside the rebel works, creating a volcanic eruption which proved the terrific power of the missile. Another shot instantly followed with the same effect.

The Sachem opened her broadside of 32-pounders. The Arizona also came vigorously forward, with volley after volley. Between thirty and forty shot and shell were thrown into the fort before the foe responded with a single gun. Some even thought that they had evacuated the works, while others regarded the silence as ominous of the storm which was soon to burst forth. No sign of a foe could be seen; no indication of life on the shore, save the movements of a little steamer which had two or three times, during the morning, run up and down from the city to the fort.

The silence of the foe proved but the calm before the storm. A puff of smoke rose above the parapet, a heavy boom rolled over the waves, and a solid shot whizzed directly over the Arizona, striking the water just beyond. This was instantly followed by another shot aimed at the Sachem, and another at the Clifton. The battle tempest was now fairly ushered in, and it raged and roared with fearful fury. The Clifton and Arizona, to bewilder the aim of the foe, kept in constant motion, steaming slowly forward and backward, yet pouring in upon the hostile works an incessant fire. The Sachem pressed steadily forward, hoping to pass the battery and to assail it in the rear, which was supposed to be unprotected.

To thwart this manifest design the rebels doubled their fire against the dauntless little steamer, thus exposing her wooden walls, at short range, to heavy batteries behind earth-works. The huge shells of the Sachem fell with bewildering rapidity and marvelous accuracy of fire upon the foe, bursting in the midst of them, and often tearing great holes through the parapet, apparently sufficient to admit the passage of a stage-coach. But the rebels fought with the fearlessness and desperation which characterized them in almost every conflict during the war. "If their fire slackened," writes an eye-witness, "an instant after one of those terrific explosions, which seemed to shake the very earth around them, it was instantly resumed with increased rather than diminished determination.

The Sachem had thus far escaped the destruction, with which she was so imminently menaced, and was moving with unflinching and apparently sure steps to the position she was seeking to gain. A few minutes more would place her beyond the range of the rebel guns—the battery would be exposed to a fire which it could neither answer nor withstand, and the day would be ours. Just then, when all eyes were riveted upon the noble little craft, and victory was upon the point of lighting upon our banners, a solid shot struck the steamer amidships, crashed through her sides, and caused her to tremble from stem to stern. It was a fatal wound. The ball had penetrated the boiler. Instantly the steamer was enveloped in a cloud of scalding vapor, and the Sachem floated a helpless wreck upon the wave. Such are the fortunes of war. So closely do victory and defeat tread upon the heels of each other. The crew, thus disabled and smothered by the steam, could take no farther part in the fight, and the flag was lowered.

The enemy were probably aware that the Arizona drew too much water to get to close quarters, and they therefore now concentrated their fire upon the Clifton. It was a kind of challenge to which the heroic little steamer gallantly responded. With three rousing cheers a full head of steam was put on, and the Clifton ran swiftly down toward the battery, sweeping the parapet with double discharges of grape from her pivot guns. The heavy shot and shrieking shell aimed at the Clifton ricocheted across the water, almost reaching the transport, General Banks, which was following in her wake—convoyed, as we have said, by the Granite City. The transport was seeking the assigned point for the disembarkation of her troops.

The Clifton was now within five hundred yards of the battery. As she attempted to throw her bow around and take a broadside position she struck the bottom, and with such force as to drive her far into the thin and yielding mud. At this moment an undiscovered battery, within easy range, opened fire upon the doomed craft, the broadside of the steamer presenting a target which even bungling gunners could scarcely fail to hit. The steamer commenced backing, still keeping up an incessant and very effective fire from her bow and port broadside guns. The boat was in a terrible position, and the battle raged with the utmost fury. The rifled guns of the steamer
were very rapidly loaded and fired with double discharges of grape. There was still a good prospect that the Clifton and Arizona might silence the battery and enable the troops to land, when an unfortunate shot struck the boat near the centre, passed directly through the boiler, and left her also a stranded wreck. In the scene of confusion which ensued the flag was lowered, while for a short time the firing continued. A fearful shower of grape now swept through and over the steamer from the hostile batteries, and the white flag of surrender was run up, upon which the firing ceased. One account of the conflict says:

"The battle was now to all intents and purposes ended. Further resistance seemed utterly hopeless. But still the brave Croker could not endure the idea of giving up his vessel, and ordered his men to fight on. Without his knowledge, however, some one of the party struck the white flag, and the enemy instantly ceased firing. When informed of this the Captain ordered the deck to be cleared, and loading the after pivot gun with a 9-inch solid shot, he fired it through the centre of the ship, from stem to stern, tearing the machinery to pieces and rendering it utterly worthless to the enemy. After doing this and "picking all the guns the Clifton surrendered."

The regular crew of the Clifton consisted of one hundred and ten men. She had on board besides seventy-five sharp-shooters. All were captured but seven men who swam ashore, ran down the beach, and were taken off by a boat from the fleet. About thirty were killed or wounded. The loss of the enemy can probably never be known. It must, however, have been large, as our heavy guns poured in upon them a terrible fire, often sweeping the parapet from end to end.

There was now but one available gun-boat left, the Arizona. The expedition had failed beyond redemption. The Arizona backed down through the narrow channel while the transports moved rapidly out of the bay. The Arizona ran aground, and with difficulty was hedged off but not until midnight. The loss of the armament of the Clifton was deemed a serious calamity, as she was armed with one of the most powerful batteries of rifled guns in the service. The transport fleet with its convey returned to Brashear City.

Wherever there is disaster we naturally look to find blame somewhere. But the result of a battle often depends upon apparent accidents, and none are more conscious of this than the most successful generals. So far as we can judge the enterprise was well planned and heroically conducted. There is scarcely a battle in the whole war which has been more stubbornly contested than that of Sabine Pass. Heroic action is not always rewarded with victory. The fate of armies and of nations is often beyond all human control, and dependent upon contingencies over which man can exert but a trifling influence.

Thus matters remained in Texas for some time. We had no force which could then be spared to garrison any positions on the land, but our fleet kept up a vigorous blockade of the Texan ports. There were many exciting ad-

ventures in chasing blockade-runners, capturing them, driving them under the guns of the forts, cutting them out, or when they had been run ashore blowing them up with shells or applying the torch.

Early in November, 1863, an expedition was sent out which took possession of Brazos Island without opposition. From that, as a base, a fleet of transports conveyed nineteen hundred troops to Mustang Island. On the evening of the 16th twelve hundred of these men, with two howitzers, were landed upon the island about twenty miles from Aransas Pass, where the rebels had a fort. The remainder of the expedition then, under cover of the night, rapidly steamed up to the fort at the Pass. While the land-force, having made a very rapid march, drawing their guns by hand, moved up the fort in two columns on the right and left, the Monongahela, under J. H. Strong, threw in fifteen shells. The enemy, with such a premonition of the storm which awaited them, without attempting any resistance ran up the white flag and surrendered. The garrison consisted of one hundred men. Their battery of three large guns and a howitzer, the small-arms of the prisoners, a quantity of military stores, one hundred and forty horses and mules, one hundred and twenty-five head of cattle, and one schooner and ten small boats, fell into the hands of the victors.

The toil and heroism and endurance of war are often more signally manifested in the weary march than in the frenzied hour of battle. This adventure was admirably conducted. By landing the troops at a distance in the surf, and pressing them forward rapidly in that midnight march, the rebels were taken by surprise and had no opportunity to reinforce the garrison. The land and naval force co-operated with great harmony. General T. G. Ransom in his official report says:

"The co-operation of the naval forces under Commander James H. Strong in the Monongahela, merits and receives my entire approbation. He advanced, soon after daylight, and searched for the enemy's works, making excellent practice with his guns, bursting 11-inch shells in the enemy's camp. The conduct of the naval party under Acting-Ensign H. W. Grinnell and ten seamen from the Monongahela in charge of the two howitzers, was of the most satisfactory character. Captain L. P. Griffin, naval aid to General Banks, afforded me much valuable assistance and advice. The sailing of the fleet was under his direction, and the plan of landing through the surf was adopted through his advice."

The Rio Grande is the dividing line between the United States and Mexico. On the left or Texan side of the stream, near its mouth, lies the little city of Brownsville. On the opposite or Mexican banks is Matamoras. The rebels had made Brownsville a very important dépot for supplies and munitions of war by the way of Mexico. On the 2d of November, 1863, they very suddenly evacuated the place on learning that a powerful expedition was approaching to give them the chastisement they merited. In the hottest haste they ran every thing they could across the river. The garri-
son buildings and all the stores which could not be removed were committed to the flames. The New Orleans papers state that a general sacking of the town took place. With a few exceptions every store, private and public, was gutted. During this scene of drunken riot a fight took place among themselves. Several of the wounded were left behind, and were found by our troops when they entered. A few days after the evacuation the National fleet arrived, and the Stars and Stripes were unfurled over the place, protected by three thousand men and sixteen pieces of artillery.

Our troops, however, were so greatly needed elsewhere that it was not deemed expedient to leave them to garrison these distant posts. After a few months' occupation they were withdrawn, and the duty of guarding the extensive coast again devolved entirely upon the navy. But Texas was finally won by the world-renowned campaigns of Sherman and of Grant. When the tidings reached Texas of the surrender of Lee's great army to Grant and of Johnston's to Sherman, it was manifest to every mind that the conflict could not be prolonged in Texas. The rebel general, E. Kirby Smith, who was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in the following terms, on the 21st of April, 1865, announced to his army the surrender of General Lee:

"The crisis of our revolution is at hand. Great disasters have overtaken us. The Army of Northern Virginia and our Commander-in-Chief are prisoners of war. With you rests the hope of our nation, and upon your action depends the fate of our people."

He then urged them by every consideration he could invent to persevere in the struggle which he, of course, knew to be utterly hopeless. He had but few troops, and our whole majestick force could be concentrated to overwhelm him. Every private in his army understood this. Soon each man began to consult for his own safety by throwing down his arms and making a bee-line for his home. The brave words which Smith uttered did not deceive them.

Three days after this General J. B. Magruder made a fiery speech at a great war meeting in Houston, in which he vociferated, in strains characteristic of rebel oratory, the following bravado:

"Come what may, I shall stand by my country, and I will never be a slave to Yankee power. I had rather be a Comanche Indian chief than bow the knee to Yankeeedom. I do not feel at all discouraged at the present position of affairs."

About the 1st of May some rebels of Washington County, Texas, called upon General Magruder with a plan for military organization, of which the following are some of the salient measures:

"First. That all exempt males capable of bearing arms, from about thirteen years old and upward, shall organize immediately for the purpose of serving during the emergency of an invasion.

"Second. That they include all the male slaves of military age that each owner may be able to bring or send to the field. Each owner to have the control of his own slaves, to organize and drill them, and to remain with and fight by them when required."}

"That it be the duty of each citizen to supply for every adult female, now of his family, suitable weapons for personal defense and for the protection of the children."

At a meeting of the citizens of Fayette County and of Fort Bend County, it was unanimously resolved, "that under no circumstances will we ever submit to reconstruction or reunion with the Yankee nation." But in spite of all this bravado the rebel officers were soon making arrangements for a surrender. On the 23d of May the rebel General Brent, with several staff officers, reached Baton Rouge to consult with the patriot General Canby upon the terms of surrender for Kirby Smith's army. On the 26th the arrangements were concluded for the surrender of all the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department, including the men and material of the army and navy. Three weeks after General Magruder's brave resolve to become a Comanche Indian rather than yield, he issued an order imploiring his troops to remain

"steadfast in their duties, by which they will probably make a very advantageous settlement with the enemy. When that settlement shall have been made they will be marched by regiments, battalions, and unattached companies, with all the facilities which the present organization affords, to the neighborhood of their homes, and then be honorably discharged or indefinitely furloughed."

But the lawless Texan rangers, deeming that the rebellion was played out, and knowing full well that not one single dollar of pay could be expected from the beggarly treasury of the defunct Confederacy, decided it to be not worth while to remain in camp any longer. General Smith returned to his head-quarters at Houston only to find that his troops were disbanding and dispersing to their homes. They had individually adopted the doctrines of secession, and cast themselves upon their own reserved rights. Their discomfited leader exclaimed pathetically, "If I am left a commander without authority I go!"

He, however, as he mounted his horse and left for Mexico, uttered the following words of good advice to his troops:

"Your present duty is plain. Return to your families. Resume the occupations of peace. Yield obedience to the laws. Labor to restore order. Strive both by counsel and example to give security to life and property. And may God in his mercy direct you aright, and heal the wounds of our distracted country."

The peace-loving people of Texas were now exceedingly anxious for the arrival of the National troops. A large portion of the Texan army was composed of a wild and reckless race of men, who recognized scarcely any of the restraints of religion or of law. Their dispersion was the signal for a carnival of robbery. They broke up into hundreds of gangs, and wandered in all directions pilfering and plundering. Officers and soldiers were alike engaged in this game of grab. There was surely some excuse for the common soldiers. By the most men less conscription they had been driven into
ABSALOM MATHER.

I.

“Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so.”

So sang a little blue-eyed maiden who calls me father, in the twilight of a winter evening not very long ago, while I accompanied her sweet voice with the old-fashioned melodion in the sitting-room at my father’s house in the village of Keyes, where I was born. That day I had heard the later part of the story of Absalom Mather from the young man’s own lips. The story of his earlier life I was already familiar with, for I was residing in Keyes at the time he ran away from his home, and I had known him from his little childhood, and his parents for many years. When I went to bed that night, and the little maiden nestled asleep on my arm, I was thinking over that story of Absalom’s, and the sweet cadences of my little Clara’s song still echoed in my brain:

“Yes, Jesus loves me; yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me; the Bible tells me so.”

Ah! if little Absalom had been reared under an influence so gentle as that breathed in this child-song, his might have been a different story; nay, it would have been.

Undoubtedly Mr. Hosea Mather was a most upright, honorable, well-intentioned man; but the humanities were buried in him beneath a load of inherited prejudices of the harshest sort. He believed himself a model man in every respect. Could any man point to a stain upon his integrity—to a flaw in his religious armor? No. And his parents were like him, he could tell you. When was a Mather known to shirk any stern religious duty? Through what great sin of his own or his ancestors God’s wrath was moved, that he sent his servant a son so wild, so wicked, so intractable as this Absalom, Hosea Mather could not tell you. It is true that Absalom was a very bad boy in contradistinction from the good boy of the Sabbath-school book. The child felt goaded toward wickedness as toward a refuge, by the cold, prim formalities of his home and the absence of love in his father, the presence of bitter severity.

Absalom’s mother died in giving him birth. A step-mother succeeded her at the end of a strictly proper period. No doubt she also meant to do by her husband’s son her whole duty; what that was in her eyes may be inferred from the fact that she was bred in the same formal, frigid school of piety with the boy’s father. She shared her husband’s sense of the wickedness of Absalom. He remembers still the words and the dismal time with which she sung him to sleep in his youngest days:

“To all that’s good averse and blind, But prone to all that’s ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind! How obstinate our will!
Conceived in sin, o wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.”

Absalom was popular among his mates. Every body liked him, the boy thought, except these two stern rulers of his home. He was precocious beyond his years, and held in his nature a most deplorable love of rollicking mischief for its own sweet sake. His father whipped him without mercy on all occasions of dereliction from strict duty, even of demeanor; and as, with a lad like this, such occasions were very frequent, you may understand that his floggings were frequent too. Those who forget the sorrows of their childhood—and I think most people do—never realize the capacity for suffering that children have. There were whole months together in the life of this little boy when the days were so utterly miserable and unhappy that he looked forward eagerly to the night—the merciful, healing night, when he could lay his poor little earily head on his pillow and wander unharmed in dreamland. He had no joy but in dreams; it was with him just as it may be with a felon in prison, or with a slave who has known freedom and happiness. For when he could break away from his master and get out among his mates the boy was invariably happy.

There came a time, when Absalom was ten years old, that his father took him from his school, and declared that he would “take him in hand” himself, and “break his wild spirits, with God’s help, or know the reason why.” What new horrors these stern words implied Absalom shuddered to think. They struck like ice to his heart, and he turned his eyes imploringly up to his father, only to read relentless determination on the stony face.

What grave offense had the boy committed to awaken this bitter resolution? One of appalling enormity, I assure you. He had run away from home one night, and accompanied some