

Being Letter

THE
REBEL PIRATE'S FATAL PRIZE;

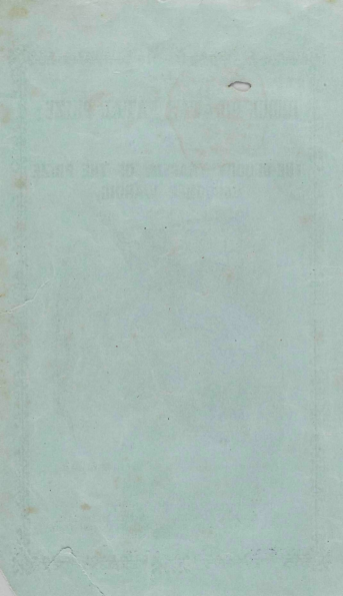
OR,

**THE BLOODY TRAGEDY OF THE PRIZE
SCHOONER WARING,**



PERILOUS LEAP FROM THE BURNING TENEMENT HOUSE. See Page 21.

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1865.



THE
REBEL PIRATE'S FATAL PRIZE;
OR,
THE BLOODY TRAGEDY OF THE PRIZE
SCHOONER WARING,

ENACTED AS THE REBELS WERE ATTEMPTING TO RUN
HER INTO CHARLESTON, S. C., JULY 7, 1861;

BEING THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS OF THE STEWARD,
WILLIAM TILLMAN, THE BRAVE AND DARING
NEGRO, WHO, WITH A HATCHET, MURDERED
THE REBEL PRIZE MASTER, LIEUTENANT,
AND MATE, WHOM HE OVERHEARD SE-
CRETLY PLOTTING TO SELL HIM INTO
SLAVERY. RECAPTURED THE
VESSEL AND BROUGHT HER
INTO A FREE PORT;

ALSO

THE THRILLING HISTORY OF HOPE CARTER, THE MU-
LATTO CONTRABAND AND TENNESSEE SLAVE;

TOGETHER WITH THE

SINKING OF THE REBEL PRIVATEER, PETREL, BY THE
U. S. FRIGATE, ST. LAWRENCE, THE CAPTURE OF
"JEFF. DAVIS" AND THE ENCHANTRESS, AND
TRIAL OF THE REBEL PIRATES.

BY A PASSENGER OF THE WARING AND AN EYE WITNESS TO THE
BLOODY SCENES.

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Back, girl! She is my wife, she is no slave! Behave her at your peril! See Page 21.

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THE REBEL'S FATAL PRIZE;

OR,

THE BLOODY TRAGEDY OF THE PRIZE SCHOONER WARING.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—The wreck of the Slave Ship—Loss of the Slave Traders—History of Hope Carter, the Contraband—The Rescue.

In giving the history of William Tillman, the hero of these pages, I shall take the liberty, when I can do so without destroying the force or humor of his narrative, of transcribing it in my own language, except such incidents of his life, as shall prove readable in his own blunt and pithy words, as I received them from his own lips.

William Tillman was born of free colored parents in the town of Milford, Delaware. He is of medium height, rather strongly built, crisp hair, of nearly unmixed negro blood, and bears in his countenance an expression of honesty, strong common sense, with some touches of humor. When he was fourteen years of age, his parents removed to Providence, Rhode Island, and he has since called that place his home. He is now twenty-seven years of age, and ten years of his life he has passed upon the sea.

His introduction to Hope Carter, now his amiable little wife, was brought about in the following somewhat romantic manner :

It was on a dark and rainy night, that as one of a small crew on board of a schooner, he was sailing, in one of his early voyages, from New Orleans up the Mississippi, that they run against, or met with the wreck of a steamer bound for New Orleans. The ill-fated

steamer had struck hard upon a snag and broken asunder, a complete wreck. Many of the passengers went down to rise no more, while a very few, including the captain and some of the crew, on broken spars, trunks, and chairs, or stools, still floated about the foaming and seething waters. But

" Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear ;
And lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drowned."

Among the few rescued from the wreck on that dark and dismal night, was Hope, picked up by Tillman, who plunged into the midst of some fragments of the wreck where she lay, passive to the buffeting waves that broke over her, helpless and exhausted. She was borne by Tillman to the schooner, where she lay several hours insensible. After repeated efforts, her rescuer succeeded at length in restoring her to consciousness, and it was on a bright sunny day, that as they were sailing up the noble river, at his solicitation, she gave him a brief page of her history as a slave in Tennessee.

She was a bright, lithe, and pretty little mulatto, of about twenty summers. Her father was a Louisiana planter, white, or nearly so. Her mother was a Quadroon slave, who frequently suffered much brutal treatment from her morose and sullen master, who being addicted to gaming and great dissipation, would return from his orgies reckless with liquor, and passionate with his losses at the table, and vent his disappointment and anger by various modes of cruel torture and undeserved punishment on his slaves.

" Once on his return from New Orleans where he had been gambling and drinking several days, and lost a great deal of money, as mother was assisting him to change his clothes, preparatory to his retiring to sleep off his intoxication ; in one of his sudden selfish whims, he insisted that mother should bed with a large vigorous black man, whom she very much disliked, and raise a progeny of strong, healthy slaves. She begged and plead with him not to insist on that, and finally, unable to move him from his hellish purpose, remonstrated and declared she would not do so, that she would drown or destroy herself rather. In his debauchery and stubborn passion, he commanded her to be whipped by the powerful negro whom he wished her to mate with. But I must not dwell on this or it will erase me," said the sobbing Hope, her tears falling fast at the sad recollection of her mother's sufferings, " suffice it to say, she was so severely whipped, the blood trickled from nearly all parts of her body, cut and drawn by the terrible lash. She was then kept in close confinement with but little to eat, where she lingered, almost dying, for several months. She was at length restored and sold out of the State into Georgia, I think ; but wherever she is, I hope she has a better master," she concluded, weeping.

"But, Hope, what did your master, your father, do with you? How is it you were on the wrecked steamer?" Tillman asked.

"When my mother was sold, I was then sent with others of the plantation, to Tennessee, to sew and make myself handy in the house of the overseer on master's place there—master used often to come up and sport around the country, drinking and gambling. And one week ago he was playing with a slave broker from New Orleans, and losing all his money, he staked and lost me, I was won by the Louisiana broker in a desperate game of cards. He came for me three days after, said he just wanted a seamstress in his family at New Orleans. He shipped me on the steamboat. There was a large number of slaves on that boat. My former and my latter master were both on the steamer, and both I expect are drowned; but to you, sir, to you I owe my life. How shall I ever repay you?"

She concluded, her sparkling eyes beaming on William Tillman, the gratitude, words could not speak.

"Hope 'tis easily done," said the brave steward, taking her hand in his. "If you love me, give me yourself, as I have saved you; let me be your protector still. Be mine—"

"I should be very ungrateful indeed, William, should I say no. Take me as I am, save me from bondage, I am thine, forever thine."

Then, there was at least two happy hearts on board that little schooner as she steered up the Mississippi.

When they reached the place where the wrecked passengers left them, such was the tumult among the people on hearing the news of the lost steamer; that perfectly consistent with the mutual desire of William and Hope, she was overlooked by them, and remained aboard the vessel under the protection of her lover.

Tillman ardently loved the pretty Hope Carter and on their arrival at Chicago they were happily married.

CHAPTER II.

Scout of the Blood Hounds—The Slave Hunters on the track—The Frightful Chase—Poor Hope caught at last—The Attack—Defence—Escape—The Perilous Leap—And Flight.

THEY had shared a blissful honeymoon for about a month, when one evening just at twilight, Hope having occasion to visit a store a short distance from their home, Tillman was busily engaged reading the news of the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter when he was greatly startled by the door flying open, and Hope pale and trembling, sank at his feet almost breathless, exclaiming: "O

William, my husband, save me, for Heaven's sake, save me; they are after me, let them not take me back into slavery again."

"Treed at last. There she is, seize and take her back agin to Tennessee," spake a large bluff mannered man to a couple others of smaller proportions, as they all stood in the doorway, glaring savagely at the crouching form of Hope Tillman clasping her husband's feet. He was her overseer in Tennessee; the other two were slave hunters.

Tillman slowly leaned over, and seizing a large hammer that lay near the fire place, stood up before his sturdy foes, and calmly asked, "What do you mean, sirs, by thus pursuing and frightening my wife?"

"What! hes she ben gittin married, and are you her husband? She's rether smart; she's my slave, and I want her to go home with me. Men, seize her—"

"Back, Sirs,—she is my wife, she is no slave of yours! Seize her at your peril!" said Tillman, stepping betwixt Hope and her pursuers, and drawing the hammer above his head as if to strike. "Touch her, and I'll brain ye, ye hell hounds!" he continued, as they shuddered at the reckless ease with which he swung his ugly weapon of defence.

"Then you've ben harboring a fugitive, a runaway slave,—we must arrest ye both."

"'Tis a lie; she is no slave. I have been only sheltering my wife, and I will protect her to the last extremity!"

"She is my slave, Hope Carter. You had better let her go with us without any further trouble," said the slave-catcher.

"Not while I have life to defend and keep her. Leave my house! Begone, ye bloodhounds, begone!" replied Tillman, advancing.

They backed from the door, and the overseer said, "We must demand assistance from the Marshal, for I shall not return to Tennessee again without that gal. What ef her masters are both lost, dead. She reverts to me, an' I'll have her, an' ef that big nigger don't keep his jaw, I'll take him too."

"Indeed, I think we shall be compelled to take both to git her," replied one of the hunters.

"He's an ugly customer to tackle," said the other.

"He shall go to prison, anyhow, ef not into slavery," said the overseer, savagely, as they turned the corner of the street to hunt up the United States Marshal. Soon as they were out of sight, "Now," said William to his recovering wife; "Hope, them rascals are determined to take us, and though I am ready to fight them 'til the last, still they may prove too many for us, and carry us both off into slavery. We must pack and leave here, my dear Hope, before the hell-hounds are on us again with reinforcements."

"Oh, William, where shall we go—where will you take me?" cried Hope, weeping.

"Hurry, Hope, dear, pack up the most valuable of our things.

Cease to weep; be brave, and we'll fly to safer quarters; we'll go where the laws of a free land will protect us."

That same night, William Tillman and Hope, his wife, were safe on shipboard, and early next morning were on their rapid way to Cincinnati. Shipping here in a first class craft, William as steward, and Hope as chambermaid, they after some two weeks reached New York pleasantly. Here mutually feeling like remaining a short season at rest again on land, they concluded to locate a short time, and unfortunately for them took lodgings or a couple of rooms in one of those life destroyers, a large tenement house with which New York is so cursed.

That night, when all in the upper portion of the frame slaughter pen were locked in sleep, the neighborhood was startled with the cry of fire, so terrific at midnight, and the vast wooden structure, circling not less than nine to eleven families as in a fiery furnace, was all ablaze like a pile of shavings. Horror paralyzed the slowly gathering spectators with inaction, as the helpless and death-threatened inmates of the blazing charnel house gathered at the upper windows, and looked wild with anguish for help from those below. Some, driven to desperation by the flames and smoke, dashed through the windows to the street, and thus some were killed and others maimed for life.

Tillman and Hope were early aroused by the crackling of the flames, and leaping from the bed, had barely time to cast around them a few articles of necessary clothing. Catching his little wife in his arms, or rather clasping her round the waste with his right arm, he dashed the window sash out with the other, leaped out on the awning below, which, though it gave way, broke his fall, and they escaped quite unhurt, with the exception of a slight cut in the wrist occasioned by the window-glass.

Thus far it would seem that with all his success, a strange fatality for evil followed Tillman closely. Still he was young yet, strong and vigorous in body, persevering in mind, and stout and brave in heart. Therefore, soon as he found a resting place for his darling Hope, he was not long next day after the fire in securing situations for himself and wife in the beautiful schooner *S. J. Waring*, about to sail with a valuable cargo for Montevideo.

We know not that dangers are any the less at any time, on sea than on the land. But certainly there was an accumulation of risk and great danger at this period, July, 1861. For that notorious land pirate and villainous traitor, and thief Jeff. Davis, the assumed President of the so-called Southern Confederacy, was granting letters of marque to all the desperadoes, cutthroats, outlaws, and thieves, who would accept them to go forth and by the most reckless piracy, prey upon the commerce of the north.

And as fate would have it, the *S. J. Waring* was among the first prizes to be captured by the victorious Privateer brig *Jeff. Davis*, named



after her illustrious predecessor, the Pirate, alias President, of the mongrel confederacy and slaveocracy of the cotton States of the South. But we must let Tillman tell his own story.

CHAPTER III.

The Tragedy of the Schooner *Waring*.—Thrilling Narratives.

THE Schooner *S. J. Waring*, of Brookhaven, hence for Montevideo, July 4th, when 150 miles from Sandy Hook in lat. 38 degrees, and long. 69 degrees, was brought to by the privateer brig *Jeff. Davis*, which sent a boat full of men alongside, and ordered the Captain of the schooner to haul down the United States Flag, and declared her a prize. They took from her a quantity of provisions, and then put on board a prize crew of five men, taking away Captain Francis Smith, the two mates, and two seamen, leaving the steward, two seamen, and Mr. Bryce Mackinnon, a passenger, on board. The prize-crew were Montague Amiel, a Charleston pilot in command, one named Stevens as mate, Malcolm Sidney as second mate, and three men.

The *S. J. Waring* had started on a voyage to Buenos Ayres, Montevideo, with an assorted cargo, which with the vessel was valued at \$100,000. There was on board the Captain and mate; W. Tillman, steward; Wm Stedding, seaman, born in Germany, 23 years of age, has been sailing four years out of New York; Donald McLeod, seaman, of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, 30 years of age, has been sailing out of New York for seven or eight years; and Brice Mackinnon, a passenger.

On the seventh of July, they fell in with the *Jeff. Davis*, and a prize crew of five were put on board, who were unarmed. To use the language of Mr. Tillman, they run ten days and didn't find Charleston, we were, however, only fifty miles south of Charleston, and one hundred to the eastward.

"One day the first Lieutenant of the Pirate was sitting in the cabin smoking, when he said to me, "When you go down to Savannah, Tillman, I want you to come to my house, and I will take care of you." I raised my hat and thanked him for his kind offer, thinking all the while, 'Yes, when you get me there, you will take care of me.'

"I passed apparently about my duties, but keeping my ears open, overheard him and the Captain in confidential conversation, and also saw the latter regarding my Hope several times, when he thought no one saw him, with lecherous looks of passionate envy and desire. Said he to the Lieutenant, 'I say, Lieutenant, I shall make a pretty good "speck" on those two "niggers;" bring good price in Georgia.'

"Don't know," said the Lieutenant, indifferently; 'the war is having a bad effect on the price of "niggers," still these haven't cost

us anything, we may as well turn them to account. The wench may make a good breeder.'

"'By ——, they shall never see the north again,' said the captain, as he again emptied his glass of brandy they were drinking.

"One evening I caught him, as he took hold of Hope, as she passed him on deck, and attempted to kiss her. But she tore herself away from him and ran into the cabin. I then said to him mildly as I could under the circumstances, 'Captain, you will oblige me if you do not do anything of the kind again. Hope is my lawful wife, and I don't want her treated in that way.'

"'Sir,' roared he, 'I am master of this vessel, and will do as I please. If you utter any more of your insolence, I'll tie you up. Mind your duties here.' He passed me savagely to the after part of the vessel. I had now made up my mind they should never take me into Charleston or Georgia alive; and that evening I conferred with two of the seamen about taking possession of the schooner; but they declined adopting any plan, saying that none of them knew how to navigate her back, should they succeed in getting control. I thought the matter over for three days, and then made an appeal to the German, and said, 'If you are a man to stick to your word, we can take this vessel easy.' Then we made a plan that I should go to my berth, and when most of them were asleep, he was to give me some sign, or awake me. We tried this for two nights, but no good chance offered. But last Tuesday night we caught them asleep, and we went to work. The mate comes to my berth and touches me. He says, now is your time. I went into my room and got my hatchet. The first man I struck was the captain. He^s was laying in a stateroom on the starboard side. I aimed for his temple as near as I could, and hit him just below the ear with the edge of the hatchet. With that, he made a very loud shriek. The passenger jumped up very much in fright. I told him, 'do you be still; I shall not hurt a hair of your head.' The passenger knew what I was up to; he never said a word more. I walks right across the cabin to the second mate's room, and I gave him one severe blow in the mole of the head—that is, right across the middle of his head. I didn't stop to see whether he was dead or not; but I jumped on deck, and as I did so the mate who had been sleeping on the companion-way, started from the noise he heard in the cabin. Just as he rose upon his feet, I struck him in the back of the head. Then the German chap jumped over, and we "w^antened" on to him, and flung him over the starboard quarter.

CHAPTER IV.

Tillman's Confession in Court—His frank replies to Marshal Murray.

Marshal Murray. What did you do then?

Tillman. Then we went down straight into the cabin. The second mate was not quite dead. He was sitting leaning against his berth. I "caught" him by the hair of the head with my left hand, and struck him with the hatchet which I had in my right hand. I told this young German, "Well let's get him overboard as soon as we can." So we hauled him over on to the cabin.

Marshal. Was he quite dead?

Tillman. No; he was not quite dead, but he would not have lived long. We flung him over the starboard quarter. Then I told this German to call that man Jim, the Southern chap, (one of the pirates) here. He called him aft. Says I, Jim come down here in the cabin. Do you know that I have taken charge of this vessel to-night? I am going to put you in irons. "Well," says he, I am willing." He gave right up. I kept him in irons till eight o'clock next morning. I then sent the German for him, and I said: "Smith (the name Milnor went by on board), I want you to join us and help take this vessel back; but mind, the least crook or the least turn, and overboard you go with the rest." "Well," says he, "I will do the best I can." And he worked well all the way back. He couldn't do otherwise. It was pump or sink.

Marshal. Did they beg, any of them?

Tillman. They didn't have any chance to beg. It was all done in five minutes. In seven minutes and a half after I struck the first blow the vessel was squared away before the wind and all sail on. We were fifty miles south of Charleston, and one hundred to the eastward.

Marshal. I guess you must have been in the habit of killing hogs?

Tillman. I never killed but one before, and that was a pig.

Tillman said that at first he had thought of securing all the men, and bringing them all to New York alive in irons; but he found this was impracticable. To use his own language, "There were too many for that; there were five of them and only three of us. After this, I said, well, I will get all I can back alive, and the rest I will kill." Tillman says he went away as a steward but came back as a captain.

The cabin of the schooner is replete with testimony of the late transaction, a part of the bed clothes and bedding being saturated with blood. Mr. Mackinnon says that a pailful of blood must have come from the two men. There are the remnants of a beautiful American ensign which had floated from the *Warrior*, but had been appropriated by the pirates and torn up to make a disunion flag. The

hatchet used was an ordinary one, which was kept for the purpose of chopping wood.

The schooner now lies off the battery under the charge of Coxswain Daniels and crew. The Harbor Police gave all the men into the charge of Marshal Murray, at the Harbor Police Station last evening, and Deputy Marshals Sheehan and Lee took the crew to the House of Detention, and the two prisoners were taken to Police Head quarters.

Milnor, the South Carolinian, says that his father is dead, and that his mother keeps a hotel in Charleston. He states also that he has an aunt residing in Irving place, in this city. He has followed the sea for a living.

James E. Dorsey, of Point Pleasant, New Jersey, says that he was cook on the steamer *Stag*, that was seized at Chatawissa, Florida; that he was there seized by the Rebels, and was sent to Cedar Keys, Florida, to cook for Confederate troops. From there he shipped to Savannah, Georgia, where he had to run in debt for his board, and eventually the boarding house keeper shipped him, *volens volens*, and he was sent to Charleston, and immediately put on board the privateer *Jeff. Davis*, lying in the stream.

Several letters were confided to Captain Ameil, to be delivered in Charleston; among which are the following:

BRIG JEFF. DAVIS. }
ATLANTIC OCEAN, July 6, 1861. }

DEAR BROTHER:—Yesterday I wrote you by Brig *John Welsh*, a prize taken in the morning, and in the afternoon wrote home by the schooner *Enterprise*, and this now I write to you again by schooner *J. S. Waring*, hoping you may get it safe. We have now three prizes, one brig and two schooners. Hope they will get in safe. Communicate at once home, and let our parents know about it. I hope you will be able to make this out. My love to all. I am well: hope you are the same. Your brother,
WM. BAYA.

Addressed H. T. Baya, Esq., Charleston, S. C.

It only takes one shot across their bows to bring their onion stringer (Yanks) too, and give up. The brig is loaded with sugar, valued at \$53,000. The first schooner was provisions, valued at \$5,000, and the second, with ditto, value from \$40,000 to \$50,000.

At Sea, July 7, 1861.

GENTS:—I send you this day our third prize—the schooner *J. C. Waring*, of New York, for Montevideo—which I hope may reach you safely.

Respectfully,
L. M. COXETER,
By W. H. BADCOCK.

Addressed Messrs. Hall & Co., Charleston, S. C.

CHAPTER V.

Arrival of the Brig *Cuba*—Captain Strout's Narrative—The Pirate *Sumter*.

BEFORE we conclude the life, confession, and history of the *Waring* Tragedy, we must give a passing "shot" to that notorious and troublesome Pirate, the *Sumter*, as one of her escaped prizes arrived while Tillman's trial was progressing.

Captain Strout makes the following statement: Sailed from Trinidad de Cuba for London on July 2, with a cargo of sugar and molasses, shipped by Messrs. G. Smith & Co. On the morning of July 4, in latitude 21 deg. 40 min., longitude 73 deg. 15 min., on the south side of Cuba, was brought to by a shot from the privateer steamer *Sumter*, formerly the *Habana*, and on heaving to, was boarded by a boat from her, and ordered to come on board the steamer and bring my ship's papers. The steamer, at the time, had the Stars and Stripes flying from her peak, which was afterward taken down and the secession flag hoisted. On arriving on board he was ordered below in the cabin, and delivered his papers to the captain, who, after examining them, destroyed them, saying he was a prisoner, that the brig should be taken into port and sold. At this time Captain Shoppy, of the brig *Machias*, of Machias, came on board, and after presenting his ship's papers, which were also destroyed, we were told to go on board our vessels, and we would be towed into some port in Cuba.

Hawsers were then got out and the two brigs taken in tow. This was about 12 o'clock, 4th of July, and the brigs continued in tow until 4 A. M., 5th, when the hawser of the *Machias* parted; the *Cuba* was towed some ten miles further, when she was let go off and search made for the *Machias*. On coming up again, they could not get near enough to our brig to get the hawser on account of the heavy sea, when she proceeded on with the *Machias*. All sail was then made for Cuba, and she was headed in for land, having received a prize crew of five men, consisting of one midshipman, two sailors, and two marines, who threatened, in case Captain Strout and his men refused to work the vessel, they would shoot them. Continued working the vessel in toward the eastward until the 7th, when the officer concluded to keep her off for some Southern port where he would run her in or on shore. On the night of the 8th made Cape St. Antonio, when Capt. Strout, his first officer and steward had matured a plan to retake the brig, and succeeded, by the mate and steward seizing the arms of the sailors and marines forward, while Captain Strout took care of the officer. They made a desperate resistance, but the plans were too well laid. About two hours after fell in with brig *Costa Rica*, Captain Peel, from Aspinwall for New York, and placed the two sailors on board of her.

On the 14th of July, the Midshipman managed to get a pistol in

his possession, by breaking open a chest while all hands were engaged in working ship, and with it went up into the maintop. Being there about a half an hour when Captain Strout came on deck, he told the Captain he wanted to speak with him; but, seeing the pistol in his hand, the Captain turned to go below for arms, when the Midshipman threatened to shoot him if he did. The Captain, however, went below, procured a revolver, and ordered him down on deck. He refused to comply, when two shots were fired at him, one of which took effect in his shoulder, and he came down.

The rebel commander put aboard the *Caba* was Lieut. A. D. Hudgens, who is a Virginian, not quite twenty-one years of age, of regular and pleasant features, but an expression of concern very naturally lurking in his countenance. He desired to correct the statement of his fellow prisoners to the purport that he intended to give up the vessel again because he had not men enough. Such was not his intention, but on the contrary he determined to run the *Caba* into port if possible. He tried to work her with the crew of Captain Strout, and had given positive orders to his men to keep arms on, and help work, whether seamen or not, wherever it was possible.

The men neglected it, and I, for the first time in four days and nights, had left mine off, they being in the bunk below at the time of Captain Strout's movement. I had laid myself down on deck and gone asleep. When I awoke I found all the men aft, without arms, and six men, Captain Strout, his mate, and five men, ranged opposite and around me, with arms in their hands. I immediately went below, having been permitted to pass them, with the intention of getting my arms, but I found them gone, and when I returned on deck I met the Captain and mate facing me, with my pistols. The Captain demanded my surrender, and said he had my arms.

He put us in irons, but not having sufficient to reach round, he tied several of the men with ropes. He took my arms off an hour after; but I was watched, and afterward locked up.

CHAPTER VI.

Statement of John Donnelly and John O'Brien.

THE former was born in Wisconsin, the latter in Ireland, both having sojourned in New Orleans about six months, when they were visited by some of the "Tiger Rifles," armed with revolvers, and muskets, and slugshots, &c., who put them aboard the receiving ship *Star of the West*, anchored off Algiers, which is opposite New Orleans. They were never allowed to go on shore, and were kept there for nearly a month. The *Sumter* went once on a trial trip up

the river. When transferred to her about one hundred and forty others were aboard, and they immediately started for the Government Arsenal and got some powder, after which they sailed for Pass l'Outre. They anchored in a little bay, about nine miles from the bar, and finally started again.

Not seeing the United States vessel *Brooklyn* around we were about passing directly out. The people generally regarded the blockade as effective, and our officers were on the lookout, having constantly a man at the masthead. We found that the *Brooklyn* was watching us, and had been baiting us all the time. On this occasion she had her topmasts taken down, and we were within four or five miles of her when we discovered our mistake, and we returned to watch our chance. We did not get away for about a week.

On the 30th of June the *Brooklyn* went off to a vessel, taken by us to be a British ship, and we crossed the bar at precisely 12½ o'clock. The instant we were noticed the *Brooklyn* gave chase. She was at first four miles astern; she followed us until 4½ o'clock, when, having fallen astern ten miles, she headed about. We were ordered at once to give three cheers for the Southern Confederacy, and did so, some of those aboard hallooing very loud.

The *Sumter* is a propeller, barque-rigged, a fine boat, 300 to 400 tons burden, and running about 16 knots an hour. She traded first to the West India Islands, and the first light we made was Cape Antonio, Cuba. We overhauled a Spanish brig, and next day captured the *Golden Rocket*, from Havana, bound to Cienfuegos. The latter belonged to Bangor.

No ceremony was made; the crew and captain—thirteen all told, ten being Spaniards—were ordered aboard the *Sumter*, and directed to bring everything they had with them, nothing of which should be molested. Some time in the night the ship was set on fire. This was about forty miles off Cienfuegos. We then started on, and on the morning of the 4th of July overhauled the Brig *Cuba* and the brig *Machias*, both in charter by the same charter-master, a New Yorker, and both loaded with sugar.

Night guards were put aboard about 7 or 8 o'clock, four men on the *Cuba*, and one officer and five men on the *Machias*. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning a hawser broke, and the *Machias* was set adrift. They put up all sails on her, and hailed the steamer again, which then turned as adrift and took her in tow. We were told to follow to Cienfuego, but lost sight of her, and on the 6th put about for Florida. On the 8th or ninth the men were lying down in the middle of the day, and their arms were laid down in a position where they could get them. The captain and his first officer then seized the arms, and the prize crew made little demonstration.

At New Orleans they were fitting out the tug *Yankee*, and had a crew on board; also the propeller *McRae*, formerly the *General Merriman*. The fast steamboat *Ivy* was plying between New Orleans,

the fort and the delta, as a passenger and lookout boat, having five little guns aboard, one of them a rifled Armstrong gun, mounted as a stern chaser.

There was no business going on whatever, all dead; nothing but soldiers in the street. River steamboats had all stopped, except an occasional one to Memphis and Vicksburg. There were about three hundred men aboard of the *Star of the West*, of whom may be twenty-five to thirty were impressed. There were only a few sailors, but they had all been hard up, had nothing to eat, and were in that way compelled to go to the shipping office.

CHAPTER VII.

Conclusion of the Waring Tragedy.

On the third of July, I sailed as passenger for Montevideo, whither I was going for my health, intending to engage in stock breeding, in the schooner *S. J. Waring*, Captain Smith, of Brookhaven, from New York. We dropped down to Quarantine that afternoon, and on the morning of the 4th, weighed anchor and put to sea. We had tolerably fair weather until we got to lat. 33. 55, lon. 69. 4, one hundred and fifty miles from Sandy Hook on Sunday the 7th inst.

That morning, about eight o'clock, we saw a vessel ahead, but did not pay any particular attention to her until about noon, when we had drifted pretty near her. Then Captain Smith and his second mate carefully scanned her through the telescope. She soon after hoisted French colors, and our captain sent below and got the Stars and Stripes, which he set. A moment after, a shot came whizzing over us, and we then pretty well understood her true character; still we thought it not unlikely that she was a French man-of-war that had merely taken that way of asking us for news from the States. Our uncertainty, however, soon resolved itself into stern fact, for we were shortly visited by a boat from the unceremonious stranger, in which were an officer and twelve men, the first ununiformed, and the crew as wretched a set of scoundrels as could be picked up in any seaport, all of whom were armed. They wore clothes of all shapes and sizes, and many of them were shoeless. As they came up to us the brig ran up the Confederate flag.

Upon reaching our vessel, the person in command of the boat, whom we subsequently ascertained was Lieutenant Postell, formerly of the United States Navy, addressing Captain Smith, said, "We have taken you as a prize to the brig *Jeff. Davis*, bearing letters of marque from the Confederate States; haul down that flag," pointing to the United States colors.



The Bloody Tragedy on the prison schooner Wasing. See Page 32.

Captain Smith took Lieutenant Postell below into his cabin and handed him his letters and papers, and gave up his vessel. The privateers took some of our charts, coasting books, a sextant, some plates, coffee cups, a lot of table-cloths, some of which were dirty, a quantity of flour, several oil cans, a tub of butter, some cases of preserved lobster and other articles, together with all the fire-arms which they could find, except a single barrel pistol belonging to myself, and another owned by Wm. Stedding, one of our crew.

Having sent their boat load of stuff off they returned with a prize crew consisting of a prize master, mate, and second mate, and two men, taking in exchange for them Captain Smith, of Brooklyn; T. J. Smith, first mate, of New York; T. Davidson, second mate, and two seamen. The prize crew consisted of Montague Amiel, a Charleston pilot, prize-master; Stephens, mate, an Irishman, who had been in this country about ten years ago, but had been at sea since until nine months ago, when he returned, and three sailors, one of whom acted as second mate and slept in the cabin; the other two were hands whose names are James Milnor, of South Carolina, and James Dorsey, of Point Pleasant, N. J. There were, therefore, on the schooner the prize crew of five; Wm. Tillman, the colored steward of the vessel; Wm. Stedding, and Donald McLeod, seamen, and myself; of the original party, four—nine persons in all.

The schooner was headed for Charleston, or some inlet on the coast near that port. We were not put in irons, but were used with as much kindness as we could expect. The steward continued to cook and provide for us and our men worked the vessel. I became quite intimate with the officers, and expected soon to be a prisoner of war in Charleston, though we hoped that we might fall in with a United States vessel, and be rescued from our captors. Thus we got along quietly on our way Southward, till Tuesday, the 16th inst., when we were 50 miles south, and 100 miles west of port, and thought we might get in the next day.

It was a bright moonlight night, that of Tuesday, so pleasant that I remained on deck till 11 P. M., later than I usually did. The steward had turned in at 8, as was his habit. Our trunk cabin projected about three feet above the main deck, and was entered by a companion-way in the middle of the forward end. When I went down the mate was nodding on the cabin roof, just in front of the wheel, in a half recumbent position. Behind him stood Wm. Stedding, one of our old crew, at the wheel. Milnor, the South Carolinian, lay asleep on a pile of sails, at the foot of the foremast. McLeod, another of our men, with Dorsey, the Jerseyman, were asleep in the forecabin. The cabin lamp was burning on the table when I went below, and Captain Amiel lay snoring in his berth, sound asleep in his stateroom. In the stateroom on the other side of the cabin, slept the steward and second mate, the former on top, the latter in the second berth, the third and lowest sleeping place being unoccupied.

The weather being sultry the doors of the state rooms had been taken off, so that not only were the rooms open from the cabin, but my room, in the rear of the Captain's, opened into his, the door between being also down. I took my coat and vest off very leisurely, and swallowed a draught of cherry brandy before getting into bed, so that I should think it was 11.10 when I retired. It could not have been more than ten minutes later when I was awakened from a light sleep by a peculiar sound in the Captain's room, which I know instinctively could only have been produced by an axe cleaving Amiel's skull. No sooner did the "*thunk*" strike upon my ear than I leaped out of bed, and leaning against the door-casing in the partition, saw the steward dart through the twilight—for he had extinguished the light—noiseless as a cat, across the cabin toward the second mate's room.

I also saw, at the same glance, Captain Amiel rise from his berth, and attempt to follow him; but the blood blinded him, and he fell to the floor, with a horrid gurgling sound in his throat. All this was but the work of a second. The cleaving of the skull, like the flash from a gun preceding the report, was followed by a weak faint cry, like that of a sick child, and the gurgling in the throat, I knew then that his wound was mortal. Stooping sideways the steward entered the mate's cabin, and once more swung his axe, but not so effectively.

The mate started up with an oath and said:—"Don't strike me again," and clutched at the steward's breast, but eluding the wounded man he ran on deck, to where the man lay near the wheel house, and keeping his axe behind him, he demanded, "what all this noise was about?" The man, who had been aroused by the outcries of the Captain and mate, had raised himself up on his elbow, and stared at the steward in a half stupid, half fascinated way, not seeing the pistol which Stedding, the man at the helm, had pointed at him for use in the case of necessity. As he turned his face toward the steward, the latter drove his weapon home into the base of the skull. Stedding and the steward then tumbled him overboard. He rose on the wave with a hoarse cry, when about two lengths astern, the water having raised him; but he must have soon gone down to his long account.

Then the steward came down to the cabin, where I still stood, while Stedding stood, pistol in hand, to guard the deck. The Captain cried faintly twice to me by name, "Help me—help me," but he was past help. Another swishing blow of the axe, and he did not repeat the cry. Then the steward returned to the second mate's cabin, where, seated on a pile of starch boxes, his legs drawn up, and his head between his knees, was the half stupefied man. Again and again the axe fell, and again and again the cry, "Don't do that," fell on my ear, each time fainter than the last. Stedding now came down, and the Steward and he took the corpse of the Captain by the feet, and, dragging it up the companion way, tossed it overboard. Meantime I had got some irons out hoping to intercede to save bloodshed. Sted-

ding and the steward once more came down, and each taking the second mate by the shoulder led him out from the place where he had crouched on the starch boxes. He seemed to walk, with their assistance, as they went up the companion way, but his head lay a pulpy mass upon his shoulder, and a moment after a loud splash alongside told the fate of another of the privateers.

There were three persons on board who knew nothing of all this. The two privateer sailors, and Donald McLeod, one of our sailors, whom I subsequently learned, would not join the steward and Stedding in the attempt to recapture the vessel. Handing me his pistol, Stedding went forward and roused Milnor, the South Carolinian, a young man of two or three and twenty, from his sleep at the foot of the mainmast, and called him aft. Not seeing his comrades when he came into the cabin, he was much frightened, and begged for life. The steward told him he would not kill him, but iron him, and his fate must depend upon his good behaviour; he wanted to spill as little blood as possible. He willingly held out his wrists for the irons. They then went forward to the fore-castle and called the other privateer Dorsey. Upon learning the condition of affairs he begged for his life, which they promised to spare if he would assist in working the ship and be true and faithful, to all of which he agreed.

The steward now took command, and the schooner headed for the North, with a fair wind. None of us knew anything of navigation, but we trusted to good fortune and the land to enable us to make our course. The South Carolinian was released from irons the next morning, and proved a very useful and willing fellow in working the ship. On Friday, the 19th, at eight o'clock in the morning, we made the land, which became quite distinct by noon, and we kept on our way with good weather, sounding our way as we went. Of course we had to be vigilant.

Two of our hands might turn upon us at any moment, and McLeod was not faithful; for three days before we got in he went forward and slept with them in the fore-castle. Stedding, Tillman, and I managed it so that two of us were on deck all the while, and always aft of the other three. The men on watch carried the two pistols, and the one that slept always kept one eye open, lest we might be attacked. On Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock, we got a pilot off Sandy Hook, and soon after hired a tug for \$60 to tow us up to New York, where we arrived at 4 P. M., truly thankful for our great deliverance.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pirate's fatal Mistake, or "Catching a Tartar."

THE steam gun-boat *Flag*, Com. Sartori, arrived at our Navy Yard yesterday, from the Gulf, having on board thirty-six pirates, being the officers and part of the crew of the privateer *Petrel*, formerly the revenue cutter *General Aiken*, which was stolen from the United States by the authorities of Charleston, S. C., soon after the secession of that State. We learn that the *Petrel* was sunk by the frigate *St. Lawrence*, which left this port in May last, to form one of the blockading fleet, and sailed for Charleston. While cruising off the harbor of Charleston, the *Petrel* came out, and mistaking her for a merchant ship, as her port holes were closed, and her sails set merchant fashion, made directly for her. The movements of the *Petrel* were watched by the officers of the *St. Lawrence*, who occupied the poop-deck, and their uniforms soon undeceived the crew of the privateer. Nevertheless, she came on, and when within range fired a gun loaded with grape, which was evidently aimed at the officers, as the load passed just above their heads, and tore away part of one of the sails. A solid shot was fired from the privateer immediately after, which went into one of the port holes of the frigate without doing any serious damage. By the time the second gun was fired, the crew of the *St. Lawrence* was beat to quarters, and preparations made to give the pirates a warm reception. Twelve of the large guns of the frigate were fired at the *Petrel*, several of which struck her. A shell hit her under the bow, making a large hole in her, and one or two solid shots did almost equal execution. The water poured into her through the holes thus made, and in a few minutes she sunk. Her officers and crew took to the water, some of them seizing whatever was convenient to help them to escape. The boats of the frigate were soon lowered and manned, and directions given to pick up the pirates. Some of them were found in a state of exhaustion, and half dead with fright. They preferred, however, to trust to the mercy of their captors, and of the United States Government, than risk an attempt to reach the shore. From the crew it was ascertained that there were forty-four on board the *Petrel*, so that eight of the crew were either killed by the firing into the vessel, or were afterwards drowned. As soon as the *St. Lawrence* fell in with the *Flag*, the pirates were transferred to her, to be brought to this port, and so large an accession to the population of the *Flag* made a rather crowded condition on board, and put additional labor upon the crew of the steamer in guarding the pirates, there not being any marines on board to perform that duty. They were ironed at night, both hands and feet, but the irons were removed from the feet in day time. The *Flag*, since she left this port, has been cruising between

Charleston and Savannah, assisting in the blockade. Sometimes she would run in so as to be just outside of the range of the guns of Fort Sumter, and draw its fire. The fort is represented to be in first rate condition, and well manned. On the 27th of June last the *Flag* engaged one of the rebel steamers off Tybee Island, and caused her to beat a hasty retreat, after a broadside had been poured into her. She captured a vessel attempting to break the blockade off Charleston Harbor, and put a prize-crew on board. This vessel, and the prize-crew of nine persons was afterwards captured by one of the rebel steamers.

Several of the crew are Philadelphians, and several from New York, while more than half of them were of Irish birth, or the sons of Irishmen. Most of them say they were pressed into the service. The gunner is a Frenchman, and has been but a few months in the country. Harvey, one of the officers, says that he had not anything to do, and had an insane sister to support. The appearance of the crew would seem to justify their story that they were either pressed into the service or were forced to enter it from necessity. Some of them have been engaged as hands on coasters, others have been at laboring work. The officers of the *Flag* say that they have behaved themselves on board, and have not given any unnecessary trouble. The story, as told by the crew, in respect to the attack on the *St. Lawrence*, and the sinking of the *Petrel*, differs somewhat from that as first reported. They say that the *Petrel* came out of Charleston Harbor on Saturday night, and first saw the *St. Lawrence* early on Sunday morning. They supposed her to be an East Indiaman, as her ports were closed. When they had got nearer the mistake was discovered; the captain then went below, took a glass of brandy, and coming up, swore they would give her one shot anyhow, and directing the gunner to fire, which he did, throwing the grape, as stated, over the heads of the officers. The men describe the effect of the broadside of the *St. Lawrence* as terrific, cutting the *Petrel* almost to pieces. The men took to the boats as soon as the vessel was discovered to be sinking, and they were fired into with small shot from the *St. Lawrence* before a flag of truce was raised.

CHAPTER IX.

Evidence of the Pirates as taken before Judges Grier and Cadwallader, in the United States Court, Philadelphia.

Charles W. Page, sworn—I reside at Newburyport; I know the schooner *Euchantress*; on the 6th of July I was first officer on board; she sailed the 1st day of July; John Deveraux was Captain; Jos. Taylor, J. Deveraux, and Anadine, Portuguese, and Peter, a German,

were the mariners, and Jacob Garrick was the cook; John Deveraux was the Captain's son; her cargo was taken on board from the last week in June up to the day we sailed; the cargo was a general one of provisions; I superintended taking in the cargo; there were cod-fish, mackerel, ham, candles, crockeryware, hardware, soap, grindstones, boards, lard, glassware, and corn in sacks; I don't know the owners or shippers of the cargo; she cleared for St. Jago, Cuba; all the cargo was below except the lumber; on the 2nd of July we had a gale of wind which put us back, but the cargo was not unladen; she sailed again on the 3rd of July; on the 6th of July the schooner was in lat. 38.52 N., long. 69.15 W., at 12 o'clock, she was then about 250 miles from land; the day went along as usual until 2 o'clock, when we discovered a sail to the windward; she was a square-rigged vessel; we kept on our course; she was standing so as to cross our bow, and when within a mile she hoisted the French flag and we hoisted the Stars and Stripes; we still kept on our way, thinking it might be a French vessel wanting to get news from the United States; when within a half mile she altered her course and ran towards us; he hauled his vessel to the wind, lowered his studding sails and ordered us to heave to; Captain Deveraux told him he couldn't in the position he was; he said, "I will cross your bow and run to windward and heave to;" he did so, and we heaved to and he lowered a boat; the boat came along side of us with an officer and some six men; the *Euchantress* was then about six or eight times her length from the vessel; I stood on the gangway of the vessel, and the officer came over and said to one of his men, "haul down that flag!" the man obeyed the order and the flag was removed; the men went all over the vessel; and the officer asked for the Captain, and I told him he was aft; I heard what he said to the Captain; he asked the Captain where he was from and where bound, and what was his cargo; the Captain told him, and he said, "Captain, I'll thank you for your papers; you are a prize to the Confederate brig *Jeff. Davis*; get ready to go on board of her;" he also asked me if I was the mate, and I told him I was, and he asked me to show him where the stores were; I showed him; he took two men into the cabin and took what stores they wanted and put them into their boat; they then took the *Euchantress*' crew, with the exception of Captain Deveraux, his son, and myself, into their boat; the Lieutenant and three men remained on board; I mean the boarding officer by Lieutenant; they pulled back to the privateer; in some half hour they came back to the vessel with a prize crew of five men; the Lieutenant told the Captain, Deveraux, his son, and myself, to get ready and go into the boat; we put our things in the boat and got in ourselves, and were taken to the brig; the prisoner was one of the five men left in possession of the *Euchantress*; Jacob Garrick, the cook, was brought back to the *Euchantress* in the boat that brought the prize crew, and he asked the prisoner what he brought him back for, and told him

that the Captain would not have him on the brig, and the prisoner said "he'll bring \$1500 when we get him into Charleston;" when I went on board the brig the *Enchantress* was in possession of the prize crew, the cargo was still on board the *Enchantress*; none of it had been removed by us; we took our clothes with us to the brig, the prize crew could not let us take the chart; on board the *Jeff. Davis* we found five guns, two on each side, and one amidships; heard them say there were two 18-pounders, and two 12-pounders, and the long 8 pivot gun; I saw no cargo on board of her; she was manned and equipped as a vessel of war; when the *Enchantress* hove to she was but a short distance from the *Jeff. Davis*, and could see plainly the decks; could see some twelve or fifteen men; the gun amidships was pointed at us, and as we crossed his bow he swivelled his gun around, to keep it to bear upon us; saw the men around her ramming home a cartridge; we had one musket on board the *Enchantress*; I left the *Enchantress* about 7½ in the evening; during the time I was on the brig I was in her cabin, and saw all sorts and descriptions of arms, in racks; there were pistols, cutlasses, and rifles; she had what they called "marines;" sometimes they let them have muskets and sometimes not; can't say where the marines were when I went on board the *Jeff. Davis*; I was on the *Jeff. Davis* from the 6th of July until the 9th, as a prisoner; she captured a ship, called the *Mary Goodell*, on the 9th; she was released, and we were told to go on board, because the Captain said she was so large that they could not get her into any port; she was about 800 or 900 tons; they let all our crew, except two, go on the *Mary Goodell*; there were other prisoners on the *Jeff. Davis* released; the Captain, mate, and boy of the *John Welsh* were released; these gentlemen were on board when we went on board; they were prisoners taken that morning; during the three days I was on board I had an opportunity of knowing her conduct; we could not have resisted the capture without being blown out of the water.

Jacob Garrick, colored, sworn.—I am about 25; I was born in the West Indies; I follow the sea as a steward; I was cook on board the *Enchantress*; I sailed with her on the 1st of July; I was on board the 6th of July; about two o'clock made a sail; I saw the sail; she was coming on; I had supper about 5½ o'clock, and when we came on deck saw the French flag; I heard one of the men cry out that it was a privateer, and saw the men ramming away at the gun; they ordered us to haul in sail; they hauled down the French flag and ran up the Confederate flag; a boat was then lowered and came alongside of us, and some of the men got on board of us and went down to the cabin; these men spoke to the Captain, but did not hear what it was; the Captain went down to the cabin; the men told us to get ready to go on board the *Jeff. Davis*; Smith was one of these men; Captain did not go in the boat until it came back with a prize crew; I was in the first boat and went alongside; the men of the *En-*

chantress were taken on board, and I heard them say they would "take that colored individual back;" they meant me; Smith was one of the prize crew that went back to the *Enchantress*; Smith had been on board the *Enchantress* about ten minutes when the Captain, his son, and mate were ordered to go on board the *Jeff. Davis*; I was left on board; the *Jeff. Davis* was near enough to see her plainly; the boat came back after taking the Captain and mate on board the *Jeff. Davis*, and brought some tobacco for the prize crew; Smith took charge of the *Enchantress*, and ordered me to get supper for him; I was on board the *Enchantress* after she was captured, sixteen days; on the 22nd of July, soon after dinner, while going through the galley, I saw Smith with a glass, and I looked, and I saw a ship I took to be a steamer; Smith ordered the men to bend the jib, but somebody objected, as it would look like sailing away; the steamer was coming on, and Lane, one of the men, told me to answer to my name if they overhauled us; I looked out the galley door, I heard one say the steamer hoisted a flag, and then the men on board the *Enchantress* raised the American flag; she hailed us, and the men replied this was the *Enchantress*, bound for St. Jago; I then ran out and jumped overboard, and cried out that this was captured by the *Jeff. Davis*; I was picked up by the steamer; the *Enchantress* was then taken, and a prize crew put on board of her; before the capture, the prize crew made up to act as the crew of the *Enchantress*, and one was to take the place of the captain; there was one man less than the original crew, and they made up to say that he had been washed overboard; the *Albatross* was the vessel which captured the *Enchantress*; the prize crew was put on board the *Enchantress*, and I was left aboard as cook; we were towed to Hampton Roads, and afterwards towed to Philadelphia; the *Enchantress* had the American flag flying when captured, and they kept that flag flying after the capture; when recaptured, we were off Cape Hatteras; they said they were going to Savannah but afterwards said they would go to Charleston, by going in Ball's Inlet.

Cross examined by Mr. Wharton.—I was cook for all of them; I did not hear where they were told to take the *Enchantress*; I heard several on board the *Jeff. Davis* give messages to persons at Savannah; Smith was on board the *Enchantress* when she was towed to Hampton Roads; we anchored in Hampton Roads; Smith was on board the *Albatross* while I was in the *Enchantress*; the *Albatross* came to anchor in the Roads and stayed there two days; she laid abreast of Fortress Monroe; I don't know that the crew of the *Albatross* was on shore; saw boats passing between the ship and shore; the *Albatross* went off on a cruise for five days, and then took us in tow and brought us to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER X.

Horror of Civil War—The Barbarities of Bull Run.

We hope for humanity's sake, that the following well timed and requisite resolution of Senator Sumner to the United States Senate, will receive the prompt action which it so well deserves, and national justice requires.

Resolved. The Committee on the Conduct of the War be instructed to collect evidence in regard to the barbarous treatment by the rebels at Manassas of the officers and soldiers of the United States killed in the battle there. We have been disgusted and shocked at the reported treatment of the remains of soldiers by the rebels. The skull of a brave Massachusetts officer was made into a drinking cup for the Georgia rebels. It is evident that we are in conflict with a people lower in the scale of civilization than ourselves. We wanted a record to be made for history.

Mr. Howard, of Michigan, moved to enlarge the resolution so as to include an inquiry whether the rebels enlisted Indians, who had committed unheard of atrocities, and how the savage warfare was conducted. If he were Commanding General he would make no prisoners of the men who were serving side by side with the Indians.

A CANDID SOUTHERNERS VOLUNTARY STATEMENT.

The battle of Manassas, or Bull Run, as it is somewhat pointedly styled by the Northerners, was a sad victory to the people of Richmond. In proportion there were many more citizens of Richmond present on the battle field than of any other city of the South, and the loss of the Southern army was very much greater than was supposed to be at the North. I have heard Beauregard declare his belief that three or four Southerners fell to every Northern soldier. Be this as it may, Richmond, after the battle, was veiled in mourning. It seemed as if there was scarcely a family that had not lost a friend or relative; many had lost their head and every male member of their once loving domestic circle. Manassas was a hardly gained victory, though its moral effect was great; but it was a victory that spread mourning and desolation over the land, for hundreds of the most beloved and cherished among the youth of the South, fell on that fatal day. They had gone forth in the flush and confidence of youthful hope and mistaken patriotism, and can we wonder that no sounds of rejoicing were heard, such as are usual after a victory, however unexpectedly or hardly won, even though the wails of the widow, the mother of the orphan child, mingle with the hoarse bray of the trumpet and the shouts of the victors! No song of triumph was sung in Richmond, or in the surrounding villages; and now, for the first time, the people appeared to realize the horrors of the way they

had entered upon, without seeming to have calculated its cost. Those who had cherished hope, raised by the reports that those they loved were not dead, but only wounded, were, alas! doomed to suffer a more bitter anguish than that of their fellow-citizens, who wept over the biers of the slain. No pen can adequately describe the horror of the scenes witnessed by anxious crowds, as day by day the wounded were brought in and carried to the houses of their friends, or to the St. Charles Hotel, which had been fitted up as an hospital. I question, indeed, whether many of the battle-fields of Europe have been the arena of such horrible individual suffering. I have read of no campaign, except that of Moscow, where the French soldiers perished by tens of thousands, in every conceivable agony, that can offer a comparison in this respect. It may seem absurd to speak of Moscow and Bull Run in the same breath; but I do not refer to the relative magnitude of the campaigns, nor compare the numbers engaged, the duration of the struggle, nor the loss of life. My comparison refers only to the peculiar sufferings of the wounded, as day after day they were brought into the city in every conceivable and inconceivable condition of mutilation, and writhing in agony where mortification had not already supervened, or where the stupor which generally precedes death by violence, had not seized upon the hapless victim of this fratricidal strife. In most battle fields of modern times skillful surgeons and attentive nurses have been in prompt attendance, and the wounded have received every possible attention compatible with their unfortunate position; but with the wounded of the Southern army, at least, this was not the case. Possibly a sufficient number of surgeons could not be provided, and I know that many who were present were poorly supplied with surgical instruments, or with medicines of a nature to alleviate suffering, and that they did the best they could under the circumstances; but I saw men brought in who had lain for four and twenty hours on the field where they had fallen, unaided, and without even a drop of water to slake their burning thirst.

I saw men brought in delirious with fever, raving like madmen, and failing to recognize their nearest and dearest friends. Some were borne past, upon whose livid features death had already set his seal—the pitiful appealing glance of the fast glazing eye being the only sign that life still lingered. The features of many were so distorted by pain that they scarcely appeared to be human; and most horrible of all, I witnessed at least a dozen poor creatures brought in, who had either lost a limb by a cannon ball, or had suffered the amputation of a leg or an arm. It is hard to decide which of these two classes of victims had suffered the greater agony—those who had lain uncared for, save by some friendly comrade who had bound his kerchief over the limb to stop the effusion of blood, and thus preserve the vital spark—or those who had endured the pain of amputation, either too hurriedly or else unskillfully performed. In several of the

latter cases the ligatures had slipped or become loosened, the bandages had fallen off, and the bones protruded beyond the mangled flesh; while in both alike the bones and flesh were black and festering, and swarming with maggots. People shuddered and sickened as they turned away from the horrid spectacle; women fainted in the streets—and yet there were some brave women—mothers, wives, and sisters—who dared to dress these frightful wounds, when men, used to witness blood and suffering, shrunk appalled from the ghastly scene. Striving to conceal their own acute mental suffering, these angels of mercy lingered to the last over the dying husband or brother—and in more than one case, to my knowledge, over the bed of those who were strangers and friendless—striving to impart that comfort to the departing souls, which, heaven help them, they sorely needed themselves. It was a happy thing for these poor victims, that in some instances they had ceased to feel pain, while consciousness generally returned an hour or two before death; but it is almost needless to add, that recovery amongst those who had suffered in the manner we have described, was rare indeed. We know of but one instance of the recovery of a man who had suffered the amputation of a limb on the battle-field. *Horrida bella!* who a year or two ago, would have dared to prophecy that such scenes would be witnessed in the heart of the model republic, in the centre of the State which Washington believed to be destined to hold the brightest rank in the Union, which he lived to see progressing favorably, and in which, in little more than four-score years, the last of his descendants, who bore his name and inherited his estates, was shot from his horse and killed—a rebel spy!

We have heard it said that reports have prevailed at the North, to the effect that Northern prisoners of war were badly treated. Doubtless instances of cruelty have occurred in the excitement of battle, or in the flush of victory, or anger and shame of defeat; but such instances occur everywhere, and amongst every people. War, for the time being, turns men into demons.

Dark, dark and saddening is the prospect. We can see no gleam of light through the sombre vista. The light is there. Even good may come out of this great evil; but even the most hopeful must admit that it can only be arrived at through years of trouble. The country has been thrown back at least half a century. More or less civilized nations must suffer through this mad folly of the nineteenth century, which neither civilization nor Christianity has been able to overcome—so great is the strength of man's evil passions, when, as an individual or a nation, they obtain the mastery over him.

CHAPTER XI.

Look on that Picture, then on this.—The Conclusion.

But a change passes over the spirit of our battle vision, and the scene moves on. The Battle of Bull Run was commenced on the 18th of July, 1861, and concluded at Manassas, the 21st, in the most disastrous and disgraceful rout of the Union forces there engaged in that terrific conflict for the supremacy of the constitution and laws. But on the 11th day of March, 1862, about noon, Generals McClellan and McDowell, with their staffs and two thousand cavalry for an escort, came up and took the road to Manassas. All along to the left of the road was one continuous string of huts, tents, and forts, all empty now—not a human being or animal showed themselves—not a sound save the clatter of the horses' hoofs, the shrill tones of the bugles, or the loud orders of the officers.

At Blackburn's Ford we saw the old battle-field of July 18th. The Butler House, which was between the two forces, and had been riddled with shot and shell, has been repaired. It was here Beauregard was dining, and made such a narrow escape at the time. The tree tops bear the evidence of the way the shot and shell flew around. Large limbs were cut off, and tree tops twisted in a hundred directions, as though struck by lightning. The woods in which the New York Twelfth, the First and Second Michigan, and the Massachusetts First went down has all been cut away, and we can now see where the Rebels had their artillery, upon the bank of Bull Run, behind a breastwork of logs and dirt.

The Plains of Manassas are really what their name implies. The time was when there were objects which obstructed the range of vision, but they are all gone now; for miles around we have an unbroken view. On the hills around are the camps still left, and a column of smoke away off to the right indicated that Manassas was on fire.

We reached the junction, and the sight here cannot be portrayed; the large machine shops, the station houses, the Commissary and Quartermaster storehouses, all in ashes. On the track stood the wreck of a locomotive, and not far down the remains of freight cars, which had been burned; to the right five hundred barrels of flour had been stove in, and two hundred barrels of vinegar and molasses had been allowed to try experiments in chemical combinations. Some fifty barrels of pork and beef had been scattered around in the mud.

The different positions occupied by the different forces were explained by General McDowell. They are the same now as when we stood there on that memorable Sabbath. All was quiet through that now peaceful dale. The roar of the murderous artillery, the flash of musketry, and the groans of the wounded and dying seemed to be still ringing in our ears; but the chirping of the tree frogs, or a soli-

tary bird perched upon a sheltered bush, was all that really broke the stillness.

As we halted for a moment, we noticed on the hill tops a number of empty huts; along the ravines were the strong natural defences, so lately garrisoned by the Rebel hordes; but they have all gone now. Near the field where Colonel Cameron fell are long and broad trenches, only distinguished as graves by the new made earth, on which the grass, this last summer, has refused to grow. The hill side, where Schenck led his division under the murderous fire, the ravine where the Rebel cavalry outflanked us, the little old negro hut and other buildings they used as hospitals, are there still, the blood-stained floor covered with dirt. The stone bridge has been blown up, and is now a heap of ruins.

The inhabitants of this section of country, Leesburg, are constantly applying for passes to cross the river to visit their relations residing in Leesburg and vicinity, for the purpose of carrying them supplies of all kinds, of which they have been completely despoiled by the rebel force in their retreat. Sugar, tea, coffee, boots, shoes, and clothing, of all kinds, are difficult to obtain there. Coffee is selling at \$1.50 per pound; sugar at fifty cents; unbleached muslins at ninety cents a yard, &c.

The farmers have also been robbed of their teams. One man complains that twenty-six horses were taken from him, and seven thousand bushels of wheat destroyed.

Fifty-one of the male residents were impressed and carried off; some of them being bound hand and foot. All of them refused to carry their arms, which were mostly shot guns, collected from the inhabitants, and were carried in their stolen wagons.

Secession has had its day here, and a strong Union feeling predominates.

Contrabands are pouring in from all directions, though mostly from the country beyond Manassas, and report great demoralization among the Rebel troops. General Sumner employs all as servants who will remain, and passes the rest to Washington. All are treated kindly, and sent to the rear unmolested. They are filled with the idea that we are marching down to free them, and think they need only wait and watch for their time. One group of sixteen passed up the road this morning, all sizes, all colors, and all ages. Where are you going? we asked, abruptly. "Gwine to be free, massa; gwine North, bin waiting long while." "Yes, but you will starve; you cannot take care of yourselves," we replied. One old man spoke up and said he had "to give his master eight dollars a month, and keep 'Becky and the children besides;" but we could not preserve a stern look, and he saw it. We asked who his master was? "Major Porter—enlisted last summer in de boss company." And so they passed on. They are but a sample of those who are now "Gwine to be free, massa!"

CENTREVILLE, Wednesday, March 12.

This is our outpost, although our scouts go to Bull Run and Manassas, and some distance beyond, without finding any enemy.

While a party of our cavalry were out scouting, about three miles to the right of Manassas Junction, they surrounded a farm house and captured one Captain and three privates, who said they were part of a force of one hundred and fifty of the Louisiana Tigers. They made no resistance, having nothing but side arms. They said that their instructions were to follow the rear of the retreating army, and burn all the bridges on all the roads, and also all the houses except those belonging to known secessionists. Their orders were also to send on all the negroes with the retiring rebels, to prevent them from coming into our lines.

Thus do we see the beginning of sorrows resulting from this wicked war. The certain consequence of the crime, and injustice of oppression in its gradual and steady accumulation, from the enslavement of the first black man in Virginia until it has culminated in the slavery of more than four millions of souls. Through the fires of affliction we have compelled the poor African to pass to the worship of this idol "Moloch," beneath the crushing wheels of the great juggernaut of Southern slavery have forced them to self-immolation and trafficed in their flesh. Coined their sweat, and hearts blood into gold, beneath the lash, until now their cup of sufferings and wrong is overflowing full. They have reaped down our fields and labored for us in the very fire, yet by fraud, the just reward of their labor has been kept from them. Now their cries have entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and he has come down to plead for the oppressed; and he pleads with fire and sword. He will put the iniquitous cup into the oppressors hands, and they shall surely be compelled to drink it now, even to the very dregs, aye, and wring them out in the very bitterness of their sufferings and their sorrows. "The Lord of hosts has spoken it, and shall he not do it? He has said it, who shall disannul it? He has commanded, who shall turn it back? His word shall not return to him void, but it shall surely accomplish that, whereunto he hath sent it. Say to the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him. As ye sow ye shall reap, if ye sow to the wind ye shall reap the whirlwind." Vice always carries its own punishment along. And so we now see the dark track of the fleeing oppressor, marked by a reign of terror, ruin, and desperation, as he gathers the bitter fruits of his own culture, the bleak harvest of despair, desolation, and death.

In again referring to the brave Tillman we must no longer neglect an incident in the *Waring* Tragedy which we have overlooked in its proper place. It is this, as soon as the *Waring* was in the hands of the Rebel Pirates, the Stars and Stripes, which had proudly waved before from the mast head, was taken down, and cut into pieces by

them to make a Rebel flag. *This it was*, says Tillman, that first inspired him with a *hatred* and an *incentive of revenge* for the ignoble dastardly act, as he saw the noble flag of the Union so shamefully trampled on by those cowardly traitors to the sacred cause of Freedom. But we must hasten the conclusion of our narrative.

After Tillman's acquittal from the charge of murder, he was presented with his share of the prize money, which he so boldly merited in the recapture of the vessel and bringing her successfully into port. Shortly after, the Chamber of Commerce of New York also presented him with a substantial reward.

For a long time, Tillman, the hero, and his pretty wife Hope, were lionized by the colored portion of the population of New York City, and he really enjoyed the reward of his patriotism and daring. Life once more wore a cheerful, hopeful aspect, and not all toil and poverty. His future was promising and bright. But Tillman was born for active, even an exciting life. His temperament, the nervous sanguine, it seemed impossible for him, even in the most comfortable circumstances, to live without some active useful pursuit. His is a stirring history, and the next we hear of him, faithful still to his love of country, and desire to serve in some capacity in the good work of crushing out this rebellion,—he accompanied an officer of the Seventh New York Cavalry as an assistant. But how narrowly he again escaped being entrapped into slavery, the following which appeared in one of our daily journals not long since, will show:—

“AN ATTEMPT TO ENSLAVE A FREE MAN.—On Saturday, two persons attempted to arrest as a slave a servant of an officer in one of our cavalry companies, a FREE MAN, by the name of Wm. Tillman. Detected in the act, they came near being lynched, but were rescued by the military guard, sent to the Provost Marshal, and afterwards confined in the central guardhouse.”

We need scarcely say by way of finish that, enraged by this last attempt to rob him of his liberty, and perhaps of his life, Tillman's blood is up, and in his course of vengeance through their land, we believe he will make not a few dastardly traitors bite the dust at his feet before this war is closed.

THE END.



THE BLOODY TRAGEDY ON THE PRIZE SCHOONER WARING. See Page 22.