

CAPTIVITY IN THE SOUTH.

Narrative of a Union Prisoner in Texas.

The Action at Sabine Pass—How the Clifton was Rendered Powerless—Treatment of the Wounded After Their Capture—Indignities at Houston—Acts of Kindness from Private Individuals—The Society of Vermin—March of One Hundred and Ninety Miles—Camp Ford—Treatment There—Release—The Journey to the Union Lines—Sentiment of the Texans—The Names of the Prisoners in Texas, &c.

The following communication is from Dr. D. F. Nestell, surgeon of the late United States steamer Clifton—

FEBRUARY 23, 1864.
In behalf of some four hundred officers, men and privates, whom I left prisoners of war at Camp Ford, near Tyler, Smith county, Texas, and their families resident in the North, permit me to detail, briefly, the particulars incident to our capture, and treatment among the rebels, and my career subsequent to my release, commencing with a few preliminary remarks touching the action at Sabine Pass, Texas, September 8, 1863.

The United States steamers Clifton and Sachem, in conjunction with General Franklin's forces, having arrived at the Sabine on the 7th of September, it was agreed between the officers commanding the army and naval forces that an attack on the rebel strong works should take place on the following day (8th), when the troops were to land at an accessible point immediately on its commencement by the vessels.

At about three o'clock P. M. the next day the ball was opened. Under a full head of steam, with the view to pass the fort and batteries so as to secure the rebel steamers lying above, the Clifton and Sachem, in the most unaccountable manner ran hard aground—the former in the Texas channel and the latter in the Louisiana channel—from which unpleasant predicament it was found impossible to extricate them, and the six guns (twenty-four pounders) of the fort opened a most destructive fire, at a distance of not more than three hundred yards. Notwithstanding that death seemed the inevitable fate of all on board the two vessels, they fought with a desperation seldom witnessed—the Clifton being utterly unable to bring any but her bow gun to bear upon the fort, the Sachem receiving a shot in her boiler, scalding nearly every one in its vicinity. This fact, with the Clifton's inability to prolong an unequal contest alone, with but one available gun—the broadside guns being rendered useless, owing to her immovable position in the implacable mud—together with the non-cooperation of the troops agreeably to the arrangement, determined Captain Crocker, commanding the fleet, to surrender.

It was shown that had the troops, even afterwards, complied with the arrangement entered into with the vessels, they could easily have redeemed the affair and captured the fort and the town. As it was, but forty men, stationed in the fort, captured the vessels, while there were less than two hundred men to defend the fort and the town against the thousands of our own soldiers being idle within their view.

It was not until all the prisoners were transferred to the rebel steamers that the extent of damage to the two vessels was known. There being no surgeon on the Sachem, the wounded of both vessels were placed under my charge. How much they suffered during a tedious journey to Beaumont no tongue may describe. Not a drop of anything stimulating—so necessary to them—could be obtained. Hence they remained in a state of partial insensibility until their further transfer to the hospital at that place.

The next morning the surviving officers and men were conveyed by railroad to Houston, while I remained with the wounded. During my stay here (some ten days) I was the guest of Dr. Iglehart, the accomplished and humane surgeon of the post, during which time I was fortunate enough to enjoy social interviews with the rebel chieftains Magruder and Scurry, the gentlemen composing their staff and numerous private citizens, who extended to me the courtesy and respect incident only to good breeding and education.

On the 19th of September, most of the wounded having recovered, I left for Houston, where I was nominally confined with "the other Yanks," as the Assistant Provost Marshal called us, and under the strictest guard. Here we were the recipients of much gross indignity from promiscuous visitors of both sexes. Some of the "howling" endeavored to render our situation still more miserable with their venom, which only made us "smile with such meaning" (1)—painfully enlightening us as to their morale—the spirit of patriotism, of justice and truth characterizing the wretches—the most bitter and insane in sentiment against the government North possible to conceive. Nevertheless I cannot speak in terms too laudatory of the many acts of kindness I experienced at the hands of private individuals. Drs. Riddell and Moody also, besides furnishing me with comfortable blankets, mattress and cot, exerted their best influence with the "Inexorable Dogman," the Provost Marshal, for the obtaining of my release, on the ground that surgeons on both sides were not held prisoners of war, but in vain. It is with gratitude that I take this opportunity to express my profound thanks therefor.

On the 5th of October we all left Houston for Camp Ford by the cars, where we arrived that evening. There we found some of the officers of the Harriet Lane, Morning Light, of the Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers and other regiments, living in barracks made tolerable only through their ingenuity and months of labor; and at ten P. M. we retired, felicitating ourselves that we should be no more disturbed until finally released. But alas! in about an hour the order came from some coarse throat to "turn out," and turn out we did, not knowing what was to be the result of the most singular procedure. Taking up our march, with our bedding and other effects on our backs, in a few minutes we were incontinently thrust into a new "shbang," unspeakably filthy, where the "rats and other vermin did hold revel." Grouching about in the solemn darkness till a chosen spot whereon to lodge could be found, each brought himself to an anchor, waving the "Macawber" for "something to turn up," ameliorating to our condition.

The morning brought one Captain Evans at the door, who apologized for our reception the previous night, giving as a reason that the Colonel Commanding (Sayles) being absent, our treatment was unavoidable, as he was compelled to dispose of us in the manner he did, for which he declared his unqualified disapproval, promising much better accommodations when the Colonel returned, &c.

However, we were not otherwise entertained. Another took brought a new commandant of the post—Colonel Ames, vice Colonel Sayles—from whom we received many favors tending to mitigate the horrors of our situation; also from Captain Evans and others connected with the same we received much kindness.

Many weeks passed away, during which almost daily rumors relating to our exchange came to our ears, the which as often proving false, tended to the further depression of our spirits, till at last the news did come that we were to be paroled and sent on to Shreveport, La. Accordingly the men and privates, with Dr. Shultz, of the Morning Light, and Paymaster Simmons, of the Clifton, were sent on in advance, and on the 11th of December all the officers commenced a most tedious march on foot, one hundred and ninety miles, by another route. On the way, one of the guard, which accompanied us, and in the honor of stealing all my silver, consisting of napkin ring, spoons and forks, my gloves, collars, a few private letters and the buttons belonging to my dress uniform coat, cutting them out therefrom, cloth and all. Of course, much indignation was manifested, but I protested against any suspicion being attached to any one for policy sake, although I knew well the thief who had undertaken this little joke while I was asleep in my tent. On the 22d (our twelfth day en route) we halted at Camp Ford, near Tyler. Here, to our surprise, we were thrust into filthy log cabins, built by the prisoners previously confined here, some of which we found were still occupied by certain officers of Conn. Militia, Indiana, Iowa and New York regiments captured at Brashear City, Donaldsonville, Lafourche, Thibodeaux, Bayou Sauvage and the Fordeshe.

New Iberia, Genereite and Franklin. At the latter place—after an interesting interview with General Franklin, who commanded the forces at Sabine Pass when we were captured—I became the guest of Chief Surgeon Sanger of Maine, and Surgeon Eager, of New York city, for whose kind attentions I return my heartiest thanks.

Taking a steamer the next evening for Brashear City, the following morning I arrived in New Orleans. On the 19th, embarking in the Star of the South for Key West, I there took the steamer America for New York, where I arrived on the 26th.

In conclusion I may state what I know as to the sentiment of the people of Texas, gathered from many public and private citizens holding high positions, and which is pre-eminently loyal. The election of General Hamilton is freely spoken of as among the wisest of their deliberations, deeming him—according to a resolution passed at a recent Union meeting at Brownsville, at which he was unanimously endorsed—best for the general government, best for the State—possessing as he does the entire confidence of the loyal men of Texas, his influence leading the largest number to an unswerving support of the administration and general government unto their redemption from rebel rule.

CASUALTIES ON BOARD STEAMER CLIFTON.
The following is a list of the killed and wounded and missing on board the United States steamer Clifton, during the action at Sabine Pass, Texas, September 8, 1863—

KILLED.
Robert Rhodes, Acting Master and Executive Officer.
Michael Driscoll, landsman.
Corporal Luther D. Hallcock, Co. B, 75th New York.
Henry Raymond, Co. A, 75th New York.
George T. Beardsley, Co. B, 75th New York.
Dor. E. Parker, Co. B, 75th New York.
James Benedict, Co. D, 75th New York.
Wm. W. Miner, Co. C, 75th New York.

WOUNDED.
Peter Brown, seaman, recovered.
Thomas McGann, ordinary seaman, recovered.
Joe Cross, landsman, recovered.
E. N. Andrews, Co. B, 75th New York.
Weeden H. Beebe, Co. G, 75th New York.
John Cambell, Co. G, 75th New York.
E. L. Bradley, Co. B, 75th New York.
Corporal O. A. Brown, Co. A, 75th New York.
A. G. Borden, Co. B, 75th New York.
R. O. Canfield, Co. B, 75th New York.
Frank O'Connell, Co. B, 75th New York.
Richard Tucker, Co. B, 161st New York.
A. V. Brown, Co. G, 75th New York.
J. Bump, Co. G, 75th New York.
Wm. F. Pray, Signal corps, 12th Maine.
And about twenty-two of the crew.

CASUALTIES ON BOARD STEAMER SACHEM.
The following is a list of the killed, wounded and missing on board the United States steamer Sachem, in the action at Sabine Pass, Texas, September 8, 1863—

KILLED.
John Fraser, Second Assistant Engineer.
John Monroe, Third Assistant Engineer.
John Williams, seaman.
Wm. Robinson, fireman.
Richard Turner, fireman.
Thomas Sullivan, fireman.
Thomas Ryan, fireman.
William Glenn, fireman.
Calvin Williams, coal heaver.
Anthony Compton, 161st New York.
Patrick Hart, 161st New York.
Adam B. Wheeler, 161st New York.
George Dodge, 161st New York.
James A. Smart, 161st New York.
Abraham Blakely, 161st New York.
James T. Gannon, 161st New York.
Orville C. Ecoron, 161st New York.
Mabion W. Barber, 161st New York.
Abraham E. Borden, signal corps, 3d Massachusetts cav.
Andrew P. Cott, signal corps, 3d Massachusetts cavalry.
Three contrabands, name unknown.

WOUNDED.
John McDonough, landsman.
Thomas A. Sawyer, 161st New York.
MISSING.
Peter Lee, landsman.
George Houston, contraband.
Henry Brown, landsman.
Randal Smith, contraband.

PRISONERS AT CAMP FORD.
The following is a list of officers, prisoners of war remaining at Camp Ford, near Tyler, Smith county, Texas, Jan. 31, 1864—

FROM STEAMER CLIFTON.
Frederick Crocker, Acting Vol. Lieut. Commanding.
Benj. S. Weeks, Acting Master.
James Fox, Acting Second Assistant Engineer.
Wm. Weed, Acting Ensign.
First Lieut. F. C. Dane, Act. Vol. Signal Corps.
Second Lieut. J. W. Dana, Sig. Corps, 12th Maine.
First Lieut. Chas. H. Cox, Co. C, 75th New York.
Second Lieut. W. H. Root, Co. C, 75th New York.

FROM STEAMER SACHEM.
Amos Johnson, Act. Vol. Lieut. Commanding.
A. H. Reynolds, Act. Ensign and Executive Officer.
FROM SCHOONER VELOCITY.
— Hammond, Act. Vol. Lieut. Commanding.
FROM THE MORNING LIGHT.
John Dillingham, Acting Master, Commanding.
H. W. Washburn, Acting Master.
W. W. Fowler, Acting Master.

FROM THE DIANA.
R. W. Mars, Third Assistant Engineer.
Wm. Johnston, Third Assistant Engineer.
Lient. Wm. Baskley, 12th Connecticut.
Lient. Charles Lamb, 12th Connecticut.
Lient. Edwin Kirby, 160th New York.

OFFICERS FROM VARIOUS REGIMENTS.
Col. Burrell, 42d Massachusetts.
Col. C. C. Nott, 176th New York.
Lient. Col. A. D. Eese, 26th Indiana.
Lient. Col. J. B. Leake, 20th Iowa.
Major R. C. Anthony, 2d Rhode Island cavalry.
Major Morgan, 176th New York.
Major Grey.
Capt. F. W. Noblett, 1st Indiana artillery.
Capt. Van Tyne, — New York.
Capt. W. P. Coe, 176th New York.
Capt. Proctor, 42d Massachusetts.
Capt. Cyrus Savage, 42d Massachusetts.
Capt. S. G. Bailey, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. Geo. S. Crofoot, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. A. Wells, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. Wm. H. May, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. Jas. R. Jenkins, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. A. D. Hopkins, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. S. J. Thompson, 176th New York.
Capt. Albert Allen, 1st United States infantry.
Capt. White, 42d Massachusetts.
Capt. Sheriff, 42d Massachusetts.
Capt. N. A. Logan, 26th Indiana.
Capt. Wm. J. Wallace, 26th Indiana.
Capt. R. W. Statt, 26th Indiana.
Capt. Wm. Adams, 19th Iowa.
Capt. S. J. Roderick, 19th Iowa.
Capt. T. L. Spott, 19th Iowa.
Capt. Levi Fisher, 19th Iowa.
Capt. J. Sandford, 23d Connecticut.
Capt. E. Coulter, 20th Iowa.
Capt. D. Torry, 20th Iowa.
Lient. Jno. A. Woodworth, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. Jno. F. Peck, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. O. H. Hubbard, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. J. Babcock, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. J. G. Stevens, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. Chas. Bailey, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. Jno. W. Buckingham, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. Chas. G. Hurlburt, 23d Connecticut.
Lient. Newcomb, 42d Massachusetts.
Lient. Humble, 42d Massachusetts.
Lient. Sherman, 176th New York.
Lient. P. W. Lyon, 176th New York.
Lient. Charles Kirby, 176th New York.
Lient. J. B. Robbins, 176th New York.
Lient. D. G. Wellington, 176th New York.
Lient. Charles E. Page, 4th United States infantry.
Lient. James E. Delamater, 91st New York.
Lient. Caleb Brennan, 2d Rhode Island cavalry.
Lient. George W. Higgs, 176th New York.
Lient. Daniel G. Gillette, 176th New York.
Lient. J. F. Petry, 176th New York.
Lient. H. W. Morse, 4th Massachusetts.
Lient. Freeman H. Chase, 12th Maine.
Lient. L. Stevens, 176th New York.
Lient. F. D. Vreleburg, 10th Illinois cavalry.
Lient. John East, — Arkansas.
Lient. Holcomb.

Lient. Frank Sherry, 1st Indiana artillery.
Lient. James M. Sampson, 4th Massachusetts.
Lient. C. C. McDonnell, 26th Indiana.
Lient. C. J. Collins, 26th Indiana.
Lient. J. M. Robertson, 26th Indiana.
Lient. J. M. Wright, 19th Iowa.
Lient. S. P. Roy, 19th Iowa.
Lient. John M. Woods, 19th Iowa.
Lient. George Johnson, 19th Iowa.
Lient. Norval Powell, 19th Iowa.
Lient. James Bennett, 19th Iowa.
Lient. Henry Walton, 34th Iowa.
Lient. Charles Avery, 25th Connecticut.
Lient. George W. Hugg, 25th Connecticut.
Lient. Louis W. Stevenson, 176th New York.
Surgeon David Horshey, 1st United States infantry.
There are near Shreveport, La., about four hundred men and privates, prisoners paroled, among whom are—
G. W. Simmons, Junior Acting Assistant Paymaster.

Captain.
Surgeon Sherry, Morning Light.

V. H. Byers, W. H. H. Clayton and James S. King, Corporals Christopher Mori, John F. Daugherty and H. H. Smith. Privates James C. Akers, Simon Bolton, Zera C. Can, Isaac D. Francis, Wm. G. Holmes, H. C. Jones, A. H. Mes, Silas Langford, J. H. Lammon, James Mori, John McIntosh, Jonathan Nixon, Joseph T. Paxton, R. H. Parsons, A. S. Humphrey, David Smith, Samuel B. Stewart, Ed. P. Taylor, Thos. Murphy and C. P. Wilber.

towards us with much humanity, assuring us that our food was "just as he gave his own soldiers;" which was indeed the fact, and which was both scanty and poor. This state of things, however, was much alleviated by our ability to purchase, at exorbitant prices, many little things without the pretense of which annoyed us.

Our sojourn here was exceeding disagreeable in more respects than one. Again rumors, almost daily, were made that we were soon to be exchanged or paroled. And we were under the impression that the men who had preceded us were by this time sent within our lines; but these, like those that haunted us at Camp Groce, proved to be merely "jokes from without."

However, in the middle of January I addressed a formal note to the commandant of the post, demanding that I be released in accordance with the custom of all civilized nations, to wit: to release, unconditionally, all surgeons captured by the respective forces engaged in war. This being forwarded to General E. Kirby Smith, commanding Trans-Mississippi Department at Shreveport, in about two weeks my release was officially ordered, and on the 31st of January I left by stage for the Union lines. On the 3d of February I reached Shreveport, stopping overnight at Marshall, where I enjoyed the luxury of a corn-husk bed at the meanest hotel under heaven.

Having reported to headquarters at Shreveport, General Smith being absent in Texas, I was graciously afforded the limits of the town, and treated with the highest respect by many rebel officers and citizens who visited me at the Veranda Hotel. General Boggs and the very gentlemanly Acting Adjutant General of that department, and others connected therewith, were assiduous in their attentions. Their kindness I shall never forget.

Furnished with transportation and subsistence, I proceeded down the Red river on the steamer Drover, Captain Hines to Alexandria. While on board (some four days) I was the recipient of untold kindness from the captain and numerous rebel officers and planters, passengers, some of whom pressingy offered me any amount of money, the which, as my expenses were being paid by the rebel government, I declined.

Arrived at Alexandria, I reposed to General Taylor, who kindly ordered me further transportation and the best of care at the famous "Ice House" Hotel, conducted by one Mr. Fellows, where I was visited by numerous public and private citizens, all anxious to extend me some cheer, and to learn how I had been treated while a prisoner in their hands.

Leaving Alexandria on the 9th inst., I passed necessarily through Washington, Opelousas, Vermillionville,

J. C. Henry, Master's Mate, Sachem.
H. S. Rollins, Master's Mate, Clifton.
Loring Cannon, Master's Mate, Clifton.
Howard Sargent, Master's Mate, Clifton.
F. J. Bradley, Acting Third Assistant Engineer, Clifton.
J. McGrane, Acting Third Assistant Engineer, Clifton.
J. S. Thomson, Paymaster, Clifton.
E. A. Larned, Paymaster, Clerk, Sachem.
Alfred Hilderbrand, surgeon's steward, Clifton.
Barney, Master at Arms, Clifton.
Baldwin, seaman, Clifton.
Edward W. Lawrence, ordinary seaman, Clifton.
Wm. Garret, alias "Imposter," ward room steward, Clifton.
W. E. Bridges, Acting Master, "Sachem" at Alexandria, La.

Sergeant Axe, marine corps, Clifton, escaped.
Corporal Deener, marine corps, Clifton, escaped.
Lieut. Col. Loganne, 12th New York Vols., still at Camp Groce.

Brown, yeoman, United States steamer Clifton, and private Morrison, marine corps, Clifton, died at Shreveport, La.

John Whittle and John Spicer, 25th Indiana, escaped December 21, 1863.

J. Kimball, Quartermaster of the 176th New York, died September 30, 1863.

Private Beebe, Co. A, 1st Iowa Cavalry, Co. D, 75th New York, escaped and now in the Union lines.

The following officers and privates of Company C, Nineteenth Iowa Volunteers, were captured and returned all well at Tyler on the 1st of January last.

Readers

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

SABINE PASS.

The Reasons Why that Medal was Given Miss Dowling.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Referring to the article now going the rounds of the press giving an account of the presentation of a diamond set medal to Miss Annie E. Dowling, of Austin, Tex., in honor of the exploit of her father, "Dick" Dowling, who with 22 men repulsed the Union forces at Sabine Pass Sept. 8, 1863, also an inquiry from Comrade Marind of Bismarck, Dak., which appeared in your issue of March 21, it has occurred to me that an article on the subject from one who was there might possibly be interesting to the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and especially to Comrade Marinder, who seems to "thirst after knowledge."

I first quote from history, as follows: "Early in September an expedition was fitted out under Gen. 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-barbette, and two gunboats, which were also rams. The attacking force consisted of 4,000 men, under Gen. Franklin, with Gen. Godfrey Weitzel as division commander." So much for history. Now for my personal recollections. But first let me say, that Gens. Franklin and Weitzel were of the Regular Army, both tried and true, and had already won national reputation and renown.

In looking over my diary and old papers pertaining to those stirring times, I find the following regarding the movements of my regiment: "Sept. 2 the regiment embarked for New Orleans, and became a part of Banks's expedition to Sabine Pass, Tex. Our rendezvous was Berwick Bay, from which place we embarked on transports. We were convoyed by the Gunboat Arizona." In addition to the transports carrying the land forces there was a fleet of gunboats, besides one of the blockading fleet was stationed off the pass. (My regiment was the 161st N. Y.) Four companies were detailed as sharpshooters on the gunboats, Cos. A and B on the Arizona, E on the Granite City, and D on the Sachem. Cos. C, F, G and I, under command of Capt. W. E. Craig, with a like number from other regiments, all under command of one Capt. Fitch, of the 75th N. Y., comprised the storming party, and were on the transport Gen. Banks. Cos. H and K, under command of Lieut.-Col. Kinsey, were in reserve on the transport N. H. Thomas.

We expected to locate the pass by the gunboat on duty there, but unfortunately for us it was off on a short cruise, and we found early in the morning that we had run by quite a distance, and were obliged to turn back. The coast was low and marshy, and the black smoke from the fleet must have been visible for a great distance inland. This, together with delay in finding the pass, gave Dowling ample time to concentrate his magnificent army of 42 men and put them where they could do the most good, as the sequel shows he did. The fleet lay outside the bar till late in the afternoon, but during the morning the Clifton passed inside and gave them a few shots, which were not responded to, and led many of the boys to think there was nothing there. The Clifton was formerly a double-ended ferryboat, and most of the fleet were flat-bottoms and coasting steamers, and drew light, but the Clifton had a magnificent armament, and carried a 9-inch rifled pivot gun fore and aft.

Finally, between 5 and 4 o'clock everything seemed to be in order; the Clifton passed inside, closely followed by the Granite City and the Gen. Banks carrying the storming party. The Clifton in a few moments opened the ball by a shot from one of her 9-inch guns, and we could see that it fell inside the enemy's works. The Sachem now moved rapidly to the front and passed us, followed by the Arizona, both steaming to our right. The Sachem soon opened with a full broadside, the Arizona following suit, and still there was no response—no sign of Dick Dowling or any other man on shore. We were still moving, and the Sachem was now opposite the works, not over 300 yards away, when in a moment we saw the ominous white puff above the works, a dull boom came over the waves, and at the same moment a solid shot whizzed over the Arizona and struck the water beyond. This was quickly followed by one for the Clifton, which went wide, passed over our convoy, the Granite City, and struck so close to the Gen. Banks that the water splashed the decks. The Sachem was still moving, giving them broadside after broadside, and the Arizona still keeping up to her work, but not in such close quarters. In a moment more the Sachem would be beyond the works, and we were watching her with intense interest and solicitude, for we all felt that her passing meant victory; but just at this critical moment a shot struck her midship, penetrating her boilers. Instantly she was enveloped in steam; she ceased firing, and when the white mist lifted we saw her lying upon the water a helpless thing, with the white flag flying from her masthead. The Arizona and Clifton now doubled their fire, but the Arizona drew too much water to get to close quarters, and the Confederates seemed to pay but little attention to her, but concentrated their fire on the Clifton, and the brave Crocker responded with redoubled energy. Crocker fought the Clifton on the arc of a half circle, backward and forward, each movement bringing her nearer the Confederate works. Her firing was terrific, and she swept the enemy's works with a perfect hail. The Banks now passed her convoy and steamed in behind the Clifton, every man grasped his musket with a firmer grip, belts were tightened, and each looked himself over to be sure he was all right, for we felt that we would soon be in jumping distance. All eyes were on the Clifton, for everything now depended on her, when at this moment she ran her bow into the soft bottom with such force that she was unable to extricate herself. She churned the water into a white foam in her vain efforts to get free. We held our breath, and it seemed as though our hearts ceased beating, when just at this critical moment a couple of guns heretofore silent opened on her, and a shot from one of them penetrated her boilers, and she was also a helpless wreck. Still the brave Crocker fought on, but seeing defeat now inevitable trilled one of his 9-inch guns along the deck, sent a solid shot through her from stem to stern, destroying her machinery, spiked his guns and ran up the white flag. The fight was over.

For the first and only time in our three years' service we saw the white flag run up and the Stars and Stripes hauled down. No troops were landed, except those of our unfortunate comrades of Co. D, who landed in the prison at Tyler, the survivors being exchanged July 22, 1864. I never saw any report of our losses, but the 161st for the time being suffered the loss of Co. D, who had two men killed outright, 10 badly scalded (six fatally), and Lieut. Lindsey with 17 men taken prisoners. The Confederate gunboats, after the fight was over, put in an appearance and secured the fruits of Dowling's victory. They came into view very leisurely, and why they did not proceed to capture the whole force is a mystery I have never been able to fathom, except on the ground that they were satisfied with what they had already done, and well they might be.

In the confusion of retreat, which was ordered after the Clifton ran up the white flag, the Arizona, in turning, ran aground, and with the transports, the Banks and Thomas, were still within easy range of the Confederate guns, with only one gunboat, the Granite City, afloat. They had the whole expedition at their mercy, but they seemed to take it easy; did not seem to care very much about us any way, for which we were truly thankful. As for Dowling and his men, they did good work; and yet I don't see how they could have done otherwise. The range was close, especially for the Sachem. Even a raw recruit could not very well miss, under all ordinary circumstances, and with veteran artillerymen the Sachem would have been sent under; as it was, a chance shot crippled her in such a way that her further progress was stopped; the same with the Clifton. It may not be out of place to say, as regards Dowling's numerical force, he had all he needed to work his guns effectively. It was simply a fight between a trio of wooden gunboats fully exposed, at short range, to the concentrated fire of a well-protected battery, whose work was made effective only by two chance shots.—JOHN W. MERWIN, Co. C, 161st N. Y., Elmira, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, entirely different from any other. Try it.