

American Submariners Inc.  
4370 Twain Ave.  
San Diego, CA 92120-3404



## *The Silent Sentinel*

OCTOBER 2015



### *Our Creed and Purpose*

To perpetuate the memory of our shipmates who gave their lives in the pursuit of their duties while serving their country. That their dedication, deeds, and supreme sacrifice be a constant source of motivation toward greater accomplishments. Pledge loyalty and patriotism to the United States of America and its Constitution.

In addition to perpetuating the memory of departed shipmates, we shall provide a way for all Submariners to gather for the mutual benefit and enjoyment. Our common heritage as Submariners shall be Strengthened by camaraderie. We support a strong U.S. Submarine Force.

The organization will engage in various projects and deeds that will bring about the perpetual remembrance of those shipmates who have given the supreme sacrifice. The organization will also endeavor to educate all third parties it comes in contact with about the services our submarine brothers performed and how their sacrifices made possible the freedom and lifestyle we enjoy today.



***POWAY PARADE 2015***

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### The Silent Sentinel via Email

To all of my Shipmates and families who currently receive our Great newsletter via the mail who would like it sent via email or continue to receive it via mail, please fill out the form and mail it to the base or myself. We are trying to cut the cost of the newsletter down from \$3700 to about \$1900 a year. By receiving the Silent Sentinel via email will cut down the printing and mailing cost. The other plus to receiving it via email is you can save it on your computer and not have the paper lying around the house.

*A subscription to the Silent Sentinel newsletter will be available to surviving family members via internet email, at no charge, upon notification of the Membership Chairman. If a printed hard-copy is preferred, via US Post Office delivery, an annual donation of \$5.00 will be requested to cover costs.*

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

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Would like the SILENT SENTINEL emailed: YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

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*DUE TO LOGISTICS CONSTRAINTS, ALL INPUTS FOR THE SILENT SENTINEL MUST BE IN MY HAND NO LATER THAN ONE WEEK AFTER THE MONTHLY MEETING. IF I DO NOT RECEIVE IT BY THIS TIME, THE ITEM WILL NOT GET IN. NO EXCEPTIONS! MIKE*

## ***OCTOBER 2015 MEETING***

**Our monthly meeting is held on the second Tuesday of the month at VFW Post 3787, 4370 Twain Ave., San Diego. Our next meeting will be on *OCTOBER 13th*. The post is located one-half block West of Mission Gorge Road, just north of I-8. The meeting begins at 7 p.m. The E-Board meets one hour earlier at 6 p.m.**

*Check us out on the World Wide Web  
www.ussvisandiego.org*

### **BINNACLE LIST**

*Benny Williams*

## ***Submarine Losses in October***

Originally Compiled by C J Glassford



### **USS Seawolf (SS-197)**

Lost on Oct 3, 1944 with the loss of 83 officers and men and 17 US Army troops when she was sunk just north of Moritai by USS Rowell, a Destroyer Escort (DE). In this tragic error, Rowell mistook Seawolf for a Japanese submarine that had just sunk another Destroyer. Seawolf ranks 7th for enemy ships sunk.

### **USS S-44 (SS-155)**

Lost on Oct 7, 1943 with the loss of 56 men when it was sunk off Paramushiru, Kuriles. S-44 was on her 5th war patrol after attacking a target thought to be a merchant on the surface, S-44 found herself in a losing gun battle with a heavily armed Japanese destroyer. Two men were taken prisoner and survived the war.

### **USS Wahoo (SS-238)**

Lost on Oct 11, 1943 with the loss of 80 men near La Perouse Strait. Under command of one of the great sub skippers of World War II, LCDR "Mush" Morton, Wahoo was on her 7th war patrol. Wahoo had won a Presidential Unit Citation and ranks 5th in the number of enemy ships sunk. She was lost to depth charges dropped by a Japanese patrol aircraft.

### **USS Dorado (SS-248)**

Lost on Oct 12, 1943 with the loss of 77 men when she was sunk in the western Atlantic near Cuba. Newly commissioned, she had departed New London and was enroute to Panama. She may have been sunk by a U.S. patrol plane that received faulty instructions regarding bombing restriction areas or a German U-boat that was in the vicinity.

**USS Escolar (SS-294)**

Lost on Oct 17, 1944 with the loss of 82 men. She was on her 1st war patrol and was most likely lost to a mine somewhere in the Yellow Sea.

**USS Shark II (SS-314)**

Lost on Oct 24, 1944 with the loss of 87 men when she was sunk near Hainan. The second boat to carry this name during World War II, she was on her 3rd war patrol. Shark was sunk by escorts after attacking and sinking a lone freighter. Compounding the tragedy, it turned out that the freighter had 1,800 U.S. POW's on board.

**USS Darter (SS-227)**

Lost on Oct 24, 1944 when she became grounded on Bombay Shoal off Palawan and was then destroyed to prevent her falling into enemy hands intact. The entire crew was rescued by USS Dace. Winner of one Navy Unit Commendation, Darter had sunk a heavy cruiser and damaged another and went aground while attempting an "end around" on an enemy formation in hopes of getting in an attack on a battleship.

**USS Tang (SS-306)**

Lost on Oct 25, 1944 with the loss of 78 men in the Formosa Strait. Tang was on her 5th war patrol. Tang ranks 2nd in the number of ships sunk and 4th in tonnage, and had won two Presidential Unit Citations. During a daring night surface attack, Tang was lost to a circular run by one of her own torpedoes. Nine of the crew were taken prisoner, including CDR. O'Kane and five who had gained the surface from her final resting place 180 feet below. All survived the war, and CDR O'Kane was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

**USS O-5 (SS-66)**

Lost on October 29, 1923 with the loss of 3 men when rammed and sunk by SS Abangarez off the Panama Canal.



***San Diego Base, United States Submarine Veterans Inc.  
Minutes of Meeting - 11 August 2015***

1901 - Base Commander Bob Bissonnette called the meeting to order

Conducted Opening Exercises - Pledge of Allegiance lead by Treasurer - David Ball

Base Chaplain Russ Mohedano lead the prayer and conducted Tolling of the Boats lost in the month of August.

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette recognized Past Commanders, dignitaries and guests.

Secretary Jack Kane announced 32 members and three guests present.

The minutes of the 14 July 2015 meeting were approved as published in the Sentinel.

Treasurer David Ball gave his report. Checking Balance \$5106.00 with total assets of \$20,349.79. A copy of the Treasurer's Report will be filed with these minutes.

**Base Commander Called For Committee Reports**

Chaplain Russ Mohedano reported the following on the Binnacle List: George Koury, Frank Walker.

Parade Chair Joel Eikam announced the next parade is in Poway on 12 September starting at 0900 Muster at 0800. A vote was taken and passed, we will attend the Mother Goose Parade in El Cajon on Saturday, 21 November 2015 if they still have openings.

Membership Chair Ray Febrache announced we now nearing 300 members again. Ray is working on getting our list updated with National.

No Scholarship report this month.

Storekeeper Phill Richeson announced he has vests available. See him at break if you need one.

Senior Vice Commander Warren Branges announced the next breakfast is 30 August 2015.

Senior Vice Commander Warren Branges reported that the 52 Boat Memorial is real close to finishing all the paperwork needed for conversion to a 501.3(c) Charity. The IRS has approved, only need paperwork back from the State of California. The USS Sculpin marker replacement is due to be installed on 12 August 2015. The remaining 4 replacement markers will be in by Veterans Day. The next "All Flags Day" is 18 September 2015, POW/MIA Remembrance Day.

Base Commander reported that new Banners for the Float are nearing completion. Thanks to Jim Hare for donating the new side banners and a new carry banner.

Eagle Scout Co- Chairman Nihil D. Smith reported that the program is alive and well at San Diego Base. Nihil and Co-Chair Glen Gerbrand have done 43 Eagle Scout Awards since the program was established. Anyone who would like to help with this program and presentations see Nihil at the break.

1938 - Base Commander called for a break.

1951 - Base Commander called the meeting back to order. 50/50 drawing was held.

### **1951 - Unfinished Business**

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette reported that the Annual Picnic was a success. Submarine Tours went well, everyone got good chow and the weather was fantastic. Shipmates from Scamp Base, Trieste Base and Doug Smay Base attended, as well as many from San Diego Base. As a side note - Tours of the new Virginia Class boats will be offered when those class boats visit San Diego. We also have 4 folding Captain's Chairs (in their bags) that were left at the picnic. See the Secretary if they are yours.

Senior Vice Commander Warren Branges reported that even more stringent requirements are in place for Base access. Warren is working on putting together a procedure with the new Base Security Officer to have 5512 Forms on file for those Base Members who don't have CAT or Retired Military ID Cards. He will work on that procedure right after the National Convention. All bases in the U.S. have gone to Threatcon B - Modified.

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette announced the Annual San Diego Base Christmas Party will be held on 19 Dec 2015 at the VFW Hall, 4730 Twain Avenue, San Diego, CA 92120. Festivities start at 1330 with dinner served at 1400. Menu will be Pork Chops and Cornish Hens. Cost \$20. We will begin taking reservations and monies at our meeting on 13 October 2015.

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette announced that Manny Burciagia has been appointed to fill the Junior Vice Commander vacancy caused by Jack Lester's passing.

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette reported that he is working on getting a tour Terri Ulmer's six acre Destroyer Wheelhouse WWII Tribute and Museum for David Kauppinen, Rocky Rockers and himself. After the tour he will make a recommendation concerning displaying Submarine Memorabilia at that site.

### **2030 - New Business**

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette proposed that San Diego Base hold a recognition ceremony for WWII Submarine Veterans and their families on 29 November 2015 in conjunction with our Base Breakfast. The ceremony would be held at 1100 after we treat each WWII Submariner and their families to breakfast. More details to be provided at our Base Meeting on 12 October 2015.

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette announced that a new storage facility is needed for the "52 Flag" trailer. It is currently stored in Oceanside by Rocky Rockers. Rocky has sold his car and can no longer haul the trailer to Point Loma for "All Flag Days". Anyone who has a suggestion please contact Bob Bissonnette or Warren Branges. We are currently looking in to storage at MCRD or a commercial facility in the Point Loma Area.

Base Commander Bob Bissonnette reported that we received a \$500 donation from the Submarine Book Fair held last year on USS Midway. A spirited discussion was entered into as to the disposition of those funds. The funds came with a proviso for use. A motioned was made, seconded and passed that we send those funds on the Dolphin Scholarship Fund.

### **2036 – Good of the Order**

A Memorial Service will be held for Jack Lester at St. Andrews Lutheran Church, 830 Lake Murray Drive, San Diego, CA on Saturday, 26 September 2015. The service will start at noon.

Chaplain Russ Mohedano reported that the SDSU Mechatronics Club won First Place at the 18th Annual International RoboSub Competition held at Navy Space and Naval Warfare Systems Center Pacific, Point Loma on 18 July. His son Ryan, our most recent scholarship recipient, is an integral part of the team. SDSU won over a elite field of college entries from all over the US and as far away as India and China. Russ will have short video of the competition to show at our next meeting.

A Sunset Toast Memorial Service will be held for Bill Miller at 6:30pm on August 14th, 2015, aboard Camp Pendleton at the Del Mar Beach Resort space 45. Casual or Aloha dress.

The Meeting was adjourned at 2045

Jack Kane, Secretary

/s/ Jack E. Kane

Sailing List for 11 August 2015

Bill Earl	Manny Barciaga	Dennis Mortinson
Jack Kane	Joe Sasser	Nihil D. Smith
Jack Ferguson	Dennis McCreight	Ron Gorence
Bob Bissonnette	Rocky Rockers	Michael Hyman
Bob Farrell	Angelo Fraticelli (Guest)	Warren Branges
Phill Richeson	Benny Williams	Mert Weltzien
Phillip JL Richeson	Anita Williams (Guest)	Dennis Mortenson
Russ Mohedano	Robert Golembieski	William Johnston
David Ball	Ray Ferbrache	Ed Farley
Peter Lary	Alfred Varela	Jim Nugent
Paul Hitchcock	McCail Smith Jr. (Seattle)	Joel Eikam
Bud Rolleson	Bob Welch	Jessie Taylor

### Current News

**“Plataginet, I will; and like thee, Nero,  
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn” (Henry VI, Shakespeare)**

**Russia And America Prep Forces For Arctic War**  
**David Axe, The Great Debate (Reuters Blog), Oct 5**

President Barack Obama’s recent trip to Alaska helped draw attention to global climate change – and to the national-security tensions that could result from a warming Arctic region.

Surveyors believe that the seabed under Arctic waters could contain hundreds of billions of barrels of untapped oil. As the North Pole becomes more accessible, and so more valuable, Arctic countries – each with its own and in some cases overlapping territorial claims – are getting ready for some serious competition.

The United States and Russia are geopolitical rivals and uneasy Arctic neighbors. More and more Russian and U.S. military forces are deploying on and under the Arctic Ocean.

But Washington and Moscow are approaching their Arctic build-ups quite differently. The Kremlin holds the advantage on the ocean’s surface; the Pentagon dominates beneath the waves. Though Russia and the United States both train Arctic ground troops, Washington is also building a northern strike force of high-tech stealth warplanes.

These different approaches are the results of military policies and priorities going back decades. Moscow chose to invest in icebreakers to work along its vast Arctic frontier, while Washington spent its money on submarines and warplanes that are equally useful outside the polar regions.

While Obama was in Alaska, the White House announced that the administration would push for more and better icebreakers. After decades of neglect, the U.S. Coast Guard, which operates all U.S. icebreakers, possesses just three of the tough, ice-shattering vessels, and American companies own another two. These five ships must divide their time between the north and south poles, plowing paths through sea ice so other vessels can safely navigate frigid waters.

“The administration will propose,” the White House explained on its official website, “to accelerate acquisition of a replacement heavy icebreaker to 2020 from 2022, begin planning for construction of additional icebreakers and call on Congress to work with the administration to provide sufficient resources to fund these critical investments.”

But even after adding a few icebreakers, Washington will still be far behind Moscow in this category of Arctic weaponry. The Russian government owns 22 icebreakers; Russian industry possesses another 19 of the specialized vessels. Moscow has another 11 icebreakers under construction or in planning.

To be fair, Russia's Arctic coastline is many hundreds of miles longer than that of the United States. In theory, Russia's icebreakers are spread out over a wider area during routine, peacetime operations. In wartime, however, the Kremlin could quickly concentrate its icebreakers, which could carve channels for Russian warships far more quickly than the Pentagon could do for its own ships.

But the United States' Arctic strategy depends less on surface ships than Russia's strategy does. Instead, the U.S. military is betting on submarines to exert its influence in the far north.

"The submarine is the best platform to operate in the Arctic," Commander Jeff Bierley, skipper of the U.S. Navy submarine *Seawolf*, told Reuters, "because it can spend the majority of its time under the ice."

The U.S. fleet operates 41 nuclear-powered attack subs with equipment for sailing under – and punching through – Arctic ice. Russia's ice-capable attack-submarine force numbers just 25 vessels.

These U.S. subs likely deploy more regularly than Russia's do. Amid economic volatility, the Kremlin has struggled to consistently fund naval deployments. Meanwhile, every two years the U.S. Navy sends a pair of attack subs into the Arctic Circle on a training and scientific mission. In the years between these ice experiments, *Seawolf*-class subs based in Washington state sail through the Bering Strait and under the ice cap, crossing over the top of the world and traveling from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic and then back.

The Navy designed *Seawolf* and her two sister ships specifically for Arctic operations. The vessels have ice-scanning sonar and equipment to help the subs force their way through the ice cap to reach the surface during emergencies.

On the ice, the two countries are at near-parity. The U.S. Army oversees three combat brigades in Alaska, each composed of roughly 3,000 soldiers. One brigade features paratroopers, another is in Stryker armored vehicles and a third is made up of reconnaissance troops.

The paratroopers regularly practice parachuting onto the Arctic ice. During one February 2015 training exercise, called *Spartan Pegasus*, two C-17 and two C-130 transport planes based in Alaska dropped 180 paratroopers plus two vehicles and supplies onto a training range north of the Arctic Circle, where temperatures hover around 20 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

"The purpose of *Spartan Pegasus*," the Army stated on its website, "was to validate soldier mobility across frozen terrain, a key fundamental of U.S. Army Alaska's capacity as the Army's northernmost command."

The Strykers are less mobile. A C-17 – the U.S. Air Force keeps eight of the four-engine cargo planes in Alaska – can carry several Strykers, which weigh roughly 25 tons each, but the Air Force doesn't often practice landings on Arctic runways. The Canadian air force does, however. It staged its own C-17s landings and take-offs from Arctic villages in temperatures as low as minus 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

So in theory the U.S. Air Force could move the Army's Alaska-based Stryker brigade to Arctic battlegrounds. A C-17 can also drop Strykers via parachute, though the Air Force has only done this in tests.

The Russian army's Arctic command is smaller. It controls just two brigades with armored vehicles. But combat units from outside the command regularly head north for training, in particular, paratroopers and the transport planes that ferry them. One Arctic exercise in March reportedly involved 80,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen plus more than 200 aircraft. An official photo from the war game depicts an An-72 transport plane and white-clad infantry on an airfield carved in the snow.

Russia has proved it can patrol the airspace over the Arctic. The U.S. Air Force, however, holds the northern advantage. In addition to C-17 and C-130 transports, the American air arm maintains E-3 radar planes and three fighter squadrons in Alaska – two with 20 high-tech F-22 stealth fighters each and one with 18 older F-16s.

In coming years, up to two squadrons of new F-35 stealth fighters will join the F-16s at Eielson Air Force Base near Fairbanks, Alaska, which will increase the Alaskan fighter fleet by at least a third. In February, the Air Force wrapped up cold-weather testing of the F-35 that proved the new radar-evading warplane can function in the Arctic climate.

"We're pushing the F-35 to its environmental limits," said Billie Flynn, an F-35 test pilot, "ranging from 120 degrees Fahrenheit to negative 40 degrees, and every possible weather condition in between."

In a kind of literal Cold War, Russian forces will continue to dominate the surface of the Arctic Ocean while the American military preserves its edge below and above the ice. Meanwhile, both countries are training thousands of ground troops for Arctic ops – just in case the Cold War turns hot in the thawing polar region.

David Axe is the editor of *War Is Boring* and a regular contributor to the *Daily Beast*.

### **ONR Tests the Latest in Underwater Drone Technology**

**Kevin McCaney, Defense Systems, Oct 5**

The Navy, which has big plans for underwater drones, continued to develop its future fleet recently with two weeks of demonstrations at Naval Air Station Patuxent River, Md.

Hundreds of participants from six countries demonstrated and tested 40 unmanned underwater vehicles (UUVs), operating autonomously or by remote, performing tasks such as locating and neutralizing mines to mapping a ship's hull, according to an Office of Naval Research release.

One focus of the Pax River technology demonstrations, held during the second half of September, was mine countermeasures, known as MCM. In one test, UUVs from Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States worked together with a manned U.K. surface vehicle to search for mines. Also tested-on several different platforms-were sensors that can detect mines beneath the ocean sediment. Meanwhile, robotic arms built with 3D printing inspected ships' hull for attached explosives, then managed to neutralize them.

"This is the cutting edge," Dr. Walter Jones, ONR's executive director, said of the demonstrations, which not only help improve the technologies but also promotes cooperation among U.S. and coalition forces.

"The MCM program-with vital contributions from partner commands and our international allies-is making great leaps in developing and fielding autonomous, unmanned systems," said Dr. Jason Stack, program officer and lead for ONR's Mine Warfare program. "MCM and [explosive ordnance disposal] represent some of the dull, dirty and truly dangerous jobs performed every day by our sailors and Marines. These emerging technologies will assist these men and women by making their jobs faster and safer."

For all the progress the military and industry have made with UUVs, the Navy knows it's just getting started. At a forum hosted by the Center for Strategic and International Studies in August, Navy officials described plans for a vast undersea network of unmanned systems, which Chief of Naval Research Rear Adm. Mathias Winter compared to the Interstate Highway System.

"Undersea dominance - that is an inherently Department of Navy domain. And we are just scratching the surface in some of the capabilities," Winter said. "Thousands of miles of logistical networks to allow large scale deployment of UUVs, allowing them to communicate, engage, resupply . those technologies are focused around the same technologies that support our directed energy, our unmanned systems and our electric weapons."

The fleet of UUVs would range from the small hull-inspectors to large unmanned submarines. To get there, the Navy and its partners will have to develop technologies such as the sense-and-avoid ability that also is being developed for unmanned aircraft, and reliable underwater communications and navigation, as well as the capabilities that were demonstrated at Pax River.

In addition to Canada and the U.K., the demonstration also included uniformed and civilian participants from Australia, New Zealand and Germany.

### [NASA Submarines? Space Agency Consults Navy Sub Force As It Considers Manned Mars Voyage](#) [AP, Oct 5](#)

**GROTON, Conn.** - As NASA contemplates a manned voyage to Mars and the effects that missions deeper into space could have on astronauts, it's tapping research from another outfit with experience sending people to the deep: the U.S. Navy submarine force.

The space agency is working with a military laboratory at the submarine base in Groton, Connecticut, to measure how teams cope with stress during month-long simulations of space flight.

While one travels through outer space and the other the ocean's depths, astronauts and submariners face many of the same challenges. Isolated for long stretches of time, they rely on crewmates for their lives in remote, inhospitable environments.

"We have a shared interest with the Navy in team resilience," Brandon Vessey, a scientist with NASA's human research program, told The Associated Press. "When you stick people together for a long period of time, how are they going to do?"

The Navy research that piqued NASA's interest started about five years ago when the Groton-based Naval Submarine Medical Research Laboratory, at the request of the submarine force, began examining ways to make tactical teams work together better.

Through observation of submarine crews, the Navy scientists developed a way to evaluate how teams are performing. The study singled out important team practices including dialogue, critical thinking and decision-making and developed a way to assess how teams respond to setbacks. The research was made available more than a year ago to submarines' commanding officers, but it has not yet been institutionalized by the Navy.

"If this tool can identify precursors of when a team is about to change, that's particularly what we're hoping for," said Jerry Lamb, the lab's technical director.

The experiment with NASA is expected to begin in January or February. The space agency is taking a bigger interest in human behavior issues as it pursues the capability to send humans to an asteroid by 2025 and to Mars in the 2030s.

NASA is using a capsule about the size of a two-bedroom apartment at the Johnson Space Center in Houston to study how astronauts might perform and behave during lengthy missions. Four volunteers at a time live and work for 30 days at a time aboard the habitat, known as the Human Exploration Research Analog, which includes an airlock and is supported by a small version of mission control.

Video and audio recordings of the subjects from the experiment with the Navy lab will be sent to scientists in Connecticut for their analysis.

Ronald Steed, a former submarine commander who participated in the Navy's research, said the experience aboard a space ship will resemble that of submariners more as it travels farther into space and faces a longer delay in communications with Earth.

"Like a submarine commander can't always call to shore, you can't just call back to Earth for advice," he said. "The commander's going to have to have a set of tools that let him or her look at the crew and make a determination about where they are."

### [China's Nuclear Submarine Distraction](#) [Robert Potter, The Diplomat, Oct 1](#)

The People Liberation Army Navy (PLAN) is presently undertaking a substantial modernization effort. This process has been the center of significant analysis for the better part of twenty years. Although it is quite clear that the development of a modern navy is a core component of Chinese government policy, this initiative is presently stuck between competing efforts. On the one hand, the People's Republic is attempting to develop a naval capability that is modern and maximizes China's present advantages. On the other, sits a desire to have a navy of a great power.

In many ways these efforts channel into the same programs. For example, China's successful efforts to produce long production runs of surface combatants is widely recognized. But not every decision that the PLAN faces is absent a tradeoff between the development of capability and accumulation of prestige.

This is not the first time that a Chinese government has faced this sort of decision. During the self-strengthening movement of the late nineteenth century, the Qing Dynasty developed one of the largest fleets in the world. It was the fleet of a great power, consisting of large battleships and cruisers. The Qing government developed this fleet with the expectation that the prestige it conferred was representative of capability. The United States itself used its fleet of battleships to announce its presence on the world stage in the early twentieth century. However, the Beiyang Fleet, when



tested, was soundly defeated by a better managed but less powerful Japanese fleet. Essentially, Qing Dynasty China had produced a very sharp tip of the spear while neglecting to actually develop the shaft.

This struggle between prestige and capability is not a uniquely Chinese problem. When Gustavus Adolphus had the warship *Vasa* built it was designed to be a symbol of Swedish power. The ship capsized less than a mile into its maiden voyage – it was too top heavy. One only really needs to look at the popular discussions that surround aircraft carriers today and the battleships of the past to see that appearing as powerful can sometimes distract from building the capability that generates power.

The tradeoffs between these variables can be seen in the PLAN's efforts to develop undersea capability. This process began in 1993 when Beijing purchased four Russian Kilo Class submarines. These submarines gave the PLAN access to a level of technological capability that it could apply to future native designs. However, China made the decision to transition from depending on Russia for its ships to the development of locally produced designs.

To build an effective modern undersea capability, China will have to produce a large-scale production run of a native design or continue to purchase from Russia. The first option requires the PLAN to reverse a long history of building not particularly capable nuclear submarines. In 1971, China produced the Type 91 Submarine, a platform notorious for its noise and poor radiation shielding. In 1981, the PRC produced the Type 92. There is an open question as to how many were made, with rumors that a second was lost to an accident. In either case, the platform never entered into large-scale production.

Since that time China has struggled to produce a capable nuclear-powered attack submarine. The PLAN suffers from a very limited capability to engage in effective antisubmarine warfare. This compounds the need for Beijing to develop a strong platform in that space. The PLAN presently fields significantly more diesel submarines but converting this capability into a modern force of nuclear-powered attack submarines still appears to be a distant dream. Efforts to develop nuclear-powered attack submarines have not resulted in a platform that Beijing has been prepared to produce in the sort of numbers one would expect of a successful design. For example, the Type 93 nuclear powered attack submarine will probably be limited to a run of five and is considered to be louder than 1970s-era Soviet nuclear submarines. The replacement for the Type 93, the Type 95 is estimated to be louder than a Russian *Akula* built 25 years ago. This makes the Type 95 an unlikely candidate for mass production as well.

Concurrent with these frustrating realities is the PLAN's efforts to produce a domestic nuclear ballistic missile carrying submarine force. Hans M. Kristensen finds it puzzling that Beijing would seek to field such a force, even though it is presently attempting to do so. Kristensen points to the fact that Chinese submarines would be vulnerable to the United States Navy and that Beijing has already invested significant resources hiding its nuclear deterrent on land. In spite of this, China is investing significantly in producing ballistic missile submarines. Kristensen is right that this decision is not rational, that China has no history of running long-range nuclear deterrent patrols, and that the submarines are not all that capable.

Yet the same is true of the PLAN's aircraft carriers. The explanation is also the same: prestige. The Soviet Union and the United States operated ballistic missile submarines and their deployment is the mark of a great power. A strict effort to focus on capability would produce different priorities but the PLAN exists not just to be a navy but to be the navy of a great power. This desire might have a negative impact on PLAN and its modernization program, but naval procurement policy is not always rational.

What this means is that while China is attempting to develop the navy of a great power, other states are gaining on it. Vietnam has purchased Kilo Class submarines from Russia. Japan is also midway through the production of its *Soryu*-class of attack submarine. Most importantly, the United States has been stepping up production of its *Virginia*-class nuclear-powered attack submarines. The PLAN has produced substantial numbers of less capable diesel submarines, but it remains a long way short of closing the undersea gap with the United States.

Analysts predict regularly that China is seeking to develop its undersea capability and that it has the potential to produce a modern navy. Both of these statements might be true, but it could equally be argued that China's ambition to develop the navy of a great power is getting in the way of its efforts to build a modern navy.

### **Vladimir Putin's Naval Ambitions Have Only Begun** **Sean Liedman, COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS, Sept 30**

Considering that he earned his spurs in the culture of the KGB, Russian President Vladimir Putin has demonstrated surprisingly strong navalist tendencies over the past eighteen months.

Adding irony to this new focus on the sea, his presidency began with allegations that he mishandled the disaster of the sinking of the "Kursk" submarine in 2000, just three months after he was inaugurated as Russian president. However, last week's deployment of Russian military forces to Syria confirmed that maintaining naval access has become a centerpiece of President Putin's foreign policy and may shed light on future Russian foreign policy goals. Two other recent developments confirm this trend of restoring Russian naval power: the annexation of Crimea in March of 2014 and the release of the Maritime Doctrine of Russian Federation 2020 in July of 2015.

The Russian annexation of Crimea restored firm Russian control over the port city of Sevastopol, which is the home of the Russian Navy's Black Sea Fleet and Sevastopol Shipyard. Sevastopol Shipyard played a key role in modernizing the Russian Navy over the past decade – even though it was located on sovereign Ukrainian territory but leased back to Russia under the Black Sea Fleet Agreement of 1997.

The Maritime Doctrine of Russian Federation 2020 leads off with the provocative phrase: "Historically, Russia – the leading maritime power..." and goes on to divide Russian naval policy between six regions: the Atlantic, Arctic, Antarctic, Caspian, Indian Ocean, and Pacific. Upon release of the Maritime Doctrine in July, Deputy Prime Minister Dmitry Rogozin told IHS Jane's Defense Weekly that "...the Atlantic has been emphasized because of NATO expansion, the need to integrate Crimea and the Sevastopol naval base into the Russian economy, and to re-establish a permanent Russian Navy presence in the Mediterranean."

That last phrase ("...to re-establish a permanent Russian Navy presence in the Mediterranean") serves as a clear signal of one of the principal policy objectives of Russian military forces to Syria last week – the preservation of Russian naval access to the Syrian ports of Tartus and Latakia. During remarks at the German Marshall Fund in Washington, DC on September 28, General Philip M. Breedlove, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe

(SACEUR), said he believes Putin's top priority is to protect Russian access to airfields and warm water seaports in the Eastern Mediterranean. The second priority, in service to the first, is to prop up Russia's host, the embattled regime of Syrian President Bashar al-Assad. Then third, he said, "After all of that, I think that they will do some counter-ISIL work to legitimize their approach to Syria."

After Russian defense spending hit rock bottom in 1998, a decade of increased investment in modernization and maintenance has renewed Russian aspirations of exerting global influence with a similarly global navy. Although that navy is ready to sail, it still needs access to bases for logistics support for sustained deployments abroad. While the Russian Navy does not yet have the capacity to generate the scope and scale of Soviet Navy deployment patterns during the Cold War, it has restored its capacity to maintain presence where core Russian interests are at stake – such as in Syria.

During the Cold War, the Soviet Navy enjoyed access to bases in Algeria, Libya, Egypt, and Yugoslavia to sustain continuous naval influence in the Mediterranean Sea. The recent trend toward Russian maritime expansion could serve as a harbinger for future Russian foreign policy initiatives. In late August 2015, the Russians persuaded Spain – a member of NATO – to allow a Russian Kilo-class diesel submarine to refuel and re-supply on the Spanish island of Ceuta as it transited from the North Sea Fleet to the Black Sea Fleet.

Moving forward, keep an eye on Libya as another potential focus area for restoring Russian naval access. While the current political situation in Libya is tenuous, the conditions are set for Russia to attempt to restore its access to naval bases and further sustain naval presence in the western Mediterranean and eastern Atlantic oceans – all under the cover of "fighting international terrorism."

Captain Sean R. Liedman, U.S. Navy, was the commander of Patrol and Reconnaissance Wing Eleven operating the P-8A and P-3C maritime patrol and reconnaissance aircraft. He has twice served in the Air Warfare Division on the Chief of Naval Operation's staff and also as the executive assistant to the deputy commander of U.S. Central Command.

**Revealed: Why China Is Selling Submarines to Pakistan**  
**Benjamin David Baker, The Diplomat, Sept 28**

As previously covered by The Diplomat, Pakistan announced earlier this year that it has agreed to purchase eight modified Type 41 Yuan-class diesel-electric submarines from China. These boats will provide Islamabad with much-needed Anti-Access/Area Denial (A2/AD) capabilities against the Indian Navy in case of war. This would be especially useful in case of an Indian blockade of Pakistan's coast and could give New Delhi grounds to pause before deploying its planned new aircraft carrier, the INS Vikrant.

A Yuan-class submarine is undoubtedly a great piece of kit. It is China's first class of submarines to incorporate an indigenously designed-and constructed Air-Independent Propulsion system (AIP), giving it a cruise speed of 18 knots and an operational range of 8,000 nautical miles. Although the export version of the Yuan, named the S-20, does not automatically come fitted with the AIP, Pakistan has apparently been able to secure it for its subs. Furthermore, the Yuan is integrated "with advanced noise reduction techniques including anechoic tiles, passive/active noise reduction and an asymmetrical seven-blade skewed propeller."

Combined with the AIP, this makes the Yuan-class the quietest non-nuclear sub in the PLAN. Furthermore, the Yuan has an impressive set of teeth. Aside from six tubes firing standard 553mm torpedoes, it is equipped with the YJ-8/8A Anti-Ship Cruise Missile (ASCM). While this weapon only has a maximum range of between 30-42 km, there are plans to equip the Yuans with the YJ-18 ASCM. These missiles have a reported range of 220 km and, represent a real A2/AD "force multiplier" for the Yuan. Whether Pakistan will attempt to acquire these missiles, or opt to go for another option (such as their indigenously produced Hatf VII Babur) is unknown.

The sale raises one crucial question: why is China selling Pakistan these subs? There is undoubtedly a commercial aspect to this transaction (it is unknown how much Pakistan will pay for these boats, although it is certainly in the multi-billion dollar range). However, one potential reason which is worrying analysts in New Delhi is that this represents a step in China's possible ambitions to have a toehold in the Indian Ocean. Without opening the can of worms that is the "String of Pearls" debate, it's worth looking at this possibility.

Here are the facts: Firstly, the Indian Ocean is important for China for a range of reasons. The amount of Chinese sea-borne trade which passes through the Indian Ocean sea-lane is staggering. These sea-lines of communication (SLOCs) represent a lifeline for the Chinese economy, not least in terms of imports of natural resources, especially hydrocarbons, and exports, in terms of manufactured goods. Any naval strategist worth his salt has read Alfred Thayer Mahan, and will immediately recognize the importance of securing a trading state's SLOCs. China is no exception.

Secondly, China has recently deployed submarines to the Indian Ocean. (This, incidentally, included the visit of a Yuan-class boat to Karachi.) According to Beijing, these are primarily there to participate in the ongoing anti-piracy campaign in the Gulf of Aden. While this is at least partially true, it is also likely that they are conducting exercises, surveys, and perhaps even combat patrols which can be useful for future operations in the Indian Ocean. Thirdly, Beijing does care about its image and is "realistic" about its power-projection capabilities. According to a recent US Naval War College report, it's unlikely that China will construct overseas bases in the same way that the United States or France have in the near future in fear of alarming other stakeholders and overstressing naval resources needed closer to home. Finally, China is a long way from the Indian Ocean, and Pakistan is its closest partner in the neighborhood.

Even if its subs can stay at sea for months without refueling at a time, its crews can't. Having a well-fitted anchorage close to a submarine's intended area of operations makes it much easier to rotate crews, take on fresh supplies, and carry out maintenance. The PLAN has already called on ports in Oman, Djibouti, and Aden during its anti-piracy campaigns in the Gulf of Aden. However, this has so far only included surface vessels. Submarines often require more specialized facilities to function effectively. Locating a resupply place (not base) in the friendliest state in the area makes sense.

A Pakistani naval facility which already berths compatible subs sounds like a good fit for such a "place." It would remove the need to permanently station a large number of personnel and equipment abroad, while providing adequate maintenance facilities for the sort of routine repairs that submarines unavoidably need in order to function smoothly over long periods of time. This wouldn't represent the first time this kind of

arrangement has occurred. For example, the British Oberon-class was used by several other allied states during the Cold War, including Australia and Canada. The fact that these navies operated the same class of vessels facilitated maintenance during exercises and visits.

### [How America Used 3 Stealth Subs to Show China Who's Still the Boss of the Pacific](#)

[David Axe, War Is Boring, Sept 25](#)

Nuclear powers rarely go to war with each other, but that doesn't mean they don't threaten to do so. Indeed, military posturing is an integral part of what Forrest Morgan, an analyst for the RAND Corporation, called "crisis stability." In other words, "building and posturing forces in ways that allow a state, if confronted, to avoid war without backing down."

Long-range heavy bombers are some of the best forces for crisis stability, Morgan wrote in a 2013 study for the U.S. Air Force. Bombers are powerful, mobile, and visible — perfect for signalling strength and intent.

On the other hand, the U.S. Navy's submarine-launched cruise missiles are less effective — even counterproductive — for crisis stability ... because they're invisible most of the time. "SLCMs could contribute to the instability," Morgan wrote. "[T]he opponent's anxieties might be magnified by the ability of SSGNs [cruise missile subs] to posture in stealth nearby."

But Morgan pointed out one instance when the Navy's Ohio-class SSGNs actually did help stabilize a crisis back in 2010 — a feat mostly lost to history. "In July 2010, three SSGNs surfaced nearly simultaneously in Western Pacific and Indian Ocean waters, allegedly to signal U.S. displeasure over Chinese missile tests in the East China Sea."

Major missile tests are potentially provocative and destabilizing. America's intent in the aftermath of the Chinese tests was to signal U.S. strength with just the right amount and kind of potential force. Submarines seemed to fit the bill, as if Washington were saying to Beijing, "Sure, you might surprise us with your missiles. But we remember we have plenty of missiles of our own — and they're not far from you."

Greg Torode reported on the incident for the South China Morning Post:

The appearance of the USS Michigan in Pusan, South Korea, the USS Ohio in Subic Bay, in The Philippines and the USS Florida in the strategic Indian Ocean outpost of Diego Garcia not only reflects the trend of escalating submarine activity in East Asia, but carries another threat as well. ...

Between them, the three submarines can carry 462 Tomahawks, boosting by an estimated 60 percent — plus the potential Tomahawk strike force of the entire Japanese-based Seventh Fleet — the core projection of U.S. military power in East Asia. ...

One veteran Asian military attaché, who keeps close ties with both Chinese and U.S. forces, noted that "460-odd Tomahawks is a huge amount of potential firepower in anybody's language."

"It is another sign that the U.S. is determined to not just maintain its military dominance in Asia, but to be seen doing so — that is a message for Beijing and for everybody else, whether you are a U.S. ally or a nation sitting on the fence."

### [China's Growing Submarine Strength Worries U.S.](#)

[Vikas Shukla, Value Walk, Sept 21](#)

In February, Vice Admiral Joseph Mulloy admitted that China had more diesel- and nuclear-powered submarines than the United States. The U.S. Navy currently has 71 submarines. Santa Clara-based think tank Rand Corp said in its latest report that the U.S. should reduce its focus on giant aircraft carriers in the Pacific Ocean and instead focus on submarines and space warfare.

Two scenarios that could lead to a China vs. U.S. conflict

Rand Corp studied the military capabilities of China and the United States. They compared two countries using ten "scorecards" in maritime, cyber, space, nuclear, and air strengths. The think tank projected capabilities of China and the U.S. through 2017. According to Military.com, two scenarios could lead to a major conflict between the two countries: Beijing invading Taiwan, and second, forcibly occupying the Spratly Islands.

China is currently building a third airstrip in the Spratly Islands even as Washington has denounced Chinese militarization of the archipelago. China is nowhere close to the United States in terms of military capability. But it doesn't need to match the U.S. to take control of the South China Sea, which is at the doorstep of China and thousands of miles away from the U.S.

Can U.S. challenge China in the South China Sea?

Lead author of the report, Eric Heginbotham, said neither country wants war, but the balance of power will directly affect calculations of each country. China's ability to challenge the U.S. Navy's surface fleet has grown manifold in the last two decades. Beijing has deployed sophisticated cruise missiles, developed long-range surveillance systems, built stealth submarines equipped with cruise missiles, and acquired strike aircraft with long ranges.

China could seriously damage U.S. aircraft carriers, especially in the first stages of a conflict. In the event China invades Taiwan in 2017, the U.S. carriers would be at high risk. They will also face a lesser degree of risk in case of a conflict in the Spratly Islands. The number of diesel submarines in Chinese Navy (PLAN) rose from just four in 1996 to 37 today. And almost all of them are armed with cruise missiles and torpedoes.

### [Study: U.S. Needs More Subs, Fewer Carriers To Combat Chinese Military Growth](#)

[Wyatt Olson, Stars and Stripes, Sept 21](#)

Faced with China's growing anti-surface ship capacity, the United States should decrease its emphasis on large aircraft carriers in the Pacific and spend more on submarines, space capabilities and ways to make air bases and aircraft less vulnerable, according to a report released earlier this month by Rand Corp.

In the 430-page report, the Santa Monica, Calif.-based think tank analyzed the relative military capabilities of the U.S. and China in certain scenarios based on open-source documents. The analysis makes comparisons using 10 “scorecards” covering air, maritime, space, cyber and nuclear domains.

Capabilities were examined at seven-year intervals, beginning in 1996 and projecting to 2017, considering two “plausible” scenarios of conflict between the two countries: a Chinese invasion of Taiwan and its forcible occupation of the Spratly Islands. China claims sovereignty over both.

This past year, China expanded a number of the tiny Spratly atolls through dredging and has built several runways – even as the U.S. has denounced those moves as militarizing the archipelago.

“Over the next five to 15 years, if U.S. and (People’s Liberation Army) forces remain on roughly current trajectories, Asia will witness a progressively receding frontier of U.S. dominance,” the report said.

Although China is not close to catching up to the U.S. in terms of overall military power, that’s not necessary for it to control the region at its doorstep, the report said.

“No one wants war; nobody expects war,” said Eric Heginbotham, lead author and political scientist at Rand, when explaining the analysis’ purpose. “But I think the balance of power affects calculations on both sides. Balance of power has a major impact on the probability of war.”

Military dominance by the U.S., however, does not necessarily equate to deterrence in moments of instability when two nations could potentially consider the incentives for a first strike, he said.

“If you have a highly offensive force or set of weapons that are very forward deployed – sort of on the periphery of China – but not resilient to attack, then in a crisis, both sides could have incentives to strike first,” Heginbotham said. Attempting to restore U.S. dominance without thinking about the impact on crisis stability could inadvertently undermine the value of that supremacy, he said.

Several broad factors complicate U.S. efforts to maintain military capabilities relative to China.

Since 1996, China’s ability to threaten the U.S. Navy surface fleet “at significant ranges from the mainland” has burgeoned, the report said.

China’s anti-surface capability has grown with the development of a long-range surveillance system to track surface ships at long distances, deployment of sophisticated anti-ship cruise missiles, acquisition of strike aircraft and ships with long ranges, and the use of larger, quieter submarines armed with cruise missiles.

“The impact of Chinese threats to carriers will likely be greatest during the first stages of conflict,” the report said.

The U.S. has means to mitigate those anti-surface capabilities, such as anti-missile systems and air patrols from aircraft carriers; however, some of those measures diminish the U.S. military’s ability to project power, the report said.

“Holding carriers farther from the scene of the main battle area would entail longer transit times for combat aircraft, fewer aircraft on station and an increased demand for U.S. Air Force tanker support,” the report said.

In the event of a Taiwan conflict in 2017, U.S. carriers would be at significant risk, and in a Spratly Islands conflict, they would also be at risk, but to a lesser degree, the analysis concluded.

The “growing threat to U.S. surface ships” – as well as the vulnerability of U.S. air bases to Chinese missiles – “is arguably the most serious challenge facing U.S. forces in any potential China scenario,” the report said.

China’s ongoing modernization of air and submarine capabilities that pose a more “certain” threat to carrier strike groups, the report said. China’s modern diesel sub numbers rose from two in 1996 to 37 this year, and all but four are armed with cruise missiles and torpedoes.

Rand modeling found that “the effectiveness of the Chinese submarine fleet (as measured by the number of attack opportunities it might achieve against carriers) rose by roughly an order of magnitude between 1996 and 2010, and that it will continue to improve through 2017.”

“Chinese submarines would present a credible threat to U.S. surface ships in a conflict over Taiwan or the South China Sea,” the report said.

Meanwhile, the growing size and sophistication of Chinese ballistic and cruise missile forces puts all U.S. regional air bases at risk, Heginbotham said. And China’s force of modern fighters and other attack aircraft could deploy quickly and en masse to a geographically close conflict involving Taiwan, he said.

There are options for the U.S. to improve resiliency, such as finding new basing options farther from China, making the force more survivable, emphasizing area-denial capacity and ensuring counterattack capability, Heginbotham said.

“All of that could contribute to deterrence and defense and not result in greater crisis instability,” he said.



# *Supplement*

*Sojourner Truth,  
The Libyan Sibyl*

(Atlantic Monthly, April 1863)

&

*Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men*

(Harper's Monthly, December 1864)

I've chosen two Civil War era pieces this month for your consideration. The first is an interview with Sojourner Truth by the famous abolitionist (and author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"), Harriet Beecher Stowe. If you have never heard of Ms. Truth, the following piece concerning this Civil War Heroine will be informative. The second is a report concerning a variety of naval and ground battles from the period. I believe you'll also find it quite interesting. *Mike*

## SOJOURNER TRUTH, THE LIBYAN SIBYL.

MANY years ago, the few readers of radical Abolitionist papers must often have seen the singular name of Sojourner Truth, announced as a frequent speaker at Anti-Slavery meetings, and as travelling on a sort of self-appointed agency through the country. I had myself often remarked the name, but never met the individual. On one occasion, when our house was filled with company, several eminent clergymen being our guests, notice was brought up to me that Sojourner Truth was below, and requested an interview. Knowing nothing of her but her singular name, I went down, prepared to make the interview short, as the pressure of many other engagements demanded.

When I went into the room, a tall, spare form arose to meet me. She was evidently a full-blooded African, and though now aged and worn with many hardships, still gave the impression of a physical development which in early youth must have been as fine a specimen of the torrid zone as Cumberworth's celebrated statuette of the Negro Woman at the Fountain. Indeed, she so strongly reminded me of that figure, that, when I recall the events of her life, as she narrated them to me, I imagine her as a living, breathing impersonation of that work of art.

I do not recollect ever to have been conversant with any one who had more

of that silent and subtle power which we call personal presence than this woman. In the modern Spiritualistic phraseology, she would be described as having a strong sphere. Her tall form, as she rose up before me, is still vivid to my mind. She was dressed in some stout, grayish stuff, neat and clean, though dusty from travel. On her head she wore a bright Madras handkerchief, arranged as a turban, after the manner of her race. She seemed perfectly self-possessed and at her ease,—in fact, there was almost an unconscious superiority, not unmixed with a solemn twinkle of humor, in the odd, composed manner in which she looked down on me. Her whole air had at times a gloomy sort of drollery which impressed one strangely.

"So, this is *you*," she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, honey, de Lord bless ye! I jes' thought I 'd like to come an' have a look at ye. You 's heerd o' me, I reckon?" she added.

"Yes, I think I have. You go about lecturing, do you not?"

"Yes, honey, that 's what I do. The Lord has made me a sign unto this nation, an' I go round a-testifyin', an' showin' on 'em their sins agin my people."

So saying, she took a seat, and, stooping over and crossing her arms on her knees, she looked down on the floor, and appeared to fall into a sort of reverie.

Her great gloomy eyes and her dark face seemed to work with some undercurrent of feeling; she sighed deeply; and occasionally broke out, —

“O Lord! O Lord! Oh, the tears, an’ the groans, an’ the moans! O Lord!”

I should have said that she was accompanied by a little grandson of ten years, — the fattest, jolliest woolly-headed little specimen of Africa that one can imagine. He was grinning and showing his glistening white teeth in a state of perpetual merriment, and at this moment broke out into an audible giggle, which disturbed the reverie into which his relative was falling.

She looked at him with an indulgent sadness, and then at me.

“Laws, Ma’am, *he* don’t know nothin’ about it, — *he* don’t. Why, I ’ve seen them poor critters, beat an’ ’bused an’ hunted, brought in all torn, — ears hangin’ all in rags, where the dogs been a bitin’ of ’em!”

This set off our little African Puck into another giggle, in which he seemed perfectly convulsed.

She surveyed him soberly, without the slightest irritation.

“Well, you may bless the Lord you *can* laugh; but I tell you, ’t wa’n’t no laughin’ matter.”

By this time I thought her manner so original that it might be worth while to call down my friends; and she seemed perfectly well pleased with the idea. An audience was what she wanted, — it mattered not whether high or low, learned or ignorant. She had things to say, and was ready to say them at all times, and to any one.

I called down Dr. Beecher, Professor Allen, and two or three other clergymen, who, together with my husband and family, made a roomful. No princess could have received a drawing-room with more composed dignity than Sojourner her audience. She stood among them, calm and erect, as one of her own native palm-trees waving alone in the desert. I presented one after another to her, and at last said, —

“Sojourner, this is Dr. Beecher. He is a very celebrated preacher.”

“*Is* he?” she said, offering her hand in a condescending manner, and looking down on his white head. “Ye dear lamb, I ’m glad to see ye! De Lord bless ye! I loves preachers. I ’m a kind o’ preacher myself.”

“You are?” said Dr. Beecher. “Do you preach from the Bible?”

“No, honey, can’t preach from de Bible, — can’t read a letter.”

“Why, Sojourner, what do you preach from, then?”

Her answer was given with a solemn power of voice, peculiar to herself, that hushed every one in the room.

“When I preaches, I has jest one text to preach from, an’ I always preaches from this one. *My* text is, ‘WHEN I FOUND JESUS.’”

“Well, you could n’t have a better one,” said one of the ministers.

She paid no attention to him, but stood and seemed swelling with her own thoughts, and then began this narration: —

“Well, now, I ’ll jest have to go back, an’ tell ye all about it. Ye see, we was all brought over from Africa, father an’ mother an’ I, an’ a lot more of us; an’ we was sold up an’ down, an’ hither an’ yon; an’ I can ’member, when I was a little thing, not bigger than this ’ere,” pointing to her grandson, “how my ole mammy would sit out o’ doors in the evenin’, an’ look up at the stars an’ groan. She ’d groan an’ groan, an’ says I to her, —

“‘Mammy, what makes you groan so?’

“An’ she ’d say, —

“‘Matter enough, chile! I ’m groanin’ to think o’ my poor children: they don’t know where I be, an’ I don’t know where they be; they looks up at the stars, an’ I looks up at the stars, but I can’t tell where they be.

“‘Now,’ she said, ‘chile, when you ’re grown up, you may be sold away from your mother an’ all your ole friends, an’ have great troubles come on ye; an’



1863.]

## Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl.

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when you has these troubles come on ye, ye jes' go to God, an' He 'll help ye.'

"An' says I to her, —

"'Who is God, anyhow, mammy?'

"An' says she, —

"'Why, chile, you jes' look up *dar!* It 's Him that made all *dem!*'

"Well, I did n't mind much 'bout God in them days. I grew up pretty lively an' strong, an' could row a boat, or ride a horse, or work round, an' do 'most anything.

"At last I got sold away to a real hard massa an' missis. Oh, I tell you, they *was* hard! 'Peared like I could n't please 'em, nohow. An' then I thought o' what my old mammy told me about God; an' I thought I'd got into trouble, sure enough, an' I wanted to find God, an' I heerd some one tell a story about a man that met God on a threshin'-floor, an' I thought, 'Well an' good, I'll have a threshin'-floor, too.' So I went down in the lot, an' I threshed down a place real hard, an' I used to go down there every day, an' pray an' cry with all my might, a-prayin' to the Lord to make my massa an' missis better, but it did n't seem to do no good; an' so says I, one day, —

"'O God, I been a-askin' ye, an' askin' ye, an' askin' ye, for all this long time, to make my massa an' missis better, an' you don't do it, an' what *can* be the reason? Why, maybe you *can't*. Well, I should n't wonder ef you could n't. Well, now, I tell you, I'll make a bargain with you. Ef you 'll help me to git away from my massa an' missis, I'll agree to be good; but ef you don't help me, I really don't think I can be. Now,' says I, 'I want to git away; but the trouble 's jest here: ef I try to git away in the night, I can't see; an' ef I try to git away in the daytime, they 'll see me, an' be after me.'

"Then the Lord said to me, 'Git up two or three hours afore daylight, an' start off.'

"An' says I, 'Thank 'ee, Lord! that 's a good thought.'

"So up I got, about three o'clock in the mornin', an' I started an' travelled

pretty fast, till, when the sun rose, I was clear away from our place an' our folks, an' out o' sight. An' then I begun to think I did n't know nothin' where to go. So I kneeled down, and says I, —

"'Well, Lord, you've started me out, an' now please to show me where to go.'

"Then the Lord made a house appear to me, an' He said to me that I was to walk on till I saw that house, an' then go in an' ask the people to take me. An' I travelled all day, an' did n't come to the house till late at night; but when I saw it, sure enough, I went in, an' I told the folks that the Lord sent me; an' they was Quakers, an' real kind they was to me. They jes' took me in, an' did for me as kind as ef I'd been one of 'em; an' after they 'd giv me supper, they took me into a room where there was a great, tall, white bed; an' they told me to sleep there. Well, honey, I was kind o' skeered when they left me alone with that great white bed; 'cause I never had been in a bed in my life. It never came into my mind they could mean me to sleep in it. An' so I jes' camped down under it, on the floor, an' then I slep' pretty well. In the mornin', when they came in, they asked me ef I had n't been asleep; an' I said, 'Yes, I never slep' better.' An' they said, 'Why, you have n't been in the bed!' An' says I, 'Laws, you did n't think o' sech a thing as my sleepin' in dat 'ar' *bed*, did you? I never heerd o' sech a thing in my life.'

"Well, ye see, honey, I stayed an' lived with 'em. An' now jes' look here: instead o' keepin' my promise an' bein' good, as I told the Lord I would, jest as soon as everything got a-goin' easy, *I forgot all about God*.

"Pretty well don't need no help; an' I gin up prayin.' I lived there two or three years, an' then the slaves in New York were all set free, an' ole massa came to our house to make a visit, an' he asked me ef I did n't want to go back an' see the folks on the ole place. An' I told him I did. So he said, ef I'd jes' git into the wagon with him, he 'd carry me over. Well, jest as I was goin' out

to git into the wagon, *I met God!* an' says I, 'O God, I did n't know as you was so great!' An' I turned right round an' come into the house, an' set down in my room; for 't was God all around me. I could feel it burnin', burnin', burnin' all around me, an' goin' through me; an' I saw I was so wicked, it seemed as ef it would burn me up. An' I said, 'O somebody, somebody, stand between God an' me! for it burns me!' Then, honey, when I said so, I felt as it were somethin' like an *amberill* [umbrella] that came between me an' the light, an' I felt it was *somebody*, — somebody that stood between me an' God; an' it felt cool, like a shade; an' says I, 'Who 's this that stands between me an' God? Is it old Cato?' He was a pious old preacher; but then I seemed to see Cato in the light, an' he was all polluted an' vile, like me; an' I said, 'Is it old Sally?' an' then I saw her, an' she seemed jes' so. An' then says I, 'Who is this?' An' then, honey, for a while it was like the sun shinin' in a pail o' water, when it moves up an' down; for I begun to feel 't was somebody, that loved me; an' I tried to know him. An' I said, 'I know you! I know you! I know you!' — an' then I said, 'I don't know you! I don't know you! I don't know you!' An' when I said, 'I know you, I know you,' the light came; an' when I said, 'I don't know you, I don't know you,' it went, jes' like the sun in a pail o' water. An' finally somethin' spoke out in me an' said, '*This is Jesus!*' An' I spoke out with all my might, an' says I, '*This is Jesus!* Glory be to God!' An' then the whole world grew bright, an' the trees they waved an' waved in glory, an' every little bit o' stone on the ground shone like glass; an' I shouted an' said, 'Praise, praise, praise to the Lord!' An' I begun to feel sech a love in my soul as I never felt before, — love to all creatures. An' then, all of a sudden, it stopped, an' I said, 'Dar 's de white folks, that have abused you an' beat you an' abused your people, — think o' them!' But

then there came another rush of love through my soul, an' I cried out loud, — 'Lord, Lord, I can love *even de white folks!*'

"Honey, I jes' walked round an' round in a dream. Jesus loved me! I knowed it, — I felt it. Jesus was my Jesus. Jesus would love me always. I did n't dare tell nobody; 't was a great secret. Everything had been got away from me that I ever had; an' I thought that ef I let white folks know about this, maybe they 'd get *Him* away, — so I said, 'I 'll keep this close. I won't let any one know.'"

"But, Sojourner, had you never been told about Jesus Christ?"

"No, honey. I had n't heerd no preachin', — been to no meetin'. Nobody had n't told me. I 'd kind o' heerd of Jesus, but thought he was like General Lafayette, or some o' them. But one night there was a Methodist meetin' somewhere in our parts, an' I went; an' they got up an' begun for to tell der 'periences; an' de fust one begun to speak. I started, 'cause he told about Jesus. 'Why,' says I to myself, 'dat man 's found him, too!' An' another got up an' spoke, an' I said, 'He 's found him, too!' An' finally I said, 'Why, they all know him!' I was so happy! An' then they sung this hymn": (Here Sojourner sang, in a strange, cracked voice, but evidently with all her soul and might, mispronouncing the English, but seeming to derive as much elevation and comfort from bad English as from good): —

"There is a holy city,  
A world of light above,  
Above the stairs and regions,\*  
Built by the God of love.

"An everlasting temple,  
And saints arrayed in white  
There serve their great Redeemer  
And dwell with him in light.

"The meanest child of glory  
Outshines the radiant sun;  
But who can speak the splendor  
Of Jesus on his throne?"

\* Starry regions.

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*Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl.*

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"Is this the man of sorrows  
Who stood at Pilate's bar,  
Condemned by haughty Herod  
And by his men of war?"

"He seems a mighty conqueror,  
Who spoiled the powers below,  
And ransomed many captives  
From everlasting woe.

"The hosts of saints around him  
Proclaim his work of grace,  
The patriarchs and prophets,  
And all the godly race,

"Who speak of fiery trials  
And tortures on their way;  
They came from tribulation  
To everlasting day.

"And what shall be my journey,  
How long I'll stay below,  
Or what shall be my trials,  
Are not for me to know.

"In every day of trouble  
I'll raise my thoughts on high,  
I'll think of that bright temple  
And crowns above the sky."

I put in this whole hymn, because Sojourner, carried away with her own feeling, sang it from beginning to end with a triumphant energy that held the whole circle around her intently listening. She sang with the strong barbaric accent of the native African, and with those indescribable upward turns and those deep gutturals which give such a wild, peculiar power to the negro singing, — but above all, with such an overwhelming energy of personal appropriation that the hymn seemed to be fused in the furnace of her feelings and come out recrystallized as a production of her own.

It is said that Rachel was wont to chant the "Marseillaise" in a manner that made her seem, for the time, the very spirit and impersonation of the gaunt, wild, hungry, avenging mob which rose against aristocratic oppression; and in like manner, Sojourner, singing this hymn, seemed to impersonate the fervor of Ethiopia, wild, savage, hunted of all nations, but burning after God in her tropic heart, and stretching her scar-

red hands towards the glory to be revealed.

"Well, den ye see, after a while I thought I'd go back an' see de folks on de ole place. Well, you know, de law had passed dat de culled folks was all free; an' my old missis, she had a daughter married about dis time who went to live in Alabama, — an' what did she do but give her my son, a boy about de age of dis yer, for her to take down to Alabama? When I got back to de ole place, they told me about it, an' I went right up to see ole missis, an' says I, —

"Missis, have you been an' sent my son away down to Alabama?"

"Yes, I have," says she; "he's gone to live with your young missis."

"Oh, Missis," says I, "how could you do it?"

"Poh!" says she, "what a fuss you make about a little nigger! Got more of 'em now than you know what to do with."

"I tell you, I stretched up. I felt as tall as the world!"

"Missis," says I, "I'll have my son back agin!"

She laughed.

"You will, you nigger? How you goin' to do it? You ha'n't got no money."

"No, Missis, — but *God* has, — an' you'll see He'll help me!" — an' I turned round an' went out.

"Oh, but I *was* angry to have her speak to me so haughty an' so scornful, as ef my chile was n't worth anything. I said to God, 'O Lord, render unto her double!' It was a dreadful prayer, an' I did n't know how true it would come.

"Well, I did n't rightly know which way to turn; but I went to the Lord, an' I said to Him, 'O Lord, ef I was as rich as you be, an' you was as poor as I be, I'd help you, — you *know* I would; and, oh, do help me!' An' I felt sure then that He would.

"Well, I talked with people, an' they said I must git the case before a grand jury. So I went into the town when they

was holdin' a court, to see ef I could find any grand jury. An' I stood round the court-house, an' when they was a-comin' out, I walked right up to the grandest-lookin' one I could see, an' says I to him, —

“ ‘ Sir, be you a grand jury ? ’ ”

“ An' then he wanted to know why I asked, an' I told him all about it; an' he asked me all sorts of questions, an' finally he says to me, —

“ ‘ I think, ef you pay me ten dollars, that I 'd agree to git your son for you. ’ An' says he, pointin' to a house over the way, ‘ You go 'long an' tell your story to the folks in that house, an' I guess they 'll give you the money. ’ ”

“ Well, I went, an' I told them, an' they gave me twenty dollars; an' then I thought to myself, ‘ Ef ten dollars will git him, twenty dollars will git him *sartin*. ’ So I carried it to the man all out, an' said, —

“ ‘ Take it all, — only be sure an' git him. ’ ”

“ Well, finally they got the boy brought back; an' then they tried to frighten him, an' to make him say that I was n't his mammy, an' that he did n't know me; but they could n't make it out. They gave him to me, an' I took him an' carried him home; an' when I came to take off his clothes, there was his poor little back all covered with scars an' hard lumps, where they 'd flogged him.

“ Well, you see, honey, I told you how I prayed the Lord to render unto her double. Well, it came true; for I was up at ole missis' house not long after, an' I heerd 'em readin' a letter to her how her daughter's husband had murdered her, — how he 'd thrown her down an' stamped the life out of her, when he was in liquor; an' my ole missis, she giv a screech, an' fell flat on the floor. Then says I, ‘ O Lord, I did n't mean all that! You took me up too quick. ’ ”

“ Well, I went in an' tended that poor critter all night. She was out of her mind, — a-cryin', an' callin' for her daughter; an' I held her poor ole head on my arm, an' watched for her as ef

she 'd been my babby. An' I watched by her, an' took care on her all through her sickness after that, an' she died in my arms, poor thing! ”

“ Well, Sojourner, did you always go by this name ? ”

“ No, 'deed! My name was Isabella; but when I left the house of bondage, I left everything behind. I wa'n't goin' to keep nothin' of Egypt on me, an' so I went to the Lord an' asked Him to give me a new name. And the Lord gave me Sojourner, because I was to travel up an' down the land, showin' the people their sins, an' bein' a sign unto them. Afterwards I told the Lord I wanted another name, 'cause everybody else had two names; and the Lord gave me Truth, because I was to declare the truth to the people.

“ Ye see some ladies have given me a white satin banner,” she said, pulling out of her pocket and unfolding a white banner, printed with many texts, such as, “ Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof,” and others of like nature. “ Well,” she said; “ I journeys round to camp-meetins, an' wherever folks is, an' I sets up my banner, an' then I sings, an' then folks always comes up round me, an' then I preaches to 'em. I tells 'em about Jesus, an' I tells 'em about the sins of this people. A great many always comes to hear me; an' they 're right good to me, too, an' say they want to hear me agin. ”

We all thought it likely; and as the company left her, they shook hands with her, and thanked her for her very original sermon; and one of the ministers was overheard to say to another, “ There 's more of the gospel in that story than in most sermons. ”

Sojourner stayed several days with us, a welcome guest. Her conversation was so strong, simple, shrewd, and with such a droll flavoring of humor, that the Professor was wont to say of an evening, “ Come, I am dull, can't you get Sojourner up here to talk a little ? ” She would come up into the parlor, and sit among pictures

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*Sojourner Truth, the Libyan Sibyl.*

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and ornaments, in her simple stuff gown, with her heavy travelling-shoes, the central object of attention both to parents and children, always ready to talk or to sing, and putting into the common flow of conversation the keen edge of some shrewd remark.

"Sojourner, what do you think of Women's Rights?"

"Well, honey, I 's ben to der meetings, an' harked a good deal. Dey wanted me fur to speak. So I got up. Says I, — 'Sisters, I a'n't clear what you 'd be after. Ef women want any rights more 'n dey 's got, why don't dey jes' take 'em, an' not be talkin' about it?' Some on 'em came round me, an' asked why I did n't wear Bloomers. An' I told 'em I had Bloomers enough when I was in bondage. You see," she said, "dey used to weave what dey called nigger-cloth, an' each one of us got jes' sech a strip, an' had to wear it width-wise. Them that was short got along pretty well, but as for me" — She gave an indescribably droll glance at her long limbs and then at us, and added, — "Tell *you*, I had enough of Bloomers in them days."

Sojourner then proceeded to give her views of the relative capacity of the sexes, in her own way.

"S'pose a man's mind holds a quart, an' a woman's don't hold but a pint; ef her pint is *full*, it 's as good as his quart."

Sojourner was fond of singing an extraordinary lyric, commencing, —

"I 'm on my way to Canada,  
That cold, but happy land;  
The dire effects of Slavery  
I can no longer stand.  
O righteous Father,  
Do look down on me,  
And help me on to Canada,  
Where colored folks are free!"

The lyric ran on to state, that, when the fugitive crosses the Canada line,

"The Queen comes down unto the shore,  
With arms extended wide,  
To welcome the poor fugitive  
Safe onto Freedom's side."

In the truth thus set forth she seemed to have the most simple faith.

But her chief delight was to talk of "glory," and to sing hymns whose burden was, —

"O glory, glory, glory,  
Won't you come along with me?"

and when left to herself, she would often hum these with great delight, nodding her head.

On one occasion, I remember her sitting at a window singing and fervently keeping time with her head, the little black Puck of a grandson meanwhile amusing himself with ornamenting her red-and-yellow turban with green dandelion-curls, which shook and trembled with her emotions, causing him perfect convulsions of delight.

"Sojourner," said the Professor to her, one day, when he heard her singing, "you seem to be very sure about heaven."

"Well, I be," she answered, triumphantly.

"What makes you so sure there is any heaven?"

"Well, 'cause I got such a hankerin' arter it in here," she said, — giving a thump on her breast with her usual energy.

There was at the time an invalid in the house, and Sojourner, on learning it, felt a mission to go and comfort her. It was curious to see the tall, gaunt, dusky figure stalk up to the bed with such an air of conscious authority, and take on herself the office of consoler with such a mixture of authority and tenderness. She talked as from above, — and at the same time, if a pillow needed changing or any office to be rendered, she did it with a strength and handiness that inspired trust. One felt as if the dark, strange woman were quite able to take up the invalid in her bosom, and bear her as a lamb, both physically and spiritually. There was both power and sweetness in that great warm soul and that vigorous frame.

At length, Sojourner, true to her name, departed. She had her mission elsewhere. Where now she is I know not; but she left deep memories behind her.

To these recollections of my own I will add one more anecdote, related by Wendell Phillips.

Speaking of the power of Rachel to move and bear down a whole audience by a few simple words, he said he never knew but one other human being that had that power, and that other was Sojourner Truth. He related a scene of which he was witness. It was at a crowded public meeting in Faneuil Hall, where Frederick Douglas was one of the chief speakers. Douglas had been describing the wrongs of the black race, and as he proceeded, he grew more and more excited, and finally ended by saying that they had no hope of justice from the whites, no possible hope except in their own right arms. It must come to blood; they must fight for themselves, and redeem themselves, or it would never be done.

Sojourner was sitting, tall and dark, on the very front seat, facing the platform; and in the hush of deep feeling, after Douglas sat down, she spoke out in her deep, peculiar voice, heard all over the house, —

“ Frederick, *is God dead?* ”

The effect was perfectly electrical, and thrilled through the whole house, changing as by a flash the whole feeling of the audience. Not another word she said or needed to say; it was enough.

It is with a sad feeling that one contemplates noble minds and bodies, nobly and grandly formed human beings, that have come to us cramped, scarred, maimed, out of the prison-house of bondage. One longs to know what such beings might have become, if suffered to unfold and expand under the kindly developing influences of education.

It is the theory of some writers, that to the African is reserved, in the later and palmier days of the earth, the full and harmonious development of the religious element in man. The African seems to seize on the tropical fervor and luxuriance of Scripture imagery as something native; he appears to feel himself to be of the same blood with

those old burning, simple souls, the patriarchs, prophets, and seers, whose impassioned words seem only grafted as foreign plants on the cooler stock of the Occidental mind.

I cannot but think that Sojourner with the same culture might have spoken words as eloquent and undying as those of the African Saint Augustine or Tertullian. How grand and queenly a woman she might have been, with her wonderful physical vigor, her great heaving sea of emotion, her power of spiritual conception, her quick penetration, and her boundless energy! We might conceive an African type of woman so largely made and moulded, so much fuller in all the elements of life, physical and spiritual, that the dark hue of the skin should seem only to add an appropriate charm, — as Milton says of his Pensive, whom he imagines

“ Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The sea-nymph's.”

But though Sojourner Truth has passed away from among us as a wave of the sea, her memory still lives in one of the loftiest and most original works of modern art, the *Libyan Sibyl*, by Mr. Story, which attracted so much attention in the late World's Exhibition. Some years ago, when visiting Rome, I related Sojourner's history to Mr. Story at a breakfast at his house. Already had his mind begun to turn to Egypt in search of a type of art which should represent a larger and more vigorous development of nature than the cold elegance of Greek lines. His glorious Cleopatra was then in process of evolution, and his mind was working out the problem of her broadly developed nature, of all that slumbering weight and fulness of passion with which this statue seems charged, as a heavy thundercloud is charged with electricity.

The history of Sojourner Truth worked in his mind and led him into the deeper recesses of the African nature, — those

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unexplored depths of being and feeling, mighty and dark as the gigantic depths of tropical forests, mysterious as the hidden rivers and mines of that burning continent whose life-history is yet to be. A few days after, he told me that he had conceived the idea of a statue which he should call the Libyan Sibyl. Two years subsequently, I revisited Rome, and found the gorgeous Cleopatra finished, a thing to marvel at, as the creation of a new style of beauty, a new manner of art. Mr. Story requested me to come and repeat to him the history of Sojourner Truth, saying that the conception had never left him. I did so; and a day or two after, he showed me the clay model of the Libyan Sibyl. I have never seen the marble statue; but am told by those who have, that it was by far the most impressive work of art at the Exhibition.

A notice of the two statues from the London "Athenæum" must supply a description which I cannot give.

"The Cleopatra and the Sibyl are seated, partly draped, with the characteristic Egyptian gown, that gathers about the *torso* and falls freely around the limbs; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm, wilful purpose filled her brain, as it seems to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole

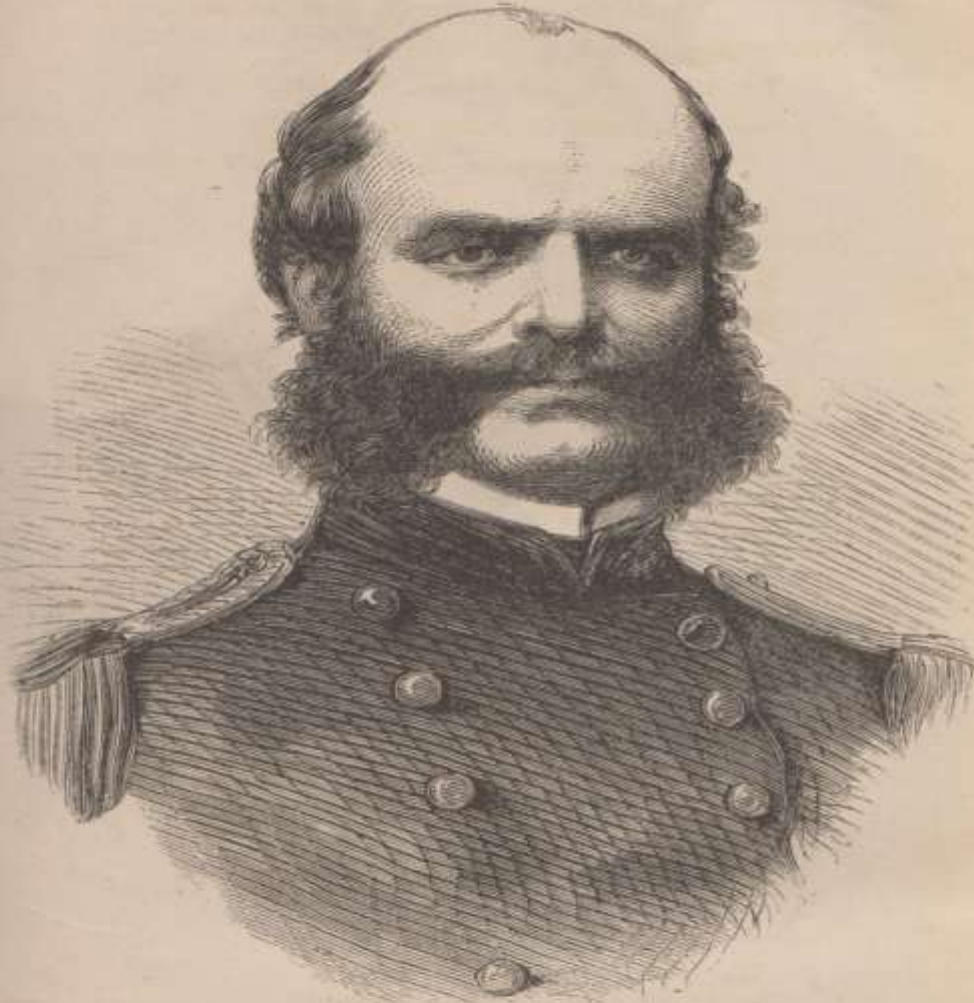
woman 'would.' Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic *uræus*, or twining basilisk of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lappels, or wings, that fall upon her shoulders. The *Sibilla Libica* has crossed her knees,—an action universally held amongst the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-bloom proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein choosing to place his figure the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burdened with the knowledge of centuries, as Virgil, Livy, and Gellius say. Good artistic example might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee; and to keep her secrets closer, for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls, she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain that looks out through mournful, warning eyes, seen under the wide shade of the strange horned (ammonite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its upturned front. Over her full bosom, mother of myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet."

We hope to see the day when copies both of the Cleopatra and the Libyan Sibyl shall adorn the Capitol at Washington.

A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.



AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

2.—A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

Setting to Sea.—Entering the Inlet.—Conquest of Roanoke Island.—The Slaves.—Destruction of the Rebel Fleet.—Extending the Conquest.—Expedition to the South.—Decisive Battle.—Anecdotes.—Capture of Newbern.—Secret Expedition.—Bivouac.—Battle of Kingstons.—Daily Marchings.—Battle at Whitehall.—Heroism of Fisher.—Successful Raid.—Battle of Goldsborough.—Success of the Expedition.—The Return.

On the 11th of January, 1862, a vast fleet of gun-boats and transports was assembled at Roanoke Roads, Old Point Comfort, for a secret expedition. Spectators on the shore counted one hundred and twenty-five boats of all sizes and patterns. There were formidable vessels of war, powerfully armed and nobly manned. There were ferry-boats extemporized into gun-boats, and peaceful merchantmen frowning with

artillery. There was one queer stern-wheeled craft, which went puffing about among the fleet, attracting much attention. It had come from the shoal waters of the Kennebec River. The sailors called it "the wheel-barrow." Its draught was so light that they insisted it could run wherever there was a heavy dew. Sixteen thousand men—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—were embarked in this fleet, under the chieftainship of General Burnside. The troops were divided into three brigades, under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parke; all experienced officers of the regular army. Commodore Goldsborough, a veteran of fifty years' service, commanded the fleet.

It was a bright, mild winter's day. Just after the sun had gone down and the stars had come out, those on the shore observed an unusual commotion in the fleet. Lights were flashing and tag-





LOUIS R. GOLDSBOROUGH.

boats moving rapidly in all directions, and it was evident that every ship was getting up its steam. Just at midnight some signal rockets pierced the sky from the flag-ship, and almost instantly every paddle-wheel was in motion, and the majestic squadron swept down the bay. It was a brilliant night, serene, cloudless; with the moon near the full. It was very manifest to all on board that hard work was to be done by both fleet and army; but when, where, how, none but a few of the highest officers could tell, and they were silent. At noon the next day, Sunday, January 12, the fleet was entirely out of sight of land, enveloped in fog, steaming rapidly down the southern coast.

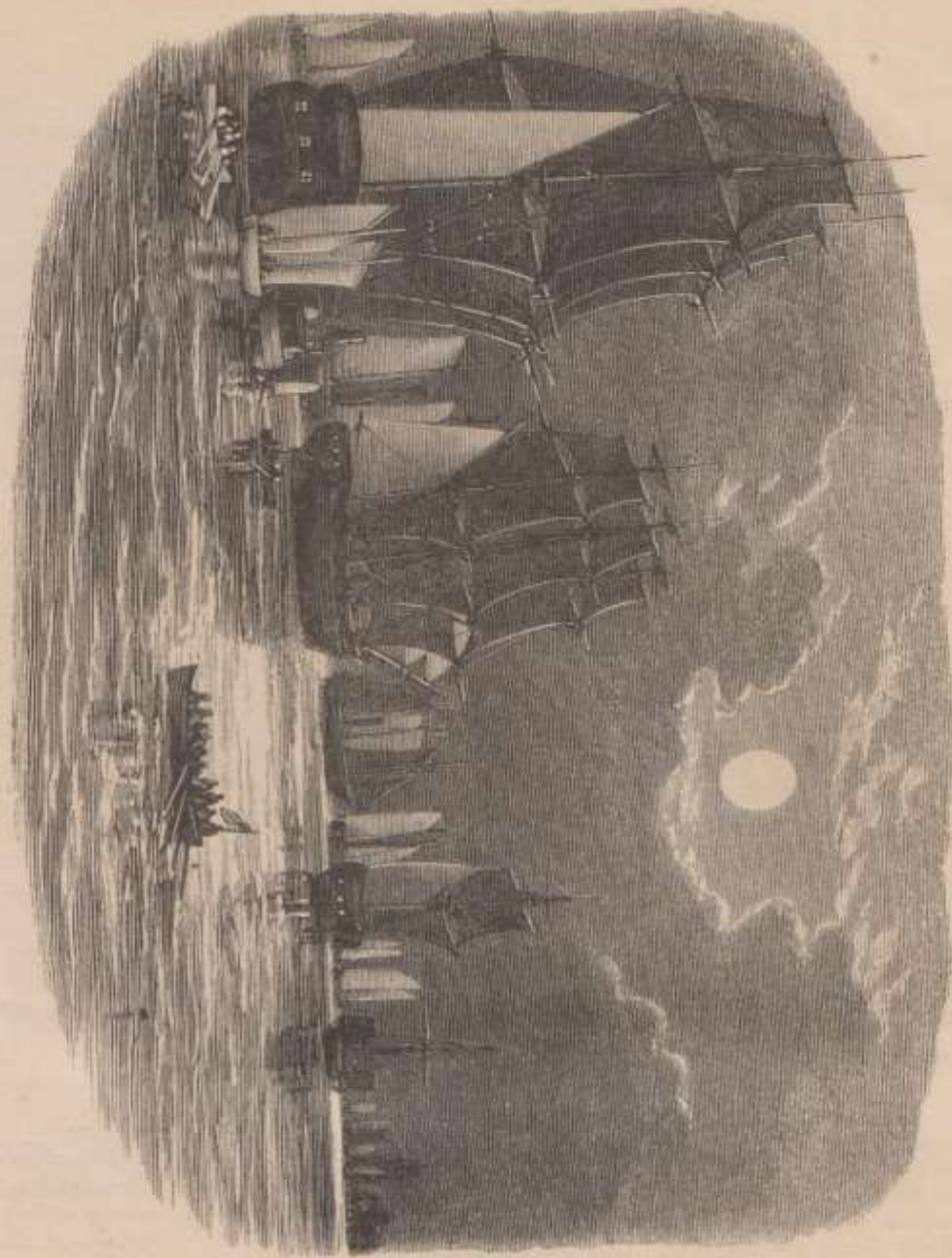
At length the fog lifted, and the leading ships caught sight of the shores of Hatteras, and, followed by the whole squadron, turned toward the Inlet. It was a gorgeous afternoon of autumnal beauty. The scene was magnificent. Thou-

sands of men were clustered on the decks and in the rigging of the ships, gazing with admiration upon the golden sunset, and the forest-crowned shore fringed with its long line of snow-white beach, upon which the billows of the wide Atlantic dashed almost mast-head high, and with thunder roar.

It was too late to enter the Inlet. The next morning was cold and wintry. Clouds were gathering; the ocean looked black; and angry billows with foaming crests pursued each other. It was difficult to cross the bar in a storm, as smooth water was very necessary for the passage. Yet it was not safe for a fleet to attempt to ride out a Hatteras gale on that open sea. About seventy of the ships succeeded in safely getting within the Inlet. One of the transports, laden with horses, struck the bar, plunging her keel into the sand, and remained immovable. The waves dashed over the ship, hurling the horses

A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

THE 02 DRILLER

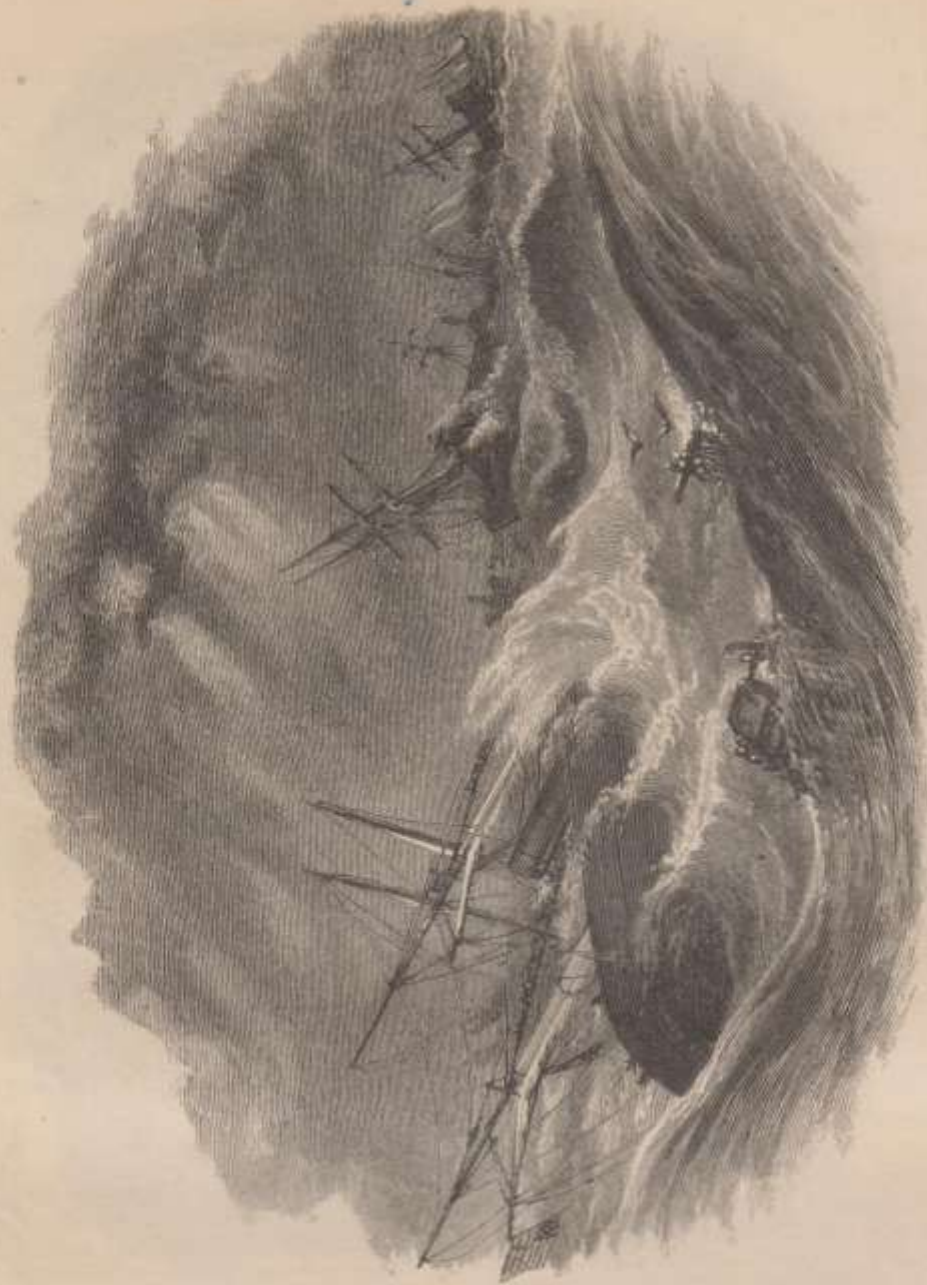


into the sea, where they all perished. The seamen lashed themselves to the rigging, and there, without food or sleep, and drenched to the skin, remained for forty-eight hours until the storm abated. Every endeavor which was made to send them assistance was fruitless. Two heroic men, Colonel Allen and Dr. Wellar, perished in the attempt. During the continuance of the gale nearly every vessel was injured, both those within and those without the Inlet. Many were badly shattered, and four entirely wrecked; the crews generally escaping.

A calm succeeded this fearful storm; yet it was two weeks before the fleet, crippled and dis-

persed, was collected and refitted at a safe anchorage in Pamlico Sound.

A comparatively small strait separates the two majestic Sounds called Pamlico and Albemarle. In the centre of this strait you find Roanoke Island, twelve miles long and three broad. As the channel on either side is narrow and tortuous, the island effectually commands the passage between the two Sounds. Here the rebels were in force with batteries, intrenchments, and gunboats. Wednesday morning, the 6th of February, dawned cold, and wet, and gloomy. Groping through the fog our fleet approached the island, and, anchoring for the night, prepared for



STORM AT MATYERAS ISLET.

a conflict in the morning. The morning came. As the clouds broke, and the rays of the sun struggling through the rifts gave promise of a brilliant day, Nelson's famous order was run to the mast-head of the flag-ship, "America expects every man to do his duty!"

The gun-boats immediately commenced throwing 9-inch shot and shell into the woods near the beach. Under protection of this fire a large number of troops were landed. The intrenchments were bombarded, the batteries were stormed, and the patriot troops swept the island from south to north in uninterrupted victory. Before five o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th Roa-

noke Island was rescued from the hands of traitors, and the star-spangled banner floated over all its captured ramparts. General Foster led the men in their impetuous attacks upon the redoubts, and inspired them with his own enthusiasm and intrepidity. The gallant Colonel Russell, of the Connecticut Tenth—a man who knew not the sense of fear—was struck by a bullet which pierced his heart, and he fell dead without a groan. As the men were assailing one of the most formidable redoubts their ammunition failed them. Just then Major Kimball of the Hawkins's Zouaves came up, and offered to charge the redoubt. "You are the very man," said

A MILITARY ADVENTURE.



ROANOKE ISLAND, NEWBERN, AND THE SOUNDS.

General Foster, "and this is the very moment. Zouaves, storm the battery!" There was an instantaneous rush, and with their ringing battle-cry, *Zou, Zou, Zou!* they ran across the intervening space, clambered the ramparts, and burst through the embrasures. The rebels fled in the utmost panic, not even stopping to spike their guns or to carry off their wounded.

General John G. Foster, with his brigade, followed in the track of the Zouaves and pursued the retreating rebels at the double quick. For nearly six miles the exciting chase was continued. General Reno took another path to cut off the rebel retreat, and on the way came across

a body of eight hundred of the foe who were compelled to throw down their arms. The rebels were now thoroughly vanquished. A flag of truce was sent to General Foster, asking what terms of capitulation he would accept. "Unconditional surrender," was the reply. It was impossible to dispute the terms, and before five o'clock in the afternoon the Stars and Stripes were floating over every battery on the island. Six forts, two thousand five hundred prisoners, forty-two heavy guns, with a large quantity of smaller arms and ammunition, fell into the hands of the victors. The patriots lost but forty killed and two hundred wounded. Among the pris-



JOHN G. FOSTER.

oners taken there were about two hundred slaves, all men in the prime of life, whom the rebels had brought upon the island to work upon the intrenchments. As the white prisoners were paroled, these slaves were called together and informed that they might remain upon the island as freemen, or return with their masters to the main land. Nearly every man chose to return with his master. This extraordinary decision led some one to exclaim in bewilderment, "What does this mean? We thought you all wanted to be free." An honest, earnest black man stepped forward, and, taking off his hat, said,

"We'se wives and chillern in slavery. We can't leave them. Bress de Lord, de day ob jubilee is come. We'se all to be free now. We must go back and get our wives and chillern."

No comment can add to the pathos of this incident.

The next day was the Sabbath. The rebel gun-boats had escaped up the Sound to Elizabeth City. The patriot gun-boats pursued them; with full head of steam they rushed by the fort, under whose guns the rebel boats had

sought protection, and in a conflict of fifteen minutes destroyed the whole rebel fleet, killing or capturing nearly every man of the crew. From all the region around the slaves flocked by hundreds to the national boats, entreating to be taken "to de Norf." This was impossible. Their grief was touching as they saw their hopes blighted, and that the long-prayed-for hour of deliverance had not yet come.

After a few unimportant excursions in this vicinity, every where indignantly striking down the flag of treason, General Burnside reassembled his fleet at Hatteras Inlet for a more important movement than he had yet attempted.

On the night of the 12th of March the fleet was again in motion. They steamed down Pamlico Sound about fifty miles, and entering the spacious River Neuse, anchored upon its western bank within about sixteen miles of the city of Newbern. This city, of about five thousand inhabitants, one of the finest in the State, is situated at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent. It is important as a military post, being connected with Goldsborough and Raleigh on the west, and Beaufort on the south. The rebels had strongly fortified it, employing thou-

## A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

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THESE THREE ONTOHOTOH BLVON-KDDH MOHNA



sands of slaves in throwing up intrenchments. A line of water-batteries, with heavy guns, from every commanding point swept the river. Six miles from the city there was a long line of earth-works extending from the river to the swamps and tangled woods, effectually barring approach to any ordinary force or courage. From that point to the city the whole expanse was filled with redoubts, batteries, rifle-pits, treacherous torpedoes, and all the other appliances of honorable and dishonorable war.

Early in the morning of March 13 the patriot troops, five thousand in number, landed at Slocum's Creek, about a dozen miles below New-

bern. The water was shallow. The overladen boats sank deep and could not approach near the shore. The landing seemed much like a frolic. With jokes and shouts and peals of laughter the men leaped overboard, up to the middle in water, and waded to the shore. Their path up toward Newbern led over an extended plain, marshy from recent rains, and covered with a dense growth of gloomy pines, draped with hoary Spanish moss. The heavy gun-carriages sank deep in the mire, and a cold March wind swept over the drenched and shivering ranks, subduing the mirth of the most buoyant.



THE LANDING.

The Massachusetts Twenty-fourth led the march. The Connecticut Eleventh brought up the rear. The line of march in compact mass filled the forest road for two and a half miles. The gun-boats followed cautiously along the channel of the stream, throwing shells into the woods in advance of the head of our column. Night came dismal with clouds, darkness, mud, and rain. The wearied soldiers threw themselves upon the sodden leaves of the flooded plain for their cheerless bivouac. On Friday morning, the 14th of March, the patriot troops were again early in motion, and soon approached the long line of earth-works running from the river to the swamp, strongly protected by rifle-

pits and batteries on either flank. The woods in front of the intrenchments had been felled for a distance of a quarter of a mile, that the assailants might be exposed to an unerring fire. Behind these intrenchments the rebels were comparatively safe. Neither bullet nor ball could easily harm them. It would seem madness to an ordinary observer to send men with bare bosoms to face the line of fire bursting from those breast-works. But our heroic troops accomplished the apparent impossibility. Forming in line of battle in the edge of the woods, a mile in extent, they opened a vigorous fire of musketry and artillery which they must have been conscious could accomplish little, save to

## A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

11

CAPTURE OF PORT THOMPSON, NEAR NEWBERRY.



distract attention by making a noise. Nearly every ball and bullet went plump and harmless into the breast-work of earth rising six feet high before them.

At length when the field of battle was covered with smoke, and the frenzy of conflict inflamed all minds, Colonel Clark, at the head of the Massachusetts Twenty-first, rushed across the open plain, through the deadly storm of lead, and entering on the full run one of the embrasures seized the gun. The rebels fled, astonished at such audacity. Instantly two rebel regiments came charging upon them, and the heroic little band were compelled to retire.

But the next moment Colonel Rodman, with the Fourth Rhode Island, charged upon a battery of five guns. At the double quick they ran upon these death-dealing muzzles, pouring in a volley of bullets as they ran. The desperate adventure was a success. They seized the guns, and with the precision of veterans in compact mass, with bristling bayonets, bore down along the rebel line within the intrenchments. The Eighth and Eleventh Connecticut, and Fifth Rhode Island rushed instantly to their support. The rebels fled precipitately, and the Stars and Stripes were proudly unfurled over one portion of their ramparts.



Animated by this sight the patriot troops, who were struggling through the tangled morass at the southern extremity of the enemy's line, made a grand charge upon that flank. Aided as they were by their comrades, who were already within the ramparts, they speedily smote down all opposition, and the rebels tumultuously fled. With exultation and rapture, which none can comprehend but those who have passed through such scenes, the patriot troops clambered the ramparts, discharging their muskets at the retiring foe, disappearing in the distance, and greeting the glorious old banner of the Union with enthusiastic huzzas. It was a splendid victory. Every regiment behaved heroically. The Fifty-first New York attracted especial applause. There is not a man of that regiment who will not look back with pride upon the battle of Newbern so long as he shall live. The rebel army was disorganized and panic-stricken. It was important that they should have no time to recover from their consternation.

There are many interesting incidents of this battle worthy of record. Lieutenant Fearing, of General Burnside's staff, was sitting upon his horse when a 32-pound shot passed under the horse's belly between his legs. The Lieutenant, apparently unconscious of his own danger, fondly patted his horse in commendation of the animal's quiet bravery.

When the first battery was captured Colonel Clark, of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, had mounted one of the rebel guns, and was waving his colors, when two rebel regiments advanced upon him and his handful of men. The patriots leaped the parapet and fled. Captain J. D. Frazer, who had been wounded in his right arm, carrying his sword in his left hand, tumbled and fell into the ditch. He was seized and dragged back by the rebels over the parapet. A guard of three men was placed over him. A few moments after, when the Fourth Rhode Island made a charge, he drew a concealed revolver and captured all three of his guards.

One of the noblest young men of our nation—a hero, a patriot, and a Christian, Adjutant Frazer A. Stearns, son of President Stearns, of Amherst (Massachusetts) College—fell in this battle. Young Stearns had already borne himself bravely at Roanoke Island. Here, in the thickest of the fight, a bullet pierced his breast, and he dropped dead.

General Burnside, aware of the value of time, scarcely remained upon the battle-field long enough to bury the dead. The whole army was immediately put in motion for Newbern, which was about six miles distant. The gun-boats continued to follow along the river, capturing the water-batteries with scarcely a shadow of opposition. Early in the afternoon the troops reached the eastern bank of the Trent opposite the city. The magnificent bridge, seven hundred and fifty yards in length, constructed both for railroad and carriages, across which the reb-

els had retreated, was in flames. A number of turpentine factories also were rolling up their billows of fire and smoke, which enfolded the city in a black canopy sublimely gloomy. Several transports had followed the gun-boats up the stream, and in a few hours our whole army of five thousand men were ferried across the Trent, and were in undisputed possession of Newbern. The fires were extinguished, a strong provost-guard established, every liquor cask in the city staved, and by midnight quietude and peace reigned throughout the conquered city.

The fruits of this victory were six forts, thirty-four heavy guns, six steamboats, and public property to the amount of two millions of dollars. The rebel troops at the battle-ground were almost entirely protected by their ramparts, and our bullets did them little harm; and, on the other hand, they did not dare to expose themselves by taking aim, but loading under cover raised their guns over their heads and fired almost at random, thus throwing many of their bullets away.

As the rebels were retreating the slaves along the route, who had been taught to believe their masters omnipotent, could hardly credit their senses, and were quite unable to repress their joy and exultation. As one of the slave-holding rebels, breathless with terror, spurred his horse by his own door, not venturing to stop, an aged slave stood by the side of his cabin gazing in unutterable astonishment upon the flight and fright of his master. Just as he disappeared in the woods a shell from one of the gun-boats, with its unearthly scream, careering high above the tree-tops, followed the path of the fugitive. The gray-headed old man, clapping his hands, rushed into his cabin shouting,

"Wife, wife, massa is running, and the wrath of God is after him!"

The next day was the Sabbath. By order of General Burnside all the churches were thrown open, the army chaplains officiated, and thanks were returned to God for the signal victory he had granted the patriot arms.

Several months passed away, during which the Union troops fortified themselves at Newbern, and extended their conquest to several important places in the vicinity. On Tuesday, the 9th of December, 1862, a division of the little army received orders to put three days' rations in their haversacks, and prepare for an immediate march; but *where* they were not informed; neither was it supposed to be any of their business to inquire. Blind, unquestioning obedience is the law of the army. The rising of the sun on Thursday, the 11th, found these troops vigorously on the move from Newbern directly west, toward Goldsborough, along what is called the Trent Road—a road running a few miles west of the River Trent, and almost parallel with it. The force consisted of four brigades, composed of nineteen regiments. The line of march was formed by two hundred cavalry in advance; then followed the several regiments of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, while

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THE ENCAMPMENT.



the rear was composed of one hundred and fifty baggage wagons. The entire line, in easy marching order, extended about five miles, filling the whole road.

It was a splendid wintry morning, mild and serene. As the vast array was beheld from an eminence moving along the winding road, with the fluttering of innumerable banners, and the gleam of burnished arms, the sight inspired the most phlegmatic with enthusiasm. The army numbered in all thirteen hundred infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, with fifty-one pieces of artillery. The troops that day marched eighteen miles over a heavy, sandy road, with occa-

sional sloughs to wade, and, as night approached, they prepared for their encampment in a large plain of about three hundred acres, which they found opened in the forest.

As the twilight faded away hundreds of campfires, brilliant with the blaze of the resinous pine, lighted up the scene with wondrous beauty. The soldiers drank their hot coffee from their tin cups, ate their frugal supper of hard bread, and the camp resounded with jokes and laughter, as most of them threw themselves down for a shelterless bivouac, with the sand for a mattress, and a knapsack for a pillow. Wearied with the long day's march the reign of

silence soon commenced. Many of the officers were provided with rubber blankets, which they spread upon the ground. Over that a woolen blanket was spread. And then, three cuddling together, with their feet to the fire, and with their united three blankets and three over-coats spread over them, enjoyed more luxurious slumber than is usually found in coiled chambers and on beds of down.

At five o'clock the next morning, Friday, the 12th, the drum-beat—the reveille—roused all from their slumbers. It was a bitter cold winter's morning—so cold that the water in the canteens of the soldiers was found frozen. The icy ground seemed solid as a rock. The fires, from piles of pitch-pine, were immediately brightly blazing, the ever-welcome coffee was boiling, and after their breakfast of hard bread the soldiers were again upon the move. Marching rapidly along a level country covered with pine forests, and where few dwellings were found, at noon they reached a road turning nearly at right angles to the north. This road led directly to Kingston, one of the most important towns in North Carolina, situated on the northern bank of the Neuse, about forty miles above Newbern. The soldiers by this time had supposed that Kingston was their destination. But much to their surprise, they found that they were not guided upon that road, but leaving it on the right, pressed directly forward in a westerly course. The soldiers subsequently ascertained, that which the officers already knew, that half-way between this crossing and the town of Kingston there was a stream called Southwest Creek, where the rebels, in anticipation of an attack, had erected formidable intrenchments.

General Foster, one of our most bold and efficient officers, sagaciously sent forward a small force of cavalry to deceive the rebels by the feint of an attack upon their elaborate works at the creek. At the same time the main body pressed vigorously forward on the road toward Goldsborough, and with the setting sun sought their second night's bivouac, having effected a march of nearly twenty miles. The wearied soldiers, after a hurried meal, again threw themselves on the frozen ground and slept soundly. Scarcely had the morning dawned ere the beat of the drum aroused the slumbering host. They replenished their waning fires, in haste prepared their breakfast of fragrant coffee with hard bread, and at six o'clock the tramp of armed men and the rumbling of carriage-wheels again resounded through the solitudes of the forest. All day long they continued their march, until about the middle of the afternoon, when, having passed several miles beyond Kingston, they came to another cross-road, which at a very sharp angle led back, in a northeasterly direction, toward that city.

The head of the long column turned sharply round and entered this road. By it they could cross the Southwest Creek at a point farther up the stream by a bridge which was feebly defend-

ed. The rebels, however, fearing this movement, and yet not daring to vacate their intrenchments on the main road, had sent forward a small force and burned the bridge. They had also placed two 12-pounders on an eminence on the north side of the creek, to prevent the reconstruction of the bridge or the floating of pontoons. Here the Union troops were brought to a stand. While the advance of the column waited for the artillery and the wagons to come up, pioneers were sent forward, under strong protection of artillery and musketry, to attempt to rebuild the bridge.

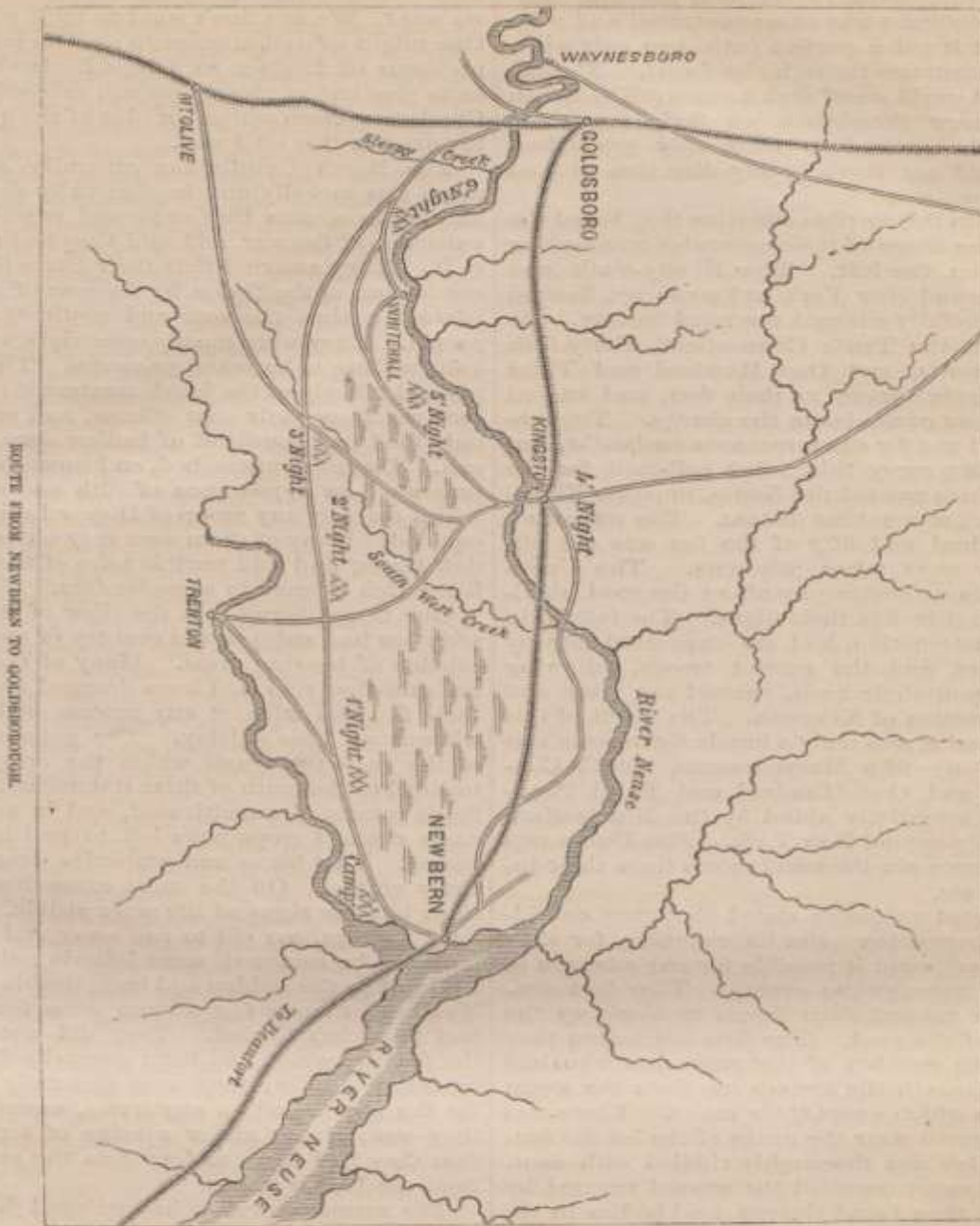
The creek was here but a few rods wide, with somewhat precipitous and densely-wooded shores. The road from that point to Kingston, a distance of about fourteen miles, ran all the way through an almost unbroken forest. A few pieces of Union artillery were sent ahead, to engage the attention of the rebel battery, while the Ninth New Jersey regiment secretly forded the stream above and below, and rushed upon the hostile cannon from either flank so impetuously and unexpectedly that guns, horses, and men were all taken, almost before there was any consciousness of danger.

It was Saturday night—the third day of the expedition. Again the troops bivouacked in the open air, but all night long working parties of engineers and pioneers were busy rebuilding the bridge. Before the dawn of Sunday it was completed, and at five o'clock the troops were again upon the march. As before, a body of cavalry led the advance along the narrow road, with pine forests on either side. They frequently encountered the pickets of the enemy, and in slight skirmishes easily dispersed them. The cavalry was followed by a strong body of artillery, who shelled the woods wherever there was any suspicion that the foe might be lurking.

It will be remembered that the line of the army, filling the whole capacity of the road, occupied an extent of about five miles. At nine o'clock in the morning those in the rear of this long column heard the roar of artillery among the advance, shot answering shot. It announced that the enemy had been found, and it sent an electric thrill through the eager host. Every man pressed forward. The whole army soon found themselves in a clearing of the woods of about twenty acres, on the right-hand side of the road. There was here opportunity for the army to deploy and make ready for action. The enemy were so effectually concealed in the woods that not a man could be seen; and their batteries, commandingly posted under the protection of an apparently impassable swamp, were constantly pitching their shells over the tree-tops into the midst of our advancing troops. Six Parrot guns were brought forward by the patriots and placed in position to return the fire. It was a blind battle of invisible foes; but the two hostile parties had discovered each other's position, and bloody scenes were at hand.

The Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth New York regiments filed into the woods on the left

A MILITARY ADVENTURE.



of the road, to charge the rebel batteries on their right flank. The Ninth New York plunged into the woods on the right of the road, to advance upon the batteries under shelter of the thicket between the road and the swamp. The Forty-fifth Massachusetts rushed boldly into the swamp itself, and toiling onward through a tangled network of roots and stumps, and up to their knees in mire, sought to traverse it, that they might attack the batteries on their left flank. The swamp was densely covered with huge old trees, whose gnarled roots were twisted in all possible contortions beneath the ooze and slime of the bog. But a few moments elapsed before the whole forest was alive with the rattle of mus-

ketry, for the heads of each of these divisions had met the foe. Our troops, keeping up a constant fire, steadily advanced, driving the rebels before them—who were fighting, Indian-fashion, behind stumps and trees.

At length the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, who had penetrated the swamp, forced their way through it, and ascended a little knoll beyond covered with shrub oaks. But they had hardly formed in line before a shower of bullets came rattling in among them, a rebel battery having got their precise range. The Tenth Connecticut and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania came up at the same moment, having followed through the swamp. The rebel guns opened

upon their left flank, raking their position. The fire of these guns was so concentrated and powerful that it cut a perfect path, two rods wide, for some distance through the forest. No flesh and blood could stand such a storm. The Union troops threw themselves on their faces and hugged the ground as their only protection. They could not move in any direction without the utmost peril.

While in this terrible situation they heard the well-known cheer of their comrades announcing triumph on the left. The Ninety-sixth and Ninety-second New York had come up, flanked and successfully charged the rebel battery. At that shout the Tenth Connecticut, Forty-fifth Massachusetts, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania sprang to their feet, and rushed to join their comrades in the charge. The rebels waited not for the impetuous onslaught, but abandoning every thing, fled pell-mell for the bridge which crossed the Neuse, opposite Kingston, which was not far distant. The retreat of five hundred and fifty of the foe was cut off, and they were taken prisoners. The Union artillery came rushing up along the road, shelling the fugitives in their flight. The rebels, in their consternation, had no chance to destroy the bridge, and the patriot troops, following closely upon their heels, crossed the river and took possession of Kingston. The brunt of this battle—and it was truly a heroic fight—was met by the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, essentially aided by the Ninety-sixth and Ninety-second New York. Five Union regiments drove six thousand rebels from their intrenchments.

The rebel prisoners stated that they considered their position quite impregnable, for they had not supposed it possible for any advance to be made through the swamp. They had consequently massed their forces to block up the passage of the road. The first intimation they had of the position of the regiments who had dashed through the swamp was from the storm of bullets which swept their ranks. There was an old church near the range of the hostile batteries which was thoroughly riddled with shot. As our troops occupied the ground vacated by their foes they found sixteen dead bodies in the church. The prisoners confessed that they carried off as many dead bodies as they could, and had thrown them into the river to conceal their loss.

Most of the prisoners were South Carolinians. They were ferocious in their hate, declaring that they would fight forever. They said they had received orders from General Evans that morning to give no quarter. They had not entertained the idea that they could be beaten. Many of them were as ignorant as savages, having not the slightest conception of the cause of the war. They had been told that the Northern people had invaded the South from the brutal desire to rob them of their property and to cut their throats. "What for you uns," said they, in

their barbaric dialect, "come down here to fight we uns? We uns don't want to fight you uns." One might as well attempt to explain one of the problems of Laplace to a New Zealand savage as to give one of these ignorant, debased, South Carolinian mean whites an idea of the questions involved in this civil war.

The North Carolinians generally appeared much less morally and intellectually degraded. Almost to a man they expressed regret at the existence of the war, and said they had no heart in it. They asserted that their State had been carried out of the Union by the vote of the Legislature against the vote and sentiment of the people. They were mostly conscripts, and were quite willing to be taken prisoners. They complained bitterly of the harsh treatment they had received from their own officers, and said their only food had consisted of Indian corn and bacon. Unshorn, uncombed, and unwashed, they presented an appearance of filth and savagery which scarcely any group of Digger Indians ever equaled. Many of them were very bitter against Jeff Davis, and told terrible tales of the despotism which reigned in secessiondom.

Our troops found that the rigor of rebel conscription had stripped the country of every man capable of bearing arms. Many of the prisoners said that they had been dragged away from their families without any process of law, and without an hour's delay. The general aspect of the region through which the army passed testified to the truth of these statements. Wide fields remained uncultivated, and in not a few cases ripened crops were left to perish unharvested. Vast barns and granaries were left entirely empty. On the most extensive plantations but few signs of life were visible. A few aged negroes, too old to run away and too valueless to be removed, were loitering about, bewildered by the sudden and inexplicable change. Now and then a few women were found who had been left behind. They did not exhibit the ferocity which had been generally displayed by female rebels; they were generally anxious for the war to end on any terms, asserting that they were living under a reign of terror, and that they had more to fear from the rebel than from the Union troops.

The retreating rebels had stripped the houses of most of their movable furniture and of all eatables. In the little dilapidated city of Kingston desolation and starvation reigned. The women and children who alone remained all looked care-worn and hungry. Many of the poorer class came rambling through the Union camp, begging bread of the soldiers, and eagerly picking up the fragments which our surfeited troops had thrown away. The women, accustomed only to the brutal aspect and bearing of the Southern soldiers, expressed much surprise at the gentlemanly appearance and demeanor of the Northern troops. But three white men were found left in Kingston, and they were Union men who had hidden themselves from rebel rule. All the rest had been carried off.

either voluntarily or involuntarily, by the rebels.

The battle of Kingston was fought on Sunday. These were strange scenes for our Puritan boys, who had been trained in the Sabbath-schools and churches of the North. The victorious Union troops passed over the bridge into Kingston, and encamped in a large field on the north side of the village, built their fires, boiled their coffee, and sat down to review the labors of the day. The Massachusetts Forty-fifth lost 18 killed, and had 50 wounded. Large numbers had bullet-holes through their hats and part of their clothing. The Tenth Connecticut met with a still more severe loss, as did also the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania and the Ninety-sixth New York. The rebels lost, in addition to the prisoners we have mentioned, eleven pieces of artillery, a large quantity of small-arms and ammunition, and an immense dépôt of provisions, which they set on fire to prevent it from falling into the Union hands. The battle in the swamp lasted four hours. A young soldier of the Massachusetts Forty-fifth, who had never before been under fire, thus graphically describes his sensations in a letter to his friends:

"When we first filed into the woods I would have given all I was worth to have been once more safely at home. But after the first shot was fired I could not restrain myself. I had no thought of any personal danger. The balls would whistle and hum all over our heads, and every now and then a shell would explode and cover us with mud, and too often with blood. But it seemed to me as though something told me not to fear. I said one little short prayer for myself, thought of each one of you, imagined I heard the sweet church bells of Framingham, and shut my eyes for an instant and saw you all. It could have been but an instant, and then I thought of nothing but pushing the rebels out of the swamp. As we drove the rebels before us I can not describe the exultation we felt that we had helped win a victory for the Stars and the Stripes. But the sad times were at night, when we missed from the camp-fires the faces of those whom we had learned to love, or when we went back to the woods to bury the dead or to save the wounded."

Among the many who fell at the battle of Kingston meriting especial honor we have space to mention but one—Lieutenant William Perkins. His case illustrates that of many others of our noblest young men who left all the endearments of home to peril life in defense of our country. This young man was the second one from his native town, New London, Connecticut, to volunteer. His older brother was the first. With honor he passed through the disaster at Bull Run. At Roanoke Island he was the second man to jump upon the shore. Captain Leggett, of Company H, Tenth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, to which company young Perkins belonged, was the first.

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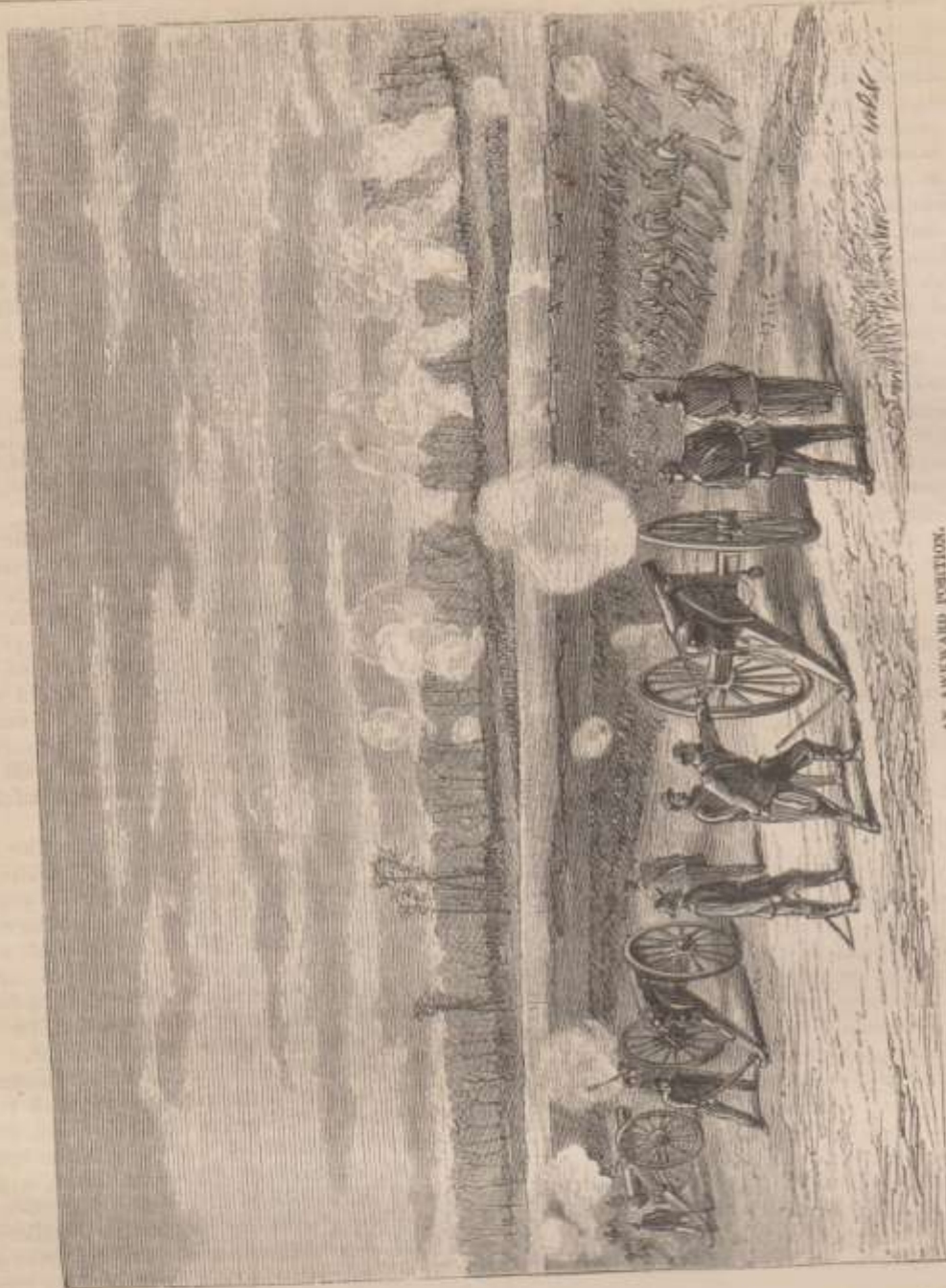
In the heroic and brilliant battle at Roanoke the company lost 23 out of 56 men. Young Perkins, for his chivalric bravery, was soon promoted to the First Lieutenantancy in Company A, Tenth Connecticut Volunteers. At the battle of Kingston all the enthusiasm of his soul was called into requisition. While his regiment was in full pursuit of the rebels, retreating by the bridge across the Neuse, Lieutenant Perkins pressing eagerly on, reckless of all danger, had just exclaimed to a comrade, "Isn't this glorious?" when he was struck by a Minié ball and fell dead. The chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. Mr. Stone, of Boston, in a letter to his bereaved father, wrote:

"Your son was a universal favorite in the regiment. We all loved him for his manly qualities, his generous heart, his kindness of manner, and his winning ways. We were proud of his soldierly bearing and of his courageous deportment."

His letters to his friends showed the conscientiousness with which he had entered upon this strife for civil and religious liberty, and his deep sense of dependence upon God. Such were the victims who, by hundreds and by thousands, were immolated by the demon of slavery upon her blood-stained altars. Earth may be searched in vain for a crime more enormous than that which plunged our once peaceful and happy land into all the horrors of civil war to perpetuate and extend the outrage of human bondage.

Early the next morning—Monday the 15th—the army recommenced its march. Filing rapidly again back across the bridge they pressed along a road which skirted the southern banks of the Neuse, toward Whitehall, which was directly west upon the river, at the distance of about 20 miles. It required nearly five hours—from daylight until 11 o'clock—for the whole army to defile across the narrow bridge. They then, to prevent pursuit and the harassment of their rear, smeared the bridge over with tar and set it on fire. The structure, of wood, 20 rods long and 40 feet above the water, was speedily enveloped in rushing billows of flame, and disappeared in smoke and ashes. Such a long line of troops, with its ponderous artillery and heavily-laden wagons, necessarily moves slow. But by vigorously pushing forward they traveled seventeen miles that day, and again bivouacked by the road-side, about three miles from Whitehall. The weary soldiers did not need beds of down to enable them to sleep soundly that night.

Tuesday, 16th, at 5 o'clock in the morning the troops were again upon the march. They had been in motion scarcely an hour when the roar of battle was again heard at the head of the column. The cavalry and one battery were in the advance. As they were approaching the little village of Whitehall, which is on the south bank of the stream, they found that the enemy had stationed themselves on the opposite side of the river, having destroyed the bridge, and were strongly posted, with ten guns in battery on the opposite bank. The guns were protect-



AN AWKWARD POSITION.

ed by long lines of rifle-pits. A brief but spirited conflict here ensued. As soon as our advance-guard appeared in sight the rebels opened upon them from their batteries on the opposite side of the river. When the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, which in that day's march led the main body of the army, came within reach of the rebel fire, six batteries, containing 36 guns, were immediately brought into position, and opened a deadly fire upon the guns of the rebels, 10 in number, upon the opposite side of the river. These guns, on both sides, were loaded and fired with such rapidity that it is said that there were, in all, more than a hundred discharges each minute. It is seldom, in battle, that so

large a number of guns are so closely concentrated.

The field of action was mostly a level plain, with a few slight undulations. It was necessary to place the Union infantry in positions to protect their batteries from sudden charges by the foe. The Massachusetts Forty-fifth found itself stationed exactly in the range between one of our batteries and the guns of the rebels. The balls and shells from both parties went directly over their heads, so near that were the men to stand erect every head would soon be swept away. As they lay flat upon the ground they could feel the motion of every ball, and the windage would often take away their breath.

## A MILITARY ADVENTURE.

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Occasionally a shell would explode near them, covering them with dirt. It was a very awkward position to occupy, and General Foster soon changed it. To attain a new position there was a Virginia rail fence to be crossed. As one of the men put his hand on a top rail to spring over a shell struck the rail from beneath him, plunged him headlong but unharmed into a ditch, and knocked down and severely wounded with a splinter another man. Almost at the same moment another shell fell and exploded in their ranks, wounding four men. In the midst of such a fire as this, strange to say, many of the Forty-fifth Massachusetts fell soundly asleep. They were so utterly exhausted by the march of two days, the battle in the swamp, and the sleeplessness of the intervening night in standing guard, that even the deafening roar of battle and the greatest peril of wounds and death could not keep them awake.

The conflict at Whitehall lasted about an hour and a half, one brigade only of the Union troops being called into action. It was found on almost all occasions that our artillery practice was far superior to that of the rebels. Not unfrequently the Union batteries would take position in an open field and silence a rebel battery carefully entrenched, of the same number of guns. While this artillery battle was raging the main body of the army moved rapidly along the road, at a little distance from the river, to gain the stream at a point which the rebel guns did not command. While thus moving a shell fell into the ranks of the Forty-fourth Massachusetts, instantly killing four men. The patriot batteries at length silenced the rebel cannon, and our troops, advancing to the river, destroyed two gun-boats which the rebels were building there. The village of Whitehall, which stood between the hostile batteries, was literally knocked to pieces. The dense woods which fringed the opposite bank of the stream were mown down by our deadly fire as the scythe mows the grass. For a quarter of a mile back from the river, and for half a mile up and down the banks, scarcely a tree was left standing.

One principal object in visiting Whitehall was to destroy the two gun-boats of which we have spoken as being there upon the stocks. As the enemy were in force upon the opposite bank our troops could not in a body cross. It was now night. The boats must be destroyed, and the army must be speedily again on its way to accomplish an enterprise still more important. Two thousand barrels of turpentine were seized, piled in an immense heap on the river's bank, and set on fire. Such a bonfire mortal eyes have seldom seen. Vast sheets of billowy flame flashed their forked tongues to the clouds. The whole region for miles around was lighted up. Every movement of the enemy was revealed, and their positions were mercilessly shelled. Still there were no means of reaching the boats but to call for volunteers to swim the stream and apply the torch. A private named Butler came forward, plunged into the wintry wave,

and pushed boldly for the opposite shore. Every gun was brought into action throwing grape and canister to distract the foe.

Butler ran up the bank to the flaming bridge, seized a brand, and was making for the boats, when several rebels rushed from their sheltered hiding-places and endeavored to seize him. Quick as thought he turned, plunged again into the river, and through a shower of bullets returned safely to his comrades. The batteries were then brought to bear upon the boats, and with solid shot and shell they were nearly demolished, though the flames, could the torch have been applied, would more effectually have done the work.

The shell is a terrible and remorseless engine of destruction. Nothing can be imagined more demoniac than the yell with which they swoop through the air. It is heard the moment the shell leaves the gun, and with the larger size, now often used, is so shrill and piercing that even if a quarter of a mile distant it seems directly upon you. Many of these massive bolts are hurled with such velocity that if they pass within ten feet of one's head they produce a vacuum which takes away the breath; and as it whirs by the scream grows fainter and fainter till it expires in a thundering explosion. The noise which these shells make is indescribable. There is nothing with which to compare it. It can only be imagined by those by whom it has been heard.

Having dispersed the rebels at Whitehall, our victorious little army, under their vigorous leader General Foster, without crossing the river, and with scarcely an hour's delay, pressed forward toward the west, still ascending the banks of the Neuse. Night overtook them twelve miles beyond Whitehall. Here they found their sixth encampment. Scarcely had the dawn of Wednesday morning the 17th appeared ere the troops were again in motion. A party of cavalry had been sent in advance by a cross road on Monday to a place called Mount Olive, twenty miles south of Goldsborough, to destroy as much as possible of the railroad there and a long trestle railroad bridge. This enterprise the intrepid cavalry had successfully accomplished. They now returned to the main body, having ridden seventy miles in twenty-four hours.

The great object of this whole military expedition was to destroy the railroad running south from Goldsborough, which was the principal line of northern communication for the rebels. Like most villages in a slave-holding country Goldsborough is an insignificant hamlet, not important enough even to be noticed in a general gazetteer. It is but little more than a railroad station, where the Wilmington and Weldon road crosses the Atlantic and North Carolina track. There was a costly high-bridge an eighth of a mile long, which here crossed the river, which had been a long time in process of construction. It was an important object of the expedition to destroy this bridge. The rebels, fully appreciating its importance, made a vigorous stand for its defense. But



General Foster on this expedition as much out-generaled the rebel officers in strategy and tactics as his soldiers out-fought the rebel rank and file in the open field. At 11 o'clock, Wednesday morning, our soldiers were within five miles of the bridge. The rebels were found there in force, and the battle was renewed. A few miles below the railroad viaduct there was a small stream called Sleepy Creek, where there was a common road bridge across the Neuse. A portion of the army was sent down to this bridge to make a feint, with as much noise as possible, of crossing at that point.

The rebels, deceived by the supposition that it was our main object to seize the railroad junction at Goldsborough, had assembled a large force at this bridge, superior to our own, to guard the passage. General Foster adroitly compelled them to divide their force between this upper and lower point, and kept the river between him and the foe to prevent being overwhelmed by any sudden assault. To prevent the Union troops from crossing the river the rebels made their first stand at Kingston. Here, as we have mentioned, the rebels drove them back and destroyed the bridge. They next made a stand at Whitehall, destroying the bridge themselves. Here the patriots silenced their batteries and destroyed two of their gun-boats. The rebels then drew back their forces to the vicinity of Goldsborough, and established themselves at the two bridges of which we have spoken, five miles apart. While a part of our troops followed down Sleepy Creek to the bridge the main body moved on to the railroad bridge, the object of the expedition.

General Foster had no wish to cross either of these bridges. He was well aware that there was a sufficient force of rebels on the other side, gathered from Wilmington, Weldon, Raleigh, and even Virginia, to overwhelm the force at his disposal. The assault commenced at both bridges at the same time. From 11 o'clock in the morning until 3 o'clock in the afternoon there was the continuous roar of battle. The rebels had taken position on the south side of the railroad bridge. They were, however, soon driven in confusion from their position and across the bridge, and the bridge was utterly destroyed. The flames consumed its frame, and its buttresses were demolished by shot and shell.

The great object of the expedition having been thus effectually accomplished, the army immediately commenced its return. The rebels now began to comprehend the true posture of affairs. They had assembled in such force as vastly to outnumber the patriots. But there was a wide and rapid river, with all the bridges destroyed, flowing between them. In this emergency the rebels went back, ascending the river about five miles, and crossed in the vicinity of Waynesborough. Then marching down the southern bank of the stream, they vigorously set out in pursuit of our leisurely retiring columns. They overtook the patriot rear-guard in the vicinity of Sleepy Creek. As the rebels came on in solid mass the patriot batteries, in good position, remained quiet until they were within three hundred yards, and then, with double-shotted guns, they poured in so tremendous a volley that no mortal strength or valor could breast it. Three times the rebel ranks were broken by the awful carnage, and three times they rallied anew to the onset. Finally they broke beyond recovery, and fled in wildest confusion back among the forests and the hills. Some prisoners who were taken said that they lost in this terrific storm of war, which lasted but a few moments, eight hundred men. It was a very bold attempt of infantry to storm batteries up to the muzzles of their guns.

The patriots now retired unmolested, and encamped Wednesday night on the same spot where they had encamped the night before. The next morning, at 4 o'clock, they were again upon the march, and thus they tramped along, singing songs of victory, until 6 o'clock Saturday night, when they encamped about six miles from Newbern. The Sabbath morning sun rose cloudless over the North Carolina pines. The day was mild and beautiful, as though nature had no voice or feature in harmony with the discord of war. The patriot troops resumed their march with waving banners and pealing bugles, and thus rejoicingly re-entered the camp from which they had marched but ten days before. They marched into their encampment to the dear old tune of "Home, Sweet Home." The distance these iron men had traveled, over often the worst of roads, and through a series of battles, was about two hundred miles.



BATTLE OF KINGSTON.