

Images of the Battle of Roanoke Island, 1862

- pages 2-10: images from *Harper's Weekly*
- pages 11-16: images from *New York Illustrated News*
- pages 17-31: images from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*

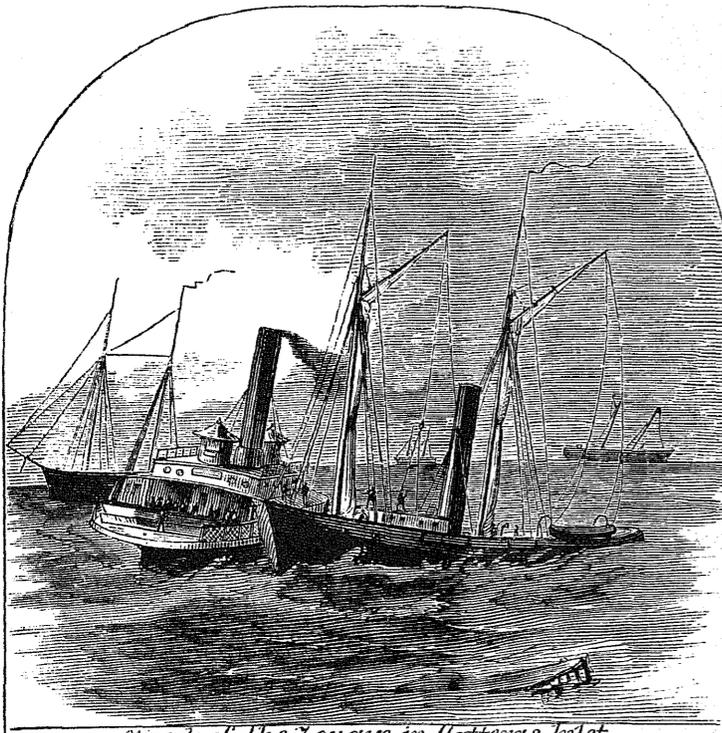
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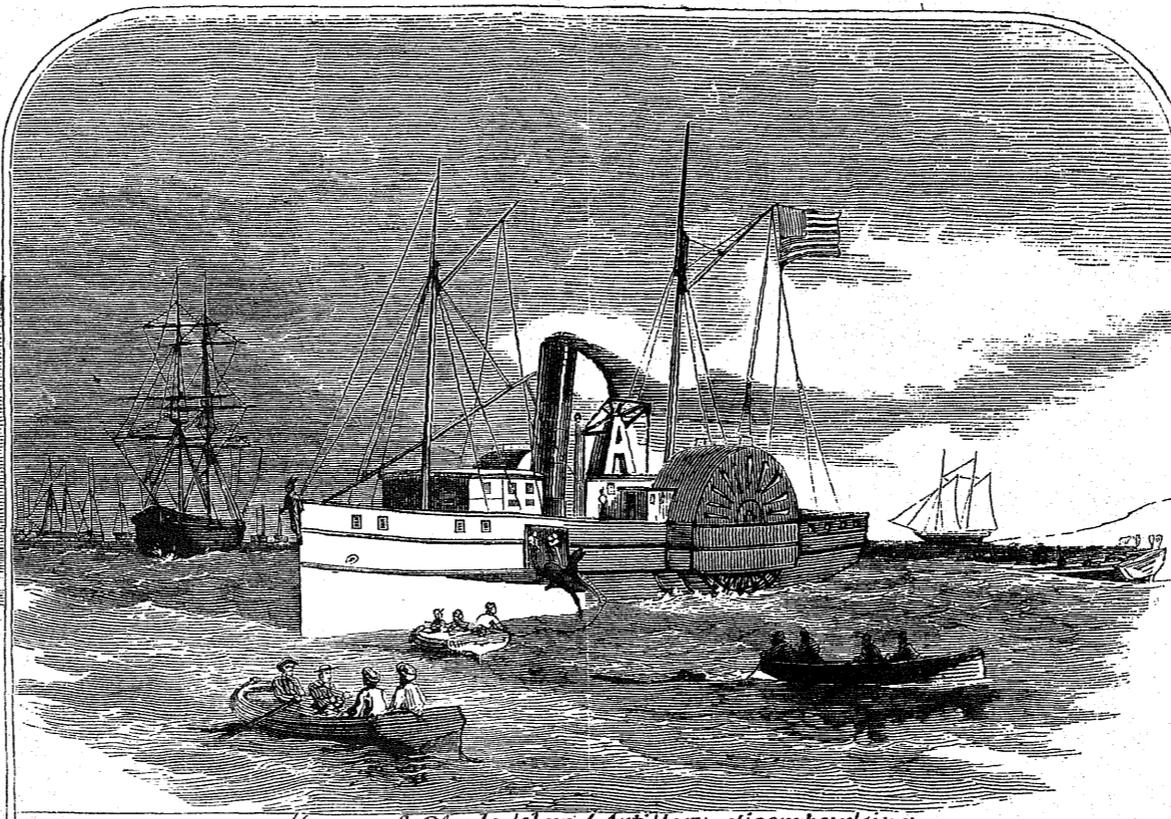
February 2012

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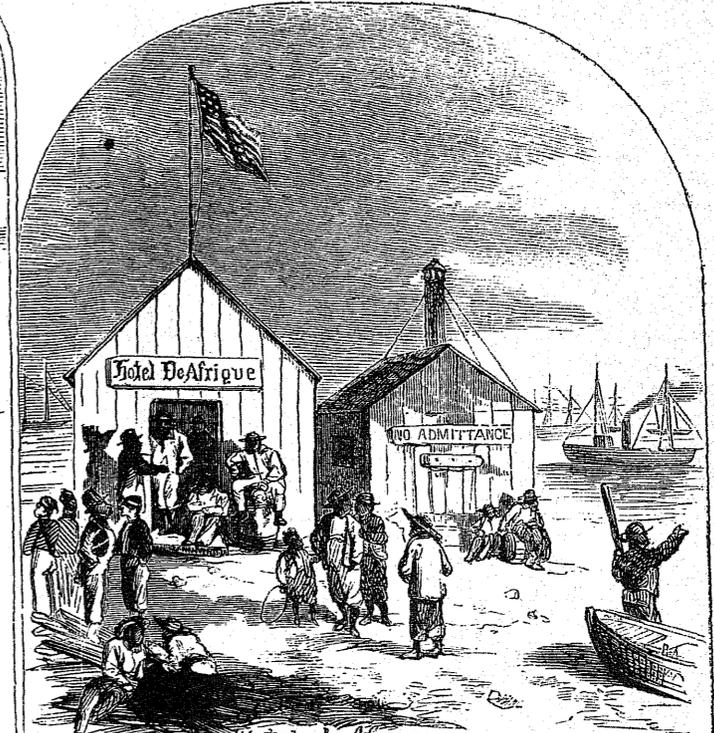
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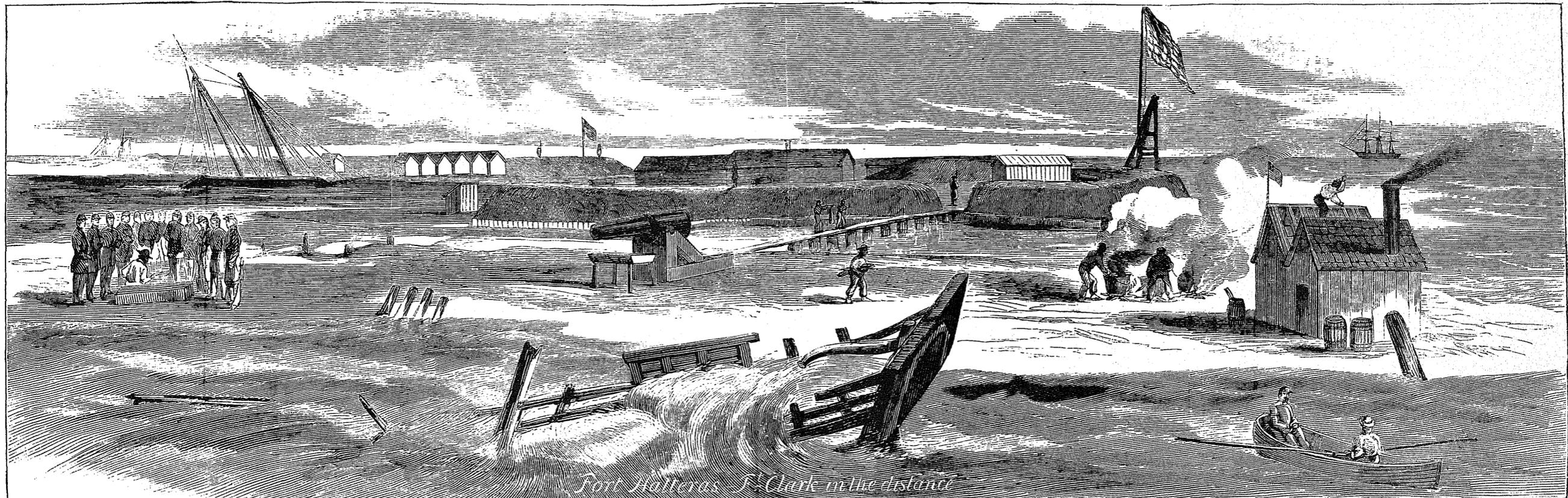
Wreck of the Louave in Hatteras Inlet



Horses of Rhode Island Artillery disembarking



Hotel de Afrique



Fort Hatteras. F. Clark in the distance

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION AT HATTERAS INLET.—SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WISER.—[SEE PAGE 111.]

They were of much the height and build of Seth Brown and his brother; but what errand could possibly have taken them to the Cape, when their father had accounted so plausibly for their absence?

A vague, formless misgiving came to chill my heart with dread. What errand could have led those two young men to my desolate dwelling on a night of revelry? I set my teeth and strode on faster. Was that lightning, that red flash through the darkness to seaward? No. After a pause came the sullen boom of a cannon. A signal of distress, no doubt, from some ship in peril. I pressed on. At last I could see the light-house, sending, as usual, its friendly beams of radiance far over the roaring sea. As usual? No, for my practiced eye soon detected a change. The red light burned alone; the green lamp was gone!

"Great Heaven!" I cried, aloud, "this is some dreadful accident, or else villains have been tampering with the lights—those young ruffians—the ship—the invitation—I see it!" With a groan I set off to run at my utmost speed, hoping to arrive in time to light the extinguished lamp before the doomed ship, whose signal I had heard, should be lured to her fate. For at a glance I had divined the heartless scheme of the wreckers. The red light burning alone would be taken for that on Cape Lookout, and the captain, utterly deceived, would seek an imaginary channel where the fatal sand-banks lay.

Before I got home, however, flash upon flash, boom after boom, told of the urgent danger which the mariners had perceived when it was too late. Each report was nearer and nearer, and the vessel must be driving fast toward the lee-shore. I hurried to the house. Juba was asleep and snoring in a corner of the kitchen, and the negress was rocking herself before the fire, crooning out some plantation ditty. Evidently the blacks knew nothing of what had been done. I ran up to the glazed chamber, where the lamps stood. Hastily I relighted that which had been extinguished, and then approached the glass and looked out. For a while I saw nothing but the flashes of the minute-guns: but presently a broad and lurid glare arose, and I could see by the light of an enormous fire of tar-barrels and wood, which had been hastily piled upon the beach, that the vessel had already grounded. She had struck bows foremost, her upper spars and rigging had gone overboard, covering her deck with a tangled mass of ruin, the waves breaking furiously over her. Hard by I could see a number of men, their swart figures clearly defined in the blood-red light, bustling up and down the sands. They had lighted the fire—the wreckers. Without pausing to consider the possible consequences to myself, I hurried down the ladder, calling on Juba to follow me; and, rushing toward the beach, hoped that I might be in time to reach a helping hand to some of the poor perishing creatures. When I drew near I heard a great shout. The vessel had parted amidships. The whole sea, crimson with fire-light, was covered all over with floating beams, bales, boxes, fragments of wreck, and struggling human forms. The latter were but few, and their cries for help were disregarded by the greedy wretches on shore, who rushed, with loud shouts, waist-deep into the sea, to secure plunder. Chests, casks, and other prizes were hurriedly grasped, and rolled or dragged above the reach of the waves, while the wreckers encouraged each other in their unhallowed task. It was a hideous scene, but I saw little of it, for my eye suddenly lighted on something like a bundle of clothes, lashed to a bench of light cane-work, which was floating in an eddy hard by. The white bundle stirred as it was swept past, and the long golden hair of a child, and the pale pretty face of a child, were clearly visible in the crimson light. In an instant I was standing in the foaming water, which reached above my waist, and I had a firm grasp on the object that had attracted my notice. The undertow nearly bore me off my feet, and I staggered, but I held the child fast, cut the cord that fastened her to the bench, and bore her in my arms to the beach. A sweet face, innocent and beautiful, the face of a seraph! She was wet and cold, but fear had not benumbed her faculties, for she clung to my shoulder with one tiny hand, while with the other she pointed to the sea, and murmured in a weak voice, "Mamma! Please help! Oh pray, pray save mamma!"

Poor child! I looked on her with pity; no doubt was in my mind that her mother had perished in the disaster. The little girl—she could not have been above seven years old—pointed eagerly to a mass of wreck that turned and twirled in the eddy as it drifted past, and begged and prayed me passionately "to help dear mamma."

The child was right: there was a human figure lashed to those spars, and the long brown hair and the streaming garments showed that the apparently lifeless form was a woman's. I laid the child lightly on the sand-bank, telling her not to be afraid, and throwing off my coat, plunged into the sea, and with great difficulty dragged the floating mass to shore. The little raft, hastily composed of a couple of studding-sail-booms and a hencoop, lashed together, had drifted far out before I reached it, and the strong current nearly sucked me out to sea as I swam back, panting and dripping wet; but I managed to drag the poor lady from the waves. She was quite insensible, her eyes were closed, and but for the very faintest action of the heart I should have thought life extinct. A pale, delicately-moulded face, with some resemblance to that of the beautiful child, though the complexion and color of the hair were very dissimilar. The little girl put her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her a hundred times.

I now began very seriously to consider how I should get the sufferer conveyed to safe shelter. To the wreckers I dared not appeal. Fortunately they had been too busy to notice what was going on at a distance of fifty paces, and if they had seen me at all they probably took me for one of the gang. But I dared not call to them for help. They wanted no living witnesses of their misdeeds,

no living claimants of the property which they were lawlessly appropriating.

As I swam back with my second prize my face had been toward the wreck, and I had distinctly seen two human heads rise above the broken water, and two eager, gasping human faces, and the outstretched hands of two half-drowned men. Both were bareheaded and drenched with salt-water, but by the momentary glimpse I caught of them I should have said that the elder was a seaman, the other, who wore a dark mustache, a gentleman. They held out their hands, and cried for aid, but none came. Only a tall man, whose face I did not see, but whose figure was like that of Japhet Brown, repulsed them with a boat-hook he carried, and pushed them back into the deep water, amidst the jeers and yells of the wretches on shore. And so they sank, murdered for the sake of gain. I felt that my own life hung on a thread. If any wrecker espied me, the villains would not hesitate at another crime. But how could I go? I could carry the child with ease, but her poor mother!

Thank God! Juba, in person! I had quite forgotten that I had ordered the young negro to follow me; I had far outstripped him, but I looked up and saw his black face. He was dreadfully alarmed at the fierce shouts and excited gestures of the wreckers, and was on the point of making off when I caught him by the collar. Between us we contrived to carry the young woman over the dreary sand-hills between us and the light-house, the child being sufficiently recovered to walk. We laid our patient on my bed, and when Aunt Polly had exhausted her first transports of astonishment, she proved an excellent nurse. Thanks to the care and zeal of the kind negress Mrs. Fairfax gradually revived. It was from her own lips that I learned her name and position in life. She was the young wife of a gentleman of good fortune in North Carolina, and nephew to the Governor of that State. But—poor thing!—I could not disguise from her

that she was a widow, though I spared her the additional pang of knowing that her husband had been one of those who had been inhumanly thrust back into the sea to perish, although I had little doubt that one of the murdered men had been Captain Fairfax, whose description tallied with that of the poor victim I had beheld.

Leaving the widow weeping over her recent loss, while she clasped her rescued child as if she feared to lose her too, I went to make preparations for leaving the island. Most fortunately I had employed my leisure in repairing a dismantled boat. True, it had no mast, but it was now water-tight, and a pair of the old oars were fit for use. Before I slept I brought the boat from the creek, and moored it to the quay ready for a start. My great fear was that, before we could escape, some of the wreckers might discover that I had been an eye-witness of their crimes, and had saved some of the passengers on board the foundered ship, which I now learned was the *Astoria*, of Boston. On this account, shortly after daybreak I caused mattresses and pillows to be placed in the boat; and Aunt Polly, Juba, and I, carried down Mrs. Fairfax, who was too much exhausted to walk. The child followed, and Aunt Polly arranged the blankets and cloaks around the invalid, while Juba was to take one oar, and I the other. The black lad was not wholly unused to a boat, having rowed on the river near Wilmington. In case of pursuit, which, however, seemed improbable, I had placed the loaded gun in the boat, had hidden one of the cutlasses under my pea-coat, and concealed the other in the sand. We were just ready to push off when I remembered that my sketches and drawings, which I was loth to leave, were still within the light-house. I ran back, put the portfolio under my arm, and was on the threshold of my late dwelling, when the figure of a tall man appeared in the door-way—Japhet Brown!

His face was swollen and coarse with drink, and his fiery eyes drooped as they met mine.

"Whither away, chap? Yew seem in a plaguy hurry;" he growled, and extended his hand.

"I am going out. I have no time for conversation."

The young villain burst out into oaths and curses.

"Conceited British hound, who be yew, to refuse to shake an honest man's hand?"

"A murderer's hand, you mean!" I cried, indignantly, though I repented the words before they were well out.

Japhet turned livid with passion. "You know too much, my gentleman. I'll stop your jaw pretty smart."

So saying, he threw himself upon me, but I was luckily armed, and I drove him out of the light-house, pursuing him, cutlass in hand, for a short distance. Then I went back to the boat. Juba and I were not first-rate rowers, the boat was heavy, and our progress was slow. Before we were half-way across the sound I descried a swift whale-boat cleaving the waters on our track. No doubt the wretch Japhet had given the alarm to his comrades, and had we been overtaken the secret would have been preserved by the sacrifice of all our lives. But a sloop passing within hail picked us up and carried us to the main land. Before nightfall we were able to place Mrs. Fairfax and her little daughter under the safe care of her husband's relations.

I have little more to tell. The gratitude of the Fairfax family pressed upon me a large pecuniary reward. This I declined, but I gladly accepted patronage which enabled me to leave for Europe two years later with—for an artist—a purse reasonably heavy. A states marshal, backed by an armed force, was dispatched to Cape Hatteras with a warrant for the apprehension of the guilty. But some delay had occurred, and the Browns fled to Texas, in which remote region, years afterward, I read of the execution, by lynch law, of Japhet and his father for robbery and murder.

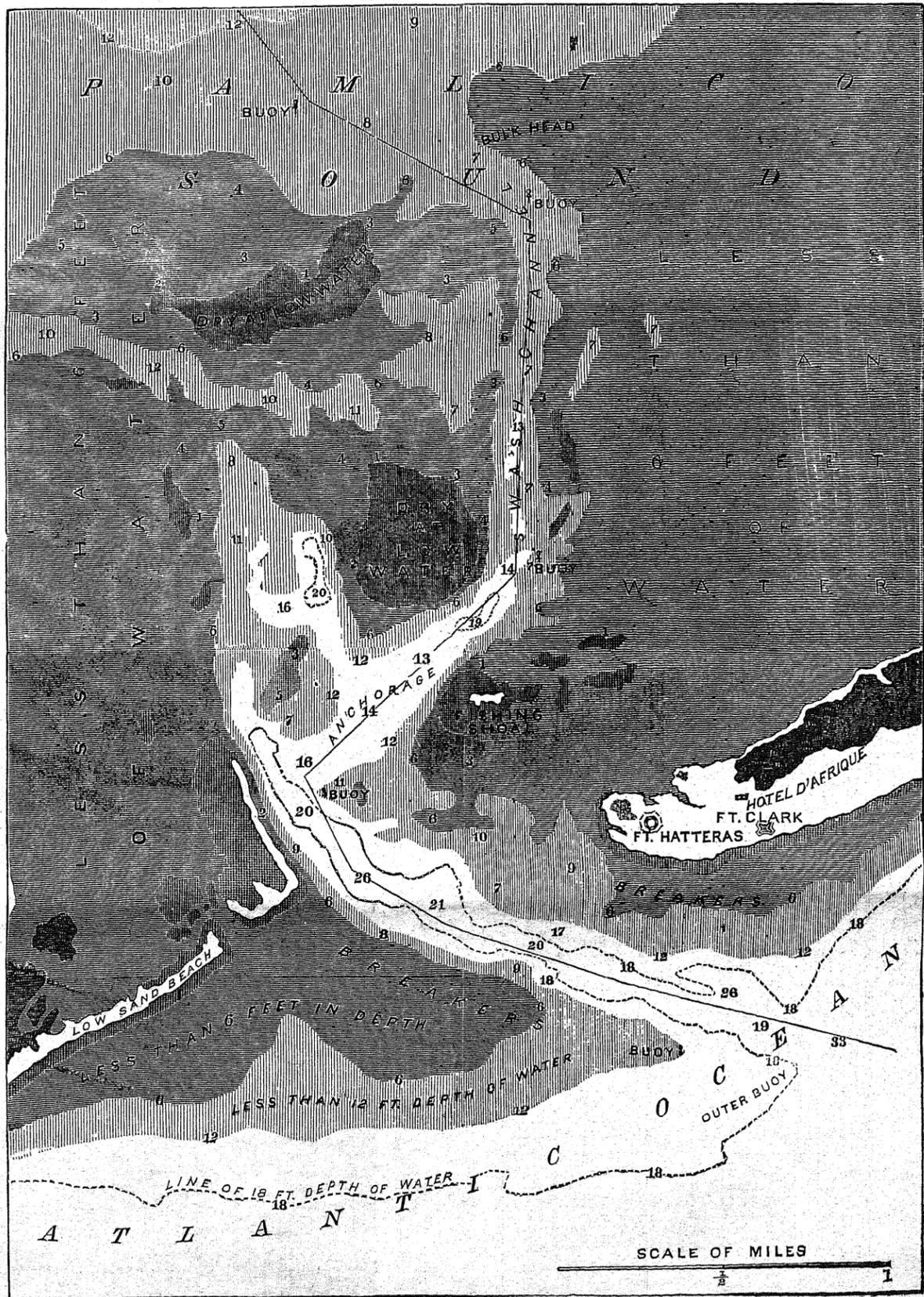
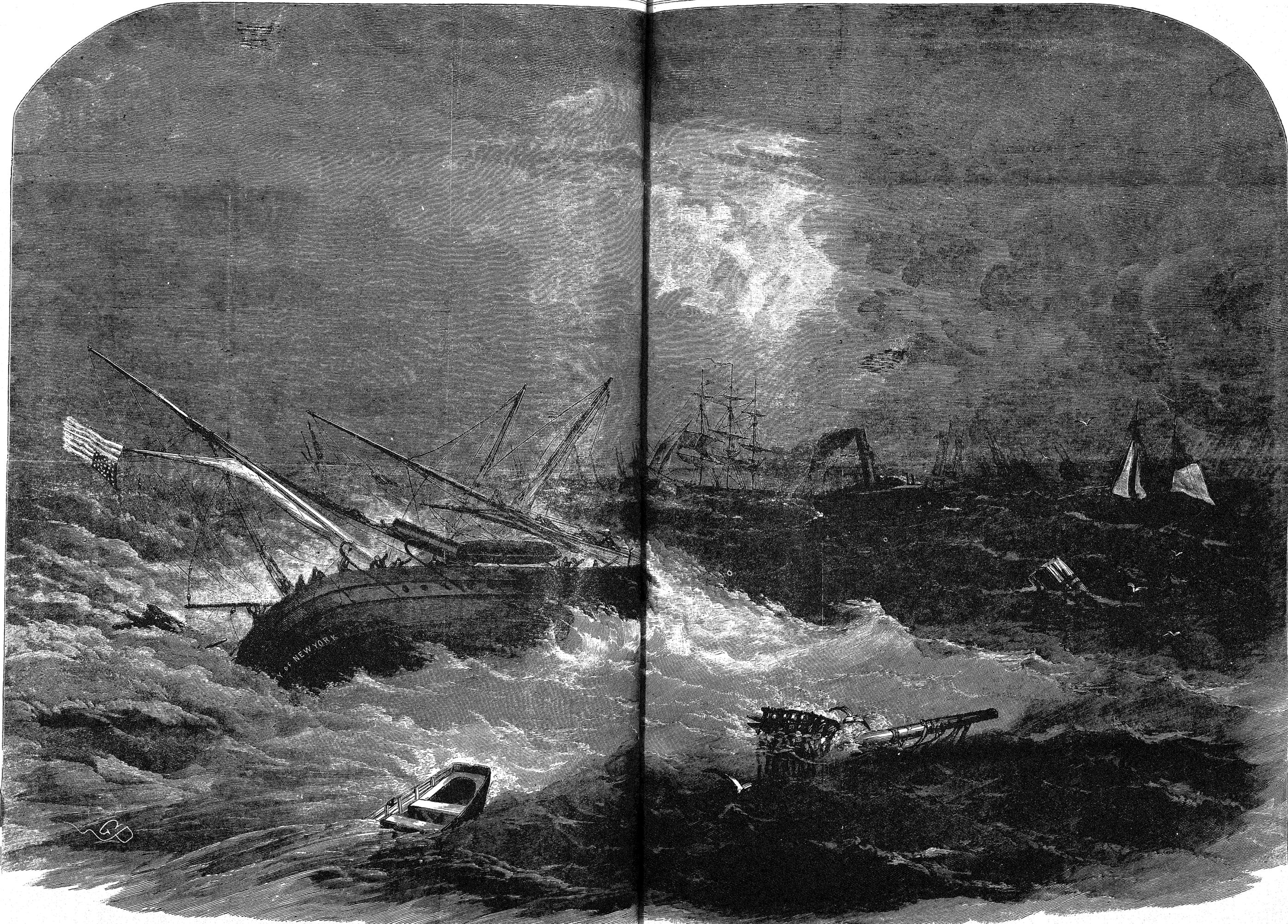


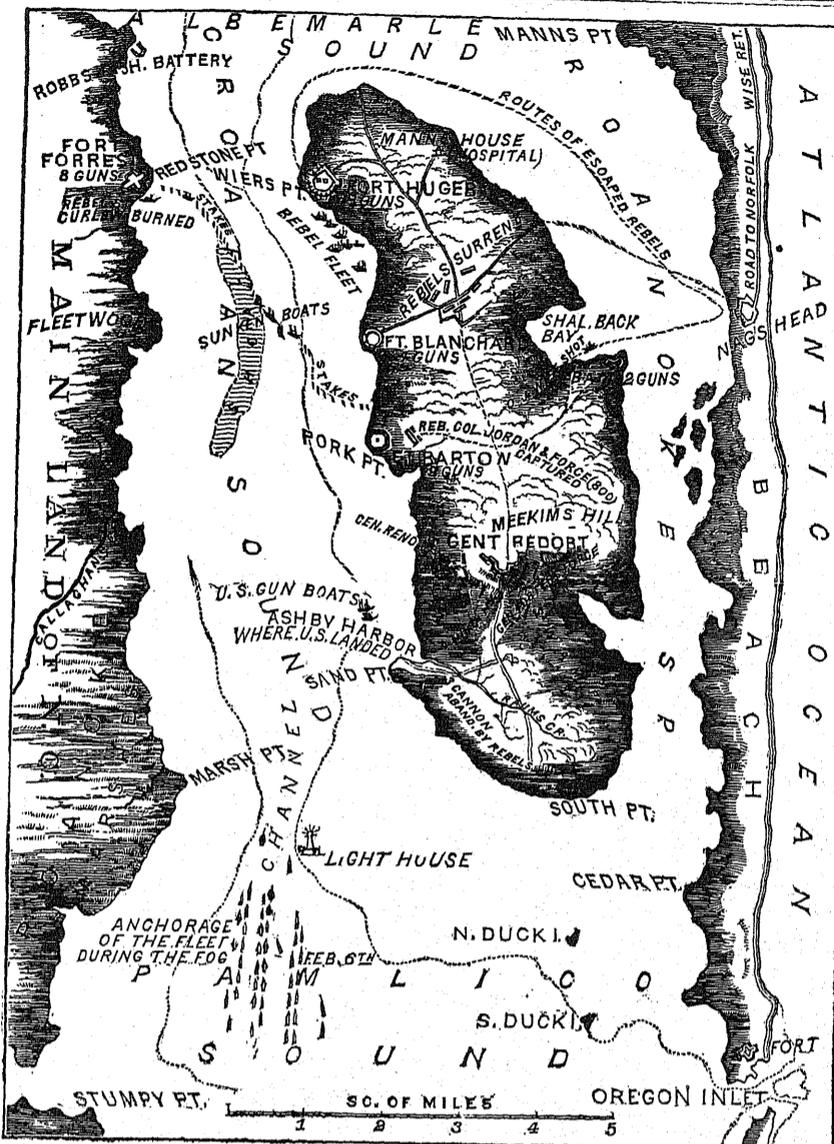
CHART OF HATTERAS INLET, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 111.]



THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF NEW YORK," OF THE POLAR EXPEDITION, OFF HATTERAS INLET.—[SEE PAGE 111.]



GENERAL MAP OF ALBEMARLE AND PAMLICO SOUNDS, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF OPERATIONS OF THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



ROANOKE ISLAND, SHOWING POSITION OF REBEL BATTERIES, ETC.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrations of the Burnside Expedition. On page 136 we give portraits of the commanders, GENERAL BURNSIDE and FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH; on the same page a picture of the DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL NAVY UNDER COMMODORE LYNCH; on page 137 an illustration of the CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES upon the rebel batteries; on page 140 a portrait of GENERAL FOSTER, who received the surrender of the rebel troops; on page 134 A CHART OF ALBEMARLE SOUND, showing the field of operations of the expedition; and on this page a MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND, showing the position of the rebel batteries.

A very neat and comprehensive report of the operations of the combined fleet and army is given in General Burnside's Report, as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, ROANOKE ISLAND, Feb. 10, 1862.

To Major-General George B. McClellan, Commanding United States Army, Washington:

GENERAL.—I have the honor to report that a combined attack upon this island was commenced on the morning of the 7th by the naval and military forces of this expedition, which has resulted in the capture of six forts, forty guns, over two thousand prisoners, and upward of three thousand small arms.

Among the prisoners are Colonel Shaw, commander of the island, and O. Jennings Wise, commander of the Wise Legion. The latter was mortally wounded, and has since died.

The whole work was finished on the afternoon of the 8th inst., after a hard day's fighting, by a brilliant charge in the centre of the island, and a rapid pursuit of the enemy to the north end of the island, resulting in the capture of the prisoners mentioned above.

We have had no time to count them, but the number is estimated at nearly three thousand.

Our men fought bravely, and have endured most manfully the hardships incident to fighting through swamps and dense thickets.

It is impossible to give the details of the engagement, or to mention meritorious officers and men in the short time allowed for writing this report, the naval vessel carrying it starting immediately for Hampton Roads, and the reports of the Brigadier-Generals having not yet been handed in. It is enough to say that the officers and men of both arms of the service have fought gallantly, and the plans agreed upon before leaving Hatteras were carried out.

I will be excused for saying in reference to the action that I owe every thing to Generals Foster, Reno, and Parks, as more full details will show.

I am sorry to report the loss of about thirty-five killed, and about two hundred wounded, ten of these probably mortally. Among the killed are Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Victor de Montell, of the D'Epeneux Zouaves. Both of them fought most gallantly. I regret exceedingly not being able to send a full report of the killed and wounded, but will send a dispatch in a day or two with full returns.

I beg leave to inclose a copy of a General Order issued by me on the 9th inst.

I am most happy to say that I have just received a message from Commander Goldsborough stating that the expedition of the gun-boats against Elizabeth City and the rebel fleet has been entirely successful. He will, of course, send his returns to his department.

Since then the fleet have occupied Edenton, Hertford, and have made explorations up the Chowan and Roanoke Rivers without meeting any enemy. In all probability the troops have already severed the railway connections at or near Weldon.

CAPTURE OF THE FORTS.

We clip the following account of the Battle at Roanoke Island from the *Tribune*:

By daybreak on 8th, General Foster had his brigade in motion to attack the rebels, followed soon after by the

brigades of Generals Reno and Parks. The advance was supported by six howitzers, commanded by Midshipmen Foster and Hammond, and manned in part from the fleet. After fording a creek, General Foster's force came up with the enemy's pickets, who fired their pieces and ran. Striking the main road, the brigade pushed on, and after marching a mile and a half came in sight of the enemy's position. To properly understand its great strength, in addition to what skillful engineering had done, the reader will bear in mind that the island, which is low and sandy, is cut up and dotted with marshes and lagoons. On the right and left of the enemy a morass, deemed impassable, stretched out nearly the entire width of the island.

The upper and lower part of the island being connected by the narrow neck on which the battery was situated, and across which lay the road, the battery of three guns had been located so as to rake every inch of the narrow causeway, which, for some distance, was the only approach to the work. General Foster immediately disposed his forces for attack, by placing the 25th Massachusetts, supported by the 28d Massachusetts, in line, and opened with musketry and cannon. The enemy replied hotly with artillery and infantry. While they were thus engaged, the 27th Massachusetts came up, and were ordered by General Foster to the left to the enemy in the woods, where the rebel sharpshooters were stationed. The 10th Connecticut was placed in support of the 25th Massachusetts.

General Reno now came up with his brigade, consisting of the 21st Massachusetts, 51st New York, 51st Pennsylvania, and 9th New Jersey, and pushing through the swamps and tangled undergrowth, took up a position on the right, with the view of turning the enemy. This was done with the greatest alacrity. Meanwhile the contest raged hotly in front, our men behaving gallantly, not wavering for a moment. The Massachusetts men vied with the men of Connecticut; those of New York and New Jersey courageously supporting their brethren of Pennsylvania. Our troops were gradually overcoming the difficulties which impeded their approach, and though fighting at great disadvantage, and suffering severely, were making a steady advance. Regulars were never more steady. General Burnside was near the place of landing, hurrying up the reserves, receiving reports, and so far as practicable, giving orders.

General Foster was in active command on the ground. His brave and collected manner, the skillfulness with which he, as well as General Reno and General Parks, manoeuvred their forces, their example in front of the line, and their conduct in any aspect, inspired the troops to stand where even older soldiers would have wavered. In this they were seconded nobly by officers of every grade. General Parks, who had come up with the 4th Rhode Island, 8th Connecticut, and 9th New York, gave timely and gallant support to the 23d and 27th Massachusetts. The ammunition of our artillery getting short, and our men having suffered severely, a charge was the only method of dislodging the enemy. At this juncture Major Kimball, of Hawkins's Zouaves (New York 9th) offered to lead the charge, and storm the battery with the bayonet. "You are the man, the 9th the regiment, and this the moment! Zouaves! storm the battery! Forward!" was General Foster's reply. They started on the run, yelling like devils, cheered by our forces on every side. Colonel Hawkins, who was leading two companies in the flank movement, joined his regiment on the way. On they went, with fixed bayonets, shouting "Zou! Zou! Zou!" into the battery, cheered more loudly than ever. The rebels, taking fright as the Zouaves started, went out when they went in, leaving pretty much every thing behind them, not even stopping to spike their guns, or take away their dead and wounded that had not been removed.

General Foster immediately reformed his brigade, while General Reno, with the 21st Massachusetts and 9th New York, went in pursuit. Following in quick time, General Foster overtook General Reno, who had halted to make a movement to cut off the retreat of a body of rebels, numbering between 800 and 1000 on the left, near Wier's Point, and not far from the upper battery. Taking a part of his force, General Reno pushed on in that direction. It being understood that there was a two-gun battery near Shellbag Bay, Colonel Hawkins, with his Zouaves, was dispatched in that direction.

General Foster pushed on at double-quick with the 24th Massachusetts, followed by an adequate force, in the tracks of the rebels, who, panic-stricken, were fleeing at the top of their speed, throwing away as they went guns, equipments, every thing, so that the road for miles was strewn with whatever the fugitives could dismember themselves of. Thus was the pursuit kept up for five or six miles, when General Foster, as he was close on the heels of the enemy, was met by a flag of truce borne by Colonel Pool of the 5th North Carolina, with a message from Colonel

Shaw of the North Carolina forces, and now senior in command, asking what terms of capitulation would be granted. General Foster's answer was, "Unconditional surrender." Colonel Pool wanted to know how much time would be granted. "No longer than will enable you to report to your senior." Colonel Pool retired, and, after waiting for what he supposed was sufficient length of time without a reply, General Foster commenced closing on the enemy, when Major Stevenson of the 24th Massachusetts, who had gone with Colonel Pool to receive Colonel Shaw's answer, appeared with a message that General Foster's terms were accepted.

DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL FLEET.

The destruction of the rebel fleet by Commander Rowan is thus described by the same correspondent:

We came in sight of Elizabeth City about eight o'clock, and as we approached we discovered the enemy's steamers—seven in number—in line of battle, in front of the city, ready to receive us. A fort was also discovered on a point which projected out some considerable distance—one-fourth of a mile, perhaps—in front of the rebel line of steamers; and directly opposite of this fort was a schooner, anchored, on which were two heavy rifle guns, the distance between the fort and this schooner being about half a mile. Four large guns were mounted on the fort, and it was thought by the rebels that no fleet of ours could pass this narrow channel; consequently they considered themselves safe, with the assistance of their navy, drawn up between the city and fort.

At the sight of the enemy every thing was in readiness for battle. To describe the wild delight of our brave blue-jackets when they first discovered the enemy is more than the pen can do.

The charge was short and desperate, and, without any exception, is one of the most brilliant ever made by the American Navy. All eyes were on the Commander, Rowan, to see what the first order would be, as we were rapidly approaching the foe.

In due time he ran up the signal to engage the enemy in close action, hand to hand. We were then about two miles from the enemy. This was a signal for a test of speed as well as a signal for a deadly encounter with a desperate foe, whose all was staked upon this final engagement. For a distance of two miles it was a race between our steamers in their eagerness to outstrip each other, and to be first to meet the enemy of the Republic face to face.

The river began to narrow as we approached the city. The point where the fort was situated necessarily brought our steamers nearer together, making them sure marks for the enemy's guns; indeed, it would be a miracle if a shot from one of the enemy's guns did not strike some one of our steamers. Under the circumstances, most any other commander would have thought it advisable to first attack the fort and silence the guns on both sides of that narrow point, and then attack the rebel steamers; but not so with the brave and intrepid Rowan, whose motto is to charge bayonets on the enemy whenever and wherever he may be found. In action the position of the commander's ship is in the centre of the squadron. The *Delaware*, Captain Rowan's flag-ship, was at the head of the advancing column, and led the van. No attention was paid to the fort or armed schooner, as they dashed by them through a perfect torrent of shells and grape, boarded the rebel steamers, and engaged them at the point of the bayonet, as the panic-stricken rebels leaped into the water in every direction. Many were killed by the bayonet and revolver in this hand-to-hand fight, and sank below the water. Their real loss will doubtless never be known to us; the slaughter, however, was fearful, and the struggle short and desperate—not more than fifteen minutes in duration.

The fort and armed schooner were deserted quite as soon as were the rebel steamers, for it was made quite as hot work for those behind the guns as it was for their confederates on the gun-boats. Our loss was two killed and about a dozen wounded—all seamen. The death-struggle was brief. In less time than it would take to write a telegraphic dispatch the victory was ours.

The *Commodore Perry* was in the advance, and made for the rebel steamer *Sea-Bird*, the flag-ship of the rebel navy, on which was Commodore Lynch, and ran her down, cutting her through. The *Ceres* ran straight into the rebel steamer *Ellis*, and ran her down in like manner, boarding her at the same time. The *Underwriter* took the *Forrest* in the same style; while the *Delaware* took the *Henry* in fine shape, she having received ten shots from our squadron, which made daylight through her in as many places. The *Morse*, *Shawmut*, *Blinker*, and *Seymour* also overtook themselves with glory. Every officer and man in our entire squadron behaved like a hero, one as brave as the other, all through this desperate charge. The terrified rebels, as they forsook their gun-boats, fired them, and thus all but the *Ellis* were burned, including a new one on the stocks. Four were burned, one captured, and two made their escape—the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort*. They are in the canal which leads to Norfolk, but are not able to go through, on account of the locks having been destroyed; consequently they will be captured before this reaches you, as they can go only some few miles toward Norfolk.

ACTING MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE.

The Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, Brigadier-General Ambrose Everett Burnside, was born at Liberty, in Union County, Indiana, on the 23d of May, 1824, and is consequently now in his thirty-eighth year. In 1842 he entered the West Point Military Academy, and graduated in 1847, with the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Second United States Artillery. In September of the same year he was transferred to the Third Artillery, and was attached to the rebel General (then Captain) Bragg's company, with which he marched in the Division of General Patterson to the city of Mexico, and there remained until the close of hostilities. With this company he also was engaged for three or four years in the Indian border wars of New Mexico, distinguishing himself in an encounter with the Apache tribe in August, 1849, near Los Vegas, where he completely routed them, killing eighteen and taking nine prisoners, besides capturing a number of horses. For his gallantry on this occasion he was brought to the notice of the President and Congress, and in December, 1851, was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. In the commission appointed to settle the boundary lines between the United States and Mexico after the war between the two countries, General Burnside served as Quarter-master; and in 1851, in the capacity of bearer of dispatches from Colonel Graham to President Fillmore, he traversed a distance of twelve hundred miles across the Plains, from the Gila River through the Indian country, attended by an escort of but three men, in seventeen days. Subsequent to this he was stationed at Fort Adams, in Newport harbor, and retired from service in October, 1858. In the interval to the outbreak of the present troubles he occupied himself in the civil walks of life. Shortly after his retirement from the army he turned his attention to the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle—well known as the "Burnside rifle"—invented by himself, and possessed of peculiar and superior merit. During the Administration of Buchanan it was submitted to Secretary of War Floyd, who gave assurances that it would be adopted. It transpired subsequently, however, that Floyd had made a bargain with another inventor, with whom he was to share the profits, and General Burnside, who had incurred considerable expense in bringing his weapon to perfection on the strength of Floyd's promises, was consequently involved in some pecuniary difficulties, from which an upright and honorable character and persevering industry have since entirely relieved him. He sold the establishment in Bristol, where his rifle was manufactured, to his brother-in-law, who has since carried it on, and furnished a considerable quantity of the arms to the Government. He was, subsequent to this transaction, connected with the Illinois Central Railroad, in company with General McClellan. While in Rhode Island he became acquainted with and married a charming and most estimable lady of Providence, named Miss Bishop, with whom he removed to Chicago when appointed to the position in the railroad company. Having been elected treasurer of the company, he removed to New York, which he had been but a short time when summoned by Governor Seward to take command of the First Rhode Island Volunteers, with which he took part in the Battle of Bull Run, acting during the engagement as Brigadier-General of the Second

Brigade of the Second Division. It may be interesting to mention in this connection that the First Company of his regiment was armed with the "Burnside rifle"—a weapon that did good execution in the battle in avenging the wrongs of the inventor upon the co-rebels of the traitor Floyd. Colonel Burnside's skillful generalship on this occasion brought him to the immediate notice of the authorities at Washington, and on 6th of August last he was promoted to a full Brigadier-General. Personally, General Burnside is a man of fine appearance, with a lofty forehead, expressive of deep penetration. His manners are very winning and pleasing, while at the same time his features denote a firmness and decisiveness of character eminently appropriate to the important position which he occupies. He is, withal, a strict disciplinarian, a most implacable enemy to military irregularity, and yet a most popular man with every one.

FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH.

Flag-Officer Louis M. Goldsborough, commander of the naval part of the Burnside expedition, was born in the District of Columbia. He is a citizen of the State of Maryland, but received his appointment in the United States Navy from the District of Columbia.

His first entrance into the navy bears date June 13, 1812. He has consequently been nearly fifty years in the United States service, or eighteen of which he has passed at sea in the various grades of the naval service. Among others, he commanded the *Marion*, 38 guns, in 1842, at the time she was attached to the squadron of Commodore Ridgely and Morris at Brazil. In 1847 he commanded the *Ohio*, 74 guns, and afterward commanded the *Cumberland*, 44 guns, and the *Levant*, 18 guns, at the time those vessels were attached to the squadron of Commodore Silas H. Stringham in the Mediterranean. The *Cumberland* was the flag-ship while under his command. His time of service on shore is about twelve years, and he has been off active duty about eighteen years.

The date of his present commission is September 14, 1855. He lately commanded the United States frigate *Congress*, from which position he was appointed to command one half of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron, superseding Commodore Stringham, who was formerly in command. His flag-ship was the *Minnesota*, and his station for some time was Fortress Monroe. Although the late act relative to officers in the navy places him nominally on the retired list, having been over forty-five years in the service of his country, yet Commodore Goldsborough, like many other old officers in the navy, is a man of too much experience and energy to be allowed to retire upon his laurels, as his brilliant performance at Roanoke Island abundantly testifies.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FOSTER.

Brigadier-General John G. Foster, commanding the First Brigade, who received the surrender of the rebel troops at Roanoke Island, was born in New Hampshire in 1824, graduated at West Point in 1846, standing number four in his class, and was breveted Second Lieutenant of Engineers in the company of which the rebel General Gustavus W. Smith was then Captain and General McClellan First Lieutenant. On the 20th of August, 1847, he was breveted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. He was with the storming party engaged at El Molino del Rey, in which engagement he was severely wounded, and for his gallant and meritorious conduct while in this battle he was breveted Captain, his commission bearing date September 8, 1847. He was Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy during 1854, and in April of that year was made a full First Lieutenant of Engineers. On the 1st of July, 1860, he was made a full Captain, at the same time holding a brevet higher rank. He was also one of the brave few who so long and so gallantly defended Fort Sumter against the rebel soldiery of South Carolina. Since his return from that fort he has been actively engaged in the superintendence of the fortifications at Sandy Hook, and has there shown forth some of his engineering qualifications. In consideration of his military capacity and experience, he was created by the President a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

We devote page 133 to illustrations of FORT HENRY, whose capture by our gallant Navy, under Flag-officer FOOTE, we recorded in our last number. Our pictures are from sketches by our attentive Western correspondent Mr. ALEXANDER SCHEPLOT. We refer to last number for a full account of the affair, and subjoin the following references to the letters on the Mar of the Fort:

- A—32-pounder barbette guns..... 19
- B—24-pounder barbette rifled gun... 1 (bursting gun)
- C—10-inch Columbiad..... 1
- D—24-pounder siege-gun..... 1
- E—12-pounder siege-guns..... 2
- F—Flag-staff..... 1
- H—Drawbridge..... 1
- K—Well..... 1
- M—Magazine..... 1
- O—Ordnance stores..... 1
- Q—Quarters..... 1
- P—Adjutant's quarters..... 1
- R—Officers' quarters..... 1

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST SAVANNAH.

We devote page 132 to illustrations of the movements of our EXPEDITION AGAINST SAVANNAH, from sketches by our artist, Mr. Davis. He writes: THE ENTRANCE OF OUR GUN-BOATS INTO THE SAVANNAH RIVER, ABOVE FORT PULASKI.

On several occasions previous to starting this expedition Captain John Rogers, of the navy, in company with Captain Donohoe and Lieutenant Wilson, of the army, made frequent trips for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of water and facilities for entering the Savannah River above Fort Pulaski. These officers had need to use all caution, and in the dark, foggy nights had some escapes that were exceedingly narrow.

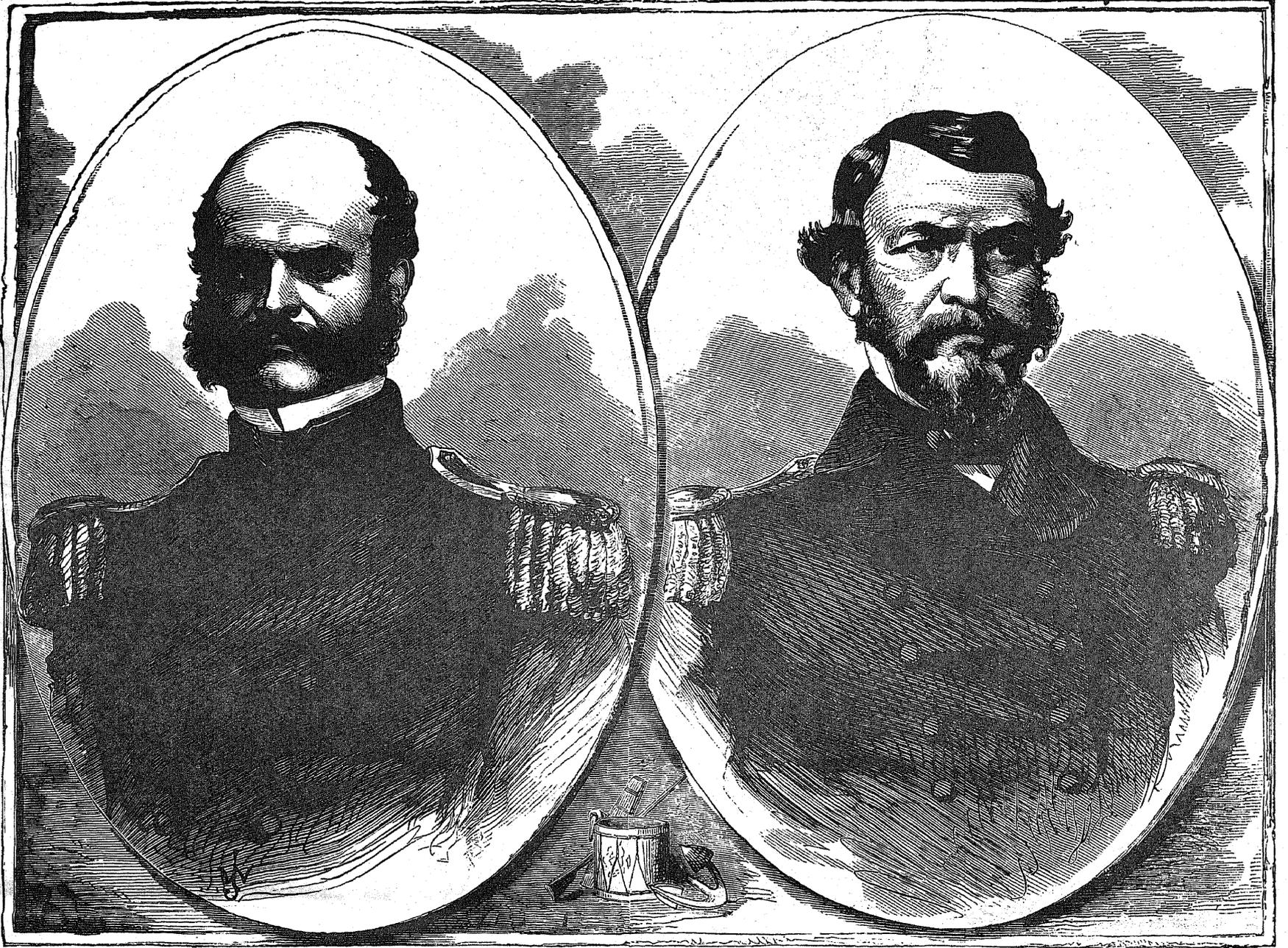
This preface to the expedition being successfully accomplished, General Sherman made, with the swiftly-rowed gig of the *McClellan*, under the cover of the guns of the *Pembina*, *Unadilla*, and others, a reconnaissance to ascertain the exact position of affairs. While so engaged the gun-boats of Tammall's fleet came down, and the rebel cannonade was commenced between our boats and those of Savannah—in which Scotch could not see the point, and ran away. The low stage of the tide prevented our boats, not yet in the Savannah, from pursuing.

The steamer *Winfield Scott*, in conveying the 48th New York Regiment, Colonel Perry, to the scene of action, ran on a mud flat, and upon the receding of the tide cracked entirely open, rendering her, with the exception of her machinery, a total loss. She was at best a mere shell, and it is perhaps fortunate that she was lost in a creek.

THE EXPEDITION TO WARSAW SOUND.

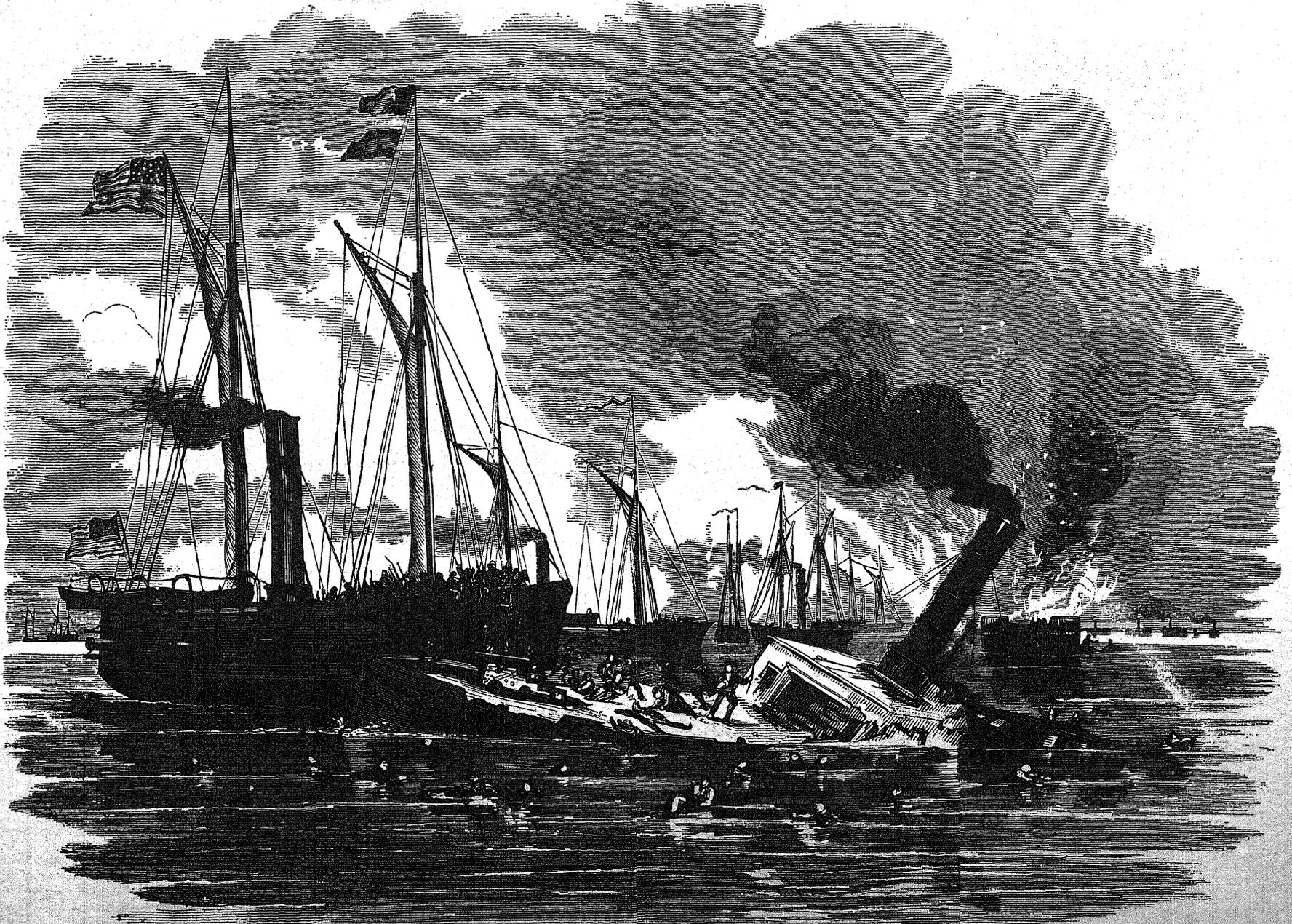
The large steamers *Cosmopolitan*, *Boston*, *Delaware*, and *Delaware*, with a number of schooners in tow, went down to Warsaw in company with several gun-boats for the purpose of entering the Savannah River by the way of the Wilmington River, and in this way avoid any danger from Fort Pulaski, the steamer *McClellan*, with General Sherman and Commodore Dupont on board, following shortly after. The *McClellan*, being used as the flag-ship, returned shortly after to Hilton Head.

We have information from Fortress Monroe that severe fighting has been going on near Savannah, and that the city was reported to have been captured by the Union troops, most probably those of General Wright and Captain Davis, who entered the Savannah River by Warsaw Sound.

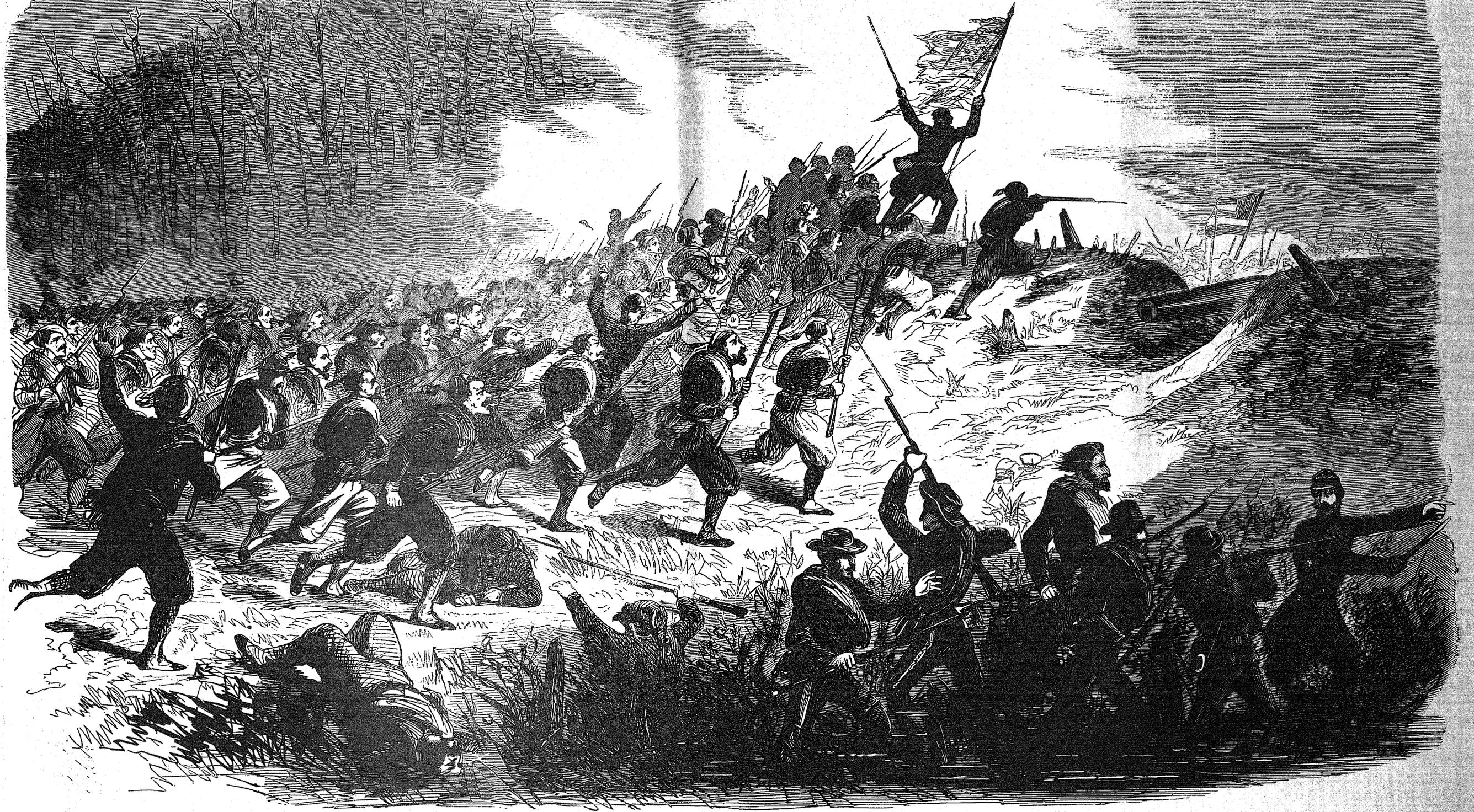


BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 135.]

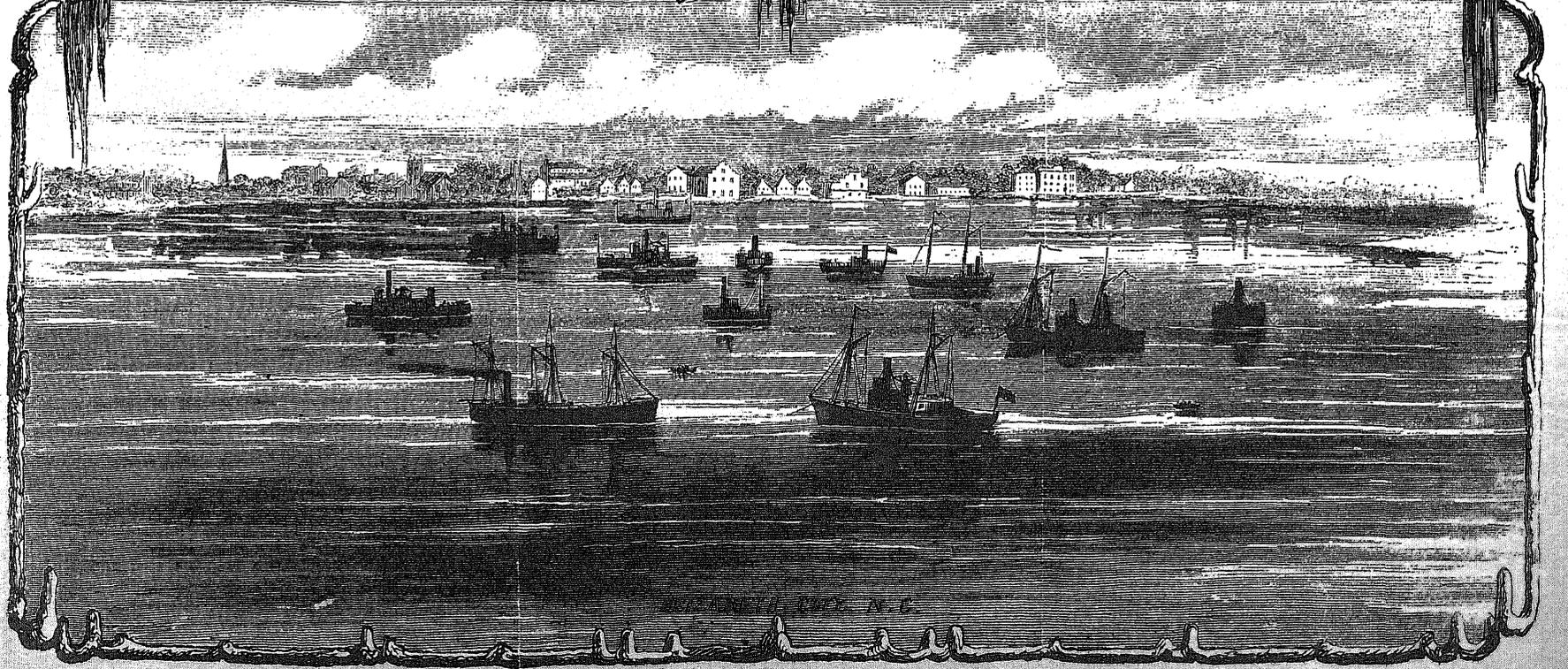
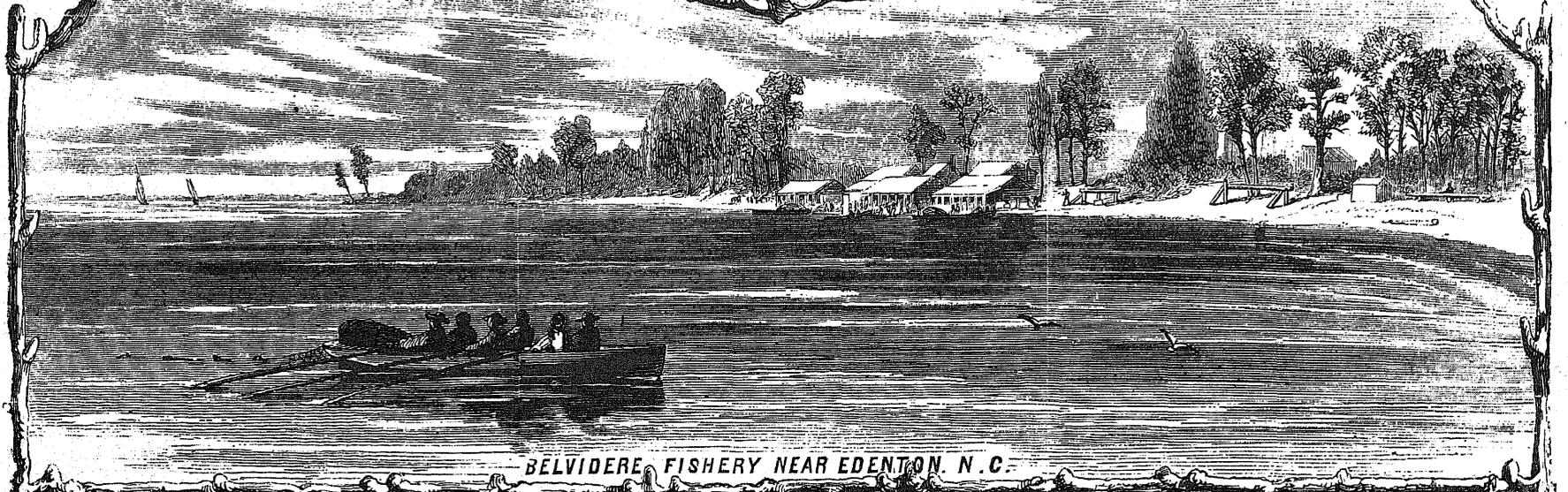
FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



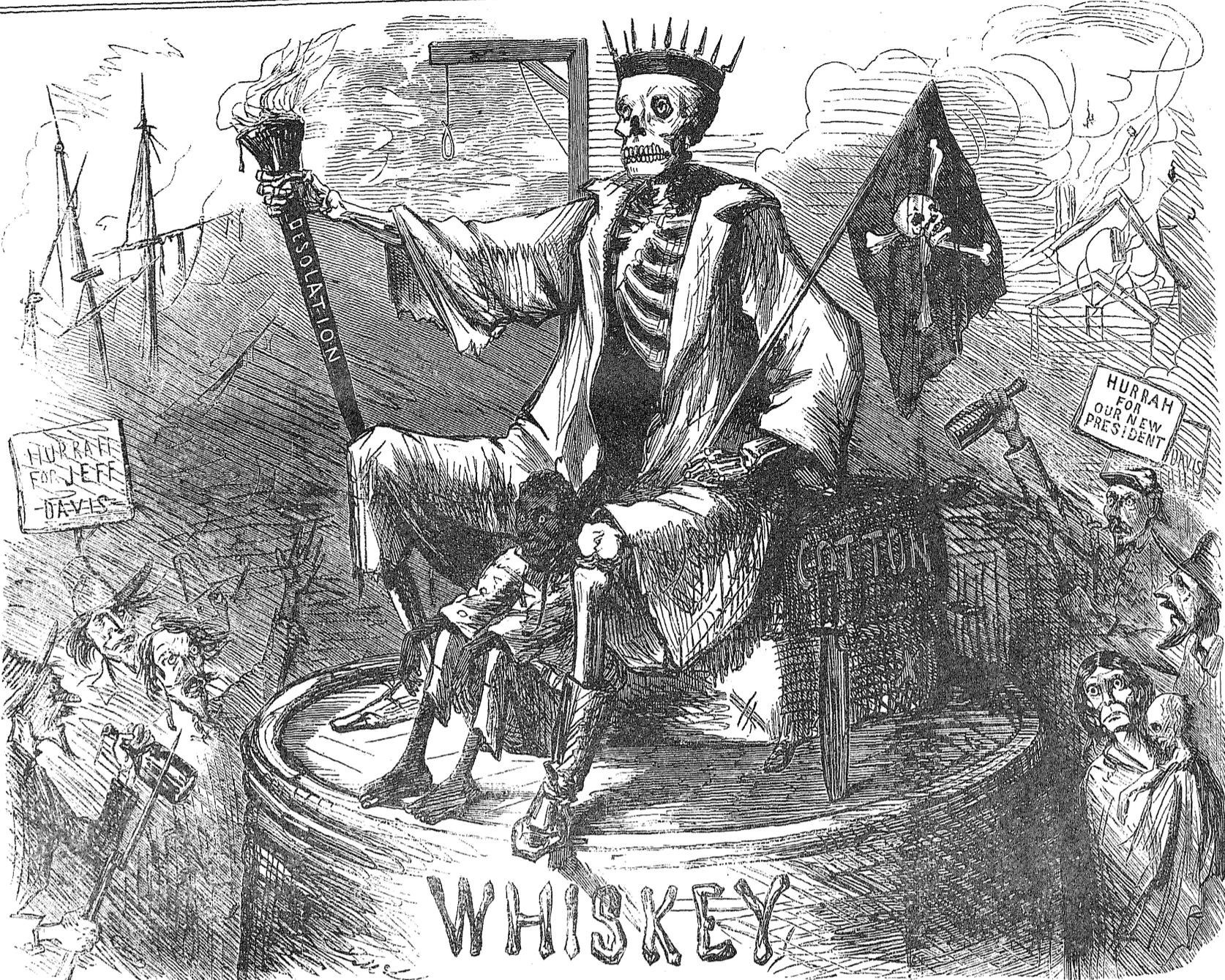
DESTRUCTION OF COMMODORE LYNCH'S FLEET BY THE UNION GUN-BOATS.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



GALLANT CHARGE OF HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES UPON THE REBEL BATTERIES ON ROANOKE ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 135.]



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—SKETCHED BY MR. A. WISER AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 171.]



THE INAUGURATION AT RICHMOND.

"Fellow Citizens! On this the Birthday of the Man most identified with the Establishment of American Independence, and beneath the Monument erected, &c., &c., &c., we have assembled to usher into existence the permanent Government of the Confederate States."—(JEFF DAVIS'S Inaugural Address at Richmond.)

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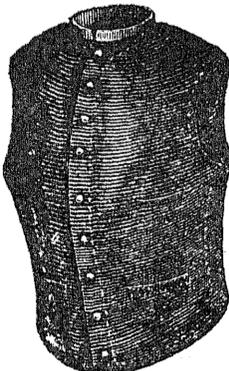
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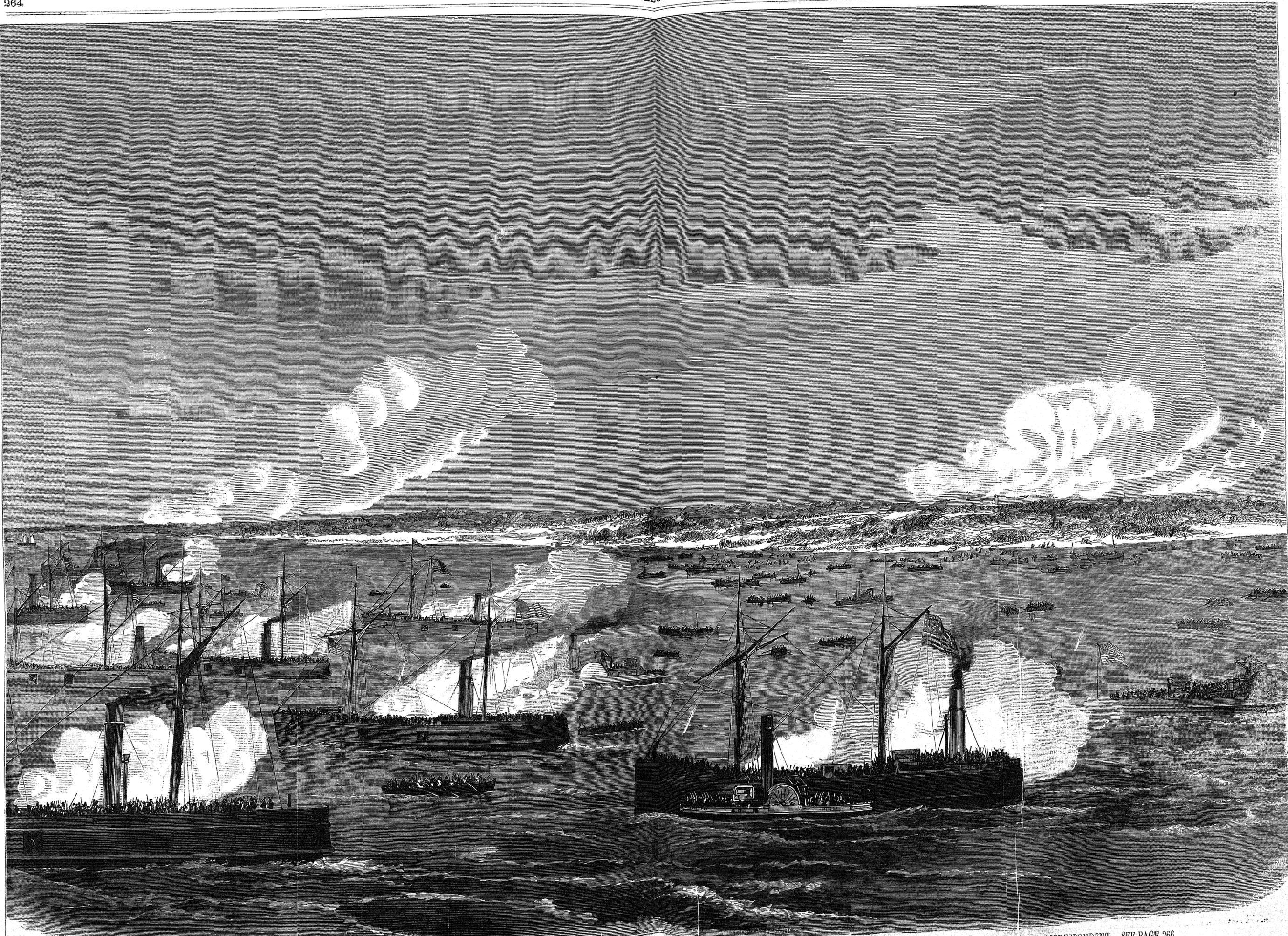
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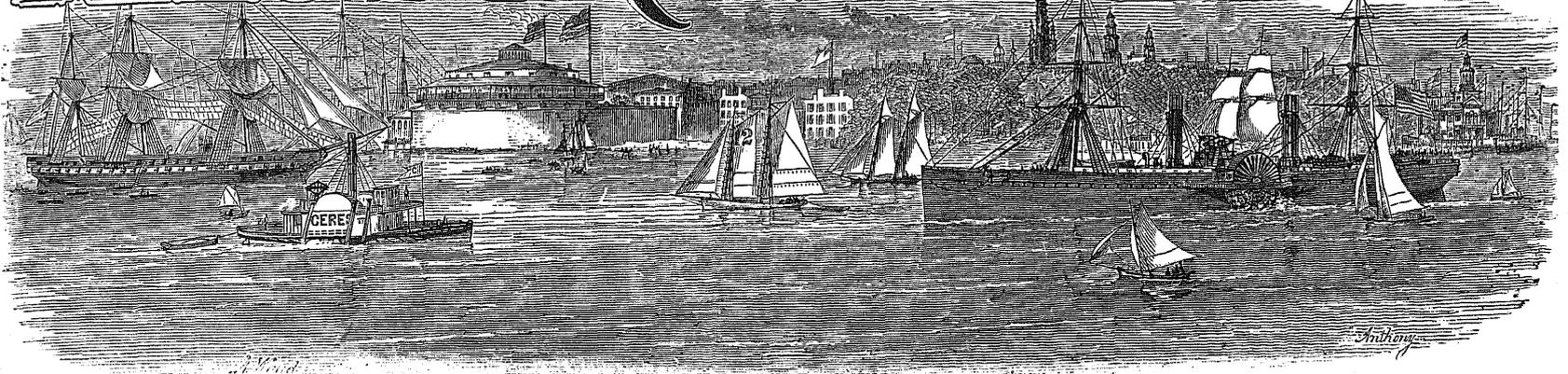
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THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.—ATTACK ON ROANOKE ISLAND BY COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH'S GUNBOATS, AND LANDING OF TROOPS UNDER COMMAND OF GENERALS FOSTER, RENO AND PARKS. FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT, SEE PAGE 266.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



No. 123.—VOL. V.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

At the time our last number went to press, the inauguration of Jeff Davis, as President of the Southern Confederacy, had taken place, but had not been reported in this city. His address has since been received. It is an evidence that the South relies; rather, upon the exhaustion of our federal government, "by the immense load of debt," than on the military power of rebeldom. But although as a rebel document it is moderate in its tone, it is false in its assertions. Mr. Davis says, "Our Confederacy has grown from six to thirteen States." Yet with this untruth upon his lips, he knew that Price was driven out of Missouri, that the Confederacy has not a firm hold on a foot of ground in Kentucky, that Tennessee is in danger, that North Carolina is held by a thread, that South Carolina and Georgia are invaded, that our gunboats have been up the Tennessee to Florence in Alabama, and that Charleston,

Savannah and New Orleans are threatened by our advancing and victorious armies. Mr. Davis alludes angrily and with a vexed and troubled spirit to the "acquiescence of foreign nations in a pretended blockade," but he says, "although the contest is not ended, and the tide for the moment is against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful." With a little self-glorification he continues:

"For proof of the sincerity of our purpose to maintain our ancient institutions we may point to the constitution of the confederacy and the laws enacted under it, as well as to the fact that through all the necessities of an unequal struggle there has been no act on our part to impair personal liberty or the freedom of speech, of thought or of the press. The courts have been open, the judicial functions fully executed, and every right of the peaceful citizen maintained as securely as if a war of invasion had not disturbed the land."

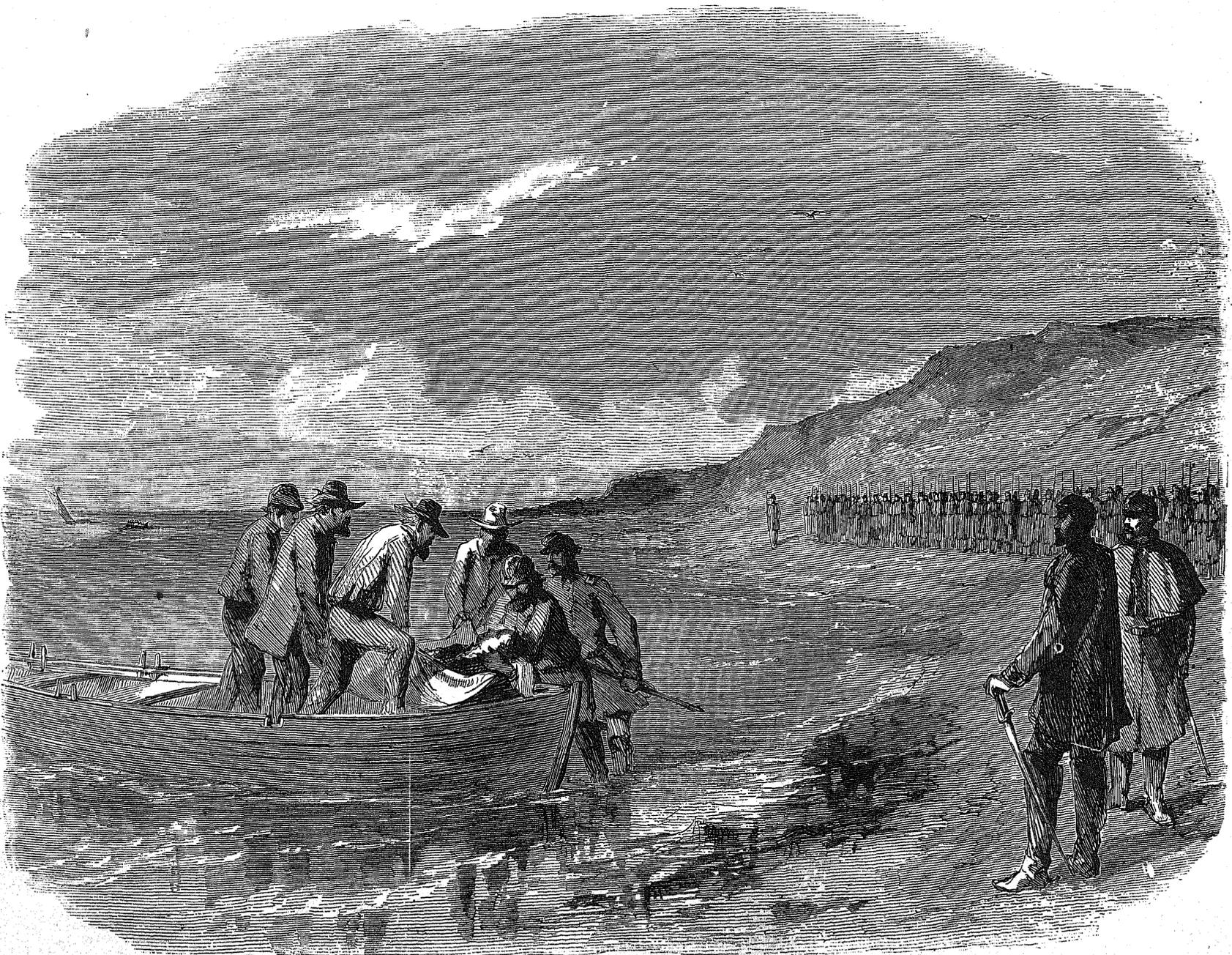
He draws a contrast with the state of our affairs in the North, and he asserts:

"Whatever of hope some may have entertained that a returning sense of justice would remove the danger with which our rights were threatened, and render it possible to preserve the Union of the Constitution, must have been dispelled by the malignity and barbarity of the Northern States in the prosecution of the existing war. The confidence of the most hopeful among us must have been destroyed by the disregard they have recently exhibited for all the time-honored bulwarks of civil and religious liberties. Bastiles filled with prisoners, arrested without civil process or indictment duly found; the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended by executive mandate; a State Legislature controlled by the imprisonment of members whose avowed principles suggested to the federal executive that there might be another added to the list of seceded States; elections held under threats of a military power; civil officers, peaceful citizens and gentle women incarcerated for opinion's sake, proclaimed the incapacity of our late associates to administer a government as free, liberal and humane as that established for our common use."

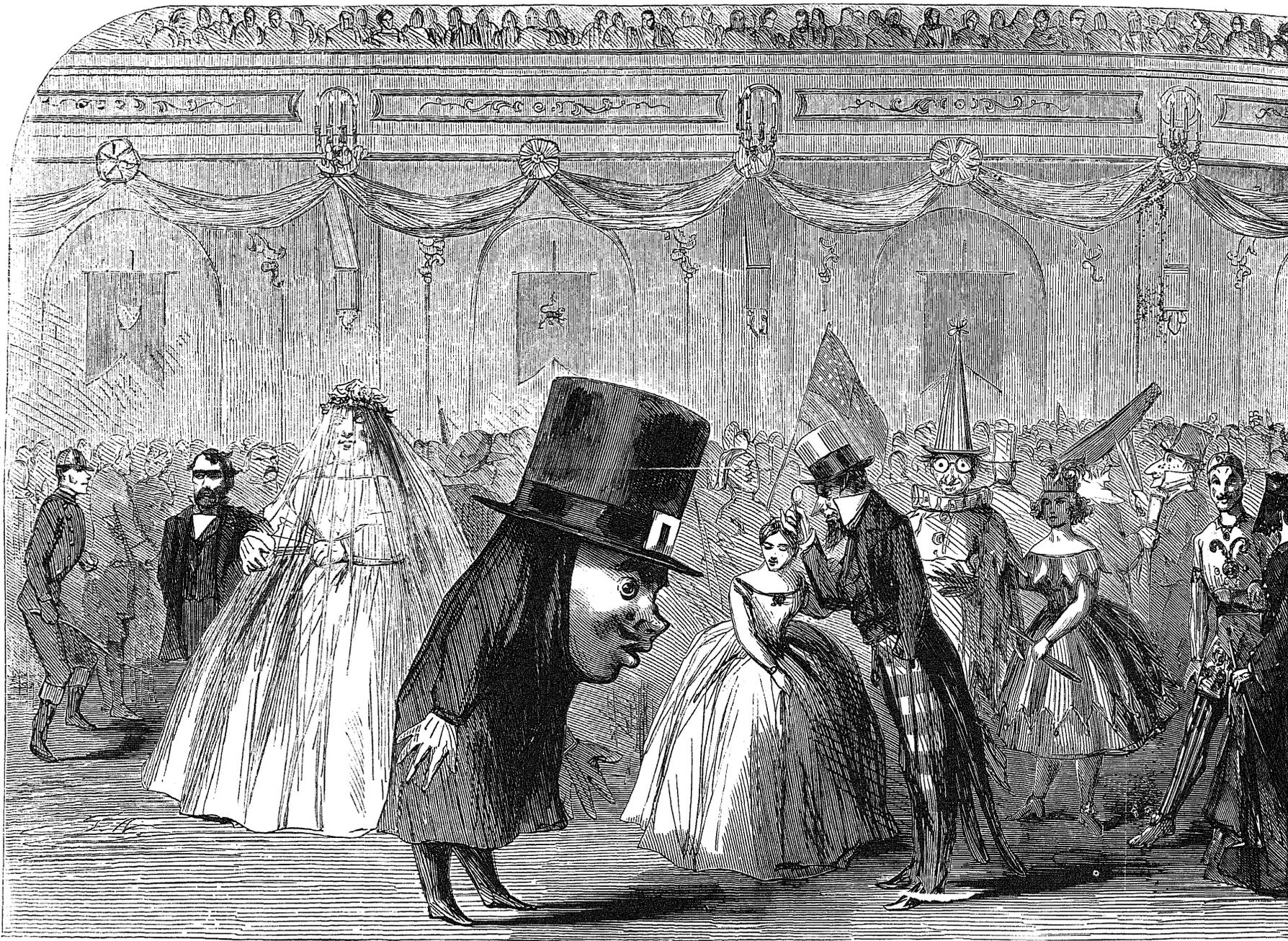
Mr. Davis was aware of the defeat and capture of his army in Kentucky, and thus alludes to it:

"The tyranny of an unbridled majority, the most odious and least responsible form of despotism, has denied us both the right and the remedy. Therefore we are in arms to renew such sacrifices as our fathers made to the holy cause of constitutional liberty. At the darkest hour of our struggle the provisional gives place to the permanent government. After a series of successes and victories, which covered our arms with glory, we have recently met with serious disasters. But in the heart of a people resolved to be free, these disasters tend but to stimulate to increased resistance."

As it is probable that the successful advance of our armies will continue, and as we are assured that in a few weeks the national standard will wave in every city of the revolted States, the inaugural address of Mr. Davis is not of much political importance. It must, however, be remarkable in the history of the country, and whatever may be the fate of Jeff Davis, the mere assumption of power for six years as the elected President of thirteen States, is an event that astonishes by its audacity, and dazzles by its mere ephemeral success. Mr. Davis acknowledges that the rebels have attempted more than they have power to achieve.



DEATH OF O. JENNINGS WISE.—BRINGING HIM ASHORE IN A BLANKET AFTER THE BATTLE AT ROANOKE ISLAND. SKETCHED BY MR. J. BENTLEY. See page 298.



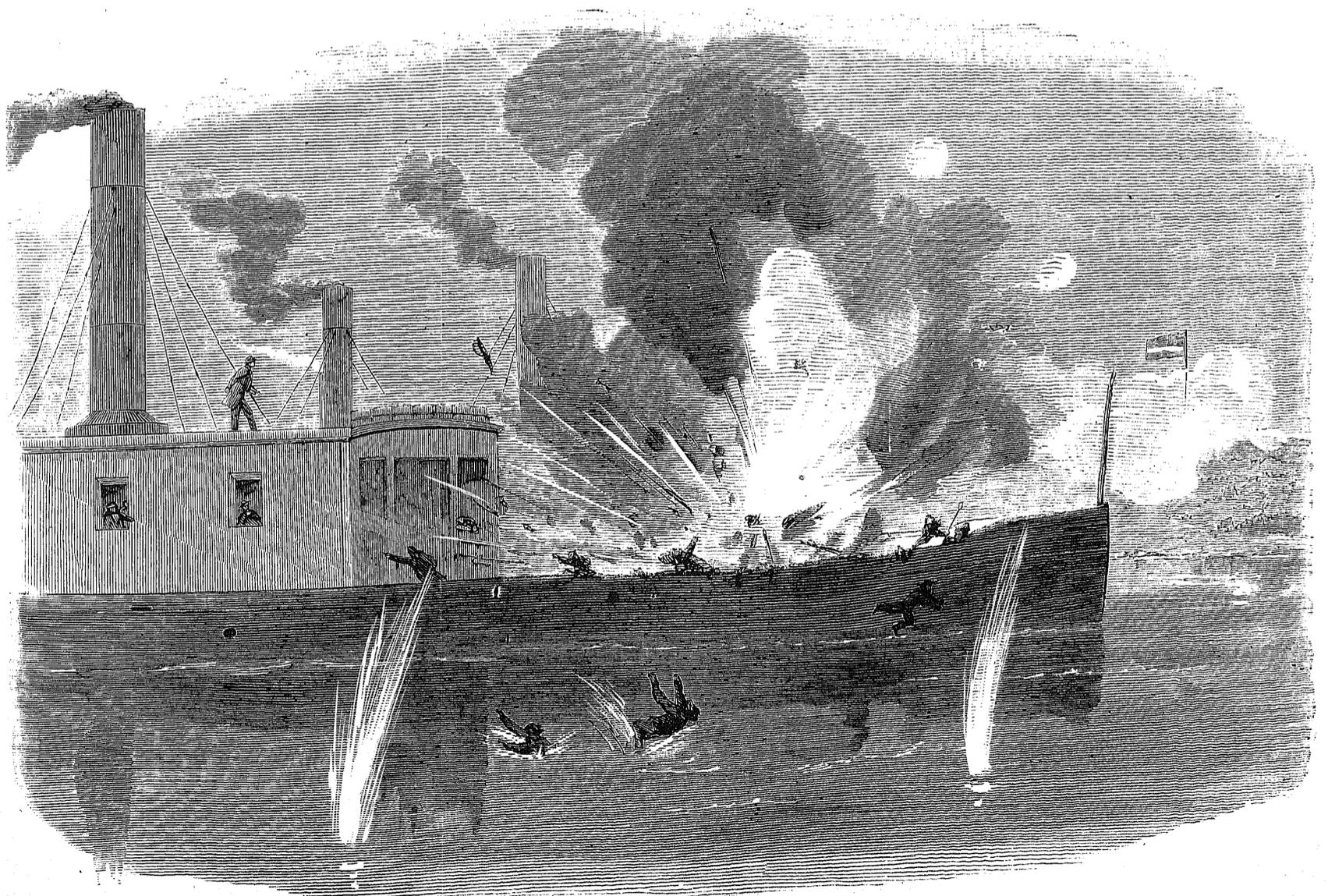
GRAND FANCY DRESS AND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY, GIVEN ON FRIDAY



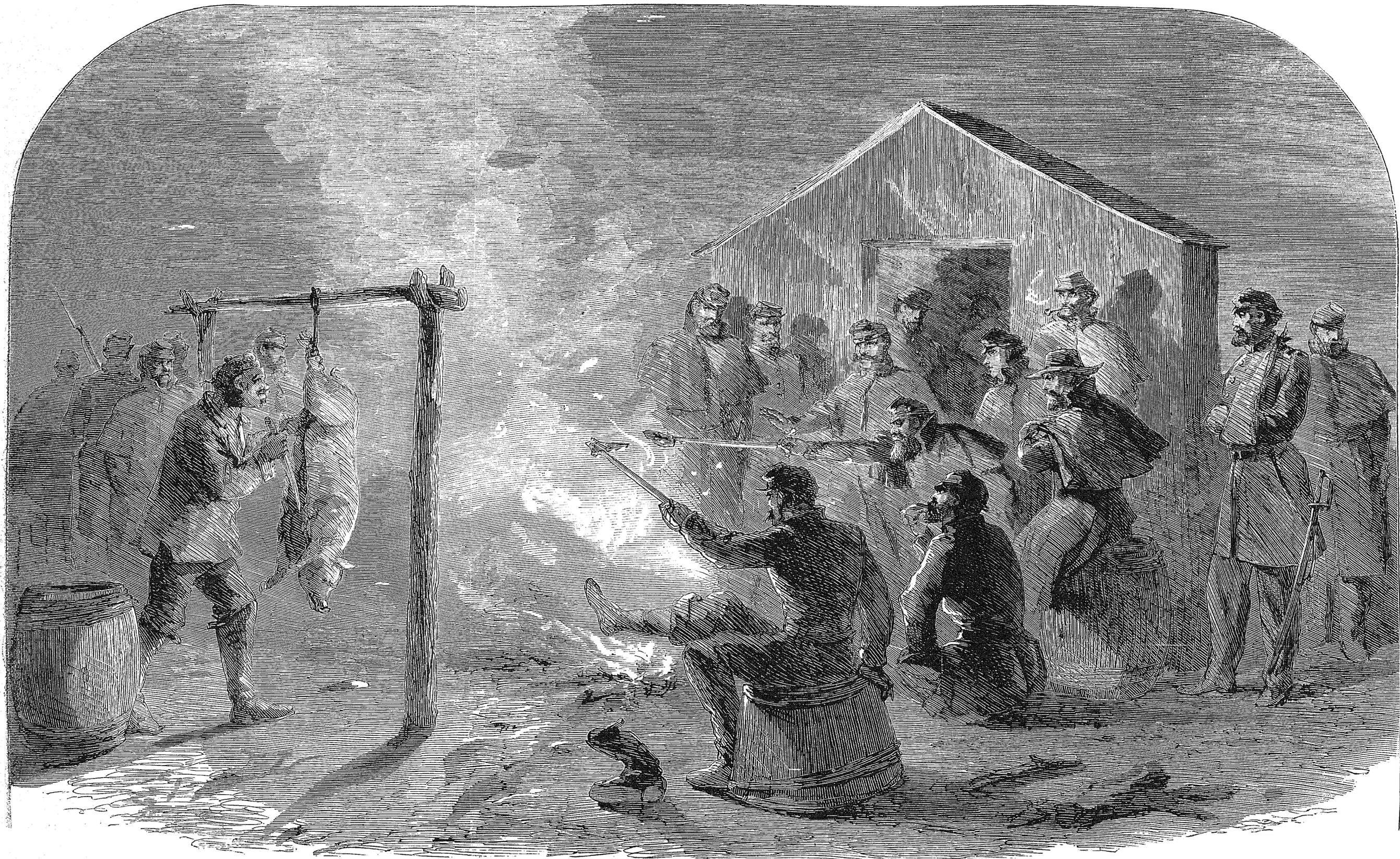
SPECIMEN OF SOUTHERN CHIVALRY FOUND ON ROANOKE ISLAND AFTER THE BATTLE. FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BENTLEY. See page 298.



DAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, AT IRVING HALL, NEW YORK. SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST. SEE PAGE 298.



EXPLOSION OF A CANNON ON BOARD THE GUNBOAT HETZEL, DURING THE ENGAGEMENT WITH FORT BARTOW, ROANOKE ISLAND. SKETCHED BY J. BENTLEY. Page 29

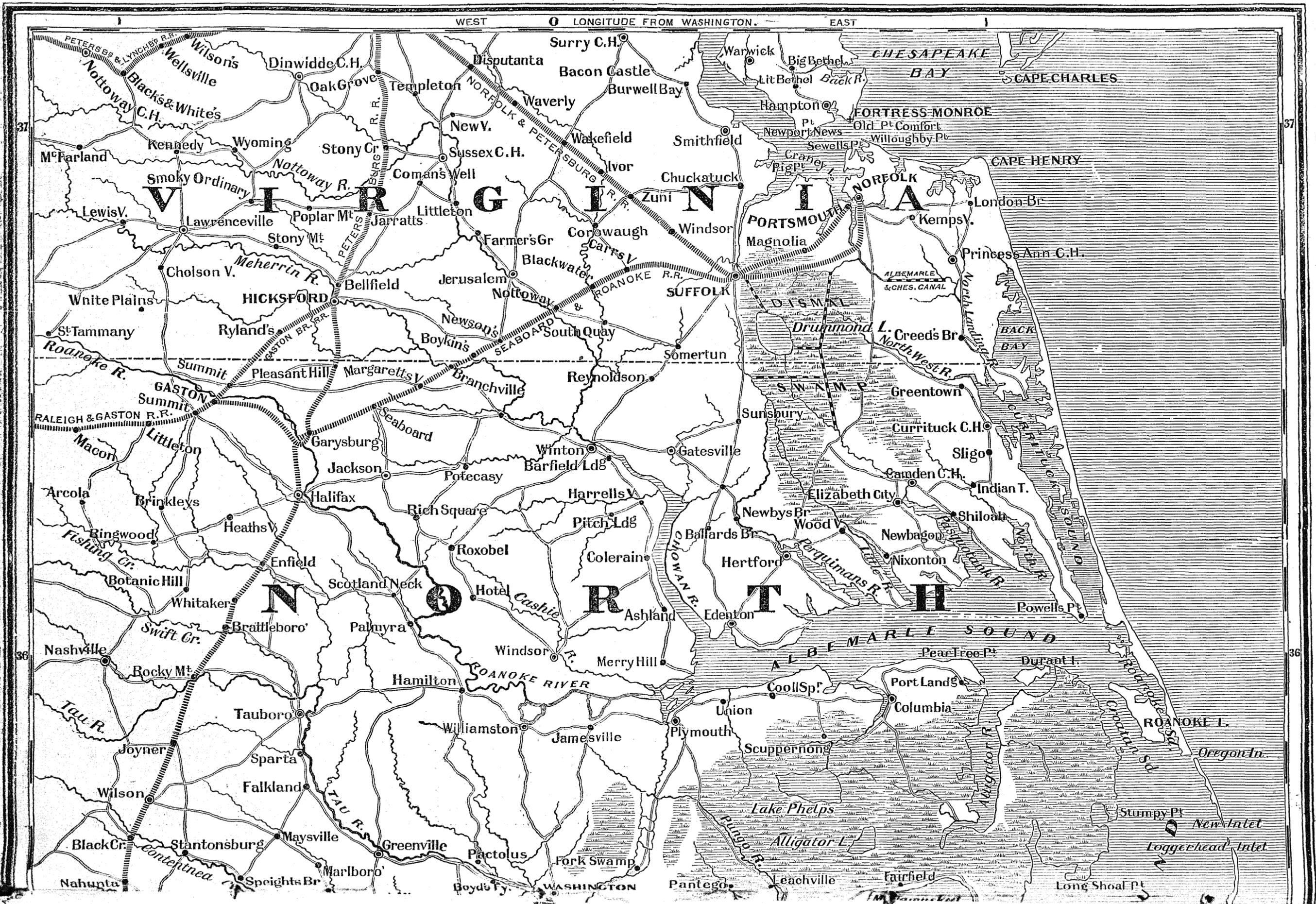


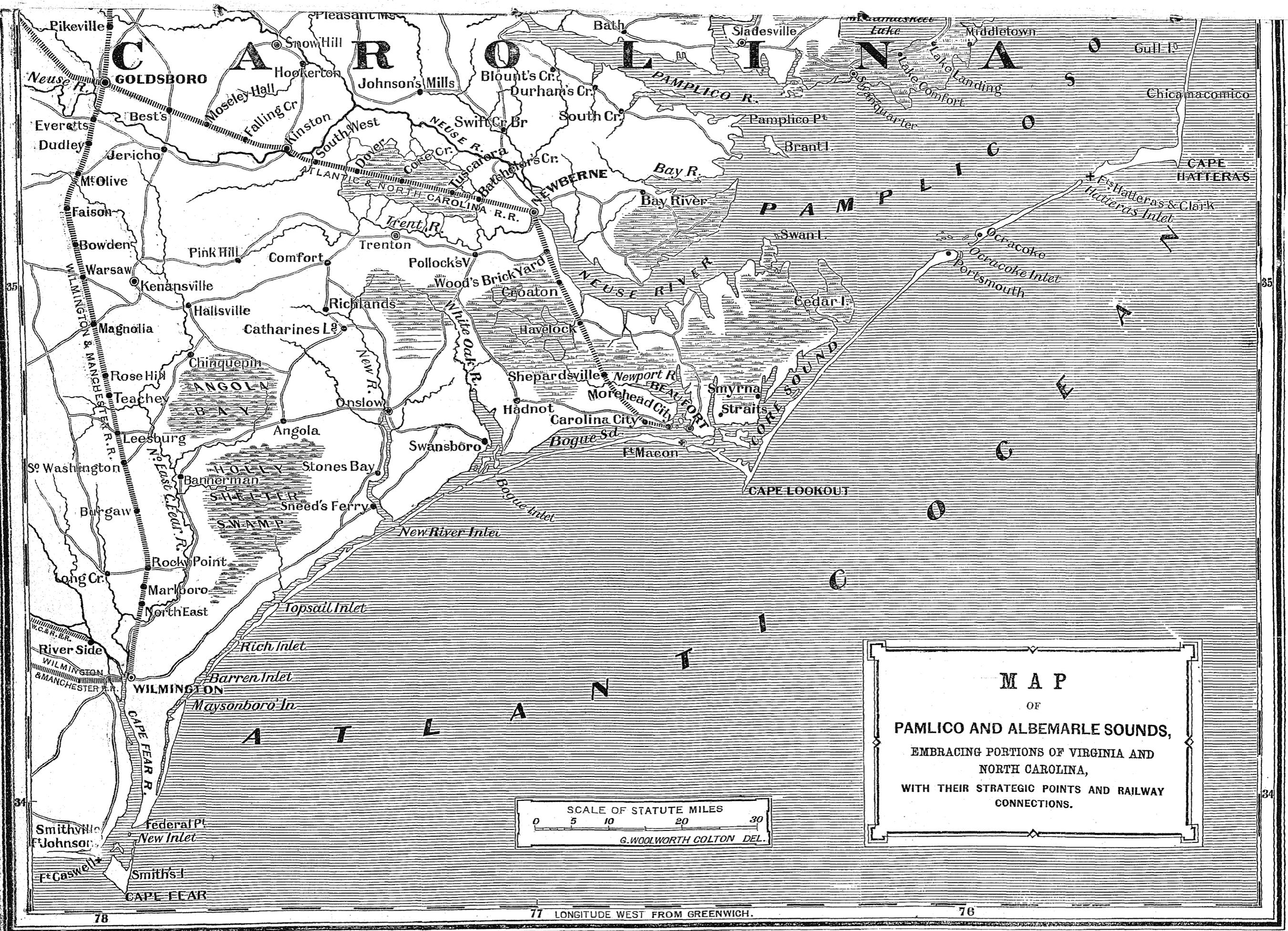
BIVOUAC THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.—A SCENE IN FORT BARTOW AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ROANOKE ISLAND. FROM A SKETCH BY J. BENTLEY. See page 311

Burnside General Barke. Mr. Bentley.



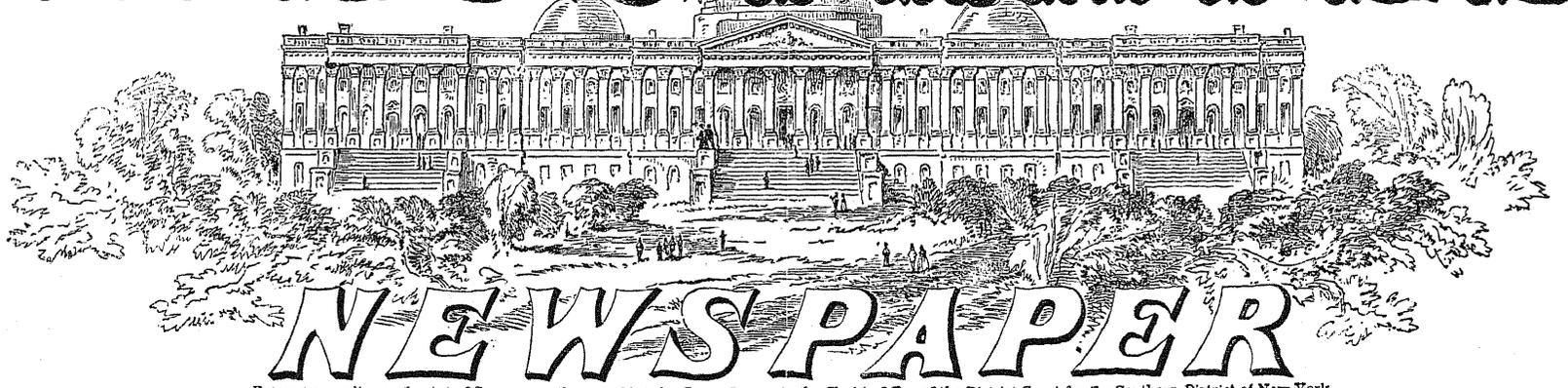
SCENE OF THE LATE NAVAL FIGHT AND THE ENVIRONS OF FORTRESS MONROE, AND NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK, NOW THREATENED BY GENERAL BURNSIDE. See page 314.





MAP OF A PART OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA, FROM FORTRESS MONROE TO WILMINGTON, INCLUDING ALBEMARLE AND PAMLICO SOUNDS, AND THE INLETS, RIVERS AND RAILWAY APPROACHES TO NORFOLK, WELDON, RALEIGH, GOLDSBOROUGH AND OTHER STRATEGIC POINTS.—SEE PAGE 182.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPER



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862 by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 325—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

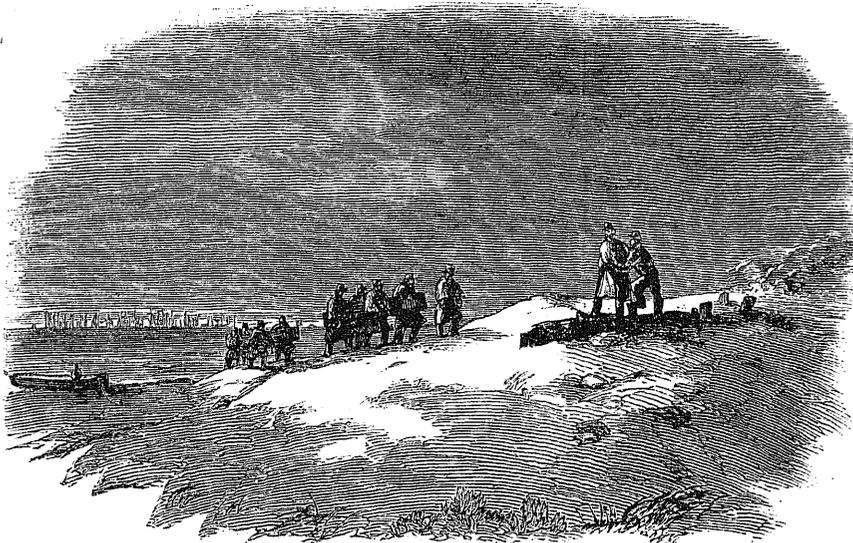
TRAGIC INCIDENTS OF the Burnside Expedition.

It seems now to be generally conceded that, deeply as is to be deplored the untimely fate of such gallant men as Col. Allen and Surgeon Weller, no expedition of equal magnitude has ever passed through the ordeal of so terrible a storm as that of the 13th January with so little loss as that whose arrival in Pamlico Sound we recorded and illustrated in our last number, and some of whose tragic incidents we portray in the present number. And when it is borne in mind that, in addition to the fury of the elements, there was the villainy of the contractors, who purposely deceived the Gov-

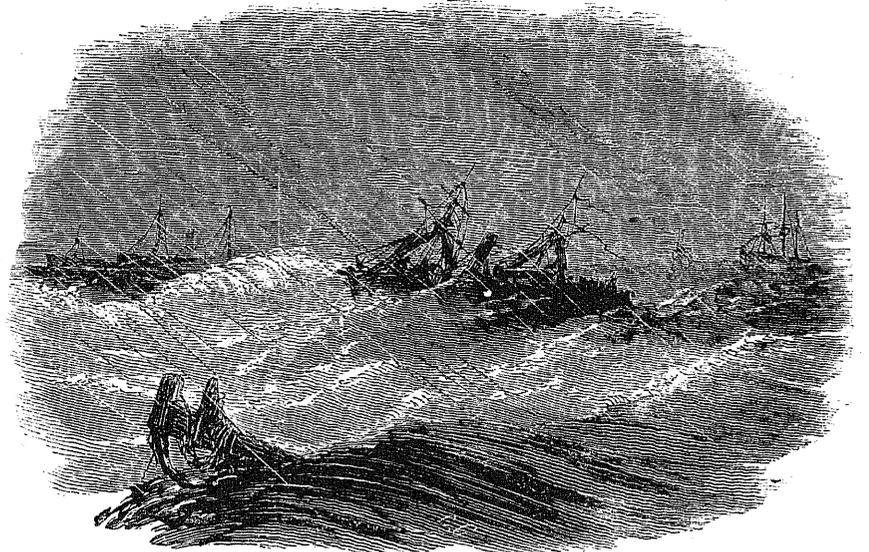


THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—LOSS OF THE STEAMER POCAHONTA; ON HATTERAS ISLAND, AND DROWNING OF NEARLY A HUNDRED HORSES.

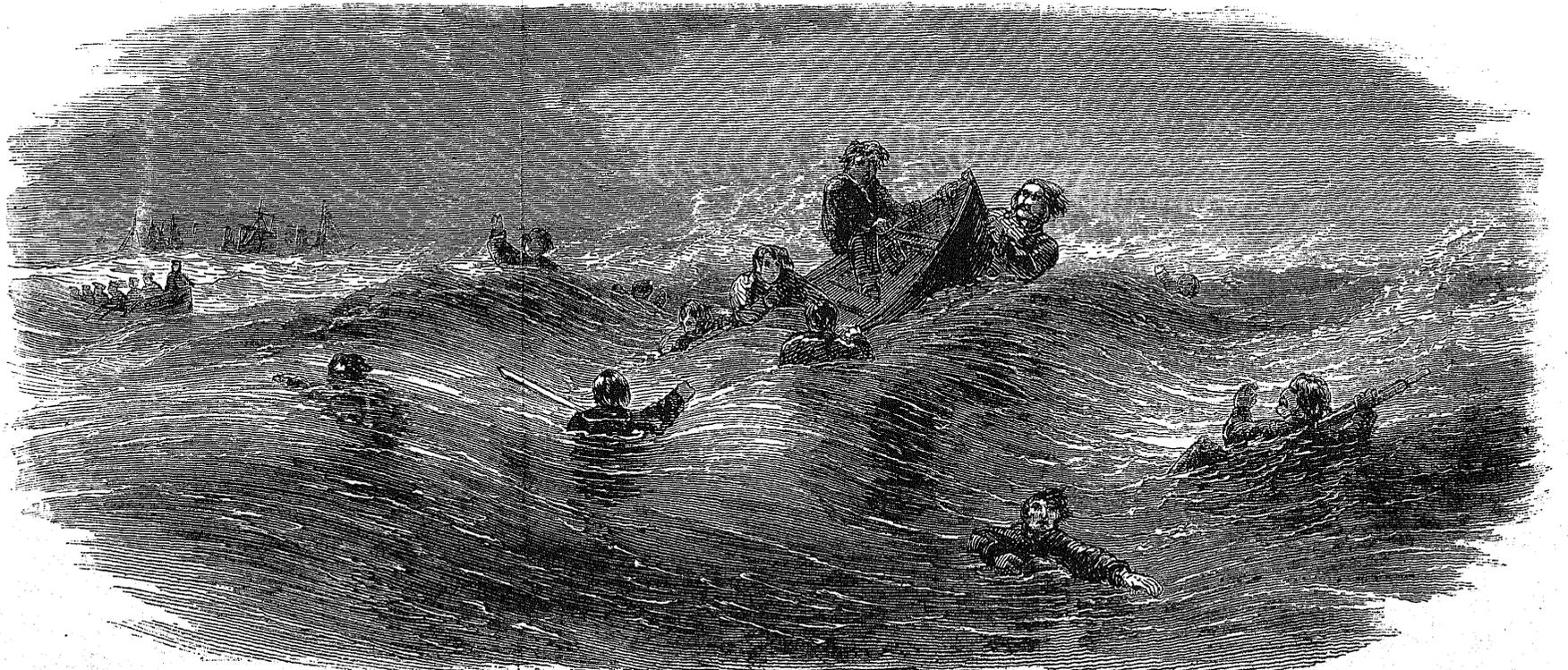
ernment for the sake of gain, the event almost reaches the regions of the miraculous. It is currently reported that, when Gen. Burnside saw so many of his vessels ashore, he turned round to one of his aids and said, "Those villainous contractors have ruined me." The *Tribune*, in quoting the words, significantly reminds Gen. McClellan that Wellington, an Irishman of considerable military genius, very efficiently put a stop to the career of army villainy by hanging half a dozen rascally contractors one fine morning before breakfast. But we are afraid that no such summary action will be taken by our Government, whose forbearance is fast exhausting the patience of the great Ameri-



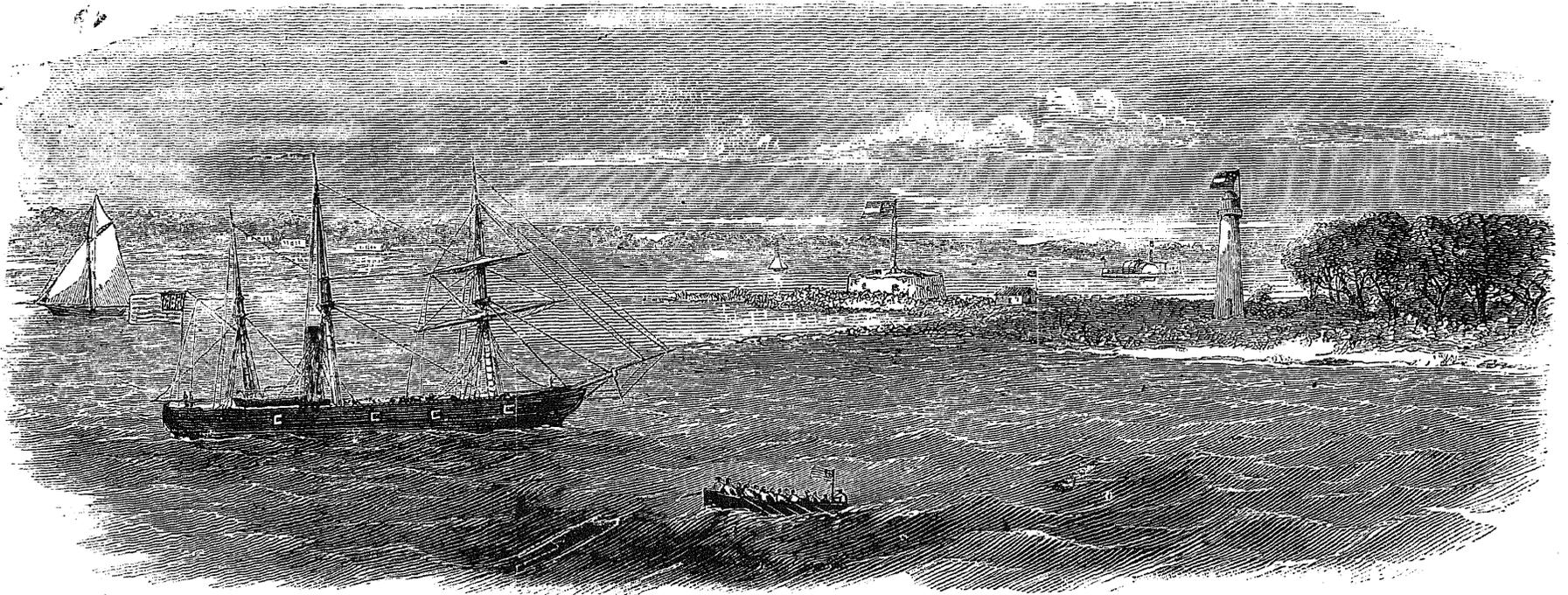
BURYING THE BODIES OF COLONEL ALLEN, SURGEON WELLES AND THE SECOND MATE TO THEIR GRAVES.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—TOTAL WRECK OF THE SCREW STEAMER NEW YORK ON HATTERAS ISLAND, JANUARY 13.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF COL. J. W. ALLEN, SURGEON WELLES AND THE SECOND MATE OF THE ANN E THOMPSON, ON THE 13TH JANUARY, NEAR HATTERAS INLE.

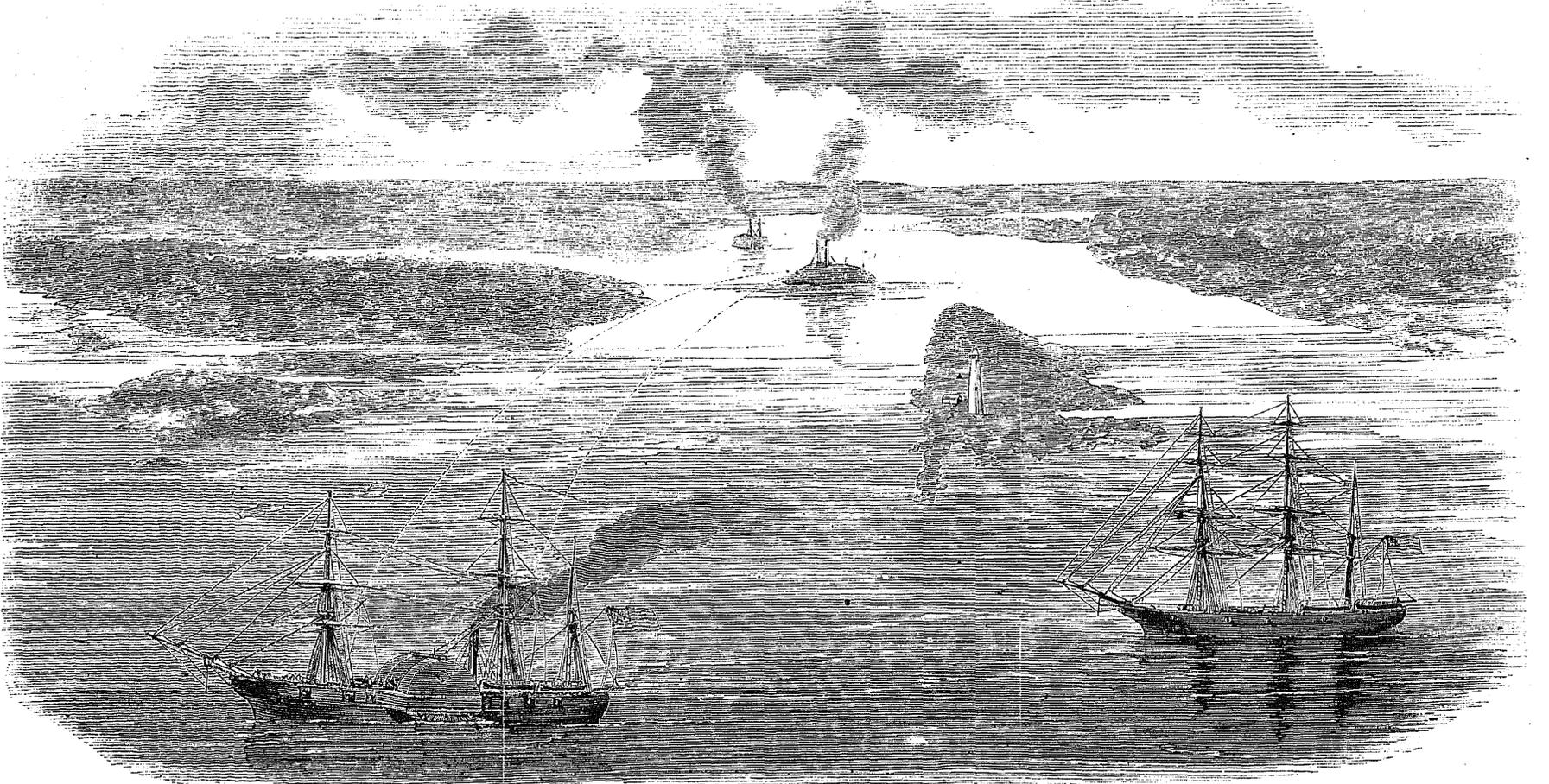


U. S. Gunboat Mohawk.

Fort William

Rebel Steamer Spray.

THE U. S. GUNBOAT MOHAWK CHASING THE REBEL STEAMER SPRAY INTO THE ST. MARK'S RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE MOHAWK.—SEE PAGE 218.

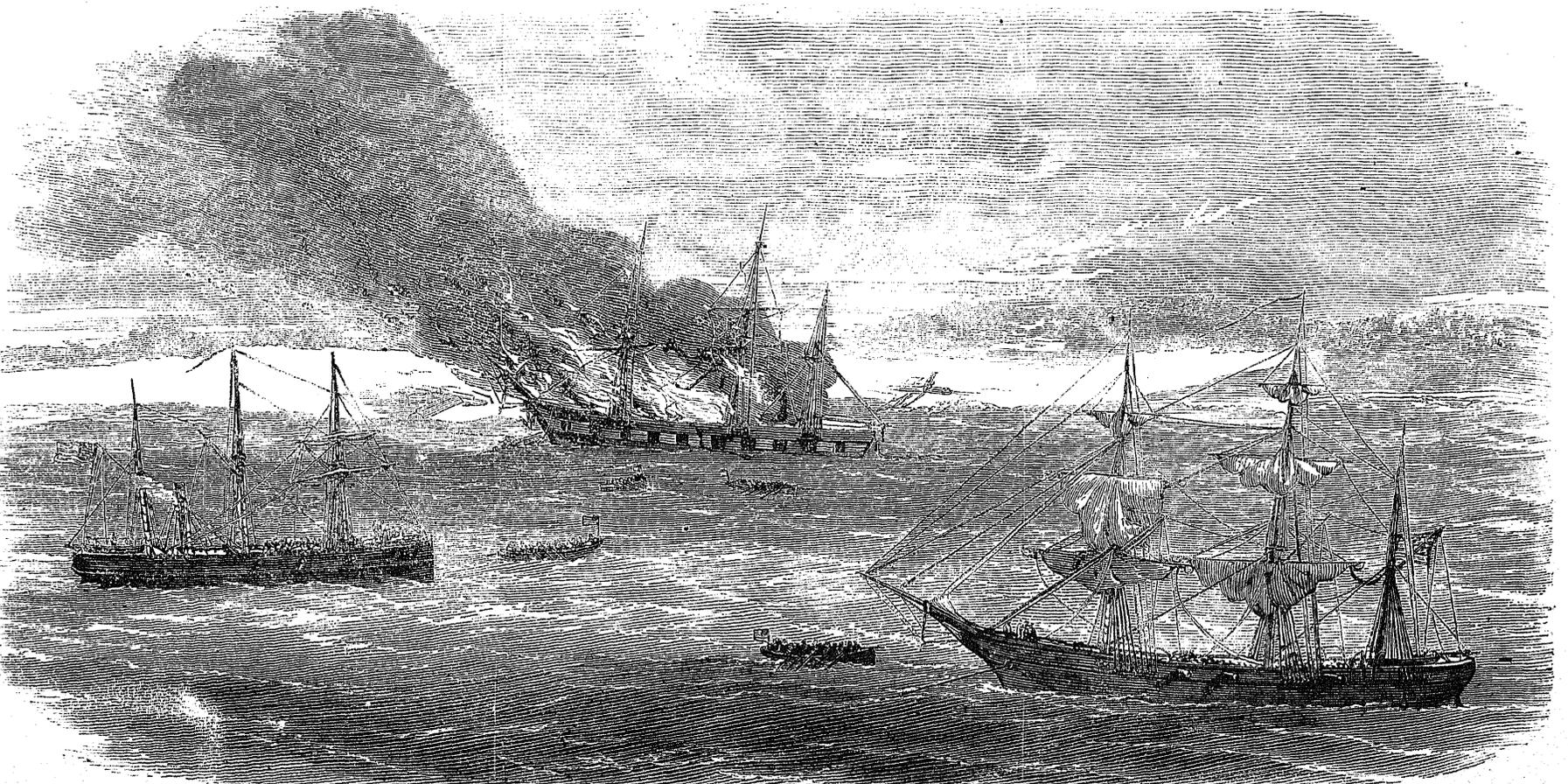


U. S. Steamer Mississippi.

Ram.

Kingfisher.

NAVAL ACTION BETWEEN THE U. S. WAR STEAMER MISSISSIPPI AND THE REBEL IRON-CASED FLOATING BATTERY, RAM, AND OTHER REBEL STEAMERS, OFF THE MOUTH OF THE PASSE À L'OUVRE, NEW ORLEANS, JANUARY 1ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE MISSISSIPPI.—SEE PAGE 218.



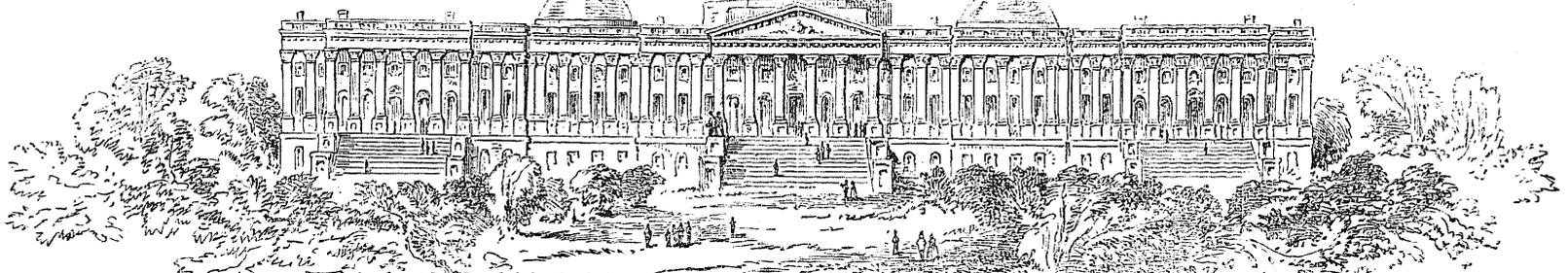
Albatross.

York, of Dublin.

U. S. Barque Gembok.

A DETACHMENT OF U. S. SAILORS FROM THE GUNBOATS ALBATROSS AND GEMBOK, BURNING THE CONTRABAND VESSEL YORK. MOUTH OF BOGUE INLET, NEAR BEAUFORT. N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE ALBATROSS.—SEE PAGE 218.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 327—VOL. XIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

The Victory at Roanoke Island.

The first blow of the Burnside Expedition has fallen with terrific force on the enemy's flank. After innumerable delays and disasters, the Expedition succeeded in fairly entering Pamlico Sound on the 4th of February. On the 6th it left Hatteras for Roanoke Island, commanding the passage between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, which had been strongly fortified and garrisoned. It reached its destination

on the 7th, and found that the defences consisted of not less than six forts and batteries, mounting over 40 heavy guns, and garrisoned by between 4,000 and 5,000 men. The passage between the two Sounds was found obstructed by sunken vessels and heavy piles, behind which lay the rebel flotilla of eight vessels, under command of Com. Lynch. The bombardment of the principal fort was at once commenced by the gunboats, under Com. Goldsborough, while Gen. Burnside, under cover of a few vessels, landed his

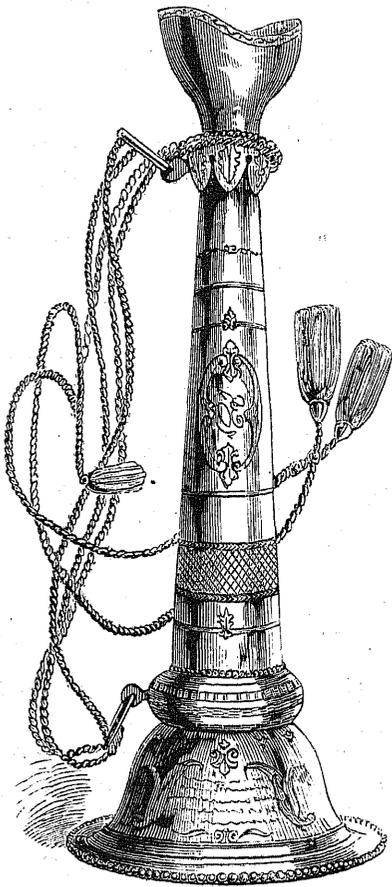
forces on the lower end of the island. This movement was rapidly and successfully effected, in face of the enemy, without loss. These operations consumed the 7th, and it was not until the 8th that the work of reduction commenced in earnest. On that day the barricades in the Sound were forced, the rebel flotilla defeated and dispersed, the forts silenced and captured, and the entire rebel force on the island, with the exception of a few hundreds, who escaped in small boats, taken prisoners. Nor did the operations



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE FLEET AND TRANSPORTS OFF HATTERAS DURING THE STORM—THE GENERAL GIVING ORDERS.—SEE PAGE 286.



FLAG OFFICER L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH, COMMANDING U. S. FLEET IN PAMUNCO AND ALBEMARLE SOUNDS.—SEE PAGE 225

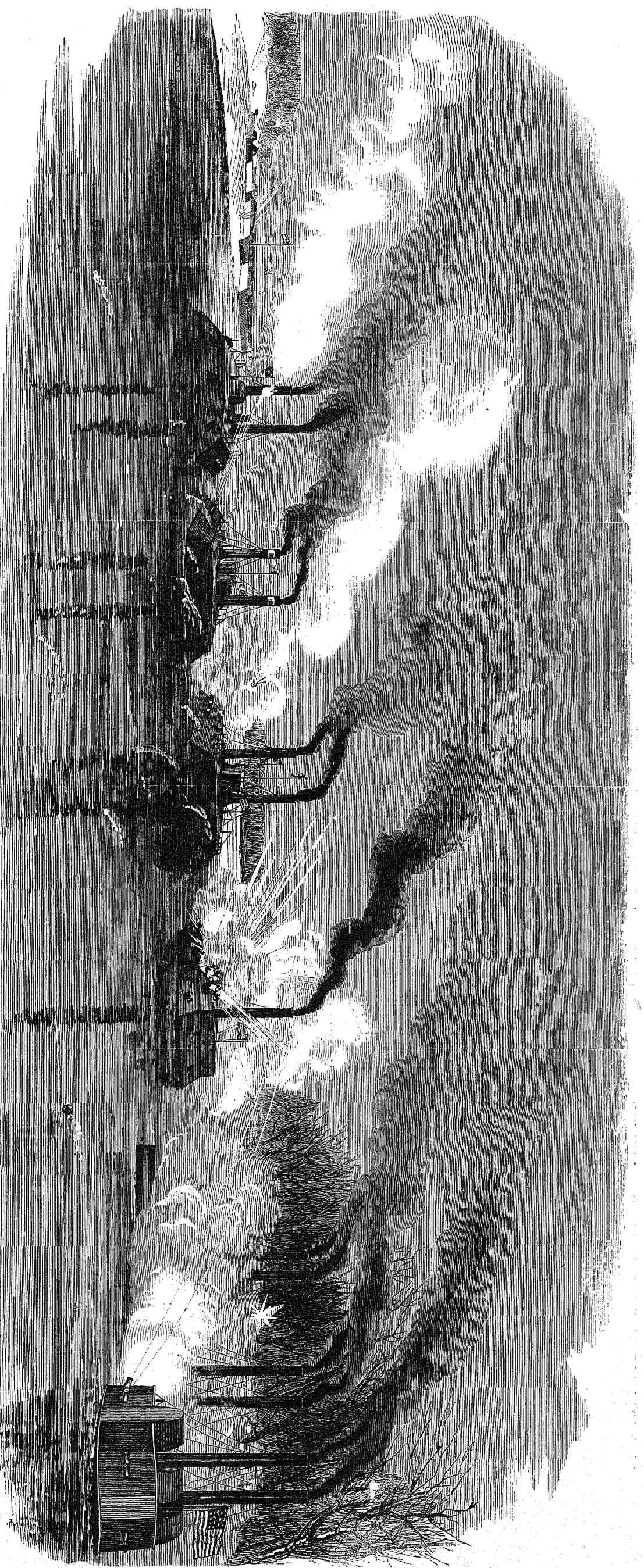


SILVER TRUMPET PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN ELLRIDGE, OF THE U. S. TRANSPORT ATLANTIC, BY THE OFFICERS OF THE 3RD NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.—SEE PAGE 236.

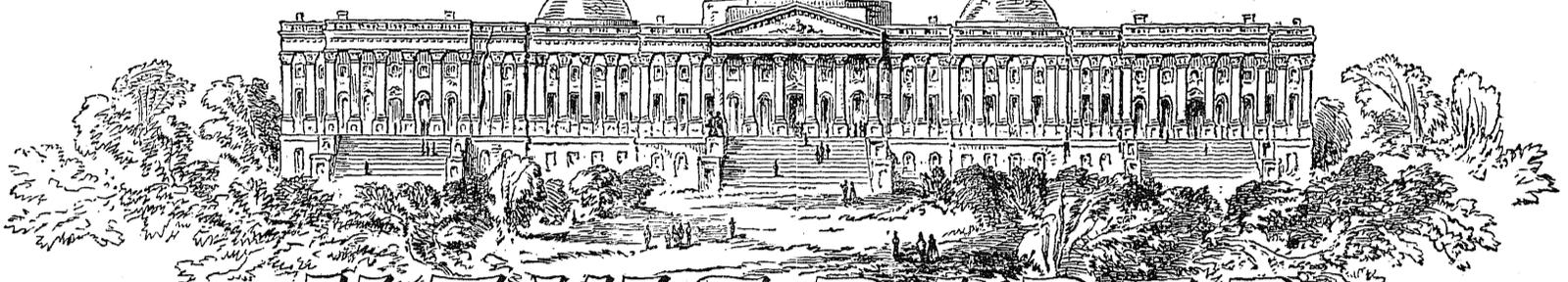


S. B. BRETTAN, JR., AIDE TO COMMODORE PORIER, OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT ESSEX, MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, KILLED AT FORT HENRY, FEBRUARY 6.—SEE PAGE 237.

Fort Henry. St. Louis. Chronicle. Cincinnati—Flagship. Essex. Concordia. Lexington.



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



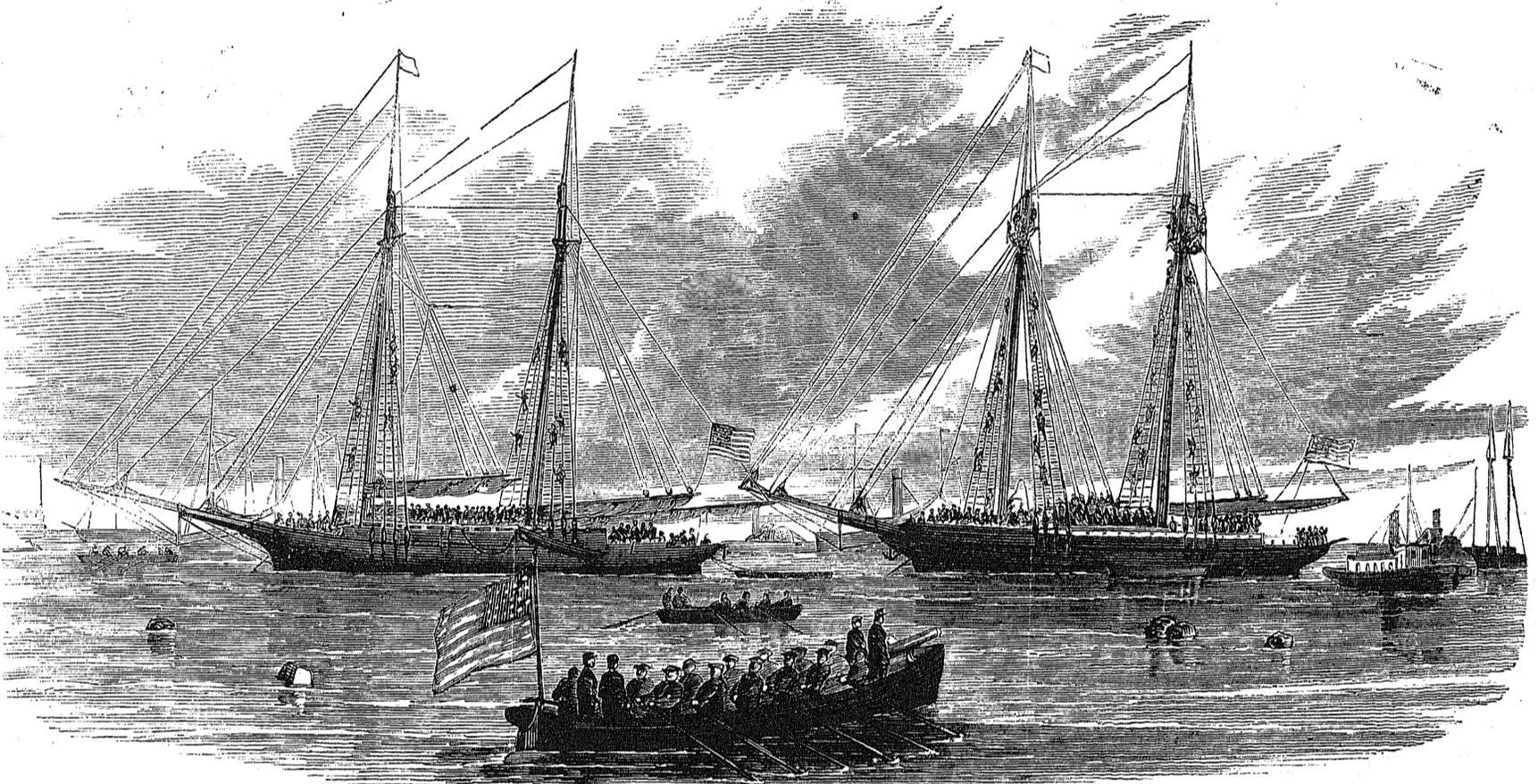
NEWSPAPER

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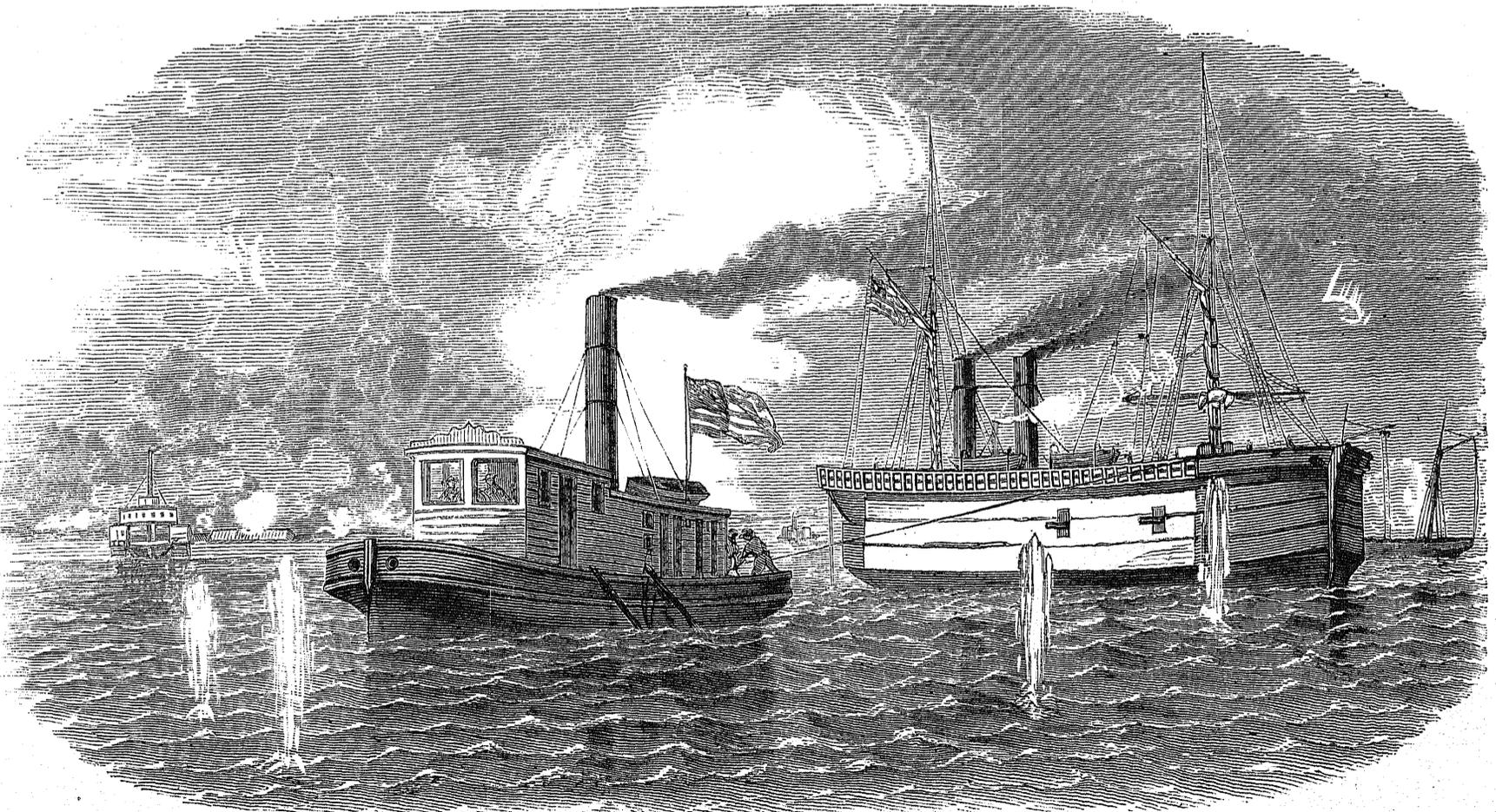
No. 328—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1862.

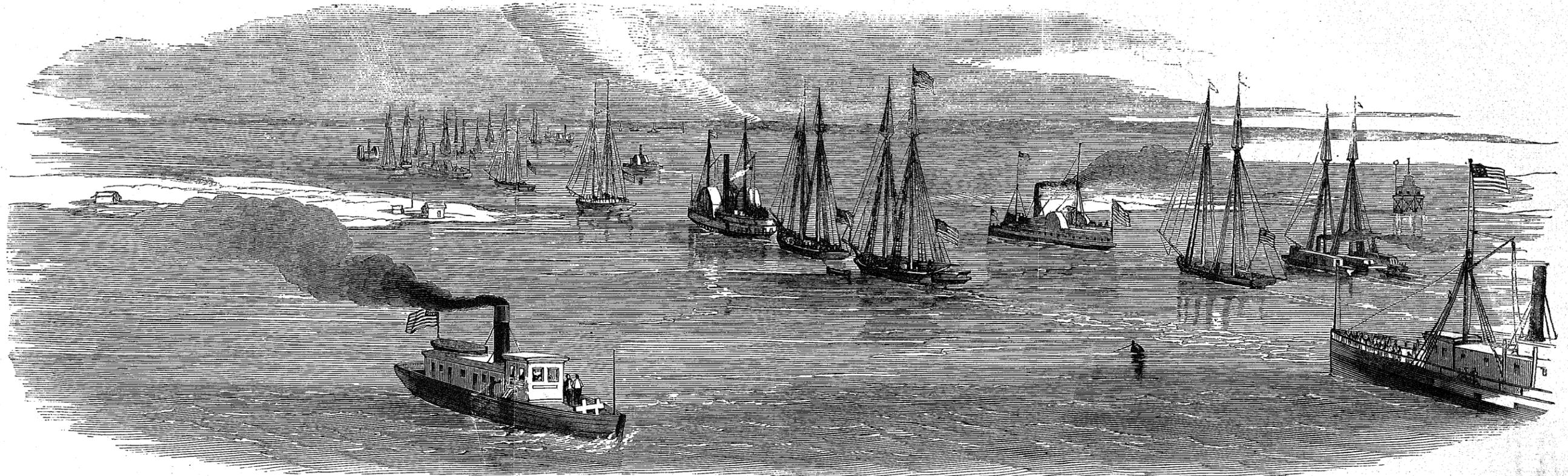
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



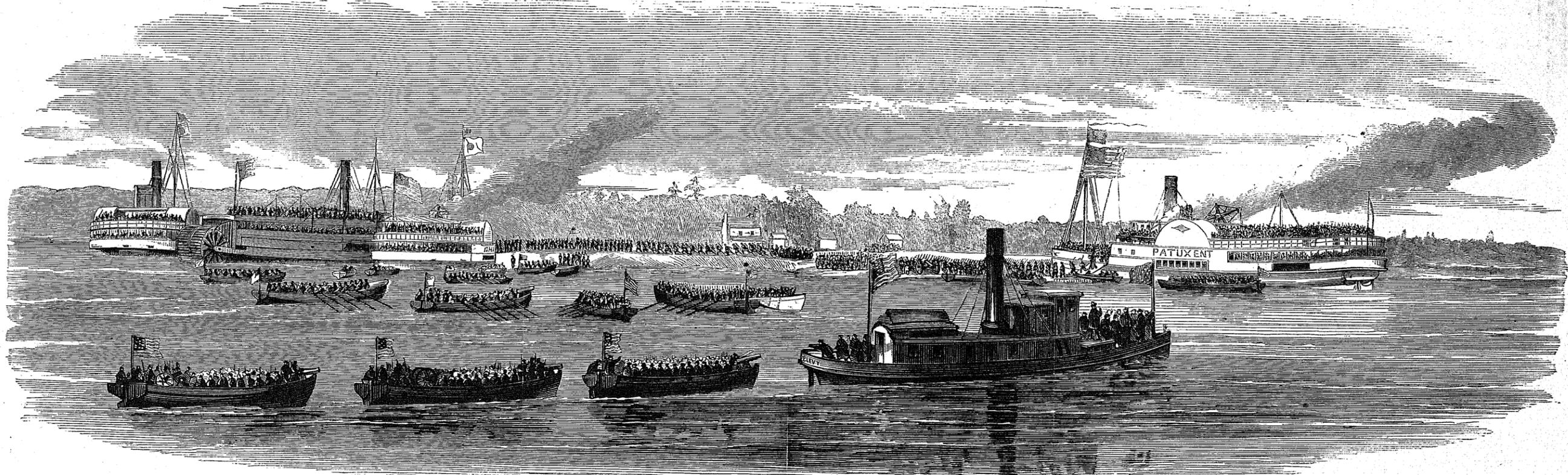
THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE NATIONAL FLEET STEAMING THROUGH CROATAN SOUND—ROANOKE ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE, FEBRUARY 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 251.



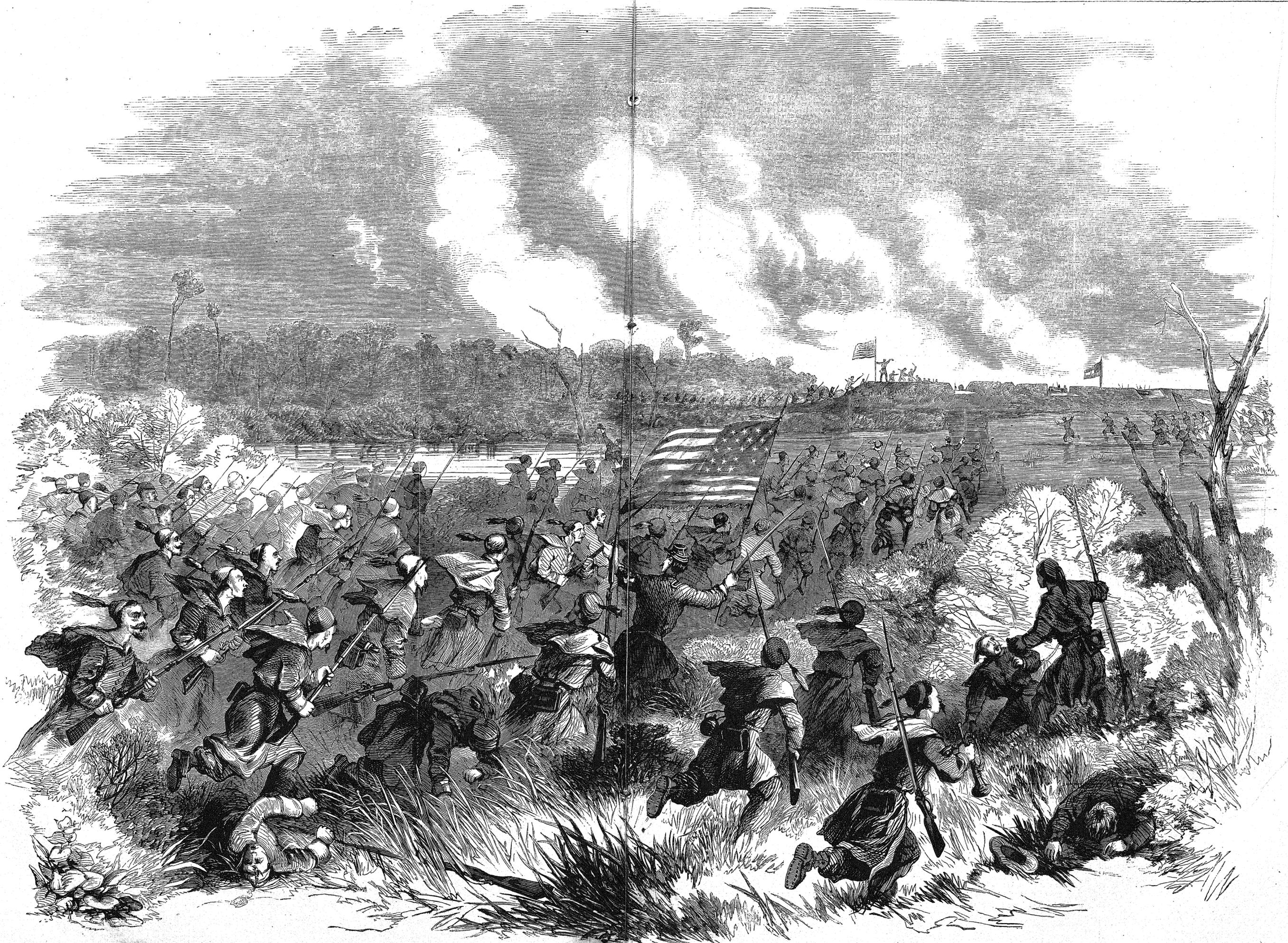
THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE TUG TEMPEST GETTING THE GUNBOAT RANGER OFF A BANK, AND TOWING HER OUT OF THE FIRE OF FORT BARTOW.—SEE PAGE 251.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE NATIONAL FLEET PASSING THROUGH THE MARSHES BETWEEN CROATAN AND PAMLICO SOUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 251.



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—LANDING OF THE NATIONAL TROOPS ON ROANOKE ISLAND, UNDER COVER OF THE UNION GUNBOATS DELAWARE AND PICKET, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 251.



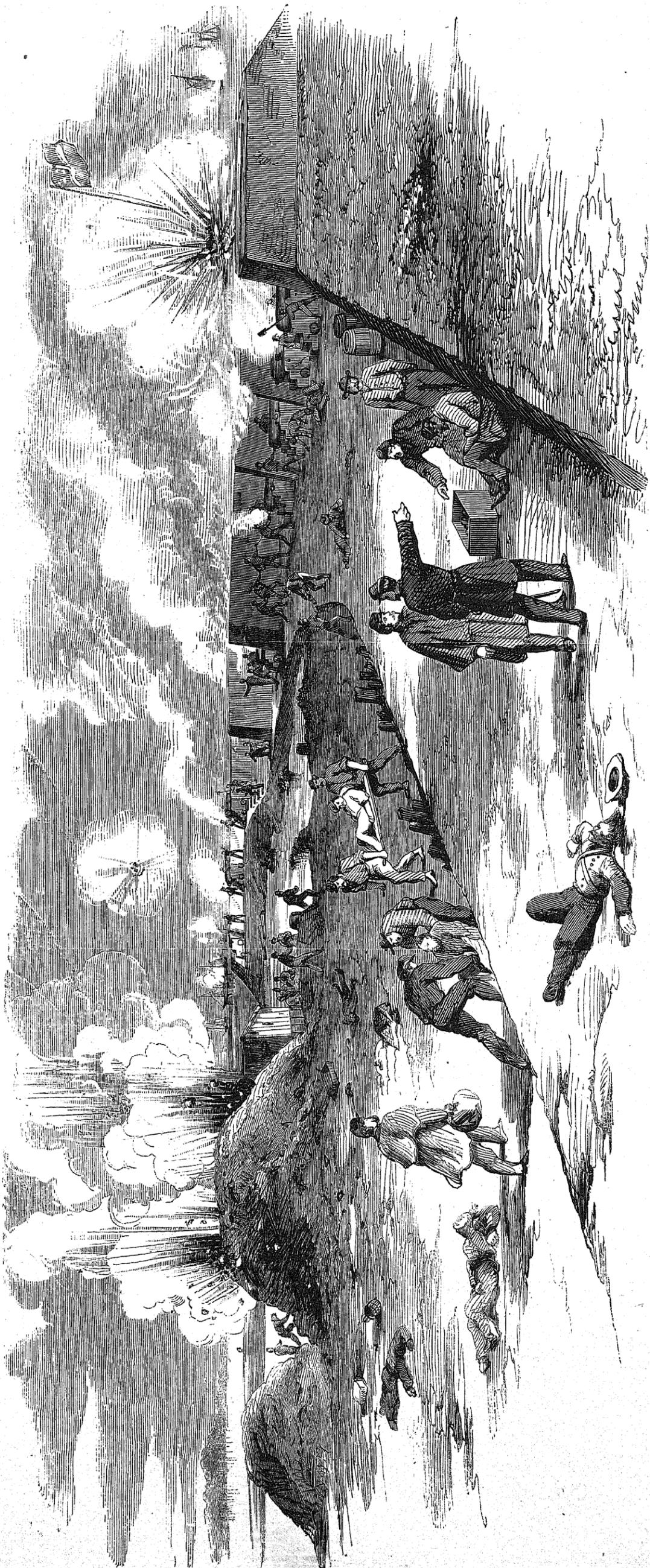
Charge of the 51st N. Y. Regiment—First in Battery.

Charge of Hawkins's Zouaves.

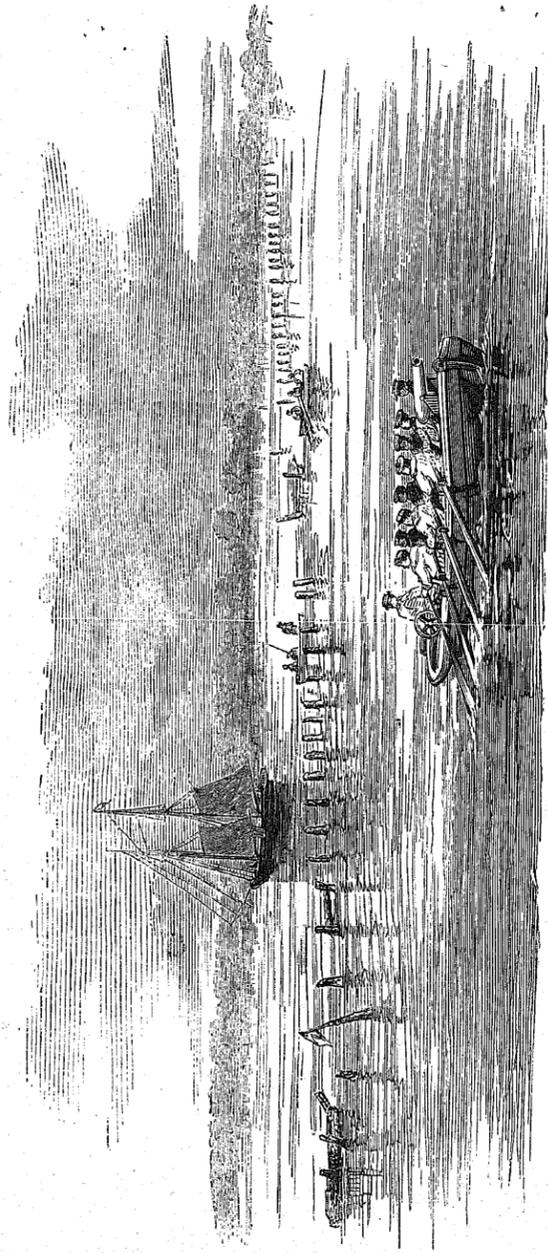
Three Gun Battery.

Charge of the 21st Massachusetts Regiment.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE BATTLE OF ROANOKE ISLAND, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 8—DECISIVE BAYONET CHARGE OF THE NINTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES, ON THE THREE GUN BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SENIOR ARTIST, R. SCHELL, ESQ., ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 251.



BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—INTERIOR OF FORT BALTOW DURING THE BOMBARDMENT BY THE NATIONAL GUNBOATS. FEBRUARY 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 251.



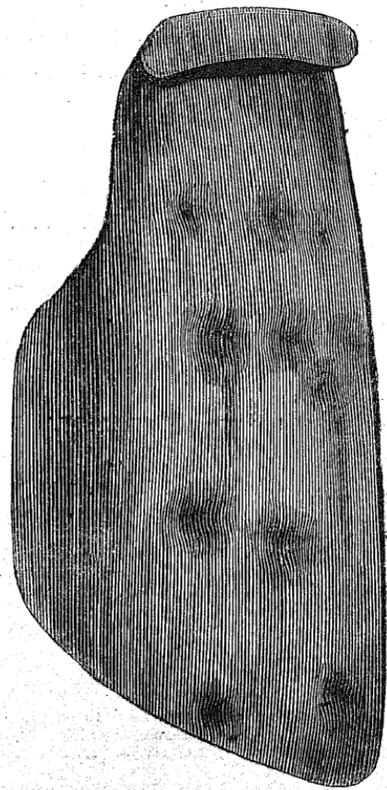
OBSTRUCTIONS PLACED BY THE REBELS IN CROATAN SOUND—SUNKEN VESSELS AND CHEVAUX DE FRISE. SEE PAGE 251.

THE SOLDIER'S BULLET-PROOF VEST.

THIS protection entirely supersedes the cuirass now in use with all the cavalry of Europe. It is much lighter, much cheaper, and is destined to become an exceedingly important defence to our men, not only for cavalry but infantry.

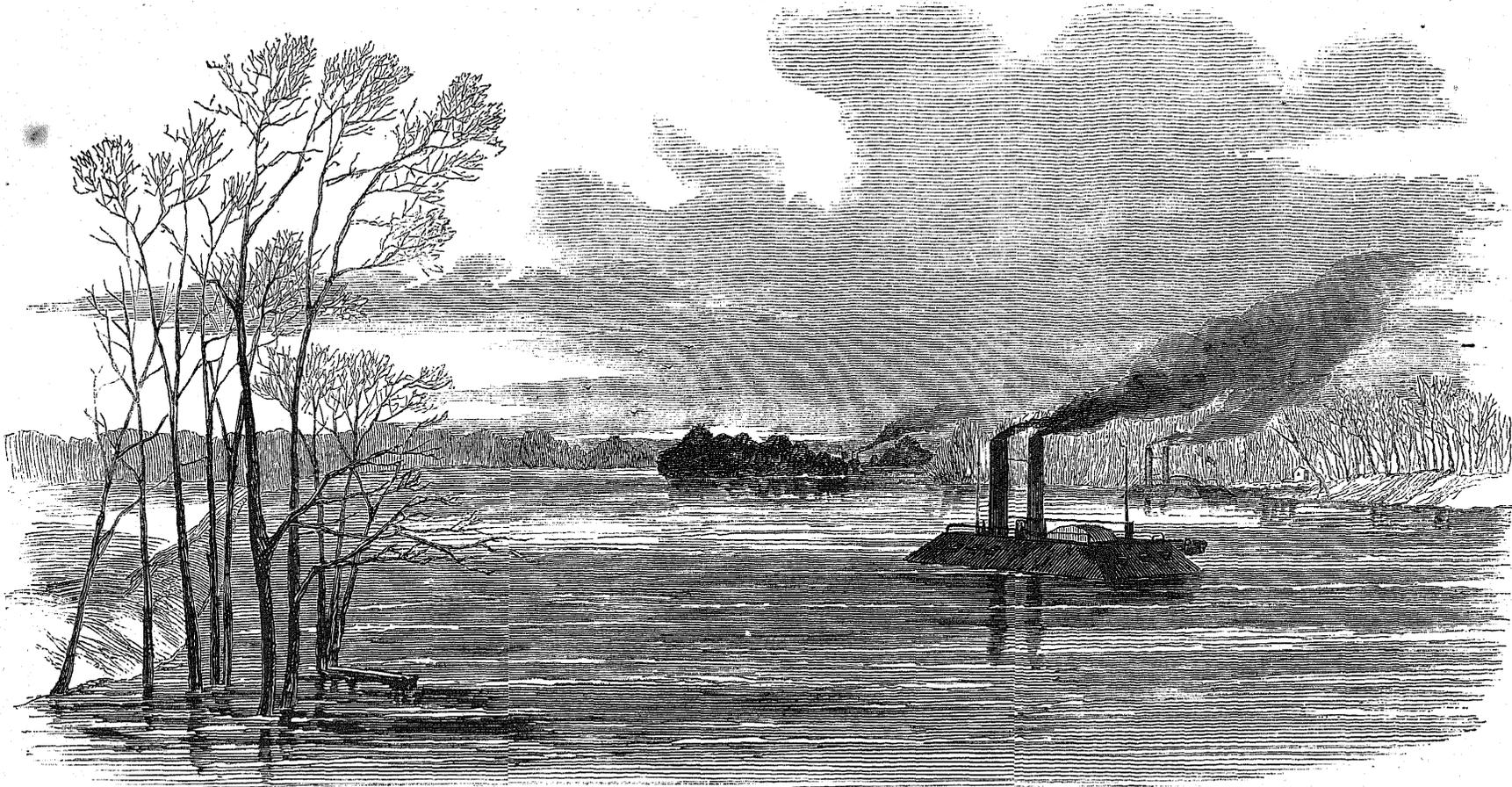
The vest is made like the ordinary military vest, but it contains two plates of fine light steel. It weighs from three and a half to five pounds only. It will resist all bayonet and sword thrusts, pistol balls at 10 paces and rifle balls at 40 rods. A heavier plate for cavalry and artillery, weighing eight pounds, is proof against rifle balls at the short distance of 80 paces.

Messrs. G. & D. Cook & Co., of New Haven, who are now filling large orders, have perfected this simple and efficient protection through three months of constant trial in the presence of many officers. It has been tested in the presence of some of our best citizens at the warerooms of the Messrs. Elliott, at No. 231 Broadway (where it is sold); also at the Benton Barracks, St. Louis, at Cincinnati, and at other places, where its value has been proved beyond doubt. Its merits are such that a Board of Officers, appointed by the War Department have it now undergoing a series of



STEEL PLATES INSERTED IN MILITARY VESTS.

This plate received 12 balls with full charge from Trener's largest size (English) pistol at ten, five and two yards distance. Experiment made by the undersigned, February 19th, 1862.
 M. C. RIGGS, 10 Wall Street,
 A. F. HIGGINS,
 Captain of Co. D., 22nd Regt., N. Y. S. M.



Tennessee Shore.

Island, Rebel Boat, Island.

Kentucky Shore.

THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—THE APPROACH OF THE U. S. GUNBOATS TO FORT HENRY, TENNESSEE RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.

MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

MAJOR-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, Ohio, April 27, 1822, and entered West Point Military Academy, from Ohio, in 1838, where he graduated with honors in 1843, and was attached as brevet 2d Lieutenant at Corpus Christi in September, 1845, and served as such through Mexico, under Gen. Taylor, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey, and under Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice promoted for bravery. He was regimental Quartermaster from April 1, 1847, and when he resigned the service on the 31st July, 1854, he was a full Captain in the 4th Infantry of Regulars. After his resignation he settled in St. Louis county, Missouri, and moved from there to Galena, Illinois, in 1860.

Upon the breaking out of the present war he offered his services to Gov. Yates, and was appointed Colonel of the 21st regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and served with his regiment until promoted as Brigadier-General, with commission and rank from the 17th of May, 1861. He was

engaged as Colonel and Acting Brigadier-General in several of the contests in south-eastern Missouri, and his course as commander of the south-east district of Missouri has been thoroughly scrutinized, and among his most praiseworthy acts was the occupation of Paducah, and stoppage of communication and supplies to the rebels, *via* the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. The manner in which he conducted the battle of Belmont is still fresh in our reader's minds. The rest of his course as commander there is too well known to be repeated here, and certain it is that his action, in every instance, has been applauded both by his superior officers and the people. After the capture of Fort Henry a new district was created, under the denomination of the District of West Tennessee, and Gen. Grant assigned by Gen. Halleck to its command. He was senior in command at the capture of Fort Donelson, and for his services in that brilliant achievement, was nominated Major-General by the President and promptly confirmed by the Senate. A new department was at once created for him, that of Western Tennessee, with his headquarters at Fort Donelson. To him mainly attaches the honor of the first great victory of the war.

MAJOR E. A. KIMBALL, OF THE NINTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

EDGAR ADDISON KIMBALL, who, with Lieutenant-Colonel de Montell, led the decisive charge of Hawkins's Zouaves at Roanoke Island, and drove the enemy out of Fort Defiance, was born in Pembroke, New Hampshire, in 1824, and was educated at the academy of that town. At an early age he went to Concord, and apprenticed himself to a printer, the profession to which we owe so many of our ablest statesmen and bravest soldiers. Having mastered his trade he settled at Woodstock, Vermont, as publisher and editor of the *Woodstock Age*, a paper which he conducted with much ability as a Democratic organ. From this dream of peace he was roused by the Mexican War, when he at once threw down the pen and took up the sword—for although a great novelist has said the pen is mightier than the sword, it frequently happens that it requires the sword to put mankind into a proper frame of mind to listen to reason. Such was Mr. Kimball's popularity that, despite his youth, he soon raised a company



MAJOR E. A. KIMBALL, LEADER OF THE SUCCESSFUL BAYONET CHARGE OF THE HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES ON FORT DEFIANCE, ROANOKE ISLAND. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS.

MAJOR-GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, COMMANDING THE U. S. TROOPS AT THE CAPTURE OF FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

to friendship, in the very teeth of my despairing confessions to her, she said:

"Friendship! if you were married to Mrs. Warburton, Hubert, how would you like her to have a friendship for another man such as she has for you?"

"I do not see the object of such a question," I replied.

"Its purport is to warn you, Hubert. Are you so sure of yourself, of her, that you can thus for ever seek the society of a woman you have so dearly loved, I will not say that you still love, with impunity to both?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because I feel convinced that you are only heaping up infinite sorrow, if not guilt, upon yourself."

"Why, am I not to have friends?"

"Friends! Is it a friend's part for a woman who is the wife of another to absorb to herself a young man's time, thoughts, happiness; to encourage him to give himself up entirely to her?"

"She is always urging me to marry and settle near them."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honor, for hers, to leave her? If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood, or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities crime."

itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to hers, to cherish and adore her, was delightful. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon us, recoils sooner or later upon oneself. Warburton lectured me a good deal that morning on the necessity of asserting my own free will, and not to waste my manhood on servile dependence on my mother. To hear him, one would suppose my mother had been some doting old woman, who to satisfy some seulle caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world that she was ignorant of the necessities imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to idleness and a country retirement was not exactly doing her duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

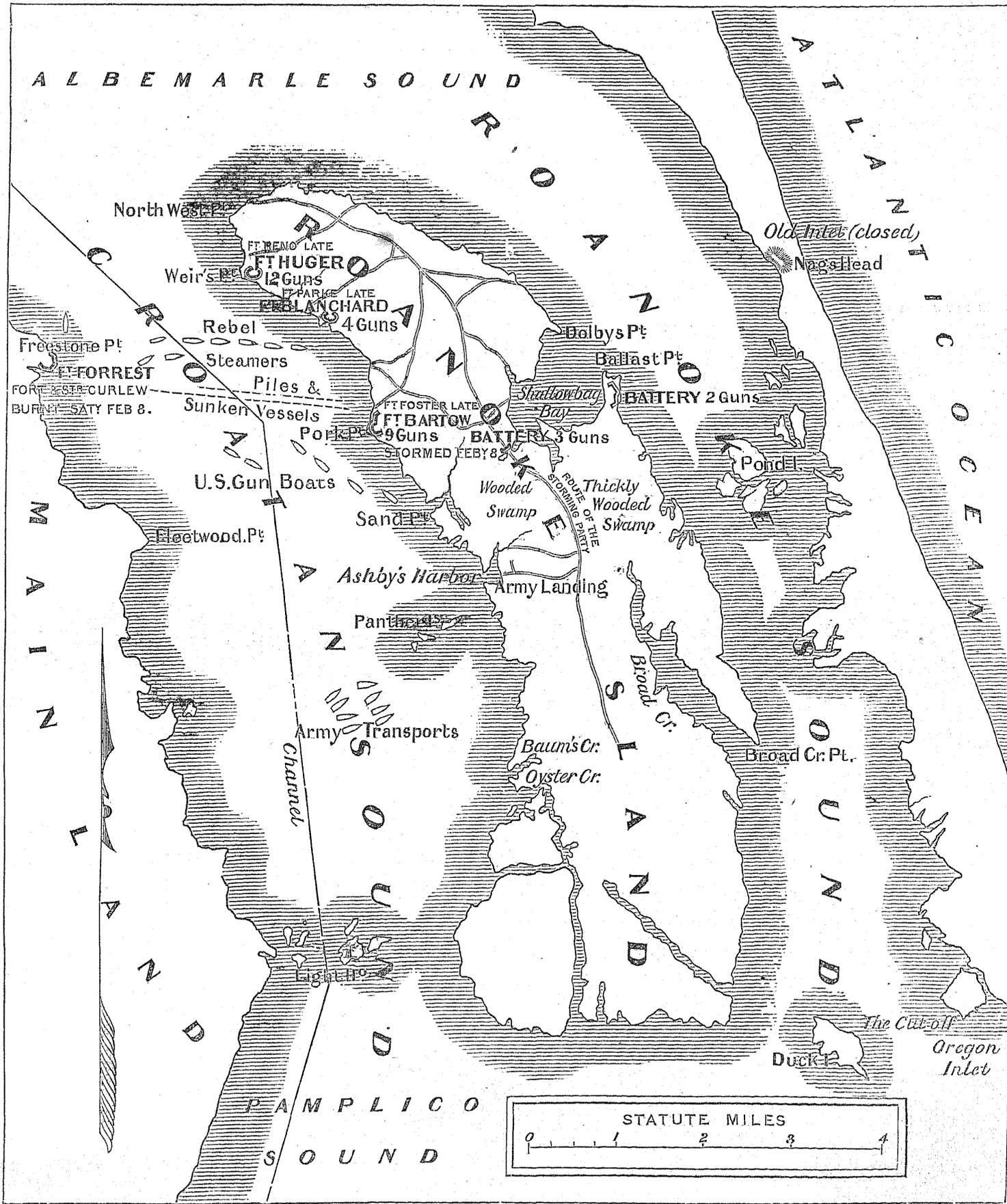
I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this very morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in

if friendship it were, or in the same category as this sinful passion, if her surmises were correct, and it was passion.

Marian and I parted affectionately at the lodge, and I paused to see her graceful form fade in the twilight. When I entered the dreary room Fanny was alone. She met me with a serious and reproving look. She told me my mother was lying down; she had heard of the death of old Mrs. Spencer, my great uncle's widow. Though I did not know her, I knew well the affection which united them, and that, but for my illness in the autumn, she would have gone as usual to see her. When I entered the room where my mother was I saw she was worn out with tears. My heart smote me, and I spoke more tenderly than usual. She was touched. She held my hand between hers and pressed it fondly; we talked of irrelevant matters for awhile, but my answers were absent and constrained. After having made up my mind to the rupture at once it seemed vexatious to be foiled. After a while she observed my absence of mind, and asked me what was the matter. A little hesitation and I told her all my plans; she listened calmly.

"When did you say you were going?" she asked in a constrained voice.

There was not a word of remonstrance or regret. I was irritated; the resolution I had come to after so much agitation and pain—for I was a moral coward—seemed to have no import whatever. I was provoked and my vanity suffered. I turned and said:



MAP OF ROANOKE ISLAND AND CROATAN AND ROANOKE SOUNDS, WITH THE REBEL FORTS.

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed, "I can forgive all but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

I had never seen her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had severely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own cruel unkindness wanton acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow; I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

On morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added, carelessly, that I should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their glance of mute reproach has often recurred to me. But I had entered upon a downward path, and every minute accelerated my descent.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetness itself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my troubled spirit. Being with her was of

Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence:

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clenched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the one ravishing idea that for two months I should be under the same roof as Marian! She and I, and the children, walked from the Grange together; the children played on in front, and she hung on my arm. We talked of the pleasant prospects of these two months; she delicately handled my bruised soul with her soft indulgence and sympathy; how like an angel she seemed, and my heart rose up in indignant condemnation when I thought "this is the woman I am asked to give up—this is the solace I am forbidden to accept." I did not remember the plain fact that it was not till after her second marriage that my mother had seriously opposed my inclination for Marian. It was from my own confessions of the wanton way in which she had coquetted with me that she judged her. At present she was passive. Since our last conversation her lips had been sealed. She was not a woman to contend in such a game, or to place a mother's love on the same footing as this holiday friendship,

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousies I can stay no longer."

The apparent quiet with which my mother had heard my first words had been an exercise of great self-control. There was too little light in the room for me to see the death-paleness which overspread her face when I first broached the subject, or the convulsive manner in which she clasped her hands together, or I might have spared her. As it was I persevered. An executioner who has stretched a criminal on the rack, and who finds the first turn of the engine inadequate to force a complaint, may from the same spirit of antagonism, even more than the spirit of cruelty, give it an extra turn. Say what we will, there is something of the tiger in every undisciplined human heart. I might now be satisfied with the effect produced. She started up, and the flood of bitter sorrow and disappointment in me, which had been slowly amassing during these dreary months, overflowed. I shrank back, convicted and appalled.

"If it had been a friend," she said, "who had thrown himself upon another friend, as you cast yourself upon me when you wrote to me from Venice, using my mind, my heart, my time, as ministers of yours in the premeditated and systematic plan you had formed from the date of that letter, to approach nearer the object of your unhalloved passion, and when your end was accomplished, casting off that friend as a worn-out glove, such cold-blooded ingratitude would have seemed heartless enough, but when it is a mother's life and heart's blood you have been playing with, and when you wind up this unparalleled treachery by coming to me at such a time to wound me to the heart, by telling me that all my efforts, my endu-

WAR SUPPLEMENT



FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 330—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 15, 1862.

[SUPPLEMENT WITH
PAPER NO. 329.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

[Special attention is invited to the remarkable Story of which we this week present the opening chapters. They exhibit an originality and power which is alone comparable with the works of the most illustrious living masters of fiction.]

[Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

THE HALF-SISTERS.

A Story of Metropolitan Life.

THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

I HAD passed that forge night after night for as many months as I had fingers, and no matter what the weather the fire was always alight, sending up showers of sparks and flashing a ruddy glow out along the dark. Ever beside the anvil, sometimes with the firelight on his broad, glistening face, sometimes beading to his work and making the iron ring with sturdy blows, stood the blacksmith, honest John Raby, gripping the heavy sledge with broad grimy hand; a heavy hand that of John Raby, the blacksmith, which could make the iron writhe at will, but I knew that if laid upon a child's head it would have rested as lightly as thistledown.

I knew that the blacksmith's name was John Raby upon the testimony of a square signboard over the door, upon which that name was printed in the midst of a spray of horseshoes, and I knew that he must be honest upon the testimony of his broad, shining face, and because he always carried his toil so far onward into the night. So I used to reason as I passed by the forge, glancing within where the bright glow lit up boxes of tools and racks against the wall where idle hammers hung, and broken tires of wagons, and horseshoes in scores, and glowing heaps of coals piled upon the forge, and the blacksmith himself, and the apprentice at the bellows, who was so dirty that his eyeballs were brown.

It was in a little winding lane at the base of a hill, and was surrounded by great shops and warehouses. The lane was a short cut to my own lodgings, on which account I was first induced to go through it, but finally I became so used to the welcome light streaming out from John Raby's forge, that I doubt if I should have slept if I had gone round by Bean street and reached home through that respectable thoroughfare. I was young then, and there was little enough, God knows, of kindly significance to me, and I could never bring myself to give up the cheery good-night of the forge.

Many a time I have stopped and leaned against the post to which

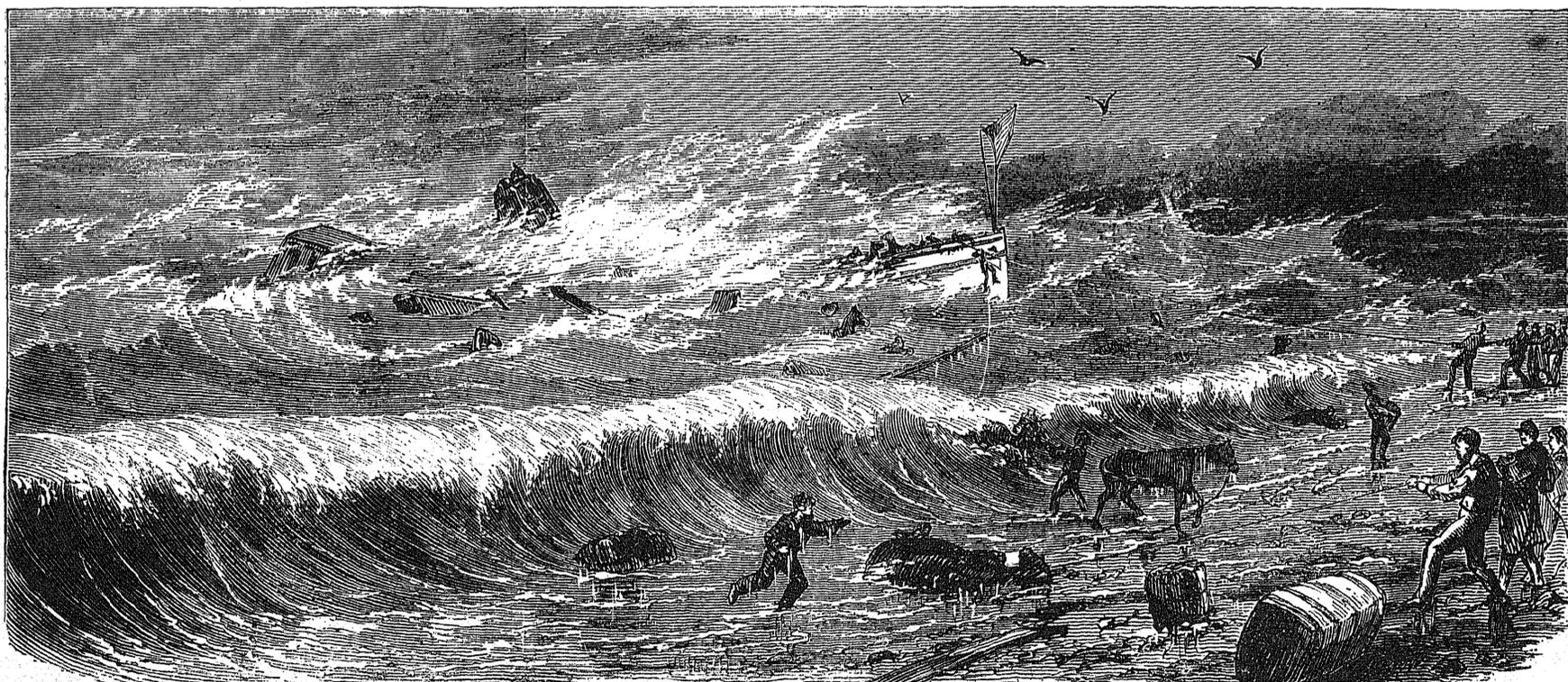


INTERIOR OF THE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.

horses brought thither to be shod were tied, and which was gnawed into craggy, splintering points, and aggressive, penetrating knobs, which made it of all posts in the world the least promising to lean against, and looked in at the whirring wilderness of sparks and the fiery flakes which flashed from the red-hot iron when old John's hammer fell upon it with its sturdy clink, clink, clink. It is not

strange that I came to know him at length, and I am sure that the trivial circumstance of his knowing me no more than he knew Adam would never have prevented me from going straight up to him, putting out my hand and saying, "How do you do, John Raby?" if I had ever caught him alone and at a disadvantage.

Not a few times had I caught a glimpse of a little gray dress and



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE STRAMER POCAHONTAS, LOADED WITH HORSES FOR THE EXPEDITION, WRECKED OFF HATTERAS ISLAND, JANUARY 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. SCHELL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER



NEWS PAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1862, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 331—Vol. XIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 22, 1862.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

The Naval Battle in Hampton Roads.

A GREAT naval action took place on Saturday, the 8th of March, in Hampton Roads, off Newport News, between the great iron-plated rebel steamer Merrimac, supported by the rebel iron-plated steamers Jamestown and Yorktown, and the National wooden sailing frigates Cumberland, Congress, St. Lawrence, and the steamer Minnesota. The Cumberland was run into by the Merrimac and sunk, the officers being captured, but most of the crew escaping in small boats; the Congress, which was out of commission, and without a crew, was captured and burnt. The Roanoke was helpless, having broken her shaft some months ago, and the Minnesota grounded before being able to take a part in the action. After the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress, the rebel steamers commenced the bombardment of the National encampment and batteries at Newport News, but without much effect; their evident intention being to engage and capture the Minnesota (the other National vessels having taken refuge under the guns of Fortress Monroe), which was still aground on Sunday, the 9th. During the night of the 8th, however, the iron floating battery Monitor reached the fortress from New York, and at daylight next morning (Sunday) engaged singly the rebel squadron, then bearing down on the Minnesota, and after an action of five hours, not only succeeded in driving off the Yorktown and Jamestown, but in disabling the iron monster, the Merrimac, and chasing her into Norfolk.

Such is a brief outline of the only purely naval action, worthy of the name, which has taken place during the war. It has proved that wooden ships are no match for iron-clad steamers, and that the principle adopted by Capt. Ericsson, in the Monitor, is superior to any other for iron-clad vessels. The Monitor had but two guns, 11-inch Dahlgren's, carrying 184 pound wrought iron solid shot. The Merrimac had eight 11-inch navy guns, and two 100 pound Armstrong guns, recently imported from England, and the Yorktown and Jamestown carried six and eight guns respectively. Yet the Monitor, with two guns, and having a tonnage of less than one-third of the Mer-

rimac alone, defeated her three antagonists, each larger than herself, iron-clad, and carrying 24 guns. She, moreover, came out of the fight of five hours, during part of which time she was within 10 yards of the Merrimac, and sometimes actually touching her, without perceptible damage or loss of life! She sustained triumphantly the severest test to which any vessel ever built has been subjected.

We append the details of the engagements of Saturday and Sunday, as they have reached us by telegraph from Fortress Monroe—telegraphic communication with that point having been, singularly enough, opened for the first time, by submarine cable, while the action of Saturday was going on:

The Action on Saturday.

About noon on the 8th a suspicious-looking vessel, looking like a submerged house, with the roof only above water, was discovered

moving down from Norfolk, by the channel in front of the Sewall's Point batteries. Signal guns were fired by the Cumberland and Congress to notify the Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Roanoke of the approaching danger. There was nothing protruding above the water but a flagstaff flying the rebel flag and a short smokestack. She moved along slowly, and turned into the channel leading to Newport News, and steamed direct for the wooden sailing frigates Cumberland and Congress, which were lying at the mouth of James river.

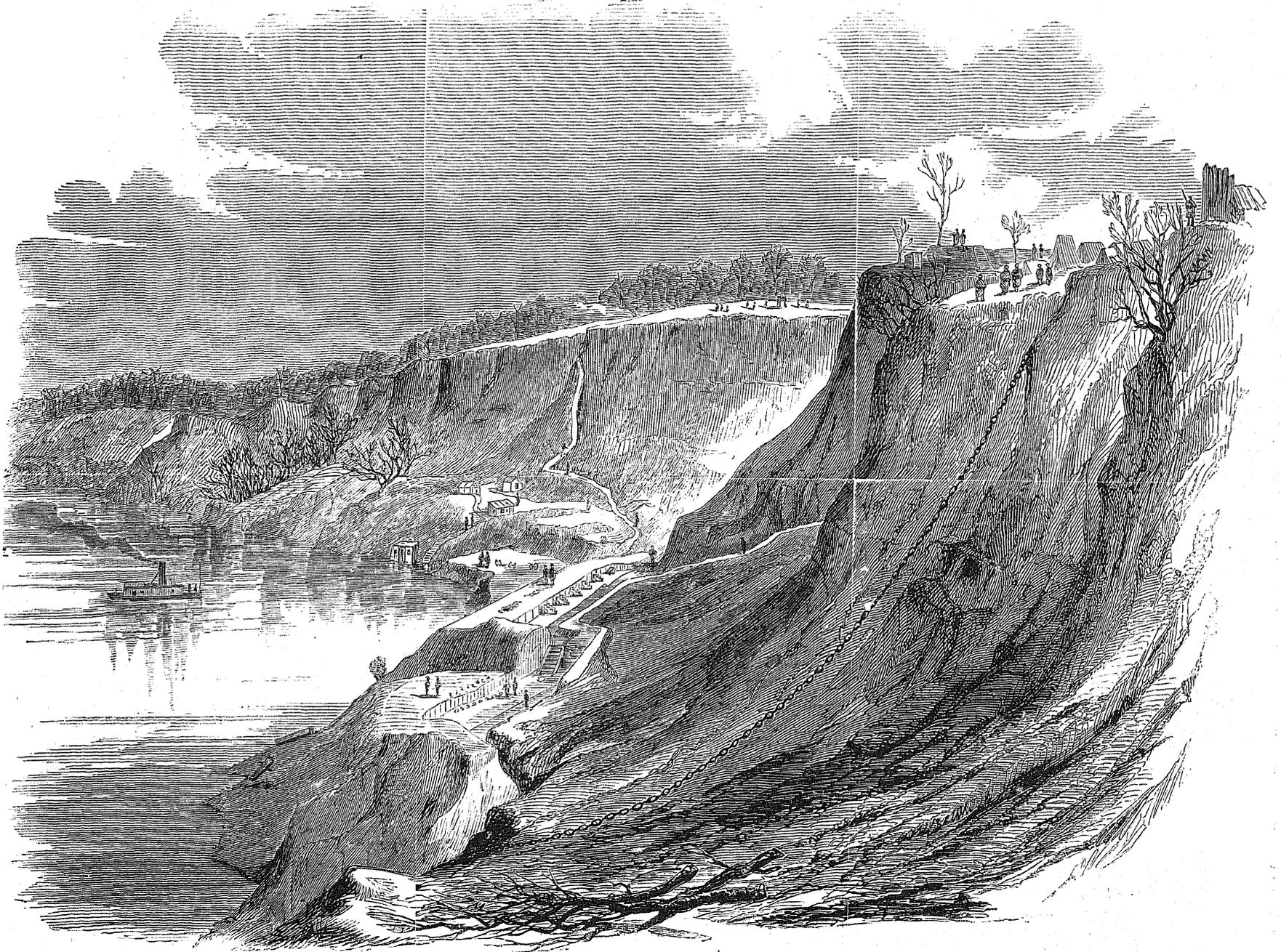
As soon as she came within range of the Cumberland, the latter opened on her with her heavy guns, but the balls struck and glanced off without effect. Her ports were all closed, and she moved on in silence, but with a full head of steam. In the meantime, as the Merrimac was approaching the two frigates on one side, the rebel iron-clad steamers Yorktown and Jamestown came down James river and engaged our frigates on the other side. The batteries at Newport News also opened on the Yorktown and Jamestown, and did all in their power to assist the Cumberland and Congress, which, being sailing vessels, were at the mercy of the approaching steamers. The Merrimac, in the meantime, kept steadily on her course, and slowly approached the Cumberland, when she and the Congress, at a distance of 100 yards, rained full broadsides on the iron-clad monster that took no effect, glancing upwards and flying off, having only the effect of checking her progress for a moment.

After receiving the first broadside of the two frigates, she ran on to the Cumberland, striking her about midships, and literally laying open her bow. She then drew off and fired a broadside into the disabled ship, and again dashed against her with her iron-clad prow, and knocking in her side, left her to sink, while she engaged the Congress, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. The Congress had in the meantime kept up a sharp engagement with the Yorktown and Jamestown, and having no regular crew on board of her, seeing the hopelessness of resisting the iron-clad steamer, at once struck her colors. Her crew had been discharged several days since, and three companies of the Naval Brigade had been put on board temporarily, until she could be relieved by the St. Lawrence, which was to have gone up on Monday to take her position as one of the blockading vessels of the James river.

On the Congress striking her colors, the Jamestown approached, and took from on board of her all her officers as prisoners, but allowed the crew to escape in boats. The vessel being thus cleared was fired by the rebels, when the Merrimac and her two iron-clad companions opened with shell and shot on the Newport News batteries. The firing was briskly returned. In the meantime the steam frigate Minnesota, having partly got up steam, was being towed up to the relief of the two frigates, but did not get up until it was too late to assist them. She was also followed up by the frigate St. Lawrence, which was taken in tow by several of the small harbor steamers. Both vessels, when within about a mile of the rebel fleet, grounded, but immediately engaged the Merrimac, which, for the time being, was stationary, and, it is believed, also aground. The Roanoke, which had been lying off the fort for four months, was attempted to be towed into action



THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. DE MONTELL, OF THE D'EPINAIL ZOUAVES, ACTING AS A PRIVATE IN THE 9TH NEW YORK REGIMENT (HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES), IN THE ATTACK ON THE THREE GUN BATTERY, ROANOKE ISLAND, FEBRUARY 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 290.



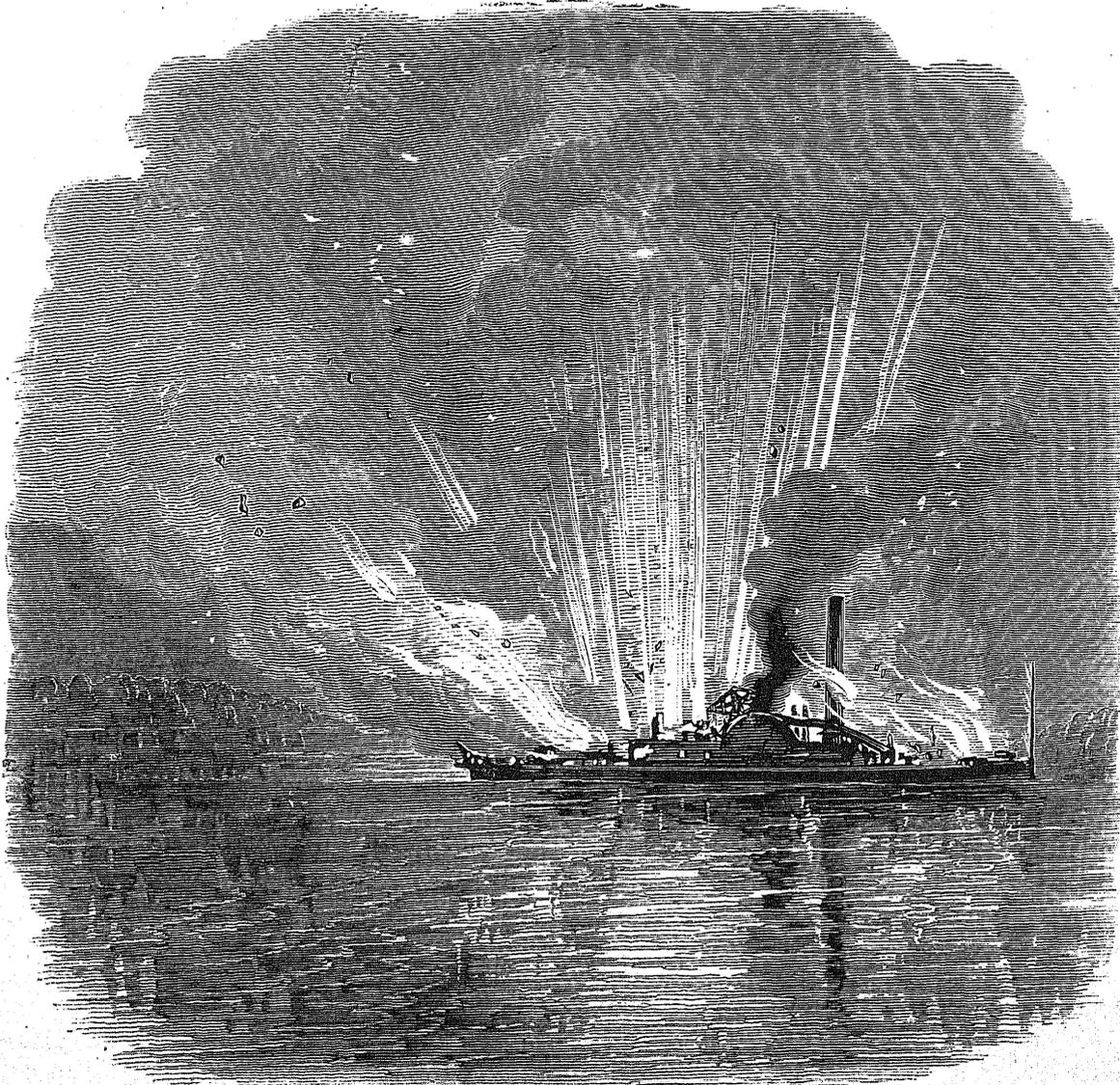
Cannon thrown into the River Barracks and Magazines dug into the Hill. Principal Road. Battery. Heavy Iron Chain across the River.
 WAR IN KENTUCKY—VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF COLUMBUS, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. LOVIE.—SEE PAGE 299.

COLONEL RUSH C. HAWKINS.

This gallant and popular soldier was born in 1827, at Woodstock, Vermont, and is the grandson of Dexter Hawkins, a native of Providence, Rhode Island, who, entering the Revolutionary army when he was only 16, fought with it till our forefathers had achieved their independence, and particu-

larly distinguished himself in the battle of Bennington. Col. Hawkins is also a grandnephew of Gov. Hopkins, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. At eight years of age he was left an orphan by the death of his father. He was educated at the military school of Capt. Partridge, of Norwich, Vermont. In his 16th year he went to Boston, to seek his fortune, and there met with Lieut. Lynch, who,

by a strange coincidence, was in command of the rebel flotilla at Roanoke Island, where Col. Hawkins and his splendid regiment so greatly distinguished themselves. Having expended his last dollar in the payment of his fare to the City of Notions, he offered his services to Lieut. Lynch, who was just starting on his well-known expedition to the Dead Sea. The Lieutenant engaged young Hawkins as Volunteer Cadet, and in that capacity he entered the sloop-of-war Portsmouth. After visiting the chief towns in the Mediterranean, Hawkins returned just in time to take part



THE WAR ON THE OCEAN—BURNING OF THE REBEL GUNBOAT CURLEW, OFF FORT FORREST, CROATAN SOUND, FEBRUARY 7TH.
 FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 299.



COL. RUSH C. HAWKINS, COMMANDING 9TH NEW YORK REGIMENT, OR "HAWKINS'S ZOUAVES."

in the Mexican war, for upon the arrival of the Portsmouth at Pensacola that vessel was ordered to Vera Cruz. He there entered the Corps of Sappers and Miners, organized at West Point, and followed Gen. Scott to the very Halls of the Montezumas. Before, however, he reached this point, he was often under fire, and always conducted himself with the greatest coolness and daring. He was present at the celebrated charge up the Causeway, which ended in the surrender of the City of Mexico. In this campaign he made