

THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor. "NO ENTERTAINMENT SO CHEAP AS READING, NOR ANY PLEASURE SO LASTING." \$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE. VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 40.] COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1863. [WHOLE NUMBER 1,705.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Office in Carpet Hall, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription. One Copy per annum, in advance, \$1 50. If not paid within three months from commencement of the year, \$2 00. A Copy 10 cents. Not subscription received for a longer time than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless the option of the publisher is exercised. Money may be sent by mail, or by express, at the risk of the sender.

Rates of Advertising. A single insertion, one line, one week, 10 cents. One month, 25 cents. Three months, 70 cents. Six months, 1 10. One year, 2 00. For the second and subsequent insertions, half the above rates. For the first insertion of a large advertisement, one line, one week, 10 cents. For the second and subsequent insertions, half the above rates. For the first insertion of a large advertisement, one line, one week, 10 cents. For the second and subsequent insertions, half the above rates.

H. M. NORTH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa. Collection promptly made in Lancaster and York Counties. Columbia, May 4, 1860.

H. B. ESSICK, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Columbia, Pa.

Clocks, Watches, Jewels, Silver and Silver-Plated Ware. SHRENER & SPERING, HAVING taken the old established stand of John Deitz, Front street, Columbia, Pa., respectfully invite the public to call and examine their large assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND SILVER-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, COMBS, PISTOLS, ACCORDEONS, and FANCY ARTICLES, such as are usually kept in a first-class Jewellery Store. We will keep constantly on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

WHOLESALE GROCERIES.—For the city and surrounding country, and for exportation, we have on hand a large stock of ALL THE ABOVE GOODS, and will order to order in the most prompt manner. A continuance of the former patronage is respectfully solicited. H. SHRENER & S. SPERING, Front street, Columbia, Pa., July 19, 1862.

Poetry.

The Lingerer Winter. The snow-flakes kiss the plowman's crimson face; He guides the share and turns the furrow still; With mainly patience and with measured pace, Nor needs the winter lingering on the hill. The noisy flocks rustle through the vale; The crow crows flap the blast with laboring wings; The bare oak shivers in the northern gale— But on the topmost bough the blue-bird sings.

And autumn's wealth, its pleasures and its pride, His heart with joy, his ear with music fill; His plow follows with a quicker stride; Nor needs the winter lingering on the hill.

Thus to the Christian—where'er'er he roam— Planting the Orient, Africa, or the Isles, Or the forest-fields, alas! of some— A promised harvest mid the winter smiles.

Spring eys and eels, the laborers faint and few; The hard, chill glebe, unyielding to the share; The shrill blast shrieks the leafless forest through; But from on high a voice dispels despair.

Before him the redemptor—Christ's harvest-stand; And hosts with hymns of praise his bosom thrill; His plow he seizes with a strength he'd lend; Nor needs the winter lingering on the hill.

"Ghose You this day Whom You will Serve," BY O. W. HOLMES. Ye tyrants, you hate us, and fear while you hate The self-righting, chain-breaking, throne-shaking Slave; The high-bird, dread morning—your instant in-mouth, The day—star of Freedom brings midnight for you!

Why play with the deal for the cause of mankind? We ask not your reasons, we were warning our time, Our life is a mouse, our welfare a crime!

We have battles to fight, we have foes to subdue— Time waits not for us, and we wait not for you! The mowmow mows on, though the mowmow will write And the copper-head coil round the blade of his scythe!

"No sides in this quarrel," your statement may urge, Of seclusion-house and wages with slave-pen and scourge! No sides in the quarrel! proclaim it as well! To the angels that fight with the legions of hell!

They kneel in God's temple, the North and the South, With blood on each weapon, and prayers in each mouth, Who cry aloud he answered! Ye Heavens, attend! The lords of the lash as their eyes ascend!

"O Lord, we are shamed in the image of Thee— Send down the base millions that claim to be free, And lend thy strong arm to the so-foughten race Who eat not their bread in the sweat of their face!"

So pleads the proud planter. What echoes are The yells of his bloodhounds he home on the breeze, And lost in the shriek of his victim's despair, His voice dies unheeded. Hear the Puritan's prayer:

"O Lord, that didst smother mankind in thy flood, The sun is snake-hole, the moon is a blood, The stars fall to earth as ultimately are cast! The figs from the fig-tree that shakes in the blast!

All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils is breath, Stand gazing at thee as she travels with death! Lord, smother the monster that struggles to birth, Or mock us no more with Thy Kingdom on Earth!

If Ammon and Meab must reign in the land, Thou gavest Thine Israel, fresh from Thy hand, Call Ben and Asherah out of their graves! To be the new god for the empire of slaves!"

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers of men? Who'll ye build your new shrines in the slave-breeder's den? Or walk with the children of light, as they call On the Judge of the Earth and the Father of All?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time moves apace! Each day is an age in the life of our race! Lead, lead them in love, ere they hush in fear From the fast-rising flood that shall girdle the sphere!

Selections.

The Last Cruise of the Monitor. An actor in the scenes of that wild night when the Monitor went down craves permission to relate the story of her last cruise. Her work is now over. She ties a hundred Hatters deep under the stormy waters off Cape Hatteras. But "the little chess-box on a raft" has made herself a name which will not soon be forgotten by the American people.

Every child knows her early story,—it is one of the thousand romances of the war,—how as our ships lay at anchor in Hampton Roads, and the army of the Potomac covered the Peninsula, one shining March day,— "Far away to the South o'ercame A little feather of snow-white smoke; And we knew that the iron-ship of our foes Was steadily steering its course To try the force Of our ribs of oak."

Iron conquered oak; the balls from the Congress and Cumberland rattled from the sides of the Rebel ship like hail; she passed on resistless, and "Down went the Cumberland, all a wreck." The Congress struck her flag, and the band of men on the Peninsula waited their turn—for the iron monster belched out fire and shell to both sea and land. Evening out short her work, and she returned to Norfolk, leaving terror and confusion behind her.

The morning saw her return; but now between her expected prey, the Minnesota, and herself, lay a low, black raft, to the lookers-on from the Merrimack no more formidable than the mast of the sunken Cumberland, or the useless guns of the Congress, near whose shattered bulk the Monitor kept guard, the avenger of their loss.

As the haughty monster approached the scene of her triumph, the shock of an unexpected cannonade checked her career. That little black turret poured out a fire so tremendous, that the jubilant crew of the Merrimack faltered, surprised, terrified. The revolving tower was a marvel to them. One on board of her at the time has since told me, that, though at first entirely confident of victory, consternation finally took hold of all.

"D— it!" said one, "the thing is full of guns." An hour the contest raged, and then the iron scales of the invincible began to crumble under repeated blows thunders from that strange revolving tower. A slaughter, destroying shot smashing through the port, a great seam battered in the side, crippled and defeated, the Merrimack turned prow and steamed away.

This was the end of her career, as really as when, a few weeks later, early morning saw her wrapped in sudden flame and smoke, and the people of Norfolk heard in their beds the report which was her death-knell.

So far ended for a time, and the Monitor saw little service until at Fort Darling she dismounted every gun, save one, when all her comrades failed to reach the mark.— Then, a little worn by hard fighting, she went to Washington for some slight repairs, but specially to have better arrangements made for ventilating, as those on board suffered from the air during action.

The first of September a fresh alarm came, when she went down to Hampton Roads to meet the new Merrimack, said to be coming out, and stationed herself at the mouth of the James River, between the buried Congress and Cumberland, whose masts still rose above water, a monument of Rebel outrage and Union heroism. Here she remained expectant for more than two months, all on board desiring action, but thinking the new year must come in before anything could be done.

The last week in December found her lying under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and busily fitting for sea. Her own guns had been put in perfect working order, and she was as ready as a steam-boat to start. She was fitted for the day, and the weather was as good as a steamer.

noting its shifting hues and forms, from the dead green of the first long roll to the foaming and prismatic tints of the falling wave. As the afternoon advanced, the freshening wind, the thickening clouds, and the increasing roll of the sea gave those most accustomed to ordinary ship-life some new experiences. The little vessel plunged through the rising waves, instead of riding them, and, as they increased in violence, lay, as it were, under their crests, which washed over her continually, so that, even when we considered ourselves safe, the appearance was that of a vessel sinking.

"I'd rather go to sea in a diving bell!" said one as the waves dashed over the pilot-house, and the little craft seemed buried in water.

"Give me an oyster-boat!" cried another—"anything—only let it be wood, and something that will float over, instead of under the water!"

Still she plunged on, and about six-thirty P. M. we made Cape Hatteras; in half an hour we had rounded the point, and many on board expressed regret that the Monitor should not have been before the Passaic in doing so. Our spy-glasses were in constant use; we saw several vessels in the distance; and about seven P. M. discovered the Passaic four or five miles astern to the north of us, in tow of the steamer State of Georgia.

A general hurrah went up,— "Hurrah for the first iron-clad that ever rounded Cape Hatteras! Hurrah for the little boat that is first in everything!" The distance between ourselves and the Passaic widened, and we gradually lost sight of her.

At half-past seven a heavy shower fell, lasting about twenty minutes. At this time the gale increased; black, heavy clouds covered the sky, through which the moon glimmered fitfully, allowing us to see in the distance a long line of white, plunging foam, rushing toward us—sure indication, to a sailor's eye, of a stormy time.

A gloom overhung everything; the banks of cloud seemed to settle around us; the mean of the ocean grew louder and more fearful. Still our little boat pushed doggedly on: victorious through all, we thought that here, too, she would conquer, though the beating waves sent shudders through her whole frame. Bearing still the marks of one of the fiercest battles of the war, we had grown to think her invulnerable to any assault of man or element, and as she breasted these huge waves, plunging through one only to meet another more mighty, we thought—"She is staunch! she will weather it!"

An hour passed; the air below, which had all day been increasing in closeness, was now almost stifling, but our men lost no courage. Some sang, and they worked, and the cadence of the voices, mingling with the roar of waters, sounded like a defiance to Ocean.

Some stationed themselves on top of the turret, and a general enthusiasm filled all breasts, as huge waves, twenty feet high, rose up on all sides, hung suspended for a moment like jaws open to devour, and then, breaking, gashed over in foam from side to side. Those of us new to the sea, and not appreciating our peril, hurrahed for the largest waves; but the captain and one or two others, old sailors, knowing its power, grew momentarily more and more anxious, feeling with a dread instinctive to the sailor, that, in case of extremity, no wreck yet known to ocean could be so hopeless as this. Solid iron from keelson to turret-top, clinging to anything for safety, if the Monitor should go down, would only insure a share in her fate. No mast, no spar, no floating thing, to meet the out-stretched hand in the last moment.

The sea, like the old-world giant, gathered force from each attack. Thick and fast came the blows on the iron mail of the Monitor, and still the brave little vessel held her own, until, at half-past eight, the engineer, Waters, faithful to the end, reported a leak. The pumps were instantly set in motion, and we watched their progress with an intense interest. She had seemed to us like an immortal knight in armor, battling against fearful odds, but still holding his ground. We who watched, when the blow came which made the strong man reel and the life-blood spout, felt our hearts faint within us; then, again ground was gained, and the fight went on, the water lowering somewhat under the laboring pumps.

From nine to ten it kept pace with them. From ten to eleven the sea increased in violence, the waves now dashing entirely over the turret, blinding the eyes and causing quick catchings of the breath, as they swept against us. At ten the engineer had reported the leak as gaining on us; at half-past ten, with several pumps in constant motion, one of which threw out three thousand gallons a minute, the water was rising rapidly, and nearing the fires. When these were reached the vessel's doom was sealed; for with their extinction the pumps must cease, and all hope of keeping the Monitor above water more than an hour or two expired. Our knight had received his death-blow, and lay struggling and helpless under the power of a stronger than he.

A consultation was held, and, not without a conflict of feeling, it was decided that a signal of distress should be made. Ocean claimed our little vessel, and her trembling frame and falling fire proved she would soon answer his call; yet a pang went through us, as we thought of the first iron-clad lying alone at the bottom of this stormy sea, her guns silenced, herself a useless mass of metal.

Each quiver of her strong frame seemed to plead with us not to abandon her. The work she had done, the work she was to do, rose before us: might there not be a possibility of saving her yet?—her time could not have come so soon. We seemed to hear a voice from her saying—"Save me, for once I have saved you! My frame is staunch still; my guns may again silence the roar of Rebel batteries. The night will pass, and calm come to us once more. Save us!" The roar of Ocean drowned her voice, and we who descended for a moment to the cabin knew, by the rising water through which we waded, that the end was near.

Small time was there for regrets. Rockets were thrown up, and answered by the Rhode Island, whose brave men prepared at once to lower boats, though in that wild sea it was almost madness.

The Monitor had been attached to the Rhode Island by two hawsers, one of which had parted at about seven P. M. The other remained firm, but now it was necessary it should be cut. How was that possible, when every wave washed clean over her deck? what man could reach it alive? "Who'll cut the hawser?" shouted Captain Bankhead. Acting-Master Stodder volunteered, and was followed by another. Holding by one hand to the ropes at her side, they cut through, by many blows of the hatchet, the immense rope which united the vessels. Stodder returned in safety, but his brave companion was washed over and went down.

The men were quiet and controlled, but all felt anxiety. Master-Mate Peter Williams suggested bailing, in the faint hope that in this way the vessel might be kept longer above water. A bailing party was organized by John Stocking, who, brave man, at last went down. Paymaster Keeler led the way, in company with Stocking, Williams, and one or two others; and the water was now waist deep, and they knew the vessel was liable to go down at almost any moment, they worked on nobly, throwing out a constant stream of water from the turret.

Meanwhile the boat launched from the Rhode Island had started, manned by a crew of picked men.

A more heroic impulse could not have accomplished this most noble deed. For hours they had watched the raging sea. Their captain and they knew the danger; every man who entered the boat did it at peril of his life; and yet all were ready. Are not such acts as these convincing proof of the divinity of human nature?

We watched her with a straining eye, for few thought she could live to reach us. She neared; and we were sure of her, thank God!

In this interval the cut hawser had become entangled in the paddle-wheel of the Rhode Island, and she drifted down upon us; we, not knowing this fact, supposed her coming to our assistance; but a moment undeceived us. The launch sent for our relief was now between us and her—too near for safety. The steamer bore swiftly down, stern first, upon our starboard quarter. "Keep off! keep off!" we cried, and then first saw she was helpless. Even as we looked the devoted boat was caught between the steamer and the iron-clad—a sharp sound of crushing wood was heard—the hawsers, and splinters flew in the air—the boat's crew leaped to the Monitor's deck. Death stared us in the face; our iron prow must go through the Rhode Island's side, and then an end to all. One awful moment we held our breath—then the hawser was cleared—the steamer moved off; as it were, step by step, first one, then another, till a ship's length lay between us, and then we breathed freely. But the boat!—had she gone to the bottom carrying brave souls with her? No, there she lay, beaming against our iron sides, but still, though bruised and broken, a life-boat to us.

There was no hasty scramble for life when it was found she floated; all held back. The men kept steadily on at their bailing—only the cut hawser saved themselves. They descended from the turret to the deck with mingled hope and fear, for the waves tore from side to side, and the capstern head and beams could not guarantee safety. Some were washed over as they left the turret, and, with a vain clutch at the iron deck, a wild throwing up of the arms, went down, their death cry ringing in the ears of their companions.

The boat sometimes held her place by the Monitor's side, then was dashed helplessly out to reach, rising and falling on the waves. A sailor would spring from the deck to reach her, be seen for a moment in mid-air, and then, as she rose, fall to her. So she gradually filled up; but some poor souls who sought to reach her failed even as they touched her rearing sides, and went down.

We had on board a little messenger boy, the special charge of one of the sailors, and the pet of all; he must inevitably have been lost, but for the care of his adopted father, who, holding him firmly in his arms escaped as by miracle, being washed overboard, and succeeded in placing him safely in the boat.

The last but one to make the desperate venture was the surgeon; he leaped from the deck, and at the very instant saw the boat being swept away by the merciless sea. Making one final effort, he threw his body forward when he fell, striking across the boat's side so violently, it was thought some of his ribs must be broken. "Hail the Doctor in!" shouted Lieut. Greene, perhaps remembering how, a little time back, he himself, almost gone down in the unknown

ser, had been "hailed in" by a quinine rope flung him by the doctor. Stout sailormen pulled him in, one more sprang to place in her, and the boat, now full, pushed off in a sinking condition, it is true, but still bearing hope with her, for she was wood.

Over the waves we toiled slowly, pulling for life. The men stuffed their pea-jackets into the holes in her side, and bailed incessantly. We neared the Rhode Island; but now a new peril appeared. Night down upon our centre, borne by the might of rushing water, came the whale-boat sent to rescue others from the iron-clad. We bawled floated; if she struck us with her bows full on us, we must go to the bottom. One sprang, and, as she neared, with outstretched arms, met and turned her course. She passed against us, and his hand, caught between the two, was coked, and the arm, wrrenched from its socket, fell a helpless weight at its side; but life remained. We were saved, and an arm was a small price to pay for life.

We reached the Rhode Island; ropes were flung over her side, and caught with a death grip. Some lost their hold, were washed away, and again dragged in by the boat's crew. What chance had one whose right arm hung a dead weight, when strong men by their two hands went down before him? He caught at a rope, found it impossible to save himself alone, and then for the first time said—"I am injured; can any one aid me?" Ensign Taylor, at the risk of his own life, brought the rope around his shoulder in such a way it could not slip, and he was drawn up in safety.

In the meantime the whale boat, nearly our destruction, had reached the side of the Monitor, and now the captain said—"It is madness to remain here longer; let each man save himself." For a moment he descended to the cabin for a coat, and his faithful servant followed to secure a jewel-box, containing the accumulated treasures of years. A sad, sorry sight it was. In the heavy air the lamps burned dimly, and the water, waist deep, splashed silently against the wardroom's sides. One lingering look, and he left the Monitor's cabin forever.

Time was precious; he hastened to the deck, where, in the midst of a terrible sea, Lieutenant Greene nobly held his post. He seized the rope from the whale boat, wound it about an iron stanchion and then around his wrists, for days afterward swollen and useless from the strain. His black body servant stood near him.

"Can you swim, William?" he asked. "No," replied the man. "Then keep by me, and I'll save you."

One by one, watching their time between the waves, the men filled in, the captain helping the poor black to a place, and at last, after all effort for others and none for themselves, Captain Bankhead and Lieutenant Greene took their places in the boat. Two or three still remained, clinging to the turret; the captain had begged them to come down, but, paralyzed with fear, they sat immovable, and the gallant Brown, promising to return for them, pushed off, and soon had his boat load safe upon the Rhode Island's deck.

Here the heartiest and most tender reception met us. Our drenched clothing was replaced by warm and dry garments, and all on board vied with each other in acts of kindness. The only one who had received an injury, Surgeon Weeks, was carefully attended to, the dislocated arm set, and the crushed fingers amputated by the gentlest and most considerate of surgeons, Dr. Webster of the Rhode Island.

For an hour or more we watched from the deck of the Rhode Island the lonely light upon the Monitor's turret; a hundred times we thought it gone forever—a hundred times it re-appeared, till at last, about two o'clock, Wednesday morning, it sank, and we saw it no more.

We had looked, too, most anxiously, for the whale boat which had last gone out, under the command of Master-Mate Brown, but saw no signs of it. We knew it had reached the Monitor, but whether swamped by the waves, or drawn in as the Monitor went down, we could not tell. Captain Trembore would not leave the spot, but sailed about, looking in vain for the missing boat, till late Wednesday afternoon, when it would have been given up as helplessly lost, except for the captain's dependence on the coolness and skill of his tried officer. He thought it useless to search longer, but, hoping it might have been picked up by some coasting vessel, turned towards Fortress Monroe.

"Two days' sail brought us to the fort, whence we had started on Monday with such glowing hopes, and alas! with some who were never to return. The same kindness met us here as on the Rhode Island; loans of money, clothing, and other necessaries, were offered us. It was almost well that never more might we tread her deck, or gather in her little cabin at evening.

A day or two at the fort, waiting for official permission to return to our homes, and we were on our way,—the week seeming, as we looked back upon it, like some wild dream. One thing only appeared real; our little vessel was lost, and we, who, in months gone by, had learned to love her, felt a strange pang go through us as we remembered that never more might we tread her deck, or gather in her little cabin at evening.

We had left her behind us, one more treasure added to the priceless store which Ocean so jealously hides. The Cumberland and

each quiver of her strong frame seemed to plead with us not to abandon her. The work she had done, the work she was to do, rose before us: might there not be a possibility of saving her yet?—her time could not have come so soon. We seemed to hear a voice from her saying—"Save me, for once I have saved you! My frame is staunch still; my guns may again silence the roar of Rebel batteries. The night will pass, and calm come to us once more. Save us!" The roar of Ocean drowned her voice, and we who descended for a moment to the cabin knew, by the rising water through which we waded, that the end was near.

Small time was there for regrets. Rockets were thrown up, and answered by the Rhode Island, whose brave men prepared at once to lower boats, though in that wild sea it was almost madness.

The Monitor had been attached to the Rhode Island by two hawsers, one of which had parted at about seven P. M. The other remained firm, but now it was necessary it should be cut. How was that possible, when every wave washed clean over her deck? what man could reach it alive? "Who'll cut the hawser?" shouted Captain Bankhead. Acting-Master Stodder volunteered, and was followed by another. Holding by one hand to the ropes at her side, they cut through, by many blows of the hatchet, the immense rope which united the vessels. Stodder returned in safety, but his brave companion was washed over and went down.

The men were quiet and controlled, but all felt anxiety. Master-Mate Peter Williams suggested bailing, in the faint hope that in this way the vessel might be kept longer above water. A bailing party was organized by John Stocking, who, brave man, at last went down. Paymaster Keeler led the way, in company with Stocking, Williams, and one or two others; and the water was now waist deep, and they knew the vessel was liable to go down at almost any moment, they worked on nobly, throwing out a constant stream of water from the turret.

Meanwhile the boat launched from the Rhode Island had started, manned by a crew of picked men.

A more heroic impulse could not have accomplished this most noble deed. For hours they had watched the raging sea. Their captain and they knew the danger; every man who entered the boat did it at peril of his life; and yet all were ready. Are not such acts as these convincing proof of the divinity of human nature?

We watched her with a straining eye, for few thought she could live to reach us. She neared; and we were sure of her, thank God!

In this interval the cut hawser had become entangled in the paddle-wheel of the Rhode Island, and she drifted down upon us; we, not knowing this fact, supposed her coming to our assistance; but a moment undeceived us. The launch sent for our relief was now between us and her—too near for safety. The steamer bore swiftly down, stern first, upon our starboard quarter. "Keep off! keep off!" we cried, and then first saw she was helpless. Even as we looked the devoted boat was caught between the steamer and the iron-clad—a sharp sound of crushing wood was heard—the hawsers, and splinters flew in the air—the boat's crew leaped to the Monitor's deck. Death stared us in the face; our iron prow must go through the Rhode Island's side, and then an end to all. One awful moment we held our breath—then the hawser was cleared—the steamer moved off; as it were, step by step, first one, then another, till a ship's length lay between us, and then we breathed freely. But the boat!—had she gone to the bottom carrying brave souls with her? No, there she lay, beaming against our iron sides, but still, though bruised and broken, a life-boat to us.

There was no hasty scramble for life when it was found she floated; all held back. The men kept steadily on at their bailing—only the cut hawser saved themselves. They descended from the turret to the deck with mingled hope and fear, for the waves tore from side to side, and the capstern head and beams could not guarantee safety. Some were washed over as they left the turret, and, with a vain clutch at the iron deck, a wild throwing up of the arms, went down, their death cry ringing in the ears of their companions.

The boat sometimes held her place by the Monitor's side, then was dashed helplessly out to reach