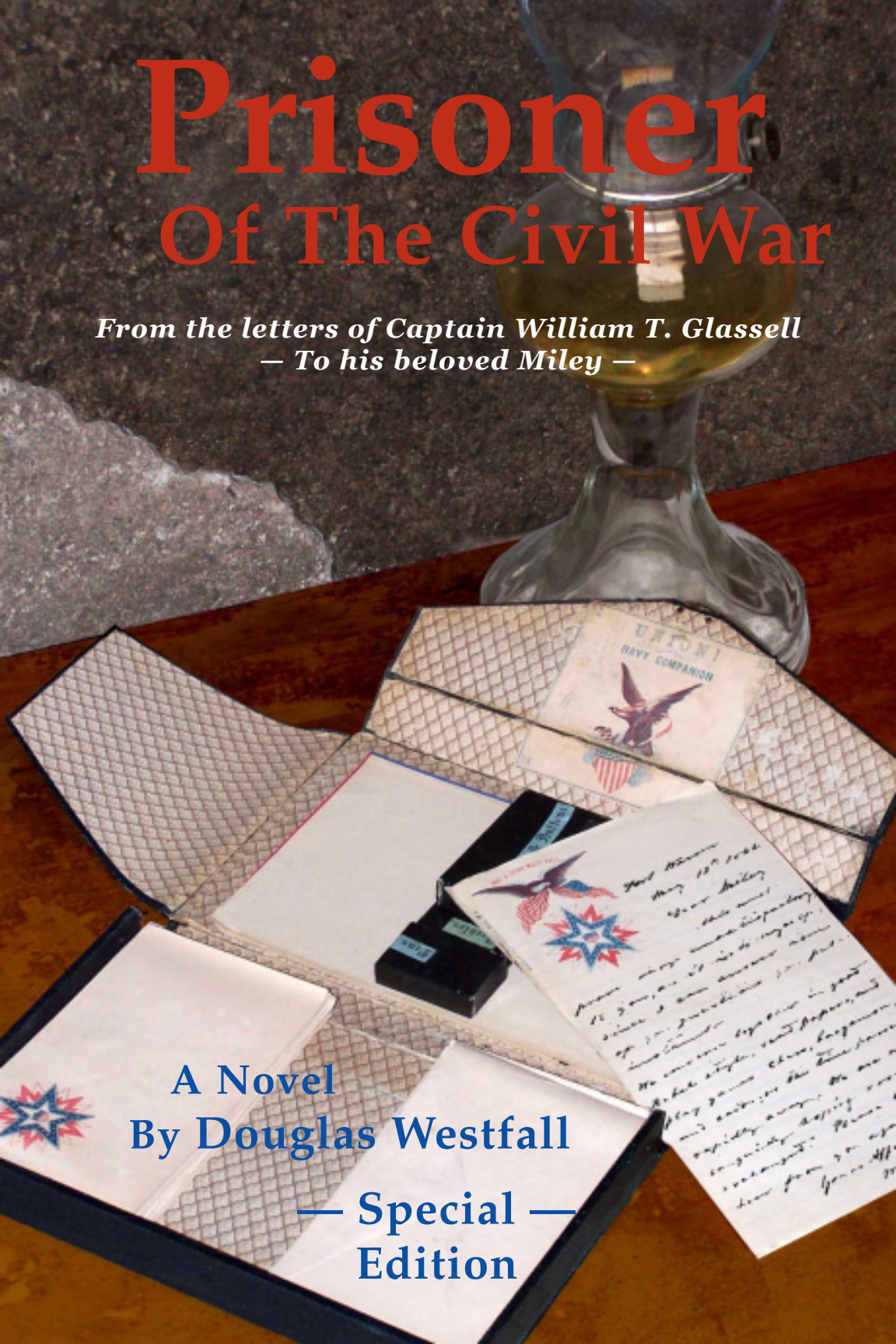
Prisoner
Of The Civil War

From the letters of Captain William T. Glassell
— To his beloved Miley —



A Novel
By Douglas Westfall

— Special —
Edition

Front Cover Illustration:

Union Writing Kit, Glassell Family Archive
Glassell Letter, Orange Public Library and History Center

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Prisoner of the Civil War

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Prisoner of the Civil War

A highly decorated Union Naval Officer,
Is imprisoned in the most dreaded Union Bastille.
When pushed into becoming a Confederate,
He attacks the Union fleet with a vengeance.

Prisoner
Of The Civil War

From the letters of Captain William T. Glassell
— To his beloved Miley —

"Duty before Desire – Honor before Duty
– Bravery, at all Times"

By
Douglas Westfall

Edited by Pedro Garcia

The Paragon Agency, Publishers
Orange, California
2013

LIBRARY PAGE

Prisoner Of The Civil War

Taken from the letters of Captain William T. Glassell to his beloved Miley.

Douglas Westfall 1949—

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DEDICATION

To Captain William T. Glassell

PREFACE

It looks good otherwise but for that sparse intro on Charleston. Beyond my previous comment, this looks pretty tight and suspenseful. I think you are on sound historical footing and it is an interesting story. Smart, clever, concise, it's good history. I'd say you nailed it Doug. Good luck with it.

Pedro Garcia, Civil War Author, 2013

FOREWORD

It is extremely difficult to write a period novel that captures the imagination of modern readers. This is set in a time before the US understood how powerful it really was. A time of naivete and of innocence, Britain had abolished slave trade in 1804. It should have been abundantly clear that other western countries would soon follow their lead.

Ian Mann, Author and Researcher, 2013

CONTENTS

PROLOG	Fort Warren Prison	1
SECTION ONE	In A Foreign Land	
Chapter 1	In the China Sea	3
Chapter 2	Hong Kong, China	15
Chapter 3	Shanghai, China	21
Chapter 4	Washington Naval Yard	31
SECTION TWO	Imprisoned	
Chapter 5	Ft. Warren Prison, Winter	39
Chapter 6	Ft. Warren Prison Escape	47
Chapter 7	Ft. Warren Prison, Spring	55
Chapter 8	Ft. Warren Prison, Summer	61
SECTION THREE	At War	
Chapter 9	Charleston	67
Chapter 10	Charleston City	73
Chapter 11	Charleston Harbor	81
Chapter 12	Battle at Sea	89
SECTION FOUR	The David	
Chapter 13	The White House	105
Chapter 14	Charleston Harbor	119
Chapter 15	Charleston City	125
Chapter 16	The White House	133
Chapter 17	At Sea	141
SECTION FIVE	The Goliath	
Chapter 18	Charleston City	145
Chapter 19	Charleston Harbor	151
Chapter 20	The USS Ironsides	161
Chapter 21	Fort Lafayette Prison	169
EPILOG	Orange, California	171
END NOTES		173
COLOPHON		175

PROLOG

Fort Warren Prison
Georges Island, Boston Harbor
(January 1862)

Flickering light emanates from the burning coal piled on a small brazier. The shimmering glow, casts a silhouette on the traces of the darkened cannonade. Each port like this once held a Parrott gun — a specially built cannon that can hurl a 9-inch iron ball 3,000 yards. Now in winter, this one only holds a single prisoner.

Chattering rats crawl along the edge of the cell footing and the wet walls of the casement reflect the glow of a kerosene lamp sitting on a small table. Here, a bearded officer -- William T. Glassell -- prepares to write. A blue US Navy coat with gold-fringed epaulettes drapes over his shoulders and his woolen gloves are missing the fingertips so he can write and turn pages.

He opens the brass clasp of his black leather writing kit. A light-colored hash pattern covers the inside and an eagle over a shield proclaims: UNION Navy Companion. He pushes back the flaps to expose envelopes and small black boxes that state THREAD, BUTTONS, and PEN POINTS. He removes paper and a pen.

It is cold and he pauses to blow warmth into his hands. His breath billows out as he dips his pen into the ink bottle and begins to write. Quietly he recites his own words,

"Dearest Miley — It is indeed terrible to be here and think of the dreadful conflict that is even at this moment, going on in our land. We can but await the publication of

the news in breathless anxiety. I feel but little like writing at present, and the circumstances under which I am making the effort are not favorable.

"I hope that all your earnest prayers may be answered. I am confident as ever that all will yet come right, and that the day is not far when the wicked shall suffer. Please do not distress nor believe the lying newspapers and I pray that I shall be permitted to hear from you in my new prison. I so miss you now."

Glassell looks up toward the lantern, closes his eyes, and envisions a night long ago at his home plantation of Richland in Virginia.

In the ballroom of the Richland mansion, a youthful Miley swings around in a flowing dress as she dances with William in his Navy blues. A small band at the end of the large ballroom plays a waltz. Heavy draperies shroud the windows and the wedge of darkness on the glass shows that it is evening time. The room is filled with well-dressed family and friends and they all dance in the background.

As Glassell's vision fades, he opens his eyes to the small dark casement of his prison, sighing as he realizes where he is, as the cold of winter takes over. He continues his letter to Miley, speaking each word as if she were there with him:

"In receiving commendations for my service to the United States, I believe that I served faithfully as an officer in the United States Navy. While abroad however, there were events unfolding back home of which I had no knowledge. Sailing on the Nation's flag ship but a year ago, I was then in the China Sea..." ◆

SECTION ONE
In A Foreign Land

Chapter 1
In the China Sea
One Year Earlier on The USS Hartford
(January 1861)

The great ship's bow crests the large swells. The sail-steamer pitches in a full rain squall. Rough seas splash onto the trail board at the bow. The row of black cannon stream by quickly as the ship dips to show the deck behind the gunwale.

The *USS Hartford* is a 1st-Class Steamer Sloop with 28 guns. A wooden vessel of both sail and steam, the ship is 225 feet long and 44 feet at the beam. It is one of four sloops constructed in Boston during 1858, that included the *Brooklyn*, the *Pensacola*, and the *Richmond*. The *Hartford* however, is the flagship of the U. S. Navy and is on an emissary mission to China.

There are over 300 men aboard and many scramble about. Giant masts reach to the sky and ropes as big as a man's arm line the gunwales. Waves splash onto the rows of cannon as the center funnel belches out dark, thick smoke. The large round steam boiler centered in the main deck, protrudes up from the hold, and the many rows of rivets line the edges of the onboard engine. The men on deck, shout over the noise of the engine and the storm.

Officers are in uniform. Orders are shouted by the Deck

Officer Lieutenant Glassell to the First Mate Samuel Gibbons. Gibbons and two sailors, Johnston and Thomason, are aft by the ship's wheel. As it spins, the wheel is as big as a man is tall. Glassell is but 30 years old and speaks with a slight southern accent.

Glassell barks his orders, "TRIM SAILS GENTLEMEN. WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER SO FAR FROM HOME."

Gibbons answers Glassell in his Scottish brogue, "AYE SIR." Then he turns forward and shouts through cupped hands, "TRIM SAILS YA SEA DOGS! WE'VE GOT SWELLS OVER THE GUNNELS."

Sailors climb the rigging to bring the sails in and the American flag whips in the strong winds and rain. Sailors call out each time, "SECURE" as they tie up the sails.

The Lieutenant, William Thornton Glassell, is tall, dark haired and carries a full beard. He is a Southerner who came from the heart of Virginia near the Blue Ridge Mountains. The Glassell place in Virginia is called Richland Plantation where William, his older brother Andrew IV, and younger sister Susan were born: Andrew in 1827, William in 1831, and Susan in 1835.

The Glassell's grandfather, Andrew II, was born in Galloway, Ayr, Scotland in 1738, and immigrated to Orange Co., Virginia in the 1750s. There he met and married Elizabeth Taylor, who had been born in nearby Rapidan. William's father Andrew III, was born in Madison and later moved to Culpepper C.H. (Court House), to establish the family estate. There he met and married Susan Thornton and had the three children.

Both of the Glassell's sons and their daughter were named after family. William T's name is for his mother's

maiden name Thornton — commonly done in wealthy democrat families of the South. Andrew IV for his father, and Susan for an aunt. All four of the towns -- Culpepper, Madison, Rapidan and Orange are within 10 to 20 miles of each other and at the time, all within Orange County.

Andrew IV read law, Susan married Lt. George Patton, but William went to sea as a teenager leaving his sweetheart Miley behind, and first served in the Coastal Survey. When appointed midshipman in the U.S. Navy in 1848, William was 17 years old. He later received a promotion to Lieutenant in 1855 and now in January of 1861, is the Deck Officer of the *Hartford*. Miley Covell is Glassell's second cousin and childhood sweetheart. She grew up living at Richland Plantation, later moved away, and will live with William's sister Susan again at Richland, because of the war.

With the Confederate capital at Richmond after the start of the war, Virginia is the scene of fighting from nearly the beginning. By far the richest state within the Confederacy, Virginia is providing well over 100,000 fighting men — nearly a third of its adult male population. The state has the most to give to the war — and the most to lose. Easily, a fourth of these men would die, mostly from disease ... and imprisonment.

The Commander of the *Hartford* is Cornelius K. Stribling, who entered the US Navy at age 16 at the beginning of the War of 1812. Making Lieutenant at age 22, he fought in the Mexican American War, was Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, and commanded several diplomatic missions. Now at 62, he is twice Glassell's age and approaches the ship's wheel from the rear cabins.

Glassell turns and shouts to Stribling, "COMMANDER

STRIBLING, WE SHOULD SEE CANTON IN TWO DAYS."

Stribling returns, "OUR ORDERS HAVE CHANGED LIEUTENANT. WE HAVE A NEW MISSION AT HAND ... WE SHOULD GO TO MY CABIN FOR THIS."

Glassell looks up to see that the sails have all been brought in and sailors are climbing down. From the top of the rigging, ten Dahlgren cannon can be seen to line each side of the ship; waves wash the deck again.

Suddenly, sailors at the starboard bow jump back quickly and scramble. One man shouts and points to the foredeck, but over the wind and rain he cannot be heard.

At the foredeck, a cannon mount cracks and the force of the ship's movement lifts the large iron beast off of its mount. As the ship pitches again, the cannon crashes to the boards in the rain.

Boatswain Taylor, shouts orders to sailors from the foredeck, "YOU TWO GRAB A LINE AND LAY IT 'ROUND THE DAHLGREN. QUICKLY NOW BEFORE WE SHIFT AGAIN. WHEN IT ROLLS, STAY CLEAR."

The men uncurl a rope and lay a loop before the cannon. The ship rocks back and the cannon rolls into the rope. Two other sailors then grab the loop and throw it over, but the cannon rolls again and as sailor Steven's leg becomes trapped underneath, he screams, "Aaaaaaagh."

Taylor jumps off the foredeck and runs the length of the ship from the forecastle toward the ships wheel. He then grabs the arm of First Mate Gibbons to get his attention.

Gibbons turns, "BOSUN, WHAT IS IT?

Taylor Shouts, "SIR, THE NUMBER TWO STARBOARD DAHLGREN IS OFF IT'S MOUNT. WE'VE GOT A MAN TRAPPED."

Gibbons orders, "GET FOUR HANDS TO LASH IT. A

LOOSE CANNON IN ROUGH SEAS WILL TAKE US DOWN."

Taylor responds, "AYE SIR. WE'RE WORKING IT. BUT WE CAN'T GET IT OFF HIM."

Gibbons turns to Glassell at the wheel and informs him of the situation, "LIEUTENANT, WE'VE GOT A MAN TRAPPED UNDER THE STARBOARD-FORE DAHLGREN."

Glassell commands, "THEN GO."

Glassell and Taylor both run the length of the ship back to the cannon. The ship pitches violently and waves splash over the gunwales. The cannon is held down by four men over seaman Stevens and it bounces with the ships' movement.

Glassell yells, "YOU TWO, GRAB ANOTHER LINE AND GET BACK HERE. HOLD FAST MEN, WE CAN'T LET IT GO OR IT WILL CRUSH HIM."

The cannon rolls, Stevens screams and Glassell grabs a yard arm and quickly slides it under the cannon. He pries the end up slightly as the men pull out the injured sailor as Landsman John Lawson pulls him Stevens upright. Lawson is 23, black, and wears a mustache. The hard rain continues.

Glassell talks to Lawson, "LANDSMAN, TAKE THIS MAN BELOW DECKS. SEE THAT HE GETS ATTENTION."

Just then the ship pitches and the cannon starts to roll, Lawson falls face forward and his head and arms slide toward the rolling cannon. Glassell reaches out to Lawson risking himself, and with both hands jerks him back from sure death.

Sailors return with a second line and wrap the cannon tightly. They pull the ropes like a windlass and begin to lash the cannon to its mounting. Water spills over the men as they work; the ship continues to pitch in rough seas.

Glassell orders, "SECURE THE CANNON MEN. NOW GET THAT MAN BELOW DECK."

He turns and talks to Stevens, "WELL SON, WE ALMOST HAD TO START CALLING YOU PEGLEG."

Stevens replies, "YES SIR. THANK YOU SIR. I'M ALRIGHT SIR. — YOU SAVED ME SIR."

Stevens is carried off.

Lawson, in surprise, agrees, "YOU -- SAVED ME, SIR.

Glassell responds, "REMEMBER THIS LANDSMAN -- EVEN IF YOU ARE ONE MAN ALONE, YOU CAN STILL SAVE THE DAY."

Glassell turns and shouts, "CARRY ON MEN. (pause) COME WITH ME LANDSMAN."

The storm is starting to wane and Stribling is at the ship's wheel. Glassell and Lawson approach from the forward deck; both are dripping wet.

Glassell speaks, "COMMANDER STRIBLING, WE HAD A DAHLGREN OFF IT'S MOUNT SIR AND AN INJURED MAN. HE'S SAFE NOW BELOW DECK NOW."

Stribling returns, "VERY GOOD. GET DRY THEN AND MEET ME IN MY CABIN."

Stribling and Glassell walk aft toward the poop deck as Lawson starts down through the companionway. Glassell waves Lawson to follow them as they go into the aft cabin doorway.

Glassell, "LANDSMAN, COME."

Inside the quiet, their voices drop. Stribling in a strong Southern drawl to Glassell, "Inside Glassell. We are changing our course for Hong Kong."

As Stribling and Glassell walk into the aft cabin way, Lawson follows. Glassell turns and speaks to Lawson, now in his Southern accent, "Landsman, we've been at sea over a year now. Where did you board?"

Lawson, "Sir, In Philadelphia; it's my home town Sir."

Glassell continues, "The *Hartford* berths there. She is now the Nation's Flag Ship. You should so be honored to be aboard."

Lawson, "Sir, I duly am. It has always been my desire to be in America's Navy — now to be on the Flag Ship, is more than expected."

"I truly understand." Says Glassell, "My life is here too, and the commander has taken a liking to you. That will provide you with easier duty as a landsman.

Lawson replies, "Yes sir, thank you sir, I know."

Glassell continues, "Suggest hot coffee to the Commander."

Inside the cabin way, Lawson opens the cabin door for Stribling's cabin, while Glassell enters his own cabin to change. The door closes behind him.

Lincoln Law Office, Springfield, Illinois
Two Months Earlier
(November 1860)

Abraham Lincoln is 51. He is the first elected president of the newly formed Republican party -- created expressly to abolish slavery in the United States. Slender, very tall, and bearded, he stands at the doorway as his lawyer friends, Shelby Cullom and partner Bill Herndon come toward him.

Lincoln looks up, "Harry, Bill. Have you heard?"

Cullom smiles, "Yes, the telegraph operator, Hotchkiss, ah ... Pizort Hotchkiss, just arrived. Congratulations Mr. President."

All three give a small cheer as Cullom and Herndon come inside. Lincoln closes the door.

Herndon formally addresses Lincoln, "Yes President

Lincoln, congratulations."

Lincoln retorts, "Boys, it's still Abe to you. You've been with me all the way. I want to thank you."

Lincoln shakes hands with each of them.

Cullom answers, "Well then Abe, you should thank the Republican party. They campaigned for you."

Lincoln replies, "Yes, that's true enough. I never even gave one speech..."

The Exchange Newspaper
Baltimore, Maryland, One Week Later

In the press room, two men are printing out the front page of the day's news. The room has steam pipes running on the walls and overhead, while the large press churns out sheet after sheet. Wheels spin and the plates swing around.

The young pressman James, pulls a flysheet and hands it to the Editor Frank Howard. Over the noisy steam presses, Frank holds the paper up to see.

He shouts to James, "JAMES, LINCOLN HAS BEEN ELECTED. THE MARYLAND STATE LEGISLATURE WILL NEVER STAND FOR THIS. THIS ELECTION HAS CAUSED SEVEN STATES TO SECEDE FROM THE UNION AND MARYLAND SHOULD BE NEXT."

James reads aloud, "LINCOLN ELECTED PRESIDENT. FIRST OF NEW REPUBLICANS. END TO SLAVERY IMMINENT.

He holds up the paper to show a satire drawing of Lincoln.

James, EDITOR, YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA TO BLAST THE NEW PRESIDENT?

Frank, WHAT CAN THEY DO? IMPRISON ME?

The China Sea
Two Months Later on The USS Hartford
(January 1861)

Inside the Commander's cabin it is dark. There are no windows other than thick deck plate glass from above. A large oval table is in the center of the room, and the entire cabin heaves up and down as Lawson lights the oil lamps.

Lawson speaks, "Commander, should I order you and the Lieutenant coffee? It is a brisk day at sea."

Stribling answers, "Yes Landsman; a fine suggestion. Thank you."

Lawson exits and closes the door. Moments later Glassell knocks twice, then enters.

With a stern voice, Stribling says, "Glassell, sit. Lawson is getting us coffee."

Glassell smiles, "Yes sir," and takes a chair.

Stribling sits then begins, "There's more going on than you know. I received a dispatch at our last port in Manila. We're heading for Canton alright but first to Hong Kong, the British colony here in the Orient."

Glassell questions, "For what reason, Sir? I believe our work here is foreign service with the Chinese, not the British. Why else would we have John Elliott Ward, the minister to China, aboard ship?"

Stribling answers, "He is not involved in this; and should not know. Abraham Lincoln was elected President last November. Southern states have seceded from the Union. First South Carolina, and now more from the deep south, and Texas."

Glassell questions again, "Is this secession because

Lincoln is Republican?"

Cornelius Stribling, although a Southerner from South Carolina, is loyal to the Union and must question Glassell.

Stribling goes on, "More so because the Republican party was formed to abolish slavery. I know you are a Virginian, but I expect your utmost loyalty to the United States."

Glassell responds, "Without question Sir. I am a Naval Officer and hold my commission as my promise. Virginia is my home but the United States is my country."

Stribling agrees, "Yes, very well then, I need you for a special assignment in Hong Kong. Take two officers and meet with British Governor Robinson, and attain from him the position of the United Kingdom on the separation of the American Union."

Glassell questions further, "But why him; and why at Hong Kong? Shouldn't we be in London for this?"

Stribling, "We would obtain little information from London, but here in the China Colony, we are as far from the British capitol as we are close to the top command. Be careful not to give too much away. I'll send a notice of our visit when we make harbor."

Lawson returns with a cabin boy and hot coffee on a tray for the officers. The boy pours the thick liquid into heavy mugs. The steam rises from the mugs as the officers drink and the cabin continues to heave.

Glassell then answers Stribling, "Yes Sir." Then turns to Lawson, "Thank you Landsman."

Stribling writes a note and hands it to Lawson.

Stribling, "Thank you Lawson. Get this note to the Governor's office upon our entry to Hong Kong. Then wait for a reply. Take three men in a lighter."

Lawson breaks into a smile. Delighted he replies, “Yes sir, as soon as we drop anchor, sir. We’re going ashore.”

Lawson and the cabin boy leave Stribling and Glassell to drink their coffee. Stribling continues on.

Stribling, “Stay Glassell, and enjoy your coffee.”

Glassell, “Thank you sir. Drinking coffee is almost an insult to the British. Ever since tea became considered un-American to drink.”

Stribling, “Glassell, I am aware of your family plantation and that the use of bonded servants is probable.”

Glassell, “You mean slaves sir. Yes there are however, the business my grandfather established has little to do with me. I left home for the sea as a boy, and have made it my life’s ambition.”

Stribling, “We have colored sailors aboard besides Lawson. I’ve seen you show them the same consideration as any man.”

Glassell, “Commander, it is not the color that binds them, slave families were slaves before them for generations. I find Lawson to be a good man and I know he is thankful for the attention you show him. His color means little here in the United States Navy.”

Stribling, “Yes, true. He seemed more educated than the other Landsmen aboard. I always prefer to have literate men about me. I shall take note of Lawson and use him for another purpose.” ◆

Chapter 2

Hong Kong, China
One Month Later on The USS Hartford
(February, 1861)

The *Hartford* now in calmer seas with sails up, steams toward a landfall of islands, green hills, and wide inlets. Small Chinese junks sail the waterways, and a few white buildings dot the slopes as they approach Hong Kong.

The Governor's House is a massive two story building overlooking the harbor. Chinese Junks can be seen moving about in the bay and there is activity everywhere.

The large building has numerous windows and a fountain at the entry way. Inside the Governor's office, three men sit around a table. Numerous statues and paintings fill the large room. James Matheson and William Jardine are dressed in suits and talk with Governor Hercules Robinson.

Robinson speaks with a serious tone, "The recent separation of the United States is to Britain's advantage. We already have a trade relationship with the southern states, and the formation of a Confederation, now means we have to act fast."

Matheson replies, "How so sir? Is there some risk to our trade agreements?"

Robinson retorts, “That is inconsequential. If war is declared, Great Britain is ready to support the new southern nation — albeit unofficially. We don’t want to declare war with the United States ... such that is left of it. Nor do we want the U. S. to declare war on the United Kingdom.”

Jardine asks, “Governor, to what advantage are you speaking?”

Robinson answers, “Supporting the south to win a war. This would leave the northern colonies in ruin and ready for our taking. It would be brilliant.”

Matheson queries, “How can we do anything here in Hong Kong? Our objective is to reinforce our trade infrastructure using coolie labor.”

Robinson replies, “The steamer *Hartford*, the United States flag ship, is an emissary convoy heading for Canton. On board is Lieutenant William Glassell. He is a decorated officer in the US Navy, yet is also a Southerner; from Virginia I believe.”

Jardine, “There’s nothing telling us that he would find loyalty toward the U.K.. Besides, how do we get him here?”

Robinson speaks quietly, “I have it under the strictest confidence that the *Hartford* is detouring to Hong Kong. That and Glassell has been to England and received by royalty, so he has close ties there. More importantly to us, he has direct knowledge of the U.S. Navy, their ships’ locations, and the condition of those vessels.”

Jardine asks, “You mean if we take him on as a mercenary?”

Robinson smiles, “Precisely. What I need you to do is get a specific invitation from this office to Glassell, such that he alone will come. An honorarium or some such thing.”

Jardine, “I can take care of that sir. What happens

though if the South were to lose a war?"

Robinson, "Without slavery, their economy would be broken and our advantage then would be a trade leverage. We win either way, but the better plan is to have the north in our hands. It so, a wounded Confederacy could then be easy pickings."

Matheson, "When does the ship arrive?"

Robinson, "They should enter the harbor today. Jardine, make sure the invitation is taken to the ship right off. Do so personally; this is a key event."

USS Hartford
Hong Kong Harbor

Stribling and Glassell are back on deck near one of the cannon. Lawson climbs aboard deck through the gangway and brings a letter to the commander. Stribling reads.

He speaks to Glassell, "The Governor has accepted our request for invitation, but he wants only you. I am suspicious, but I still want you to go. Above all, use caution."

Glassell then asks, "Sir, this is a turn of events. Is our mission still the same?"

Stribling, "More so now. You are to go to the Governor's House. We absolutely need to know their position on the secession of states. This may play well into our hands."

Glassell goes with the commander toward the aft cabin and begins to remove his coat to prepare to leave.

The Governor's House
Hong Kong, China

Outside the Governor's House three men can be seen at

a distance on the covered porch. They sit around a dining table near a large garden and fountain. Chinese servants bring the men tea, and another guides Glassell to the table. The men stand and greet him. Glassell is in his US Navy blue uniform with gold epaulets.

Governor Robinson speaks, "Welcome Lieutenant. Thank you for coming ... alone. We have business to attend to. These men here are key to our colonial expansion efforts in China. Matheson and Jardine are presently in charge of communications."

Matheson addresses Glassell, "Our operation here, as you can see, has been quite profitable. Jardine here and I are presently routing a telegraph line to Shanghai in the north; exclusively with the use of Coolie labor, of course."

Jardine chimes in, "We're attempting to operate the Coolies in a socialistic economy. It's a French concept; we control the men by providing them what they need: food, clothing, housing, etc., but not much more. It's the next best thing since slavery was banned by the U.K. over half a century ago."

Glassell replies, "I understand you have done quite well here since the last opium war. Governor, as you know we are here as a convoy, representing the United States for the purpose of improving diplomatic relations with both you and the Chinese. I should have our American Minister, John Elliott Ward with me today."

Robinson goes on, "Actually, I requested we meet alone, as we have a more specific purpose. We are more interested in your naval expertise Lieutenant."

Jardine picks up, "Lieutenant, we know of your achievements, and of your former visits to the U.K., and your Royal connections there. We were hoping to interest you ...

in a financial proposal."

Glassell responds, "My association with Lady Byron is simply friendship, and our presence here is purely diplomatic. When we weigh anchor, we will indeed head into Canton. After that, to Swatow, and then Shanghai. What could you possibly propose to me?"

Robinson continues, "As you may know William, may I call you William? William, since the recent election of the Republican candidate Lincoln, seven of the states in the south have seceded from your Union."

Glassell doesn't flinch and responds, "I am aware of the changes at home, yet I do not believe the situation will escalate. My information shows that there is no conflict at this time, and there is no foreseeable event which will bring that about."

Robinson answers, "True, yet should a conflict arise, we believe a strong navy will ultimately resolve the issue. This could prove to be … profitable. The United Kingdom is keenly watching the new organization, and is prepared to make you an offer."

Glassell leans back and retorts, "Governor, My home state of Virginia is still a member in good standing of the United States Navy. I must tell you now, I am a loyal officer of my country. Please do not insinuate that I should be otherwise."

Robinson backtracks, "Oh, of course not Lieutenant. Never. We were just interested in your … views. Shall we dine?"

From a distance, the discussion can be heard to move to minor talk. Chinese servants bring large platters of food and begin to serve dinner. Glassell moves and sits further away from the other three.

The USS Hartford
Hong Kong Harbor

A lighter of three US Navy sailors brings Glassell to the Hartford. He climbs the ropes to the gangway to report in. Landsman Lawson helps him up.

Lawson begins, "Lieutenant Sir, the Commander has asked me to bring you to his cabin right away."

Glassell nods and follows Lawson past the ships wheel and into the cabin way. Inside, Glassell comes to the Commander's cabin with Lawson; Glassell knocks twice then enters. Commander Stribling looks up from his desk and motions him in; Glassell enters.

Stribling begins excitedly, "That will be all Landsman, thank you. Glassell come in. I've just had coffee made. Sit, sit. Tell me what you know." Lawson leaves, closing the door.

Glassell reports, "Commander, something is a foot. I believe the Governor of Hong Kong was offering me a mercenary position in the British Navy."

Alarmed, Stribling replies, "Are you serious? This could mean trouble if there's any sign of war at home. Did the Governor make any claims for Great Britain supporting a new government?"

Glassell, "I could not say sir. I closed the discussion at that point — *Duty before Desire."*

Stribling, "Yes, yes, of course. That will be all."

Glassell stands and leaves and as the door closes, he stops and talks to himself, "Ah, I see. What benefit would there be for Great Britain to oppose the Union, unless they have some hope of regaining the northern colonies. This changes things." ◆

Chapter 3

Shanghai, China
Three Months Later on The USS Hartford
(May 1861)

The *Hartford's* steam engine pounds hard in calm seas, and the sails are tied, as the ship slowly approaches Shanghai. Buildings cover the hills to the waterline and numerous boats fill the harbor. Stribling and Glassell are on deck at the ships wheel, and sailors come up the companionway to see the city. The day is warm and bright.

Stribling speaks to Glassell, "Lieutenant, the men have not been ashore since the Philippines, obviously due to our diplomatic mission. Here in Shanghai however, I feel the character of the city will overshadow anything our men could get into. I'm letting them have leave; in shifts of course."

Glassell replies, "Of course sir. Good of you to do so. The men do need a break and some relief. Will you be going ashore? With the envoy of course."

Stribling, "No, I would not want the misses to hear of it. Shanghai will keep its reputation, yet our men cannot keep anything quiet. You should go however, being a bachelor."

Glassell, "Commander, the sea is my life and the Navy my passion. I desire love, but that is kept someplace else. I'll be fine here aboard. Last we heard all is quite at home and I wish to write home about our time here in the Orient."

Stribling answers, "Well fine then, but don't let the ship make a prisoner of you."

Glassell heads for the aft cabin way door. The door closes behind him.

The Capitol Building, Washington DC
Two Months Earlier
(March 1861)

The unfinished Capitol building, looms over the inauguration of the new President Lincoln. Crowds surround the East Portico.

Lincoln speaks, "I declare that I have no purpose to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States, where it exists."

The large crowd applauds as the speech continues on, "We come here..."

The Exchange Newspaper
Baltimore, Maryland, One Week Later

In the press room, the Baltimore Exchange again prints out the front page of the newspaper. Pressman James pulls the flysheet and shows it to Frank.

Frank reads aloud over the noise, "ABRAHAM LINCOLN INAUGURATED PRESIDENT - PROMISES OF SLAVERY LEFT ALONE - SOUTHERN STATES DOUBT INTENTIONS

James shouts back, "EDITOR, ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DENOUNCE THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES? THAT'S KIND OF RISKY, DON'T YOU THINK?

Frank retorts, "JAMES, WE HAVE TO SPEAK OUR MIND. THE REPUBLICANS OUTNUMBER US AND WE CANNOT ALLOW THEM TO DESTROY THE SOUTHERN ECONOMY BY REMOVING SLAVERY.

Frank holds up the page to show the headline and the drawing of Lincoln's inauguration at the unfinished Capitol building.

Shanghai, China
Two Months Later on The USS Hartford
(May 1861)

Glassell in his tiny cabin, writes at his table. His bunk is on the far wall and his oil lamp provides little light with which to see. As Glassell writes, he again recites his own words:

"Dearest Miley: The Commander spoke of love and I had to write you. We are at Shanghai, the most notorious place in the Orient. I have of course elected to remain on board, yet the Commander seems to feel I am a prisoner of this ship if not my life at sea. He could not be more wrong for it is my desire to do so. From here we will sail to selected ports, then home by next year. If only I were with you now."

Glassell closes his eyes and envisions a night long ago at his home in Virginia as a teenage boy, he hugs his girl Miley.

Glassell (at 16), "Miley, I will come back."

Miley (at 15), "William, don't go!"

Glassell, "Father says I must. Susan will marry Lt. Patton one day, and Andrew is to read law. If I do not follow my brother, Father says I shall go to sea."

They kiss and hug one more time. As Glassell climbs in the wagon with other boys, a Naval Lieutenant looks down at him.

Glassell rises and shouts, "I cannot do this!"

The Lieutenant jerks him back down into the wagon.

Lieutenant: "Come on boy. It will be some time before you see her again. You're in the Navy now."

His vision fades and he opens his eyes to the small dark cabin. Glassell finishes his letter to Miley,

"Soon we will head for the Sundra Strait in Dutch Indonesia and then on to home. I miss you truly in a way that no one can. Always, your William."

Sundra Strait, Indonesia
USS Hartford
(June 1861)

The tall ship *Hartford* passes through the Sundra Strait next to a high peaked mountainous island. The American Flag at the rear of the ship waves. The day is bright and the wind strong. Dead ahead in the strait a cloud hangs over the island; a half mile high and a mile wide, the steep slopes form a cone. Seaman Johnston on watch in the foretop, sights a ship in the distance to the rear.

He calls out, "AHOY! SHIP OFF THE STARBOARD STERN. 'BOUT TWO MILES. COMING ON FAST."

From the stern, they cannot see the origin of the oncoming ship. Glassell, standing by the wheel, he calls back to Johnston as Stribling comes topside, "FRIEND OR FOE?

Johnston calls back, "I CAN NOT YET TELL. I'LL GET THE GOOD GLASS."

A cannon ball is shot across the bow of the *Hartford*. It splashes into the sea only fifty yards ahead of the ship. Johnston has a 'scope in hand and is searching the ship for flags to identify it. On the *Hartford*, Stribling stands next to Glassell as men climb to the poop deck.

Johnston out of sight, calls from above, "I CANNOT SEE

FROM THIS ANGLE. WAIT."

Stribling barks an order, "Gunny, turn the rolling Howitzer. Prepare to fire."

Glassell counters, "WAIT GUNNY."

Stribling glares at Glassell. Glassell looks up toward Johnston. Johnston peers at the ship. On the trailing mast, the American flag flaps in strong winds.

Johnston calls out, "IT'S OURS. IT'S THE DACOTAH. THEY ARE SIGNALING FOR PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD.

Glassell orders, "Corpsman, signal the Dacotah permission to come aboard. Gibbons, stop the engines and pull in the sails."

Gibbons barks, "TRIM SALES; ENGINES FULL STOP."

On the forecastle, the Signal Corpsman waves his flags with the message. The Hartford's sails are set in and the ship rolls in the sea. After some time, the USS Dacotah slowly comes alongside. An officer and two men from the Dacotah board the Hartford. Stribling receives a letter and reads it. The men from the Dacotah leave then Stribling and Glassell go aft toward the cabin way.

Stribling says to Glassell, "Glassell, my cabin." He opens the cabin door as they enter. The door closes behind Glassell.

Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor
Two Months Earlier
(April 1861)

Continuous shelling from Fort Moultrie and other batteries on the island of Fort Sumter, have left it a rubble. A fiery spectacle at night with violent explosions shows a torn American Flag still waves over the fort.

The White House
Washington DC, One Week Later

The back of the White House has a half circle of columns, reaching to the second floor. In the top right second and third windows is the President's office. He sits in a sparse square room. Secretary of State William Seward and Secretary of War, General Edwin Stanton are advising the President.

Stanton speaks, "Mr. President, the supplies we sent to Fort Sumter have triggered an attack by the Confederates. They pounded the fort with over 3,000 cannon rounds."

Lincoln is surprised, "This is a tragic moment. How many casualties were there?"

Stanton responds, "None actually. Southern General Beauregard seems not up to the challenge of warfare. We could effectively end this soon."

Seward interjects, "Yet we are at war, and unprepared. Our navy is the most important, yet we have but 70 ships at hand. Our flag ship the *Hartford* is in the China sea, with many of our best officers."

Lincoln orders, "Contact the naval yards to begin construction of ships and arms."

Stanton, "That shall be done. I'll form a strategic plan to contain the South. I estimate it can be over within six months."

Lincoln, holding up the Baltimore Exchange continues, "Have the Maryland State Legislature imprisoned and arrest this news editor.

Stanton argues, "But we cannot without a warrant, sir. What about Congress."

Lincoln retorts, "Damn the warrant; this is war. I cannot have my capitol surrounded buy southern states. And order the *Hartford* to return at once. We need our flag ship and those officers here."

The Exchange Newspaper
Baltimore, Maryland

The noisy steam press of the Baltimore Exchange again prints the day's news. Pressman James pulls the flysheet for Frank.

James hands it to the Editor, "HERE YOU GO EDITOR. ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO ANNOUNCE MARYLAND JOINING THE SOUTH? IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET."

Frank, "JAMES, MOST OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE IS FOR JOINING THE CONFEDERACY. HAVING MARYLAND WITH THE SOUTH, THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA WILL BE SURROUNDED."

Frank holds up the paper's headline and newly drawn map of the Confederacy. The newspaper reads:

Ft. Sumter Attacked at Charleston
Four More States Join Confederates
Maryland to Soon Follow

Frank shouts, "RUN THE PRESSES JAMES. WE CANNOT ALLOW MARYLAND TO REMAIN IN THE UNION."

Frank holds the paper up with the drawing of Fort Sumter under cannon fire by the Confederates. The drawing fades to the shelling of Fort Sumter from Fort Moultrie across the harbor.

USS Hartford
Sundra Strait, Indonesia
(June 1861)

Stribling and Glassell have entered the cabin where they remain standing and talk.

Stribling announces, "We are at war. We've been ordered back immediately — the Confederates have attacked the Federal Fortress Sumter. They are now eleven states strong."

Glassell speaks, "We should then bypass our Caribbean destination and sail directly for Washington. As Flag Ship we should be leading the assault on Charleston."

Stribling continues, "There's more. Virginia has joined the Confederacy Glassell; Richmond is the new Capitol..."

Glassell interrupts, "Sir..."

Stribling looks directly at Glassell, "Glassell, I need absolute assurance of your dedication to the United States of America."

Glassell answers, "Of course Sir. There is no question. I am from the south, as are you sir. I will always be a Naval officer of the United States."

Stribling nods, "Very well then. With that settled we must make course for Washington. The Dacotah will sail with us and they can attend to our business in the Caribbean. Their berth is at New York. We however, should see home by December."

With the USS Dacotah alongside, the Hartford makes passage through the strait. Dead ahead is the volcanic island and it rumbles loud and visibly spews ash.

Still in the foretop, Johnston calls out to Gibbons, "AHOY! VOLCANO, DEAD AHEAD!"

Gibbons, “BELAY THAT SAILOR.

Gibbons turns and walks away talking to himself, “Krakatoa has been doing that for years. It’ll never blow.”

The sails are now full on both ships as they sail past the rumbling giant. Small rocks coming from the smoking pinnacle hit the deck. Soon they pass the island volcano and are out of sight. ◆

Chapter 4

Washington Naval Yard
On The USS Hartford, Six months Later
(December 1861)

The *USS Hartford* is at berth in the Washington Naval Yard. Established in 1799 by act of Congress, the Washington Naval Yard is nearly due south of the Capitol Building, on the Anacostia River. Now with the Civil War, the Yard is the scene of extensive development for ordnance and technology.

The sea is clear of ice, but the shore and the ships are covered in snow. Several vessels are in different stages of construction, and sailors move about on the piers.

In his cabin on the *Hartford*, Glassell is writing at a desk. Again he voices out loud:

"Dearest Miley: It is mid-December and I miss you so. We have returned to port, but to what? Our nation pulled apart and war at hand? I know that my dear sister's husband, Colonel Patton has no doubt entered the Confederacy, but my loyalty is to my commission in the United States Navy.

"Your affectionate letter is here, waiting for me and makes me feel at ease. It must be owing to the charm shed around it as you write."

Glassell envisions a time when he returned home from the Navy. Miley runs out to greet him as he walks toward the Richland Plantation house.

Miley is on the porch, stands and runs toward Glassell, screaming, "WILLIAM!, William! You are home!"

Glassell sweeps her into his arms and they kiss.

Miley, "Now that you're here, we must marry, William."

Glassell, "Oh, not yet my love. I cannot support you on a midshipman's wage. When I am an officer, then we will marry."

They walk off together. Miley is so happy to see him she ignores her plea for marriage.

"Hoping that brighter and happier days are not far distant. Your Affectionate ..."

There is a knock interrupting him. Glassell stands to approach his cabin door.

The White House
Washington DC

A carriage leaves the White House and the front door closes. Upstairs in Lincoln's office, the President is talking with Attorney General Edwin Stanton and Lieutenant John A. B. Dahlgren.

Dahlgren heads the Union Navy ordnance department. His expertise has created some of the most advanced cannon for the war. Enlisting in the US Navy at age 17, he was promoted to the coastal survey at 25, and ordnance officer in the Washington Naval Yard at 38. Now 52, of medium build, he wears sideburns that run into a mustache.

Lincoln speaks, "Edwin, it had to be done. Anyone from

a southern state, not willing to sign a new oath, is to be imprisoned."

Stanton argues, "Sir, I know too well. However the Supreme Court has requested you for a writ of habeas corpus."

Lincoln retorts, "I suspended them; period. Let them boil over this, but I shall hold firm. We cannot afford to populate the Southern armies with our Union officers."

Stanton acknowledges, "Yes Mr. President. I shall let them know."

Lincoln continues, "Lieutenant, I want you at the Washington Naval Yard, the *Hartford* has docked. She will need to be outfitted with the new Dahlgrens for the next command. As well, I want you there to ensure we have full loyalty of her officers."

Just then a photographer is ushered into Lincoln's office by a clerk. He sets up his camera to take a photo of Lincoln. The title, Matthew Brady Photographer is on the side of the case. The men look at Brady, then turn back to each other."

Dahlgren begins, "Yes sir I understand. I've run the Washington Yard since my commander ran off to join his compatriots in the south. I don't know how long I can hold the position however. I have officers reporting to me of higher rank."

Lincoln asks, "Well, what rank do they say your rank should be Dahlgren?"

"A Captain." answers Dahlgren.

Lincoln announces, "Then you're a Captain. I'll see that Congress approves it. Mr. Brady, Let's get this done with."

Brady lights the florescent flash; then it fades.

The Exchange Newspaper
Baltimore, Maryland

The Baltimore Exchange is printing out another front page of the day's news. The James pulls a flysheet and hands it to the Frank who holds up the paper.

Frank yells over the presses, "PRESIDENT LINCOLN ORDERED OFFICERS FROM SOUTHERN STATES TO SIGN A NEW OATH OF ALLEGIANCE, (pause) OR BE SENT TO PRISON. THAT'S NOT LEGAL; THE SUPREME COURT WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THIS."

The newspaper reads:

Lincoln Orders Prison
Officers of Southern Birth

The newspaper shows drawing of Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. Officers in blue uniforms and irons are marched into the main gate.

The USS Hartford, Cabin Way
Washington Naval Yard

Lawson is at the door and Glassell opens it with surprise.

Glassell answers, "Yes Landsman, what is it?"

Lawson reports, "Sir, you've been requested to come to Naval HQ. You and the other officers."

Glassell continues, "Thank you. That will be all." Glassell closes the door and Lawson leaves.

US Navy Headquarters
Washington DC

There are numerous buildings along the wharf and Glassell and several officers approach the large headquarters

building. The American Flag waves above as they go up the stairs and enter the building.

Glassell and the naval officers stand in a large room. Captain John Dahlgren is there.

The Commodore, J. B. Hull reads aloud, "All men in the service of the United States of America, are requested by the President to sign a new oath of allegiance."

Glassell responds, "Commander Hull, this request is inconsistent with the oath we have already taken, to support the Constitution of the United States. Besides, not all the officers at the yard are here."

Hull retorts, "This is only for officers who are from any of the eleven southern states of the Confederacy."

Glassell, "That is unconscionable. We are all dedicated officers of the United States Navy."

Hull continues, "Not all. Please step to the table and sign."

Many of the officers move toward the table, but a few including Glassell, do not.

Captain Dahlgren addresses Glassell directly, "Lieutenant, don't I know you from the Navy's Coastal Survey?"

Glassell answers, "Perhaps Sir. In was the 1840s, when I was young. May I ask why you are here?"

Dahlgren goes on, "I recently became commander of the Washington Naval Yard when Commander Buchanan retreated to the Confederacy."

Glassell questions, "You command a naval yard as a Lieutenant?"

Dahlgren smartly answers, "President Lincoln has just promoted me to Captain."

Glassell scoffs with, "You have friends in high places."

Dahlgren retorts, “Just one.”

Commander Hull gestures, “Captain Dahlgren, bring those officers here.”

Glassell calls back, “Commander Hull, Sir. This is an outrage. We are all commissioned officers.”

“Be that as it may, it is a Presidential order. You are commanded to sign.” Says Hull.

There is grumbling among the officers although many sign their oath.

Glassell says, “I cannot do this.”

Dahlgren turns and says, “I remember you.”

Glassell now remembers looking up at the same face of Dahlgren in the wagon, when he left Miley so long ago.

Glassell responds, “YOU!”

Dahlgren then continues: “Good to see you’re still in the Navy.

Glassell retorts, “Not for long.”

Glassell and a few officers, turn to leave the building. He leads the dissenting officers down the steps of the building and they each move off to their own ships and quarters.

Snow covers the wharf, piers, and the ship. Glassell walks across the wharf, down the pier toward the *Hartford*, and up the gangway. Glassell crosses the near empty deck of the *Hartford*, looks up at the American Flag, then goes to the cabin way at the rear of the ship.

The door opens into Glassell’s cabin as he enters and removes his hat, gloves, and coat. He looks about, sitting, and writes at his table, voicing out loud:

Glassell, “Commodore Hull: It is unconscionable for the US Navy to request an oath from loyal commissioned officers. Then to separate those from southern states; this

is too much. I here by request the acceptance of my resignation ..."

Glassell stops, "NO. This will never do. I will not resign under such petty conditions."

Glassell begins again, "Commodore Hull, Sir. I deem it my duty to request this acceptance of my resignation, because I am not willing to stain my hands in the blood of my fellow countrymen. Please find enclosed the commission I have held as a Lieutenant in the Navy of the United States. Know that I do not plan to take up arms against the United States. Your obedient servant."

Glassell signs, stands and looks around his cabin -- as if to say good-bye as he dresses for the outside cold.

He speaks out loud to himself, "This may will be the last time for me on board here, where I have spent so much of my life."

He envisions the places he has been on the *Hartford*: on deck in rough seas, at Hong Kong, in Singapore, and at the Krakatoa volcano.

Glassell comes out of the cabin way and steps into deeper snow on deck. With his resignation in hand, he looks up at the American flag. Looking down he is surprised to find two officers and Captain Dahlgren who sees the letter.

Glassell is surprised, "YOU!"

Dahlgren states, "That won't be necessary Glassell. Officers seize him."

The two naval officers walk behind Glassell. Still in shock, Glassell looks back. They grab him and place his hands in irons. Still holding his letter behind his back, he turns to face Dahlgren.

Glassell shouts, "SIR!"

Dahlgren, "William T. Glassell. Per Presidential order,

you are hereby relieved of duty and shall submit to incarceration at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. You are no longer a officer of the United States Navy."

Dahlgren reaches behind Glassell, takes the resignation letter out of Glassell's shackled hands, and places it into Glassell's inner coat pocket.

Dahlgren pats Glassell's coat as he speaks, "There, you keep this as a souvenir. Ready him for Boston men."

The *Hartford* and the pier are covered with snow and the American flag waves above on the rear mast. Glassell is led off the ship by the men.

Snow starts to fall as Glassell and three other officers in irons are led down the wharf of the Naval yard and head for another ship.

That evening, the ships at the Naval Harbor at Washington are all in white as the falling snow covers the scene. The buildings are decorated. It is Christmas.

In January of 1862, the Union flag with its starlike pattern, showed 33 stars for all states, both North and South -- the Union planned to stay together. The State of Kansas however, was added on January 29th of 1861 and two states were added during the Civil War: West Virginia in 1863 and Nevada in 1864 -- yet the flag had not yet changed.

West Virginia was an area of Virginia that supported the Union -- almost a third of a million people. Nevada, like California, provided the Union with gold and silver -- financing the highly expensive Civil War. ◆

SECTION TWO
Imprisoned

Chapter 5

Ft. Warren Prison, Winter
Boston Harbor
(January 1862)

In his cell, the form of Glassell is still writing. Light starts to come in though a slit in the far wall, near the closed, iron side-door. He continues to recite his own words as he continues his letter to his beloved Miley.

"The box of home-fair is received in the spirit in which you have offered. Have no doubt they are appreciated by my mess-mates as well as myself. The ham could not be excelled as any in old Virginia, and the cakes and mince-pies were highly extolled, and as to the blackberries and raspberries, we ate them with frozen milk and were the most delicious things I remember ever having tasted."

Glassell envisions a time past with Miley. They are in the kitchen of Richland, she is pouring milk over raspberries in a bowl. Glassell comes up behind her. She jumps at his touch.

Miley, "Oh, William! You're back."

Glassell, "Yes Miley, and now a Second Lieutenant."

Miley takes a spoon and feeds Glassell from the bowl.

Glassell, "This is the most delicious thing I ever have

tasted."

Susan, Glassell's sister calls from the other room, "Miley, come here please."

Miley turns and goes through the open door, but Glassell overhears.

Susan, "You have to tell him."

Miley, "I, I can't. Not yet anyway."

Susan, "But you're moving away; he'll know -- or figure it out."

Miley, "I just can't."

Miley runs out and up the stairs.

Glassell realizes he is now in his cell and continues to write, "I am thankful that I am permitted to hear from you, as a prisoner of this war. Missing you always, affectionately William."

Fort Warren was begun on Georges Island in 1833 to protect Boston Harbor with the pentagonal shape fort covering most of the 28 acre island. Largely completed by 1850, the fort was then modified in early 1861 to begin taking political prisoners. The Tiger Battalion came to Fort Warren to make the fort ready for Confederate prisoners of war.

Singing while they worked, the men sang a tune from an old Methodist hymnal and with a man named John Brown in the Battalion, the men soon began to sing of his namesake, the John Brown of the Harper's Ferry raid of 1859. This became the song John Brown's Body.

Julia Ward Howe's version of the song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", was first published in February of 1862, after she heard the original John Brown's Body song during a review of troops outside Washington DC.

The main iron door to the cell bursts open and a blinding light pours in from the outside. The cold brisk wind of winter blows in with the warden, Colonel Justin Dimick.

Dimick graduated from the US Military Academy at age 19, saw action during the Mexican American war, and was a Lieutenant Colonel of the US 2nd Regular Artillery when appointed to Fort Warren Military Prison -- because of his age. Dimick is white-bearded, 62, and considered a friend to most of his charges at Fort Warren.

Dimick extols, "Good morning Lieutenant, I do hope I have not awakened you."

Glassell turns and responds, "Colonel Dimick. No, I was just finishing a letter to ... family. I must again thank you for the writing kit and the reading materials. These have helped to pass the time."

Dimick, "Yet, you haven't been here a month."

Glassell, "True, but I do expect to be exchanged soon."

Dimick, "Ah, yes of course. Here is yesterday's newspaper, perhaps you can find within, something with which to disagree. New officers are coming in today. Some will be your case mates."

Glassell retorts, "And only a thousand of us here so far. How shall you room and board us all?"

"Some twenty eight naval officers are being exchanged this day." said Dimick. "You however, are not on the list."

Dimick exits through the open cell door as Glassell folds up his writing kit on the desk and stands to follow. Bringing his newspaper, he faces the doorway. The morning wind is brisk and he wraps his coat tightly around himself.

Glassell comes through the open doorway into an immense courtyard covered with blowing snow and high

drifts. Men walk among pyramid-shaped piles of cannon balls and cannon silently guarding the walls of the fortress.

From above, the star-shaped fort situated on the island, is covered in snow. Glassell holds up his arms as if in defiance with his newspaper clutched in hand. His mouth is open wide as if he is screaming, but over the sound of the wind, no one can hear.

Glassell walks along the pathway toward a small group of men standing by a cannon, some of whom are in suits; others in Union and Confederate uniforms. USMC Captain Robert Transill, light heartily waves him over.

Glassell walks up and speaks to the men, "Captain, Lieutenant, Gentlemen. Lieutenant Glassell here. It is good we finally meet."

Transill greets him, "Lieutenant, it is good; there are so many of us here at this island retreat. I am Captain Transill, this is Lieutenant Wilson and Captain Alexander. And here is Governor of Kentucky -- Charles S. Morehead; also Henry M. Warfield and Harkins Scott here are Maryland Legislators."

Glassell brightens, "Well, it does seem I am in good company. Are each of you here for a different reason?"

"We are all here it seems at the bequest of our Union President." Transill responds.

Glassell retorts, "Then I should think that even the president would acknowledge that it is my right, if not my duty, to act the part of a belligerent."

The men all feign applause in gloved hands as newsman Frank Howard and Lieutenant Wilson walk up.

Transill continues, "Well said ... and this is Lieutenant Wilson and here is the Editor of the infamous Baltimore

Exchange newspaper, Frank Howard."

Glassell turns, "Lieutenant. Well, Mr. Howard. What could you have possibly done to award you a stay here at our impressive lodgings?"

Frank shrugs with a chagrined look on his face.

Transill then changes to a serious tone, "Officers, gentlemen, there an escape planned within days. Anyone interested?"

Jumping to it, Glassell states, "For myself, no. There is no escape from this prison, but I expect soon to be exchanged."

Transill sees Colonel Dimick approaching with new prisoners and he holds up a deck of cards to the group as a ruse. He states, "Ah, yes. Anyone for a game of whist?"

Colonel Dimick approaches the group with three other men, General Simon Buckner, in a Union uniform; General Lloyd Tilghman, and Commodore Samuel Barron are in Confederate garb.

Dimick speaks to the men, "Officers, gentlemen, I have some of the finest of Confederate Military here. Glassell, these are your new roommates."

Glassell asks, "Generals; Commodore Barron is it not? From Virginia? How is it you are here?

"Yes Glassell, I know you are a Virginian as well as I've heard of you by your commendations. Duly impressed." Barron replies, "I was captured at Fort Hattaras by the way."

Glassell responds, "The Confederate Navy is less for it."

Barron answers, "The Confederate Navy is unaware of you. I will see what I can do for you."

The remainder of the men introduce themselves as General Buckner speaks up, "Buckner here. I resigned from the Kentucky Militia, only to be brought here."

General Tilghman goes on, “Tilghman at your service. I was captured at Fort Henry. It does seem we are all in the same boat, and not a good one at that. This is by far, the most dreaded prison in all the Union.”

Glassell speaks up, “I haven’t found that to be true. Colonel Dimick has made me most comfortable, even to the extent of my corner office.” He points toward his casement.

Tilghman continues, “But what of the cold man? How do you stand it?” The men begin to walk.

Glassell responds, “I have a brazier in my cell, which you will now share. Also, there has been little illness here at Fort Warren -- probably due to the cold. Only 5 prisoners have died, and they were infected when they arrived.

Tilghman goes on, “Well, wait for it. Eighteen hundred died of smallpox at Rock Island prison, 1,700 more perished at Camp Morton at Indianapolis, and 3,000 at Elmira from cholera. Yet we shall endure; we have outside support.

Glassell pontificates, “I am glad to perceive that your Southern blood is not congealed. And it is good to learn that there are some bright eyes and warm hearts who recognize those whom God in his justice has so far gloriously sustained.”

Tilghman clears his throat, “Ah, yes of course ... where do we bunk?”

Glassell leads the three men to his casement. The outside door to the cell is still open as is the gate to the causeway. They walk into the dark cell through the main door.

As they enter the cell, Glassell sees that bunks have been brought in. The brazier however, is out and the room is cold. The rear door into the cause way is open as well.

Glassell announces, “I see they have brought in your sleeping accommodations. I’ll light the brazier. There are

candies from my family on my desk. Enjoy some, if you wish."

Buckner changes the tone, "Glassell, where does this door lead?"

Glassell, "To the causeway. It is latched from the outside and the outer door locked at night, but they are left open during the day. You may roam as you please."

Buckner walks through and stands at the rear door into the causeway. To the right is the open gate to the outside, to the left is the darkened causeway trailing away.

Buckner states, "Glassell, come here. Have you explored this? It may offer an avenue of escape."

Flatly Glassell says, "No. I have no reason to do so. I am expecting to be exchanged."

Barron chimes in, "So Lieutenant, you've seen other officers exchanged ... yet, why not you?

Later on the light fades on the wall of Glassell's cell as night comes. In the evening, the officers sit or lie on their bunks.

Buckner stands and quietly goes out the rear door from the causeway. He closes it but leaves it unlatched. He then goes back out through the gate.

He then closes the gate and walks around to the outside of the cell. As the iron door closes, the guard passes and locks the door for the night. The guard walks from the outside door around to the gate, locking it as well, but does not go into the causeway. ◆

Chapter 6

Ft. Warren Prison Escape
Boston Harbor
(January 1862)

At midnight by the front gate, two guards walk with rifles, fitted with bayonets. They meet at the gate, then walk apart for the length of the front of the fortress. Sometime later, they return and repeat the process.

As a guard passes a cannon port, a small man races up from the shore. A rowboat bobs in the water; a small weight lies on the sand with a rope reaching to the boat.

The cannon port in the outer wall is about seven inches wide and eight feet high. The man barely squeezes in through the port, and enters the fort.

The small man is actually a woman dressed in men's clothing; Sherry Wilson. She has an old ball-and-cap pistol in her belt and lights a match so she can see. The tapered wall is only seven inches wide at the opening, but expands too three feet wide inside. She easily squeezes through.

The square wellhouse is three feet high and a circular stairway reaches up into the dark. She looks at her hand drawn map held up to the light, and starts up the stairway.

Sherry reaches the causeway and holds the match high

to see. There is arched brickwork overhead. The match goes out and she lights another. Counting the doorways, she taps on the third door. There is no answer.

Glassell is awake writing at his desk. The lamp lights his casement. He hears the tapping and stands going to the rear door. Finding the latch up, he pushes it open and enters the causeway.

Buckner is standing in the causeway and holds Glassell's arm by his hand. They whisper back and forth.

Buckner, "Shush. There's someone here."

Glassell answers in surprise, "You are."

Buckner is insulted, "No, no, someone else. Listen."

The tapping continues. Glassell quietly rushes over toward the sound and sees the lit match. Someone else is approaching the barred gate at the end of the causeway. Buckner drops to the ground.

Glassell grabs Sherry by the mouth, and pulls her down. Sherry's eyes are wide with fear as the match goes out.

An armed guard reaches the gate and looks into the causeway. Seeing nothing in the darkness, he moves on.

Glassell rises and Sherry's hair falls from her cap. He now realizes this is a woman.

Glassell whispers, "What are you doing here?"

Sherry remarks, "Making a prison break. What did you think?"

Glassell, nodding says, "Good point. Whom?"

Looking around, Sherry says, "My husband, Lieutenant Wilson. He sent me this map."

The guard is gone and Glassell and Sherry stand. Buckner has had enough and re-enters their cell from the rear door, closing it quietly.

Glassell continues to whisper, "I've met him. The door

opens from this side. Here."

Glassell lifts the latch and opens the door. Lieutenant Wilson and newspaper Editor Frank Howard are sleeping as Glassell and Sherry enter. Wilson wakes, sits up and speaks."

Lieutenant Wilson, "Sherry is that you?"

Glassell answers, "This is Lieutenant. Commander Glassell; we've met. And she is with me."

Lieutenant Wilson, "Thank God. I was so worried."

Astonished, Glassell answers, "Why did you have a woman come here Lieutenant? You should know better."

Frank rises and speaks, "Well then, let's get out of here."

Glassell, "You can all get out of here, but I will return to my cell, for I'm going to be exchanged."

Wilson retorts, "Ah, yes."

Glassell traces his way in the dark back to his cell. Quietly opening the rear door, he pulls it shut, now letting the latch fall.

Lieutenant Wilson and Sherry embrace, while Frank packs his things. Suddenly the rear cell door opens and two armed guards enter, followed by Colonel Dimick carrying a torch. The guards point their guns at the three.

Dimick gestures to Sherry, "Halt or we'll shoot. Who is this?"

Sherry comes from behind Wilson and points the pistol at Dimick's head. Dimick raises his hands, his face white in surprise.

Wilson cries out, "NO!"

The pistol goes off, but instead of firing, it explodes in the face of Wilson, killing him instantly. Sherry's hand is badly injured and she holds it tightly, crying with her husband on the floor. The guards act like they are going to

shoot. Frank lies back down on his bunk.

Dimick cries out, "HOLD IT MEN. TAKE HER. This one is dead and that one is harmless. Get somebody in here to clean this up and bring the woman. She shall be hung as a spy.

All the men in Glassell's cell are in bed but are sitting up because of the explosion.

Glassell speaks, "I do believe they have been caught. Better we stood back on this one, eh Buckner?

Buckner answers, "Evidently."

The men all lie back down in the dark. No one talks.

At dawn the next day, a small contingent of soldiers are standing at a makeshift gallows, as two others bring the woman out. She is shrouded in a black cloak. They march her up to the noose. Men walk about in the snow. Glassell comes into view and approaches.

Glassell demands, "Where is Colonel Dimick?"

A soldier responds, "He will be attending."

"He may attend anything he wishes, but not this." Glassell retorts.

Dimick comes from a doorway and sees Glassell. He barks, "Glassell, are you a part of this?"

Glassell, "No, but I shall be. What in God's name are you doing? You don't execute women."

Dimick, "I do when they try to kill me."

Glassell, "She was protecting her husband. What else would you ask of her? And why is she dressed that way?"

Dimick, "She was trying to effect an escape and was caught as a spy. She has asked to die dressed as a woman, but this is all we could find."

Glassell, "Then you admit your are hanging a woman,

not a spy. This is without honor."

Dimick, "It is my duty."

Glassell, *"Honor above Duty, Sir!* Do this Dimick and you are no friend of mine."

Dimick, "I am no friend of yours; I am your warden and I am doing this. You however, are in prison. Did you forget?

Glassell yells back, "I SHALL REMEMBER BETTER WHEN I AM EXCHANGED!"

Sherry is in the noose, the black cloak is wrapped around her, and the drum roll begins. She looks forlorn. Glassell stands by, looks up, and speaks to her.

Glassell says, "This was not meant to be, Sherry."

The door drops and Sherry is dead, swinging lifelessly on the end of the rope. All the men disperse. Glassell walks back towards his cell in the snow.

The legend of the Lady in Black continued to haunt Fort Warren: one sentry was court marshaled after he deserted his post; also a traditional poker game was played in ordnance room until one night, a large stone rolled the entire length of the room. Games were played elsewhere after that.

Glassell is again writing in his cell and now a small Confederate Flag is on his table. The brazier on the floor is glowing and his case mates are out.

Glassell's pen scratches the paper as he speaks,

"Dearest Miley: I have sympathy for those who are enduring the hardships of war during these winter blasts. They are in defense of their homes and firesides, and they are more entitled to it than I. I hope however I shall soon have the opportunity of sharing this honor. I am indebted for the box of delicious bon-bons.

"The little Confederate flag I found therein, has ever since waved triumphantly over my table. I am indeed thankful that it came from one disposed to give aid and comfort to a rebel — my heart is warmed.

"It had been chilled by an unfortunate event here at the fortress, which I will not say here. Yet it proves the lack of honor of the Union in these times.

"I now have companions: General Buckner and General Tilghman share my cell, and together with Commodore Barron, they have enjoyed the sweets. How is my sister Susan and the Colonel? I am always thankful to hear from you at our home of Richland. There has been no escape from this prison, but I expect something soon will arise. Always, your William."

Richland Plantation, Virginia
One month later
(February, 1862)

The white, high pillared house, lies on a small rise in the Virginia countryside. The wide front gable, caps the modest two story plantation as smoke rises from twin chimneys. In the distance, five black slaves pick cotton in the field.

Inside an oval staircase reaches up into the home as a tall boy Georgie Patton looks up through the staircase. His three younger brothers stand nearby.

Georgie calls to his Mother Susan, "Mother, Mother, the mail is here from town. There's one from Father and also Uncle William. Please come and see!"

Susan hurries downstairs and takes the letters, moving into the large parlor. The room has large windows and is

decorated with paintings, furniture, and polished tables. She plops onto the divan as the children sit on the floor.

Susan calls out, "Miley, there is a letter for you from William. Come; hurry. Boys, it's not from your father but is sent in his name." She quickly opens her letter and reads it.

Susan then reads aloud, "The Colonel had been paroled and is coming home! His right arm is still wounded but he can ride. He should be here within the week."

Georgie speaks up, "Mother, what does Uncle William have to say? Tell us. Is he still in prison?"

Miley races down the stairs yelling, "WILLIAM!"

Miley Covell is still petite, now 28, and bubbly as ever. She lives again with her cousin Susan and Susan's four sons at Richland Plantation, and has since the war began.

Susan continues, "Yes, it is from Fort Warren prison, so he is there for the time."

Miley chirps, "Oh please, let me see, let me see!" She grasps the letter and opens it to read aloud.

Miley is animated, "He thanks us all for the home fare we sent, and has new room mates in his cell; generals he says. He says there is no escape from his fortress, but believes in good faith that he soon shall be paroled and exchanged. Oh I do pray that is true, it has been years since he was home."

Susan replies, "Yes Miley, but you do have other obligations."

Miley snaps back, "I am very aware."

Georgie asks, "Can we write to Uncle William? I want to tell him about the new colt we have."

Miley answers, "Yes, of course. Bring me pen and paper Portia."

Portia is the black house slave, who enters with writing materials and a plate of cookies for the boys. She sets the plate on a low table and hands paper and pen to Susan."

Portia speaks to Susan, "Misses Patton, I took liberty in bringing treats for the boys. I know they want to hear from their father and their uncle."

Susan responds, "Thank you Portia, how thoughtful. Yes the boys want their father home, but seem more interested in my brother's predicament in prison. I believe the Lieutenant's tale is more exciting to them than the Colonel's long stay in a field hospital. That will be all Portia."

Portia leaves and the four boys watch as Miley faces them. The bright morning sun streams through the windows.

Miley speaks aloud as she writes,

"Dearest William: The Colonel is paroled and coming home within days; his right was arm shattered above the elbow at Scary Creek. He expects to return to this horrible war in Spring, but has plans to move the family first, so we may not be here. Susan is just happy to have him home.

"Our late reverses do not cause us to doubt the ultimate result of the contest, but we fear they may prolong this war. If only we had you in our Confederate Navy.

"The boys want to tell you they have a new colt here at Richland. With my Love, Miley."

Miley looks at Susan, "There! Now we'll put this in the post at town, and William will have it within weeks. How remarkable we have such abilities even with the war."

Susan gives her a look, "Yes ... how remarkable. ◆

Chapter 7

Ft. Warren Prison, Spring
Boston Harbor
(March 1862)

Glassell is out for his morning walk with his newspaper underarm and sees a group of four soldiers led by a marine, Robert Transill. In places, the snow is still on the ground, and there is little grass growing. Today however, there is no wind.

Glassell calls Transill over:" Captain Transill, good morning. Is there any news about?"

Transill pointing, "Do you mean other than that rubbish in your newspaper? Well, for one, they want a picture of the officers in front of the main gate. So be it; come let us go out for our photograph. That and the guards have reported seeing the ghost of that woman in black. The one that was executed."

Glassell, "No wonder to that."

The prisoners pile out, some bringing chairs. The massive granite wall reaches far above their heads and the fort's name and year of build show on the gray stone. The men move into position as two guards, Sam and Peter stand aside.

Sam is young and tries to order the prisoners about.

Sam, "Keep lively now men, we want the families back home to know just how well cared for you all are."

Through the camera lens, the men are play-acting. One prisoner has a shawl, another pretends to read a newspaper, and a third has a pipe; some just sit. The guards' rifles have bayonets and they stand by the prisoners for the photograph.

The photographer, Brady again, backs away from the camera. A photographer's tent is set up nearby. His name, *Matthew Brady Photographer,* is painted on the tent.

Brady talks to the prisoners, "Alright gentlemen, hold perfectly still. This will take only fifteen seconds."

He pulls the lens cap off to make the exposure and a few moments later replaces the lens cap.

Brady speaks again, "Alright gentlemen, thank you."

The prisoners start to disburse and go back into the fort. Matthew packs up his camera equipment. Glassell and Transill are last in line.

Transill whispers, "Glassell, the escape is on for tonight, … if you have changed your mind."

Glassell, "I am interested now. Are you taking part in this escapade?"

Transill continues, "Actually, I shall wait. I am on the list for this week's parole … sorry you won't be coming with me."

Glassell and his cell mates walk up to their casement, but enter through the gate into the causeway. The men enter the back iron door into their cell for the night. Glassell quietly goes out the rear door to the causeway, and leaves it unlatched. He then goes back out through the gate.

He closes the gate and walks around to the outside door of his cell. As Glassell now closes the iron door, he hears the

guard pass and lock the door for the night. The guard walks from Glassell's outside door, around to the gate, locking it as well.

The men lie on their bunks and sleep as there is nothing to do in the dark. Glassell sits at his desk and pretends to write then quietly gets up and goes out through a rear door he left unlatched and into the dark causeway.

It is black. Glassell walks to the left down the causeway, hand on the wall. He then lights a match and sees the arched brickwork overhead. He treads down the causeway, hears muffled voices and turns to a circular stairway, leading down.

Naval Captain J.W. Alexander, Naval Lieutenant C.W. Reed, and Marine Lieutenant J. Thurston, are halfway down the stairway. They are startled when they see Glassell.

Glassell startles them with, "Gentlemen. You seem to be surprised."

Alexander responds, "Only that it's you Lieutenant. I had thought you were waiting for exchange."

Glassell retorts, "So did I. How may I assist?"

Alexander continues, "Just follow along. We're going down to the wellhouse where we bathe. I tried this avenue a week ago and the only downside now are the two guards."

Glassell questions, "Only two? What is your plan, do we dispense them?"

Thurston speaks up, "No, No. Nothing so sinister. We'll go between them when they march outward, and they cannot see us. It's simpler that way and we won't alert anyone else. Are you coming?"

Glassell says, "I am in."

The four men quietly step off the stairs. At the bottom is the well house, and they enter the small room — the same

room from which Sherry Wilson entered.

Adjacent to the well house is the fortification with the cannon port on the outside wall. The tapered wall is three feet wide inside, and only seven inches wide at the opening. Alexander leads the men up to it and takes off his coat.

Alexander orders, "Come on men, this is it."

"Alexander, we can't fit through there!" exclaims Thurston.

Alexander responds, "We can if we remove our clothes."

Reed then asks, "All of them?"

Alexander removes his clothing and facing the cannon port naked, holds up a hand to quiet the men. A guard walks past a few feet away. Alexander then counts beats with his hand to estimate when the guard is far enough away.

Alexander whispers, "Hush now, I'm going."

From the outside wall, the guards are now some 200 feet away on both sides. Clothes fly out through the cannon port and fall down onto the snow. Alexander squeezes out buck naked; facing away.

Alexander turns and whispers up to the men, "Reed, Thurston, Glassell. I'm through. Take your clothes off; it's time to come out."

Glassell talks to himself, "Ah, I see. Would it not have been better to see if one could fit through, before throwing one's clothing out of the fortress walls?"

Alexander begins to dress, as more clothes fly out through the port. Soon, two men are standing in the snow naked, with their backs toward Glassell. Their breath can be seen in the cold air and they shiver. Alexander faces up at the port.

Alexander calls back, "Glassell, are you coming?"

Glassell, still dressed, has no real answer. The other men

hunch down, dress quickly, and crouch in the snow with Alexander.

Alexander whispers, "We've got to go now! Move to the water, while the guards are still face away."

Glassell quietly watches with interest, not to disrupt the escape. A row boat is waiting at the shore in the dark.

Glassell talks quietly to himself, "It is my duty to escape, but this is not the way. It is better I wait for exchange ...

From the cannon port, Glassell watches the men move to the boat. The water splashes as they enter. The men row out into the harbor and away.

Glassell presses his head into the cannon port to see them disappear. Suddenly, the guard marches past within inches of Glassell's face, passing to the left.

Glassell backs away with his eyes widened and gasps in surprise. The guard turns toward the port, but continues on.

Moments later, Glassell climbs the stairs alone and lights another match. He holds the match high, and walks back to the rear door of his cell. Glassell enters the cell, without speaking to the other officers. Although they are awake, and suspect the events, nothing is said.

Glassell sits at his small desk and writes, again quietly reciting the words.

"Dearest Miley: I hope you will succeed in accomplishing the journey you have in view. It would give me much pleasure to accompany you if it were in my power to do so. When exchanged, I shall probably be required to proceed immediately to Dixie. So it will not surprise me if I am there before you.

Glassell envisions Miley, Susan and her four boys traveling in a carriage toward the town of Orange.

He looks around his cell and continues,

"There is no escape from this prison. Yet I expect soon to be exchanged. Two officers who were arrested with me have already been exchanged as prisoners of war. It therefore seems strange that I should not have been as well ..." ◆

Chapter 8

Ft. Warren Prison, Summer
Boston Harbor
(July 1862)

Now summer, many of the prisoners are playing baseball in the open area of the fort. Former Union officers in blue, and Confederate captives in gray. Others are seated on the grass, urging each of the teams on. Glassell is out again for his morning walk and meets up with Colonel Dimick — now to him, considered an enemy.

Dimick, "Glassell, more exchanges this week ... you of course are not among them."

Glassell does not answer.

Dimick continues, "May I say Lieutenant, you need to initiate something on your own behalf as you have not yet technically joined the Confederacy."

Glassell in anger, "Colonel Dimick! What do you infer?"

Dimick replies, "I infer nothing. Only that it would be my opinion that you simply write something for your own cause."

Glassell retorts, "To what purpose?"

Dimick gestures, "The ball game here, is in progress by two teams of prisoners; in blue and gray. Many of the other

men are in the courtyard watching."

Dimick turns toward the game, "See here Lieutenant, your situation is very similar. Exchanges of players like these, are made by the clubs which play here in Boston.

A ball player then steps up to the plate.

The pitcher yells, "BATTER UP!", and throws.

The CRACK of the bat sends a line drive whizzing up past Glassell and Dimick. The men watch and cheer. A fielder runs past the two men.

Glassell scoffs, "What does this have to do with my situation?"

"Well Glassell, to be exchanged, you actually have to join a team." says Dimick, pointing. "Look, I've said too much."

The light goes on for Glassell who answers, "Ah, I see."

Dimick looks at Glassell, "The game has already started, Lieutenant. You really should play."

Glassell does not answer and walks away. As he heads back toward his casement, a fly ball is hit to the outfield, and the spectators cheer. With two on base, the runners are heading for home as the men applaud and yell. Glassell, does not turn around.

Glassell steps into the outside door of his cell. The cell is empty; the other men are not there.

Alone in the cell, he sits at his table. His little Confederate Flag waves. With a port in the wall providing the only light, he writes.

Glassell out loud, "Commanding Officer Ingraham, Confederate Naval Operations. Dear Sir: It is with great regard that I offer my services as an officer in the Confederate Navy. My former commendations and commission I enclose here, should provide ample proof of my prior service. It is my duty to offer myself to the

Confederacy. I do hope an exchange can be made."

Glassell stops writing and holds up his resignation, left with him by Dahlgren. He continues to write, "I hereby include my resignation from the United States Navy."

He pauses and talks to himself, "But for what purpose? Fighting for the Confederacy, plays into the plan of the British. If the Union falls, they become colonies of Great Britain. Then what? A beleaguered Confederacy could not hold up against another war."

Glassell folds the letter with the papers anyway, and seals it in an envelope.

Charleston City
South Carolina
(Late July, 1862)

The view of Charleston from above shows the city, the wharf, and the harbor. Five miles off shore, four ships of the Union Fleet are lined up. They block the entry of ships into or out of Charleston — those from the great Britain.

On the shoreline of the city, small boats in the harborway move about. No ships go in or out during the day.

The USS Roanoke Ironclad Steamer is stationed out in the sea. It is a 280 foot long Frigate. On deck of the Roanoke is Rear Admiral Samuel Francis DuPont. Together with three other Union ships, they stretch northward in a row, guarding the entrance to Charleston harbor. Soon, another Union ship slowly comes on to the horizon.

DuPont was appointed midshipman at age 12 by President James Madison. He became a Lieutenant at 23, Executive Officer at 32, Commander at 39, Captain at 52,

and Rear Admiral at 59 in 1862. Aside the numerous ships on which he served, he fought in the Mexican American war, was appointed superintendent of the US Naval Academy. Now nearing 60 and overweight, he is in command of the fleet.

DuPont speaks to his Lieutenant, "Lieutenant Samuels, we receive today another ship for blockading."

Samuels responds, "Yes Admiral. Do we then attack Charleston?"

DuPont continues, "Seriously, no. Not without adequate ground forces. We could never take Charleston by ship alone. We are here but to stop the British blockade runners."

Samuels answers, "Yes sir."

DuPont goes on, "We may have an ironclad for a warship, but the deep draft would prevent us from getting close enough to reach any of the port batteries. We'll continue with our watch."

The officers look out across the sea at the harbor. Samuels looks through a telescope at the Confederate Naval base on the wharf.

The Naval Office at Charleston is a long building with few doorways. At the corner office is a sign that says COMMODORE. Commodore Duncan Ingraham is in his office conferring with Lieutenant John A. Payne.

Ingraham, 61, is tall and stern faced. A former Union Naval officer, Ingraham had entered service at age 10 and after 43 years of service was commissioned a Captain after receiving a Congressional Gold Medal for resolving an international incident. Then serving as Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, he resigned just prior to the war to join

the Confederate Navy, then became Commandant of the Naval base at Charleston.

Payne, assigned to the Charleston Naval Station, saw duty on the CSS Raleigh until April of 1862 when he was transferred to the CSS Chicora. He will gain a commission as commander on the CSS Hunley in August of 1863. Now 30, he is clean shaven and of medium build. The room they are in is small, lit by two windows and a Confederate flag covers the wall.

Ingraham speaks, "Payne, the buildup of the Union blockade outside Charleston Harbor worries me. The Union fleet is planning something. We need to bring in experienced officers to man our new patrol boats."

Payne excitedly, "Perhaps we could see some action."

Ingraham flatly, "Your enthusiasm is commendable however, your desires are misguided. We need to protect our harbor and city prior to attempting an attack of the Union Fleet. Whom do we have to draw upon?"

Payne answers, "Sir, I have a recommendation letter from about six months ago from Commodore Barron showing support for a Lieutenant Glassell, formerly of the Union Navy. He says the man is a decorated officer.

Ingraham then questions, "Where is this Glassell from, and where is he now?

"The Lieutenant was born in Virginia so we have his loyalty." says Payne. "He presently resides in Fort Warren prison, up in Boston harbor. He was on the US flag ship *Hartford*.

"We only now have a letter of request from him to be exchanged. Here are his papers, his Naval Commission,

Commendations, and a resignation. Shall we trade for him?"

Ingraham pontificates, "Any US officer who shows his true colors as Confederate, deserves a commission in our navy. This one has decorations as well. Bring him to Charleston."

Payne, "Yes sir. Right away."

Fort Warren Prison
Boston Harbor
(August 1862)

Dimick opens the outside door to Glassell's cell. The blinding morning light pours in from the outside. The hot winds of summer blast into the casement. Glassell awakened, stands abruptly as if in shock, still in his US Navy blue uniform but without the coat."

Dimick announces, "Lieutenant, congratulations. You've been paroled. You are to be sent to Charleston, South Carolina. I must say, it has been a pleasure having you here these past eight months ..."

The Confederate Stars and Bars, first adopted in 1861, showed stars for the seven initial seceding states and later eleven. The stars represented the 11 seceding states and the two states with secession governments: Kentucky and Missouri. With most of Maryland's government in Fort Warren, the state was now part of the Union. ◆

SECTION THREE
At War

Chapter 9

Charleston
South Carolina, Winter
(January 1863)

The panoramic view over Charleston shows the city, the harbor and five miles off shore, now eight ships of the Union Fleet at sea. Menacingly, another ship comes to the horizon.

Charleston is the oldest community in the south, dating from 1670. Now nearly two centuries old, it is a bustling city seemingly unaware of the war or that it is a prime target for the Union forces.

Named for King Charles II of England (Charles-town), the city is at the confluence of the Ashey and Cooper rivers, being surrounded on three sides by water. Charleston Harbor is well protected by Fort Sumter, Fort Moultrie, Fort Johnson, Fort Gregg, Fort Wagner, numerous batteries, plus Castle Pinckney — a floating house boat armed with cannon.

The harbor is filled with merchant ships and the Confederate Navy's boats; mostly at the docks. The wharf is lined with numerous piers of different lengths, and a few have small buildings. One pier has two waiting patrol boats. It is dusk.

The oil lamp lights along the wharf are being lit by a

man with a long pole. As the sun fades, a few boats come in and are tied up at the piers. There are crates stacked along the wharf and sailors move about, toward the patrol boats' pier.

The patrol boats are lethal looking ram types, covered in iron with sloping sides to deflect cannon balls. Each ship has six cannon, a forward ram, plus fore and aft decks which are very close to the water. The exhaust pipe billows steam.

On the side of the pier is the *CSS Chicora*. The *Chicora* is a Confederate ironclad ram, built at Charleston in 1862. Costing some $300,000, the 170 foot long vessel has a 22 inch oak hull with a four-inch iron cladding.

There are sailors on board the lower decks, making the boat ready. Glassell now in a gray officer's uniform, clean shaven and is up on the pier with Lieutenant Payne. Glassell has been here four months.

Payne smirks, "Listen Glassell, we've been patrolling this harbor for months now. When do we see some action?"

Glassell barks, "You seem eager to get into the thick of things Payne. Our duty is to protect the blockade runners, not sink monitors. Do you really want to take a patrol ram out at sea? To have the Union ironclads in range?"

Payne responds, "Oh I can't wait for that."

Glassell continues, "You realize when the enemy is in range ... so are you. Still, those are not our orders and these ships are not equipped for the task. Just get ready for our patrol. We need to leave or we'll be late."

"You do have a sense of duty, don't you?" says Payne.

Glassell turns, "More than you."

Glassell climbs down the ladder and boards the *Chicora*. Payne follows reluctantly. A sailor drops the ropes to the fore deck, then the aft, and comes down and aboard. It is

now dark, but the moon is near full and lights the boat.

The *Chicora* slowly moves off into the dark. The thumping of the engine drifts off into the distance until the only sound is the lapping of the water on the piers.

Glassell and Payne are half way out of the top hatch, talking as the *Chicora* pushes through the harbor. They pass the obtuse floating fortress of Ripley.

Payne remarks, "I still say that thing looks like a house afloat."

Glassell responds, "Well Payne, that house can protect your hide. Besides, you may get your wish tonight."

Payne looks back, "How so?"

Glassell looks out at sea, "I'm not sure, I just feel it. Something's up."

Payne laughs, "Now you have intuition as well?"

Glassell retorts: No, just two decades of seamanship."

Payne drops below but Glassell stays, trying to see ahead in the dark. Far off, cannon fire can be heard, and he suddenly drops out of sight. Glassell is inside the *Chicora*. It is steamy and the engine thumps loudly.

Glassell turns to the men, "Tell the engine room to steam up. We should be out there. Get the forward cannon ready. Payne, you get topside and pull up the ram. We'll be to far distant to use it."

The men scatter, as the forward cannon hatch is opened and the barrel moves out. Payne starts back up the ladder to topside.

The *Chicora* gains speed, going out of the harbor toward the cannon fire. A wake of water follows the boat.

Further out, a cannon shot just misses the 200 foot long British sail-steam cruiser *Princess Royal*, as it approaches the harbor. The water explodes off the port bow and the

spray lands on the deck.

The 150 foot long sail-steamer *USS Unadilla* is recoiling from the blast of it's 24 pound cannon.

Lieutenant Napoleon Collins of the *Unadilla* barks orders, "Ready the second cannon in case they run for the harbor. I want to capture the ship, not destroy her. Not another blockade runner shall pass on my watch!"

The *Princess* veers to the right toward Sullivan's Island and the eastern Confederate battery for protection. The British Captain Kensington on the *Princess* looks back toward the Union ship, "Steam up, we're running for it. Head for the battery, they'll protect us. Brace yourselves men, I expect more cannon fire."

The *Chicora* is racing toward the cannon fire and Glassell is again half way out of the top hatch. As they approach the scene from 200 yards out, Glassell drops down again. It is very loud inside the hold of the *Chicora*.

Glassell barks orders, "GUNNY, FIRE AT THE UNION STEAMER. NOW!"

A cannon shot skims across the water but misses it's mark. Glassell returns to the hatch to watch. On the *Unadilla,* Collins and the men turn toward the shot.

Collins yells to First Officer Harry Jonas, "Jonas, move to the aft quarter and turn that patrol boat."

Back on the *Chicora*, Glassell sees the rear cannon move and drops again.

Glassell gives orders, "Full steady. There's a gunboat and possibly more. They are going to fire ..."

A cannon is fired from the *Unadilla* at the *Chicora*. The cannon ball goes straight and skims the right armored side, showering sparks for the length of the ship.

Glassell barks, "Hard to starboard. There's two gunboats

and possibly more. It looks like they've captured a blockade runner. Gunny get off one more shot. High as you can."

The front port cannon fires off in a high shot to the rigging of the *Unadilla*. Glassell is back up the hatch. Glassell yells down his orders, "Get us out of here."

Glassell drops and the *Chicora* rooster-tails an ark of water turning around.

The cannon ball now at the *Unadilla,* punches through a sail and falls into the sea, but the *Unadilla* moves toward the *Princess Royal*.

The *Princess* races for shore, not 100 yards away, but stops suddenly as the large ship hits the shallows. Everything on the ship: cargo, cannon, and men, jerk toward the front of the ship — they have grounded.

The *Unadilla* moves in to take the blockade runner. As they get closer, a Parrott cannon is aimed at the deck of the *Princess*, as another Union ship comes into view.

Collins yells across the water, "AHOY! SURRENDER OR WE'LL SINK YOU WHERE YOU LAY."

Kensington cups his hands, "AHOY CAPTAIN. YOU HAVE US BUT NOT BY YOUR DOING. THESE BLASTED SHOALS HAVE GIVEN YOU YOUR PRIZE."

Glassell is still topside and looking back, speaks out loud to himself, "Hopefully it's only holding trade goods and the Union has not gained anything."

The officers of the *Unadilla* are boarding the *Princess* and begin to remove the large tarpaulins that cover the cargo on deck. Stacked cannon and wooden boxes marked 'Ceramics' are found.

First Officer of the *Unadilla* Jonas yells out, "Commander, we have rifles here; and munitions under the cover of women's dishes. The men say they have found a

steam engine below decks and many cannon."

Collins turns, "Well Captain, you are a prize, aren't you. This capture should prevent the Confederacy's advance in this war."

Kensington replies, "So you believe."

The men of the Princess are moved over to the *Unadilla* as another Union ship, the *USS Housatonic* comes in to help. The Captain of the *Princess* looks on helplessly. A line is thrown from the *Housatonic* to the *Princess* and the Union ship starts to pull the grounded vessel free.

As the *Chicora* heads back toward the harbor, Glassell is now up in the back hatch, surveying the events.

Glassell again speaks to himself, "We may have well lost a ship tonight but the morning shall bring retribution."

The Chicora moves away in the water. The thump, thump, thump of the engine is all that can be heard. ◆

Chapter 10

Charleston City
South Carolina
Evening

The clip-clopping of a lone horse is heard in the dark, as a carriage comes into view. A man in a coat, tall hat, and glasses drives up past the gas lights. The clacking is loud as the spoked wheels hit the cobble stones of the street.

There are rows of homes and the streets are quiet for the evening. There are three well dressed men walking up the street and the next block has large homes with open gardens. The carriage pulls into a large curved driveway.

The carriage stops at the front of the three story Trenholm house. Corinthian columns stretch upward from the wide, glass enclosed porch. Soft lights come from the first level and a bright light is on in a front corner room.

Trenholm House
Charleston

Theodore D. Stoney, Esquire is a lawyer in Charleston and the Managing Director of the Southern Torpedo Company. He approached Confederate General Beauregard

with the idea of a powered submersible and gaining support, contacted Dr. St. Julien Ravenel to do the design. Now he is looking for money.

Of medium build and hair somewhat long, Stoney leaves the carriage, adjusts his wire frame glasses and without knocking, enters through the single porch door. Before he knocks on the inner door, it opens, startling him. Bright light pours into the porch and the shadow of a large man fills the doorway. It is George A. Trenholm.

Trenholm is 56, tall and well built, and is the Treasurer of the Confederacy. A wealthy cotton broker, he is funding the blockade runners to and from England. His investments include steamships, hotels and plantations. He is a director of the South Carolina Railroad and also the Bank of Charleston. His office is in Charleston and soon, one will be in Liverpool, England.

Trenholm looks out at Theodore and waves him in, glancing behind out into the darkness. Quietly, he closes the door.

Stoney remarks, "George, you surprised me."

Trenholm answers, "Well, I didn't think you would knock; I was expecting you."

"We need to keep this on the Q. T. George." says Stoney.

Trenholm looks about, "Theodore, everything is on quiet terms these days. Come in to my office. We can talk in private there."

Stoney removes his hat and the two men walk through the sumptuously decorated parlor. A black houseman stands waiting. The two men cross into the corner room. It is late.

Stoney, "You seem to have improved your finances greatly, George."

Trenholm replies, "Well Theodore, as you are aware, I

was near bankruptcy in 1860 and now own a fleet of some 60 blockade runners; steam-schooners for the most part. They call me the Captain."

Stoney, "Captain or not, you've done well for wartime. This war is certainly a travesty."

Trenholm: "War is just business, and this war is good business. There are those here who believe this war is fought over state's rights, and there are Northerners who believe this war is fought over slavery. Both could be not be more wrong. This war sir, is fought over money."

Stoney, "Yes I suppose you are correct. Had the government taken the southern coalition's offer seriously, they would have simply bought the south out of slavery."

Trenholm, "I have heard their president Lincoln is making that offer now."

Stoney, "Too late for that -- so much has now been lost. To win this war — is the only way out."

Suzanne King, a well dressed woman of middle age, enters the room.

King: "George darling, would you be a dear and come upstairs? It's getting so late."

Stoney, "Why Mrs. King, we meet. I have heard of your fast rise in Charleston society."

King, "Well, Mr. Stoney, I would be remiss not to inform you that we both have been misinformed. I had heard that you sir were a gentleman..."

Stoney, "Ah, point taken."

Trenholm turns back and speaks to his butler, "Charles, some coffee for all of us."

Charles answers, "Yes suh, rhet now suh.

Charles starts to leave and Suzanne replies, "Not for me Charles. It is late."

Suzanne turns to go.

Trenholm, "Soon dear, soon."

Trenholm closes the door. All around are bookshelves with a variety of volumes. The large desk has a glass oil lamp that glows brightly. George gestures to one of the red leather chairs and Stoney sits with his hat in hand.

Trenholm sits as well and speaks, "Well counsellor, it seems now that you need me, rather than the other way around. Tell me about your project."

Stoney begins, "I'm working with Dr. Ravenel and Captain Lee on clearing the Union's blockades."

Trenholm responds, "I know Julien and am aware of Captain Lee. He's been working on a boat project of mine as well."

Stoney is surprised, "Yes … George I am amazed. Your business continues as usual, even with the war and all. How are you doing it?"

Trenholm brightens, "Well, I still have good trade agreements with Great Britain, and I'm sending a man over to open an office in Liverpool.

Stoney asks, "I know of the blockade runners, but those are small boats. How can you get your ships past the Union blockades?"

Trenholm replies, "I had them specially built in England. I send a ship out every month with some forty-five hundred bales of cotton on board. At night of course. We sent one out just this week."

Stoney is amazed, "That's nearly a half million dollars in goods! You certainly have become a successful runner. Well, good for you. We shouldn't let the Union stop our progress as a new nation."

Trenholm states, "I am doing my part. I have a British

war ship due in for me tonight. The *Princess Royal*. She has … sensitive goods aboard."

"And here they say Great Britain is neutral. Are they not?" Stoney asks.

Trenholm continues, "Yes, on the face of things. But so is France, yet they continue to support the Union. I hear the French have brought over a new submersible boat to Washington."

Stoney goes on, "As if they would know what to do with it. We Southerners will soon have our own. I've heard cannon fire this evening, I do hope everything is safe."

Charles then returns to the door with a platter of cups, a plate of fried cornbread and a small can. He knocks and waits; then enters when requested.

"Come in Charles." Says Trenholm.

Charles enters, then answers, "Here is ya coffee suh. I've brought cracklin' bread and ya can of milk as well."

Trenholm answers him, "Thank you Charles. I'll do this; that will be all for tonight."

Charles responds, "Thank you suh. Good night suhs."

Trenholm replies, "Good night Charles."

Charles comes out of the office, closes the door and walks away.

*The White Hou*se
Washington DC

The White House in Washington is nearly dark, with two second floor office windows the only one with a light.

The President's office is sparsely decorated, in contrast to Trenholm's. Lincoln is meeting with Dahlgren. He is casually dressed, where Dahlgren is in his uniform.

Lincoln speaks directly to Dahlgren, "Lieutenant, or should I now say Captain ..."

Dahlgren answers, "Mr. President, thank you. I duly appreciate your promise of my promotion."

Lincoln responds, "Well, I couldn't have a Lieutenant as the Commander of the Washington Naval yard, could I? Your expertise in armament has brought your success."

Dahlgren thanks him, "Again, I am more than grateful."

Lincoln waves, "Yes, yes, come over to my table. I have something to show you. It's a new gunpowder."

Opening a waxed paper on the table, Lincoln almost giddy, strikes a match. The powder flares brightly with a loud swish and then as suddenly goes out. Lincoln then holds up the paper for Dahlgren to see.

Lincoln asks, "See Dahlgren, it fires more quickly, but leaves quite a bit of residue — what do you think?"

Dahlgren replies, "Well sir, I do see your concern. Yet the powders we're testing with my cannon do the same. They load up the barrel with just a few firings. Still, for the longer range rifled cannon, it is of little consequence. Their diameter is now 11 inches."

Lincoln, "We need those at Charleston, Dahlgren. We must take the city for our plan to work. Rear Admiral DuPont cannot seem to do anything but stop the blockaders; and that not very well."

Trenholm House
Charleston

At Trenholm's home office, he pours the coffee and offers Theodore the can of Bordon's Evaporated Milk.

Trenholm says, "Here Theodore, try this can of

evaporated milk. I won't spoil. It's made up in New York by a special process."

Stoney asks, "New York? How do you ever get it here?"

Trenholm answers, "Through my Liverpool connections. It can't go bad, so I have it shipped over with my other goods. Have some cracklin' bread as well; it's fresh of course. Now tell me about your submersible."

Stoney excitedly, "It's coming along … the Captain is building the torpedo and Julien has developed the design."

Trenholm remarks, "Julien? I didn't know he had the talent for design work. He's a horticulturist, although I hear he's been assigned to the hospital in Columbia for medical duties."

Stoney answers, "Yes, he's a busy man. As well, he is supplying the Confederacy with lime from his lime-works. It's up at his plantation at Stoney Landing. I've been up there too … that's why I'm here."

Trenholm questions, "And named for you? Where do I come in?"

Trenholm pours in the milk and is stirring his coffee as Theodore leans in, putting his hands on Trenholm's desk.

Stoney exasperated, "No, not for me. In all honesty George, I can't keep funding this machine. I'm tapped."

Trenholm smiles, "Well, I'm happy to contribute, if it will help raise the northern blockade."

Stoney thankful, "That I would greatly appreciate. What ever you can do. I'm in $25,000 now."

Trenholm replies, "Oh, I'll throw in that much, and I'll get my man Teddy Wagner to contribute as well. That should relieve you. He'll be going to Liverpool for the business and won't need it there. I'll meet you at the bank in the morning and have it transferred to your account."

Stoney thanks him again, “Thank you George. We couldn’t do it without you.”

Trenholm responds, “It’s not the only project I’m funding. My cause is to clear the waterways. I have a meeting with a Naval officer tomorrow. He is working on … another strategy.”

The men sit back and sip their hot drinks.

By 1800, coffee became the symbol of American independence, tea then being thought of as British. Yet it was the American Civil War that brought coffee to popularity on both sides. Given to soldiers and sailors as a primary ration, coffee beans were plentiful throughout the war, both on land and sea. Finally, the Spirit Ration for the US Navy was abolished in 1862, thereby increasing the use of coffee onboard ship. ◆

Chapter 11

Charleston Harbor
Naval Station
After Midnight

The commodore's corner office is lit. A sailor stands outside as another runs up the steps with a note in his hand. Commodore Ingraham is working late. Two lamps light his desk when he hears a knock at his door. He calls and receives a sailor, who hands him a note.

Ingraham responds, "Come. Yes what is it?

The sailor enters, "It's from the *Chicora* sir. A runner has been captured."

Ingraham reads and looks up, "Quickly, run to the wharf and bring Glassell here. Payne as well."

The messenger leaves the office, closing the door, and runs down the walkway. Moments later, a knock comes again and the door opens as Glassell and Payne enter.

Ingraham stands, "Glassell, report."

Payne interrupts, "Commodore. There was nothing we could have done."

Ingraham, "I said Glassell."

Glassell, "Sir. We were late for the blockader. They had two warships and we did not have the *Palmetto* with us. She

was under repairs."

Ingraham is upset, "Blast. The *Princess Royal*. It's the only major ship due in tonight. It's the British gunboat of Trenholm's. A valuable cargo let me tell you. I know, there was nothing you could do."

Payne, "No sir, nothing."

Ingraham, "You did your best."

Payne, "Yes sir, our best. (relieved) I know we failed, sir."

Glassell, "What did she have aboard, sir?"

Ingraham responds, "Over a thousand rifles, two thousand sabers, some fifteen thousand field rifles; a million cartridges, two million percussion caps; 500 barrels of cannon powder; plus medical stores, clothing, boots; the list is endless."

Payne chokes, "Oh ..."

Glassell starts up, "We must have her back Commodore; at all costs. Let us launch a rescue mission in the early dawn. They'll never expect us."

Ingraham replies, "The *Chicora* alone cannot accomplish much, and it's just a harbor patrol boat."

Glassell answers, "I'll see to it that the *Palmetto State* is ready before dawn. It's not my ship, but I know the engineer personally. These early mornings have blessed us with fog, and I shall use that to our advantage."

Ingraham is frustrated, "I am not convinced, we could lose two patrol boats and crew as well."

Glassell relieving his worry, "Not in reference of the men sir, but Payne here and I will dedicate our lives to this. I assure you we will have success. (turns) Won't we Lieutenant Payne?"

Payne, "Ah..."

Ingraham agrees, "Do it then, but be on the watch. There are Union agents everywhere who would sabotage our efforts."

Glassell and Payne walk out of the office, and talk. Merriweather Stuart a sailor, is under a lamppost and moves to attention and salutes. Glassell and Payne walk by.

Stuart snaps to attention, "Sirs!"

Glassell answers, "As you were sailor."

Stuart, "Yes sir."

Payne asks, "What's your name sailor?"

Stuart answers, "Seaman Merriweather Stuart, Sir."

Payne orders him, "Carry on Stuart ... See Glassell, now that's the name of a sailor. And by the way, are you crazy? We could die out there!"

Glassell retorts, "You had said you couldn't wait for it. Now that it is here, does it not taste quite as sweet?"

Payne smirks, "Yeah, I know. It could be a fun fight.

Glassell continues, "We have a rescue mission at hand. And if not, then retribution will be our goal. Let's get down to the *Palmetto State*."

Glassell and Payne walk out of sight and Stuart turns, pulling a paper and pencil from his pocket, begins to write against the wall of the office. He stuffs it in his shirt and follows the officers at a distance.

Lieutenant Charles Hasker is on the deck of the *CSS Palmetto State*, tied up at the pier. Assistant Engineer James Toombs is up on the wharf, and Glassell approaches without noticing Stuart, far behind. Toombs salutes as the officer walks up.

Glassell barks, "Toombs! Tell me, how is it?"

Toombs salutes, "Lieutenant Sir. Just as you ordered sir — but not an hour ago. The *Palmetto* is operational. We'll

need munitions tho'. They were spent on the last patrol."

Glassell remarks, "I've ordered it already. We only have a few hours until dawn. Payne, are you on the *Palmetto* or will you sail with me?"

Payne, "As daring as you are, I'll still go with you. You seem to be a gambler, but not to the point of unnecessary risk."

Glassell, "I shall offer my life if it calls for it, but not without a prize — *Bravery at All Times."*

Stuart comes down an adjacent pier, carrying a beer bottle. In the dark he comes to the end, rolls the paper and after pushing it into the bottle, corks it, and drops the bottle into the water.

Stuart talks to himself, "There. With the morning ebb tide, this will tell the Union fleet of the supposed mission. There will be fewer of your ships by the morning.

Early morning fog, blankets the harbor. On the wharf a black man, Jimmy, plays a banjo. The two patrol boats at the pier, fire up their engines belching smoke, as sailors climb down onto the foredecks.

Glassell yells over the noise to Payne, "PAYNE, ARE YOU READY?

Payne yells back, "IT'S 04:30 — IN THE MORNING — NO ONE IS READY."

Glassell laughs, "IT WILL BE LIGHT IN LESS THAN AN HOUR. WE NEED TO GET MOVING."

Glassell and Payne walk further down the pier.

Payne now talks, "Well, perhaps the fat-admiral DuPont has finally met his match. Two patrol rams against eight Union warships; that should be an even fight."

Glassell responds, "Payne, we've our orders to retrieve

the *Princess Royal*, not take out Union ships."

Payne smiles, "Yes but the old man has not yet started his efforts. He's been out there for months."

Glassell says, "Well he's added another ship since winter. Now the *USS New Ironsides* is out there. He for sure is upon it. It is said it is the largest ship in the Union fleet, and can take a direct hit with a cannon ball."

Payne waves, "We're loaded and ready to board; come on."

Glassell stops him, "Just a minute Payne."

The USS New Ironsides was 232 feet long and displaced 4,120 tons. With ten guns on either side and a main battery of 11 inch Dahlgrens, it was the largest, most heavily armed man-of-war in the U.S. Navy. Completed in August 1862, the New Ironsides came from the shipyard of C.H. and W.H. Cramp in Philadelphia. The 26 inch oak hull had a 4½ inch armor plate, making the ship invulnerable to anything the Confederates had -- or so it is thought.

Patrolling the Charleston Harbor area, the Confederates developed an underwater mine, called a torpedo. Connected by wires to an electric battery on shore, the torpedo is placed off Morris Island at the anchorage of the New Ironsides but it's never exploded.

The *CSS Palmetto State* starts to move as Payne climbs down onto the *CSS Chicora*, releasing the lines. There are over 100 men on board each ship. Glassell, still on the pier, turns and talks to Jimmy playing his banjo on the wharf.

Glassell bends over and asks, "Jimmy, what is that you're playing?"

Jimmy looks up, "Just something about the early

morning haze."

Payne calls over, "Glassell, let's go out there and blow something up."

Glassell straightens up and turns, "Yes. It's good to be back in Charleston."

Payne questions, "Back?"

Glassell answers, "I joined the US Navy in my teens. Wasn't old enough to go in to combat, so I was in the Coastal Survey, here at Charleston. I surveyed Sullivan's Island and much of the waterway for shoals. That and the city shore."

Glassell descends onto the *Chicora* and he and Payne stand on the forward deck. The twin boats move away out into the harbor, leaving rippling water in the wakes. Jimmy strums his tune.

The two patrol boats make ready for battle. The ports open and the cannon are pushed out, as the ram torpedoes are lowered to near the water line. They pass Fort Ripley and Castle Pickney, both waving Confederate flags.

From Fort Moultrie, the two boats pass between it and the island with the wrecked Fort Sumter. The Confederate flag at Fort Sumter however, still waves. The boats steam out into the fog with Glassell and Payne on the fore deck.

The foredeck is flat and low to the water. The front cannon hatch is closed. The men hold on to the anchor chain. The boats signal each other with flags and split up in the fog, power down their engines, and coast silently out to sea.

Glassell speaks first, "Well Payne, this could be it. Either we capture the blockade runner or we die trying."

Payne answers, "Those slow monitors haven't got a chance against two of our patrol rams."

Glassell looks at him, "They have nine ships Payne; three are full-sized steamers, plus several monitors, and the big

one is there as well. It's carrying 20 Dahlgren cannon. Some call it the Goliath."

Payne scoffs, "Oh, we have big target you say?"

Glassell answers, "Perhaps not. Our first mission is the *Princess Royal*, not to defeat the Union fleet."

Payne, "As you say Glassell."

The line of nine Union ships is seen trailing off to the north, with the command ship at the south end, standing ready. Six monitors and two wooden steamers barely move in position.

From over the Union command ship, *New Ironsides*, the shoreline shows the Monroe Battery, Fort Wagner, and Fort Greg out on the tip. The remainder of the harbor is shrouded in fog.

The massive *Ironsides* is encased in metal right to the waterline and the three foot diameter masts have been cut to the deck. Nearly three hundred feet long, the ship is lined with Dahlgren cannon, and the deck is covered with men. ◆

Chapter 12

Battle at Sea
Off Charleston
Pre-Dawn

Poised with his cannon at the battery on the shore, Admiral DuPont orders gunnery Lieutenant Henry Robeson to fire, and three cannon let go in sequence with straight shots across the water. Moment's later, Mason Battery is blown to bits.

DuPont responds, "Good volley men. We should have this wrapped up by tonight. We could siege on Charleston by morning. Has their been any news from our agent?"

Robeson answers: "No sir. It's too early for the tides. Now with the volley, we may not be able to see the bottle in the water."

Glassell and Payne on the foredeck looking forward, suddenly they see the monitor *Nantucket* (#1 ship) loom up in the fog. The 200 foot long all-metal ship is flat and low to the water other than the large central turret cannon. The cannon is moving around, toward the *Chicora*.

Payne catches the line to the torpedo ram yardarm and points to the monitor. Glassell grabs his shoulder and pulls him away.

Payne, "A MONITOR. Straight ahead!"

Glassell, "Get back into the hatch."

Payne, "We're going to hit."

Glassell, "I KNOW. GET BACK INTO THE HATCH."

Payne, "WE'VE GOT TO PULL UP THE RAM BEFORE IT GOES OFF."

Glassell, "NO. WE DON'T. This is perfect."

They run for the ladder to the hatch, yelling at each other all the way.

Payne, "WHAT ARE YOU, CRAZY? IT'LL BLOW UP."

Glassell, "THAT'S THE IDEA."

Payne, "YES, AND US WITH IT."

Glassell, "SO BE IT. NOW MOVE!"

Payne makes it into the hatch as Glassell, half way in, stops to watch. The yardarm of the *Chicora* reaches out to the turret of the *Nantucket,* with it's torpedo as they move forward.

The men back away as Payne drops down. It is hot, dark, and steamy inside. The men are yelling, adding to the confusion. The only viewing port is the hatch which is blocked. Glassell's eyes narrow as the *Chicora* approaches the *Nantucket*.

Two officers in a Union lighter are traveling between ships when they see something in the water.

Officer1, "Look, in the water, there."

Officer2, "I'll reach out, you row closer."

The officer picks up a corked bottle and opens it.

Officer2, "It's from our spy at the Confederate's harbor. It says two Confederate patrol boats are coming to rescue the *Princess Royal*."

Officer1, "What chance do they have against an armada

like this?"

Glassell yells, "BATTER UP!"

At the *Chicora ,* the 100 pound charge of the ram torpedo swings into the monitor, as Glassell goes inside and the hatch bangs closed.

Glassell drops down as the force of the blast pitches the *Chicora*. Sailors hold fast as the wave subsides. Commander John Tucker onboard, comments on Glassell's behavior, "Lieutenant, I wasn't planning to use the ram prior to cannon fire. You do however seem to have a passion for being in the thick of things."

Glassell continues to give orders to the men at the forward cannon, "Gentlemen, fire on the second ship while we can. Engineer, swing around behind her to the north for protection. Signal Corpsman, try to find the Palmetto ... Commander, it is a stroke of luck actually. We had the element of surprise and I took it — I am the deck officer."

The entire turret of the *Nantucket* is blown off. Soon, the monitor and its crew sink below the sea. Only swirling water is left behind.

Back at the Union lighter, the men hear the explosion in the distance.

Officer1 and Officer2 in unison, "WHAT WAS THAT?"

Admiral DuPont orders another round of cannon fire at the forts, but before they are touched off, the explosion is heard far off to the north. He then orders the Signal Corpsman Thaddius Jensen to contact the other ships.

DuPont orders, "Corpsman Jensen, I've ordered no attack from the monitors. Get to the fo'c'sle and contact the

other ships. Tell them to hold fire until ordered to do so."

Jensen answers, "Yes sir. Right away."

Jensen runs up the forecastle and starts waving the semaphore flags to signal the other ships. The *Housatonic* is nearest and relays to the other ships in line.

The officers of the *Housatonic* see the semaphore flags of the *New Ironsides*, and look at each other with misunderstanding.

Commander William Taylor on the *Housatonic* remarks, "Our ships haven't fired, what is he talking about ... it seems the Confederates are firing at us."

The *Chicora* moves ahead past the sinking monitor to aim at the *USS Quaker City* (#2). The wooden dual-side-wheel steamer fires directly at the *Chicora*. The cannon ball blasts out straight for the ship, but it flies over the foredeck.

On the *Chicora,* the men move about shouting, they aim their forward cannon at the *Quaker City* and fire. The force of the cannon recoil, pitches the *Chicora* and the men hold on as the boat settles back.

The cannon ball flies at the *Quaker City,* hitting above the water line and taking out a boiler. The ship starts to list and the men of the *Chicora* cheer. The *Chicora* moves behind the disabled steamer. The *Palmetto* is moving away, far in the distance.

The *CSS Palmetto* comes up on the monitor *USS Montauk* (#3) through the fog. The *Palmetto* fires it's right front cannon before the other ship is ready. The cannon ball flies across the water and hits the ship at the water line but bounces clear.

The *Montauk* swings it's turret toward the *Palmetto* but the *Palmetto* turns to the right to fire it's front cannon. The men in the *Montauk* shout to fire the cannon, but the

Palmetto fires first. The cannon ball shoots across the water, and grazes the turret of the *Montauk*. The ball hits with such force that sparks shower through the grid and within the turret. Some of the men scream in pain and others yell in confusion.

Commodore John Worden of the *Palmetto*, barks orders, "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!"

The *Palmetto* has turned again and the left front cannon fires. The cannon ball shoots across the open sea directly at the *Montauk*.

The ball strikes just below the water line, tearing a large hole in the deck of the *Montauk*. As it up-ends, and starts to sink, the men shout in fear.

Glassell can see the smoke from the direction of the *Palmetto*, but little else. He naturally assumes it's the Union ship.

Glassell states, "The *Palmetto State* has it's first prey, but I cannot see just what. Wait."

Glassell opens the hatchway and stands out to view the scene. The first monitor, *Nantuckett* is gone from sight, the steamer *Quaker City* has surrendered as their flag has come down. In the distance, the *Palmetto* has apparently sunk a monitor.

Payne is looking up the inside ladder.

Payne yells at Glassell, "GLASSELL, GET BACK IN HERE. ARE YOU PLANNING TO BE A TARGET?"

Glassell looks down into the hatch and yells back, "NO PAYNE, I'M LOOKING FOR ONE."

Glassell looks out again and says, "The *Princess Royal* is not in sight. She may have been towed off."

Commodore Tucker looks up the forward ladder and addresses Glassell, "LIEUTENANT, COME DOWN HERE!"

Tucker continues, “You seem hell-bent on taking out the entire Union Fleet. You take the command then. “Show me what you can do.”

The front cannon pulls in to reload, while Glassell moves down into the ship. The hatch closes down with a bang.

Glassell addresses Tucker: ”Sir. Yes, thank you sir.” He then gives commands to the men, “Gentlemen we need move on. Engineer, steam south. Gunny, load the cannon.” He climbs up to look out the forward hatch.

The fog is starting to break up, taking its shroud with it. The *Chicora* moves off quickly, going south toward the line of Union ships.

Admiral DuPont now knows his ships are in trouble and has ordered them to come around and surround the enemy. Not knowing however, where or how many there are, he calls out to Jensen at the forecastle with the semaphore flags.

DuPont, “JENSEN, signal the ships to attack the Confederates. Make sure they respond with affirmative.”

Jensen replies, “Sir. Yes sir.”

The *Ironsides* is moving in a clockwise arc in attempt to surround the enemy. Two ships next to the Ironsides, move the same direction.

The *Chicora* is moving the same clockwise direction as well, yet behind the Union fleet.

Half way out of the hatch, Glassell sees the side-wheel steamer *USS Augusta* (#5) traveling northward, as the *Chicora* moves south further out at sea. He drops down, turns to the men giving orders.

Glassell, “Gunny, reload the two side-forward cannon with incendiary shells. We seem to have found more wooden quarry. Engineer, steam up. We haven’t the opportunity for

surprise this time. I haven't heard the *Palmetto* in some time, I hope they can strike again."

He starts up the ladder again.

The *Palmetto* moves northward past the sinking monitor, toward a 180 foot long steam screw ship, the *USS Mercedita* (#4).

The *Mercedita* has laundry on the lines and is unprepared. It quickly turns a gun and fires on the *Palmetto*, striking the plated surface. The cannon ball bounces off; only denting the boat. The *Palmetto* steams straight toward the ship.

The *Palmetto* comes up on the *Mercedita* and rams the torpedo into the center section. It blows up with great force, scattering the men. The *Mercedita* tries to fire its cannon.

The cannon is lit, but the *Palmetto* has fired. The incoming cannon ball hits the boiler section, upending the lit cannon. It fires harmlessly into the air. The steamer is sinking and the *Palmetto* pulls in sideways.

Smoke and steam billow across the sea from the *Mercedita* as sailors climb out of the *Palmetto*. Lieutenant John Rutledge comes up from the hatch of the *Palmetto*.

Rutledge, "AHOY. SURRENDER OR I'LL SINK YOU."

The *Mercedita* lowers her flag in surrender, as the two vessels come together. Commander Henry Stellwagen is now on the deck of the *Mercedita*. The men of the *Palmetto* cheer as Commander Rutledge hails Stellwagen.

Rutledge, "COMMANDER, ARE YOU GOING UNDER?"

Stellwagen, "NEARLY, BUT I FEEL WE CAN KEEP HER AFLOAT. ARE YOU TAKING US IN TOW?"

Rutledge, "IF YOU'RE SEAWORTHY, WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR OWN REGARD. I WILL HOWEVER NEED TO ACCEPT PAROLES FROM YOUR OFFICERS AND MEN."

Stellwagen, "DONE. WE'LL PREPARE TO HEAD NORTH."

Parole documents are handed over to the *Palmetto* but it delays at the *Mercedita* for some time before heading south back into the battle. The *Mercedita* limps out of the battle to the north, as cannon fire is heard further south at sea.

Glassell looks across the water, where he has his next target, the *USS Augusta* (#5). He drops down to give orders to fire the front starboard cannon.

Glassell, "GUNNY, FIRE THE CANNON." Then to himself, "Where is the *Princess Royal*?"

The cannon fires the shell at the *Augusta* from the right front cannon port. It enters through the bow of the *Augusta* and explodes, sending wood planking everywhere. A fire starts and flares quickly throughout the ship.

The men of the *Augusta* shout and run about as the boiler blows up scattering metal and burning wood. Commander Enoch Parrott on the *Augusta* gives the order to fire, "Fire, man, fire. The rebels are coming at us again."

The *Augusta* fires a cannon at the fast moving *Chicora* but it goes over the aft deck and into the water. The *Chicora* moves out of range.

Glassell climbs up to see the *Augusta* in flames and looks ahead for his next victim. The *USS Keystone State* (#6), a side-wheel steamer, is moving south with three ships not far behind.

The *Keystone State* races toward the *Chicora* and turns to fire. Commander William Leroy of the *Keystone State* gives the order. The men move to fire, and the cannon is touched off.

Leroy commands, "Fire at that Confederate ram!"

The cannon ball streaks out of the cannon and across the water. The ball strikes the *Chicora* on the slope above the foredeck. Sparks fly, but scratches and dents are the only damage.

The *Chicora* is stopped and the men sweat from the heat and steam. Over the pounding of the engine, Glassell barks orders, "ENGINEER, FULL STEAM, HARD TO STARBOARD. MAN THE PORT CANNON, GUNNY."

The *Chicora* turns in position aiming the port cannon at the *Keystone State* and fires.

Glassell commands, "Fire the front port cannon."

The Gunny returns, "It's an incendiary shell Sir. They don't always fire; they blow up."

Glassell, "THEN MOVE MAN. I'll DO IT."

Glassell rushes to the port cannon and then fires.

The incendiary cannon ball strikes amid ship of the *Keystone State* and explodes with a blaze. The boiler is hit causing metal and steam to go in every direction. The ship is on fire.

Now fully broadside, the rotating *Chicora's* side cannon let's go with a standard cannon ball. The ball rips through the rear deck of the *Keystone State* as a cannon is fired from it, but it doesn't strike the *Chicora*. The *Chicora* powers up to move ahead and as it passes the bow, the tail cannon fires off.

The cannon ball rips across the water to hit the forecastle of the *Keystone State*. It erupts in a violent explosion with men and cannon going every where. The *Chicora* moves away from the smoldering wreck. Three ships head toward the *Chicora* with a monitor in the lead.

The men of the *Chicora* are tired and the ship is filled with steam and smoke.

Glassell gives orders, "GUNNY, GET THAT REAR CANNON RELOADED."

Gunny, "REAR SIR? BUT WE NEED TO FIRE ON THE OTHER SHIPS. WE'RE STILL BROADSIDE TO THEM."

Glassell, "NO, WE NEED TO PROTECT OUR BACKSIDE THIS TIME. WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE. PACK IT IN MEN. ENGINEER, FULL STEAM, WE NEED TO MOVE, NOW."

The *Chicora* plows a wake behind it with the monitor *USS Keokuk* (#7) is behind by 100 yards. The *Housatonic* and *Ironsides* far back, are too slow to chase. The *Chicora* heads for the harbor.

The men move frantically knowing the *Keokuk* will fire soon. As the time passes, there is no sound of cannon exploding. Glassell and Payne are up in the front hatch.

Payne, "Why haven't they fired?

Glassell, "They want a straight on shot. So let's give it to them. HARD TO PORT."

Payne, "Port? We'll hit the shoals around Fort Sumter."

Glassell, "No WE Won't. HOLD STEADY MEN. I know this place too well.

The *Housatonic* is far back and it's cannon will not reach. The *Ironsides* is over a mile away and cannot move fast, but one of the 20 cannon is about to fire. The Howitzer is ready and angled up into the sky.

On the *New Ironsides*, DuPont yells out.

DuPont, "FIRE MAN! Drop that boat in it's wake."

The ball from the *New Ironside* is fired in a low arch and disappears out of sight. Immediately the cannon ball explodes off the port bow of the *Chicora*. The boat rolls from the moving wave. The *Keokuk* is trailing fast and the large pivot gun is aimed directly forward at the *Chicora*.

Payne, "That monitor is firing on us!"

Glassell, "That's not the monitor Payne, it's the *Ironsides*; she has a five mile range. That shot almost came straight down on us, so must be the Howitzer. It seems however, Admiral DuPont has no aim. The monitor wants a clean shot at us ... which will not happen.

Payne, "Then the monitor should be ready to..."

Glassell, "TURN, STARBOARD, NOW."

The *Keokuk* is gaining on the *Chicora*. As the *Chicora* turns, the *Keokuk* does not follow. Inside the *Chicora*, Commander Tucker argues with Glassell.

Tucker, "LIEUTENANT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PROVIDING A BETTER TARGET?"

Glassell, "NO SIR. PROVIDING A BETTER DECOY. THEY KNOW WE HAVE TO TURN BACK TO THE HARBOR, BUT WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR THEM."

Glassell races to the rear of the ship, yelling.

Glassell, "MAKE A HOLE!"

The men all move aside as Glassell races aft, jumping over the cannon supports.

Payne yells after him, "GLASSELL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? FIRING THE CANNON?

Glassell turns and yells back, "NO, I WANT TO WATCH."

Payne to himself, "Watch what?"

The *Keokuk* continues it's course when suddenly the bow raises up out of the water and the monitor jerks to a halt, stuck on the mud shoals. The *Chicora* crosses in front, still 50 yards ahead. The *Keokuk* fires its cannon, but at a high angle.

Glassell jumps on the rear ladder and forces open the hatch with a bang. He comes up in time to see the *Keokuk's* cannon ball in the air, but the angle of the shot forces it over

the *Chicora* and Glassell's head. It splashes somewhere in the water behind him, as the *Chicora* passes near Fort Sumter.

The forward door of the *Keokuk* opens and an officer comes out to view the scene. He sees Glassell now standing on the rear top deck. Glassell salutes. Payne comes up through the hatch.

Payne, "Glassell, are you crazy? You're saying hello?"

Glassell, "No Payne. I'm saying good-bye ... wait for it."

Barrels now are pushed out through the cannon ports of Fort Sumter and five of them fire nearly simultaneously. Four of the five cannon balls hit the *Keokuk* tearing into it's turret and the flat deck. Another cannon volley is heard to fire as Glassell turns to Payne as they walk forward on the top deck. From the *Keokuk,* metal and bodies fly in every direction.

Glassell speaks: Well Payne, not bad for a morning's work out. Sad we could not find the *Princess Royal*. She is a prize the Union shall brag upon for sure.

A third volley of cannon go off as the *Chicora* passes by at full speed. Catching up with the *Palmetto* moving somewhat slower, Glassell sees Lieutenant Hasker who raises a hand with two fingers held up in pride.

Glassell raises his right hand, then straightens up with his right arm fully extended and all five fingers outstretched. The *Keokuk* is still taking hits of cannon fire from shore.

Lieutenant Hasker on deck at the *Palmetto* lowers his hand slowly. The *Chicora* moves ahead at a fast pace.

Admiral DuPont is yelling at Lieutenant Robeson as a sailor approaches in a hurry.

DuPont, "ROBESON, I CANNOT BELIEVE WE WERE

CAUGHT BY SURPRISE. WHERE WAS YOUR SPY?"

Robeson grabs a bottle from the sailor's hand.

Robeson, "Here sir. It just arrived."

DuPont takes the bottle and throws it overboard.

DuPont, "Matters little ... now."

The *Chicora* with the *Palmetto* far behind, comes into dock. A line is thrown from the boat and a man on the pier grabs it and ties it off.

Glassell and Payne are first off.

Glassell talks, "Payne, we must report into Commodore Ingraham. We have no *Princess*."

Payne, "Yes, but we have success. Seven Union ships sunk."

Glassell, "Yet we do not have the prize. The Union has hampered our efforts and Commodore Ingraham will not be so happy. And we didn't sink them all."

The *Palmetto* is now docked and Lieutenant Hasker is off.

Glassell and Payne walk up the wharf toward Ingraham's office past a sailor. Sailor Stuart snaps to attention and salutes.

Glassell speaks as they walk away, "As you were sailor. Payne, we've got to get to Ingraham and report. Hasker, you coming?"

Hasker just nods affirmative.

Payne, "Yes I know. Perhaps he will forgive us for not finding the *Princess*."

Glassell, "To vacillate between success and forgiveness is not the way. We either succeed or fail. That's the way we'll present it, and let him decide the outcome of our efforts."

Naval Office
Charleston Harbor, South Carolina
Morning

The Naval Office has several sailors outside. There is news and Ingraham steps out of his door. All snap to attention and salute as Ingraham begins his announcement. Glassell and Payne then walk up and salute.

Ingraham states, "Officers and men, I have an announcement. The *Princess Royal* has been captured and our efforts to retrieve her have failed."

Glassell, "Sir." Saluting.

Ingraham, "Glassell, Payne, Hasker." He turns. "Yes I know. We heard the fighting and glad you are back safe. We know you don't have the *Princess Royal*. She was taken out last night. Sent to *Port Royal* on Jamaica. There was nothing you could do."

Payne, "No sir, nothing."

Ingraham, "You did your best."

Payne, "Yes sir, our best." Payne is obviously relieved. "I know we failed, sir."

Glassell, "We have taken out seven of the blockading ships.

Ingraham, "Good Lord man! I send you out for a ship that's not there, and you take out seven of the enemy. What was this, retribution?"

Glassell, " Sir. Yes sir, thank you sir."

Ingraham addresses the men at station again, "Officers; men. Attention. The *CSS Chicora* and *CSS Palmetto State* have done a service to your country and this city. Seven of the blockading ships of the Union have been neutralized."

The officers and men cheer.

Ingraham, “Effective today, I declare the blockade of Charleston broken.”

Glassell, “There are two ships still on watch, sir. I’m sure more will come.”

Ingraham, “True, but DuPont will be gone, I’m sure of it. And they have no Admiral to replace him. It could be a year before another blockade is in place.”

Glassell, “Yes sir, yet we need to ensure we have stopped the siege of Charleston. They will replace DuPont, but with whom … I don’t know.

Ingraham motions for Glassell and Payne to enter his office. Glassell goes to open the door and enters.

Looking too much like the US Flag in battle, the second Confederate flag now held 13 stars in a St. Andrews Cross in the canton which was taken from the Battle Flag, on an all-white field. ◆

SECTION FOUR
The David

Chapter 13

The White House
Washington DC
(Summer 1863)

The back of the White House is still, other than movement seen in the second story office window. Inside, President Lincoln is talking at the window with Edwin Stanton. They have large maps on a sloping map table. Captain Dahlgren comes to the open door and waits.

Lincoln calls, "Dahlgren come in. Close the door. Stanton and I were just going over the events at Charleston Harbor."

Dahlgren answers, "Yes, I've heard Mr. President. I did not however, expect you to summon me."

Stanton interjects, "DuPont is being recalled; the tragic affair at Charleston has created a setback. We had plans for Charleston, but now ..."

Lincoln continues, "Before that, let's settle this business. Dahlgren you're an armament's man. Created the greatest cannon weaponry our Navy has to date. Now we need something more."

Dahlgren, "How so sirs?"

Stanton, "We have a weapon that can fire a cannon ball

five miles; with accuracy mind you. But we need you. The man that made it — no one can use it as you could. We must take Charleston to be on time."

Dahlgren, "On time for what?"

Stanton, "Vicksburg will be taken this summer by Generals Grant and Sherman. This will open the Mississippi river and cut off the western states of the Confederacy.

Lincoln moves the map of Charleston Harbor off the table and reveals a large map of the US. He gestures toward the Mississippi River.

Lincoln continues: Sherman will then march southeast toward Charleston, cutting a swath as he goes. Divide the remaining South; that's the plan.

Dahlgren remarks, "I had no idea. A march like that could take up to a year, why the urgency to take Charleston?"

Lincoln answers, "Major General Quincy Gillmore was poised to take Charleston, then begin a similar march, northwest toward Vicksburg.

Stanton adds, "Until DuPont failed. With this plan in place, the war could end within nine months. Perhaps less.

Lincoln goes on, "I want you there with your cannon, Dahlgren. I want you in command.

Dahlgren begins apologetically, "Sir, I'm only a Captain. Surely ..."

Lincoln interrupts, "I meant as Rear Admiral. Now don't say anything; I am well aware of the political ramifications. This is my decision and I need that port cleared. Can you do this? Well, barring any unforeseen weaponry of the Confederacy? We have heard rumors.

Dahlgren answers, "Yes sir. We can have Charleston by Autumn. There is no possibility of an unforeseen weapon. With all due respect however, I'm not a seaman. I'm an

ordnance man; I've never been to sea. Yet, I am honored of course Sir."

Lincoln goes on, "I am aware … we're cut from the same cloth John; we were born the same year. I need you to do this. Take Charleston for me.

Dahlgren stammers, "I … I will sir. I'll do it.

Stanton confirms, "We believe, that with long range Dahlgren gun, you could take the city in days. Only you would be the most effective man, with your own creation. What say you?"

Dahlgren responds, "General sir. I don't know what to say. You're speaking of my life's work; my creation."

Lincoln continues, "That is why we are speaking with you. You've made yourself the father of naval ordnance, and you are the only one who can deliver this child.

Dahlgren straightens up, "Sirs … thank you sirs. I shall take my charge and my appointment with a solemn vow. Charleston shall fall."

Naval Office
Charleston Harbor, South Carolina
The Next Day

Glassell is holding the door for Ingraham and waits for Payne; then closes it. Ingraham is pacing the floor.

Ingraham speaks, "Glassell you have done well in the face of adversity. Ah, you too Payne.

Glassell, "Thank you sir. I take no risk without the opportunity for reward."

Ingraham continues, "What a reward it was. There is no question, the *Princess Royal* is a great loss, but it was out of your hands. You have done well. Now, I have

announcements to make. I shall see you both tomorrow."

Glassell and Payne leave Ingraham, closing the door. Off to the side is Stuart again, lurking around. The two officers walk the other way and split up.

Stuart talks to himself, "Never again will I be late with my reconnaissance. These two need to be watched." Stuart waits until Glassell is far away, then begins to follow.

A panoramic view over Charleston shows the city, the harbor, and five miles off shore, two ships of the Union Fleet. They are there again to blockade the entry of British ships into Charleston.

In town, there are rows of stores and the streets are busy with wagons and people, moving about as though there were no war. There are a few soldiers in the city and some navy men, but most of the people are well dressed men and women.

The South Carolina Bank of Charleston is a large, two story structure with a tall piedmont and a large Confederate Flag waving above. Dual curving staircases lead to an imposing doorway and a lone carriage is out front. George Trenholm walks out of the bank with Theodore Stoney. They stop and shake hands on the steps.

Trenholm starts, "Theodore, now that the bank transfer is done, I do hope you are successful in this venture. Oh, and give Julien my regards. I thank you for doing this. Are you headed up to Stoney Landing today?"

Stoney answers with a question, "George, how can I thank you? You've saved this project; and me. Yes, I'm catching the train in a half hour. Why are you thanking me?"

Trenholm continues, "Because my good friend, what you are doing will hopefully resolve my problem with the Union Blockades. Then there is my own project going on. I have a

Lieutenant to meet this very afternoon."

Stoney, "Well, good-bye then. I must run as I've left my carriage at home and it is a ten block walk uptown, although I already have my ticket."

Stoney walks around the corner and up State Street. George then goes down the steps of the bank to his carriage, gets in and drives away toward the harbor.

Charleston, South Carolina
Train Station

A multi-car steam train with passenger and flat cars is pointed north out of the city. Stoney comes up to the last passenger car and climbs aboard. Moment's later the steam whistle blows and the train lurches forward. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad comes toward the water tower, the constant steam blasts from the engine and the blowing whistle are the only sounds heard. Stoney watches as the train goes through the country side, past open fields and plantations.

Moncks Corner, South Carolina
Train Station

At Moncks Corner, the train slows as it comes into the station. David Ebaugh is standing by a horse and carriage.

Bearded, Ebaugh was from Baltimore Maryland. His family moved to South Carolina in 1855 when he was 31. Now 40, Ebaugh was the Assistant Superintendent of the Cooper River Nitre Works, located near Moncks Corner. Hired by Julien Ravenel, Ebaugh built the David to his specifications.

Stoney leaves the train and he walks over to Ebaugh.

Stoney calls out, "David. Thank you for coming. You got my telegraph."

Ebaugh asks, "Did ya get to Trenholm?"

Stoney answers, "Yes, don't worry, he's supporting us. Let's get up to Julien's place."

Ebaugh, "Straight away."

Few people are at the station as Ebaugh and Stoney ride out of town in the carriage.

Ebaugh continues, "I've kept 'em working. I didn' want our progress to slow."

Stoney goes on, "Good, good. Listen, there's news. Seven of the Union fleet were defeated — today. Two of our patrol ram boats caught them in the early morning.

Ebaugh exclaims, "That's good news! We still gonna need our boat?"

Stoney responds, "It's a submersible. Oh yes, I'm sure the Union will not only replace those ships lost, but will reply with a vengeance."

Stoney Landing, South Carolina
Julien Ravenel Plantation

At Stoney Landing the men arrive down by the canal, a 35 foot wide waterway, that is empty of boats. The two walk toward a house painted all in white, with a white boat shed, down by the landing. This is the home of Dr. St. Julien Ravenel.

They walk from the carriage up to the two story, multi-gabled house. It is built high off the ground, with a long porch and double stairway on either side. They go past the house and down to the boat shed. The shed is a long, narrow and white building and runs parallel to the canal. The men

enter one of the double doors at the front of the shed, closing it behind them. They enter the shed to the sound of several men working, two of which are black field hands carrying long planks of wood. The building is only dimly lit from the partially closed windows and the cracks in the wall boards.

Before Stoney and Ebaugh is the 55 foot long ship, shaped like a giant cigar. Clad with wood strips, it is six feet in diameter, and the forecastle is eight feet high. It is a large submarine.

Stoney, "David, you have advanced well. Last I was here, there was just the raw framing. Is the boiler in?"

Ebaugh answers, "Yeah, how do you like our little seegar? I built it around the boiler. Good of you to have gotten that from General Beauregard. How'd you do it?"

Stoney, "We are old friends and he supports this and other projects to fight the Union, as you'll see. I sent it up here under the guise of it being used at Julien's lime works. We don't want anyone to know. Where is Julien?"

Ebaugh replies, "Julien's probably up at the house. Step around here, the starboard side is open and much of the mechanics is not in yet. Samuel's caulkin' the port side now, and Johnny is over workin' on the engine."

Stoney walks around the bow to view the half open hull. From behind the conical point, the boiler reaches back eight feet inside. Other than the pilot's stand and ship's wheel, the remainder of the craft is empty.

Samuel Easterby is inside the hull filling the seams of the planking, and Stoney walks up.

Stoney calls out, "Samuel, hello. It's going well; I am very impressed." He looks it over.

Samuel turns, "Thanks. Johnny is just starting the engine works today, so I can't finish up the planking yet;

maybe later this summer."

Stoney walks to the rear of the sub to find Johnny Chalk at a workbench, lifting the four foot diameter propeller onto the shaft of the steam engine. The open piston, rod, and gear assembly is over ten feet long.

Stoney remarks, "Johnny, I'm amazed."

Johnny turns to see Stoney and wipes the grease off his face with a red rag. Stoney walks up to admire the mechanics.

Johnny says, "Theodore, you're back."

Stoney replies, "Yes, just. It is looking really fine."

Johnny answers, "I think so. Should generate seven or eight knots underwater, maybe more. I've got a small boiler out back steaming up. We're going to test her today."

Ebaugh calls Stoney back to the front of the shed, "Theodore, I got a surprise for you. Come see."

Across the right side of the shed is a tarpaulin, covering a wooden frame. Stoney comes around the rear of the sub and calls back to Ebaugh.

Stoney asks, "What is it David?"

Ebaugh, "Here."

Ebaugh throws back the tarpaulin and reveals a fifteen foot long spar on a frame, with a two foot long copper canister attached at one end. It is six inches in diameter and has projecting tubes on the far end.

Stoney is surprised, "The torpedo. When did you get this?"

Ebaugh responds, "Captain Lee brought it up just yesterday. He'd been developin' the floating mines at the harbor."

Stoney answers, "Yes I know."

Stoney reaches toward the tubes but Ebaugh quickly grabs his arm.

Ebaugh remarks, “I wouldn’t Theodore. It’s active. A hundred pounds of gunpowder in there, and those are the fuses. Don’t touch ‘em!”

Stoney backs up, “It’s live? In here?”

A voice is heard from far out side. It is Julien Ravenel.

St. Julien Ravenel of Moncks Corner, South Carolina, is the chief surgeon at the Confederate Hospital in Columbia. Physician, scientist, and horticulturist, Ravenel offered his plantation some 30 miles up the Cooper River, for the construction of a new vessel, a steam powered submersible.

Ravenel calls, “THEODORE, ARE YOU HERE? COME UP TO THE HOUSE.”

Ebaugh turns to Stoney, “You’d better go Theodore. Leave the workin’s to us experts.”

Stoney answers and calls up to Ravenel, “Ah, yes. Yes I shall. JULIEN, YES I’LL COME UP.”

Stoney comes out of one of the doors, remembering to close it carefully, and heads up toward the house.

Julien Ravenel is at the balcony stairs wearing dress pants and a vest. Stoney comes up the steps.

Ravenel speaks, “Theodore; any luck?”

Stoney answers, “Yes, Trenholm was very generous. We can finish the ship now. I was surprised how far the work has come.”

Ravenel smiles, “Ebaugh has kept the men at work. Come in please, Harriott is ready with lunch.”

Stoney brightens, “That would be fine, Julien thank you.”

Ravenel’s parlor is decorated in the finest that southern life-style can offer. Julien leads Stoney into an adjacent dining room where Harriott Ravenel has lunch set out on the table. A black girl, Salee, waits then goes to the kitchen.

Harriott turns to Salee, “That is fine Salee. Give us a few minutes and then serve our guest first. “Theodore, you’re back from Charleston. How is Martha?”

Stoney responds, “Very well Harriott, she sends her regards. It is quiet today, where are the children?”

Harriott answers, “The baby is here with me but, Harriott, Anna, John, Elizabeth, and Edward are staying with Julien’s parents ... until this business is done.”

Ravenel interjects, “I felt it was better that way Theodore. Little minds work little mouths. It’s safer ... for the children and for us. Union agents seem to be everywhere. Here, see the plans.

A large drawing of the submarine is laid out on the table. It shows an interior view, exterior, and how it will look when submerged.

Ravenel beams, “This is my pride and joy.”

Stoney remarks, “Your pride and joy is sitting out in that shed, and will sail now largely do to George Trenholm.”

Ravenel responds, “Steam. Yes and I am thankful -- to you too Theodore. You believed in me.

Stoney asks, “The submerged view here shows only the three pipes above waterline. What about the hatch?”

Ravenel answers, “It’s designed to be water tight, but can be opened easily enough. The ship could be ballasted to run higher.”

Harriott calls, “Sit gentlemen, please.”

The two men come in and all sit, spreading cloth napkins on their laps. Julien leads grace as they all bow heads.

Ravenel leads, “Thank you Father for this food. Amen.”

Harriott, “Amen.”

Stoney exclaims, “Amen. That was brief! Usually I have to sit though an oratory of how God has brought us together

for some purpose beyond our understanding, and therefore intertwining our destinies, and so fourth. You sir are refreshing."

Ravenel explains, "Actually it's for the children, we have the youngest lead grace and so it's short and to the point. I just get into the habit of saying it that way -- as do they.

Harriott calls out, "Salee, come. We are ready for you."

Salee comes from the kitchen and serves Stoney, then Harriott, and finally Julien. She then exits and returns with a glass pitcher of lemonade and pours for each of them.

Harriott continues, "That will be all Salee."

Salee answers, "Yes 'em"

Salee leaves for the kitchen through the swinging door. The discussion between Stoney and Julien turns serious as they eat.

Stoney lowers his voice, "Julien, have you heard from Charleston?

Ravenel answers, "Yes, several Union ships taken. It seems we are making advances in this war. More so if we get our little boat running."

Stoney responds, "It's a submersible. The New Ironsides is still out there, and probably gaining more ships as we speak. That Goliath seems impenetrable."

Ravenel brightens, "That is exactly why we have our little ship. To take down Goliath."

Harriott interjects, "If I may speak out of turn dear, the Union may have their Goliath, but you have your David.

Stoney excitedly speaks loudly, "EXCELLENT! Yes, of course, the David — the CSS David. First of it's class. Harriott you've given us a name. Thank you."

Ravenel jumps up, "Yes but we'll tell Ebaugh down at the shed, we named it for him. He's so peculiar that way."

Stoney responds, “It shall be the David regardless.”

The David is the first American submersible, the first to attack another ship in warfare, and the first to be a powered vessel. Some 55 feet long, and six feet in diameter, the crew could stand inside while the David sailed at near ten knots submerged. Costing some $50,000 to build, it is also the first submersible to be given a class: the CSS David.

A loud BANG comes from the boat shed, and all run outside to the balcony. The steady, thump, thump, thump of the steam engine can be heard at the house. Stoney and Julien race down the stairs.

Stoney shouts, “DAVID! YOU HAVE IT RUNNING!”

The two men open the door to the loud thumping of the engine. Ebaugh greats them, and as they go in.

Ebaugh yells above the noise, “YEAS, JOHNNY INSTALLED IT, SO I’S WANTED TO SEE IT OPERATIN’. SAMUEL HAS MORE OF THE PLANKING DONE.

Ravenel has his arms outstretched, “THERE IS MY DAVID.”

Ebaugh now jumps it, “SOS YOU DID NAME HER FOR ME. I THANK YA FOR THAT.”

Stoney looks at Ravenel then back at Ebaugh. All three, along with Johnny, Samuel, and the slave workers stand to the far side of the submarine. Black smoke comes out of the stack, and steam escapes from a tube near the boiler. The open piston moves back and forth while the large propeller spins in the air.

Johnny yells over the noise, “THE STEAM VENT WILL ROUTE UP THE SMOKE STACK, SO IT WON’T FILL THE CABIN, AND I CAN TUNE THE ENGINE TO QUIET IT DOWN A BIT.

Stoney answers, “WELL YOU CAN’T COME UP ON THE ENEMY SOUNDING LIKE A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.”

Samuel talks, “IT’S CAULKED TIGHT. WHEN YOU’RE UNDERWATER, SHE’LL BE PURRING LIKE A KITTEN.

Stoney remarks, “I WON’T BE UNDER WATER, THANK YOU.

Johnny reaches in to the sub and advances the steam, making the engine run faster and the propeller spin at top speed. Smoke is now filling the shed, so Stoney and Julien start to leave.

Johnny remarks, “I SAID I COULD GET SEVEN KNOTS OUT OF HER; I BELIEVE NOW I CAN GET CLOSE TO TEN.”

Julien and Stoney are already outside the shed. Closing the door, smoke comes out through a small stove pipe in the roof. The men stand and shake hands.

Stoney coughing, speaks, “Julien, I believe you have it. I’ll go and tell Trenholm. He’ll be pleased.”

Ravenel answers, “The sooner we get the machine out of here, the sooner I can bring the children home. You give George my best. I am glad to have done my part.”

The steam engine spurts loudly through the stove pipe. ◆

Chapter 14

Charleston Harbor
Naval Officer's Quarters
South Carolina

The Naval Officers' Quarters at Charleston is a two story frame building with a large front entrance porch. A Confederate Flag waves above on a tall pole. Glassell looks up at the flag walking up the steps, and enters the building.

He enters his small room, removes his hat and coat and pulls out a letter. He opens and reads it. Suddenly he sits down almost in shock. Moments later, he opens his Union writing kit and begins to write.

Glassell talks as he writes.

"Dearest Miley, I am truly saddened to hear our home of Richland was burned by Union troops. I pray the Colonel can get shelter for you, my sister and her boys in your new location. I am glad however that Colonel Patton will return to the fight at Winchester."

For a moment, Glassell envisions he and Miley at the staircase of Richland when they were young.

Miley, "Oh William."

She giggles and runs up the oval staircase. He pauses, then follows her. At the top, they embrace.

Glassell continues to write, "I really have been so occupied with duties here that I rarely ever hear from any of our friends except my Father. I met him one day when he was on his way from Mobile to Virginia. I learned from him that considering all things, we are fortunate my family relations have not suffered more. Especially yours.

I miss you dearly. Affectionately, your William."

There is a knock at the door and Glassell rises and opens it. Payne stands there excitedly.

Payne talks rapidly, "Glassell, come quickly! We have our answer at hand."

Glassell questions, "What answer? To what question?"

Payne goes on, "The Union's New Ironsides. We have a submersible. Some fellow named Horace Hunley built it and has brought it to Charleston. It's at the wharf ... we should volunteer!

Glassell answers, "You should volunteer Payne. Submersibles are not my idea of naval ships. I'll come down though. Let me get my things."

Glassell gets his coat and hat and the two men leave.

South Wharf
Charleston Harbor

Tied at the wharf near the Chicora and Palmetto is the CSS Hunley. The Hunley, a Confederate submarine, was some 35 feet long and near four feet in diameter. Constructed in July of 1863, it saw service of six months. Named for it's maker H. L. Hunley, the fore and aft hatches are open and stevedores are working on the new machine. Glassell and Payne come down to the wharf.

Payne points, "Glassell, look at her."

Glassell sarcastically, “Yes, I’m looking Payne. And you’re still going to volunteer?”

Payne turns, “I’ll doing more than that, I’ll recruit our men for this.”

Payne jogs off down the pier to the Chicora and Palmetto. The two patrol boats straddle the pier and Payne goes first to his vessel, the Chicora. The men all snap to, salute, then gather around him.

Glassell stays behind to examine the Hunley more closely. He kneels down and looks into the hatch, but does not go inside. He then walks the length of the craft, stopping to look at the construction. There is a rowboat tied up behind the sub.

Payne has Lieutenant Hasker from the Palmetto, and six other sailors with him, and they walk up the pier toward Glassell, talking among themselves. Jeremiah Donovan and Charlie Sprague are right behind Payne and Hasker.

The group reaches Glassell and the sailors salute. They are all young. Glassell salutes back, acknowledging first the Lieutenant then the enlisted men.

Glassell speaks, “Lieutenant Hasker, Donovan, Sprague, men. I see you are anxious to enter into the works of this machine.”

Sailors answer in unison, “Yes Sir.”

Hasker address Glassell, “Lieutenant Glassell, I understand you yourself do not wish to partake of this venture.”

Glassell responds, “No Hasker, this machine is not of military construction. It is but a boiler with hatches and fins. Perhaps this Hunley fellow should get in himself. Payne, your target the Ironsides is much too formidable for this contraption. While there is much risk, there is little reward

in sight. I do not believe in this, and will have no part of it."

Payne retorts, "These good men believe in it."

Glassell answers, "Payne, these good men believe in you. Your leadership should carry with it the responsibility of securing a viable boat. I understand it has taken two crews to the bottom thus far."

Hasker responds, "Yet those crews were not Navy. I believe it will be serviceable when operated by properly trained seamen."

Payne turns, "That training should begin now. Men, start boarding and man the stations. Lieutenant Hasker, you shall be my second."

Glassell speaks sharply, "Yes, the second to go down with it."

Donovan and Sprague enter the aft hatch, while the other enlisted men enter forward. Hasker follows. Payne stands on the wharf giving orders at two stevedores to release the sub. Glassell stands by.

Payne barks, "You two there, each grab a line. Launch on my order."

Payne climbs half way into the hatch and pulls on the rope, Sprague appears at the aft hatch to do the same.

Payne then gives the order, "Heave. Heave men."

The two stevedores on the wharf each push the sub out with their foot, and release the lines.

Payne calls out, "Sprague, bring in the aft hawser. Men, put some muscle into it, crank!"

The sub slowly moves forward and away from the wharf and piers, toward open water. Sprague brings in the line and disappears into the hatch, while Payne seems to have problems with the line and his feet. With both hatches still open, Payne looks down with the line still partially in the

water. He then steps down inside the hatch but the sub suddenly nose-dives. First the forward hatch goes under, then the entire sub goes completely underwater.

Glassell sees the event and runs for the rowboat and turns to the two stevedores, still on the wharf.

Glassell yells, "MEN, THEY'VE GONE UNDER. INTO THE ROWBOAT. NOW!

The three enter the rowboat quickly and Glassell faces the direction of the sub. The two stevedores begin to row.

Glassell orders, "Pull men, pull. There's lives at stake."

Where the sub sank below the surface, only swirling water and two sets of bubbles are left to show their location. Moments later Glassell and the rowboat reach the spot and Sprague breaks the surface from the rear of the sub.

Glassell yells out, "SPRAGUE! WHERE ARE THE OTHER MEN?

Sprague does not answer, then Donnovan comes up. From the forward hatch, Payne breaks the surface and swims toward the boat. The two men with Glassell start to help the first two in.

Glassell calls out to Payne, "PAYNE, THE OTHER MEN!

Payne gasps, "GONE. THEY'RE GONE GLASSELL. It's at the bottom ... must be thirty feet ... there's no time."

Hasker pops up half dead near the front set of bubbles, and floats in the swirling water face up. Now with three rescued men in the boat, Glassell points to Hasker.

Glassell shouts, "ANOTHER ONE. ROW MEN, ROW! There may be more.

Glassell reaches Hasker and pulls him aboard. Coughing water, Hasker tries to speak.

Hasker coughing, "The line ... tangled ... control arm ... he stepped on...

Glassell yells back, “HASKER! MAN, is there anyone else?

Hasker replies, “No. No one. Just black water and nothing below me.”

Payne looks out, “The muddy harbor is fed by the Cooper river. You can’t see anything.”

Glassell and the men in the over stuffed rowboat, wait for some time before turning around, then head for the harbor. Rowing hard, but not so swiftly as before, the stevedores make the wharf in a short time. Glassell is first off.

Glassell speaks, “Come, help me get them up.”

Glassell first pulls up Payne, then Hasker while the two stevedores each lift out a soaked man. The sopping men lay on the wharf coughing.

Glassell speaks to the stevedores, “Thank you gentlemen, you can go now.”

Payne remarks, “It’s gone. (sitting up) Gone.”

Glassell turns, “Payne, this is madness. That thing was a death trap. Better that it is gone. You have lost four men; our men. … I have to go.”

Payne asks, “What are you going to do?”

Glassell answers, “About this incident? Nothing. You are. You go report this to Commodore Ingraham, and Hasker, you go with him. You others go to your quarters. Make sure you do it now. I have to go meet with someone.”

Glassell stands and walks up the wharf, while the others slowly rise. Payne watches Glassell leave and as he does, he walks past sailor Stuart. Stuart is writing a note. ◆

Chapter 15

Charleston City
Downtown Cafe
South Carolina

In town it is bustling. Horse drawn carriages and wagons fill the streets and well dressed men and women walk about. A mercantile has people entering and next door, a street side cafe is filled with people, as if there were no war at all.

The Harbor Cafe has small tables scattered about outside, leading up to the open awning of the cafe. George Trenholm is sitting at a table when Glassell walks up.

Glassell speaks first, "Mr. Trenholm."

Trenholm looks up, "Lieutenant Glassell; good you are here. Please sit. I'll summon the waiter."

Trenholm waves his hand in the air and Glassell removes his hat and sits. Rene the waiter comes.

Trenholm speaks to Glassell, "Coffee?"

Glassell nods.

Trenholm turns to Rene, "Two then Rene, thank you. (turns back) Lieutenant what have you to report?"

Rene leaves and Glassell looks around as if to be careful, then leans in, toward George.

Glassell softly talks, "Mr. Trenholm, Captain Lee has

built the weapon and I have a boat at hand. Can you come to the shore today for the experiment?"

Trenholm answers, "Yes, of course. When can it be ready?"

Glassell replies, "As soon as you can come. I have some men available to demonstrate."

Trenholm responds, "Good. We shouldn't say anymore here. Let's go after this."

Rene returns with a tray of coffee cups and a plate of muffins. George and Glassell sit back as Rene serves them.

Rene speaks to the men, "Here you are Mr. Trenholm. I've also brought you some muffins; on the house. They are fresh out of our baking oven."

Trenholm looks up, "Thank you Rene. This is why I come here. You take such good care of me."

Rene answers, "I know sir. Thank you."

Rene leaves while George and Glassell drink their coffee.

North Wharf
Charleston Harbor

Just north of the wharves, an old frigate lays near the shore. Trenholm and Glassell walk up the wharf toward a skiff, tied to a piling. Six stevedores are with them.

Trenholm asks, "Lieutenant, where is the torpedo and yard arm? Did Captain Lee bring it down?"

Glassell answer, "Yes, it's already tied to the skiff."

Trenholm asks again, "Where?"

Glassell points, "Underneath. This frigate may have a wooden hull, but when I try for an ironclad, I'll need to have it below waterline. They are only protected that far." Glassell turns, "Men, let's get going."

The stevedores enter the skiff and take up the oars. Glassell assumes his position at the bow.

Trenholm calls down, "How much is the torpedo charge? And shaft length?"

Glassell looks up, "Forty-five pounds, with collapsible fuses. All we have to do is strike. The yard arm is some fourteen feet, so we'll be clear."

Trenholm questionably says, "Ah, yes."

The afternoon is bright and the water is like glass. Seagulls can be heard overhead as Glassell has his crew row out toward the frigate. The blue sky is strikingly vivid behind the old ship. The vessel has no sails nor rigging, only masts, and broken gunwales. It's hardware has been stripped off. They approach the old hulk.

Glassell encourages the men on, "Pull men, pull."

The stevedores pull harder and in rhythm.

Glassell: "Pull. men, pull"
"Pull."
"Pull."
"Pull."

Then, the sound is deafening.

Immediately as they contact the hull underwater, the entire frigate seems to explode up from within. Hull boards break out and splinters of wood go everywhere. The masts teeter and fall.

The skiff is pushed back by the force and the men duck down. Glassell remains upright and a resulting wave pushes out from the ship and breaks over he and the boat. Boards, strips, and splinters rain over the water and the men.

Glassell, dripping wet, is stunned. He stands as the stevedores grab oars and begin to turn the skiff around. All that is left of the frigate is a piece of flaming hull, rapidly

filling with water.

Glassell begins to yell, "YES! YES. THIS IS IT. WE HAVE IT!

Trenholm turns away, "Yes, we have it."

Trenholm waves to Glassell, "Crazy fool. I believe he does... LIEUTENANT, YOU HAVE DONE IT. CONGRATULATIONS."

The remaining men of the Chicora and Palmetto spin around as do the men on the wharf, when the frigate blows up. Some of the sailors grab rifles.

Naval Office
Charleston Harbor

Commodore Ingraham is trouncing Payne and Hasker for their risky behavior, and the deaths of the men, when the sound of an explosion is heard.

Ingraham is speaking, "... and I'm telling you, one more hair-brained scheme by you two and I'll have you both ... WHAT THE ..."

All three men turn toward the harbor and through the window, see the remains frigate fly into the air. Ingraham runs out through his door to look at the wreck laying in the water. Payne and Hasker start to follow.

Ingraham shouts, "WE'RE BEING ATTACKED! ... But by what? I can see no Union vessel within range. Payne get down there and see what this is all about. Report right away. Both of you. Now go!"

Payne and Hasker run down toward the harbor and wharf. At the wharf, the men are rowing back to shore, with Glassell still at the bow. They approach the shoreline.

Glassell speaks, "Trenholm. You'll fund the project

then?"

Trenholm stands at the shore, applauding.

Trenholm answers, "Yes, indeed yes. You get Captain Lee on this right away. I'll get the money for you, and I'm setting up a reward of $50,000 for any ironclad that is sunk."

The skiff pulls on to shore as George heads up the wharf. So does one of the stevedores. Payne and Hasker run past them toward the shoreline, as Glassell steps out. Payne stands there in awe as Hasker puts his hand to his head.

Payne remarks, "Glassell! Did you see what hit that ship?"

Glassell to the men, "Thank you men, you may go."

Glassell turns, "Yes, I did."

Hasker asks, "Geez! What?"

Glassell answers, "No, I mean I hit that ship."

Payne says, "You? With what?"

Glassell replies, "My invention; a torpedo boat."

Payne continues, "How did you throw it?"

Glassell goes on, "I didn't throw it, I rammed it below waterline. If I'm going after an ironclad, I have to practice."

Hasker remarks, "You're going after an ironclad? In a row boat?"

Payne says, "Glassell, Commodore Ingraham wants to see you."

Hasker echos, "I am sure."

Glassell asks, "Are you? Well let's go then. I want to see him as well."

Ingraham stands as the officers first knock, then enter. Glassell, Payne, and Hasker salute at attention. Glassell is still wet. Ingraham salutes back then starts in on them

Ingraham to Glassell, "What in blazes was that?"

Glassell answers, "Blazes, exactly sir. I destroyed that

frigate north of the harbor."

Ingraham asks, "With what, a cannon shot? And more so why? You should save your efforts for the enemy."

Glassell answers back, "This was for the enemy sir."

Ingraham remarks, "Well, your a bad shot."

Glassell continues, "This was practice and I rammed it, not shot it."

Ingraham, "How? I didn't see a patrol boat out there."

Glassell goes on, "That's the idea sir. My small rowboat came in unnoticed. At night we would be invisible."

Ingraham jumps it, "A rowboat? Are you crazy?"

Glassell explains, "No, but in motorized skiffs. We can take out the Union fleet in one night with forty of them. I have the funding for it as well. In total, it's half the cost of one of our patrol boats.

Ingraham barks, "Glassell, between you and Payne, you'll take out my entire ranks. I don't want either of you using our men for these hobbies. Our boats either."

Glassell answers, "Sir, this isn't my hobby, this is modern warfare."

Ingraham orders, "I do not believe in these new-fangled notions, and there will be no assignment of any motorized vessels. All of you get back to quarters. You are dismissed. We are to defend Charleston, not win the war from here."

The three officers leave the office and head toward their quarters. Glassell is in the lead and is dismayed. The stevedore is sitting on the boardwalk as they go by.

Glassell speaks, "I feel such utter desperation. Ingraham is a fool. We have the enemy at hand and could turn the war on the south Atlantic. Yet he doesn't see."

Payne replies, "What he does see Glassell, is you. Thanks for taking the heat off of us. Your timing was perfect."

The men come to the Officers' Quarters building and go inside. The stevedore walks down from the boardwalk toward the wharf. He pauses until a seaman comes up. It is Stuart, who speaks first.

Stuart asks, "What have you got?"

Stevedore replies, "The Lieutenant blew that wreck ... with a rowboat. It's some sorta new idea: an underwater torpedo."

Stuart remarks, "So, what's he planning a flotilla of rowboats!? ... I'll take care of that."

Stevedore, "I think you're missin' the point..."

North Wharf
Charleston Harbor

Stuart walks down the wharf with a smirk on his face. He comes to a pier and reaches in his pocket. Taking a note, he rolls it, shoves it into a beer bottle and after corking it, drops it into the water. Glassell, Payne, and Hasker go to their separate doors and go in. Glassell looks out as he closes the door to his room.

Glassell writes, "Dearest Miley, I know that God has preserved my life, and that I have been blessed with you."

He envisions himself returning home after the war. Miley runs toward him, but fades away as she is not there.

Glassell returns to his letter, "My good health has been uninterrupted ever since I entered the service of the Confederate States. You asked for a drawing of the new Confederate Flag; here is a rough one. Perhaps Portia can make me a new flag to fly at my desk.

"I have left the service of the *Chicora* due to other pressing matters. Always, your William. ◆

Chapter 16

The White House
Washington, DC
(Autumn)

It is now late afternoon. A carriage arrives at the front of the White House, and Rear Admiral Dahlgren steps out. He walks up to the front door and enters.

In his office, Lincoln is standing at his map desk when Dahlgren comes and waits at the open door. Lincoln asks him in.

Lincoln speaks, "Dahlgren, you've arrived. Good."

Dahlgren acknowledges, "Mr. President."

Lincoln continues, "Let's dispense with the formalities, shall we Admiral? We have more pressing matters at hand. I've asked you here because of reports from Charleston."

Lincoln gestures to the sloping map table, covered with several large maps, the map of Charleston is on top. Dahlgren steps over.

Dahlgren questions, "Sir, how can I help? We've delivered the long-bore rifled columbiads to the New Ironsides. No Dahlgren gun has ever burst in service. I am prepared to leave at anytime."

Lincoln goes on, "Yes, but there is news. I've received a

telegram relayed by semaphore from the New Ironsides. They've received a bottle-note from one of their spies."

Dahlgren asks, "What did it say?"

Lincoln answers, "Apparently the Confederates there have tested a new weapon, a torpedo-rowboat."

Dahlgren responds, "A rowboat sir? This cannot possibly have an effect on our ironclads. There is a four inch thick iron plate bolted over a twenty-six inch oak hull."

Lincoln orders, "Regardless, I want you there now."

Dahlgren replies, "Yes sir. Right away."

Lincoln nods, "Good Then."

The men shake hands and Dahlgren leaves his office. Dahlgren starts down the stairs.

Dahlgren talks to himself, "This is the unforeseen weaponry of the Confederacy? We shall soon see Mr. President; and what shall I do about my continual battle ... with seasickness?"

Overview
Charleston Harbor

The last bit of sunlight covers the harbor, and the Union blockade has added several ships out at sea. Glassell is down at the wharf with George Trenholm. There is a large column of sailors standing to. Glassell is giving instructions to the men and pointing to the water and to the Union fleet. He pauses and George then talks to Glassell.

Trenholm remarks, "Lieutenant, while I am impressed by your efforts, this is not what we discussed."

Glassell responds, "Mr. Trenholm, I simply could not convince Commodore Ingraham to give me the steam vessels. We had such success with the skiff however, I

thought it in our best interest to carry on with like methods.

Trenholm adds, “I have to admit your demonstration was effective.”

Glassell announces, “The tide leaves tonight and we shall be on it.”

Glassell turns, “Men, move to the wharf.”

Glassell walks toward the edge of the wharf where over a dozen skiffs have been made ready. All are lined up in four rows, pointing to the outer harbor. The Confederate flag is waving over Fort Sumter. The men move into position.

Glassell orders, “First wave; board now.”

The first row of about 25 men, move to the skiffs. Lieutenant Payne comes running down the wharf, past sailor Stuart, who is sitting on a piling. Payne calls out.

Payne yells, “GLASSELL — Glassell, Ingraham wants to see you. Immediately.

Glassell asks, “Why Payne? Have you said something?”

Payne goes on, “No, of course not. Hasker told him. You saved my can the other day, I can do no less but save yours. Try as I might, Ingraham still wants you. Actually he’s coming here. I just wanted to give you forewarning.”

Glassell thanks him, “Thanks Payne. I’ll believe you this time. Stand to men. The Commodore is approaching.”

The sun fades into night and the wharf lights reflect in the water. Glassell’s skiffs bob on the sea. The men all are at attention and salute. Ingraham comes down to Glassell and salutes the men.

Ingraham speaks to the men, “As you were.”

Ingraham turns, “Glassell! This is not the idea of a modern Navy, and you are not of sufficient rank to lead a flotilla. Even if a flotilla of rowboats.”

Glassell responds, “Skiffs Commodore. These are

privately owned by Mr. Trenholm here. These sailors are all volunteers. None have broken ranks, I am willing to lead, and I am within my commission to do so."

Ingraham barks orders, "Be that as it may, your armada will risk the lives of 80 men. And I will not have it. Men, as you were. Glassell, I will consider ONE skiff for your command. ONE. My office in the morning."

Ingraham turns, "Mr. Trenholm, I want to apologize for my Lieutenant's impertinence."

Trenholm answers, "No need commodore, I believe in him. He will find a way. Let's talk about our mutual needs, shall we?"

Ingraham walks away with George as most of the Sailors disperse. Stuart however, is not in sight. Glassell motions for six of the men to stay. They move toward him as the other officers leave.

Glassell orders, "You heard the Commodore. One skiff. Alright, are you with me?"

The sailors respond in unison, "Yes sir!"

Glassell and the men drop down into the front skiff. The oars strike the surface and they slowly row in the darkness. Finally, the lapping of the water on the pilings is all that can be heard.

Naval Office
Charleston Harbor, Morning

Glassell is in Ingraham's office at daybreak. Ingraham is grilling him on his evening's effort with the skiff.

Ingraham starts, "Well, Glassell I heard no explosion."

Glassell solemnly, "No sir. There wasn't any. If I could be so bold as to say they knew I was coming."

Ingraham retorts, “I thought you were after the USS Powhatan. It is far out at sea so they couldn’t have known.”

Glassell answers, “Yes sir. We reached her, but somehow they knew.”

Ingraham barks, “Impossible. How could they know? You believe there is a spy in our midst? Just how could they communicate to the ship, at sea, in the dark?

Glassell shakes his head, “That I could not say sir. We left on the ebb tide and spotted the ship about one o’clock. The moon had gone down and everything seemed favorable. The sea was smooth and their bow towards us.”

Ingraham, “And your weapon?”

Glassell goes on, “A fifty-pound torpedo of gunpowder, attached to the end of a yard arm seven feet below the surface.”

Ingraham asks, “And the mechanism of delivery?”

Glassell continues, “It was suspended by wires from the bow and stern, beneath the keel of the boat, projecting ten feet ahead. We were to ram the ship.”

Ingraham scoffs: ”In a row boat.”

Glassell corrects him, “Skiff, ... sir. Torpedo boat really.”

Ingraham questions, “Skiff ... what happened?

Glassell describes the scene, “They discovered us, two or three hundred yards distant from the port bow, we were hailed and immediately ordered to stop and not come nearer. I whispered to my men to pull with all their might. I trusted the ship would be too merciful to fire on such a stupid set of idiots as they must have taken us to be.”

Payne enters the office.

Glassell continues, “My men did pull splendidly. Yet within forty feet one of my trusted men, either from terror or for treason, backed his oar and stopped the boat’s

headway and threw his pistol overboard. The others then gave up in despair. We drifted with the tide past the ship's stern, while the officer of the deck continued to ply me with questions. A number of men by this time, were on deck with rifles in hand, so we cut the wires of the torpedo and the men began to pull away with all their might."

Payne asks, "What did the Union ship do?"

Ingraham interrupts, "Payne! Quiet! What did the Union ship do?"

Glassell continues, "No shot was fired upon us, and we were soon out of range. We made harbor just this morning."

Ingraham, "Hmmm. I suppose the captain and officers of the Powhatan never knew how near they came to having the honor of being the first ship ever blown up — by a rowboat."

Glassell corrects again, "Torpedo boat, Sir."

Ingraham coughs, "Yes. Well no harm done … to either side it seems. So let's end this useless effort of both of yours and get back to our duty. Shall we?"

Glassell nods, "Yes sir."

Payne too, "Of course sir."

Ingraham continues, "Besides, the Union has added a line of picket boats since your last escapade. That will be all."

Glassell and Payne leave the office and go down the boardwalk.

Glassell speaks, "Payne, did you come in just to hear my report?"

Payne answers: "Of course. Couldn't miss it. After the earlier course of events I had to hear your tale … and Ingraham's retorts."

Glassell smirks, "Well, I didn't kill anybody on our side."

Payne says, “Oh, you had to bring that up.”

Glassell, “Good-bye Payne.”

Payne walks off and Glassell heads up the boardwalk. Glassell reaches the officers’ quarters alone and glancing at the Confederate flag above, steps inside. Glassell walks down the hall, away from his room. Moments later he returns with a cup in hand. Glassell enters, bringing a cup of hot coffee, and sets it on his table. Removing his hat and coat, he sits, pulls out his Union writing kit, and takes a drink. Then he begins to write.

Glassell talks out loud, “Dearest Miley: Just having brought a cup of coffee of my own brewing, I resume my pen. I was hoping it might refresh and brighten my intellect a little, but I fear the beverage has but a poor effect. Private intelligence from almost every quarter seems to show a cheerfulness and confidence among southern sympathizers. I think is an indication that we have reason to hope for the triumph of our cause. The newspapers lie and misrepresent everything, such that little truth can be gleaned from them.”

He looks up, drinks his coffee and dreams of his girl. Glassell envisions himself returning to his home plantation in Virginia. Miley races out of the large home screaming his name. She runs to his arms. The vision fades; he opens his eyes to the small room and resumes writing.

Glassell out loud, “The affair at Winchester, we all are certain now, was a brilliant achievement to be proud of, if not a complete victory for the Confederate arms. All my hopes and dreams lie with you. Your William.”

There’s a knock at the door.

Glassell answers it, “Come.”

The door opens and a sailor stands at attention, saluting.

Glassell asks, “As you were. What is it?”

Sailor, "Lieutenant sir. Commodore Ingraham has ordered you to his office."

Glassell answers, "Thank you. That will be all ... so soon."

The sailor salutes again and leaves, closing the door. Glassell dresses to go, then goes out of his door. ◆

Chapter 17

At Sea
The USS New Ironsides
Starboard Gunwale

The Rear Admiral Dahlgren is at the starboard gunwale, heaving to. His gunnery Lieutenant Robeson stands by.

Robeson speaks, "Admiral, easy now. We are not at sea, but staging in the harbor. I am honored to have you aboard sir. Especially with the new Dahlgrens installed. Thank you for keeping me on."

Dahlgren tries to speak, "Lieutenant; (retches) happy … to have you stay."

Dahlgren stands, "Now, what can you tell me about our spy."

Robeson continues, "Sir, I know nothing. He's at the docks and he drops a bottle as the tide goes out. Usually one of our lighters finds it in the water and they always bring it here within the hour. That will be to you now sir of course."

Dahlgren remarks, "I find not knowing our informant to be a somewhat untrustworthy situation."

Robeson goes on, "He's told us of the submersible experiments by the Confederate Navy. We have to trust him sir, it's all we have."

Dahlgren replies, "Yes. Surely. I understand there is a Lieutenant Glassell making these experiments. He and I have met before. Robeson, ready a long range Dahlgren. I want it tested before we siege Charleston tomorrow. I want them to know we are here."

Robeson snaps to, "Yes sir. It will be prepared and loaded by this afternoon. The cascabel has to be brought to the right angle."

Dahlgren orders, "Get me when you are ready to fire it."

Robeson salutes "Sir, yes sir."

On the gun deck below, six seamen, a gunnery sergeant, and Lieutenant Robeson stand at the new cannon. Some fourteen feet long and four feet across at the rear, the cannon is poised to fire long range. Mounted on a Marsilly carriage, the weapon is massive.

Robeson orders, "Gunny, make her ready to fire."

Gunny answers, "Yes sir."

The gunnery sergeant moves the large Dahlgren with the help of two sailors. Two others hoist the ninety pound cannon ball using an overhead winch and the remaining two grab the twenty pound charge.

Charleston Harbor
Naval Officer's Quarters

Glassell comes out of the Officers' Quarters and meets up with Payne who is coming up the steps.

Payne speaks, "Glassell, I was just coming to get you."

Glassell retorts, "Oh, wonderful, Payne. What is it?"

Payne answers, "They've righted the Hunley."

Glassell replies, "They've righted the builder of that death contraption? What ever do you mean?"

Payne goes on, “No, they’ve righted the submarine; they just call it the Hunley now. I want you to be my second.”

Glassell shakes his head, “I’ve seen your second nearly die. Have you no sense man? You’re going again?”

Payne nods, “Of course.”

Payne points, “That’s why I am going again. We must stop the blockades.”

Glassell goes on, “The blockades are harmless to us here in Charleston and only bothersome to the blockade runners. I’m all for attacking the Union but there’s no cause to take that thing out.”

Payne continues, “Oh come on Glassell, you yourself went out in a rowboat.”

Glassell barks, “A skiff Payne; skiff. Yet it didn’t sink, did it. I can’t watch this, besides, Commodore Ingraham has summoned me.”

Payne runs off toward the wharf, turning to yell back.

Payne yells, “DON’T TELL HIM WHERE I AM.”

Glassell says back, “YOU MEAN HE DOESN’T KNOW? Fool. I’ll cover for you, but don’t go out in that thing until we talk.”

Glassell heads for Ingraham’s office.

Downtown Cafe
Charleston City

George Trenholm and Theodore Stoney are sitting at the Harbor Cafe. Rene is serving the men. Stoney is very animated as he talks with George. George turns to Rene.

Trenholm speaks, “Rene, thanks. That should do.”

Rene leaves.

Trenholm, “Theodore, if what you say is true, we could

see results soon. I've got the man that would do it."

Stoney, "George, I know you've been waiting for this. The boat is coming down now by rail. We could go down and watch them place it in the harbor. I don't want it brought out in the daylight."

Trenholm continues, "That would be a treat, wouldn't it. I do strongly feel..."

While Trenholm and Stoney talk at the cafe, a well dressed woman enters the adjacent mercantile, the men glance over and a loud whistle is heard overhead. Just at that moment, the mercantile building EXPLODES from within.

Nearer the end of the war, the Third National Flag of the Confederacy was developed because the second Flag looked too much like a flag of surrender. The third flag dipped the far one third in red, represented the blood of the South. ◆

SECTION FIVE
The Goliath

Chapter 18

Charleston City
Downtown Cafe
(October 5th, 1863 - Late Afternoon)

The explosion rocks the street. Numerous cans, bags of grain, and barrels of goods fall on the street along with bricks, glass, and wood.

Trenholm jumps up, "GOOD LORD!"

Stoney, "OH MY GOD!"

Horses neigh running down the street and people scatter in all directions, going inside doorways. Everyone at the cafe is running away. Trenholm and Stoney are standing in shock as a woman's shoe lands on the table. As small pieces continue to fall, Trenholm yells to Stoney.

Trenholm yells, "THEODORE, WE NEED TO GET TO THE HARBOR — NOW!"

The two men run down the street, as a horse drawn fire wagon comes around the corner, with the bell clanging. The remnant of the building now has flames coming out of it.

South Wharf
Charleston Harbor

All the men at the wharf wheel around and look up to the city. The smoke from the explosion can just be seen. They all then turn toward the sea to look at the New Ironsides. There is still a trail of smoke in the sky. Ingraham runs out of his office as do officers from other doors. They all look toward the city.

Ingraham remarks, "That had better not be Glassell."

Moments later Glassell runs up to Ingraham. Ingraham turns to Glassell.

Ingraham barks, "GLASSELL!"

Glassell points, "Commodore, look at the New Ironsides."

Ingraham turns and sees where the cannon shot came from by the trail in the sky.

Ingraham turns to Glassell, "I thought it was you, and now wish that it were. That's five miles Glassell, and that tells me they're going to siege the city. I've heard DuPont was replaced by a new Rear Admiral Dahlgren. That's why I called you here."

Glassell is shocked, "Dahlgren! We've run into each other before. But he's an ordinance man, not a seaman. Why him?"

Ingraham says, "Obviously because, they want the man that built that armament. What ever it was."

Glassell answers, "I should assume a long-bore rifled columbiad. Perhaps a hundred pounder."

Ingraham, "Yes. Well, you find Payne and prepare the patrol boats.

Glassell replies, "Yes sir. Pardon my asking but what are two patrol boats going to do about a cannon that can throw a ball five miles?"

Ingraham orders, "Just find him, and Hasker as well."

Ingraham goes back to the Naval Building.

Glassell runs down toward the wharf. When reaches it, he sees the Hunley is gone. Looking out over the pier, he sees the boat going out to sea. He runs to the pier, passing Hasker. Glassell runs the length of the pier, going between the Palmetto and the Chicora. Sailors on the pier move aside as he runs through. Others on each of the ships, stand up to watch. Glassell yells as he reaches the end of the pier.

Glassell yelling, "PAYNE! DON'T. INGRAHAM HAS ORDERED US..."

The two hatches of the Hunley are open and Payne is half out of the forward hatch. He turns to wave at Glassell.

Payne calls to Glassell, "I CAN'T HEAR YOU. I HAVE TO DO THIS."

Glassell stands at the end of the pier, watching the submarine go out into the harbor. Payne goes below into the sub, but has not closed the hatches. A small steam ship comes past in the harbor and the wake washes over the sub.

Glassell remarks, "NO!..."

The sub is now one hundred yards away as the rolling water enters the hatches. Quickly filling, the sub sinks below the surface, with only bubbles marking the spot. Glassell helpless, stays to watch but no one comes up. He turns.
Glassell to himself, "He's gone. My friend Payne, is gone. The whole crew is gone. That damned vessel should not ever be resurrected."

Glassell is inside and can be seen through the window. The door is still open and Glassell talks while Ingraham yells:

"Yes sir. I know sir."

"GLASSELL!"

"There was no way to stop him.

"I CANNOT LOSE ANOTHER MAN."

"We have the threat of Dahlgren on the New Ironsides."

"YOU AND PAYNE HAVE KILLED TOO MANY MEN."

"I have killed none of our men sir."

"NEVER THE LESS. HOW CAN DAHLGREN KNOW THE POSITIONS OF BUILDINGS FROM FIVE MILES AWAY?"

Glassell lowers his tone, "I did that Sir. This is my fault."

Ingraham talks, "YOU?! HOW SO?!"

Glassell answers, "I surveyed this coastline 15 years ago and ... included all the shore front structures. Then Lieutenant Dahlgren ordered it. I was in the US Naval coastal survey."

Ingraham yells again, "I'M SHIPPING YOU OUT. TO THE JAMES RIVER. TOMORROW MORNING.

Glassell responds, "But sir."

Ingraham, "THAT WILL BE ALL."

Glassell, "Yes sir. Tomorrow sir."

Glassell walks out of the door and heads up the boardwalk. A sailor snaps too and but Glassell passes without acknowledging him. It is Stuart.

Glassell talks to himself, "I must obey. *Duty, before desire*."

Glassell enters his room, removes his hat, and sits with his head in his hands. There's a knock at the door.

Glassell barely responds, "Come. What is it?"

There's a sailor at the door saluting.

Sailor, "Lieutenant sir. The mail arrived, and there's a letter for you."

Glassell stands and reaches out for it then closes the door. He opens and reads the letter which causes him to sit back down in shock.

He reads it again out loud, "Dear William. We have received your letter but must tell you the worst news. Colonel Patton fought gallantly but has died at Winchester. Susan, the boys, and I have moved again, this time to Orange in Virginia. There, we shall be safe. It is so terrible that many brave men should be sacrificed, and so many innocent women & children brought to grief and mourning. All for what? In loving response, Miley."

Glassell stands and folds the letter.

Glassell talks to himself, "For what indeed. Colonel Patton is dead, our home burned to the ground, my friend Payne gone, and I am being shipped out. Had I fought for my old country I would have killed my own brethren. As I fight for my new country, Britain may well take back the North as colonies. Then what? A battered Confederacy would be easy pickings. Yet as it is, I have lost everything and it is still as though I am a prisoner of the Union."

Someone knocks on the door and Glassell opens it immediately.

Glassell is surprised, "Trenholm! I was just going out. Why are you here?"

Trenholm announces, "I have something for you ... at the wharf. Come with me."

Glassell answers, "Why? Do you have another Hunley for me to die in? That is all that would brighten my spirits."

Trenholm replies, "Something better." ◆

Chapter 19

Charleston Harbor
South Wharf
Dusk

Glassell and Trenholm leave the Officers' Quarters and head for the wharf. The oil lamp lights along the wharf are being lit by a man with a long pole. The sun fades, and a new boat is tied up at the pier.

Trenholm talks, "Glassell, I've upped the ante. I'm offering a reward of $100,000 to take down the New Ironsides."

Glassell remarks, "No thank you. Not for money and not under orders, but for honor. *Honor above duty*."

Trenholm continues, "I just want the Ironsides taken down."

Glassell retorts, "With what shall I do this task Trenholm? A patrol ram? I was already spotted in a skiff."

USS Ironsides
Five Miles at Sea

Dahlgren stands with his hands folded, leaning on the gunwale. Lieutenant Roebeson steps up.

Robeson speaks, “Admiral sir. The new Dahlgren’s are reloaded.”

Dahlgren responds, “Good. Give them another taste of what’s coming. At your command. Have we heard from our spy as yet?”

Robeson, “We’ve heard nothing from him thus far. Perhaps the Confederates have given up on their experiments.”

Dahlgren responds, “Yes, perhaps. The siege is planned for tomorrow and nothing can stop it. Taking Charleston means a closer end to this war, and with it, my feet on solid ground. I long to return to the Naval Yard in Washington.

Robeson walks away and smirks, “But you’ve only been on board a week sir.”

South Wharf
Charleston Harbor, Evening

The lights in Charleston are starting to come on, and in the distance, the line of ships reaches far north outside the harbor. There are countless ironclads, sail-steamers, and monitors ready to take the city.

On the rooftops of buildings, women and children stand, to see the battle. All of Charleston is aware of the pending siege, and all of Charleston wants to watch.

Glassell and Trenholm stand on the wharf. Theodore Stoney is there with a large double-ended crane lowering a ship down into the water. It is the David, complete with it’s torpedo. Glassell is astonished.

Trenholm gestures, “This is your torpedo boat, Lieutenant. It’s the David; your David, sent to take down Goliath.”

The giant submarine is in the water with the yard arm and torpedo upright for safety. Men are moving about, loading coal into the open hatch.

Glassell remarks, “A powered, submersible, torpedo boat. Remarkable. How do I operate the torpedo?”

Trenholm answers, “By a cable. You can lower the charge below waterline when you reach your target. You have a fifteen foot yard arm as a safety margin and a 100 pound charge.”

Glassell retorts, “You have added a foot to the yard arm yet doubled the charge. Your mathematics are different than mine. No matter, I shall do it. We’ve now lost the light and gained our cover for this expedition.”

Trenholm nods, “Good. I knew you were the man for this.”

The wharf lights have been lit and the David is alongside a pier being made ready. The crew stands to. Near by so does Stuart. Glassell approaches Pilot J. Walker Cannon, Engineer James Toombs, and Fireman Jim Sullivan.

Glassell orders, “Cannon, Toombs, Sullivan; you wish to volunteer for this? Did you see the Hunley go down today?”

Cannon answers, “Yes sir, I was there both times actually.”

Glassell responds, “The Hunley has sunk four times, and this vessel is untried.”

Cannon replies, “I would not have followed Lieutenant Payne sir, but I will follow you. In this vessel or any other.”

Sullivan agrees, “I too sir.”

Toombs chimes in, “Absolutely sir. We’ve known each since our imprisonment at Fort Warren. I trust your judgment completely.”

Glassell announces, “I am never rash gentlemen, nor disposed to risk my life, nor that of others, without a large compensation from the enemy. I believe this will accomplish that deed. Fireman Sullivan, start your engine.”

Sullivan steps down into the open hatch and Glassell turns to his crew and the other men on the pier. Soon, smoke starts to come from the stack.

Glassell sees Stuart saluting but with his left hand closed. Glassell draws his side arm and shoots Stuart’s hand. Stuart recoils as the glass breaks. The neck of a corked bottle and a note lie on the pier. Glassell grabs them.

Glassell orders, “Seize him.”

Glassell reads the note as two sailors grab Stuart who is holding his bleeding left hand.

Glassell speaks, “This man is a spy, and here is his message to the blockading squadron: Steam submersible tonight. Rebs will run a Ram torpedo.

Glassell to Stuart. “You’ll hang for this.”

Stuart retorts, “I’ll be hanging for more important things than you. Your little insignificant toy will never stop the United States Navy.”

Glassell responds, “That depends, sir, upon where you place the toy. Cannon, Toombs, let’s get going.”

Glassell to Trenholm, “Is there anything I need to know?

Trenholm answers, “Only that you are chasing the largest ship in the Union fleet, that has the largest cannon and you with the smallest boat. That and two of your crew are named Cannon and Toombs.”

Pilot Cannon and Engineer Toombs climb down into the hatch of the David. Glassell takes a double barreled shotgun from one of the sailors and follows standing half way out of the hatch.

Glassell turns to Trenholm, “Thank you. Not for the offer of a reward, but for the opportunity and the means to stop the Union. This is both a professional and personal revenge for me.”

Trenholm nods, “I understand Lieutenant, you shall get your just reward. I believe it to be so.”

A loud whistle is heard overhead, and at that moment, the Officers’ Quarters flare up on the hill as it EXPLODES from within. Sailors yell and rush about, while boards and splinters rain down upon the men.

Glassell looks into the David. Cannon’s head is just below the hatch.

Glassell asks, “We should go men; Sullivan do we have steam?

Sullivan responds, “We have steam sir.

Glassell climbs down into the David.

Glassell orders, “Toombs, full speed. Mr. Cannon, take us out.”

The David steams up and creates a large wake as it goes into the harbor. The sailors on the pier watch it go out. Within a few moments, it cannot be seen or heard in the darkness.

There is no moon and only stars to light the sea. The water is like glass and the top portion of the David, dark against the sea, is open. Glassell stays topside as they pass Fort Sumter with it’s Confederate Flag waving in the night.

Glassell to Cannon, “I can reconnoiter the entire fleet of the enemy yet not be seen by even the picket boats from here.”

With Glassell still half out the hatch, they pass quietly through the picket boats. As they reach the open sea, the Union fleet looms up on the horizon. Glassell watches the

camp fires on Morris Island.

Glassell talks to himself, "It seems that instead of only one torpedo submarine, ten or twelve making simultaneous attacks on all the ironclads, would destroy the entire fleet in minutes."

Glassell looks south, "The Black Union troops marching at Fort Wagner, would then be left to our mercy, and they to their Glory."

The David continues on and the sound of a fife trails from the island. Suddenly, a gunshot is heard from the New Ironsides.

Glassell speaks to no one, "The nine o'clock signal. Lights out for the Union. And other than those on watch, all men will soon be asleep. Now I shall contend with the most powerful vessel in the world, the most powerful cannon, and perhaps the man as well. The New Ironsides, the Dahlgren, and that namesake Admiral. I shall pay them the highest compliment and they unknowingly, shall be waiting for me."

The New Ironsides lies in the midst of the fleet, with the starboard side toward the harbor. The David comes into view, heading for the bow of the great ship. Glassell goes below.

A small blue lantern glows above in the cramped submersible cabin. Hot, steamy, and noisy, the cabin creaks as they move. The large steam boiler fills the forward area. It's fire door is open, and below, Sullivan shovels more coal into the blaze.

Glassell shouts over the noise, "SULLIVAN, GOOD MAN. KEEP IT GOING."

Piles of coal surround Sullivan as Cannon stands on the pilot platform. Glassell pats him on the back and looks aft past Cannon's legs, waving to Toombs.

Glassell shouts again: TOOMBS, MAKE SURE WE ARE AT FULL SPEED. HERE CANNON, TAKE THIS."

Glassell hands up the shotgun to Cannon who is standing on the platform, allowing him reach the boat's wheel. Cannon leans the gun barrel down against the hull of the boat. Just the top of Cannon's head is out of the hatch so he can see. The large smoke stack partially blocks his view ahead, but the massive ship seems to take up the entire sky. Glassell stands up beside him.

Cannon talks, "Lieutenant we're within three hundred yards."

Glassell responds, "Cannon, don't fire the shotgun until we are close and then close the hatch before we hit."

Close as they are, the northward current carries the David toward the aft of the great ship.

Glassell drops down and maneuvers around the piston of the engine toward Toombs.

The large rod moves back and forth rapidly. Toombs looks up.

Glassell yells, "TOOMBS WE'RE ALMOST THERE. THIS COULD GET ROUGH WHEN WE HIT AND THEN THERE'S THE SHARPSHOOTERS ON DECK."

Toombs yells back, "YES LIEUTENANT, I KNOW."

Glassell yells again, "YOU COULD GET STUCK BACK HERE. I MEAN IT COULD BE DIFFICULT FOR YOU TO GET OUT — IN CASE OF TROUBLE."

Toombs comes up as Glassell moves aft. Toombs is face to face with Glassell.

Toombs talks in a lowered tone, "LIEUTENANT I KNOW. I KNEW THAT BEFORE I VOLUNTEERED. JUST MAKE IT WORK. OK?"

Glassell answers, "JUST GET US OUT OF HERE WHEN

I DO. OK?"

Toombs nods, "OK SIR."

Glassell comes back and Cannon calls down from the hatch.

Cannon, "LIEUTENANT SIR. WE ARE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE."

Glassell motions for Cannon to step down and replaces him as he does.

Glassell, "I KNOW, THIS IS MY JOB. I'LL DO THIS CANNON. REMEMBER, *BRAVERY, AT ALL TIMES.*"

Cannon, "YES SIR."

Glassell looks out, "Just because you are one man alone, doesn't mean you can't save the day."

Glassell takes the wheel and pushes his head up to see. Finding it hard to operate, he pulls himself up to sit on the back of the forecastle. Using his feet to steer, Glassell reaches in and places the shotgun across his lap.

Glassell orders, "FULL SPEED MEN. FULL SPEED."

At 300 yards from the Ironside, a sentinel onboard hails, "BOAT AHOY! BOAT AHOY!"

Glassell sitting upright, remains silent and sees they are drifting toward the rear of the New Ironsides. The iron plating of the ship, reaches down to the water. As they approach, he releases the cable with his left hand and slowly lowers the torpedo into the water. As the torpedo slips into the water, a piece of drift wood strikes one of the fuses with a thunk. Glassell quickly pulls his hands up in front of his face, but the torpedo does not explode. He slowly lowers his hands. The torpedo goes below the water.

The night officer of the deck, Ensign C.W. Howard walks down the starboard gunwale and sees something in the water, not forty yards away.

Howard calls out, "WHAT BOAT IS THIS?"

Glassell cocks both hammers of the shotgun, one at a time and waits. Moving through the water, the David approaches the ship.

The Ensign Howard's eyes get big as he realizes it is not a Union boat, then lifts his rifle to shoot. Before he can fire, Glassell drops both hammers, and both barrels fire. Ensign Howard falls back.

Glassell speaks to himself, "Poor fellow … BATTER UP!"

Glassell drops below the hatch but doesn't have time to close it.

The David moves forward, toward the hull of the Ironsides. The spinning propeller churns the water as the boat moves in to touch the hull of the ship. The blast pushes a twelve foot hole in the Ironsides, forcing the David down and away, but the open hatch stays above water. Underwater, the explosion forces water and wood up into the hull of the Ironsides. ◆

Chapter 20

The USS Ironsides
Five Miles at Sea
Night

The giant ship is lifted up some ten feet like a toy and comes down hard. A large wave rises up out of the sea and the David is forced back. The few men on deck are thrown into the air and come down hard, falling around like fish on a deck. The men below deck, are awakened by the shotgun and are up and running.

They all hit the low ceiling when the blast hits, and fall to the lower decks, many unconscious. Those on the top deck are now hopping around on one leg or the other, each carrying a pistol or rifle toward the starboard gunwale. The night officer Howard is dead on the deck, covered in blood. The sailors cry out in bewilderment.

Sailor1, "WHAT WAS THAT?"

Sailor2, "I DONNO. DID WE GROUND OUT?"

A few of the men below deck start to become conscious, rubbing their heads as they sit up. They all are moaning.

Sailor3, "Ohhhh, my head. What hit me?"

Sailor4, "You mean what hit us?"

Dahlgren races out of the rear cabin half dressed.

Dahlgren yells, "IT'S GLASSELL. I KNOW IT'S HIM. TO THE GUNNELS. FIND HIM!"

The wave that went up, now comes down, crashing onto the David and into the hatch. The smoke from the stack suddenly stops and the boat lists to one side. The sea is dangerously about to fill then sink the David. Water pours into the sub, the fires are out and steaming. All the men yell. Glassell looks aft toward Toombs.

Glassell shouts, "TOOMBS, GET US OUT OF HERE."

Toombs yells back, "WE HAVE NO STEAM!"

Glassell again, "THEN GET UP HERE. NOW!"

Cannon looks out of the hatch, "We're listing Lieutenant. Badly.

Suddenly a bullet shoots through the walls of the sub, from upper right down to lower left. Water spouts in through the lower hole.

Cannon looks at the hole, "And they are shooting at us."

Several sailors are now shooting at the David, far below. The David, now with no power, is being swept away by the strong current. Soon it is behind the Ironsides and moving away. Still the sailors continue to shoot at the boat they can barely see. Glassell reaches for Toombs hand and pulls him upward. He grabs the square cork floats.

Glassell orders the men, "ABANDON SHIP! WE ARE PULLING HER DOWN."

Cannon replies, "I CAN'T SWIM."

Toombs remarks, "I CAN'T SWIM EITHER."

Glassell smirks, "WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN BETTER TO TELL ME THAT WHEN WE SHOVED OFF? WE NEED TO LIGHTEN THE DAVID. SULLIVAN, LET'S GO ... YOU CAN SWIM YES?"

Sullivan nods.

Glassell pops up at the hatch and pulls the three others out as far he can. Diving into the water with his cork float, Glassell is followed by Sullivan. Cannon and Toombs go into the water, but hang on the far side of the forecastle. Sailors on the Ironsides continue to fire.

Cannon sputters, "TOOMBS! YOU ALRIGHT?"

Toombs coughs, "OTHER THAN THEY ARE STILL SHOOTING AT US."

Cannon answers, "YES, BUT AT THIS DISTANCE THEY CANNOT REACH US."

Glassell swims north with the current while Sullivan swims against it. Both have their floats in hand so they can't go quickly. Bullets go in all directions, hitting the water around Sullivan. Toombs and Cannon cling to the side of the David and drifting away from the Ironsides, they cannot hear shots anymore.

Cannon, "Hear anything?"

Toombs, "Nothing other than you. What do we do?"

Cannon, "Get back in."

The two men climb over the hatch rail and into the David. Both come down into knee deep water and the boat is still listing. The fires are out but the lantern is still lit. Water is coming in from a bullet hole and Toombs plugs it with a rag and stick. Cannon grabs a bucket. From the outside of the David, water is thrown out of the hatch onto the sea every few seconds.

Sullivan is swimming in the dark and suddenly runs into the rear of a ship. Cold and tired, he climbs up onto the rudder chain out of the water.

Sullivan sputters, "Well, it may be Union, but they might not know what we've done just yet … AHOY, AHOY THERE. MAN OVERBOARD."

Two Union sailors hear him and peer over the rear of the ship. They see Sullivan in the water and throw him a line.

Sailor5, "AHOY. WE'LL PULL YOU UP.

Sailor5 turns, "We've got us a rebel. Do you think he's that stupid?"

Sailor6, "You mean he doesn't know this is the Ironsides? Nah."

The Ironsides is low in the water in the rear, but is not sinking and the two sailors begin to pull up Sullivan.

In the David, they have the water down to their ankles so Toombs wipes out the wet coal from the fire box. There's a small pile of coal in a box high on the hull, and Toombs places it in the firebox. Using the lamp, he tries to light the coal.

Toombs talks, "I'll keep at this if it takes all night."

Cannon continues to bail out more water for a time, then sits down on the pilot platform. Toombs tries again at the fire box.

Dahlgren and Robeson arrive at the aft deck just as the two sailors bring Sullivan over the railing. Sullivan stands up dripping wet and faces the Admiral.

Dahlgren speaks, "Welcome to the USS New Ironsides. PUT HIM IN IRONS. And see if you can find any other idiot in the water."

Sullivan remarks, "Ohhhh."

The ships carpenter T. H. BISHOP, comes up dripping wet to report. Sullivan is hauled off. Fireman Doogan salutes.

Bishop reports, "Admiral Sir."

Dahlgren asks, "What have you to report Bishop?"

Bishop reports, "We're in bad shape Admiral. Two coal bunkers are flooded, The engine stanchions are off ten feet.

They hit a bulkhead or we'd be on the bottom.

Fireman Doogan interjects, "The bunkers are water tight … lucky I closed the hatches."

Dahlgren retorts, "A titanic maneuver Doogan. Can we move?"

Bishop answers, "No sir. We're low in the water aft. I recommend we be docked as soon as possible. We shall need to be towed."

Dahlgren questions, "The largest ship in this man's navy needs a tow?"

Doogan answers this one, "Yes sir. I'm sorry sir. But we're not sinking."

Dahlgren, "No we are not, are we. Lieutenant Robeson, can we fire a cannon?"

Robeson, "Yes sir. Calculating an angle could be difficult because of the list, but we can fire.

Dahlgren, "Then fire one off. I don't want the Rebs to believe they've done any damage. We'll need lighters to transport officers to the other ships. Our siege of Charleston is off but we'll remain here for some time to throw them off."

Glassell continues to swim, although slowly now. Far away from any ship, a boat suddenly overtakes him. They discover Glassell by running into him in the water with a bump.

Officer1: "What was that?"

Officer2, "Look here. It's a Confederate. (pulling him up) It's a Confederate Naval officer ah … without a boat.

Officer1, "Back to the ship with this one. We can send out another lighter."

They turn the boat around and row for their ship.

The ropes of the gangway almost reach the water. The two officers help Glassell up and follow him up to the deck.

Officer1, "AHOY. WE'VE CAPTURED A REBEL."

All on deck hear the officer and they come over the rail to see what was found. Glassell is first over the gunwale. First light is coming from the dawn.

Glassell addresses the Admiral, "Dahlgren. We meet again."

A few officers and many sailors, crowd around Admiral Dahlgren. Glassell and the two officers from the boat stand before him.

Dahlgren speaks, "Glassell. It had to be you. PUT HIM IN IRONS! Double irons if he becomes obstinate. This gentlemen, is the captain of that infernal machine that tried to sink us."

Glassell corrects him, "Lieutenant sir ... for the time being."

Officer2, "We should hang him sir. For using a weapon unbeknownst to warfare."

Dahlgren retorts, "Oh we know about it. We didn't know just how effective it actually was. Our spy failed to report tonight."

Glassell replies, "Your spy met up with me, Admiral. As a prisoner of war, I request dry clothing and a meal."

Dahlgren orders, "Get him something to chew on and a blanket. At least there's no sign of the submersible. It is still at sea somewhere. Or sunk."

A man comes up over the gangway on to the ship. Another helps bring up large boxes. One is imprinted, Matthew Brady Photographer. A sailor runs off from Brady, and returns shortly with Admiral Dahlgren.

Dahlgren barks, "Not now I tell you. We have more important things to do. Brady, you again? Why are you here?"

Brady answers, "Requested by President Lincoln. He asked me to be here for the siege and to get a photograph of you and your cannon when the firing stopped … which was last night."

Dahlgren replies, "I see. Documenting the moment are we? Not the best one I'll tell you."

Dahlgren moves over to a Dahlgren cannon, and removes his hat. With his sword at his side, and the city of Charleston in the background, he leans against the gunwale. Brady takes the photograph.

South Wharf
Charleston Harbor
Morning

A few sailors are on the pier, with the Palmetto and Chicora tied up. Suddenly one sailor points toward the harbor. Something is coming toward them, like a knife cutting a line in the water. The sound is from a steam engine.

A sailor calls out, "AHOY! LOOK A BOAT."

Slowly, the David approaches. As it reaches the pier, all the men crowd around. The hatch is open and Cannon throws a line to the men on the pier. As they tie the boat up, Cannon and Sullivan stand half way out of the hatch.

Sailor, "Where's Glassell, and the engineer?"

Cannon replies, "Gone. Either dead or captured. And if the latter, they won't be far from dead. We need to report. Help us out."

The sailor helps Cannon and Sullivan out of the David. All on the pier are talking and slapping the men on the back.

Sailor, "You hit the Ironsides? Did you take her down?"

Cannon, "If we didn't, we certainly broke her legs." ◆

Chapter 21

Fort Lafayette Prison
Long Island, New York
(January, 1864)

Built upon a rock island, Fort Lafayette has 30 foot high walls and commands the channel. Situated between Staten Island and Long Island, the fort is opposite Fort Hamilton on the mainland.

All prisoners were first taken to Fort Hamilton, searched, entered into the record, and their money taken. Then, the quarter mile boat trip to Fort Lafayette rewarded them their first look at *The American Bastille*. This was a double casement, plus cannonade structure, sitting on a western point of Long Island, that juts into the sea.

On July 15th of 1861, a permanent guard was ordered to the fort in time to receive prisoners, that occurred one week later. Fort Lafayette had already been a penitentiary for US political prisoners; now many of those captured while attacking the US blockades, were added to the list.

The dark cell of rows of brick is first lit only by a brazier on the floor burning coal. Rats crawl along the edge of the cell and chatter. The wet walls of the casement begin to

reflect the glow of a kerosene lamp on a small table.

Glassell talks as he writes,

"Dearest Miley: I hope I shall be permitted to hear from you in my new prison. I beg you to give yourself no uneasiness on my account but to be assured that I have had experience enough to know how to adapt myself to prison circumstances.

"Yet, I now have a cough that does not go away and I do hope that you, Susan, and her boys are cared for in your new home. I find I have been promoted to Captain for what was called gallant and meritorious service.

"I know too well you are married Miley -- these past ten years. You know I could not then come back, so made the sea my home, but hopefully not my prison."

Glassell looks up and finally sees clarity in the scattered maze of the past two years; the last 20 really. He is a prisoner.

"There is no escape from this prison, but I expect soon to be exchanged. Until then, I am your, *Prisoner of the Civil War*."

Captain Glassell is exchanged fifteen months later in January of 1865 and sent to Charleston. Here, he commands the CSS Davids against the Union ships, but he is too late to save the city.

On April 14, 1861, the flag with 33 stars in a star pattern was brought down from Fort Sumter by Major Anderson. Exactly four years to the day, the same flag was replaced by the same Anderson, now a General, on April 14 1865.

EPILOG

Orange, California
Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe Railroad Station
(Spring, 1921)

The sign on the Victorian styled station says: ORANGE -- in California. On a bright day that spring, an early diesel train pulls into the station. A soldier steps off with his bag in hand, and another, George is there to meet him. Both are in Army Captain's uniforms; George is facing away. The first soldier is 31; George, 36.

George calls out, "Mike. Good to see you. Thanks for coming down. We'll walk to the town plaza. It's not far."

Mike answers, "Thanks George, I am hungry."

The two soldiers walk the four short blocks toward the center of town. As they approach an oval park, they cross the street. There is a Victorian fountain in the center, surrounded by tall trees. Mike sits on the edge of the fountain and George stands with one foot on the rim.

George looks around, "You know I come here for inspiration. My grandfather's brother was William Glassell and he founded this town over half a century ago. Before that, he stopped the siege of Charleston with a submarine."

Mike is astonished, "With a submarine? In the Civil War? ... How could one man stop a siege?"

George responds, *"Just because you are one man alone, doesn't mean you can't save the day."*

Mike asks, "He was a Southerner?"

George continues, "Before the war, he was a decorated US Naval officer. He was pushed into becoming a

Confederate. My grandfather was Confederate and died in that war, but they were Americans before the war, and they were Americans after. They all were, but my great uncle was a hero. My hero. His name was William T. Glassell. Glassell street here in town is named for the family. He wrote in his letters: *Duty before desire, Honor above duty, and Bravery at all times.*"

Mike says, "Well, the Great War is over now George, and there's none on the horizon. Do you think the world will ever hear of me, Captain Dwight Eisenhower?"

George faces Mike and speaks. This time his name Ike (not Mike) is plainly heard.

George says, "I don't know Ike. Will they ever hear of Captain George S. Patton?"

THE END

END NOTES

The USS New Ironsides — the largest ship in the Union Fleet, did not sink but was heavily damaged with two engines disabled, two coal bunkers flooded, and listed badly in position some five miles at sea. US Navy casualties were Acting Ensign C.W. Howard who died of shotgun wounds, Seaman William L. Knox whose legs were broken when the ship lifted up, and Master at Arms Thomas Little who had contusions from hitting his head below decks. There were other minor injuries.

The Ironsides was towed away several months later and was out of commission for over a year. Admiral Dahlgren wrote the President that he could not take Charleston because he did not know how many *'devilfish'* were in the water and could not take the risk of losing his fleet. The David had slew his Goliath. The CSS David was so successful that 25 were constructed before the end of the war.

Admiral Dahlgren never took Charleston which was left to General Alexander Schimmelfennig the following month. Dahlgren then entered Charleston harbor to find eight Davids still operational plus a 160 foot long David submarine in mid-construction on the shoreline.

One CSS David was taken as a prize and sent to Annapolis and is shown on the cover of this book. The first CSS David is the first submarine in American history to successfully attack a ship in an act of warfare.

The Hunley was again resurrected, then grounded the USS Housatonic in 1864 in shallow waters, then itself sank again taking another eight Confederates to their watery graves — this made 21 in all. First discovered in 1970 by E.

Lee Spence, it was not raised until the year 2000.

Landsman John Lawson became one of the first black men to received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery on the USS Hartford with Admiral Farragut, at the battle of Mobile, Alabama.

William T. Glassell took his widowed sister Susan Patton and her four boys to California in 1865 to live in Los Angeles with their brother Andrew Glassell, now a prominent lawyer.

Andrew had moved west during the gold rush and now was the owner of 30,000 acres of land north of downtown LA, which became Highland Park, Glendale, Burbank, and Eagle Rock. He later became the first president of the Los Angeles Bar Association.

Susan married one of Andrew's law partners and settled in San Marino. Her oldest son, George had a son who is General George S. Patton, Jr. of WWII fame.

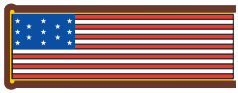
William came to what was then south Los Angeles County in Califorina, and founded the town of Orange — named for the last place in Virginia that he and Susan had lived. William later died of tuberculosis; a gift of his last Union prison. William T. Glassell was an American before the war, and was so again afterward.

The author of this book makes his home in the town of Orange, California along with his wife and two grandchildren. They discovered William's headstone in the Los Angeles Rosedale cemetery in the year 2000, and placed a Confederate flag on his grave for Memorial Day that year.

COLOPHON

This book is set in Georgia. Georgia is a transitional serif typeface designed in 1993 by Matthew Carter for the Microsoft Corporation. It was created for clarity on a computer monitor even at small sizes, and has a relatively large x-height. Named for a tabloid headline found in the state of Georgia, this typestyle got its name.

The cover is set in Palatino, a typeface first developed at the Stempel typefoundry in Germany by Hermann Zapf. Named for the Italian writing master Giovambattista Palatino, it has been popular since its release in the 1940s.



The logo of The Paragon Agency Publishers, is the edge of a book, impressed with an American Flag of 13 stars. It is taken from the first American Flag flown over California, when this region was Spanish territory. Brought here in 1804, no one knows where the flag is today. Not the usual pattern of a circle for a 13 star flag, the stars were in rows like that of an American flag of modern times.

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Back Cover Illustration:
Fort Warren Prison, Boston Harbor, In Winter

Photo: John H. Lienhard PhD, University of Houston.

Prisoner Of The Civil War

A highly decorated Union Naval Officer,
Is imprisoned in the most dreaded Union Bastille.
When pushed into becoming a Confederate,
He attacks the Union fleet with a vengeance.

Fort Warren Prison, Boston Harbor, Winter 1862

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