

about their ship; but, like wise men, they said nothing. The stars and bars, a Palmetto flag, floated among the numerous Confederate steamers in port, but not in respect for this day, although, from what I could perceive, the Southerners appeared to look upon the event with a kind of secret veneration, yet they would not publicly make known their regard before the rejoicing Yankees.

At a supper party one night, on board of the steamship *Fox*, commanded by a Captain Brown (a noble-hearted fellow), I was introduced to a gentleman who represented himself as having been a lieutenant on board of the late Confederate war-ship *Alabama* during her fatal action with the lively little corvette *Kearsage*. I noticed by one or two expressions from this party, that he was not altogether an admirer of Captain Raphaël Semmes. He remarked that—"When the chapel bells on the coast of France were calling their flocks together for the Sabbath morning's worship, we steamed out of port to meet the *Kearsage*, and cleared for action. I reckon the churches had empty seats that morning, for the shores and beaches were covered with spectators. Several of our shot struck the enemy's sides, but appeared to do no damage. Semmes watched this nervously with his opera-glass, gnashing his teeth. 'By G—d,' said he, 'she is encased in iron from stem to stern.' We had a great many killed and wounded. Semmes showed considerable excitement, and I had my face half knocked off, as I dodged a shot that tumbled over a couple of dozen poor fellows. Finally, we commenced to sink, and I rushed below for something I wanted to save, and then I met Semmes, who drank a whole bottle of brandy before he left the cabin. I was picked up by an English yacht." It is said, and generally believed, that the *Kearsage* only had chains strung along in tiers over the sides amidships, in order to protect her boilers, wherein those of the *Alabama* were rendered secure by a large quantity of coal stored in her port and larboard bunkers.

I met a celebrated banjo player at Nassau named McCarthy. He claimed to be the author of the words to that gay and animated song styled "Dixie's Land"—the song that cheered countless thousands to victory, death and defeat.

The currency of Nassau was gold and silver. This was generally banked in \$50 and \$100 packages, and marked with the initials of the depositor. The bank on receiving and paying out, the