

END OF THE ALABAMA

THE REBEL PIRATE'S DEFEAT IN HER FIRST FIGHT.

Semmes' Disastrous Encounter with the Kearsarge—Description by W. E. Howard, one of His Men.

The vessels were as near evenly matched as possible, the tonnage of both being about equal. The Alabama drew more water than the Kearsarge, owing to the fact that her coal-bunkers contained a much larger supply of black diamonds. The Captain of the Kearsarge had, however, taken the precaution to protect the weakest side—his empty bunkers—and traced cable chain up and down the entire west, the starboard side being the only side visible during the action. The official reports credit the Kearsarge with 115 three-inch rifle guns, which did terrible execution; one 30-pound rifle, and six 24-pounders, smooth, making seven guns in all. The Alabama had the advantage in armament. Her battery consisted of one 100-rifled pivot, one 68-pounder and six 32-pounders, making eight guns, whose united effect exceeded her opponent's. The Kearsarge in her official report of Captain Winslow, numbered 165 men. The number claimed by Semmes is less than 100, all told, and another statement, little above that number. Actually, there was little if any difference in the number of the crew. The Alabama, because of the faster vessel, compensated for her apparent disadvantage of being heavier laden. Both commanders were on their mettle. The officers of each vessel were alert and active. The respective crews were eager to meet a man worthy of their steel; but the eagerness obtained in the different crews and apparent in their subsequent action sprung from entirely different motives. While on the one side the fire of patriotism and a desire to annihilate the enemy's foe moved their hearts and arms and prompted to heroic deeds, on the other, disgust with the service, desperation, recklessness and the mere animal feeling of combativeness entered. This was plainly illustrated in the subsequent engagement. The rapid, almost aimless, serving of the guns on the one side was in striking contrast with the steady, terrible effectiveness of the other, inasmuch that while little more than one-half the number of shots were fired by the crew of the Kearsarge, the earnest purpose with which they were directed indicated the feelings which animated the men.

The first crew of the Alabama was composed chiefly of Western Ocean packet rats, culled from the port of Benson street, Liverpool, and shipped at a high rate of wages. These men provided the crews of the Alabama, which was a noted American shipping agent in Liverpool, were numerically increased by Welch coasters from Liverpool, Longshoremen, or "dock-wall-pops," as they are called, and a few good, capable South Sea sailors, or men used to deep-water sailing and long voyages. Some of these had an inkling of the character and ultimate purpose of the vessel. Others, induced by the high rate of pay offered, were careless when the ship was to be sailed, while others, having struggled with 22 lbs per month for years, saw nothing but a sudden accession of wealth in the offer of 23 lbs, 2s, and in some instances more money payable steadily to them. The crew of the Alabama was shipped to differ in opinion, when they were again forwarded to their vessel, and in course of a short time a full complement of 175 men was enrolled during her career of capture and often bloodshed. Many of the original crew became disgusted with the service and deserted at different ports, and their places were supplied with others who were willing to accept big money and ask no questions, so that toward the termination of her career a more heterogeneous set of men it would be hard to get together, and scarcely ever have I imagine, been shipmates. Nearly every nationality was represented. Englishmen from every shire had their representatives. The broad dialect of the Lancashire man and the broad Scotch of the Somersetshire alternated with the cockney patois and the Northern dialect. Welshmen, North and South, Irish Scots, and natives of the Emerald Isle were mixed together, and Russians and Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, Norwegians and Swedes formed no small portion of the crew, while a sprinkling of Chilians, Portuguese and Spaniards served as a flavor. The officers, headed by Captain Semmes, and his executive, J. M. Kell, or Kill-or-ore, as the boys called him (a very able man), were composed of Americans and Englishmen. The warrant officers and petty officers were almost entirely Europeans. The Engine and Fire Department were relegated to Scotch mechanics and stokers of mixed nationality. Some, which never can be omitted, but which should be mentioned, was the intention of Semmes to fight his ship. The vessel of fair flight was something to look forward to. On the evening of June 18th, the packing-cases, containing explosives and other valuables, and the private appropriations of those in authority, were transferred, portion on board of the yacht Deerhound and the rest was sent on shore. The important day at length dawned, and the day of action. The sun beamed on the harbor. A slight haze to seaward of the breakwater and a gentle breeze which dissipated any excess of heat. At early daybreak boats from the yacht Deerhound and the French war vessel Couronne were alongside, and the after-cabin teemed with visitors. Hammocks were stowed in the fore-cabin, the men were piped to quarters, and at 8:30 the guns were fired to startle the magazines, cleared and everything cleared for action. This looked like business, and excitement spread among the men. Captain Semmes seemed confident, and expressed his ability to "blow the Yankee out of the water at long range before she could get a chance." Lieutenant Kell was busily inspecting and overlooking everything. All the gunners, trained on board Her Majesty's ship Excellent, were eager to try their prowess and display their skill. The visitors departed, and at 9:30 the Alabama slipped her cable and steamed out to where her opponent lay, some miles to seaward, followed by the steam yacht Deerhound, owned by Semmes' friend and aide, John W. Lancaster, of Lancashire,

member of the Royal Yacht Squadron (Crown), and also the Royal Mercury Yacht Club; likewise by the French plant manufacturer Couronne, who accompanied her war Couronne, who accompanied her to see that no violation of the laws of nations or infringement of neutrality were indulged in. The Kearsarge steamed away to seaward until about nine or ten miles from the breakwater, when she veered and headed direct for the Alabama. That stopped the chaff the boys had been passing around about her having weakened, and turned tail, and each one seemed to realize at last that this was to be no child's play. By this time about three miles intervened between the belligerents, which was rapidly being decreased. When within a mile and a quarter from the Kearsarge the Alabama veered, presenting her starboard broadside, and opened the ball by firing her 120-pounder rifled pivot at a elevation for 2,000 yards' range, followed almost simultaneously by a whole broadside. The guns were worked and served with the utmost rapidity, and in a few minutes another broadside was poured in, when the Kearsarge, being by this time about eight hundred yards distant, presented her starboard battery and the firing became general. The spirit of carnage had begun to animate the crew, and the desire to be the upper dog in the fight stirred each man to emulation. A few broadsides passed, when the Kearsarge, under full head of steam, forged ahead, steering so as to pass the Alabama's stern and rake her fore and aft, and also get between her and the shore. This maneuver was obstructed by a port-hole, causing both vessels to move in a circle revolving around a common center, distant from each other about 500 or 600 yards. The firing, meantime, continued with unabated vigor. The steady directness of the fire from the eleven-inch shells poured into the ill-fated Alabama with sickening regularity and precision, dealing death and destruction on every hand. Guns were dismounted and their crews decimated by a single shot. Early in the action a shell struck the blade of the fan, breaking it short off and injuring the rider. Another landed in the engine-room and destroyed all its pieces, damaging the machinery, making a hole in the boiler, and flooding the stokehole with boiling water.

On deck the prospect was no more cheering. Men dropped dead, cut in twain by shot or shell, while the groans of the wounded, struck by the crushing and flying splinters, mingled with the muttered curses of the seaman and the hoarse orders of gunners and officers. At 12:30 Mr. Kell had his job and torpedoes hoisted, and attempted to stand toward shore, distant by this time about five miles. This was prevented by her opponent ranging up and pouring in a raking fire of shot and shell. Ward was passed and the Alabama immediately that the vessel was sinking, whereupon a flag of truce was suspended from the quarter and the new officer (Sinclair) sent in a boat to surrender the vessel. During the absence the whaleboat, dingy and three cutters were launched, and preparations made to desert the doomed vessel. Before they could be perfected, however, she settled by the stern, her head rising high out of the water. The mainmast, which had been already badly shattered by the firing, went by the board, and a few seconds sufficed to engulf the shattered hulk of the late scourge of the seas. Struggling in the vortex were many of her crew, and the efforts of Sinclair, who had received permission from Captain Winslow to return and rescue the survivors, were soon aided by the boats of the Kearsarge and two French pilot-boats, who were near the spot. The whale-boat and dingy of the Alabama, with the boats of the Deerhounds, well freighted, made quickly for the yacht, which immediately steamed to the northward, bearing safely away from the wrecked Alabama and a majority of his best "borders," while the cutters transferred their cargoes to the Kearsarge. One pilot-boat turned over to those she had rescued to the same sheltering care, while the other one stood in for shore and aided in the escape of those who were lucky enough to get on board of her. The Kearsarge picked up and had transferred to her deck as a total of five officers, sixty-three men, and one dead body, Semmes, on board the Deerhound, and several Southampton with thirty of his officers and nearly thirty of his crew and petty officers. The pilot-boat handed quite a number, and the killed and drowned were never accounted for. Surgeon Alvord was in the cockpit when the vessel sank and was undoubtedly drowned, as were the many wounded who lay there waiting his ministrations. Of the many who came on board a short time previous to the action, no report has been issued that included either them or their fate. The action lasted a little more than one hour—Philadelphia Times.

NEW YORK PRESS PIZZES.

The mammoth heart of this stupendous country bleeds for poor Jack Logan, but it doesn't bleed enough to put Grant on the retired list.

Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a bright era, ten are scouting among the neighbors trying to borrow salaratus.

"Everybody of prominence witnessed the fight," says a correspondent, writing of the Ryan-Sullivan mill. Wrong. Gutten was not present.

Sarah Bernhardt wants to come to America, evidently, and is at her little advertising tricks. She faints recently at a theatre in Rome.

Hendricks may never be President, but he ought to be somehow rewarded for finding so clear and descriptive a word for Gutten's miscality. He calls it gnomalia.

Robbing a Poor Statesman.

But a terribly desperate chance was taken by the boys when a few years ago they tackled the home of a member of the Michigan legislature (who had a big family of children) on one Fourth of July morning. It was said the honorable gentleman had received a big stake for his vote in the legislature, and as it was believed he kept the money in the house and did not dare to deposit in the bank or invest it for fear of having suspicion rest upon him as a corrupt member, the gang "dropped" on his house that night. In the face of the fact that his children were likely to be awake all night in anticipation of the good time they were to have on the following day. It was a fearful risk to run, and it turned out that their idea about the children being awake was correct. The gang opened a back door with a jimmy, and while they were at work upon the safe in the dining-room, the chub on the floor overhead could be heard rattling like a stream. The safe was drilled open and among other things found was an envelope containing \$5,000 in \$100 bills just the amount the member was reported to have received for his vote in the last legislature.

Then another funny experience I know of was the cracking of a farmer's two-story house (just a few miles out of Wyandotte). There was a gang of three in this job and it was working like a charm when suddenly as they were taking their leave of the place, they were startled by the appearance of a human form in white passing close by them in the lower hall. They had been in the house an hour and a half, and it was 3 o'clock in the morning. They were loaded down with booty, and having first disarmed the big dog, were certain of leaving the place unnoticed if they succeeded in ransacking the place without arousing the inmates. Everything went right and their plans were successful until the appearance of what they thought was a ghost. The hall was dark and the burglars could not see each other except when their bull's eye was brought into use. This was done on the back of the rustling white form which walked backward and forward in the lower hall half a dozen times, when it again ascended the stairs and disappeared from view. It was afterward found out that the farmer had a neighbor who was certain of the three crack-men so close that she almost choked them. They made good their escape, and it was not discovered that the farmer had been robbed until the next morning.

"About six or seven years ago along the banks of the Ohio river," continued Mr. Mink, who said that the keen, quick-witted fellow related the story with the utmost indifference, although he evidently was one of the party and subject to the perils attached to it. "There stood a big manufacturing establishment whose safe was reported to always contain a large amount of money. It was a T-shaped building with the office in the central or middle part of the T and an entrance on each side. The office windows were covered with pea-green curtains which rolled up from the bottom. The watchman was a vigilant officer and hard to catch napping. He was a large, powerful man and always well armed, and the danger of encountering him made the boys shudder, although they often took their lives in their hands when cracking places. This place was watched for months with a view of entrapping the watchman, who was the only object preventing the boys from making a big 'take.' Everything was in readiness to begin operations at the proper signal, and every night one of the gang was sent over to see if he couldn't get 'deadwood' on the watchman. The hour came. One night one of the boys came running in saying he had climbed up on the outside of the window, looked over the pea-green curtain and found the vigilant night-officer asleep in a chair in the office. The tools being ready, in no time the gang was at the door on the west side. It was pried open and all four got inside. The light was turned out, and just then the watchman woke up. He realized his position at once and commenced firing his revolver. He hit one of the boys in the finger, the fourth finger of his right hand, but did not fire a shot. One of the boys entered him with his own revolver and the other three blew upon the site. They hauled in a big pile of money and left the place unharmed except for the finger wound. When the boys went on the stalwart officer remained bound, and the party shot given him by one of the gang was, 'Good-by, old chum, we'll see you later.'

Darwin on Babies.

A letter was read at the social science meeting at Saratoga yesterday from Charles Darwin to Mrs. Emily Talbot, in response to her inquiries as to the investigation of the mental and bodily development of infants. He specifies points of inquiry which it seems to him possess some scientific interest. "Does the duration of the parents, for instance, influence the mental powers of their children? or whether a very early or somewhat more advanced age? This could perhaps be learned by schoolmasters or mistresses, if a large number of children were first classed according to the age and their mental attainments, and afterward in accordance with the education of their parents, as far as this could be discovered. An observation is one of the earliest faculties developed in young children, and as this power would probably be exercised in an equal degree by the children of educated and uneducated persons, it seems not impossible that any transmitted effect from education could be displayed only at a somewhat advanced age. It would be desirable to test statistically in a similar manner the truth of the often-repeated statement that colored children at first learn as quickly as white children, but that they afterward fall off in progress. If it could be proved that education acts not only on the individual, but by transmission on the race, this would be a great encouragement to all working on this all-important subject. It is well known that children sometimes exhibit at a very early age strong special tastes, for which no cause can be assigned, although occasionally they may be accounted for by reversion to the taste or occupation of some progenitor, and it would be interesting to learn how far such early tastes are persistent, and influence the future career of the individual. In

A VICTIM OF WOMAN'S PERFDY.

Charles W. Stickney to be Tried for Killing His Wife's Paramour.

ILLIOT LOVE IN A CHURCH CHOR.

The Murderer Hounded on to His Act by Constant Persecution.

Stickney's Good Antecedents

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—Charles W. Stickney will be arraigned this morning in the District Court at Denver, Colorado, on an indictment charging him with the murder of M. T. Campau, on May 31st last. The details of the killing of Mr. Campau and Mrs. Deveraux are so fresh in the public mind as not to need repetition, but there are many facts connected with the history of the defendant, his wife and his family, that will prove of general interest. Among all the notable incidents of this strange case, the touching and beautiful devotion of Mrs. O. W. Powers, the sister of the defendant, who left her pleasant home in London, and her husband and two infant children, the moment she heard of her brother's deed and the situation in which it had placed him, to hasten to his side, shines out with a brightness that must command the admiration of those most harshly disposed toward the central figure in the approaching trial. The family of which he comes is one of the oldest, most respected, and best known in New England. His Uncle, John H. Clifford, was Attorney-General and Governor of Massachusetts. The late Justice Clifford of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a near relative of his, and Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, is a Cousin. Great intellectual ability has always marked some members of the family, and the fact that two of the defendant's uncles died insane—one in the asylum of Illinois and one in the hospital for insane in Connecticut—shows that insanity has also tainted the Stickney blood. Passing over the details of his youth as unimportant, Charles W. Stickney, when a boy under 15 years, applied to Hon. Charles B. Farwell, Recorder of Deeds in Chicago, in 1856, to obtain a clerkship in his office. He secured the desired employment, and so great was his clerical proficiency that within three months he was placed in charge of the details of the office. He remained in Farwell's employ until the breaking out of the war, when, though but 17 years, old he

ENLISTED AS A PRIVATE

in a battery. During the siege of Vicksburg General Grant's chief clerk left him, and on the urgent recommendation of Mr. Farwell the position was given to young Stickney, who filled it faithfully and ably that when General Grant was transferred to the Potomac Stickney was retained in the same position by General Sherman, and served in that capacity till the end of the war, when, as a mark of special favor, General Sherman signed his muster-out papers in person. Stickney returned to Chicago and re-entered the employ of Mr. Farwell, this time as bookkeeper in the large wholesale establishment of that well-known merchant and politician. Out of his salary he saved enough to send his only sister, whom he fairly worshipped, to Paris to obtain a finished education. While she was there a girl, brother, who had also served through the war, rising from the ranks to a brevet-colonelcy, died of yellow fever, while serving as first lieutenant in the regular army at New Orleans. So tenderly thoughtful was Charles for his sister that he would not permit the information of their brother's death to be sent by cable or mail, but went all the way in person to break the sad intelligence as gently as possible himself. His mournful task accomplished, he returned and went back to his old post of duty. Always a student, and possessed of marvelous powers of application, he soon resolved to seek the advantage of a thorough education, and after due preparation he entered Harvard University, and in time graduated from that institution with high honors. Before going through his course of studies, he had met and married a lady whose home was in Albany, N. Y. He did his best to make her happy, but the gay belle wearied of her studious husband, who found more pleasure in books than in balls and receptions, and she left him after two years of matrimonial partnership. He procured a divorce by consent, and that chapter in

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE

was ended. After leaving Harvard he became principal of a high school near Cambridge, and while there met and courted and married the woman who was afterward destined to play such an important and terrible part in the life drama of herself and a number of others. He remained there for two or three years, and a little daughter came to brighten his happy home. When the Lenoix fever broke out he became possessed of the notion that his knowledge of mineralogy would enable him to win fortune faster in the far West than in New England, and he resolved to go to Colorado. His wife desired to accompany him, but he refused his assent till the very morning of his departure, when the strange, strong, fascinating control she exercised over his will and his better judgment triumphed, and together they went to Denver in the spring of 1860. There he procured rooms for her, hired a piano and placed her as comfortably as possible. She was an accomplished musician, and on the strength of letters written by friends in the East obtained a place in the choir of the Episcopal Church and a number of pupils. It was while a member of the choir that she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Campau. After having provided for the wants of his wife and child, Stickney went into the Gunnison country, where he remained some three months. On his return he was warmly received by his wife, but in a few days some peculiarities of her physical condition aroused his wonder. On being questioned she made evasive replies; but being pressed, burst into tears, and confessed that during his absence she had sustained improper relations with Campau. In telling the terrible story she took a large share of the blame upon herself, as she afterwards explained, through fear that her husband would seek her guilty partner and

kill him. She had great confidence in her power over her husband, and believed as she has since declared, that notwithstanding her offense, his affection for her,

HIS STRONG FAMILY PRIDE and his great love for their infant daughter would induce him to forgive her. He told her that he could never live with her again as a husband, but consented for the reasons just enumerated to keep the matter quiet. He went to Campau and compelled him to execute papers in the amount of \$10,000, meant for the use and support of the ruined woman. The written agreement binding Campau to pay the money, to keep the secret, and to avoid Mrs. Stickney forever after, will be produced in court. When all these details had been attended to Stickney bought a ticket to Chicago, intending to make a final separation from his faithless wife. But she persuaded him by much pleading, still trusting to her power to control him—to take her with him, claiming that her secret would leak out if she remained, and that she would be safer and happier in a large city, far from the scene of her misfortune. He consented to permit her to accompany him to Chicago. After passing Kansas City she changed her story, and protested with all her power that she was not to blame for her seduction, declaring that she had never consented. Her revised version was that Campau had taken her out riding, and had driven beyond the city limits against her earnest protest. There, far from the sight and hearing of any other human being, he drew a pistol and compelled her to submit to his desires. By threatening to expose her shame, she said, he repeatedly compelled her as he would afterwards. She played her part, if part it was, so well that her husband believed her, and took her back to his bosom on her fearful pledges of future constancy. They went to Chicago, and he secured a position as principal of the high school at Palatine, outside the city limits, where they lived till April, 1881. Then came the suit brought by Campau to set aside the agreement regarding the money. The trust deed had not been recorded, and the property covered had been sold. The bill of complaint in this case alleged that Stickney had never married to the woman he claimed as his wife.

CAMPAU ADMITTED THE ILLIOT CONNECTION.

but denied in effect that it was any of Stickney's business. As soon as a copy of the bill and the summons was served on Stickney in Palatine he resigned his position, and with his wife, returned to Denver to defend his good name. He claims to have been presented beyond evidence by the friends of Campau. Himself and wife were turned out of one boarding-house after another, and former friends passed them on the streets without recognition. His attorneys filed an answer, which was thrown out of court because of some trivial inter-connections, and the conditions of filing another were made very severe. Then came the culmination of Stickney's misfortune, when, on returning to his rooms one day, he found the fatal note written by his wife announcing her flight with their child, assuring him of her conviction that he would never be peaceful or happy with her, and advising him to make no effort to find her, as she would make effectually. For an hour he acted like a madman, and it will be a question for the jury to decide upon his sanity during the rest of the day. How he went forth armed with a pistol and shot down Campau, and accidentally an innocent onlooker, is only too well known. He has since lain in the county jail, sustained only by the presence of his sister, who hastened thither as soon as the news reached her, and for eight months has visited him daily. The same which he feels has fallen upon his family through him and the strain upon a mind as brooding and sensitive as his can be more readily imagined than described. Mrs. Powers's husband, the representative of a leading American manufacturing house in London, has volunteered his means freely to aid in the defense of her dearly loved and unfortunate brother. A large number of expert witnesses will be summoned to testify in the question of insanity, and there is no doubt that the trial will be one of the most notable in the annals of criminal jurisprudence in the West. Several witnesses from Boston are present to testify, sent by his old classmates at Harvard.—New York Press, Feb. 9th.

A RIVER UNDER GROUND.

The Discovery Recently Made by a Herder in Idaho.

Meté Green, not long since, while out with cattle, made a most startling discovery, and one that may possibly take its place among the grand wonders of Idaho. He was riding along early in the morning on the divide between Indian creek and Snake river, when his horse sprang aside, started, and otherwise gave evidence of having seen or heard something unusual. The spot was on a little knoll on the comb of the ridge, and Meté had been almost asleep, taking a sweep around with his eyes to learn the cause of his horse's behavior, finally rested his vision on what seemed to be a hole in the ground a few paces distant. Dismounting he was on looking into a small deep orifice fifteen or twenty feet deep by ten or twelve at its rim in diameter. At the bottom of this funnel—the soil giving out there—was a rift in the rock two or three feet in width by four or five in length, which seemed to open into the very bowels of the earth. Through this opening came up from the depths below a terrible roaring, as of a leaping cataract, a jagged rush of waters, tumbling over rocks. The ground cumbered and the subterranean noise continued uninterruptedly. Meté remained some time and the longer listened to the noise he became convinced that what he heard was running water, but how far down to the stream he could not even conjecture—might have been a few feet or half way to China. And as the fissure was large enough to take him in should his foot slip or "head swim" his observation was not an extended one. The principal thing he did while there was to listen, and think hard—at a safe distance from the brink of the hole.—Idaho Democrat.

AMERICAN HORSES IN EUROPE.

The Americans are cutting us out of another market. For many years the demand of France and Germany for remounts has been confidently calculated upon by our horse-breeders, but it would seem that in this market also we are being underbid by America. French agents are out West with orders for no French army. They are to be shipped to Havre in batches of two hundred and fifty at a time. These American horses, as a shipper says, are just the thing to carry a Frenchman into or out of a fight, as they are hardy and spirited. Three years ago two thousand American horses were shipped to London in the Metropolitan Tramway Company, and a letter is quoted from C. A. Smith, chairman of the company, to the effect that "the American horses are the toughest and most hardy of any that we can get. I would give two French horses for one American one any day." It would seem that it is not only on the race-course that the trans-Atlantic horse-breeder distances his British competitor. Pull Mall Gazette.

MORSE & BRADSHAW.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL BUTCHERS PHILIPSBURG MONTANA