

The Cleveland Civil War Round-Table  
P.O. Box 18900, Cleveland, Ohio 44118

# THE CHARGER

Vol. 19#8

360th Meeting

April, 1998

*Tonight's Topic*



*Capt. Raphael Semmes, C.S.N.*

## CAPTAIN, *CSS ALABAMA*

Maryland-born, orphaned at an early age and raised in Georgetown, D.C. by an uncle, He won an appointment as a naval midshipman in 1826. He served in the Mediterranean, read law, earned admission to the bar during leaves of absence and finally received a lieutenant's Commission in 1837.

Semmes served in Mexico in 1846 and 1847 both on blockade duty and ashore with the naval artillery. He resigned from Navy in February 1861. Took command of the commerce raider *CSS Sumter* in April, 1861.

Semmes took 18 prizes during a six month cruise in *Sumter* before abandoning the ship in Gibraltar and making his way to England to take command of what became the screw sloop *CSS Alabama*. He set sail in Alabama in September 1862 on a commerce destroying cruise that would last nearly two years.

*Tonight's Speaker*

## *William Franklin Boyd Vodrey*

**William** "please don't call me Bill" **Vodrey** is a member of the Cleveland, Stark County, and Tuscarawas Valley Civil War Roundtables, and a frequent speaker on Civil War topics. He is a member of the 51st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Co. B. He traces his interest in the Civil War to being given a copy of the *American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War* at a very early age.

Vodrey is a assistant prosecuting attorney of Cuyahoga County, Ohio. He lives in University Heights with his wife Susan and 17 month old son John Jackman Vodrey.

*Date: April 8, 1998*

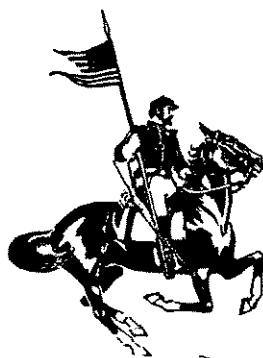
*Place: The Hermit Club*

*Time: Drinks 6 PM*

*Dinner 7 PM*

*Reservations: Please call  
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# CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE 1957-1998



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The Cleveland Civil War Round-Table meets normally on the second Wednesday of each month from September through May. The Round-Table also sponsors a Fall field trip each year to a selected Civil War site.

*Dues are \$35.00 per year.*

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## Calendar of Events

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APRIL 8, 1998

### The Last Naval Duel

WILLIAM F. B. VODREY

MAY 13, 1998

### Fort Sumter

DAVID R. RUTH

### Spring Field Trip

**May 9, 1998**

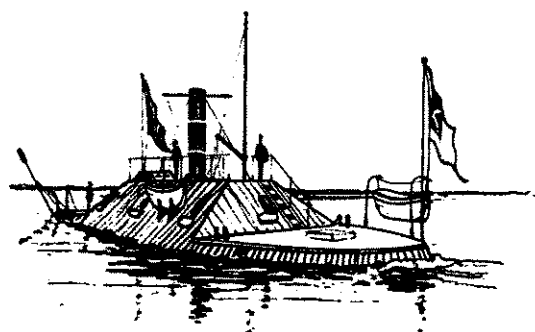
### Western Reserve Historical Society

**See details in the  
back of the Charger**

### Fall Field Trip

### Shenandoah Valley

### September 24, 1998



**CSS Chicora** by Bill McGrath

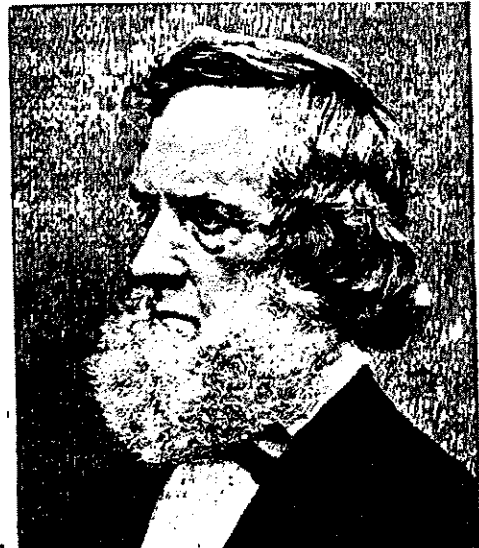
# THE NIGHT THE WAR WAS LOST:

## *Farragut and the Battle of New Orleans*

by **William F.B. Vodrey**<sup>1</sup>

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All was not quiet on the southern reaches of the Mississippi as the Civil War began its second year, for it was in early 1862 that the U.S. Navy turned its attention to the Crescent City of Louisiana. New Orleans during the Civil War was "busy, cosmopolitan, flamboyant, dangerous, and unhealthy," wrote historian James L. Stokesbury - proving once again that the more things change, the more they stay the same. With a population of 470,000, it was the biggest city of the Confederacy and a key railroad hub. It had more machine shops, trained workmen and shipyards than any other city in the South. New Orleans was a vital trading port, and the gateway to the lower Mississippi. In 1860, port receipts exceeded \$485 million, with cotton -two million bales of it - accounting for 60% of the total. Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles wrote to his officers, "If successful [at New Orleans], you open the way to the sea for the great West, never again to be closed. The rebellion will be riven in the center, and the flag to which you have been so faithful will recover its supremacy in every State."



**Gideon Welles**  
Secretary of the US Navy

From the outbreak of war, the Confederacy had relied on existing fortifications and natural obstacles to protect New Orleans. A hundred miles of the Mississippi River stretched from the city to the Gulf of Mexico, twisting, turning, constantly redefining its own course through bayous, swamps and sandbars. There were two pre-war forts on the banks of the Mississippi to the south of the city: Ft. Jackson with 74 heavy cannon, and Ft. St. Philip, opposite and slightly upstream, with 52 cannon. Crammed with about 700 troops each and with a "gate" of sorts -eight old hulks blocking the river - the forts were thought to be impassable. Still, General Mansfield Lovell, now in command at New Orleans (and, incidentally, a former deputy streets commissioner of New York City), had repeatedly asked Confederate authorities in Richmond for more troops. As always, there were more pressing demands for men; over 30,000 New Orleans soldiers had, in

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<sup>1</sup>William F. B. Vodrey is an Assistant County Prosecutor and a Cleveland CWRT member since 1994

fact, already been sent north to fight in Virginia and Tennessee, leaving Lovell just 3,000 militia. Two mighty ironclads, the Mississippi and the Louisiana, were under construction in New Orleans yards but, with funding intermittent at best, their completion dates kept being pushed further and further back.

In the spring of 1862, then-Commander David Dixon Porter suggested a plan for capturing New Orleans to his Union naval superiors, and soon took command of about 20 mortar sloops to the south of the city. When asked, he suggested that his adopted older brother, Captain David Glasgow Farragut, lead the campaign. Farragut had joined the Navy as a midshipman at the age of 9, and during the War of 1812 had been placed in command of a captured British ship at the age of 42. He was Tennessee-born and had married a Virginia woman, but remained strongly loyal to the Union. Still, there were those in Washington who doubted his devotion. Farragut saw his assignment as a chance for vindication. He wrote, ~ have now attained what I have been looking for all my life - a flag - and having attained it, all that is necessary to complete the scene is a victory. If I die in the attempt it will only be what every officer has to expect. . . Success is the only thing listened to in this war, and I know I must sink or swim by that rule."

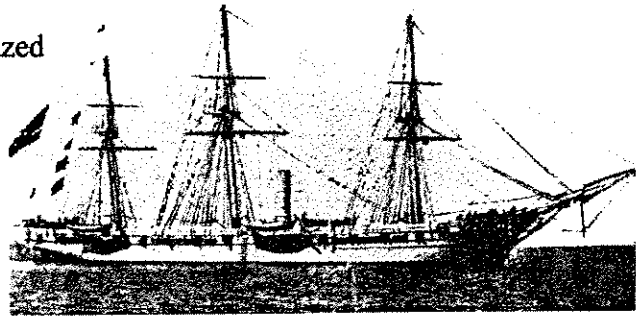
At New Orleans now-Flag Officer Farragut would lead 20 larger warships aboard his flagship, the steam sloop U.S.S. Hartford. Laboriously working his way past and over sandbars and snags, he bombarded the forts with Porter's mortar boats, each capable of lobbing a shell three miles, but to little effect. Frustrated, Farragut decided to take the direct approach. At 2 a.m. on April 24, 1862, he hoisted two red



**Captain David Glasgow Farragut**

lanterns from the Hartford's mizzen rigging, and the Union ships pushed their way past the forts. Although it was a starlit night, the fleet was not discovered until well under the forts' guns.

The alarm went up, and flame and smoke filled the night sky as forts and ships blazed away at one another; sailors on the U.S.S. Pensacola and Confederate gunners ashore were close enough to yell curses at one another. A small flotilla of Confederate gunboats led by the ironclad ram Manassas opposed the Federal fleet above the forts, but



USS Hartford

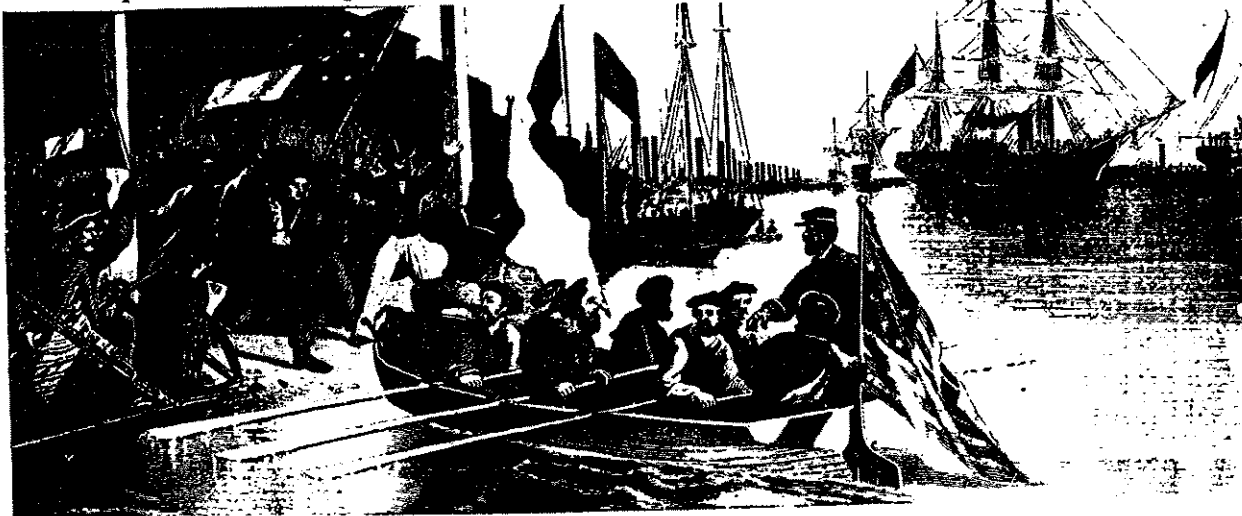
in vain. The commanding officer of the C.S.S. McRae Lt. T.B. Huger, was killed by a shot from the U.S.S. Iroquois - ironically enough, the ship on which he had been serving when war broke out and he had decided to fight for the Confederacy. The Federal corvette Varuna, a converted merchant vessel, was rammed twice by the Confederate gunboat Governor Moore. When the Moore's commander, Lt. Beverly Kennon, found that he couldn't aim his bow pivot gun at the Varuna, he ordered his gunners to shoot through their own hull. The desperate tactic worked; the Varuna was badly damaged and soon sank, the only U.S. ship lost in the entire engagement. The two Confederate ironclads had never been completed and both were destroyed to prevent capture.

The Federal battle group made it past the forts with just 37 dead; each of Farragut's ships had been hit, but only the Varuna had sunk. By the afternoon of April 25, Farragut's fleet was anchored off New Orleans. Panic broke out in the city; Lovell evacuated his troops, and there was widespread looting and arson fires. When Farragut arrived, he found it "one scene of destruction; ships, steamers, cotton, coal, etc. were all in one common blaze, and our ingenuity [was] much taxed to avoid the floating conflagration," he wrote.

A correspondent for the New York Herald wrote from the levee, "The river was filled with ships on fire, and all along the levee were burning vessels, no less than eighteen. . . being on fire at one time and the enemy [burning] others as fast as they could apply the torch. . . The atmosphere was thick with smoke and the air hot with flames. It was a grand but sad sight. . . the people were rushing to and fro. Some of them cheered for the Union, when they were fired upon by the [enraged] crowd. Men, women and children were armed with pistols, knives and all manner of weapons. Some cheered for Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, etc., and used the most vile and obscene language toward us and the good old flag. Pandemonium was here a living picture."

After much protesting, teeth-gnashing and blustering, the city of New Orleans surrendered, and a party of U.S. Marines led by Capt. Theodorus Bailey hoisted Old Glory on the

U.S. customhouse and mint. Troops under General Benjamin F. Butler soon surrounded and cut off the forts downstream. Although the Confederate officers within favored a fight to the death, their troops mutinied and spiked the guns, and the forts surrendered three days later.



**Demanding the Surrender of New Orleans**

Butler had been assigned to the New Orleans mission by General George B. McClellan, then General of the Army, who had resented Butler as a political rival and wanted to send the cross-eyed officer as far away as possible. Randolph B. Marcy, McClellan's chief of staff, said with satisfaction, "I guess we have found a hole to bury this Yankee elephant in." Butler's troops occupied New Orleans without any armed resistance, but the ladies of the city would not yield so easily.

Soon, fed up with the insults and abuse his troops were receiving, Butler issued his notorious General Order 28, announcing that any lady who insulted his soldiers would be treated "as a woman of the town, plying her avocation." Southern chivalry was affronted, Confederate newspapers harshly criticized Butler, but the abuse of his troops soon stopped.

Butler also annoyed New Orleansians by having carved on the pedestal of their city's much-admired equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson an appropriate Jacksonian quotation: "The Union must and shall be preserved." Butler allegedly helped himself to his unwilling hosts' silverware, thus earning the scornful nickname "Spoons," which he would never shake. Later, more dispassionate historians have acknowledged Butler provided a generally-capable military administration of the city: he upheld law and order, improved New Orleans' always-imperiled sanitary conditions, and fed the poor of the city. Southern morale suffered a terrible blow at the news of New Orleans' fall. The South Carolina diarist Mary Chesnut wrote, "New Orleans gone - and with it the Confederacy? Are we not cut in two? That Mississippi ruins us, if lost." Confederate Navy Secretary Stephen Mallory wrote, "The destruction of the Navy at New Orleans was a sad, sad blow, and has affected me bitterly, bitterly, bitterly . . . I am ashamed to say that I have lain awake at night with my heart depressed and sore, and my eyes filled with tears. .

Northern morale got a boost, and the European powers rethought their support for the Confederacy. Historian Chester G. Hearn believes that the fall of New Orleans kept the French Emperor, Napoleon III, from recognizing the Confederacy and intervening in the war at a time when he was strongly inclined to do so. In London, Henry Adams wrote, "People here are quite struck aback at Sunday's news of the capture of New Orleans. It took them three days to make up their minds to believe it. The division of America had become an idea so fixed that they had [just about shut out all the avenues to the reception of any other."

The Confederacy had lost its biggest city, the gateway to the lower Mississippi, with hardly a shot fired within city limits. Federal ships had fought their way past a gauntlet of two heavily-armed forts with surprisingly light losses. By the spring of 1862, the Union already strongly held the headwaters of the Mississippi, and its gunboats patrolled much of the river unopposed, except for the area between Baton Rouge and Vicksburg. The way was clear for the siege and fall of Vicksburg itself just over a year later. Farragut, promoted to vice admiral and later the U.S. Navy's first full admiral, would use New Orleans as a springboard to take the key seaport of Mobile, Alabama two years later. Porter leaped in rank from commander to rear admiral, a recognition of his ability and determination. As naval historian Jack Coombe wrote, "Strategic New Orleans now assured a passage into the Gulf [of Mexico] for Federal vessels and assured that the Confederacy would be slowly.. torn asunder." Historian Charles Dufour said simply that when New Orleans fell, it was "the night the war was lost."

How decisive was the capture of New Orleans? When he heard the news, Jefferson Davis was more eloquent than I could possibly be here: the usually-cool Confederate President is reported to have buried his head in his hands and wept. Said Farragut of his victory at New Orleans, "That wedid our duty to the best of our ability, I believe; that a kind Providence smiled upon us and enabled us to overcome obstacles before which the stoutest of our hearts would have otherwise quailed, I am certain."

*William F. B. Vodrey*



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# Lincoln's Commando: Lt. William B. Cushing, USN

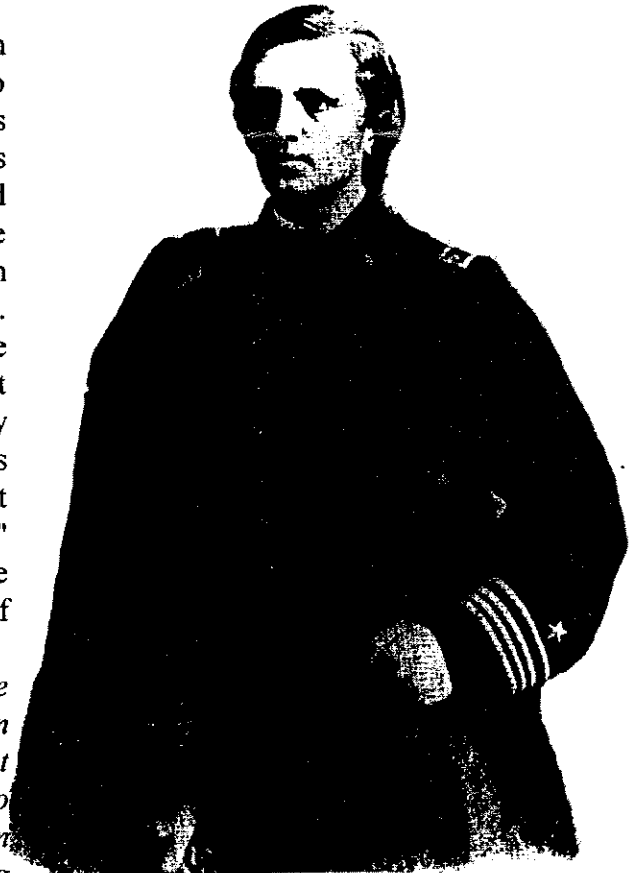
by William F.B. Vodrey<sup>1</sup>  
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Just a few years after being forced out of the Naval Academy for pranks and failing his Spanish studies, the young William B. Cushing became one of the most celebrated heroes of the United States Navy. He was acknowledged by his contemporaries as among the bravest of all Navy officers, a daredevil leader in the same league as John Paul Jones, Oliver Hazard Perry, and Stephen Decatur. Cushing shot up through the ranks, commanding his own warship at age 19, and sinking the fearsome Confederate ironclad Albemarle in a daring nighttime raid when he was just 21.

William Barker Cushing was born on November 4, 1842 in Delafield, Wisc., the fourth son of Dr. Milton Buckingham Cushing and Mary Barker Smith. His family lived in Zanesville and Columbus, Ohio in his early days. When Will was just two years old, though, his father moved the family to Chicago, and three years later moved them again to Gallipolis, Ohio, where he soon died of pneumonia. Mary, his wife of ten years and now his widow, moved the family to Fredonia, N.Y., her late husband's birthplace.

In the fall of 1854, Will's uncle secured an appointment to Annapolis for Will Cushing, to begin in the fall of 1857. Cushing was by no means a distinguished student. For much of his Annapolis career, he flirted with dismissal or "being restored to his [civilian] friends," in the euphemism of the day. A midshipman could be dismissed upon accumulating 200 demerits for misconduct. Cushing had 99 demerits in his plebe year (none for a serious offense), 188 his second year, but only 155 his third year. It's not that he necessarily became better-behaved, Cushing's biographers Ralph Roske and Charles Van Doren wrote; "It may [just] have been that he had become cleverer." Despite his misbehavior, Will Cushing loved the Navy almost from the moment he became a part of it. He wrote to his cousin Mary,

*"I intend to see every nook and corner of this little world that is to be seen, if I live. I want to live on the sea and die on the sea, and . . . once I set foot on a good ship as her commander I never want to leave her till I leave her a corpse. . . A man cannot be happier than when he is bowling along*



*William Baker Cushing*

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<sup>1</sup>William F.B. Vodrey is a Assistant Cuyahoga County Prosecutor and a member of the Cleveland CWRT since 1994

*under a good breeze at fourteen knots an hour. And, if you would see the sublime, I can imagine no place where sublimity lies more grand than in a storm at sea. [When I was once in a storm] I would not have exchanged my post for the most brilliant place in the land. Such is life on the ocean, for those who have the taste for it."*

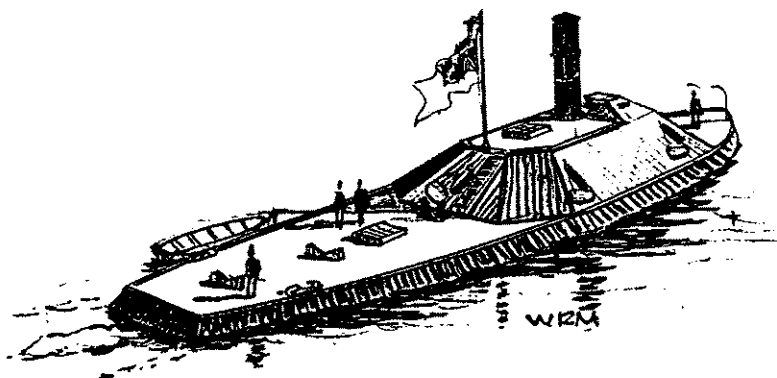
Still, he remained a poor student and incorrigible prankster. He didn't see the need for a U.S. naval officer to know Spanish, didn't try too hard, and flunked his February 1861 Spanish examination. It didn't help that he and his Spanish instructor didn't get along at all.

Capt. George S. Blake, Superintendent of the Naval Academy, sent the following report to the Navy Department: "Cushing [is] deficient in Spanish. Aptitude for study: good. Habits of study: irregular. General conduct: bad. Aptitude for Naval Service: not good. Not recommended for continuance at the Academy." Cushing already had 147 demerits by that point in the year, and he had been in very poor health for the previous two months, missing many classes. He was ordered to leave the Academy, and his dismissal was signed March 23, 1861.

Still, he wrangled a duty assignment from the new Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles. Years later, Welles remembered the "saddened disappointment and grief [which] shadowed his face," and soon recognized that Cushing's misbehavior had been "insufficient to justify such harsh treatment." Cushing begged for a posting at any rank, and promised Welles that he would never have cause to regret giving the young man a second chance. "*The Navy, sir, is my life,*" Cushing said, "and I was, and am, determined to serve in it."

He quickly rose through the ranks. He led several dangerous raids among North Carolina coastal towns, once going 68 hours without sleep as he guided his men back to safety. In February 1864 he tried to capture the Confederate regional commander in North Carolina, in the village of Simthville. When he learned that the officer was elsewhere that night, Cushing left behind a cheeky letter: "My dear General: *I deeply regret that you were not at home when I called.* Very respectfully, W.B. Cushing."

But soon Lt. Cushing learned of a new danger in the region: the powerful Confederate ironclad Albemarle. The Albemarle had been built in a cornfield at Edward's Ferry on the Roanoke River by the innovative and single-minded Confederate Navy Cmdr. James W. Cooke, who sent raiding parties to nearby farms and towns to gather scrap metal, bolts and bars to provide armor for his ship. From January 1863 to April 1864, the ironclad slowly took shape. She was 158 feet long, 35 feet 3 inches in the beam, and 8 feet 10 inches in depth, covered in two layers of iron plating, each two inches thick. The Albemarle carried eight guns and was powered by two steam engines of two hundred horsepower each. Crude and cobbled-together though she was, she outclassed anything the U.S. Navy had in the area.



**CSS ALBEMARLE** by Bill McGrath

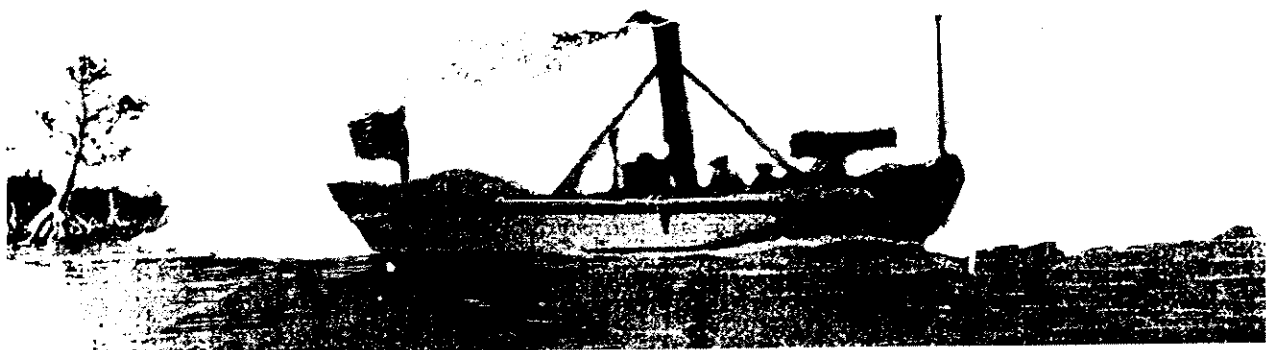
In her first outing under Cooke's command, she mauled the U.S.S. Miami and sank the U.S.S. Southfield. She then helped the rebels recapture the town of Plymouth, N.C., eight miles up the Roanoke River, soon making her base there. Among the Miami's dead was her commander, Will Cushing's former Academy teacher and friend, Charles W. Flusser. "I shall never rest until I have avenged his death," Cushing swore. Before he could try, though, the Albemarle took on seven more Union ships in a single engagement, damaging all seven, one - the U.S.S. Sassacus - so severely that she had to undergo extensive repairs. Of 54 shots which struck the Albemarle only two broke through her armor to the wood sheathing beneath, and she suffered only three injured. The Sassacus's captain declared after the May 5, 1864 battle that the Albemarle was "more formidable than the Atlanta or the Merrimac . . . she is too strong for us."

Cushing once said, "*Impossibilities are for the timid*;" now he had the chance to prove the truth of that statement. Union Navy planners decided to send small, light-draft steam launches against the rebel ironclad. Each boat would carry a 'torpedo' bomb), packed with 100 pounds of gunpowder and mounted on the tip of a 14-foot-long spar. The torpedo would be rigged to explode when a long cord was pulled.

Rear Adiniral Samuel Phillips Lee picked young Will Cushing to lead the raid. Even after Admiral Lee warned him that it might be a suicide mission, Cushing eagerly accepted the assignment. His reputation had spread, and he had his pick of volunteers. He told them, "Not only must you not expect, but you must not hope, to return. I can promise you nothing but glory, or death or, possibly, promotion. We will have the satisfaction of getting in a good lick at the rebels, that is all."

On October 26, Cushing and his handpicked crew made their first attempt to attack the Albemarle but due to delays and the noise of the small boat's steam engine, he decided to turn back. The night of October 27 was moonless, cloudy with occasional rain, when Cushing and his handpicked crew set out again towards Plymouth.

By 3 a.m. Plymouth loomed around the corner, out of the darkness, and Cushing and his crew drew closer. They saw that the rebel ironclad, "a dark mountain of iron" as Cushing described her,



*Artist's conception of Cushing's Launch*

was protected by a linked barrier of logs, their tops just breaking the surface of the river.

a dog barked, a sentry challenged them, and some of the many Confederate troops on the shore began to stir. Cushing shouted, "Ahead fast!" now that there was no need for concealment. Cushing took his launch a hundred yards away in a broad circle to build up speed before lunging towards the ironclad. As the boat came around from its turn, a charge of buckshot tore out the back of his coat while it flapped behind him, and a rifle bullet carried away the sole of his left shoe. By now the troops ashore were fully alerted, and rifle bullets began to spatter the water around the steam launch as it headed straight for the ironclad.

With a crunch, the steam launch hit the log barrier, which settled in the water briefly but then bobbed up, holding the launch in place. Cushing and his men were now in the shadow of the Albemarle safe from the riflemen on land but staring down the muzzle of one of the ironclad's eight-inch rifled guns, just ten feet away.

It was now or never. The boom angled into the water and the torpedo slid down into place. Cushing counted to five to allow the torpedo time to rise under the Albemarle's hull. A bullet tore his collar, another ripped his sleeve, and two more whizzed through his uniform coat. Carefully, slowly so that he would not break the thin cord or the delicate firing pin, Cushing pulled on the lanyard. At almost the same instant as the torpedo exploded, the Albemarle's eight-inch gun fired, most of the blast passing over their heads. The shock wave knocked them all down, however, forcing the launch briefly under water, and they were all drenched with river water from the torpedo's detonation.

"Men, save yourselves!" he shouted, and dove into the cold, dark Roanoke River as the Albermarle a six-foot -wide hole blown in her hull, sank at her moorings. Of his small crew, two drowned, twelve were captured, and only one other - Ordinary Seaman Edward J. Horton - escaped. With great difficulty, Cushing made his way overland through the swamps, narrowly avoiding capture several times. He managed to steal a small skiff from a Confederate shore post and rowed for hours downstream before reaching the Federal gunboat Valley City. starving, exhausted and nearly unconscious, the next day at 10:15 in the evening.

The North's reaction to news of the Albemarle's sinking was ecstatic, and newspapers were full of Cushing's account of the mission. Gideon Welles warmly congratulated Cushing and wrote, *To you and your brave comrades . . . belongs the exclusive credit which attaches to this daring achievement . . . . It gives me pleasure to recall the assurance you gave me at the commencement of your active professional career that you would prove yourself worthy of the confidence reposed in you, and the service to which you were appointed.*

President Abraham Lincoln recommended that Cushing receive the thanks of Congress (the only junior officer of the war to do so) and a promotion to lieutenant commander, at 21 the youngest of the war, effective as of the date of the Albemarle's sinking. The once-fearsome ironclad was raised from the bottom of the Roanoke River months later and the hole in her hull was patched. She was bought through a Federal prize court, and Cushing eventually got \$56,000 in prize money for his role in the raid. He had several other adventures before the end of the war.

After Appomattox, Cushing, unlike most of his comrades, remained in the Navy. He married, had two children, and received several key postwar assignments. Although he was still young, Will Cushing's health had deteriorated after the war, and he found himself impatient with peacetime pursuits. Friends noticed that Cushing lost weight and had almost- constant hip and back pain; one colleague said he looked more like a man of 61 than 31. Medical diagnoses differ, but historians believe that Cushing either had some form of sciatica, or perhaps a ruptured intervertebral disc, or even tuberculosis of the hip. Typhoid, his many exertions and breakneck pace during the war had taken their toll and, by late 1874, Cushing's health had deteriorated to the point where he could no longer remain on active duty. His family cared for him at home as long as they could, but on December 8 he was committed to a government hospital in Washington, suffering delirium in his final days. He died there on December 17, 1874, just a month past his 32nd birthday.

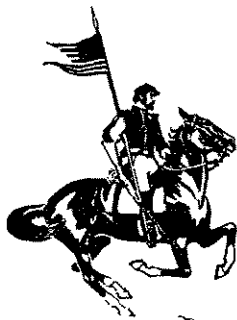
William B. Cushing was buried at Bluff Point, the Naval Academy cemetery, on January 8, 1875, near the tomb of his friend Charles W. Flusser. Cushing's portrait is one of the few of junior officers to hang today in Memorial Hall at Annapolis. Gideon Welles, who after Cushing's expulsion from the Naval Academy had confidence in the young man when hardly anybody else did, wrote later,

*His brief, adventurous and heroic achievements furnish some of the brightest pages in our naval annals . . . there was in his dashing exploits, not only audacity and intrepid courage, but wonderful sagacity and prudence . . . [His] men were ever ready to follow (him), relying on his ready tact, courage, and ability.*

The Albemarle's own commander said that when Cushing sank his ship, "A more gallant thing was not done during the war." William Cushing's boyhood dreams of glory all came true, just as he had hoped. Although he died too young, his example still inspires the Navy today - a Spruance-class destroyer built in 1979, the U.S.S. Cushing. DD-985, proudly bears his name.

No less an authority than Adm. David G. Farragut once said that, "***While no Navy had braver or better officers than ours, young Cushing was the hero of the War.***"

*William F.B. Vodrey*



*Spring Field Trip*

## **WESTERN RESERVE HISTORIAL SOCIETY**

**SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1998, 9 AM TO <sup>11:00</sup>~~1:00~~ PM**  
**HOST : TIM BEATTY**

The Western Reserve Historial Society has one of the most complete picture catalogues of the American Civil War anywhere!

The tour behind the stacks includes how to perserve and repair rare books and work with reserarchers using this material.

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### **Spring Field Trip**

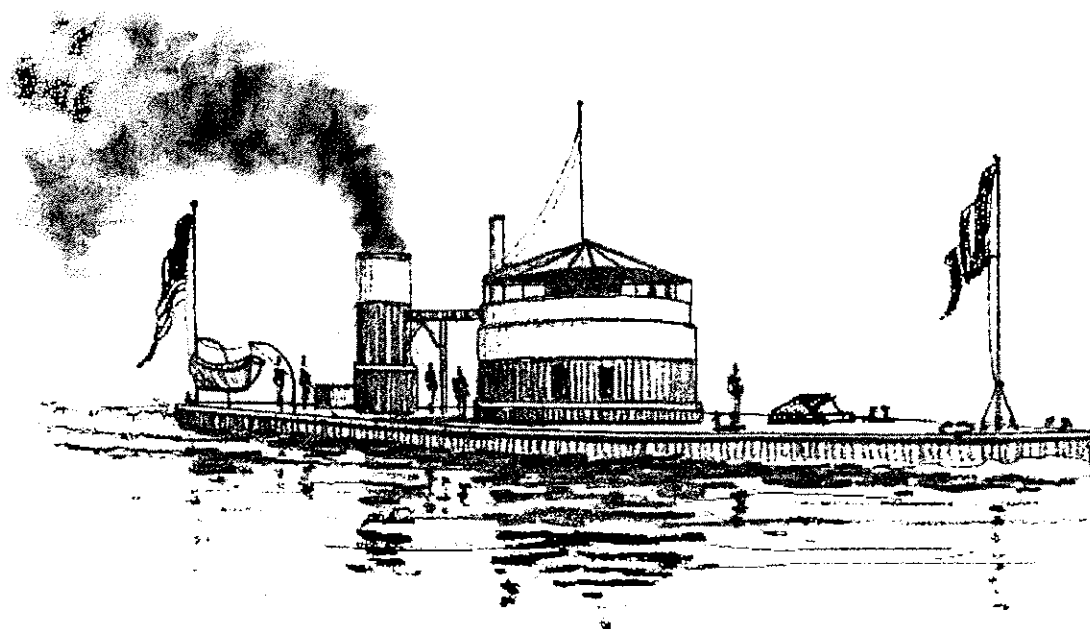
*I plan to attend the Spring Field Trip....*

**NAME** \_\_\_\_\_

**GUESTS** \_\_\_\_\_

**Phone Number** \_\_\_\_\_

Send to : John Moore  
6967 Gates Road  
Gates Mills, OH 44040  
(216) 442-8339



*USS Saugus*

Courtesy of Bill McGrath

## *President's Message*

**April, 1998**

The March 11, 1998 meeting was another great meeting. Thanks to Bob Baucher who made an excellent presentation on John Buford and Frank Yanucci and Bill McGrath who honored Dr. Hugh Earnhart.

April 8, this month's meeting promises to be something special as William Vodrey presents "The Last Naval Dual"

Our efforts do not go unnoticed. I received the following note from one of the teachers who's student entered our essay contest, "*Thank you for the opportunity to deal with the most defining moment in United States history, the Civil War. Your roundtable is a fine institution that preserves this thought.*"

The essay contest winner will be honored at our May 13th meeting.

*John Moore*



**THE CLEVELAND  
CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE  
P.O. BOX 18900  
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44118**

John W. Moore  
6967 Gates Road  
Gates Mills, OH 44040

In Next month's, May Charger

**GUEST NIGHT**

**THE HOT HEADS WHO  
STARTED THE CIVIL WAR**

