

A2004-061.0006.0002: Letter 40, October 26, 1864

12th Connecticut Infantry, Co. K

**From the Luman Henry Lord Collection of South Texas Archives
A2004-061. [Transcriptions by Harold Rosenbaum, Daniel Thacker
and members of the Jernigan Reference Team, July 2016]**

*Letters from Luman Henry Lord to his brother William while he was
in Louisiana from 1862-1865*

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Envelope

Size 3 ½ “ X 5 ½ “

3 cent US postage stamp attached to the upper right corner with a
cancellation stamp reading MARTINSBURG W. VA NOV

Addressed to:

Mr. James R. Lord

Warehouse Point

Hartford County

Conn

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(This page is a printed song)

THE FATE OF THE PIRATE

(Picture of the ship Alabama)

Air – The heights of Alma.

Packages sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the Army or United States.

Address – R.B. Nichol,

Care Gibson Brothers, Printers, 271 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. Ye

jolly sons of the ocean blue, I have a song to sing for you

Of the Kearsarge and her gallant crew, And the pirate Alabama.

These vessels met in the forenoon, On Sunday, the 19th day of June;

And our Yankee gunners proved right soon, Too much for the Alabama.

In half mile circles round they went-- An hour and more broadsides were sent, Till

through and through great holes were rent In the hull of the Alabama. Like blasts

sent from the pit of hell Was the awful storm of shot and shell, Which from the

guns of the Kearsarge fell On the fated Alabama.

Her boiler by a solid shot Was burst, while steam was scalding hot,

And shells were searching every spot Throughout the Alabama.

The crew pell-mell all rushed on deck, Hauled down their flag, the fire to check;

Confusion reigned upon the wreck Of the sinking Alabama.

Then over board all hands did bound-- The Captain swam for the Deerhound,

A British yacht which had come round To help the Alabama.

Captain Winslow hailed her then, For help to save the drowning men,

Not thinking her the chosen friend Of the pirate Alabama.

Of course his aid was freely lent Boats were lowered and quickly sent;

Then with a plunge to the bottom went The far-famed Alabama.

A number of the crew were brought With Captain Semmes aboard the yacht,

Which away for a British harbor shot With her prize from the Alabama.

Had our Yankee boys their treach'ry guessed They would not have stayed to save
the rest,

But to Davy Jones, had her expressed Along with the Alabama.

Now the English channel long will be Remembered for this victory;

Three cheers for the "Champion of the Sea" That sunk the Alabama.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by R.B. Nicol, in the
Clerk's Office of the

District Court for the District of Columbia

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Near Middletown, Virginia

Wednesday October 26th, 1864

Dear Brother Russell,

Your welcome letter bearing date of September 20th came to hand some time since and I was very glad indeed to hear from you. You will please excuse me for not answering it sooner as we have been very busy of late as you have doubtless heard ere this through the newspaper pens also thru the letter that I wrote our sister Melissa last Sunday. I am happy to inform you that I am well at present and am in hopes that these few lines will find you, the family and all our friends in the enjoyment of the same

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blessing. We had another hard fight here on the 19th last, the particulars which I gave in my letter to our sister Melissa. I am at present doing guard duty at headquarters of the 1st Division 19th A.G. Commissary. Am but a short distance from my Reg. I see some of the boys every day. Cousin Andrew, J. Paseo and Theodore Gobbe are well. B. Whipple is sick and has been sent to the rear. He may be at Winchester VA or Sandy Hook, MD. And he may have gone home on a furlough and he may be in Baltimore or Washington. He was sent to Winchester before the last fight. I have not heard from Thomas Costello since we left New

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Orleans, La. When next you write please let me know if his family had heard from him. All of the men of our regiment that were killed in the late battle have been taken up and put in separate boxes and buried again so that their friends can come and get their remains if they want them. They are buried near our regimental camp ground not far from Middletown VA. I will now bring this to a close hoping to hear from you soon. Give my love to the family, all enquiring friends and take a large share to yourself. Goodbye for the present. I remain ever your affectionate brother

L. Henry Lord

Mr. J. Russell Lord

Russell, I think of thee though far away Henry

N.B. Write L.H.L

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