Admiral Farragut, while accepting the armored vessels as possessing certain advantages and as apparently a necessity of "modern warfare," had the impatience of the old-fashioned sailor against any such attempt at protection. He preferred for himself the old type of wooden frigate of which his flagship, the famous *Hartford*, was the representative. "Why," said he, "if a shell strikes the side of the *Hartford* it goes clean through. Unless somebody happens to be directly in the path, there is no damage, excepting a couple of easily plugged holes. But when a shell makes its way into one of those *damned tea-kettles,* it can't get out again. It sputters round inside doing all kinds of mischief." It must be borne in mind, apart from the natural exaggeration of such an utterance, that Farragut was speaking half a century ago, in the time of slow-velocity missiles. His phrase "damned tea-kettles" came, however, to be the general descriptive term for the ironclads, applied not only by the men in the ranks but by the naval men themselves.

There were assured advantages given by the armor in time of action against most of the fire that was possible with the weapons of the day, but for the midsummer climate of Louisiana, the "tea-kettles" were most abominable abiding places. During the day, the iron of the decks would get so hot that the hand could barely rest upon it. At night, sleep was impossible. The decks were kept wetted down, and the men lay on them, getting, toward the morning hours when the hulls had cooled down, such sleep as could be secured.

The progress of the armored transports making their way up the Red River under fire from the shore was an interesting feature of that campaign. The steepness of the banks on the Red River gave peculiar advantages for such fire, as it was frequently the case that the guns of the boats could not be elevated so as to reach the foe's position. It was difficult to protect the man at the wheel from such plunging fire, but bales of cotton were often placed around the upper