The North Carolina Booklet.

GREAT EVENTS IN.....
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.

Tales of the Cape Fear Blockade.

—BY—

JAMES SPRUNT.

FORMERLY PURSER OF THE CONFEDERATE STEAMER "LILIAN."

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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

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JAMES SPRUNT,

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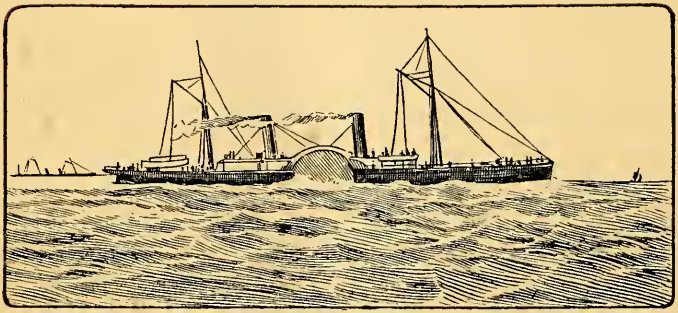
"Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.'



Blockade Runner "Col. Lamb."

PREFACE.

From early youth I have loved the Cape Fear River, the ships and the sailors which it bears upon its bosom. As a schoolboy I delighted to wander along the wharves and watch the strangers from foreign lands, whose uncouth cries and unknown tongues inspired me with a longing for the sea, and for the countries far away whence they had come; in later years I heard the stories of the old time Cape Fear gentlemen, and treasured these memories of our brave and generous people; and now, as I watch from my window the white sails glistening in the morning light, or as, when the evening shadows deepen, I gaze upon the wide expanse resplendent with the glory of the stars, I try to catch the vanishing lines of its history as the current sweeps along with its message to the sea.

But now the oft told tales of ante-bellum times are seldom heard. John Hampden Hill, George Davis, John S. James, A. J. deRosset, James G. Burr, and other treasurers of Cape Fear annals, have crossed over the river, and there are none to take their places. It is of more recent times that I write: of an epoch in our history stained with the best blood of Cape Fear gentlemen; of war and pestilence and famine; of indomitable courage and heroic fortitude; of privations and suffering; and of a strange traffic through a beleaguered city, which supplied the sinews of war long after the resources of the South had been exhausted; a traffic which will be unique in our history because the conditions which sustained it can never again occur.

As I close these gages and look westward across the river, the bright light falls on the yellowish green of the pasture land; and above its ceaseless current loom the Brunswick pines fringing the sky line with a sombre hue. The old time planter with his retinue of slaves is gone. The wharves where the swift blockade runners were moored are rotting away, and thick vines cover the ruins of the old Confederate Cotton Press: but the harbour and the river are the same as when Yeamans came with the first settlers, or as when Flora MacDonald sailed past the town to the restful haven of Cross Creek; and the Dram Tree still stands to warn the outgoing mariner that his voyage has begun, and to welcome the incoming storm-tossed sailor to the quiet harbour beyond.

JAMES SPRUNT.

Wilmington, N. C. February, 10th, 1902.

THE BLOCKADE.

On the nineteenth of April, 1861, President Lincoln declared by proclamation, a Military and Commercial Blockade of our Southern ports, which was supplemented by the proclamation of the twenty-seventh of May, to embrace the whole Atlantic Coast from the capes of Virginia to the mouth of the Rio Grande. This was technically a "Constructive," or "Paper," Blockade, inasmuch as the Declaration of the Great Powers assembled in Congress at Paris in 1856 removed all uncertainty as to the principles upon which the adjudication of prize claims must proceed, by declaring that "Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, must be maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the enemy's coast."

It was obviously impossible at that time for the Federal Government to enforce a blockade of the Southern Coast, measuring 3,549 miles and containing 189 harbors, besides almost innumerable inlets and sounds through which small craft might easily elude the four United States warships then available for service, the remaining 38 ships of war in commission being on distant stations.

Measures were, therefore, taken by the Navy Department to close the entrance of the most important Southern ports, notably those of Charleston and Savannah, by sinking vessels loaded with stone across the main channels or bars. Preparations were also made on a more extensive plan to destroy the natural roadsteads of other Southern

ports and harbours along the coast by the same means; but, although twenty-five vessels were sunk in the smaller inlets, it does not appear that this novel method of blockade was generally adopted.

In the meantime, urgent orders had been sent recalling from foreign stations every available ship of war; and by December of the same year the Secretary of the Navy had purchased and armed 264 ships which, with their 2,557 guns and 22,000 men, rendered the "Paper Blockade" comparatively effective. A sorry looking fleet it was as compared with our modern navies: ships, barks, schooners, sloops, tugs, passenger boats,—anything that would carry a gun, from the hoary type of Noah's Ark to the double-end ferry boat still conspicious in New York waters.

"The Blockading Fleet," says Judge Advocate Cowley, "was divided into two squadrons; the Atlantic Blockading Squadron of 22 vessels carrying 296 guns and 3,300 men, and the Gulf Blockading Squadron of 21 vessels carrying 282 guns and 3,500 men." This force was constantly increased as the two hundred specially designed ships of war were built by the Navy Department. The Squadron reached its highest degree of efficiency during the fourth year of the war by the acquisition of many prizes which were quickly converted into light draft cruisers and which rendered effective naval service, frequently under their original names.

THE BLOCKADERS.

The first blockader placed upon the Cape Fear Station was one bearing the misnomer "Daylight," which appeared July 20, 1861. Others soon followed, until the number

of the blockaders off New Inlet and the main bar of Cape Fear River was increased to about thirty or more; these formed a cordon every night in the shape of a crescent, the horns of which were so close in shore that it was almost impossible for a small boat to pass without discovery. Armed picket barges also patrolled the bars and sometimes crept close in upon the forts. For a year or more the fleet was largely kept upon the blockading stations; then a second cordon was placed across the track of the blockade runners near the ports of Nassau and the Bermudas, the cruisers of which sometimes violated the international distance restriction of one league—three geographical miles—from neutral land. At last a third cordon was drawn on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by which the hunted and harassed blockade runner often became an easy prey in the early morning, after a hard night's run in the darkness during which no lights were visible to friend or foe; even the binnacle lamp being carefully screened, leaving only a small peep hole by which the ship was steered.

THE CRUISERS.

Some of the later cruisers were faster than the blockade runners, and were more dreaded than the blockading squadron; not only because of their greater speed, but chiefly because of the proximity of their consorts which kept them almost in sight, often to the discomfiture of their unhappy quarry, headed off and opposed in every direction. The prospective division of big prize money running into millions of dollars was, of course, the most exciting feature of the service on the Federal side. Occasionally there was

comparatively trifling compensation, but greater enjoyment, in the capture of some small fry of blockade runners, consisting of pilot boats or large yawls laden with two or three bales of cotton and a crew of three or four youths, which sometimes came to grief in a most humiliating way. These small craft, upon one of which the writer was at sea for two weeks, were too frail for the risk of the longer voyages, and were usually projected from the small inlets, or sounds, farther south, which gave them a short run of about a hundred miles to the outer Bahama Keys, through whose dangerous waters they would warily make their way to Nassau. A boat of this description sailed over a Florida bar on a dark night under a favorable wind; but, failing to get out of sight of land before morning dawned, was overhauled at sunrise by a blockader and ordered to come alongside, where, with their own hands, these miniature blockade runners were obliged to hook on the falls of the Yankee's davits, by which they were ignominiously hoisted —boat, cargo and crew, to the captor's deck.

The desertion of negro slaves from tide water plantations and their subsequent rescue as "Intelligent Contrabands" by the coasting cruisers formed an occasional incident in the records of their official logs; but it is a noteworthy fact, deserving honorable mention, that comparatively few of the trusted negroes upon whom the soldiers in the Confederate Army relied for the protection and support of their families at home were thus found wanting. A pathetic and fatal instance is recalled in the case of a misguided negro family which put off from the shore in the darkness, hoping they would be picked up by a chance gunboat in

the morning. They were hailed by a cruiser at daylight, but in attempting to board her their frail boat was swamped, and the father alone rescued; the mother and children perished in the sea.

PORTS OF REFUGE.

The natural advantages of Wilmington at the time of which we write made it an ideal port for blockade runners, there being two entrances to the river; New Inlet on the north, and the Western, or main bar on the south of Cape Fear. "This cape," said Mr. George Davis, "is the southernmost point of Smith's Island, a naked, bleak elbow of sand, jutting far out into the ocean. Immediately in its front are the Frying Pan Shoals, pushing out still farther twenty miles to sea. Together they stand for warning and for woe; and together they catch the long, majestic roll of the Atlantic, as it sweeps through a thousand miles of grandeur and power from the Arctic towards the Gulf. It is the play-ground of billows and tempests, the kingdom of silence and awe, disturbed by no sound save the sea-gull's shriek and the breaker's roar. Its whole aspect is suggestive, not of repose and beauty, but of desolation and terror. Imagination cannot adorn it; romance cannot hallow it; local pride cannot soften it; there it stands to-day, bleak and threatening and pitiless as it stood three hundred years ago when Grenville and White came near unto death upon its sands; and there it will stand bleak and threatening and pitiless until the earth and sea shall give up their dead. And as its nature, so its name, is now, always has been, and always will be, the 'Cape of Fear.'"

The slope of our beach for many miles is very gradual to deep water. The soundings along the coast are regular, and the floor of the ocean is remarkably even. A steamer hard pressed by the enemy could run along the outer edge of the breakers without great risk of grounding; the pursuer, being usually of deeper draft, was obliged to keep further off shore. The Confederate Steamer Lilian, of which I was then Purser, was chased for nearly a hundred miles from Cape Lookout by the U. S. Steamer Shenandoah, which sailed a parallel course within half a mile of her and forced the Lilian at times into the breakers. This was probably the narrowest escape ever made by a blockade runner in a chase. The Shenandoah began firing her broadside guns at three o'clock, p. m., her gunners and commanding officers of the batteries being distinctly visible to the Lilian's crew.

A heavy sea was running which deflected the aim of the man-of-war, and which alone saved the Lilian from destruction. A furious bombardment by the Shenandoah, aggravated by the display of the Lilian's Confederate flag, was continued until nightfall, when, by a clever ruse, the Lilian, guided by the flash of her pursuer's guns, stopped for a few minutes; then, putting her helm hard over, ran across the wake of the war-ship straight out to sea, and, on the following morning, passed the fleet off Fort Fisher in such a crippled condition that several weeks were spent in Wilmington for repairs.

This principal seaport of North Carolina had become also the most important in the Southern Confederacy. Prior to the beginning of hostilities it had sustained a large traf-

fic in naval stores and lumber, and now it was to be for a time the chief cotton port of America. Before the war, its miles of tidy wharves had been lined, often three deep, with white-winged sailing vessels from near and far: there being only two steamers, the North Carolina and the Parkersburg, forerunners of the steam era which was to revolutionize commerce throughout the world.

A startling change in the aspect of the port was now apparent. The sailing vessels, even to the tiny corn crackers from Hyde County, had vanished: likewise, the two New York steamers. The long line of wharves was occupied by a fleet of nondescript craft the like of which had never been seen in North Carolina waters. A cotton compress on the western side of the river near the Market Street ferry was running night and day, to supply these steamers with cargoes for Nassau and Bermuda, while other new comers were busily discharging their anomalous cargoes of life-preserving and death-dealing supplies for the new Confederacy.

The good old town was sadly marred by the plagues of war and pestilence and famine; four hundred and forty-seven of a population reduced by flight to five thousand, had been carried off by the epidemic of yellow fever brought from Nassau by the steamer Kate; and hundreds more of the younger generation, who gave up their lives in the Confederate cause, had been brought to their final resting place in Oakdale Cemetery. Suspension of the civil law, neglect of sanitary precautions, the removal of nearly all the famine stricken women and children to safer places in the interior, and the coming of speculators and adventur-

ers to the auction sales of the blockade runners' merchandise, as well as of lawless and depraved characters attracted by the camps and shipping, had quite changed the aspect of the whole community. The military post, including all the river and harbour defences, was under the command of Major General W. H. C. Whiting, a distinguished West Point engineer of great ability, well known and honoured in Wilmington, where he married and resided. He fell, mortally wounded, in the last Fort Fisher fight, and died a prisoner of war in a Northern hospital. His remains were brought home, and now rest in Oakdale beside those of his most estimable wife who recently followed him.

The distress of Wilmington during the yellow fever epidemic was described as follows by the late Doctor Thomas F. Wood in his biographical sketch of one of the heroes of that fearful scourge, Doctor James H. Dickson, who died at his post of duty.

"The month of September, 1862, was one of great calamity to Wilmington. The alarming forebodings of the visitation of yellow fever in a pestilential form had ripened into a certainty. Depleted of her young and active men, there was only a military garrison in occupation, and when the presence of fever was announced the soldiers were removed to a safer locality. The country people, taking a panic at the news of the presence of the fever, no longer sent in their supplies. The town was deserted, its silence broken only by the occasional pedestrian bound on errands of mercy to the sick, or the rumbling of the rude funeral cart. The blockade was being maintained with increased rigor. The only newspaper then published was 'The Wilmington

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Journal,' a daily under the editorship of James Fulton, and its issues were maintained under the greatest difficulties, owing to the scarcity of paper and to sickness among the printers. All eyes were turned anxiously toward the physicians and those in authority, for help. To all the resident physicians, the disease was a new one; not one in the number had ever seen a case of yellow fever, and among them were men of large experience. The municipal authorities recognized their helplessness; the town was neglected, for it had been overcrowded with soldiers and visitors since the early days of the spring of 1861. The black pall of smoke from the burning tar barrels added solemnity to the deadly silence of the streets; designed to purify the air and mitigate the pestilence, it seemed more like fuliginous clouds of ominous portent, a somber emblem of mourning. Panic, distress, mute despair, want, had fallen upon a population then strained to its utmost, with the bleeding columns of its regiments dyeing the hills of Maryland with their blood, until the whole air was filled with the wail of the widow and orphan, and the dead could no longer be honored with the last tribute of respect.

'The Wilmington Journal' of September 29th, 1862, gave all its available editorial space to chronicle, for the first time, the character of the epidemic, and in a few brief words to notice the death of some of the more prominent citizens. One paragraph in the simple editorial notice ran as follows: 'Dr. James H. Dickson, a physician of the highest character and standing, died here on Sunday morning of yellow fever. Dr. Dickson's death is a great loss to the profession and to the community.' Close by, in an-

other column, from the pen of the acting Adjutant, Lieutenant VanBokkelen, of the 3d N. C. Infantry, numbering so many gallant souls of the young men of Wilmington, was the list of the killed and wounded from the bloody field of Sharpsburg.

"Distressed and bereaved by this new weight of sorrow, Wilmington sat in the mournful habiliments of widowhood, striving, amidst the immensity of the struggle, to make her courageous voice heard above all the din of war, to nerve the brave hearts who stood as a girdle of steel about beleaguered Richmond.

"James Fulton, the well known editor of the 'Journal,' the wary politican and cautious editor, striving to keep the worst from the world, lest the enemy might use it to our disadvantage, often ruthlessly suppressed from his limited space such matters as in these days of historical research might be of the greatest service. There were two predominant topics which eclipsed all the impending sorrow and distress: first, foreign intervention, for the purpose of bringing about an honorable peace; second, warnings to the State government of the inadequacy of the defense of Wilmington harbour against the enemy. The former topic was discussed with unvarying pleasure. The horizon of the future was aglow with the rosy dreams of mandates from the British and French governments which would bring independence to the Confederacy and peace and quietness to the numerous homes, from the sea to the mountains, where sorrow and death had hung like a pall. It is not strange, therefore, that the few publications that had survived the scarcity of printing material should have contained so lit-

tle biographical matter. Comrades dropped on the right and on the left, but the ranks were closed up, the hurried tear wiped away, and the line pushed steadily forward. The distinguished physician, or general, or jurist, as well as the humble private, got his passing notice in the meagre letters which a chance correspondent sent to one of the few newspapers, and in a short time he was forgotten in the fresh calamity of the day."

RESCUE OF MADAME DEROSSET.

We found at the ship-yard in Wilmington, while the "Lillian was undergoing repairs, the noted blockade runner Lynx, commanded by one of the most daring spirits in the service, Capt. Reed. This officer has been described in a Northern magazine as a pirate, but he was one of the mildest mannered of gentlemen, a capital seaman, and apparently entirely devoid of fear. He had previously commanded the Gibraltar, formerly the first Confederate cruiser Sumter; and he brought through the blockade in this ship to Wilmington the two enormous guns which attracted so much attention at that time. One of them exploded, through a fault in loading; the other was used for the defense of Charleston, and rendered effective service.

A thrilling incident occurred in the destruction of the Lynx, a few weeks after we left her at Wilmington, which nearly terminated the life of a brave and charming little lady, the wife of Mr. Louis H. deRosset, and of her infant child, who were passengers for Nassau. At half past seven o'clock on the evening of September 26, 1864, the Lynx attempted to run the blockade at New Inlet, but was imme-

diately discovered in the Swash Channel by the Federal cruiser Niphon, which fired several broadsides into her at short range, nearly every shot striking her hull and seriously disabling her. Notwithstanding this, Captain Reed continued his efforts to escape, and for a short time was slipping away from his pursuer; but he was again intercepted by two federal men-of-war, the Howquah and the Governor Buckingham. Mrs. deRosset describing the scene a few days afterwards, said:

"Immediately the sky was illuminated with rockets; broadside upon broadside, volley upon volley, was poured upon us. The Captain put me in the wheel house for safety. I had scarcely taken my seat when a ball passed three inches above my head, wounding the man at the wheel next to me; a large piece of the wheel house knocked me violently on the head. I flew to the cabin, took my baby in my arms, and immediately another ball passed through the cabin. We came so near one of the enemy's boats that they fired a round of musketry, and demanded surrender. We passed them like lightning; our vessel commenced sinking! Eight shots went through and through below the water line. I stayed in the cabin until I could no longer keep baby out of the water."

The Howquah then engaged the Lynx at close quarters, and her batteries tore away a large part of the paddle boxes and bridge deck. The Buckingham, also attacked the plucky blockade runner at so short a range that her commander fired all the charges from his revolver at Captain Reed and his pilot on the bridge. The continual flashing of the guns brightly illuminated the chase and, escape being impossi-

ble, Captain Reed, much concerned for the safety of his passengers, headed his sinking ship for the beach. In the meantime Fort Fisher was firing upon his pursuers with deadly effect, killing and wounding five men on the Howquah and disabling one of the guns. The sea was very rough that night, and the treacherous breakers with their deafening roar afforded little hope of landing a woman and a baby through the surf; nevertheless, it was the only alternative, and right bravely did the heroine meet it. Through the breakers the Lynx was driven to her destruction, the shock as her keel struck the bottom sending her crew headlong to the deck. Boats were lowered with great difficulty, the sea dashing over the bulwarks and drenching the sailors to the point of strangulation. Madame deRosset, with the utmost coolness, watched her chance while the boat lurched and pounded against the stranded ship, and jumped gracefully to her place; the baby, wrapped in a blanket was tossed from the deck to her mother ten feet below, and then the fight for a landing began; while the whole crew, forgetful of their own danger, and inspired with courage by the brave lady's example, joined in three hearty cheers as she disappeared in the darkness towards the shore. Under the later glare of the burning ship, which was set on fire when abandoned, a safe landing was effected, but with great suffering; soaking wet, without food or drink, they remained on the beach until a message could reach Colonel Lamb at Fort Fisher, five miles distant, whence an ambulance was sent to carry the passengers twenty miles up to Wilmington. The baby blockade runner, Gabrielle, survived this perilous adventure, also an

exciting run through the fleet in the Confederate steamer Owl; and she is now the devoted wife of Colonel Alfred Moore Waddell, Mayor of Wilmington.

WAR PRICES.

The prices of food and clothing had advanced in proportion to the depreciation of Confederate money; the plainest necessities were almost unobtainable.—$50 for a ham, $500 for a barrel of flour, $500 for a pair of boots, $600 for a suit of clothes, $1,500 for an overcoat, and $100 a pound for coffee or tea, were readily paid as the fortunes of the Confederacy waned. Coffee was perhaps the greatest luxury, and was seldom used; substitutes of beans, potatoes and rye, with "long sweetening,"—sorghum, having been generally adopted. Within a mile or two of our temporary home in the country there lived two unattractive spinsters of mature age, one of whom, in the other's absence, was asked by an old reprobate of some means in the neighborhood to marry him, a preposterous proposal which she indignantly rejected. Upon the return of the absent sister, however, she was made to feel that she had thrown away the golden opportunity of a life time; for, "Why," said the sister, "didn't you know he has a bag of coffee in his house?"

Another true incident will also serve to illustrate the comic side of the great crisis. Our evening meal consisted of milk, rye coffee, youpon tea, honey, and one wheaten biscuit each, with well prepared corn muffins and hominy ad libitum. These biscuits, however, were valued beyond price, and the right of each individual to them, as well as the plate upon which they rested, was closely guarded by

the younger members of the family. One evening there appeared just before supper an itinerant preacher, who was made welcome to the best we had. Addressing himself with vigor to the tempting plate of biscuits, and ignoring the despised muffins, which were politely pressed upon him by our dismayed youngsters at his side, he actually devoured the entire dozen with apparent ease and great relish. Upon being informed at the hour of retiring that it would be inconvenient to serve his breakfast at daylight, when he desired to depart, he said, to our amazement, that, rather than disturb us in the early morning, he would take his breakfast then and there before going to bed.

INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

The chief intermediate neutral ports of refuge for the blockade runners from Wilmington were Nassau, upon the island of New Providence in the Bahamas, and St. George's and Hamilton, in the Bermudas. These towns were of small note before the civil war began, but they became of great commercial importance as the traffic through the blockade increased. The distance from Cape Fear to Nassau, almost due south, is 570 miles, and to Bermuda, nearly due east, is 674 miles. The run to Nassau by a fast ship was 48 to 55 hours, and to Bermuda about 72 hours.

The inhabitants of Nassau had, with few exceptions, gained a precarious and questionable livelihood by wrecking, which in many instances was little short of piracy. Nature is so bountiful in the West Indies that the worthless, indolent negroes who largely composed the population subsisted daily upon fish and yams and tropical fruits, in

great variety, at the cost of an hour's work. Left to themselves, they had relapsed into semi-barbarism, which may be said of the West Indies negroes of Congo origin in general. The American blacks, especialy those of the South in their state of slavery, were infinitely superior, and their characteristics were kindly and peaceable, quite the reverse of those with whom we had to deal in Nassau. The influx of speculators and adventurers, and good business men as well, from all parts of the world soon gave to Nassau, and also to Bermuda (whose population comprised a much better class of natives), a heterogeneous and motley aspect sometimes quite picturesque. The cost of respectable living became so exorbitant that the British government was asked for a larger allowance by the officers of the regiment quartered at Nassau, and also by the commander at the Bermudas. The enormous profits made by successful blockade runners quite turned their heads; and swaggering sailors with their pockets full of gold were as reckless in spending it upon their dissolute associates, as many of the officers and ship owners were in the indulgence of their more expensive tastes for wine and gambling at the Royal Victoria Hotel.

FINANCIAL ESTIMATES.

I have not been able to obtain an approximate estimate of the value of supplies brought by blockade runners into the Confederacy during the four years' war, nor the amount of the losses by ship owners who failed to make a successful voyage through the Federal fleet. I have, however, carefully computed the actual sum realized by the United

States government from public sales of prizes, recorded by Admiral Porter in his "Naval History of the Civil War," which aggregates $21,759,595.05; to which may be reasonably added $10,000,000.00 for prizes of my knowledge not included in this report, and $10,000,000.00 more for valuable ships and cargoes stranded or destroyed by design or accident while attempting to escape from the blockading squadron. This total of $42,000,000.00 represents only a part, perhaps one-half, of the capital invested. Many successful steamers ran up their profits into millions. A steamer carrying 1,000 bales of cotton sometimes realized a profit of a quarter million dollars on the inward and outward run, within two weeks. Cotton could be purchased in the Confederacy for 3 cents per pound gold, and sold in England at the equivalent of 45 cents to $1 a pound, and the profits on some classes of goods brought into the Confederacy were in the same proportion. It is probably within the bounds of truth to say that the blockade running traffic during the war, including the cost of the ships, amounted to about one hundred and fifty-millions of dollars, gold standard.

THE FAMINE STRICKEN CONFEDERACY.

A pathetic feature of the traffic in the last year of the war was the falling off in the demand for blockade goods in the South at a time when they were most needed by the people, and when they were most difficult to obtain, even by the employment of the latest designed blockade runners, the construction of which cost twice as much as that of the previous type. The sad truth is, the Confederates were no longer able to buy even the commonest necessities of life,

and four-fifths of the women and children at home, as well as the soldiers in the field, were on the verge of starvation. Also, the demands of the Confederate Government for a larger proportion of the cargo space at reduced rates of freight had a depressing effect upon traffic; and many of the successful traders withdrew their ships, which, otherwise, would have had to face the hazard of almost certain capture or destruction. Mr. Tom Taylor, a conspicuous and celebrated leader in blockade running, who controlled a fleet of steamers, said that the Commissary General of the Confederacy in Richmond divulged to him early in the last year of the war that Gen. Lee's army had rations for only thirty days, and that there were no means of replenishing the commissariat unless Mr. Taylor could proceed to Nassau and bring relief within three weeks. Mr. Taylor had then in Wilmington his steamer Banshee, whose captain he telegraphed to prepare for sea and await his arrival. After an exciting and lengthy journey of three days and nights from Richmond to Wilmington by way of Danville, the Weldon road connection having been cut off, Mr. Taylor embarked upon the steamer Banshee on a most exciting and dangerous run to Nassau, and brought back a ship-load of provisions, which he landed in Wilmington within eighteen days after his departure from Richmond. It is an established fact, stated by both Southern and Northern authorities, that the Banshee saved the Army of Northern Virginia from starvation. Mr. Taylor graphically describes this run as follows:

"In the interim between our leaving Wilmington and our return, Porter's fleet had made an unsuccessful attack upon Fort Fisher, and this Federal commander was just

then, at the time of our appearance upon the scene, concluding his attack and re-embarking his beaten troops. When morning broke and we were near the fort, we counted sixty-four vessels that we had passed through. After being heavily fired into at daybreak by several gunboats (the fort being unable to protect us as usual, owing to nearly all of its guns having been put out of action in the attack of two days previous), it was an exciting moment as we crossed the bar in safety, cheered by the garrison, some two thousand strong, who knew that we had provisions on board for the relief of their comrades in Virginia.

"I shall never forget that trip. We sailed from Nassau at dusk on the evening before Christmas day, but were only just outside the harbor when our steam-pipe split and we had to return. As it was hopeless, on account of the moon, to make the attempt unless we could get away next day, I was in despair, and thought it was all up with my enterprise. After long trying in vain to find some one to undertake the necessary repairs, owing to its being Christmas day, I found at last a Yankee, who said: 'Well, sir, it's only a question of price.' I said, 'Name yours,' and he replied, 'Well, I guess $400 for three clamps would be fair.' I said, 'All right, if finished by six o'clock.' He set to work, and we made all arrangements to start. Shortly after six the work was finished, but the black pilot then declared he couldn't take her out until the tide turned, there being no room to turn her in the harbour. As it was a question of hours, I said, 'Back her out.' He grinned and said, 'Perhaps do plenty damage.' 'Never mind;' said I, 'try it'; and we did, with the result that we came plump into the

man-of-war lying at the entrance of the harbour (officers all on deck ready to go down to their Christmas dinner), and ground along her side, smashing two of her boats in, but doing ourselves little damage. 'Good-bye,' I shouted; 'A merry Christmas! Send the bill in for the boats.' Away we went clear, and fortunate it was we did so, as we only arrived off Wilmington just in time to run through Porter's fleet before daybreak on the 28th of December.

"The trip out was equally exciting, for I had as passengers General Randolph, ex-Secretary of State for War, who was going to Europe invalided, and his wife. I did not want to take them, as the Banshee had practically no accommodation whatever, particularly for ladies. However, she had such a good character for safety, that they pleaded hard to be taken, and I at last consented, though I did not like at all the responsibility of having a lady on board. I was determined, however, to make Mrs. Randolph as safe as possible, so I told the stevedore to keep a square space between the cotton bales on deck, into which she could retire in case the firing became hot. And hot it did become. Running down with a strong ebb tide through the Smith's Island inlet channel, we suddenly found a gunboat in the middle of the channel on the bar. It was too late to stop, so we put at her, almost grazing her sides and receiving her broadside point blank. Mrs. Randolph had retired to her place of safety, but she told me afterwards that, alarmed as she was, she could not help laughing, when, after she had been there only an instant, my colored servant, who had evidently fixed upon the place as appearing to be most safe, jumped right on top of her, his teeth chattering

through fear. How we laughed the next morning, and how poor Sam got chaffed! But he afterwards became quite a cool hand; and when we were running in, in daylight, in the Will-o'-the-Wisp and the shot were coming thick, Sam appeared on the bridge with his usual 'Coffee, Sar!'

"After we had got rid of our friend on the bar, we were heavily peppered by her consorts outside, from whom we received no damage; but we fell in with very bad weather, and the ship was under water most of the time. Right glad I was to land my passengers, who were half dead through sea-sickness, exposure and fatigue."

DEFENSES.

The defenses of Oak Island, commanding the main bar of the Cape Fear river, were composed of Fort Caswell and Fort Campbell—the latter a large earth work situated about one mile down the beach from Fort Caswell—Battery Shaw, and some smaller earthworks. With reference to the principal fortification I have received the following official particulars from the Secretary of War:

"Fort Caswell, at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, North Carolina, was commenced in the year 1826, the first appropriation for its construction being under act of Congress approved March 2nd, 1825. It was reported as about completed by Captain Alexander J. Swift, United States Engineers, Oct. 20th, 1838, at a total cost of $473,402. From 1838 to 1857, for preservation of site, repairs &c., at Fort Caswell, and some repairs at Fort Johnston, the sum of $69,422.09 was expended, making a total to 1857 of $542,-

844.09. It was named Fort Caswell by War Department Order, No. 32 of April 18th, 1833.

"Fort Caswell was an enclosed pentagonal work, with a loop-holed scarp wall, flanked by caponieres; it was constructed for an armament of 61 channel-bearing guns, mounted en-barbette, and a few small guns for land defense. Capacious defensive barracks, called a citadel, occupied a large part of the parade."

It is a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding its exposed position to the Federal fleet, no general engagement occurred at Caswell during the four years' war. The fort was of great service, however, in defending the main bar and the garrison at Smithville, although the fighting was confined to an occasional artillery duel with the United States blockading fleet.

During the past three years the ruins of Fort Caswell have disappeared; and the General Government has erected on Oak Island, under the old name—in honor of the first governor of North Carolina—one of the strongest forts on the Atlantic coast, armed with far reaching disappearing batteries and equipped with the most approved appliances of modern warfare.

The New Inlet, which was more frequently used by the blockade runners, was protected for four years by Fort Fisher a splendid creation of its gallant defender, Colonel Lamb, and which was styled by Federal engineers "The Malakoff of the South."

The plans of Fort Fisher were Colonel Lamb's; and as the work progressed they were approved by Generals French, Raines, Longstreet, Beauregard and Whiting, who

were among the best engineers of West Point. It was built solely for the purpose of resisting the fire of a large fleet, and it withstood uninjured, as to armament, two of the fiercest bombardments in history. The land face of the works was 682 yards long, and the sea face was 1,898 yards long. The position commanded the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world. Its capture, with the resulting loss of all the Cape Fear river defenses and Wilmington, the most important entrepot of the Confederacy, effectually ended blockade running. Gen. Lee, recognizing the importance of Wilmington, sent word to Colonel Lamb that Fort Fisher must be held, or he could not subsist his army. The following description of the land face and sea face of Fort Fisher is given in Colonel Lamb's own words:

"At the land face of Fort Fisher the peninsula was about half a mile wide. This face commenced about one hundred feet from the river with a half bastion, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. There was no moat with scarp and counterscarp, so essential for defence against storming parties, the shifting sands rendering its construction impossible with the material available.

"The outer slope was twenty feet high and was sodded with marsh grass which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The

guns were all mounted in barbette on Columbiad carriages, there being no casemated gun in the fort. Between the gun chambers, containing one or two guns each, there were twenty heavy guns on the land face; there were heavy traverses exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine, or bomb-proof, the latter ventilated by an air chamber. The passage ways penetrated traverses in the interior of the work, forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs for the guns.

" As a defence against infantry there was a system of subterra torpedoes extending across the peninsula, five to six hundred feet from the land face, and so disconnected that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, extending from river bank to sea shore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the center, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally port, from which two napoleons were run as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance of the river road into the port; commanding this bridge was a napoleon gun. There were three mortars in the rear of the land face.

THE SEA FACE OF FORT FISHER.

"The sea face for one hundred yards from the northwest bastion was of the same massive character as the land

face. A crescent battery intended for four guns joined this. But it was converted into a hospital bomb-proof. In the rear a heavy curtain was thrown up to protect the chambers from fragments of shells. From the bomb-proof a series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected by an infantry curtain. These batteries had heavy traverses, but were not more than ten or twelve feet high to the top of the parapets, and were built for ricochet firing. On the line was a bomb-proof electric battery connected with a system of submarine torpedoes. Farther along, where the channel ran close to the beach, inside the bar, a mound battery sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with the battery north of it by a light curtain. Following the line of the works it was over one mile from the mound to the northeast bastion at the angle of the sea and land faces, and upon this line 24 heavy guns were mounted. From the mound for nearly one mile to the end of the point, was a level sand plain scarcely three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point was battery Buchanan, four guns in the shape of an ellipse commanding the inlet, its two eleven-inch guns covering the approach by land. An advanced redoubt with a 24-pounder was added after the attack by the forces on Christmas, 1864. A wharf for large steamers was in close proximity to these works. Battery Buchanan was a citadel to which an overpowered garrison might retreat and, with proper transportion, be safely carried off at night, and to which reinforcements could be sent under the cover of darkness."

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

If the Federal Government was unprepared for naval warfare at the beginning of the civil strife, the Confederacy was even less prepared, for it could not claim the ownership of a single ship. In a conversation shortly after the war, our distinguished naval officer, Captain John Newland Maffitt, said:

"The Northern navy contributed materially to the successful issue of the war. The grand mistake of the South was neglecting her navy. All our army movements out West were baffled by the armed Federal steamers which swarmed on Western waters, and which our government had provided nothing to meet. Before the capture of New Orleans, the South ought to have had a navy strong enough to prevent the capture of that city and hold firmly the Mississippi and its tributaries. This would have prevented many disastrous battles; it would have made Sherman's march through the country impossible, and Lee would have been master of his lines. The errors of our government were numerous, but the neglect of the navy proved irremediable and fatal.

"Nobody here," he continued, "would believe at first that a great war was before us. South Carolina seceded first, and improvised a navy consisting of two small tug boats! North Carolina followed suit, and armed a tug and a small passenger boat! Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana put in commission a handful of frail river boats that you could have knocked to pieces with a pistol shot. That was our navy! Then came Congress and voted money to pay officers like myself, who had resigned from the Federal navy, but no-

thing to build or arm any ships for us to command. Of course, it woke up by and by, and ordered vessels to be built here, there and everywhere, but it was too late."

"And yet," said the Captain, with a momentary kindling of the eye, as the thought of other days came back to him, "The Confederate navy, minute though it was, won a place for itself in history. To the Confederates the credit belongs of testing in battle the invulnerability of ironclads, and of revolutionizing the navies of the world. The Merrimac did this; and, though we had but a handful of light cruisers, while the ocean swarmed with armed Federal vessels, we defied the Federal navy and swept Northern commerce from the seas."

Colonel Scharf, in his admirable "History of the Confederate States Navy" says: "In many respects the most interesting chapter of the history of the Confederate navy is that of the building and operation of the ships-of-war which drove the merchant flag of the United States from the oceans and almost extirpated their carrying trade. But the limitations of space of this volume forbid more than a brief review of the subject. The function of commerce-destroyers is now so well admitted as an attribute of war between recognized belligerents by all the nations of the world, that no apology is necessary for the manner in which the South conducted hostilities upon the high seas against her enemy; and, while the Federal officials and organs styled the cruisers 'pirates' and their commanders 'buccaneers,' such stigmatization has long since been swept away, along with other rubbish of the War between the States, and their legal status fully and honorably es-

tablished. We have not the space for quotations from Prof. Soley, Prof. Bolles and other writers upon this point; but what they have said may be summed up in the statement that the government and agents of the Confederacy transgressed no principle of right in this matter, and that if the United States were at war to-day, they would strike at the commerce of an enemy in as nearly the same manner as circumstances would permit. The justification of the Confederate authorities is not in the slightest degree affected by the fact that the Geneva Tribunal directed Great Britain to pay the Federal government $15,500,000 in satisfaction for ships destroyed by cruisers constructed in British ports.

"Eleven Confederate cruisers figured in the 'Alabama Claims' settlement between the United States and Great Britain. They were the Alabama, Shenandoah, Florida, Tallahassee, Georgia, Chickamauga, Nashville, Retribution, Sumter, Sallie and Boston. The actual losses inflicted by the Alabama, $6,547,609, were only $60,000 greater than those charged to the Shenandoah. The sum total of the claims filed against the eleven cruisers for ships and cargoes was $17,900,633, all but about $4,000,000 being caused by the Alabama and Shenandoah. The tribunal decided that Great Britain was in no way responsible for the losses inflicted by any cruisers but the Alabama, Florida and Shenandoah. It disallowed all the claims of the United States for indirect or consequential losses, which included the approximate extinction of American commerce by the capture of ships or their transfer to foreign flags. What this amounted to is shown in the 'Case of the

United States' presented to the tribunal. In this it is stated that while in 1860 two-thirds of the commerce of New York was carried on in American bottoms, in 1863 three-fourths was carried on in foreign bottoms. The transfer of American vessels to the British flag to avoid capture is stated thus: In 1861, vessels 126, tonnage 71,673; in 1862, vessels 135, tonnage 64,578; in 1863, vessels 348, tonnage 252,579; in 1864, vessels, 106, tonnage 92,052. Commanders of the Confederate cruisers have avowed that the destruction of private property and diversion of legitimate commerce in the performance of their duty was painful in the extreme to them; but in their wars the United States had always practiced this mode of harassing an enemy, and had, indeed, been the most conspicuous exemplars of it that the world ever saw."

Since the foregoing was written by Colonel Scharf in 1887 there has been a growing aversion on the part of the principal commercial Powers to privateering. A recent press association dispatch from Washington says:

"The report from Brussels that former President Kruger is being urged to notify the Powers that unless they intervene in the South African contest he will commission privateers, is not treated seriously here. It is well understood, as one outcome of the war with Spain, that the United States government will never again, except in the most extraordinary emergency, issue letters of marque; and the same reasons that impel the government to this course would undoubtedly operate to prevent our government from recognizing any such warrants issued by any other nation, even were that nation in full standing.

"In the case of the Spanish war, both the belligerents by agreement refrained from issuing commissions to privateers, and it now has been many years since the flag of any respectable nation has flown over such craft."

About the beginning of the year 1862, the Confederate States Government began the construction of an iron clad ram, named North Carolina, on the west side of Cape Fear river at the ship yard of the late B. W. Beery; the drawings and specifications of the vessel having been made by Captain John L. Porter, Chief Naval Constructor of the Confederate States Navy, with headquarters at Portsmouth, Virginia.

The armament of the North Carolina consisted of one 10-inch pivot gun in the bow and six broadside guns of about 8-inch calibre. The timbers of the vessel were heavy pine and hard wood covered with railroad iron, giving the ram, when launched, the appearance of a turtle in the water.

The North Carolina was subsequently anchored for a long time off Smithville, now Southport, as a guard vessel commanding the entrance to the river at the main bar, until she was gradually destroyed by the toredo, or sea-worm, and sank at her moorings, where I believe she still remains.

The Raleigh, a vessel of like construction, was built later at the wharf near the foot of Church street; and after being launched was completed at Cassidey's ship-yard.

Her construction and armament were similar to that of the North Carolina, but she was covered with heavy iron plates of two thicknesses running fore and aft and athwart ship.

I am indebted to a distinguished ex-Confederate officer for the following particulars of an expedition from Wilmington against the Federal blockading fleet off New Inlet Bar, in which the Raleigh took a conspicuous part; and which, contrary to the hopes and expectations of our people, not only proved to be a dismal failure, but resulted in the loss of the Raleigh, which broke her back while trying to re-enter the river and sank in the middle of the narrow channel, proving afterwards a troublesome obstruction to the blockade runners at New Inlet.

The Star of the Confederacy was waning in the spring of 1864, a depreciated currency and the scant supply of provisions and clothing had sent prices almost beyond the reach of people of moderate means. In Richmond, meal was $10 per bushel; butter, $5 per pound; sugar, $12 per pound; bacon, hog round, $4 per pound; brogan shoes, $25 per pair; felt hats, $150; cotton cloth, $30 per yard: and it was a saying in the Capital of the Confederacy, that the money had to be carried in the market basket and the marketing brought home in the pocket book.

Early in May the condition of the commissariat had been alarming; but a few days' rations were left for Lee's army, and only the timely arrival of the blockade runner Banshee with provisions saved the troops from suffering.

Wilmington was the only port left to the blockade runners, and the blockade of the mouths of the Cape Fear had become dangerously stringent. Some twenty steamers guarded the two inlets, besides two outer lines of fast cruisers between this city and the friendly ports of Nassau and the Bermudas. On dark nights, armed launches were sent

into the bar to report outgoing steamers by firing rockets in the direction taken by them. The ceaseless vigilance of the forts could scarcely make an exit for friendly vessels even comparatively free from danger. An hour after dark, Fort Fisher, having trailed its sea-face guns upon the bar, would ricochet its Columbiad shot and shell upon that point, so as to frighten off the launches; and then the blockade runners would venture out and take their chances of running the gauntlet of the blockading fleet.

In this emergency, Commodore Lynch, commanding the Confederate fleet in the Cape Fear river, determined to raise the blockade off New Inlet, the favorite entrance of the blockade runners.

The iron-clad ram Raleigh, already described, Lieutenant J. Pembroke Jones, commanding, and two small wooden gun-boats, Yadkin and Equator, were chosen for the purpose.

Our late townsman, Captain E. W. Manning, chief engineer of the station, and the late engineer Smith, C. S. N., of Fayetteville, were in charge of the machinery of the Raleigh. On the afternoon of May 6, 1864, the Commodore visited Fort Fisher, to take a reconnoissance, and obtain, as far as practicable, the co-operation of the fort. Seven vessels were at the anchorage at sundown; the Tuscarora, Britannia, Nansemond, Howquah, Mount Vernon, Kansas and Niphon. He arranged a distinguishing signal for his vessels—a red light above a white one, so that they would not be fired upon by the fort.

Fort Fisher had its sea-face guns manned after dark by experienced artillerists, and about eight o'clock the range

lights were set at the Mound and the Confederate flotilla put to sea. The commander of the fort, Colonel William Lamb, with some of his officers, repaired to the ramparts opposite the bar and awaited the result.

Within thirty minutes after the vessels had disappeared from the vision of the anxious garrison, a few shots were heard from seaward, and some Coston blue lights were seen in the offing; then all was dark as Erebus and silent as the grave.

Speculation was rife among the Confederates who manned the guns. Had the foe been dispersed or destroyed? Why were no rockets sent up to announce a victory, to cheer the thousand hearts which beat with anxious hope within Fort Fisher?

A long night of waiting was spent without any sign save the occasional twinkle of a distant light at sea. The gunners were relieved at midnight, but all continued dark and silent.

At last day dawned, the breakers on the bar became visible, the Raleigh and her consorts appeared; and then outside of them, at long range, the enemy's fleet. Shots were exchanged after daylight between the combatants; one of the Federal vessels fired rapidly at the Raleigh, approaching as she fired, but, receiving a shot from the iron-clad through her smoke-stack, withdrew to a safer distance.

Then the seven blockaders came closer to the Confederate fleet, showing fight, and probably with the intention of trying to run the Raleigh down; but that vessel and her consorts headed for the fort and steamed slowly in, the en-

emy prudently keeping beyond the range of the guns of Fort Fisher.

It was with great disappointment that the garrison saw the Raleigh, Yadkin and Equator come over the bar and under the guns of the fort, leaving the blockading squadron apparently unharmed.

The Yadkin and Equator came safe into the river, but the Raleigh, after passing the mound and rounding Confederate Point, grounded on the rip at the mouth of the river. Efforts were made to lighten her and get her off, but the receding tide caused her to hog and break in two, on account of the heavy armor and, becoming a wreck, she subsequently sank and went to pieces. Little was saved from her, but the crew were not endangered, as the weather was calm.

SMITHVILLE (SOUTHPORT.)

The staid old village of Smithville, situated on the Cape Fear between Fort Fisher and Fort Caswell, but nearer the latter, was in those days the center of busy military life. It was named in 1792, in honour of its distinguished citizen, Governor Benjamin Smith, who had served in his youth as Aide-de-camp of Washington and who afterwards became one of the most noted philanthropists, patriots and statesmen of his time. The village had been previously called Fort Johnstone, a fortification named for the Colonial Governor, Gabriel Johnstone, having been erected there about the year 1745 for the protection of the Cape Fear colony.

By authority of the Legislature, the name was changed to Southport, and it is but justice to the people that this

apparent forgetfulness of their benefactor should be explained. Shortly before this, a number of prospectors, claiming abundant means and influence, promised to build a road, to be known as the "South Atlantic and Northwestern Railroad," in as direct a line as practicable from Smithville to Cincinnati; and suggested for the former a name more suitable for a commercial city. The towns folk were naturally filled with enthusiasm at the thought of the city which would arise at this terminus, and of the benefit to accrue to the whole State from the development of a deep water port. They more readily agreed to the change because the University of North Carolina had built a monument to Governor Smith in a building now used as a library, a more fitting tribute to his memory, they thought, than the name of an unimportant town. Now, after a lapse of fifteen years—the railroad having failed to materialize—they find themselves disappointed of all their hopes, and burdened with a meaningless name.

PILOTS.

This old military post with its obsolete guns was occupied by the N. C. State Troops at the beginning of the war, and was later strengthened by the Confederate engineers. Here was the headquarters of the Confederate General commanding; and here were the houses and homes of about 60 hardy pilots, whose humble sphere was suddenly exalted to one of dignity,—that of the most important and responsible officers of the swift blockade-running steamers, which braved the dangers of a hostile fleet and crept in every night under the cover of darkness.

The story of the wonderful nerve of these pilots in the time of the Federal blockade has never been fully written; because the survivors are modest men, and time has obliterated from their memories many incidents of this most extraordinary epoch of their lives.

Amidst the impenetrable darkness, without lightship or beacon, the narrow and closely watched inlet was felt for with a deep-sea lead as a blind man feels his way along a familiar path; and often, when the enemy's fire was raking the wheel-house, the faithful pilot, with steady hand and iron nerve, would safely steer the little fugitive of the sea to her desired haven. It might be said of him, as it was told of the Nantucket skipper, that he could get his bearings on the darkest night by a taste of the deep-sea sounding lead.

THE BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

In the early stage of the war, blockade running was carried on in part by sailing vessels; for the blockade was not yet rigorous, and speed on the part of the venturesome had not become essential to success. The proclamation of the blockade had suspended legitimate commerce, and the owners of the cheap sailing craft which faced the extra hazard of war had, for a time, little to lose and much to gain in the venture. The inward cargoes were less valuable than those brought later by steam vessels, and they consisted of such necessary commodities as salt, sugar, molasses and other cheaper supplies. These cargoes were not then openly declared from neutral countries for a blockaded port, their ostensible destination being the markets of the North;

and when by chance an enterprising skipper suspiciously near the Carolina coast, was overhauled by a cruiser, he was always ready with a plausible story of adverse winds or false reckoning. For a time such cases were allowed to withdraw with a warning. In later months all suspicious craft detected in the act of approaching a blockaded port were seized in the name of the United States, and sent in charge of a prize crew to a convenient Northern port for adjudication, which invariably resulted in their condemnation and sale. Attempts at re-capture were seldom made, precautions against such an event being always well taken; but there was an instance of rare heroism on the part of an obscure captain of a sailing vessel belonging to Charleston, which sent a thrill of emotion around the world wherever the story was told of the Emily St. Pierre and her brave commander.

A HEROIC CAPTAIN RECAPTURES HIS SHIP.

We learn from Chambers 'Journal that in November, 1861, the full-rig sailing ship Emily St. Pierre, William Wilson, master, sailed from Calcutta, India, for St. John, New Brunswick, with orders to call at Charleston, S. C., if that port was found open; but if it were blockaded, to proceed to the British port of St. John. The ship formerly hailed from Charleston, but when the war began was put under the British flag. Her nominal owners were Fraser, Trenholm & Co., Liverpool, who were also the agents of the Confederate Government.

Upon approaching Charleston bar, twelve miles distant, on the morning of March 18, 1862, she was hailed by a

Federal cruiser, James Adger, and ordered to heave to; Captain Wilson, accordingly, hauled up his courses, backed his main yard, and lay to. He was immediately boarded by a naval lieutenant and a force of twenty marines, who demanded his papers. These showed an innocent cargo, 2,000 bales of gunny bags, and her proper certificate of registration as a British vessel. Captain Wilson demanded permission to proceed towards his destination, Charleston being evidently blockaded; this the naval officer refused, and the two vessels proceeded to Charleston Roadstead, where at half past two Captain Wilson was ordered on board the flag ship of the blockading squadron, the Florida. Here he was kept for two hours in solitude and suspense; at the end of which Captain Goldsborough, the flag officer informed him that they had decided to seize the Emily St. Pierre, on the ground that the British certificate was not bona fide; that there were evidences that the ship was really of Charleston, and that the captain had not revealed his real intentions. Captain Wilson protested, but in vain; his crew was removed to the war ship, with the exception of the steward, named Matthew Montgomery, and the cook, a German named Louis Schelvin. The Emily St. Pierre was placed in charge of Lieutenant Stone of the United States Navy, a master's mate, an American engineer as passenger, and a prize crew of twelve men, with orders to proceed to Philadelphia for adjudication by the Admiralty Courts.

Captain Wilson was permitted to go as passenger on the prize to Philadelphia. The moment that he stepped again on board his vessel, he formed the resolution to recapture her and take her home. He was bold enough to think

that it might be possible to recapture the ship, even against such odds. An unarmed man, aided by the questionable support of an Irish steward and a German cook, was practically powerless against the fifteen of the crew. On the other hand, Captain Wilson was a brawny, big-framed Scotchman, (a native of Dunfrieshire), a thorough seaman, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action. He called the steward and cook to him in his stateroom, and disclosed the wild project he had formed. Both manfully promised to stand by their chief. This was at half past four on the morning of the 21st of March, the third day out from Charleston. Captain Wilson had already formed his plan of operations, and had prepared to a certain extent for carrying it out. With the promise of the cook and steward secured, he lost no time; gave them no chance for their courage to evaporate, but proceeded at once, in the darkness and silence of the night, to carry out his desperate undertaking. He was prepared to lose his life or have his ship; this was the simple alternative. It was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and the master's mate was asleep in his berth. The Scotch Captain went into the berth, handed out the mate's sword and revolvers, clapped a gag made of a piece of wood and some marline between his teeth, seized his hands, which Montgomery, the steward, quickly ironed, and so left him secure. The lieutenant paced the deck, undisturbed by a sound. Quickly another stateroom was entered, where the American engineer lay asleep. He, also, was gagged and ironed, silently and without disturbance. His revolvers and those already secured were given to the steward and the cook, who remained below in the

cabin. Captain Wilson went on deck. Lieutenant Stone was still pacing the deck, and the watch consisted of one man at the helm, one at the lookout on the forecastle, and three others who were about the ship. For ten minutes Captain Wilson walked up and down, remarking on the fair wind, and making believe that he had just turned out. The ship was off Cape Hatteras, midway of their journey between Charleston and Philadelphia, the most easterly projection of the land on that coast. The difficult navigation thereabouts, with the cross-currents and a tendency to fogs, afforded the two captains subject for talk.

'Let her go free a bit, Captain Stone; you are too close to the Cape, I tell you, and I know.'

'We have plenty of offing,' replied the lieutenant; and then to helmsman: 'How's her head?'

'North-east by east, sir,' came the reply.

'Keep her so; I tell you it is right,' said the lieutenant.

'Well, of course, I'm not responsible now, but I'm an older sailor than you, Captain Stone, and I tell you, if you want to clear Cape Hatteras, another two points east will do no harm. Do but look at my chart; I left it open on the cabin table. And the coffee will be ready,' and Captain Wilson led the way from the poop to the cabin, followed by the commander.

"There was a passage about five yards long leading from the deck to the cabin, a door at either end. The Captain stopped at the first door, closing it, and picking from behind it an iron belaying-pin which he had placed there. The younger man went forward to the cabin, where the chart lay upon the table. 'Stone!' He turned at the sud-

den peremptory exclamation of his name. His arm upraised, the heavy iron bolt in his hand, in low but hard, eager, quick words, the captain said: 'My ship shall never go to Philadelphia!' He did not strike, it was unnecessary. Montgomery had thrust the gag into the young lieutenant's mouth; he was bound hand and foot, bundled into a berth, and the door locked. Three out of fifteen were thus disposed of. There were still the watch on deck and the watch below. Coming on deck from the cabin Captain Wilson called to the three men who were about, and pointing to a heavy coil of rope in the lazaret, ordered them to get it up at once—Lieutenant Stone's orders. They jumped down without demur, suspecting nothing, as soon as the Captain shoved the hatch aside. They were no sooner in than he quickly replaced and fastened the hatch. The three were securely trapped, in full view of the helmsman, whose sailor's instinct kept him in his place at the wheel.

'If you utter a sound or make a move,' said the Captain, showing a revolver, 'I'll blow your brains out;' and then he called aft the lookout man, the last of the watch on deck. The man came aft. Would he help to navigate the ship to England? No, he would not, he was an American. Then, would he call the watch? He would do that. And eagerly he did it, but the next moment he was laid low on deck and bundled unceremoniously into the lazaret with his three companions; the hatchway was replaced and secured, Captain Wilson standing on guard. Meanwhile the watch below had been called and were astir. When sailors tumble out they generally do so gradually and by twos and threes. The first two that came aft were quickly

overpowered, one at a time, and bound. The third man drew his knife and dashed at the steward, who fired, wounding him severely in the shoulder. It was the only shot that was fired. Finding that the cook and steward, and Captain were all armed, the rest of the watch below quietly surrendered, and submitted to be locked in the round house, prisoners of the bold and resolute man, who, in the course of an hour had thus regained possession of his ship against overwhelming odds. For England! Yes, homeward bound in an unseaworthy ship; for a ship that is undermanned is unseaworthy to the last degree. It is worse than overloading. And here was our brave captain, three thousand miles from home, calmly altering the course the few points eastward he had recommended to the Lieutenant; homeward bound for England, his crew, a steward and a cook! Neither could steer, nor hand, nor reef. Brave-hearted Matthew Montgomery, the Irish steward, honest Louis Schelvin, the German cook, now is the time to show what savour of seamanship you have picked up amongst your pots and pans of the galley and the pantry! The first step was to wash and bandage the wounded shoulder of the man who was shot; the next, to put all the prisoners in the round house under lock and key. The Lieutenant was admitted to the captain's table under guard and on parole. The meal over, he was ushered into his stateroom and locked in. Once a day only—for the captain is captain and crew combined—bread and beef and water were passed to the prisoners in the round house; no more attention than was absolutely necessary could be spared to them.

Homeward bound! Captain Wilson had overcome his

captors: could he overcome the elements? The glass was falling, the wind was rising, threatening a gale. The reef-tackles were passed to the capstan, so that one man's strength could haul them. Then the wheel was resigned to the Irish steward and the German cook, whilst the Captain had to lie aloft and tie the reef-points; ever and anon casting a look behind and signalling to his faithful men how to move the wheel. Hours of hard work, fearful anxiety, before all is made snug to meet the fury of the coming storm. 'All is right at last,' thought the Captain, 'if everything holds.' Yes, if—. Everything did not hold. The tiller was carried away in the midst of the gale, and Capt. Wilson, brave heart as he was, felt the sadness of despair. He had been keeping watch day and night without intermission for many days, snatching an hour's sleep at intervals, torn with anxiety, wearied with work. It was but a passing faintness of the heart. The ship rolled and tossed, helmless, at the mercy of the sea. For twelve hours he wrought to rig up a jury-rudder, and at last, lifting up his heart in gratitude, for the second time he snatched his ship out of the hands of destruction; for the second time he could inform Lieutenant Stone that he was in command of his own ship. No longer was the ship buffeted at the mercy of the wild winds and the cruel Atlantic rollers, but her course was laid true and her head was straight—for England. For thirty days they sailed with westerly gales behind them. They made the land in safety, and the code signal was hoisted as they passed up the Channel. On the morning of the 21st of April, exactly one month since her course was altered off Cape Hatteras, the Emily St. Pierre

threaded the devious channels which lead into the broad estuary of the Mersey; the anchor fell with a plunge and an eager rattle of the leaping cable, and the ship rode stately on the rushing tide. Much was made of Captain Wilson during the next few weeks. All England rang with applause of his brave exploit. Meetings were convened, presentations were made, speeches were delivered, to an extent that might have turned the head of a less simple and true-hearted man. Large sums of money were subscribed, of which plucky Matthew Montgomery and honest Lewis Schelvin, the cook, got their share. But probably the happiest and proudest moment of his life was when the Captain stood on deck on the day of arrival—his wife by his side, and near her the owner of the ship, Charles K. Prioleau, of Fraser, Trenholm & Co.,—whilst he narrated in simple words the story of his exploit. His big beard was torn and ragged, his eyes bloodshot with weariness and lack of sleep, his face haggard, weather-beaten and drawn; but he was a man of whom all Britain was proud—a man to inspire her with the faith that the race of heroes does not die."

THE KATE'S ADVENTURE.

In the spring of the year 1862, the Confederate Government, desiring to arrange for the importation of supplies for the War Department, and finding the principal ports of the South Atlantic Coast so well guarded by the blockaders that the new undertaking of blockade running was then considered extra hazardous, decided to use the smaller inlets, which were less carefully watched by the enemy;

and dispatched the steamer Kate from Nassau with a cargo of ammunition to Smyrna, Fla., where an entrance was safely effected by that vessel, and the cargo immediately discharged and transported across the country to a place of safety.

The Kate was commanded by Captain Thos. J. Lockwood, of Smithville, on Cape Fear river, who was well known to our older pilots and seafaring people as a man of very superior skill and seamanship, and thoroughly familiar with the bars and inlets along the Southern coast.

A second voyage by the Kate had been completed, and the cargo successfully discharged and transported, before the movement was made known to the blockading squadron; but while the Kate was waiting for the return of Captain Lockwood from Charleston, whither he had proceeded to bring his family to the ship at Smyrna Inlet, a Federal man-of-war discovered her hiding place, which forced the chief officer of the Kate to proceed to sea at once, leaving the Captain behind. The Federal cruiser landed a boat's crew, and burned the house of Mr. Sheldon, the pilot who had assisted in bringing the Kate to an anchorage, shortly after which, Captain Lockwood arrived with his family, to find that the ship had already departed. Mr. Sheldon, however, furnished him with an ordinary whale boat, which had escaped the scrutiny of the Federal man-of-war's men, and Captain Lockwood at once determined to undertake the voyage with his family in this frail craft, and overtake the Kate at Nassau. The boat was only 16 feet long, and not at all well found for such a perilous voyage.

After a short delay, the Captain, his brave wife, their two

children and a hired boy, found themselves safe over the bar and headed for the Bahamas. The following account of this remarkable voyage was written by Mrs. Lockwood, and has been kindly furnished by her brother, Mr. McDougal:

"After the baggage was safe on board, I was carried in a man's arms through the surf and placed in the boat, and we started over the sea in our frail little craft. A few yards from shore we discovered that she was sinking, but turned back in time to reach the beach, to which I was again transferred just as the boat went down. With some difficulty she was recovered, when it was found that the plug had come out of the bottom while drawing the boat over the beach. We soon found a remedy for this trouble, and proceeded to cross the gulf. On the following morning, the wind blew a gale. The waves dashed high over us all day, while the wind increased in fury. For fifteen hours we waited and prayed, thinking that every moment would be our last. About five o'clock in the evening, we discovered a reef, and steered along the rocks to find an opening, so that we might cross the line of breakers and get into calm water. Oakie told us to sit still and hold fast to the boat, as we must go over the rocks or sink. As each enormous wave came towards us it seemed to reach the sky and break over our frail craft, deluging us with water. For several moments in succession I would sit under these huge waves holding on with one hand and clasping my baby with the other. Breaker after breaker burst over us, and at the same time lifted the boat farther and farther on to the rocks, until at last we were plunged ahead into the smooth water of

the bay beyond. By some means, I cannot tell how, we reached one of the vessels lying at anchor, when they lifted us all on board and carried us into the cabin. We could not walk for cold and cramp. On Sunday, the 23rd, the schooner upon which we had taken refuge sailed for Nassau, and on Monday we were landed on Elbow Cay, one of the Bahama Islands, the wind not being favorable for us to continue further that day. On the 25th, with a fair wind, we again proceeded towards Nassau, and arrived on Wednesday, after being three weeks on the journey from Charleston."

Mr. McDougal adds to this journal, that he was then chief engineer of the steamer Kate, of 500 tons, in the Gulf Stream, about 150 miles from where Captain Lockwood was cruising in a little boat; and that the gale was so severe that this large vessel was obliged to lie to, and suffered considerable damage in consequence of the severity of the storm, and that it seems a miracle that a small boat like Captain Lockwood's should have lived through such a fearful gale.

FAMOUS BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

In the second stage of blockade running, when steam was at a premium, a number of walking-beam boats of excellent speed, which had plied regularly between Southern ports and which had been laid up since the proclamation, were bought by Southern business men, who became prominent in blockade running; and, after the removal of passenger cabins and conspicuous top hamper, they were placed in this dangerous traffic. Of these may be mentioned the

steamer Kate, previously known as the Carolina, upon the line between Charleston and Palatka; the Gordon which was built to run between Charleston and Savannah; also the Nina, Seabrook, Clinch, and Cecile, which had also plied on the same line. The Cecile, loaded in Nassau with a cargo of powder, rifles, and stores for General Albert Sidney Johnston's army at Shiloh, struck a sunken rock off the Florida coast, and went to the bottom in ten minutes. The officers and crew escaped.

Two steamers which formerly ran between New Orleans and Galveston became prominent as Cape Fear blockade runners; the Atlantic, re-named the Elizabeth, and the Austin, which became the famous Confederate steamer Ella and Annie. In the early morning of November 9th, 1863, the Ella and Annie, under command of Captain F. N. Bonneau, of Charleston, was intercepted off New Inlet, near Masonboro Sound, by the United States steamer Niphon, which attempted to press her ashore. Several other cruisers preventing the escape of the Ella and Annie, Captain Bonneau at once resolved upon the desperate expedient of running the Niphon down. He accordingly ran his ship at reckless speed straight at the war vessel, and struck it with great force, carrying away the bowsprit and stem and wounding three of the men. The Niphon, by quick movement, avoided the full effect of the blow, and fired all her starboard guns into the Ella and Annie, wounding four of her men. As soon as the vessels came together the Niphon carried the Ella and Annie by boarding, and made her a prize. She afterwards became the United States flag ship Malvern.

The Governor Dudley, of the Wilmington and Charleston route before the completion of the Wilmington & Manchester Railroad, which had been put on the summer run between Charleston and Havana prior to the war, made one or two sucessful voyages through the blockade to Nassau.

A Nassau correspondent to the New York Times wrote on February 15th, 1862, that "on Tuesday last, 11th Feb., 1862, the old steamer Governor Dudley arrived from Charleston with 400 bales of cotton. The captain, fearing the cotton would go North if sold here, refused to take any price for it. After taking out a British register and changing her name to the Nellie, he left for Havana with a Nassau pilot on board to carry him across the (Bahama) Banks. He intends taking a return cargo to Charleston, and expects to be back here in about a month with more cotton. The Nellie is an old boat, nearly used up both in hull and machinery. Her speed is not over 8 or 10 knots, with a full head of steam." The other boats formerly comprising the Wilmington and Charleston line were probably too old for blockade running service. The Wilmington was sold to run on the river and gulf of St. Laurence. The Gladiator went to Philadelphia, and the Vanderbilt, having been sold to New Orleans, foundered in the Gulf of Mexico while running the blockade.

Another old friend, of the New York and Wilmington line, which was managed here by the late Edwin A. Keith, the North Carolina, rendered an important service to the Confederate Government by carrying through the blockade, as a passenger, the distinguished Captain James D. Bulloch, Naval Representative of the Confederacy in

Europe during the war between the States. On Feb. the 5th, 1862, she completed the loading of a cargo of cotton, rosin and tobacco at Wilmington, under her new name, Annie Childs, and proceeded through the blockade by the main bar, arriving at Liverpool via Fayal, Madeira, and Queenstown, Ireland, early in March. Her supply of coal was quite exhausted when she sighted Queenstown, and she barely reached that port of call by burning part of her rosin cargo with spare spars cut into short lengths. Captain Bulloch said that she was badly found for so long a voyage, but she weathered a heavy north-west gale, and proved herself to be a fine sea boat. I am informed that she returned to other successful ventures in blockade running under the name of Victory.

The fleet of runners was augmented by other old fashioned steamers, partly from Northern ports, bought by foreigners and sent via neutral ports, where they went through the process of "whitewashing," a change of name, ownership, registry and flag. A much greater number, however, came from abroad; a few of these formerly having been fast mail boats, but the majority freighters on short routes in Europe, bought at big prices for eager speculators, who were tempted by the enormous profits of blockade running.

A few of those of the better class became famous, as the North Carolina steamer Advance, before known as the Lord Clyde; the Confederate steamer, R. E. Lee, formerly the Giraffe; and the Lady Davis, previously the Cornubia. Some of the others were the Alice, Fannie, Brittania, Emma, Pet, Sirius, Orion, Antonica, Hansa, Calypso, Duoro, Thistle, Scotia, City of Petersburg, Old Dominion, Index,

Caledonia, Dolphin, Georgiana McCaw, Modern Greece, Ella, Hebe, Dee, Wave Queen, Granite City, Stonewall Jackson, Victory, Flora, Beauregard, Ruby, Margaret and Jessie, Eagle, Gertrude, Charleston, Banshee, Minna and Eugenie, which were more or less successful.

The beach for miles north and south of Bald Head is marked still by the melancholy wrecks of swift and graceful steamers which had been employed in this perilous enterprise. Some of the hundred vessels engaged in this traffic ran between Wilmington and the West Indies with the regularity of mail boats, and some, even of the slowest speed,—the Pet, for instance—eluding the vigilance of the Federal fleet, passed unscathed twenty, thirty and forty times, making millions for the fortunate owners. One little beauty, the Siren, a fast boat, numbered nearly fifty voyages. The success of these ships depended, of course, in a great measure upon the skill and coolness of their commanders and pilots. It is noteworthy that those in charge of Confederate naval officers were, with one exception, never taken; but many were captured, sunk or otherwise lost, through no fault of the brave fellows who commanded them. The Beauregard and the Venus lie stranded on Carolina Beach; the Modern Greece, near New Inlet; the Antonica, on Frying Pan Shoals; the Ella, on Bald Head; the Spunky and the Georgiana McCaw, on Caswell Beach; the Hebe and the Dee, between Wrightsville and Masonboro. Two others lie near Lockwood's Folly bar; and others, whose names are forgotten, are half buried in the sands, where they may remain for centuries to come. After a heavy storm on the coast, the summer residents on Carolina Beach and at Ma-

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sonboro Sound have occasionally picked up along the shore some interesting relics of blockade times, which the heaving ocean has broken from the buried cargoes of the Beauregard, Venus, Hebe and Dee. Tallow candles, Nassau bacon, soldiers' shoes, and other wreckage, comprise in part this flotsam yielded up by Neptune after nearly forty years' soaking in the sea.

The Venus was commanded by a prominent officer of the Royal Navy on leave of absence, Captain Murray-Aynsley, known by blockade runners as Captain Murray. He is now an admiral in the British Navy on the retired list. He was a great favourite with the prominent people, and especially with Colonel Lamb, of Fort Fisher, whose description of the veteran naval officer on the bridge of the Venus, running through the Federal fleet in broad daylight, hotly pursued by the enemy, with coat sleeves rolled up to his arm pits, but cool and defiant, is well worth recording.

The loss of the Georgiana McCaw is associated with a horrible crime—the murder of her pilot. When the ship was beached under the fire of the blockaders, Mr. Thomas Dyer did not go with the retreating crew who sought safety ashore; he seems to have been left behind in the rush. It was known that he had a large amount of money in gold on board, and was thought that he remained to secure it. A boat returned for him, but found his bloody corpse, instead. His skull was crushed as by a blow from behind; there was no money on his person. Another man was found on board, but unhurt, who professed ignorance of his fellow. This person was the watchman, and it is said he carried ashore a large amount of money. He was arrested

on suspicion, but there was no proof. He still lives on the river, but the cause of poor Dyer's death will probably never be known until the Great Assize.

Examples of dash and daring on the part of noted Cape Fear blockade runners in this phase of their history could be multiplied, if the limited scope of this paper would permit of their narration; instances so thrilling that they still stir one's blood to recall them after an interval of nearly forty years. I shall, therefore, select from memory and from published accounts of others, whom I remember as participants, only a few exploits of the second and third years of the war; and, finally, some illustrations of the closing scenes, when only one venture in a dozen was successful, and when the multiplied arms of the new navy, like the deadly tentacles of the octopus, reached into every hiding place of these hunted fugitives of the sea, and gradually brought to an end this wonderful epoch in our commercial history.

A CLOSE CALL.

The following interesting narrative, which is true in all its details, was told to the writer by Mr. George C. McDougal, of Rosindale, N. C., who, by a clever expedient, kept out of Fort LaFayette, and made some forty voyages as chief engineer in the little steamer Siren before his former shipmates were released:

"The well known blockade-running steamer Margaret and Jessie left Nassau deeply laden for Wilmington, and made a good run across to the North Carolina coast. About 12.00 meridian she was in the latitude of New Inlet, and she

ran on the western edge of the Gulf Stream until sundown, when she headed for the beach and made land to the northward of the blockading fleet of the Cape Fear. While tracking down the beach, one of the cruisers sighted us, and sent up rockets, which made it necessary for us to run the remainder of the distance under fire from the whole line of the blockaders. Just as we got the lights in range at the Inlet and were about to head the ship over the bar, we distinguished a gunboat anchored in the channel under cover of the wrecked steamer Arabian. We immediately put the ship about, and, with the whole fleet trailing after us, ran off shore. At daylight none of our followers were in sight, but away off shore to the southward we sighted the armed transport Fulton; and as we could not cross her bow, Capt. Robert Lockwood, who commanded our ship, hauled to the northward and eastward, unfortunately driving us across the bows of all the cruisers which had run off shore in chase. We had to run the fire of five of these war ships as we crossed their bows and dropped them astern. During all this time, the Fulton kept the weather gauge of us; and after a hard day's chase from New Inlet to Hatteras, we were at last compelled to surrender late in the afternoon; as the Fulton seemed determined to run us down, there being hardly a cable's length between us when we hove to and stopped the engines. Before doing this, however, we were careful to throw the mail bags, government dispatches and ship's papers into the furnace of the fire room, where they were quickly consumed.

"While our ship's company was being transferred to the Fulton, the United States Steamer Keystone State and two

other cruisers came up, and sent several boats' crews aboard the Margaret and Jessie, who looted her of all the silver, cutlery, glassware, cabin furniture, table cloths and napkins—doubtless, everything they could carry off in their boats. The Fulton, having sent a prize crew on board, took us in tow for New York, where, immediately on our arrival, we were confined in Ludlow street jail. Two days after, the officers and crew of the blockade runner Ella and Annie were brought in, she having been captured off Wilmington after a desperate resistance by her brave commander, Captain Bonneau. During our incarceration we were visited frequently by Deputy United States Marshals, who tried to identify some of us, suspected of holding commissions in the Confederate service and of being regularly engaged in blockade running as distinguished from those less harmful members of the crew who would be only too glad to abandon further attempts on regaining their liberty. These officers were immediately assailed with questions from all quarters. 'What are you going to do with us here?' 'Are you going to let us out?' to which they would respond, 'we cannot tell—the crew lists have been sent to Washington for inspection; you will have to wait until they are returned.' We were kept in this state of suspense for about three weeks, when a squad of Deputy Marshals came to the jail and mustered the entire company. We soon ascertained that the crew lists had come from Washington, and that we were to go down to the Marshals' office, where the names of those who were to be released were to be called out, and the unfortunate ones remaining prepared for a long term of imprisonment at one of the well known prison pens so

dreaded by those who afterwards realized all their horrors. We were, accordingly, marched down to the Marshals' headquarters in Burton's old theatre, on Chambers street, opposite the City Hall Park, where we were ordered to select our baggage and prepare to be searched for contraband articles. The entire office force of clerks had been drawn from their desks by curiosity to the other end of the large room, where the inspection was going on; and while my baggage was being examined by an officer I asked him if he knew who were to be released; to which he replied that he did not know, but that the list of those who would be released could be found in a large book on that desk, pointing with his finger to the other end of the room. When his inspection was completed I asked if I might go and read the names, to satisfy my curiosity. He said there could be no harm in doing so, and asked if I could read. I said, Yes, that I thought I could make out the names. Whereupon I walked with forced indifference to the desk, and found a big journal laid open upon it, containing the names of the men belonging to the Ella and Annie's crew who were to be discharged. This did not interest me; and looking further down I saw, also, the names of those of my own ship who were to be released, but from the top to the bottom there was no George C. McDougal. You may depend upon it, I felt very sad as Fort LaFayette loomed up in all its dreariness. My case was, indeed, hopeless. Looking furtively over my shoulder, I saw that the desk was so placed that my back shielded me from the eyes of the marshals at the moment, and also that the officers and clerks were very busy seeing what they could confiscate, each man

for himself, out of the baggage of the unfortunate prisoners; and, feeling that no worse fate could overtake me, I slipped my hand cautiously along the desk, took up a pen, and imitating as closely as possible the character of the writing before me, inscribed my own name at the bottom of the list, and immediately returned to the crowd at the other end of the room. The Deputy asked me if I saw my name, to which I promptly responded, 'Yes.' 'Then you are all right,' said he, 'and will be turned out to-night.' Shortly afterwards, we were marched off to a neighboring place, to get our supper at the expense of Uncle Sam, after which the Chief Marshal and Judge Beebe appeared, and in due form separated those who were to be released from the unfortunate ones remaining. I waited, with feelings that can be imagined better than they can be described, as the names were read; and at last my own name was called without the detection of my expedient, which was, doubtless, owing to the fact that the room was badly lighted and darkness had already set in. Promptly responding to my name, I at once passed out into the night, leaving my commander, Captain Robert Lockwood, the Wilmington pilot, Mr. Charles Craig, and Billy Willington, our engineer, and several others of the Margaret and Jessie who, together with Captain Frank Bonneau, his Wilmington pilot, and his chief engineer, Alexander Laurence, were sent to Fort LaFayette, where they remained until about the end of the war.

"It may be interesting in this connection to recall the incident that led to the capture of the Ella and Annie, through the same gunboat's being anchored in the channel. Instead of turning backward and running out to sea, as we did,

Captain Bonneau kept on his course, ordering his engineer to throw his throttle wide open and leave the engine room immediately, his intention being to run down the gunboat and take the consequences. The two ships came together with a frightful crash, and as they swung around, side by side, the gunboat got out lashings, and her boarders swarmed upon the Ella and Annie, and, after a sharp resistance, succeeded in taking possession of her. The Ella and Annie's crew was sent to New York, and the gunboat Nyphon, in a badly damaged condition, was sent to the Norfolk navy yard to be docked, as it was difficult to keep her afloat, owing to the effects of the collision. On Colonel Lamb's being asked subsequently to drive the gunboat out of the channel, he replied that it was impossible to do so, as she came in after dark and anchored under shelter of the wreck referred to and he could not get the range until the moon rose, when, of course, the gunboat steamed out to sea, the channel being no longer of any use to the blockade runners."

A NOTED ENGINEER.

John Niemyer, an old and trusted locomotive engineer on the Atlantic Coast Line had been reading the writer's tales of the blockade in the Southport Leader with much interest, having himself served as one of the engineers of that remarkable boat, the Siren, which ran between Wilmington, Charleston and West Indies continuously for nearly two years of the war, with the regularity of a mail boat in time of peace. I repeatedly asked him for a blockade runner's yarn; and he gave me the following true story of

a true man, which I shall put, as nearly as possible, in Mr. Niemyer's own words:

"I see you have been writing some stories about George C. McDougal, who was chief of the Siren. Why, he ought to have been captain, as well as chief engineer of that boat. He wasn't what you might call a scientific navigator, but he knew more about the ins and outs of blockade running, most likely, than any other man in the fleet. For years before the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad was built, he had served as chief engineer of the steamboats plying between Wilmington and Charleston; and he knew every landmark ashore, and every hump and hollow under the water up and down the coast, from Hatteras to St. Augustine. He could tell the position of the ship by the revolutions of the engine nearly as accurately as our navigating officer with his sextant, chronometer and logarithms; and as for the bottom on a deep-sea lead, he was what you might call a specialist.

"The little Siren was an enchantress, sure enough. She didn't sing any, because we had to keep her very quiet. She must have hypnotized the Yankees, however, as they were never able to touch her. She was at first commanded by an Englishman, who dreaded the coast as the devil does holy water, and, when he fetched soundings, was always for running off again. On one occasion he made a bad land fall, and fearing he would get aground by following the beach, decided to run out to sea. The Boss, as we called McDougal, at once protested against such folly, which he said would surely lead to greater danger than if we continued towards Wilmington; besides which, the ship was short

of coal, and could not possibly keep steam for more than twelve or fifteen hours longer. The captain, who was a deep-water navigator, refused to listen to him, however, and persisted in changing the course of the ship; whereupon McDougal quietly said that he felt it his duty under the circumstances to take the ship into his own hands, and that if the captain persisted in thus wilfully risking the property of the owners and endangering the lives of all on board, he must take the consequences, as the Siren was bound to go into Wilmington that night, and no where else. The captain insisted that McDougal's proposal was contrary to all rules of navigation; but finding that his engineer was in earnest, and could easily command all the men on board, having their full confidence, he at last agreed, and, following the engineer's suggestions and having an excellent pilot, succeeded in making the harbor in safety.

"Captain J. Pembroke Jones, who was a passenger on board, at once sent ashore for his brother, in command at Fort Caswell, and there was quite a jollification in the cabin that night. Our captain had a good deal to say about his skill in bringing the ship into port, but he utterly failed to mention the part that his plucky engineer had taken, and McDougal was not a man to boast of his own exploits.

"But I started to tell you another story about the Siren and McDougal. We had successfully run the blockade and arrived at Nassau, where we immediately discharged and re-loaded. Between one and two o'clock p. m., the Siren got under way, and crossing the bar at Nassau headed up the northeast channel, bound for Wilmington. She was commanded on this occasion by Captain R——, a remark-

ably skillful navigator, but without any nerve in time of danger. It was his habit, whenever he got into a tight place, to leave the bridge and shut himself up in his cabin and trust to luck,—which meant McDougal; for the latter generally took charge of the ship at once, and, with the assistance of a good man who was chief officer, always managed to get the boat out of difficulty, when R——would again assume command.

"On this occasion the weather was fair, and the sea as smooth as a pond. While we were tracking along Egg Island reef, which is a long, narrow shoal with shallow water inside, a Federal gunboat shot out from under the eastern end of the reef and headed for us. This was clearly contrary to international law, being within the limit of British jurisdiction; but it is a well known fact that the Federal blockading and cruising fleets had positive orders, after the second year of the war, to seize all suspicious vessels, no matter where found; and, if a foreign government set up a reasonable claim, to pay it without demur, the United States Government having determined that it was better to pay for such vessels than to permit them to reach the Confederacy. We knew as well as they did that we were within the dominion of a British province. We also knew that this would not deter the Yankees from picking us up, if there were no British men-of-war in sight; and there was nothing for us to do, under the circumstances, but 'bout ship and run back for Nassau, which, in our position, appeared to be an impossibility. The little Siren was handicapped by a heavy cargo, and the gunboat gained on us rapidly. As soon as it became evident that we could not

fetch Nassau, our pursuer opened fire upon us, under which our discomfited captain left the bridge, and took shelter in the cabin; and the first assistant engineer, Barbot, at once sung out to me, 'Niemyer, where's the Boss?' 'In his room, asleep,' said I. 'Rout him out quickly, then, and tell him the Yankee is after us, is gaining rapidly, and has range of us, and the captain has left the deck.' I immediately ran to the chief's room and repeated Barbot's order, but before I could finish it the Boss was out on deck in his stocking feet; he took a quick look over the stern at the gunboat, another over the port side at the rocky and treacherous bottom which was clearly visible through the transparent water; then with half a dozen jumps, was on the bridge. I followed to see the outcome. He immediately hustled the Bahama pilot onto the paddle box with the order, 'Into the current immediately!' The pilot saw the danger of such a movement, which meant that the ship must run inside the reef and take the chances of getting out. He saw also that it was the only opportunity of escape, and he lost no time in following his instructions. The Boss then cried to Mr. Habnicht, our chief officer, who was a splendid seaman: 'Jump to the wheel, Mr. Habnicht. This is no child's play; we must make the most of it.' I then walked over to McDougal, and, touching him on the shoulder, pointed to a shell which was just bursting over us. He said, 'Don't bother about shells, but look to the water; if we strike one of those rocks, it will tear the whole bot-out of the ship.' I did look, and seeing the ugly rocks under the clear green water over which we were rushing at full speed, thought no more about the shells, but of the oth-

er dangers surrounding us. When the gunboat saw us go in among the rocks, she fired a parting shot, and, having put about the ship, went back to the channel. I went below on duty, and soon got orders from the bridge, 'Stand by your engines'! and, at intervals, 'Slow down!' 'Stop!' 'Two turns back!' Then came the splash and rattle of the chain, and we were at anchor.

"On returning to the deck I found that we were lying in the prettiest harbor I ever saw, which probably never before embraced a ship of half our size. Our chief officer immediately sent a man aloft with the best glass in the ship, with orders not to lose sight of the gunboat; then ordered supper, with 'Be quick about it.' McDougal said to his first assistant, 'Barbot, get your fires in good trim, with plenty of coarse coal on the fire room plates. We have got to race for it to-night.' Shortly afterwards the mate went aloft to relieve the man in the cross-trees, and saw that the cruiser was playing off and on at the end of the reef, waiting to pick us up in the morning, well knowing that he had us in a trap. The Boss soon saw that our only chance lay in getting out of shoal water before darkness. The sun was in the meantime getting low. Orders were given to weigh anchor, and the ship proceeded very slowly towards the outlet, in order not to excite our pursuer's suspicions; the ships having each other's bearings, and each watching to see if the other moved. As soon as we got outside of the shoal we kept still again until the sun went down. In two hours the moon began to show above the horizon, and, to our great joy, we had our pursuer clearly defined under the moon's rays, while we were in comparative darkness.

Now orders were given for full speed across the channel to Abaco, and you may be sure that Barbot got all out of the engines that was possible. We had been warned the day before by a passing schooner that two cruisers were waiting near Abaco; so that we had one behind and two before us to shake off, before we could reach the western ocean. We soon sighted 'Hole in the wall' light, and made straight for deep water. Three hours afterwards we hauled up the ship off Elbow Key, and day broke without a sail in sight. We then eased down the engines and dropped into the homeward track for Wilmington. OUR CAPTAIN IN THE MEANTIME HAD RESUMED CHARGE.

"For some time before the war ended the Federals had blockaded both ends of the route. The United States Corvette Junietta anchored off the bar at Nassau, and was kept well informed as to the movement of Confederate steamers in port. The outlying gunboats would run down the channel in the night within a few miles of Nassau, and send a boat to the Corvette for news and instructions for cutting off blockade runners ready to leave; so that it was almost as difficult to get in and out of Nassau as it was to pass the coast Line blockade.

"The Siren differed from the other blockade runners in this respect: she never waited for more favourable conditions, but took them as they came. On one occasion she ran into Charleston at night, and the next morning disclosed six blockade runners lying loaded and anchored in the Ashley river. We dropped to the wharf, discharged our inward cargo, loaded the outward cargo of cotton, and went straight to Nassau; came back, and found the same six ships an-

chored in the same places. We made a second voyage, and on our return found them still lying there; a third voyage and there they remained, waiting for an opportunity to go out. On our fourth return voyage three of the long waiting blockade runners had slipped out, and on our fifth two more had gone. On our sixth and last voyage the remaining one, called the General Whiting, had finally departed. Thus the Siren made six round voyages, clearing for her owners over $1,000,000.00 in gold, while the General Whiting lay at anchor waiting for a chance to go out. The Siren's cargoes into the Confederacy were, of course, very valuable, and cannot be properly estimated. The outward cargo consisted of from 650 to 750 bales of cotton. This cotton cost the equivalent of six cents in coin, and sold in Nassau for 45 and 50 cents in coin; making a clean profit of $200 a bale, which multiplied by four thousand bales in the six voyages showed a gain during that time to the owners of $800,000 in gold."

DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS OF BLOCKADE RUNNERS.

One of the most distinguished commanders of the blockade-running steamers was Captain Roberts (so-called), of the twin-screw steamer Don, a quick, handy little boat, admirably adapted to the trade. I had the pleasure of knowing him personally through frequent intercourse with his signal officer, a fine fellow, named Selden, from Virginia; and we were both much impressed with the superior bearing and intelligence of this remarkable man, who afterwards became famous in the war between Russia and Tur-

key as Hobart Pasha, Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish navy.

"Captain Roberts" was the Honourable Augustus Charles Hobart Hampden (son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire), Post Captain in the Royal Navy, and for a time commander of Queen Victoria's yacht Victoria and Albert. He had seen service in the war against Emperor Nicholas in 1854, under the great British Admiral Sir Charles Napier, when he commanded H. M. S. Driver; and, after the general order, "Lads, sharpen your cutlasses!" boarded the Russian warships before Cronstadt, stormed the seven forts which guarded the entrance to that harbor, and sailed up the Neva even to St. Petersburg itself. In 1865, having made several runs into Wilmington during his absence from England on leave, he returned home; and, fretting under the dull routine of service ashore, accepted the command of the entire Turkish Navy at the outbreak of the war with his old antagonists, the Russians. He died in 1886 Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Navy, and was buried in the English cemetery at Scutari. The Daily Telegraph, of London, said of him: "Altogether, Augustus Charles Hobart was a remarkable man; bluff, bold, dashing and somewhat dogged. There was in his composition something of the mediaeval 'condottiere,' and a good deal more of that Dugald Dalgetty whom Scott drew. Gustavus Adolphus would have made much of Hobart; the great Czarina, Catherine II., would have appointed him Commander-in-Chief of her fleet, and covered him with honours, even as she did her Scotch Admiral Gleig, and that other yet more famous sea-dog, king of corsairs, Paul Jones. It would be unjust to sneer at Hobart as a mercenary. His was no more a hired

sword than were the blades of Schomberg and Berwick, of Maurice de Saxe and Eugene of Savoy. When there was fighting to be done, Hobart liked to be in it—that is all. Of the fearless, dashing, adventurous Englismen, ready to go anywhere and do anything, Hobart was a brilliant, representative type."

The following incident is from his blockade sketches:

"On my return to Wilmington I found that my vessel was ready for sea, so I took charge of her, and we went down the river. We had to undergo the same ordeal as before in the way of being smoked and searched. This time there were no runaways discovered; but there was one on board, for all that, who made his appearance, almost squashed to death, after we had been twenty-four hours at sea. We then anchored under Fort Fisher, where we waited until it was dark; after which, when the tide was high enough on the bar, we made a move, and were soon rushing out to sea at full speed. There was a considerable swell running, which we always considered a point in our favour.

"By the way, writing 'swells' puts me in mind of a certain 'swell' I had on board as passenger on this occasion, who, while in Wilmington, had been talking very big about 'hunting,' which, probably, he supposed I knew nothing about. He used to give us long narratives of his own exploits in the hunting field, and expatiated on the excitement of flying over ditches and hedges, while, apparently, he looked upon blockade running and its petty risks with sublime contempt. Soon after we crossed the bar on our way out, a gentle breeze and swell began to lift the vessel

up and down, and this motion he described as 'very like hunting.' Just after he had ventured this remark, a Yankee gun-boat favoured us with a broadside, and made a dash to cut us off. This part of the fun, however, my friend did not seem to think at all 'like hunting;' and after having strongly urged me to return to the anchorage under the protecting guns of the fort, he disappeared below, and never talked—to me, at least—about hunting again.

"But to return to my story:—there was, as I said before, a considerable swell running outside; which was fortunate for us, as we almost ran into a gun-boat lying watching unusually close to the bar. It would have been useless to turn round and endeavor to escape by going back; since, if we had done so, we should inevitably have been driven on to the beach, and either captured or destroyed. In such a predicament there was nothing for it but to make a dash past and take the gun-boat's fire and its consequences. I knew we had the legs of her, and, therefore, felt more at ease in thus running the gauntlet than I otherwise should have done; so on we went at full speed. She fired her broadside at about fifty yards' distance, but the shot all passed over us, except one, that went through our funnel. The marines on board of her kept up a heavy fire of musketry as long as we were visible, but only slightly wounded one of our men. Rockets were then thrown up as signals to her consorts, two of which came down on us; but, luckily, made a bad guess at our position, and closed with us on our quarter, instead of our bow. They also opened fire, but did us no injury. At the moment there was no vessel in sight ahead; and, as we were going at a splendid pace, we soon

reduced our dangerous companions to three or four shadowy forms, struggling astern without a hope of catching us. The signaling and firing had, however, brought several other blockaders down to dispute our passage, and we found ourselves at one moment with a cruiser on each side within pistol shot of us; our position being that of the meat in a sandwich. So near were the cruisers, that they seemed afraid to fire, from the danger of hitting each other; and, thanks to our superior speed, we shot ahead and left them without their having fired a shot.

"Considering the heavy swell running, there was the merest chance of their hitting us; in fact, to take a blockade runner in the night, when there was a heavy swell or wind, if she did not choose to give in, was next to impossible. To run her down required the cruiser to have much superior speed, and was a dangerous game to play; for vessels have been known to go down themselves while attempting this feat.

"Then, again, it must be borne in mind that the blockade-runner had always full speed at command, her steam being at all times well up and every one on board on the lookout; whereas the man-of-war must be steaming with some degree of economy and ease, and her lookout men had not the excitement to keep them always on the qui vive that we had.

"I consider that the only chances the blockading squadron had of capturing a blockade-runner were the following, viz: in a fair chase in daylight, when superior speed would tell; or by chasing her on shore or driving her in so near the beach that her crew were driven to set fire to her and

make their escape—in which case a prize might be made, though perhaps of no great value; or by frightening a vessel with guns and rockets during the night into giving up. Some of the blockade-runners showed great pluck, and stood a lot of pitching into. About sixty-six vessels left England and New York to run the blockade during the four years' war, of which more than forty were destroyed by their own crews or captured; but most of them, before they came to grief, made several runs, and in so doing paid well for their owners.

"I once left Bermuda in a blockade-runner shortly before the end of the war, in company with four others, and ours was the only fortunate vessel of the lot. Of the other four, three were run ashore and destroyed by their own crews, and one was fairly run down at sea and captured.

"I saw an extraordinarily plucky thing done on one occasion, which I cannot refrain from narrating. We had made a successful run through the blockade, and were lying under Fort Fisher, when as daylight broke we heard heavy firing, and as it got lighter we saw a blockade-runner surrounded by the cruisers. Her case seemed hopeless; but on she came for the entrance, hunted like a rabbit by no end of vessels. The guns of the fort were at once manned, ready to protect her as soon as her pursuers should come within range. Every effort was made to cut her off from the entrance of the river, and how it was she was not sunk I cannot tell. As she came on we could see N—,her commander, a well known successful blockade-runner, standing on her paddle-box with his hat off, as if paying proper respect to the men-of-war. And now the fort opened fire at

the chasing cruisers, from whom the blockade-runner was crawling, being by this time well in shore. One vessel was evidently struck, as she dropped out of range very suddenly. On came the Old J——, one of the fastest boats in the trade, and anchored all right; two or three shots in her hull, but no hurt. Didn't we cheer her! The reason of her being in the position in which we saw her at daylight was, that she had run the time rather short, and daylight broke before she could get into the river; so that, instead of being there, she was in the very center of the blockade fleet. Many men would have given in, but old N——was made of different stuff.

"It is not my intention to inflict on my readers any more anecdotes of my own doings in the Don; suffice it to say that I had the good luck to make six round trips in her, in and out of Wilmington, and that I gave her over to the chief officer and went home to England. On arriving at Southhampton, the first thing I saw in the Times was a paragraph headed, 'The Capture of the Don.' Poor little craft! I learned afterwards how she was taken, and I know she died game.

"The officer to whom I gave over charge was as fine a specimen of a seaman as well can be imagined,—plucky, cool, and determined; and, by the way, he was a bit of a medico, as well as a sailor; for, by his beneficial treatment of his patients, we had very few complaints of sickness on board. As our small dispensary was close to my cabin, I used to hear the conversations that took place between C—— and his patients. I will repeat one.

C.—'Well, my man, what's the matter with you?'

Patient.—'Please, sir, I've got pains all over me.'

C.—'Oh, all over you, are they? That's bad!'

Then, during the pause, it was evident something was being mixed up, and I could hear C—say: 'Here, take this, and come again in the evening.' (Exit patient). Then C—said to himself: 'I don't think he'll come again; he has got two drops of the croton. Skulking rascal, pains all over him, eh!' I never heard the voice of that patient again; in fact, after a short time we had no cases of sickness on board. C—explained to me that the only medicine he served out, as he called it, was croton oil; and that none of the crew came twice for treatment.

"Never having run through the blockade as the commander of a vessel (though he was with me all the time and had as much to do with our luck as I had), he was naturally very anxious to get safely through. There can be no doubt that the vessel had lost much of her speed, for she had been very hardly pushed on several occasions. This told sadly against her, as the result will show. On the third afternoon after leaving Nassau, she was in a good position for attempting the run when night came on. She was moving stealthily about, waiting for the evening, when suddenly, on the clearing up of the weather, which had been hitherto thick and hazy, she saw a cruiser unpleasantly near to her, which bore down under steam and sail; and it soon became probable that the poor little Don's twin screws would not save her this time, well and often as they had done so before.

"The cruiser, a large full-rigged corvette, was coming up

hand over hand, carrying a strong breeze, and the days of the Don seemed numbered, when C—tried a ruse worthy of any of the heroes of naval history.

"The wind, as I said, was very fresh, with a good deal of sea running. On came the cruiser, till the Don was almost under her bows, and shortened sail in fine style. The moment the men were in the rigging, going aloft to furl sails, C—put his plan into execution. He turned his craft's head to the wind, and steamed deliberately past the corvette at not fifty yards' distance. The latter, with great way on, went nearly a quarter of a mile before she could turn.

"I have it from good authority, that the order was not given to the marines on the man-of-war's poop to fire at the plucky little craft who had so fairly out-manœuvred the cruiser, for out-manœuvred she was, to all intents and purposes. The two or three guns that had been cast loose during the chase had been partly secured, and left so while the men had gone aloft to furl sails, so that not a shot was fired as the Don went past. Shortly after she had done so, however, the cruiser opened fire with her bow guns, but with the sea that was running this could do no harm, the guns being without any top weights. The Don easily dropped the corvette with her heavy spars astern, and was soon far ahead; so much so that when night came on the cruiser was shut out of sight in the darkness."

IN QUARANTINE.

In the steamer Lilian, already referred to, we had on one occasion safely eluded the blockading fleet at Cape Fear

bar, and, after several narrow escapes from the squadron in the Gulf Stream, reached St. George's, Bermuda, on the morning of the fourth day, and at once discharged our cargo, hoping to get away in time for another run while we had a few hours of darkness.

We had hardly received the half of our inward cargo of gunpowder and commissary supplies, when we were visited by the harbor physician, who alleged that we had a case of smallpox on board, and peremptorily ordered us to the quarantine ground, where he informed us that we must remain for twenty-one days. The place was about two miles out of port, among some uninhabited rocks, which made the usual dreariness of a quarantine station more distressing. In vain our captain protested that he was mistaken, that the case to which he referred was a slight attack of malarial fever, combined with other symptoms which were not at all dangerous (which subsequently proved to be true). The doctor was unrelenting. If we did not proceed at once, he said, he would report us to the Governor at Hamilton, who would send H. M. S. Spitfire, then on the station, to tow us out; and after we had served out quarantine, we would be arrested for resisting authority. Finding remonstrance of no avail, our captain agreed to get away as soon as possible; but before we could make preparation a tug was sent alongside which towed us out, *nolens volens*, and left us at anchor among the sea gulls, with only ten days' provisions for a three weeks' quarantine.

Being ex-officio the ship's doctor, I began at once to physic the unfortunate sailor who had unwittingly brought us into this trouble; and, although my knowledge of the

pharmacopoeia did not go beyond cathartic pills and quinine, I soon had him on his feet, to join all hands for inspection by the quarantine officer, who came off to windward of us every day, and at a respectable distance bawled out his category of questions which were required by law.

We were daily warned that if any of our officers or crew were found on shore or on board any vessels in the harbor, the full extent of the law would be meted out to them, and we were given to understand that twenty-one days' quarantine was a mere bagatelle compared with the punishment which would follow any attempt to evade these restrictions. Notwithstanding this, we came to a unanimous decision at the end of three days, that we would prefer the risk of capture at sea to such a life in comparative security; and it was accordingly resolved by the captain that, if any of us were plucky enough to take his gig and a boat's crew to St. George's and secure from a shipwright on shore some castings required by the chief engineer, we would proceed towards Wilmington without further preparation, and without the formality required by law.

Being comparatively indifferent as to the result, albeit somewhat confident of success, I at once volunteered. Our captain consented to my proposal, and, amid a good deal of chaffing from several Confederate officers who were with us as passengers, I started with our second engineer and five trustworthy men for shore.

We were careful to start shortly after the visit of the health physician, so that our absence would not be noticed when all hands were turned out; and, as we approached the harbor, I was gratified to observe that we were entirely un-

noticed. We landed about half a mile below town, and, leaving the men with the boat, which I ordered them to keep concealed, I proceeded with the engineer to dispatch our business, which delayed us several hours.

At last we were ready to return, and, finding our men unmolested, we proceeded down the harbor towards the ship Storm King, which had recently left the China trade to carry C. S. Government cotton from the Bermuda rendezvous to Liverpool. Passing under her quarter, we were excitedly hailed by her captain, to whom I was well known personally, with the intelligence that a quarantine boat had just left our ship, and that we were probably discovered, as its course had been suddenly changed for us while we were pulling down the bay.

Thinking to elude the pursuer, if such it proved to be, I steered for the rocks along shore, the men giving way at the oars with a will; but we soon saw that we were closely watched and that the fears of our friends were fully realized, for the well known yellow flag was borne by a boat now clearly in pursuit of us. Finding escape cut off, we at once returned to the Storm King and entreated the captain to secrete us on board, and, if the health officer boarded him, to profess ignorance of us altogether. This the good fellow agreed to do; and, my men having been set to work as if they were part of the crew, I was, with the engineer, at once secreted and locked in one of the many state rooms then vacant.

We had hardly settled ourselves in the berths, determined that if the worst came we would cover our heads and draw the curtains, when we heard the measured sound of oars

approaching the gangway near the room in which we were hiding, and a moment later the hail, "Storm King, ahoy!" "Aye, aye, sir, what do you want?"

"You have on board a boat's crew from the steamer Lilian, in quarantine, who have left contrary to law; I demand their surrender."

"But I protest Doctor, there are no such people on my ship."

"What a consummate liar old McDonald is!" groaned the engineer, sweltering under two pairs of blankets.

"Aha!" exclaimed the health officer at this moment, "we have here the captain's gig alongside, and here is the name Lilian on the stern. How is this?"

"Oh!" replied the imperturbable McDonald, "we picked her up adrift this morning—I am glad to know the owner."

"A very unlikely story, Captain, and we shall have to search," quoth the doctor; and then we heard several persons ascending the ladder; followed by further expostulations on the part of our friend the captain, evidently of no avail, for the party immediately entered the saloon and proceeded with their search. Door after door was opened and shut, and, as they gradually approached our hiding place, I looked up at Sandy McKinnon, the Scotch engineer, who presented a most ludicrous and woeful sight, the perspiration streaming down his fat cheeks.

With anxious hearts we waited for the worst, and at last it came. A heavy hand wrenched our door knob, and an impatient voice demanded that the door be unlocked. The steward protested that the room was vacant and that the key was lost, which only seemed to increase the officer's

determination to enter. High words ensued; the captain, with a heartiness which excited our admiration, but increased our fears, poured a volley of abuse upon the unlucky doctor, who was apparently discharging his duty, and at times I fancied that they almost came to blows. This was at last quelled by a peremptory demand that the ship's carpenter be sent for to force the door. The steward at this juncture produced the key, which he averred had just been found in another lock; and, while he fumbled at our door, I thought I heard the sound of suppressed laughter on the outside, but dismissed the idea as absurd.

A moment after the door opened, and, before our astonished vision, were ranged our good friends and shipmates, Major Hone, of Savannah, Captain Leo Vogel, of St. Augustine, Sergeant Gregory, of Crowels, and Eugene Maffitt, who, with Captain McDonald and several of his friends, were fairly shrieking with laughter at our sorry plight. We had been completely sold. The whole scheme was planned on board our own ship immediately after our departure; and Captain McDonald was privy to the arrangement, which he so successfully carried out.

The voices which, in our fright, we supposed came from Her Majesty's officers were feigned by our own people, who made the most of the joke at our expense. The trick was too good to keep; and, when the good doctor came next day to discharge us from quarantine, all traces of sickness having disappeared, no one enjoyed the fun more than he, although he said it might have resulted seriously enough. Having received the remainder of our cargo, we proceeded to sea; and, when about five miles from land, we sighted a

rakish war steamer, which proved to be the Confederate Corvette Florida, to which we delivered important dispatches by an order from Major Norman Walker, the Confederate Agent in Bermuda.

CAPTAIN WILKINSON.

One of the most intelligent and successful commanders in the blockade-running fleet was Captain John Wilkinson, who entered the U. S. Navy as a midshipman in 1837, and, after an honourable and distinguished career, tendered his services to the Confederacy upon the secession of his native State, Virginia.

Having received a commission in the C. S. Navy, he served in various responsible positions, until ordered upon special service in command of the C. S. Steamer R. E. Lee.

In his interesting book entitled "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," with reference to the citizens of Virginia who resigned their commissions in the old service, he says:

"They were compelled to choose whether they would aid in subjugating their State, or in defending it against invasion; for it was already evident that coercion would be used by the general government, and that war was inevitable. In reply to the accusation of perjury in breaking their oath of allegiance, since brought against the officers of the army and navy who resigned their commissions to render aid to the South, it need only be stated that, in their belief, the resignation of their commissions absolved them from any special obligation. They then occupied the same position towards the government as other classes of citizens. But this charge was never brought against them until the

war was ended. The resignation of their commissions was accepted when their purpose was well known. As to the charge of ingratitude, they reply, their respective States had contributed their full share towards the expenses of the general government, acting as their disbursing agent; and, when these States withdrew from the Union, their citizens belonging to the two branches of the public service did not, and do not, consider themselves amenable to this charge for abandoning their official positions to cast their lot with their kindred and friends. But, yielding as they did to necessity, it was nevertheless a painful act to separate themselves from companions with whom they had been long and intimately associated, and from the flag under which they had been proud to serve."

With reference to his experience in blockade running at Wilmington, Captain Wilkinson continues:

"The natural advantages of Wilmington for blockade running were very great, owing chiefly to the fact that there are two separate and distinct approaches to Cape Fear River; i. e., either by 'New Inlet' to the north of Smith's Island, or by the 'western bar' to the south of it. This island is ten or eleven miles in length; but the Frying Pan Shoals extend ten or twelve miles further south, making the distance by sea between the two bars thirty miles or more, although the direct distance between them is only six or seven miles. From Smithville, a little village about equidistant from the two bars, both blockading fleets could be distinctly seen; and the outward bound blockade runners could take their choice through which inlet to run the gauntlet. The inward bound blockade run-

ners, too, were guided by circumstances of wind and weather; selecting that bar over which they would cross after they had passed the Gulf Stream, and shaping their course accordingly. The approaches to both bars were clear of danger, with the single exception of the 'Lump' before mentioned; and so regular are the soundings that the shore can be coasted for miles within a stone's throw of the breakers.

"These facts explain why the United States fleets were unable wholly to stop blockade running. It was, indeed, impossible to do so: the result to the very close of the war proves this assertion; for, in spite of the vigilance of the fleet, many blockade runners were afloat when Fort Fisher was captured. In fact, the passage through the fleet was little dreaded; for, although the blockade runner might receive a shot or two, she was rarely disabled; and, in proporiton to the increase of the fleet, the greater we knew would be the danger of its vessels' firing into each other. As the boys before the deluge used to say, they would be very apt to 'miss the cow and kill the calf.' The chief danger was upon the open sea, many of the light cruisers having great speed. As soon as one of them discovered a blockade runner during daylight, she would attract other cruisers in the vicinity by sending up a dense column of smoke, visible for many miles in clear weather. A cordon of fast steamers stationed ten or fifteen miles apart, inside the Gulf Stream, and in the course from Nassau and Bermuda to Wilmington and Charleston, would have been more effective in stopping blockade running than the whole United States Navy concentrated off these ports. It was unaccountable to us why

such a plan did not occur to good Mr. Welles, but it was not our business to suggest. I have no doubt, however, that the fraternity to which I then belonged would have unanimously voted thanks and a service of plate to the Honourable Secretary of the United States Navy for this oversight.

"I say, inside the Gulf Stream; because every experienced captain of a blockade runner made it a point to cross 'the stream' early enough in the afternoon, if possible, to establish the ship's position by chronometer, so as to escape the influence of that current upon his dead reckoning. The lead always gave indication of our distance from the land, but not, of course, of our position; and the numerous salt works along the coast, where evaporation was produced by fire, and which were at work night and day, were visible long before the low coast could be seen. Occasionally, the whole inward voyage would be made under adverse conditions. Cloudy, thick weather and heavy gales would prevail so as to prevent any solar or lunar observations, and reduce the dead reckoning to mere guess-work. In these cases, the nautical knowledge and judgment of the captain would be taxed to the utmost. The current of the Gulf Stream varies in velocity and, within certain limits, in direction; and the stream itself, almost as well defined as a river within its banks under ordinary circumstances, is impelled by a strong gale towards the direction in which the wind is blowing, overflowing its banks, as it were. The counter current, too, inside of the Gulf Stream is much influenced by the prevailing winds.

"Upon one occasion, while in command of the R. E. Lee, formerly the Clyde-built iron steamer Giraffe, we had experienced very heavy and thick weather, and had crossed the Stream and struck soundings about midday. The weather then clearing, so that we could obtain an altitude near meridian, we found ourselves at least forty miles north of our supposed position, and near the shoals which extend in a southerly direction off Cape Lookout. It would be more perilous to run out to sea than to continue on our course, for we had passed through the off-shore line of blockaders, and the sky had become perfectly clear. I determined to personate a transport bound to Beaufort, a port which was in possession of the United States forces and the coaling station of the fleet blockading Wilmington. The risk of detection was not very great, for many of the captured blockade runners were used as transports and dispatch-vessels. Shaping our course for Beaufort, and slowing down, as if we were in no haste to get there, we passed several vessels, showing United States colors to them all. Just as we were crossing the ripple of shallow water off the 'tail' of the shoals, we dipped our colors to a sloop-of-war which passed three or four miles to the south of us. The courtesy was promptly responded to; but I have no doubt her captain thought me a lubberly and careless seaman to shave the shoals so closely. We stopped the engines when no vessels were in sight; and I was relieved from a heavy burden of anxiety as the sun sank below the horizon, and the course was shaped at full speed for Masonboro Inlet.

"The staid old town of Wilmington was turned 'topsy-turvy' during the war. Here resorted the speculators from all parts of the South, to attend the weekly auctions of imported cargoes; and the town was infested with rogues and desperadoes, who made a livelihood by robbery and murder. It was unsafe to venture into the suburbs at night, and even in daylight there were frequent conflicts in the public streets, between the crews of the steamers in port and the soldiers stationed in the town, in which knives and pistols would be freely used; and not unfrequently a dead body with marks of violence upon it would rise to the surface of the water in one of the docks. The civil authorities were powerless to prevent crime. 'Inter arma silent leges!' The agents and employes of different blockade running companies lived in magnificent style, paying a king's ransom (in Confederate money) for their household expenses, and nearly monopolizing the supplies in the country market. Towards the end of the war, indeed, fresh provisions were almost beyond the reach of everyone. Our family servant, newly arrived from the country in Virginia, would sometimes return from market with an empty basket, having flatly refused to pay what he called 'such nonsense prices' for a bit of fresh beef or a handful of vegetables. A quarter of lamb, at the time of which I now write, sold for $100; a pound of tea for $500. Confederate money which in September, 1861, was nearly equal to specie in value, had declined in September, 1862, to 225; in the same month in 1863 to 400; and before September, 1864, to 2,000!

"Many of the permanent residents of the town had gone into the country, letting their houses at enormous prices; those who were compelled to remain kept themselves much secluded, the ladies rarely being seen upon the more public streets. Many of the fast young officers belonging to the army would get an occasional leave to come to Wilmington; and would live at free quarters on board the blockade runners, or at one of the numerous bachelor halls ashore.

"The convalescent soldiers from the Virginia hospitals were sent by the route through Wilmington to their homes in the South. The ladies of the town were organized by Mrs. deR. into a society for the purpose of ministering to the wants of these poor sufferers; the trains which carried them stopping an hour or two at the station, that their wounds might be dressed and food and medicine supplied to them. These self-sacrificing, heroic women patiently and faithfully performed the offices of hospital nurses.

"Liberal contributions were made by companies and individuals to this society; and the long tables at the station were spread with delicacies for the sick, to be found nowhere else in the Confederacy. The remains of the meals were carried by the ladies to a camp of mere boys—home guards—outside of the town. Some of these children were scarcely able to carry a musket, and were altogether unable to endure the exposure and fatigue of field service; and they suffered fearfully from measles and typhoid fever. General Grant used a strong figure of speech when he asserted that 'the cradle and the grave were robbed, to recruit the Confederate armies.' The fact of a fearful drain

upon the population was not exaggerated. Both shared the hardships and dangers of war, with equal self devotion to the cause. It is true that a class of heartless speculators infested the country, who profited by the scarcity of all sorts of supplies; but this fact makes the self sacrifice of the mass of the Southern people more conspicuous; and no State made more liberal voluntary contributions to the armies, or furnished better soldiers, than North Carolina.

"On the opposite side of the river from Wilmington, on a low, marshy flat, were erected the steam cotton presses and there the blockade runners took in their cargoes. Sentries were posted on the wharves day and night, to prevent deserters from getting on board and stowing themselves away; and the additional precaution of fumigating the outward bound steamers at Smithville was adopted; but, in spite of this vigilance, many persons succeeded in getting a free passage abroad. These deserters, or 'stowaways' were in most instances sheltered by one or more of the crew; in which event they kept their places of concealment until the steamer had arrived at her port of destination, when they would profit by the first opportunity to leave the vessel undiscovered. A small bribe would tempt the average blockade-running sailor to connive at this means of escape. The 'impecunious' deserter fared more hardly, and would usually be forced by hunger and thirst to emerge from his hiding place while the steamer was on the outward voyage. A cruel device, employed by one of the captains, effectually put a stop, I believe,—certainly a check,—to this class of 'stowaways.' He turned three or

four of them adrift in the Gulf Stream, in an open boat, with a pair of oars, and a few days' allowance of bread and water."

STEAMER ADVANCE.

In the latter part of the year 1863, I embarked at Wilmington on the North Carolina Steamer Advance, bound for St. George's, Bermuda, to join at that port another blockade runner to which I had been assigned to duty. The Advance was commanded by Captain Crossan, of the old navy, with Captain Wylie, a hearty, whole-souled Scotchman, as sailing master. The purser was Mr. Joseph H. Flanner, a well-known Wilmington merchant and agent of the State; Captain George Morrison was chief engineer; J. B. Smith, a lad of nineteen, three years older than myself, was signal officer; and George Snow, of Raleigh, was a fellow passenger, with a short furlough for a frolic through the blockade. We three lads were assigned quarters in the main sleeping-cabin below deck, which had been used for general passengers in the old country while the ship, as the Lord Clyde, sailed on her former peaceful voyages.

It was my first separation from home; and, as we prepared to turn in for the night by the light of a carefully screened lamp, I was deeply impressed by the moral courage of young Smith, who, in the presence of several onlookers evidently careing nothing for these things, quietly got out his little Testament, read the evening lesson, and then upon his bended knees commended his soul and body to Him who has the confidence of those afar off

upon the sea. That simple act of worship, under circumstances peculiarly trying to a young man, not only strengthened me for my duty then, but made an impression for good which has never been effaced.

This article, written by Mr. Smith, is copied from the "Guilford Collegian" of November, 1896:

"One beautiful afternoon in the summer of 1863 the steamship Advance, the famous blockade runner belonging to the State of North Carolina, with cargo of cloth, blankets, shoes, and other supplies for the North Carolina State troops in the Confederate Army, steamed out of the port of St. George's, Bermuda. Her graceful bow headed for the port of Wilmington, N. C., which was at that time closely guarded by a blockading squadron, composed of the fleetest gunboats in the Federal Navy, to prevent the very purpose we had in view—that of taking in supplies for the Confederate army. I was serving as signal officer on the ship, being a lad of nineteen years of age.

"We had a smooth run of two days and three nights, always keeping a sharp lookout for Federal cruisers, which were kept in these waters to intercept any vessel suspected of contraband traffic. Not being permitted to carry an armament of any kind, our safety depended upon our vigilance and the speed of our ship. To be on the safe side, we would avoid any vessel carrying steam, the smoke being visible before its rigging loomed in sight.

"On the afternoon of the second day out, as usual, all hands were called up and told off by the first officer to their respective boats. It was the purpose of our captain, Thomas Crossan, if about to be captured to scuttle the ship,

and by means of the ship's boats to endeavor to make our way ashore.

"What a motley sight our crew presented! With the exception of our sailing master, our officers were Southerners, but the crew was composed of men of every nationality, adventurers attracted to this most dangerous service by the tempting offer of enormous bounties and wages paid in gold or silver.

"On account of my youthfulness I was much petted by the officers, especially by the sailing master, who was a bluff, typical Scotchman. Heaven bless him! Though by no means of exemplary habits himself, he watched over and guarded me against the temptations to which I was exposed as carefully as a father could have done. He always assigned me to his boat; but Kit Morse, our Wilmington pilot, counted the most skillful pilot and surfman on our coast, would always whisper to me: 'Never mind, Smith, if ever we do have to take to the small boats, you just step in my boat, take a seat by Kit Morse, and if any boat can live through the surf, I will land you safe on North Carolina grit.' This always placed me in a quandary, in which obedience to orders and personal safety struggled for the mastery.

"It was the intention of our captain to make the coast of North Carolina at some point about twenty-five miles above Fort Fisher, at New Inlet to the Cape Fear River, then to steam down the coast and run in about 3 a. m., which would be flood tide on the bar (our ship being so deeply laden we could not get over the bar except at high water). Owing to our having run off our course to dodge steamers,

we made Hatteras lighthouse about 1 a. m., and although we steamed down the coast under full head of steam, daylight found us some twenty-five miles above Fort Fisher, and brought to view the Federal blockading fleet of five vessels, stretching in a line abreast of Masonboro Sound, and standing off about three miles at sea. The closest scrutiny with the aid of our glasses failed to show any sign of life on their decks. But we knew they always kept up full head of steam. The captain called Mr. Morse, the pilot, Mr. Morrison, the chief engineer, and myself to him, and said: 'We have either to run off the coast with chance of a long chase from those fellows out there,' pointing to the Federal vessels, 'and try to get in to-night, or, under cover of the fog and smoke from the surf and salt works hanging over the coast line, try to slip by them.' Then, after a minute's pause, said, with a sparkle in his calm blue eyes, and with compressed lips, 'I am going to take the risk of running by them. Mr. Morrison, be ready to give her all steam possible. Smith, stand by to signal Colonel Lamb to man his guns to protect us. Pilot, take charge of the ship; put her in, if possible; if not, beach her.'

"An extra hand was sent to the wheel, and as I, with my signal flag in hand, took my stand on the starboard side of the quarter deck, to the right of the pilot, he said, Smith, old boy, we are in for it.' We steamed on at a moderate speed, hugging the shore line as close as possible to keep under cover of mingled fog and smoke, which stretched like a veil along the coast.

"Scanning intently the line of blockaders, I began to flatter myself we were unobserved until we were off Mason-

boro, and abreast of the line of blockaders, when up went a signal from the flagship of the squadron, and in a moment each vessel, having slipped her cable, was in motion under full steam. One steamed in shore to our rear, three came bearing obliquely on our port beam, and one, the Connecticut, the fleetest of the squadron, steamed to head us off, and we saw that we were in a trap that had been set for us. 'Full speed ahead!' the pilot signalled the engineer, and the bonny ship bounded forward like a racer. 'Up with the colors!' spoke the captain, and the Southern Cross fluttered in the morning breeze from our flagstaff astern.

"Intense excitement prevailed among the sailors and firemen off duty as they gathered on the forward deck, on which, from our position, we had full view. Among them our chief cook, 'Frenchie' who was wont to boast a cap carried off his head by a Russian bullet at Sebastapol.

"'Smith, said the Pilot,' 'twenty miles to Fort Fisher.' A puff of smoke, and a cannon ball from the Connecticut skipped the crest of the waves to the forward but short of our ship. I recognized it as a gentle hint to round to and surrender. The motley crowd on deck, supposing it to be the extent of the Connecticut's ability to coerce, gave vent to their feelings in a suppressed cheer. Alas, for the hopes! the last spark of which was soon quenched. The Connecticut, our course not being changed, sent the next shot whistling between our smoke stacks, across the three-mile strip of land into the Cape Fear river, as I afterwards learned. 'Oh, good God!' said Frenchie, as he darted for shelter towards the forecastle, but was intercepted by a shot across our bows.

"The firing from the fleet had now become general, and amid the whistle of shot and bursting of shell all about us the pilot said with a smile: 'Smith, look at Frenchie dodging about like a partridge in a coop.' Just then the signal station highest up the beach hove in sight, and my time for action had arrived, which required me to become oblivious to the terrors menacing destruction and death; and, by waves of my signal flag spell out, letter by letter, this message to Colonel Lamb, commandant at Fort Fisher: 'Colonel Lamb: Have guns manned to protect us. Signed Crossan, Captain Ad-Vance.'

"No one can imagine how glad I was at the close of my message to catch the shore operator's reply of 'O. K.' My official responsibility being now ended, the peril that environed us burst upon me with full force. Fifteen miles to Fort Fisher! For fifteen miles to be subjected to such an ordeal, or to that of being dashed to pieces in that fearful surf which mingled its ominous warning with the reverberating roar of the pitiless cannon. I tried to read my destiny in the imperturbable countenance of my companion, a wave of whose hand could consign me to a Northern prison, or perchance to a watery grave. As well seek to penetrate the secrets of the Sphinx as the thoughts of Kit Morse. Yet I knew he loved me, thought of my safety even with this great responsibility resting upon him; for once, as the fragments of shell were falling all about us, he pushed me under the lee of the sailing master's cabin, saying, 'Smith, that may keep a piece from striking you.' How slow we seemed to be running! People ashore likened our speed to that of a bird seeking safety by flight. Minutes to us seemed

hours, yet slowly, so slowly as scarcely to be perceptible, we were gradually forging ahead of all except the Connecticut, which was running in a straight line for the inlet, to cut us off, while we had to follow the curves of the shore. On sped the chase! In the press for speed the Connecticut fired only from her starboard guns.

"We had now reached the last curve of the shore which projected out seaward and would have to be turned before we could enter the inlet. This the pilot traced with his finger and said calmly: 'Smith, that will bring us in a hundred yards of the Connecticut. I wonder why Lamb doesn't fire.'

"Bang! went a gun from the shore battery, and a Whitworth shell bored through the hull of the rear vessel, being in point blank range. Suddenly the vessel to the rear gave up the chase and steamed seaward. Not so with that dreaded Connecticut which seemed right across our bows, with our ship as a shield to protect her from the guns of the fort.

"How fast we were approaching her! Every motion of her gun crew became plainly visible, even that of the gunner, as he pulled the lanyard and sent that fearful missile of destruction aimed at our water line, but buried in a wave twenty feet short.

"'That got us,' said the brave pilot to me. Then, with a quick wave of his hand and a cheery voice of command, 'Over, hard over!' The wheel rolled under the willing hands of the brave steersman; and, with the speed of a chased stag, and the grace of a swan, the bonnie craft

rounded the point, and entered the inlet. The guns of Fort Fisher belched flames of fire, and we were safe."

IMPROVED SHIPS AND NOTABLE CAPTAINS.

The last year of the war evolved a superior type of blockade runners of great speed, many of which were commanded by celebrated men of nerve and experience. Of these may be mentioned at random and from memory: the Lilian, Captain Maffitt; the Little Hattie, Captain Lebby; the Florie, named for Captain Maffitt's daughter; the Agnes E. Fry, commanded by that noble but unfortunate naval officer, Captain Joseph Fry; the Chicora, still running in Canadian waters; the Let Her Rip, the Let Her Be; also the fleet of three-funnel boats, one of which, the Condor, was commanded by the famous Admiral Hewitt, of the British navy, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea, and who was knighted by Queen Victoria for his distinguished services as Ambassador to King John of Abyssinia. When this steamer was stranded off Fort Fisher, the celebrated Confederate spy, Mrs. Rose Greenhow, who was a passenger, entreated Captain Hewitt to send her ashore through the breakers, fearing that she would suffer death if captured by the Federals. Captain Hewitt refused, saying he would protect her; she insisted; at last he consented, and she was drowned in the attempt. Her body was picked up on the beach the next day by Mr. Thomas Taylor. The Falcon was commanded for one voyage by Hobart Pasha; the Flamingo, the Ptarmigan, and the Vulture were also of three-funnel type.

Another notable British officer who ran the blockade was the gallant Burgoyne, who was lost in the iron-clad Captain in the Bay of Biscay, which vessel he commanded on that unfortunate voyage.

Captain Carter was a notable naval officer of the Confederacy, and he commanded the blockade runner Coquette.

Captain Thomas Lockwood, a North Carolinian, was, perhaps, the most noted of the commercial class. His last command was the celebrated steamer Colonel Lamb, named for the defender of Fort Fisher. This was the largest, the finest, and the fastest of all the ships on either side during the war. She was a paddle steamer built of steel, 281 feet long, 36 feet beam, and 15 feet depth of hold. Her tonage was 1,788 tons. At the time she was built, 1864, she was the fastest vessel afloat, having attained on her trial a speed of 16¾ knots, or about nineteen miles, an hour. Captain Lockwood made several successful runs in this fine ship, and escaped to England at the close of the war. The Colonel Lamb was sold to the Greek Government; and subsequently, under another name, was blown up while in the Mersey loaded with war supplies. Other fast boats were the Owl, Bat, Fox, Dream, Stag, Edith, Atalanta, Virginia, Charlotte, Banshee, and Night Hawk.

Another merchant commander of distinction was Captain Halpin, who was very skillful and successful, and who afterwards commanded the famous leviathan, Great Eastern, while she was engaged in laying the Atlantic cable.

CAPTAIN MAFFITT.

Among the devoted band of United States Navy officers whose home and kindred were in the South at the outbreak of the war, and who resigned their commissions rather than aid in subjugating their native State, there was none braver or truer than our own Captain John N. Maffitt, who, yielding to necessity, severed the strong ties of a service under the old flag, in which he had long distinguished himself; and not only relinquished a conspicuous position directly in the line of speedy promotion to the rank of Admiral, but sacrificed at the same time his entire fortune, which was invested in the North, and which was confiscated shortly afterwards by the Federal government.

The story of the life and service of this modest hero has never been written. After the capture of the forts and the closing of the ports of Wilmington and Charleston in January, 1865, Maffitt, in command of the steamer Owl, and unaware of the situation, ran into each port in quick succession, escaping from the fleet in each exploit as by a miracle, although under a heavy and destructive fire. While running out of Charleston harbor when escape seemed impossible. The entire manuscript of his history of the cruise of the Florida, which warship he had so long successfully commanded, was, by an unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of a subordinate, sent to the bottom of the sea, along with the Confederate mail and other valuable papers. Some years after, with the assistance of his accomplished wife, he prepared for publication a number of historical manuscripts, which are still preserved by his widow, in the hope that they may be

of pecuniary value to the survivors of the family. Captain Maffitt wrote, also, a story of naval life in the old service, entitled "Nautilus," as well as a number of articles for the "Army and Navy Magazine," entitled "Reminiscences of the Confederate States Navy." His paper on the building of the ram Albemarle by Captain Cook, and the gallant officer's subsequent attack upon the Federal fleet in Plymouth Sound, which is copied entire by Colonel Scharf in his "History of the Confederate Navy," has been pronounced one of the finest descriptions relative to the war between the states. It was my privilege to be numbered among his personal friends from the time he honoured me, a lad of seventeen years, with his recommendation for the appointment as purser of his own ship, the Confederate steamer Lilian, which appointment was confirmed just before he gave up the command to take charge of the Confederate ram Albemarle at Plymouth. This friendship was unbroken until the close of his eventful life, the sacrifices and services of which should ever be held in grateful remembrance by our Southern people.

When President Davis wrote for Maffitt's war record for reference in his book, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the modest commander gave more prominence to Lieutenant Read's exploits than to his own. When, a few years ago, I had the honor of frequent interviews with Mrs. Davis at Narragansett, Captain Maffitt was referred to repeatedly by that distinguished lady, who assured me that he was always held in high esteem by Mr. Davis and herself; and she pleasantly recalled some very

amusing stories of Maffitt's gallantry and fine humor which made him such a universal favourite.

In a year after my appointment to the Lilian, I had the misfortune to be captured at sea, after an exciting chase of five hours, by the Federal cruisers Keystone State, Boston, Gettysburg, and two others unknown, in which our ship was disabled under a heavy fire by shot below the water line. I was held a prisoner on board the United States Steamer Keystone State, whose commander, Captain Crosby, a regular in the old navy, treated me most courteously. Upon the invitation of the paymaster, I messed with the superior officers in the wardroom; where I heard frequent bitter allusions to Captain Semmes and to other prominent Confederates, but never a word of censure for the genial Maffitt, the mention of whose name would provoke a kindly and amused smile, as some of his pranks in the old times would be recalled by those who had not learned to regard him as a foe.

The following passages taken from Admiral Porter's "Naval History of the Civil War," confirm the personal observations of the writer with reference to Maffitt's reputation in the old navy:

"Maffitt was a different kind of man from Semmes. A thorough master of his profession, and possessed of all the qualities that make a favorite naval commander, he became a successful raider of the sea; but he made no enemies among those officers who had once known him and who now missed his genial humor in their messes. He was a veritable rover, but was never inhuman to those whom the fortunes of war threw into his hands; and he made himself

as pleasant while emptying a ship of her cargo and then scuttling her, as Claude Duval when robbing a man of his purse, or borrowing his watch from his pocket."

Porter describes in almost flattering terms Maffitt's superior skill and daring in fitting out the Florida under most adverse conditions, and then, by way of explanation, says:

"It may appear to the reader that we have exhibited more sympathy for Commander Maffitt and given him more credit than he deserved. It must be remembered that we are endeavoring to write a naval history of the war, and not a partisan work. This officer, it is true, had gone from under the flag we venerate, to fight against it; but we know that it was a sore trial for him to leave the service to which he was attached, and that he believed he was doing his duty in following the fortunes of his State, and had the courage to follow his convictions. He did not leave the United States Navy with any bitterness, and, when the troubles were all over, he accepted the situation gracefully. What we are going to state of him shows that he was capable of the greatest heroism, and that, though he was on the side of the enemy, his courage and skill were worthy of praise."

He then recounts the wonderful story of Maffitt's perilous run through Commander Preble's fleet off Mobile in broad daylight, with a crew decimated by yellow fever, and he himself scarcely able to stand, owing to its prostrating effects:

"The Florida approached rapidly, her smoke pipes vomiting forth volumes of black smoke and a high pressure of steam escaping from her steam pipe. As she came within

hailing distance, the Federal commander ordered her to heave to, but Maffitt still sped on, having sent all his men below, except the man at the wheel, and returned no reply to the hail. Preble then fired a shot ahead of the Florida, still supposing her to be some saucy Englishman disposed to try what liberties he could take, though the absence of men on deck should have excited suspicion. He hesitated, however, and his hesitation lost him a prize and the honor of capturing one of the Confederate scourges of the ocean. Preble had his crew at quarters, however; and, as soon as he saw that the stranger was passing him, he opened his broadside upon her, and the other two blockaders did the same. But the first shots were aimed too high, and the Florida sped on towards the bar, her feeble crew forgetting their sickness and heaping coal upon the furnace fires with all possible rapidity. Every man was working for his life, while the captain stood amid the storm of shot and shell perfectly unmoved, keenly watching the marks for entering the port, and wondering to himself what his chances were for getting safely in.

"During the whole war there was not a more exciting adventure than this escape of the Florida into Mobile Bay. The gallant manner in which it was conducted excited great admiration, even among the men who were responsible for permitting it. We do not suppose that there ever was a case where a man, under all the attending circumstances, displayed more energy or more bravery.

"And so the Florida was allowed to go on her way without molestation, and Maffitt was enabled to commence that career on the high seas which has made his name one of the

notable ones of the war. He lighted the seas wherever he passed along, and committed such havoc among American merchantmen, that, if possible, he was even more dreaded than Semmes. We have only to say that his being permitted to escape into Mobile Bay, and then to get out again, was the greatest example of blundering committed throughout the war. Every officer who knew Maffitt was certain that he would attempt to get out of Mobile, and we are forced to say that those who permitted his escape are responsible for the terrible consequences of their want of vigilance and energy.

"Preble's failure to sink the Florida—for nothing else would have stopped Maffitt—brought him into disgrace with the Navy department, although he proved in his report of the affair that every means at his command had been used to intercept the bold Confederate; and shortly afterwards the Secretary of the Navy, supported by a majority of naval officers, recommended the dismissal of Commodore Preble from the navy, which was carried into effect September 20, 1863.

"Preble repeatedly demanded an investigation, which was refused; but he ultimately got his case before Congress, and was restored to the list February 21, 1864, with the grade of rear admiral.

"At the close of the war Captain Maffitt was summoned by a court of inquiry, demanded by Preble, to testify as to the facts of his exploit in entering Mobile Bay, in which he said:

"'I can vouch for his (Preble's) promptness and destructive energy on the occasion of my entering Mobile Bay. The su-

perior speed of the Florida alone saved her from destruction, though not from a frightful mauling. We were torn to pieces—one man's head taken off and eleven wounded; boats, and standing and running-rigging shot away, also fore gaff. Four shells struck our hull, and had the one (nine inch) that grazed our boiler and entered the berth deck (killing one and wounding two) exploded, every man belonging to the steamer would have been killed; as I had only the officers on deck until about to cross the bar, when I made some sail, and one man was wounded in the rigging. We had about fourteen hundred shrapnel shots in our hull, and our masts were pitted like a case of small-pox. The damage done her was so great that we did not get to sea again for over three months.' "

DR. HOGE'S ADVENTURE.

One of the interesting events connected with blockade running had to do with this great and good divine.

There was, throughout the Confederacy, a deplorable lack of Bibles, and, in fact, of all religious literature. This was due to the scarcity of paper and of materials for printing and binding, all the industrial energies of the Confederacy being devoted to the great work of self-defense. Dr. William J. Hoge, the brother of Dr. Moses D. Hoge and father of Dr. Peyton H. Hoge, conceived the idea of laying this need before the Christians of Great Britain and asking for a ship-load of Bibles, tracts and other religious publications. He wrote to Dr. R. L. Dabney and Dr. M. D. Hoge of his plan. The latter hailed with delight the suggestion, but advised the going of a

personal representative as likely to prove more successful. He consulted the other ministers of Richmond, and members of the Confederate Cabinet, and they heartily approved of the plan.

A swift steamer was soon to sail from Charleston, and Dr. William J. Hoge, after consenting to go, found it impossible to prepare in time; so Dr. M. D. Hoge, hastily securing the proper credentials, himself started on the journey.

He ran the blockade from Charleston on the Antonica, commanded by Captain L. M. Coxetter. Of this he wrote: "Our run through the blockading squadron was glorious. I was in one of the severest and bloodiest battles fought near Richmond; but it was not more exciting than that midnight adventure, when, amid lowering clouds and dashes of rain, and just wind enough to get up sufficient commotion in the sea to drown the noise of our paddle-wheels, we dashed along, with lights all extinguished, and not even a cigar burning on the deck, until we were safely out and free from the Federal fleet."

From Nassau he went to Havana on a small schooner, and from there on a British steamer to Southampton.

His visit was a complete success. From Nassau more than 1,200 copies of the Holy Scriptures were obtained. When he reached England, through the kind co-operation of the distinguished James M. Mason, he was introduced to Lord Shaftesbury. The latter secured a hearing before the British Foreign Bible Society. This society, though he desired to purchase, generously donated to this cause 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments, and 250,000 copies of the Gos-

pels and Psalms. He also secured from the Tract Society a large gift of their publications. Of these books, going in on various blockade runners, more than three-fourths reached the Confederacy in safety, and were a mighty blessing to the soldiers.

His return was hastened by the sad news, found in a Northern paper, of the death of *one* of his children, he did not for some time know which. Hastening home, he sailed for Halifax, and from there to Bermuda. Thence he sailed on the blockade runner Advance, formerly the Lord Clyde. The accompanying description of his entrance into the Cape Fear we copy from Dr. Peyton H. Hoge's "Moses Drury Hoge: Life and Letters."

"Sunday morning, October 11th, was a day of cloudless beauty. Dr. Hoge came early on deck to find the Advance sailing merrily southward, with the Federal fleet in full view. Dr. Hoge became anxious.

'What are you going to do, Captain?'

'I am going to Wilmington today.'

'But, surely, you are not going to attempt it in broad daylight.'

'Why not?'

'Well, for one reason, the Confederate government cannot afford to lose this ship; and, for another, there are some of us on board who do not wish to be captured, and I am one of them.'

'Oh! you will not be captured, and this ship will not be lost.'

"Still they bore on; but as yet there was no movement in the Federal fleet. It is probable that they were deceived

by the boldness of the steamer's approach, and took her for some transport or supply vessel. When she was nearly opposite the entrance, the helm was put hard to port, and all steam put on as she made the inlet.

"The mask was now thrown off, and three Federal vessels gave chase. She had a good start; but, if they could not catch her by steam, perhaps they could with gunpowder, and soon the shells were shrieking through her rigging. Any moment might decide her fate, but still she sped on untouched. The situation was critical and—uncomfortable. But now the pursuing vessels came within range of the Confederate guns, and Fort Fisher opened fire. The pursuit slackened, and the pursuers fell off. Almost the next instant the Advance was stuck fast on a shoal; had it happened a moment sooner, they would have been lost. The captain came to Dr. Hoge, and besought him to lead them in a service of thanksgiving; and on that Sabbath morning, in sight of the baffled enemy and the protecting fort, passengers and crew assembled on deck and stood with bared heads beneath their own blue Southern skies, while he lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving and praise for their deliverance. Yet the danger was not quite over. If they did not get free by night, there was risk of their being boarded under cover of darkness. But with the rising tide they were afloat again in the early afternoon, and that night they slept in Wilmington."

CLOSING SCENES.

The closing scenes of blockade-running were described by Colonel Scharf in his "History of the Confederate States Navy," as follows:

"The military and naval expeditions against Wilmington in December, 1864, and January, 1865, resulted in the capture of the forts and the closing of the port. Eight vessels left the port of Nassau between the 12th and 16th of January, one of which took four one-hundred-pounder Armstrong guns; and at the time of their sailing there were over two and a half million pounds of bacon stored at Nassau awaiting transportation. The confidence reposed in the defense of Wilmington continued unabated on the part of the blockade-runners, and the Charlotte, the Blenheim, and the Stag, all British steamers, ran in after the fall of Fort Fisher, and were captured by the Federal cruisers in the river. The blockade-runner Owl, Captain John N. Maffitt, C. S. N., in command, succeeded in passing over the bar near Fort Caswell, and anchored at Smithville on the night the forts were evacuated; and immediately returned to Bermuda, arriving on the 21st, and carrying the news of the fall of Fort Fisher and the end of blockade-running at Wilmington. Her arrival was timely, stopping the Maud Campbell, Old Dominion, Florence, Deer and Virginia. Most, if not all, of these steamers now turned their prows toward Charleston, the last harbor remaining accessible; and, though the fall of that city was impending, yet a cargo might be safely landed and transported along the interior line to the famishing armies of the Confederate States. To that end Captain Wilkinson determined to make the effort; but it was the part of prudence to ascertain, positively, before sailing, that Charleston was still in our possession. This intelligence was brought by the Chicora, which arrived at Nassau on the 30th of January; and

on Februrary 1st, the Owl, Carolina, Dream, Chicora and Chameleon sailed within a few hours of each other for Charleston.

"The effort was a brave and gallant one, but was ineffectual. The U. S. S. Vanderbilt intercepted the Chameleon, and, after an exciting chase, was dodged by the fast sailing vessel under the cool seamanship of the gallant Wilkinson. Turning on the Vanderbilt, the Chameleon again attempted to reach Charleston; but having lost a day in escaping from the Vanderbilt, and, being retarded by unfavorable weather, she did not reach the coast near Charleston bar till the fifth night after leaving Nassau. The blockading fleet, reinforced from that off Wilmington, now closed every practical entrance; but it was not until after assurances from the pilot that entrance was impossible, that Captain Wilkinson 'turned away from the land, and our hearts sank within us, while conviction forced itself upon us that the cause for which so much blood had been shed, so many miseries bravely endured, and so many sacrifices cheerfully made, was about to perish at last.' The Chicora, more fortunate than the Chameleon, ran into Charleston, but finding that city evacuated, ran out, despite the effectiveness of the blockade, and reached Nassau on the 28th. The Fox, less fortunate, ran into Charleston in ignorance of its capture, and was seized by the Federal cruisers.

"Captain John N. Maffitt, C. S. N., in the Owl, left Havana about the middle of March, within 'a quarter of an hour' after the U. S. S. Cherokee steamed out of the harbour. Passing Morro Castle, the Owl hugged the coast towards the west, followed by the Cherokee, the chase con-

tinuing for an hour or more. The Owl had speed, and Maffitt had the seamanship to 'throw dust into the eyes' of his pursuer by changing her coal from hard to soft; thus clouding the air with dense black smoke, under cover of which the Owl turned on the Cherokee, and, steaming away to the stern of the cruiser, disappeared in the darkness of night and storm."

THE END.

A large cannon ball weighing hundreds of pounds was thrown from a Yankee vessel and landed on Bluesville Sound designed to destroy a Salt works which was then operated by the Worths. This home was afterwards occupied by David L Worth and of this writing has descended to our Hon Charles William Worth of Wilmington, N C - The place is called "Brandy Hall."

Yes March 1911

Ed Moffitt