age, respectively, but each had received his baptism of fire in Virginia—Bradford, with a Virginia artillery company; Horsey, with the Washington Artillery, of Charleston; and I, with the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, of Savannah. Yet, though long in the service, not one of us three ever saw the inside of a Federal prison. Such were the men who supplied the munitions of war, clothing, and food for our armies up to the close of the war, while the United States Government, with an immense fleet of ships and the whole world to draw upon, was powerless to prevent it.

"When I was promoted to the command of the *Mary Celeste,* I was fortunate to have associated with me as brave and faithful a set of officers as ever fell to the lot of any man; and I needed them, for I was the boy captain, the youngest man to command a blockade runner. My chief engineer was John Sassard, of Charleston, and I have never known a better engineer nor a more conscientious Christian gentleman. I never knew him to take a drink, and I never heard an oath issue from his lips. Shrinking from anything like notoriety, he was a true Confederate and as brave as brave could be. I think one of the best illustrations of his nerve was an incident that occurred on my first voyage in command. We had succeeded in getting through the blockade off Wilmington and shaped a course for Bermuda. Daylight found us in the Gulf Stream, the weather dirty, raining, and a heavy sea, our ship small and heavily loaded. The rain clearing away, there was disclosed to our view a large brig-rigged steamer within easy gunshot, with all her canvas set, bearing down upon us. I found out afterwards that she was the steamship *Fulton,* a very fast ship built for the passenger trade between New York and Havre, France.

"We altered our course head to wind and sea, causing the chasing steamer to do the same and to take in her sails, which gave us a little advantage; but she was a large, able ship, and made good weather, while our little craft would bury herself clean out of sight, taking the green seas in over the forecastle. Calling Mr. Sassard, I said: 'John, this will never do. That ship will soon sink us or catch us unless we do better.' He answered in his quiet manner: 'Captain, I am doing all that a sane man dare do.' 'Then,' said I, 'you must be insane, and that quick, for it is destruction or Fort Lafayette for us, and I would rather go to the former. I am going to lighten her forward, so that she will go into the sea easier, and you *must* get

more revolutions out of the engines.' He went below, and I took forty-five bales of cotton from forward, rolled them abaft the paddles, cut them open, so that the enemy could make no use of them, and threw them overboard. The loose cotton floating in our wake caused him to deviate from his course occasionally, which helped us some. About this time Sassard sent for me to come down to the engine-room, where he said: 'Captain, I am getting all the revolutions possible out of the engines. I am following steam full stroke; this is a new ship, first voyage; these boilers are, I hope, good English iron. All there is now between us and eternity are these boilers. How much steam there is on them I don't know.' He had a kedge anchor made fast to the safety valve. In my opinion it takes a mighty brave man to do that. I went on deck, threw the log and found the ship to be making seventeen miles an hour, into a heavy head sea. 'All right,' I said, 'keep that up a little while, and there is no ship in the United States Navy that can catch her.' We were soon out of range of the enemy's guns and enabled to reduce the pressure on the boilers. Sassard and I never separated until after the surrender. My first assistant engineer, Middleton, was chief of the ill-fated *Lelia,* and lost his life when she went down at the mouth of the Mersey with very nearly all hands. My second assistant engineer was the heroic McKay, who afterwards drove the *Armstrong* for seven hours, while three ships were raining shot and shell at her. My pilot, Thomas M. Thompson, of Wilmington, was another officer who knew no fear.

"To illustrate more fully the kind of men with whom I was associated, I will relate a few incidents that occurred on board the *Atalanta* on her last run into Wilmington, when she was turned over to the naval authorities and converted into the cruiser *Tallahassee.*

"Just before leaving Bermuda for Wilmington, several of our fastest ships returned after unsuccessful attempts to get into the Confederacy and reported that the ocean and coast were alive with the enemy's ships and that it was impossible to get through. We were ready for sea, however, and I determined to make the trial. We approached the entrance to Wilmington Harbor on a beautiful moonlight night in July, only one day before the full moon. Before approaching the blockaders the officers and men were notified that the attempt was about to be made, with the chances very much against us. (There were