chance that we could gain the protection of our batteries before they could head us off, and we determined to try it. As we rounded the point of shoals off Lockwood's Folly, we came in full view of all their ships; it seemed to me that there were hundreds of them. They at once recognized our character and purpose, and then began a most exciting race for a given point, our ship going for all she was worth, hugging the shore and depending upon the leadsman to keep her afloat; the enemy's ships were coming in to head us off and the booming of their guns reminded me of the music of a pack of hounds in full chase, but on this particular occasion I failed to appreciate the music. The signal station, located between Lockwood's Folly and Fort Caswell, signaling the fort, the commanding officer rushed a couple of Whitworth guns down the beach in our direction, and in a little while we heard the welcome sound of their shots going over our heads, and we were safe. From the time we were seen by the enemy until we were under the protection of our guns did not occupy more than forty-five minutes, but to us it seemed an age.

"One of the most valuable cargoes ever brought into the Confederacy was brought in by the old cruiser *Sumter,* converted into a blockade runner and commanded by E. C. Reed. Her cargo consisted of arms, ammunition, clothing, cloth, medicines, and not the least important articles were the two big Blakely guns, which some of you now present may have seen mounted at Charleston. They were so large and unwieldly that they were loaded with their muzzles sticking out of the hatches.

"The *Sumter* was a slow ship, and could not make more than nine miles an hour. Unable to get in during the night, Reed found himself near the enemy's ships at daylight. To attempt to go off shore with so slow a ship meant a chase and certain capture. So he determined to try a game of bluff. Hoisting the American ensign, he steamed in amongst them, paying not the least attention to their signals or movements, and when they awoke to the fact that the *Sumter* was not one of themselves, she had the inside track and was soon welcomed by the guns of Fort Fisher.

"The devotion of the women of the Confederacy, and their heroic conduct during our struggle for existence, will always be held in grateful remembrance by the veterans of the Lost Cause. In my career as a blockade runner I chanced to see several instances of nerve displayed by them, which would do honor to

an old soldier. On one of our trips from Bermuda to Wilmington I had with me as a passenger a lady from Richmond. On nearing the blockaders I sent her down to the cabin, which was below the water line and comparatively safe while we were under fire. A little later, during the hot chase and fire which we had to take, I heard a voice at my elbow and, turning, saw her at my side. I said: 'I told you to go below and stay there'; but she answered: 'I could not remain there in the darkness, hearing the guns; if you will let me stay here I'll give you no trouble.' 'Well, you may remain,' I told her, 'but you must not speak to any one.' She never left the bridge until we were safely anchored under the guns of Fort Caswell, and I think was the coolest person on board the ship.

"Upon another occasion the steamer *Lynx,* Capt. E. C. Reed, while attempting to get into Wilmington, was completely riddled by the enemy's ships, and, finding her in a sinking condition, she was run ashore near Fort Fisher, to prevent her sinking in deep water, the crew escaping to the beach in small boats. A lady passenger, a resident of Wilmington, was sent below when the firing began, where she remained until the boats were ready to land on the beach; she was found standing knee-deep in the water, obeying orders 'to remain until sent for.'

"One more incident and I am done with the ladies. During the bombardment of Sumter our ship was selected, on account of her speed, to take important dispatches from the Confederacy to Europe, and we had on board as passengers a bridal couple. We had to pass out through a terrible cross-fire from the batteries on Morris Island and James Island and the ironclads anchored in Morris Island Channel, which was returned by Sumter, Moultrie, Ripley, Castle Pinckney, and the Confederate vessels. After passing through the fireworks display in the neighborhood of Sumter, the vessels outside the bar made it lively for us, but daylight found us well to sea with no enemy in sight. At the beginning of the firing, my attention was attracted to the bridal couple. The groom had himself spread out upon the deck-load of cotton, while the bride was standing quietly near by. I said to her: 'Are you not frightened, Mrs. B.?' 'Yes, I am frightened,' she said; 'this is terrible, but we are in the hands of the Almighty.' You can imagine the respect I entertained ever after for the gentleman who, with such an example before him, displayed such arrant cowardice.

"Sailors have always been charged with being superstitious;