my great delight jumped into their boat, and away they rowed as fast as they could, taking all our crew, with exception of the second officer, one of the engineers, four seamen, and myself, as prisoners.

"We chuckled at our lucky escape, but we were not out of the woods yet, as we had only a boat half stove in with which to reach the shore through some 300 yards of surf, and we were afraid at any moment that our enemies, finding there was no gunpowder on board, might return. We made a feeble effort to put the fire out, but it had gained too much headway, and although I offered the men with me £50 apiece to stand by me and persevere, they were too demoralized and began to lower the shattered boat, swearing that they would leave me behind if I didn't come with them. There was nothing for it but to go, yet the passage through the boiling surf seemed more dangerous to my mind than remaining on the burning ship. The blockaders immediately opened fire when they knew their own men had left the *Night Hawk,* and that she was burning; and Lamb's great shells hurtling over our heads and those from the blockading fleet bursting all around us formed a weird picture. In spite of the hail of shot and shell and the danger of the boiling surf, we reached the shore in safety, wet through, and glad I was in my state of exhaustion from fatigue and loss of blood to be welcomed by Lamb's orderly officer.

"The poor *Night Hawk* was now a sheet of flame, and I thought it was all up with her; and indeed it would have been had it not been for Lamb, who, calling for volunteers from his garrison, sent out two or three boatloads of men to her, and when I came down to the beach, after having my wound dressed and after a short rest, I was delighted to find the fire had sensibly decreased. I went on board, and after some hours of hard work the fire was extinguished. But what a wreck she was!

"Luckily, with the rising tide she had bumped over the bank, and was now lying on the main beach much more accessible and sheltered. Still, it seemed an almost hopeless task to save her; but we were not going to be beaten without a try, so, after having ascertained how she lay and the condition she was in, I resolved to make an attempt to get her dry, and telegraphed to Wilmington for assistance.

"Our agent sent me down about 300 negroes to assist in bailing and pumping, and I set them to work at once. As good luck would have it, my finest steamer, *Banshee No. 2,* which had

just been sent out, ran in the next night. She was a great improvement on the first *Banshee,* having a sea speed of 15½ knots, which was considered very fast in those days; her length was 252 feet, beam 31 feet, depth 11 feet, her registered tonnage 439 tons, and her crew consisted of fifty-three men in all. I at once requisitioned her for aid in the shape of engineers and men, so that now I had everything I could want in the way of hands. Our great difficulty was that the *Night Hawk's* anchors would not hold for us to get a fair haul at her.

"But here again I was to be in luck. For the very next night the *Condor,* commanded by poor Hewitt, in attempting to run in stuck fast upon the bank over which we had bumped, not one hundred yards to windward of us, and broke in two. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and Hewitt's mischance proved the saving of our ship. Now we had a hold for our chain cables by making them fast to the wreck, and were able gradually to haul her off by them a little during each tide, until on the seventh day we had her afloat in a gut between the bank and the shore, and at high water we steamed under our own steam gaily up the river to Wilmington.

"Considering the appliances we had and the circumstances under which we were working, the saving of that steamer was certainly a wonderful performance, as we were under fire almost the whole time. The Northerners, irritated, no doubt, by their failure to destroy the ship, used to shell us by day and send in boats by night; Lamb, however, put a stop to the latter annoyance by lending us a couple of companies to defend us, and one night when our enemies rowed close up with the intention of boarding us, they were glad to sheer off with the loss of a lieutenant and several men. In spite of all the shot and shell by day and the repeated attacks at night, we triumphed in the end, and, after having the *Night Hawk* repaired at heavy cost and getting together a crew, I gave May, a friend of mine, command of her, and he ran out successfully with a valuable cargo which made her pay, notwithstanding all her bad luck and the amount spent upon her. Poor May! he was afterwards governor of Perth gaol, and is dead now—a high-toned, sensitive gentleman, mighty proud of his ship, lame duck as she was.

"When she was burning, our utmost efforts were of course directed towards keeping her engine-room and boilers amidships intact, and confining the flames to both ends; in this we were successful, mainly owing to the fact of her having bunkers