RESCUE OF MADAME DeROSSET.

In the summer of 1864, while the *Lilian* was undergoing repairs, we found at the shipyard in Wilmington the noted blockade runner *Lynx,* commanded by one of the most daring spirits in the service, Captain 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 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 immediately 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 pursuers; 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, and broadside upon broadside, volley upon volley, was poured upon us. The captain put me in the wheelhouse 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 wheelhouse knocked me violently on the head. I flew to the cabin and 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; then 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 the 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 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 impossible, 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 on 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 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, and also an exciting run through the fleet in the Confederate steamer *Owl.* She is now the widow of the late Col. Alfred Moore Waddell, formerly mayor of Wilmington.