States. On February 5, 1862, she completed the loading of a cargo of cotton, rosin, and tobacco at Wilmington, under her new name, *Annie Childs,* named for the wife of Col. F. L. Childs, and proceeded through the blockade by 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 in short lengths. Captain Bulloch said that she was badly found for so long a voyage, but she weathered a heavy northwest 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 old-fashioned steamers, partly from the Northern ports, bought by foreigners and sent via neutral ports, where they went through the process of "white-washing," 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, Fanny, Britannia, Ella, Pet, Sirius, Orion, Antonica, Hansa, Calypso, Duoro, Thistle, Scotia, City of Petersburg, Old Dominion, Index, Caledonia, Dolphin, Georgiana McCall, Modern Greece, Hebe, Dee, Wave Queen, Granite City, Stonewall Jackson, Victory, Flora, Beauregard, Ruby, Margaret and Jessie, Eagle, Gertrude, Charleston, Banshee, Minna,* and *Eugenie,* all of 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 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 but one exception, never taken; but many were captured, sunk, and 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 McCall,* 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 at Carolina Beach and Masonboro 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 fifty 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 favorite 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 armpits, but cool and defiant, is well worth recording.

The loss of the *Georgiana McCall* 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 it 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, unhurt, who professed igno-