Point, grounded on the Rip at the mouth of the river. Efforts were made to lighten her and get her off, but the receding tide caused her to hog and break in two, on account of the heavy armor, and, becoming a wreck, she subsequently sank and went to pieces. Little was saved from her; but the crew were not endangered, as the weather was calm.

The following is the account of the incident given by the *Daily Journal* of Tuesday, May 10, 1864, omitting, however, mention of the accident to the *Raleigh:*

The Iron-Clad "Raleigh" at Sea.

Fort Fisher, N. C., May 7, 1864.

The monotony of garrison life has been disturbed by an act of gallantry on the part of our navy. Last evening, the iron-clad *Raleigh,* Lieut. Pembroke Jones commanding, bearing the broad pennant of Flag Officer Lynch, steamed out of New Inlet in quest of the enemy. Not long after leaving the bar the *Raleigh* met a blockader cruising about, and gave her a seven-inch shot crashing through her sides; the Federal vessel being unused to such an encounter, immediately left, making signals to the fleet. The iron-clad continued her cruise until after midnight, when an unsuspecting blockader, taking her for a blockade runner, fired a shot and ran down to pick up a prize, but, instead of receiving the surrender of an unarmed blockade runner, Jonathan was complimented by a ball that was more surprising than agreeable. Thinking in wonder that they had been fired on by one of the squadron through mistake, the blockader displayed the usual signal of a bright blue light, when the *Raleigh,* being very near, sent a rifle shell whistling through her bulwarks. The Yankee "doused his glim" with unexampled alacrity. Very soon the red-and-blue signals of the enemy were seen flashing in different directions, giving the alarm to each other. Nothing more was seen or heard during the night, and we who awaited the result on the ramparts of Fort Fisher were relieved when the dawn commenced to roll the curtain from the scene. Daylight first disclosed the small steamers *Yadkin* and *Equator* about two miles from shore awaiting the orders of the *Raleigh,* which they accompanied over the bar. Soon the horizon was clear, and we discovered the iron-clad eight miles to sea, in quiet possession of the blockading anchorage. Soon

after, the blockaders that had run off to sea appeared on the horizon, and the little black dots developed themselves into gunboats.

First, came two well in view, and one, approaching within range of the *Raleigh,* was greeted by a shot; a long-taw engagement now commenced, in which the second blockader joined; but the enemy was soon sufficiently amused and ran off, giving the flag officer a wide berth. Six sails now appeared, but only one had the temerity to exchange shots with the iron-clad, and she soon decamped beyond range. About 6 o'clock eight blockaders came in sight, but notwithstanding the *Raleigh* steamed defiantly around their anchorage, eight miles from the guns of Fort Fisher, not one dared to take up the gauntlet. At 7 o'clock the flag officer, wishing to save the tide on the bar, signalled for his steamers and turned the *Raleigh's* prow to shore. The little trio formed in line some five miles out, and steamed slowly in, the Confederate flag waving saucily above their decks. The fort greeted the *Raleigh* with a salute as she passed in.

What damage the iron-clad did to the two vessels she struck is not known. She was not struck.

WILMINGTON DURING THE BLOCKADE.

(By an Ex-Confederate Officer.[1])

After the Capital of the Confederacy there was not in the South a more important place than the little town of Wilmington, North Carolina, about thirty miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear River, noted in peace times for its exports of tar, pitch, turpentine, and lumber.

Previous to the War between the States Wilmington was very gay and social. But the war sadly changed the place—many of the old families moving away into the interior, and those who remained, either from altered circumstances or the loss of relatives in battle, living in retirement. When we first knew it, Maj. Gen. W. H. C. Whiting was in command. He had been a United States Army officer, who for a long time had been stationed at Smithville, near the Old Inlet at the mouth of the river, where, prior to the war, there had been a fort and a garrison, though for some years disused. Whiting was one of the

[1]In a Northern magazine after the war.