most accomplished officers in the Southern Army. He was a splendid engineer, and having been engaged in the Coast Survey for some time on that portion of the coast, knew the country thoroughly, the capability of defense, the strong and the weak points. He was fond of the social glass, and may have sometimes gone too far. He was not popular with many of the citizens, as he was arbitrary, and paid little attention to the suggestions of civilians. He was a very handsome, soldierly-looking man, and though rough sometimes in his manners, he was a gentleman at heart, incapable of anything mean or low, and of undaunted courage. Peace to his ashes!

On Whiting's staff were three young officers of great promise: his brother-in-law, Maj. J. H. Hill, formerly of the United States Army, now an active express agent at Wilmington; Maj. Benjamin Sloan, his ordnance officer, now teaching school somewhere in the mountains of South Carolina; and Lieut. J. H. Fairley, a young Irishman, who had been many years in this country, and who hailed from South Carolina. Fairley was noted in the army as a daring scout and a very hard rider, withal one of the quietest and most modest of men. He is now drumming for a dry-goods house in New York instead of inspecting the outposts. We wonder if he recollects the night when the writer picked up a rattlesnake in his blanket at Masonboro Sound.

Whiting scarcely ever had enough troops at his command to make up a respectable Confederate division. In 1864 he had at Wilmington Martin's brigade, which was a very fine and large one, composed of four North Carolina regiments, remarkably well officered; two or three companies of heavy artillery in the town, doing provost and guard duty; at Fort Caswell at the mouth of Old Inlet on the Western Bar, a battalion of heavy artillery and a light battery; at Smithville, a similar battalion; at Bald Head, an island opposite Fort Caswell, Hedrick's North Carolina regiment, about 600 effective men; at Fort Fisher, Lamb's North Carolina regiment, about 700 effective men; a company at Fort Anderson; a company of the Seventh Confederate States Cavalry at the ferry over New River, sixty miles northeast of Wilmington, on the sound; two companies of cavalry, a light battery, and a company of infantry at Kenansville, forty miles north of Wilmington and seven miles east of the Weldon Railroad. These, with two or three light batteries scattered along the sound, from a little above

Fort Fisher up to Topsail, constituted in the spring of 1864 the whole Confederate force in the Department of Cape Fear.

With this force and Whiting's skill and bravery, we military men thought we could hold Wilmington, for we justly regarded the general as one of the few eminently fit appointments that the War Department had made. In Whiting, we had implicit faith. So, though there were constant rumors of expeditions against the place, we scarcely believed they were coming, so long had the thing been delayed, and, in fact, an attack was wished for by the youthful Hotspurs to relieve the monotony of garrison life at Caswell, Bald Head, and Fisher. Thus we had lapsed into a dream of security, or thought, at least, the evil day was far off. We ate, drank, and were merry, and there was marrying and giving in marriage, as in the days before the flood.

It seemed singular to us that the United States should so long neglect to close almost the only port of the Confederacy into which, every "dark of the moon," there ran a half-dozen or so swift blockade runners, freighted with cannon, muskets, and every munition of war, and with medicines, cloth, shoes, bacon, etc. Through that port were brought, till January, 1865, all the stores and material needed by the indefatigable Colonel Gorgas,[1] the Confederate chief of ordnance, the most efficient bureau officer the Confederacy had. Through it came those famous Whitworth and Armstrong guns sent us by our English friends. Into Wilmington was brought by Mr. Commissary General Northrup that rotten, putrid bacon called "Nassau," because it had spoiled on the wharves of that place before being reshipped for Wilmington. It was coarse Western bacon, bought by Confederate emissaries at the North; and many a time have we imprecated curses both loud and deep on poor old Northrup's devoted head as we worried down a piece of the rancid stuff. We must say, in all candor, that he was impartial in his distribution of it, and ordered it given to both Confederate trooper and Federal prisoner. Northrup himself ate none of it; he lived on rice, of which he would buy a hogshead at a time from the commissariat. We became so vitiated in our taste by eating it that at last we came to prefer it to good bacon, and liked the strong, rancid taste. We could not afford to permit our stomachs to cut up any shines, and forced them to stand any and everything by breaking them into it.

[1]The father of the present distinguished officer of that name.