But the cargoes of those white-painted, bird-like-looking steamers that floated monthly into Wilmington, producing such excitement and joy among its population, unfortunately for the Confederates, did not contain government stores and munitions of war alone, bad as the bacon and much of the stuff bought abroad by worthless Confederate agents were. The public freight compared with the private was small. By them were brought in the cloth that made the uniforms of those gaily-decked clerks that swarmed the streets of Richmond with military titles, and read the battle bulletins and discussed the war news. From that source came the braid, buttons, and stars for the host of "majors," who were truly fifth wheels and did not even have the labor of "following the colonel around," with which the Confederacy was afflicted.

As for ourselves, we never had the pleasure of this sort of thing but twice. Once by invitation of our friend George Baer, alias Captain Henry, who immortalized himself by writing that celebrated protest concerning the capture of the *Greyhound,* and by his escape from his captors in Boston. Baer invited us to a fashionable 10 o'clock breakfast on the *Index,* which he then commanded, and the consequence was we nearly stuffed ourselves to death, and came near having an apoplectic fit.

The Confederate Government used to send some queer agents abroad at the expense of the people. A Mrs. Grinnell was sent out by the surgeon general—so she stated—to get bandages, etc., which nobody else, we suppose, but Mrs. Grinnell could get. She was an English woman of that class and with those manners which any man, if he has traveled much, has often seen. She gave herself out as a daughter of an English baronet, and had first come to New York several years prior to the war. Then there was Belle Boyd, who represented herself, we believe, as an agent sent out by Mr. Benjamin. She was captured, with our friend George Baer, on the *Greyhound.* Another was a Mrs. Baxley, of Baltimore. She represented herself, we believe, as an agent of old Mr. Memminger.

Mr. Mallory's navy was always the laughing-stock of the army, and many were the jeers that the Confederate "mud-crushers" let off at his iron-clads, formidable things as they were, had he properly managed the Confederate Navy. Captain Lynch was the flag officer of the Cape Fear squadron when we first went there. His fleet consisted of the ironclad ram

North Carolina, which drew so much water that she could never get over the bars of the Cape Fear River inlets, except, possibly, at the highest spring tide, and then the chances were against her ever getting back again; the *Raleigh,* another iron-clad, not completed until late in the spring of 1864; and two or three little steam-tugs. They all came to grief. The *North Carolina,* the bottom of which was neither sheathed nor prepared to resist the worms, was pierced by them till her hull was like a honeycomb, and finally she sunk opposite Smithville. The *Raleigh* was beached and lost on a bar near Fort Fisher. The tugs were burned on the river subsequent to the evacuation of the town.

Whiting and Lynch, from some cause or other, never were on good terms, jealous of each other's authority, we suppose. It finally came near culminating seriously. There had been an order sent by Mr. Mallory to Lynch, in pursuance of an act of the Confederate Congress, not to let any vessel go out without taking on a certain proportion of government cotton. Lynch was commander of the naval defenses of the Cape Fear. By some oversight the Adjutant General's office at Richmond had sent no such order to Whiting, who commanded the department, and consequently the port and its regulations. One of Collie's steamers was about to go out without complying with the law. Old Lynch sent a half company of marines on board of her and took possession. This Whiting resented rather haughtily as an unwarrantable interference with his authority as commander of the port, and, marching in a battalion of the Seventh North Carolina Regiment, under Lieut. Col. John C. Lamb, ejected the marines and took possession of the steamer, hauling her up stream to her wharf. Lynch said he did not care how far Whiting took her up the river, but he vowed if any attempt was made to take her to sea, he would sink her, and he shotted his guns. Matters looked squally and excitement was high. A collision was feared. They were both summoned to Richmond to explain, and both returned apparently satisfied. Lynch, however, was shortly afterward relieved, and Commodore Pinckney took his place.

We had often wondered why the port was not more effectually closed. To tell the truth it was hardly closed at all. Many of the blockade runners continued their career till the fall of Fisher. An experienced captain and a good engineer invariably brought a ship safely by the blockading squadron. Wilkinson