sewed up in her clothing weighted her down and was the cause of her drowning. Her body was found on the beach at daylight by Mr. Thomas E. Taylor, who afterwards took it to Wilmington. She was laid out in the Seaman's Bethel, where we saw her. She was beautiful in death. After her funeral, her wardrobe and a great many articles that she had brought over for sale, and which had been rescued from the wreck, were sold at auction in Wilmington. It was very splendid, and the "venture" she had brought in for sale was most costly. It was said that an English countess or duchess had an interest in this venture, and was to have shared the profits of the speculation.

But the storm was soon to rain on our devoted heads. Those white-painted steamers, clipping the water so nimbly, with the British and Confederate flags flying, with their brandies and wines, their silks and calicoes, their bananas and oranges, gladdening the hearts of the dwellers on the banks of the Cape Fear, were soon to disappear from its waters, and the glory of Wilmington to depart.

Day after day we had watched the blockading fleet with the naked eye and a glass, and often thought what a lonely time those fellows must be having, and longed for some northeast storm to send them on the coast, in order that we might have the pleasure of their acquaintance. Cushing's acquaintance, by the way, we came very near making, when that daring officer came up the Cape Fear in June, we think it was 1864, passing through the New Inlet by Fort Fisher, with a boat's crew of some eighteen or twenty sailors and marines, and, landing half-way between the town and the fort, concealed his boat in a creek, and laid *perdu* on the Wilmington and Fisher road, waiting for Whiting or Lamb to come along. A mere accident enabled us to escape him; and, though of no importance ourself, we had papers with us at the time that would have been highly interesting to the United States Government. We all of us admired his courage, and thought it deserved success. We well remember delivering Cushing's message to General Whiting, repeated to us by an old citizen whom he caught and released, that "he had been in Wilmington, and would have him or Colonel Lamb shortly."

On December 24, 1864, the armada commanded by Butler and Porter appeared off the coast, and the bombardment of Fisher commenced, and such a *feu d'enfer* as was poured on that devoted fort was never seen. Coming up the river from Smithville on a steamer that afternoon, we witnessed it, and such a roar of artillery we never heard. Those large double-enders seemed to stand in remarkably close to the fort, and deliver their fire with great accuracy, knocking up the sand on the ramparts. It seemed a continuous hail of shot and shell, many of them going over Fisher and dropping into the river. But Fisher was a long sand fort, stretching in an obtuse angle from the river bank around to the mouth of the New Inlet, that opened into the ocean. It was over a mile from point to point. Though it was thus heavily bombarded for two days, little or no impression was made on its works except to give them a ragged appearance, and very few casualties occurred, the garrison sticking mostly to their bomb-proofs, which were very complete. Whiting was there in command in person, having been sent there by Bragg.

The next day, Christmas, was Sunday, and all day Porter's guns were thundering away at Fisher, and shaking the windows in Wilmington, where the citizens were offering up their prayers for our protection from the enemy. Communication with Fort Fisher by land or telegraph was then cut off—messages had been sent up to that time. Toward night sensational messages commenced to be brought up from below—one to the effect that the enemy were on the parapet at Fisher (in truth and in fact they never got closer than the stables, at least two or three hundred yards from the fort). Bragg sent Mrs. Bragg away that night at 9 p. m., in a special train up the Weldon Railroad, and an officer who saw him at about 11 p. m. reported that the old gentleman seemed to be quite unnerved, and that his hand was very tremulous. Of course there was a great exodus of civilians from the place early the next morning, the fact that Mrs. Bragg had gone off acting as a keynote of alarm to others. By midday, Monday, however, these sensational reports and stories were all quieted by the authenticated news that the enemy had reëmbarked on the fleet and that the attack had ceased. Then the fleet sailed, and everything quieted down. The general impression was that there would not be another attack till after the spring equinox, say in May or June.

When Whiting returned to the city, Bragg still continued in command, and his friends and himself evidently took the credit of having foiled Butler's attempt. Bragg was a friend and favorite of Mr. Davis. He had sided with General Taylor in Taylor's quarrel with General Scott, and Mr. Davis was a man