In April 1861, a young college teacher in New Orleans read of the attack on Federal troops by a force passing through Baltimore, and that might write the famous Civil War poem that begins, "The despot's heel is on thy shore... Maryland, my Maryland!" It was soon published in book form, and became a popular rallying song throughout the South. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "My only regret is that I could not do for Massachusetts what Randall did for Maryland."

James Ryder Randall, a native of Baltimore, was only twenty-two when the war began. Health prevented him from serving in the Confederate forces, but wishing to participate, he left teaching and took various war-related positions as a clerk. He came to Wilmington in September 1863 as a shipping clerk for Power, Low & Co., a firm that owned many blockade runners and had offices on the comer of Water and Chestnut streets. Already he was friendly with many of the captains, and he boarded with the family of Captain Hawn of the Fannie. In early 1864, he became secretary to Flag Officer William F. Lynch, commanding the Naval Defences of North Carolina.

In the spring of 1863, Randall had met in Charleston Kate S. Hammond, the charming daughter of General and Mrs. M. C. M. Hammond of "Burnside" near Hamburg, S.C. He fell quickly under her spell and wished to marry her as soon as possible. Unfortunately neither Randall nor her father thought Wilmington a suitable place for Kate to reside. "I do so much wish that this was what may be styled a decent town... A fierce and illegitimate commerce has thrown a gang of foreign and domestic ruffians at large and circling around them, like Jupiter's satellites, are swarms of evil ones, the opprobrium of their sex." But fortunately for us, he wrote to her nearly every day, leaving vivid descriptions of the area and a picturesque picture of life in Wilmington. His familiarity with the ships enabled him to record valuable data on their movements and the life of their crews. Since fame welcomed him into what was left of Wilmington society, he also became familiar with the more genteel pastimes.

Randall wrote to Kate of his river excursions to Fort Fisher and Smithville (Southport), giving us perhaps the best picture of the estuary of the Cape Fear River in 1864.

February 26th, 1864

We had a splendid excursion yesterday, to the mouth of the river. Early in the morning, I went for Miss Poisson, and with her, accompanied by the Flag Officer [William F. Lynch] & lady, Capt Poindexter & Miss Glentworth [a maiden lady who lived with the Lynches]; Surgeon Williams & Miss Lamb—the bevy proceeded to the Steamer Caswell. The day was as balmy as could be wished, and nature certainly contributed her full quota to the trip. At 8½ o'clock, the Caswell left the wharf and pushed her prow down the Stream—passing, at short intervals, the Ironclads N. Carolina & Raleigh, the Flag Ship Yadkin, and steam-tug Equator. Several of the blockade-runners were further down, sitting the water like swans. The first point of any interest was the "drum tree," this is just three miles below the city; it has signal sticks on top placed cross-wise, and here the sailors take their drums when ascending the Cape Fear. Nine miles on, there is a ponderous iron chain clashing huge logs and intended for the obstruction of the river. Just beyond, a small light-house rises from a tongue of land. The first fortification of any magnitude is that of St. Philip [Fort Anderson], eighteen miles from Wilmington. This is a beautiful and substantial structure of turf mounting about twenty guns. At this point the river becomes an estuary, and at an oblique angle fronting St Philip rear up the mighty works of Fort Fisher. The most conspicuous object for miles is what is called the "Mountain," an immense [heap] some seventy feet in elevation, artificially piled and mounted with two heavy pieces of ordnance. Crossing the interior bar or "rip," we rounded the point commanded by the "Mountain," anchoring in full view of the ocean. Fort Fisher, of which the "Mountain" is the Western Angle, has been erected since the war, and is probably the most extensive and formidable earth-work in the world. It is situated on an island formed by the river and the Sound and controls the navigation of either. A tremendous semicircle of breakers sweeps round from Fort Caswell on the West commanding that entrance, to Fort Fisher which is the grim sentinel of the New Inlet or Eastern Bar. The channel between the breakers is not more than a fourth of a mile in width and pours immediately under the guns of the fortress. On one side is the wreck of the Arriban and on the other, as far as eye can reach, the breakers which look, for all the world, like white flounces on old Mother Ocean's blue dress. From the "Mountain" on the West to the

(continued on Page Three)
The President’s Message

Mr. Nelson Hyde, III and his students from Sunset Park Junior High School are assisting the Society with many projects. They have cleaned the fourth floor and the areas under both piazzas of the Latimer House, washed windows, cut away shrubbery and vines from the Servants’ Quarters and along the west brick fence, washed artifacts, and cleared a brick garden path by removing dirt, ballast stones and bricks. They are conducting a research project about the Latimer and Wood families relative to the Headquarters property. Many thanks for their interest in preservation and research.

The final architectural plans for the Servants’ Quarters Preservation Project have been approved by the National Park Service. Preparations are in progress for letting the contract.

The Historic Wilmington Tour visitation has greatly improved with Spring. Many student groups and visitors from across the country are enjoying this insight into Wilmington’s fine heritage. Promotion is of prime importance to the success of the tour.

A special thanks to Miss Kathryn Carson, our interpreter at the Latimer House, for her excellent presentation.

The yard and bake sale was quite successful. Revenue from the sale and donations to the Society helped to defray expenses. All assistance was greatly appreciated.

Our continued efforts are needed in the fields of historical research, publication, and preservation.

James Robert Warren
President

Gifts and Loans

MRS. FREDERICK BURR—Gift—transfer print bowl and pitcher, linen towels, scent bottle.

MRS. JOE JOHN, JR.—Gift—silver pitcher.


MISS ROSE PICOT—Gift—six etched, glass, globes for chandelier.

JOHN ROBERT LANE, JR.—Loan—fireplace tools.

JAMES ROBERT WARREN—Gift—gasolier lighter. Loan—brass candlesticks.

MR. & MRS. JOHN CASHMAN—The Lonely Road (book).

Memorial Gift

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Welcherill in memory of Edward Weaver

Immediately after the meeting there will be a reception at the Latimer House, at which time the Clarendon Cup will be presented.
RIVER EXCURSIONS 1864

(continued from Page One)

Eastern parapet there is one continuous range of embasure, bastion, intrenchment, scarp and counterscarp, redan, lunette, etc. The whole line of works is about a mile in length and fairly bristles with the “dogs of war”. An intrenchment fifty feet high, studded with 32 pounders, protects the land side from an infantry assault. As the back country is in our full possession, all mining operations would be futile. Fronting the fort, about six miles distant, the blockade fleet was plainly visible. There were but six of them; usually there are from 9 to 12 abolition vultures brooding upon the sea. Our party passed several hours reviewing the works or picking up the beautiful and variegated shells strewn at random over the beach. The garrison was drilling and the band playing during our sojourn. Miss Lamb’s brother [Col. William Lamb] is the Commanding Officer. He received us most cordially and returned with us to the Caswell which was anchored off the “Mountain”. We all climbed to the summit of this military lump and were well rewarded by a broad panorama of land & sea, full of interest and sublimity. The [flag] Officer challenged Miss Poisson for a race down. She declined, saying: “she was like all financial institutions—didn’t like a run on the bank!” Hailing the Caswell’s boat, we were soon aboard. Dinner was then the great desideratum, and I must confess that the long walk had made me ravenous; I could have eaten my Grandfather. We sat down to a repast of cold turkey, ham, mutton, lobster, salmon, etc., etc. The ladies were astonished at the gastronomic feats of a poet, and frankly acknowledged their surprise. I as frankly informed them of my utter abhorrence for fellows who fainted at the wing of a spring chicken & got the dyspepsia on nightingale brains. They poked a vast deal of fun at me, but I finished my dinner at leisure. At 3½, Col. Lamb left us and rode up the beach to his Headquarters. The Caswell steamed up the river. The Flag Officer was very soon asleep in the cabin. Capt Poindexter smoking his pipe and chatting with Miss Gwentworth. Dr Williams commenced a flirtation with pretty Miss Lamb. But I soon cut him out and monopolized her for the balance of the trip. I had a raging headache from exposure to the sun, and thought a little mischief would cure it. The yawl boat was being towed by the steamer and I proposed to Miss Lamb that we should jump into it and ride home in that style. It was a little dangerous, but she made the leap immediately after me, and we quietly ensconced ourselves in the after [part] of the little skiff. No sooner did the old folks espy us from the hurricane deck than we were overwhelmed with reproaches. Capt Poindexter swore that the young lady might have been drowned. The F Officer thought it “highly imprudent”; Miss Poisson wanted to know “what Katie would say?” Miss Lamb who is eighteen, fat and nervous, answered their raillery with laughs. After a while, it became no laughing matter; it was comparatively easy to get into the boat, but how the deuce were we to get out? Night was approaching and the wind on the river made the young girl shiver—like a lamb, who has nobody to temper the wind for her. I succeeded in making my way back to the steamer and brought her shawls. But this expedition was only against the cold and not the darkness. The boat had to be stopped, and we emerged from our captivity to encounter the most barbarous rebukes on board the steamer. My head was now bursting with pain, and relinquishing the society of the ladies, I sought the cabin and tried to sleep. The Caswell soon after reached the city, and we all separated for our respective homes.

* * *

June 3rd, 1864

I have just returned from Smithville...

At half past nine o’clock in the morning, I took passage on the fine steamer Cape Fear, formerly the blockade runner Flora. Very soon after, we were speeding rapidly down the river with wind and tide in our favor. On a former occasion I glanced at the prominent objects along the banks as far as Fort Fisher. Everything was the same, with the exception of warmer and greener tints which Summer brings. The marshes, rice fields and grand old woods shone one living emerald, while the river glided through them like a crystal serpent. Off the “Mound” at Fort Fisher and fringing the breakers, the Str. Badger was lying hard and fast. She is under our guns and will probably be relieved from her predicament without much damage. About a mile further inward and just a few yards from the channel, was all that remains of the ironclad Raleigh. She was very much sunken at the stern, lifting her bow considerably. Her sides had been stripped of their armor, the smokestack prostrate, and altogether she had the appearance of a monstrous turtle stranded and forlorn. As we passed, the divers were engaged in removing her boilers and machinery. Diverging sharply from Fisher, we headed towards [Fort] Caswell which guards the Western bar. Between Fisher & Caswell there is a long sweep of land which gathering up, as it were, the waters of the river, spreads them forth lavishly into a noble estuary or Sound. Smithville is situated angularly about midway between Fisher and Caswell, perhaps a few miles nearer to the latter. It is a pretty considerable village, having a Court House, church and Hotel. In spite of unlimited sand, it is quite a handsome settlement, abounding in a glorious growth of live oak and other shade trees. Immediately flanking the village, is Battery Pender, mounting four guns. On the right line of the main coast, covering the bar with its cumbiads, is a tremendous earthwork of beautiful proportions called Fort Campbell. About a mile from Campbell is a lofty redoubt. Immediately to the left of this, the Str. Spunkie is beached. The outer coast is broken into uniform ridges like an alligator’s back. At the extreme end of this ridge and completing the line of fortifications, the huge fabric of Fort Caswell rears its multitudinous array of bastion, scarp and glacis. From the Commodore’s house I could trace its brawny symmetry, even to guns in embrasure and the miniature sentinels pacing the rampart, their bayonets flashing in the sun. This fort guards the Inlet, a narrow strait connecting the Sound with the ocean. Seemingly a stone’s throw from Caswell and precisely opposite to the left flank is Bald Head point and island. On this point, likewise protecting the Inlet, is a formidable earthwork. This island, in spite of its name, is garnished with oak and cedar, from a superb grove of which the light house shoots its admonitory finger aloft—a white beacon by day and a cheerful spark by night. The broad ocean, like an azure girdle, zones the whole, its swelling bosom outraged by the prowling Yankee cruisers which hover about the Forts as unclean owls. The bay or Sound is constantly swarming with tiny sailboats performing their missions of pleasure or duty with gay pennons and snowy wings.

The Commodore and family are quite well. Even poor Mrs L[yynch], under the inspiration of bright scenery and salt breezes, has sung a temporary truce to homilies on the nervous system. I do not wonder at it, for nothing can be more invigorating than those pure, dustless winds which
burst healthily from the sea. After exchanging civilities and imbuing some excellent tea, I strolled about the village for several hours. Nearly all the dwellings have been impressed for Govt. use, but a considerable number of spurse residences remain for private habitation. Of these, the Flag Officer has the handsomest. At the Naval Hospital I met some friends surgical and otherwise. They insisted upon my remaining to dinner—such a dinner! Tough beef and hard tack on tin platters and the oiliest chicory coffee in tin cups. As there was an excellent meal awaiting me at the Flag Officer's, imagine the horror of the situation! Through mere form I mumbled a few desperate morsels and then fled incontinently. My rega was stopped at the Army Hospital where I was treated to a goblet full of fresh buttermilk. Some of the convalescents at this Hospital had just brought in an enormous turtle. Poor fellow! his throat was cut and he dangled from a beam bloodily. Ever and anon, some child would poke him with a stick and, in spite of his extremity, he struck out his flippers with the vim of a prize-fighter. Here, too, the patients have a pet eagle called "Jack". He struts about like a sentinel, perfectly amicable to the denizens, but woe betide any stray pig or baby. Having enough for one day, with the munificence of Smithville, I sauntered back to the Commodore's. The salt air began to influence me drowsily, and, after a few futile attempts at reading an old number of Harper's Magazine, I sunk into a profound slumber. At half past five in the afternoon, I was awakened by artillery firing and, rising, found that a detachment from Battery Pender were experimenting with a new field piece. They essayed to strike a barrel in the water, about a mile and a half distant, but the practice was miserable. A little later, a fishing party was extemporized consisting of Mrs Lynch, Miss Glentworth (an old maid), Mr Paschall and myself. We had the Commodore's boat and crew. Almost a mile from the house is the wreck of the Steamer Kate and a famous fishing ground for all the neighborhood. We lashed our boat alongside one of the sunken paddle wheels and prepared for action. Mr Paschall and the ladies were unlucky, but the oarsmen and the "Poet" had capital sport, snaring a magnificent bunch of blue fish, trout, croakers and perch. They were all large fish and in great repute. Frequently I would turn from the contemplation of my tackle, and wish that you and your Mother could have been with us by the Kate. Miss Glentworth made a horrid pun, observing that my good fortune was "attributable to having the Kate by my side." She was punished immediately thereafter, for a strapping big shark gobbled up her hook and nearly pulled her from the boat. Poor Mrs Lynch was quite upset by this adventure, the more so as Mr Shark splashed about a half gallon of water over her as he floundered to extricate himself.

Early the next morning, guns were heard outside. About 6 o'clock the Lucy, from Nassau, rounded the point by Caswell and steamed up to the city. The boatsmen went out after crabs and clams and were absent the greater part of the day. The drowsiness I spoke of completely subdued me; so much so, that out of the solid day I cut an enormous slice of sleep. In the afternoon, we went to our usual fishing ground and had similar success. Miss Glentworth did not catch either minnow or—shark.

At early dawn of the ensuing day, the heavy boom of cannon bespoke evil for some blockade runner. Sure enough, at sunrise, a large steamer was soon stranded about two miles below Fort Campbell. One signal station telegraphed to another, and very soon, we were informed that the ill-fated Steamer was the Georgiana McCaw from Nassau, on her first voyage, which has proved disastrous. One of our small gunboats, the Yickin immediately hastened to her assistance, but finding that she was almost too far gone, returned. Embarking upon the Yickin, I bade adieu to Smithville and felt quite glad at the prospect of once more ensconcing myself in my den in Wilmington, and the more because I hoped to hear from my Bonnie Katie.

There is something mysterious connected with the loss of the Georgiana McCaw. Some say that she was boarded and fired by the Yankees; others contend that there was treachery on board. The Officers cannot be found and the only responsible witness, the Pilot, was murdered. The Equator, a small tug boat with one gun, was sent down last night to guard the wrecked vessel. This morning we have the sad tidings that Lt. J. L. Johnson, commanding her, was drowned and his boat captured. I saw Johnson yesterday morning and now—drowned. Poor fellow!

The wreck of the Georgiana McCaw, or McCall, which Randall reported, caused a great deal of comment, because of the murder of Thomas Dyer, the pilot. On June 2, being chased by the USS Victoria, the ship ran ashore at a speed of over 12 knots. The Victoria immediately sent in two boats to fire the ship and captured 29 persons, including the captain, three passengers and most of the officers. They left the ship, with sixty tons of provisions, on fire in ten feet of water. The Wilmington Journal continued the story of the wreck and the subsequent loss of Ft. Johnston.

On last Thursday morning about 3½ o'clock, the Steamship Georgiana McCaw on her first trip from Nassau to this port got ashore below Fort Caswell, while attempting to come by the western channel. The Yankees boarded her, taking some thirty prisoners, including all the officers. Some 13 of the crew had escaped in a boat, which was stove on reaching shore and was therefore unable to return and bring others off.

Before the Yankees left they fired the steamer. It would seem that when they first boarded her, Mr. Thos. K. Dyer, the pilot, and the cook whose name we do not know, concealed themselves and thus escaped capture.

After the Yankees had fired the steamer and left her, two men were observed on board. They were hailed by some on shore, and told to put out the fire, which they did.

A boat having been procured from Fort Caswell, the steamer was boarded by a party, probably of the Coast Guards, commanded by Captain Galloway. Mr. Dyer, the pilot, was found lying insensible, with three glasses in his head. He died in 20 minutes after being found. The cook's statement, as we learn, is that the Yankees beat them both and robbed them. What appears strange is that these two men, Mr. Dyer and the cook, were observed on the boat after the Yankees had left, and it is known that they put out the fire. Why should the Yankees have left either of them, had their hiding place been discovered? Or if the Yankees had inflicted the fatal wounds which caused Mr. Dyer's death, how could he, after their infliction, have gone about the steamer and assisted in putting out the fire, as he was observed to do? Mr. Dyer is known to have had a gold watch and some money on his person. Both money and watch were gone, and his pockets were turned inside out. The cook has been arrested, but we do not know whether anything further has been discovered.

Lt. [J. L.] Johnson, with the small steamer Equator, had been out to the wreck of the steamer Georgiana McCaw, and
was returning, the weather being rough and the steamer near the breakers. When he was about going to his cabin a sudden lurch or roll threw him overboard. Getting among the breakers he could not be rescued.

The early part of June was a time of great blockade-running activity in the Cape Fear River. A week after the excursion to Smithville, Randall wrote in a letter to Kate:

June 10th, 1864

The Coquette (Navy Steamer) and North Heath arrived yesterday. Sixteen steamers have come through in the last fifteen days viz Atalanta, Alice, Annie, Badger, City of Petersburg, Coquette, Florie, Lillian, Lucy, Let Her B, Mary Celestia, North Heath, Lynx, Syren and Will of the Wisp. The Georgiana McColl ran on the beach, but her cargo will be saved. All the rest ran in without trouble. When you think of fifteen large and splendid steamers coming from abroad in as many days, it makes the blockade of Wilmington look like a sham.

James Ryder Randall left Wilmington before the final battles of Fort Fisher. Following the war, he became associated with a newspaper in Augusta, Georgia, and married his Kate in 1866. He sometimes appeared in Wilmington during his travels as a Washington correspondent for several newspapers. The Wilmington Morning Star noted in 1864:

Mr. James Randall of the Augusta Chronicle was here yesterday. He was detained here by a railroad misconception and in consequence, his lovely New Year's resolutions were melting away like the "beautiful snow" which glanced from his umbrella as he swept past the Star office in a reckless canter.

He was much honored in the last years preceding his death in 1908. A small volume of his poems appeared posthumously, but scant attention has been paid to his priceless war correspondence.

FOOTNOTES

1 James Ryder Randall, Maryland, my Maryland and Other Poems, Baltimore, 1908. In 1861 Randall was Professor of English Literature and Classics at Poydras College in Pointe Coupee, Louisiana.

2 James Ryder Randall Papers, Southern Historical Collection, Library of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Randall to Kate Hammond, 1863; Sept. 15, Oct. 6, Oct. 8, Oct. 26; Wilmington Journal, June 11, 1864. Randall was friendly with Capt. Moore of the Fanny, Capt. George Ber of the Dee, and Capt. David Martin. Capt. Martin offered Randall the pursership of the Lillian which he declined. Power, Low & Co. paid Randall a salary of $2500 per annum. Randall paid Mrs. Havin $1250 per month for room and board.


4 Randall Papers, Randall to Kate Hammond, Nov. 2, 1863. While in Wilmington, Randall wrote a poem, "My Bonny Kate," which records the course of their love affair since he met her a year before in Charleston.

5 Randall Papers, Randall to Kate Hammond, February 28, 1864, from Wilmington.

6 Probably Mariana Poisson, daughter of Dr. Poisson and Elizabeth Davis Poisson. She later married DuButz Cutlar.

7 North Carolina, built of pine and hardwood timbers covered with railroad iron in the Beery shipyard, Wilmington, from drawings and specifications of Capt. John L. Porter; resembled a turtle; launched September 1862; reported by W. F. Keefer, U.S.N., to be 150 feet overall, 32 foot beam, commanded by Wm. T. Muse; Clark, Histories of the Several Regiments, reported by W. L. Maury commanding; Armament, one 10-inch pivot gun, six 8-inch broadside guns; came out New Inlet in May 1864, exchanged shots, retired and not used again; in June 1864 Lt. Wm. B. Cushing, U.S.N., reported commanded by Muse and ship now in condition to cross the bar; sank off Smithville after anchoring a long time, cause worms or a torpedo. Raleigh, built in Cassidy shipyard, foot of Church street, Wilmington, under direction of Commodore W. F. Lynch; resembled North Carolina but covered with two thicknesses of heavy iron plates; 150 feet overall, 32 foot beam, 16 foot draft; four guns; commissioned Apr. 3, 1864; Capt. E. W. Manigault and Smith, engineers. Lt. J. Pembroke Jones, commanding; came out New Inlet May 6, 1864 accompanied by small wooden gunboats, Yuldin and Equator, fired on blockading fleet; returned next day, grounded on the rip and broke.—Williams-McEachern Civil War file, William M. Randall Library, University of North Carolina at Wilmington.

8 Arbogast, going out New Inlet, was chased by blockaders, mistook entrance over the bar and ran ashore at 8 p.m., Sept. 13, 1863; cargo of cotton; total loss, destroyed in a wind storm.—Rush, Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies, Vol. 9, pp. 214-221.

9 Randall Papers, Randall to Kate Hammond, June 3, 1864, from Wilmington.

10 Cape Fear, shuttling between Wilmington and Smithville, was at one time commanded by Capt. Gutfrie, and later, when it was operated as a Confederate transport, by Capt. Wise. It was reported to have been formerly the Floro and also the Virginia. There was a river transport by the name of Floro McDonald, on which James W. Craig acted as mate early in the war. The Cape Fear was destroyed in the river by the Federal Navy in January 1865. In September 1870 it was raised, repaired and sailed for Baltimore.—Williams-McEachern files.

11 After several unsuccessful runs, the Badger, under command of Capt. G. E. McColl, sank the ship of the Lynx, sank inside, the bar.—Williams-McEachern files. On September 10, 1864, refugees reported to Federal blockaders that the ship was destroyed.—Official Records, Navies, Vol. X, p. 504.

12 Dr. W. C. Curtis in Reminiscences of Wilmington and Smithville, Southport, 1908. At that time Smithville at this time had two churches, St. Philips Episcopal and one Methodist. The Hotel was probably at the foot of Howe Street. One of the hospitals was probably adjacent to Fort Johnston.

13 Battery Pender was built by Co. G, 49th Regt. in 1862, just north of Smithville.

14 Spunkie, a 2 stack, side-wheel steamer with a reported speed of 10 knots. On Feb. 16, 1864, after three successful round trips to Nassau, it was beached west of Fort Caswell and broke in two. The cargo consisted of blankets, shoes and provisions. Official Records, Navies, Vol. 9, p. 472, reported the Spunkie beached on February 9, and described as a side-wheeler, painted white, 1 white smoke stack, schooner-rigged. C. S. Powell gives an account of the wreck in Additional Sketch of the Tenth Battalion, in Clark, Walker, ed., Histories of the Several Regiments and Battles from North Carolina in the Great War, Raleigh, 1901, Vol. IV.

15 Fort Holmes, on Smith or Bald Head Island, was first occupied by the 49th Regt. in January 1865. The Bracy letters, in the Sheppard Collection, at Chapel Hill [Southern Historical Collection], detail the first months at the fort. Admiral D. D. Porter, The Naval History of the Civil War, reported armament taken upon the capture of the Forts. At Fort Holmes, they captured three 32-pounders, six 22-pounder smooth bores, two 22-pounder riddled guns, four field pieces [probably Whitleworth guns], 2 mortars and six other guns. At Fort Caswell, they reported capturing 29 guns, among them, ten 10-inch guns, two 9-inch guns, one Armstrong riddled gun, four 32-pounder smooth bores, three 8-inch guns, one Pennsylvania. At Fort Campbell and Fort Shaw, which lay between Caswell and Campbell, they captured six 10-inch guns, six 32-pounder smooth bore, one 32-pounder riddled gun, one 8-inch gun, six field pieces and two mortars.

16 Kate, owned by John Frazer & Co., was said to have run out of Charleston before the war as the Carolina. The ship's speed was reported at 9 knots. It made several successful voyages under the command of Capt. Thomas J. Lockwood, with George C. McDougall as Chief Engineer. In August 1862 it was accused of having brought yellow fever aboard the South Carolina, and thus causing the epidemic. Sometime before December 1862, the ship ran aground and went to pieces near Fiddler's Creek, now called Bonnet's Creek, on the north edge of Smithville.—Williams-McEachern files.

17 Lucy, a 2 funnel, 300 ton side-wheel steamer with a reported speed of 10-11 knots, was reported to have made four round trips to Nassau before March 10, 1864. It was reported in the Cape Fear River Nov. 14 and 30, 1863, and early February 1864, and in Wilmington harbor, March 1864. This letter reported Lucy running into Wilmington June 1864.—Williams-McEachern files.


19 Wilmington Journal, June 4, June 6, 1864.

20 Randall Papers, Randall to Kate Hammond, June 10, 1864, from Wilmington.

21 Coquette, English ship bought by Confederate govt.; under command of Lt. R. R. Carter; Pilot, E. T. Davis; sold around July 1864 because her speed declined. North Heath, formerly Gertrude about 260 feet long.
very fast, owned by Begbie, left England for blockade service soon after Feb. 11, 1864; commended by Capt. Burrell, formerly of Cornubia. Pilot Julius Dawson, Purser. James Sprunt; ran through hurricane out of Bermuda, and after repair ran to Wilmington; in January 1865 was loaded with stone and sunk in river as an obstruction opposite Fort Campbell (the Cliffs). In 1874, the wreck was sold to Major John M. Foote of Weldon, who was going to raise it, her stacks then being visible just below the drum tree. Atalanta, 220 feet long, 24 foot beam, 3 guns, 500 tons, speed 17 knots; Pilot Thos. M. Thompson, Capt. Mike Usina, Quartermaster Win. Cuthbert, Chief Officer Charles Nelson; last run into Wilmington July 1864; later became cruiser Tallahassee. Alice, 2 stacks, side-wheel, speed 12 knots; Pilot Joseph Spring; reported running into Wilmington in October 1864 and January 1865. Anne, iron screw steamer, good speed, 350 tons, 120 horsepower, 2 masts, one smokestack; reported from London on way to Nassau in early February 1864; one quarter interest owned by Confederate Government; commanded by Capt. Watters; twice piloted by James W. Craig on one trip caught in hurricane; reported coming into river May 6, 1864; chased ashore Oct. 7, 1864, under the guns of Fort Fisher by the U.S. Tug Aster and blown up. City of Petersburg, 2 strike masts, telescoping funnels, side wheel, 420 tons, reported speed 14 knots; Pilot Joseph Bensel; by March 10, 1864, had made 3 runs through blockade to Nassau and 3 to Bermuda. Keeler, U.S.N., reported it aground on the bar near Fort Fisher about August 10, 1864, but got off and went in. Florie, named for daughter of Capt. Maffitt; sister ship of Lillian; owned partly by Georgians; after several successful runs to Wilmington, run on an old wreck inside the bar and sank sometime before Sept. 10, 1864. Lillian, Clyde-built steamer, 500 tons, 2 funnels, speed 15 knots, crew of 48; left England Jan 1, 1864 and into Wilmington late January, 1864; Pilots, John Laughlin (first run), Thomas Grissom; commanded first by Capt. Maffitt, who left June 1864, to take charge of ram Albemarle, and then by David Martin; James Sprunt was purser at one time; once chased 100 miles by USS Shenandoah; Francis Lawton, London Times correspondent, reported leaving Bermuda June 1, 1864, for Wilmington and spending day among blockaders until could run in; on last trip Capt. David Martin, Chief Engineer Lockheart, Chief Officer Vogel, Pilot J. W. Craig, Signal Officer Frederick Gregory; captured off Wilmington August 24, 1864, by USS Keystone State and USS Gettysburg, with a cargo of cotton; reported off shore as Federal gunboat Nov. 7, 1864; Second Battle of Fort Fisher landed stores for Army. Let Her Be, Pilot J. T. Burris. Mary Celeste, in August 1863, Pilot J. W. Anderson died of yellow fever just as ship entered Cape Fear River. Lynx, sister ship of Hodger, fast, 2 raked funnels; Capt. Reed, Pilot J. W. Craig; in chase by USS Fort Jackson for 15 hours made more than 16 knots; in hurricane lost paddle boxes, sponsors, bridge deck; on Sept. 25 (26), 1864, chased ashore of Federal Naval ships. Nippon, Howqua, Gov. Buckingham five miles north of Fort Fisher and destroyed. Syren, British steamer sent out as present to Gov. Vance; in December 1863 Randall reported that it had made five trips in as many weeks; By March 10, 1864 had made 5½ round trips to Nassau; Keeler, USN, reported a ship named Syren in Beaufort June 12, 1864, having been captured by USS Keystone State June 5. Will-O-The-Wisp, Capt. Capper, Supercargo Taylor; reported in Nassau March 10, Nov. 7, 1864; once ran aground in river but got off; sold because of leakage.

22 Wilmington Morning Star, January 6, 1864.
23 Biographical information from James Ryder Randall, Maryland, my Maryland and Other Poems, Baltimore 1906, and Dictionary of American Biography, New York 1935.