thirty miles from Bermuda. And later, when our party of five persons endeavoring to reach the Confederacy in a small launch after the fall of Fort Fisher was cast away the second day upon Green Turtle Cay, an obscure island of the Bahamas, where we dwelt in a negro's hut for three weeks, and then foolishly risked our lives again for two weeks at sea in a small boat which landed us in the surf among the man-eating sharks off Cape Canaveral, Florida.

Strangely enough, as I was writing these reminiscences of long ago, a benevolent old gentleman presented himself at my office door and said, "I want to see my old friend, Mr. Sprunt, who was purser of my ship fifty years ago, and whom I have not seen since then," It was gratifying to see again in the flesh my brother officer, Andrew J. Forrest, of Baltimore, who was first assistant engineer with us when Fort Fisher was captured and our occupation as blockade runners terminated. Among many other incidents which our meeting brought to mind was a ludicrous scene recalled by my friend. "Do you remember," said Andy, "how annoying it was to the captain when his belated slumbers, after a night at poker, were disturbed in the early morning by the usual holy-stoning and washing-down-decks which Chief Officer Carrow was so particular about? Do you recall the occasion when, having finished breakfast, we were strolling about the quarter-deck, and a rooster got out of the coop near the galley and, perching himself upon the bridge-deck near the captain's stateroom, crowed and crowed, until with a savage oath the skipper burst out of the door in his pajamas with a big Colt's revolver and chased that rooster all over the ship in a rage that fairly choked us with laughter?"

My friend tells me that we two are the only survivors of the fifty-two officers and men upon the muster roll of the old ship, which was subsequently used as a transport in the South American wars.

The stirring scenes recalled in these reminiscences occurred more than a half-century ago. But few of those who participated in blockade running still survive, and their hoary heads and feeble knees attest the measure of their days. One, whose moral excellence commands universal respect, still heeds the call of the sea, and none of his profession is more skillful in piloting the big steamers with their valuable cargoes through the devious Cape Fear Channel over the bar to the city's harbor.

Fifty years ago he and I were captured, man and boy together, in the same ship, under the Confederate flag; and we suffered together the privations, discomforts, and trials of prisoners of war. Upon the return of peace our vocations cemented a friendship which has extended unbroken to the present time. Some years ago he was called by the Master who once walked upon the sea to the higher service of a minister of the gospel, in which he has been signally blessed.

The writer, for twenty-six years a member of the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage, having ample means of observation at home and abroad, believes that our pilots compare most favorably with those of the order elsewhere in all the essential qualifications of this dangerous calling.

The story of their wonderful skill and bravery in the time of the Federal blockade has never been written, because the survivors were modest men, and because time obliterated from their memories many incidents of that extraordinary epoch in their history.

Amidst almost impenetrable darkness, without lightship or beacon, the narrow and closely watched inlet was felt for with a deep-sea lead as a blind man feels his way along a familiar path, and, even when the enemy's fire was raking the wheelhouse, the faithful pilot, with steady hand and iron nerve, safely steered the little fugitive of the sea to her desired haven. It might be said of him as it was told of the Nantucket skipper, that he could get his bearings on the darkest night by a "taste" of the lead.

We recall the names of some of the noted blockade runners and their pilots, so well known in Smithville about fifty years ago: *Cornubia,* afterwards called the *Lady Davis,* C. C. Morse; *Giraffe,* afterwards known as the *R. E. Lee,* Archibald Guthrie; *Fanny,* Henry Howard; *Hansa,* J. N. Burruss; *City of Petersburg,* Joseph Bensel; *Old Dominion,* Richard Dosher; *Alice,* Joseph Springs; *Margaret and Jessie,* Charles W. Craig; *Hebe,* George W. Burruss; *Advance,* C. C. Morse; *Pet,* T. W. Craig; *Atalanta,* Thomas M. Thompson; *Eugenia,* T. W. Newton; *Ella and Annie,* J. M. Adkins; *Banshee,* Thomas Burruss; *Venus,* R. Sellers; *Don,* William St. George; *Lynx,* J. W. Craig; *Let Her Be,* J. T. Burruss; *Little Hattie,* R. S. Grissom; *Lilian,* Thomas Grissom; *North Heath,* Julius Dosher; *Let Her Rip,* E. T. Burruss; *Beauregard,* J. W. Potter; *Owl,* T. B. Garrason; *Agnes Fry,* Thomas Dyer; *Kate,* C. C. Morse;