Siren, John Hill; *Calypso,* C. G. Smith; *Ella,* John Savage; *Condor,* Thomas Brinkman; *Coquette,* E. T. Daniels; *Mary Celeste,* J. W. Anderson; *Susan Bierne,* Richard Dosher.

Many other steamers might be named, among them the *Britannic, Emma, Dee, Antonica, Victory, Granite City, Stonewall Jackson, Flora, Havelock, Hero, Eagle, Duoro, Thistle, Scotia, Gertrude, Charleston, Colonel Lamb, Dolphin,* and *Dream,* the names of whose pilots may or may not be among those already recalled. These are noted here because there is no other record of their exploits extant.

Some of the steamers which were run ashore by the blockaders may still be seen: The *Ella* on Bald Head, the *Spunky* and the *Georgiana McCall* on Caswell Beach, the *Hebe* and the *Dee* between Wrightsville and Masonboro. The *Beauregard* and the *Venus* lie stranded on Carolina Beach; the *Modern Greece,* near New Inlet; the *Antonica,* on Frying Pan Shoals. Two others lie near Lockwood's Folly Bar; and others whose names are forgotten lie half-buried in sands, where they may remain for centuries to come.

James William Craig, a Veteran Pilot.

He is now the Rev. James William Craig, Methodist preacher, but I like to think of him as Jim Billy, the Cape Fear pilot of war times, on the bridge of the swift Confederate blockade runner *Lynx,* commanded by the intrepid Captain Reed, as she races through the blackness of night on her course west nor'west, straight and true for the Federal fleet off New Inlet, in utter silence, the salt spray of the sea smiting the faces of the watch as they gaze ahead for the first sign of imminent danger.

Soon there is added to the incessant noise of wind and waves the ominous roar of the breakers, as the surf complains to the shore, and the deep-sea lead gives warning of shoaling water. "Half-speed," is muttered through the speaking tube; a hurried parley; a recognized landfall—for Reed is a fine navigator—and "Are you ready to take her, Pilot?" "Ready, sir," comes from Jim Billy in the darkness. Then the whispered orders through the tube: "Slow down," as there looms ahead the first of the dread monsters of destruction. "Starboard," "Steady," and the little ship glides past like a phantom, unseen as yet. Then "Port," "Port," "Hard a'port," in quick succession, as

she almost touches the second cruiser. She is now in the thick of the blockading squadron; and suddenly, out of the darkness and close aboard, comes the hoarse hail, "Heave to, or I'll sink you," followed by a blinding glare of rockets and the roar of heavy guns. The devoted little Confederate is now naked to her enemies, as the glare of rockets and Drummond lights from many men-of-war illuminate the chase. Under a pitiless hail of shot and shell from every quarter, she bounds full speed ahead, every joint and rivet straining, while Jim Billy dodges her in and out through a maze of smoke and flame and bursting shells. The range of Fort Fisher's guns is yet a mile away. Will she make it? Onward speeds the little ship, for neither Reed nor Jim Billy has a thought of surrender. A shell explodes above them, smashing the wheelhouse; another shell tears away the starboard paddle-box; and as she flies like lightning past the nearest cruiser, a sullen roar from Colonel Lamb's artillery warns her pursuers that they have reached their limitations; and in a few minutes the gallant little ship crosses the bar and anchors under the Confederate guns. The captain and his trusty pilot shake hands and go below, "to take the oath," as Reed described it—for the strain must be relaxed by sleep or stimulation. "A close shave, Jim," was all the captain said. "It was, sir, for a fact," was the equally laconic answer.

My shipmate, Jim Billy, is growing old, and so am I. Our lives have been united all these years in a bond which death only can divide; and as we talk, as we often do, about old times and those who took part with us in the stress of war, all of whom have gone out upon the boundless tide, we are thankful that we are in the convoy of Him who walked upon the sea, and that we will be guided to our desired haven by His good hand upon us. Some days ago I drew out of Jim Billy the following narrative, which I have set down as nearly as may be in his own words, and I trust it may serve to interest and instruct some readers who do not often hear a true sailor's yarn:

"I was born in May, 1840, and piloted my first vessel into the Cape Fear River when I was seventeen years of age. At that time Mr. P. W. Fanning, of Wilmington, was chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Navigation and Pilotage, and the present custom of issuing branches, or licenses, was not in vogue.