designated by Maj. Norman S. Walker, the Confederate agent at that port.

"Trouble began before we got outside. An armed barge from the fleet had come close inside the Western Bar and lay in our track in the channel, and immediately upon our approach, sent up a rocket and fired a gun, which was instantly answered by the whole fleet outside, and I remember that we crossed the bar in a bright flash of Drummond lights and rockets which made the night as bright as day. Every one of the blockaders was firing at us or over us as we headed out to sea, and when the next morning, Sunday, dawned, we had just succeeded in dropping the last of the cruisers, which had chased us all night.

"We were congratulating ourselves after breakfast that morning that we would have a clear sea towards Bermuda—and, by the way, the sea was as smooth as glass—when the lookout in the crow's nest reported a vessel of war ahead, shortly afterwards another on the starboard bow, and a little later a third on our port bow, and in a few minutes a fourth on our beam. We had unfortunately run into the second line of blockaders, called the Gulf Squadron, and it was not more than two hours before they were all in range and pelting us with bombshells.

"The chase lasted until half-past one in the afternoon, when a shell from the cruiser on our starboard beam, called the *Gettysburg,* formerly the blockade runner *Margaret and Jessie,* struck us below the water line, making a large hole through which the water rushed like a mill-stream.

"All our efforts to stop the leak with blankets were unavailing. We had previously thrown over our deck-load of cotton, but it was impossible to reach the aperture from the inside, as the hold was jam full of cotton; and in a short time the vessel began to steer badly and gradually sank almost to the level of the deck. Finding further efforts to escape utterly fruitless, the captain stopped the ship and surrendered to the boats which immediately surrounded us.

"I remember that when the ship was hove to and the Federal officers came on board, our sullen and dejected commander was standing on the starboard paddle-box, with his arms folded and his back turned to the approaching Federals. One of them, with a drawn sword, approached and asked if he was in command of the ship. Captain Martin responded with an oath: 'I was in command, but I suppose you are captain now.'

"Although every effort had been made to escape, those of us

who knew Captain Maffitt, the former commander of the *Lilian,* regretted very much his absence on this occasion, as he would most likely have been more fortunate in getting away.

"Knowing how eager the Federals were to identify the pilot of the ship, they being in blissful ignorance that there were no fewer than five Wilmington pilots on board, we all agreed to personate firemen or members of the crew, and succeeded in passing ourselves off as such. Subsequently all of us escaped except the ship's pilot, who was detained at Point Lookout until the end of the war.

"Our ship's company numbered forty-eight men, and now, after a lapse of forty-eight years, we two, James Sprunt, purser, and J. W. Craig, pilot, are the only survivors of them all.[1]

"After our escape from prison, we made our way to Halifax, Nova Scotia, through the medium of some gold coins, which I fortunately kept next to my body in a waistband and which paid the passage of four of my companions, including Mr. Sprunt. I joined the steamer *Bat* at Halifax, and proceeded as her pilot to Wilmington. When off the bar, and in the midst of the blockading fleet, which was firing heavily upon us, the captain lost his nerve and, notwithstanding my expostulations, persisted in stopping the *Bat.* The cause of the captain's excitement was due to this remarkable incident: One of our sailors was a survivor of the desperate battle between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge* off Cherbourg some months before, serving on the *Alabama;* but, instead of proving to be, as might be expected, a very brave man, under the fire of the blockading fleet he became terrified and hid himself as far forward under the turtleback in the eyes of our ship as he could squeeze himself. During the firing of the fleet a shot struck the exact spot where this poor fellow was hiding and cut off his leg, causing him to utter such shrieks as to demoralize the captain, who ignobly stopped and anchored his ship in the midst of the enemy, when he might just as well have gone on, with less risk of destruction. The ship that took us that night was the United States steamer *Montgomery.*

"For the second time I was made a prisoner of war and under the following circumstances, which I have never mentioned but once before.

"Before I became engaged in the blockade-running service, I was acting as mate on the Confederate steamer *Flora Mac-*

[1]Mr. Craig has since died.