donald, a transport on the Cape Fear River, and when the Confederate privateer *Retribution* sent into Wilmington a prize schooner, which she had captured at sea, in charge of one of the *Retribution's* officers named Jordan, who had shipped with Capt. Joseph Price in Wilmington, I assisted in towing that vessel from the bar to Wilmington, and of course saw much of Jordan.

When I was captured by the *Montgomery,* I was taken to Portsmouth Navy Yard, where we were boarded by a Federal officer in a captain's uniform, who proved to be none other than my quondam Confederate friend Jordan, who had gone over to the enemy, and who immediately recognized me and informed against me.

"I was then put in irons and sent on board the U. S. man-of-war *Sabine,* where I was most kindly treated by its commander, Captain Loring, and while a prisoner on his ship I was repeatedly approached by the Federal officers, who offered to pay any sum I would name if I would join their fleet off Fort Fisher and take part as a pilot in their attack against my home. I told them that the United States Government did not have enough money to induce me to accept such a proposition, and I accordingly remained a prisoner at Point Lookout until after the war was over.

"I may add that while I was a prisoner on the *Sabine,* two of the Cape Fear pilots, C. C. Morse and John Savage, were brought on board as prisoners, under suspicion of being pilots, and, although they were intimate friends of mine, I took particular pains to treat them as total strangers and paid no attention to them, lest it might get them into further trouble. They were much relieved when they discovered my purpose. Savage was subsequently released, but Morse, having been identified later by some other means, was made a prisoner with me until the end of the war.

"The monotony of prison life affords so few incidents that my experience is hardly worth recalling, and yet I remember some diversions, which gave us much merriment at the time.

"While our friends of the *Lilian* were confined for several weeks in a casemate of Fort Macon, that garrison consisted of what the Yankees called the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. These men were known to us, however, as 'Buffaloes,' and they were a mean lot, as can be imagined from their having turned against their native State in time of great stress

of war. Every day an officer and a guard took us outside our gloomy casemate and permitted us to stretch our legs along the beach, while we gazed with longing eyes across the intervening sound to Dixie Land. The marsh grass was full of sand fiddlers, which scuttled away at our approach. I pretended to be surprised and asked the guard what these things were, saying that they would be called lobsters in my country if they were much larger. The old renegade looked at me with a most contemptuous expression and replied: 'You know what they are; you've got millions of them at Smithville, whar you come from.'

"Another daily experience was the persistent, though unsuccessful, effort of the officer of the day to tease out of our young purser, James Sprunt, whom he thought an easy mark on account of his youth (17 years), betrayal of our pilot, little dreaming that we were five Wilmington pilots.

"A warm attachment began in that prison life between Mr. Sprunt and myself, which has been true and steadfast through all these intervening years. We little thought then that our lives would be so long united in the bonds of Christian fellowship and commercial enterprise.

"During my subsequent confinement on the *Sabine* as a prisoner of war, a large number of blockade runners who had been captured at sea were brought to that school-ship for confinement, and Captain Loring tried in every way to surprise those suspected of being pilots into an admission of the fact. One fine day, while the prisoners were lying on the deck, he, looking like an old sea dog, bluff and hearty, paced up and down among them, and suddenly turning on his heel called out: 'All you North Carolinians stand up quick!' I cast my eyes over a number of our pilots, fearing they would be taken by this surprise and betray themselves, but not a man stirred, and old Loring, who was really a good fellow and kind to us, went on his way.

"I hope it may not be amiss, in the conclusion of these reminiscences, to allude to the fact that, although I have been all these years engaged as a Cape Fear pilot, in the duties of my vocation, it has pleased God to call me also to the higher duty of preaching His gospel, as a Methodist minister, and to make me the humble instrument, in His hands, of guiding some of my fellow-men to their eternal rest, as I have guided the ships to their haven.

"There was a moral lesson, to those who heeded, in the