devious path of our hunted fugitives of the sea in war time, for the Christian warfare is a running fight with many adversaries of the soul, and if we will but follow the lead of the Great Pilot, He will bring us safe at last to 'an anchor within the vail, whither our Forerunner is already entered.'

"There is a beautiful figure in this Scripture which few landsmen recognize. The approach by sailing vessels in the olden time to the inlets of the Mediterranean Sea was often baffled by adverse winds, or calms; a little boat was then lowered, which carried into the harbor a kedge anchor that was dropped overboard. To this small anchor was attached a line by which the vessel was warped by the windlass into the haven. The man who carried the anchor in was the forerunner, and, in the figure, he is Christ, the Captain of our Salvation; the line is the line of faith, and the man at the windlass is a human soul who trusts in God."

Captain Daniel W. Lee.

A few weeks ago I spent a pleasant day with Capt. Daniel W. Lee, in Virginia, the sailor nephew of the illustrious leader of the Lost Cause, who served as an officer on board the Confederate States cruiser *Chickamauga,* which, under the command of Capt. John Wilkinson, spread consternation up and down the Northern coast during the last ninety days of the war.

Across the historic Rappahannock lay the famous town of Fredericksburg, the home of Washington and Mercer, the cradle of American independence, so often swept by fire and sword in the scourge of war. Beyond this, like two great armies, were the serried ranks of 30,000 to 40,000 Confederate and Federal dead, waiting for the trumpet call; and farther still, the ancient house of Brompton on Marye's Heights, around which the iron hail and storm of battle swept, leaving many thousand bullet-scars which time has not effaced.

From these familiar scenes which fill the contemplative mind with sad emotions, Captain Lee turned with kindling eyes to the recital of his daring runs through the Cape Fear blockade, and courteously inquired for the welfare of his old shipmates at Wilmington and Southport, nearly all of whom have gone out on their last voyage. With characteristic modesty he declined to write a narrative of his war-time experience; but as

he was a subordinate under Captain Wilkinson, the latter's narration of cruises in which they were engaged will serve to connect the sea life of this distinguished gentleman with a unique epoch in Cape Fear history.

Pilot Burruss.

A familiar face and figure in the strenuous days of 1861 to 1866 was Pilot Ned Burruss, of Smithville. He was reckoned one of the coolest and bravest of men under fire and also a pilot of great ability. I recall a characteristic story of Burruss. When Captain Reed, of the *Sumter,* aroused him from a deep sleep with the exclamation, "Ned, we are surrounded by the Yankees and can not escape; we must either be sunk or run ashore," Burruss rubbed his eyes and remarked in a matter-of-fact tone, "Well, I guess I'd better put on a clean shirt." For years after the war he held a steady engagement as pilot on the Clyde steamers, and when he gave it up his employers parted with him regretfully, because they regarded him as a most trustworthy and capable man. Mr. Burruss always inspired his shipmates with confidence. His quiet, kindly disposition and his well-known skill made many friends. His death recently was greatly deplored.

Captain Steele.

I recall an instance of extraordinary nerve on the part of Captain Steele, of the blockade runner *Banshee,* who found himself at daylight close alongside a Federal cruiser. The captain of the warship *Nyphon* simply had the *Banshee* in the hollow of his hand, and desiring to capture this valuable prize without the risk of sinking her and thereby losing the prize money, he commanded Steele to heave to immediately or he would sink him. Steele, standing on the paddle-box, presented a ludicrous spectacle as he coolly shouted back that he didn't have time to stop, because he was in a hurry. Thereupon issued a cross fire of vituperation, while Steele's engineers were piling on steam in a desperate effort to escape. The Federal commander, still unwilling to destroy his prize and lose its value, continued to threaten, until he saw the *Banshee* gradually drawing away from him, when he shot away one of her masts and raked the little ship from stem to stern with grapeshot, while