Steele's men were lying flat on the deck for shelter. The quartermaster abandoned the wheel and the little ship ran into the breakers, but was brought safely through by her intrepid pilot, Tom Burruss, a brother of Ned Burruss.

John William Anderson.

John William Anderson was a Smithville mariner, engaged, as all of them were, in running the blockade. His name will live in the hearts and minds of the Lower Cape Fear people, because his last voyage splendidly illustrated the heroism and fidelity to duty of a Cape Fear pilot. Although I remember the incident in all its details, I prefer to relate it in the words of the late Alfred Moore Waddell, the gifted writer of Wilmington, whose spirit has also taken its "flight to the undiscovered country":

"Among these blockade runners in 1863 was a steamer called the *Mary Celeste.* Her pilot was John William Anderson, of Smithville, and he, like all the best pilots, was as familiar with the channels over the bars, both at New Inlet (where Fort Fisher stood, and which is now closed) and at the mouth of the river, as a farmer is with the roads over his land. One night, in the month of August, 1863, Anderson took the *Mary Celeste* out over New Inlet Bar, and, gliding past the blockading fleet, which was always watching for such valuable prizes, escaped under cover of darkness and reached Nassau in safety. He only escaped one danger to run into another more fearful. Yellow fever was raging there, and the victims of that scourge were most numerous among the sailors and other non-residents. Anderson was stricken with the fever just before the *Mary Celeste* weighed anchor for her return voyage, and by the time she neared the North Carolina coast it was evident he must die.

"An entrance through the blockading fleet could, of course, only be made between sunset and sunrise and, as Anderson was the only Cape Fear pilot on board, great anxiety prevailed as to the safety of the ship. At last the critical hour arrived, when, in the uncertain light of the dawn, they found that they had run near a blockader and had been seen by her. The blockader opened fire on the *Mary Celeste* and pursued her. Like a scared greyhound she made straight for New Inlet Bar, then visible several miles away, and after her steamed the blockader, from whose bow gun every few minutes would leap a flame followed by a shell which would pass over or through her rigging and burst in the air, or, striking the sea, would flash a great column of spray towards the sky. By this time poor Anderson was dying in his berth, and the officers of the ship began to realize the terrible situation in which they found themselves, with the enemy in pursuit and before them a bar over which it was almost certain destruction for any one aboard except Anderson to attempt to steer the *Mary Celeste.* Anderson heard the firing and knew what it meant before they told him. He knew, too, that he was dying and had no further interest in this world's affairs; but the sense of duty asserted itself even in the presence of death.

"He was too weak to go up, but he demanded to be taken on deck and carried to the man at the wheel. Two strong sailors lifted him and carried him up to the wheelhouse. They stood him on his feet and supported him on either side. His face was as yellow as gold, and his eyes shone like stars. He fixed his unearthly gaze upon the long line of breakers ahead, then upon the dim line of pines that stood higher than the surrounding forest, then at the compass for a moment, and said calmly, 'Hard starboard.' Quickly revolved the wheel under the hands of the helmsman; slowly veered the stem of the rushing steamer, and a shell hurtled over the pilot-house and went singing towards the beach.

"Anderson kept his gaze fixed on the breakers, and in the same calm tone said, 'Steady.' On ploughed the steamer straight for her goal, while the group of men in the pilot-house stood in profound silence but fairly quivering with suppressed excitement. The blockader, finally seeing that it was impossible to overtake her and not desiring to come within range of the big guns of Fort Fisher, abandoned the chase with a farewell shot, and the *Mary Celeste,* now nearly on the bar, slackened her pace a little, and nothing but the swash of the sea and the trembling thud of the ship under the force of the engine could be heard. The dying pilot, though failing fast, continued in the same calm tone to give his directions. They were now crossing the bar, but had passed the most dangerous point, when he bent his head as if to cough, and the horrified men saw the last fatal symptom which immediately precedes dissolution—black vomit—and knew that the end was very near. He knew it, too, but gave no sign of fear and continued at his post. His earthly home was now visible to his natural eye—he was almost there, where loved