erate States. By some error in calculation, instead of making Cape Fear Light at 3 a. m., as was intended, they made the light on Cape Lookout, a long distance out of their course. What was best to be done was the question to be solved, and to be solved at once, for daylight comes very soon in July. The ship had scarcely enough coal in her bunkers to take her back to the port she had left and almost certain capture stared them in the face should they attempt to run in. It was determined, however, to make the attempt to get in. The ship was headed for New Inlet and, hugging the shore as closely as possible, with all steam on, she dashed down the coast with the speed of a thoroughbred on a hotly contested race-course. Fortunately, at that time many persons were engaged in making salt on the coast, and the smoke rising from the works created a cloud, or mist, which concealed the ship from the blockaders, although it was broad day; but as she neared the inlet she was compelled to change her course further out to sea on account of a shoal, or spit, that makes out into the ocean at that point, and she was immediately discovered by the blockading fleet, that opened fire upon her and gave chase like a pack of hounds in eager pursuit of a much coveted quarry. It was a most trying situation, for the ship was compelled to keep her course, although it carried her nearer and nearer to the enemy, until she could round the shoal and run in towards the land, when she would be in comparative safety. Round shot and shell were flying around her in every direction, but she held steadily on, though rushing, as it seemed, to certain destruction, when suddenly a roar was heard from the fort—the heavy guns upon the mound had opened upon the pursuers and with such effect as to check their speed and force them to retire; and the gallant ship, which had been so hard pressed, soon rounded the shoal and was safe beneath the sheltering guns of the fort.

"But the pitcher that goes often to the fountain is broken at last, and the time came when the career of the *Advance,* as a blockade runner, was to cease forever. She was captured on her outward trip a few miles from our coast, owing to an inferior quality of coal she was compelled to use, which was very bituminous and emitted a black smoke that betrayed her to the watchful eyes of the fleet, and, being surrounded by them, she was obliged to surrender with her cargo of cotton, her officers and crew becoming prisoners. She was a noble ship, greatly endeared to the people of our State, and her capture was felt by all as a personal calamity.

"In 1867 she made her reappearance in the waters of the Cape Fear as the United States man-of-war *Frolic,* sent to this port to prevent the Cuban warship *Cuba* from leaving Wilmington, which duty was successfully performed. It happened on that occasion that Capt. George Morrison, her former engineer, met some of her officers and was asked by them her rate of speed while he had charge of her engines. He replied, 'Seventeen knots, easily.' 'Impossible,' they said, 'for we have not been able to get more than eight or nine out of her.' 'Something wrong then,' said the captain, 'and, unless you have made some alterations in her machinery, I will guarantee to drive her to Smithville at a rate of seventeen knots an hour.' He was cordially invited on board to examine, did so, and found that they had placed a damper where it ought not to be, which prevented the generation of steam. He removed it, and then ran down to Smithville at a rate of nineteen knots an hour, to the great surprise of all on board.

"As Captain Morrison held such an important position on the *Advance* and was so competent and reliable, it is thought that a brief sketch of his early life will not be out of place in this volume. He was born in Philadelphia, served four years in a machine shop, and at the expiration of his service removed to Baltimore, where he was appointed engineer on one of the Chesapeake Bay boats; subsequently he was chief engineer of a steamer plying between Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, and the eastern and western shores of the peninsular counties of Virginia. He came to Wilmington about 1840 and was appointed assistant engineer on the steamer *Gladiator,* running between Wilmington and Charleston. When the boat was sold, he became a conductor on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, and served with great acceptability for a number of years. He made six trips on the *Advance,* but was not on board when she was captured. For more than fifty years he was a citizen of Wilmington and enjoyed in his ripe old age, as in earlier years, the general esteem of the community.

"Another engineer on the *Advance* was Capt. James Maglenn, an Irishman, who on her last trip was chief engineer. After her capture, the *Advance* was carried into New Bern, where Captain Maglenn escaped and got to Baltimore. There some friends aided him to escape to Canada. When he was on the train he observed an officer and a guard come into the car, and he was very apprehensive. But the officer engaged himself in