rance of his fellow. This person was the watchman, and it is said he carried ashore a large amount of money. He was arrested on suspicion, but there was no proof. He still lives on the river, but the cause of poor Dyer's death will probably never be known until the Great Assize.

Examples of dash and daring on the part of noted Cape Fear blockade runners in this phase of their history could be multiplied, if the limited scope of this paper would permit of their narration—instances so thrilling that it still stirs one's blood to recall them after an interval of fifty years. I shall, however, select from memory and from published accounts of others, whom I remember as participants, only a few exploits of the many which might be recorded, and, finally, some illustrations of the closing scenes when the false lights of the conquerors of Fort Fisher decoyed the unwary into the snare of the fowler or hastened the retreat of the few that escaped to a neutral port.

A Close Call.

The following interesting narrative, which is true in all its details, was told to the writer by the late George C. McDougal, of Rosindale, N. C., who by a clever expedient kept out of Fort Lafayette, and made some forty voyages as chief engineer in the little steamer *Siren* before his former shipmates were released:

"The well-known blockade-running steamer *Margaret and Jessie* left Nassau heavily laden for Wilmington, and made a good run across to the North Carolina coast. About 12 meridian she was in the latitude of New Inlet, and she ran on the western edge of the Gulf Stream until sundown, when she headed for the beach and made land to the northward of the blockading fleet of the Cape Fear. While tracking down the beach, one of the cruisers sighted us and sent up rockets, which made it necessary for us to run the remainder of the distance under fire from the whole line of the blockaders. Just as we got the lights in range at the inlet and were about to head the ship over the bar, we distinguished a gunboat anchored in the channel under cover of the wrecked steamer *Arabian*. We immediately put the ship about, and, with the whole fleet trailing after us, ran off shore. At daylight none of our followers was in sight, but away offshore to the southward we sighted the armed transport *Fulton*. As we could not cross her bow, Capt. Robert Lockwood, who commanded our ship, hauled to the

northward and eastward, unfortunately driving us across the bows of all the cruisers which had run offshore in chase. We had to run the fire of five of these warships as we crossed their bows and dropped them astern. During all this time the *Fulton* kept the weather gauge of us; and after a hard day's chase from New Inlet to Hatteras, we were at last compelled to surrender late in the afternoon, as the *Fulton* seemed determined to run us down, there being hardly a cable's length between us when we hove to and stopped the engines. Before doing this, however, we were careful to throw the mail bags, government dispatches, and ship's papers into the furnace of the fireroom, where they were quickly consumed.

"While our ship's company was being transferred to the *Fulton*, the United States steamer *Keystone State* and two other cruisers came up, and sent several boats' crews aboard the *Margaret and Jessie*, who looted her of all the silver, cutlery, glassware, cabin furniture, tablecloths, and napkins—doubtless everything they could carry off in their boats. The *Fulton*, having sent a prize crew on board, took us in tow for New York, where, immediately on our arrival, we were confined in Ludlow Street Jail. Two days after, the officers and crew of the blockade runner *Ella and Annie* were brought in, she having been captured off Wilmington after a desperate resistance by her brave commander, Captain Bonneau. During our incarceration we were visited frequently by United States deputy marshals, who tried to identify some of us suspected of holding commissions in the Confederate service and of being regularly engaged in blockade running, as distinguished from those less harmful members of the crew who would be only too glad to abandon further attempts on regaining their liberty. These officers were immediately assailed with questions from all quarters. 'What are you going to do with us here?' 'Are you going to let us out?' to which they would respond, 'We can not tell—the crew lists have been sent to Washington for inspection; you will have to wait until they are returned.'

"We were kept in this state of suspense for about three weeks, when a squad of deputy marshals came to the jail and mustered the entire company. We soon ascertained that the crew lists had come from Washington, and that we were to go down to the marshal's office, where the names of those who were to be released were to be called out, and the unfortunate ones remaining prepared for a long term of imprisonment at one of the well-