lights.' An answer came as quick as thought: 'All right, the lights will be set.' We signaled our respects to Colonel Lamb, and asked about his health. The answer was: 'The colonel is quite well. (He was then lying dangerously wounded.) How are all on board, and what is the news from Bermuda?' I instructed the officer to amuse himself talking to them, that I was going aloft, which I did, and as I reached the masthead and could look over the low sandhills which line the North Carolina coast, I could see the camp fires of the armies, and decided that either there had been an attack on Fort Fisher, or there soon would be one. Upon reaching the deck I said to the pilot: 'The tide is falling, and I think we will not take the risk on a falling tide. I will wait until the flood tide makes, and go in just before daylight. I remained among the fleet the best part of the night. I counted seven monitors; we came very near colliding with three of them, and not a word was said and not a shot was fired. I concluded that we had met with a very cool reception, and it was not a healthy place for us just then; so, at 2 a. m., I shaped our course for Nassau. When, upon arrival there, I asked the pilot what was the news from Wilmington, he answered: 'Wilmington has gone up the spout, sir.' I learned afterwards that several ships had gone in and congratulated themselves upon getting in so easily; but to their dismay, when the boarding officer came on board, he wore the blue instead of the gray. At the fall of Fort Fisher our signal-book fell into the hands of the enemy, and all that was necessary was to draw the ships in and take possession, which accounted for our not being shot at.

"After the surrender, on my way to England, I buried my faithful Tinker among the icebergs of the North Atlantic, and every man on board stood with uncovered head when he was consigned to his watery grave. When blockade running ceased, his spirits drooped, his occupation gone, and he soon sickened and died.

"His master felt much the same way, but survived. It was one of the saddest moments of my life—the Confederacy, of whose success I had never lost hope, no longer in existence; leaving my native land, as I then thought never more to return. I felt that all the ties that I had formed during my childhood and youth were become mere memories; that all the fast friends I had made during our bitter fight were to be only as some much-beloved hero of a favorite novel, with whom we become

very familiar until the tale is all told, and who then passes out of mind and is never heard of more. But it was ordained otherwise, and I am happy now to be in my old home, meeting everywhere men whose sympathies in that grand struggle were the same as my own, and who feel as I do, that though our fighting days are over, the memory of our dead comrades is strong enough to bind us to each other until we all shall be called away to join them in the land of eternal peace."

Thomas E. Taylor.

Several large and important shipping firms in Liverpool were interested in blockade running at Wilmington, and each of these houses owned and operated from five to ten of the most successful boats.

A young gentleman, Thomas E. Taylor, scarcely twenty-one years of age, was sent out from England to represent a firm which ultimately designed and ran some of the finest ships engaged in this perilous, though profitable, business; but it may be doubted if the company with whom he was associated or any other owners realized, in the end, large profits on their ventures, because, while the returns were very large under favorable conditions, the frequent losses by capture and the final fall of the Confederacy, which left them with ships unsalable for ordinary trade, so reduced their earnings that the game was scarcely worth the candle.

In 1896 Mr. Taylor published a most readable book entitled *Running the Blockade,* in which he tells most graphically some of his extraordinary experiences. He was much liked by all who were fortunate enough to know him, and I well remember his genial, happy spirits and his masterful leadership into danger when duty called him in the interest of his employers. I quote from his narrative an exciting incident which made a sensation in blockade-running circles at the time:

"The reason for my leaving the *Banshee* was the arrival at Nassau of a new steamer, which my firm had sent out to me. This was the *Will-o'-the-Wisp,* and great things were expected from her. She was built on the Clyde and was a much larger and faster boat than the *Banshee,* but shamefully put together and most fragile. My first introduction to her was seeing her appear off Nassau, and receiving a message by the pilot-boat from Capper, the captain, to say that the vessel was leaking