and disappeared. I said to the general, who was a friend of mine, 'There is no use of our going back to quarantine after this, you either have the infection or not,' and I induced him to telegraph to Richmond again. The answer came back, '*Banshee* must discharge and load as quickly as possible, and proceed to sea; lend all assistance.'

"The general acted on these instructions, and upon the third day we were gaily proceeding down the river again with an outward cargo on board, passing quite a fleet of steamers at the quarantine ground, whose crews were gnashing their teeth. We got safely out and returned, after making another trip, to find the same boats in quarantine, and, as it was raised three days after our arrival, we steamed up the river in company, much to the disgust of their crews.

"Good old horse! he saved me from a dreary confinement in quarantine, and made the owners of the *Banshee* $100,000 to $150,000 extra, but he was nearly the cause of our all being put in a Northern prison and losing our steamer. On a very still night, as we were running in and creeping noiselessly through the hostile fleet, he commenced neighing (smelling the land, I suppose). In an instant two or three jackets were thrown over his head, but it was too late; he had been heard on board a cruiser very close to which we were passing, and she and two or three of her consorts immediately opened fire upon us. We had the heels of them, however, and our friend, Colonel Lamb, at Fort Fisher, was soon protecting us, playing over our heads with shell.

"On a subsequent occasion, disaster might have overtaken the *Banshee* under somewhat similar circumstances had a cruiser happened to be near. A game cock which we kept on board as a pet suddenly began to crow. But this time the disaster was to the game cock and not to the *Banshee,* for, pet as he was, his neck was promptly twisted. Such experiences as these show how easy it was to increase the risks of blockade running; absence of all avoidable noise at night was as essential as the extinction of all lights on board ship."

Upon this remarkable incident so graphically described by Mr. Taylor, there hangs a local story which proves the ready wit of the children of Israel under all circumstances.

A day or two after the landing of the Arabian horse, which was the most docile, most beautiful animal ever seen in Wilmington, a well-known dry-goods merchant, who had prospered on Confederate contracts, and who had often tried unsuccessfully to obtain General Whiting's permission to visit Nassau, sauntered into Mr. John Dawson's store near the foot of Market Street, and obtained permission to search the loft above the store for anything worth while which might be put to good use during the stress of war and famine. He found nothing but a soiled and greasy horse blanket which had been used upon Mr. Dawson's well-known race horse, and afterwards thrown aside when he parted with him a year or so before. It was originally of fine blue padded silk, with Mr. Dawson's monogram, "J. D.," in large letters tastefully embroidered on it. Our friend having been assured by Mayor Dawson that he was quite welcome to the blanket, proceeded with the assistance of his accomplished wife to renovate and repair it until, under their skillful manipulation, it was made almost as good as new. Having obtained through a friend a letter of introduction to Mrs. Jefferson Davis, he proceeded to Richmond and was ushered into the presence of that distinguished lady. With his most engaging smiles he said he was about to depart on a visit to Nassau and that he hoped he might be favored with an order from Mrs. Davis for any articles of personal or household use which were then unobtainable in the Confederacy. What appeal to the feminine heart could be more potent! While she graciously responded to this attractive proposal, the President himself entered the room, to whom, in another courteous speech, the Wilmington merchant presented, with complimentary allusions to the Arabian horse, a beautiful silk blanket bearing the President's monogram, "J. D.," which was as graciously accepted in token of our friend's personal loyalty and devotion. The subsequent details included a pass to Nassau signed by the highest authority in the Confederacy, which was brought back to Wilmington in triumph, and a few days afterwards a favored son of the Scattered Nation was a very seasick man on a voyage to Nassau through the Cape Fear blockade.