New Berne Weekly Journal.

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VOL. V. NEW BERNE, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., DECEMBER 14, 1882. NO. 36.

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FORT AND FLEET.

The Siege of Sumter and Charleston—How Both Held Out to the Bitter End—A City Under Fire For Almost 600 Days.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Charleston was the Sebastopol of the American cival war. Much as it would have pleased the Federal Government to have been put in possession of Richmond, it would have pleased it far more to have been able to sail past Fort Sumter and lay its hand on the city which incited rebellion.

If one's enemy gives him a fair fight, that action compels admiration. If an enemy hates us, and consistently and steadfastly until all cause is removed, we must respect him for his consistency.

So it was with Charleston. If she began the war, she contributed more than any other city in the South to keep alive the flame. She hated the Federal Government, and the Federal Goverment hated in return. Where a thousand dollars was used to approach Richmond, ten thousand were spent in trying to penetrate the armor of Charleston. Each victory encouraged Charleston; each defeat made the Federal Government more determined.

CHARLESTON'S SACRIFICES.

When the war began the citizens of Charleston divided with the Confederate Government. Within a year they divided again. Before the war was two years old silverware was being melted up, church bells sent to the cannon foundry, and every family was making a sacrifice in some direction. When the Confederate Government wanted lead the water pipes of Charleston were torn out of house and street and contributed to the extent of 60,000 pounds. When iron was wanted the gas-pipes were cheerfully parted with. Every house was a temporary hospital, and every household felt it a duty to divide its provisions and bedding with the men who were fighting for the Confederacy. The rich of Charleston did not speculate on the misfortunes of the poor. Instead of buying in clothing and provisions to sell again at an advance, they clubbed together to fit out whole companies of soldiers and batteries of artillery. Richmond took up the rails of her street car lines and sent them to the Confederate foundry, but Charleston sacrificed everything. One blockade-runner took $35,000 worth of ladies' jewelry to Nassau and exchanged the lot for $25,000 worth of shoes and clothing for Confederate soldiers. Valuable watches, diamonds and bracelets came North by secret agents and were exchanged for drugs for sick soldiers. Bedding, carpets and crockery were taken from the dwellings and sent to equip Confederate hospitals, and that without a demand having been made for even a pin. While Charleston was wrong, she was steadfast. While fighting to uphold a false and untenable theory, she fought so well as to compel the admiration of those who sought to batter down her walls.

THE DEFENSE OF SUMTER.

American history will yet recognize the defense of Fort Sumter as the most gallant and determined act in the history of this nation. Wrested from Maj. Anderson in 1861, it did not receive a shot from the Federals until April, 1862, and then occurred the first trial of the monitors, as described in a former article. That defeat seemed to make the Federal Government on its mettle, and preparations were at once entered into to attack Charleston from everyside. The programme included the occupation of Folly and Morris Island, and the reduction of Sumter by gradual approach and steady pounding.

One may take the old files of the Charleston Mercury, to be found in the Mercantile and Public Libraries of Charleston, and learn more than any historian has ever written. The Journal had a reporter detailed at Fort Sumter, and he gave every particular of every attack.

In the fight with the iron-clads in April the fort was not damaged to any extent. The bombardment was renewed on the 17th of August the same year, and continued with scarcely an hour's intermission to the 22d. During this interval the Federal iron-clads threw 5,862 missiles at the fort, over 3,000 of which struck and inflicted damage. Again, on the evening of September 1 the monitors and the Ironsides run in and took up positions within 800 yards of Sumter and opened such a fire as had not been heretofore experienced. The gunners on the iron-clads fired with much greater precision and with more rapidity, and the Confederates found the big fort being knocked down by piece-meal.

THE HORRORS OF A BOMBARDMENT.

When Anderson held the fort against the Confederates the bombardment was characterized as terrific, and yet not one-tenth of the damage was done by that thirty-hour cannonade as by three or four hours' work by the iron-clads. The eleven and fifteen-inch shells were horrible missiles. Let one of them be exploded in a common brick dwelling and the four walls would be blown to fragments and the roof sent skywards in a cloud of broken timbers. When they exploded on striking the face of the walls the concussion produced great cracks extending from six to ten feet in several directions, and just where the shell struck the brick would be ground to dust in a circle two feet across. But many of the shells penetrated the walls to the depth of a foot or eighteen inches before exploding, and then the havoc was truly appalling. Wagon loads of brick and dirt and dust would be thrown high in air and flung all over the island, and the whole fort would tremble under the shock. The awful screams of the iron missiles as they rushed at the walls were plainly heard in Charleston, and such a cloud of dust hung over Sumpter that the gunners often lost sight of the iron-clads. A citizen living six miles from the city on a bee-line told me that on that September night he placed a coin in a common water tumbler and placed the tumbler on an uncovered table. The reverberations not only kept up a ringing by the glass, but in thirty minutes it traveled a distance of four feet. Panes of glass were broken in his windows and two courses of brick were jarred off the tops of his chimneys.

And yet throughout all, with a gun being dismounted every fifteen minutes and every wall shaking to its foundations, the men in Fort Sumter coolly stood to their guns and served them with great precision. Every iron-clad was hit a dozen times over, and some of them severely handled, but when the fleet hauled off the doom of Fort Sumter was sealed. It could be battered down, but could it be taken? The Confederate Government was resolved to hold the fort until it had been reduced to a brick-pile, and then to defend the brick-bats while a Confoderate soldier was left in the field. Immediate steps were taken to strengthen the other forts, and such guns as could no longer be used at Sumpter were transferred to them.

I now copy from the files of the Mercury as follows: Up to September 5, Fort Sumter had been struck 5,634 times by the heaviest missiles known in warefare. From the 26th to the 30th of October, 1,115 shots were fired by the iron-clads. From the 28th of October to the 2d of November there was fired a total of 5,565 shots. On the 2d the monitors fired slowly at long range and every one of the 140 shot struck the fort. At this time the Federals had gained a foothold on the lower end of Morris Island and erected a strong battery from which shot reached the fort. At the close of the 122d day of the siege there had been fired at Sumter:

	Shots.
From land batteries	1,803
From monitors	471
From mortar schooners	1,467
Total	3,341

Of this number 2,952 struck the fort with more or less damage, and the others passed over.

From the 7th of April, 1863, to the last day of November, same year, the Federals threw 18,000 shot at Sumpter, 7,800 of which missed. After that date no record was kept of the number. Day in and day out, night and day, for 130 days the Confederates kept an accurate account of every shot which hit or missed, and reported the nature of the projectile.

WHAT THE JUNK-DEALER SAID.

In seeking to find some one in Charleston who could estimate the number of shots fired at Sumter from beginning to end, I ran across a junk-dealer who had purchased all the old iron picked up from around the Confederate forts. He figured for a few minutes and then said he had purchased enough to load over one hundred freight cars, half of which had come from Sumter. He had then on hand enough to load twenty freight cars, and during the two hours I was with him at least 4,000 pounds of fragments of shell, cannon balls and unexploded shells were brought in, mostly by colored men.

AS IT WAS AND IS.

When the war closed, Fort Sumter was nothing but a huge pile of brick and stone, heaped up as if a great wall had fallen. Underneath this debris was a Confederate garrison with only two cannon, but still strong enough to beat off every attack by small boats. The records of war for a thousand years past cannot furnish another such case. During the siege, the flagstaff was shot away 122 times, and eighty men lost their lives in replacing it. Nothing was left of the fort but the lower bomb-proofs, and the debris was in some places twenty-five feet thick. Since the war the government has spent a million dollars there, and yet the spot today is simply a sand pile, inclosed by a wall ten or twelve feet high, with eight or ten guns in position to command the entrance to the harbor. It was under constant bombardment for over 500 days, and was assaulted again and again, and yet it fell into Federal hands only after Sherman's movements made its evacuation a matter of policy.

Behind the fort—that is, on the Charleston—is a middle-ground or flat, which is uncovered at low tide. In May last, seventeen long years after the last shot of war was fired, I saw more than a score of colored men on this sandy flat at low tide probing with long iron rods for the shot and shell which had missed the fort. Some were dug up from a depth of four feet, and great shells which two men could hardly lift were placed in row boats to be taken to the junk dealers. From this flat, which does not comprise an acre in extent, enough solid shot and unexploded shell have been recovered to make up a freight train of twenty cars.

LOSS OF LIFE.

It is the most curious thing about war that while a single bullet may now and then kill an enemy who thinks himself safely sheltered, hours of the most terrific bombardment may not destroy one single life. During the two days' bombardment in October, when 1,115 shot were flung at the fort, not one single person was even wounded, although nearly 1,200 missiles struck the walls or fell within.

Only one man, so far as can be found by the records, was ever struck by a missile entire. On one occasion an officer who stood on the parapet directing the planting of a new flag-staff, was struck by a 15-inch shell which exploded on the instant. In no other way could a human being have been so thoroughly wiped off the face of the earth. Three or four clots of blood, the end of a finger and a bloody lock of hair were all that could be found of the victim.

The heaviest loss of life occurred one evening in 1864. Thirteen Confederates sought shelter from the fire of the monitors in a brick bomb-proof constructed a year before. A 300-pound Parrot shell from one of the fleet struck in such a manner as to cave in the brick roof on the men, and every one of them were crushed to death. As near as could be figured by those in the fort, one man was wounded for every 5,000 pounds of metal thrown, and one killed for every 9,500 pounds. By this figuring at least thirty 300-pound shells were thrown for every man killed. Placing the cost at the lowest figure, and the Federals paid at least $600 in cash for every death in that fort. The operations around Charleston, directly aimed at Sumter, cost the Federal Government about $20,000,000 and the loss of 10,000 lives.

THE SEPTEMBER ASSAULT.

On the night of September 9, 1863, after the fort had been struck almost 6,000 times, and when it appeared to the Federals more like a brick pile than a fort, an assault was made by 500 men in small boats. The night being dark, many of the men had landed before any alarm was given. The manner in which the walls had been knocked about prevented a rush by the Federals, and was a great aid to the Confederates. Four or five of the defenders told me that they threw down their muskets after the first fire and resorted to brick-bats, pieces of shell and other missiles which could be hurled by hand, and directly all the firing was on the Federal side. When a Federal was hit by a bullet he seldom uttered a sound, but when struck by a brick-bat he yelled out in a lusty manner. Whole crews were thrown into confusion by a shower of this queer ammunition, and the result was a decided Confederate victory. The fight did not last above fifteen minutes, and the retreat was made in such haste that thirteen officers and 102 Federal privates were marched into the fort as prisoners.

This was early in the siege, and while the fort was still able to work all its casemate guns, and yet Sumter had been so battered and appeared so untenable that the Federal officers expressed the most unbounded surprise that it had not surrendered.

Anderson surrendered the fort after having one man killed and such damage inflicted that it took almost a week to repair it. He found the place untenable. The Confederates held Sumter through over 500 days of bombardment, had over 500 men killed first and last, and yet did not find the spot untenable, even when it had only two cannon in position and the spray of the sea flew clear over the brick-piles. We can make a hero of a man who endured a bombardment from old-fashioned guns for thirty hours, but one must give no credit to men who endured the horrors of 500 days of steady siege by the heaviest ordnance known to war. We can say they were Americans. Twenty years hence the historian will dare to speak of them as heroes and feel a pride in knowing that it took heroes to conquer them.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

The City of Charleston was under siege 585 days, and for over 500 days under fire. When Gilmore got his "Swamp Angel" planted and sent word that he would open fire on the city the citizens of Charleston laughed over the message. His guns were five miles away, and the idea that he could do the city any harm was too absurd to entertain.

It is just midnight.

W-r-r-r-r! S-s-s-s! Scream—rush—bang!

Gilmore has sent his first shell into the city. It strikes a brick building oposite the Post-office and explodes with a crash which turns 5,000 people out of bed. Men who heard the horrible screaming of that great shell as it came over the waters of the bay will never forget the sound.

In five minutes a second one came, but this failed to explode and is now on exhibition at Maj. Willis' office on the wharf. It just fits into and just fills a nail-keg. By the time the third one arrived all Charleston was awake and full of alarm and horror. That was the beginning of a siege which has no parallel in American warfare. Day after day—week after week—month after month, with only intervals of a few hours at a time for the guns to cool or some new move to be made. The bombardment continued. Grant did not care to injure Petersburg. Gilmore would have wiped Charleston off the face of the earth if he had been able.

IN THE CITY.

That first night's experience was enough to arouse the city to action. Not a building in the lower part of the city was safe from the big shells loaded with Greek fire. Under the advice of the Chief of the Fire Department every house kept a ready supply of water on hand, in barrels and other vessels. In some districts bodies of minute-men were formed, who would rush to the spot where a shell fell and quickly subdue the flames, in case a fire was started. The business streets were all paved with cobble-stone. These stones were taken up and dumped into the sea, and it was a wise precaution. Scores of shells fell upon the streets, and buried themselves in the sand and exploded without damage.

By and by the people became used to the situation, and seemed to go to bed without any more fear than would have been shown in New York. While the street cars ceased to run, all other business was transacted as usual, and during the hottest fire of the whole siege men were loading vessels at the wharves, various factories were running, and children were playing in the public parks. Federal history pictures Charleston in ruins and filled with woe and desolation within thirty days after Gilmore opened fire. As a matter of fact business was not suspended for a single hour. While a few families left the city, others came in, and after the first fortnight the shells were looked upon as a matter of course. Probably not more than thirty inhabitants were killed by the missiles direct, and both of the big fires had their origin in other causes. As Charleston began—haughty, imperious and defiant—so she remained to the last, and when evacuated the Southern Confederacy was drawing its last breath of life.

M. QUAD.

A Lay Discourse.

(Peck's Sun.)

A convict in the Indian a penitentiary hit the nail on the head when asked how his downward course began. He said it began in trying to beat 2:40 with a three-minute horse. How many people in all branches of business are trying to beat 2:40 with a three-minute business? The man who has a small business that is paying him, and goes into debt and tries to spread himself over too many eggs, is trying to beat 2:40 with a three-minute horse. The young man who gets a small salary, and spends more money for ice cream and perfumery and neck ties than he earns, is trying to beat 2:40 with a three-minute horse. The girl who is calculated by nature to be a wife of a mechanic, and gets above her business and looks with scorn upon a man who earns his living by hard work, will look at an old maid in the glass a few years from now, and realize that she has been trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The ordinary, every day sort of a man, who is elected to a small office, by a big majority, on acount of men voting for him for charity, and who thereupon aspires to a big office for which he is unfitted, will be nominated for the big office some day and be beaten higer than a kite, and he will then feel of his aching head, examine his empty pocketbook, look around at the debts he has contracted and the enemies he has made, and it will suddenly come to him that he has been trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The man or woman who leaves a profession or employment to which they are fitted, and in which they can be prosperous and happy and have friends, and goes upon the stage to compete with men and women who have been brought up to it, and who have made success by a lifetime of hard work, will some day realize to their sorrow that they have failed to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The summer resort hotel proprietor who fits up an old rookery and fills it with guests, who are seeking comfort, and charges them Fifth avenue prices for Bowery accommodations will look at his empty house the next year and say the season is backward, and when the guests do not come with the dog days, he will suddenly scratch his head and say he made a fool of himself last year in trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. The whole-souled, good fellow, everybody's friend, gets to drinking too hard, and as he is healthy, he gets an idea he can beat whisky, a game that so many have tried and failed. He keeps it up until his nose gets red, his eyes bleared and his voice shaky, and he has a whisky cough, and his friends try to reason with him and get him to let up, but he laughes at them with his good-natured laugh, and tells them that he has got a constitution like a horse, and that nothing can hurt him, and he asks them to take a drink. Some day he gets the jim jams, and all his friends say. "I told you so," and they sit up nights with him and drive away snakes, and just before he dies it suddenly occurs to him that he has been trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse. A man who is poor and wants to live on the fat of the land marries a pretty little rich woman, and begins to squander her money, and when she tries to persuade him to stop it, he gets to treating her like a dog, gets worse and strikes her, and after a while she gets enough of it and obtains a divorce, and marries a man who loves her, and doesn't want her money, and she is happy, and her former husband becomes a dead beat and a drunkard and would fain beg for the refuse that drops from the table of his former wife, and when he buttons his summer coat around him on a winter's night and walks around a block for a wind pudding; and looks into the windows and sees the light of the fire from the grate of his former wife's sitting-room, it occurs to him that if he had not attempted to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse, he could have been in there toasting his slippers and drinking cider, and looking into a pair of eyes that would have always looked their love for him, if he had been contented with a three-minute gait, but which eyes will never look upon him again except in pity. O, there are thousands of people who make a mistake in trying to beat two-forty with a three-minute horse.

Weight of Western Men and Women. During the tenth annual Exhibition of Art and Industry in Cincinnati, which closed October 7, the department of Scientific and Educational Appliances employed a clerk to record the weights of men and women visiting the exhibit of the Howe Scale Company. There were weighed 7,467 men and 14,688 women, the men averaging 154,02 pounds and the women 130.87 pounds. The averages for 20,000 men and women weighed in Boston, in 1864, were: for men 141½ pounds, for women 124½ pounds—or 12,52 pounds and 6.37 pounds less than corresponding Western averages.

By keeping a special account of the weights of the members of excursion parties from outlying towns in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, it was possible to compare the weights of visitors from the country with the averages of the men and women forming the whole number weighed. About nine hundred excursionists in all were weighed. The visitors from Ohio averaged—men 157.38 pounds, women 133.26 pounds; from Southern Indiana and Illinois—men 158.52 pounds, women 133.55 pounds; from Kentucky—men 158.43 pounds, women 133.76 pounds. It will be noticed that the country people considerably exceeded the average weights, the men by about four pounds, the women over two and a half pounds. It would not be safe, however, to infer that the country people as a whole were thus above the average weight, since the more vigorous in their respective localities were more likely than their weaker neighbors to join in such excursions.

Alcoholic Stimulants Not Wanted.

This year, Mr. Marriott, of Beeston, Nottingham, performed, with a friend who rode a bicycle, the extraordinary feat of riding on a tricycle from Derby to Holyhead, over 180 miles, within twenty-four hours, and they could have gone on twenty miles further if they had not been "checked by the sea." They did this touching no drop of alcoholic drink by the way, "and it is certain," Mr. Marriott says, in his description of the journey, "that they could not possibly have done it if they had dared to indulge in any alcoholic beverage." Their experience only tallies with that of others, and with the experience of men who perform other physical feats of skill and endurance—such men as Hanlan, the oarsman; Weston, the pedestrain; and Carver, the marksman. It tallies with the experimental experiences of the late Dr. Parkes, and with the practical experience of many military men who have had occasion to march their soldiery in large bodies over long distances under and during great privations and difficulties. It tallies with the experience of those who have watched the heavy labors of laboring men engaged in such work as brick-making, iron-forging, wood-cutting, and the like. But it becomes of unusual value, when it is witnessed from the fraternity of tricyclists, because so many of them are working for the pleasure of the exercise and the healthiness of it, and would be the last men to forego, voluntarily, anything that would facilitate the art, increase its delight, and add to its health-giving advantages. When alcoholic drinks are taken by those who are engaged in tricycling, the effects are most characteristic. If a very light drink, one which carries an almost inappreciable dose of the chemical, be taken, a little weak claret for instance, or thin beer, or thin cider, the effect may be *nil*, or at most embarassing only for a few minutes. If so much, however seemingly little, be taken, to produce what is felt to be an effect, then the mischief is done, and the bad results last for a longer or shorter time according to the dose of the chemical, the alcohol, which has been swallowed and carried over the body. The skin is more or less flushed with blood, there is a brief interval of hectic fever; there is a relaxation of vessels, a sense of fullness in the head, a feeling of irritability and quickness of circulation, and a succeeding sudden deficiency of bodily power, depression, languor, and inability to sustain or maintain effort, ending in chilliness and desire for repetition of the deceptive friend, the stimulant, or the desire for rest from the labor. The drink which on the whole serves the tricyclist most efficiently is cold weak tea, made a little sweet with sugar if that is liked, but never over-sweetened, for if it be over-sweetened it causes thirst. To some the tea is rendered more palatable by being treated with a little lemon-juice, made in fact into what is called tschai, or Russian tea, but I am not sure that the lemon does not increase thirst, and I know that in some persons it causes acidity and heartburn, and on the whole tschai is not so refreshing as tea simple. Another very nice and more sustaining drink may be made by pouring boiling milk instead of boiling water upon tea, milk tea; this, slightly sweetened, can be carried in the bottle or flask during the journey, and, diluted with water or soda-water at the wayside inn, is at once refreshing and sustaining.—*Dr. Richardson, in Good Words.*

He Drew a Prize.

A few weeks ago a Detroit saloon-keeper got hold of the fact that a certain customer of his had invested in a lottery ticket, and on the night of the drawing the saloon was filled with a crowd to enjoy a joke which the saloonist was to let loose on his man. The man with the ticket dropped in at the usual hour for his beer, and while drinking it, he heard the saloon-keeper remark that ticket No. 63,256 had drawn $5,000.

"How do you know that?" was quickly asked.

"Well, I also hold a couple of tickets, and a friend of mine in Chicago has telegraphed me the winning numbers."

"Let's see the telegram!"

It was produced. It had been specially prepared for the occasion and appeared genuine.

"I hold that very ticket!" gasped the citizen as he produced his wallet.

"No!"

"Here it is!"

Congratulations were in order, and only a hint was needed to bring an order for beer and cigars without limit. At the end of a grand hurrah the saloonist presented a bill for $13.25, and was met with the reply:

"See you later—too excited to make change to-night."

Yesterday the man of beer went to a justice to see about suing the bill and learned that his debtor was in Colorado. Just how much he made out of the joke can't be figured until he gets over kicking himself.

Getting Even With Blumenthal.

Mr. Isaacs and Mr. Blumenthal kept rival clothing stores on the Bowery, within a few doors of each other. Mr. Isaacs was always to be found with his head out of the door soliciting custom from the verdant passer-by. Mr. Blumenthal objected to this shoddy manner of doing business, having found that the watchful Isaacs had captured several of his customers, and one day he went up to Mr. Isaacs and said: "Look here, Mr. Isaacs, vy don't you keep your ugly face inside? You might better get a jackass to stand py de door. He vould be a big improvement." "Vy," said Isaacs, "I did try dot voice, and all de people as dey pass py say to him: "Good day, Mr. Blumenthal; I see you've moved."

Our Ancestors' Manners.

Some one has said that manners in New England went out with the cocked hat. That may be so, though we should be loth to affirm that the last of the cocked hats was the last gentleman. But it is true that the formal courtesy which once marked every gentleman, and every well-bred boy also, was associated with small clothes, shoe and knee buckles and a cocked hat. An anecdote of the Rev. William Greenough, for fifty years a pastor in Newton, Mass., illustrates the manners of the olden time.

He was a Boston boy whose father had brought him up to feel that a certain amount of ceremony was necessary to the expression of courtesy. If he took off his hat the sign of respect was not completed until the hat was as low as his elbow.

In the latter part of his life, the courteous old clergyman was not pleased with the change wrought in the manners of the boys. He had no respect for the brusque ways of young America, and not unfrequently rapped its knuckles, as a protest against its scant courtesy.

His grandson, a Boston boy of ten years, was once visiting at the parsonage. His manners troubled the old clergyman, and he determined to give him a lesson in good breeding. One day, as Mr. Greenough and his grandson were at the door, the baker drove into the yard.

"Grandpa, will you get me a piece of gingerbread?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the kind-hearted old man, walking to the cart.

Taking a piece, he faced the boy and said, "Now, William, take off your hat and make a bow."

The boy, never having been taught that accomplishment, was as much surprised as if he had been ordered to repeat the Hebrew alphabet. He remained motionless.

"Pull off your hat, I say, and make a bow," said the grandfather, in a more peremptory tone.

But William was too astonished to move. Dropping the gingerbread into his side pocket, Mr. Greenough walked into the house.

Not a word was said, but the next morning the baker again drove into the yard, where grandfather and grandson were standing.

"Grandpa, will you get me a piece of gingerbread?" asked the boy, as on the morning before.

It was bought and held up, as Mr. Greenough, without saying a word, looked his grandson in the face.

Off came the hat and down went the head, for the boy had learned from the lesson of the previous morning that a ceremonious bow must precede his eating of the cake.

Perhaps, our ancestors were too ceremonious, but a little of their formal courtesy would improve the manners of their children.

Food for the Sick.

The following advice for administering food to the sick deserves the attention of nurses and of all who are called upon to look after nervous patients:

It is a great mistake to have large quantities of fruit, biscuits, etc., lying about a sick-room.

A very few grapes, an orange peeled and divided, and two or three milk or water biscuits are quite enough to have displayed at one time.

The same may be said of food.

I have often been pained, when visiting some of my sick pensioners, to see their friends, with well-meant but mistaken kindness, bring large basinfuls of horrible compounds, which they dignify with the name of gruel or sago or tapioca, as the case may be.

The mere sight of the food seemed to set them against it. Whereas, if a little care had been bestowed upon its preparation, and a small cupful provided instead of the large quantity I name, they probably would have partaken of it with pleasure.

Another error, committed with the best of intentions, is to keep asking the patients what they would like, if they could take this thing or the other. The sickened, wearied expression I have often seen flit over the faces of people who are recovering from a lingering illness, when their officious relatives come teasing them as to their requirements!

During the lingering illness of a dear relative, I verily believe we made her often eat, just by providing dainty morsels of food, displaying them temptingly arranged, and taking them to her bedside quite unexpectedly.

If she had been asked *could* she eat anything, I feel confident the answer would have inevitably been, "No; thanks. I don't feel at all inclined to eat."

A very simple and expeditious way of cooking a little bit of chicken or fish is to butter a paper thickly, place the food to be cooked within the paper, and place it on the gridiron over a clear fire. A very short time suffices to cook it thoroughly, and I have often found that to be eaten when all other modes of invalid cookery have been tried in vain.

Dangers of Questioning.

If the man who is addressing a Sunday school is tempted to ask the children a question, our advice to him is "*Don't.*" If, however, he will, he is likely to be "a sadder and a wiser man."

In a mission-school in the city of Providence, a clergyman from across the river was making a short address to the scholars. He was tall, finely-formed and faultlessly dressed, and the children seemed to be much interested in his remarks.

"Now, scholars," said the unfortunate minister, being tempted to ask a question, "look at me; where do you suppose I came from?"

The hand of the smallest boy in the room went up.

"Well, sir?"

"Guess yer come from the country didn't yer?"

That minister will never again give a boy the chance of reflecting upon his urbane appearance

Southern Courtesy and Kindness.

An Englishman of influence, who with his family emigrated to this country in 1879, settled in one of the Gulf States. His friends in New York remonstrated with him, urging that the South yet suffered from the effects of the war; that trade was duller there than in the North, and the chances fewer of obtaining success in business.

"I know it," he replied.

"You will there be measurably out of the world of art, music, books, even news. The towns and houses have few modern improvements," his advisers insisted.

"All very true."

"The people haven't the energy of the North. They are apt to be bitter in their prejudices."

"But they are so friendly!" replied the Englishman. "If I were asked to name the marked feature of Southern character, it would be friendliness. When I went among them, for the first time in my life I found myself in a world where every man really seemed to believe every other man his blood relation. Though he had never seen him before, he stood ready to invite him to dinner, or to befriend him if he needed it."

The Englishman remained at the South. He could not tear himself away from the pleasant, intangible ties which had been span around him.

No one can travel through the South without feeling the powerful charm of the universal atmosphere of good-humor, kindness and courtesy that is found in its people. Not only is it shown in the hospitality of the upper classes, but the poorest of your fellow-passengers is ready to render you a service.

We have known a train stopped for an hour in order that a doctor might be summoned to a sick child, and in all the six cars full of passengers, there was not a grumble of discontent heard. It evidently seemed to them the natural and right thing to do.

In the majority of cases, of course, the good-will is shown only in a smile and pleasant word; but no one who has not lived in this perpetual sunshine can understand its tranquilizing, cheering effect.

There can be little use in the union of the different sections of this country, if the two cannot learn something from each other. If Northerners are, perhaps, able to teach their Southern brethren some lessons of energy and of progress, they can also learn from them much that will make life sweeter, higher and far better worth the living.

The Northerner at heart is perhaps as faithful a lover and as kind a friend, but he keeps his love and kindness for his personal friends and for his own household, and allows very little of either to illumine his face, words or manners in the ordinary associations of life.

They Can't Be Beat.

At Charleston I met a man from Binghampton, N. Y., who was agent for some sort of cotton machinery, and almost the first thing he asked me was:

"How do you manage with the hotel waiters?"

"Why, I have to fee them of course."

"That shows how green you are I am going to stop here four days, and I won't pay 'em a cent."

"Then you won't get much service."

"I won't, eh! Well, you just watch me and learn a thing or two. See that!"

It was a lead half-dollar, neatly covered with gold foil and at first glance it seemed to be a $20 gold piece. When the New Yorker's trunk came up stairs and the two darkeys lingered around for a quarter apeice that "twenty" appeared to view, and he said:

"Smallest I've got to-day. I'll see you before I go."

The same thing was worked on the table-waiter, on the waiter who brought up ice-water, and on several other colored individuals, and when we were all ready to take the train for Savannah the trunks went down on the wagon and we walked to the depot. Two minutes before the train pulled out the New Yorker turned to the African with his grip-sack and said:

"James, will you take this coin and square up with the boys for me?"

"Yes, sah."

"Place it carefully in your pocket and don't lose it."

"She's dar', sah, an' Ize millyuns o' times obleeged to you."

"Never mind that. Well, we are off."

All the way down to Savannah that evening my companion chuckled over his keenness in beating the colored population; but when we reached the latter city his chin took a drop. We were not clear of the depot when arrested for passing counterfeit money, and all his explanations did not prevent his return to Charleston by the next train. I met him afterwards in Alabama and he told me the affair cost him $65.

Foundlings.

A skating rink is a good place to see stars—and stripes.

A little girl had been scolded by her grandmother. She picked up her little kitten; and caressing it, said: "I wish one of us three was dead. And it ain't you, kitty, and it ain't me."

An old story is being revived of a prayer meeting held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying a tall fellow with an ox goad knocked at the door, saying: "Father could not come, but sent his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and corn.

When he had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose and said: "Gen'len, if it wasn't for de wheels on a wagin de wagin wouldn't move. When de wheels am on, den what?" "Grease!" sol emnly exclaimed an old man. "K'rect!" whispered the president, softly, rubbing his hands together. "We'uez de wagon an' de wheels. We will now pass de hat roun' for de grease."

Conference Notes and Notables.

(Raleigh Visitor.)

The Methodist preacher; he is here—and everywhere.

The Circuit Rider: he has completed his rounds and, saluting the Bishop, awaits fresh orders.

The Bishop and his Cabinet: who can tell their secrets? Their ways are past finding out.

Where two or three Methodists are gathered together, there will a collection be taken up.

John Wesley's "hand-full" has become a town-full, yea, a world-full; and the "strange fire" that warmed his heart burns in all lands.

The hard-worked and poorly paid Methodist preacher will count out enough shekels to carry him home, and before the Conference closes will give his last farthing to the Missionary cause, some struggling church and collections for some broken down brother and the widow and orphans of some fallen comrade. Methodist preachers, following the example of John Wesley, "get all they can, save all they can and give all they can."

REV. N. H. D. WILSON, D.D., Presiding Elder of the Hillsboro District, is a native of Guilford county, is about 60 years of age, and was licensed to preach in 1843. He has been a presiding elder for many years and a delegate to the General Conference of the Southern church since 1858. He led the delegation to the last General Conference by 28 votes, and received a large vote for Bishop at that Conference. He is a preacher of ability, and is regarded as one of the strongest debaters in the Conference. His administrative capacity is great, and his views on all important subjects are held in the highest esteem, his wisdom, rectitude of purpose and honesty of conviction being undoubted. He is thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the church in all parts of the Conference and with the characters and capacities of the ministers, and his advice makes one of the most invaluable members of the Bishop's Council.

REV. L. S. BURKHEAD, D.D., is a native of Davidson county, and is about 52 years of age. He joined the Conference in 18——, and has from his first connection with it, enjoyed its respect and confidence, as pastor of important circuits and stations, and presiding Elder of Districts, as well as representative of the Conference to the General Conference of the Southern church since 1866, and to the Ecumenical Council in London in 1881. As a theologian he is a leader in the Conference, and from the pulpit, as well as with his pen, wields an influence that is widely felt. He is blameless in his "walk and conversation," has strong and decided convictions on all subjects and is frank and fearless in expressing them. At the late General Conference he received several votes for Bishop. He is the choice of many for the Presidency at Trinity College. During the past year he has been pastor of the church at New Berne.

(News and Observer.)

Rev. E. W. Crawford, chairman of the committee appointed at the last Conference for the relief of Greensboro College, read the report of the committee, stating that the college had been bought at public auction by J. S. Carr, and others, and that these gentlemen offered it to the Conference if the Conference would relieve them from all responsibilities. Referred to the committee on education.

Rev. P. L. Townsend was granted leave of absence.

After the usual announcements the Conference adjourned with a hymn led by the Bishop, and the benediction.

NOTES.

The Conference has completed its organization and is now fairly under way. Bishop Keener loses no time. A large amount of business was done yesterday and the Conference did not lack time for speech making either. Although most of the business was of a private nature, the time passed very pleasantly to the audience, who were occasionally refreshed with a five minutes speech from some one of the prominent visitors present. The address of Bishop Keener to the candidates for admission into full membership is spoken of as one of the best things in that line ever heard in the North Carolina Conference. Dr. Lafferty, as usual, got everybody's attention and kept it. Rev. David Morton likewise made a good talk.

Visitors who have not attended the Conference in several years cannot but be impressed with the great changes which appear in the make-up of that body. Few of the men who took a prominent part in the work of the Conference a few years ago are to be seen now. Two of them, Drs. Closs and Craven, have died during the past year.

Many compliments are passed upon the *personnel* of the Conference. These are all deserved, but the finest looking man we have seen on the floor is, not a member, but a visitor, Dr. H. A. Young, of Nashville, the missionary secretary. He is tall, with a dignified bearing, heavy built, and with noble features—a splendid specimen of the physical man. It is said that he has equal mental proportions.

Every section of the State is represented among the visitors to the Conference. It is said that the number of ladies in attendance is larger than ever before.

Bishop Keener, in his address yesterday, told the young preachers that clergyman's sore throat was nothing but a lack of sympathy between the throat and the brain. It is presumed that there will be no more complaints heard on that score soon.

The reports of the preachers on their several charges, show that, notwithstanding the drouth of a year ago there has been very little if any falling off in the collections ordered by the Conference. Besides this it is expected that when the reports are summed up it will be found that a larger number of churches than usual have been built during the year.

Dr. Yates and his committee have been very successful in providing for the sessions of the Conference. The Conference room has been supplied with every convenience, and nothing has been left undone to provide for the comfort of the preachers.