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April 4 w1y

THE DEACON'S ADVICE.

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,"
Said good farmer Smith to his neighbor one day;
Who paused on the hillside both stony and sterile,
To chat with the deacon, hard-fisted and gray.

The prospect seemed cheerless where even weeds wilted,
And oft would the husbandman growl and lament,
Yet still he worked on, with heart unconfiding,
Vexation his portion, instead of content.

Soft dews and warm rains on the hillside descended,
A capital crop blessed the young farmer's eyes.
"O fool that I am," in the autumn he murmured,—
"My summer-time doubts I now deeply deplore!

"I might have spared all of the fretting and worry;
The deacon was right, and my duty was clear—
"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,
Trusting both in spring-time and autumn, next year."

"Think more of the harvest and less of the labor,"
Should be the grand motto of all as they toil,
For God will bless those who act nobly and wisely,
And flowers will spring from unpromising soil.

GEORGE HASCHOFF GRIFFITH.

FORT AND FLEET.

The Federal Attack on Fort Wagner—The Most Terrific Pounding a Fortification Ever Received—Gilmore's Assaults, and How They were Repulsed.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Gilmore never believed that the iron-clads would be able to take Fort Sumter, and for this reason he early set about securing a foothold on Morris Island. When he had accomplished this he had secured a solid foundation for cannon which could throw shot into Charleston and keep Fort Sumter under a constant pounding. It has ever seemed strange that the Confederates were not on the watch for and fully prepared for such a move, but it was doubtless believed that Fort Wagner was the key to the situation, and that the Federals could not maintain themselves anywhere within reach of its guns. On the other hand, Gilmore looked upon Wagner as a work which might be taken by a dash, and the erroneous impression by friend and foe resulted in some terrible blunders and bloody butcheries.

THE FIRST ATTACK.

The first attack on Wagner was made on the night of the 10th of July, 1863. On the previous day and night a command consisting of the Seventy-six Pennsylvania, the Ninth Maine and two companies of the Seventh Connecticut had by a sudden attack in boats captured several detached batteries within easy range of the fort, and had won such an easy victory that Gen. Strong, who was in command, determined to make a push for the fort itself, believing the Confederates to be disorganized and panic-stricken by what had occured. Instead of being in this condition they were preparing to move out at daylight and attack Gen. Strong looked upon Wagner as a sand-heap which could offer but feeble resistance to a rush, while in truth it was one of the strongest forts around Charleston.

THE RUSH.

An hour before daylight the Federal troops moved out, the companies from the Seventh Connecticut leading. The only way to take the fort was to go over the parapet, and Gen. Strong must have counted on the garrison being sound asleep to permit such a rush to be successful. The garrison was not only awake, but under arms, and had at least ten minutes' warning. The Federals came with a gallant rush, and unchecked by a volley which killed thirty men outright, dashed through the moat and up the parapet and down just below its crest. Had there been a thousand men instead of 175 the force would have leaped the parapet and attacked the garrison, but such a small body of men had no alternative but to wait until the other troops came up to reinforce them.

IN A TRAP.

The two Federal regiments moved up so slowly that the Confederates had time to get every man in line and posted to the best adnantage. The fight was short, sharp and bloody. The two regiments had more than they could do to hold the first position taken, saying nothing of going to the aid of the Connecticut men on the parapet, who were bravely holding the line and popping away at the garison. At the end of fifteen minutes' fighting the two regiments began to waver. Then a dozen voices cried out, "We are in a trap!" and a hundred more cried, "retreat!" Every soldier must have realized from the first that there was no show to carry the fort, and it was a wonder that the men held the position as long as they did. When they started to retreat it was a helter-skelter, and no one seemed to remember the brave little command waiting on the parapet to be reinforced or rescued.

A SLAUGHTER.

The action of that small command from the Seventh Connecticut was one of the bravest things of war. To gain the parapet it dashed through a fire which would have thrown a full regiment into confusion, and as the men crouched on the sand each one began fighting on his own hook. There was no confusion until it was discovered that the regiments had been driven back. Then the Confederates devoted their whole attention to the handful of men clinging to the parapet, and in three or four minutes their position was made untenable. Lighted shells were tossed over by hand, hand grenades used without stint, and a flank fire opened with musketry, and it was either retreat or be slaughtered in line. Word was passed to retreat, and those who ran the gauntlet in safely looked upon their escape as miraculous. A fire of shot, shell, grape, canister and musketry followed them for half a mile, and the sandy beach offered no protection. The loss was frightful. Only a fraction over half the Connecticut men came out alive, while the other regiments were terribly cut up without having inflicted the least loss on the enemy. The Confederate loss did not exceed twenty-eight killed and a dozen wounded. But for Strong's rash move at the time an attack, three or four nights later, by a heavier force, might have been successful. This attack called for a large increase of the garrison and other steps which contributed to a still greater slaughter when next attacked.

THE SECOND ATTACK.

Between the 11th and the 18th of July the Confederates strengthened Fort Wagner as far as was possible and largely increased the garrison, having discovered that Gilmore desired to go to Charleston by way of Morris Island. Up to the 11th Wagner had given no thought to the iron-calds which had sent her a shot now and then as they poured destruction into Sumter. After the fight of the 11th, a Federal deserter gave the exact number of Gilmore's forces and information of what works he had thrown up. He had made a permanent lodgment on the island, was heavily intrenching, and there was reason to believe that the iron clads would be called upon to bear a hand in the next assault. Fully 500 men were employed during the next five days in making Fort Wagner ready for bombardment as well as assault, and it was perfectly prepared when the time came.

THE FORCES.

At this time the Federals held a good share of Morris Island, and had put about fifty guns and mortars into position, each one able to hurl its missile into the fort. These guns were backed by more than a division of infantry, and there lay Admiral Dahlgren's fleet of six iron-clads with their terrible guns.

The garrison of Fort Wagner consisted of 1,400 men, with heavy guns, a battery of light artillery, and bomb-proofs enough to shelter the entire garrison.

OPENING THE FIGHT.

Soon after noon on the 8th, the sea being smooth and the day perfect, the iron-clads moved forward and took position about seven-eights of a mile from the beach and opened on Wagner. It was believed by both Dahlgren and Gilmore that the iron-clads could knock Wagner to pieces before sundown, and that nothing would be left for the Federal infantry except to bury the dead. This was the Admiral's first wrestle with a sand fort. He was to gain some valuable experience.

ON BOARD THE FLEET.

Each iron-clad went right to business as soon as getting into position, using shell alone. Wagner was a fair target at easy range, and before the fleet had been engaged half an hour predictions were made that the fort would surrender within two hours. The firing was steady and regular, one great shell after another screaming over the water to bury itself in the parapet and fill the air with clouds of dust.

ON THE ISLAND.

Gilmore's fifty guns opened fire as soon as the fleet was stationed, and three of the four faces of Wagner were swept by a fiercer fire than was bestowed upon any other fort during the war. The screaming and shrieking of missiles were deafening, and every foot of Morris Island kept up a constant tremble under the concussions.

IN FORT WAGNER.

It was well understood in the fort that the bombardment would be followed by an assault. It was a wise policy, therefore, that sent all the infantry and most of the gunners into the bomb-proofs within five minutes after the fight opened. Only three guns were manned, and these were ordered to fire only at intervals of four or five minutes, more to prove that the fort was not deserted than from any expectation of inflicting any harm on the enemy.

Fort Wagner would not have been built of sand had other material been at hand. It was not surveyed for anything more than a battery to mount three or four guns which should have the range of vessels coming into the harbor. It received half a dozen shots during the first Federal bombardment of Sumter, and the Confederates were quite pleased to find that it was not plowed down on a level with the island. When it was found that Gilmore wanted to get nearer Sumter and Charleston by occupying Morris Island, Wagner had to be strengthened to oppose him, and again there was no material at hand save sand and a few timbers. These were used as a matter of dire necessity, and without a thought that the events of the next fortnight would upset the theories of a thousand years of war.

There is not to-day a sea-coast fort in the world, no matter how massive nor what its cost, which can stand a bombardment with a sand fort thrown up in twenty-four hours by a regiment of soldiers. The American war tried forts as they had never been tried before, and while the big guns of the iron-clads could pulverize brick and stone to powder, they could scarcely deface the walls of sand.

When the bombardment had lasted four hours it was believed, both by the fleet and land forces, that Fort Wagner had been dismantled and deserted, and that its garrison had been driven to take refuge behind the sand-heaps outside. From the moment the first shell had struck the spot had been half-hidden by a cloud of dust, and the only sign of life was the occasional firing of a gun, which seemed more like a signal of distress than a token of defiance. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, had the iron-clads hauled off, Gilmore would have moved to the assault.

THE GARRISON.

While men who were among the garrison of Fort Wagner that day agree that it was the most terrible fire they ever experienced, human life inside the works was as safe as on board one of the monitors. The bomb-proofs were crowded, but there was no danger. The sand walls could have been leveled down and yet the men in the dark holes underground would have been perfectly safe. Great shells from the mortars descended inside the fort with a thud which jarred the ground for yards around, and exploded with a sound which made one think that the sandy island was being riven, but if was a waste of powder. During the worst of the bombardment not more than a dozen men were left outside the bomb-proofs. These sheltered themselves to watch and note proceedings, and they witnessed the full terrors of a concentrated fire from seventy-five guns and mortars.

THE BIG SHELLS.

Gilmore's land artillery could not have inflicted a scar on the fort, and his fire would not have necessarily driven a single man to shelter, but the shells from the big fifteen-inch guns on the iron-clads were filled with destruction. They were driven with a force which sent them into the parapet a distance of eight or ten feet, and when they exploded it seemed as if the whole island lifted itself up a foot or two. One who has not seen the awful work of these great shells can form no idea of their power for destruction. In one spot, where the fire seemed to be concentrated for half an hour, at least a thousand tons of sand were moved a distance of fifty feet. The bursting of a single shell would lift three or four tons of sand and hurl the cloud all over the fort. There were a dozen places where the moat was filled up until on a level with the crest of the parapet.

More or less timber had been used with the sand. In one spot a shell penetrated five feet of sand and passed directly through a pine beam twelve inches square. Another shell cut six feet off the end of a still larger beam and hurled the missile so high in the air that hundreds of Federals saw it. After the bombardment fairly opened the fort was struck ten times a minute for eight hours, and as the sun went down the Federals were justified in believing that a body of infantry could occupy the works without resistance.

WAITING.

As the boom of the last gun from the fleet died away orders were given in Fort Wagner which brought over 1,200 men from their graves, as it were. Cooped up for seven or eight hours in the foul-smelling bomb-proofs, the men were only too glad to get out and face the coming danger. Only two of the guns had been dismounted, and the others were speedily manned, the garrison posted, and then they waited. That bombardment meant an assault by infantry, but Gilmore was to gain another painful experience.

THE ADVANCE.

It was growing dark when the Federal column of assault formed on the beach in plain sight of Wagner, Sumter and other Confederate works. It consisted of the Ninth Maine, Third New Hampshire, Sixth Connecticut, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Forty-eighth New York and Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. This last was a colored regiment, led by Col. Shaw. It had heard the whistle of bullets only once. Indeed, there was not a single regiment in the column which could be depended on, as only a few men had been under fire. Why the colored troops should have led, when it might be fairly doubted if they would follow, is a question to be settled along with Burnside's blunder at the Petersburg crater. The moment the column moved out it was under fire from Cummings' Point, Fort Sumter, Wagner and the Redan, and before it had marched fifty yards it was known that Wagner was alive to the situation and prepared to receive them.

THE ASSAULT.

As soon as within musket-range of Wagner the assaulting column made a rush which carried it nearly up to the works. Had there been no bombardment they would have stood a better show of success. They found themselves tumbling into deep pits, falling over sand ridges, and utterly confused by the work of the shells. The moat was full of water at one point and filled with sand at another, and the parapets were simply banks full of caverns. The lines of formation were broken up, the darkness was confusing, and in ten minutes those able to withdraw made a hasty retreat. It was most foolhardy assault of the war. There was no show whatever, no matter what bravery was exhibited, and the confusion was added to by the action of the colored troops. They no sooner saw what sort of trap they were in than dozens of them shouted out: "Hold on! Don't shoot—I surrender!" Twelve hundred Confederates, cool and fresh, and safely protected, had only to fire away at a brigade of Federals—broken, confused, and tumbling over each other. That brigade did not stand there "for nearly half an hour," as stated by Federal historians. It did not stay there twelve minutes. Ten minutes more of the murderous fire would not have left a man alive.

A BLUNDER.

Gilmore had excuses for his first assault, but in the face of the terrible repulse and the statements of survivors that the Fort was intact and full of men, the second assault was a slaughtering blunder for which history should hold him responsible.

The second column was composed of the Sixty-second Ohio, Seventh New Hampshire, Sixty-seventh Ohio and One Hundredth New York. This column began to stumble over the dead bodies of Federals before it had traversed half the distance to the fort, and was likewise subject to such a front and enfilading fire as to almost disorganize it. Sheer pluck carried it through to the fort, and desperation held it there twenty-five minutes to be decimated. It stood no more show to capture Wagner than one barge load of men would have stood to capture Sumter, but even though every man fully realized this every company stood square up to its work and every man died like a hero. At one moment, desperate and determined, over half of that brigade swept into the fort, but in five minutes they were swept out of it again and again they took up the fight from the parapet. When the retreat was sounded a third of the brigade was wounded. Gilmore's mistake wet the parapets of Wagner with blood. His blunder left the dead and mangled in such heaps that the bravest veterans were appalled. M. QUAD.

METHODIST TEACHING IN THE SOUTH.

An Address by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Hartzell of New Orleans in Regard to It.

(New York Sun.)

The Rev. Dr. J. C. Hartzell of New Orleans preached at the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church last evening. Dr. Hartzell represents the educational work of the Methodist Church in the Southern States. This work should not be confused with that of the Methodist Church South. He said that the Methodists of the North entered the Southern field immediately after the war. Since 1864 they have built in the Southern States 3,385 new churches, of which 1,540 were for colored people. The increase in the value of church property has been more than $1,500 for each twenty-four hours since Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The Methodists (they repudiate the term Methodist Church North) now number 410,000 in the Southern States. This is an increase of 313,000 in fourteen years.

In 1866 the Mississippi Mission Conference was organized at New Orleans. It embraced Mississippi Louisiana, and Texas. It contained five white preachers and twenty colored. In 1880 New Orleans had eighteen churches, with 3,000 members; Louisiana, 100 churches and 11,000 members; Mississippi, 200 churches and 24,000 members; Texas, 250 churches and 60,000 members. The church property in this Conference is valued at $590,000. The Conference controls three colleges in Texas, two in Mississippi, and one in Louisiana. About 1,000 pupils attend these schools. The work is among whites and negroes alike. In the old slave territory, there are eighteen schools for whites, with nearly 3,000 pupils, and twenty-five colored schools, with more than 3,000 pupils. The pupils are graduated as teachers and preachers for that part of the country.

Figures from the census returns were given, showing the illiterate condition of the people in the South as a whole. The speaker favored the bill before Congress appropriating $10,000,000 for educational work in the South. The Northern Methodists have spent $4,000,000 in this work since the war, and other denominations about $6,000,000 more. It has been demonstrated that the negroes are anxious for education, and are capable of receiving it. As a whole the colored people are making rapid progress mentally and morally. The Southern churches are beginning to see the good effect of Northern philanthropy, and now welcome the workers. Southern churches are adopting the plans introduced by Northern preachers with success. One effect of this is to unite the people of the two sections.

These results were given to show that a good beginning only has been made in the work among the Southern people.

Don'ts For Men.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one, the tailor the other.

Don't judge him by the house the lives in, for the lizard and rat sometimes inhabit the grandest structures.

Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot talks and the tongue is but an instrument to make sound.

Don't judge him by his family connections, for Cain belonged to a very respectable family.

Don't judge him by his success in life, for that is much oftener the result of a combination of circumstances with which he had nothing to do, than of his own merit.

Don't judge him by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge him by the show he makes, for an average turkey-cock in a barnyard can strut all around him and not half try.

Don't judge him for his lack of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold.

Don't judge him by his activity in church affairs, for that is not unfrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives.

Don't take it for granted because he carries the contribution box, he is liberal. He often pays the Lord by services in that way and keeps his currency.

Don't imagine the Creator is under any obligation to you for the quarter you give to convert the heathen; that is only a small fraction you owe for turning your ancestors away from their wooden gods.

Don't imagine heaven was especially created for people who believe just as you were taught to, and you don't know whether they who taught you were right or not.

Don't carry your hymn book in your hand when you go to the house of worship and your ledger in your head. The Lord can see through your head. The Lord can see through your skull.

Don't when in church chew tobacco and spit over the floor. You would not do that in your own house, and should not do so in the house you ought to respect even more.

Sleep.

"Blesssngs," exclaimed Sancho, "on him that first invented sleep. It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions come creeping over one—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye; 'tis closing—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to make its airy rounds.—[Leigh Hunt.

How to Use the Eyes.

(Philadelphia Record.)

There is no other sense to which people trust so much as to sight, yet there are few who have ever taken any special pains to improve the faculty of observation. In all cases of exciting events, witnessed by many persons, it is astonishing to note the wide variations in the stories of the incidents told by those present. This is due principally to the spectators. Details are confused in their eyes properly. It is true that some persons have great natural gifts of observation, while others seem unable to fix matters upon their memories in their true relation to each other. Thus, for example, almost any one passing a group of animals in a field, can distinguish three, four of five without counting them. Even when whirled past in a railroad car most persons can glance at a very small number of object and be instinctively able to tell just how many there are. But as the number increases the attention must be more and more fixed and the mind strained to "take in" the exact number at a glance, until beyond a certain point, few observers can be accurate in their appreciation of the objects they have merely flashed their eyes over. Yet this accuracy is of great value to people in all the affairs of life, and often matters of the gravest import depend wholly upon the impressions that have been left on casual spectators by a series of events. It is manifested that a mind trained to note all that the eye mechanically sees has a great advantage over one which gathers only a vague picture, in which, even when all the features are present, cause and effect are inextricably confused.

It is an old story that Robert Houdin used to cultivate his powers of observation while walking rapidly along the boulevards of Paris by selecting a shop window and noting in his mind the objects displayed therein. Constant practice enabled him to remember every object in the most varied displays after one rapid glance as he passed on the run. Probably it is not every one who can become a Robert Houdin, but any one can cultivate the powers of observation for beyond their original capacity. It is related that when Austrians were anxious for news of an intended revolt in the Tyrol against the French a man was sent to watch a certain bridge beyond which the Austrian spies would have been too much endangered to go. On his return at night he was questioned as to everything he had seen, but nothing apparently had happened having any special significance. "You are sure you have told everything you saw?" asked the Austrian general. "Everything," replied the man, "except that an old beggar with a flail crossed the bridge; but he was of no consequence. He must have been crazy." "Why so?" asked the general. Because he only walked to the water and hit it three times with his flail." "So? Well, that will do," said the general, who had thereby learned that Hafner would cause the Tyrol to rise in three days. Had the man failed to observe this old beggar and his crazy antics the future of the Tyrol might have been different.

Undoubtedly childhood is the time for cultivating the observing faculty. As with memory, on which it somewhat depends, practice is of the utmost importance to its proper development. Gradually it becomes a second nature to observe accurately, and no effort is required. It has futhermore a very strong and valuable influence on character. The man who is exact in his observation of events is positive in his knowledge and thorough in other matters. Accustomed to being right in one thing, it stiffens up his whole mental structure and emphasizes his charateristics in other things. It is true that the faults are aggravated, also, but at any rate decision is given to the character, and a sturdy strength, even if it produces some evil, is preferable to a flabby weakness which is detrimental equally to its possessor and his friends. In the kindergartens some attention is paid to training the eye and mind to work together, but it might well be introduced as a practical course in the higher grades of schools. Instead of becoming a wearisome task a study in observation would be a genuine relaxation to most minds, and a skillfull teacher might even turn it into a real recreation.

A Tough Bear Story.

On Tuesday evening George Trevors, while going through the woods to his home in Douglasfield, N. B., was attacked by a very large bear. Having no other weapon than a bottle of paraffine oil he struck the bear and broke the bottle of oil over him. The bear then sprang on him, and commenced hugging him, when George had the presence of mind to light a match and set fire to him. In an instant old Bruin was all in a blaze and let go of him, and in less than five minutes was all consumed but the head and shoulders George then commenced to carry water in his hat to quench the fire to save the snout, so as to get the county. If Mr. Trevors had never before had any notable adventures with bears his friends might feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of this recital; but when they remember that it was he who recently rode home with two dead cubs and a live bear, a paw clasped in each hand, they will see that there is nothing to be surprised at in this, his latest achievement.

Mulecide.

(Richmond Register.)

Near the town of Irvine, in Estill county, the other day, a mule belonging to Mr. W. F. Park deliberately committed suicide. He put his head through a crack in a post-and-rail fence, slipped his neck down to a narrow place, pulled back and choked himself. The cause of the suicide is not known. He had not been drinking, and there was no trouble with his family. It is thought by some to have been the result of religious excitement.

Lightning's Freaks.

In Norwich Conn., lightning struck an ice house in which were five men, and all were stuned.

Lightning entered an open window of Thos. W. Troy's residence in Macon, Ga., and shattered into splinters the bedstead upon which he was, but did no other damage.

In the course of a recent thunder storm in Baltimore, lightning struck Susie Jones, a girl of 18, and burned her nightdress completely off as she lay in bed. She escaped with severe burns.

A man on horseback sought shelter under a large oak tree during a heavy thunder shower near Mound City, Kan. Lightning struck the tree and killed the horse, but left the rider uninjured.

The congregation of a church at Tucson, Arizona, frightened by the noise of a heavy thunderbolt, made a rush for the door. Another flash came and killed five persons at the threshold.

While Daniel McCook of Irwin county, Ga., was picking a bunch of grapes lightning struck and killed him, and he remained in the attitude in which he was killed till his body was taken away.

Lightning struck a conductor on one of the Mexican railroads recently, singeing a broad stripe down the front of his clothing and burning the rim from his hat without doing him any injury.

Mansfield Holbrook, a farmer of Tygrat's Creek, Ky., took shelter under a tree during a thunder storm, and his boy ran under the wagon. The farmer was killed by a thunder bolt, but the boy was uninjured.

Miss Mattie Wharton, living near New Philadelphia, Ohio, has been twice struck by lightning—once about a year ago, and recently, when the bolt paralyzed her entire body and set her jaws as though in death.

When lightning struck Andrew Root's house, in Whitneyville, Conn., an arm of Mrs. Butler, a next door neighbor, dropped powerless at her side as she sat by an open window, and she has not recovered the use of it.

Lightning struck the barn of Wesley Sprague, near Baldwin's, L. I., cut the hay in the mow into two parts as evenly as though cut with a knife, one passed into his stables, killing his horse. It then followed the ground for forty feet, striking a hog pen and killing two hogs.

The Bad Boy at Breakfast.

"Yes," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase anymore, though I did have a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast table. You see pa is the contrariest man ever was. If I complain that anything at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the syrup pitcher and emptied out the white syrup and put in some cod-liver oil that that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes, and pretended to taste of it, and I told pa the syrup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second, and he poured out some on his pancakes and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the syrup was good enough for him, and he sopped his pancakes in it and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul darned hypocrite—that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod-liver oil was near killing him, but he said the syrup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he'd break my neck; and by gosh I had to eat it, and pa he guessed he hadn't got much appetite and he would just drink a cup of coffee and eat a donut. I like to dide, and that I think makes this disappointment in love harder to bear. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma ain't got a very strong stummic, and when she got some of that cod liver oil in her mouth she went up stairs, sickern a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had nooralgia all the morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girls. They eat too much syrup, anyway, and when they got on to that cod liver oil and swallowed a lot of it, one of the an Irish girl, she got up from the table and put her hand on her corset and said 'howly Moses!' and went out into the kitchen looking as pale as ma does when she has powder on her face, and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake and said, 'Mine Gott, vas de matter from me,' and she went out and leaned on the coal bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch, and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave; but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph messenger wish they was dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, good bye, old potatoes."—*Peck's Sun.*

Keep the Boilers Heated.

(Exchange.)

A reporter dropped into our largest retail establishment recently.

"You have a great rush of business," remarked the reporter.

"Yes," replied the proprietor, "partly because it is holiday season, but mainly on account of advertising."

"How can you tell whether advertising pays?"

"I can tell that advertising pays by stopping it. I've tried it. Trade drops; the tide of purchasers flows some other way."

"Suppose you should give up advertising?"

"I should save a big pile of money, but should lose a bigger pile. You must keep the boilers heated if you want steam. If you bank your fires too long, it takes time to start up. Advertising is the steam which keeps business moving: I've studied the matter."

Jarvis for the Senate.

EDITORS JOURNAL:—The question of who shall be the fortunate man that the Democratic party will select to represent North Carolina in the United States Senate is now up; and with your permission I will submit a few crude ideas to the Democratic members of the approaching Legislature.

With the majority they will have on joint ballot, it is entirely a question among themselves, and to be decided by them, without the aid or comfort of the opposite party. Therefore, any mistake they may make will be chargeable directly to the Democratic party, and no excuse will be accepted by the rank and file, who have furnished the votes to make the majority what it is.

No such wrangle as was engaged in by the party in the Vance and Merrimon squabble will meet with approbation from any quarter. The feelings and views of the members elect, upon the question, are unknown to me. But I think I do know something of the feelings among the masses upon this important subject.

It has been the usage of the party for a long time to promote the Governor of the State, to the position of Senator whenever an opportunity presented itself, and the plain people are not aware of any reason for departing from that usage in the approaching election.

That the present Senator is able, efficient and worthy, no true son of the State I think will deny.

That his votes have been in accord with sound judgment and an exalted statesmanship, none can dispute.

The Grant retirement vote, I think eminently proper, especially when it was known that it was a reward for his successful contest with a chivalrous and brave soldiery of which the Senator had himself been one, and one of the bravest too.

Had General Grant won a victory over a headless mob of miscreants and cowards, no civilized nation would have wished to honor him by any such distinction; but he had met foemen worthy of his steel, and unprejudiced minds every where acknowledged that it was a victory to be proud of, when that army which had struggled with such heroism half-clad, half-fed, poorly armed and deficient in almost everything that makes an army but an invincible courage, stern determination, and love for their chiefs, had fired the last gun and surrendered.

When the people of the United States honor Gen'l Grant, they also honor Gen'l Lee and his companions in arms, and in that light I view the vote of Senator Ransom a fitting testimonial of the chivalry that actuated him in the field. The retirement of Gen'l Grant was an acknowledgment that he was a great military chieftan and also an acknowledgment that the prowess and valor of Southern arms had made him great.

That the competitor of Senator Ransom, the Hon. W. T. Dortch, is an able gentleman and well qualified to represent the State in the capacity of Senator no one with due regard for our Confederate record can deny. When the war was raging at the highest pitch and each State in the South felt as it is hoped they will never feel again, the necessity of having wise counsellors and prudent legislators at the seat of the general government, he was selected to represent North Carolina in the Confederate Senate at Richmond and nobly discharged his duties through that trying period. But that these are the only suitable persons in the State, for the distinguished position, no one, I presume, will believe. There are many others who could fill the position with equal credit to themselves and honor to their constituents.

The Senator represents the *State* in her relations to the general government and is expected to be familiar with all the wants of the *State* in that connection.

The more completely he understands the affairs of the State the more serviceable he can be as a Senator.

Then to whom should we turn for the possession of this knowledge sooner than to our present Governor?

From the darkest days of Reconstruction to the present time Governor Jarvis has been intimately connected with the affairs of the State. His familiarity with the Legislative, Judicial and Executive departments, must be admitted. His knowledge of her wants in educational matters, mining interests, manufacturing and agricultural development, commercial relations to other States, internal improvements, is undoubtedly greater to-day than any man in the State. His administration has been of marked ability and exhibits a devotion to the interest of the State unsurpassed by any predecessor. No man has ever devoted himself more earnestly and laboriously to the duties of his office than has Thomas J. Jarvis.

Then why not carry out the usages of the party and elect him as the successor of Senator Ransom?

By the election of Gov. Jarvis to the Senate you place the worthy Lieut. Governor in the Gubernatorial chair; and in doing the former you gratify all the friends of the Governor and by the latter you also gratify all the friends of the Lieut. Governor, and thus cement the east and the west in a manner that nothing else can. This will consolidate the Democratic forces for the trying campaign of 1884 and I think insure the State to the Democratic column in that election.

Senator Ransom has served two terms and while I never saw the horrible consequences attending a *third term* for even a President, yet the Democratic party and many Republicans did, and so expressed themselves in the not very remote past, and it will be unwise to experiment with even a third term Senator.

If Governor Jarvis is sent to the Senate the Democratic star will ascend in North Carolina, but if not, I greatly fear it will set in the dreaded gloom of defeat at the next general election.

A VOTER.

From Harlowe.

DEAR JOURNAL:—In answer to your many requests to hear occasionally from Harlowe, after being disappointed many times, I attempt a short sketch from this place, which task I admit somewhat embarasses me, not being a "Knight of the Quill," and owing to the fact that your columns are so universally read. But seeing that no one writes of Harlowe and its advantages, this being my first, I think it best to locate Harlowe as it is not sufficiently known to all of your readers.

It is that locality known in the county as the "garden spot" of county places. Its name comes from Harlowe Creek, but the main section is located on Harlowe and Clubfoot canal, which is now being excavated by the New Berne and Beaufort Canal Company, whose intention it is to make a regular ship canal, when we shall feel ourselves very near the furthest markets, though our present shipping facilities are very superior to most county places, having generally half dozen sail vessels or schooners plying from us to New Berne weekly. The belt of country supporting this neighborhood is very fine, producing very largely cotton, corn, rice, in fact everything usually grown in the country.

A large business has been and is being done in ginning by R. W. Bell at his steam gin and at his horse power gin. Mr. D. N. Morton takes a very permanent part in the ginning business with his waterpower gin, while their is no competitor, Mr. Fyrman Taylor falls in line with his new horsepower gin and is ginning considerably this season.

It is not a rare thing to see two and three boat loads of cotton leave our wharves a week going to your city to be marketed, as our people are selling in your market intensely this season, and in this connection we are glad to say that our people are not like those of many places, inclined to rail out against the Cotton Exchange, but are sufficiently enlightened to perceive its benefits, the advantages of which we think are many over many other markets; as for your correspondent we have nothing against any member of the Exchange, but we are especially favorable to Mr. C. F. M. Dail, of the firm of Dail Bros., and feel him of immense value to cotton sellers of the country, and as a matter of appreciation for his liberality in buying and fair way of buying our cotton that we should give him our preference when we have goods in his line to buy, and should patronize his well and extensively kept stock; I say long live Mr. Dail.

When we began this we intended to have written of other matters, but space and time will not admit it now, so with the promise that you shall hear again, we are yours, CAR. T. REY.

Walks and Talks on the Farm.

The time is at hand for farmers who expect to engage in trucking to prepare their lands, and to do this it would perhaps be profitable to compare notes and see what plans, what manures, and what crops have paid the best and been uniformly successful. There are several truck farms near the city and we expect to visit these from time to time and report the actual experience of the truckers during the past year. On Thursday we visited the farm of

MR. WILLIAM DUNN.

It lies northwest of the city on the banks of the Neuse, extending south to the Atlantic and N. C. Railroad. The soil is a sandy loam with little or no sub soil, and is better suited for trucking than for anything else. Mr. Dunn is a very successful trucker, and his farm in a few years will be attractive. A road is made through the center to the buildings and on each side is planted a row of pear trees, some of which are already in bearing. These will be profitable as well as ornamental.

At the west end of the farm next to the river is a pond which is covered by water during high tides. Here we find thousands of loads of muck being dug out and hauled to the compost heap. Here we find Mr. Dunn, and after he bangs away a time or two at a covey of ducks and misses them, we start across the farm.

"What are you preparing this lot for Mr. Dunn?"

"Irish potatoes. There are eight acres in the lot. I had it in potatoes for the first time, last spring. It was very poor land and full of cane roots. I broke it flat, harrowed it, and in many places had to fork it over in order to get the grass roots out. I drilled in fifty loads of compost—made of stable manure, muck and cotton seed—to the acre, having furrows laid off three feet apart, and on this put one thousand two pounds of Pocomoke guano, mixed in the furrow with harrow tooth, and planted the potatoes twelve inches apart."

"How deep do you usually cover potatoes?"

"They should be covered shallow on light land. On stiff land, cover deep. Just as they are coming up I run a harrow over the ridge which loosens the earth around them and gives them a good send off. They should be planted about the 1st of February. I cut the potato, leaving two eyes to the piece."

"What were the returns from the eight acres?"

"I made four hundred barrels of shipping potatoes which brought me, net, $2,000. The potato crop was followed with corn which yielded twenty-four bushels to the acre."

"Do you expect to give this lot the same treatment you did last year?"

"Yes, only I expect to use 1000 instead of 1,000 pounds of Pocomoke. I experimented with this manure last year and I am inclined to think it would pay better to use 2,000 pounds to the acre than 1,000. I selected two rows last spring and applied at the rates of 1,000 pounds per acre, two at the rates of 1,500, and two at the rates of 2,000. The result was the one thousand pounds rows