to the dead, they remained behind when many others had fled, and nobly fulfilled the trust they had assigned themselves. Many of them escaped, but some fell, and those from the ranks of the most honored and esteemed citizens of the town. Rest they well, and rest they calmly. They need no monument above their tombs; that is to be found in the hearts of those who knew them."

War Prices in Wilmington.

As the war progressed the prices of food and clothing advanced in proportion to the depreciation of Confederate money; the plainest necessities were almost unobtainable—$50 for a ham, $500 for a barrel of flour, $500 for a pair of boots, $600 for a suit of clothes, $1,500 for an overcoat, and $100 a pound for coffee or tea, were readily paid as the fortunes of the Confederacy waned. Coffee was perhaps the greatest luxury and was seldom used; substitutes of beans, potatoes, and rye with "long sweetening"—sorghum—having been generally adopted. Within a mile or two of our temporary home in the country there lived two unattractive spinsters of mature age, one of whom, in the other's absence, was asked by an old reprobate of some means in the neighborhood to marry him, a preposterous proposal, which she indignantly rejected. Upon the return of the absent sister, however, she was made to feel that she had thrown away the golden opportunity of a lifetime; for, said the sister, "Didn't you know he has a bag of coffee in his house?"

Another true incident will also serve to illustrate the comic side of the great crisis. Our evening meal consisted of milk, rye coffee, yopon tea, honey, and one wheaten biscuit each, with well-prepared corn muffins and hominy *ad libitum*. The biscuit, however, were valued beyond price, and the right of each individual to them was closely guarded by the younger members of the family. One evening there appeared just before supper an itinerant preacher, who was made welcome to the best we had. Addressing himself with vigor to the tempting plate of biscuit, and ignoring the despised muffins, which were politely pressed upon him by the dismayed youngsters at his side, he actually devoured the entire dozen with apparent ease and great relish. Upon being informed at the hour of retiring that it would be inconvenient to serve his breakfast at daylight, when he desired to depart, he said, to our amazement, that, rather

than disturb us in the early morning, he would take his breakfast then and there before going to bed. But there were no more biscuit to serve.

Southern Railroads in War Times.

The following incidents illustrating the physical condition of the railroads in the South resulting from the incessant war strain, which could not be remedied nor repaired because of inadequate facilities and lack of material, may be worth recording.

A few weeks after the termination of the four years' war, I was returning to our temporary home in Robeson County by way of the Wilmington, Charlotte, and Rutherford Railroad, now a part of the Carolina Central and Seaboard Air Line. The track had been partly destroyed and the roadbed and rolling stock were in a dangerous state of disruption and decay. Our speed at five miles an hour was really perilous; during the frequent stops, we were repeatedly passed by an old darkey laden with farming implements, who preferred the footpath to the rickety railroad train. To each and every invitation from the passengers to get on the train as we overtook him, he politely responded, "Much obleeged, Boss, but I hain't got time."

Captain Hobart, of the British Navy, who subsequently became admiral-in-chief of the Turkish Navy, commanded the blockade runner *Don*, and made eight or ten successful runs to Wilmington. He describes in the following incident a railroad trip to Charleston during the war.

"I determined this time to have a look at Charleston, which was then undergoing a lengthened and destructive siege. So, after giving over my craft into the hands of the owners' representatives in Wilmington, who would unload and put her cargo of cotton on board, I took my place in the train, and after passing thirty-six of the most miserable hours in my life traveling the distance of one hundred and forty miles, I arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, or rather near to that city, for the train, disgusted I suppose with itself, ran quietly off the line into a meadow about two miles from the station. The passengers seemed perfectly contented, and shouldering their baggage walked off into the town. I mechanically followed with my portmanteau, and in due course arrived at the only hotel, where I was informed I might have half a room.

"Acting on a hint I received from a waiter that food was