being devoured in the dining-room, and that if I did not look out for myself I should have to do without that essential article for the rest of the day, I hurried into the *salle-à-manger,* where two long tables were furnished with all the luxuries then to be obtained in Charleston, which luxuries consisted of lumps of meat supposed to be beef, boiled Indian corn, and I think there were the remains of a feathered biped or two, to partake of which I was evidently too late. All these washed down with water, or coffee without sugar, were not very tempting; but human nature must be supported, so at it I set, and having swallowed a sufficient quantity of animal food, I went off to my room to take a pull at a bottle of brandy which I had sagaciously stored in my carpet-bag. But alas, for the morals of the beleaguered city. I found, on arriving there, a darkey extended at full length in happy oblivion on the floor, with the few clothes I had with me forming his pillow, and the brandy bottle rolling about alongside of him, empty.

"I first of all hammered his head against the floor, but the floor had the worst of it; then I kicked his shins (the only vulnerable part), but it was of no use; so, pouring the contents of a water pitcher over him, in the hope that I might thus cause awful dreams to disturb his slumbers, I left him, voting myself a fool for leaving the key in my trunk.

"Having letters of introduction to some of General Beauregard's staff, I made my way to headquarters, where I met with the greatest courtesy and kindness."

Col. Alfred Moore Waddell wrote in his very interesting reminiscences of a railroad tragedy during the war on what is now a part of the great Atlantic Coast Line system, in which he narrowly escaped death, but which involved a ludicrous scene, as follows:

"The yellow fever was brought to Wilmington by a blockade runner in August, 1862, and raged with terrible effect for two or three months. Happening to be going from Richmond, Va., to Augusta, Ga., and stopping for a day or two in Wilmington, just before the fever broke out, and hearing that a poor fellow named Swartzman, a young German, was sick and alone, I called at his room and sat by his bedside and tried to cheer him, holding his hand in the meantime. I observed that he had a very yellow appearance and supposed he had jaundice. After sitting some time, I bade him good-bye, and a few hours later left the city for Augusta. He died with black vomit within

forty-eight hours, and his was the first case of the dreadful scourge, or at least it was the first recognized case. My escape was a signal mercy; and there was cause for additional gratitude when, on my return home, which was delayed until the fever had disappeared, a dreadful railroad accident occurred in which two young ladies sitting immediately behind me were killed and every person in the car except one was hurt, while I crawled out with slight injury. The railroad was in a very dilapidated condition, as the war was going on and no means of repairing it was available, and the engine 'jumped the track' twice after the accident, the last time being about ten miles from Wilmington, whereupon, with several others, I left it and walked to town. I have frequently related the circumstances attending this fatal accident for the purpose of proving that, according to my experience, there seldom occurs a tragedy without some comic incident. In this case the comic incident was as follows: Provisions of all kinds were hard to get, and seeing an old 'aunty' at one of the stations with a box of ten dozen eggs, I bought them, paying her five (Confederate) dollars per dozen for them, and placed them under the seat in front of me, on which Mr. James Dawson, of Wilmington, and another gentleman were sitting. When the accident occurred all the lights in the car were extinguished, and, the night being very dark, it was impossible to distinguish persons. Just after I crawled out of the wreck, and while the cries and groans of the victims were still going on, a feeble voice cried, 'Gentlemen, I am bleeding to death.' At once recognizing the voice as that of Dawson and expressing the hope that he was mistaken, he replied, 'No, just feel my head and my clothes.' I did so, and the wet, slimy clothes certainly seemed to verify his assertion. About that time a lantern was brought by the conductor (Harry Brock) and the revelation it made, in spite of the solemnity of the surroundings, was ludicrous in the extreme. My box of eggs, when the car turned over, had fallen on Dawson's head and shoulders, and the contents were streaming from his battered hat—an old 'stove-pipe'—and from his hair and face and arms in a yellow cascade. His change of expression upon the discovery was even more ridiculous than the plight he was in."