

We left Oxford October 28th, and that night gave an entertainment in Jonesboro. Rev. W. S. Lacy prayed for the young. The attendance was large and the people were so kind that it was impossible to be sufficiently grateful. Next morning Capt. Melver took us in carriages to Carthage, and we had a good audience in the Presbyterian church. Leaving Carthage at 2 o'clock, a. m. we left the morning train at Sanford. Capt. Melver had navigated us through so much darkness and danger that we left him with sincere regret, and took the train for Lockville, where the comfortable stage met us and we were soon in Pittsboro and comfortably quartered. Messrs. Manning, London, Burke, Foushee, Mallory, Poe and others would make any place pleasant. Rev. Mr. Dodson opened our exercises with prayer, and the large audience seemed deeply interested in the Orphan work. Besides the collection, our stage fare was quietly paid. On Monday night we came to Fayetteville and the Sheriff caught us at the depot. But it was a very kind catch. On Tuesday evening Williams' Hall was full. It is a remarkably handsome hall and was offered free of charge. Rev. Mr. Hill (who had suspended his meeting in order to attend) offered prayer for the young. The people were attentive, but they had fed the children so high that their pieces were not rendered as well as in some other places.

On Wednesday we left the excellent people of Fayetteville and took the steamer "North State," under Capt. Greene, and had a very pleasant ride down to Cedar Creek. Here we met a good congregation and gave a short entertainment, and after a good dinner with Mr. Blocker & Son, some on land and some on water, we dropped down to Gray's Creek. Here we had a crowded house and a pleasant time. Pastor Brunt very kindly came with us and offered prayer for the young. On Thursday we boarded the steamer "A. P. Hunt," and Capt. Worth (he was worth a great deal to us) gave us a pleasant ride to Little Sugar Loaf, and we found a cordial welcome with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee. Here the jaded children secured the needed rest, and next day even in the rain we had a small audience and gave a brief entertainment. There is no town at Little Sugar Loaf, but simply a cluster of remarkably clever people, and now we are on the steamer "Murchison," in charge of Capt. Garrison. He is an old acquaintance and has a natural affection for children. We love our State better when we feel that the steamers on our waters are in charge of such clever Commanders. The owners of the steamers also were very kind in letting our party enjoy a pleasant ride free of charge. J. H. M.

(To be Continued.)

(The above was intended for last week's issue, but came too late.)

**FIDELITY.**—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls upon the heart, when all the world is dark and cheerless, is time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries true friendship. They who run from the scenes of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend that loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his love was not thrown away.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

As will be seen by the Proclamation of His Excellency, Governor Brogden, which we publish in another column, he seconds the recommendation of the President in setting apart the 25th of the present month as a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for his blessings upon us a people.

Of course this proclamation is in the character of a recommendation and not a command. Under our free institutions no executive officer has the power to command or enforce any religious observance; so that, if any citizen feels that he has nothing to thank God for, either as an individual or as a component unit of the nation, he can disregard the recommendation and thereby signify to God and man that he feels himself under no obligation to Divine Providence for anything. On the contrary, we think that all who feel that God has been good to us as a people and as individuals, ought, in a proper spirit and with becoming demonstrations, to join, on that day, in acknowledgment of these blessings and in thank-offerings to the great source whence they are received.

In the history of the Jewish nation, when their government was a theocracy, there were days set apart by divine command for public thanksgiving and for commemoration of the divine blessings bestowed upon them as a nation, and not only were these occasions scrupulously observed, but extraordinary interpositions of divine providence were acknowledged by extraordinary occasions of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

So long as the Jewish nation observed these occasions in the spirit and for the purpose for which they were designed, they were prosperous and invincible; when they neglected or perverted them they were reprov'd and punished. Indeed the history of the dealings of God with all nations, so far as we are able to trace it, warrants the conclusion that, so long as a people acknowledge God as the supreme ruler of all things and the dispenser of all good, they are protected by him and their blessings continued to them, and that when they become haughty and proud and forget or deny God and refuse to acknowledge him, their blessings are taken from them and they are made to pass under the rod.

We have hitherto been peculiarly blest, especially in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. Perhaps few of us fully realize and appreciate the full extent to which we are blest in this respect. If we fail to acknowledge the hand of God in this thing and refuse to offer him thanksgiving and the homage of our hearts for this glorious boon, is there not danger that he will withdraw it from us? Are there, not, indeed, already indications in some quarters of encroachments upon the religious liberties of the people? Open demands are made to banish the Bible from the public schools as a book not fit to be read by the children. These things are ominous, and they utter a voice of warning it well becomes us as a people to heed and improve by. If we are indifferent to the liberty God has given us and careless of its preservation, He may justly punish us for our sin in this respect by impairing it or taking it entirely from us.

We have thousands of other

blessings to be thankful for and to rejoice in the possession of; it is therefore becoming in us, as a people, to meet together on the day set apart by the authorities of the land and make a public acknowledgment to Almighty God for all he has done for us as a nation and as individuals, and to devoutly implore the "continuance of His mercy, protection and blessing."

At one time the celebrated John Bunyan was a vagabond, and cursed and swore as any other vulgarian upon the highway. The sequel of his life we need not relate. The pious John Newton was once a pirate; and Murrell, the robber, was converted in a penitentiary, and afterwards devoted his life to the Christian ministry.

We find the above paragraph going the rounds of our exchanges. So far as John Bunyan and John Newton are concerned, what is said may be true, but there is a mistake in regard to Murrell. Murrell was sentenced to the penitentiary of Tennessee for ten years. Towards the close of his term he was stricken with consumption, and so evident was it that he was near his end that he was pardoned out of the penitentiary by the Executive of the State a few months before the expiration of his sentence. He went to a small village on the Murfreesboro Turnpike and opened a shop for repairing guns, pistols, &c., but lived there only a short time, dying before his term in the penitentiary would have expired. He had previously made a profession of religion and many thought he was truly a converted man, but he was never inducted into the ministry of any church. There were requisitions on the Governor from other States for him, after the expiration of his sentence in Tennessee, but they were not pressed on account of his condition.

We copy the following from the Masonic Journal of last week and endorse its suggestion:

Grand Lodge.

Three weeks from next Monday the Grand Lodge of North Carolina will meet in Raleigh. Of course every subordinate Lodge will be represented by one or more, as this will be one of the most important sessions, in many particulars, that has been held since the war.

We have two suggestions which we desire to offer here. First, Brother Mills will be there, and let every Lodge in the State gladden his heart, and the dear little orphans whom he represents, by sending him a contribution by the Representatives. This will be an act in keeping with the spirit and principles of our Order.

Second, we earnestly request every Master, Warden and Representative who may attend, to make an earnest effort in his Lodge in behalf of the Masonic Journal and carry us a good List of subscribers to Raleigh. This is a voluntary enterprise for the good of the Craft, and depending mainly upon the Masons in North Carolina for its success. It has received the unanimous endorsement of the Press of the whole country and the enthusiastic commendation of our Grand Master, and we do hope and believe that the Fraternity in the State will give it a handsome support. It has already received flattering encouragement, but is not yet self-sustaining, and we hope all will come promptly to our aid in making it the best MASONIC WEEKLY in the United States.

Old-Time Customs.

In the fourteenth century it was the fashion to carry tooth-picks of silver, which were suspended round the neck by a chain, sometimes together with the seal. The seal was a very important article in days when letters were fastened together with wax, and the seal of a document was regarded as even more essential than the signature. A man could seal when he could not write. The Arab sheiks of the present day carry about with them a signet-ring, carefully wrapped up in a piece of rag.

In the same century it was also the fashion to decorate gloves with gold and silver. In the inventory of effects belonging to the Bishop of London are a pair of gloves, decorated with goldsmith's work and enamel, worth five pounds, which is equivalent to three hundred dollars at the present time.

In Venice there was a curious custom respecting the women. They were obliged whenever they went out into the street to wear pattens two feet high. When a foreign ambassador once remarked that in other countries low slippers were found more convenient, an austere Senator replied, "Par troppo comodo"—only too convenient.

This custom had the effect intended, of keeping the ladies very much at home. It was too much trouble for them to gad about for gossip on such unwieldy pattens, and consequently they had nothing to do but sit in the balconies of their houses and bleach their hair by wetting it and then exposing it to the sun.

For this purpose they would sit still for hours, wearing hat without a crown. The light yellow hair thus produced was very much admired, and may be seen depicted in Titian's pictures of the beauties of his time.

Catching Frogs.

Frenchmen must be multiplying in this country, or our citizens must be adopting French habits. Frogs are fast coming to be an important article of diet, and frog-catching is far more profitable than fishing. A writer in the Troy Press says:

I was out driving on Saturday, and a few miles from here found two men in a swamp by the side of the road, who seemed to be crazy, to judge from their movements, I watched them from the carriage some time, and finally made up my mind that they were fishing; but how they could find water enough to fish in, I could not imagine. Finally I called out to them,—

"What are you doing there?"

"Come and see," one of them shouted back.

I hitched my horse, and picked my way over the bogs to them. They were catching frogs. They would strike them with clubs wherever they could reach them, but the most of them they caught with a wire "snare." They had a large basketful,—more than one hundred pounds, they said, and I guess they told the truth.

One of them said he had made a good deal of money catching frogs for the New York market. He said that in one month last season he had caught 1600 pounds of dressed frogs, for which he got thirty cents a pound, making \$480 for his month's work. Part of the time he had two boys to help him.

Channing and the Bird's Nest.

I can remember an incident in my childhood, says Channing, which has given a turn to my whole life and character. I found a nest of birds in my father's field, which held four young ones. They had no down when I first discovered them. They opened their little mouths as if they were hungry, and I gave them some crumbs which were in my pocket. Every day I returned to feel them. As soon as school was done, I would run home for some bread, and sit by the nest to see them eat for an hour at a time. They were now feathered and almost ready to fly. When I came one morning I found them all cut up into quarters. The grass around the nest was red with blood. Their little limbs were raw and bloody. Their mother was on the tree and the father was on the wall, mourning for their young. I could mystify for I was a child. I thought, too, that the parents looked on me as the author of their miseries, and this made me still more unhappy. I wanted to undeceive them. When I left the field they followed me with their eyes and with mournful reproaches. I was young and too sincere in my grief to make any apotrophes. But I can never forget my feelings. The impression will never be worn away, nor can I cease to abhor every species of inhumanity toward inferior animals.

Didn't Think

We often do and say unwise and sinful things thoughtlessly. We do not mean to be wicked, but we are thoughtless. When exsulated with, or reprov'd, our apology is, "I didn't think." Little folks and big folks, men and women, young men and maidens, Christians and sinners, all excuse many faults and blunders by the plea of "I didn't think." They think that an excuse, and ought to be satisfactory as an apology.—But, pray, what have our minds been given to us for, unless it be to think? And why have we been endowed with ability to think, unless it be that we should use the ability? It doesn't answer for us to say, "I didn't think." We were made to think. It is our business to think.—Selected.

Stick up a Little.

It has been said that no man is so poor that he need have his pig-trough at the front door; and I may add that no farm or man is so poor that he cannot have, not only a pleasant house but pleasant surroundings, with a neatly kept dooryard or lawn, with shade trees and fruit trees and flowers—and finally such attractions as well as conveniences all out home that farmers' daughters need not resolve that they will never be farmers' wives.

**A WARNING TO FARMERS' BOYS.**—A little boy, eleven years of age, in Iowa, a few days since led a horse to water, and tied the halter strap around his arm. The horse took fright, ran away and dragged and kicked the little fellow until he died. It is never safe to place one's self in a position where, if even a very improbable accident should occur, serious results are almost certain. Don't tie yourself to a horse or cow; don't stand in front of a reaper or a mower; don't leave the traces until the last in taking horses from a wagon; don't trust too much to the quiet disposition of a bull.