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COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Watchman.

Letter from Jackson Hill.

JACKSON HILL, N. C., May 1, 1879.

EDITOR WATCHMAN:

Dear Sir: If your numerous readers would not object to a short letter from this place, here comes: As the world was on, so do the men of this vicinity wag, each in his particular way, according to his profession, calling, or employment. The farmer, here as elsewhere, on whom all depend for sustenance, and in whose success all feel a deep interest, was after his plow, hopeful, happy, confident of plenty now, and well assured of plenty hereafter. He knows he can make enough for his own family, and feels quite sure of making a considerable surplus for the market. His interests in this vicinity are encouraging, though injured, in some respects, by the severity of the past winter, and the chilling frosts of the month of April. The oats crop has suffered most, there being but a very poor stand left on the land sown. The prospects for wheat are pretty good, the amount sown being large, and the appearance so far, good enough. The fruit crop has sustained very considerable injury, from the recent great frosts. Peaches, except on very high situations, are almost all killed. Apples are plenty. They did not bloom sufficiently early for the frost to seriously injure them.

Mechanics, heretofore, who are exclusively such, are not very plenty; most of them being "Jacks of all trades, and good at none." Carpenters and "Lumber men," whom the Solons of our Legislature so graciously blessed with a Laborer's Lien Law, to the exclusion of nearly every other laboring class, are doing quite well; though they would wear better countenances and swear less, if people were more disposed to build than they now are.

Lawyers are scarce over here. They, as a class, have made more money since the late war than all other literary classes combined. Forty years ago, a lawyer, unless quite talented, and considerably experienced, could not make much money at his profession; and, if his criminal law happened to be somewhat thick, he could not make enough to pay his tavern bills, and would soon be compelled either to take the oath of insolvency, or go to jail. How different now! Many who never knew any thing of the principles of Elementary Law, and little more of Statute Law than a township constable, with nothing to recommend them but a cocked hat, high-heeled boots, a half-cent coat between the lips, and a claw-hammer coat, have actually grown rich since the war. Of such there are none in this vicinity; and I hope to be able to say this next year.

Physicians over this way are sufficiently numerous, unless they were better teachers in the synagogues. They, unlike the legal fraternity, do not make much money at their profession; but, on the contrary, when dependent on voluntary contributions alone, are as poor as Lazarus ever dared to be. Some of them enhance their scanty incomes by riding stallions, and vending patent medicines, with bawling on a triple business. Many of them are, no doubt, good men, and deserve better pay; while others, perhaps, would do well to lay aside their sacerdotal robes for a season, and repent thoroughly before attempting again to preach.

Physicians in this and surrounding neighborhoods, as also in every other part of North Carolina, are having a truly hard time. They are almost all poor nowadays. None realize much money from the practice of their profession alone. Why so? Because their sentiments of humanity and Christianity drive them to practice toilously and expensively for one half of their patients, who could, but will not, pay them. Their rights ignored by every legislature of North Carolina for the last ten years, they have nevertheless, with bawling on a triple business, improved in all things that pertain to an enlightened theory and practice of their profession.

The merchants of this place are cheerful and buoyant; and, judging from appearances, I would say they are not only well, but actually live well. They are now receiving and opening their spring and summer stocks, which are large and well selected. Jackson Hill is a place of very considerable trade, for a country situation, and only needs the quickening touch of a railroad to make it grow to the dimensions of a smart town.

ICHTHYOPHAGOS.

For the Watchman.

THE BLUE LAWS OF NEW ENGLAND.

CONCLUDED.

Among the New England Puritans, as we have seen, "the mere toleration of different forms of worship was condemned as unquestionable sin." They also considered it "a heinous sin to be present when prayers are read out of a book by a vicar or bishop," and they taught, "that the lovers of Zion had better put their ears to the mouth of hell, and learn from the whispers of the devils, than read the bishops' books." [Wilb. 71]

"If," says Cotton Mather, in 1647, several years after Land had been murdered by the Puritans of England, "after men continue in obstinate rebellion against the light, the civil magistrate shall walk towards them in soft and gentle commission, his softness and gentleness is excessive large to foxes and wolves, but his bowels are miserably straitened and hardened against the poor sheep and lambs of Christ. Nor is it frustrating the end of Christ's coming, but a direct advancing it, to destroy the bodies of those wolves who seek to destroy the souls of those for whom Christ died." [C. Mather, *Magnalia*, i, 7, Wilb. 77]

And Mather was only re-echoing the opinions and ideas of his English friend and apologist, the distinguished Richard Baxter, the author of that excellent book, the "Saints Rest." "I abhor," said Baxter, "unlimited liberty and toleration of

all; and think myself able to prove the wickedness of it." [Quoted in Neal, *Suppl.* iii, 368]

By a law of Massachusetts, passed on the 14th of October, 1656, it was enacted that any Quaker landing on the coast should be seized and whipped; then imprisoned with hard labor; and finally expelled from the colony. [Corteis *Bampton Lect.* 82. De Toqueville i, 64] And these laws were rigorously enforced. Three Quaker women were stripped to the waist, amid frost and snow, and flogged through eleven towns. [Geo. Fox, *Journal*, i, 389, quoted by Corteis] Four persons were hanged together, a drummer preventing any of their dying words from being heard. The very captains of vessels were flogged for bringing Quakers into port. And every Roman Catholic priest who returned after one expulsion, was put to death. [De Toqueville i, 64; quoted by Corteis] Connecticut borrowed most of its laws and judicial proceedings from Massachusetts. Mr. Trumbull even voluntarily concedes as much. [Blue Laws, p. 333] In 1650, a code of laws was drawn up for this colony. It began thus: "Whoever shall worship any other God but the Lord shall be put to death." Blasphemy, adultery, sorcery, theft, disobedience to parents, were punished with death—because the book of Leviticus had so punished them; and people were forced by fines to attend divine service. [De Toqueville i, 62; quoted by Corteis] In July 1651, a Mr. Obediah Holmes, a Baptist, was well whipped; and that so barbarously, that for some weeks he could only take rest upon his knees and elbows, and the historian adds, "bonds and imprisonment awaited all Baptists in New England." [Crump, *Bap. Hist.* 409; quoted by Corteis] As late as 1750, an old man who had been long a member of the English Church, was whipped publicly for not attending the congregational meeting. And they fined heavily, in the same year, an Episcopal clergyman of English birth and education, on the pretence that he had broken the "Sabbath" by walking home too fast from church; and at Hartford, one of the judges of the county court, assisted by the mob, pulled down a rising church, and with the stones built a mansion for his son. [Wilb. *Ann.* Ch. 110] "It was the Congregationalist clergy," says Crump, the Baptist historian, "by whom the magistrates in New England were 'instigated' to commit such violence and excesses, and to enforce such laws."

I have purposely omitted mentioning some of the worst acts of the New England Puritans of the 17th and 18th centuries. They are too disgusting and cruel to chronicle, and it is not a pleasant thing to go through the mental torture of recalling these facts to the remembrance of Christian men and women of the present day. I am not accusing the old Puritans for their intolerance and barbarity; for in their times, intolerance inherited from former ages infected more or less all religious parties. [Dr. Stangton; quoted by Corteis] Hume goes so far as to credit no denomination, if left to itself, with the virtue of toleration. He says: "If among Christians, the English and Dutch have embraced the principles of toleration, this singularity has proceeded from the steady resolution of the civil magistrate. [Essays ii, 438] Corteis says, "Luther invoked the civil sword against the Anabaptists; Calvin burnt Servetus; Cranmer burnt Jane Boucher; and of Cartwright a dissenting writer says, 'Parker and Whitgift persecuted the Puritans; but if Cartwright had been in Whitgift's place, he would have dealt out equal persecution to Baptists and Independents.'" [Bampton Lect. 69] In the 16th and 17th centuries, the very men who were crying out the loudest for "religious freedom" themselves, constantly and most inconsistently refused the slightest "toleration" to any opinions but their own. We can scarcely believe that Bunyan, whom the latest historian of the Baptists claims as the brightest ornament of their communion, should have said, "I would be (and hope I am) a Christian." * * * But as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independents, * * * or the like, I conclude they came neither from Jerusalem nor Antioch, but rather from Hell and Babylon. For they naturally tend to divisions; you may know them by their fruits." [Crump, p. 380, Ap. Gould, 295; quoted by Corteis.]

Now while I don't accuse the Puritans of being more wicked than other men, on account of their persecutions, at the same time I do not excuse them, and clear them of all guilt. Every religious sect and party has its own sins of omission and commission to answer for, as well as the Puritans. But it will not do for the modern apologists of the Puritans to endeavor to poison the sources of history, to blacken the characters of reputable historians, and to slander a numerous and respectable body of Christians, for the sole purpose of changing the verdict which history has rendered against the Puritans of New England. The chief arguments used by these apologists are, that the author of the Blue Laws is an "unadulterated" and "inconceivable liar" and "forger"—forgetting that Frost, Bancroft, Hildreth, Hinman, and dozens of other historians all testify to the substantial truth of everything contained in the notorious 'blue code' of Peters, who did not pretend to quote the laws as contained in that "code" from any book of statutes. He acknowledged that they were mainly laws of usage and custom. [Churchman, Aug. 11, 1877] Mr. Hinman, who has written a book upon the "Blue Laws," says that he has gone over the collection of Peters, and expresses surprise that the latter should have been so correct. And the Rev. A. B. Chapin, D. D., a man of wonderful learning, and of great piety, said that Dr. Peters was obliged to draw upon his recollection for his materials; while if he had had chapter and verse to go by, as he himself had in his controversy with Dr. Bushwell, he would have been a severe historian for puritanic misdemeanors than he is already. [Churchman, Aug. 11, 1877] When I hear men admit the bluntness of 'the old Puritan laws,' and then denounce Dr. Peters for all that is black in the catalogue of crimes, charging him with having vilified "invented and forged" a blue code, I am tempted to ask these self-confident critics which, and how many, of the laws compiled by Peters, are forgeries, and which genuine. I have already shown that the laws of a genuine code of old Massachusetts were quite as bad as, if not worse than, any of the Blue Laws of the Peters "Code." And from what investigation I have given the matter, I think I can safely guarantee, that for every law of Peters which can be shown to be an error, I can find another old Puritan law which Peters overlooked, just as bad, to put in its place. It is a very easy thing for Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, and the New York *Christian Observer* to call Dr. Peters a "liar" and "rogue"—but it will be somewhat more difficult to prove these charges. Dr. Samuel Peters was born in Hebron, Conn., in 1735, where he lived until the year 1774. He was a highly esteemed, pious and popular clergyman, of the Episcopal Church. He was driven out of Hebron in 1774, by a cruel and blood-thirsty mob, whose cruelties and barbarities, inflicted upon their innocent victims, were enough to have shocked the sensibilities of any man with a spark of goodness in his heart. His life was threatened, and but for the courage of his friends in Hebron—who rescued him from the hands of the mob—he would have been murdered. He was compelled to leave the country with his family, the ladies of which had also been grossly insulted by this fanatical mob. It was in London, shortly after this, that he wrote his general History of Connecticut. Dr. Peters returned to this country in 1805; and died in New York in 1826, beloved and respected by all who knew him. In 1794 he was elected Bishop of Vermont, but declined to accept the office. The facts stated in his history were not called in question during his lifetime, and his great-grandson, Samuel J. McCormick, in an article published in the "Churchman" of June 24, 1877, says, "That the work was well received by the intelligent people of New England, I have positive proof in letters to Dr. Peters, from parties residing there at the date of its reception in the colony, and who indorsed it as a true history at the time it was written." He also says: "I have in my possession correspondence to Dr. Peters from 1772 to 1826, and in no single instance can I find an expression that does not breathe of 'love,' 'gratitude' and 'respect.' These letters are not from one class of society alone, but range through all classes—from a nobleman to his slaves—and from various countries. I would now ask, Could any one (except those imbued with the former fanaticism of their Connecticut ancestors) apply the epithet of 'liar' and 'rogue' to Dr. Peters? The truth is not always palatable, and as the New York *Sun* says, in its comments on Mr. Trumbull's book: 'The early laws of Connecticut have a specially bad name.' It seems passing strange, that as often as these very 'Blue Laws' have been mentioned during the past century by so many writers and authors of high standing, we do not find a person having the boldness to refute them, upon any grounds of authority until the present time; when possibly the greater portion of the documents substantiating the facts have been destroyed, and all interest in the matter has ceased to exist."

Again, he says: "Mr. Trumbull publishes the laws of the colony for the years 1639, 1650 and 1656, showing that no laws were then in technical existence like those published by Dr. Peters, but unfortunately showing that such laws were in virtual existence, and even quite as blue, though clothed in more subtle phraseology. Dr. Peters, in his history, says: 'And did not similar laws still prevail over New England as the common law of the country, I would have left them in silence, along with Mr. Mather's *Puritan Conscript*, and the renowned saint of Mr. Neal, to sleep to the end of time. No one but a partial and blind bigot can pretend to say the projectors of them were men of 'grace,' 'justice,' or 'liberty,' where nothing but 'murders,' 'plunders,' and 'persecutions' marked their steps. The best apology that can be made for them is, that human nature is everywhere the same, and that the 'mitred lord' and the 'canting puritan' are equally dangerous; or that both agree in the unchristian doctrine of persecutions, and contend only

which shall carry them out. * * * All Mr. Trumbull's efforts cannot wipe out the 'fanaticism,' 'bigotry,' and 'canting hypocrisy' of the early settlers of Connecticut, nor the cruelty of his own ancestors toward an unoffending clergyman of the Church of England, by attempting to stigmatize Dr. Peters as he has in the work he has recently published."

The Puritan apologists are not content with vilifying and defaming, without any proof whatever, the dead Dr. Peters; but they must deliberately and ungenerously call to their aid all the forces of prejudice and hate against the Episcopalians of New England, so that they may be sure of a temporary triumph. The Philadelphia *Presbyterian*, quoted by "P." contains this paragraph: "The Episcopalians of New England have somehow thought it necessary that the Puritans should be made responsible for these 'Laws.' * * * One of the Episcopal Journals intimated not long ago, that it was in the interest of the Episcopal Church, that the genuineness of the 'Blue Laws' should be maintained, and all attempts to prove them forgeries resisted. And so all New England Episcopacy is willing to hear all the evidence which can be fished from any depth, even if it be unclean, which tends to the conclusion that there were 'Blue Laws.'"

I shall be glad to be furnished by "P." or the *Presbyterian* with the name, number, and paragraph, of an Episcopal Journal, where such an "intimation" can be found. I am sure the *Episcopal Journal* referred to would be willing cheerfully to pay a large reward to any one who will discover such an "intimation" in any article, which has ever appeared in its columns. It is certainly a bad showing for the theory that the Puritan "Blue Laws" are "forgeries" and "caricatures," for its supporters to be compelled to concede that the Episcopalians of New England, who certainly have some piety and love of truth among them, are unanimously convinced of the genuineness of the "Blue Laws." I wonder what the Unitarians, Roman Catholics, Baptists, and Quakers of New England think about this question. They were persecuted under these laws much more than the Episcopalians. I should like to know what the late Justice Story—a Massachusetts Unitarian—meant, when he solemnly declared, "that Puritan New England virtually established an Inquisition, with a full share of its terrors and violence."—Story's *Miscel.*, 66, quoted by the "Churchman." Episcopalians are by no means the only believers in the authenticity of the Blue Laws. On the contrary, it is only recently that any persons have been found willing publicly to pronounce them spurious; and the leaders in this new movement have declared themselves in a disingenuous way by denying the existence of a "code of statutes," when even Peters himself had admitted that these laws as a whole had never been enacted in that form. The fact is, that the Puritans having started out with the assumption, that the "laws of God" were in full force all over New England, their magistrates and judges, at the dictation of the Puritan clergy, not only had it in their power to interpret the meaning of, but also make the law. All they had to do was to say that such and such an action was either in accordance with or contrary to the "law of God"—notwithstanding this opinion might, at the same time, be a strained, unnatural and altogether false interpretation. The Blue Laws have become historical. They are believed in by all sorts of learned men and Christians. Their substantial truthfulness can be proved out of the mouths of the most partial and partisan Puritan historians and chroniclers.

However much he may be willing to overlook the faults, and to excuse the sins of the Connecticut Puritans, I do not understand how "More Anon" can conclude "that the laws of Connecticut were indeed sometimes rigorous, but never inhuman." "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn!" And that is what the Connecticut laws made thousands of Episcopalians, Baptists, Quakers, Unitarians, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians do; for all these were more or less persecuted for alleged disobedience of most iniquitous laws.

The melancholy facts which I have extracted from the history of the early religionists of New England, ought to teach us all lessons of wisdom and moderation. It should make all Christians of this enlightened age sensible of the evils engendered by religious bitterness, discord and intolerance. Every Christian is bound to believe in "the truth of the gospel"—"the truth as it is in Jesus."—but because we think our brother errs in his faith is no reason why we should either hate or kill him. The best Christians are those "who have a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men," and to such Christians, God will, by His Holy Spirit, enlighten their minds with the truth. "If any man will do God's will," saith the Saviour, "he shall know of the doctrine."

Let us therefore have charity, one for another; for "charity thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth"—and it is the "truth" which shall make us "free." VERITAS.

"Judge," said a lawyer to "His Honor" during a lull in a case on trial, "what do you consider the best illustrated paper?" "A thousand dollar bank note," growled the judge.

THE COST OF A LIFE IN GEORGIA.

Col. Robert A. Alston, who was murdered a few weeks ago in Atlanta was a member of the last Legislature of Georgia, and while serving in that body, was chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of a bill enabling juries to designate the grade of punishment which may be visited upon men who take human life. It is a singular circumstance that Alston's own murderer is the first man to receive the benefit of the law, in which Alston so actively interested himself; yet such is the case, and in consequence of that law Edward Cox escaped the gallows which his crime so richly merits.

The issue in the case does not surprise us. I will be remembered that we predicted it a week after the tragedy. Human life has come to be so cheap that we have about ceased to look for executions in cases where the murderers have money or friends. The law rears its majestic crest with awe-inspiring severity in the face of the poor devil who has neither, but it bows and smiles obsequiously in the presence of wealth and influence and touches with gloved hand the man who can command either. "Oh, it is terrible," said poor Alston, as he threw himself into a chair in the State treasurer's office, "to be hunted down in this way." But Cox said he only fired in self-defence, and Cox's lawyers said that it was all a conspiracy on the part of Alston and his friends to take the life of their client! "I will not have any difficulty with you unless I am forced to," said Alston, when he had dodged his blood-thirsty enemy as long as he could and exhausted every expedient which he could devise to escape his awful fate. "Then I will force you," was the response. "Cox, are you going to shoot me? Cox, are you going to shoot me now?" pleaded the doomed man—pleaded he for his life like a very child. The State treasurer, who swore to this colloquy, did not hear Cox's reply but they fired simultaneously. The grass grows on Alston's grave, but the jury say that the red-handed murderer who deliberately planned this cruel deed and relentlessly carried his brutal purpose to the end, hunting down his enemy as a wild beast hunts down its prey, does not deserve to die! Hemp grows in vain, and "he who sheds man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," was written for naught.

But there would be less in this verdict than there is to shock the sensibilities of people, if there were the slightest probability that even the mild judgment which has been rendered against the prisoner would be enforced against him. But the same influence which saved his neck will follow him even to the shadow of the penitentiary's walls, and when its gates are closed upon him will do its powerful work for him elsewhere. A Governor's pardon will intervene even before his hands become injured to tell and before one-fourth the remainder of his natural life will have been spent, the criminal will walk forth a free man. Mark it!

Then let no man cross him in a trade. Let no man refuse to break a bargain with another if Cox demands that it be done. The click of the revolver will remind him of Alston's fate, and if he still declines to yield, let his aim be deadlier than that of Alston or death in his boots will be the heritage of his children.—Charlotte *Observer*.

Hendersonville *Courier*, 1st: On Friday morning last, about 9 o'clock, near Grange postoffice, in Transylvania county, Mrs. Mary Ann Tucker, wife of B. F. Tucker, Esq., hanged herself to a small pine tree about 200 yards from the house by means of two hanks of cotton yarn looped together, one end being tied around a limb, the other around her neck. Various reasons are assigned for her untimely death. One is that she was greatly troubled on account of pecuniary wants, and many think the manner of her death was hereditary—her grandmother and two uncles having committed suicide, and her mother once attempting to do so.

Mr. Samuel Hartley returned from Texas a few days since, as well or better satisfied with his old home than before. He reports that he ate beans and new Irish potatoes while in Texas.

How Rock Candy is Made.

Candy! All candy is nothing but sugar—only it is done differently, just the same as all printing is only types, but they set them up different ways. Well, let us begin at the beginning. Let us start with sugar, loaf or lump sugar, good white sugar of any sort. How are we to make this sugar into candy, into many candies we see, from lozenges, drops, stick candy, and all kinds, to rock candy, so unlike all the rest? They are all sugar, but how very different! We must start somewhere. Let us take a teacup half full of boiling water and drop a lump of sugar into it. It dissolves. Put in another lump, and another; they dissolve. The sugar disappears, and the water becomes thick. We are making a syrup. We are getting sugar in a liquid state. What was hard and white now has become liquid and transparent, a great change truly. Now keep on adding sugar as long as the water will dissolve any, and when no more will be dissolved put the cup aside, in a warm place, near the stove. Hang a thread in the liquid, and look at it every day. In a day or two, or more, I can't tell you how soon, as that will depend upon the relative amount of sugar and water, you will find little bits of clear sugar sticking to the thread. Let them alone for several days, still keeping the cup in a warm place, and you will find the bits of sugar becoming larger and of more regular shape. Why, it is rock candy! Exactly so. This is the way in which rock candy is made. Just as much sugar as it will dissolve is put in water, usually in a tub, and threads are hung in the syrup, and the whole put in a warm place. Gradually the sugar leaves the water and gathers upon the threads. Not in a shapeless mass, but all in beautiful crystals, more nicely formed than you could possibly make them, and as clear and transparent as glass. This, then, is the way in which rock candy is made. Sugar after it has been dissolved in water, is allowed to deposit itself slowly and quietly. The regular forms it takes are called crystals, and they are always of the same shape, whether large or small, and are formed with as much care and beauty as if they were diamonds or other precious stones. You will ask why they form upon strings. Crystals always form upon rough surfaces sooner than upon smooth ones. I cannot tell you why any more than I can tell why boys and girls like candy.

Mysterious Disappearance of a Student at the University of Virginia.

(Special to the Richmond Dispatch.)

CHARLOTTESVILLE, May 6.—Mr. A. W. Crawford, of Louisville, Ky., a student at the University, mysteriously disappeared from his room at the University, on Tuesday last. There are many theories in regard to the matter. He was a young man of most exemplary character, and all ideas in regard to hoax or a design to deceive are thrown aside at once. He left his room as if to take a walk for recreation. He left his best clothing, his watch, his books open, and his lamp burning, as if to be absent but a few minutes. For some days apprehensions were felt by his friends and acquaintances, which were increased by the fact that he was known to have received a considerable sum of money on the day he left, and foul play is painful suspected. These apprehensions increased upon his non-appearance, and excited his fellow students so much that study was impossible, and yesterday lectures were suspended. The students turned out in a body, scouring the country north and west of the University for five or six miles, leaving hardly a leaf unturned that might hide his body. Nothing was discovered. To-day the country south and east was searched, but without results. Intense excitement has been produced by the affair throughout the whole community.

You may talk about the "lean and hungry Cassius," but did you ever take a side-view of the man who has run a store for ten years without advertising?

Always Busy.

The more a man accomplished the more he may. An active tool never grows rusty. You always find those men who are the most forward to do good, or to improve times and manners, busy. Whostart our railroads and steam-boats, our machine shops and our manufactures? Men of industry and enterprise. As long as they live they keep at work doing something to benefit themselves and others. It is just so with a man who is benevolent—the more he gives the more he feels like giving. We go for activity—in body, in mind, in everything. Let the gold grow not dim, nor the thoughts become stale. Keep all things in motion. We would rather that death should find us scaling a mountain than sinking in a mire—breasting a whirlwind than sneaking from a cloud.

AN OLD ORGAN.—A friend in Concord told us that he spent a night with Mr. Jacob Stirewalt, one of the best men of Cabarrus, and that in the room where he was put to sleep he found a large Organ, and wondered how it was ever got into that second story room. On asking for an explanation, Mr. Stirewalt told him that his father built the organ in the room many years ago, and probably never thought about moving it when building it. The machine is loud and well toned, but would not make as fine a Parlor ornament as organs of the present day.

This reminds us that the Town Clock of Asheville, which was in use some years ago (and probably now) was built by a Lincoln mechanic, and was said to be as good as any ever made in Connecticut. And now remember that there is an Organ Factory at Mt. Airy and a Sewing Machine Factory at Shelby, N. C., and we believe that we can manufacture anything here that is made at the North.—Charlotte *Democrat*.

Mr. Stirewalt, the same referred to above, (if we mistake not), also built an Organ for "the Organ Church," in this county, in the gallery of which it was used for many years.

Hon. Walter F. Leak died at his home in Rockingham, Richmond county, on the 28th ult., in the 80th year of his age. He took an active part in public affairs for many years, having served in the Legislature several terms and once or twice was a candidate for Governor before the Democrats made a regular nomination, but after such nomination was made, Mr. Leak withdrew from the field. He was well informed on public affairs and was a Democrat of the old school.—Charlotte *Democrat*.

Senator Henderson of Rowan, in a letter to the Raleigh News, says that the Act prescribing a short form for a Real Estate Deed was ratified by the presiding officers of both Houses and enrolled, although it never passed either House of the Legislature. Mr. Henderson is of opinion that it is not a law. It should not be considered law, and neither should the School Bill which, it is said, did pass both Houses, but which was not ratified by the presiding officers. Things are mixed.—Charlotte *Democrat*.

Col. Mosby is accused by a lady, who writes from Hong Kong to a friend in Norristown, Pa., of sitting with his feet on the table when American gentlemen call to pay their respects. "At the table," continues the letter, an extract from which is printed in the Norristown *Herald*, "he does the most dreadful things, among the rest uses his napkin instead of a pocket handkerchief."

As God is pitying and forbearing to us, let us be pitying and forbearing to our fellow men. This is the lesson to be engraved in golden letters on the human heart. All experience teaches, and the soul of man proves, that there is no satisfaction in indulging an intolerant spirit, and that nothing but grief and wretchedness is to be reaped from the taking of vengeance.

"I'm a rutabaga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp as he entered a farmhouse near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with dish-pansful of boiling water.