

Carolina Watchman.

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MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEAD & FOOT STONES, &c.
JOHN H. BUIS
TENDERS his compliments to his friends and the public, and in this method would bring to their attention his extended facilities for meeting demands in his line of business. He is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Grave Stones, from the cheapest Head Stones, to the costliest monuments. Those preferring styles and very costly works, not on hand, can be accommodated on short time, strictly in accordance with specifications, drafts, and terms of the contract. Satisfaction guaranteed. He will not be undersold, North or South. Orders solicited. Address, 1731
JOHN H. BUIS, Salisbury.

MURPHY'S STORE.
R. & A. MURPHY
Having again organized for BUSINESS, have just opened a
SUPERB STOCK OF GOODS,
entirely new and fresh, in the room formerly occupied as the Hardware Store, and next door to Bingham & Co., and the inspection of which they most cordially invite the public. Their
Entire Stock
was carefully selected by the senior member of the firm in person, and bought at rates which will enable them to sell as low for CASH, as

ANY HOUSE
in the City, for Goods of same quality. Their Stock is general, embracing all the various branches of
Dry Goods,
Groceries, Crockery Ware, Boots and Shoes, Sole Leather, Calf and Binding Skins, Grain and Grass, Scythes, Cap, Letter and Note Paper,
ENVELOPES, PENS, INK, &c.,
and a beautiful assortment of
FANCY ARTICLES.

They feel assured of their ability to give entire satisfaction, and especially in old friends and customers to call and bring with them their acquaintances. They expect and intend to maintain the reputation of the Old Murphy House, which is well known throughout Western North Carolina. All they ask is an examination of their stock and the prices. No trouble to show goods, so come right along. Their motto,
Small profits, ready pay and QUICK SALES.
With a good stock, low prices, fair dealing and prompt attention, they will endeavor to merit their share of the public patronage. They are in the market for all kinds of produce and solicit calls from both sellers and buyers.
R. & A. MURPHY.
ROBT. MURPHY,
ANDREW MURPHY,
Salisbury, March 23, 1872. [27-1y]

A. M. SULLIVAN, J. P. GOWAN.
NEW OPENING.
THE undersigned having associated themselves in business under the firm name of
A. M. SULLIVAN, CO.,
HAVE opened in B. J. Holmes' new building, next door to the Hardware Store, where they will be pleased to meet old and new friends. They have a magnificent room—the largest and best in town—and
A Large & Splendid STOCK OF GOODS,
COMPRISING a general assortment. Hard-ware excepted, and will guarantee as good bargains as can be sold by any House in the South. They will deal heavily in Groceries and Country Produce, buying and selling, and invite all who wish either to buy or sell to call on them.
A. M. SULLIVAN & Co.,
Jan 24th, 1872. 194f

FOR SALE.
A desirable Brick House with 7 rooms and all necessary out houses; situated in the most desirable part of Town. Persons wishing to purchase, can apply at this office.
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For the Watchman.
MABEL'S MESSAGE.
In pensive dream, at twilight, Mabel sat:
Her mien, the amber of declining day
In pleasing tints portrays love's impress there;
And pictures thought in all its wondrous way.

The fairest Lilly mingled with the Rose,
Would typify her sweetly smiling face;
Warm in her cheeks the health of girlhood glows,
Bright cherry lips her perfect visage grace.

The gloomy Hemlock high on yonder knoll
In darkened outlines marks the airy flight
Of yonder snowy fowl that bears aloft
Her plighted love with pleasure and delight.

The missive gone was not in wanton haste;
Fair Mabel knew the freaks of young-love
The hasty brush may mar the progress gained,
And thus its errors on the canvas tell.

Still, there she sat, while twilight sinks to night;
She waits the faithful messenger's return:
Could she augur the sad, responsive words,
She would not haste life's destiny to learn.

The trusty bird true to its calling flew
To carry to her mistress Love's sacred prize;
As faithful to her friend as if it knew
The love that in each silk-bound missive lies.

Ere twilight ceased to gild the distant hills,
And its mellow glow faded from Mabel's brow,
She sees her feathered friend in humid flight—
With beating heart she asks, what message
now?

With eager hands she grasps the wanted note,
And hastens to undo its silken ties;
Though death had placed thereon his gloomy seal,
Still unveiled the mournful message lies.

"Adieu dear friend; before these dying words"
She reads, "Shall reach thy thrice happy door,
All that respond in thy unsmiling looks,
Shall be to Mabel, and to earth, no more!"

Alas! Alas! poor Mabel ceased to read;
A darkness stole across her weeping eyes;
And in the faint of death, her pallid form
Had swooned—her spirit to her lover flies!

Though Alfred weeps his Love to leave behind
To drain the bitter cup of life alone;
But to his joy, while in the spirit-land,
She whispers, "Still in death am I your own."

Grim Monster death! the great unsexed fiend,
How many vows are broken by his deal;
Still disconsort with Alfred's early death,
Hath placed on Mabel's heart his blackened seal!

THE FAYETTEVILLE DEMONSTRATION.
CONTINUATION OF THE PROGRAMME OF TUESDAY NIGHT.
The Inauguration of the Campaign by the Greeley and Brown Club Wednesday.

GEN. LEACH, SPEAKER JARVIS AND F. H. BUSBEE ON THE STAND AT FARMERS' HALL.
Great Enthusiasm—Old Cumberland Good for Greeley by at Least 200 Majority.

Owing to the short space of time at our disposal Tuesday night, to make the mail, our article in yesterday's issue was necessarily cut off at the most interesting stage of the proceedings.

As stated yesterday, Mr. John W. Rues, a prominent young lawyer of Fayetteville, introduced the Hon. D. M. Barringer, who came forward on the balcony.

SUBSTANCE OF THE REMARKS OF THE HON. D. M. BARRINGER.
As soon as the applause, with which the introduction of the Honorable gentleman was received, by the large crowd assembled in front of the Fayetteville Hotel, Mr. B. said that he most cordially thanked them all for the very kind manner in which his name had been received. Although he had at first hesitated about coming to this grand demonstration, because of some physical indisposition, and his constant labor in other duties in behalf of our cause, he now rejoiced that he was here to-night to witness this grand success and the patriotic zeal and energetic spirit by which it had been achieved. If there was a city or town in our good old State, that had a deep and permanent hold on his affections, it was this noble, patriotic, historic and renowned old city of Fayetteville. Her people had been the friends of freedom, and civil liberty, in its truest and largest sense, since the days of the Revolution to the present hour. Fayetteville had been endeared to him by the earliest and most pleasant associations of his life. He was born and raised near the great highway over which were transported, in the earlier and most prosperous days of this good old town, the rich products of the fertile valleys of the Yadkin and Catawba and a large portion of the entire western part of this State. He was familiar with that great wagon trade from the west, which, like rich Argosies had once thrown the fruits of the labor of the West, into the lap of Fayetteville, adding daily immense treasure to the wealth and prosperity once so fully enjoyed by her merchants and her whole community. He was endeared, too, to this city, by the recollections of early and permanent friendships formed with her rising young men in the spring-tide of life—friendships which ended only by the death of so many of them in the years that are gone. Your Winslow—your Hines—and others well known in your history, were my companions in Academic groves and College Halls. In after life, also—on the stage of public action—in our Legislature, and in Congress, I was the associate of your Toomer—your Eccles—your Sewell—your Henry—your Strange—your Dobbin, and other distinguished gentlemen I could name; men of character and fame, not only for their usefulness, but eloquence, who shed renown on their State and country. In more recent times, too, you have fully illustrated the public spirit and ardent patriotism, for which your town and country have always been so well known. Ah! I remember me, of the two

splendid volunteer companies, noble young men, from this brave old town and county—among the first to appear at the Capital of your State, fully armed and equipped and ready to die for the cause of Southern Independence and local self-government—a cause they believed to be right—though overwhelmed with defeat and disaster, only by the power of superior number and resources. How gallantly they maintained our cause on the battle field, and alas! how many of them, bravely gave up their lives in the bloody fight you all too well and too sorrowfully know. And most fearfully have you suffered for your devotion to principle and patriotic duty! Your beautiful and flourishing city was laid in ashes—your country desolated your people impoverished—oppressed, and worse than all humiliated, by the domination of ignorance, incapacity, corruption and the bad influence of men, strangers and aliens in interest and sympathy to us all, who came to plunder and to rob an impoverished country and to fatten on the spoils of a conquered people. To add to our deep mortification, we have seen this thieving, dirty work of the carpet-baggers, urged on and aided by some of our own native population, for the miserable sake of office and avarice and a most ingratious ambition. In common, with the true and noble people of the South, you have borne all this with the most patriotic as well as patient endurance, a philosophic endurance which has challenged and won the admiration of the world, among civilized nations, and even the wonder, if not the praise, of our enemies at home and abroad. (Applause.)

At the first moment that you had a chance since the war, you triumphed, in this city and county, over all the power and patronage of the government, most unscrupulously used against you, in the election of your most excellent Conservative ticket in 1870, which did you so much honor and useful service in the last Legislature. And again in the great contest of this year on the 1st of this month, against still greater odds, and a still more unscrupulous use of government patronage and influence, you succeeded in your county ticket, and especially in the triumphant re-election of one of the most active, intelligent and useful working members of the Senate of North Carolina, your patriotic fellow-citizen, Wm. C. Troy. (Applause.)

I rejoice, fellow-citizens, to be with you to-night. You have cause for joy and greeting—for bonfires, illumination, and natural congratulations. Our cause has achieved a substantial victory in North Carolina. While, because of gross fraud, violations of the election laws, fraudulent returns, intimidation of voters, appeals to the fears, bribes and avarice of timid and weak-kneed voters, and all the influence, power, money and official patronage of the governments, State and National, through marshals, collectors and assessors, and their deputies—spies and detectives, from the highest to the lowest and most infamous, in every part of the State; and while even cabinet ministers and the candidate for Vice President himself, were brought into the field against us, in the most shameless and unblushing audacity against the freedom of elections, and we might well have expected under all these adverse circumstances, an entire defeat, yet we have won, against all these odds, a most substantial victory—a victory of intelligence, virtue and honesty of the tax-paying people of North Carolina, over ignorance, official corruption, and incapacity. The purse strings of our good old State are still in the hands of honest legislators, (applause) and the people who pay taxes have still an assurance that their rights will be protected against the vile spirit of public plunder and rapacity. (Applause.)

Although mostly behind the scenes, and not much on the public stage in the great work, through which we have just passed, allow me to say, without vanity or egotism, no man in the State has been so familiar with the great odds against which the good people, who only wished honest administration under good laws, had to contend than myself. I was in a position to have daily information of all the influences that were brought to bear against us, and how all the departments of the general government, even the Post Office Department, which ought, above all others, to be free, untrammeled and unsuspected, employed all the means in their power to defeat an honest expression of the people of this State at the ballot-box.

In the position to which I was called by the State Convention, at Greensboro, by the representatives of the free and intelligent voters of North Carolina, I had opportunities to know what we had to contend against—and endeavored, as far as in me lay, to counteract it. I have tried to do my duty. (Applause.) (And cries of "you have done your duty nobly.") And now, I repeat fellow-citizens, in measured words—and with deliberation, that we have achieved a substantial victory against the most terrible odds and the vilest influences—and against all that could be brought to bear against the freedom of the ballot-box. We have a decided unflinching majority of more than twenty on joint ballot, and John Pool is no longer to misrepresent us in the Senate of the United States. (Great Applause.) We have unmistakably five of the eight Congressmen from this State, good and true men, that will do honor as in the olden time—the better and purer days of the Republic—to our State, (applause.) And we have come so near the election of our State ticket, Governor and all, that nothing but an official count, and a thorough and honest investigation of the gross frauds and irregularities, and violations of the law in the exercise of the great elective franchise, can really decide who is the legally elected Governor of North Carolina, to be installed on the 1st of January next. (Great applause.) I

would not, fellow-citizens, knowingly do injustice to any man, much less to a whole people, but I say to you to-night, that from information received from various parts of the State, I verily believe that if the ballot-box of the 1st of August be thoroughly purged of all fraud and illegal voting, our State ticket, headed by Judge Merrimon, is fairly elected by the honest and legal voters of North Carolina. (Great applause.) Will you submit quietly to these frauds and violations of the law made by your Representatives? (Cries of no, no.) Don't you think the election ought to be contested? (We do, we do, in one universal shout.) We want nothing but an honest, full and fair inquiry. If Caldwell is duly elected Governor, then let him be so declared and sworn in, for the next four years, however distasteful it may be to the intelligent and tax-paying portion of the people of North Carolina, [that's right] and if Merrimon and our ticket are fairly elected, after a fair and honest canvass of the vote, then, in the name of truth, justice, law and the people's rights, we demand that they be sworn into office as the lawful representatives of the people of North Carolina. [Great applause and cries of that's right and we'll have it so.] Will you quietly submit to fraud, and the utter destruction of the elective franchise, lies at the very foundation of your liberties? [no, never]. Well, then, do you demand an investigation into these frauds by the Legislature? [We do.] You are right, fellow-citizens, and I tell you now, that if you quietly submit to these great outrages on the ballot, and gross violation of the elective laws, you will never have a fair and free election in North Carolina. Good people will turn away in despair, if not disgust, with this great bulwark of our liberties, as it ought to be, and would be, if honestly supported and maintained in all its strength and purity. [Applause.] No, fellow citizens, we cannot, we must not, as freemen and patriots, submit to these outrages on the ballot, if we wish to maintain our liberties, whenever a fair and just ground for investigation is laid before the Legislature. The ballot must be kept not only pure but unsuspected. [Applause.]

We have cause, therefore, my fellow-citizens, to rejoice and congratulate each other over what has been done. But our work is not all yet done. We must now clear the decks for the great fight in November—a fight for Constitutional Liberty, honest administration, local self-government against central despotism, for legislative war, and all the imminent dangers which now threaten the liberties of our country. Never did freemen have more powerful motives for exertion and self-sacrifice. From one end of the country to the other, the true men of the land—the patriots of every party and name have responded most nobly to the invocation in behalf of liberty, and peace and constitutional law and government. [Applause.] There is a great uprising—an upheaval of the people, a gathering together of the good men of all parties. [Applause.] Old Whigs and old Democrats, Conservatives and Republicans, are burying the dead issues of the past, and rallying in defence of liberty and the Constitution, as understood by our fathers, with full and statesmanlike recognition of the changes which have been made by the results of the war, and the inevitable logic of events. [Applause.] And we are encouraged to go on in this great work.

The signs of the times are auspicious for our cause. We have longed for peace—a real peace, since the sad days of Annapolis—seven long years since. But we have been misunderstood and vilely misrepresented at the North. Either from indifference, the absorbing love of money, or the advantage to be gained by partisan misrepresentations, we have been grossly misunderstood and maligned at the North. And instead of that peace which we had expected, we have suffered all the wrongs of hostile legislation and bitter war are against our people, their interests and prosperity. But the dawn of a better day, a brighter era beams upon us. For the first time, in these seven long years of trial and oppression, we feel that the North is in real earnest for peace and good will between the sections, not the hollow and cant phrase of "Let us have peace," when no peace is meant, except the peace which made quiet and order in Warsaw, but a real fraternity between the North and the South, and the East and West and every portion of this great Republic, where all men and all States are, under the Constitution, to be recognized, only on the platform of perfect equality. [Applause.] I have felt this in my heart and mind, since Cincinnati and Baltimore, when I saw men, heretofore, antagonistic in sentiment and opinion, cordially sympathetic with each other, and from every section eager to clasp hands across and fill up the bloody chasm of war, and move on together, shoulder to shoulder, in the great struggle for constitutional liberty and free government. [Applause.] Greeley and Brown are the Representative candidates of this great party of good men, ready to merge all the antipathies and antagonisms of the past, for the good of the whole country. [Applause.] I wish I had time, fellow-citizens, to tell you all I saw at Baltimore but I have not.—(Cries of go on.) One thing I felt and knew there, that this ticket was the emblem of peace and good will if not to the whole world, certainly to the United States, and that under its success we at the South may have reason to expect reform, restoration, reconciliation, prosperity, immigration, capital and above all that we are again citizens of the United States, entitled to full privilege and equality with all who claim the proud and undoubted rights of any citizens of this great Republic.—[Applause.]

How great the contrast between Philadelphia and Baltimore! At the former

Convention, where the office holders controlled the nomination, as soon as it was made as everybody knew before how it would be made, what a picture did we witness! The drop curtain was withdrawn, and then appeared in the near distance, a man on horseback, in full military costume, booted and spurred with sword and marshal's baton, pampered cap and sword—surrounded by none of the emblems of peace, but covered with the insignia of war. At Baltimore, the entire picture was reversed. When the nomination was made by a free and unrestrained public sentiment, and when the curtain was likewise withdrawn, what met the gaze of the admiring multitude? Not the War-horse and martial rider, but a simple, and beautiful farm house with ornamented grounds and picturesque scenery, a happy family group, and conspicuous among them the honest countenance of a man who had dignified, adorned and elevated his country by the power of his pen, mightier than the sword, and by a long life of devotion to the civic arts of peace, agriculture, commerce and manufactures, the cause of education, the study of government and good of mankind. [Applause.] In the foreground of the picture, stood a man who was only a warrior and nothing else in life. In the other, a great civilian, scholar, politician, statesman, philosopher, everything in fact, but a warrior, who is not only not needed in times of peace, but without knowledge in civil affairs, is a great misfortune to a Republican government.

The great want of the times, in the administration of public affairs, is an honest man, in the President office.—("That is so.") Mr. Greeley is emphatically an honest man, in public and private life. His bitterest enemy will not gainsay this. No human being has ever yet doubted his personal integrity. [Applause.] In his high office, he will neither steal, take presents, for himself or family, or allow others, under his control, to do so. We will at last, all feel that we have an honest administration—and that is a great deal in these degenerate times. You all know how we have suffered from dishonesty in public affairs in North Carolina. ("I reckon we do, and paid for it too.") There is great comfort in this prospect. Besides Mr. Greeley is a very remarkable man for ability, his knowledge of public affairs and public men—his wisdom and great experience. He is a wonderful self-made man, and unlike many self-made men, so-called, he has not turned fool, but his wisdom increased by years of knowledge and mental toil and labor, all his sympathies are for the benefit and improvement, the amelioration of the condition of all mankind. His philosophy is humanitarian but duly compounded with good common sense and knowledge of men things as they are in the world. Perhaps no man in America, now living, has so impressed his character and opinions on the mind of this country or age, as honest Horace Greeley. The judgment of posterity will do him this high honor. I wish I had time to say more about him. I know him well. I served in Congress with him. His vicerecitudes of opinion are all on his side of virtue and humanity and in sympathy for the good of mankind. In time of war, while he was for its vigorous prosecution as long as it was inevitable, he was always the friend of peace with the South, and made no secret of his opinions. And when the bloody strife closed he was openly, in his first utterances, for mercy and magnanimity, and he declared his opinions and his faith, in the face of the world, by deeds of courage, generosity and steadfastness and true friendship for the South and its leaders, that no other Northern man dared to exhibit. He not only went bail for Jefferson Davis in the face of an embittered North, but even proposed a commission of good and great men of both sections to settle, on amicable terms, the difficult questions between us, and named as one of this high Commission our own great and noble and immortal Gen. Lee. [Great applause.] What other Northern man then dared to do so bold and patriotic a deed? But enough of this, fellow-citizens. (Cries of go on.) No, I must stop. Greeley and Brown, your representative champions, are statesmen, patriots, honest men—whatever their opinions, they are known to the world. There is no concealment. Raise high, then, the banners which proclaim our principles. Inscribe upon them—fraternity—equality—liberty. In these signs, you shall conquer. Let our watchword be, work, work, work. Organize in every county, and township. Open wide the door for recruits. Rally the veterans. Stand firm but united as one man in a common cause, for the good of our common country. Purify the temples of liberty which our fathers made, but which have been turned into dens of thieves. I know, here, in Fayetteville and in Cumberland, from the spirit this night shown, that you will do your duty in November. (We will, we will.) But let us call on all our brethren in North Carolina, for the sake of peace, and liberty, and honest and good government, to do likewise. Our great party every honest and good man in North Carolina expects us to do our whole duty on the 5th of November next. Let this be done and all will be well.

(Loud and prolonged applause—at the end of which, three cheers were given for the Hon. the Chairman of the State Democratic Conservative Executive Committee.)

Notwithstanding the temporary check which Chicago received from the great conflagration, the new city directory for 1872 contains 25,000 more names than last year's issue, and shows a total of 460,000 residents in the Lake City.

Samuel Cole, for many years chief of the Pension Office at Washington, D. C. died at Lyons, N. Y., recently.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WATCHMAN.
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OLDER TIME.—It may be amusing and entertaining to have some account of the customs and manners of living of the people sixty-five, seventy, and seventy-five years ago. As to what took place in seaport towns and places which had a dense population, I can give no account; but in the town where I was brought up, (which I suppose was not materially different from the general state of other country towns) I will attempt to describe. In the winter season the dinners were generally uniform; the first course was a dish of broth generally called porridge; these generally had a few berries, and some dry summer savory scattered in. The second course was an Indian pudding with sauce; the third was a dish of boiled pork and beef, with round turnips for sauce.—Potatoes were then a scarce article, three bushels being considered as a very large crop; and I was a considerably large lad before I ever saw a potato as large as a hen's egg. For suppers and breakfasts they generally had a dish of the same broth. Those who had milk which were not many in the winter had that with toasted brown bread or roasted apples for breakfast, and hasty pudding for supper. For an exchange they sometimes had a basin of sweetened cider with toasted bread in it, with a piece of cheese. On Sabbath day morning they generally had chocolate coffee, or bohea tea; the chocolate and coffee sweetened with molasses, the tea with brown sugar; with it they had pancakes, doughnuts, brown toast, some sort of pie—some of all of them. Dinners they had none; but immediately after the afternoon service they had a supper, a roast goose or turkey, a roast sparer rib or a stew pie—and this was the common course through the winter season. In the spring and summer they generally on week days had milk for supper and breakfast. For dinners (then potatoes were generally gone and round turnips were too pithy to eat) they used French turnips till greens came, and then greens were used for sauce till peas and green beans were ready for use. As for flour it was a thing unknown; at that time I doubt there ever having been a barrel of flour in the town. Every farmer broke up a piece of new ground and sowed it with wheat and turnips, and would raise from five to fifteen bushels of turnips. This when by the help of the scive was a substitute for flour.

In general, men, old or young, who had got their growth, had a decent coat, vest and small clothes, and some kind of fur hat; those who were for holiday wear, and would last half an age; old men had a great coat and a pair of boots, the boots generally lasted for life; for common use they had a long jacket or what was called a fly coat, made something like our surtouts, reaching down about half way the thigh; a striped jacket to wear under it with a pair of small clothes like the coat. These were made of flannel cloth fulled, but not sheared; flannel shirts and stockings and thick leather shoes; a silk handkerchief for holidays, which would last ten years. In the summer time a pair of wide trousers (now out of use) reaching half way from the knee to the ankle; shoes and stockings were not worn by the young men and but by few old men in farming business. As for boys, as soon as they were taken out of their petticoats they were put into small clothes, winter or summer. This continued until long trousers were introduced which were then called tongs; they were but little different from our present pantaloons. These were made of tow cloth, linen or cotton, and soon were used by old men and young through the warm season; at last they were made of flannel cloth and of thick cloth and were the general costume of the winter. Young men never thought of great coats, and surtouts were then unknown. I recollect a neighbor of my father's who had four sons between 19 and 30 years of age; the oldest had a pair of boots, the second a surcoat, the third a watch, and the fourth a pair of silver buckles.—This made a neighborhood talk, and the family were considered as on the high road to insolvency.

As for the women, old and young, they wore flannel gowns in the winter; the young women wore in the summer short dresses or shepherdess, and about their ordinary business did not wear stockings and shoes; they were generally contented with one calico gown, but they usually had a calico gown, another of cambie and some had them made of poplin. The sleeves were short, and did not come below the elbow; on holy days they wore one, two or three ruffs on each arm, the deepest of which were sometimes nine or ten inches; they wore long gloves coming up to the elbow, secured by what were called glove-tightens, made of horse hair.—Round gowns had not then come in fashion, so they wore aprons, made of checked linen, cotton, and for holy day use, of white cotton, long lawn or cambric. They seldom wore caps when about their ordinary business, but they had two kinds, one of which they wore when they meant to appear in full dress; one was called strap cap, which came under the chin and was there tied; the other was called round cord cap and did not come over the ears. They wore thick leather, thin leather and broadcloth shoes, all with heels an inch and a half high, with peaked toes turned up a point at the toe. They generally had small, very small muffs, and some wore masks.—The principal amusements of the young men were wrestling, running and jumping or hopping three hops. Dancing was considered as a qualification of the first importance, especially step-tunes, such as Old Father George, Cape Breton, High Betty Martin and the Belling Hornpipe. At their balls dancing was a principal exercise; also singing songs and a number of pawn plays, such

as breaking and cutting the pope's neck, finding the button, &c.
At the time I allude to a young woman did not consider it as a hardship or degradation to walk five or six miles to meeting; there was no chaise, or any sort of wagon or sleigh in the town. I recollect the first chaise that passed through, and it made a greater wonderment than the appearance of a mammoth. People were puzzled for a name, at last they called it a calash. A horse that would fetch forty dollars was considered as of first quality; and a horse more than nine years old was considered as of little or no value. A farmer generally killed from three to five swine which would weigh from five to eight score each, but it was an extraordinary hog that would weigh nine score.

Acute fevers were much more frequent then than at this time. The principal fevers were what was called the long or slow fever, which would run 35, 40 or 50 days before it formed a crisis; there was also the slow nervous fever, which ran generally longer than the long fever. But consumptions were much less frequent then than now, unless it was with very old people. In the year 1764, a young man fell into a consumption; he was between twenty and thirty years of age, and it passed for a wonder that a young man should fall into a consumption.

The above account of the manners and customs of old times was written about forty years ago; since which time they have changed very much.
In what part of the country this was written we do not know, but presume it is about as applicable to this as any other.

We are told by old people that many years ago when the merchants laid in their stock of goods in Philadelphia, a common sort of bag full of coffee was considered a great supply; and the man who purchased 3 pound was thought extravagant. It was appropriated to the use of the sick, and regarded more as a medicine than as an article of diet. Many men grew up and had families who had never tasted it.

How long is a string! How large is a piece of chalk, or rock or any thing else? How large is a load of hay! How much wood in a load, when the standards are too near together, some sticks are long, some short, some crooked, making large hollows!—But a load is a load if there is nothing in it.

How much will the soul of that man weigh, which may be put into the shell of a tobacco seed and rattle like a child's toy? We once knew a man, of whom a minister said that it was not necessary for his doctrine to be true to save his soul, for it was so small that it was not worth saving.

If a man is poor, and has a large family, that he cannot support by his labor, how many dogs can be kept? The number is generally in the inverse ratio to a man's ability.

How many gold chains, rings, breast pins, &c., can a man wear—how much can be spent in luxury, who has borrowed money from the poor, hardy and industrious, and then has taken the benefit of the "homestead" law or has gone into bankruptcy, and has cut off all his debts?

How can a man honestly and without owning, do all this, and then come out paying the best farm in his county; defying his creditors?

How much salt a church flourish that has such men at the head of its affairs, and among its officers—administering the sacrament to their creditors, so defrauded!

How much salt to keep the world from corruption in a church, when its morality is below that of the world!

A STRONG STATEMENT.
"That man should take up the cross, that sin should be atoned for, are ideas that dwell in human nature; they were so diffused among the Savages in America, that La Chery believed that some of the apostles had visited America."
So says Bancroft, the historian, Vol III, page 294.

"STOP MY PAPER!"
Illustrating the fearful consequences of this highly retributive measure, the Philadelphia Post tells the following upon the LEDGER of that city:
"This fearful threat reminds us of a story about Mr. Swain years ago, when he was the proprietor of the LEDGER. By his course in regard to some public matter he had offended a number of readers, one of whom he met on Chestnut street and thus accosted him:
"Mr. Swain, I've stopped the LEDGER."
"What is that, sir?"
"I've stopped the LEDGER," was the stern reply.
"Great heavens!" said Mr. Swain, "dear sir, that won't do. Come with me to the office. This must be looked into." And taking the man with him to the office at Third and Chestnut streets, there they found the clerk, busy at his desks; then they ascended to the editorial rooms and composing rooms, where all was as usual; finally they descended to the press rooms where the engineers were at work.
"I thought you told me you had stopped the LEDGER," said Mr. Swain.
"So I have," said the offended subscriber.
"I don't see the stoppage. The LEDGER seems to be going on."
"Oh! I mean to say—that is, that I—ah—had stopped taking it."
"Is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Swain.—
"Why, my dear sir, you don't know how you alarmed me. As for your individual subscription I care very little. Good day, sir, and never make such rash assertions again."