

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL XIII.—THIRD SERIES

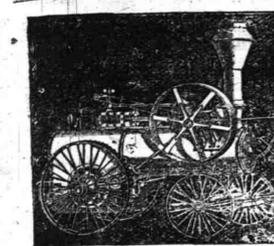
SALISBURY, N. C., DECEMBER 1, 1881.

NO 7

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CONTRACT ADVERTISING RATES.
FEBRUARY 20, 1880.

1 inch	1 month	3 months	6 months	12 months
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Three fourths	2.50	7.50	14.00	25.00
Full	3.00	9.00	16.50	30.00
Column for 1 do. do.	11.25	33.75	63.75	112.50
1 do. do.	18.75	56.25	106.25	187.50



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RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.

BY IMOGENE H. SYKES.

'I say, Paul, what do you think? You know Deep Dell—'
'Why, Charlie, of course I do,' interrupted a bright voice, as the impatient news carrier, in the form of a restless lad of fourteen, clattered noisily into the quiet, sunny kitchen, and checked the important work of cake-making with his abrupt inquiry.

'Well, you can't go there any more. The owner's come back, and stuck up bills all over everything, that trespassing won't be allowed. It's a shame, I think.'

And Charlie sat astride of a kitchen chair, and looked dolefully at his sister, as she put down the cake-pan, and regarded him in turn.

'The owner of Deep Dell come back?' she repeated, musingly.

'Yes, and locked up all the gates, and stuck up notices that he will punish trespassing on the property. And Paul, the strawberries are just ripe, added Charlie suggestively, looking at the thoughtful face of the girl, as she still considered the startling news of the 'Squire's return, after so many years of absence.

The word strawberries aroused her. 'It is a shame!' she flashed out then, stamping a strongly-clad foot on the brick hearth, as she popped her cake pan into the oven. 'And I shall not mind his notices. Notices, indeed!' she scoffed with a high head. 'I've picked strawberries from Deep Dell Farm ever since I was a little child, and he was running wild over the country; and I mean to pick them again to-day.'

'But he'll punish trespassers,' urged Charlie, with secret delight, thinking of the cake and strawberries for supper.

Pauline furled her apron like a flag, and nodded her head.

'Let him!' 'What would you do?' wickedly urged the spirit of mischief, rocking his chair.

'Let him!' laconically retorted Paul, as she made things tidy about the kitchen, and reached up for a basket beside the dresser.

'But, look here, Paul, you're the minister's sister, you know, and ought to set an example of—'

The boy floundered in a moral slough, as the steady eyes of his sister settled on his face.

'If you say honesty, Charlie Kirk, she said calmly, tying her sunbonnet strings under her round chin, 'you shall not have one berry, no, nor cake either. Minister's sister or not, I consider I have the right to those berries, when I gathered them years and years before he ever knew anything about them.

And she walked resolutely to the door. 'Well, if he runs across your bow,' advised Charlie from the gate, watching her resolute face with satisfaction, 'just put up your boarding-nets and give him a broadside.'

Charlie had naval aspirations for the next year, and was gleaming knowledge from a course of Marryatt's novels, as a useful preliminary.

Paul trudged away in silence, pondering upon two subjects—the 'Squire's return from his roving life, and the indignity he had put upon the village, by his notices and barred gates.

'I will look out for my right,' she concluded, illogically, as she climbed the fence into the strawberry patch, 'and the people can take care of theirs.'

No thought of the 'Squire's rights entered her mutinous little head, as she filled her basket with his luscious fruit.

'David always brings home company on Friday evening,' she soliloquized, as she picked on industriously, 'and whoever it is, will enjoy these berries, I know.'

She filled her basket evenly to the brim, and arose with flushed cheeks, disheveled hair, sun-bonnet hanging down by the strings tied under her chin, to find herself face to face with a stranger—a man who stood regarding her quietly.

Paul stood motionless. He must be a tramp, in that old brown coat, slouch hat, and dusty top boots.

'If you please,' he said, very politely, for a tramp, 'is this trespassing?'

Paul thought of the notices and the punishment attending the act, and was sorry for the man.

'It is,' she said, calmly; 'and you had better leave at once, for there is no knowing what the owner might do, if he caught you.'

And she lifted her basket majestically. 'Is he so very hard then?' asked the tramp, with humble deference to her manner.

'I fancy he is a—tyrant,' replied Paul, superbly, 'and means to institute reform in all its severest and most disagreeable phases at Deep Dell. So, my good man, you'd better take yourself off.'

With which advice, the minister's sister went her way over the fence, down into the lane, and home to Charlie, waiting at the gate and bracing a mainyard, according to his idea of the thing.

'Well!' he cried out eagerly, 'did the enemy show himself?'

Paul lifted the lid of her basket. 'I saw no one but a tramp—a very gentlemanly tramp, I must say; and I advised the poor fellow to keep out of harm.'

Charlie whistled a bar of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'

'Here comes David with a gentleman,' he said, with sudden gravity. 'I wonder who his Friday night companion is this time? Say, Paul, if it should be the 'Squire?'

But the girl had fled within, to attend to her tea-table, and see if the little maid-of-all-work had watched the cake carefully.

Everything was right, and a daintier or better-served table was never presented to hungry mortals than that to which the minister invited his guest within an incredibly short time after Paul had disappeared from the gate.

Charlie was right—it was the 'Squire.

The young girl bowed calmly to the grave, courteous man her brother presented, her eyes resting the while upon the dish of ripe, red berries, with an indignant thought of his barred gates and notices.

A puzzled look came into her face as the stranger talked on, and she glanced furtively at him, only to meet his grave eyes full upon her, and to feel the floor rock beneath her feet.

'So they protest against my claiming my own,' he was saying, in answer to the minister's report on the discontent of the village. 'They will become obedient enough when they find out I am not a tyrant.'

Paul could bear no more. She dared not look up as the minister helped his guest to the strawberries, but with a hurried excuse for cream (which was in the little silver jug beside the berries all the while), she left the room with eager steps.

She was gone so long that Charlie came to hunt her up, and found her disconsolate and miserable on the back step.

'Oh, Charlie!' she cried. 'He was the—tramp!'

'The gentlemanly tramp!' and the boy sat down beside her, aghast.

'What shall I do?'

She was so wretched and pale that Charlie arose to the situation at once.

'I wouldn't mind, Paulie!' he said coaxingly.

'Oh, but I must mind! He is going to raise David's salary, which means so much to you, Charlie, and to repair the church. And, after all, he is right. I didn't see it until I heard him tell David his plans and ideas, and—what does he think of me?'

Here a miserable sob choked the pretty voice, and Charlie grew desperate.

'Just come in and have it out with him,' he urged. 'Make a clean breast of it, and he'll have to be polite then.'

But Paul lacked courage to confess her fault, and neither then nor long months after, when the 'Squire was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and a

kind friend to the whole village, could she gain strength to speak, and ask for some little of the kindness he gave others and denied her.

The strawberries were ripe again at Deep Dell, and Paul was walking sadly down the lane past the corner fence she used to climb so deftly, thinking not of the berries, not of Charlie away at college, nor of the new cottages down in the village, but of her own unpardoned fault, which lay like a heavy cloud upon her path, and looking up she saw the 'Squire quietly regarding her. She paused humbly.

'Have you nothing to say to me, Paul?' he asked, in a strange tone. 'After one long year, have you no word for me?'

With a break in her voice that seemed a part of the tears that would come, Paul forgot her defiance, and thought only of the heavy heart she had carried so long, and made her confession then and there.

'The accused pleads guilty, and is recommended to mercy,' said the 'Squire, with a bright laugh; 'but, Paul, I did not mean that.'

'And if I give you a free pardon for trespassing on my property, and stealing my fruit, what shall I ask in return for the peace of mind you have robbed me of in this last year?'

Paul thought of Charlie's advice, 'to have it out with him,' and so said, softly but bravely:

'The headache you have given me by your coldness.'

She looked at him fearlessly now, smiling and blushing, as he crushed her hands.

'Will you bear your sentence?' he cried.

'Yes,' she softly laughed.

'Then you are henceforth and forever to be mistress, not only of Deep Dell, but owner and manager of the heart and devotion of—'

'The gentlemanly tramp!' said Paul, saucy with happiness.

Why Sherman Wept.

On dit, that Gen. Sherman wept the other day, after hearing "Marching Through Georgia," played at a banquet. His neighbor, Gen. Grant, asked him: "Where dost thou weep?"

The Georgian hero answered: "I never was so all-fired sorry that I marched through Georgia as I have been in the last five years. Georgia be darned—I hate the name of that old nest of rebels. The people are good enough, but I am listening to that tune for the 3,465,875th time. How would you like, Ulysses," he continued, "to hear that infernal melody over three million times? They have socked it to me from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Toronto," and here he wept afresh. But Gen. Grant quietly patted the little hero on the shoulder and said: "Sherry, it is only one of the penalties of greatness. I suffer worse than you do—I've had 7,000,000 cigars given me because people think I like to smoke; 824 bull pups, and more horses than I can count. Sherry," continued the General, "whenever I see a horse, a cigar or a bull pup, I feel just as badly as you do, but I never give way to my feelings. I sell 'em."

"Yes," answered Gen. Sherman, between his sobs, "you can sell cigars, bull pups and horses, but I can't sell that d—d tune for five cents."

"Julius, is you tetter dis morning?"

"No, I was better yesterday, but I see got ober dat."

"Am dere no hopes ob your discovery?"

"Discovery ob what?"

"Your discovery from de convalescence what am fetching you on your back?"

"Dat depends sah, on de prognostication which implies de disease: should dey continue fatally, de doctor thinks I se a gone coon; should dey not continue fatally he hopes dis culled individual won't die dis time. But as I said afore, dat all depends on de prognostics; and till dese come to a head dere am no telling wedder dis pusson will dere to discontinuation or orderwise."

A Salt Lake man has been turning a penny by counterfeiting Confederate bonds. He got plates made in Chicago, and is said to have sold great quantities of bonds printed from them at \$5 per thousand.

The stockholders of the Alabama Central railroad have ratified the action of the directors in selling the property some time since to the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia line.

In Westmoreland county, Pa., dogs are being killed because it is believed that the animals have the small pox and are spreading the disease.

It is worth remembering that nobody enjys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the doctors and medicines they have ever tried. See adv. Oct 18-Nov 13.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A Thanksgiving Discourse, Preached in the First Presbyterian Church of Salisbury, November 24, 1881.

BY REV. JETHRO RUMPLE.

The present year has been marked by many strange and important events. It was ushered in by a winter of unusual severity, followed by a summer of extraordinary drought and heat, and the consequent decrease in the production of the fruits of the earth. The heavens above us were distinguished by the rare phenomenon of the conjunction of the four greater planets, while comets blazed in the sky. Two of the rulers of the mightiest civilized nations—the Czar of Russia, and the President of the United States, have fallen by the hands of assassins, and there have been remarkable political changes and revolutions in our own country that might furnish profitable themes for discourse and meditation to-day. But as a general rule present and passing events are too near to us, and in a state too unfinished, to be susceptible of a correct interpretation. I prefer, therefore to take a new departure to-day, and follow another, and, I trust, a more profitable line of thought.

The text is, 'SAY NOT THOU, WHAT IS THE CAUSE THAT THE FORMER DAYS WERE BETTER THAN THESE? FOR THOU DOST NOT INQUIRE WISELY CONCERNING THIS. Eccles. vii, 10.'

It is said that King Charles, of England, once proposed this question to his newly organized Royal Society: "Why is it that a vessel of water will weigh no more with a fish in it than it did before the fish was put in it?" After the learned pundits had puzzled their brains over the problem for an evening, one of them inquisitively inquired whether such was indeed the fact. "Ah!" said the clever king, "that ought to have been the very first inquiry you made. It is not true."

Somewhat in the same way, it may be said that it is not wise to inquire why the former days were better than these. It is not true, and therefore it is unprofitable to trouble ourselves to find out a reason. That the former days were better than these is simply an imagination of the aged, whose dulled and decayed faculties render them incapable of appreciating the present; or it is the dream of the young, whose knowledge of both the past and the present is vague and superficial. The spirit of discount in the hearts of men makes all ages seem better than the present, and all circumstances more desirable than those by which they are surrounded.

"In truth," says Lord Macaulay, "men are under a deception similar to the Arabian misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare, but far in advance and far in the rear is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake, where, an hour before, they were toiling through the sand. A similar illusion seems to haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degrees of opulence and civilization. But if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the regions of fabulous antiquity."

This generation of Southerners is wont to look back upon the good old days before the late war between the States as the Golden age of our Sunny South land. But in those days adventurous spirits were wont to look back with regret upon the old pioneer days of rude abundance, when the bear and the deer haunted the primeval forests, turkeys and pheasants filled the plains and thickets, and all the streams abounded in fish. That seemed the perfection of a joyful age then; while, perhaps, the early pioneers looked back sometimes with regret to happy days spent on the shores of the Emerald Isle, or amid the heather, or in the narrow glens of Scotland. But it is evident to a careful observer of the times and the seasons, that if we had all the past ages of the world to select from, we could not choose a period having so many appliances of happiness, or facilities for improvement as the one which a wise and beneficent Providence has allotted to us. Perhaps if we could choose our era one hundred, or five hundred years hence we might be better satisfied. Perhaps not. It may be that the pendulum of civilization, for the present, has already swung to its highest point, and is now just ready to descend in its downward curve of oscillation, not to rise so high again for a thousand years or more. The Great Ruler of the universe, with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, has put our race to the test at many times, and in different circumstances, and the uniform result hitherto has been temporary progress, and then decay. The race has not proved itself capable of sustained advancement and permanent excellence. With the universal diffusion of knowledge, with the purifying power of the Gospel, with the indwelling of the Divine Spirit, and with God's providential care and direction, there is no conceivable limit to the attainments men may make. But if this generation should prove recreant to their trust committed to them; should, through pride and self-sufficiency, forget God and his law, then who knows but all this ex-

cellence already attained may vanish like the mists of the morning, and the monuments of human genius and skill crumble to the earth, or remain, if at all, like the relics of the mound-builders, who came, lived, and departed without leaving a chronicle behind to tell the story of their lives.

I trust that it will be profitable to us, on this Thanksgiving day, in order to sharpen our appreciation of that goodly heritage which a beneficent Providence has bestowed upon us, to look back a short period into history, and notice some of the inconveniences and evils which our forefathers endured, now happily removed from our lot. We need not go back to the age of the crusades, to the period of the Wars of the Roses; nor to the fierce and fiery age of the Plantagenets or Tudors. We need not explore the period when even kings and nobles could neither read nor write, and when learning was so rare and valuable, that even a murderer was allowed to escape the gallows by "benefit of clergy," that is by proving that he was a "clerk," by reading a page of a book. We need not go back to the age when the English palaces and castles had for floors only the beaten ground, littered with rushes, and when a special officer was needed to examine the King's straw every evening, so that he might not be endangered by lying down on a concealed dagger. We need not go back to the period when no such thing as conversion to God, or a change of heart was required, or even thought of as a qualification for church membership, or a holy life expected of an ordinary man. But we have only to compare the period of one hundred years ago with the present age, to discover the wondrous improvements that have been made in the art of living and of government, in education, in travelling, in commerce, in civil liberty, in social and domestic life, and above all in public morality and religion.

There has been a mitigation in the evils of war, by their infrequency, their shorter duration, and the greater humanity exercised towards soldiers and towards enemies and captives. It may be hard for us, just fresh from the terrible ordeal of a four years fratricidal war to appreciate the improvement in this respect. But it is a fact that since the surrender of the British at Yorktown, in 1781, the United States have had but about nine years of war, and in five of those years there was little interference with the ordinary pursuits of the people. But when we turn to European History, we read of the Hundred Years War—of the Thirty Years War—the terrible wars of the Spanish succession. Even the Nineteenth Century was ushered in with a Twenty five years war, that in turn, and sometimes simultaneously, agitated every European nation from the Baltic and the Uralto the straits of Gibraltar. Even America was drawn into the vortex, and had three years of frontier warfare. This was the war that began with the French Revolution in 1789, and continued until the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, readjusted the Balance of Power, which they fondly dreamed would be perpetual, and which actually did preserve a measure of peace for nearly forty years. This war rested like a nightmare upon the bosom of Europe, wasting its wealth, slaughtering its children and restraining its progress. Many who were unborn at its beginning were fighting in the ranks at its close. From lack of transportation, and from the clumsy nature of the arms of that day, wars could not be short, sharp and decisive, as in modern times. It was estimated that in Wellington's Peninsular campaign only one bullet in six hundred ever harmed a Frenchman, and it required an expenditure of his weight in lead to kill an enemy. A half century later, the Germans disabled one Frenchman by an expenditure of two hundred and seventy nine balls, and Russian statistics assert that in their late war they struck down one Turk for every sixty-six shots fired. Rifled cannon, repeating rifles, mitrailleuses, needle guns, and cannon that will hurl a mass of two thousand pounds of iron five miles with unerring precision, seem to predict terrible slaughter in the coming age. But the fact is the reverse. It is the old fashioned hand to hand fight, that we read of in the Books of the Kings, and the Chronicles of Israel that slaughters whole armies in a day. The perfection of the implements of slaughter renders war less frequent, and less prolonged. It is not the slaughter of the battle field that is the great evil of war, but the privation, the sickness, the fatiguing march, the dreary hospital, and the waste of resources. In his six months' campaign against Russia in 1812 Napoleon lost over half a million of men. But it was not in the battle of Borodino that they were slaughtered, though one hundred thousand men fell on that bloody field. It was hunger, and thirst, and exposure, and fatigue, that slew the other four hundred thousand.

The Nineteenth Century is also characterized by a lengthened average of the duration of human life. This is partly owing to the decrease of destructive wars but largely to other causes. Fifty years ago we were taught that thirty three years was the life of a generation of men. In the middle of the 18th century in London, the average of human life was twenty four years. But in 1820 but one person in every fifty seven died in that city. In Philadelphia the average of human life is forty years, and in Chicago forty-three years. The increase in the life of a generation is ten or fifteen years. One cause of this increase is the discovery of preventives or remedies for violent diseases. A hundred years ago one-tenth of all the deaths in England were caused by small-pox. Now through the discovery of Dr. Jenner, this terrible scourge has been deprived of its fatal power. In former times undrained swamps and fields, generated intermittent fevers, which destroyed many lives, and pressed heavily upon the vitality of the rural population. But wise farmers have learned to drain their marshes and thus destroy an enemy more dreadful than the fabled hydra that lurked in the lake of Lerna. The filth in the streets and dwellings of the cities used to be festering sources of diseases and death. But draining sewers have closed these sources of disease.

The era of medical science was yet in the future, at the beginning of this century, and did little to remedy the ravages of disease. Depletion and the exhaustion of the system was generally the first step in the treatment, and was often soon followed by death. But later years have witnessed unparalleled progress in this noble science. Not only have effective remedies for disease been discovered, and successful methods of administering them been devised, but sanitary rules and regulations have been patiently studied out, and published to the world, thus reducing or destroying the very causes of disease. Almost every year, and sometimes often in the year, we find in the hands of skillful physicians, new and improved instruments for discovering the nature of diseases, for calculating their virulence and power, or for administering in the best way the most approved remedies. To no class is the benefit more conspicuous than among the children. The evil sanitary surroundings, which in former days warred against the immature strength of childhood have been improved, thus giving them a fairer chance at life. By all these improvements the chances of living a long, comfortable and useful life have been greatly augmented.

There has also been an increased economy of the lives of useful men by the decrease of violence, and especially by the decay of the barbarous practice of duelling. The reader of history will recollect that many leading men of the past generation indulged in this absurd practice, some of them falling victims in the prime of their manhood. Fox, Pitt, Castlereagh, O'Connell, Canning, Wellington, Hamilton, Burr, Clay, Randolph, Jackson, and hosts of others well known to fame, once tried each to kill his man. Under the enlightened influence of Prince Albert, in England, and by a healthier moral sentiment everywhere, this relic of barbarism is fast disappearing. Soon, we may hope, it will not be heard of even in such places as Leadville, or Tucson, Tomblstone, or the ranches nearest the Rio Grande.

Still further, we may notice that new ideas concerning the nature and design of civil government have dawned upon the civilized world within the last hundred years. "During sixty years of the 18th century," says McKenzie, "Lewis XV—one of the meanest and basest of human creatures—ruled over France. It was the belief of this unworthy person that France was his, and that she and her twenty five millions of people were of no value other than as his man. Under the enlightened influence of Prince Albert, in England, and by a healthier moral sentiment everywhere, this relic of barbarism is fast disappearing. Soon, we may hope, it will not be heard of even in such places as Leadville, or Tucson, Tomblstone, or the ranches nearest the Rio Grande.

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The great nobles went daily to see him dressed and undressed—regaling him while with the obscene gossip which he loved so well to hear." The nobles were as vile and as despotic as he. The peasants were bound to grind their corn at the Seigneur's mill, to press their grapes in his own press and to bake their bread in his oven, paying, of course, such toll as he chose to exact. "Between king and nobles the people were taxed, crushed and beaten until life was a burden. Nor was the condition of the French people worse than that of the rest of Continental Europe. In fact, if we may credit DeTocqueville, it was better. Every sovereign, whether King, Prince, Elector, Duke, Duke or Count, with slight exceptions, regarded his vassals as his property, and treated them with harshness and severity, up to the period of the French Revolution. Then the bugle blast of liberty was sounded in all ears, and the people of Europe never forgot it. After despotism had passed over that bloody chasm it never displayed the same vigor again. The price was a terrible one, but the enfranchisement of the European people was worth it all.

In 1814 the tax of a shilling amounted to an average of \$30 for every man, woman and child in the kingdom. At the same time wheat was worth \$5.50 a bushel, and other commodities in proportion, while unskilled labor earned only \$3.00 a week, or 50 cents a day and mechanics earned but \$5.00 a week, or \$31 cents a day. By comparing this with the tax of one day and country, averaging from two to five dollars for a poor man and his family, with 75 cents a day as the wages of unskilled labor, and two dollars a day for a mechanic, and wheat at \$1.50 per bushel, you will see ever that an Englishman sixty-five years ago could have only about a fifth part of the food that

we have to-day. The average of human life was twenty four years in 1820, but one person in every fifty seven died in that city. In Philadelphia the average of human life is forty years, and in Chicago forty-three years. The increase in the life of a generation is ten or fifteen years. One cause of this increase is the discovery of preventives or remedies for violent diseases. A hundred years ago one-tenth of all the deaths in England were caused by small-pox. Now through the discovery of Dr. Jenner, this terrible scourge has been deprived of its fatal power. In former times undrained swamps and fields, generated intermittent fevers, which destroyed many lives, and pressed heavily upon the vitality of the rural population. But wise farmers have learned to drain their marshes and thus destroy an enemy more dreadful than the fabled hydra that lurked in the lake of Lerna. The filth in the streets and dwellings of the cities used to be festering sources of diseases and death. But draining sewers have closed these sources of disease.

The era of medical science was yet in the future, at the beginning of this century, and did little to remedy the ravages of disease. Depletion and the exhaustion of the system was generally the first step in the treatment, and was often soon followed by death. But later years have witnessed unparalleled progress in this noble science. Not only have effective remedies for disease been discovered, and successful methods of administering them been devised, but sanitary rules and regulations have been patiently studied out, and published to the world, thus reducing or destroying the very causes of disease. Almost every year, and sometimes often in the year, we find in the hands of skillful physicians, new and improved instruments for discovering the nature of diseases, for calculating their virulence and power, or for administering in the best way the most approved remedies. To no class is the benefit more conspicuous than among the children. The evil sanitary surroundings, which in former days warred against the immature strength of childhood have been improved, thus giving them a fairer chance at life. By all these improvements the chances of living a long, comfortable and useful life have been greatly augmented.

There has also been an increased economy of the lives of useful men by the decrease of violence, and especially by the decay of the barbarous practice of duelling. The reader of history will recollect that many leading men of the past generation indulged in this absurd practice, some of them falling victims in the prime of their manhood. Fox, Pitt, Castlereagh, O'Connell, Canning, Wellington, Hamilton, Burr, Clay, Randolph, Jackson, and hosts of others well known to fame, once tried each to kill his man. Under the enlightened influence of Prince Albert, in England, and by a healthier moral sentiment everywhere, this relic of barbarism is fast disappearing. Soon, we may hope, it will not be heard of even in such places as Leadville, or Tucson, Tomblstone, or the ranches nearest the Rio Grande.