

The Home Circle.

FROM "THE CRY OF THE HUMAN."

"There is no God," the foolish saith,
But in me, "There is no sorrow,"
And nature of the cry of faith
In bitter need will borrow
Eyes which the teacher could not school,
By ways de graves are raised,
And lips say "God be pitiful,"
Who never said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

FROM "THE SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE."

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light
I love thee free as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints.—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
"Love her for her smiles—her looks—her way
Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and cortex brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and I vs, so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's winning my checks,—for
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through Love's eternity.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Written for The Progressive Farmer.

THE CIVILIZATION OF A CENTURY AGO AND THAT OF TO-DAY: A CONTRAST.

BY J. S. ALEXANDER, M. D., Charlotte, N. C.

II.—Horseback Riding; Fearful Diseases Epidemic; Prominent Schools.

So the improvement has been all along the line. When the Charlotte & Columbia Railroad was being built, those who were opposed to internal improvements (this was a plank in their Democratic platform) said that they would have but two loads a year, one in the fall and one in the spring. The Whigs alone had to bear the burden of progress. It was a grand old party, served its day and died in the heroic struggle to preserve liberty for the common people. Peace to the shades of such men as Mangum, Badger, Graham, Morehead and James W. Osborne.

In naming these worthy leaders we are reminded of

THE CHANGE OF FEATURES

in the last century. The men who lived one hundred years ago, lived in a rugged time, had to contend with rugged events and had the mark of rugged features as if to separate them from the mass of common people. Truly we had men cast in a heroic mould in the early years of the nineteenth century. Their like in all probability will never be seen again.

In those days the roads were not worked enough to keep them in a passable condition, and consequently all kinds of travel was done on horseback. It took very little to keep a horse, as pasture was wild and free; and

EVERY WOMAN WAS AN EXPERT HORSEBACK RIDER.

Young men and young women never thought of a buggy, and consequently buggies never came into use till the century was nearly half over. Carriages for family use in going to church or off a distance were used, but they were very few; only the rich folks or well to do people could afford to ride in such a turn-out. The old fashioned gig was used by some of the wealthy class. The gig was a two wheeled vehicle, for two people, had a top to it, and the motion of the horse was communicated to the gig, which made the riding anything but pleasant.

For the want of vehicles and good roads we naturally were a nation of horse-back riders, both men and women. A woman never looks so well or so graceful as when mounted on a superb horse. Long journeys were made by women, in the first half of the century, without fear. Journeys from five to seven hundred miles were not thought extraordinary, in fact, they preferred to make the trip on horse back to traveling in a wagon. In settling up the

Nos. 6 and 7 of our series of the World's Best Poets, arranged especially for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER by the editor. Taking the names of some of the most famous poets, in alphabetical order, from one to five of the best known productions of each will be given before taking up the work of the next author. In this series selections from the following poets have already appeared: Bryan, October, 1897. This month we are publishing selections from the works of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"new countries," as the territories and newly formed States were called, the people emigrated in wagons and on horseback.

In early days the people were not exempt from

THE FEARFUL SCOURGE OF SMALLPOX, the plague and cholera. It is strange that the people should be opposed to vaccination to ward off smallpox, a loathsome disease that has carried off its thousands every year in all parts of the world; but this has been their hostility to this preventive measure, ever since Jenner made the discovery that has immortalized his name as a benefactor of the human race. The plague, or "Black Death," as it was generally called, prevailed in the New England States in 1818. It came on with a violent chill, severe pain in the back, large splotches or ecchymoses would appear on various parts of the body. Insensible almost from the beginning of the attack, the patient was not conscious of his suffering. The majority of the cases died within eighteen or twenty-four hours. If they survived thirty-six hours they generally pulled through. Immediately after death the body turned black and decomposition was very rapid. It was said the nearest neighbors, in many cases, were not apprised of the sickness until they would see the ghost of the dead prowling about. It became so common for ghosts to appear that it was looked upon as nothing supernatural. But we could receive reports of this sort cum grano salis

ASIATIC CHOLERA made great inroads into this country in the first third of the century. It followed the great arteries of travel and commerce and attacked the towns on the Mississippi and Ohio with great violence. At Wheeling, W. Va., it appeared to have found a very appropriate place to expend its violence. It is said that the faculty of medicine there published dietetic rules for a guide for the benefit of the people, advising them not to eat indigestible articles, such as plums, cherries, Irish potatoes not well matured, sugar peas, etc. As soon as these rules were posted, about sundown, a young man called to his friend across the street: "Hello! Bill, I will bet you five dollars I can eat a pint of cherries and they will not hurt me." The wager was accepted, the cherries were eaten, and the corpse was ready for burial by midnight.

YELLOW FEVER WAS EQUALLY AS FATAL

in the first half of the century. When Dr. J. Marion Simms was having the foundation for the Woman's Hospital in New York dug out he removed 27,000 dead bodies that had been buried in the potter's field before the century was one-third out. The "Black Death" and

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—Lowell.

(To be continued.)

yellow fever created great consternation at different times in the first half of the century.

The War of the Revolution and the Second War with England in 1812-14 entailed comparatively little cost upon the country in comparison with the stupendous debts and taxes of recent years. The former were waged from patriotic principles, the last for what could be gotten out of them. In the

EARLY WARS OF THE COUNTRY but few pensions were given or asked for by the ex soldiers. Patriotism was the ruling passion of those who were willing to risk both life and property for their country. But in these latter days—say for the past forty years—pensions have been the cry, both by deserters and honest men. Whenever a politician thinks he can secure an office by appealing to the old soldiers, a pension is held out as a bait, and a hook baited with this kind of inducement seldom fails in procuring the desired result. It is now more than thirty six years since the Civil War closed, and there are still a million pensioners on one side of the great struggle; and on the other, nothing save the demand of their part of the pensions which amounts to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars with the end not yet in sight. The South was robbed of everything save honor; but with all these drawbacks she is now forging to the front with all that constitutes a grand civilization.

NO COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL were thought of in the early years of the century. Probably the main reason that capital was not arrayed against labor one hundred years ago was that money was scarce, but little produce was raised for shipment, markets were far apart; only at seaports and on navigable rivers could a market be found. Congress did not issue bonds except in the direst necessity. Wages were in keeping with other values. A Congressman's salary was scarcely one-half what it is now. Corn, wheat and bacon and all bread stuffs were a drug on the market. Nearly everybody lived on the farm. There were not a half dozen cities in America that had twenty thousand population at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Nearly all the solid wealth between the two oceans was to be found in the country on the farms.

Only in the Presbyterian settlements were schools to be found, except the most rudimentary kind. From the earliest dawn of the century nearly every Presbyterian church had a school-house beside it; in fact, it was considered as essential for the public good to have one as the other.

ECCLIASTICAL SCHOOLS OR SEMINARIES

were unknown at the beginning of the century, at least in the South. Almost every preacher had a class of young theological students. Ordinarily the churches were far apart. The seven churches built in Mecklenburg county in 1762, now embraced by three counties, are still flourishing churches, and now have many offshoots from the parent vines. Other denominations have come in and are flourishing with the increased population. The civilization has changed most wonderfully in the past hundred years.

SALEM ACADEMY AND THE UNIVERSITY AT HAPEL HILL.

North Carolina leads all the Southern States, if not the whole of America, in establishing the first female school in importance, patronized by every State in the South. The Moravian school at Salem was established about the closing year of the eighteenth century. The Moravians believed in education and acted wisely in educating the women first, knowing that men would not lag behind. The school is an honor to their church and a blessing to the country.

The University of North Carolina was established in 1795 and has been of great service to the State. It has been the means of disseminating learning in every branch of usefulness. There is not a State in the South or West that has not at one time or another been represented by North Carolinians educated at the University of the State. Her record has been glorious indeed, and we are sure the State has acted wisely in appropriating funds to make the University an institution that will rank with the foremost on the continent.

(To be continued.)

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.—Lowell.

Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C.

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of the Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty.

YOU ARE REQUESTED to join by sending us a letter on some subject of general interest, and writing therefor as often as possible. WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatler.

TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication. ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

I have been looking at the names on my roll book and must confess that the continued absence of so many members of our Circle makes me feel just a little blue in spite of my utmost efforts to continue the hope that they will eventually return. What has caused them to forsake us for so long a time? Does Aunt Jennie cold too much? If so, she will promise that she will try to do better in the future. But today is really the first winter day that we have had, and it may be that the beautiful weather has been too tempting to remain in doors or to think of letter-writing. Well, I hope all of this will change with the weather and that we shall hear from each member of our Circle at least once a month. I do not agree with Careless Tom in thinking that once every three months is often enough. A pleasure postponed is deprived of some of its sweetness. A duty that is, as it were, tied to your apron strings and can be put off from time to time is often left undone. Three months is so many weeks, and this week we simply promise ourselves that next week we will not have so much to do and can and will write to the Chat. Is it not true, and did you do so or did you still promise yourself that the next and the next until you have forgotten to write at all?

Harry Farmer's recipe for liver pudding is good, I know, and we should like to hear from him often.

I am delighted to know that Will Retlaw has not forgotten me, and I appreciate his generosity in offering a nice book as a premium for the best letter on "How to Make Home Happy." I hope to hear from many of you on this subject. May the competition be spirited. The premium is to be awarded the first of January. Now let us see who will be the fortunate person.

AUNT JENNIE.

WILL RETLAW'S GENEROUS OFFER.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—It has been quite a time since I wrote a letter to Social Chat—so long, in fact, that I suppose all of the members of that circle have forgotten me, perhaps, with the single exception of Tennessee Boy, who, I believe, was the last with whom I "crossed swords." But as he has since married and turned over a new leaf, I not only extend to him the right hand of fellowship, but also my congratulations, that he, too, has at last found one who can appreciate a good thing when she sees it. Let us hear from you, old boy. Tell us what you are doing, anyway. I'd bet you a brand new quarter my wife is a heap prettier than yours—now!

In regard to Sunday dinners and church going, a subject that has been discussed a great deal lately, I would like to say a word or two, by way of parenthesis: I do not think any man has a right, legal, moral or divine, to require his wife to remain at home on Sunday to cook his dinner while he dozes away in his pew at church. It's my private opinion that such men go to church on Sunday morning more to get out of helping their wives about home than for any other purpose. They argue that they work six days a week and when Sunday comes they want to rest. So far so good, but all w your wife the same privilege. I will say that I always assist my wife, not only with the cooking on Sundays, but cleaning up the house, sweeping, etc., so that we are free to go where we please, together; I never attend church without her, nor she without me. No, it is a sorry specimen of manhood that would require his wife to bend over a hot cook stove all Sunday morning to prepare him a nice warm dinner while he dozes away in some pleasant corner of a church. I only wish such men had wives with the spirit that mine has; I can assure you it would not be long before they would be the best little boys in the community and as

good cooks and housekeepers as could be found anywhere. No, I have little respect for any man who can do nothing but poke around with his hands in his pockets while his wife slaves away with her house work on Sunday. If he wishes a hot dinner, then let him help get it; if he is not willing to do so, then let him do without it or make out with scraps. It is no more the wife's place to work on Sunday than it is the husband's, and if there is work to be done, and must be done, then let the husband share the burden as he should. Men are not nearly so helpless as they would have it appear that they are, and wives should not allow themselves to be imposed upon, as they are in many instances.

Right here, I would like to speak especially to the book-loving members of Social Chat. To the member who writes the best letter on the subject, "How to Make Home Happy," I will give a cloth-bound book, either "A Story of an African Farm," "Tom Brown's School Days," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "Makers of Venice," or some other book by a well known author. Aunt Jennie will decide which letter wins the prize and the book will be sent to the successful competitor January 1st. Hoping to see many letters on this subject soon, I am,

WILL RETLAW.

Wake Co., N. C.

LIVER PUDDINGS.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Mary Jane is noted for her nice liver puddings, and some Chat readers may be interested in her recipe for making them.

Take as many pounds of coarse corn meal as you have meat and place it in the stove and roast it until it is a light brown. It will require constant stirring, very much like roasting coffee. Take the has let (lights, liver, heart, etc., after being nicely dressed, and place in a pot with a few pods of pepper; boil till very tender. Have just water enough to cover the meat when done. Then run the meat through a sausage mill or meat chopper to make it fine. It is best to use some cracklings if the meat is not as plentiful as desired. Then mix the meal, meat and cracklings thoroughly, using the water in which the meat was boiled to make the whole into a stiff dough. Flavor with cinnamon, salt, sage, etc., to suit your own taste. Stuff in large cases. Then place the pieces, after tying each end with a piece of cotton thread, in a pot of water and boil for one hour. Take out of water and hang up up to dry just like sausage.

We would praise these puddings to the highest, but we might cause some good lady who falls on the first trial to call vengeance down on our heads, or cause some children to kick the cover off the bed and make some tired farmer get up in the cold to place it back on the little fretful fellows. We do not want to eat more than one fourth our length, but some of the boys will eat four-fourths, if they have a chance.

HARRY FARMER.

Columbus Co., N. C.

CARELESS TOM WRITES.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I am glad to see that Happiness, one of the earlier contributors to our Chat, has recently written and set a good example for the rest of us by promising to write once each month hereafter. We should have a very interesting Chat every week if each member would write just once each three months, and it does seem to me that we might, each of us who reads the Chat this week, resolve to write that often at least. So many once familiar faces have been long absent from our Circle—among them, Eva Diamondon, Patience, Joe, Mrs. Jones, Ellen, Nellie, Lucy, Mrs. Backwelder, Pansy, Lucie, Water Lily, Mrs. McKinney, Virginia and Ruby, an excellent list of names. Now will not each of these make it a point to write once within the next three months, and will not each member of the Social Chat regard it as one of the duties of membership to make his appearance quarterly from now on? The Chat, I am sure, not only adds to the pleasure of its members, but also draws out the best that is in them, encourages the best expression of thought, and gives training in one of the highest forms of art, newspaper writing.

I read a great deal of advice as to reading habits. The point that needs to be most often emphasized, in my opinion, is that our people are giving too much attention to the

new books of unknown quality, the chaff on the surface, and too little attention to the books that have stood the test of time, and proved their right to immortality. Many find plenty of time to read the latest novel, whose characters and author will be forgotten five years hence, but neglect utterly the great masters,—the Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan, Milton, Scott, Bacon, Fenelon, Carlyle, Lamb, Ruskin, and our own Hawthorne, Irving, Cooper, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Poe and other—whose works will be read by the thoughtful and discerning "when you and I behind the veil have past." Why not read these works of known value instead of giving our time exclusively to the newer works, of which a recent writer has said

"There are not less than 20,000 novels written yearly. Of these some 8,000 probably are printed. Of these possibly 25 are above the ordinary and have merit. There are probably 10 that deserve much of the praise that reflecting and honest critics accorded them. Of all, not more than two are of positive high merit. Not more than one in five years is so excellent, so strong, so original, so pure and admirable as to style, of such moral tone and elevated conceptions of duty and character and of such consummate workmanship as to give it entrance into the community of the successful flosive writers.

Last winter one of THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER correspondents asserted that one of the prime causes of our non appreciation of good literature is that not one person in fifty knows how to read aloud properly. And I fear that among us this fine art is truly much neglected. Would it not be good training if in each family this winter some of the best works of the authors I have named should be selected and one hour or more each night given to reading selections aloud? Writing of this subject—reading aloud—recently, Hiram Corson said:

"The reading voice demands at least as much cultivation as the singing voice. Perhaps, in most cases, a five years' judicious training of the singing voice would result in greater excellence than a five years' equally judicious training of the reading voice. But what a ridiculous contrast is presented by the methods usually employed for the training of the speaking voice, and those employed for the training of the singing voice! If any one would sing, says Ware, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles; and only after most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. If he is even learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend, in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest, and most expressive expression. If were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor that he might master its richness and delicacy of expression."

And in this booklet, too, Dr. Corson points out what I regard as our most common mistake in reading aloud. I will let the Doctor tell of it in his own words:

"Emphasis is regarded by many readers as the all-important thing; but it is really the least important. Any untrained voice can emphasize. The difficult thing to do well is the opposite of emphasis—the slighting of certain subordinate parts of the discourse. Whatever is sufficiently implied, or should be taken for granted, or has been anticipated, and, in short, all the outstanding relations of the main movement of thought and feeling, require to be slighted in expression, in order that they may not unduly reduce the prominence and distinctness of the main movement."

But I am not an authority on this subject, and have mentioned it simply to get others to thinking of it and of Dr. Corson's views. I should like especial for our teachers to give this some attention.

CARELESS TOM.

Each man stands at the centre of a great network of voluntary influence for good. Through words, bearing and gesture he sends out his energies. Oftentimes a single speech has effected great reforms. Oft one man's act has deflected the stream of the centuries. Full of a single word has been like a switch that turns a train from the route running toward the frozen North to a track leading into the tropic South.—Newell Dwight Hills.