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REMINISCENCES

OF THE

PAST SIXTY YEARS

BY

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"The History of Mecklenburg County."

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THESE REMINISCENCES

Are cordially dedicated to the memory of the Confederate Soldiers of the grandest army that was ever marshaled in battle array, to protect the inestimable blessings we inherited from a patriotic ancestry. As long as the love of liberty finds a resting place in the bosom of the Anglo-Saxon race, so long will the memories of that wonderful period—from 1861-1865—ever remain indelibly stamped upon the memories of those who love liberty above everything else.

May their posterity ever keep in mind that this great fight was kept up for four years; the South having enrolled 600,000 soldiers, and the North 2,800,000, nearly five to one.

Our great leaders were high-toned gentlemen, who did not *boast* of destroying property wantonly, as the enemy did in the Shanandoah Valley of Virginia. We would rather be left without a country, than be conscious of having gained the victory at such a price. Our officers and men did their duty, and are not worried by a guilty conscience.

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PREFACE

In order to preserve History, as it occurred in Reconstruction times, it is deemed necessary that those remarkable events that happened to our people at that time, should be recorded by one who lived through the reconstruction period. Persons who were born since the termination of the great Civil war, cannot have any correct idea of the sufferings of the inhumanity inflicted upon the Southern people. It is probably well for the country that the Confederate soldier was blinded by the promises made them by the officers to whom they surrendered, or they never would have laid down their arms, suffering themselves to be tied hand and foot, and insulted and made to drink to the dregs the bitter cup of defeat. We had a moral right to believe when our parole said, "return to your homes and repair your wasted fortunes, build up the interests of your state and you shall not be molested." How we were deceived! Not by Gens. Grant and Sherman, but by the United States Government, in spite of their great Generals. Blatant statesmen who sniffed the battle from afar, but failed to appear where brave men congregated, were ever ready to insult those whom they were afraid to meet in battle array. They showed their bitterness of soul in imprisoning Confederate officers and men on trumped up charges of negroes and scalliwags, whose evidence would not be tolerated in a Magistrate's Court of Justice. The Southern people for more than one hundred years had

been free from petty tyranny, and could not tolerate tyrannical treatment, hence they appealed to The Ku-Klux-Klan for relief. And this organization was all that saved our Southland from the fate of San Domingo.



REMINISCENCES OF

DR. J. B. ALEXANDER

FOR THE LAST SIXTY YEARS

A Day of Mourning

A people without a written History, is prima facia evidence that they have never accomplished anything of value, or suffered from tyranny. These pages will contain some of the indignities that the South was made to endure from 1865 to 1875. In the month of May 1865, the last of the Confederate armies surrendered, were paroled and sent to their respective states; with the assurance they should not be molested, and were urged to repair their broken fortunes, build up their dilapidated and wasted farms, their interrupted schools and colleges. We thought the war with all its attendant horrors was passed with the surrender of Gen. Lee's armies. But those who lived through the war and endured its hardships, are free to confess the hardships of war are not to be compared to the cruelties of the reconstruction period. This time will forever stand alone in the calendar of Nations, unapproachable.

When our soldiers returned to their former homes, which they had left four years before to contend for all that was dear to those who loved freedom and independence, they felt the bitterness of defeat, and were stared in the face by poverty. Our wealthiest citizens were reduced to want. One who had been worth half a million in 1861, told the writer he had just borrowed ten dollars from a grocery merchant, (there were 6,000 Federal

soldiers here who had money and traded for groceries), but said he had no regrets to make for the course he pursued. Our people were most miserably poor, but no true soldier was ever known to express sorrow for his action in the cause of Southern independence. Cotton sold for a fabulous price immediately after the war, but the Government taxed it 3 cents a pound; a bale weighing 500 pounds was taxed fifteen dollars. Rob the people of the South to increase their wealth, notwithstanding they never hesitated to grind the Southern people into the dust. They not only taxed every thing we raised, but stamped a tax upon every thing we were forced to buy. Every pair of shoes, boots, hats for either men or women, together with all wearing apparel. A tax was affixed to all official papers; and it was made obligatory to enter into a written contract with a man, negro or white man, to work a crop, and such paper had to have a stamp attached costing all the way from fifty cents to several dollars, owing to the amount you were to pay. Even a receipt a merchant gave his customer when he paid for his bill of goods. Why was all this? We were forced to pay our part of the war debt, not pay any part of the Confederate war debt, ignore it altogether. All our property in slaves, notwithstanding the Yankees stole them from the jungles of Africa and sold them to us, set them free without any compensation, and confiscated millions of acres and many homes throughout the South. North Carolina was taxed \$3,000,000, to pension Federal soldiers every year. This we have been paying every year since the surrender, and the end is not yet in sight. There is no other country on the face of the earth that could stand such a drain.

At the time of the surrender of the Confederate armies in 1865, our country was in a most deplorable condition. Many of our women were anxious about the homecoming of their husbands and sons, and others that were dear to them. Some of the soldiers who were in North-

ern prisons were delayed for months before they were permitted to be at home with their families; and many of them died in prison, unable to reach home, so reduced from sickness and starvation, that might have been avoided. Many Southern homes mourned for husbands and sons who never came.

This is a dark picture indeed, and one we take no pleasures in holding up to view, but as it is a part of our history it is proper that it should be known to the world. From the beginning of the war to its close, we had 220,000 Southern soldiers captured and confined in Northern prisons; 270,000 Federal soldiers captured and confined in Southern prisons; and 5,000 more Southern soldiers died in prison, than Federal soldiers, notwithstanding they out numbered us 50,000. These figures—which the Federals admit—tell a wonderful story. An exchange of prisoners would have obviated all this suffering and saved thousands from dying in filthy hospitals. The blame lies wholly on the Federal side. We may allude to this unpleasant subject further along. We wish to mention the fact that many of the Northern States scarcely felt the weight of the war.

It is not surprising that supplies of all kinds were exhausted in the South, when this was the theatre of war from start to finish; when our system of labor was every where interfered with, and in many places destroyed, with the utter destruction of all grain and supplies of all kinds. In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia the Federal Generals reported to their Government that the destruction of feed stuffs was so complete, "that a crow would have to carry his rations to fly over the valley." And then use the plea that the "Southern Rebels were starving Union prisoners." Some misrepresentations are, and should be, more heinous in the sight of God and of men than others. The Confederate soldiers in the field did not have more than half rations, and we gave prisoners of war as good food as our own soldiers had to

fight and subsist upon. Such treatment should not be forgotten.

The South was always ready and anxious to exchange prisoners, but the last two years of the war the North thought it the part of wisdom not to exchange. They acted as if they thought it best for their men to remain in prison, than the Southern army should be increased by the exchange. The great crime of permitting so many thousands of human beings to perish in prison, when by speaking the word they could have been transferred to healthy quarters, this crime will have to be answered for at that tribunal from which there is no appeal. Quite a number of the Northern states were not hurt by the war. The most of their troops were foreigners, fresh from Europe, they were paid a bounty, and driven against the Confederate lines, against men who were fighting for their homes and all that was dear to them.

When Peace was Made

When peace was made our country instead of rejoicing, was cast down into the deepest mourning. And indeed it was a time of mourning and sadness with all those who loved the South. We had lost everything but honor. Our people knew not what was in store for them; but looked about to see what could be done, and did not sit down in idleness, but went to work to make a living for himself and family. He found his farm run down, the negroes free; his horses and mules mostly had been carried off for service by the army, and many of what were left were in sorry plight. All of our crops had been planted and a part of them worked over the first time. Through the immediate section around Charlotte, the Federal army had not penetrated up to the close of the war—for which we were thankful. Scarcely a negro in Mecklenburg county remained upon the farm. It was hard for them to realize that freedom was thrust upon them if they did not leave home. They collected in vast numbers around every town and village. The greatest pressing question was how was our crops to be worked. Our cotton crop was small, as our chief aim was to raise bread stuff, to feed the army. So it did not require as much labor as when cotton was planted. Various schemes were tried to get the crops cultivated. We kept a large garden to supply the negroes with vegetables, and this we turned to account by hauling to Charlotte and selling the vegetables to the Yankee soldiers. They would buy almost anything we had, if they could not steal them, and then curse us for asking a good price. There was 6,000 troops stationed here to keep us in *subjection*, and to protect the negro. If it had not been for *mean* white people, there would have been no mean negroes. It is wonderful how

well the slaves behaved and worked to feed the Southern army during the war. A case of insubordination was extremely rare. An assault by a negro upon a white woman was unheard of during the Civil war. They acted as a safe guard for the women and children of the South. Nor since that time would we have had any trouble with our former slaves, had it not been for mean white men—scalliwags, and freebooters that followed in the wake of the Federal army; the very offscouring and spawn of Northern civilization.

The Freedmen's Bureau

This was the Pandora's box from which issued many of the evils that produced discord between the races. In almost every instance the Agent appointed to attend to the Freedman's Bureau was a dishonest character, and of course irritated our people. A great number of our people were summoned to appear before the Agent. Any trumped up charge by a negro was sufficient to have our best men in the country to appear in person before the Agent, whether charges were true or false, convenient or inconvenient, he had to attend court. I will give a few instances of the Agent Co. proceedings. In the fall of 1865 I was notified that my presence was wanted in the Freedman's Bureau for not treating certain colored children humanly. I obeyed his orders, and came down, some 17 miles, and no witness appeared against me. I demanded of the Captain to know why I was compelled to attend his court, neglect my own business and find him not ready for trial. He said "You will have to appear in my office this day week." Suffice it to say I did not appear till notified. The next time I was ordered to appear, and when I got there he was trying Lock Gibson for whipping a negro, he had no evidence of the fact, but was venting his spleen upon Mr. Gibson in a most outrageous manner; intimating that he was a bad character, had sworn falsely, and threatened to put him in jail, as he said he would do the Harrises of Cabarrus county. At this point I arose and said, "I know Mr. Gibson, and you can depend upon whatever he says, his neighbors give him a very good name." Here the Capt. turned upon me with the fury of a Hyena, cursed me, threatened to put me in jail, and ordered me out of his office if I could not keep my mouth shut. He was up walking about while cursing me. I got up and started out when Mr. Gibson put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Doctor, all this cursing and abuse is

on my account, come back and I will stamp his livers out of him." To an uninterested spectator, Mr. Gibson seemed to be master of the situation; the Capt. or Agent looked wild, as much as to say, "I wish I was out of this." Occasionally those who were in command had quite an unpleasant time in executing their edicts. Another time I was summoned to appear before Capt. Barnett for whipping a fifteenth amendment on a certain day, I proved to him I did not have a negro on my farm at that time.

The Capt. said he may have been mistaken about the day, but he knew I was a hard master. There was one of my former slaves sitting by and I referred him—Capt. Barnett—to John. The Capt. asked him if I was not a hard master. John remained silent. I told him to answer the question, but to tell the truth. John answered, "well sir, he didn't whip often, but my lord, when he did whip he made it count."

Another case in which I was interested and I will leave off personal reminiscences.

In the fall of 1866 I was summoned to appear in the "Freedman's Bureau with regard to not paying Bob Berry for four months work—\$32.00." I did not get down until the day after the trial. Here I found a new Agent—one Shaffer, who proved himself a vile character in after life. I asked him to open the case and allow me to introduce certain evidence to show that the negro had not been on the place since the surrender. He said, "No, you ought to have been here yesterday, but you were afraid to meet the colored man, I'll make you pay the bill." I replied, "if you will step out of this office I will settle with you in two minutes." He ran into the back room to arm himself, when Mr. Sam Harris rushed in and took me by the arm, saying "come out of this, don't you know they have 6,000 troops here, and will put you in jail? Stay out of this office, and I will have another day appointed for a new trial." Time passed on and when the trial came on another man had charge of the office, who appeared will-

ing to do what was right. I never saw Shaffer again until 1897, when I had a chance to tell him of his meanness, *and I told him*. There was a very estimable gentleman, Mr. V. Q. Johnston, living ten miles north west of Charlotte, engaged in farming, working his place with free negroes; one of his men became very insolent, quit work and told Capt. Johnston he would report him to Capt. Shaffer. In a few days Shaffer sent for Capt. Johnston to appear in his office the next day. Next day he rode down to the Yankee's office, and then he found his negro sitting by the side of Shaffer, looking as if they were on a par. Capt. Johnston asked Shaffer what he wanted with him. The Agent said, "this colored man has preferred charges against you." "State your charges," said Capt. Johnston. Whereupon the Captain asked him why he cursed him. He said "because I got you where I want you, and you can't help yourself." Capt. Johnston walked out and hastened up street and entered the first store he came to, and seized an axe handle, returned to the Freedman's office and began to pay the negro for his cursing; the negro appealed to the Agent for help. But he said he could not help him, he would have to have recourse to the state courts. Capt. Johnston whaled him until he was satisfied that both the negro and his friend, the Freedman's Agent, had learned a wholesome lesson.

How a Farmer Tricked a Captain

Mr. A. H.—was farming in Mallard Creek, and had much difficulty in getting his help to work diligently; so he tried what virtue there was in whipping; the negro said, "I'll have you up before the Captain, so I will." Mr. A. H. mounted his horse and beat the negro to town, and called on the Agent—presenting him a five dollar bill—and said he wanted a written permit to whip his servants when they refused to work when told. The Yankee looked at the money and said he reckoned a little whipping was necessary, and wrote the prescription. When the negro came in, he discovered that he was too late. The negro was often used as the cat's paw, and mostly had to suffer for it. But the following case shows where he came out ahead. John Henderson, a thrifty mulatto who lived four miles from town, on the Beatties Ford road, had his house broken open and robbed by some Yankee soldiers. John came in town as soon as he heard where his household goods were deposited, and applied to the General in command of the post for help to regain his goods; he even designated where some of the guilty parties were camped. But the General put him off, saying he could not afford to have his soldiers arrested for petty larceny. John also said he could not afford to have his house robbed of things he had worked hard to obtain. The General replied, "I am sorry my friend, but I have a heap of bad men, and you had better slip off home and say no more about it, for they may do you very great harm, maybe kill you." John said goodby and started home. No doubt the Yankee thought the matter settled, but John determined to bide his time. In the course of ten days, when he was plowing cotton one evening a Yankee colonel came galloping by on an elegant bay horse; John's

time had come; he called his wife to take his mule and put it up for the night, as he had to go away awhile. He judged correctly where the colonel was going; as he was nearing the house he saw a bright light through the windows, the fine horse hitched at the rack, in a moment he lifted the halter from the rack, led him a hundred yards, then mounted and started for Gaston county; made arrangements with a man to sell the horse for him for 150 dollars. He got home just at 4 o'clock; but before he got to sleep he heard some one knock at his door; when he got up who should he meet but the same colonel who galloped by the evening before. He enquired if a stray horse had passed. John said he worked hard all day, and he slept so sound that he could hear nothing at night.

John thought he came out about even in the steal. This Freedman's Office transacted a great deal of business, which was ostensibly for the negro's benefit, but the shrewd Caucasian soon found out the easiest way was to grease the itching palm of the Yankee. In the course of two or three years the negroes quit the office, and tried the courts.

A Mule and Forty Acres of Land

It is still a mooted question who gave origin to the startling announcement that every negro who voted the Republican ticket and stuck to the party, should be given a mule and forty acres of land; but it was very effective in binding them to vote as their leaders told them. They would not allow one of their color, under any consideration, whatever, to cast a ballot for the Democratic party, under pain of severe handling.

A negro by the name of Tom Alexander, who was owned by my father, continued on the farm till the end of the year 1865, when he took his family and rented a farm and made a good start in the race of a freedman's life. He was a mechanic, did rough carpenter work, builded chimneys; only the well-to-do people could afford to pay him one dollar per day wages; and Tom thought as the well-to-do people gave him work so that he could support his family, it was eminently proper for him to vote with the people who favored him. This one act turned the entire negro race against him, with their scalliwag adherents. This caused a great deal of talk, and all the best white people took sides with Tom. He continued to vote with the Democrats until 1872, he said his life was threatened unless he quit being a "white folks' nigger." He was abused and his children whipped until the persecution became unbearable; and passing by the house of one of his enemies, the negro rushed at Tom with a heavy handspike whereupon Tom shot him dead. He ran off to a friend, a white man, and told him what he had done; he was advised to keep dark till he would consult a lawyer and see what his chances were. The lawyers advised him to take "leg bail," that the judge and all the officials belonged to the party in power, and that he certainly

would have no chance, notwithstanding a prominent Justice of the Peace said he could raise \$500 to aid in his defence. He made good his escape, and several years afterwards he sent his photograph to his wife, as much as to say, "I'm all right." The days of Reconstruction were days of gloom; no man's life was safe; rape and burning was the order of the day. The entire South is under an everlasting debt of gratitude to that splendid army of men known as The Ku-Klux-Klan, who saved us from the ravages of those who hated us, and *loved plunder*.

The negroes were told by prominent white men, who had turned their back upon the white race, "that if you can not get what you think you should have, appeal to the god of turpentine." The negroes and scalliwags and Col. Kirk's East Tennessee cutthroats were ready for any inhuman work that the Devil would suggest. Over in York county, S. C., my sister, Mrs. Dr. Fewell, told me that she saw one evening from her door, seven gin-houses burning at one time. Yes, verily the Ku-Klux was all that saved us from a most horrible fate.

First Election After the War

We were graciously permitted to look on at the first election held in reconstruction times in the fall of 1867. All the principal men in the state were disfranchised for having aided or abetted in the war between the States; all who ever held office in the state, or the United States and afterwards assisted in "the War of the Rebellion." All who had been members of Congress, State Legislature, Governors, Justice of the Peace, Constable, or Post Masters were disfranchised, and all those who bore arms against the United States. And every negro who could be persuaded to wear a man's clothes was voted to elect the Radical party, and also to vote for their freedom. The negroes voted their own freedom, and their enfranchisement. There never was a greater farce enacted; but it was made valid, although the negro was as unfit to exercise the right of franchise as a mule. Quite a number of white men were present, but only the scalliwag element were permitted to vote. This election was continued for three days, the judges of election carrying the ballot boxes home with them at night, and bringing them back next day; this operation was repeated for three consecutive days. When this stupendous farce of voting the negroes on the question of their freedom was done with, the ballots were not sent to the county court house to be verified, and the result reported in Raleigh, that the entire vote of the State might be known, but was sent direct to General Canby, in Charleston, S. C., where he kept his headquarters for the Military District assigned for his rule; embracing his territorial sway in Reconstruction times. General Canby was Autocrat of the two Carolinas. He was a tyrant indeed! Shades of departed worthies! Men who had no superiors in the civilized world, who ruled North Carolina

and South Carolina in the fear of God for the good of their fellow citizens; to fill their positions with men whose only fitness resulted from the fortunes of war. Laws were enacted from Canby's office just as effective as those put forth by the Congress of the United States. And the penalty for not obeying this code of laws, would be enforced to the letter. Our people were in a helpless condition, and had to submit when they saw no way to get around the disagreeable. The services of the Invisible Empire were often called upon, and sometimes answered with a vengeance. All orders were made in Washington, but came by the way of Gen. Canby.

After the election in 1867, we had a wonderful Legislature for North Carolina. The members were from almost every state, but were mostly of one political complexion. One preacher from Yankeedom, was a candidate for the Legislature of North Carolina, but was so fresh from the North that he said, "Fellow Citizens, I appear before you as a candidate for a seat in the House of Commons of the great State of New York." The idea of such cattle being foisted upon the glorious old county of Mecklenburg, and the State of North Carolina. A stranger, having been absent from the State for twenty or more years, and not having heard of the changes, and suddenly let down into the capital in 1867, would either have thought himself crazy, or the Legislative halls were filled with the insane of the State. Just think of it; twenty-seven corn-field niggers who did not know their names, or who their fathers were. Instead of having a limited time for the General Assembly to sit, say thirty or sixty days a year, they held a continuous session for three hundred days without interruption at seven dollars per day.

They were not a bit stingy of their valuable time, especially as they were drawing seven dollars a day—a high price for carpet baggers and ordinary field hands to legislate for a great State.

The great object that these vampires had in view was

to put money in their purse, nor did they care how they succeeded, so that it brought the cash. Millions of money were voted, in the shape of bonds, to build railroads, in all parts of the State, but the roads were never built. But the bonds were issued, then sold for whatever they would bring, the proceeds were used in paying off the *hands* of the so-called Legislature! All these debts were charged up to the State, for which the State did not receive one dollar. This was nothing short of a conspiracy to rob the State. Every public office was filled with scalliwags and fresh Yankees who had come amongst us to hunt some undiscovered source of pilfering in the State. Court costs and fees were doubled, and their crowd filled the offices to grow fat off the unfortunates who had the cost to pay. The University of North Carolina was dismantled by this crew, our honored faculty were driven from their homes, and camp followers put in their places. The student body of young men, lately out of the Confederate army, also left at once, whither they had gone to finish their education; many of whom were disabled soldiers. These Yankee professors had a high old time in holding sway over the University of North Carolina, with half dozen little boys dressed in round-about coats. A great many volumes of the elegant library were carried out and scattered about in the campus, and left exposed to rain and dust, sunshine and storm in winter and summer! Was this all? Alas, no; they used some of the finest halls for stabbing cattle! Halls that were once graced by President James K. Polk, Thomas H. Benton, George E. Badger, Wiley P. Mangum, William A. Graham, John M. Morehead, R. H. Morrison and hundreds of others whose names will live as long as the Anglo-Saxon race continues to lead in all that is best in the world. This is history, although disgusting to high toned people, it is right and proper that our young people should know how we were ruled over in the days of reconstruction. Let this period never be forgotten, and we can ward off a similar time in the future.

How Justice was Dispensed in Mecklenburg at This Time.

In the month of Sept., 1865, a gentleman in the eastern part of the county had his smoke house robbed; he secured some blood hounds, took them to the place of the robbery, they at once yelped on the trail and went straight to Charlotte, and were about to enter a lot, when the Federal officer of the day forbid those who were so near the stolen property to advance any further. The ex-slave was protected in stealing the white man's bacon. They were shielded in all kinds of meanness, until they thought they had but to flee to the Yankee, as to a house of refuge. In the course of a few months this illusion proved that it was only a snare. The Federal soldier was the cause of many a negro being severely whipped. With a few mean white men would hold secret meetings at night, generally in negro churches, and at these meetings every conceivable form of devilment was planned and afterwards put in execution. The Ku-Klux was a necessity to stop the operations of the Red Strings. A common way they had to call one of these meetings, was to place a pine brush in the crossings of all the roads; to call the attention of all negroes when walking about. The negroes spent much of their time—at night—running from pillar to post, to catch all the news that was current.

This was the time there was affected a wonderful change in the general health of the negro race. All the restraint that was thrown around the race in slavery, was cast aside; a complete metamorphose was effected in him when freedom was thrust upon the race. They no longer had a master or mistress to look after their well-fare. As cold weather approached there was no one to have him supplied with comfortable quarters; wood to keep him warm at night, good clothes to keep him comfortable while doing his necessary daily work, suitable food to supply the waste of the body and nourish the tissues that

have become exhausted. In slavery they were fed on fat bacon, corn bread, cow peas, buttermilk and all the vegetables they could eat. They were prevented from all manner of dissipation, and required to be in their beds by nine o'clock. A system of patrolling kept them from running about after night, exposing themselves to all kinds of weather, losing sleep, rendering them unfit for work; this system was essential for the welfare of the negro's health, and for the financial interest of the master.

Persons born in the last forty-five or fifty years have but a very imperfect idea of slavery in the Southern States before 1860. Negro slaves were first introduced in this country in the first years of the 18th century, between 1690 and 1705. The people of New England were naturally a sea-faring folk, and from this time on, for one hundred years were much engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa. The different nationalities in the Dark Continent were continuously at war with each other, and the prisoners taken—on either side—were sold into slavery. These people were naked savages when captured in battle, or taken up in the interior; they knew naught of wearing clothes, but were savages indeed. They were cannibals while roaming through their jungles, but soon learned that a more civilized diet was equally as healthy and as toothsome. This African slave trade was kept up for more than one hundred years; slavery was legally incorporated in every state till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Northern people found they could not make slavery pay, then they sold their negroes down South; long before this wholesale movement was inaugurated, they were in the habit of giving away their negro babies, separating mother and child with as little compunctions of conscience as the Free niggers give away their over plus of blind puppies. In their inhospitable climate the babies would not pay for raising, consequently they did not raise *stock* of any kind, that was unprofitable. After getting clear of all they had, having

sold them to Southern people, and got their price for them, they made loud lamentations that the Southern people should be so hard-hearted and wicked as to hold their fellow man in slavery! Such blatant hypocrisy was never known amongst a people who boasted of their great learning. These people had left their European homes to escape the tyranny of the old world, and then with a sanctified air would whip a Quaker or Baptist who refused to worship after the Puritan manner. We are not surprised that the descendants of this same race of people would turn to be abolitionists when slavery was recognized in the Southern States, and would agree with Mr. Lincoln, that "the States must be all free or all slave." These same people two hundred years, or less ago, enticed Indians from various tribes aboard their ships and sold them as slaves in the West Indies. And then encouraged insurrection among the negroes in the Southern States.

The descendants of such people held the offices throughout the South during Reconstruction times. No wonder we were made to feel the bitterness of defeat. Some persons will ask why bring the behavior of forty years ago so prominently before the minds of the present generation? Our reason is plain; this is part of the history of the times, and should be known to the sons and daughters of the Confederacy. I am sure the true sons of the South have no apologies to make, or regrets to express for their actions in the war for constitutional liberty.

The days of Reconstruction will forever stand alone, wrapped in political blackness, when crime stalked through the land unabashed by the light of day. Crimes of the vilest character were unpunished; the court officials being so corrupt that the guilty were turned loose, as much as to say "the bottom rail is now on top," we will protect you in your villainy. The officers of the law at that time as purchasable as they now are in Life Insurance Companies. Then political influence was the great lever to prize with as money; cash is the great motive power to effect the desired object today.

Historical Address

Strange that it never occurs to a people that they are always making history. Periods of quiet when everything moves as if in a groove, appears to a casual observer as a kind of passive existence, never considering that still waters run deep; giving no token that hidden forces are at work in the minds of men that may shake continents or disrupt empires. During the best days of our Republic, from '40 to '60, the average citizen never dreamed that we were on the threshold of a revolution of gigantic proportions whose results may not be fully known for a century to come. For the mad race today by the few, to accumulate colossal fortunes at the expense of the many, is a pointer worth considering, even if the surface is calm, as to what the future may speedily develop. But our business is not to 'deal in futures,' but to record 'deals' in past decades. We may not be able to correct that which our fore-fathers neglected, but it is ours to avoid mistakes in the future. Had the immediate descendants of our Revolutionary ancestors been careful to have substantiated the facts of history with written documents and monumental shafts, the questions that are at issue today would have been fixed facts that our enemies would not attempt to controvert. Had our ancestors but placed a stone tablet, or an iron column five feet high in Independence Square, with the names of the signers on it, the matter would have been beyond dispute. Had the copies of the original Declaration given in 1793 to Dr. Williamson and Gen. Davie not been stolen, and the newspapers filed in the office in London not be perloined, all would have been well. Gov. Stokes affirmed that he saw a copy of the Mecklenburg Declaration in Raleigh, while Governor, in the handwriting of Jno. McKnitt Alexander, dated 1793, ante dating the burning of the Alexander house seven years; even this is now denied by the unbelievers. All human testi-

mony goes for naught by those who are determined not to believe the truth. The secret of the whole trouble is somebody else wants the honor; hence on account of our seeming carelessness we have been robbed. To avoid similar troubles in the future a mark should be placed at every point of historic interest. North Carolina is rich in historic reminiscences, and each place should be marked where valiant deeds were enacted. Nor should these marks be restricted to the early history period of our State's existence, but let it extend to a time within the memory of men now living.

A little less than forty years ago we lived in a period that was historic indeed. Even prior to this time the wise statesmen and prognosticators of coming events saw rising in the Northeast a cloud of fearful portent; although not larger than a man's hand, yet it had that bloody hue that portrayed a condition that would not down, without appealing to the arbitrament of the sword. The time had come when the spirit of compromise could no longer be invoked. Our people were exceedingly loth to turn their backs upon the Union; but when called upon for troops to coerce a sister state and destroy her sovereignty, we could do nothing less than espouse the cause of the South, or bring reproach and disgrace upon the splendid fame of a heroic ancestry. On the 20th of May, 1861, North Carolina severed her relations with the Federal Government. Our people looked back to the natal day of liberty with a feeling of state pride, and determined to preserve our sovereignty by reclaiming our just and inestimable rights on the 86th anniversary of independence. Although we failed of success, the spirit that prompted the effort was none the less patriotic. Hence we should not allow the 20th of May, 1861, to be forgotten or fail to have it remembered with as holy a pride as we cherish that of May 20th, 1775. Success does not always prove the right, as the fate of Poland and Hungary abundantly testify. North Carolina was slow to cast the die,

but the last to quit the fight. She could give but one hundred and ten thousand votes at a popular election, but when duty demanded it she gave 120,000 soldiers. No other state gave so many men, or sacrificed so many lives upon the altar of Liberty. Virginia furnished the greatest generals, but North Carolina supplied the means by which their fame was achieved. Gen. D. H. Hill's defence at South Mountain with 4,000 men, holding the pass for 24 hours against the combined army of the Potomac was heroism indeed; and should be placed to the credit of North Carolina, and appropriately marked that generations to come may rejoice in the bravery of our Hill and his followers. The same may be said of him at Bethel where North Carolina made the first sacrifice of life, and her troops gained a decisive victory for the cause of constitutional liberty. A strange coincidence, that on the same ground on which the American forces successfully visited and gave the death blow to British tyranny, that the lovers of constitutional rights 80 years afterwards, should have gained a signal victory over those who would have enslaved us. It matters not where great achievements were made, or victories won, whether on land or sea, whatever honors our soldiers honors our State. There were few battles fought but what N. C. troops acted a conspicuous part, and reflected credit upon their State. Their soubriquet was indicative of their sticking qualities. Gen. Jas. H. Lane of the 4th brigade, whose name was the synonym of bravery, although a native Virginian, has ever been a strong defender of the gallant Tar Heels. In the fights around Richmond in '62, no other troops suffered so heavily, or contributed more to drive McClelland under the cover of his gun boats. On the retreat from Sharpsburg our army was sorely pressed by the enemy as they crossed the Potomac. Maj. Morris of the 37th N. C. Regiment in command of the rear guard was ordered by Gen. A. P. Hill to about face and charge the enemy as they essayed to cross the river; one color-bearer after another

was shot down, the flag staff cut away, Morris seized the bunting and waving it aloft rushed into the thick of the fight; he was surprised by a slap on the shoulder by Gen. Hill, who asked what troops are these, he replied a part of Lane's Brigade, the quick rejoinder was 'brave men—brave men.' As the enemy were driven back to the water's edge they threw down their arms and cried for quarters. Col. Morris ordered his men to cease firing, repeating the order three times, but they refused to obey the order until all who had crossed the river were put hors-de-combat.

President Davis in his great work says not less than 3,000 dead bodies floated down the stream. At Gettysburg this same command, lead by Old Red, as his men were pleased to call him, crossed the enemy's works on Cemetery Hill, and not being supported was captured 150 yards beyond the breast-works with twenty of his men and Capt. Will Alexander. This act should be established by having Col. Morris to locate the place and see that a permanent mark be erected on the spot. Col. Morris was not released from prison until after the war was closed, hence there was no record in the military reports, and it is more than probable that Gen. Lane has never been apprised of the result. Virginia claims the credit of Pickett command having approached nearer the enemy's works than any other forces, and published the same to the world. Virginia has enough to be proud of without robbing a sister state of laurels fairly won. These facts can be proven today, but will be hard to verify if not established while Col. Morris is still living. Many similar instances of daring achievements by N. C. soldiers are on record in the various reports of commanding officers, which can be referred to by those desiring information on this line. It would be a pleasure indeed if the truth of history would permit us to exhibit only the bright, brilliant and happy side of the picture of that memorable epoch and keep concealed all that was ugly, mean and vicious.

But truth demands that every lineament and feature of that bloody and cruel time should be presented, whether it pleases or displeases the multitude. The young people should know the facts, so they may be able to form just conclusions. I am aware that comparisons are objectionable, and at times said to be offensive; but nothing short of a parallel at least, will answer to show the spirit with which prisoners were treated. There is so much history connected with prison life, that it may be well to state that during the four years struggle the Northern army captured 220,000 Southerners, while the Southern army captured 270,000 men of the Federals. When Fort Sumter surrendered, not one of the garrison was put in prison; all were immediately paroled, allowed to retain their side arm, permitted to salute their flag with fifty guns, and sent back to their homes. This courtesy on the part of the South was highly creditable to our civilization; and characteristic of our people, never to rejoice over a fallen foe that showed bravery in battle.

Three months afterwards observe the difference, how the enemy proposed to treat our prisoners. At the battle of Manasses, the Federal army had every reason to anticipate a brilliant victory. They were superior in numbers, and better equipped in all the material of war. So confident were they of success that many officials and civil dignitaries accompanied by their wives and daughters, came from the capital to witness our discomfiture. But the fortunes of battle disappointed them, and their flight was precipitated, did not stand upon the order of their going. They left upon the field as an evidence of their hatred to our people 30,000 pairs of handcuffs. Great God what a thought, the idea of descendants of Revolutionary sires being made to wear the yoke of bondage, with manacles upon their limbs like galley slaves, to be lead through the streets of the Capital to grace the triumphs of a conqueror. Horrible thought! May their names perish and their memories have no place among

honorable men! This same spirit that actuated those people then, pursued us for seven years after hostilities were closed. So much has been written in Northern histories of cruelties perpetuated on Federal prisoners that is absolutely false, that we would not be true to ourselves, or true to our past history, or true to all that pertains to our civilization, if we should permit these charges to go unchallenged without a protest. To prove their allegations they executed Capt. Wirz upon the gallows—the commander of Andersonville prison. He was condemned before his mock trial began. His refusal to accept his life and liberty, as a bribe to implicate President Davis, sealed his doom. It is a well authenticated fact that President Davis exhausted every effort to have the prisoners in Andersonville exchanged; and when the Federal Government refused, he sent a delegation of prisoners to Washington to lay before Congress the impossibility of the Confederacy to furnish the needed supplies of medicines and proper food for the sick, and offered the Federal Government transportation to send the needed supplies of medicines, appropriate food and clothing to be distributed or dispensed by their own surgeons to their own sick. This offer was declined. As a last resort Mr. Davis offered them several thousand of their sick without exchange—for humanity's sake. After three weeks delay this offer was accepted; not for humanity's sake, but to have the miserable captives photographed, and their pictures sent broad-cast over the country, if possible to increase the fires of hatred against the South. They were willing to spend untold millions of money and sacrifice thousands of lives for a sentiment, but unwilling to contribute a dollar to relieve the suffering of their own unfortunate soldiers who were dying in prison for the want of the necessaries of life. When Lee and Johnson surrendered, respectively to Grant and Sherman, they were apprised that the people of the several states should at once reformulate their State Governments and be

recognized in the Union as the equals of any state that never withdrew. The stipulations of the surrender of the S. C. armies were approved by the powers in Washington, *on paper*. But the political rule of the following seven years failed to correspond with the agreement. The fight was now over, and those who were afraid to face the dangers of battle were now anxious to appear at the front. The truism of all the ages now exemplified itself, 'that cowards are always cruel, while the brave are generous.' The little souled fellows who had great regard for their pusillanimous carcasses now rushed to the front and clamored for the blood of those whom brave men would have honored. During the Reconstruction period we were ruled by the very spawn of bastardy; nothing was legitimate. With a military satrap in Charleston, S. C., to dictate laws and have them executed in the two Carolinas, by a thief in Columbia and an apostate in Raleigh. The people were placed between the upper and nether millstones and ground into the dust. The great object of our enemies was twofold, to rob and humiliate us. Every device that the ingenuity of incarnate fiends could compass was brought into requisition to accomplish their purpose.

The Freedman's Bureau was a prolific source of annoyance to the white people, and no benefit to the negro; but was the cause of much injury to him. They would put the negro into mischief, the white Yankee would get the spoils, and the poor negro would get the punishment. The negroes deserve much credit for their good behavior, when we consider how they were tempted by Yankees and scallawags. The most disgraceful and contemptible work done by the Bureau was to rob the negro of his wages by making trades for him with his employer; allowing him three to five dollars per month, and the Bureau agent get the same amount. And at the same time, for a consideration, give the employer a written permit to use the lash at his discretion. *Mirabile dictu*.

A Yankee officer stealing from a nigger! My countrymen, my countrymen! To what depths can victors fall!

This leads us to speak of taxes during Reconstruction times. Never amongst English speaking people were taxes imposed so heavily, without *some* benefit accruing to the people who paid them. Cotton, the great staple of the South was taxed three (3) cents per pound—from twelve and a half to fifteen dollars per bale. A stamp tax ranging from a few cents up to an unknown amount, was required on every paper. A note of hand, or a written contract with a negro to work a crop, without a fifty cent stamp, was null and void. So also was a receipt from your merchant when you paid your bill. Stamps were placed on everything; on ladies head gear, as well as on the bottom of gentlemen's boots; on your matches with which you lighted your taxed candles to drink your taxed tea out of taxed china, or write a business or love letter on stamped paper. A Yankee official was asked if they intended to kill our goose to get the golden egg, he said no, that he had something better in store for us; that they would continue to squeeze the goose and make it lay forever. Not being satisfied with robbing us, they incited the negroes to burn gin-houses, barns and dwellings. They followed the teachings of Joe Holden, who told the negroes, "If you don't get what you think you should have, appeal to the god of turpentine." With white leaders claiming to be their friends, they were not slow to do the bidding, when a second thought would have shown them they were running into certain destruction. Hence arose the necessity for the Ku-Klux organization. The Ku-Klux-Klan was all that saved us from the horrors of San Domingo. Notwithstanding the Klan was cursed, and every approbrious epithet was heaped upon it, yea, and many of the members tortured to death in Northern prisons—to it we owe in great measure, the salvation of our Southern country. The fear of the Klan had a most salutary effect upon the wicked and vicious element that

was turned loose upon us in that reign of terror. These facts constitute a part of our history, and should be preserved, if only to let posterity know that our march in progress has not always been smooth. The story of Randolph Shotwell should be printed in our school books, that every child in North Carolina may be able to appreciate his splendid heroism. A man who would willingly sacrifice himself for his friends, the people of North Carolina, is worthy of all the honors that his State can confer. And the ladies of the State have honored themselves in erecting a monument to the memory of their best friend, Randolph Shotwell. It is also appropriate for them to consign the name of his traducer to an ignominious oblivion. Scheming scalawags and Carpetbaggers organized a League—largely composed of negroes with a sprinkling of scurvy whites, known as Red Strings. The prime object was to keep the Radicals in power, not the State, and trample the best white people into serfdom. Gen. Canby gave his cordial endorsement to this political crime against the best interests of the State, 25,000 of our citizens were disfranchised, and every negro that could be induced to don male attire were led to the polls and voted like a herd of cattle. Certificates of election were given by Canby (headquarters in Charleston, S. C.,) to whichever candidates were in accord with his wishes. The code of laws put forth by this Tyrant were unique. A few of which I will enumerate. No minister of the Gospel was allowed to administer the Sacraments of Baptism or the Lord's Supper, or to solemnize a marriage, unless he would swear on the Holy Evangelists that he never aided or abetted in the war of the rebellion—under penalty of fine and imprisonment. No woman was allowed to marry unless she would first take an oath to support the Constitution—under penalty of fine and imprisonment. A few years later when the news was flashed over the country that Capt. Jack of the Modoes

had buried his tomahawk in Canby's brain, no wonder an audible smile passed over our country. Our most excellent code of laws were abrogated; laws that had been recognized as just and good to protect society from the evil disposed for many generations, were declared null and void by the word of a military satrap. The whipping post, stocks and pillory, were declared relics of barbarism; and in their stead was established the penitentiary—a school for scoundrels, well equipped with all the necessary adjuncts to make it a complete success. Many new-fangled ideas were introduced, entirely foreign to our former civilization.

Believing that they alone were the chosen people, and possessed all the wisdom, it was incumbent on them to Yankeeize the South. By the grace of our conquerors, twenty-seven cornfield negroes, who could not write their names or tell who their fathers were, were elevated to seats in our Legislative Halls to formulate a Constitution and enact laws for the people of North Carolina, at seven dollars per day, without any limit as to the number of days they should sit; so not to appear stingy of their time, however valuable they may have considered it, they gave 300 days out of the year in helping their bosses to rob the State, and fill their own purses. Under this rule the long suffering patience of our people would have made the Patriarch Job ashamed of his claims. During this period millions of debt was saddled upon our people, from which we did not receive one cent of benefit. Our school fund was stolen, and not a public school was taught for seven years. Long lines of railroads were chartered, bonds were issued and sold to build and equip the same; the money was stolen and squandered, and not a mile of road was built. If truth was not stronger than fiction it would be impossible to believe that such a band of thieves could have held high carnival in North Carolina under the full blaze of civilization in the last half of the Nineteenth Century. The Governor was in full sympathy with his

party, and fearing some obstruction might cross his path, he sent to East Tennessee for a band of cut-throats under one Col. Kirk to arrest any who should oppose his edicts. This fellow Kirk, Capt. R. P. Waring once described, as 'not a man, but a cross between a Hyena and the Devil. This same hightoned and patriotic gentleman—Capt. Waring—six months after the surrender, when peace reigned over the whole country, was arrested by order of Gen. Canby for saying in his paper, "We live under a military despotism," carried to Raleigh, tried by a military court marshal, condemned before he was heard, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$300 within five days or go to jail for six months. This reign of terror for seven years should have been sufficient to have converted any Universalist in the South of the falsity of their doctrine, or at least made them think, if there was no Hell there ought to have been. It was during this dark period of our history that all eyes were turned to Hon. Z. B. Vance to deliver us from the hands of our enemies. He proved a veritable Sampson in the camp of the Philistines, drove them from their strong holds, and lead our people to victory, peace and happiness. God bless the memory of the grand old Patriot.

Why was President Davis Not Tried for Treason

There is a spirit abroad in the land to smooth all asperities, so as not to jar the auditory nerves of the æsthetic. Beauty of diction and pleasing expression is always to be commended, if there is no sacrifice of truth. But as the world wags in our time, romance will have much to answer for at the shrine of truth, as regards historic facts. Harmony and the concord of sweet sounds, holds an exalted position in the mind of many writers and declaimers, attempting to display the beautiful rose as if no pricking thorn was concealed beneath its blushes. When opposites come together with great gush after long estrangement, their protestations of love should be accepted *cum grano salis*. The truth of History must be vindicated by those who participated in the war, if posterity is to be acquainted with the facts as they occurred. In order to correctly understand the incentives that gave rise to the feeling of hatred and intolerance on the part of the North towards the people of the South, it is necessary to investigate why such a spirit should have found lodgment in those people, and why they should have proved such an excellent culture for the propagation of fratricidal germs. We have a right to infer, reasoning from analogy, that the germ theory pertains to the mind with equal potency, producing and entailing through heredity, evils as pernicious to character, as their counterpart does in bodily ailments opening up avenues of disease that will sap the vital energies. After carefully examining the primordial elements interwoven in their character, we are not surprised at the particular kind of morbidic granulations outcropping during the dark days of this historic period. The Puritans, oppressed and persecuted till life was a burden, braved the dangers of the sea and the wilderness for the sake of religious freedom. For this we honor them. But their disposition became soured

through long years of suffering, the sunshine of contentment found no lodgment in their breasts, but instead a stern bitterness; and with their enlarged freedom they mistook license for liberty, and became merciless oppressors of all who differed from them. Quakers and Baptists who refused to subscribe to their code were whipped, and if that failed to bring them to terms, they were carried far into the wilderness and left to the mercy of wild beasts and more savage men. Unfortunately, this spirit of intolerance did not die with the earlier generations, but was through heredity sufficiently active to be the ruling spirit even for a decade after 1861. Here was the Pandora box from which issued discord virulent enough, if given the power, to have converted the white race of the South into perpetual slavery. In the city of Boston, the Rev. Dr. Leland, a professor in the Theological Seminary in Columbia, S. C., and one of the most noted divines in the country, while on a visit to the friends of his childhood in ante-bellum times, was denied the poor privilege, in his old age of preaching in his father's pulpit; but was prayed for by the pastor, that the good Lord would open the eyes of the poor miserable wretch who thought it no wrong to hold property in slaves. However unpleasant certain facts may sound to some people of culture, yet it is necessary to refresh memory in order that the present generation may catch the true inwardness of the times that would produce such results as we propose to discuss in these pages. To arrive at a just conclusion of our subject, one that has never been publicly discussed, it is necessary to hold prejudice in obedience, and examine the facts of the case, as a jurist weighs evidence, and allow the public to render the verdict. We are frequently criticised for saying the past ages were better than the present. In many things the criticism is just, but in the past it appears to have been an unwritten law to commemorate the virtues of patriots and heroes; and if

aspersions were cast on honored names, the most eloquent orators defended their fame when assailed by calumny. For more than a decade Mr. Davis held exalted positions in the councils of the government. No blur ever stained his character, or whisper uttered against his patriotism. He was the idol of Mississippi, and the peer of the ablest statesmen in America. Such confidence did the Southern people have in him, in his ability to champion the grand principle of State rights, to lead a nation struggling to be born, that against his protest, he was elected to the Chief Magistracy without opposition. To formulate a government for ten million of people, to begin *de novo*, in the very throes of a gigantic revolution, to maintain the supremacy of the civil authority while organizing larger armies, and that too, in the face of an enemy vastly superior in numbers, and having the advantage of a thoroughly established government, with a well equipped army and navy; and having all the munitions of war that a great and mighty nation could desire, besides the world to draw from, and having the prestige of victory in all the wars of three-fourths of a century, truly it was a herculean work thrust upon him. Yet with the invincible spirit of our Southern people, prompted by love of liberty, they did not hesitate to pick up the glove, when the gauntlet was thrown down.

In making an analysis of our defeat, any enquirer can see that in a long drawn contest, where the ratio was five to one, the wonder is we were not overwhelmed in half the time it took a world in arms to accomplish our subjugation. In the cycles of futurity, Mr. Davis will be regarded as an organizer of government not a whit behind the Prince of Orange, or the most eminent characters of State craft in either the old or new world. But to fall short of success is adjudged by the world as scarcely less than a crime. Success, and only success wins the plaudits of mankind.

It is said that National songs index the character and

desires of the people; and the authors of such songs or popular airs, exert a more powerful influence than Statesmen or warriors. If this is true—and we have every reason to adopt it as absolutely true of every people on earth—then the Federal song, “Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,” was expressive of their desires. In fact there is not a shadow of a doubt but this was the burning desire of the Northern people.

When the Marseilles Hymn is sung or played, every Frenchman is enthused with patriotic impulses. When the strains of Dixie are wafted on the breeze—from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—the heart beats faster and fond memories of the past rush upon us unbidden, so we forget all else for the moment, but the love we cherish for the endearments of our Sunny South. A handsome young midshipman, born and raised in Charlotte, was resting in his hammock one beautiful starlight night on board his vessel in the harbor of Vera Cruze, during the Mexican war, was playing his guitar, accompanying it with his melodious voice, “The Old North State,” and as the last strain died away, he was answered by a shout from the Infantry of his native State, who unknown to him, were bivouacked on the shore. There is nothing so arouses the energies of the soul as a popular air expressive of the people’s desire, whether the song be an anthem of love, hate, or revenge. “Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,” was not only a popular air in the Northern States, but was used in the nurseries, training the children to the idea that Mr. Davis was a traitor, and that a traitor’s doom should be given him.

Some persons who seem to have an extra supply of the milk of human kindness, offer as an excuse for this devilish spirit, that it was a time of war. But the truth is this animosity had been developing for a generation against the South, and was now ready to assume *action* instead of sentiment only.

Hence it is pertinent to raise the question, “Why was

President Davis not tried for treason?" Being the exponent of the Southern cause, and Commander in Chief of the army and naval forces, he at once occupied the most prominent place in the Confederacy; and was recognized and denounced by the North as the "Arch traitor of the rebellion." At the close of hostilities—knowing the enemy were thirsting for his blood, he made an effort to escape and find safety in a foreign land. He failed in his effort, was captured and placed in the strongest prison in America, and to make assurance doubly sure, he was heavily ironed and confined in a dungeon. When all that we hoped from the Southern Confederacy lay blasted, when the last stake on our checkerboard had been swept out of existence; our soldiers with spirits crushed, were seeking their homes they had left four years before to battle for their rights, with scarcely enough rations to sustain them on their homeward journey. Hoping to meet their wives and little ones, who stood on tiptoe of excitement and expectancy, but in hundreds of instances suffering from the pangs of hunger, while others were liable to arrest. While our fallen chief had a price of \$100,000 offered for his arrest, dead or alive. He was captured and taken to Fortress Monroe; in three days he was heavily ironed. A weak old man, worn out with care, everything lost, the armies of the Confederacy disbanded, himself a prisoner, and in irons! In the strongest fort in America, with more than one million of soldiers in their army that could have been used to guard him, if they wanted or needed them. But vengeance was a sweet morsel to roll under their tongue. With more of the paraphernalia of war than could be used, the whole of a mighty nation thirsting for his blood, and he a captive and in irons! What an appalling sight for men and angels to behold. The popular histories of the day place the whole matter in a false light, in which the young people are taught to believe that his life was spared through the generosity of his enemies. A more glaring falsehood was

never offered a people for their acceptance. And if we remain silent and permit their version to pass uncontradicted for **an indefinite period**, it will give a credence that post-humous histories will not be able to overcome. The great leaders of public opinion in the North, looked at only one side of the question. They were trained from childhood to regard everything in the South as connected with slavery, and that slavery was the sum of all villianaries. They never stopped to think that their ancestors introduced African slavery, and even urged its continuance after North Carolina and Georgia prohibited the importation of slaves. So long as there was a profit accruing to their section they not only continued the trade, but kept their slaves. And when their occupation as traders ceased to bring them gain, their eyes were opened to the enormity of the sin. Yet they did not hesitate to separate mother and child, as the offspring was considered of no value. Hence they gave away the babies, as some of our negroes do puppies. Slavery was not the cause of the war, but was made the pretext. It was distinctly understood by the fathers of the Government that State Sovereignty was to remain intact. It was for fear of losing this great prerogative that caused them to annul the articles of confederation and change the name and basis, to that of the Government of the United States, preserving the autonomy of each. In the treaty of peace with England each State or Colony was specifically named, recognizing their individual Sovereignty. After signing the articles of confederation the wise statesmen saw the tendency was to a consolidated empire, and a reconsideration ensued, wherein this agreement was cancelled, and a union of states was formed, each State reserving all rights not delegated to the general government. Kentucky and Virginia passed resolutions (of which they have always been proud) as a safe guard against encroachment of the new government upon their reserved rights. North Carolina, ever zealous of her

sovereignty, delayed joining the compact for nearly two years, not being fully satisfied that her rights as a sovereign State would be fully recognized and accorded her; but when this doubt was removed, and the way was clear that no State was to be held to an agreement that was unjust to the people, or dishonorable to the commonwealth, she cast her lot with the family of states. Upon this basis of reasoning, when a sectional President was elected, the Southern States deemed it their duty as Sovereigns to withdraw from the Union, and resume their prerogatives and all powers of which they were originally possessed.

They now organized what was known as the Southern Confederacy, and elected Jefferson Davis, President. The Constitution adopted was almost identical with that of the United States, except it was definitely fixed that no state should be coerced into submission to the tyranny of the other members of the Confederacy. The greatest legal minds of America have given their opinion that a State did not lose its sovereignty by becoming a partner in the Union. Hence if this is true no man in the Confederacy who took up arms in defense of his country could be guilty of treason. With this assurance of right, President Davis demanded a trial on the charge of treason for two years while confined as a State prisoner in Fortress Monroe. President Johnston was informed by his Attorney General that it would be a dangerous procedure to attempt the trial of the great exponent of States rights, as the weight of evidence was in his favor. The United States government was in a dilemma of very great magnitude; the infuriated multitude were crying aloud for his blood, saying, "for what have our people suffered if this arch traitor is allowed to go free." The wrath of their pent up fury that had been accumulating for four years, was held for him. Probably no man occupying high position had been so bitterly cursed for two hundred years; but the authorities now had their eyes opened,

and feared the result of a trial. If the trial had proceeded and President Davis been acquitted, their condition would have been unenviable indeed. They could trump up charges against Captain Wirz for cruelty to prisoners, and against Harold, Payne, Atzert and Mrs. Surat as accomplices in the assassination of President Lincoln, put them through the mockery of a trial, and hang them like dogs—with impunity. But when they thought to try the President of the Confederacy for treason, they found they had more than an elephant on their hands. The great question now was, what to do with him. They did not dare to proceed with the trial when the law, according to the opinion of the Attorney General, Mr. Chase, and other men of legal prominence, was in the defendant's favor, and they knew full well that an acquittal would be a glorious victory for the South, and overwhelm the United States with confusion and ignominious humiliation. So after two years of most cruel imprisonment, the powers in Washington released him on a bond of one hundred thousand dollars for his appearance at court when wanted. The idea prevalent in the North, and to a wide extent in the South, that President Davis was not tried for treason on account of the magnanimity and unmerited mercy accorded him by the Government of the United States, is absolutely false. We know they took delight in oppressing our people in every way they could devise; that no opportunity was neglected by which they could humiliate us and make us feel the bitterness of defeat; and to think of them being magnanimous in the case of our fallen chief, is too ridiculously absurd to consider. Consequently the only possible reason "why Jefferson Davis was not tried for treason," was they knew the verdict would be the establishing the right of secession. However unpleasant this view may appear to those who condemn the action of the Southern Confederacy as treasonable, yet the fact remains potent to every lover of truth and fairplay, that our cause

was both just and lawful. With this understanding of the facts, no one should be surprised that every Confederate veteran is proud of the part he acted. For several years after the surrender, it was not uncommon for a Northern man to ask a Confederate "If he was not sorry for the course he pursued in the war?" And to the honor of the Confederate veteran be it said, I never heard of one but gave the prompt reply, "I have no regrets to express or apologies to make." And in testimony of our sincerity we should see to it that no ex-Confederate be allowed to suffer for the necessaries of life. See to it that the truth of that historic period is taught to our posterity. See to it that their minds are not poisoned with false statements; otherwise in generations to come, our names will be stigmatized as traitors. 'The use and fall of the Confederacy,' by our great President should be treasured as a book of priceless value, taught in all of our schools and colleges. If it is considered of importance to preserve the fair fame of North Carolina and have her honors transmitted through future ages untarnished, we must establish this great truth and not only on the page of our country's history, but have it imparted in the hearts of our offspring while thousands of veterans are still living. The truth of the great struggle as we see it, should be taught in all of our schools, both public and private. The virtues of our great President who guided the ship of state through storm and tempest while the Confederacy lived, nor once let go the helm till all was lost in the maddening surge of a world against him, deserves the lasting honors and gratitude of all who loved our flag, the stars of hope in the Southern cross. It has been said by his enemies that he was cruel, vindictive, and revengeful. Let us see. In the early part of the war, it was thought 75,000 three-months men would be sufficient to whip the South back into the Union. In a few months we captured evidence at Manassas of their diabolic hatred. Instead of cruelty holding a prominent place in his nature, its oppo-

site was so manifest, that he was sometimes chided for it by his friends. It is a burning shame that any man should oppose the building of monuments to perpetuate—as object lessons—the memory of those who suffered and died for the cause of local self-government, for the liberty bequeathed us by a heroic ancestry. It should be our chief delight to honor patriotism, truth, justice, and love our fellow-man, therein endorsing the course we pursued.

During the early months of the war, masses of the Northern people, and even their leading men, had no conception of the magnitude of what they had undertaken. They at one time supposed that 75,000 three-months men could quash the insurrection—as they were pleased to call it. They appear never to have thought we were prompted by love of country, and that we owed allegiance first and only to the State. After the fall of Fort Sumter the rancor and hatred of the Northern mind reached fever heat, and only thought how the so called Rebellion could be crushed and the Southern spirit be broken. They showed a spirit that reminds one of Burns' description of Tam O'Shanter's wife, "who sat knitting her brows like gathering storm—nursing her wrath to keep it warm." Many of the elegant stores in Washington city had placed on exhibition in their show windows, cords tied like a hangman's noose, and marked, "Jeff. Davis cravats," declaring to the world the fate that awaited the President of the Confederate States. How mortifying it must have been to them when they utterly failed to realize the cherished desire of their lives. It is well for the reputation of the United States that those who controlled were forced to respect the majesty of the law, and at last refrain from the horrid crime they so eagerly contemplated, or the disdain and contempt of the civilized world would have been visited upon the government, condemning it for all time. If these facts be taught to your children, and passed on down into posterity, that they may be able in the gen-

erations to come, to refute the slanderous charge that we are under obligations to the Federal Government for *clemency*, and also prove that we were patriots in the truest and highest sense. No man ever led in a nobler cause, or adhered to principle with more tenacity than President Davis. Possessing the confidence of his people, he deserved success. Sobriestky and Kosuth are notable examples who missed the plaudits of the world BECAUSE they deserved a better fate. Away with the idea that only those who contend for the right succeed.

The world is full of examples where the right has been trampled in the dust, and its opposite elevated to the highest position. Mr. Davis was a man of marked ability; having filled many of the most important positions in State and national affairs; his service was always effective, and his character both as a citizen and public official, without a stain. When the fires of passion and of sectionalism shall have died away, his name will shine in the galaxy of American statesmen as a star of the first magnitude.

Few men have lived in the nineteenth century who in the acknowledged element which constitutes, in the Saxon understanding of greatness, have surpassed Jefferson Davis. He was, to begin with, a born soldier and when asked late in life by his daughter—Winnie—to express the summum bonum of his ambition, replied, to break squares with cavalry.'

He won Beunavista by adopting Hanabal's renowned use of the V-shaped movement. A scholar of universal range, acquired no one seemed to know how or when in a life of unvarying action, an orator of no mean parts, as was often testified to by the most diverse audiences; he survived all his contemporaries to write like Caesar a classic of his own great doings. The first two hundred pages of his history is an example of close-knit logic, the equal of which it will be hard to find in any literature. Not Jefferson himself has so welded the links in vindicating

the supremacy of the States, not alone as constitutionally warranted, but as needful to the charter's existence. He had the isolation of many great men—of Caesar, Wellington and Washington; but was a kindred spirit of Sidney Johnston, Lucius Lamar and Dick Taylor; while for men like Bedford Forest, Pat. Cleburn and John B. Hood, he had the pride of a preceptor. He bowed to no man; but for Robert E. Lee and Bishop Polk he felt a respect almost equaling reverence. He wrote half a column one day on Ben Butler and made his infamy immortal. Martyrdom was imposed upon him, trial denied, torture tried upon old and feeble limbs, all the hired pens employed to defame, his very courage, which shone like a fixed star, lied about and weakness imputed to a nerve, which the Numidian Lion could not have faced without quailing. Having carried through an eventful travail the weight of an empire, destined to death in birth, he held aloof from common companionship in his later years and personified the dignity, self-respect and obedience of a thwarted, proud people, pledged to peace and an abandonment of their undertaking by the thin thread of a promise, behind which however was honor. It will be an ill day for decency in general and American decency in particular, when his name is suffered to become dim and musty through the lapse of time.

Introductory to Unwritten History

In the spring time the farmer prepares his soil for planting seeds before noxious weeds appear to interfere with the early and all important process. The great idea in choosing this time is many fold. First that his crop may have time to ripen before the frosts of winter come; second, that it may have a fair start in advance of pestful plants that would choke the good grain; and third, the genial sunshine and early rain is specially adapted to favor the growth of tender plants, and lastly the farmer now has time, which later on he could not have in the rush of summer work. With the seed bed rightly prepared, and cultivation given as required by the various plants, an abundant harvest may be expected. This is the spring time for planting the seeds of knowledge. Care must be taken that only good seed is sown. Books gotten up by those who are unfriendly toward us should not be tolerated in our schools; for it is more difficult to eradicate error than to teach truth. First impressions are always the most lasting. Many books—so-called histories—speak sneeringly of the South, and prevent the truth, having a strong tendency to turn the minds of the young against our common South land.

With this view in mind I propose to discuss some of the unwritten history of the war period and the days of reconstruction. The history of this period will probably never be written, except in a fragmentary manner, which is unsatisfactory to the student.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF THE WAR PERIOD FROM 1861-'72.

In a historical point of view, unrecorded facts and events are as damaging to a people as down-right falsehoods. As some sins are more heinous in the sight of God than others, so a misstatement of facts will work serious

injury to any people. The great bulk of the histories of the South for the last forty years have been written by enemies of our people. They have perpetrated frauds and falsehoods in the name of history; and our people being over credulous adopted such books in our schools, sowing the dragon's teeth, until the minds of our young people—to an alarming extent—have been poisoned, and are ready to believe as truth, that we most wantonly and wickedly, without cause, precipitated the war between the States. They appear not to consider the aggressions of the North, or that we were possessed of sovereign rights. That no State was obliged to remain in the Union when dominated and tryannized over by a combination of other states—destroying state sovereignty, and defying the fundamental law of the land. There was no provision in the Constitution by which our peculiar institution could be disturbed or destroyed. But the constitution guaranteed us all rights compatible with sovereignty, and when a President was elected on sectional issues only—not receiving a single vote from the South, it was high time to consult about our rights and our safety. The highest statesmanship as well as common sense dictated the only course we could pursue, consistent with true patriotism. If the outside world had been neutral, we could have whipped the fight in less than half the time it took a world in arms to subdue the South—notwithstanding they had five to our one. The truth of the old addage, that it is a filthy bird that will defile its own nest verified by Southern people turning against the South.

We admit with shame, for the sake of truth, that the South furnished a half million men to the Northern army to secure our own defeat. A sad commentary on Southern patriotism. 200,000 slaves were also enrolled in the Northern army to insure the subjugation of the South, constituting a larger force than we had of true patriots. Let the truth be told and recorded in history, even if it should reflect on our own people. Truth is what we most

desire. But we must also have the truth on the Northern side. The truth of history is as necessary for a retrospective view of a people or country as a family record is of individual members. If the true history is grand and glorious, it should never be hidden in obscurity, or become dim and musty with age, and thereby assuming a mythological appearance. But should it be vile, cowardly, and appear in false colors, let the sheep's clothing be torn from the wolf, and the lion's skin be stripped from the stupid ass. This is our country, and the truth of history must be vindicated. During the first century of our political existence the doctrine of state sovereignty was not questioned. While a dependency of England each colony was regarded as a unit. When peace was made between England and this country, each colony was regarded as a unit. When peace was made between England and this country, each colony was specifically named, thereby recognizing the sovereignty of each. In fact never denied until the life of liberty was crushed out in '65, in our heroic attempt to preserve constitutional liberty. The truth of this fact no one will deny who is versed in our past history. The States would never have formed a union had it ever occurred to them that sovereignty was to be sacrificed. The true history of those eventful years should be preserved in its truthfulness, that the world may know it.

Any item of importance left untold, from whatever cause, should be condemned as severely as the publishing of arrant falsehood. From 1850-1860 every effort consistent with patriotism and true manhood, was exerted by the South to preserve the Union in harmony; compromise after compromise was offered to preserve peace and harmony between the North and South. The infidel representatives of the Republican party boldly asserted that if the Bible endorsed holding men in slavery, it could be no Bible for them. They could not deny the institution was not only tolerated by the constitution, but guaranteed the right of chattel slavery; hence they

denounced the constitution as a covenant with death and in league with Hell.

In the celebrated senatorial contest between Lincoln and Douglas, the former proclaimed it in unmistakable language, that the States must be all free or all slaves—directly in the face of the fundamental laws of the land. Until the fifth decade of the nineteenth century the constitution was regarded as sacred, but after that period it was treated with contempt, and trampled under foot as an unholy thing. Is there a history in existence in which you can read that Mr. Lincoln expressed the determination that the States must be all free, or all slave, and directly afterwards swore to support the constitution? Did he swear the truth, or did he swear falsely? The following years of his life gave ample evidence that the latter was true. As soon as inducted into the Presidential office, with the oath still warm upon his lips, to support the constitution and execute the laws, he attacked and subverted the highest law of the land in waging war upon the States that refused to submit to the tranny of the party of Hate. Then began the most diabolical crusade ever inaugurated against a free people struggling to preserve constitutional liberty. But few of whose fiendish acts have ever been recorded in history. Lest these infamous acts should pass from the memory of men now living, I propose to hold up to public view a few facts that have not been recorded, that the 'truth of history may be vindicated.' The raid of John Brown upon Harper's Ferry, incited by radical hatred in 1859, is treated in history as trivial offense, unworthy of anything more than passing notice. When in fact it was the forerunner of the war, giving a fore-taste of the manner in which it would be prosecuted. No note of alarm was sounded, the citizens retired to rest with their accustomed feeling of security, peace appeared to reign as calmly as ever before; when suddenly they were aroused by the hostile invader bent on murder and servile insurrection. A number of the best citizens were butchered

before the assassins could be overcome and captured. John Brown was tried by the laws of Virginia, condemned and executed. The righteous act of executing the just laws of Virginia, in hanging a murderer, fired the heart of the entire radical party. Hatred and venom and malignity of this party toward the South, was now belched forth with a determination to win the fairest portion of America. Northern history has scarcely a word of condemnation to utter, yet for each anniversary of the old murderer's death—for more than a score of years—was celebrated with music and flowers amid the ringing of church bells and poems of praise sent heaven-ward, where fortunately such characters are never found. This was the initiatory step of hostilities that was to deluge this country in blood. Instead of retaliating we still courted peace. Secession or unconditional submission was the alternative left us. We chose the former with all its dire consequences—supposing the war would be conducted according to the rules of civilized warfare.

We were assured by the Government at Washington that the garrison in Charleston harbor would not be increased or the defenses strengthened, yet in less than forty-eight hours their promises were broken, and men of war were present to relieve Fort Sumter. Broken faith on the part of the U. S. Government, precipitated the conflict that took a world in arms four years to terminate. The entire garrison of Fort Sumter fell into our hands.

The prisoners captured were permitted to retain their side arms, and to salute their flag as we sent them home. By way of contrast, see how they prepared to treat our men if they should be taken prisoners in the next battle. 30,000 pairs of hand cuffs were brought to Manasses to lead the Southern army in chains to Washington! Great God, was it their earnest desire to save the Union, or was it their devilish hatred to Southern men that prompted them to seek our humiliation? Their histories on this subject are as silent as the grave. Such humiliation was

sometimes put upon captives under the Caesars and barbarous people in ancient times; but it remained for the radical party alone for the last 2,000 years to attempt to humiliate captives that might fall into their hands by the chances of battle. Search Northern histories until the sun goes down in eternal gloom, and you will find no record of this dastardly purpose.

Immediately after the seven days fight around Richmond in '62, Gen. McClelland appealed to his government to have the war conducted according to the rules of civilized warfare. His suggestion was treated with profound contempt, and the Gen. was at once relieved of his command; nor would he have ever been restored, had the U. S. Government not been forced through dire necessity to place him in charge to save the Northern army from certain defeat and disastrous rout at Sharpsburg and South Mountain. Gen. McClelland was decidedly the ablest general the North ever had in the field. But being a Democrat he was always regarded with suspicion by the powers in Washington, and notwithstanding his successful management of the Maryland campaign, he was again relieved of his command—never to be restored. In fact it was their rule to snub a Democrat Gen. and overlook the blunders of a Republican. Even worse than blunders—the most damnable crimes were not only passed by without a reprimand, but were encouraged by the government. When Col. Tuschon captured a small town in Mo., where some Confederate cavalry had captured and destroyed some army supplies, he told his men that he would shut his eyes for two hours—in which time every house was robbed and the women brutally assaulted. For this fiendish outrage, Gen. Buell had Tuschon arrested, tried by court martial and dismissed from the service in disgrace. The findings of the court were sent to President Lincoln for his approval. He at once approved the findings of the court, and inclosed the same with a commission of Brig. General for Col. Tuschon. No history has ever recorded

these horrible crimes—crimes black enough to place the name of the commander in chief with that of Attila.

The summary execution of twelve innocent citizens for one Union man missing—claiming that he had been killed, or was spirited away by a company of Confederate cavalry, but who afterwards returned. No record of this murder of twelve citizens was ever made in the popular histories of the times.

Yet the fact was so notorious that the Confederate congress out-lawed Gen. McNeal, the Federal commander. Orders were issued for him to be killed wherever found. After this the U. S. Government sent him to the far west to guard Indians, that he might never be captured. The renowned Gen. John H. Morgan, whose fame filled both hemispheres for undaunted valor and daring deeds, surprising the enemy, destroying their commissariat, swapping horses with the enemy when his own were exhausted, was shot down in cold blood, his body thrown across a horse and carried off for recognition. Gen. Morgan, at the time of his murder was making his escape from the Ohio Penitentiary; he stopped to rest and get some food from a house by the road-side, was betrayed by his hostess and brutally slain. The truth of his taking off has never been given by the histories of the times.

A plan was projected to release the prisoners in Richmond and sack the city by a bold dash of calvary, lead by Gens. Custer, Kilpatrick and Col. Dahlgreen, from three different directions; they came within six miles of the city. Custer and Kilpatrick only reached our outer works of defense, and were driven back with the loss of several guns and many horses and men. Dalhgreen came nearer succeeding, but was killed, with the loss of more than one hundred persons; on his person was found an order that had been read to his command to release their prisoners, fire the city, kill Pres. Davis and his cabinet. These prisoners, according to all military law should have been visited with the death penalty; but the great humanity of

Mr. Davis pardoned them on the plea that they were but tools in the hands of an incarnate devil. Col. Dalhgreen's body was buried in a cemetery. President Davis immediately directed a communication of the fearful attempt to murder, to the commander of the Northern army, who denied all knowledge of the affair. Strange that a commanding General should not know the whereabouts of his greatest Lieutenants—with several pieces of light artillery, and three to five thousand of his choicest cavalry. From the very nature of the case the General's answer must be false.

Should such acts be recorded in history that generations following may learn what principles actuated their ancestry, or should it be left untold, covered up with the cobwebs of time, trusting that fortuitous circumstances may eliminate the fell poison of hatred from their nature, and not be transmitted to their posterity. But the laws of heredity are inexorable. The Ethiopian cannot change his color, nor the leopard his spots—you can reason the balance. Let us look now at the unwritten history of Sherman's march through the Carolinas. His path was on an average forty miles wide—known as the burnt district. Thousands of tall chimneys left standing like spectres watching over the ruins of once elegant and happy homes. Not isolated places, but his entire route presented a sameness of destruction that made the heart sick to contemplate. At Cash Depot, S. C., six miles from Cheraw the Rev. Dr. Backman, an old and feeble Lutheran minister had charge of some ladies, as protector, the only man on the premises, with probably 150 negroes belonging to the plantation. A large number of Federal soldiers came up and carried off all the fire arms, horses, wagons and carriages; filling them with bacon, corn, etc. They demanded the keys of bureaus, trunks and every place that was locked; demanding gold and silver plate etc. Dr. Backman asked Col.—for a guard to protect the family. This was refused on the plea that Gen. Sherman would not

allow any soldier to insult ladies or pilfer; and if any one dares to trespass, to shoot him down; looking at his fellows and smiled, knowing that they had taken all the fire-arms. Presently another party of fifty or one hundred came up demanding gold, breaking open doors, drawers, trunks, tearing breast pins, earrings and other kinds of jewelry by force from the ladies; taking all of their best clothing; tearing to pieces what they did not want; smashing the furniture, shooting every cow, hog, and chicken for mere wantonness; swore vengeance if the buried treasure was not given up; they destroyed everything they could carry off. Presently another crowd came stripped the women in their mad hunt for gold and jewelry. Many of the negroes were severely beaten and hung by the neck to make them tell where the treasures were hidden.

Several of the negroes were left hanging until they were dead. They then proceeded to fire the premises. These were not simply marauding bands, but these plunderers were led by officers of high rank—from colonels down.

An English captain interested so far as to save the elegant dwelling, but every out house was burned to the ground. Rev. Dr. Backman was taken off and pistols put to his head and told if he did not tell where the gold was hidden they would blow his brains out; he replied that he knew nothing of any gold, he was knocked down several times, and trampled almost to death. The last act of this brutal officer was to strike him a blow—once on each arm with his sword, cursing him that he would break his arms, they rode away leaving this aged minister of the Gospel more dead than alive. This is but one scene out of hundreds perpetrated on this line of march. The negroes occupied a very humble position, but they deserve praise for their constancy and faithfulness in managing the fields caring for whatever belonged to their masters, and guarding the women and children. Yet these dependent creatures did not escape the spoliation and inhuman atrocities

of Sherman's army; but on this large estate the men were driven off from their cabins, and fifty brutes in human shape forced the women and girls to yield their bodies to these lustful devils for three days and nights; claiming all the time they were fighting for the Union and the freedom of the slaves. The only satisfaction in this maddening hour was some Confederate cavalry came up in the next three days with a number of Sherman's men as prisoners who had been burning houses and other vandal work. The captain inquired for Dr. Backman; he was helped out of the Depot, faced the prisoners, when they instantly begged him for God's sake to save them from such a doom as was prepared for them, as they heard their guns made ready. Dr. Backman told them that three days ago they denied that there was a God, but he would assure them that there was a God who would do right. As Dr. Backman was helped on the train, he heard the captain give the command to "do their duty," as the train rolled off.

The English language fails to furnish words to stigmatise the hypocritical party of hate as it deserves. These acts could only have been rivaled by the Duke of Alva, in the last thousand years. Ben. Butler reigned in New Orleans, and in insulting women of refinement and respectability, in robbing citizens of silver, pictures and articles of value, sending young girls beyond the lines away from their natural protectors, without means of support, is enough to make his name synonymous with infamy through all time. But in his home opulence and learning, has had the highest honors of his State conferred upon him, proving that he was certainly a representative of his state.

This being so I trust but few of his kind of people may ever find honors in the South. Such conduct on the part of officers of rank, and the government affecting not to know it, is proof strong as holy writ, that the destruction of private property, stealing whatever could be carried

off, and to humiliate our people was their chief object, and to preserve the Union but a secondary consideration. This fact will be more apparent when we speak of the Reconstruction acts. Never amongst English speaking people were taxes imposed with so heavy a hand. Cotton, our great staple, was taxed 3 cents a pound, 12 1-2 to 15 dollars per bale. A stamp tax ranging from a few cents to several dollars was required on every paper. A plain note of hand, or a contract with a negro to work a crop, without a stamp was null and void. So also was a receipt from your merchant when you paid your bill. Stamps were placed on your headgear as well as on the bottom of your boots; on your matches with which you lighted your lamp to drink your stamped tea, or write a love letter on stamped paper. A Yankee official was asked if they intended to kill the goose that laid the golden egg? He said no, that he would continue to squeeze the goose and make it lay forever. Not being satisfied with robbing us, they incited the negroes to burn gin houses, barns and dwellings, hence the necessity of the Ku-Klux. This organization was all that saved us from the horrors of San Domingo. Notwithstanding the Ku-Klux-Klan was cursed and every opprobrious epithet heaped upon it; yea, and many of the members tortured to death in Northern prisons, to it we owe, in a great measure the salvation of our Southern country. The fear of this organization had a most salutary effect upon the wicked and vicious element that was turned loose in our midst in those troublous times. These facts constitute a part of our history, and should be preserved, if only to let posterity know that our road in progress has not always been smoothed. Our most excellent code of laws were abrogated; laws that had been recognized as just and good to protect society from the evil disposed for many generations, were declared null and void by the word of a military tyrant. The whipping post, stocks, and pillery, were declared relics of barbarism.

Many new fangled ideas were introduced, entirely foreign to our former civilization. By the grace of our conquerors twenty-seven cornfield negroes who could not write their names, or tell who their fathers were, were elevated to seats in our Legislative halls to formulate a constitution and enact laws for the people of North Carolina, at seven dollars per day, without any limit as to the number of days they should sit. The long suffering patience of our people would have made the Patriarch Job ashamed of his honors.

During this period millions of debt were saddled upon our people, from which our State did not receive one cent. Long lines of railroads were chartered, bonds were issued, and not a mile of road was built. If truth was not stranger than fiction it would be impossible to believe that such a band of thieves could have held high carnival in North Carolina under the full blaze of the civilization in the last half of the nineteenth century. The Gov. was in full sympathy with his party, and fearing some obstruction might cross his path, he sent to East Tennessee, for a band of cutthroats under one Col. Kirk, to arrest any who should oppose his edicts. This fellow Kirk, Capt. Waring once described as not a man, but a cross between a Hyena and the devil. The assassination of President Lincoln by a theater actor at the close of the war, was the spark that touched off the magazine of wrath, that had been gathering for many years, and burst upon the dying Confederacy. The pent up fires of a smouldering hell of Northern hatred belched forth in maddened fury. Nothing but blood could quench the flames, although the object of hatred should prove innocent. Sleuth-hounds in the shape of men were set upon the fallen South, and thousands made to suffer. The dungeon, the gibbet and the Dry Tortugas were freely used to satiate their malicious thirst for vengeance. The execution of Harold, Atzerot, Payne and Mrs. Surat, as alleged accomplices in the assassination of President Lincoln, allowing them but one day's delay,

after condemnation before they were executed. Ex-Senator Preston King, of N. Y., and Senator James H. Lane of Kansas being at the White House prevented the daughter of the doomed woman from seeing President Johnston, to beg for a few hours time for her mother to prepare to meet her God. The trial of Capt. Wirz was the merest farce. He was doomed before he was heard, and permission to be heard according to law was denied him. Capt. Wirz had been in command of the prisoners at Andersonville. He was offered his life and liberty on the condition he would implicate President Davis in regard to the alleged cruelties on Union prisoners. He indignantly spurned the proposition, even when such a tempting offer was made him. A foreigner, poor, harmless, friendless, without a country; yet he had in his breast that stuff out of which martyrs are made. To know the right and dare maintain it, is the highest virtue a patriot can possess. As to the cruelty practiced upon prisoners, let us look at the facts. During the war we captured 270,000 prisoners; of this number 22,000 died in Southern prisons. The Northern army captured 220,000; of this number 26,000 died in Northern prisons. The contrast is wonderful indeed; but is still more amazing when the conditions of the two governments are considered.

The North was rich in supplies of all kinds, and in addition, had the world to draw from; leaving them no excuse for starving Southern prisoners, or permitting them to suffer for want of medical supplies or proper attention. The South was poor in supplies, a large part of our territory laid waste and overrun; our troops often on half rations; our sick and wounded deprived of needed supplies; yet in this extremity the Federal prisoners were fed on the same rations that were issued to our soldiers on duty. This fact is proven by affidavits of many who were in Andersonville prison. Was there no way by which the horrors of these prisons could be obviated? Yes, but it was refused by

the U. S. Government. Time after time for months and years was an exchange of prisoners offered by the South and in the name of humanity insisted upon. For a while an occasional exchange was effected; but towards the close of the war it was absolutely denied. Great difficulties were encountered in New York and in all the Northern states to execute the conscript or draft, and as a means to enforce the law they determined to permit their own men in Southern prisons to die with starvation and disease—produced by unsuitable food and lack of medical supplies—which things it was impossible to obtain even for our own men in either field or hospital. Is there any lower depths to which infamy could descend to accomplish the fall of an honorable foe? Scarcely a trace of this can be found in the popular histories of the day. Thousands now living can testify to the truth of these facts, but twenty years hence the evidence will have become so feeble, that all this will be regarded as mythological. In our poverty we did all that was possible to relieve hardships that were incident to prison life of those who fell into Southern hands. How was it with our men in Northern prisons where every thing was plentiful? Let high toned gentlemen answer who were so unfortunate as to be captured. I have conversed with hundreds of our best men and they almost invariably said they were half starved and ill-treated. In their cold and inhospitable climate hundreds of our men were frost-bitten; and this too where millions of tons of coal were in sight. A boy by the name of Groves, from Wilmington, now a Presbyterian minister, told me when captured he was taken to Point Lookout; the next day a man came around with a basket of small loaves, giving one to each prisoner, he swallowed his almost at a single gulp, and remarked to an old prisoner that he wished that old fellow would come back with his bread. The old prisoner replied to him, “you little fool, that was your day’s ration.” Groves did not believe it then; but was persuaded of its fearful truth the next 24

hours. This same patriot boy's feet were so badly frost-bitten as to prevent walking for months, only in great pain. It was a common custom for hundreds of these starving men to stand, with tin cup in hand—to charge the slop tub where the filthy dish water was thrown each day, if happily they might find a few crumbs or piece of bone to gnaw. The filth swallowed in this way helped to swell the mortality list. Tatallus like, they were forced to die of starvation with millions in sight, but forbidden to eat. In the month of April 1865, when all the resources of the Confederacy were exhausted, when all had been done that was possible for mortal man to do, to preserve constitutional liberty, Lee, Johnston, Dick Taylor and E. Kirby Smith surrendered the fragments of the most heroic armies that ever fought for truth and the right of self government. The remnant of prisoners were loosed from the various prisons of the North, utterly broken in health by disease, long confinement, refined system of cruelty—to seek their desolate homes that were mere mockeries of what they had a right to expect to find. They were promised peace and all that flows from it; and urged by our own trusted leaders to cultivate, and rebuild our ruined country, reorganize our states and institutions, be readmitted to the Union with all the rights and privileges of the other states. We will see how this offer or contract was fulfilled. All the Southern States were treated pretty much alike, so I will speak chiefly of reconstruction in North Carolina. Immediately after the surrender, Gov. Vance was arrested in Statesville and confined in the old Capital Prison, in Washington city, for the purpose of humiliation. In fact from this time on the great object of the party in power appears to have been the humiliation of the Southern people. W. W. Holden was appointed Military Governor with no authority except to execute the military orders of his despotic master—the Gen. in command. A convention was ordered to make a constitution.

An order was issued to this effect by one General Canby with his headquarters in Charleston, S. C. Of these there could be no difficulty in ascertaining who were elected delegates. When a decent white man was elected by a decided majority over a negro, carpet-bagger or scalawag, almost invariably the certificate of election was given to the latter. Canby the tyrant, protected by bayonets, without let or hindrance was a despot indeed, and lording it over the two Carolinas in accordance with his own sweet will. Our legislative halls filled with his pliant tools framed a constitution to their liking; issuing State bonds by the million for railroads, that were never expected to be built; and voting themselves seven dollars per day. Rather a high price for ordinary field hands, who could not spell their names or tell who their fathers were. Such a carnival of robbery was never before either witnessd or heard of in a civilized country. Every wheel of progress was stopped. Our university was well nigh destroyed. The entire public school system annihilated; and \$37,000 school fund, literally stolen, by one Ashby of Buzzard's Bay, and carried off to his Massachusetts home, for which he has never been called to account. This state of anarchy went from bad to worse, aggravated each day by incendiary speeches made to negroes—by leaders of the gang—telling them if they did not get what they thought was their rights, to appeal to the god of Turpentine. This had the desired effect, and hundreds of houses, barns, gin-houses, etc., were burned. Murder, rape, and soon arson were encouraged, until the people were forced to protect themselves. Hence had it not been for the Ku-Klux, this fair land of ours would have been swept with fire and sword. However much this organization may be condemned, cursed and villified, to this we owe all that was saved in this fearful reign of terror. Only by such an organization could the infuriated madness of the Republican party be thwarted in its hellish purpose.

About the time this discordant element had been quieted and the citizens could retire to rest with a comparative feeling of security, President Grant, issued his order for the dispersing of the Ku-Klux, he also had warrants issued for the arrest of all who were in the Klan or suspected of being in it. Hundreds of our best men were arrested and put in prison to be held in readiness for trial. What a mockery of justice! A form of trial was given, but always with the understanding that the prisoner was already doomed. The juries were packed with negroes and vile scalawags and renegades, with a judge of the same kidney, although better educated; who from his cruelty, well deserved his soubriquet of 'Lord Jeffries,' Gov. Holden not satisfied with U. S. Troops to make the arrests, sent to East Tennessee for a band of cut-throats under one Col. Kirk to harrass and maltreat our men. Many of them were put in irons, in dungeons, hung up by the thumbs, and some by the neck! Every device of cruelty was practiced to extort confession, and to induce them to implicate others.

And with shame be it said that some cowardly wretches did betray their fellows, like Dave Shenck, betrayed Randolph Shotwell, to save their own pusilanimous carcasses. During this reign of terror many good men went to Brazil, Mexico and other unfrequented places rather than suffer undeserved punishment. Many of those convicted were sent to the Albany penitentiary heavily fined, and with a term of five to ten years imprisonment, which often proved a death penalty.

One of the Governor's henchmen, a fellow named Lindsay, proposed to his master—for a consideration—to *hide* ex-Govs. Graham and Vance. But as mean as the military Gov. was, be it said to his credit, he declined being a party to the double murder. In 1870 when the Democrats got in possession of the State Government, they promptly impeached Gov. Holden for high crimes and misdemeanors. From this time on our State has enjoyed a full

share of peace and prosperity. Our University was re-opened, colleges started in anew, public school system again put in operation, asylums built for both races, and all the evidences of thrift, with a feeling of security spreading over the country, rendering us a happy people. The horrors of radical rule should never be forgotten, and the history of the times should be taught our children that they may never knowingly or wilfully allow it ever to take root again in our soil; but abhor it as we would the leprosy, and trust none on guard but true patriots; that our State may ever be in the van of progress in everything that is truly noble and great. It may be of interest to the young to know what became of Gen. Canby, this doughty warrior; after having regailed himself in autocratic rule in the Carolinas, and made a name that will not soon be forgotten, although an unenviable one, he was ordered to the far west to quiet trouble that had sprung between some Yankee thieves and Capt. Jack's band of Modoc Indians. He expected no doubt as easy a time there as he had in his war of humiliation; but he met a wiley foe that was not only worthy of his steel, but his superior in strategy and in bravery. Capt. Jack being starved out in the Lava beds, after a protracted siege proposed a surrender. When arranging the terms of capitulation, Capt. Jack knew it was only a ruse by which he would be put to an ignominious death at Canby's pleasure, seized his tomahawk and buried it in Canby's brains. When this tragedy was flashed over the country, not a moist eye was seen in the South, but every one whispered aloud, "bully for Capt. Jack!"

An Inhuman Order.

During the last year of the war between the States, in 1864, there was an order from the U. S. Government to send from the Delaware prison, 600 Confederate officers, prisoners, to Charleston, be placed on Morris Island in front of their heavy artillery to be killed by our Artillery, using these prisoners as breastworks. These men were kept in this position for 48 hours, and afterwards were given for a daily ration, one pint of musty meal and one small pickle. One cook stove was furnished for the entire six hundred to use. Of this number, one-half died within three months, from starvation and diseases brought on by the musty meal. By some means it was brought to the ears of the British consul that this batch of Confederate prisoners were held under the fire of their own guns, they were compelled to return them—those who were still living—to Northern prisons. Here their rations were of better grade, but entirely insufficient. The men and officers appropriated every cat and all the rats that could be caught.

These facts were given me by Capt. H. M. Dixon, of the 35th N. C. Reg. The Capt. is the only one in the county now living, who was put under Confederate fire in Charleston harbor. He is now 80 years old, and will soon stand before the bar of the Great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts will be known and each one will receive a just recompense of reward for the deeds done in the body. We are abundantly willing for our cause to be adjudged by Him.

Origin of Whigs and Tories.

The people of America have from the earliest formation of a government been divided into political parties. As far back as the middle of the 18th century, the country was divided by the two parties, the Whigs and the Tories. The Whigs held to and believed in home rule; they did not believe in taxation without representation. The Tories endorsed British rule without representation, wanted a kind of paternal government, and did not believe in independence. The country was not ripe for independence when the battle of Alamance was fought in 1768; but when the battle of Lexington was fought the whole country was aroused, and every one was ready to take sides either for or against his country. The Whigs were for independence, let the cost be what it would; and death to Tories wherever found. And for more than 100 years a Whig looked on a Tory with suspicion. Even in the war between the States; a command of importance would not be entrusted to a descendent of a Tory; they were considered untrustworthy. For many years, for more than half a century, no gentleman of Whig extraction would address a lady who claimed a Tory ancestry. A person who engaged in warfare against their own country, is unworthy to marry the offspring of a patriot. If it were possible, it were best to let the Tory breed die out, and not perpetuate such a despicable breed to disgrace the body politic. A person who will not aid his own State or country to throw off a despotic ruler or government, should be banished, or disfranchised. From 1780 to the end of the century the Tory party passed off the stage as an organized party, never to appear again in public. The cause for which it contended became extinct, when the independence of the colonies was established. The old Whig party performed a most glorious mission during the

infancy of the republic, and continued to be a prime factor till the middle of the XIX century.

THE FEDERALIST PARTY.

From 1790 to 1820 the Federalist party, while not in the lead, had a wonderful influence. Alexander Hamilton was the leader of the party during its palmiest days, say from 1784 to his death, July 11th, 1804. He had but one competitor in studying law for license, and strange to say that man was Aaron Burr, who killed him in a duel. On the 13th of December, 1790, Hamilton submitted to Congress his views in reference to the establishment of a national bank, and from the moment of their incorporation and the foundation of the Bank of the United States, parties assumed their perfect forms and principles, and an irreconcilable rupture occurred between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hamilton. Burr and Hamilton were political opponents; when the former was candidate for Governor of New York in 1804, he was defeated through the efforts of Hamilton. This was probably the indirect cause of the duel. The Federalist party never made a national triumph; its principles were opposed by the Republican or Democratic party. There seems to have been not so much dependence on party spirit in the first quarter of the 19th century, as the following of the individual man. During this long stretch of years the Whig party appears to have been partly dormant, or at least was not triumphant in many of the States. Mr. Jefferson's ideas of government were generally approved in both State and national affairs. In about 1824, there arose a widespread discussion about the Order of Free Masonry; it was carried to such an extent that in some States every candidate for a political office had to declare himself whether he was a Mason or an anti-Mason. The question discussed did not affect the Order, one way or another. If Morgan was gotten rid of, no doubt he richly deserved all he got, at any rate, I used to hear old people talk that way. I remember to have heard an old lady say 50 years ago she was asked to "wash and

do up the white aprons of a lodge'' near her. I asked her if she accommodated them, and she replied, "no, no, them things looked too much like Catholic fixings."

JACKSON AND DEMOCRACY.

Democracy took a long lease of power when General Andrew Jackson was elected President in 1828. This country has never produced a man of greater nerve than President Jackson; and let me say here that he is the only President who, when his time was out, had to borrow money to go home on.

About the year 1840-44-48 the Northern States were full of new parties, that boded no good to this Union of States. The Free Soil party grew to considerable dimensions before it was swallowed up by the Abolition party. Their chief stock in trade was hatred to Southern slave-holding; or I should say they were jealous of our wealth and of our civilization. Free Loveism was an active ingredient in their mixture, that went to form their society functions; I will only add that I do not consider this a healthy moral diet. But it had for a companion piece the Spiritualistic party. In 1845 the Spirit Rappers began their shows, or seances; and in a year or two they had spread pretty much over all the New England States. In this short period of time they had increased so largely that hundreds of their fool dupes found quarters in the lunatic asylums over the North. All these parties had an object in view, but it was not patent to all when these parties were formed, or else surely some people would not have gone into them with their eyes open.

When the great multitude of fanatics and disaffected people of the North had joined the above parties mentioned they were eager to hold a convention at Hartford, Conn., and in 1848 gave birth to the Republican party, that has been a pandora's box from which has issued all the ills that have afflicted our Southland. They run a candidate for President in 1852, and were encouraged so that in 1856 the name of John C. Fremont was selected with a great

flourish of trumpets, and a wonderful gain of votes over that of 1852. Not a vote in all the South was given the Republican candidate. Yet the country was alarmed at the advances made by this sectional party, whose aim was to free the slaves and humiliate the South. This all occurred in the North and Northwest. There was still a small following in the free States of the old Democratic and Whig parties, but they were too feeble to stem the thundering avalanche of Radicalism gone mad with hatred, malice, and envy toward the South. All this time the South was not blind as to what every one must have seen was coming, but the people were so wrapped up in the two great parties, Whigs and Democrats, that they declined to unite in one common cause, and fight the Radicals, or Republicans, as they prefer to be called, on the hustings all over the country. This course, if it had been adopted would, in all probability, have delayed the most unchristian war that has ever been waged on earth, at least for another administration. But the fiat had gone forth out of the mouths of the leaders of the North, East and West that the civilization of the South must be blotted out. In 1859, old John Brown was induced to make his raid upon Harper's Ferry, to incite an insurrection of negroes against the whites. The insurrection was promptly quelled, and old John Brown tried by the laws of Virginia, and promptly executed. The Republican party needed such pabulum to feed upon, to stimulate its appetite for the hellish work that lay just in front of it.

1860 was the last Presidential election participated in by the whole country, until after the great war of subjugation. There were four nominees for President, John Bell, of Tennessee, was the Whig candidate; Steven Douglas, of Illinois, was the Democratic Union candidate; Breckinridge was the regular Democratic candidate, and Lincoln the Republican candidate. The Republican was elected, although he did not receive a single vote from the South. Hence the South withdrew from the Union. "Then were let slip the dogs of war."

REPUBLICANS IN SADDLE.

The Republican party was now firmly fixed in the saddle, and the South was made to drink to the very dregs of the cup of defeat. And, oh! but it was bitter. The South put up the best fight the world ever witnessed. All told the South had 600,000 men, and our enemies 2,800,000, and the world to draw from. If the war and all its cruelties had ended when General Lee and his different forces were surrendered, it would not have been so bad, but we were kept under the worst of overseers for ten years; men were appointed to fill the offices from Governor down to constable; they were taken from the lowest knaves in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, etc. Not a single honest Southern man was permitted to fill the places of profit and trust. The Legislature of North Carolina was filled with scalliwags, carpet-baggers and negroes. At one time we had in the North Carolina Legislature 27 negroes who could neither read nor write, nor tell who their fathers were. In fact, not to know their paternity, in the Republican party seemed to give a kind of passport to high position, if we are allowed to judge by Abraham Lincoln, who was the war President, and Andrew Johnston, President during four years of reconstruction—both Republican Presidents, and neither one could say who his father was.

DAYS OF RECONSTRUCTION.

I cannot afford to pass over in silence the doings of the Republican party during the days of reconstruction. A very large majority of the people who are now under 50 years old, know almost nothing of the history of that period. And that period—say 1865 to 1875, was part of the worst historic times that ever occurred on the American continent.

The Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond.

Out of the 2,700 soldiers, furnished the Southern army by Mecklenburg, how few remain to tell of that fearful seven-days' struggle. The weather had been intensely hot for several days before the fighting began. Many of our men were on the sick list. On the 25th inst. the long roll was sounded; our troops, the Thirty-seventh Regiment, were hastily formed in line. Confederate battle flags were here first displayed; stretchers for bearing off the wounded were here first put in charge of the ambulance corps. Everything wore a death-like hue. John Bell, a member of my company, said he was not able for the march, was sick, I spoke to the surgeon, and told him I would take Bell's word for anything. He said "leave him behind;" in a week he was dead. Another fellow asked me to intercede for him, that he was sick. I told him I knew that he was sick, I told him I knew Bell, but I could not vouch for him; when night came he deserted, and is living yet. This was as we were leaving camp at Brock Church, six miles north of Richmond. We camped near Meadow Bridge. On the 28th we moved slowly down the Chickahominy got on the edge of the road to let a body of Yankee prisoners pass; one of our men asked them where they were going? An Irishman answered, "In faith I am going to Richmond, where me wife has been telling me to go for the last two months, and how far is it yit?"

Late in the afternoon we heard heavy cannonading in our front, and we pushed forward, rapidly bearing to the left, as we thought to charge a battery, shells were passing through our line, killing seven men in one company; when we got in thirty steps of the battery we were ordered to lay down, to support the battery. The artillery duel ceased about 8 o'clock, and remained quiet till 9 o'clock next morning when it broke loose with a vengeance and was quickly over. Gen. Jackson had got in McClellan's

rear. Here the sun was terribly hot as we lay on the southern slope of the hill-side with nothing to protect us from the vertical rays of the sun. We went from here to Mechanicsville where the heavy fighting was done the evening before. Here the Yankee dead had not been moved and the swarms of horse flies that arose from the dead carcasses rendered it necessary for each man to hold one hand over his mouth and nose. It is impossible to describe the scene as it was. In the afternoon of the 27th we reached Gains' Mill; this battle opened about 3 p. m. It was terrific. North Carolina's loss was very great. It was here that Colonel Campbell was killed. Capt. Billy Kerr was desperately wounded. Many private soldiers and company officers from Mecklenburg, were killed and wounded. A rare sight I witnessed. Some man, I never knew who he was, was riding back and forth in front of our firing line, talking to the men, telling them to aim low, don't shoot too high; he was bare-headed, wounded in the neck; no coat on, and was riding a gray horse, the blood had run down from his neck to his gray horse; he appeared cool and determined. A large and spotted hound appeared at the same time, running and barking as heavy limbs were cut off by shells, licking the blood from the dead and wounded. I don't know what became of the dog or the man on horseback.

When the battle was over I was appointed to the medical department, and assigned to the Thirty-seventh Regiment. We went next to the bloody field of Frazier's farm. Here our colonel, Charles C. Lee, was killed; he was as gallant an officer as ever trod the battle field of Virginia; he was as brave as a lion and gentle as a lamb and thought it not inconsistent with his profession as a soldier, to acknowledge Jesus Christ as the Captain of his Salvation.

The next move was to overtake McClellan's army, which was halted at Malvern Hill. Here General McGruder was in front and his orders were to feel what position the enemy occupied. It was said at the time that McGruder was so pleased with the position of his artillery that he at

once "let slip the dogs of war." This proved the bloodiest battle of the war for the time it lasted. From personal observation I can testify that there was no break in the roar of musketry for five hours. The gunboats on the James river threw large shells at random, most of which burst over their own troops. The battle closed at 10 o'clock at night. Immediately the Yankee army sought the shelter of their gunboats. It took us two days to get the wounded all off to Richmond. One peculiar case of gun shot wound I will mention: A soldier by the name of Rankin, Company H. Thirty-seventh Regiment, shot in the base of the skull of the medulla oblongata, did not prevent him from walking about, was examined by a half dozen surgeons who were unable to trace or locate the bullet, when Dr. Campbell, of the Seventh Regiment called me as the youngest surgeon to try my hand. In a jest I placed my hand upon his forehead and told him to open his mouth; at once I saw a swelling in the roof of his mouth; it was hard and smooth. I made a slit with a scalpel, and showed a minnie ball to the astonished surgeons. How the ball got there without killing him has always been a mystery.

President Davis spent a night with us; he was in fine spirits, but seemed deeply touched at the sight of so much suffering. We passed by the battle ground two days after the battle; the field was rolling, our dead were all buried; it looked like a thousand acre field of potato hills. The enemy were still lying where they fell. They must have fought with great desperation, as their line of battle was plainly to be seen by about every third man, being killed. This line could be traced one mile and a half.

After waiting a few days to rest, and the enemy showed no disposition to renew the fight, our men, from privates to general officers, began a general hunt for those pesky little fellows that are not known in polite circles. I have seen 500 men have their shirts off at one time looking for—what they were sure to find. After this campaign we had a great deal of typhoid fever; the hospitals being full of wounded, the most of the cases were treated in camp, more successfully than they would have been in Richmond hospitals—Lest we forget.

The Charge at Gettysburg.

Gen. Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War" is a monument of enduring value to his memory. It is a fitting memorial of his worth to the great cause for which he fought and suffered for four years. When the first company was formed in the canvass of Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia, they reported to Atlanta. Here they were gazed upon with much curiosity. Their only uniform was coonskin caps. Capt. Gordon was asked what was the name of his company. He gave the name, "the Mountain Rifles." Instantly a tall mountaineer cried out: "Mountain hell! We are no mountain rifles; we are the Raccoon Roughs!" They moved to Montgomery and were received into the Sixth Alabama Troops, when Capt. Gordon was elected major of the regiment. The first move was to camp of instruction at Corinth, Miss.; and in a short time to Virginia, to participate in the great drama soon to begin by the shedding of rivers of blood. He gives some vivid accounts of prophetic deaths he witnessed in battle. I presume they were new to him then, but many old soldiers can relate similar experiences. It is by no means uncommon for a doctor to meet with cases who predict their own demise, with a degree of certainty. The accounts given of the Yanks and Johnnies holding converse, swapping coffee for tobacco, and of having a general good time sounds very pleasant, indeed. I know that such meetings did sometimes take place, but I think they were like angels' visits "few and far between." The noted march of Gen. Sherman from Atlanta to the sea and up to Columbia and on to Fayetteville, N. C., and on to Durham and Greensboro; there were no good times between the representatives of the two armies. Probably this was an exception. Gen. Gordon's description of the battle of Gettysburg is so grand I will give a few of his own words:

"Still onward went the men in gray, their ranks, grow-

ing thinner, their lines shorter, as the living press toward the centre to fill the great gaps left by the dead. Nearly every mounted officer goes down. Riderless horses are flying hither and thither: Above the battle's roar is heard the familiar Southern yell. It proclaims fresh hope but false hope. Union batteries are seen to limber up, and galloping horses carry them to the rear. The Confederate shout is evoked by a misapprehension. These guns are not disabled. They do not fly before the Confederate lines for fear of capture. It is simply to cool their heated throats. Into their places quickly wheel the fresh Union guns. Like burning lava from volcanic vents, they pour a ceaseless current of fire into the now thin Confederate ranks. The Southern left is torn to fragments. Quickly the brilliant Alexander, his ammunition almost exhausted, flies at a furious gallop with his batteries to the support of the dissolving Confederate infantry. Here and there his horses and riders go down and check his artillery's progress. His brave gunners cut loose the dead horses, seize the wheels, whirl the guns into position and pour the hot grape and canister into the faces of the Federals. The Confederates rally under the impulse, and rush onward. At one instant their gray jackets and flashing bayonets are plainly seen in the July sun. At the next they disappear, hidden from view as the hundreds of belching cannon conceal and envelop them in sulphurous smoke. The brisk west wind lifts and drives the smoke from the field, revealing the Confederate banners close to the rock wall. Will they go over? Look! They are over and in the Union lines. The left center is pierced, but there is no Union panic, no general fight. The Confederate battle-flags and the Union banners are floating side by side. Face to face, breast to breast, are the hostile hosts. The heavy guns are silent. The roar of artillery has given place to the rattle of rifles and crack of pistol shots, as the officers draw their side-arms. The awful din and confusion of close combat is heard, as men batter and brain each other with clubbed muskets. The brave young Pennsylvanian,

Lieutenant Cushing, shot in both thighs, still stands by his guns. The Confederates seize them; but he surrenders them only with his life. One Southern leader is left; it is the heroic Armistead. He calls around him the shattered Southern remnants. Lifting his hat on the point of his sword, he orders Forward! on the second line, and falls mortally wounded amidst the culminating fury of Gettysburg's fires. The collision had shaken the continent. For three days the tumult and roar around Cemetery Heights and the Round Tops seemed the echo of the internal commotion, which ages before had heaved these hills, above the surrounding plain."

I do not think a better or more graphic description of this grand charge has ever been written. After this great battle in July, 1863, neither army was disposed to join in a death struggle for months. After every great engagement the Federals would try a new leader. So before the campaign of 1864 began, Gen. U. S. Grant was at the head of the army, and promised if the sinews of war was given as necessity required, he would make short work of the Confederacy. The battle of the 6th of May was a partial failure; for the want of evidence to convince Gen. Early that the right flank of the Union army was unprotected. Gen. Gordon used every effort to make the attack, but the ranking officer would not give in, although the way was clear. Gen. Lee rode to Early's headquarters late in the afternoon and asked if there was no way to draw the enemy from his front. Gen. Gordon explained that Grant's right flank was exposed. Early was still opposed to attacking Sedgwick, that Gen. Burnside was behind him. Gen. Lee ordered Gen. Gordon to make the attack at once. It was a success, but should have been made early in the morning.

Gen. Gordon's description of the great battle on the 12th of May could only have been made by an active participant in the engagement. When it was discovered that Gen. Hancock was making his onslaught on the Confederate center, Gen. Lee saw his army cut in two. As he

rode majestically in front of my line of battle with uncovered head and mounted on Old Traveler, Lee looked a very god of war. Calmly and grandly he rode to a point near the centre of my line and turned his horse's head to the front, evidently resolved to lead in person the desperate charge and drive Hancock back or perish in the effort.

Lee was checked and turned to the rear, while Gen. Gordon led the charge, and re-established the line. Here was the most desperate fighting of the four years' war. The roar of musketry here without abatement, was of greater duration than in any other engagement during the war. In the bloody angle there was a green white oak one and a half feet in diameter eaten into by minnie balls, cut down about twelve feet from the ground. Read the book.

The Second Battle of Manassas.

Gen. Gordon calls to mind Gen. Hunter's raid and awful destruction of property in the valley. The homes of Governor Letcher, of the Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charles James Faulkner, of Edmund Lee and of Alexander B. Boteler, all burned with their contents. If Gen. Hunter could have been captured he no doubt would have been hung for his dastardly crimes.

The battle of Cedar Creek was a splendid victory in the morning, but before the day was closed it was turned into a dreadful defeat. Gordon should have been in command, then whiskey would not have gotten the upper hand of our splendid troops.

To say that Gen. Gordon has left us his "Reminiscences" of the war in a most readable volume and one that will furnish truth without adornment is true.

His "Reminiscences," of course, leave out many things that persons would have been glad to have seen; but we must remember he was laid up for months with wounds, which kept him out of the field. He has done us a great favor, and we are thankful.

Before daylight on the morning of the 27th of August 1862 we broke camp, or rather got up and started for Manassas Junction, skirmished with some fresh troops on the banks of Bull Run and drove the enemy beyond Manassas depot. Here we halted and fed both men and horses. This was Jackson's corps. We were in the rear of Pope's army. This was a wonderful capture.

The depot was an immense building, filled with unlimited supplies of flour, crackers, bacon, mollasses, sugar, coffee, whiskey, clothing, harness for wagons and artillery, fixed ammunition for small arms and for cannon. We tarried here all day, got out whatever we needed that we could carry of rations; swapped our old harness for new, replenished our cartridge boxes and filled

our caissons with shells and shrapnel, etc. After night-fall the hundreds of cars and the great depot were set on fire, about 10 o'clock. This was a great sight; the grease run probably twenty yards blazing on the ground. The thousands of shell exploding sounded like a battle in earnest.

Our army was put in motion and we marched to Centerville, about seven miles.

This is a high place, 20 miles from Washington. Here we could see, but not hear the cannonading going on between Pope and Longstreet near the Rappahanock. We remained here till 4 p. m., thinking Pope would retreat this way back to Washington. But couriers reported he would go by Manassas, so Jackson double-quickened his army a west course, and by dark intercepted General Pope at the battle grounds of Manassas of a year previous.

“The battle commenced early on the morning of the 29th of August, 1862; it was an all-day struggle. The Confederates exhausted nearly all their ammunition; in the railroad cut many Yankees were killed and wounded with stones. Our army was so sorely prepared that General Jackson sent to General Lee for help, saying he must have help or fall back. General Lee’s reply was assuring, “Hold your line; I hear Longstreet’s guns.”

The battle was soon over when the old war horse’ got in reach with his 30,000 troops.

We had a hard day’s work at our field hospital. We had nothing to eat for two days, except some hard apples, which we baked. We had two Yankee captains, both wounded, who complained bitterly of not getting proper food, but were somewhat reconciled when they saw Dr. Gibbon and myself were also without food.

Incidents of the Civil War.

Away back in 1861, I watched the war clouds arising in the North, East and West. A determination of resistance was depicted in the countenance of every true Southron. The election for holding a convention was voted down by a large majority. But when President Lincoln called on North Carolina for 1,500 three-months' men her quota, to whip South Carolina back into the Union, it lighted the blaze of war and showed that the first call of 75,000 troops was not a circumstance, as to what proved to be necessary before the job was finished. An army of 2,800,000 was packed in the field to make good their threat. Charleston harbor was the first scene in the great tragedy that was to be enacted. Virginia, by common consent, was to be the great theatre of the war. The greatest army the world ever saw some time advanced into the enemy's country, but never retreated South of Virginia.

But I started to relate some of the scenes with which I was perfectly familiar. In August some of my neighbors determined to raise a company; some of them said I must go along to insure the getting up of the company. Some of the older people said they "would not object to their boys going if the doctor will go with them. Well, I volunteered and went to the front. On the 16th of September we were sworn in to the Confederate army, by Col W. R. Myers. Officers were elected and we were ordered to High Point, to drill and to be formed into a regiment. Nine other companies assembled here, and we were organized into the Thirty-seventh Regiment, North Carolina Troops, Charles C. Lee was elected colonel. He had been colonel of the First, or Bethel regiment. W. M. Barber was elected lieutenant colonel, and Bryant of Alexander county, major. The command remained here and drilled till near the first of January, when we moved near Raleigh, where we made the acquaintance of General

Martin, who was inspector general, whom the boys did not love very much, as he cut down the amount of their baggage. He thought one blanket enough, although the trees bent down with ice—a mean trick, but maybe it was right.

While camped here a mountain soldier had a barrel of brandy shipped to him, which he buried in his tent, and with a proof vial he would draw a small drink, which he sold for ten cents. This he kept up for a few days, when my friend Jim remonstrated with him that he ought to give two vials for ten cents; the blockader couldn't see it that way, and told Jim "if he did not like his way of doing business to buy his drinks from some one else." Jim immediately reported him for selling liquor to the soldiers. The blockader was at once arrested and sent to the guard-house, and the barrel of apple jack was confiscated and turned over to the surgeons. I never saw a barrel again in camp, but frequently met with smaller packages.

Robert Sharpe was a soldier who was unique. He belonged to Company I, was fine looking, active, talked well and was a great ladiesman. He was opposed to doing camp duty, for which the colonel had him put in the guard house for a week at a time. He was not in the least abashed; but drew the sign, "Sharp's Picture Gallery," and pinned it to his tent; and all 'day long he had applicants for pictures, which brought him considerable revenue. He did not object to going into all the battles, but he would not stay in camp. At the grand review he was standing in the shade, dressed handsomely, with a woman on each arm bowing to his acquaintances. He lived a few miles west of Charlotte and died some six years ago. He had great aspirations as a ladiesman. He was always neat, a clever talker and popular wherever he went. Peace to his ashes.

We remained at Camp Mangum, near Raleigh, but a short time and moved to Newbern. We camped in the fair grounds for a few days; had some cases of mumps

and other contagious diseases, but none serious. My old friend Jim came across some apple jack, but unfortunately had no one to measure it for him, and in a short time the citizens thought the yankees had taken the town. The captain ordered the guard to put him in prison, but they soon reported that he could not be taken without killing him; that he was backed up against a house with a big Bowie knife in his hand, threatening to kill any one who offered to take him. Without saying a word he sprang up and ran up to the house and seized him by the collar and led him off to the guard house; and, as he turned him in Jim said: "Captain, please measure me out a 'drink' every half-hour."

We soon moved across the Neuse river, and established camp Tadpole, a very wet place. We had several wells about eight feet deep, pretty good water. It was about two miles from Newbern and we got plenty of fresh fish and sweet potatoes. What corn meal was issued to us had never been sifted, and the bran was so large the boys spoke of it as Jeff. Davis' tomb-stones. At this camp I saw the hardest fist-fight of my life. Two of the men had been quarreling for several days; the captain ordered the fighters to use only their fists, and no one was to interfere till one or the other hollowed "enough." Both men were completely exhausted and the captain thought best to call a halt. I believe that both men would have suffered death rather than sing out "enough." Fighting was seldom resorted to in camp; but I knew two men in Company I, who were only restrained from a fisticuff by the colonel when standing in line of battle. One of them remarked after the colonel's order, "I would just as soon live as die."

The defense of Newbern was wholly inadequate. We only had 3,900 men to meet General Burnside with his 25,000. Many of our men were home on furlough, and I think we did well to get away. We had three elegant forts and a long line of breast-works. These the enemy flanked, and all we could do was to get away. Capt. T. H. Brem, of Charlotte Battery, saved only one gun, by having no

support. When I came through the camp I saw where some of the men had carried Ruf. Worsham out of his tent on a cot, in hopes some one would help him on to train that was still waiting. He was lying with typhoid-pneumonia. I got him on his knees and by great effort got him up on behind me on my horse and saved him from capture. He is still living and shows his gratitude for kindness rendered more than forty years ago. The battle was on the 14th of March, 1862.

An incident occurred at this point that it will not do to leave out unrecorded. About this time it was a common thing for those who had friends in the army to make them a special visit. A man who lived near Capt. Potts, went on a visit to the boys, got to Newbern on the 12th; on the 13th there was very heavy cannonading which gave warning of the next day's battle. Early in the morning the battle opened with a terrific roar of cannon and musketry; the boys insisted on their friend taking a hand with them, but he had become so uneasy about his dear family, that he must go home at once; and he left forthwith. All that he heard was the deafening roar of musketry. The poor fellow was scared almost out of his senses. When he got to Charlotte he told the people that General Branch's whole army was destroyed. It was Sunday morning when he got to Charlotte; here he hired a horse and started to inform the people that the whole of Potts' company were killed; he arrived at Hopewell church just before service was to begin; as to everyone he was asked about, the reply was, "I saw him fall; yes, they are all killed." Col. B. W. Alexander, an old gentleman living in Charlotte, had just received this telegram:

"Kinston, N. C., March 15, 1862.

"Potts' Company all safe.

"T. L. ALEXANDER."

This telegram was sent with all haste to Hopewell, and was read from the pulpit. (Nearly all of Potts' company came from this section). But the people had got the news

from a man who was on the field and saw the boys killed, and they said, "We don't know about this telegram." All night long people were riding from house to house to see if any one had fresh news. My father sent a negro to Charlotte Sunday night to learn the truth. By Monday everybody was satisfied the boys were safe; and the fugitive had lied, probably because he was scared. One lady at Hopewell when she heard the news, fainted and had to be helped home. It was a serious matter to allow a fool or an idiot to retail such news.

Six engines and trains were steamed up and got away from Newbern just as the enemy took possession. Here I saw cannon balls for the first time when in motion, while firing at the trains. The entire command got to Kinston the same night, I think thirty-five miles. The entire army was tired out and badly demoralized. It was their first time to be under fire, and to be attacked with 200-pound shot from the gunboats, was more than they bargained for. They ever behaved better afterwards.

In a day or two the troops wore their usual cheerful aspect. Our stay at Kinston lasted till some time in May. We had a grand review of the brigade in Kinston with over 5,000 in the five regiments. The brigade was composed of the following regiments: Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh. Each one would average over 1,000 men. They were complimented on many a hard-fought field in Virginia.

If my friends desire to peruse this line of thought, I may continue it through many rough places, as it is an epoch in the history of our country that will never be repeated.

The Invisible Empire.

Soon after the surrender of the Confederate armies, when the whole of the South was overrun by Federal soldiers, followed by the riffraff of the world, and scalliwags who were natives of the soil and made themselves on equality with our former slaves; this conglomeration of the baser sort, having the promise of protection by the Federal army, were ready to rob and murder and burn whenever thwarted in their career of spoliation and destruction. Murder stalked abroad unabashed on our public highways, and had the connivance of Maj. Generals in staid old North Carolina. Many of our older citizens remember when Mr. Gleason was shot down on West Trade St. by a negro, Lee Dunlap, for remonstrating with him for cursing while a Magistrate's court was in session. The negro was put jail, and in a few days was sent to Raleigh to be tried by the Federal Court; for weeks he was kept as a waiting boy for Sheriff Tim Lee. When he grew weary of his job he was allowed to travel for his health in Ohio. A new code of laws given for the trial of our people, with negro jurors and the baser element of white men. No southern man could get justice; and it was impossible to appeal to a court that had fairness or honesty. Consequently there was but one way left us from which we could look for hope of redress. Gens. Sherman and Sheridan during the last year of the war burnt so much property, that their followers tried the same through our country where their armies had never been.

The only means by which we could combat their devilish meanness was through the Invisible Empire. The Ku Klux Klan was all that saved our country, our women, children and old men. Our condition was desperate. The best blood on earth was subject to the will of the lowest and basest creatures that ever walked on earth. This scum alone held the reins of power—inflicted what punish-

ment it pleased, with none to say halt. The south was down and bleeding at every pore, and no outsider to extend the sympathizing hand.

This was our condition when the Ku Klux Klan sprang like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter, full armed for the fray. The best men in the South went into the order to save our country. They took the law into their own hands, and meted out justice, so that the better element could breathe easy. Wherever the scurvy whites and disaffected negroes would hold a joint meeting, they were quickly dispersed, and informed that a repetition of their meeting would be at the peril of their lives. Some bad white men and negroes were soundly whipped; and where they had committed murder, arson or rape, the death penalty was meted out to them.

One of President Grant's first orders were for the Klan to disperse, and quickly following this order were warrants for the arrest of all who were suspected of belonging to the Klan. Then could be seen what kind of stuff a man was made of. I am sorry to say that some North Carolinians, educated men, puked to save their pusilaneous carcasses, and still worse than that lied on them with whom they had associated in the dens of the Invisible Empire, turned States evidence to save their own body from a like fate, appeared in court and swore that the punishment imposed on the members of the Ku Klux was not excessive viz: Six years hard labor in the penitentiary, and pay a fine of ten thousand dollars. This was the case with Randolph Shotwell. He was never on a raid. He was kept handcuffed while in jail for several days before taken to the penitentiary at Harrisburg Pa. There he was offered his freedom if he would testify against Gov. Z. B. Vance and Col. H. C. Jones as being members of the Ku Klux. This offer was made him day after day for three weeks; at last being weary with the continual offer he arose and said, "I will suffer my right arm to be severed from my body before I will implicate a friend." He was at once ordered in a suite of stripes, his head shaved, and ball

and chain attached. This was the last time—but once—that Capt. Shotwell ever heard his own voice in two years. At the next presidential election he heard heavy cannonading, was in hopes Greely had won the day, he said to the guard in the night as he passed his cell, “Is it for Greely or Grant?” And he told me that he was forced to bear a most awful cursing from a man who was not fit for him to wipe his feet on. When he was released from prison and came home, he was horrified to be told that his guardian friend, Dave Shank, had given evidence against him in the Federal Court. The cause of all his suffering. His health was so impaired by his cruel imprisonment he soon died, and the ladies of Raleigh erected over his grave a handsome monument in commemoration of his virtues, and for what he did for the protection of the women in those fearful days of reconstruction.

The U. S. Government for a decade after the surrender was in the hands of the worst element of the Radical Republican Party. Their cruelty to Southern men who had been convicted—by a suborned jury of negroes and scalliwags—was worthy the days of Lord Jeffries, whose favorite sentence in London, just before the time of Oliver Cromwell, was to sentence his prisoners to be tied to the “hind end of a cart, and whipped from New Gate to Tyburn.” By time the poor fellow reached the end of his journey, he was insensible, if not dead. Capt. Shotwell said that he frequently had seen the poor convicts have their heads run through a hole in the wall, and iced water turned on from the fourth story until the convict was dead. It is a fearful thing to have such brutes to rule a country. But the good people of our country, who have learned of the great good our people derived from this secret organization, will always be thankful for the work and efforts of the Invisible Empire.

Civil War Statistics

Cassenove G. Lee, of Washington, who is recognized as an authority on Civil War statistics, has prepared a table showing the difference between the numerical strength of the Northern and Southern armies during the war. Placing the total strength of the Confederate forces at 600,000, he shows that the negroes and foreigners in the Northern army numbered 680,717, or 80,917 more than the total strength of the Confederate army. There were over 316,000 Southern men in the Federal army. There is reason for believing that the total number of men serving in the Southern army exceeded 600,000, but this is the generally accepted estimate. Mr. Lee presents these figures:

NORTHERN ARMY.	
Whites from the North.....	2,272,333
Whites from the South.....	316,424
Negroes.....	180,017
Indians.....	3,530
	<hr/>
Total.....	2,778,304
Southern army.....	600,000
	<hr/>
North's numerical superiority.....	2,178,304
In the Northern army there were:	
Germans.....	176,800
Irish.....	144,200
British Americans.....	53,500
English.....	45,500
Other nationalities.....	74,900
Negroes.....	186,017
	<hr/>
Total.....	680,917
Total of Southern Soldiers.....	600,000
	<hr/>
Southern men in Northern army.....	316,424
Foreigners.....	494,900
Negroes.....	180,017
	<hr/>
Total.....	998,613

ARMIES AT THE WAR'S END.

Aggregate Federal army May 1, 1865	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate army May 1, 1865	133,433
Number in Battle.	Confed. Federals
Seven days' fight.....	80,835 115,249
Antietam.....	35,255 87,164
Chancellorsville.....	57,212 131,661
Fredricksburg.. ..	78,110 110,000
Gettysburg.....	62,000 95,000
Chickamauga	44,000 65,000
Wilderness.....	63,987 141,160
Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons.....	270,000
Confederate prisoners in Federal Prisons.....	220,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons.....	26,436
Federals died in Confederate prisons.....	22,570

Gen. J. B. Fry has tabulated the following Confederate losses from the muster rolls in the Bureau of Confederate Archives at Washington city:

North Carolina—Killed in the war, 14,522; died of wounds, 5,551; total loss from all causes, 40,275.

South Carolina—Killed in the war, 9,187; died of wounds, 3,735; total loss from all causes, 17,682.

Georgia—Killed in the war, 5,553; died of wounds, 1,719; total loss from all causes, 10,974.

Mississippi—Killed in the war, 5,807; died of wounds, 2,651; total loss from all causes, 15,265.

Virginia—Killed in the war, 5,328; died of wounds, 2,519; total loss from all causes, 14,794.

North Carolina's loss was nearly as many as Georgia, Mississippi and Virginia all three. As to the surrender at Appomattox: There were three times as many North Carolinians there as from any other State; in fact, they were the only troops that showed any organization that amounted to anything. This is history.

The War With Mexico

Mexico never became reconciled to the loss of Texas, through the revolution that ploughed its way through that vast expanse of territory from 1836 to 1840. Texas achieved her independence, and held her position among the family of nations till 1845, when she joined the sisterhood of States in the American Union. During all the time Texas floated the Lone Star flag, continual cause of crimination was given by Mexico, that finally provoked a war with the United States. In May 1846, the United States declared war against Mexico in earnest. Predatory bands would cross the line—that is the Rio Grande river—which they claimed was Mexican territory, and commit many offenses that could not be tolerated. Mexico claimed to the Neuces, and the United States to the Rio Grand del Norte. Santa Anna, then at the head of Mexican affairs, insisted on the vigorous assertion of Mexico claims, and military force was brought into requisition for this end. It was this proceeding, as alleged, that induced counter military movements on the part of the United States, under the lead of Gen. Taylor, and in a short time collision and open war followed, the belligerents putting their best armies and officers in the field, the contest finally culminating in the occupancy of the Mexican capital by a victorious army under Gen. Scott, and in the signing of a treaty by which the United States came into possession of Texas, New Mexico and upper California.

From first to last the American armies were small, not one-third the size that they would be at the present time. Gen. Taylor at the beginning, when moving up from Brownsville, had an army that was considered wholly inadequate for the undertaking. But he was quickly joined by volunteers that enabled him to attack and repulse the enemy at Palo Alto, and the next day follow up the victory at Resaca de La Palma. Here the troops had their first

experience of that terrible disease of camp dysentery. Gen. D. H. Hill, who was then a captain, told me that all around the camp looked like a slaughter pen, and the soldiers died by hundreds. The health of the army improved and they moved on to Monteray, which victory cost the lives of many men. Here Gen. Taylor was deprived of all his regular troops and officers to equip Gen. Scott with an army sufficient to penetrate the heart of Mexico. These orders came direct from Washington City. It is marvelous the effects of a political pull, or what risks men will run, who stand high in the councils of a nation, to better their own political chances, or to checkmate those who are reaping honors at their expense. Gen. Taylor was unknown to the people at large, till after he gained several victories, when he became an idol. Soon Gen. Scott superceded him, and was ordered to take all Gen. Taylor's regulars and move for the City of Mexico.

Taylor was left in the heart of the country with five thousand men. Soon after Santa Anna came on him near Sattillo with 20,000 men and haughtily demanded his surrender; but Gen. Taylor politely declined to comply with the terms. Then ensued one of the hardest fought battles that ever took place on the American continent. As soon as the battle opened the regiment from Illinois marched off the field, and left but 4,000 to contend against the "flower of the Mexican army." Gen. Taylor sat upon his horse unmoved, as he watched the progress of the battle, till Captain Bragg sent him word "to send him more men or he would be obliged to fall back." This quickly brought Gen. Taylor into the thickest of the fight, when rising up in his stirrups and waving his sword above his head, he exclaimed, "Give them hell, Capt. Bragg." Gen. Taylor was exceedingly fortunate in his field officers; Clay and Yell and Col. May, with Capt. Bragg in command of the artillery, and Col. Jefferson Davis of the Mississippi Rifles. The entire command was composed of Southern troops (the only troops from a Northern State fled at the

approach of the enemy). We are not surprised that Santa Anna should say "the American troops don't know when they are whipped." Cols. Clay, of Kentucky, and Yell, of Arkansas, were both killed with many line officers and private soldiers.

A remarkable instance occurred just after this fight and is well worth preserving. Col. Jefferson Davis married a daughter of Gen. Taylor; the general was much opposed to it, and never spoke to him until after the battle of Buena Vista, when he sent for Col. Davis to meet him in his tent. The general offered his hand and remarked, "My daughter is a better judge of a man than I am." Ever afterwards they were on good terms.

Gen. Scott moved with great rapidity and gained most brilliant victories and was soon in the City of Mexico, where he could dictate terms of peace. Large areas of territory were added to the United States, some of it excellent farming lands, rich mining and pasture lands, that have not all been brought into use, or the people of the country civilized to make it habitable. We cannot brag much of the population we secured. The natives have not got as good a name for honesty and industry, as would make them a desirable class of citizens that we would wish to have: but for fifty years we have had peace on our southern borders.

Nothing adds eclat to a soldier's reputation, so much as success. Gen. Taylor's brilliant career in the Mexican war brought him prominently before the American people. Two years before he was comparatively unknown; but the fortunes of war made him exceedingly popular. His praises were sung on every hand, and at every public meeting, whether in the county court house or a city hall filled to overflowing, he was the people's hero; and nothing less than the people's choice for President would satisfy the American republic. It was a repetition of the political campaign of 1840, when Gen. Harrison was the people's favorite. Of the two great parties then in existence, the Whigs had for many years been left in the cold

—so to speak—for a long time, save the brilliant flash when Gen. Harrison swept the deck in 1840. The political skies were quickly clouded by the death of President Harrison, after one month's term. Vice-President Tyler was sworn in, but for reasons best known to himself, played into the hands of the Democrats, which caused much chagrin throughout the Whig party. Now the Whigs had a chance of winning laurels for their party, as well as their country, by electing Gen. Zachery Taylor President. His nick-name, "Rough and Ready," was catchy indeed, and was used for all that it was worth. Taylor and Millard Fillmore, were elected with great enthusiasm. President Taylor lived but little more than one year, when the model President took his place.

Ignorance of Home History.

This is emphatically an age of education. The people of the State were never so aroused as at this time, as to the education of the masses. The educated people of North Carolina feel the guilt of the people's darkened minds, and are ashamed of the gross ignorance that we see around us. We have been more tardy, probably than any other States. The causes are many: A sparse population, has been one cause; the employment of indifferent teachers another. I remember just before the war—say in the 50s, when the old county court—the People's Court—ruled in Mecklenburg, it was composed of three justices of the peace: and it was their province to appoint all committees, such as overseers of the roads, schools, school board to examine teachers, etc., that they appointed on the school examining board Dr. P. C. Caldwell and Maj. Jennings B. Kerr. As soon as the announcement was made, Maj. Kerr, who by the way was a great wag, sprang to his feet and in utter astonishment addressed the court, "May it please your worships, shall we examine the applicants any farther than Baker?" This is a fair sample of the way the examining committee performed their duty. It is not expected that competent men will give their time without some remuneration—merely to record the applicant's name and give a certificate, was all that was expected of the school committee. For the last decade our educational committee has turned a new leaf, and now only those who are qualified to teach can get a certificate of proficiency.

But I intended to call attention to the study of history; especially to the history of North Carolina, rather I should say of Mecklenburg county. Young men and young women who have had the best advantages, know but little of home history, even what occurred in our county ten or

twenty years before the great civil war between the States—the upheaval of our ante-bellum civilization.

In Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," or Joaquin Miller, who when in Alexandria in Egypt, was listening to a great deal of gush by some young ladies and gentlemen, with regard to the Nile, the mythology connected with it, Queen Cleopatra and her tragic death, and other important things connected with Egypt; Mr. Miller asked how the Nile compared with the Mississippi. They looked in blank amazement at his stupidity, and said that they did not know. The great river that is aptly called the fathers of waters, almost running at their backdoor, while the Nile is thousands of miles away, and they suffer many inconveniences to have it said, they feasted their eyes upon the ancient stream. So it is with home history, although containing some marvelous facts, it is not looked into as it should be.

I have been led into this line of thought by asking the question who was Governor Nathaniel Alexander? Who were his ancestors? Where did he come from? Did he occupy any prominent position before he was Chief Magistrate of North Carolina? Governor Nathaniel Alexander was a native of Mecklenburg. He was a physician by profession; but there is no evidence that he ever practiced. He appears to have been politically inclined, for he was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1797; a member of the Senate in 1801, and re-elected in 1802. In 1803 to 1805 he was a member of Congress, and he was in 1805 elected Governor of the State. He served but one term, and there is no evidence that he ever courted popular favor after this. He married a daughter of Col. Thomas Polk, of more than ordinary fame in Mecklenburg county. He left no children—neither son nor daughter—to inherit his name, or to keep his fame fresh as it passes down the stream of time. He was a man of much personal worth and respectable talents.

He died and was buried in the old cemetery in Charlotte. Governor Nathaniel Alexander was one of five sons of the

famous Abraham Alexander, the chairman of the convention that declared independence at Charlotte May 20, 1775. Governor Alexander had one sister, who married William Alexander, a son of Hezekiah Alexander, the famous magistrate of the county. How is it possible for such men to have fallen into error with regard to the day on which was issued the Declaration of Independence? From such a parentage we are not surprised that Governor Alexander should have been the people's choice for Chief Magistrate, as Governor Vance was in 1876, when the people did not know which way to turn, to preserve our liberties or escape a doom that was worse than Poland's, at its last overthrow in 1790. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

There never has been but one Governor of North Carolina a native of Mecklenburg, but we have had two Presidents, Jackson and Polk.

Ante-Bellum Elections.

This was long ago, before ante-bellum times, before ballot-box stuffing was thought of, cheating or fraud became common, or the desire to hold office was co-extensive with the county. I can remember when it was nothing to a man's credit to stay away from the polls and not to cast his vote. It was considered unpatriotic, and a man of any education would be ashamed to be counted with those who took no interest in the affairs of his county or State. To show what interest was taken in elections sixty years ago, I will cite what I witnessed on one occasion. I remember being present at an election held in the loft of Long Creek Mill, and an old man, W. B. Alexander, who was no longer able to get in or out of his carriage without difficulty; the election boxes were carried down stairs, and out to his carriage for his ballot, and no one objected; but both parties were eager to assist in providing a way for the old man to exercise his right of franchise. At this time no one was allowed to vote for State Senator, unless he was a free-holder—fifty acres in the county, or three hundred dollars worth of real estate in the town. And formerly all jurors were composed of land owners. A story is told of a man who was called for a juror, but stated to the judge that he was not a free-holder; the judge asked if he was a married man; he said not. He was told "to take his seat in the jury box, that any man who remained a bachelor till he looked to be 30 years old, had enough dirt about him to be a free-holder."

I remember one man, at the polling place, who took such lively interest in his friend's election that he sent his four-horse wagon through Ferreltown, to persuade the citizens that it was their duty to vote, and that he would haul them to and from the election, besides paying their taxes. This was not considered buying a vote but helping the poor. In fact, I doubt very much if there was any

law in force against buying votes. People would have considered it beneath their notice to stoop so low, as to offer money for a vote.

But when a candidate has certain friends, he expects them to support him and see to it that all indifferent persons are persuaded to be present on this all-important occasion. And if I am not woefully mistaken, I have seen this good charitable practice of helping the poor to the polls in rubber tire carriages, kept up in various places by all parties.

Treating was expected in all parties; and as a general rule whoever treated most liberally, got the most votes; but a man's popularity with his neighbors, had a great deal to do with his election, and it should have.

It was not uncommon in the early years of the last century, for men who were strong partisans, the kind who would carry a chip on their shoulder, dare any one to knock it off, or speak disrespectfully of the game cock's champion. These were times when pistols and knives did not indicate bravery, but so long as they fought fair they were let alone till one or the other hallooed "enough."

These old times were enjoyed hugely; money was scarce but the people had little to buy; nearly all the clothing was made at home—every family knew how to spin and weave, and our good women could cut and make all the clothes. People ate and slept in the same house. That was the time every one rode horse-back, and there was no hifalutin society.

This is a wonderful knowing age; some persons affect to know it all. I have been lead into this train of thought by the recent removal of what is claimed to be the remains of Commodore Paul Jones, the great sea fighter of the eighteenth century. How did they know they secured the body of Paul Jones? No living person could point out the spot where he was buried in the great city of Paris. Suppose he had been put away in a lead coffin, there seems to have been others just like it without mark or name;

the parties who were searching for Paul Jones must be successful; or lose credit of being experts in that line. Success is the great incentive in life, and it doesn't matter much how that success is attained, so the point is gained. Many people do not consider the means used, so that they accomplish what they undertake. Success is the aim striven for, the manner of obtaining it is seldom inquired for.

Gen. W. L. Davidson was killed March 1, 1781, at the battle of Cowan's Ford 17 miles northwest of Charlotte, N. C. He was buried at Hopewell church graveyard, there is a bench of brick over his grave; and his son, W. L. Davidson's wife, is buried beside the general, and is marked by a marble slab. But the United States government after waiting one hundred and twenty-five years ordered \$5,000 donated to build a monument to his memory; we supposed in our innocency that the monument would be erected in the churchyard, where the body was buried. But somebody wanted the Guilford Battleground ornamented with the General Davidson monument; and the proper persons were applied to to work the ropes in favor of Guilford, and the matter is settled. But I wish to say that if a century or two hence a craze should seize upon the country to gather up in some great national crypt the dust of our illustrious officers of the American revolutionary war, the experts of that period would hardly think of traveling to the western part of Mecklenburg county to find the dust of General Davidson, when the monument erected to his memory by the United States government stands nearly 100 miles from the place of his sepulcher. Some one will say, what is all this talk about any way? I was only thinking how history would be preserved, and keep the wrong body from being substituted for the one we might wish to honor. However, if time does not cease to set up its mile posts for the next thousand years it will make but little difference to those of us who are living in the twentieth century.

Many new things have come into view within the last 25 years, of more interest to the generality of people than what

is fashionable in ladies' dress goods. I allude to that popular disease appendicitis. When it was first differentiated and named, it soon became quite a fad to have cases among the doctors. It appeared suddenly in all parts of the country. Many of the knowing doctors said it was not a new disease, but what we formerly called bilious colic! mirable dictue. Forty or fifty years ago there was more than a dozen physicians in Mecklenburg county who knew the difference between a hawk and a hand-saw." Aye, and they cured many cases too, when the disease first appeared; from some they removed the appendix, other cases were treated as the symptoms indicated. All surgical cases are now treated more successfully than formerly, owing to antiseptic treatment now followed in every case, which was unknown 40 years ago.

Ante-Bellum Sports

In ante-bellum times, we had amusements that corresponded well with the condition of the people. They were not in a strain to make a dollar; but every man was more than willing to stop his work to go squirrel hunting or fishing on Saturday evening. All of our streams were full of the finny tribe. Even our spring branches were sporting grounds for thousands of minnows, that went further down stream as they increased in size and made room for another crop. I have seen negroes catch fine ones with the "gig," in our branches and creeks. The gig was a three-pronged spear, fastened in a handle somewhat like a hoe handle. They would strike the fish when within reach, impaling it upon the spear-like prong. The fish could only be taken this way at night, the giggers carrying a pine torch. The fish become perfectly still as they can see nothing but the light, which enables the fishermen to get close up to his prey. I have seen fine fish caught with a seine not more than one and a half miles from the origin of the branch. It was very little trouble to have a mess of fresh fish at any time, with one or two hours' notice.

As for squirrel hunting—they were very plentiful, and easy to find, frequently a half dozen on a hickory tree when the nuts were ripe, or on a mulberry tree. They were exceedingly fond of mulberries, often going one hundred yards into a field to reach a mulberry. They would eat the corn in the field, sometimes clearing several rows. They were equally as fond of wheat, cutting it down, and even after it was cut and shocked, they would waste it. The fox squirrel was very plentiful 50 years ago, but I have not seen or heard of one for a great many years. When a squirrel hunt was gotten up, the scalps (the skin and head) were dried—by tacking on a board and counted.

Fox hunting was considered the most manly sport to engage in. It took a fine rider to set his horse when the pack of hounds were in full cry, when every nerve was strained to be at the finish, as the brush was the trophy each one was striving for. The huntsman's horn was known far and near, not only by the men who loved the chase, but also by the horse and dogs that were trained for the fox chase.

When the red fox was started it would take from four to six hours and sometimes longer, to prove by the brush that Reynard had been captured. When these old fox hunters would get together—after testing a jug of Jamaica rum or a bottle of fine whiskey or brandy, they would give their experience, which was thrilling—how they jumped high fences, creeks, with steep banks, passed over rough places in the maddening gallop of the race, that they would have quailed from in the ordinary gait of travel. After rehearsing many "John Gilpin" rides, they would take a parting drink till the next fox hunt.

Shooting matches were quite popular in the first half of the nineteenth century. They generally shot, every man for himself, or he could have a substitute. The prize most generally put up was a fat beef; if valued at \$15, that would take 60 shots at 25 cents a shot. Every man would subscribe so many chances—one would take two chances, another six or eight, according to the weight of his purse, until the whole beef was taken. After it was all subscribed for, each one would prepare his target, by blacking a board, and tack on a paper about as big as the bottom of a pint cup, with a diamond notch cut in the centre. The distance was 50 or 60 yards, as agreed upon; with a lying down rest, and scarcely a word was spoken while he was taking aim, lest he should be disturbed and have cause of complaint. The judges would examine the different boards as each one would try his luck, and then decide who made the best shot, and who was entitled to the first choice, and who second until all was allotted. Sometimes one man would win the entire beef and drive

it home before him. The men of the South were noted marksmen. In the olden times every man had his rifle and kept it in the best of order, and treated it as tenderly and with as much affection as he would have done one of his family.

Hunting the deer formed a large part of the sport in the first half of the century. In the first few years of the century it was common to go fire hunting; that is, have a pan full of rich pine and carry it on the shoulder so it would throw the light in front of the huntsman. In this way you could shoot almost as well by torch-light as by the light of the sun. But the people got so careless, and so many calves fell victims to fire hunting that the practice was forbidden by law. The wild turkey that formerly was so abundant has disappeared in the last 25 years. The country has filled up, in fact has cleared so much land, there is but little room for the wild turkey to roam as formerly. Thirty years ago it was a common sight to see large droves in the woods or common fields where there were large bodies of woods. But the turkey like the old time negro, is now a memory of what we once knew.

Hunting birds—shooting partridges—belongs exclusively to the last half of the century. Before this they were sometimes shot in the head with the rifle; the fine percussion guns were not in vogue until the first 50 years were past. They were often caught in traps or coops, and sometimes in a net.

The old country court appointed, once or twice a year, a patrol for different sections of the country. They were to take the oversight wherever negroes would congregate in large crowds, as at camp-meetings or communion occasions. There was always some who were anxious to stir up a fuss, occasionally on Sunday or at night. The patrol would ride over a neighborhood to see that all were at home and no stray negroes at large. Once I remember the patrol from Mallard Creek went across into Paw Creek to overlook that section one night, and caught a white man in a negro house. He was seized and as they

led him out he said he was a "white man, that he was Mr. Clark, the school teacher." One of the patrols slapped his jaws and told him he was "a lying scoundrel; that Mr. Clark was a gentleman and would not be caught in a negro house;" to take off his shirt and they would tan his hide. And they proceeded to give him all the law permitted. Mr. Clark did not wait to finish his school, and waited not on the order of his going, but left at once. But those days are past and gone, with the deer, the fox and wild turkey. the shooting match, and good times of 50 years ago. Changes come and go. We now live in a different civilization.

A Little Tragedy of the State's Dark Days

Many strange events occurred in North Carolina in the early '60's, as well as in every other State that espoused the cause of the South. These events, though of startling character, were put behind us for the time, we had such a load to carry—to support our families and pay the enormous taxes. It is true whatever crops we raised brought big prices, but we had to pay a tax of fifteen dollars on every bale of cotton we raised. Every bushel of corn we put in our cribs, or meat we put in our smoke houses, was taxed to the utmost limit.

But taxation is not our theme at present, but to tell some things that happened just after the war for Southern Independence. To bring to mind some things that it would have been better had they never occurred; but such is history, and this dark period of our South should never be forgotten, nor who caused it.

In the Piedmont section of North Carolina soon after the close of the War Between the States there lived a young and beautiful girl by the name—we will call her—Nan Heliotrope. She was one upon whom nature had been lavish with her most excellent gifts, beauty and graceful manners. She was possessed of a cultured mind for the times in which she lived and a most superb figure. If she had lived and flourished thirty years later, when North Carolina had gained her former position, when our schools and colleges had reached their noonday radiance and splendor her position in society would have been one of envy indeed.

But she came along when political gloom hung as a heavy cloud upon our country. When not a public school was taught in our State for seven years. Then our State University was captured by the camp-followers of a conquering army; Southern professors whom the people loved and respected were most summarily ejected from their

seats and their places filled by those who gloried in our discomfiture. This was a heavy blow upon our University, as well as upon our State. Our people were hard pressed to feed and clothe themselves; taxes were enormously heavy; every bale of cotton the farmer raised was taxed three cents per pound, everything else in like proportion. No wonder the mind was left with poor culture and the moral virtues were grossly neglected.

Some of our people are opposed to looking backward at the horrible times that immediately succeeded the close of the four years' war. Society was badly disorganized and demoralized in every respect. Honesty, morality and virtue were not to be compared with what we were accustomed to before our system of morals were tainted by the coming amongst us of the unclean birds that followed in the wake of a victorious army. Young women were employed to teach subscription schools. The pay was very poor, but it was better than idleness; and it opened the only door for our children to gain something of an education.

While we are on this subject; lest our young people never learn the difficulty of getting an education immediately after the war, it is right and proper that I should state that there were 150 young men that came out of the war badly crippled—with an arm or a leg missing, or an eye shot out, or otherwise disabled, who were anxious to complete an education begun before they entered the service. But the University soon fell into the hands of those who hated us, and we were at their mercy. Our crippled soldier boys were driven from the State school, the professors who were loved and revered were made to hunt other employment, and the University was captured by camp-followers who had their little sons, half dozen in number, for students. Halls of learning that were formerly graced by such men as Governors Morehead, Bragg, Graham, and Vance; Senators Wylie P. Mangum, George Badger, Thomas H. Benton, and President James K. Polk—what a spectacle for men and angels to behold!

These people who think they are or were the salt of the earth, should now cover their heads with sack-cloth and sit in ashes.

This train of thought has almost led me away from what I intended to recount. But I am not sorry, for I do not want the young people to grow up in ignorance of the history of the ten years succeeding the surrender. Thirty five years ago Miss Heliotrope was engaged to teach a neighborhood school, and she was frequently visited by a young man, who was too young to be a soldier for the Southern army; he had just attained the age that gave him the idea that he knew it all; he made love to her, professed undying devotion, and made promises that he never intended to keep; ruined her prospects for life, made his escape to Texas and made no arrangements for the unhappy woman. In the course of time she returned home on a visit, looking the picture of despair. Her family and her friends treated her with marked kindness and sympathy. Although the facts of her blasted life were known to but few, yet conscious that the most fragrant flower of life had become mildewed, cast a melancholy over her future life. In a few years her general health was restored, and she married a clever, hard-working man. She is now a childless old woman doing what good she can as she floats down the western stream of life.

There is a peculiar—though melancholy—sublimity in beholding the evening shadows of a life that has been marred in the early days of joyous youth, through the influence of the serpent that beguiled the mother of us all. Let us look back a little more than thirty years and the country was rife—or a small section—with the question: “What has become of the waif that was expected, or who had it in charge?” We only know that in 19— he was pointed out by Dr. — as the lost boy of thirty odd years of age. He was a fine looking specimen of humanity as you would see in a day’s walk on our crowded thoroughfares. He was a lineman, in the employ of the Great Western Union. He was not given to much talk, but no

one could excel him in climbing a telegraph pole. He knew naught of ancestry or parentage, and it is more than probable he never will.

He is not the only one who has passed through life without knowing his parentage. Two, at least, of those who were strangers to their parents have held the highest positions on earth. Queer things happen around us when we are not looking; but few people take time to consider the noveleties of nature.

The Ku Klux Klan

(From Collier's Weekly and Indorsed by the Author)

The Ku Klux Klan was a gigantic conspiracy of lawless night riders who saved the civilization of the South and bequeathed it a priceless heritage to the nation.

The conditions which made this paradox possible have no parallel in the story of the race.

The bloodiest war in history had just closed. The conquered South lay hopeless amid her rags and ashes, with the flower of her manhood buried in nameless graves.

Four million negroes had been suddenly freed and the economic world torn from the foundations of centuries. Five million dollars' worth of property had been destroyed every bank had been closed, every dollar of money had become worthless paper, and the country had been plundered by victorious armies.

With the sympathetic aid even of their foes the task of reorganizing their wrecked society and controlling these millions of ignorant and superstitious negroes was one to appall the stoutest heart.

Instead of the co-operation of the generous conquerer, the helpless South, as she staggered to her feet received full in the face a blow of vengeance so terrible so cruel and so pitiless that it surpasses belief.

Such a blow on a disarmed foe could never have been struck but for the tragedy of Lincoln's assassination and the frenzy of an insane passion, which for the moment blinded the North.

Upon the assassination of the President, the greatest and the meanest man who ever dominated over our national life became the dictator of the republic.

This man, beyond any doubt, was the most powerful parliamentary leader in our history. A fanatic, a misanthrope embittered by physical deformity, a born revolutionist endowed with the audacity of the devil, he became

in a moment the bold and unscrupulous master of a crazed nation.

Twenty-eight years before this crisis he had become infatuated with a mulatto woman of extraordinary animal beauty, whom he had separated from her husband. This yellow vampire fattened on him during his public career, amassed a fortune in real estate in Washington, wrecked his great ambitions and made him a social pariah.

The muffled crack of the derringer in the box at Ford's Theater, and the hand of a madman suddenly snatched him from the grave and lifted him to the wench by his side.

Mr. Stevens determined to blot the South from the map, confiscate the property of its citizens, give it to the negroes, deprive the whites of the ballot, send their leaders into beggary exile, enfranchise the negro, and make him master of every state from the James to the Rio Grande.

If this statement seems an exaggeration, turn to the Congressional Globe for 1867, page 203, and read Mr.———No. 29, and his speech in defense—a speech which lights with the glare of immortal infamy his whole character and career.

He succeeded in enfranchising the negroes and disfranchising enough whites to give him a majority. He placed a ballot in the hands of every negro, and a bayonet in the breast of every white man. He organized the negroes in oath-bound secret societies, known as "Union Leagues," in which they were drilled in insolence and crime and taught to hate their former masters, over whom they were promised unlimited domination.

His military satraps nailed to the door of every court house in the country, his proclamations of equality, and promised bayonets to enforce the intermarriages of whites and blacks.

A reign of terror immediately followed.

The men who represented Aryan civilization had to take their choice between rebellion and annihilation.

At this moment in South Carolina 80,000 armed negro troops, answerably to no authority save the savage instincts of their black officers, terrorized the state, and not a single white man was allowed to bear arms. Hordes of former slaves with the instincts of savages, armed with modern rifles, paraded daily before their former masters. The children of the breed of Burns and Shakespeare, Drake and Raleigh, had been made subjects to the spawn of African jungle. When Goth and Vandal over ran Rome and blew out the light of ancient civilization, they never dreamed of the leprous infamy of raising the black slave, a thick-lipped, flat-nosed, spindled-shanked negro, to rule over his white master and lay his claws upon his daughter.

No. The spirit of the South suddenly leaped forth, "half startled at herself, her feet upon the ashes and the rags, her hands tight gripped upon the throat" of tyron, theft and beast.

The Ku Klux Klan, a secret oath-bound brotherhood, rose in a night, disarmed every negro and restored civilization. The secret weapon with which they struck was the only one at their command, and it was the most terrible and efficient in the history of the rebellion. The movement of these white and scarlet horsemen was like clock-work. They struck shrouded in a mantle of darkness and terror, and they struck to kill. Discovery or retaliation was imposible. Their edicts were executed as by destiny without a word save the whistle of the Night Hawk, the crack of his revolver and the hoof-beat of swift horses moving like figures in a dream and vanishing like mists and shadows.

The Southern people in their despair had developed the courage of the lion, the cunning of the fox and the deathless faith of religious enthusiasts.

With magnificent audacity, infinite patience and remorseless zeal a conquered people now turned his own weapon against the conqueror, and beat his brains out with the bludgeon he had placed in the hands of former slaves.

And as a lawless band of night riders became the sole guardians of society, brought order of chaos, law out of lawlessness, and preserved our race in America from extinction at least in negroid mongrelism. Had the South in this crisis become mulatto the nation would inevitably have sunk to its level.

Dark Days

Recording events while still fresh in the mind of the person who relates them, is the only way to preserve the truths of history. In the last fifty or sixty years, the greatest events that have ever taken place on this continent since America was discovered, have come to light and astonished the world. The raid of the son of Ossawatomy Brown upon Harper Ferry, in 1859, to incite the slaves to insurrection and murder, should have been sufficient to make every southern man tremble to think what was in store for him. But the people's eyes were holden from the storm cloud that was rising with a bloody hue. And they still believed the day of wrath which threatened was only in the dim future, and more than probable would never come to destroy our people. From 1840-1860 was the halcyon days of the Nineteenth century. No wars of consequence, or plagues or great disasters to interrupt the growth of the country. To make money and enjoy the times; when education and good character alone gave admittance to the best society of honesty and virtue, when our slaves industrious, well cared for and contented, and each one was happy under his own vine and fig tree. But from 1860-1880, cannot be better described than compared to 'hell broke loose,' as the result of the war and reconstruction. No civilized people on earth were so oppressed in the days of war, or in the days of reconstruction—so called—as the Southern people were.

This makes a black streak in American history, but the South is in no way responsible for it; and it should be preserved in the true history of the times, for future generations to read; and if it mantles the cheek with the blush of shame for the conduct of their ancestors, let the blame rest where it belongs. From 1865-1875 we lived in the Africanised South, the most inconceivable government among men, according to all the precedent of all the past,

when, for the first time since the beginning of time, a white race undertook to put the feet of a colored race on the necks of the white men and women of their own blood and breed.

No civilized or christian people has ever been forced to drink the gall and worm-wood of defeat, during the days of so-called reconstruction. But among all the changes of government that have taken place in the last sixty years, our intense instinct of local self government has never changed. As long as the south had any share in National politics, American Statesmen were pure and patriotic. American politics were clean, graft was practically unknown, and government was a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Since we have been excluded from all effective share in National politics, the government has become a government of the plutocrat, by the plutocrats and for the plutocrats, and graft stalks rampant. Of all the changes during the last sixty years, this is the most notable, and it is the most malign and the most ominous. But there are not only 7,000 but 7,000,000 in the South who have not bowed the knee to this Baal. We fought a terrific war, not for slavery, not for secession, but for the right of local self-government, and this intense instinct of the man of Anglo-Saxon blood and breed is more emphasized and intensified in the South to-day than anywhere else where God's sun shines. In the face of this fearful oppression, we started from abject poverty, and are now the leading States of the Union, in spite of negro and carpet-bag rule, in everything that constitutes a great country; and are under no obligations to those who robbed us and insulted us when we were helpless and in a starving condition forty years ago.

The Civilization of a Century Ago and That of To-day: A Contrast.

CHAPTER I

Civilization means, according to Webster, not savage. Surely the people here in 1801 were not savage, but were a plain, matter-of-fact kind of people. Some were religious and some were free-thinkers, but all were kind, honest and disposed to do that which was right, with here and there an exception.

In farming the methods were exceedingly crude. Nature provided most liberally for the wants and necessities of the people. Beef and pork grew fat in the wild range of the pristine forest; and if wild game was desired, as deer or wild turkey, it could easily be taken with the rifle. The skin of the deer, fox, and raccoon were frequently utilized for clothing and would last for years. But little money was in circulation; the people did not need it, since but few articles were purchased; nearly everything to eat or wear was raised on the farm, if not taken out of the woods. The wild pea-vines and the finest grass grew luxuriantly and only required the saving it in the barns. Corn, wheat and oats made fine growth on the virgin soil.

In the early years of the century but

LITTLE ATTENTION WAS PAID TO RAISING COTTON;

only what was needed for domestic use in each family was cultivated. The great difficulty the people had was in having the cotton ginned. In this section the seeds were picked out by hand, in the long winter nights a task was given the children and negroes, each one to pick the weight of an iron spoon in cotton; this would be enough for the next day's spinning. Cotton gins had not come into general use in the early years of the century; in fact, one-fourth of the century had passed before the cotton gin was regarded as a factor of much weight in the civili-

zation of the century. For the first third of the century but little cotton was raised for market. In 1840 the first spinning jenny was put in use. It ginned, carded and spun its own cotton by turning a crank. A good hand could take off from four to six hanks a day—a splendid improvement on the “wheel and cards.”

FLAX WAS LARGELY GROWN

in the early years. It was rotted by spreading out thinly on the ground, exposed to the weather, rain and sunshine until the outer covering (of the stems) was rotted; it was then placed upon the flax brake, which was made entirely of wood, two or four pieces about four feet long, securely fastened together with wooden pins at each end, with a block between them, leaving a space of two or three inches between the side pieces; now over the top of this trap was a middle piece fastened at one end and the other could be raised up and let down quickly. The flax was placed across the two side pieces and the middle piece worked up and down by a treadle. This was the flax brake.

After this operation was done with the flax had to be scutched and hackled. This was done with a heavy board closely filled with heavy spikes; about the size of goose quill or lead pencil and about six or eight inches long. A bundle of flax was drawn across this hackle until all the coarse part or toe was removed. Then it was ready for spinning. One hundred years ago it was spun exactly as it was by the Jewish women in the days of King Solomon, four thousand years ago. Now there are few things intended for the welfare of the human race that remain as they were, unimproved. There may be machinery that works flax—pure linen—differently now, but one hundred years ago no new process had succeeded the formula of ancient times. Flax has not been cultivated in this part of the country since cotton became the staple crop.

One hundred years ago

A GREAT NEED WAS A SAW MILL

to aid in house building. The whip saw was the only way

by which plank were cut. The log was placed over a pit, or excavation, on a carriage and one man stood over the log and one stood in the excavation beneath the log and operated the saw. Of course this was a slow process, but it was the only way known at the time. The sash saw and the mulay saw came in afterwards and were run by water power, which was a decided improvement over the whip saw. By the time the century was half over the circular saw was invented, by which three thousand feet were cut in a day—a feat which attracted the attention and wonder of the world. In the last half of the century improvements of this invention were made that had never been dreamed of fifty years ago. The industry has grown so that railroads have to be built to feed them with logs and haul away the product. Some of these mills located in the great forests are supplied with gang saws that rip large stocks to pieces with each movement of the carriage, cutting hundreds of thousands of feet in a day.

Truly the civilization of to-day is hardly recognized as the same our grandfathers built up. But we have learned not to despise the day of small things.

Maj. John Davidson, who held high position in this part of the State, lived to add much to the civilization that was enjoyed by the people one hundred years ago. He was an expert blacksmith, and

PROBABLY MADE THE FIRST BROADAXE,
with which building logs, sleepers, joists and rafters were hewn for the nice houses which were built. In many places the floors were made of nicely dressed puncheons. Much of the symmetry and beauty of early architecture were due to the use of the broad-axe.

Blacksmithing in the early years was almost ranked with the fine arts. Vulcan was the god of the forge, and of course every species of work in iron sprung from him. Everything made of iron had to be forged in the shop. The great log-chain, as well as the drawing chain with

which horses pull our wagons and plows, our hoes and mattocks and axes, all had their origin in the blacksmith shop. The cooking vessels came from the iron furnaces. Nothing was bought ready made, as we now see in the large and elegant hardware store. Other countries were no farther advanced than ourselves, but had to pursue the same course of civilization. As we now look back we naturally think they made slow progress, but the masses did not think so; in fact, they did not think about it at all; they were satisfied, and only the discontented few looked forward to better times. To the unsatisfied and discontented we owe all the

ADVANCE MADE IN OUR CIVILIZATION.

If our grandmothers could now come back and take a peep at our elegantly furnished kitchens, and see the fine stoves and ranges, our kettles and agate wares, elegant cooking vessels, they would naturally conclude that they were only dreaming of what might be in the distant future. But they would not be more surprised than our great grandfathers would be to see the wire nails and the cut nails that are now in daily use, instead of having the blacksmith forge every nail that is used in building our houses.

When we look back for one hundred years and take note of the civilization of that period and compare it with the present, we wonder how they accomplished so much with the limited means to work with. If the house carpenters of to-day were required to forge every nail with which he built a home, he would stand aghast at the undertaking.

CHAPTER II

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

EVERY WOMAN WAS AN EXPERT HORSE-BACK 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 trip on horse-back to traveling in a wagon. In setting up the "new countries," as the territories and newly formed

States, were called, the people emigrated in wagons and on horse-back.

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; every 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 echymoses 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 gost of the dead prowling about. It became so common for ghosts to appear that it was looked upon as nothing supernatural. But we should 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 sun-

down, 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 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 later 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 soldier, 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 sea-ports and on navigable river, 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.

ECCLESIASTICAL 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 off-shoots 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 CHAPEL 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.

CHAPTER III

Wesleyan Female College was founded in 1836; the first class graduated in 1840. This is the first woman's college in the world that issued diplomas to their graduates. This fact is not generally known, but like that worthy branch of the church, she does not sound abroad her many excellences. This branch of the church has made wonderful progress in the last century; and there is nothing that marks the progress made in the century so much as the spread of Methodism and the great work achieved in so short a time. The denomination stands on the front line with every advancement in the twentieth century.

A century ago

TRUSTS WERE UNKNOWN,

remained unknown to the American government till after the great civil war between the States. During this long war some men accumulated vast fortunes off the distress of the country. This was the starting point of the greatest trusts the world has ever known. The year 1895 was known as "The Bankers Panic." Patriotism died and

greed well-nigh bankrupted the country. The President was forced to issue bonds or let the country be driven to the wall. Such a procedure had never before been witnessed since the American government was formed, as issuing bonds in time of profound peace. But the wisdom of his course has since been justified by the plentifulness of money, notwithstanding we have raised an army of 100,000 men and fought a three-years' war. Truly, we are a wonderful people, grown from 5,500,000 in 1800 to 80,000,000 in 1900. Our civilization has grown with the years.

It is hard to keep up with passing events in the great march of progress, when trusts are being formed on everything but air and water, and some of the corporations, financially, are strong enough to represent a small sized empire—the steel and iron trust, for instance, that is capitalized at more than one billion dollars. The human mind can hardly grasp so great an amount.

We now turn to lesser, or at least we hold so until they too are gobbled up.

COTTON SEED WERE NOT REGARDED AS WORTH ANYTHING till the century was two-thirds gone. In 1870 the meal was ground out for the nitrogen or ammonia for making a high grade of fertilizer, and afterwards was pressed for the oil; and now millions of gallons of oil are saved that formerly were thrown away. In this our civilization received another great impetus. The grazing lands are becoming less in area as time passes, and the lands are utilized for farming purposes; and since cotton sways the commerce of the world, and exercises the will and authority of a monarch wherever the climate is propitious, all cereals and other crops have to give way and admit that cotton is king. For the last two decades seed have taken the place of our great prairies and pasture lands by giving the hulls for feed instead of grass, and the rich oil cake to produce milk and beef. We are rapidly becoming like the Yankees, if not swallowed up by them,

in adopting their modes of civilization. It is said in Chicago that the great slaughter-houses and packing establishments lose nothing in the process but the squeal of the hog. In the South, the art of handling cotton has reached nearly as fine a point. By using the lint of the seed, the oil of the kernel, then grinding the cake into the richest of cattle food, the stalks furnish a cheap bark for bagging—nothing is thrown away but the roots. This great saving is not yet perfected, but will be in the near future.

In the civilization of the first half of the century we had to put up with very ordinary lights.

THE PINE TORCH AND "TALLOW DIP,"

as the candles were called, were the only lights then in use. Wealthy people may have used whale oil on rare occasions. Nothing better was used. In town the street lamps contained oil that made a very poor light, but it was put up with until the century was half gone. In 1850 petroleum was discovered. In 1859 kerosene was so refined that it was burned in lamps. It then sold at 75 cents per gallon. Now a superior article sells at 10 and 15 cents a gallon. Gas was made from fine rosin, after distillation, a few years earlier, but was not so good as was made in later years. The natural gas as found in the oil regions in various places has proven not only a better article, but is vastly cheaper. The discovery of oil over such a vast territory has raised many people from poverty to millionaires. One hundred years ago such a discovery would have been looked upon as the machination of the evil spirit, as a thing to be avoided.

THE WEATHER PROBABILITIES

have been studied by scientists for the last thirty years and they can now say, with a good degree of certainty what the weather will be two or three days in advance. In order to do this, they must use the electric current for fifteen hundred or two thousand miles in all directions.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGES

About the year 1890 the first medical school for women was established in Philadelphia. One or more for men had been established in almost every city of importance in America; but the idea of establishing a woman's college had either lain dormant or had never been entertained. The spirit of progress was in the mind of advanced thinkers in every civilized and Christianized country on the globe; and it was patent to all who knew how to think, that the time had come when women physicians were a necessity. It was kept a secret from the world as if only a few States were allowed to participate in its benefits. It became generally known as far South as North Carolina in 1882 when Dr. Annie L. Alexander, first entered the woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, being the second Southern woman to enter the medical profession. Dr. Dimmoc, of Fayetteville, of Northern parentage graduated in medicine several years earlier, but never practised South. After serving in a Boston hospital for five years, she was drowned at sea while on her way to Europe.

Quite a number in every State, since 1885 have gone into the profession, and special schools for women have been started and are flourishing in various cities of the Union. Many other new moves made by men and women tend to show that our civilization was not expected to stand still, and its course is ever onward and upward.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

was an unknown organization in the first half of the nineteenth century. Now every town of respectable size has an Association hall in which religious services are conducted and healthy bodily exercises through a course of training affords both pleasure and profit, while the mind is by no means neglected as a library is provided for those who have time to enjoy and cultivate the best part of their natures. Even now in the summer of 1901 is being held the semi-centennial of the Young Men's Christian Association in Boston, having representatives from all parts of the

civilized world. This branch of church work has proved an important factor in the twentieth century. It appears now that all things are working together to promote the best interests of those people who help themselves. This truism will hold as good in building character as it does in extending the material interests of the State.

CHAPTER IV.

The first fifty years of the nineteenth century had passed without any attempt being made to ameliorate the terrible condition of the insane. No medical treatment was given before the century was half over. Violent cases were restrained, that is to say, they were locked up or chained. The harmless were allowed to wander about at will. In many cases they were treated worse than dumb brutes. It is easy for humanity to become used to suffering, and then become tired of having to care for their own blood and kindred. But in the latter part of the first half of the century

DOROTHY DIX VISITED NORTH CAROLINA

and got a hearing before the Legislature and unfolded the true plan of taking care of the insane, and so interested the representatives that they passed a bill to build an asylum. This was about 1845, but from some cause the building was not ready for use until 1856. Many legislators thought the building large enough to contain all the insane we would have for twenty years to come; but before ten years expired another wing had been added, and in ten years more an asylum of double proportions had been built at Morganton. We now have room in the two hospitals to treat 1,200 patients. These are for the white race exclusively. We have one located in Goldsboro built exclusively for the negro race. As our civilization advances with the refinement of age and we leave the rough pioneer life of one hundred years ago, insanity increases in double ratio as we advance.

It is a pleasure, a real pleasure, to think of a discovery made more than one hundred years ago, that was so per-

fect that no improvement has been made or can be made on its toothsome-ness. Of course I refer to that universally popular article of diet—

CORN PONE.

Ladies who have never cooked a meal's vittuals, have never washed and dressed a baby, or young gentlemen who have never milked a cow, curried a horse or cut an armful of stove-wood, would not surprise us should we hear them say, "Oh, I can't stand anything so coarse." Neither would we be surprised to find that class turn up their noses when a dish of "possum sop and sweet potatoes" graced the table. But in the evenings the farmer comes home from his honest day's work, washes his hands and face and sits down to the evening meal, prepared by his wife and daughters, the steaming hot corn pone, with the golden butter and rich milk just from the spring house and a dish of sourwood honey—there is a repast far more tempting than that partaken of by the fashionable who dine at unseasonable hours, turning night into day and sleeping away the cool and invigorating hours of the morning. It is said that ambrosia was a dish partaken of and relished by the gods. Maybe so; we never saw it, but we can vouch for hot pone, butter, honey and milk.

Almost as marked a change in the customs of a century ago is noted in

THE LATE HOUR OF RISING

in the mornings. Before the first half of the nineteenth century was past the farmer class always ate breakfast by candle light, and were at the plow or other work by the time it was light enough to see; no idle bread was eaten. But since the negro was freed, he enjoys his ease; and many white people have quit the farm and rent their lands to whoever they can get to cultivate them. Times have changed to such an extent that I am constrained to think they are sadly out of joint. At any rate, they are not like they were before the war; but maybe it is for the best.

CUSTOMS OF MINOR IMPORTANCE

It was fashionable a hundred years ago, and even at a later period, to have large families. It was not uncommon for people to rear from ten to fifteen children, and it was rare to find one defective, either in mind or body. Civilization had not then put on the frills that are now so common. The people were natural, followed close to nature, and did not try artificial means as a substitute for natural welfare. It was very uncommon to see a young person wearing glasses or carrying a cane. It was not the fashion to wear a mustache in the first half of the century. Gambling, that is, card playing, was probably indulged in as much a hundred years ago as now. The great stakes by which vast fortunes are won and lost are in the Stock Exchange, as in New York or Chicago. Millions in wheat, corn, lard, bacon, sugar, railroad stock or any other values are put up and swept from the board with as much nonchalance as an old-timer would have entered the ring of a shooting match. The world moves and every one is eager to keep up with the procession.

DUELLING WAS COMMON.

Duelling was the fashionable way of settling a difficulty in the early years of the nineteenth century. It prevented quarrelling to a great extent. The matter in dispute was quickly adjusted when "coffee and pistols for two" were ordered. If explanations were not sufficient to satisfy the belligerents, the details were left to their respective seconds, and whatever they agreed upon was final, from which there was no appeal.

FLOWERS.

It appears from reading and traditional history that sentiment had no place in the first part of the century that has so recently taken its place in the past. Then the wilderness was to be subdued, a living was to be obtained, churches and school houses were to be built for the people, and there was little time to indulge in sentiment. The substantials in life claimed their first attentions. The

aesthetic idea had not been given a place, if even the word had been coined fifty or more years ago. It is a growth of the later civilization and was not dreamed of when the country was young. It is now heard with all its adornments and is emphatically one of the fixtures of the century. Flowers are undoubtedly the emblems of sentiment and express the meaning so plainly that it is impossible to mistake their purpose intended. They are now used to decorate the graves of our dead—typical of the bright Easter morn when the Savior of the world arose from the dead and gave joy to all the world. Flowers woven in chaplets of love intertwined with orange blossoms decorate the blushing bride and she is led to the marriage altar to take the vows of wifehood. And when one of our great men meets his fellow citizens to discuss the great political questions of the day, vast bouquets are showered upon him to express the approval of the people. The classes of boys or girls, when they come forward for graduation, are also covered with flowers by kind friends. The sacred desks of our churches are often banked with evergreens and beautiful flowers. The young ladies are often the bearers of huge bouquets of flowers to church or parties, while young gentlemen display a button-air. This is a beautiful custom and is only in keeping with the civilization of the twentieth century.

Recollections.

In every department of life there has been wonderful changes in the civilization of the last sixty years. Politics and political parties have arisen and subsided, as great issues have come upon the stage of action and then retired. The Federal and Republican Parties held sway until 1825, than gave way to the Whig and Democratic Parties till the War Between the States was fought and won, when the Whig Party was annihilated. It appears to have been absorbed by the Republican Party.

From 1850 to 1870, the growth of the Republican Party was phenomenal. It was emphatically sectional; and was brought into being for the one especial purpose to rob the South of her institution of slavery. Slavery was the source of much wealth. It was first introduced by New England traders, in New England ships; and when slavery was no longer profitable in that cold, bleak climate, the cargoes of slaves were turned South and here they became very profitable. The people of the Northern States thought it incumbent upon themselves to regulate the affairs of other States, with which they had no more right to meddle than France has with Italy. But they saw the South was prosperous, and envied our pleasant possessions, and hunted for an occasion to pick a quarrel. The South was quick to resent an insult, and the great Civil War was on, which settled that 600,000 men could not hold out against 2,800,000. Notwithstanding we had right on our side, we could not resist the unequal weight in men and all the munitions of war.

Let see how the parties acted from 1840-'60. The two parties—Whig and Democrat,—were like two slumbering giants awaiting to be aroused to meet each other in debate, that frequently waxed so warm that the code duello was often called in to adjust political difficulties.

The civilization of this period was fully sixty years behind the closing year of the nineteenth century. In almost every way you might turn, you were confronted by heavy forests. Comparatively very little cotton was raised, but there was grain in abundance for feeding horses, cows, hogs and negroes. Everything was fed on the best the country afforded. Drovers of cattle were driven to Philadelphia; hogs and negroes were taken South. Some persons thought negroes and hogs the only profitable stock that could be raised. Horses sold from twenty-five to fifty dollars; milk cows sold from six to ten dollars a piece, and pork at four to five cents a pound. When cotton got to be a staple crop, and was extensively raised, the price of all kinds of stock was materially advanced.

OLD-TIME SCHOOLS.

The public schools were now much more encouraged, school-houses were now built for the comfort of the pupil, in having glass windows, and a plank floor; but the wonderful advances made in sixty years looks as if Aladdin's lamp had found its way in the beginning of the twentieth century. The last twenty-five years of the century, but little use was made of the rod in the school-house. I don't know that the children were any better in the last quarter of the century than in the former part, but it has become unfashionable to use the rod; it is now considered barbarous to flog the dear little ones. If King Solomon, with all his wisdom, had lived in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and advocated "not to spare the rod for his much crying," he would be termed a monster of cruelty, if not driven from his throne

DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT.

But every age has its own peculiarities or fashions. One school weakness of the present time is wholly different from what we saw fifty years ago or less. Fifty years ago I graduated at Davidson College. About eighty young men were in attendance, and not one complained of weak eyes, or had to use glasses. There were also several

fine large schools, both male and female in the country, and not one of the pupils had to wear spectacles. From 1853-'55 I attended the Medical College in Charleston, S. C., where we had a class of 250 young men from all parts of the South, and only one man wore glasses. Not an oculist had an office in the city of Charleston. An aurist, an itinerant, had an office in the Mills House; but he did not claim to be proficient as an eye specialist. In 1861-'65 it was a rare thing to find one man in a thousand with defective vision. In getting up a company of soldiers, or a regiment, it was never thought worth while to examine any man's eyes, unless it was known in all his community that his sight was defective. And as for a negro wearing glasses before the war, excepting very old persons, it was a thing unheard of. But now those who are given to wearing spectacles are seen in every crowd by the dozen, and you cannot walk a square without coming into contact with persons blind or of defective vision.

NEGRO DISEASES.

The young among the colored population with defective eyesight is equally as numerous as among the whites. But they are great immitators of the leaders of fashion among the whites; and how much is put on to sport nose glasses, by the sporty class, we cannot say.

But it is a notorious fact that defective vision is one of the drawbacks that has accompanied their freedom. When their changed condition was thrust upon them, and many white men who were not friends to the freedmen encouraged them to plunge into all manner of excesses, and give free license to their pent-up desires, without regularity of diet, and the food not of the good and wholesome quality such as they had been used to in slavery times, with restraint from running into excess, they fell an easy prey to all manner of diseases, such as consumption and scrofula. Their power of resistance to the inroads of disease that robbed them of their stay of animal life, and their eyesight that had always been good, was rendered defective, and with it many ailments were engrafted upon

them that will continue as long as they continue to be guided by those who are their real enemies.

In speaking of the negro race since slavery times I would say that I never knew or saw one who was a lunatic while a slave. But in a fourth of a century the people of North Carolina have built a large asylum in Goldsboro for the use of the negro exclusively, and scarcely one-half of the poor unfortunate ones are provided for. This also may be placed to the credit of those loud-mouthed Abolitionists who were fond and eager to meddle with the civilization of other common-wealths. In time of slavery the negroes were a strong, healthy and robust people. When they were well-fed, well-housed, and well-clothed, and worked in moderation, they were capable of doing more work on the farm than any other nationality. We had fine mechanics among the slaves, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, brick masons, shoemakers and negroes skilled in all the trades pursued by white people. And at that time no hard feelings was engendered between the races on account of color, but all worked in harmony.

Fifty years ago we had a civilization that has never been excelled. It is true that a half century ago the millionaires in America might have been counted on less than the fingers of one hand; now they are estimated at many thousand. But then fifty years ago it was a rarity to see a case of poverty, save from sickness or some misfortune. How is it now? From fifty to one hundred in the county home, and double as many more are fed by the city in the cold months of winter.

RAILROAD BUILDING

Sixty years ago there was not a railroad in North Carolina; they had only been heard of by the more advanced people of our State. The great majority of our people were in total ignorance of internal improvements. The first railroad meeting ever held in Mecklenburg County was in 1848, in the oak grove at that time on East Avenue, where W. R. Myers lived for many years. A big barbecue dinner was served to a large crowd. Jas. W. Osborne and

Joseph H. Wilson addressed the people. This was a Whig measure, the Democrats opposed any State aid; and the Charlotte and Columbia Road was built. The celebration on the completion of the road to Charlotte, was held in the old Female Academy lot, where Mr. Jas. H. Carson now resides. A large crowd was in attendance. A big barbecue was served, and everybody was in a good humor. The slaves were given holiday. The local exponents of the Whig party were jubilant at their success. Internal improvements had gotten a start, and nothing now stood in the way of progress along the line. The most pronounced Democrats, who were not as well posted as they should have been, predicted the utter failure of the country being benefited by the railroads. In fact they said there was not enough produce raised in the country to make a train load in the fall and another in the spring. After a few months the most obstinate could see the road was a success, but they would not admit it in words; after being so opposed to the enterprise.

The North Carolina Railroad was now under way. The Hon. John M. Morehead was the great leader in getting the charter, getting the State to appropriate largely to it. A bill was introduced to build the road from Goldsboro to Charlotte, the State to take two million dollars, and the individual stockholders to subscribe one million. The bill was debated with much ability, and when the vote was taken it was a tie. Calvin Graves, a Democrat, was Speaker of the House, and gave the decisive vote in favor of the road. Notwithstanding Mr. Graves had been immensely popular, that one vote put him under a cloud from which his party never allowed him to rise. But the North Carolina Railroad is a monument to his memory, that will last for ages after party organizations have been forgotten. This great work was completed in 1856, from Goldsboro to Charlotte, 223 miles. Gov. John M. Morehead was a great factor in developing the resources of the State. He was not afraid to meet those who were opposed to internal improvements in the State, but rather courted

the opportunity before an audience. The people at large in a few years saw what a narrow policy they were pursuing, soon changed their tactics, but positively refused to vote the Whig ticket.

FASHIONS SIXTY YEARS AGO

More than half a century ago fashions did not change abruptly; as of a late date, but would last a long time. Steam was only then coming into use, travel was slow, and news passed slowly: illustrated papers such as we have now were unheard of; consequently fashions were slow to change. Ladies at that time wore a bonnet, Leghorn, that flared back and out, till they resembled a trombone, or sometimes were likened to the "roof of a smoke-house." They projected a foot above the face, and were a half yard long. The ladies wore bustles so large that an umbrella could be laid on them when walking. Corsets were worn tight, and the dress made with a sharp point in front, held in place by whale bone. The hair was plaited or combed down over the ears. Large ear-rings were very fashionable.

Everybody at this time rode horse-back; buggies were not made as this time, and a handsome carriage cost from \$600 to \$800.

Gentlemen had quit knee breeches before; but all who cared for style wore a broad-cloth coat, satin vest, and doeskin cassimere pants, made by a tailor; ready-made clothing was then unheard of. Instead of a cravat, the high stock was worn by every one. Boots were worn by nearly every one. It used to be a "fad" to sport a large silk pocket handkerchief; linen was seldom used except on wedding occasions. The gentlemen were punctilious about wearing straps to their pants, buttoned on under their boots. But few gentlemen, if any, wore whiskers; every one prided himself on keeping a pair of good razors. Ruffled shirt fronts were worn only by the very fashionable. When a shirt front was "done up nice" and fresh it was beautiful indeed. Gen. I. Bankhead McGruder, it

is said never went into battle without a front of this kind on, and had gold lace stitched to every frill. Whether he wore a front like this when he fought the battle of Malvern Hill, we cannot say, but the roar of musketry was not broken for five hours.

The occupation of women, of Southern women, sixty years ago was very different from what it is now. Then it was customary for them to marry young; to raise families, and marry for riches or position. It was almost unheard of for one to seek a position by which she could earn a livelihood. But few places were open for women workers; probably to teach school for three months, or in some counties a boarding school was gotten up for girls, in the more intellectual communities. Here they were employed as teachers to give the finishing touches to a young lady's education. Miss Sarah Davidson was a notable example in Charlotte from 1830 to 1880, and Miss Nancy Ewart in the county. Miss Nancy was a noted teacher. She was patronized by all classes, rich and poor, and but few boys or girls ever attended her school but were made acquainted with her rod. She was a large muscular woman, of great strength; and did not hesitate to apply the switch to young men who failed to recite a perfect lesson or who violated the rules of school.

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN

The last thirty years of the century, the civilization of the times has opened many situations for women that are both pleasant and lucrative. They now occupy the front as teachers in our public schools and in female colleges. Some select medicine as a profession; many adopt the profession of nursing the sick, both in private and in hospital. Quite a number go as medical missionaries and thus serve the sick in heathen lands. In every town we have typewriters galore; sale-women in every dry-goods store; in fact, in every place of trade woman appears to occupy an important place. Places that were filled forty years ago by men, are now held down by the weaker sex; they work for less wages and are more efficient than men,

and be it said to their credit, I have never heard of one appropriating money or goods that did not belong to them. There appears to be an innate honesty with women that that is in the highest degree commendable. They try harder to give satisfaction, in whatever line they work in, than their brothers.

At the beginning of the Twentieth Century a new era seems to have dawned upon the civilization of our South land. The South is to be the great manufacturing centre of America. Even at this early day, within a radius of one hundred miles we have more than one hundred cotton mills fully equipped for spinning yarns and weaving and dyeing the various grades of cloth. At all these mills women and girls find remunerative labor and are indeed the great and important factor in the new civilization of the present era.

A COUNTY FAIR IN 1846

The first County Fair held in Mecklenburg County was in 1846. The first County Fair that we have any account of was held in the back room store of H. B. and L. S. Williams. It was a one-story frame building the back room was for the clerks to sleep in and through the kindness of the proprietors the room was loaned for the purpose of holding a County Fair. The patrons of the Fair assembled about 2:30 o'clock; they were Dr. M. M. Orr, Major John Caldwell, Col. B. W. Alexander, Col. H. B. Williams, Major Ben Morrow and your reporter, then just twelve years old, and a Dr. B— from Chester, S. C., drunk and in bed with his boots on; no doubt he would have enjoyed the World's Fair at Philadelphia in 1876, with the same degree of composure if he had as many night caps beneath his vest. The articles on exhibition were very fine, but not numerous. In the room there were a half dozen very fine turnips, about the size of an ordinary tea-kettle; they were much praised and commented on for their beauty and fragrance. The turnips were raised by Dr. Orr. Major Morrow had two colts in the back yard, a mule and

a horse colt—both about six months old—their manes and tails were matted up with burrs; they were pronounced very good, but their owner was not complimented as a horse fancier. Major John Caldwell exhibited a well-kept Devon bull that received much commendation. From this small beginning, the back room of a small store, and a small yard 20 x 30 feet, to exhibit the products of the great county of Mecklenburg, we may well wonder at the wonderful progress in little more than half a century. Now we have a fair ground one thousand times as large, with race tracks that will bring the finest steeds in America to try their speed; also pens and stables to accommodate all animals that may come, elegant houses to furnish room for all fancy work that the women may desire to place on exhibition, and machinery of various kinds that tend to relieve man of the drudgery of work that is unpleasant for him to do, and to give object lessons of new devices, and show how electricity can be subject to the wants of man. We are living in the most wonderful age that has ever dawned upon the human race. With every new discovery that is made, it has as much elevating power for the benefit of woman as for man. All these recollections come crowding upon us when we remember what we saw and endured sixty years ago. What a change has come over the spirit of our dream!

It was in the last thirty years of the 19th century that the idea was first impressed upon the people of Mecklenburg and the neighboring counties, that good roads was a necessity, that they could be constructed, and that the time had come when we could not afford to do without them. Good roads were commenced when the whipping post, the stocks and pillory were forbidden as a punishment for stealing and other crimes of a like nature. Fifty years ago our great roads were so bad during the rainy season, that the people thought it wise and prudent to build plank roads; in 1854 and 1855 a plank road was built to Mt. Mourn from Charlotte; another was constructed to Lincolnton. They cost very high for the time they lasted.

In five years wear the road was patched almost the entire length. Railroads then took their place; but with the beginning of our new civilization stone or macadamized roads became a necessary substitute.

MACADAMIZED ROADS

Our law abiding people were forced to do something with the lawbreakers; we had no penitentiary to punish them in, and our late enemies had forbidden the whipping post, the stocks and pillory and branding iron; and it became necessary to improvise a "chain gang" and work the streets of the town and the public roads of the county, At first some of our people were opposed to this plan, but in a few years it was indorsed by all, and the county authorities were urged to prosecute the work with greater vigor by borrowing money and hiring extra labor. The county now has more than one hundred miles completed, and is favorably spoken of throughout the United States. On these roads two mules can pull all that an ordinary wagon can hold up. From twelve to fifteen miles of road are made in a year, the "chain-gang" consisting of about seventy-five convicts. This system pays the county well, and at the same time inflicts a punishment well suited for the crimes committed. This system of roadmaking is a grand epoch in the march of the civilization of the last sixty years of the nineteenth century.

CANDLES AND OTHER LIGHTS

From the earliest times we read of lights being used at night. Lamps were burned when civilization had made but little advance; but sixty years ago candles were used, commonly called "tallow dips." Almost every family at that time was well provided with pine knots, or "fat pine," which was brought in the house every night, nicely cut up, or the log sawed up about twelve inches long, and these short blocks split into kindling pieces. These pieces furnished a very good light for ordinary purposes; the father could read and re-read the paper—the Raleigh Register, the Weekly Union; edited by Richie, or the

National Intelligencer, by Gales & Seaton, published in Washington, D. C. The light was also good enough for the mother to sew, spin and reel yarn or thread from broaches, and the children to get their lessons for the next day at school.

The civilization of sixty years ago was far behind the present in many respects, but it was suited to the age in which they lived.

Lights were a prime necessity in every family; and while fire light, or the light from rich pine, answered most purposes in the winter season, in warm weather it was not agreeable; consequently our good women turned their attention to making candles.

CANDLE MAKING

The process is now obsolete. Sixty years ago candle molds had not found a place in North Carolina. But nevertheless candles were used under the name of "tallow dip." A quantity of tallow was melted in a large mouthed pot; or large kettle, and from ten to thirty wicks placed on a cane. The housewife would then dip them in the melted tallow, and hold them up till they quit dripping; then hang on a scaffold till cold; while they were cooling quite a number of others could be dipped. Then dip them over again, until the candles are as large as wanted. From twenty-five to thirty dozen are done in this way, or enough to last a family twelve months. This was practiced by everyone in the fall of the year.

From 1845-50, candle molds, made of tin were in common use; they would hold from three to thirty-six. A cane was run through the loop of the wick, and the wick knotted at the little end of the molds. After the tallow became cold in the molds, if the weather was very cold, the molds were warmed in the blaze, and the candles were drawn out. It was necessary now to have candlesticks the proper size to hold the candle. The candlesticks were made of iron, brass or silver. And a pair of snuffers was laid by the side of each candle stick to trim each wick as it was reduced to ashes.

LIGHTS IN THE WAR TIMES

In 1855-1866, kerosene first was brought into our markets, and sold for seventy-five cents per gallon. It was too high-priced to come into general use. The War Between the States now came on, and there was no improvement in lights for several years. The soldiers often had a "wick" for a candle, or torch, made of a cotton string as big as a goose quill, dipped in a mixture of beeswax, rosin and tallow, stretched on chairs till it would dry. Probably it would be twenty yards long; then roll it around a corn cob, and let one end stand up. This made a very good light. I have seen soldiers use them on a train of cars, where it was the only light on the train. I have seen capital operations performed at battlefield hospitals by only one tallow candle. This did not make the light we desired, but we were able to save some who would have succumbed if left till morning. Gas was used in the larger towns, but not in the country. Kerosene was generally used in the last third of the century in towns. And for the last fifteen years electricity was the great light used in towns and places of much wealth. There has been wonderful improvement in lights in the last sixty years.

One item of very great importance that should be observed is the difference in transportation in the last sixty years. Then on land it was by horse power. On the great rivers, steam was coming into use as a mode of travel and transportation. No vessel ever dared to cross the ocean until the year 1840. Now in 1903, distance is practically eliminated. To travel to the ends of the earth is no longer the serious undertaking it was a few decades ago. The vast wealth that is now accumulated in one short lifetime, enables a sharp financier to perform wonders that may be for the benefit of the human race.

QUICK TRANSPORTATION

"Ogden Armour, the Chicago millionaire, by means of the modern facilities of the iron horse and the ocean grey-

hound, has been able to import a famous European physician from Vienna to Chicago for the sole purpose of treating the little girl, Lolita Armour, afflicted with congenital dislocation of the hip, and, when it is necessary to remove the plaster of paris cast put on after operation, Mr. Armour will carry his daughter half way across two continents and across one ocean simply in order that the same skillful hand may remove the healing shield after it has clamped the replaced bones into their proper places. American physicians, through his clinics, have taken primer lessons in the new method, and hospitals have been founded for applying the Lorenz method of treatment. And back of all this, let it not be forgotten, is the mooring of hemispheres alongside each other by the cables of modern invention.'''

Our able Congressmen and Senators adopt this mode of rapid travel to inspect our new possessions in the far East; to see what is the prospect of making the eight millions of semi-savages, citizens qualified to use the elective franchise. To travel around the world for business or pleasure, is now not thought any more of than was sixty years ago to make a trip to New Orleans or to St. Louis.

DAY NURSERY

This is an institution of recent date. Many married women have to support their families by manual labor, and this institution is cherished by those who loved their kind. Thousands of women have to go out and get work to pay house rent and buy clothing and provisions, when the day nursery becomes a necessity, if not a God-send for women who love their children. This is a help of recent years, and is calculated to teach the fact that Christian charity and a broad humanitarianism is still recognized as an important factor in these busy days of the beginning of the twentieth century. The American people had to struggle too hard to gain their freedom 125 years ago, now to impose slavery upon their own kindred. Hence such institutions meet with favor from all classes of our people.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES

Sixty years ago books were scarce. The old Blueback Spelling book was the standard of instruction; with Pike's Arithmetics, the Shorter Catechism for the morning lesson, and the Bible for a general reading book. For beginners in arithmetic, the multiplication table was drawn on a piece of foolscap paper, and glued on a paddle, so it frequently served a double purpose. School houses had frequently only a dirt floor, and one log cut out and holes bored for long wooden pins on which rested a wide plank, for the writing class. Teaching school was at this time in a crude state. The switch, the dunce stool, and the fool's cap, were regarded as necessary impliments of punishment; and were considered essential for the good government of the school. Not only have the times changed, but the entire civilization of the times has changed. Books have now become cheap, and now there is no excuse for the people to remain in ignorance. There is now levied a tax that is sufficient to give every child the rudiments of an education, by which he can climb higher if there is anything in him that is worth cultivating.

There now appears to be a tidal wave of education spreading over the country that is without parallel. A library is being established in each school district, as an adjunct to the school that will contribute much to educate those who are past the school age. Life is all too short to allow any one to grow up in ignorance. The world is far in advance of what it was sixty years ago. And if we would hold our place in the vanguard of civilization, we must lead in the grand march of learning. We can now see every morning before breakfast all the important events that have occurred the day before in the civilized world.

Before 1840 every ship that crossed the ocean did it by sails and wind, guided by compass and chart, precisely as Christopher Columbus did in 1492. From 1840 on to the present time steam has been the great motive power, both by sea and land. Transportation by steamships or rail-

roads did not come into general use until twenty-years later. The great movement of building railroads in the South was halted by the war in 1861, and did not get fairly started again for more than a decade. Our system of labor was sadly interferred with. Sixty years ago our markets were in Philadelphia or Charleston; a drove of beef cattle were taken, and a four-horse wagon loaded with whatever the farmer could raise to sell, and he would bring back a load of merchandise. This would consume a month or six weeks.

Before the century was out, or sixty years had passed, the trip to Philadelphia could be made in sixteen hours, and across the ocean in six days. If modern transportation and travel have made such a revolution in sixty years, what may be expected in the future, when electricity is substituted for steam as motive power, and ships are built of aluminum—which is both light and strong—to navigate the air?

BICYCLES AND ROLLER SKATES

These two inventions, bicycles and roller skates, took their place in our civilization about the year 1870. In 1846, one evening when returning from school, my brother, now the Rev. S. C. Alexander, D. D., of Pine Bluff, Ark., remarked: "I am tired walking to school and other places; I can see how I can make a wheel that I can ride, working it with pedals; that I can ride as fast as a horse can gallop. Oh, I intend to have me a wheel." He had quite a good deal of mechanical ingenuity; and I have frequently thought if he had stopped school while the idea was fresh on his mind and gone into a well-equipped shop, the bicycle might have made its appearance a quarter of a century earlier. But then his calling was of a nobler nature, and affected more happiness. When the bicycles were first made, the driving or front wheel was four or five feet in diameter, and the hind wheel one foot. But in after years they assumed the size we now see on the street. They now appear to be a fixture of the present civilization.

The roller skates came on the state about the same time

as the bicycles; but are more for enjoyment or pleasure than real use. About 1875 I was riding on the train and was introduced to a well-dressed man by the name of "Professor Dunn;" as soon as convenient I asked his friend what Prof. Dunn was "professor" of? He said. "Of the skating rink, sir, of the skating rink."

COLD STORAGE, SILOS AND COTTON SEED

Of late years our people who keep up with the progress of the age do not wonder or show surprise at anything they may see or hear. Refrigerator cars or now regarded as a necessity for transporting fresh meats, keeping it frozen from a few days to months, or a longer time if necessary, waiting for an advance in price. Tender meats are butchered at the beginning of cold weather and placed in a refrigerator and kept until the next spring, without cost of feeding. Fowls are done in the same way. Within the last thirty years the production of ice is almost considered a prime necessity, to keep pace with the rapid advance of the civilization of the present. A cold storage room where is seen thousands of pounds of fresh meats hanging up, and the pipes containing chemicals incased in hoar frost and snow, all lighted up with electricity, presents a weird view to one who has just left an atmosphere of 90 degrees and stepped into one of zero.

It is only within the last ten years that farmers have adopted the plan of saving green feed in silos for cattle and horses through the winter season. Improvements are being made for the benefit of all our domestic animals, as well as for ourselves.

Baled hay and all kinds of provender belongs to these latter years of the century. And more recently still has a shredder been invented to shred the corn stalk, shuck and fodder; this is a great saving that we formerly let go to waste.

Another great saving in the present civilization, that we formerly let go to waste without any compensation, is our large crop of cotton seed, that now yields millions of

gallons of oil that is used throughout the civilized world; and oil cake by the ton, both to make stock feed and the richest kind of fertilizers. This seed was formerly thrown away, is now found to be worth many millions of dollars.

Before the days of public transportation, the sight of a drove of fattening hogs was a common occurrence. In Tennessee and Kentucky corn was largely raised, and it was all the corn was worth to hire the hauling of it to market, consequently they fed it to hogs and drove them to market.

DRIVING HOGS TO MARKET

We often saw on the Statesville and Beattiesford roads large droves numbering five hundred to one thousand hogs in a drove. They were generally large and very fat. If the weather should be very cold and the roads hard frozen while they were on the trip, their feet would be worn out, and it would be necessary either to sell them or wait until the ground would thaw. In driving they would send one man ahead to select a stopping place where corn could be had for their feed; sometimes it was necessary to divide the drove, so that feed could readily be obtained. It was generally the way in crossing a river, if not too wide, to swim the hogs over, if it was not convenient to get a flat-boat. This procedure was not devoid of danger; a fat hog or porker, is always a good swimmer, but they sometimes with their sharp hoofs cut their throats, as they always strike the same place; the drovers keep a sharp lookout for ones that may be wounded. The drovers may be disappointed by an unusually long spell of warm weather; then they have to wait for "hog killing weather" which is expensive. Pork sold generally at three cents per pound gross. Distilleries cared for a large number of hogs; they kept enough to use all the slops. At large distilleries they sometimes fed milk-cows and beef cattle. In antebellum times grain was cheap; in places it sold for 25 and 30 cents a bushel. As the transportation cost so much, it was fed to hogs and cows and they were driven to market.

THE MODERN USE OF FLOWERS

People of refinement and learning a half century ago, did not think what a revolution of style or fashion would usurp the civilization in the latter part of the Nineteenth Century. Sixty years ago but few flowers were cultivated. But few women adorned their bonnets with artificial flowers, and none would have dared to wear the beautiful roses we now see in such profusion in our churches from May till November. We never saw a pulpit graced with ferns and flowers. We never saw a bride surrounded by flowers or beautiful bouquets, or even the groom present his bride with anything more than a sprig of arbor-vitae. When laying our loved ones to rest, we never saw flowers strewn above the grave to abate the sadness, or to give a token that the resurrection would be in the future. We have known a sprig of boxwood planted at the head of a grave. But now times have changed. We see flowers, the emblem of immortality, everywhere—artificial in profusion on women's hats, the finest flowers of the gayest colors fastened on their dresses. Our most elegant pulpits and platforms are decorated with ferns and beautiful flowers and grasses of rare colors. In all marriages we not only see the bride beautifully adorned with the rarest roses, but the house or church is called upon to dress with flowers and evergreens. At all our colleges and high school's, where in former times everything wore a sombre appearance, by the absence of pleasant surrounding, and the rod lying on the teacher's desk, now the rosebud, the lilac, and the evergreen occupy their place and contribute much to help the students to overcome the rough places. Most elegant bouquets are presented to the graduates, both in female and male schools. Every educated speaker, who addresses a mixed audience is honored with a floral offering. The last time Governor Vance appeared before an audience in Charlotte (1894) he was almost covered with flowers. It looked as if the people understood they were looking upon the great North Carolinian for their last time, and they showered upon him an avalanche of

emblems of the resurrection from the dead. It was a scene that this generation will not soon forget. They saw before them the great idol of the State, fading away from the scene of his labors, where he had done so much for his people. It was a beautiful sight, to witness the people following him with wreaths of immortelles to crown his brow.

When the remains of Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States, were passing Charlotte on the way to Richmond, the funeral car looked like a rolling bank of roses, a fit emblem of the resurrection morning.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years

Before the War Between the States unbounded hospitality prevailed in all the Southern States. We now look back for sixty years and see the time of slow travel. The average rate of speed did not exceed forty miles a day. The roads were pretty much as nature made them, and the mode of travel was either horseback or in wagons, and the principal manner to receive hospitality was at a way-side house that would entertain travelers.

OLD TIME HOSPITALITY

It was customary to furnish the guest with the best of entertainment the times afforded, and also have his horse well cared for. This was hospitality between strangers, and the only charge was, "Call again when you are passing."

In 1840, at the great Harrison camp-ground, twelve miles north of Charlotte, when Harrison was a candidate for President, the speakers were provided for in a royal manner; tables were loaded with the choicest viands in the greatest abundance. When all had partaken of the repast, a great many baskets were sent around to the old, the sick and the infirm, for miles around to the poor.

Families would visit their friends in wagons, in the winter time, and spend several days and nights. On such occasions the finest cooking was called in, and the best material was furnished. Fine, large wild turkeys, and juicy venison were plenty at that time; also the old-fashioned pound cake with syllabub, wine for the younger folk, and pure rye whiskey for those who were rheumatic. Everything was raised at home and hospitality reigned supreme.

Fifty years ago at the country churches, we always had two sermons on Sunday, with a picnic at interval. This was a time for a display of gallantry. The boys and

girls rode horseback, and if a boy helped a lady on her horse, as a matter of course he would see her home and stay with her for tea, when such hospitality would be extended as is never witnessed at the opening of the twentieth century.

The age of such hospitality is gone—it is now a lost art. It was not only shown in entertaining the lonely horseback rider who was looking for “new countries;” but it was shown in everyday life. The people in a neighborhood would call on one another for help to raise a house, or barn; to get a field cleared, rails made, and logs rolled and burned.

QUILTINGS AND LOG ROLLINGS

A sumptuous dinner was prepared, a decanter of whiskey or brandy was always on hand to give zest to the dinner, and wit to enliven those who bore the burdens of the day. The women of the neighborhood, as well as the men had their part to perform, for they always had a quilting or sewing—making garments for the family. The day before the “gathering” the good wife would have the quilt put up in frames; or if a sewing was intended, every garment would be cut out and rolled up to itself. The sewing thread was prepared, by being doubled and twisted, with several pieces of beeswax ready to wax the thread to keep it from kinking. The neighborhood gossip is now discussed; what luck each one had met with in raising poultry, what depredations they had suffered from minks and possums, and hounds sucking their eggs. In these early times not a club was in all the country, but it is probable the conversation was as chaste and profitable as we find sixty years later. The day’s work done, supper finished and the largest room made ready, we hear the violins getting ready for the old fashioned dance, either the Irish jig, or the Virginia reel. After they had enjoyed themselves for two hours they start for their various homes, and on the way would discuss the proficiency of those “who trip the light fantastic toe.” Waltzing or

“hugging set to music,” had not then been brought to the soil of North Carolina; and the skill of dancing was judged by the ease of movement and the activity of the performer, without showing how gracefully hugging can be done while sliding about over the floor.

IMPROVEMENT IN FIRE ARMS

There has been but little improvement in fire arms for the last hundred years till 1850; at least but little change was made till then. I never saw a purcussion gun before then, although some of them were handsomely decorated with silver stars. The War of the Revolution, and war of 1812-'14, and the Mexican War in 1846-'47, were all fought with the old flint and steel guns. In the war between the States in 1861, many of the soldiers were armed with the old style guns at the beginning; but after a few battles we captured enough of the very best to arm all the men we could raise.

Since that time wonderful improvements have been made in all kinds of fire arms. The repeating rifle, the sixteen shooter, the breech-loader, the telescope sight, where the hind sight can be raised for shooting a long distance—all these improvements were made not earlier than fifty years ago, and probably not till 1860. Percussion locks were not in common use till the century was more than half over.

I recollect two finely decorated double-barrel shot guns, made with flint and steel locks, the middle of the century.

A good marksman prided himself on his rifle. They always used a rifle in hunting game; sometimes when turkeys were baited, and the hunter shot from a blind, a shot gun was used.

In the old time shooting-matches for beef, the rifle was invariably used. The distance was sixty yards, with a lying down rest, or forty yards off hand. The flints were “picked,” and the gun put in perfect order before the shooting would begin. The hind sight would be shaded, if in the sunshine; a piece of tin three inches wide and six

inches long, cupped and placed along the barrel over the hind sight, was the most common way of shading the sight. Sixty years ago, or later, our country furnished as fine shots as could be found in the world. Some brilliant examples of this kind were frequently called out in the war between the States.

WHAT I RECOLLECT OF FARMING FIFTY YEARS AGO

Large crops of cotton were not planted fifty years ago; neither was it fertilized to any extent, nor was it thinned as at present, but was left very thick, scarcely leaving room to pass a hoe between the stalks. When I was first considered big enough to go the field, we scraped each side of the row from end to end. This was hard work; we were not allowed to "chop through it." It yielded from 300 to 1,000 pounds per acre, and that too without fertilizer. We had the old green seed up to 1848 or 1850; after this date we had the Pettygulph, a large boll and easily picked.

Wheat was probably given more attention than any other crop. The ground was fairly well prepared and manured; in fact, all the manure was put on the wheat crop, except the garden and the potato patch. At this time all the wheat was sowed by hand, was harvested by the scythe and cradle; the reap-hook was now laid away. A good hand was expected to cut one hundred dozen in a day. The most noted cradler in the county was Daniel Benfield; when a race was gotten up, it was always understood that Benfield was not to interfere. When the wheat was thoroughly dry, it was carefully stored away in the barn, and could be threshed at leisure. This last operation was a worrisome job. No machine for threshing wheat had then been invented; it had all to be beaten out with a "flail," or tramped out with horses, or the bundles of wheat set up in a circle and a wagon and horse driven upon it. The old Dutch fan was used to blow the chaff away. Winnowing wheat was all the way in the seventeenth century; as Don Quixote's Dulcinea was engaged

in cleaning wheat according to the report of Sancho Panza. How long this primitive way was kept without change, we are not informed; but for the last decade we certainly have the most improved machinery, from the sowing of the grain to the grinding of the most beautiful flour.

There has not been so much improvement in the machinery of corn culture as in small grain, yet the advancement keeps up with the progress of the age.

Civilization Sixty Years Ago

This was in ante-bellum days, before cheating or fraud became a part of refined politics, and the desire to hold office was considered the chiefest good. I remember being present at an election, on a very wet day, when it was held in a loft of Long Creek Mill; an old man, Wm. B. Alexander—the writers grand-father—was no longer able to get in or out of his carriage without difficulty, the election boxes were carried out to him, and no objection offered. I remember one who took a lively interest in his friend's election, that he sent a four horse wagon through Ferrelltown to persuade the citizens that it was their duty to vote,, and that he would haul them to and from the election, besides paying their taxes. This was not considered buying a vote, but helping the poor. In fact, I doubt very much if any law had ever been enacted or was in force against buying votes. People would have considered it beneath their dignity or their notice to stoop so low as to offer money for a vote. But where a candidate has certain friends, he expects them to support him, and see to it that all indifferent persons are persuaded to be present on this all important occasion. Treating was expected in parties; and it was not uncommon for partisans to step around with a "chip on their shoulder," make a ring and dare the other fellow to cross the line. The prowess of one or the other would always settle the matter.

In North Carolina prior to 1855 no one but a free holder was eligible to vote for a State Senator; after this date free suffrage was the law of the land, and every one who desired to cast a vote, and was not convicted of a felony, was entitled to the benefits of the franchise. The State Senate was composed exclusively of land holders; and

the difference now is more in name than reality; when every one can vote for Senator as well as Commoner.

In the olden times, that is previous to free suffrage, a voter could cast his ballot at any voting place in his county. Our system of voting and managing elections remained the same till the close of the civil war. Then all was changed, the bottom rail was put on top, we had reconstruction with a vengeance; every negro was encouraged to vote, and a decent white man was prohibited. I remember in 1867 our first election was held after the war. I thought I was eligible to vote, and presented myself at the polls and made known my request. I was confronted by the Election Board, composed of negro and white men, who told me that I would have to take an oath—which was as long as a fishing pole. The chairman began the oath to me, it was so long I do not remember it, but one section was like this: “And you further swear, that you never at any time bear arms against the United States Government.” Here I said, “hold up Squire, that lets me out, for I did the best I could for four years.” What a farce was an election in reconstruction times! Over two hundred negroes that had breeches on, were sitting and standing around the polls, enjoying the prospect of ruling North Carolina, while thousands of the best people were disfranchised. It was disgusting to see some men appear to be happy at the idea of negro supremacy. But there is no accounting for taste, as the fellow said, “when he kissed the cow.” But I did not intend to write on reconstruction, at this time, but the young people know so little about that period, I could not let a good chance pass without telling a few things that ought not to be kept secret, when it is a part of our history.

Queen’s Museum was built in Charlotte in 1770, but King George refused to grant a charter for the college although our town was called in honor of the Queen, and

our county called in honor of the Princess, the Princess of Mecklenburg.

All this scope of country was settled up with Presbyterians, and the King was not willing to grant favors to any sect or creed who differed from His Royal Highness, so much as to build up a seat of learning in the bounds of his kingdom. The good people determined to have an institution anyway, and a college was kept up here with more or less regularity till about 1781. It was interrupted frequently by the war, by Lord Cornwallis' army, and marauding bands of Tories, until the war was over. It was then moved to South Carolina, where it never took a flourishing stand, and finally died after a hard struggle to survive. From its first start in Charlotte, to the close in South Carolina, I never heard of but one diploma that was ever issued, and that was to an ancestor of H. Clay Graham of Lincoln county, N. C. In 1837, as the result of the failure of Queen's Museum, or Liberty Hall, as it was called after 1775, it was chartered Davidson College, twenty miles north of Charlotte, under the control of the Presbyterian church of N. C. It was named in honor of Gen. W. L. Davidson, who was killed in the battle of Cowan's Ford, Feb. 1, 1781. His body was buried in Hopewell grave yard by his friend, David Wilson; there is nothing to mark his grave but a bench of brick we presume put there by his friend, David Wilson. If the United States Government had told Gen. Davidson's son, that it would not put a mark to his grave, his descendants would have gladly erected a monument, alas that information came too late, his people were no exception in the general destruction of property. Everything was swept away as with a broom of destruction; even the slaves sold down South, when they ceased to be profitable in their inhospitable climate, were freed without any compensation. We were made to drink the very dregs of defeat. Persons born in the last forty years have no correct idea of the times that are past.

The first class of Davidson College was graduated in 1840. The brick to build the chapel, Stewart Hall, houses for the president and for one professor, were made and delivered for \$3.75 per thousand. They were well made and well burned. And if those buildings are well cared for, they will be in good condition for centuries to come. It is strange, but not generally known, that the trustees asked the celebrated, Peter S. Ney (who remained in this country from his first coming in the year 18—, until he died in 1846, incognito) a Frenchman who was teaching school in an adjoining county, for a draft of a diploma, and a motto for the college. The draft for the diploma contained a view of the Catawba river, the battle of Cowan's Ford, Feb. 1st, 1781—the British troops crossing the river, American forces on the east side, and Gen. Davidson falling from his horse. And arched over the whole, the motto, "Allenda lux ubi libertas orta." The whole was very beautiful and unique; the trustees declined the draft for the diploma, but accepted the motto.

It will always be a disputed question whether P. S. Ney, the old school teacher, was the veritable Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," in the French army. For those who may be curious to know more about this great man, I would refer them to a book on the subject by the Rev. —Wetmore, it is well worth reading.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

In speaking of the past history of our country it is not fair or truthful to cover up that which is painful or unpleasaut, but we should state facts simply as they occurred. The great scourge of Asia and parts of Europe made its appearance in this country and was exceedingly fatal in 1831. It was no respecter of climate, age or condition. Twenty-five years afterwards when the great doctor, I. Marion Simms, was building the Woman's Hospital in New York City, in excavating a

place for the foundation of the Hospital, he removed 27,000 dead bodies that had died of cholera. Some of these were eighteen coffins deep, in the potter's field. And in this wholesale movement, we hear of no disturbance of the health in this particular place or instance. We are told that in the epidemic of cholera, in Wheeling, Va., the doctors had posted in the city notices that certain articles of diet, and certain fruits must be avoided, warning people against the deadly disease. One young man called to another, that he would wager him five dollars that he could eat a pint of cherries for his supper and they would not hurt him. The wager was accepted, the cherries eaten, and the young man was a corpse before midnight. But we have not heard of an epidemic for the last fifty years.

But yellow fever continues to appear, but with much less fatality than in former years, and is now dreaded but little more than Typhoid fever. But in the earlier years of the century, before it lost any of its virulence, it carried off thousands.

In the early years of the century a most virulent disease appeared in the New England States in which the patient would be sick but a day or two, suffering violent pains, high fever, and largely spotted, when the rigor mortis would set in; a few cases were mild and would recover after so long a time. The most wonderful feature connected with the disease (it is so said) is that the person's ghost appearing to a friend would be the first intimation they would have the person's sickness. After a while the people became accustomed to the visits of these apparitions, and the fear of the ghosts gave way, and they looked upon it as a matter of course.

This occurred only in those States where they burned witches, in the long ago.

Money could be borrowed sixty years ago and nothing be said about what interest should be paid. But a half century ago this country was filled—for the most

part—with honest people. I remember in 1854 I was passing through the upper part of Mecklenburg county, and my uncle, Jno. R. Alexander, called to me and asked if I was going past D. A. Caldwell's. I told him I would pass that way on my return in the evening. He then said he wanted me to take some money and pay Abe, a note that he owed him. He counted out \$100, then said he did not remember when he borrowed it, but supposed the interest would be about eight or ten dollars, "just pay whatever it is." On my return I called on Mr. Caldwell and told him Uncle John had instructed me to "pay a note you hold on him." He marked the note "settled in full." I asked him what interest was due on the note. He replied "Did John send money to pay interest?" I answered "Yes, he sent \$10." "Tell John I never loan money for interest, to my friends, but to accommodate them." When I returned that evening and told Uncle John how the matter stood he said, "Well Abe is a mighty clever man." In those days the great majority of our people were not only honest but were anxious to help those who were trying to help themselves.

In those early days our ancestors were not sufficiently advanced to put on the airs of the present style, of granting or taking furloughs whenever summertime comes around. Old Doctor. P. C. Caldwell, nor any of his associates thought of taking a pleasure trip off, if their patients needed their attention at home. Messrs. Harvey Wilson, I. W. Osborne, Nat Boyden or any of the leading lawyers of the State would have thought the world was coming to an end if they should find time to have abandoned their clients to take pleasure trips for two and three months at a time, just for their amusements and recreation. But times and fashions have changed, and ministers of all denominations now find it essential to their health to have a vacation covering the greater part of the hot weather, in order to recuperate

their energies for the fall and winter months of our enervating climate. In some places I am informed that the church doors are closed during the hot weather, that the pastors may rest from their labors. This new fangled way may be the best plan, but it looks mighty queer to those of us who are looking back for more than a half century. Rev. John Williamson, pastor of Hopewell from 1818 to 1842, I don't suppose ever took a vacation, only to visit some one who was sick or in sore distress in a distant congregation that had no pastor. The same and more could be said of Rev. W. S. Pharr pastor of Rama and Mallard Creek. He was a delicate man, had frequent hemorrhages from his lungs; often preached with his coat off, and his shirt collar unbuttoned. But he served those churches for more than forty years. Dr. Cyrus Johnston, whose last charge was the First church in Charlotte, never accepted a furlough while in the ministry. He was an able man, and was zealous in the Master's cause. For the first forty years of the last century almost the entire population were Presbyterians. There were but two churches, Harrison and Bethseda, Methodist, in the county. Now we have all kinds, and every one can find a place to worship according to the dictates of their own conscience. We have many changes in the forms as well as style of religious worship. The observances of the Sabbath formerly had a close resemblance to the Puritanic form or code of keeping the Sabbath. The New Englanders did not allow their people to look cheerful and happy on the Sabbath; not ride or drive a horse faster than a walk; no visiting or unnecessary work would be tolerated; neither was a man allowed to kiss his wife, or his wife to caress or play with her baby on the Sabbath day.

Now behold what changes have come over the religious devotions of the people. Now instead of rising early on Sabbath morning, they do not get up soon enough to

attend church. Formerly every one stood during prayer, now they sit still. Years ago the service was two to three hours in duration; and in the summer season, would have an interval of half or three quarters of an hour, and then another sermon. And when the people would come out of the church, they would immediately start home, with but little talk—and that would be about the sermon.

Fifty years ago the preachers talked the terrors of the law every Sunday, and but seldom the love of God for dying sinners. I remember the afternoon sermons on communion occasions were so fearfully vivid and exciting, portrayed the horrors of the damned, that I was afraid to step out of the house after night-fall, lest I should be carried off by some evil spirit. The hush of silence that would fall upon the congregation after such an appeal was fearful indeed. No sign of levity would be tolerated on sacramental Sundays. I remember on one occasion at Mallard Creek, a large congregation had assembled at the stand—services being held out in the grass—old Uncle Smiley Pharr, the pastor, was presiding and had engaged his son, Rev. S. C. Pharr, to preach the morning sermon, and knowing his son's fondness for poetry, as soon as he gave out his text, the old father jerked him by the coat-tail, when he instantly looked around, and his father said to him, "Now, Sammy, my son, I want no rhyming today." A communion Sunday was an awfully solemn occasion. But times have changed, now one hour fills full measure allotted to the occasion, just as any other Sunday and as much social engagement as on common Sundays. Instead of the cold dinner we sat down to in those days, we now have something of a feast for Sunday, graced with an elegant dessert of boiled custard, ice cream and cake. Times have changed. Sixty years ago our country was not supplied with the facilities of education as we find a half century later. In Hopewell and Providence were the only schools in the county where Latin and Greek were

taught or where boys were prepared for college. When we look back and see how many people were abundantly able to have given their sons a collegiate education, yet they seemed to have never thought of arming their sons with this great lever to open the store house of knowledge. There has been more accomplished in educating the masses of the people in the last twenty-five years, than was done in one hundred years. We now see on all sides houses built to accommodate fifty or one hundred pupils, and room for as many teachers as necessary. There has probably been a more decided advance in an educational point of view, than in any other in our civilization during the last hundred years. The young women are taking a firm hold in almost every school; in fact, it would be impossible to run the schools successfully without the refining influence of women teachers. The advance of women to the front in all the avenues of trade, commerce, learning, as well as in the learned professions has been one of the great characteristics of this wonderful age.

I remember there was much excitement created in a neighborhood to know who was entitled to wear the belt as to manhood, in each section of the county. To illustrate: The southern part of the county had a man who was believed not to have his equal for strength or agility anywhere, he had never been whipped and was the acknowledged champion of the county; his name was Matthew Wallace, was of good family, but did not allow any one to claim superior manhood in his presence. In 1835, a general muster was held in Charlotte, which great event attracted all the sporty element of the county, and amongst those who came as onlookers was a Mr. Reed, from the northern part of the county. He was the noted athlete of his section. On the south side of the creek near where now stands the Episcopal Orphanage, was the muster ground, and while the colonel was drilling his regiment, the two chieftains met for the first time, and were

formally introduced. Mr. Wallace said: "I am glad to meet you; I have often heard your manhood spoken of, and I don't wonder, for you appear to be well muscled."

Mr. Reed replied: "I, too, am glad to see you. I have ridden twenty miles hoping to see you, for I hear you are much of a man, and would like to try your strength if you are willing."

The instant reply was: "That is what I came for, to accommodate any friend."

They got ready at once for the mill. Their friends drove fast some stakes, forming a ring twenty feet in diameter, stretched ropes around the ring, had the combatants stripped to the waist, and as they entered the arena, the entire regiment that was drilling on the plain, without asking permission, broke ranks and came rushing down to see the fight; all the nearby trees were loaded with boys and men anxious to see the fight. It was agreed that no one was to interfere till one or the other hollered, "enough."

The preliminaries were all arranged, when the signal was given for the fight to begin. Silence over the vast multitude was painfully intense: they stood up and struck straight from the shoulder. Soon both were covered with blood, and with lips tightly closed, Reed, the tallest man, tripped his antagonist and both rolled upon the ground, but the rain of blows never ceased for a moment, and when both seemed exhausted, Wallace sang out, "enough." They both lay still and their friends fanned them with their hats, and in a few minutes they were able to be carried to the creek and have the blood washed off. In half an hour Mr. Wallace proposed to fight it over, but Mr. Reed said he had enough.

This was the way matters were settled in the first half of the nineteenth century. How different now in the glorious light of the twentieth century, when the negro and the cowardly white man "tote" their gun. In the

Confederate war, a pistol toter at home could not be depended upon in battle.

As far back as I can reach, slang words and phrases have always had admirers; but coarse terms have never been used or tolerated by refined people; but such expressions as "I'd be tickled to death to have him call," or "thought I'd a died," are neither erudite nor elegant—but maybe such things belong to the present civilization.

Away back in the forties the style of gentlemen's dress was rather peculiar. Wearing straps was very common. Sometimes they were sewn on, and sometimes they were buttoned underneath their boots. I have seen great difficulty in undressing a drunk man with his straps buttoned under his boots. Some people would dress fashionably if they did disgust their friends by getting dog drunk. When neatly fixed on a nice pair of pants, they added much to the appearance of a handsome suit.

I remember also about this time it was fashionable to wear a fluted or frilled shirt bosom or front; they looked quite starchy. The frills run crossways, and stood out in grand style. I remember as late as 1862, General McGruder wore a front of this kind in the battle of Malvern Hill, and each plate had a gold braid on it. He had all the vanity of a peacock, but also the bravery of a lion.

Gentlemen of that day were fond of the shooting match, where they would shoot for beef, twenty-five cents a shot, and have enough persons to subscribe for the beef. A dollar would entitle the holder to four shots, so if the beef was worth eight or twelve dollars you would know how many shots would have to be subscribed for. The rule generally was off-handed forty yards, or with a lying down rest fifty yards. Almost every man in those days was a good shot. Frequently one man, for one dollar, would get the whole beef and drive it home with him. But they always had honorable judges. We had some preachers who not only would not attend a shooting match but would not accept as a present a roast of beef won in

a match, to-wit: Rev. W. S. Pharr. He was a good man. Until the last thirty years fox hunting was the chief sport, followed by the gentlemen of our Southland. Since our population has become more dense, and the old pine fields have been cleared up, the fox family has disappeared, and the sport stopped. Sixty years ago a pack of fox hounds was to be seen in every neighborhood, and almost any morning from September till March the huntsman's horn and presently the full cry of the hounds could be heard. They generally started about 4 o'clock, and if they had good luck, the race was over by 8, and whoever was present at the catch was entitled to wear the "brush" upon his cap. This old-time sport is gone, and but few people know anything of its exhilarating effect.

Harvesting was always considered a joyous time; an extra good dinner was prepared, and a few other hands than what belonged to the farm were secured to save the wheat crop. The harvest was entirely saved with the scythe and cradle; this was after the reap hook or cycle had been discarded. Racing in the harvest field was very common; but they were required to cut it clean. The best of cradlers could cut 150 dozen in a day; now I doubt if you could find a man who could cut fifty dozen. The laborers of the present time seem to have gone back on their ancestors.

Price of farm labor, by the month with board, was from six to ten dollars, this was for grown men. After 1850 labor advanced; but slaves could be hired for this money with the addition of two suits, one hat, one pair of shoes and one pair blankets and ordinary rations and pay his doctor's bill.

There were many estates unsettled where the children were minors, and the slaves had to be hired out; this was attended to by the guardians of the children. Many slaves were mechanics and they brought much higher

prices. The usual price for cutting wheat or ditching was one dollar per day. A white woman charged one dollar per week. This was common for a good seamstress. And the same was paid for a woman to come and weave, or to keep house — wealthy people frequently employed a house-keeper in the country.

Cooking sixty years ago was all done with pots, ovens and lids, spiders or pans. These were placed on the wide hearth, where hot coals could be placed underneath and on the lid. A crane with holes every two inches apart was hung in the fireplace, and a flat iron four or five feet long to slide up and down and fasten one end in the holes. The lower end had a wide hook to hang a pot or kettle on. With such fixtures a dinner or supper could be gotten ready for a large party in a short time, and it would be good, too.

I remember about 1845 my father bought a tin baker; it was so constructed of tin reflectors to throw the heat down upon the biscuits or pies or cakes, or whatever they wanted to cook, and another under reflector to reflect the heat upon the bottom of an iron pan, so that the heat would be equally applied. This had to be kept bright to do good work; it was a delicate tool, well suited for the good wife and mother to have in the dining room. It set on the floor before the fire, not on the hearth. It was not suited for ordinary negroes to cook with. But nobody can beat a negro with an open fireplace and the old-style pots, skillet, spider, oven and lid, and have a good fat 'possum and sweet potatoes. My, my! the young folks will never know the good things they missed by not coming along sooner. When I was a boy our good mothers were very particular that their daughters should always appear tidy from head to foot, to step out of the house without their bonnet insured them to be called back with the gentle reminder that they would be as brown as a mulatto and freckled as a turkey egg.

And on the second offense they told them they should have their bonnets sewed on. How careful were they of their girls' complexion. But all this is changed now: "It is so becoming to promenade the streets bare-headed, and it is quite the thing to appear sunburned." Even the mothers affect to follow the fad of the twentieth century. But then, maybe it is best, I never tried it. I see boys and girls go riding bareheaded in July. Probably hot sunshine is good to give the hair a glossy appearance, or maybe it is to stimulate the brain to greater activity. We never know what is coming. This is a wonderful age for discovery and inventions. We old fogies better keep quiet and let the procession pass along.

Sixty years ago there was not a town in North Carolina that was called a city. In fact there was none that had more than three thousand white inhabitants. Our best and finest houses were in the country. The great bulk of the wealth of the State was found in the country. The people did not hide their money in banks nor invest in United States bonds, or in State bonds. These bonds were considered abundantly good, that is safe, but people thought it wrong, unneighborly, to hide away the circulating medium so that their poorer neighbors would be deprived of the benefits resulting from a plentiful supply of currency. Sixty years ago it was an uncommon thing for a man loaning money to take his note or require a pledge for the payment of the loan, or require interest. Those good old times are passed and gone; a note is now required if but for a few days, and in addition it must have gilt-edge security. Sixty years ago the law gave a family one wheel and cards and one axe; in a few years more the law allowed the household (ordinary) furniture and one horse. In a few years more, one cow and calf was added for each child and corn and bacon for one year. But for the last twenty-five years the law exempts five hundred dollars worth of personal property and one thou-

sand dollars of real estate. A man can now live in elegant style—if he wants to, and never pay a just debt. The law is now fixed for the benefit of men who wish to be exempt from paying their honest debts.

The Free Suffrage Bill, as it was called, like the mythological Pandora's box of old, caused us many hardships. In the first half of the 19th century no man could vote for State Senator, or serve as one who was not a land holder. And the Senate, represented the land-holding or real estate element, and the House of Commons the people. One served as a check on the other. This break-water was removed in 1857. Since that time the most worthless character, not owning a dollar or supporting a good name, can have an equal vote with him who furnishes work for hundreds of operatives, or occupies a high position as a judge on the bench or a member of Congress or the State Legislature.

Mr. W. J. Yates, the editor of the *Western Democrat*, told the writer that Free Suffrage would work incalculable harm to the country but the party said vote it. Party lines in those days were much more tightly drawn than now; and but few men dared to oppose the dictates of party. The Senate of North Carolina was a tie when they voted for the Senate to take two million dollars of stock in the North Carolina railroad and Calvin H. Wiley gave the casting vote in favor of the State appropriation. By this one vote he sealed his political doom forever. And now not a man who voted against that railroad appropriation—if living—but would most cordially endorse it. Our hind-sight is often much better than our fore-sight. In this era our civilization began to change—in some respects for the better, and in some for the worse, which will continue to cause us harm.

The style or manner of dress and equipage of a doctor, kept pace with the civilization in which he practiced. In 1847 the Mecklenburg doctors were a plain set of peo-

ple, but they got in their work in a satisfactory manner. One exception is worthy of mention: his name was Dr. Rosieur Duke Park. He was a full blooded Irishman. He rather encroached upon the style of the 20th century. He was riding in a two-horse buggy—had his horses hitched “tandem,” and a negro to drive for him; while he enjoyed the playfulness of a pet squirrel running around his neck and racing out on each arm. He certainly would have led style if he had lived in the present time.

Sixty years ago we had much more time then than we have now. Then we loved to visit our friends; stay all day, or longer; it was not called a visit unless you tarried for at least one meal. If it was six or ten miles, you were expected to stay two or three days. If it was only a mile or two, the good wife would go in the morning, horseback and the husband would go after dinner and come home together after supper. The good women of that day would always take their sewing or knitting with them. I have seen them knitting on a sock while being driven to Charlotte. As a contrast we now see but little visiting and then they have but time to stay only a few minutes; don't even take off their bonnets. We must hurry or some one will get ahead of us. It used to be a common thing to see some extra work going on, especially if the guests coming had not been announced the day previous, the fowls would have to be caught after their arrival and potluck would be offered with an apology for the poor dinner; which would be sufficiently good for a Prince.

One great advantage the women had in those days over the conveniences of the present times, our cooks were always present for duty when called. The old-time cooks were treasures indeed; although they were not appreciated as they should have been. We had no idea such troubles were in store for us. Surely somebody will have to answer for the unreliable excuses we now have to put up with. The great revolution in schools and education

is astonishing to those who can look back a half century. Fifty years ago there were not a half dozen school houses in Mecklenburg county worthy of the name. But little money was appropriated for the benefit of public schools, and none for building houses. The school house was built near a spring; the house was generally built of small logs, notched close, but one door, and but one long window; beneath it augur holes were bored and long pins inserted to hold up one or more plank for a writing table. The rudest kind of seats for the pupils to sit on, without backs, so that there would be nothing in the way of the ever present rod. This was regarded as a necessary piece of furniture. It used to be said by the teacher when hunting a school, "you furnish the boy and the book, and I will furnish the hickory." The pendulum has now swung to the opposite extreme. Palaces now occupy the places once filled by hovels. The time was when the State gave by the hundred, now gives thousands; the rod is now but seldom used, and a golden road is now being marked out as the only way to learning. We can hardly keep up with the changes time forces upon us.

It is now considered almost as essential to be a good football player as it is to be a good Latin or Greek scholar, or be able to work a problem in Euclid. Fifty years ago if a chap would leave Chapel Hill or Davidson to play a ball game in Columbia, Raleigh or Wilmington, he would have been considered only fit for a mad-house. A half century ago we had games, it is true, but bullpen and townball were hardly "frisky" enough to play for company.

I would call attention to the fact that fifty years ago the modesty of the good people was not shocked by flaunting before their faces the advertisements of certain patent medicines, what they will accomplish; they are too nauseous to talk about. Modesty has not the sway that it formerly wielded, or these advertisements would be ruled

out of this civilization. In the olden times we seldom heard of divorces—and then it was a long ways from home; but of late years we have a dozen cases in one court. Time moves on, and with each life time—say thirty-years—we see wonderful changes. Trained nurses have done more for suffering humanity than any other new change that has taken place in a century. During the Crimean war in 1856, Florence Nightingale was an army nurse and did so much to relieve suffering that her praises were sung all over the world. And her influence had much to do with the army of nurses that now are found in almost every town in the State. The nurses have come to stay and we welcome them most cordially.

Customs of Sixty Years Ago

What a change has taken place in Mecklenburg in one lifetime. When the country was inhabited by the best people in the world; the country people possessed all the wealth, all the intelligence, the refinement and influence. In fact, the people of the town were not considered the equals of the country people. I remember, when a small boy, of coming to Charlotte with a man named Ambrose Starns, who was overseer of my father's farm with a load of flour, meal and some jars of honey. We had to peddle out our load, selling a half-bushel of meal or 25 or 30 pounds of flour to a family, and a small quantity of honey to those who were able to buy. Most of the citizens had farms, where they raised everything for their table. If a citizen needed to borrow any money he would have to go to the country to get it. Our people in that day lived on their farms. There was no church organized in Charlotte till 1832. There was a place here for religious worship, but no denominational organizations till 1832.

Seven Presbyterian churches were organized in the county in 1762. At this early period the people were either Presbyterians or infidels. (Those who wish to examine this subject more closely, I would refer to the History of Mecklenburg.) There were but few large slave-holders in the county, but a great many who owned from a half dozen to 15 or 20. Where there were but few slaves on the place they came in contact more closely with the white folks and were consequently better educated than where there were large crowds of them, and had to be kept on different farms under an overseer. Sixty years ago I do not suppose there was more than 500 bales of cotton raised in Mecklenburg county. The people had not then learned to raise cotton. The markets of the world were not ready for the fleecy staple, as they were

10 or 20 years later. The bales did not weigh over 350 pounds, and cotton was not the principal crop. They did not think it necessary to fertilize the cotton plant, but put all the manure on wheat, corn and the gardens and truck patches. The farmers believed in raising negroes, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep and whatever was necessary to feed their stock; raise whatever was needed on the farm, and drive the remainder off to market. Milk cows would sell from \$8 to \$10, if they were of average size. The negro women worked out in the field from planting time till the crops were made, and then in the fall of the year would help to gather the crops. It was considered a good day's work to pick 100 pounds of cotton.

As to the cultivation in those days. The cotton rows were laid off about three feet wide, and a bed thrown up with a side-shovel, taking about four to six furrows at a row. Planting began about the last of March or first of April and finished as soon as possible. The bed was opened with a bull-tongue. The seed was thrown on the ground, on a smooth place, and well wet with water, and a quantity of ashes put on them and thoroughly mixed with a hoe or rake, so that they could be dropped evenly in the bull-tongue furrow by hand. Then the covering process would follow, using a wooden harrow made of a forked limb with three pins, or teeth, in each prong. The covering harrow had handles and a clevis to hitch the horse or mule to. It answered a very good purpose. The seed were put in ten times too thick. They would come up at least five inches broad and thick in the row. At first working it was barred off with a side-shovel, leaving the cotton not more than two inches wide, but would not "chop it out." There must not be any skips, so much as the width of a hoe. In plain English, the cotton was left as thick as it could stand, that is, not more than one inch between stalks. The rows were scraped with the hoe from one end to the other. This was plowed and side-harrowed

every ten days or two weeks until the 1st or 15th of August. Picking would begin about the middle of September and finish after Christmas. Persons who owned slaves, enough to run six or eight plows, seldom made more than five or eight bales.

This was the way cotton was raised before 1850. It was not thought worth while to manure cotton previous to 1855. All the fertilizers were put on wheat and the truck patches. About 1850 the Peruvian guano was first used in this country and was used only on wheat. Five years later people began using it on cotton and increasing the acreage. Corn crops were smaller as cotton was increased. Hogs also received less attention. Cattle and sheep also received less care as cotton took on a kingly appearance. In fact, all crops were made to do obedience to cotton, until a man was rated by the number of bales he raised.

Sixty years ago the common cow pea was raised to a greater or less extent on every farm. The purpose was, chiefly, to feed negroes on them. White people ate them, too, but they were the principal article of diet for negroes. Fat bacon, corn bread, and cow peas with buttermilk were the negroes' regular diet; and they were the most efficient laborers we ever had in the South. But the time of this efficient system of labor is passed—this wholesome diet has been discontinued with the advent of their freedom. They are now free from the diet they were used to in slavery, when consumption and scrofula were unknown among them, and have become poor laborers, not able to do one-half the work they did 40 years ago; although, as a race, they are almost exempt from typhoid fever.

But it was not my intention at this time to write up the changes that have occurred in the negro, but the different manner of farming that we now see, from that we had a half-century ago.

The old fashion bull tongue, the straight shovel and the turning plow or twister were the principal tools we had to

cultivate the crops with. The harrows and gang plows and sulky plows and disc harrows are of recent date; even the buzzard-wing sweep is of recent years. The present is a new civilization. As the old regime passed away a new order had to take its place. With the employment of Peruvian guano to wheat the grain drill came into use. As the crop increased we could no longer thresh our wheat with a flail, or tramp it out with horses, but the times called for a threshing machine and self-cleaner. ~~with horses, but the times called for a threshing machine and self-cleaner.~~

Away back in the '40s our only way to thresh wheat or oats was with a flail, or set the wheat up on the barn floor, 500 or 1000 dozen bundles, and put four, six or eight horses in a ring, the driver having his stand in the middle of the barn; as the grain was trampled out, the straw was raked off and fresh wheat put in the place. This was slow, but we had no other way, and more than that, we did not raise any more than was needed. A great improvement has been made in wheat, in threshing it from the straw, cleaning it from the chaff and grinding it into flour. But I am not sure if the flour is as nutritious as that made from the old burr stones, used 40 years ago.

A half-century ago, when we had plenty of creek and river-ground flour on French burrs, and meal from the best of corn, with home-made bacon and lye hominy—whole grains soaked in lye over night, to make the bran come off—our people were strong and healthy; and it was not necessary for a man to go into training to be an athlete. At this time every neighborhood had its bully—champions at chopping, cradling wheat, running races, wrestling or in some way to see who was the best man. That time is now past.

It was customary about this time for men to "banter" each other to run a race to see who could "beat" cradling wheat, making rails, picking cotton, or doing any kind of

farm work. The white people would not hesitate to run a race with a slave at any plantation work, such as chopping, mauling rails, building fences, etc. When the negroes behaved well they were treated with much leniency. In the '40s it was no uncommon sight to see a drove of negroes pass the roads going to Alabama or Mississippi, or some of the great cotton-producing States. There were generally two wagons to haul the bread and meat, the bed-clothes and whatever was necessary for their comfort. Frequently there would be but two or three white men to 25 or 40 negroes, all in a good humor, again I have seen a long string of them chained together, going to be speculated off. Fifty or sixty years ago a speculator was hated more than the devil. But the speculator was a necessity. He took away many bad characters, and his visits in a community were not soon forgotten. But I have seen many negroes carrying their fiddles and marching along as light-hearted as if going to a frolic. Peace and happiness can be found anywhere.

The physical stamina is not what it was 60 years ago. The negro race in slavery were the most excellent laborers in the world, and the stoutest men and women to be found anywhere, and not liable to disease. Their diet has been changed and their health has given way. It used to be common to give negro men a task to cut the timber and split 100 rails in a day. That was a light task half a century ago, but now you can't hire them to do it. A stout man could cut with a scythe and cradle 100 to 150 dozen bundles of wheat in a day, but for the last 10 or 15 years you could scarcely find one who would cut one-third of that amount. And it is the same with any other kind of work. The white people have fallen back, but not in the same proportion. Why do we see this backward step? We must here, too, look to the diet. But little corn bread is eaten, and the wheat is ground into most beautiful flour, but the most nourishing part goes to feed cattle. This may not sound pretty, but it is true.

You ask what proof I offer in addition to their inability

to do the work of their fathers? Listen! In 1850 I entered the junior class at Davidson College, graduated in 1852. During that time we had about 75 students on an average; and not one wore spectacles. I went to the medical college in Charleston, S. C., in 1853 and graduated in 1855. We had a class of 250 each year, and but one student wore glasses. I was a surgeon in the Confederate States army and I never heard of a soldier with defective eyes. I examined this congressional district for conscripts and I never had a man to offer defective eyesight to avoid going into the army. For the last 35 years what a change has come over the eyesight of the people! We now not only meet with an increased number of men and women of middle age who wear glasses, but all ages contribute to swell the list of those who have defective eyes. It used to startle us to see young people, in the bloom of youth, condemned to wear glasses. But we see on our streets and in our country homes school children by the dozen who are forced to put on glasses, and frequently we see little tots, too young to go to school, who are forced to join the procession of weak eyes. What does all this mean? A decline of the physical stamina? Is it so in other countries? I cannot tell.

Sixty years ago the two great parties that held sway in America were the Whig and Democrat parties. In 1840, when John M. Morehead ran for Governor of North Carolina, he was elected by 10,000 majority. Party spirit ran high. The feeling between the two was very bitter. For the next 20 years you hardly ever heard of a Whig marrying a Democratic girl, or a Democratic beau courting a Whig lady. When party spirit becomes bitter common sense has to take a back seat. A political debate often resulted in bloodshed. Even in the United States Congress controversies were frequently terminated by "coffee and pistols for two." From '40 to '60 we had giants in the political arena. I speak of the times before abolitionism, freeloivism or radicalism were known in North Carolina.

In 1860 the last Whig nomination was made. That grand organization, that was governed by Morehead, Graham, Mangum and Badger, gave North Carolina a prestige that was not eclipsed by any other State in the Union. Kenneth Raynor and Z. B. Vance, though younger in years, were not a whit behind their seniors in point of ability, as debaters or patriots in the time they lived.

The crime of rape 60 years ago was unheard of. This horrible crime was almost unheard of in the days of slavery by either whites or blacks. I remember, in the early '40s, of hearing the grown up men talking about an idiotic white woman having a negro child, and the white men met to consult what course to pursue with regard to it. It was clearly not a case of rape—the woman was an imbecile—not responsible for her action. And the men determined to unsex the negro and sent for a doctor to perform the operation. The fact was not blazed abroad; the negro got well without trouble and always behaved himself afterwards. (Now since the crime of rape and attempted rape is so common in the land, why not try this treatment, when only an attempt has been made? And if it works well why it can be applied as a remedy for other serious offenses.) Have some mark put on him in some conspicuous place—like branding on the cheek and cropping the ear—that he may always be known. There are but few things of less value than a dead man, especially one who is killed for crime, unless the body should be consigned to the dissecting room. Think about it, and vote that way.

Half a century ago there was but little charity between the different Protestant denominations. But little intercourse was had, and that was not of a nature that was characterized by love and unity of the spirit. No effort was made to help each other along in the Christian race. The effort was to get the most members, and try to persuade them not to join the church of their fathers and the one of their choice. This age—the beginning of the twentieth century—can have it said to its credit that the

great object with all denominations is to gather all people into the kingdom of Christ. In the long-ago the Presbyterians always, in the country, preached two sermons a day, beginning at half-past 10 o'clock, have an interval of half or three-quarters of an hour—a kind of picnic—and then another sermon of an hour and a half and sometimes two hours.

I remember, when I was a child, the terrors of the law were depicted in such glowing colors and the punishment of the lost was so fearfully portrayed, I was afraid to go a step beyond the door after dark. The mercy of God was to a great extent ignored, and the wrath of an incensed God held prominently before the people.

On communion Sunday the afternoon sermon was addressed specially to non-communicants. The horrible condition of those who are lost was portrayed in such vivid colors as to burn into the imagination so as never to be forgotten. When service was over there was no tarrying and talking in the aisles or about the door. The people would go straight home. Sixty years ago not much stress was laid upon the Holy Spirit. The chief aim seems to have been to drive people into heaven through the fear of hell. Probably the pendulum has swung too far in these latter days to the doctrine that love will take the place of justice.

In the olden time before buggies had come into use, very wealthy people went to church in a handsome carriage, or in a gig; where there was a large family they would go in a wagon. Horse-back was the most common way. But in crop time, when the horses were tired, if it was not too far, they would walk. Many women would walk in their every-day shoes, and when near the church they would change their common footwear for their Sunday shoes. We did not always have the conveniences we have now, but we had as much virtue and true piety.

Customs of the Forties

The civilization of the first half of the 19th century is but a misty remembrance of an almost forgotten period. In those times the ladies and gentlemen did not ride to places of entertainment or amusement in a swell buggy or a handsome phaeton as they do now. I have no remembrance of seeing a buggy prior to 1848, and they were uncommon for ten years later. We always rode horseback when we took a lady with us; it was a rare thing to meet a lady who was not an expert horseback rider in fact they were often more than willing to run a race when they would come to a nice stretch of road. And as sometimes would happen horses were scarce, it was customary for a fellow to take her on behind him. And if these old gentlemen were not afraid of being guyed by the beaux of the present, each one would "fess" up to taking his best girl to a 'singing,' or to a dancing party at night and going home with her in the morning and staying for breakfast.

It is strange how the mind will go back to the days of our youth and fish out scenes of the forgotten past. If you doubt the civilization of 60 years ago, ask Columbus McCoy, of Long Creek; he can tell all about it, if he will. It was customary in the olden times to ask hands to a house-raising, or log-rolling, and the good wife would have all the women and girls to help her to "quilt," one which she had carefully framed for the "frolic." This was probably half finished; and would be taken out before supper. And by the time the evening meal was eaten, the room was made snug and ready for dancing, the fiddlers would get their instruments tuned up, and the long hours of the winter evening would be whiled away with music and dancing.

Strange that those times should ever be forgotten. But old things have hardly faded away before new "fads" are seized upon. It seems but a little while since I have seen

mothers call to their daughters, if they should step outside their doors without their virginny bonnets on. "If you don't wear your bonnet I will sew it on you, you will be as freckled as a turkey egg." And now forsooth, it is fashionable for the most tender to walk the streets bare-headed, and don't see why they cannot go to church like Yankee women without any head cover. But who knows; maybe it is the best way. One thing I have noticed, when a nice-looking young man goes galloping or single-footing his horse through the streets in the hot sunshine bare-headed, I hear it often said by onlookers, "see that poor idiot, wonder if he knows the sun is shining."

No article of dress has assumed more change of shape than a woman's bonnet. More than half a century ago a fine leghorn bonnet whose front was compared, 40 years ago, to the front of a smoke house. Since then the shape has changed every season; but now they are admired as much with a simple rose to adorn their hair.

But nothing is more marked in the civilization of the present day than the popularity of flowers—natural flowers. When I was a school boy, I never saw a rose or flower of any kind used for decorating, either for a wedding or a funeral. I remember attending some big weddings from 1847 to 1860, and never saw even a bride adorned with flowers. The graduating classes at college were not presented with flowers, before the war, and for ten years afterwards we were too hard pressed to think of anything more than making a living. Much of our present civilization is distinguished from former times, by the part played with flowers. They did not occupy a conspicuous place until five or ten years after the war. Nothing adds so much beauty and sweetness to a wedding occasion as a handsome display of lovely roses. They now adorn the pulpits of every denomination, substituting real joy in the worship of God, for the sombre hue that accompanied the preaching of the terrors of the law that often made sinners quake in their pews 60 years ago.

Who does not recollect the last time Gov. Vance was in

the big auditorium, when on his way from Florida to Washington, the great heaps of flowers that the audience piled around him? No person can forget the scene. He had been to Florida for his health; his system was exhausted by continuous labors for his people; he was going back to the Senate, his post of duty. He had done his duty; his work was done, and it was meet and proper for his people to bank in profusion around, the richest flowers that he loved so well, like Mary's box of precious ointment, preparatory for his burial. It is a good thing that the civilization of the present should adopt the same buds of nature that the Son of Man used to express the glory that shall be revealed in the hereafter.

In former times we frequently saw in gardens hollyhocks, princess feather and a few rose bushes; and the multiflora trailed over doors and porches. Not much attention was given to the cultivation of flowers when I was a boy. John R. Davidson was the only man I ever saw wear a flower in his button-hole before 1848.

Local Customs Sixty Years Ago

It was the fashion in the latter part of the first half of the nineteenth century for gentlemen to wear long hair, to part it on the left side, and very fashionable gentlemen oiled theirs. I remember one—he was a carpenter—Mr. Allison Clark, who wore very long hair and parted it in the middle, like a woman, and everybody thought the poor fellow was a simple; he seemed to excite a great deal of pity, and no one appeared to hold him in derision. He was inoffensive, and only worked when he felt like it. We did not have a lunatic asylum in those days.

It was very seldom that a man wore whiskers, and I never knew a man to cultivate a mustache before the century was half out. And for several years afterwards, those who aped the French were looked upon as gamblers or swindlers, or, at any rate, a man with a mustache and an imperial was considered of little account. Army officers never wore whiskers till after the Mexican war was over. Whether it was considered fashionable, or it was thought conducive to health, the latter half of the century found at least one-half the men wearing full beards or only partly shaven. The style or cut of the hair or whiskers have played an important part of the fashion in men's dress. Custom sways the multitude, and will always be obeyed.

The men were just as particular about what they should wear for a head dress, as how they would have their hair cut. Sixty years ago, only a silk hat was looked upon as the proper dress for the head in fashionable assemblies. Fur caps were much worn on common occasions. Sleek caps, oil cloth, or made of some cheap material, were much worn, especially in wet weather. The more expensive and lasting kind were made of rubber goods; they, too, were better suited for wet weather. At this time in almost every "muster beat" there was a hatter—that is, a man who made hats; they were mostly made of lamb's

wool; and if a man was fortunate enough to get old man Robert White to make his hat, it would last ten years, with ordinary care. They would often have them made of fur gotten from the "coon," mink or rabbit. A home-made hat would last indefinitely. The negroe's hats were all made at home. There were no soft hats brought on in the stores at that time. It was stylish then to wear straps to hold the pants down. The straps were made of cloth or leather, and buttoned on either side or sewed to each side of the pants leg and buttoned beneath the foot. They fitted very nicely when the pants were made by a tailor. Tailors in early days were in great demand. They were called on whenever a fine suit was to be made.

There must have been very few persons who wore "ruffles" or frilled fronts to shirts. I judge there were few who indulged in the luxury, for I never saw more than half a dozen gentlemen wear them. I wish I could give a description of the bosom, but fear I could not do justice to the garment. It was very pretty in small frills or flutings, about four or five inches long, at right angles to the vest, filling the front with a bank of ruffles that rivalled snow in their whiteness. It was something that attracted much attention.

Cooking utensiles were rather primitive at this period, and very scarce. There were none brought on in the stores. All had to be obtained at the iron furnaces in Lincoln county. Pots, ovens, spiders and lids, with round skillets; most every vessel had a lid, so that the heat could be forced downward with live coals on the lid as well as upwards with fire from beneath. To prepare boiled dinner it had to be cooked in a pot hung on a potrack, suspended over the fire. The potrack was made of two pieces of iron, one piece was hung on a cross-bar fastened in the chimney; the other part was with a hook on each end to fasten to the rack with one end, and the other to swing the pot that held the dinner over the fire.

"In this way whatever was to be boiled could be done without danger of it falling or of being upset. It was an

interesting sight to see the cook preparing the dinner in the kitchen at the big fireplace, with the coffee pot at one side, the chicken frying in a stew pan, the biscuits in a spider, the sweet potatoes baking in an oven, and a pot hanging over the fire with the universally enjoyed dish of hog-jaw and turnip greens, or that never to be forgotten dish of o'possum and sweet potatoes. Another cooking utensil that came into use about this time was the tin baker. It was made entirely of tin—very bright, except the black pan, made of sheet iron. The cover was two feet long, flared up in front, to throw or reflect the heat down, and the bottom part flared down to reflect the heat upwards. The cooking machine was set back on the floor. Biscuits could be cooked in ten minutes; ordinary sweet cakes, pies and custards were beautifully cooked in this baker. I have also seen a ham or shoulder of mutton cooked nicely on it in a short time. The people of that day may have lacked much in conveniences of utensils, but there were as fine cooks in those days as we have now.

Cooking stoves were not common till after the civil war. The usual price was \$45 for a No. 8 stove. I remember the first one we had lasted for 20 years; but there was no fire kept in it only when cooking. It was used for no other purpose. After the negroes were free and the white women had to do the cooking, stoves soon came into general use. The old pots and ovens and lids are now curiosities, but are seldom used. I would not do justice to the old way of preparing the eatables if I should leave out the Dutch oven; the one my mother used was built in the cook house chimney; off at one side of the fire place. About three feet from the floor was a door about 20 by 20 inches square, on a level with the floor of the oven—all of brick. This had a considerable space. I think about two feet by four—that would hold a big loaf, a pone, a roast of beef or pork, or o'possum and potatoes, or any thing desired. It was very 'handy' when we had a house-raising or log-rolling, or gathering of any kind, and had a big crowd to feed. This oven would have to be heated an hour or two

before time to use it, by having a hot fire in the oven; then remove the fire and have a strong iron door to close the heat in. This would retain heat for several hours for cooking purposes.

Persons who have come upon the stage in the last forty years know but little what kind of drinks the people were used to before the war of 1861-65. First of all I would say corn whiskey was the standing drink, for both winter and summer. In the first place it was a fashionable drink, then it was cheap; 10 cents a quart, or 30 cents a gallon. Capt. V. Q. Johnson ran a very large distillery before the war in Tennessee, and he wholesaled it for 11 cents a gallon. He got four gallons out of every bushel of corn. He kept thousands of hogs and cattle to eat and drink the slop. At that time whiskey was pure; almost every person took their toddy and very few got drunk. Everybody kept it in their homes, and the decanter was set out on all occasions; but if a man forgot the proprieties so far as to get drunk, his slip up was not forgotten and he was not invited again.

Peach brandy was an aristocratic drink, especially if it was sweetned with honey. It was not so abundant as corn, and the crop often failed. Only a very few people made wine, but some did indulge in blackberry, and a few in domestic grape wine, but to no great extent. Cherry bounce was considered quite an aristocratic drink, and was indulged in only by those who moved in the upper walks of life. It was made by putting the common black cherry, with an admixture of a few wild cherries into the demi-john, and then pouring on a good article of rye whiskey or peach brandy, whatever the vessel would hold, and adding enough sugar and cloves to suit the taste. It is true the people did not have the conveniences of the more modern folk, but they were not lacking in the spice of life.

Yes, we had bar-rooms in those years, too, but not the fashionable kind we now see. They were very plain in all their appointments, but they generally kept a very fair

article. George Cross kept by long odds the most tasty saloon in the town. It was a nice little structure—where the city hall now stands. The upper part was used for some kind of an office, and the basement was presided over by George Cross. He kept a neat confectionery shop, and the only one in town; he kept sugar and tea and coffee and all lines of light and fancy groceries; and off at one side he had a nice array of all kinds of liquors and wines. The most refined ladies of the town and county visited his orderly and well kept house.

A drunken man would not be tolerated in his house, and it was patronized by the best people in the county. In this time it was customary to have taverns, or sell by the quart all over the county. It was continued till the war commenced in 1861. Wagons sold at every sale, or at every assemblage of people. Here there would frequently be some fighting, to make work for the courts. But all this has passed away, and only where there is police protection are intoxicating drinks offered for sale. The tendency of the age, now is to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks altogether. A great revolution has been going on for many years in this respect, What will be the result in the long run? To stop the sale of liquor? We cannot tell. Many wiseacres think that will hasten the coming of the millennium.

In the olden times an expert gun-smith was deemed a necessity in every neighborhood. Old Mr. Robert Kerr, west of Long Creek, served in that capacity for a lifetime. His name is always mentioned with respect and veneration. In the latter years of his life he became hipped, thought he could not walk, lay in bed for two years. His pastor, Rev. S. C. Caldwell; went to visit him one afternoon, and their conversation drifted on to rifle shooting. Mr. Caldwell claimed that he could beat Mr. Kerr, until he said if he was only able to walk out to the grove he would show him whether he could beat him or not. Mr. Caldwell said he would carry him; so he got Mr.

Kerr on his back, carried him out and fixed a place to shoot. Mr. Kerr won the shoot and Mr. Caldwell said the sun was getting low and that he must go home. Mr. Kerr said: "Not till you have helped me back to the house." The parson said: "You are as able to walk as I am, and you may walk back or spend the evening practicing shooting." Mr. Kerr walked back to his house and after he got over his mad spell always felt thankful for his cure. Hypochondriosis is no new disease, and can only be successfully treated by old time remedies. The people of old times got there as often as as they do now, but they did not talk as knowing.

Sixty years ago the people were given to amusement as much as now. Horse racing was then very common. The race paths were then straight, not in a circle as the fashion now is. Probably the difficulty to get lumber sawed to fence or plank in the track was one if not the main reason of having a straight path. It was not so much a matter of time, as it was whose horse would come in ahead. Hart Ball was the most noted animal on the turf 60 years ago, and if I remember correctly he was a quarter nag. Ball became a noted racer purely by accident. Mr. Hart was going to put another horse against the field, and he told his trusty negro to ride Ball and lead the fine racer to the race track—some thirty miles, and as he would come to a piece of fine road he would try their speed, and Ball would beat every time. So the negro confided the secret to his master, and Ball became the winner of many races, and made a reputation that has out-lived many swift coursers of modern times. In the good old times while the country was still young, and but few slaves were owned by any one man, a good deal of attention was paid to the opinion of a slave, who had his master's stock in charge. The negro made the best jockey to be found.

One of the fashionable amusements of the day was cock-fighting. I remember seeing game chickens petted, and taken great care of 60 years ago. I presume they were imported from Ireland and Spain about the time of the

Declaration of Independence. The game cock has had a reputation for fighting from the time of Shakespeare. Fighting chickens still holds a laudable place with sports in this country. Col. Tom Black is regarded as an expert in chicken mains. If an order comes here for a cock from Columbia, Charleston or Mobile, the colonel is always consulted, and his judgement has always proved good. The introduction of the Asiatic fowls is of a more recent date. They are fine for eggs and the table, but they were never intended to fight, or boast of their spurs.

Another of the olden time ways, which I would not leave unrecorded, is the manner of carrying water from the spring. If water buckets were in use 60 years ago, they have escaped my memory. My recollection is the pail was used; held about two to three gallons, and was carried on the head. I have seen a negro woman, in 1855, when she would get mad, seize a large pail, put it on her head and taking a pail in each hand, go to the spring—200 yards, and come back singing a camp-meeting song, carrying seven gallons of water.

In milking the cows a pail was used to hold the milk; a gourd that would hold probably a quart, was held to milk in, and emptied in the pail. We also had a small pail holding a half gallon, that was called a piggin. This was used for little niggers to carry water in. White people never would carry a pail on the head like a negro. The negro quickly became proficient in "toting" a pail of water or milk on his head. The pail and piggin had one stave that stood five or six inches above its fellows, and was dressed off for a hand-hold. Gourds have not yet become entirely forgotten, but are used to a very limited extent, even as a drinking "gourd in the house bucket." Persons who are used to drinking water out of a gourd, prefer it to anything else. But I never knew one kept to drink "toddy" out of.

One thing more and I will quit for the present. Sixty years ago, and for many years since that period, every neighborhood had its own coffin-maker. You had to send

a rod, the length of the dead person, and the width across the shoulder, marked on it. Then the workman would send word when the coffin would be ready. Archie Hill was the undertaker in Charlotte, and never refused a customer; but was eager to fit up the last resting place of his friends.

Markets Sixty Years Ago.

It was considered a great event when I was a boy to take a load of cotton by way of Wadesboro to Cheraw Hills, as the place was then called by the common people. Before the days of railroads every farmer prided himself on keeping an excellent team of horses or mules, and a fine, strong wagon, with which he could have all his hauling done, and in the fall or winter season make his yearly trip to market. In those days a bale of cotton weighed 350 to 400 pounds, and generally he could carry eight bales and corn and fodder enough to feed the team for the entire trip, which usually took about eight days. Generally, two or more farmers went in company.

I remember going with my father's cotton in the fall of 1846, and again in the fall of 1847. That was a great trip for a boy to make at that time. A negro man—old Chil—to drive the wagon and care for the team and plenty of eatables cooked up, that is, bread, pies, ginger cakes and whatever would keep; with a pan to fry meat in, to poach eggs or scramble them, as we liked best. A small pot or skillet was taken along to boil water for coffee. We fared well when out on the road to market. The elderly men, who might be along were also provided with a jug of brandy.

About this time, Mr. Patrick Johnston, who lived near Beatty's Ford, a prosperous farmer and known as a wealthy man and good citizen, had some boys, and, though not wild, one of them was very fond of brandy, which his father tried to keep him from indulging in too freely. Henry, his son, was plowing in the field with a number of negroes, and he spied, coming across the field, a billy goat, with whom Henry often whiled away an hour to his own amusement. One day "Old Paddy" was walking in his field and saw Henry's horse standing idle, and he called to a negro and asked for Henry; he said, "Marse Henry

had gone down the path through the canes to the creek." The old man started on the hunt of his son; Henry was practicing butting with his goat; standing in the path and provoking an attack; when Billy would make the plunge, the boy would spring to one side, and the goat would find himself in five feet of water. Henry got a glimpse of his father coming, and he dodged in the cane to await developments. "Old Paddy" examined the ground carefully to find out what his son had been doing; and as he stooped down to see the tracks, the goat thought the challenge was meant for him, proceeded to resent the affront, and knocked the old man into the creek.

Mr. Johnston never could tolerate this goat story, and while on this trip to market, whenever Henry would get dry and wanted a drink, he would call to the crowd of wagoners and say, "Did you ever hear about Pa and the goat?" Instantly his father would say, "Hush, Henry, hush, Henry; and you shall have a dram," There is still a way to get a toddy.

In these times, sixty years ago, brandy or whiskey could be bought for from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a gallon, too cheap to adulterate, and very few people drank to excess.

In those days we only got news from Europe, where the price of cotton was fixed, once in two or four weeks, so we usually knew before we left what we would get. It generally took from eight to ten days to make the trip, owing to the roads. I remember on one of the trips, when Sunday came, the roads were so bad we concluded to make a Sabbath day's journey, so we worked hard all day and only made eight miles; we had to double teams at every hill; the mud was nearly hub-deep. But we made the trip to Cheraw without serious accident and sold the cotton to Mr. LaCoast, who was a prominent merchant at that time.

Sixty years ago all cotton buyers carried a heavy line of groceries. We had to buy our salt, sugar (brown—there was no such a thing as white sugar) molasses,

cheese, coffee, fish, etc. Everybody raised his own wheat, and had it ground at home.

Our homeward trip was made in less time, as we had not so much load. Our going to market afforded us a topic for conversation for many months. We could tell all about the great steamboats that carried off thousands of bales of cotton. The world appeared much bigger then than now. The Atlantic ocean was never crossed by a steamship prior to 1840, and it was not common six or eight years later. The telegraph was not successfully laid till 1866, and since then they have market reports almost every hour. The civilization of sixty years ago was suited to the world's needs for that time, but was too sleepy for the twentieth century. I presume that it is a good thing that the arts and sciences move *pari passe*, and I presume always will.

Changes of Sixty Years.

If the progress of the past sixty years had not come gradually, we would not believe our ancestors were the progenitors of the present race of people, who move by steam and electricity.

Sixty years ago one-half the people in America never heard of the Pacific Ocean, but supposed the Western wilderness was limitless. It was considered fresh news if we heard from missionaries in Egypt, China or Japan in the course of a year. News was not considered stale unless it was re-hashed for six months. All traveling was done on horse-back or on foot, unless the entire family was going; then they went in a wagon, or else walked and carried the child on a hand-barrow. Our best people moved about in this way; frequently making visits to friends and relatives 500 miles away.

Our best schools, that is the public schools, were taught by men who had very limited opportunities. Generally persons got the schools who were too lazy to work, and thought teaching a soft snap. I knew one man who prided himself on being called 'squire, who spelled school, "skule." Yet this man pretended to mete out justice between man and man; and often performed marriage ceremonies, when there was some revenue in the job; this was between 1865 and 1872. But 15 years before this horrible time, the old county court appointed a committee to examine teachers and the only qualification required of this committee was that it be composed of clever fellows. I remember once the court appointed Maj. Jennings B. Kerr and Dr. P. C. Caldwell, whereupon Maj. Kerr arose to his feet and addressed the court thus: "May it please your worship, shall we examine them any further than Baker?"

Away back in the early '40s there was very little

money appropriated to public schools, and a large number of people refused to send their children, when the opportunity was offered free. The school houses were poor indeed, scarcely fit to stable cattle in. But I suppose they corresponded pretty well with the efficiency of many who taught. A quarter of a century ago the subject of education received a considerable impetus in the right direction; but the teachers of that day did not compare with the army of teachers who now stand at the helm of all schools, colleges and universities. The twentieth century is dawning with great brilliancy upon the country; nothing like it was ever seen before. Now families, who never took any part in educational work, are forging to the front, both boys and girls. Fifty years ago it would have been thought absurd to educate a boy to make a farmer out of him; now it is a necessity.

Less than 50 years ago, say 30 years ago, it was seldom that a girl was employed as a sales-woman, bookkeeper or general clerk. But a new era has dawned upon the country, and out-doorwork is given for men and indoor work for women. Fifty years ago rich people kept their daughters for wall flowers till they were married, and the poorer class helped their mothers, or aided in the support of the family. The civilization of to-day has but little resemblance to that of half a century ago.

In the olden times the modesty of women was so common, that an immodest woman was the exception, and gave rise to much talk, and probably to unjust criticism. I remember the first time I ever heard a lady raise a hymn in church; it created something of a sensation. It was thought that only Col. David Harry or George Davis were suitable persons to pitch the tunes.

But for the past twenty-five years it has been the business of the ladies to lead the choir, and even sing solos. But there was some excuse for men leading the church singing; few churches had enough hymn books to allow one book for a dozen people, and the clerk had to "line" out the hymn, two lines at a time. Another reason

for lining the psalm or hymn was that a great many persons, especially negroes, could not read. Many old persons will tell you that the singing, it was not called music in those days, was most excellent, especially on communion occasions. Every one appeared to take part in the worship. The negro was very proud of attending sacramental meetings. I presume it always afforded them pleasure to meet in large bodies. They were fond of display, and on these occasions they had opportunities of seeing large numbers of their color; and the whole day would be put in promenading to and from the spring, or sitting about in groups in the shade. The people of to-day have no idea how well they would dress.

The slave was very imitative and was very proud of his master's family. He did not think any person was as good as his people. Occasionally the white people would vacate the church for the spiritual benefit of the slaves, when the minister would preach an especially plain sermon that was suitable to their comprehension. At this service you could see how each man's slaves would select and occupy their master's pews. They gave close attention to the sermon, and they led the music in their own way; and, as they had fine voices, they excelled the whites in song service. They would also lead in prayer, in which they were highly gifted.

Nothing is more marked than the passing away of the negro worship in the white man's church. But it is gone never to return.

The shooting match, which was so immensely popular in the '40s, is now scarcely ever spoken of. At that time, if a man had a beef for sale, he had only to put out the word that there would be a shooting match at his house, or at the Cross Roads, on Saturday next for a fine beef. One dollar for four shots, was the average price, and as many would be subscribed as would pay for the beef. It was supposed to have five quarters—the hide and tallow was considered the fifth choice; the lead, the bullets in

the tree, was the sixth choice. Sometimes one man would win the whole beef, and drive it home. We had some fine marksmen in those days. Every man kept his gun or rifle in fine condition, and took pride in being known as "a crack shot with a rifle."

At this time every man raised sheep and let them run at large; salting as often as they would come home. We would raise wool enough to make winter clothes and blankets for the whole family, both white and black. We also killed a good fat mutton whenever we wanted fresh meat. In those days at least one half our lands were in virgin forest. I find that giving a short account of the civilization as I first knew it, will take a number of articles, so I will rest here.

Affairs Fifty Years Ago.

Civilization fifty years ago and civilization of the present time are very different; so much so that it is difficult to make the young people believe that the old times were pleasant and enjoyable. It is a hard matter to know where to begin the comparison in the point of civilization. We can remember the political excitement of 1840, during the presidential campaign of that year when Gen. Harrison was the Whig candidate for President, and Martin Van Buren was the Democratic opponent. Political excitement ran very high, and the days of log cabins are still remembered in many places where big barbecues and public speakings were held. At this time many ladies attended the oratorical contests, and in Mecklenburg county it was difficult to get a Democrat speaker to face the music. They had the majority of votes, but it was seldom that one was found who had the temerity to face William Julius Alexander or James W. Osborne, who was known as the "Demosthenese of North Carolina." He was the grandest orator I have ever heard, and it was often said of him in defending a criminal as it was said of Sergeant Prentiss, the great criminal lawyer of the Southwest, when he failed to clear his client, "he must have been guilty if Prentiss couldn't save him." Gen. Edney, from one of the upper counties, was a magnetic stump speaker, who could sway an audience almost at will.

The Whig party advocated all internal improvements, and the Democrats opposed most bitterly; that is, they were opposed to the State levying a tax to build railroads, colleges, asylums, public works of any kind. The Speaker of the House, Calvin Graves, cast the deciding vote, it being a tie, for the State to contribute three millions, and private individuals one million, of the money necessary to build the North Carolina Railroad, from Greensboro to

Charlotte. This sealed his political doom for the balance of his days.

Governor John M. Morehead and William A. Graham were the great leaders of the Whig party, together with George E. Badger and Willie P. Mangum. This was an age when education was not held in high repute by the masses of the people; consequently, only the children of the well-to-do people, chiefly of those who boasted of a Whig ancestry, sought an education, and entered any of the learned professions; and these held the highest positions of honor and trust, and furnished a class of statesmen, ministers and doctors that have not been excelled by the crop of late years. That was an age when nature did no small part in setting forth men who would go to the front in despite of a polished education. Probably no English-speaking people has ever produced a superior to Gen. Andrew Jackson, who arose from obscurity and poverty in times when almost the world was against him; but pluck with perseverance with the indomitable will-power carried him to the highest pinnacle of fame. He was under obligations to no man or set of men for his success in military or political life. While he was President his friends and supporters moved about with great caution, and his enemies handled his name with more than ordinary care. While President, an English lady of rank visited America, and was escorted by Hon. James Buchanan to the White House. Leaving her in the parlor he hastened to the President's private room and told him that "Lady So-and-So had called to see him," and suggested to him "he had better shave before appearing before her." With this remark he arose and said: "Mr. Buchanan, I knew a man in Tennessee who made an independent fortune by attending to his own business. Say to her ladyship I will see her presently." In less than half an hour he entered the drawing room, faultlessly dressed, and had no apology to offer for being tardy. After making her visit, she declared to her escort that she "had met one of nature's noblemen." He certainly did not pretend to

be what he was not. How do you think he would have looked had he aped the modern "dude?"

The times in which Gen. Jackson lived, together with his quick temper, caused him to fight several duels. I shall mention but one, and that is only to show his determination to effect his purpose. When on the way to fight the duel with Dickerson, one of the party called the general's notice to some tracks made by his opponent, where he had been practicing with his pistol. Had cut a thread in two at ten paces, where it had been tied across the road. The general looked at the footprints, then at the thread that was left hanging, and said, "If he shoots me through the brain I will stand long enough to kill him before I fall." They presently reached the place agreed upon, the principals were placed in position and the word was given. Dickerson firing first, when Jackson drew his handkerchief and threw it over his left shoulder. Dickerson left his stake and his seconds forced him to return and received his opponent's fire. General Jackson took deliberate aim, fired and killed his man. Such was the dueling code in those early days; but now it is considered more in keeping with the latter-day civilization to murder your enemy in secret, and if found out, there is a mighty good chance to be acquitted according to law.

Let us look at the facilities of education, the schools and colleges of the times in the first half of the nineteenth century. Education was at rather a low ebb at this period, in both Church and State. It appears that from the earliest history of America, the Presbyterians always had an educated ministry, and almost every stationed minister taught a classical school, which took the place of a college, university or theological seminary. Such a school was taught at Sugar Creek church, three miles east of Charlotte, by Rev. S. C. Caldwell for twenty years, and similar schools were taught in all parts of the country. During this time the Methodist Church was just starting on its wonderful career; it was handicapped for the first thirty years with a most illiterate ministry, so was the Baptist

ministry who made a start for the first time in this section of the country. Davidson College was probably the first denominational school in the State or it may be in the Southern country. Davidson was started in 1837, and for the first few years was a labor school, but was in a few years discontinued, as unprofitable, and was a hindrance to fine scholarship. The numbers never reached one hundred till the last fourth of the nineteenth century; and now they have all the students they are able to accommodate. Now Trinity, at Durham, and Wake Forest, near Raleigh, were feeble in their youth, but have grown to full manhood and turn out many who are an ornament to the State. There are other schools that have made an honorable name, and are doing most excellent work for the State. The Moravian school at Salem, for the education of girls, was started more than one hundred years ago, and has been patronized by the well-to-do class from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, in all the years gone by. Before railroads were built it was not uncommon for parents or guardians to send or take their daughters five hundred miles or even more than that. It is strange that colleges for women were not built many years earlier when such results are seen to come from educated women. Had it not been for the educated women of our Southland the war for the constitutional liberty would have ended in miserable failure long before it did, when not even honor would have been saved. The State of Georgia had the first endowed college for women. I think it was put in operation about 1835. Since that period female colleges have been built in all the States, and in recent years it has become popular to have the girls' schools equal to male schools in every respect, and in point of scholarship equally as high.

Women should be admitted or permitted to be trustees of schools and colleges, or of other institutions where the sex is admirably adapted. Along this line, women are coming to the front so rapidly in almost every department, especially in teaching in our graded schools;

and hardly a mercantile house is considered first-class that is not supplied with a woman saleslady, stenographer, typewriter or book-keeper. Thousands of places are open now for women, where sixty years ago they were expected to stay at home, and be a wall flower, help to do the turns around the house, and wait till some "feller" should ask them to "keep house" for him. Yes, it appears there has been a wonderful change in our civilization in the last sixty years.

Fifty years ago Presbyterians could not have understood the meaning of such a change in the form or manner of worship as conducted in Presbyterian houses of worship today. The young people will ask, what is the difference now from what it was fifty years ago in celebrating the Lord's Supper? In the long ago it was "given out" four weeks before the time should occur, two, three or four preachers would be engaged to assist with the "meeting." Preaching would begin on Thursday, one sermon; Friday was fast day; the slaves were released from work that day; two long discourses on Friday and Saturday. On these two days "tokens" were given to intending communicants, little pieces of lead with some mark on it, that entitled the holder to a seat at the communion table. Sunday morning the tables were arranged in the aisle across the church, not more than a foot wide, with fine white linen cloth spread on the table, and benches on either side for the communicants to sit on. While the hymn of institution was sung, they would fill up the tables; when the elder would proceed to collect the tokens. Then one of the preachers would proceed to "fense" the table; that is, he would address those at the table in what manner they should live, how conduct themselves on the Lord's day, etc., sometimes taking half an hour for one table, and probably have from four to six tables. On such occasions the crowd would be so large—if the weather was good—they would have to preach out of doors. On Sunday preaching would begin at 10:30 a.

m., and they would not have an interval before 1:30 p. m., then begin the afternoon service by 2 or 2:30 o'clock. The sermon Sunday evening was generally to the unconverted, and it had little or none of the love of God for perishing sinners, but a portrayal of all the horrors of the damned. It was fearful to hear and the people would disperse without much talk. Sunday was kept sacred, no noise, no riding about, quiet Bible reading and learning the Shorter Catechism. The pendulum has now swung to the other extreme. We now seldom hear of hell. Wickedness is winked at. I don't know. Change is the order of the day. "But we must all appear at the judgment seat of Christ."

Fashions of Sixty Years Ago

Fashions sixty years ago were more permanent than those of later years. I remember when I was a boy I was frequently sent for an old lady, Mrs. Hill; to spend a few days at our house. She lived by herself, was a great talker and a small eater. She always wore a Leghorn bonnet and it flared out so large in front that as I was riding on behind her I could not see in front and had to take it for granted that she kept in the road. I do not know when this fashion was started, but it was in vogue when I first remember. This kind of head dress was fashionable for many years. Black alpaca and bumbazine and black silk were chiefly worn by the well-to-do. Gay colors' were seldom seen at country churches. Fifty or even forty years ago nearly all the wealth was confined to the rural districts. The best dressed men and women were found in the country. Nankeen was very fashionable to make gentlemen's pants and most men wore straps with them. It was very common for them to wear broadcloth coats and satin vests. Nearly every one wore boots. At this time there was no ready-made clothing for men or women. Everything was made at home, except very fine goods. We had tailors and seamstresses, who could fill the bill for the most fastidious. Ready-made clothing was not called for till about 1850.

Little more than half a century ago it was the fashion or custom to have school houses hardly fit to keep domestic animals in. I have seen them without floors and without glass windows and with wooden chimneys, with weight poles to hold the roof on. A boy or girl who got an education in the school houses of those days secured it under trying circumstances, but the teachers kept a good supply of persuaders standing in the corner to encourage the pupils to have good lessons. Every morning the reading lesson would be one or two chapters in the New Testament,

and Friday evening the class would be required to recite the whole or a part of the Shorter Catechism. I can see no impropriety in reading a chapter in the Bible and reciting the catechism on Friday evening in the present new buildings, as they did in the old, a generation or two ago.

Under the old regime every pupil who studied arithmetic was expected to have a slate to work out his sums on. In fact, we thought it necessary to have a slate; but now it makes the teacher nervous to hear the pencil mark on a slate and it is banished from the school room and a lead pencil and a paper tablet substituted.

How the human race is degenerating. Nearly half the young people wear spectacles. Fifty years ago not one in a thousand needed spectacles. Now look at them on the streets; nearly half wear them through need, or is it fashionable?

The games we played sixty years ago are now forgotten, such as bull pen, town ball, three-corner cat, roly-hole, pull tail from toad, and occasionally marbles. All these games have been swallowed up by football and baseball. Maybe it is as good as any, but as Handy Andy would say, "It is mighty queer."

I spoke of the old-time school house, but what of the teachers of the long ago? Some were very capable and others not fit for the place. Miss Nancy Ewart was a masculine teacher, popular with her employers, but dreaded by the pupils. She was well qualified to teach the ordinary English branches. She would enforce order, compelling a grown man to draw his coat and take a terrible whipping, but he deserved it. I never heard her accused of cruelty, but she would be obeyed. Mr. T. W. Sparrow was a fine teacher and a profound scholar. Most of the three-months teachers were poor sticks, but they all knew how to use the hickory.

Long ago it was customary for a person, when he sat down to write a letter, or anything else, to keep a nice box of sand, like a pepper box, by him to sand his paper when he finished a page, to prevent blotting. Blotting

paper is now used. This last is much nicer and better every way.

Sixty years ago it was fashionable for people to attend church. Daily papers were very few and the cost was high. By attending big meetings the news was circulated by word of mouth. Long ago it was common to preach out of doors. The house would not seat the great multitude. Of course, there were many good, pious, Christian people who were church-goers, but a big part of the congregation "cared for none of these things." From 1840 to 1850 as many as 10,000 people would attend Rock Springs camp-meeting, near Beattie's Ford, to hear from the election, especially a presidential election. This was before the railroad and telegraph came into use. I remember seeing the stage pass by Sugar Creek church with a white flag flying on the back part with this inscription in large letters: "Harrison elected President." This was six weeks after the election. Judge Parker tendered Mr. Roosevelt his congratulations in two hours after the closing of the polls. We are now living in a fast age.

One hundred years ago there was scarcely one crazy person to a county in North Carolina. But with the advancement of civilization, with all the accompaniments thought necessary, insanity has increased with accelerated speed. Our first insane asylum was opened in 1856. The Legislators thought it was large enough to hold all the insane of the State for several years to come. New ones of great capacity have been built and still the cry is for more room. I am bound to believe that the advance in civilization has much to do with the increase of insanity. I never heard of but one crazy negro in my life till they were free. Are they simply imitating the white people, or their freedom inimical to their wellbeing? This is a plain case where the abolitionist is responsible for the deplorable condition of the negro, and they will have a heavy bill of indictment to answer for at the great assize.

The treatment of the sick has been wonderfully changed

in the last twenty years. Vast numbers of young women are now employed to nurse the sick. The majority of sick people, bad cases, are taken to hospitals for treatment. I practiced in the county for thirty years and had but little acquaintance with hospital work, but maybe it is the best plan. Yet my patrons thought I was fortunate with my patients. We live and learn.

Farming Sixty Years Ago, and Now

One of the common sights of the long ago was a field of wheat or oats to be pastured, as in some way it had become injured and had turned to cheat. I am fully aware that I am liable to be laughed at by going into print with such foolish notions. On account of these Solomons of the present age, I will give a few instances of what I have seen, so the reader will know why I hold to the idea that cheat or chess is produced by damaged wheat, rye or oats. I remember in the summer of 1845, my father had a small lot, half an acre, just in the rear of his wood-working shop. It was highly manured and sowed in rye, and the chickens, turkeys and pea-fowls had free access to it. It turned out to be the finest lot of cheat I ever saw grow, but no rye. Now where did the cheat or chess seed come from, if not from the damaged rye? I suppose the over-wise ones will say, "An enemy hath done this while we slept, for surely good seed was planted, and behold the tares." I have seen the same results follow when wheat was cropped off by the cattle. Is cheat ever brought to this market? If so, what is the purpose, for I never heard any one enquire for it. A better forage plant can be obtained from the old fashioned-cow peas.

From the time I first began to attend school or began to take notice, say when I was ten or twelve years old, till near 60, I have seen cows treated for hollow-horn. This was the result of some disease, possibly some form of indigestion. The animal gets poor and droopy and the horns become cold. The treatment consisted in boring the horns with a gimlet and have a negro fill his mouth with salt and red pepper tea and blow it into the horns. Some good tonic, like copperas and rattle-top root, with corn meal was usually sufficient to effect a cure. The horns become hollow and feel cold to the touch. The entire bony substance of the horns becomes absorbed and the

cow dies, a perfect skeleton, unless relieved by proper treatment. Some smart Alecs deny that there ever was such a disease. I do not know the cause of the disease, but suppose, of course, that some undiscovered "germ" is responsible for all the ills that follow in the wake of hollow-horn.

In the early years of the last century many of the best houses were built of logs and the cracks were daubed or plastered with mortar, this being strongly sprinkled with cow hair to make the mortar adhere to the crevices. In after years, when saw mills became more plentiful, the houses were ceiled and weatherboarded. They were now finished off in good style. With every age almost, the style of building houses has changed, and each probably has been an improvement over its predecessor. In Yorktown, in 1861, I saw some old brick houses that bore the marks of cannon balls that were shot during the Revolutionary war. The brick of which these houses were made were brought from England.

I noticed that all the tombs-tones or slabs in the old cemetery had their inscriptions in Latin. Suppose that was the fashion a hundred and fifty years ago. I feel sure that we had much finer Latin scholars then than we have now. I remember to have seen Dr. Davis Caldwell's portrait in Greensboro in the year 1852, showing him with one hand resting upon Galen's works, which was written in Latin. Everyone had to study medicine in Latin. Not one in a dozen doctors of the present day can read his diploma without his spectacles and without having a dictionary near at hand. Fifty years ago a man was not considered proficient in classified literature or among the very learned unless he was well versed in both Latin and Greek. Not so now. If he can tell the principal features of the most fashionable novels, he can pass in what is called polite society. But we have some fine scholars, even in this utilitarian age. I see it discussed now whether we will have compulsory education or not. Has the time

come when the State will take the place of the parent? We will see.

The mode of cultivating field crops has undergone very great changes in the last half century, and all the changes have been for the better. Before the cotton planter was invented, the seed were wet or sprinkled with water and rolled in ashes, to make them drop evenly. They were planted very thick, from two to four bushels to the acre. At this time the seed had no value, except to plant, and sometimes a small quantity were given to the milch cow with her bran or meal. Cotton seed oil was never heard of before the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but now it takes the place of hog's lard to make bread and mixes in sundry ways in all sorts of cookery. What is more wonderful, the people seem to like it. In former times the first working was given cotton with the hoe. The row was scraped, both sides, from end to end, then run around with a bull-tongue and the middles thrown out with a shovel. Cotton was left very thick in the row. If a space of 12 or 15 inches should be left, the farmer thought his crop injured to that extent. Sixty years ago cotton was not fertilized. All the manure was saved for the wheat and sometimes for corn. When guano was first discovered, it was used on wheat. Afterwards it was used for cotton.

It took a long time to learn to cultivate cotton. In the time of slavery our main object in farming was to raise an abundance of rations—meat, bread, peas and potatoes and mollasses to feed the negroes, and cotton and wool to clothe them. It was a heavy task for our wives to watch after the needs of the negroes. But a large part of the wealth of the South was wrapped up in negroes, who were then treated almost as members of the family. The Southerners were a wonderful people to submit to the robbery of four millions of slaves, to have them given the rule over their former masters and then treat our conquerors as if they were as good as Southern white people. The

people of the South must be the best people in the world. I cannot understand how they submitted to such indignities and went along as if it was all right. I reckon we have more grace than some people I have heard of. Of late years perfect swarms of our people join the political party of the North, but I suppose they think that is the best way to show their patriotism. Maybe it is.

A Glance at the Olden Times

In the last sixty years the fashions of dress have changed with each revolving season. Ladies' dresses have changed without giving notice, since the vain milkmaid first tossed her head, as she thought of wearing her first elegant gown that she planned so often as she came home with her evening pail of milk. This picture is worthy of a place in every lady's toilet. One hundred and fifty years ago if such a picture could have appeared, it would have been entitled to this explanation, "Haec Fabula Docet;" "vanity goes before a fall." At this time the dress for the head was unique indeed. They wore a Leghorn bonnet, with such a flare in front that it had some resemblance to the front of a smoke-house. It was very capacious, without flowers either natural or artificial; simply with a small quantity of ribbon, generally black. They cost high, but they would last for many years. After this the size of the bonnet was much smaller and was decorated with artificial flowers—they were spoken of as "artificials:" In 1860 they fell back to the shape of 1840, but were called "sky scrapers." A black silk dress was always fashionable, but they were differently made. Sixty years ago the waist was not more than four inches long with puffed sleeves. About 1845-'50; it was customary to make the waist long, and have a V shaped point in front, some six inches long, with a full supply of whalebone stays in the point and waist. Crinoline or hoop-skirts were worn from the time of Isaiah, not constantly, but every decade or two. They were spoken of in olden Bible times, "as round types like the moon." In 1852 the steel hoop was introduced, which proved to be conducive to health and comfort. But the women were quick to drop them off when a thunder-cloud would arise, as they had a predilection for lightning or electricity. Several cases are reported of the steel hoops being melted during an electric storm.

How to wear the hair has always been unsatisfactory. To part it in the middle, tuck the greater part in a knot behind the head, and bring a small part down in front of the ears and loop it back—on a line with the eye and ear—and fasten with the tucking comb. Sometimes it was combed over the ears, and carried back to the knot; or put up in fancy plaits. Sometimes it was combed straight back or puffed with side-combs. Persons whose hair was curly, often encouraged it to assume the corkscrew twist; in fact, hardly any two ladies did their hair up the same way.

Gentlemen were also subject to the rules of fashion the same as ladies. In the early days of which I write, the men were subject to wear their hair rather long, at least down to their coat collar, and were particular that it should be parted on the left side. In those days a young man would have been ashamed to appear so effeminate as to part his hair in the middle; he would have been called a "sissy," and driven from the society of men. But now it is quite popular with the light-headed to part their hair in the middle. But we seldom see a level-headed man that has a desire to be effeminate. But it may be as good a way as any, and leave half the hair on either side; but I must say I never saw a red-headed man part his hair in the middle, probably because he does not think it is becoming for red-headed people to ape the dudiest variety.

The men were also given to wearing blue broadcloth and brass buttons; that is, when they were dressed for a ball or a party. Knee pants, with silver buckles, the hair powdered and tied in a queue, had gone out of fashion at least 25 years before Harrison was elected President. But straps were worn by gentlemen as late as 1848—some wore cloth straps and some leather—buttomed to the bottom of the pants, or sewed on and buttoned together beneath the boots. I have seen people have great difficulty in removing a drunk man's boots on account of his straps.

In my first observations of gentlemen's fashions in gay clothing was the ruffled shirt bosoms, "fronts," as they

were called. The frills, or mass of ruffle that stood out of the vest, fluted at right angles to the shirt, looked very fine. It was a part of the false bosom, or "Dickie," and was only worn on special occasions. I presume there could not have been less than twenty-five frills or ruffles on one front. I have not seen one in fifty years. Columbus Corum, a gay dashing young man, was particularly fond of this kind of dress; at any rate, it was unique.

It was considered the proper thing to take a "morning dram," but drunkenness was at this time extremely rare. Whether the people had more control over their evil propensities, or the liquors made in those days purer I cannot say, but it is a fact beyond controversy that in the last forty years three barrels of whiskey is often made out of one. Two years after the war this "doctoring" of whiskey was done openly, and country people were invited to witness the process; a large tub, some four feet in diameter, was used, a tin dipper was kept hanging close by, and every one was invited to try it. This appears to be the beginning of poisonous spirits. Fifty years ago a good brand of whiskey sold at retail at 40 cents per gallon, or 15 cents per quart. Capt. Johnston ran a large distillery in Tennessee and sold the product at 11 cents a gallon wholesale. He kept over 1,000 hogs and many cows. The pork and beef cattle were made clear, the whiskey made all expenses. Sixty years ago, or in the early years of the nineteenth century, many persons had stills of their own, to make up their fruit into brandy. There was no tax on any product of the farm; the decanter was kept on the sideboard and all were invited to "take a drink" before each meal. It was a rare thing to see any one intoxicated. It was considered a disgrace for a man to drink to excess, it was the forerunner of a low position in whatever society he was cast in.

OILING SHOES

The sturdy tillers of the soil cared but little for the small things of life. But few persons attended to polishing their shoes or boots. In the winter months they per-

ceived their shoes became hard and dry and were liable to crack, which could be relieved by oiling, or preparing a mixture of tallow and beeswax and applying it, and having it well rubbed in; besides making the leather soft and pliable, it caused the shoes to last much longer. Tallow was most commonly used, and put on in abundance. It often attracted the little fice dogs at meetings, to lick the superfluous grease from the shoes. This was given as a reason by a young lady why her fice was in such fine condition: "he always licked the gentlemen's shoes." Blacking and shoe polish were then not put up as now.

SNUFF-DIPPING.

Every shape and style in which tobacco can be used has been adopted. The four modes in which it has been used are regarded as the custom peculiar to a certain class of people. Sixty years ago it was very fashionable to rub snuff. When I was a very small boy I have seen a group of women walk off from the meeting house, as the church was called in the early years of the century, and sit down in a circle and there talk and dip snuff. Some smoked but it was a rare thing to see a woman chew. Some few would snuff it up the nose. The men either chewed or smoked, or did both. In the last decade it is not so common as formerly, but the crops increase as never before, and the factories now rank with the largest cotton mills of the world. It is now considered not so much of a necessity as a luxury. It hurries many to untimely graves, and benefits but few, if any.

WEARING WHISKERS.

The fashion of wearing a long beard is certainly an innovation within the last sixty years of the nineteenth century. The portraits of all the great men who flourished previous to the year 1850 show that they preserved a clean face. Whether we look at the great men who figured in the American Revolution, George Washington; Thomas Jefferson or Nathaniel Macon; or the great wars in Europe with Wellington on one side and Napoleon on the other, all are represented without beards, or closely shaven. When we come down to the Mexican war in 1846-'48. We find that all of our generals, from Scott and Taylor, to

those of a less reputation, were without the present fashion. Col. May, of the cavalry, had taken a vow, previous to the breaking out of hostilities, that his head should not be shorn nor a razor come upon his face for ten years. This vow was in consequence of being rejected by a young lady of Washington City. It was said that his dashing appearance when leading in a cavalry charge, with his long locks flowing in the breeze, and his beard down to the pommel of his saddle, he looked like the fabled god of war. From his appearance, which was very much admired by his followers, many young men adopted his style of wearing whiskers. It was also brought into fashion by the French. In later years it became quite common; in the war between the States, from 1861-'65, I suppose every general officer wore beard except Gen. Pendleton. I once saw Gen. A. P. Hill, at the battle of Cedar River, August 9, 1862, rushing his horse to get in front of a battery of artillery that was running; he stopped the flying troop and put them back in the fight with as much alacrity as they went out. For the next half-hour the general was rushing from one section of the battery to another. His hair was hanging in ringlets down his back, and his beard below his waist. He was the handsomest man I ever saw in the Army of Northern Virginia. Now, in every walk of life, and almost every calling, can be seen men who have adopted this modern fashion. It is now considered a preventative of disease, especially of the throat and respiratory organs.

THE NEW WAY OF PRONOUNCING LATIN.

Fifty or a hundred years ago this country was full of fine Latin scholars; much better versed in Latin than we meet at the present day. A half-century ago, before the people began to put on so much style or fashion, the teachers pronounced the Latin like English, and kept up this pronunciation till the century was half out. They did not affect a pronunciation that by right did not belong to the language. Whether the affected way of pronouncing prevents them from acquiring a knowledge of the language,

or whether of late years they do not deem it necessary to be very proficient in Latin in order to attain a fine scholarship, is an undecided question, but I do know that very learned men were found in all the walks of life. David and Thomas Caldwell, twins, who were born previous to the battle of Guilford Court House, were scholars. David studied medicine in Latin text books; Thomas was a politician and gentleman of elegant leisure. In 1850 the school boys, in passing his house, would see Mr. Caldwell sitting out in the shade reading his newspapers, would approach him with great politeness and ask him to read their Latin and Greek for them; that they were sick or for some cause were unable to read their lessons; the old gentleman would lay his paper to one side and read and explain the lesson with the same ease that a master would have done notwithstanding he was nearly eighty years old, and had never taught school. It was fixed in his mind when at school, and he pronounced his words as they were spelled. But then, if we cannot stem the tide we must float with the current. According to the old play that belongs to children, known as wig-wag, we have to do as Simon says or get left. If it is more euphonious to pronounce "veni, vidi, vici," "venee, vede, vece," why try and keep up with the procession.

PENITENTIARY BUILT IN 1872.

Prior to the close of the great civil war, before the constitutional liberty was lost; while the people of North Carolina still governed the State, a penitentiary was not thought of, or if so, the thought was immediately dismissed, as it was wholly unsuited to the wants or necessities of our people. The old-fashioned instruments of punishment that served so beneficial a purpose for one hundred years, before the world helped the Federal government to conquer the South, we were forbidden to use; and without some punishment for violation of law, we were forced to establish the system that was in common use in the States up North. Forty years ago there was

not many more than one million of people in North Carolina, negroes were seldom brought in court except for very grave offenses. Magistrates settled the great majority of cases without going to the court house. Only the gravest cases came before a judge. Capital cases were punished by order of a judge, after trial by a jury, with hanging, branding (generally on the cheek or on the palm of the hand), putting them in the stocks, ripping, cutting off the right ear. Of course fines and imprisonment were imposed for certain offenses, or left at the discretion of the judge. The old county court, or as it was looked upon as the people's court, served its day for one hundred years, but it, too, has been done away with, and only two Superior Courts are kept—one for civil suits and one for criminal cases. Now only two kinds of punishments are meted out to the offender, viz: hanging or confinement in the penitentiary. This being the age of building and macadamizing our public roads, very many of the convicts are kept in their respective counties on the chain-gangs to build good roads. It is a noted fact that working on the chain-gangs does not cure the thief of stealing so effectually as the whipping post. The great majority who are sent to the penitentiary or to the chain-gang, after serving their sentence out, soon fall into their old ways of violating laws.

Childhood a Century Ago.

What somber thought and gloomy recollections crowd into the recesses of the mind as we fall into a kind of reverie as we rehearse what was passed in the days of our childhood, or when we first started to school, and then remember who were our associates in school—our play-mates at play-time; and remember who were the big boys and big girls who attended the same school with us, and think where they dropped out, and who of the number—more than half a century ago—are still with us, or can be counted.

The Rev. Wm. Flinn, D. D., who graduated at Davidson in the first class after that college was started, was our first teacher in my section of the county who ever taught Latin, Greek and the higher branches of mathematics. He taught for only one year, but it seemed to come natural for him to apply the rod like a veteran. Sixty years ago the rod was considered a part of the teacher; if the teacher was not an expert in the use of the switch, he was adjudged but an indifferent teacher, and had missed his calling. I remember one evening as school was being closed with prayer, some of us little fellows were getting each other's tag, innocently supposing Mr. Flinn would keep his eyes shut, but unfortunately he heard us slipping about on the rough floor, opened his eyes and saw us, the prayer was quickly brought to a close, and the ever handy switch got more tags than all of us combined.

Our school house was roughly finished, and intended for a bachelor's dwelling; the scaffolding for the chimney had not been taken down, and it furnished an excellent place for the boys to practice their acrobatic performances, which many of the boys indulged in.

It was customary for the big boys to have permission to go out doors in good weather to study their lessons, and during these hours it was common to perform gymnastics

on the chimney scaffold, especially in locking their legs around the polls and let the head hang down. One of the boys thought to have some fun, and when alone he cut the withes nearly in two and watched for the time to come when the big boys would be out. The time came but the boys were too busy to play, and to urge them into play the mischievous youngster thinking to entice them to play, ran and mounted the scaffold and swung off with his head down, when down came scaffold and all; when the poor fellow's neck was nearly broken, and his body badly bruised. The teacher never found it out, and the boy was ashamed of his trick, so he never told it. Moral: Be careful when you set a trap for others, you do not get caught yourself.

In the winter time of the same year, the big boys determined to bar out the teacher one very cold morning, and they notified the small children that they would have to stay outside, so a fire was built for them, and then commenced barricading the door and window, and putting heavy logs of wood on the floor to hold the "puncheons" steady. Everything looked strong and substantial, as the teacher hove in sight. He looked astonished as he saw all the little ones around the fire out in the yard. He gave but one look and approached the door. His red hair fairly stood on end as he demanded an entrance into the academy. No answer was given and he started for the woods to cut some hickories, and before he got back the barricade was removed and the school house put in presentable condition. The teacher returned with a half dozen good hickories, and the scholars were as mute as mice.

The boys had got enough of barring out. No one was whipped, but the looks of the teacher, and the bundle of rods was enough to scare the little ones, but I always thought the big boys should have followed the teacher to the woods, and if he did not treat (as was common) tie him and duck him in the branch. But I presume the boys

thought as he was going to preach, they would have respect for his cloth. Dr. Flinn taught for ten months, and then went to the seminary, was licensed to preach, moved out West, and has made quite a reputation as a preacher and a college professor. I think he is still living, but is quite old.

The Alexandriana or Hopewell neighborhood has always enjoyed a reputation for learning in advance of bordering sections, that were naturally not inferior to her, and possessed as fine lands along the Catawba as are to be found in the State. In the fall of 1842 the principal men in the neighborhood built an excellent school house, 20x40, weather-boarded and ceiled, with a chimney at each end, 12 glass windows, two large blackboards, two large tables, but we were still furnished with slabs, with five sassafras poles for legs, without backs. The seats were so high we could not reach the floor with our feet, and our backs bowed over so as to invite the rod to try and make us sit straight. When we look back at the improvements of the school room, we wonder why we put up with such uncomfortable seats for such a series of years. But I find that we were a long ways ahead of any around us; but at the time I write of all fixtures of a school room were scant indeed. A chair for the teacher, and slab benches for the pupils was considered to be well up in school furniture.

After the new school house was finished the committee employed J. W. Ramsay to teach a ten months school. The committee applied what public money there was to the school and invited all the poor children in the district to come all the time; but unfortunately they would not come when provision was made for them. Mr. Ramsay was quite a young man, had just graduated at Davidson College, and took the school with much interest. He soon learned to be an expert in the use of the rod, and as that had much to do with qualifying him for teaching successfully, he was adjudged a number one school teacher. He served out his time, was highly complimented by all the men who had marriageable daughters and he was expected

to fill important places in the State. When his first school was out he went back to his home in Rowan county and began the study of medicine. He made quite a successful physician; but his many friends urged him to accept a place in the Legislature, where he won distinction as a wise counsellor. During the Confederate war he represented the State for a term in the Confederate Congress. He is now spending the evening of his days in Salisbury, a bright light in the Presbyterian church. What changes have occurred around Alexandriana, since Dr. J. M. Ramsay taught school in that neighborhood! If he should visit that locality now there is scarcely a human being living there now to welcome him back to the fields of his first labor, where once every one was glad to welcome him, and the young people to spend the happy hours in friendly intercourse.

During all the school terms we have spoken of there was about an equal number of boys and girls that attended school, and at the time we heard no complaints, but everything moved along harmoniously. I do not suppose our boys and girls were any better then than now, but I do know that when it was necessary to use corporeal punishment for misbehavior the rod was applied without fear of after effects. I remember one case that I will relate, but as the parties are both living and are pleasantly situated I will give fictitious names. One evening as the largest scholars were saying their spelling lesson, Jack was sitting by Lucy, and gently put his arm around her neck and kissed her, for which she took no offence, but unfortunately he broke her string of beads, and they scattered all over the floor, when she immediately burst out crying and told the teacher that Jack had broken her string of beads. He told Jack to come to him, and gave Jack a few stripes and told him to sit by himself. But Jack thought he had been wronged, so to get even with Lucy he walked close to her and gathered all the scattered beads he could in his toes, when Lucy raised the cry that Jack was carrying off her beads between his toes. Then the teacher called him

up again and gave him double as much as before. But this did not subdue the wrathful urchin, for on his return to his seat, he found a cockle-burr on his clothes and took it off and dropped it on her head and rubbed it in. When she hallowed or bawled the third time the teacher called Jack and started to meet him, and such a whipping! Every one in the house stopped to look. Well, suffice it to say that he never broke another string of beads or rubbed a burr in another girl's hair, but I can't say he never kissed another girl on the sly.

These were the only two ten months schools we had for several years; for some reason all terms were short, not more than three and five months. Mr. T. W. Sparrow taught one session of five months; he was one of the finest teachers we ever had, and he was one of the best linguists in the State, and like his predecessors, knew how to use the rod judiciously. In about 1866 Mr. S. D. Wharton, of Guilford county—a graduate of Chapel Hill—was employed and had a large school, which he conducted successfully for quite a number of years. His school was like his predecessors, about half boys and half girls. It was a preparatory school, or feeder for Davidson College. Among the great number who laid the foundation for their usefulness in this academy I remember the following: J. Mc. Alexander (who died before he graduated), Capt. A. H. Alexander, Capt. Francis R. Alexander, Rev. S. C. Alexander, Capt. S. B. Alexander, T. A., G. Mc. and T. C. Wilson, Dr. I. Mc. Henderson, Dr. I. J. Sloan; Dr. Berry Sloan, Dr. I. M. Wilson, I. M. Wilson, Esq., Rev. T. W. Irwin, Dr. W. L. D. McLean, J. L. Jetton, Esq., R. A. and J. A. Torrence, and a host of others—if all were named it would fill a page of the book. Many of them fell in the Lost Cause, or were maimed for life. Alexandriana Academy contributed much towards educating the youth, not only of this part of Mecklenburg, but also in various parts and in other counties.

Mr. Wharton moved to Cabarrus county and passed away before the war between the States. He was a good

man and deserved the praise of the community in which his life work was done. This community has enjoyed a long line of teachers who taught because they loved to teach; hence their success.

At the time of which I write, there was but little land cleared and but few houses near the great road. I remember that on the road to Hopewell church but one house was passed from W. B. Alexander, Esqrs'. to John McCoy's place—about five miles. In these big bodies of timber land there was any quantity of game; from the common grey squirrel, fox squirrel, wild turkey, deer, and the raccoon and opossum of the animals that run in the night, all in abundance. In the fall and winter months there was much sport in the fox chase, which was the principal amusement indulged in by the farmers of that section of the country. Every one kept from two to six hounds, and when the fox horn was sounded the dogs would make for the horn, knowing that a hunt was being gotten up. The hunters were as fond of their dogs as they were of their horses, and that is saying a great deal. The chase generally lasted till 10 o'clock and the yelping of the dogs, when 12 or 15 were heard in full cry after Reynard, and his brush was down, was regarded as music indeed. When the chase was over, some one who was lucky enough to be at the finish, wore the brush in his hat, that paid him for all his morning's hard work. This could not be repeated oftener than twice a week, as it soon stiffened up the best pack of fox hounds.

At this time large flocks of sheep were seen on the way; and sometimes we would have the pleasure of seeing two rams fight. To see them set back 20 yards, with dignity, and then run together with the velocity of a whirlwind, frequently both being knocked down, then up and repeated again and again until one or the other was vanquished. I have known them with large horns, to become locked, and, with no one to separate them, they would die.

It was not uncommon in those days to stumble on the most venomous kind of snakes. The rattlesnake was by

no means a rarity. I have known fourteen killed in a hollow tree near the Academy; and no scarcity of the copperhead, which was a dangerous variety. The black snake, the racer and chicken snake and viper were equally scary, but did little harm. It is a little strange that all kinds of reptiles have nearly disappeared from the country; and rats and mice that were so highly prized by all the serpent family, have now no natural enemy but the feline tribe, hence they have increased as the snakes have died away.

The greatest enemy the school children had to contend with was seed ticks. They were fearful indeed. This variety was very diminutive, but they were wide-awake and very energetic, where they were undisturbed, for a sore place was the result. I have seen spears of grass by the roadside, bent over to the ground by hundreds of the ticks. Now if one blade was so loaded, it is no wonder that the children were in bad condition. Every evening it was the common custom for mothers to strip their children, put an old frock on them and make them stand over a pan of coals of fire on which had been laid some pennyroyal and a small piece of brimstone; in a few minutes the ticks would all be off. The next day the same process would have to be gone through with again. The larger ticks with a white spot in the middle was not to be dreaded near so much; but when we come to the red-bug—mostly known as the chiger—then we find something that is to be dreaded. I would rather be bitten with a dozen seed ticks than one chiger. But I am glad to know that ticks are now regarded as a thing of the past.

This was fine range for cattle; that is in spring, summer and fall. Some years the ticks on cattle were fearful to behold; they would grow as large as the end of a man's finger, and be so numerous they would have to be removed by a currycomb, till the ground would look like cotton seed had been thrown around. I have seen cattle neglected until they were poverty-stricken; and sulphur would have to be given internally, and whale oil applied externally.

But since the stock law was enacted it is seldom that a tick is now seen on cattle.

Boys have always been fond of building dams across branches and creeks, and our boys were no exception to the rule. The spring branch was the only water course that Alexandriana Academy could boast of; consequently the boys built a dam across the branch, but it would leak. One day at play time the boys concluded to stop the leaks, and a young man by the name of Columbus was stooping over looking at the boys working when Harriet Simpson slipped up behind him and pushed him into the water, which was about waist deep. Harriet never looked to see the damage done, but turned and started for the Academy with all speed, and as soon as Columbus could scramble out he started after her, but she had the start of him and kept it till she jumped into the school room, and felt that she was safe, for 'books' were called. When Columbus got up he did not offer to go in, for he was dripping wet. Some one handed him his books out the window, where he could dry himself in the sunshine. It is true we did not have things fixed up fine, but we enjoyed the sport, and many good scholars were started on the road of learning.

Grown folks as well as school children are fond of mixing a little fun as they go along through life. I remember when Dr. J. M. Ramsay was teaching, several young ladies were passing the road, and to have some fun, rode around, close up to the Academy, about 20 yards apart, with their "Virginny" bonnets pinned close, so that no one would know them. Dr. Ramsay called to them and said: "I am sorry I haven't a horse here, or we would have a merry ride." The ladies never spoke or looked back.

One bright sunshiny afternoon when everything was quiet, we heard a roaring noise, which increased rapidly. The teacher sent the pupils out a great hurry, thinking the house was on fire. We could hear the roaring

going east, and emitting fire very rapidly. It proved to be an aerolite, which fell over in Columbus county. It was of large dimensions, and as it was passing was red hot, hence the scintillations.

Some Pathological Differences.

The anatomical characteristics of the negro appear at the instant to be the main, if not the only distinctive differences between the white and colored races. But when examined into they assume a minor importance as a race characteristic.

It is true the color, hair, and odor are indelible marks that cannot be mistaken for any other breed. The effects of environment are more decided with regard to the African than has ever been observed in the other races. Like all denizens of tropical countries, he is able to endure heat to a remarkable degree, but cannot become climatized to cold regions so as to be an effective worker, even after several generations. In the Southern part of the United States they are the best laborers in the world, but in the Northern part are inefficient on account of the cold.

Their emotional nature is wonderfully strong. They are creatures of impulse, easily moved to tears, to laughter or to anger; often carried away with religious enthusiasm and superstition. In bondage they were devotedly attached to their masters' family, zealous of their prerogatives, and proud as Lucifer of their social standing, most cordially hating "poor white trash." Music and dancing was a prominent feature in their scenes of festivity in slavery times. How often I have gotten up at midnight to make them go to bed, that they might have rest to meet the next day's work!

On communion occasions at the country churches vast crowds of them would congregate, dressed in broad-cloth and silks, and such gallantry was displayed that would put the present new issue to the blush. They imitated their masters and mistresses in dress and politeness; and through the week would vie each other with who could do the most work in a day; racing in the harvest field was a

delight, especially to excel a white man. These were all strong and healthy men and women. During the war between the States they were faithful to a wonderful degree in taking care of their masters' interests. I don't suppose a parallel case has been observed in all past history.

But with their freedom came untold evils to the race that their former friends were powerless to prevent.

Restraint, their life long safeguard, ceased when liberty was thrust upon them. They failed to differentiate liberty from license, and fell an easy prey to the deceptions of wicked white men. They were encouraged to turn a deaf ear to the advice of their life-long friends and have suffered in many ways as a consequence, especially in hygiene.

PATHOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN SLAVERY AND FREEDOM.

While in a state of slavery, dyspepsia was unknown among the negroes and would have been considered impossible. Consumption was so rare that some persons thought it belonged exclusively to the white race. But now the death rate from it far exceeds that of the whites. I have seen a family of eight all die within inside of two years. In another family of sixteen children, the father and fourteen of the children died in rapid succession in less than ten years. In the practice of every physician these observations have been made. A remarkable peculiarity I have noticed in these cases of phthisis is that the lower part of the lung is first attacked; but little expectoration is observed, but an effusion into the plural cavity. We remember one case where the entire right lung had been converted into pus, filling the plural cavity two-thirds full. Dr. Paul Barringer, now Chairman of the Faculty of the University of Virginia, made the post mortem. These cases all go down rapidly, none appear to recover, or even make temporary improvement. But few of them have hemorrhage.

Almost the opposite is true in the white race. Here

we see it begin in the apex; expectoration is free throughout, they frequently appear to recover, or regain a tolerable degree of health; some last for many years. Hemorrhage is not infrequent, and effusion very rare.

The cause of the frequency of this disease among the colored people is patent to any one who will consider the matter from a common sense point of view; we cannot attribute it to heredity, but to environment. In slavery he was restrained from all extremes. He was well housed, well clothed, and well fed. His health was a matter of great solicitude; there was too much money invested to act otherwise; and the result was as expected, robust health, and great resisting power to the encroachment of disease. Withdraw all these fostering surroundings, and place them in their opposites and we see at once why such results follow. The sudden change from an evenly, sober life, with all the degrading passions and appetites held in subjection, to one of license, irregular mode of living, poor clothing, radical change of diet, with his passions allowed full play, no wonder he falls an easy prey to this disease, whose parentage is our so-called civilization, into which he has been introduced. In slavery his diet was corn bread, fat bacon, molasses, cow peas and all the vegetables he could carry. Now he despises corn bread and substitutes flour, and prefers beef instead of bacon, without vegetables, rations reduced about one-half; consequently the vigor of his manhood has materially declined.

From census reports we find some strange facts. Alabama had in 1880, 10,000 more females than males amongst the colored population. Out of the total births of the whites in Mississippi in 1880, there was 675 more males than females. Total births of the colored race, an excess of 56 females. In Louisiana white males in excess 185, colored females in excess 12. In North Carolina excess of white males 692, excess of females in the colored race 183. In Florida the excess of white males 80, excess of colored females 127. So we find males

predominate in the white race, females in the colored race. Why this difference! The longevity of the two races is about the same, more aged females in either race than males.

We have seen that the negro readily succumbs to consumption, and have given a conclusive reason for it. But in slavery they were equally as susceptible to typhoid fever as the whites, and it proved fatal in a great degree; now they are almost wholly exempt from it. For more than twenty years I have not seen a case of it, as it formerly occurred, yet have had them employed as servants to attend white cases. From the nature of typhoid fever the negro appears peculiarly suited for the ravages of this disease; but, strange to say, it passes him by. The exemption cannot be easily accounted for, as his hygienic surroundings are not to be compared to what he was accustomed to when in slavery. Malarial affections, rheumatism, diphtheria, and contagious diseases affect him about the same as formerly; venereal diseases are tenfold more common, due to former lack of restraint. It was comparatively rare for a negro child to die, or even to be affected by diseases peculiar to white children, except the contagious diseases. I never knew one to have cholera infantum, or convulsions; but they cannot deject the rice water stools, and have fits equal to the best of white children.

I never knew spectacles worn or needed in the olden time, except by very old people, but now it is equally as common with the young colored dude and dudine, as it is amongst those from whom they ape the fad.

Advanced civilization does not appear to carry with it the power to resist disease, much less is it conducive to produce athletes, but rather the reverse; it produces effeminacy. This is quite apparent in the increase of mental diseases. When the negro population lay just outside the pale of civilization, an insane negro would have been considered an anomaly, and lunacy was almost unheard of in former times; but since their freedom it has

been grafted on as a kind of annex, usually pertaining to a people who enjoy freedom. Their tendency to insanity is not due to liberty *per se*, but to a want of moral restraint. Unbridled passions and appetites have carried hundreds of them into insanity. In his line they keep pace with the whites, have their own asylum, and keep it just as full. They are still far behind the whites in suicides, and will probably not equal them until their civilization is more advanced.

The negro is an imitative animal; in fact his powers or faculties of imitation have not increased with the advance of civilization, but during slavery the relation that existed between master and slave was so intimate, that we might almost say they inherited their ways, the voice, the manner of expressing themselves, their fondness of dress, or their slovenliness, as the case may be, from their master's family. I have known house servants who spoke as correctly as if drilled in a grammar school, although they did not know a letter in the book.

Malingering, or feigning illness to avoid unpleasant tasks, was exceedingly rare; I have seen much of it by white men in the army to avoid camp duty, and by some to shirk a fight, but it was exceedingly rare for a slave to play off sick. They appeared to think it not in keeping with high life to practice this kind of deception, but rather boasted how much work they could do. It was probably the highest aim of the well-cared for negro to imitate his master and mistress.

The best days of the race were when in servitude to humane masters, when every want was supplied, and all necessities were looked after, and bread was sure. Then they were the happiest people on the face of the earth.

Negroes In America.

Before the Revolutionary war the negro was brought into this country, and the system of slavery was planted in the colonies, from the New England States down through the South. England was by no means opposed to holding Africans in slavery at that time; in fact all her colonies were slave-holding in the early days of this country's existence. Nor was there any place in the civilized world where slavery was denied a foothold, or said to be inimical to the teachings of the Bible. South America, the West Indies, and all the slave-holding countries, that were civilized, managed to get rid of their slaves, or rather to free their slaves, and let them live amongst them. It is proper to state that all the countries that have freed their slaves, and given equal rights before the law, were Spanish, a mixed blood. Forty years ago the slaves of this country were freed by force of arms, and two years after they were freed, 50,000 of the best white men were disfranchised, and every negro made to vote as directed by some scallawag. Some of the Latin countries, which looked to the best interests of all concerned, freed their slaves according to age, so that freedom would be gradually given them.

In the South it was a sudden jump from slavery to freedom, and the foundations of government were broken up, when the object appeared to be in reality to make us drink of the bitterness of defeat, and our foes rejoiced in the idea, that might made right.

In time of slavery an occasional holiday was given the negroes, at Christmas—which lasted generally one week—which was devoted to music and dancing; they also had a Christmas “dram” to start the festivities, which was considered the best of Christmas gifts. The Fourth of July was also given as a holiday; the crops were also ready to be laid by, and another years' harvest was gathered, and every one felt thankful that their physical necessities

were provided for. It was the boast of nearly every negro that his "white folks were the best and most tony people in the country." But there were some people who had no mercy on their negroes, children or stock. Such people were lacking in what is necessary to civilized mankind, and should have been placed beyond the law, only fit to inhabit a madhouse. These were the exception, and not the rule. Every gala day the white people who held the slaves were permitted to look on. All the traveling circuses that passed were well patronized by the negroes. In the olden times every Presidential election called for big public speaking, and barbecues to draw out the crowd; long trenches were dug where the fires were kept to roast the meats, beef, pigs and muttons, until all were well cooked. This work was all done by negroes, under the direction of an expert. To carry water and wait on the table it required quite a number. Of course the bread was prepared at the houses of the principle people in the neighborhood. This was a day looked forward to with a great deal of anxiety. The common people sixty years ago did not sit still and let a few lawyers and court house officials dictate who should fill the various offices in the county, but took an active part in whatever the county or country needed. In the fall of 1840, when Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate for President, and the whole country was enthused as it never has been since with political excitement, Gen. Harrison was immensely popular as an Indian fighter, and being raised up with the common people, he was regarded as a hero by the masses. I was fortunate enough to attend one of the big meetings twelve miles from Charlotte, that was gotten up in honor of Gen. Harrison (the grandfather of the late President Harrison.) During this campaign enthusiasm was in evidence whichever way you might turn. A platform was erected for the speakers, Judge James W. Osborne and Gen. Edney; they were great men, scarcely inferior to the men nominated for the highest

office in the United States. Seats were provided for the audience out of slabs from saw-logs; prominent Democrats were invited to hold up the Martin Van Buren ticket, but they failed to put in an appearance against the giants selected to bear the Whig banner. The platform was covered with green boughs to break off the hot sunshine. On the four posts were tacked coon skins, and two or three live coons were chained to the posts, representing the surroundings of Gen. Harrison, and on a wagon beside the platform was a cabin, which represented the kind of a house the general lived in; with coonskins tacked on the gable ends, and a barrel of hard cider, to represent the usual drink of the backwoodsman. The speakers who were present—I can remember but two—were Gen. Edney and Hon. James W. Osborne. General Edney was emphatically a man of the people; and James W. Osborne was but lately come to the bar, but all men marvelled that so young a man should stand head and shoulders above his fellows. The speakers seemed to hold the crowd a long time. A recess was taken to partake of and enjoy the barbecue, which was not only good, but abundant for all. The negroes were busy all morning keeping up fires, carrying water, setting tables, etc. After the white people were served, the negroes helped themselves, bountifully of the abundant repast. But these happy days have gone with the civilization of sixty years ago, and have been replaced by more refinement and less happiness for the common people. It will be difficult for the younger people to understand the civilization we gloried in sixty years ago; then I urge the necessity of reading the history of the recent past.

The Negro as a Slave and Now.

The problem has never been solved—how the Caucasian and African races can live together—both free and with equal privileges. The white race has ever been the superior race all will acknowledge, the world over. There are a certain class of white people who say that they are no better than the negro, and all true southern people admit they speak truly; this class are a menace to the peace and harmony and good government of the country. During the days of slavery—prior to the civil war, there was no intercourse between whites and blacks, or it was not allowed, save by the master's family. Hence the amicable relations that were observed when the races were thrown together at churches, celebrations, circuses and holidays. The greatest respect was shown the whites by the slaves, and it always afforded them pleasure to do acts of kindness to those who were held in esteem by their master; but they naturally despised a mean white man, and would keep out of his way lest they would be called on for a favor.

Before the civil war 700,000 negroes were members of the various churches, and were as consistent in their Christian behavior as the white members. They were preached to by the same minister that served their masters. Separate galleries or pews were reserved for them. They often had prayer-meetings, conducted by some of their leading men; but their preaching was only done by educated ministers of the white race. Their marriages were permitted by their own color, unless they requested a white preacher to officiate. But all this has been changed without consulting us; they have left our churches, and no longer desire the pure milk of the word; other influences have been at work, and wholly different results now show themselves. The old time darkies have nearly all faded away, and in their place we have the non de script that

now walks our streets, who have but little respect for either man or woman, old or young. The negro race furnishes the great bulk of the criminals in both the Recorder's court of the city, and the county criminal court. In ante bellum times the crime of rape was exceedingly rare. I never knew of but one case tried in Mecklenburg county before the war; and during the four years war, from 1861-1865, not a case was reported. But what a carnival of crime has been forced upon us since the Yankees have taken control of the negro, and made him the special object of his trust and favor. The young bucks, instead of being made to work, as his immediate ancestors were, is bolstered up and sent to school till he has no respect for his old father and mother, who were trained in servitude to be honest and respectful to their superior. It is now rarely that we can take up a paper but we see where some of these new issue have attempted or committed rape upon a southern white woman. The commission of this awful crime has been the cause of a number of lynchings in the South, all of which have been condemned by press and pulpit. The counsels of the wise and good should always be listened to, but before you condemn them, put yourself in their place, and ask what you would do if your wife, daughter or mother should be assaulted by the lustful brute? Lynching in its most fearful form, seems to have no terror for those who come after. Hence I propose to our next Legislators to vote for a law that will obviate Lynchings. Be it enacted, that any person who shall attempt rape, shall be arrested and taken before a Justice of the Peace, and if he is satisfied that an attempt has been made, he shall order him to be castrated at once by the county physician, or by his assistant. And when rape has been committed, the criminal shall be arrested and carried before a Superior Court Judge, who shall examine the witnesses, and if he is satisfied of his guilt he shall order him to be put to death at once by the Sheriff of the county.

I know that I will be criticised by the "namby-pamby"

crowd who think more of lust than of virtue, of beastliness than of purity, but I will pursue whatever course I am satisfied is for the best interests of our country.

All animal nature, when not properly restrained, is very much alike; take a vicious horse, a bull, or a boar, and change them to a gelden, an ox, or a barrow, and we have peaceable animals, and such can be of much use to man in civilized society. And to take the lives of beastly negroes and beastly white men, we only have left a worthless carcass, whereas if castrated, they cease to be harmful, but make good hands, and in these times of need of agricultural laborers, we would do well to save all the help we can.

Church Privileges of Slaves

Thirty-four years of my life were spent in slavery times, and what I have to say of the church privileges accorded to the slaves is of my own personal knowledge, or from reports of persons of truth and good standing in the community.

Most of the churches, of the various denominations, were built with a gallery for the negroes which they occupied, and enjoyed the same services with the whites. Several times during each year special sermons were preached to the negroes; sometimes they were seated in the body of the church, occupying their master's pews. About twice in the year, spring and fall, a stand and seats were prepared out in the grove for these services; no church was large enough to accommodate the large crowds that would attend. On communion Sundays I have seen more than 1,000 present; all well dressed, and in the fashion then prevailing. On these occasions, when the services were specially for the negroes, they lead in prayer service, and it was wonderful how gifted they were in making supplications to a throne of Grace.

They also led in song service. This was long before an organ was used in country churches, and everything to make good music depended on a melodious voice. A congregation of negroes can beat the world in rendering fine music. I have traveled from the Potomac to New Orleans, from Charleston to Louisville, been in many of the fine churches, and heard their brag choirs and superb organs, but have never heard anything yet that would excel the old slave congregation singing. This is one thing of "good old slavery time," that I would like for our taught and cultivated voices to hear and enjoy. They don't know what they have missed.

In the olden times when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, after the white people had all

been served at the tables, negroes were invited to come forward and partake likewise.

Yes, the spiritual interests of the negroes were not overlooked. The masters who were godly men, would frequently collect their servants with the children of the household, around one common family altar at the evening hour of prayer. It was a common custom to assemble them on a Sunday afternoon and teach them the fundamental plan of salvation, as taught in the Bible.

The laws of the State forbade teaching slaves to read and write, but quite a number were taught to read by their master's children, and nothing was said about it. I never knew but one who could not sing, and he was deaf and dumb; but he was a most devoted worshiper of the Supreme Being; and he often reprov'd members of his own race for misconduct, especially for desecrating the Sabbath. This man, Elam, I don't know what family name he has taken, whether Alexander, for his guardian master, or Cunningham, for his father. He is an interesting character.

In 1865 there were in round numbers 700,000 communicants in the various Southern churches of negroes. How many now, since forty years of freedom, and they have doubled their numbers? They now have churches of their own, but whether their improvement morally has kept pace with the advancement of the civilization of the present era, I leave to the criminal courts to answer. The future holds in store some momentous questions to be solved by our statesmen and those who love their country.

Marriages of the Slaves.

Nearly forty years have elapsed since slavery was abolished; and but few persons under fifty years of age, have any recollection of the negro during slavery. They were the happiest people in the world; with an abundance of wholesome food, well clothed and housed, and a moderate amount of work required, they enjoyed a degree of health that the race knows nothing of today. Scrofula and consumption and other diseases that sap the foundations of health, then wholly unknown to them, now renders them unable to perform the work that they were once able to do with alacrity. The civilization of our country has undergone many changes which are not conducive to the physical welfare of the negro race. But we started out to tell about the connubial state of the negro in slavery. It was not common for them to take a wife at home. They would select one on a plantation adjoining; often going from one to six miles to suit their fancy. They would marry in a family where the owners were regarded as equals with their masters. They were very particular about the good name of the white people, whose servant they would form a matrimonial alliance with. It was common for the negroes to take pattern after their white masters and mistresses in matrimonial affairs as well as in other things that pertained to their life. A courtship was conducted with great gallantry. Some would terminate in a month, while others would continue for a whole year or more. The engagement, after permission was granted to the marriage by both the owners of the man and the woman, was generally not longer than a few weeks. Generally a slack time in working the crop was selected, that they might have a larger holiday; but otherwise their nuptials were celebrated almost any Saturday evening, and have Sunday for the regular reception day, attend church and "show out." The first Sunday

after a marriage, the white people, as well as the black, would invariably "show out." Many persons who were not in the habit of going to church, would attend on "show out" day. Since the mode of travel has changed so materially in the last sixty years, nearly every couple who can afford it, take a wedding trip, or as they call it, "a bridal tour." Our old civilization is passing away. It was customary to give all the negroes on the plantation where the girl lived a holiday. They spent it in cleaning up and preparing the supper, and having everything in readiness for the momentous occasion. Late in the afternoon the bride was dressed in her finest apparel, and sat waiting the coming of her expected husband. When he arrived—already dressed—he was ushered into the presence of his intended and there awaited the coming of the priest. It was not quite dark; blocks sawed off about three feet long, stood on their ends, held the pine torches that gave a bright light all over the yard. The wedding supper was already arranged on the table—and here let me say that it would rank with what was often seen in the houses of the white folk. Presently a commotion was noticed by the crowd, the officiating priest had come, and immediately the waiting couple marched out of the humble cabin and stepped with as much pride and as haughty an air as a Vanderbilt or a Gould, into the hallway of the "big house." Here the marriage ceremony would be performed with all the dignity and solemnity the occasion called for. The vanity of the officiating parson always induced him to prolong the ceremony, and it was bedecked with some rare flowers of rhetoric that never failed to provoke a smile among the sable audience. After congratulations the next move was supper. The table was set with care, and as perfect behavior was observed as you would find at the table of white people; but they were always under the eye of some of their masters' family. If some came in who were not invited, they were promptly told that their room was preferable to their company, and with this hint they always left. The supper was given by the master; a pig

or mutton, with a few fat hens, constituted the meats, and pies and cakes in profusion, with coffee as a finale. No wine or liquors of any kind would be tolerated. When the feast was over they would repair to a room prepared for dancing; as soon as the music was heard the innocent amusement was begun. The fiddle and the banjo were the only instruments the negro loved, and such dancing as followed would put to shame the round dances of the present. The Irish jig was a favorite with the boys, and was indulged in to show the activity of the dancer. When the small hours of the night were come, the party would disband for the night. The morrow being Sunday, and the great day for the "show out" at church, negroes from a considerable distance would attend to do honors to the wedding party, and to gratify their curiosity.

It was seldom that a man was permitted to take a wife more than 5 miles from his home, when he was given a permit—a pass—to visit her every Saturday night till Monday morning; and, if from sickness or any other reason, he was given a special permit to visit her more frequently. The children were trained up by their parents to be respectful to their parents and their owners. The masters had too much at stake not to take oversight that they were kept in a healthy condition. The value of a new-born healthy child was considered to be \$100. Negro babies were seldom sick, and but few died. Where the mother worked out in the crop, the cradle was placed under the supervision of some one who remained at the house, or as I have often seen them, left in the care of the mistress. While slavery continued I never heard of the legality of marriage questioned. I have known them married by eminent ministers of the various denominations, but most generally by a respectable man of their own color, who was a member of the church. They had no authority by law to celebrate a marriage, but common consent gave it legality. All the churches recognized the validity of such marriages. And I am sure it was never thought of in any other light.

In the days of reconstruction they were told by the Yankees that they must all come and buy licenses and be married over again, that their former marriage was illegal, their children were illegitimate, and they would be indicted for living as man and wife. All they required was that they should buy license. Those who were in charge of reconstruction, and especially of the Freedmen's Bureau, should have been beyond the pale of civilization. In those halcyon days prior to the advent of freedom to the negro, a case of lynching was unheard of, because the crime of rape was unknown in that period. Somebody will have the consequences of his foul crime to answer for. It cannot be laid at the door of the Southern white man. It was almost an unheard of thing for a negro to ask for a divorce. In settling up estates sometimes—though rarely—negroes had to be sold, but then an effort would be made to buy the husband and wife, so as not to separate the couple. The parties were always consulted when one of them was sold, whether the other party wished to be sold and go off together. The master tried to accommodate them. In rare instances they appeared to be perfectly indifferent. I am speaking of the great body of slaves and slave-holders in Mecklenburg county, and I take it this is a fair average and I am sure that 90 per cent. of them were closely attached to each other on account of the pleasant relationship existing between master and slave. They were treated with tender solicitude from their birth till they died. They were laid to rest as decently as the white people, with not so much display, but with as much feeling. Many people will be astonished at the joy of that meeting on the other shore, who have stood afar off and condemned the peculiar institution of the South. In the year 1860 there were 700,000 negro members of the various churches more than were reported by the missionaries of the world. The negro's moral standing was far better in slavery than in freedom. During the war between the States, the negro was the only guard for our women and children. Not one case was ever reported of insult to

a woman. Their conduct was even beyond praise, beyond anything recorded in history.

In the dead of winter, and after the crops were laid by in the summer, the women would card and spin for the family, both white and black. Every family of any size had a loom, and generally a weaver to convert the yarn into dress goods or wearing apparel and bed clothes. Every farmer kept a flock of sheep, and the wool was made into winter clothing for both sexes—some of it was made into wool hats; every neighborhood had a hatter, and the hats would last from five to ten years. The women would spin from four to six cuts a day. The wool was mostly sent to a carding machine, and was returned in rolls, ready to be spun. Of these rolls they would spin from 10 to 15 cuts a day. This was reeled at night after the day-work was done. A contest was always had by the children which would get to hold the broach while the reeling was being done. On the old-fashioned loom they would turn off five to ten yards per day, by an expert, of plain cloth; but of drilling or "jeans," they would weave only five or six. The mistress attended to the cutting out and making of the various garments. It was very common in those days to make a "sewing frolic," the garments would be cut out, the sewing-thread would be doubled and twisted, and balls of bees-wax ready, to keep the thread from "kinking." The neighboring women were invited and the clothes were quickly made. A good dinner was served, the news was discussed, and the ties of friendship were renewed. Those were happy days; I love to recall them, but they are gone.

The Influence of Heredity

Heredity may be likened to a stamping machine, with a basis as broad as animate creation. Vegetables, animals of both the higher and lower orders, together with insects and the infusia, are as impressionable by the influence of hereditary law as the human race. The presiding essence that governs, whether of cell formation or the most subtle ether of mind, is a principle that transmits from parent to offspring. It was first stamped by deity upon mankind, and the law is so inexorable that it can never be repealed. The living cause, the Ego, must ever continue to reproduce itself, as the camera fixes the photograph. All that is good, noble, and worthy of continuance is an impress of the Divine mind. If the attributes of humanity had not been warped and debased by sin the personage of God would be visible upon the entire human family. This inheritance is not wholly lost but its luster has been dimmed; and where the environments have not been favorable, it is entirely obscured. Yet there is a latent spark, kept through heredity, even in the most degraded, that can be quickened into recognition by appropriate agencies.

But not to pry into physical or theological secrets, we may with interest look into some of the wonderful workings of heredity in both animal and vegetable life. Wherever we find notable characteristics, or peculiar traits or idiosyncrasies in an individual, these marks can be found in the immediate or remote ancestry. Persons of great mental endowment and well-rounded calibre, are not noted for a posterity of great brilliancy. But those who excel in some one particular department present notable instances of precocity, as where a child follows in his father's line of thought. A civil engineer after tunneling a mountain, had a child born to him, who at three years was a prodigy in mathematics. A minister now in Mississippi, whose ancestors were preachers and teachers

through several generations, was able to read Homer fluently at seven years; and a girl at fourteen could repeat the whole of Horace from memory, but soon died a maniac. Precocity must be blunted, or mania will be the result. It is more frequently observed that children of a brilliant mother, whose husband is common-place, have very greatly the advantage over those whose parents are the reverse. The wonderful geniuses that occasionally flash across the world of letters or art, may have sprung from some intense mental strain of their immediate progenitor, like the fabled goddess Juno. In the same manner an educated parent, while laboring under temporary insanity, may be horrified to find his child an idiot.

These instances should more properly be styled "freaks of nature." Hereditary resemblance, like producing like, is more frequently noticed and observed in the physical than in mental development. Pigeon fanciers readily produce perfect uniformity of color in their birds by judicious mating; this is obtained in stock of all kinds by those who make it a study; not only is color controlled, but the disposition, of domestic animals. Every one has observed the hereditary features of the Jew; the oldest paintings we have any knowledge of portray the same features we are accustomed to see every day on our streets, although they come from every nation on earth. Circumstances in their case, especially their religious teaching, have contributed largely to preserve this identity, and the same may be said of their mental trend in money-getting. Heredity in transmitting disease, both mental and physical is equally as noticeable as the reproduction of color or features; and disease incorporated in the system through heredity is a scourge of fearful potency; yet to a certain extent it is amenable to wholesome laws; properly executed. If the progressive part of our people were as keenly alive towards eliminating hereditary diseases from the human race as they are in improving their herds and flocks of domestic animals, we would soon have a race of athletes. This is a vital question that should receive the

thoughtful attention of all educated people who love their kind. A vast deal of thought, labor and research have been expended to discover prophylactics or antidotes for some of the most virulent diseases, and have met with some apparent success. That all disease is caused by microbes is now (a fad) believed by the multitude. About the first third of the present century, humoralism—that the fluids of the body were the lurking places of all disease—was the received opinion, or fad, of that era, and blood-letting was the cure. But now nothing is so taking as to run a virulent disease through an inferior animal, in order to give immunity to man, by inoculation of the attenuated poison. Smallpox, rabies and diphtheria are said to be shorn of their malignity, if not rendered innocuous. But no step has been taken or proposed to cut short such hereditary affections as phthisis, epilepsy, rheumatism, insanity, etc. These can only be reached through legislative enactment, to forbid the propagation of this class who entail only wretchedness and suffering and prove a hindrance to the advance of human progress.

A morbid sentimentalism might prove an obstacle to the execution of a wholesome law preventing the marriage of those who are incapable of producing offspring free from hereditary taint, but until this is done we may expect to have weaklings unable to resist disease, continue with us until the end of time. Wise physicians, who are supposed to study not only morbid affections and hygiene, but also the laws of heredity; who understand how to encourage the development of certain functions, and to restrain others that are not desirable; scientists of this character should constitute a part of our legislative bodies. Heredity is, and can be, modified by extraneous influences; hence teachers and physicians, as well as those who formulate our laws, should be acquainted with the laws of heredity. A freak of nature, from whatever cause, or an unknown disease, may so impress the mind or body so as to insure its reproduction in the offspring. A high grade of civilization has a tendency to lower the natural resist-

ing force; hence diseases of new types fasten themselves on the human being, as well as the inferior animals. La grippe is a notable one on the white race, and tubercular consumption on the negro; pink-eye in the horse, pleuro-pneumonia in cattle, cholera among poultry and swine.

Whether the same cause that produces these diseases in the human race affects the brute creation, is not a settled fact. But well-marked cases of typhoid-pneumonia have been observed in cattle, when the disease was rife in the same neighborhood. Any disease that seriously impairs the constitutional stamina, is of itself sufficient to impress posterity with sufficient force for its reproduction. New diseases, like new traits of character, may be grafted on at any period, and become, through heredity, the purveyors of good or evil. The so-called "high civilization" does not and cannot produce so perfect offspring as we find in frontier localities; or in sparsely settled rural districts. The nearer we approach nature, the more kindly does nature bestow her gifts. The question how to destroy the seeds, so to speak, of disease, so they may not germinate in posterity, should be the great object of scientists and philanthropists in their endeavors to elevate and improve the race. Prevention is worth more than cure, and if anything is expected on this line, work should begin at once, as we will show opposite forces are not idle.

For three-fourths of a century prior to the late war, negro slaves were free from consumption; and especially in the Southern States was it almost unheard of. The cause of this immunity was due to their living close to nature. It was to the interest of the owners that the slaves should possess the highest degree of physical development. To effect this, three things were necessary: to feed well, clothe and shelter well, and restrain excessive indulgence of their animal passions. When the masters were humane, no people on earth ever enjoyed life to such an extent as the Southern slave. Through all the cycles of the past, heredity had never stamped phthisis-pulmonalis upon the negro; but with the advance of civilization

the poor negro has been made the unwilling recipient of the most widespread and fatal disease of the century, and it will be transmitted through heredity, as part and parcel of the race into an unknown future.

Civilization will be held responsible for many of the ills to which human flesh is heir. Extremes are always dangerous, whether barbarism or its opposite. Where civilization is carried to excess, the marriage tie is not regarded sacred; divorce is common, but few or no children is the rule, and the average length of life is shortened, and probably the fullest extreme has not yet been attained. The rapid concentration of wealth in the large cities is the most potent factor in bringing about this most undesirable condition of society. Natural law is perverted, and the artificial is substituted. In every instance proof is made evident that the laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity. Retributive justice will sooner or later demand satisfaction.

Every function of mind or body is affected to a greater or less extent by hereditary influences, except faith in creeds; this does not appear to leave a trace to be transmitted. Hence we see the article of faith unbiased by ancestral influence, subject only to mental examination and the pressure of association. At first glance this may not be considered consistent with what has already been said. Faith is something added on by impressions made from without. Heredity can lay no claims to the paternity of what the mind believes. In spiritual things, faith is the gift of God.

Abraham was so filled with faith that it made him famous for all time; yet one of his two sons was wholly destitute of the kind and quality that governed his father's character. From his day to the present we see an adherence to a diversity of creeds even in the same family. Nor is this confined to matters of religion; we see it in all that pertains to secular callings, in science, arts, literature and politics. It is an individual addendum, in no way hereditary, but largely influenced by association and envi-

ronment. The same line of reasoning holds good in the vegetable kingdom, only that greater changes are produced by outside pressure. The peach, said to have first been seen in Persia, was so full of hydrocyanic acid that it was only used as a poison; which by judicious treatment is now the most luscious of fruits, still yielding the deadly poison but can only be distilled from the kernel. The grafting process tallies with what has already been shown in the animal kingdom.

Probably the most remarkable freak of nature, or the obliteration of hereditary influence, is shown in the conversion of wheat and oats into chess. This strange fact has been discussed for years by men of observation, both pro and con. But the evidence is overwhelming that the transformation is a truth that cannot be successfully refuted. A lot sown in wheat or oats where the ground is wet, or on other land that is pastured very late in the spring, or a lot on which fowls have free access, is known by all farmers to yield chess, instead of wheat that was sown. This illustrates the old adage that there are exceptions to all general rules. Without microscopical examination, we assume the right to say there is no doubt this evolution backwards is caused by a specific microbe, that is patiently awaiting for some botanical scientist to describe its peculiar marks and give it a name, that it may be enrolled with its compeers as proven to cause disease in the genus homo. This establishes the claim that heredity in vegetables as well as animals is influenced by extraneous conditions and peculiar environments.

Dangers in Civilization

Too great a departure from nature brings the inevitable punishment always a consequence of violating laws made for the well-being of mankind. However much we may desire to advance beyond the boundary line set by her inexorable laws, we will never fail to reap the bitter fruits of such temerity. Artificial life cannot cope with natural in performing the duties expected in any line of work, manual or intellectual. The mind and body are so constructed that they react on each other. The overtaxing of one is resented by the other; or either may be dwarfed by injudicious exercise, or want of exercise. The influence of fashion is very powerful in all departments where its sway is felt. Fashions and customs are interchangeable terms. Forty years ago trained athletes were unknown, but every neighborhood had its characters who excelled in heavy work, as lifting, chopping, splitting rails and cradling wheat. Also in manly sports, as running, jumping and wrestling. It was not uncommon for a man to cut and split three hundred rails in a day, or cut 150 dozen wheat or oats; and then dance half the night, and be fresh for the next day's work. This class of persons have passed away, as the enervating influence of an advanced civilization is being spread over the country. The settling of difficulties where principle is involved, by apologies and whitewashing, is scarcely so high-toned as the former way of calling for 'coffee and pistols for two.' Call it barbarism if you prefer, but the turning a treacherous villain loose under false colors cannot be commended as an improvement. The disseminating of debauched literature, which poisons the minds of the young, is an accompaniment of this so-called progressive age, or advanced civilization, that is pregnant with untold evil. We rejoice to see books and periodicals so cheap that a library is in reach of every one, yet it is a

question which admits of but little doubt, that its very cheapness is a curse that is making havoc of virtue and purity. Under present rulings of society a man of questionable morals is not debarred from participating in the highest social circles, but rather given precedence. If Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion, why should he not be held to the same high plane?

It appears to be the fate of all nations, or all past history makes a false impression, that when a certain stage of civilization is attained, a retrograde movement is begun. When the period in the life of a nation has been reached in which a favored few control the machinery of government by owning all the wealth, the men become enervated, the women loose their virtue and the masses become industrial slaves. The end is not far off, unless the political atmosphere should be purified by the fires of revolution. Evidence of all these premonitory symptoms are now in sight; and only those who are wilfully blind fail to see and realize the ominous signs. The laborer no longer pours forth his rollicking song as he moves briskly to his work, but trudges along in sullen silence as if the joys of earth were buried in the past. He no longer banters his neighbor for a race in daily work on the farm, or for a trial of manly strength; but is wrapt in care as to how his family is to be kept from want. The old time gatherings to assist in house-raising or log-rolling with a dancing party when the day's work was done, are only recollections of the past.

Fifty years ago dishonesty was under par; money was borrowed and loaned among neighbors without taking a note, or giving any evidence of debt, and to ask what interest was charged would be an insult. Mortgages were unheard of, and a thief was equally as rare. The word embezzement had never been coined, or if so no use had been found for it. No doubt thievish propensities existed in some individuals, but the terrors of the whipping post prevented an epidemic of crime. What a change has come over our country and times? Laws have been enacted to

benefit the classes at the expense of the great common people; converting the multitude into hewers of wood and drawers of water to enrich the pets of legislation.

We would rejoice to believe our present civilization has reached its ultimate limit. The pathway is strewn with many wrecks and blasted hopes; and will have much to answer for at the shrines of hygiene and virtue. To say that the physical stamina, the power to resist disease and fatigue, is not weakened by the customs of age, but is only a coincidence, will not prove availing when the search-light of truth is turned on to reveal the secrets of the times. The frontiersman whose life is passed in the bosom of nature develops the highest type of the genus homo. Being possessed of a princely inheritance, a sound mind in a sound body, which insures a will-power that is master of all passions and appetites, rendering him capable of achievements that would never be dreamed of by those reared in the refinement and fashion of the present era. Never coming in contact with the enervating influences rife in the large cities, he is able to perform herculean labors, and successfully resist fatigue and the approaches of disease. A mind encased in so healthy a body rarely becomes unbalanced, and continues to exercise its functions until its house falls into decay, through changes consequent upon age. But as we stray from the laws of nature by congregating in dense masses and adopting customs that are inimical to hygiene, this primitive excellency is exchanged for an enfeebled manhood with all its accompanying tendencies to disintegration. Chief of these is an enfeebled resisting power to the advance of disease; the seduction of fashionable vices opens the doors of the physical economy to all the ills that flesh is heir to. The citadel over which the mind presides yields to the foe, hence lunacy or mania is now so common and prevalent that no State in the Union has adequate accommodation for the unfortunates. Whether all suicides are of unsound mind I will not attempt to discuss, but it is patent to all observers that this fearful crime is increasing at a rapid

pace. Human life has never been so cheap in America as during the last two decades. Who will maintain that this is only a coincidence of this era, instead of being a result of the fashions of the day? If so, we may charge all the poverty and suffering as a coincidence instead of the true cause, the centralization of the wealth of the country in the hands of a few individuals.

Nor has the religious world escaped its share of the evils of the age. The gorgeous temples now erected for worship of the Deity, in which only the rich and well-to-do feel at home, are in strong contrast to the plain meeting house where the rich and poor felt equally welcome, and the heartfelt prayers and songs of praise arose in unison to a gracious common Father. Class distinction is too marked to be approved by the Man of Gallilee. It is not strife among brethren who shall be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, but who shall have the most elegant church to be admired by the æsthetic worshipers of the beautiful. Instead of provoking each other to good words they are provoked by trying to out-shine each other in temple adoration. But this is a matter in which every one must look out for himself. The indigent poor are not neglected, but are to a great extent pastured to themselves.

May 20 Celebration in '44.

The 20th of May, 1844, was the most memorable occasion in Mecklenburg that we have any account of in the past sixty years save the centennial of 1875, when Judge John Kerr spoke at the old fair ground. Very few people whom we now meet on the streets can tell who Judge Kerr was. He was an eminent jurist and upright man, who was a Southern patriot, and believed that the Ku Klx Klan were the savior of the South in her dire extremity; for this belief Col. Kirk had him hung by the thumbs! Can such atrocious conduct ever be forgotten or forgiven? The people of North Carolina may be noted for their milk of human kindness, but they have also their share of human nature.

But I started to tell of the 20th of May celebration in 1844. I was a boy then of ten, and of course wanted to see and hear everything that was put up. Sam McCracken was employed to fire the cannon (I presume he was selected on account of his being a worthless fellow). The piece of ordnance was placed in South Tryon street between Mr. George Wilson's and the monument to the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A table was set, a fine dinner was spread and enough of room was made for fifty guests. Each plate was five dollars. The object was to raise money to build a monument to the signers of the Declaration of Independence of May 20th, 1775.

To step aside, I will state that in 1825 a celebration was held in Charlotte, at which time invitations to a ball were given to the prominent ladies of both town and county; some of which are still preserved. And in 1835 a big celebration was held, at both of which some of the old patriots were present and testified to the truth of what had occurred on that notable day in 1775. Yet there are some people who deny the things that were done before these wiseacres were born. Let Rev. Hezekiah I. Balch,

and the nine ruling elders who signed the document, not be disturbed by the slander of saying they never signed that immortal paper on the 20th of May 1775. The truth of that remarkable event is firmly planted in the minds of those who love North Carolina.

This table was set just inside of Wm. Julius Alexander's yard, where the monument to the signers now stands, and a large concourse of men stood around. There were chairs to the table, so that no one had a seat but those who partook of the dinner. At the head of the table a large arm chair was placed, and was occupied by Maj. Tommy Alexander, a Revolutionary soldier, in his 85th year. He was the father of Mr. Edwin Alexander, of Sugar Creek, and also of Mrs. Peggy Wilson, who lived in Hopewell; both of whom died fifty years ago. There were but two more Revolutionary soldiers living at this time in the county, and they were not able to be present.

I remember that James W. Osborne made the address on the occasion, standing by the side of Maj. Alexander, and during the speech the orator placed both of his hands upon the major's head, and I could see the tears trickling down the old hero's cheeks; and I also remember how all those sitting at the dinner turned around to look on the wonderful scene, stirred by the matchless eloquence of James W. Osborne.

At the close of this address, the chief martial, Ephraim Brevard, came forward and called up the descendants of the Davidsons, the Alexanders and the Grahams and Brevards, and whoever else had the blood of heroes in their veins to come forward and cover an XX bill he laid upon the table and a large number responded. Then he called for those who felt able to give a ten; to which a like number responded. But when he called for those who were not able to give ten dollars to give five the whole multitude would march up and cover his five. This appeared to my youthful mind as a wonderful pile of money. I understand there was money raised in 1835, and several times since in the last half of the 19th century,

but when called for it was like Vance's catfish—"Golly, ain't it swunk."

But I must say a word about old Sam McCracken, the cannoneer. The understanding was that the cannon was to be fired whenever the signal was given; the marshal, Col. Brevard, had a long rod or staff with a red silk handkerchief tied on to the end, which he waved aloft whenever he wanted the cannon fired. I remember how dilligently Sam would blow his chunk of fire to keep it fresh, and keep his eyes turned on the chief marshal so as to be ready when the signal was given.

Everything passed off pleasantly, nobody was hurt, and not a hitch was made in the programme. If you want to know about the after-dinner speeches and the toasts that were drunk, read *The Charlotte Journal* of this date, and you will find three columns devoted to this celebration.

* * *

When we look back at our civilization of sixty years ago we find that we had no asylum for our insane; if they were harmless, they were permitted to roam about at pleasure, with no one to look after them, and return home at their pleasure. It is true we had comparatively few cases, we had some violent cases that had to be confined in a strong and secure apartment. We had some who were trusted to the care of a servant. About 1845 Miss Dorothy Dix, a Northern woman, got an audience with our legislature, and appealed to their humanity to erect an asylum for the insane, and by dint of hard effort she got an appropriation for the cause; but the building was not ready to receive patients until 1856 (I am writing from memory). The first legislature that assembled after the foundation was laid, declared that there would be room enough to accommodate all that would be in the State for twenty years to come. How short-sighted they were! In ten years an addition equally as large as the first was put up. And in ten years more a very large hospital was erected at Morganton and a large one at Goldsboro was put up for the negroes.

Strange that lunacy never appeared among negroes during slavery times. It is hard to understand why the negro should be made to suffer, with his freedom, all the ills of the white race. In the old civilization the negro prone to have typhoid fever, and die with it; now they are, comparatively, free from it; but they go crazy in a ratio equal to the whites.

Did it ever occur to you that the people in the early forties did not cultivate tomatoes? I remember the first we had were not larger than a persimmon. I remember once my mother had a woman by the name of Polly Wright weaving for her, and at dinner-time my father asked Polly to have some tomatoes. She said: "La, no; they grows in our old field; we call them miracklus apples." Few people thought of putting them on the table as an appetizer, much less as one of our greatest delicacies. But time brings many changes for the table, as well as habits of dress.

Sixty years ago I frequently saw an elegant pudding made of beef suet, but it is now only heard of as one of the lost arts, that disappeared with the old cooks in slavery times. When I was a boy Spanish potatoes were the only kind we had to plant. We did not bed them out and plant slips, as is the custom now; we planted the potato where it was expected to grow. We made hills, drawing the dirt up with a hoe; it was about two and a half feet from the top of one hill to another. I have made hills many a day. But we have learned now to plant in ridges, and make just as good ones. It used to be fashionable in the fall of the year when 'possums would get fat eating persimmons, to have 'possum and sweet potatoes. Then 'possums were plentiful, and sweet potatoes were raised in great abundance. At my father's they got the first "mess" on election day, which then came on the first Thursday of August; and had them until the next May. We planted the white and red Spanish, and they were matured and good when but little larger than your finger, but they would get as large as a man's arm. I don't know

anything better to raise children on; in fact, they are good for all kinds of folks, especially for those recovering from fever or dysentery. I look upon sweet potatoes as the best diet that can be given for these affections.

We read in Revolutionary histories that when a British officer had an interview with Gen. Marion, who was called the "Swamp Fox," and was invited by him to dine with him, Gen. Marion called to his servant to serve dinner. Gen. Marion and the British officer were seated on a log, a fallen tree; the servant advanced bearing in his hands a piece of bark, on which were piled some roasted sweet potatoes. This constituted the dinner. The British officer said: "I will never fight against a people who subsist on roots."

Old Days in Mecklenburg.

CHAPTER I.

This is an age when every one desires to look forward to see what new thing has been discovered; all energies are bent in that direction, and scarcely a thought is given to the past. The history of the past is necessary to understand the present. You cannot appreciate the fine schools and elegant school buildings that now grace our country, unless you turn back and look at what we had for your grandparents to go to school in. We now live in a different civilization from what we had 100 years ago. A century ago there was not a frame school building in the county, or one that had glass in the windows; and if the house boasted of any kind of a floor that was not dirt, it was made of puncheon; the roof was held in place by weight poles, and had no loft or overhead ceiling. Logs eight or ten inches in diameter and ten feet long were split in two, and round legs put in the auger holes, formed the bench, without back, for the pupils to sit on. The chimney was built of wood, lined inside with rock and mud. This was considered a very good school house. A log ten feet long was cut out of one side, and three holes bored just below this window, to support a wide plank for a writing desk. The benches were so high that the small children could not reach the floor. A chair was borrowed for the teacher, and he kept a handful of hickories by him, with which he persuaded the pupils to have good lessons. T. W. Sparrow, a celebrated teacher, I have heard say: "You furnish the boy and the book, and I'll do the whipping." With their poorly equipped school houses, and often poor teachers, it is wonderful what fine preachers, lawyers, doctors and business men were leaders in the county and State. Mecklenburg county has always had the best of men to fill her offices, but she would have accomplished more if all the people could have had the superior advantages of to-day.

Another great drawback to good schools in the beginning of the nineteenth century was the thinly settled country. I can remember when we would go through five miles of woods in going six miles to church. We would see droves of wild turkeys and deer feeding leisurely by the roadside. Even at so late a date as the building of Davidson College, in 1837, there were miles upon miles of wild woods along the big road leading from Charlotte to Davidson. Students were collected from Virginia to Louisiana. Then it is not surprising that schools were scarce in the county. The population of the county was below 10,000 one hundred years ago. In 1850 it was less than in 1830. During the twenty years here specified, the craze of emigration to the South and West was very great.

During the years 1842-1847 the silk worm fever raged with great energy in the county, causing many persons to lose heavily by the experiment of raising silk. The people engaged in the work without any one to instruct them. Many persons planted large orchards of the "morus multicaulus," a species of the mulberry tree, to get the leaves to feed the worms that spun the silk. But few persons ever had garments woven as a reminder of the silk industry. Some few ladies had silk stockings knit from the yarn or thread. But all the houses built for the worms to grow in, and to spin their cocoons in, are torn away or have rotted down. The orchards are grubbed up, and not a vestige is left to tell the tale. This was a pleasant fad, and furnished quite an interesting pastime for ladies to engage in. This was a time when we had many drones in our industrial hives, and but few ladies contributed to the industries of our Southland.

In 1845, cotton culture took a more important place in agriculture than ever before. Larger fields were planted; gins become more numerous; the bales weighed from 300 to 350, and some weighed 400 pounds. Cheraw, S. C., was our nearest market. The seed was then of little value; some was used to feed cows, and the great bulk was scattered on the land, sown in wheat. Cotton fields were not

manured at that time. The cotton was not thinned out to a stand, as at a later date, but left very thick in the row. If a person had thinned his crop to one and a half to two feet between stalks, the mass of the people would have thought the field of cotton was ruined. But by 1850 the people understood the cultivation of cotton to the best advantage. Peruvian guano was largely used on wheat for a few years, and was then applied on cotton; when the cereals were left to take care of themselves, and all the nursing was given over to the great Southern plant. Cotton made the South rich; our system of slave labor excited the jealousy of the North, and hence the war between the sections. From 1861-1865 our county furnished 3,000 men. In 1860, Mecklenburg gave 2,000 votes, hence a large number of the soldiers were merely boys—not old enough to vote.

In the last years of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth, we had no other denomination but Presbyterians. There were seven Presbyterian churches organized in 1762, and they alone were used for fifty years. After 1815, the Methodist church was organized; Bethesda, ten miles north of Charlotte, and Harrison church, in the southern part of the county. Then the other denominations followed as the people desired. In those early years there was much infidelity throughout the county. In 1802-'06 there were wonderful religious revivals, all over the State, as well as in the county.

In the early days of the county, all professional characters were scarce; most preachers had three or four churches to serve, and they were several miles apart. The greater part of the minister's time was spent in the saddle, going the rounds of his several congregations. His pay was very limited, but the wonderful love and esteem that was lavished upon him without measure, took the place of more perishable treasures. Doctors were often called twenty and thirty miles to see a patient; frequently could go but once or twice, and give instructions how to manage in the doctor's absence. Lawyers went

from one court to another; or, in other words. "they rode the circuit," and followed the judge around. This traveling was done on horseback, or in a sulky.

About this time—1840—we heard of startling occurrences, but they were hundreds of miles from home. We heard that steamboats were using Pennsylvania coal to generate steam; that coal was used in a furnace to run an engine to an ordinary cotton mill. About this time the first ship crossed the ocean by steam. In 1844 the first telegraph in the country was put up between Washington and Baltimore, and the first message was, "What hath God wrought?" Ten years later there was one run from Charlotte to Columbia, S. C. In 1852 the first steam car came to Mecklenburg, from Columbia. This was a day of general rejoicing. Thousands of people attended the barbecue; it was held in the old female academy square, now owned by Mr. James H. Carson. Some people in the county, and slaveholders, too, said we could not raise more than two train-loads a year—one in the fall and one in the spring. In fifty years time we have 26 passenger trains in a day. The Whig party believed in internal improvements. The Democrats were opposed to the State taking any stock in building railroads. The Whigs believed in whatever would improve our State; the Democrats were opposed to progress in every line. But they seemed to catch on by 1858, and then outran the Whigs.

In the early years Mecklenburg was not to be left behind in backwoods custom, if they were not very refined. At a general muster in Charlotte, in 1836, two men from opposite sides of the county met at the muster ground; introduced themselves as the best man from their respective sections of the county. They looked at each other for a few moments, spoke approvingly of each other's muscles, and then they agreed to a fair fight, each to have his best man for his second, no interference till one of them holered, "Enough." They stripped to the waist, a few plow lines were thrown around the ring when all was ready, and the whole battalion that was drilling near by broke

ranks and rushed to witness the two champions contend for the plaudits of Mecklenburg. The northern and southern ends of the county were more deeply interested in who should be the champion of the county than North Carolina would be whether Russia or Japan should win in the present contest. For full fifteen minutes the athletes struggled for the mastery like two giants, holding fast their breath, covered with blood, as if in the death grapple, till exhausted, the southern end of the county called "Enough!" They lay on the ground, panting for a little while, and then were taken to the creek and washed off, and the southern end of the county man proposed to fight it over again; but the former victor said he was satisfied to quit. Not less than 500 people witnessed the great fight, and everybody agreed that it was a fair fight, and to the victor belonged the name of the "best man in Mecklenburg county."

Fifty years ago, fox hunting was the popular sport of the county. The principal men of the county kept a pack of fox hounds, and were always ready for a chase. The chase generally lasted from daybreak till 9 o'clock, and whoever "tailed" the fox—that is, got there first—wore the "brush" in his hat, like a military officer with a plume. I have seen a half dozen men on their horses, with fifteen or twenty dogs running close after the fox through a cotton field that afterwards presented the appearance of having been passed over by a tornado. The chase was so exciting that the damage done the cotton was not considered.

Fifty years ago, we lived in the blazing sunshine of the civilization of the nineteenth century. From 1865 to 1875 we lived in the rigor of terror, of infamy, of radical rule, where might made right, where no man who lay down at night had any assurance that his home would not be in ashes by the rising sun. I ask no apology for talking so plainly of the inhuman atrocities perpetrated by those who were in power. For seven years after 1865 there was not a public school taught in the county. Why?

The Radicals, the party in power, seized all the public money for their individual use. They had twenty-seven corn-field negroes in the Legislature, who were unable to read or write, or tell who their fathers were. Instead of sitting 60 days—the length of the present session—they sat over 300 days, and drew \$7 per day. But I am free to say (and I defy contradiction), the negro members did not damage the State one-fourth as much as the educated white scallawag, or the imported carpet-bagger. One Gen. Canby, who had his headquarters in Charleston, S. C., held iron rule over the two Carolinas. One of his general orders was to forbid any minister to perform the functions of his office, viz: celebrate the Lord's Supper, baptize a child or grown person, or solemnize a marriage, without a special permit from the commanding general, or taking the oath of allegiance; that is, you must swear you never aided or abetted in the war of disunion. I remember distinctly that the Rev. Dr. A. Ransom, near Huntersville, went two years without marrying any one, or baptizing any one, or holding communion in his church for two years. And I would say in passing that there was no better man in the county, or abler preacher. But if I undertake to tell you of all the meanness done our county by those who came among us to carry off what they could find, I would find time for little less.

Old Days in Mecklenburg.

CHAPTER II.

Prof. Draper spent much time and took great pains in looking up the early history of Mecklenburg, and left no stone unturned that might throw light on the character of those early patriots, who risked everything to establish independence. This was indeed a bold act, to sever all relations with the mother country, knowing that not to succeed meant death on the gallows. The Rubicon was crossed, and they could not go back. Patriots of the county held many meetings and debated the question earnestly before the final meeting in Charlotte on the 19th and 20th of May, 1775. All the costs were counted, and each one knew what the consequences would be if they should fail. They were in desperate straits—either to live as slaves and submit to all the indignities of a subjugated province, or make a declaration of independence, maintain their freedom by force of arms, trusting in the God of right. This last resolve was adopted, success was achieved, and Mecklenburg occupied the foremost place for patriotism in all this mighty continent. Strange that the history of so remarkable a county should have been neglected so long, and only here and there a fugitive piece has been preserved; many things of note were enacted by patriots more than a century ago that are now faded from memory, that should have been preserved by those who lived at that time. It has been characteristic of North Carolina to make history, but not to write it.

The people were exceedingly fortunate in having Mr. Alexander Craighead providently sent to instruct them how to resist all kingly oppression, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs. Notwithstanding he ceased from his labors nine years before the great convention of May 20, 1775, the doctrines he advocated with so much earnestness from the pulpit and his pastoral visits, found lodgment in

the good and honest hearts of all these people who sat at his feet and learned of him. The instruction given by this great man, though rejected by Maryland and Pennsylvania, was gladly accepted by the people here, whereby the county of Mecklenburg became the cradle of liberty for the Western world. The seven churches he was instrumental in forming contributed the most of the men who signed the immortal Declaration of Independence.

This act is enough for any people to be proud of, and had it occurred in ancient times, the participants would have been knighted, if not deified. And it is a matter for regret that any citizen of Mecklenburg county should deny the truth of so well established a fact, by records of court, the statements of several of the signers themselves, and by men who were not participants, but were present. Two of the latter were Major General Joseph Graham and Rev. Humphrey Hunter, both of whom were present, but not signers, both being under age, but both in the patriot army. The love of country, which has always been a crowning virtue in the people of Mecklenburg, could be seen in the Revolutionary period, and in the war of 1812-14, when England claimed the "right of search;" in the war with Mexico, and last, but by no means least, the war between the States. She is always first in a good cause and last to let go.

For the last forty years she has devoted her whole attention to building up her shattered fortunes and educating her children. Now we hear of education on every side, and civilization is progressing with steam and electricity, insomuch it is hard to keep up with the procession.

Our old civilization is fast disappearing, giving way to the new. War is not longer a coveted art in the South, but its opposite is the lead, and peace will soon have her victories that will far exceed those that formerly belonged to the red flag of war.

The middle of the last century brought in many changes in the workings of our civilization. Our people till then nearly all lived on their farms, raised their own

supplies, save their sugar, coffee, salt, molasses, etc. All of our ordinary clothing was spun and woven at home. Every community had its own tankard, and every farmer (of consequence) had his own shoemaker. In fact, we were able to live within ourselves. The women knit all our hose; if flannel shirts were needed, they were made of homemade flannel. A great deal of attention was paid to the raising of sheep; fine wool was in demand for fine flannel and wool hats. Much attention was given to procure the best breed of hogs, cows, horses; even attention was given to the best strain of poultry, chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks. We did not have such a variety to select from, but the poultry and hogs did not have cholera; and I never heard of cows being affected with phthisis or consumption. The last 25 years have added to the ills of humanity as much as to the suffering of the domestic animals. The affection known as appendicitis was unknown 25 years ago, even in the medical books, but has now become quite common, not only in Mecklenburg, but throughout the country. This is probably offset by small-pox becoming mild, and dreaded less than measles; hence it is but little talked about, although it has scarcely been absent from Charlotte in the past six months.

It is well for the children to know the history of Mecklenburg, for no other territory of the same size in the United States has such a glorious record to hold before her people. Charlotte was properly named by Lord Cornwallis "a veritable hornets' nest," and she will ever be jealous of her right, in whatever way or form she may be attacked. Let her children learn the history, and it will be safe from those who would traduce her fame. There is no safer custodian to preserve her priceless treasure than the descendants of those heroes who won for us the constitutional liberty we enjoy to-day. I would that I could add truthfully that our liberty has always remained untarnished, as it was in the first century of our county's existence. But truth compels me to say that for ten years

after peace resumed her sway, we lived under a military despotism.

We will look back to the beginning of the nineteenth century and see what were the ruling fashions among the elite, both ladies and gentlemen. The vast array of fine goods we now see ready to be converted into fashionable garments, had then not been made or discovered. The principal articles of ladies' dress goods were woolen, linen, silk and cotton fabrics. The prices were high and none indulged in such fine material but the wealthy. A fine Leghorn bonnet cost from \$10 to \$15, and that without flowers, and without a superfluity of ribbons. Fashionable dress goods were made to last more than one season. A gentleman's dress was always broadcloth, most frequently blue broadcloth, brass buttons and knee pants; with the hair powdered and tied in a queue behind; a few years later, it was stylish to wear a ruffled shirt front. This was worn only by what would now be called "the fast set." Handkerchiefs for gentlemen or ladies were much larger than are worn to-day, and cost many times as much. Most generally gentlemen carried bandana, or flowered silk, frequently they used twilled silk, costing from \$2 to \$5, almost if not quite a yard square; lasting for several years. Not much change has taken place in the style of wearing the hair till the past 40 years. The gentlemen now think they reach the highest mark of civilization if they have their hair parted in the middle. I wonder if they are tired belonging to the masculine gender?

May 20th, 1844, was a great day, the celebration of the most noted event in the history of the county. It was on the 69th anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. People were here from every quarter. The object was to celebrate the day that gave birth to liberty in Mecklenburg, and stimulated the patriotic spirit in the colonies. Another object was to raise funds to build a handsome monument to the memory of those daring men who signed that immortal instrument that will be spoken of with pride till the last of recorded time. The

place of meeting was where the monument now stands. A table was spread, forty feet long, parallel with South Tryon street, laden with rich viands, and every man who sat at the table paid \$5 for his place. Maj. Tony Alexander—a Revolutionary soldier, sat in a big arm chair at the north end of the table. Ephraim Brevard was chief marshal of the occasion. Sam Macracken fired the cannon as it stood on South Tryon street pointing south. Judge James W. Osborne was the orator of the day. He stood by the side of the only soldier of the Revolution who was able to be present—Maj. Tony Alexander. At one time he placed his hands upon the head of the old soldier and veteran, and gave voice to the most patriotic sentiments, and the tears ran down his cheeks; and every one at the table turned to look at the speaker and to see what the effect was upon the veteran. When the speaker closed, Col. Brevard called upon the descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence to cover his \$20 to build a monument to perpetuate their memory through ages yet to come. After collecting all he could of that denomination, he tried a \$10 offer, and then a \$5 was urged upon those who were unable to contribute more. I do not know what the contribution amounted to, but to my boyish thoughts, the pile was very large. This was in 1844, and as some of my friends said a few days ago, there was no celebration that year, I would respectfully refer them to Holton's North Carolina Whig, published at the corner of Trade and College streets, where Hand's drug store now stands. The great centennial which was held May 20th, 1875, was a decided success. People came from all quarters to be present on the spot where the first Declaration of freedom was made in the Western world. New York did herself proud not only by sending a large body of her foremost men, but the greatest newspaper of America, The Herald, reported the proceedings of the day. Gen. Bradley T. Johnston was chief marshal, with a score of assistants. Judge John Kerr was the orator of the day. The crowd was too big for the size of the town.

Mr. Hendrix was the speaker at night in the public square. The great centennial did us much good; it drew us away from the deep humiliation we were made to feel during the days of reconstruction; our days of impoverishment were ended; negro rule was drawing to a close; carpet-bag government was done; our great tribune, Governor Vance, was himself permitted to lead the people from slavery to freedom; for all of which we are truly thankful.

The last quarter of the 19th century has developed in Mecklenburg wonderful improvement. In agriculture we appear to have thrown away our old tools, which had become antiquated. We now use labor-saving machinery to plant our crops and also to cultivate and harvest them. Almost everything is done by machinery, taking one-third or one-half the number of men and horses. A gang-plow, of four plows, and two horses with one man, would make a great saving in the outlay. The saving in harvesting small grain is three-fourths of what it cost to harvest 40 years ago. Within the memory of multitudes of people now living, the old field school house, with rough benches, has given way to handsome buildings with elegant furniture and the school term has been made twice or thrice as long as your grandparents were used to. In many places the grounds are beautiful with flowers and trailing vines and beautiful shade trees. The multitude have advantages in learning never dreamed of a half century ago, though a few, it is true, proved the fact that a determination to succeed cannot be hindered, however adverse the surroundings may be. The mail facilities are a hundred times as good as we witnessed 60 years ago; the most sanguine anticipations of those who only looked on the bright side of things have been more than realized. Twenty years ago I thought what an advance it would be to have a daily mail at all our country offices; but now we have the mail delivered at our doors every day.

Mecklenburg county is now noted for her system of good roads; not only noted in North Carolina, but through-

out the States. Ten years ago the macadamized roads did not extend out of sight of the city. Now we have more than 100 miles, built upon various avenues leading into town. Mecklenbug took the lead in opposing British tyranny in 1775, for which she receives great praise and honor from Maine to California. One hundred years later she began the great work of building the finest system of roads this country ever saw. And if justice is done the county, she will receive as much praise for her lead in building roads, as she now receives for her patriotism. The county is now the central point, in all directions, for the largest number of cotton mills in one hundred miles in all the Southland. The time is now at hand when great electric plants will be fitted up wherever there is sufficient water power; and there is every prospect that electricity is to be the motive power in the future. One large plant on the Catawba is already furnishing light and power in Charlotte; and if necessary the company now at work on the Yadkin will supply power in unlimited amount to all the machinery that may be put up for years to come.

Men of Mark in Mecklenburg

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1754, John McKnitt Alexander, in company with his brother, Hezekiah, and his sister, Elizabeth, who married James Sample, and probably with his cousins, Abraham and Adam Alexander, moved here about the same time. At that period everybody wanted plenty of elbow room, then they wanted to build near to a good spring of water. They did not desire to have too close neighbors. Hence John McKnitt settled ten miles northwest of Hezekiah. He was twenty-one years old when he arrived in North Carolina. He was a tailor by trade, but the country settling up rapidly, he found surveying to be in great demand, and his attention for the time being was directed in that channel. And while accommodating the public, he had an eye to his own interest. He entered thousands of acres of land in various sections of the country. While working in Chester, S. C., he discovered there a large section of public land which he entered, and afterwards sold. It has been handed down by tradition that most trades of consequence were effected by barter, in consequence of the scarcity of a circulating medium. Hence Mr. Alexander would take loads of hides, tallow, cattle and whatever would pay to haul or drive to Philadelphia. On one of these expeditions he married Jane Bain, daughter of William Bain of Pennsylvania; this was in 1759, five years after he first came to North Carolina. In a short time from this, important events occurred in this section of country. The people were a long distance from their county seat, where all the business of the people was transacted. Wadesboro was the county town, sixty or seventy-five miles distant, and the population now extended so far west as to make it necessary to lay off a new county. In 1762 application was made for Mecklenburg county and the town of Charlotte; in honor of the

nativity of the reigning queen. The county was named Mecklenburg, and in honor of the queen the name conferred upon the town was Charlotte. The wife of George the Third was a German, Charlotte of Mecklenburg; and I have no doubt the county and town were worthily called, in honor of her. But the King did not appreciate the honor conferred upon his Queen, by the way his officers treated the Americans when they held possession of the town in September, 1730. But we will let this pass for the present. The county was laid off in 1762, but the bill did not become a law until 1763. Immediately afterwards magistrates and county officers were elected and all the machinery for county government was gotten under way. And about this time the first temples were erected to the worship of God. Places or stands, were first located in various places where itinerant preachers were invited to preach.

In 1758, Rev. Alexander Craighead was sent by the Presbytery of New York, or Maryland to do missionary work down in North Carolina. In fact those who were loyal subjects to the king were anxious to get clear of Mr. Craighead. In several places in Maryland he had preached against the tyranny of George the Third; and advised the people that the true worship of God was to resist tyranny wherever met with. To be taxed without being represented, should be resisted. That the church of England should be supported by taxation, and that other churches should not be recognized, was wrong. That no marriage was legal unless solemnized by a minister of the Established Church of England. The people of Maryland were anxious for him to move to another field. He stopped awhile in Pennsylvania, but was given to understand that his political ideas would not be tolerated. He then came down to North Carolina, and stopped at Rocky River and Sugar Creek. Here the people listened to his preaching, and said, "We are desirous to hear more of this doctrine." This was in 1758, and he continued to preach in this section till 1766, when his earthly career was terminated. He

was buried in the first grave-yard, about half a mile west of where Sugar Creek church now stands. His corpse was carried to the grave on two sassafras hand-spikes; these were stuck in either end of the grave, both grew to be large trees, and when the last one fell it was sawed up into lumber and was made into church tables for communion services. This was looked on as something more than ordinary. His grave is now covered by a stone slab, and an iron fence enclosing the grave. What volumes of history of that wonderful period lies here mouldering into dust.

Mr. Craighead's preaching paved the way for the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, May 20th, 1775. He found here in Mecklenburg fallow ground that was well suited for the sowing of the seed that would in due time bring forth the harvest of Independence. Mr. Craighead had much to do in helping to build the seven Presbyterian churches in the county in 1762. These churches have always been live churches, and have had a wonderful influence in shaping the civilization of the succeeding hundred years. A good school was kept up at nearly all the seven churches. The justly celebrated convention that was called to meet in Charlotte on the 19th and 20th of May, 1775, the delegates were from those men who had been indoctrinated by his preaching and persuasion. The short time he was permitted to live in the county was propitious indeed for sowing the seed that ripened into independence, and left Mecklenburg with a rich inheritance that gives her a prominence over any other section in America.

REV. DAVID CALDWELL, D. D.

Rev. Mr. Caldwell never lived in this county, but the wonderful influence he exerted in gaining American Independence, and afterwards in promoting education, I will be excused for mentioning his name among the eminent men of Mecklenburg. He was the son of Andrew and Martha Caldwell, born March 22, 1725, in Lancaster

county, Penn. His father appears to have been a farmer, and well-to-do for the times in which he lived. His son, David, when sixteen years old, was apprenticed to learn the carpenter's trade. After he became 21, he worked for himself for four years. About this time a complete change came over him; he was converted to the truth—he felt that he must go to school, was satisfied he could effect nothing without a far better education than his associates had; he started to school and afterwards taught school. He then gave his brother a quit claim to his interest in his father's estate for money to go to Princeton College, which enabled him to graduate. He then taught school and studied theology, was licensed and ordained to preach the gospel; was called to Buffalo and Alamance churches in 1765. At this time there was not more than three or four Presbyterian preachers located in North Carolina. In 1760, he married Rachel, daughter of Rev. Alexander Craighead of Mecklenburg, the year of Mr. Craighead's death (I would mention the fact that he had two other daughters, one of whom married a Mr. Dunlap, and the other a Mr. Crawford, both of South Carolina). They had eight sons and one daughter that survived him. In 1867 Mr. Caldwell began a high school in Guilford county. He was paid only \$200 for serving two churches, and that was paid in produce—if the people preferred; so it was necessary to teach school to support his family. Mr. Caldwell also bought a farm of 300 acres, which also furnished him some income. He was fond of teaching, and a fondness for teaching continues in the family, and now is a trait of the Caldwell character. His school stood high all over the State, and continued a long time, more than a half century. Many great lights were trimmed and nourished at this school. Five of his pupils were governors of many States. A number of noted lawyers and preachers, and business men, who were an honor to the State, got their start in life from him. His school averaged not less than fifty pupils. This manner of life continued for fifty years. He was a man of wonderful energy. He put in five days every week

teaching; served as pastor of two churches; catechising the members of his two congregations twice a year; held a communion twice a year in each of his churches. beginning service always on Thursday, which made four days at each sacramental occasion. He required one or two hours each day physical exercise for his health. He slept from 10 p. m. to 4 a. m. He was never idle. He died in 1825, in his 100th year. His scholars had the reputation of being the finest linguists in all the country. His son, Rev. S. C. Caldwell, when quite a young man, married a daughter of John McKnitt Alexander, preached at Hope-well and Sugar Creek for thirty-five years, was a noted preacher and teacher; and left a most worthy family, five of his sons were ministers. The Craighead and Caldwell mixture produced a wonderful strain of ministers and patriots.

Men of Mark in Mecklenburg

CHAPTER II.

For twenty years previous to the formation of Mecklenburg county, people of all grades had their eyes fixed upon the rolling surface of that part of North Carolina that lies east of the Catawba river and northwest of Anson. At this time the whole of western Carolina was an unbroken wilderness, or rather an unlimited prairie extending to the Pacific Ocean; with only the Indian to disturb the great solitude of nature, as he pursued the wild deer, the bear and the buffalo. Scarcely a century and a half has gone by, and what wonderful changes have been effected in our civilization. In the year 1750, and soon thereafter there was a great rush to occupy the best lands in what was soon to be Mecklenburg county, extending west from near Monroe and Concord, to the lands of the setting sun, that borders on the Pacific Ocean. What changes have been wrought in the lives of four generations. Our people are noted for their endurance, push, perseverance and indomitable energy. About this time—in 1754, to be exact, the Alexanders moved here from Pennsylvania, or some came from Maryland, from Cecil county. Abraham Alexander, who was a kinsman of John McKnitt and his brother, Hezekiah Alexander, came about the same time. They had also one sister, Elizabeth, who came with them. She married James Sample, whether before leaving Maryland, or after arriving here, I never learned; but I am sure they left a worthy posterity, who are amongst the best citizens of our common country. Hezekiah Alexander, more than probably brought his wife with him, but I have never learned her maiden name. They lived four miles east of where the city of Charlotte was founded; having built their home some eight years before the county or town was laid off. He was looked upon as one of the foremost men of the country; he was

a justice of the peace of more than ordinary acumen. He was a leader in the Christian religion before any church was organized in this section of country. After Sugar Creek church was organized; he was elected a ruling elder, and was a shining light to lead the people away from the pitfalls of infidelity that were so common in that day, and continued so rampant to the end of the century.

It is a great pity that the people of that day were so careless about preserving individual history. We are wholly at a loss to know who was the wife of this truly great man. About five years ago I asked Mr. S. P. Alexander, a grandson of Hezekiah Alexander, who his grandmother was. He looked at me with a feeling of pity and contempt, and said, "I don't know, I never wanted to know; what do you want to know for?" I do not suppose he had ever given it a thought who his grandmother was, whether a native or foreign born, so that he got here in a Christian way. Their house four miles east of Charlotte, built of stones, is still standing, and in good repair. It was built in 1764. If the date had not been chiseled in the stone, it would not be known when erected. The house has a cellar under it, that was formerly used to store away the good things of the farm. We are told that when Lord Cornwallis was in Charlotte, September, 1780, some of his men visited the farm, pillaging, carried off what honey they wanted, and broke the balance of the jars on a large flat rock. War always makes savages of some men. Hezekiah Alexander had several sons and two daughters. One of them married Devil Charley Polk. They were noted for their great beauty. Mrs. Cook, who had traveled much, and was appointed by the town authorities to entertain President Washington in 1791, while making his famous Southern tour, while he tarried one night in Charlotte, she gave it as her opinion that they were the prettiest women she had ever met with. Mrs. Polk met a tragic death while still a young woman. Her husband was cleaning out his rifle in his wife's bed room, when the gun went off and killed her while she sat by the

fire nursing her baby. A great deal of secret talk was indulged in, but no proof was brought to light to prove that it was not an accident. In a few months he announced that he was going to marry the beautiful sister of his wife. Charley Polk had won a name for daring that made him famous over a large scope of country, but he was not equal to the storm of opposition to his offer to marry the remaining sister. Her brothers and his brothers told him plainly that they would not allow him to marry her. And he didn't marry her. At that time it was very fashionable to move to Tennessee, as it was sixty years later to go to Texas. The beautiful Miss Alexander never married any one, but soon followed her sister to the Spirit Land. The great pioneer lived to see many of his children's children, and passed away in 1801.

I do not suppose of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there was one superior in ability, or was more determined in severing the relations with the mother country than Hezekiah Alexander. He considered well the course they were about to take; if the Colonies should not fall into the same line of thought with Mecklenburg county, their doom was sealed, and each one of them would pay for the crime of treason. But these men of Mecklenburg had the training, for eight years, of that grandest of men, Rev. Alexander Craighead. Hezekiah Alexander was one of Mr. Craighead's elders, and was a sympathizer in his teaching. And I believe that Mecklenburg owes much of her glory to the fact that the doctrine of resistance to the King was preached to the people from 1758 to 1766.

Men of Mark in Mecklenburg.

CHAPTER III.

The earliest known Brevard was a French Huguenot, leaving his native land on the revocation of the Edict of Rantes, and settling among the Scotch-Irish, where he formed an acquaintance with a family of McKnitts, in company with whom he sailed for America. Among the McKnitt emigrants was a blooming lassie, who may have had quite as much to do in attracting his attention as the cheap lands and glowing accounts of the New World. A mutual attachment sprang up, which eventuated in marriage. They settled in Cecil county, Maryland. Five sons and one daughter were the result of this marriage, and the family in 1747 migrated to the lands watered by the Yadkin and the Catawba. Some years before this removal from Maryland, John Brevard, the oldest of the brothers, had married Jane McArthur, a sister of Rev. Dr. McWhirter, of Delaware. And their eldest son, Ephraim, was born 1744, in Cecil county, Maryland, and was but a small boy when his parents removed to what is now Iredell county. While a boy he had the misfortune to lose an eye while saving his sister from a fearful death by fire.

After going to the best schools in the country, he studied medicine in Philadelphia, and had the advantage of having Dr. Ramsay, of Maryland, as his perceptor. He commenced the practice of medicine in Charlotte. Possessed of more than common ability, well cultured under the instruction of Dr. Witherspoon, Dr. Ramsay and others, and of prepossessing manners, he at once took a prominent position and exerted a larger influence among the people of Mecklenburg. Col. Thomas Polk lived in Charlotte, and besides his other qualities that rendered him very popular with the best people of the country, he had a charming daughter, who found it an easy task to lead the young doctor captive. They were married in the midst of the

troubles that were gathering so thick over the country. They lived happily but a short time, when she sickened and died, leaving a baby daughter, before the war clouds of the Revolution had passed away. The distinguished part Dr. Brevard took in the convention in Charlotte, May 20th, 1775, as a member, one of the secretaries, and as the reputed author of the Declaration of Independence, will cause his name, as Bancroft declares, "should be remembered with honor by his countrymen" for having "digested the system which was then adopted and formed in effect a Declaration of Independence, as well as a complete system of government."

Providence always seems to have a suitable man to lay hold of the work that is to be done in the particular crisis. It was necessary to have a man of learning and great vigor to take hold of Queens Museum Academy in 1776, and we find him engaged in that praiseworthy work; and when his services were needed to put down the Scotch Tories on the Cape Fear, we find the patriot leading the student body to free his country of her enemies. How long he continued to teach, we are not informed, but in 1777 when the name of the institution was changed to Liberty Hall, we find he was one of the trustees, and his name was attached to the diploma of John Graham in 1778. This diploma, the only one now known to be in existence, is in the possession of Mr. R. C. Graham, Triangle, Lincoln county, N. C. He entered the Southern army as a surgeon, and was captured at the surrender of Charleston, May, 1780. We are informed that a number of the good women of the country visited their friends and kinsfolk who were in prison in Charleston, and in prisonships in the harbor and they reported the prisoners' treatment not only unkind, but their surroundings very uncongenial to health. They needed a change of clothing and better fare. A great many died, and others were broken down in health. Here Dr. Brevard's system gave way from the inroads of disease and confinement, and a most unwholesome diet. After so long a time he was exchanged,

and he made his way home; which from necessity was very slow, and when he got as far as his friend, John McKnitt Alexander's, he was so exhausted that he was obliged to rest. He remained here till his death, never recovering sufficient strength to reach the home of his kindred. It is unknown whether his daughter got to see him in his last hours.

Dr. Wm. Read, the chief surgeon and physician of the Southern army, located in Charlotte, attended him at Mr. Alexander's. He died some time in 1781. It has been a disputed point where he was buried, but as his wife was buried by her father in the old graveyard in Charlotte, it is reasonable to infer his remains were placed by her side. He was evidently one of the men of mark of North Carolina, and we should ever feel proud of his fame. Those who came to North Carolina about the same time, say 1750-1760, the Alexanders, Osbornes, Brevards and Davidsons, with several others, left an imperishable name upon the history of our country.

Dr. Ephraim Brevard left an only daughter, who on arriving to a proper age, married a Mr. Dickerson, and she left an only child, a son, called James Polk Dickerson, who developed qualities very much like his grandfather, Brevard, lived in South Carolina, and in 1846 volunteered in Butler's regiment, was made lieutenant colonel in the war with Mexico; was severely wounded in the battle of Vera Cruz, March 11th, 1847; was again badly wounded at Chembusco on the 20th of August following, from which wound he died in less than a month. In less than a century a blazing comet appeared in Mecklenburg and contributed much to establish our independence, died and left an infant daughter; she married a man by the name of Dickerson, and only left one son, who grew up in the war-like spirit of the times, was a lieutenant colonel of the Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war, and gave his life for the defense of his country's flag.

That same race of people fought for the South for four years, from 1861-'65, and lost all but honor. The civilization of by-gone days was very different from the civilization of to-day.

Great Men of the Past

Our country boasted of giants in those days. I need only to mention the names of a few; that immortal trio, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, who were noted for their various styles of eloquence, logic and masterful arguments, that were as clear and convincing and as overpowering as if hurled from the brow of Jove himself. It is said that on a certain political occasion in 1850, Mr. Clay was addressing a large and compact audience on the awful fate that awaited this country if it should be divided; suiting a gesture to the word, "divided," with both arms extended, and gradually separating his hands, the vast audience in his front inclined their heads and bodies one half to the right, and half to the left, so perfectly was his audience under the influence of the speaker. But few men were capable of swaying an audience as Henry Clay.

Of all the greatest statesmen produced in the last hundred years, the merest tyro in historical research would without hesitation point to the names of Clay, Webster and Calhoun. It is now half a century since the immortal trio passed away. It was more than thirty years that they occupied a commanding position in the councils of the government. Whether as representatives in Congress or members of the Senate, they watched the interest of the country with more anxiety than if it was to accomplish pet schemes of a personal character. They appear to have had no personal ambition that would come in conflict with the best interest of the United States. Clay frequently, in debate, would remove asperities that would, if let alone, prove a source of irritation; and in this way he won the soubriquet of "peace maker."

A half century ago the Missouri Compromise allayed sectional strife for several years, but after Mr. Clay's demise, there was no pacificator who could pour oil on the troubled waters. In 1824 Mr. Clay was accused of intrigue and corruption, by his political enemies, which

caused a bitterness between him and the Democratic party, that lived till the great trio passed away.

Mr. Webster, like Mr. Clay, was always a whig, believed in imposing a tariff on importations, thereby fostering our own industries; but not to the extent of robbing the people, as it is at the present time. In debate he was never excelled. He was continually in public life from his first entrance into politics. He was never a candidate for President, although more than once a cabinet officer.

Mr. Calhoun was the exponent of South Carolina politics; and stood up for his State against the encroachments of Federal power. He was Vice-President, one term, under President Jackson. There was bad blood between the two.

George E. Badger, of North Carolina, was a fair sample of the statesmen that adorned the civilization we enjoyed previous to the war between the States. He had the reputation of being the most brilliant lawyer that practiced before the Supreme Court of the United States. At his home in Raleigh, N. C., he offered his services as chairman of the old county courts so as he would not be arrayed with petty cases. One day while charging the grand jury, a New York district judge was passing through and missed connection, stepped into the court room to while away an hour or two, and was amazed that a simple foxhunting squire should be possessed of such legal ability.

Hon. W. A. Graham, of Hillsboro, filled many prominent places of government and was always equal to the task imposed. The opening of the Japanese Empire to the commerce of the world, and placing her on the high way to cope with the first nations of earth, all done within the life-time of an individual. This was probably his master-piece of diplomacy, introducing the civilization of the western world. We now see this young Giant of civilization waging war successfully with one of the most powerful nations of earth. The last fifty years have

worked wonderful changes among the nations. If Gov. Graham had accomplished nothing else in his life, but to open the gates of Japan to the commerce of the world, and to introduce the western civilization, it would have been enough to have rendered his name immortal.

Lawyer Joseph Wilson, better known as the great solicitor for the State, was a most able attorney. It is said that he brought many of the worst characters that ever took refuge in the mountains of western North Carolina to trial. He was feared by the law-breakers, and did a great service for his State. He was licensed to plead law in 1804—and came to the bar at the same time with Israel Pickens, afterwards Governor of Alabama. By the force of his intellect and steady application he arose to eminence in his profession. He settled for a while in Stokes county, and was sent to the Legislature in 1810-11-12. About this time he made his home in Charlotte; was elected solicitor for the mountain district, then embracing nearly all the western part of the State. His unsurpassed zeal and indomitable energy with which he discharged his duties of this responsible position, when the country was swarming with law breakers, in bringing them to punishment, was indeed a hazardous undertaking. More than once was his life threatened for upholding the majesty of the law. He continued in his office until his death, which occurred in August, 1829. His family inherited much of their fathers' talents. His daughter, Catherine, married Wm. Julius Alexander, Esq., who was as profound a lawyer as his accomplished father-in-law, and his wife would have graced the court circle of the most illustrious person in America. Another daughter, Miss Roxana, married Dr. P. C. Caldwell, the most distinguished physician in the country. Miss Coura Wilson, another daughter, was never married, but inherited largely of her fathers' talents.

Of this family much could be said of their mental attainments, and of the brilliancy and beauty of the women. Miss Mary Wood Alexander was admired by the

most talented young men of the town, but she thought best to remain single, and applied herself to the education of young girls, fitting them to fill useful stations in life. Miss Laura, the youngest daughter, also remained single; was regarded a great beauty and very talented, applied her talents on the stage, where she attracted much attention and shone brilliantly for a while, but her sun went down when her friends thought she had reached half way to her meridian. It was a family of wonderful mental endowment. The two sons attained honorable positions in the Confederate army, and proved themselves worthy of their parentage. Their father, Wm. I. Alexander, attained a reputation as a lawyer but few men ever reach. Early in the latter half of the nineteenth century the family moved to Lincolnton, where the great lawyer soon passed away, and now the name alone reminds those who live in the twentieth century, that such a family ever lived.

About 1830 James W. Osborne came to the bar. To say that he was well prepared, with a fine education in classical literature, in addition to his knowledge of the law, we see a man who was at home on almost any question that might be sprung in his presence. In law, literature or religion, he appeared to be equally at home. He was the most eloquent lawyer of his day in North Carolina. In 1844, he was orator of the day at the celebration of the 20th of May; the long table was spread, parallel with Tryon street, where the monument now stands to the signers of that immortal document, that now excites the praise and wonder of America. When in the height of his eloquence he placed both of his hands on the head of Maj. Thos. Alexander, the last survivor of the Revolutionary war in the county, a stillness pervaded the audience that could almost be felt. All eyes for the moment were turned upon the speaker. He was indeed a most eloquent man. There was nothing artificial about him; his whole soul appeared to be wrapped up in what-

ever he was discussing. His soul appeared to be set on fire with truth.

Mecklenburg has never before or since had his superior in all that constitutes a man. Just after the capture of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, April 13, 1861, he met Dr. Charles Phillips, of Chapel Hill, at Golsboro, and Mr. Osborne proposed to have a long talk with him. Mr. Philips said he would be pleased to hear him, but they must get a room where he could lie down, as his gout was hurting him." The room was secured, and the Doctor was comfortably fixed on a sofa, the door was locked, and Mr. Osborne commenced pacing up and down the room declaiming on the probable outcome of the war. He said, "the South was bound to maintain her cause, she could not afford to go back on the pledges her leading men had made; but Dr. Philips, the South is doomed to lose her slaves; if the South is conquered, she loses everything; her slaves and all other property; and her people deprived of their liberty. If the South is victorious, all of the border States will soon be deprived of their slaves by moving them South, or making their escape North and West. Thus the emancipation will be kept progressing for a few years, and slavery will be abolished. The bright prospect that fills the mind of most of our people, I fear is a delusion. And I would advise all our friends to invest their surplus cash in land. Land will not run away, and is least apt to be destroyed by a conquering army." Dr. Philips said his description of the horrors of the winding up of the war, the reconstruction of the States, the word picture of the carnival of crime that followed, was terrible indeed, and terribly true. He seemed to gaze beyond human vision; but with all his foresight, he dared to go with his people. In the days of reconstruction he lived amongst his people and advised with them what would be the best to do. He went one session to the Legislature, and did what he could to prevent the vampires from wholly destroying our beloved old State. Like many other true patriots, he passed away while the robbers were

gnawing at the vitals of our common mother, in August, 1869. For many years before the war Judge Osborne took a high stand in the Church, was a frequent member of church courts; and at Presbyteries was looked to as an expounder of difficult problems, and was an able debater on questions that would arise in Church polity.

Mr. J. Harvy Wilson was also a prominent man of the times. He came of one of the best families of the State. His father was Rev. John McCamie Wilson, D. D., who in his boyhood days was a playmate and kinsman of General Andrew Jackson, but in after life persued opposite directions.

Mr. J. H. Wilson was highly educated, and entered upon the arena of the law, where he held his own for half a century, with the ablest legal minds of the day. He was different from most other men in the profession, he had the gift of taking care of the proceeds of his practice. He accumulated quite a fortune in his long life of usefulness.

Religious Intelligence

There were some ugly features between the different evangelist denominations in the first half of the present century. There was but little community of interest between different sects, and between different branches of the same denomination. There was but little charity between the old and new school and Cumberland Presbyterians. There was no charity between the various branches of the Baptist denominations, who have probably not yet learned to love each other as brethren who dwell in unity of the spirit. The Methodists were just getting a foothold in the early years of this century. They adopted a wise course in the early days, probably as the older churches did. They began their work with the poor and illiterate. Up to the middle of the present century, they suffered very ignorant men to preach; and I am sorry to say they were often ridiculed for their lamentable ignorance. But now after the lapse of fifty years, they have merged to the fore-front of intelligence and learning. Their institutions of learning rank as high as any other in the world.

This want of brotherly love for other people existed in all branches of the Christian church many years ago, but I am happy to say that it is rapidly passing away. In some sections of country I am glad to say it was entirely different. The country was swept in places with religious excitement in a marvelous manner. In 1802 the great awakening extended from Morganton to Guilford and more than fifty miles wide. The people were burdened with religious fear, and would go in crowds in wagons, carriages and horseback as far as 80 miles to attend these meetings. One instance occurred in Forsyth where a party went into camp five miles before reaching the campground, and a deep fear and religious awe came upon them. They became exercised and did not move on till

noon, the next day. It was the great question in everybody's mind. Some would fall in a swoon and be helpless for hours at a time. Rev. Mr. McGready led in a great many of the meetings. Dr. Jas. Hall and Dr. David Caldwell, with help from Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Lutherans, in fact all denominations of Christians, were affected. At this time infidelity was deep rooted in this country and infidels would attend these meetings, and carry bottles of whiskey with them, expecting to have a merry time, and without any premonition they would be overwhelmed with an awful conviction of their sins, and would give utterance to fearful cries and lamentations, showing great fear of the wrath of God. Others would be stricken down to the ground as if by lightning and lie there for minutes and sometimes for hours. Great fear came upon all, having no idea when they would be visited by this mysterious agency again.

Just at the close of Sunday service on the 1st of January, 1902, a strange scene was witnessed; at the close of the second sermon the people seemed loth to leave, and sat still; presently a minister arose to say a few parting words to the audience, "but wonderful to tell, as if by an electric shock, a large number in every direction, men, women, children, white and black, fell and cried for mercy; while others appeared, in every quarter, either praying for the fallen or exhorting by-standers to repent and believe. This, to me, perfectly new and sudden sight, I viewed with horror; and, in spite of all my previous reasoning on revivals, with some degree of disgust. But God's ways are not our ways. I pressed through the congregation in circuitous direction, to the preaching tent, viewing one in the agony of prayer, another motionless, speechless, and apparently breathless, another arising in triumph, in prayer and exhortation. Among these was a woman five hours motionless, and a little boy under twelve years of age who arose, prayed and exhorted in a wonderful manner." It was a wild and weird scene, to see so many stricken down and crying for mercy. The same

scenes were enacted in places all over the country without concert of action, and being before the days of rapid travel or telegraphy, rendered it simply impossible for the people to be deceived or to impose upon others. In Foot's sketches of North Carolina a more complete account can be found than anywhere else that I know of.

From the beginning to the middle of the century, it was the custom of the Presbyterians to lay special stress upon the Shorter Catechism. It was taught at home, in the old field schools, in the academies, and once a month the teacher would go around in the congregations and catechise the families. It was not uncommon to meet with families who could ask and answer the entire Catechism without a book to prompt with. So late as three years ago I was at a "Catechism Bee," in Gilead and Huntersville A. R. P. churches, where they were lined up with twenty to a side, and a large number stood up to the finish. And without saying anything at all disparaging to other churches, I must say I know of no other church so well posted on the great doctrines of the Bible as the old seceders. Many years ago it was a common custom to carry whiskey to a burial, especially when the grave was being dug. But it is presumed that custom was a relic of the old Irish wake, which is now obsolete. Often the custom of the old Irish wake was kept up when the circumstances that fostered the fashion, had long since ceased to exist.

The mode of worship, and of conducting worship has materially changed. In the olden time the Presbyterian church partook more of the Puritan, than members of the present time would be willing to believe. Two to four times a year the communion of the Lord's supper would be celebrated; and in its most rigid observance. Friday before was always kept as fast day, (the same as Sunday) and Saturday as preparation day for the solemn feast of the Sabbath. This was a season for preaching the terrors of the law. This was a favorite theme of many preachers, sometimes the sobs of the

interested and the warm pathos of the minister as he thundered the mandates of the law, produced a holy awe that the most hardened feared to make light of, or even smile in the presence of such threatenings. The sermon on Sabbath morning might probably have something of the love of God of lost sinners, but in the afternoon he would portray the horrors of the damned with the most fearful imaginings. There was but little charity between the different denominations. In fact they would frequently antagonize each other and oppose each other in getting members; they appeared more anxious to build up their denominations than to win souls to Christ. Each denomination had their own communion table, and failed to invite other Christians (in whom as individuals they had confidence) to partake with them. I can remember it was but recently when each communicant was given a token, before going to the table, and afterwards collected again. The token showed that the person was entitled to a place at the table. But I am glad to say that now any one in good standing in their church, who believes in Christ as their redeemer, is freely admitted to communion.

The Mormon church was started about sixty-five years ago by Joseph Smith; and afterwards when Elder Smith was dead, Brigham Young was the prophet, and owing to their violations of the laws of the country, and refusing to be subject to the laws, they moved westward and erected their temple at great Salt Lake, in Utah, which was then beyond the limits of civilization, where they had everything their own way for a number of years. In the meantime occurred the great meadow massacre of a large crowd in wagons going to California. This was avenged by the United States, but still to a greater or less extent is polygamy and other immoralities practiced. Many new creeds have sprung up. Some have lived and others seemed to flourish. But every new doctrine appears to start with the poor and unlearned. The seventh day Adventists, so far, have gained but little advance, yet

where they have taken root and are a fixture in the country, they are a law-abiding people. In the early years of the century infidelity was very popular; it seemed to be what the educated and immoral wanted; a certain set seemed to think to be religious was unbecoming men of high grade, so to speak. But now to proclaim an adherence to such a want of religion, interdicts a high stand being taken in society of the day. The laws of the State prevents a man from holding office who denies the existence of a Supreme Being. So in a certain sense it is considered disreputable to hold to infidelity.

The Church One Hundred Years Ago

The following paper was read at the gentlemen's prayer-meeting at the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte, on December 23, 1900, by Dr. J. B. Alexander:

No one now living in Mecklenburg county was alive one hundred years ago to report the status of the Presbyterian Church; the condition of the country, to note what changes had been made, or to say what advances, if any, had been made in the last century. We are now standing on the brink of another year, and less than a fortnight from the beginning of another century. It is well that we should take a retrospective view of the Church, its trials and struggles with the powers of darkness for the last one hundred years to see if we have done our duty, and, see where improvement could have been made, and pitfalls could be avoided. And as doorkeepers in the house of the Lord, we should watch as well as pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

Time has effected changes in all things save in the religion of Jesus Christ. In the last century the worship, or rather the mode of worship, has changed with the times. Men and women whom I knew intimately, objected to any change in the hymns or Psalms, or the meters (if they had any) of one hundred years ago. In our county the Presbyterian faith was the only denomination then in existence. The Associate Reformed Presbyterians, or as they were principally called 'Seceders,' existed in small congregations, and were the true Presbyterians. Formerly every branch of the Presbyterian Church was one and the same; but innovation, desire for change from the old way, led to the setting up of different organizations. It is a strain upon charity to say that all changes were for the glory of God and none were for the purpose of keeping up with the times. My ancestors had much to do with propagating Presbyterianism not only in Mecklenburg, but in other

counties in the State, and in several of the Southwestern States. Rev. Alexander Craighead, when driven from Pennsylvania and Maryland for preaching against monarchy and prelacy, and advocating independence of the Colonies found a congenial place for independence as well as for Presbyterianism between the Yadkin and the Catawba rivers. He preached at Rocky River and Sugar Creek, and probably at other places, which are not mentioned, from 1766, the time of his arrival in this county up to his death, which occurred in 1798, the solitary minister between the Yadkin and the Catawba. His remains rest in the old burying ground, now neglected, of Sugar Creek church three miles east of Charlotte. His grave is surrounded by an iron fence, while a handsome cenotaph, intended to perpetuate his name, has been erected in the cemetery of the city, with thousands of others. This is now known to scarcely one-tenth of the Presbyterians that live in the city. Yet he is the man who first proclaimed the Gospel to the common people of this section of North Carolina, and proclaimed to the world through his teachings that Presbyterianism can only flourish in a republic, or a representative form of government. The cenotaph should have been placed in the beautiful yard of this, the first Presbyterian church, so that it could have been seen by all who passed this way, and serve to teach generations yet unborn where Presbyterianism first had taken root, and who was the ambassador of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and who sowed the seeds of independence for 80,000,000 people to live under the flag that will grant them protection, to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

After Mr. Craighead espoused the cause of freedom, the seven churches were speedily organized in Mecklenburg county. Mr. Craighead had the privilege of forming the principles, both civil and religious, in no measured degree, of a race of men that feared God, and feared not labor and hardship, or the face of man; a race that sought for freedom and property in the wilderness, and having

found them, rejoiced; a race capable of great excellence, mental and physical, whose minds could conceive the glorious idea of independence, and whose convention announced it to the world in May, 1775, and whose hands sustained it in the trying scenes of the Revolution. Let us not forget what our progenitors had to undergo in the last century, when they were but few in numbers, and had none of the conveniences that we enjoy—the fruits of their labors.

About the same time that Mecklenburg county was laid off, 1762, or soon after, was organized by the Rev. Elihu Spencer and Alexander McWhorter, who were sent by the Synod of New York, the ever noted seven churches of Steel Creek, Providence, Hopewell, Centre, Rocky River and Poplar Tent, which entirely surrounded Sugar Creek, and some other churches in Rowan and Iredell. At first these all were in Mecklenburg county, but in after years, Centre was covered by Iredell county, and when Cabarrus was laid off, Rocky River and Poplar Tent were covered by that county.

In all this time there was no church in this town, notwithstanding there was service most of the time at the seven churches just named. Infidelity among many of the leading men of the county was very common at this time, principally confined to the educated class, copied from the French. In 1802 it received its overthrow, not from human agency, but was dispelled by the power of God, with wonderful manifestations, which I will not give the history of at this time.

Rev. S. C. Caldwell was licensed in February, 1792. and installed pastor of Sugar Creek and Hopewell churches; it is commented by Dr. Hall, under Mr. Caldwell's first ministration in those congregations, that it pleased God to send a reviving time, in consequence of which there were upwards of seventy young communicants admitted to the Lord's table in one day. Mr. Caldwell continued his pastorate of these two churches till 1806, when he deemed it best to give up his work at Hopewell, and give the most

of his time to Sugar Creek; giving one-third to build up a church in Charlotte and to organize one at Paw Creek, now called Caldwell.

The emigrants, or their fathers having been trained by Irish or Scotch-Irish parents, a church-going and church-loving people in the Green Isle, carried to their new home all the manners and habits of their mother that the wild and strange residence in Carolina permitted. A church-going people are a dress-loving people. The sanctity and decorum of the house of God are inseparably associated with a decent exterior; and the spiritual, heavenly exercises of the inner man are incompatible with a defiled and tattered or slovenly mien. All regular Christian assemblies cultivate a taste for dress and none more so than the hardy pioneers who settled in the upper part of North Carolina. In their approach to the King of Kings, in company with their neighbors, the men resting from their labors, washed their hands and shaved their faces, and put on their best and carefully preserved dress. Their wives and daughters, attired in their best, as they assembled at the place of worship, were the more lovely in the sight of their friends. The privations of the new settlement were for a time forgotten; and the greetings at the place of assemblage, from Sabbath to Sabbath, whenever they could assemble to hear the Gospel, spoke the commingled feelings of friendship and religion. But to come more directly home with our own people: At the beginning of the century, so far as I can learn, in this immediate section of country, Presbyterianism alone was the only faith adopted between the Yadkin and the Catawba. The Baptist faith was not heard of till the century was well advanced; however, it was not because they were unknown in other places, but from some cause the seed was not sown, or failed to germinate in our kind of soil.

For a different reason the Methodist did not appear at the time I speak of. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, flourished in the last half of the eighteenth century, and died in 1791, consequently, it is unreasonable

to suppose that the denomination would be very active before the first third of the present century had passed. But we rejoice that they now occupy rather an exalted position in the religious world.

The churches were not long established before dissension and a spirit foreign to that of Christ took hold of some and caused a separation of pastor and people, as we too often witness at present. In the early years of the century pastors would make quarterly visits to different sections of the congregation at convenient places, four or five in the boundary of each, and hold prayer-meetings and catechise old and young, examining on the Shorter Catechism and the Confession of Faith, these rounds would be made twice in each year; a whole afternoon would be consumed in this examination. Communion would be held twice each year, given out at least four weeks in advance, that it might be known by the entire community; that everything should be in readiness. Preaching would begin on Thursday previous, two sermons (and long ones too) a day, and Friday was always kept for 'fast' day, all work was suspended, the negroes were released from their work, were required to wear their Sunday clothes, and, as on Sunday, they were expected to occupy the gallery. Saturday was observed as Sunday, and but little cooking was done, and the morrow was waited for with something like the solicitude the ancient Jews waited for the coming of the feast of the passover; the people looked as if they had been in the presence of the great King. They walked softly before the Lord, and were ready to obey every injunction pertaining to the solemn feast. Monday was observed as a day of thanksgiving, not as our present national Thanksgiving Day is observed, in giving" big dinners, balls and theatre parties, but rendering unto the Lord blessings and praise for His wonderful goodness to us as a people.

It is only in the fifty years that the long tables have been done away with, and in many places not so long. But is longer since the "tokens" were given out. For

the benefit of those who are not familiar with the use of tokens. I would say they were made of lead, about the size of a half dime; they were given out to the communicants prior to going to the Lord's table, so that no unworthy person would be permitted to approach the elements that are set apart for the use only of those who believe in the Lord Jesus. The custom was established in the infancy of the Church to prevent unworthy persons from spying out on liberty, or bringing reproach upon the Church by permitting profane persons to partake of the most holy ordinance. In the early years of the century it was expected that the preacher would preach two long sermons every Sunday, and where it was convenient hold prayer-meeting somewhere in the bounds of his congregation that night.

That was the time when people rode horseback to church, and thought it no hardship to ride ten or fifteen miles to meeting, as it was commonly called. Frequently it was so late when they would start home, that the stars were shining brightly before they would reach their destination. The people were deeply in earnest.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the opportunities of an education were very limited indeed, and that all might engage in worship, the lines of the Psalms and hymns were parceled out—two lines at a time, and the whole congregation would join in. One or more men would stand up and lead the 'singing,' as the song service was called, never using notes, and as for using instruments—that would have called for the heaviest denouncement, if not for expulsion from the church. But times have changed, and grand-children of those who were so bitterly opposed to instrumental music in rendering praise to God, are now the happy leaders in this service. Time has effected wonderful changes in church music, as well as in many things pertaining to the worship of God. Before the freedom of the slaves nearly every church was built with a gallery to accommodate the negroes; room was prepared for them, and they were

encouraged to come and accept the offers of the Gospel, without money and without price. Several times in the year a special sermon was preached to them, they doing their own singing, and the preacher parceling out the lines. Frequently the older negroes, and those of good repute were called on to lead in prayer. But all this has been changed in the last third of the century. At Hopewell church I have seen on communion occasion one thousand negroes in attendance, well behaved and well dressed; on such occasions services would be conducted out of doors, a stand erected for the preacher, and slabs for seats—all in a dense grove. The young people can hardly appreciate a communion service as it was formerly held in a grove. But the time is now past, and probably will never be repeated, as changes, like revolutions, never go backwards.

In one of the Western States, I see it stated in the *Kansas City Dispatch*, that pastors of the Protestant churches think it proper to discontinue the mid-week prayer-meeting, as such meetings have outlived their usefulness; that while it used to be all right, it is now out of date. It is more than probable that their temporal blessings have become so great, there is no room for spiritual blessing to increase or flourish. Probably this is owing in a large measure to our Western States filling up so rapidly with Europeans; that are not trained to lay much stress on piety, or living out our every day religion as we find practiced in the older States. In 1835-'37 the old staunch Presbyterians of Mecklenburg concluded that Queens College—and later, Liberty Hall, had both fallen through, that it was time to start an institution of learning. After due consideration Davidson College was equipped to represent Presbyterianism; and without following it through the many struggles it had to undergo, I am happy to say that nine-tenths of its students proved to be shining lights in the Presbyterian Church, scattered over the Southwest, and in all the useful channels of life.

Before it passes from me I would mention the fact

that Presbyterians held big camp-meetings in the early years of the century. Among the strong phenomena that accompanied those meetings, persons would be seized with a spasmodic jerking, or taken in a kind of trance, in which they would lie speechless for hours at a time. These strange appearances would manifest themselves before they would reach the campground and would delay the worshipers several hours on the way. This occurred from 1802 to 1808; the people would go in wagons for eighty miles, camping out for days at a time.

It would take more time than I have now to spare, to go into a full history of this religious awakening.

But from the flight of time since Mr. Craighead put in motion the building of the seven original churches, and Mr. Caldwell, of Sugar Creek; Dr. Robinson, of Poplar Tent; Dr. Wilson, of Rocky River; Mr. Wallis, of Providence; Dr. Hall, of Gentre, and Mr. McKnight, who had three charges in South Carolina and one in this State, who preached nearly the whole day; these all have passed from earth to heaven, and the work still goes on of saving souls by faith in Jesus Christ. We may survey all time that is past, and with the eye of prophecy all time that is yet to come, and there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ. The old, old story of the cross, that has been repeated for two thousand years, is as sweet to-day as when the convoy of angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The First Methodist Church in Mecklenburg

In 1840, or thereabout, is my first recollection of Bethesda church and congregation. The church was built some 15 or 20 years earlier; when the advantages of education were exceedingly limited. Only the wealthy could afford to educate their children, or but few made the attempt to secure an education. Consequently, it frequently happened that uneducated persons found their way into the pulpit. This was probably the first Methodist church in Mecklenburg county—probably the first that was planted between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers. Name of Wesley, the founder of Methodism, did not become famous till long after the building of Bethesda church. In fact, I can well remember when it was called a “meeting” house; and instead of saying “I am going to church,” they would generally say, “I have been to society.”

Andrew Moore was the father of Methodism in Mecklenburg county. He was well educated for the time in which he lived, and for the class with whom he was associated. He was known for a considerable distance as a chair maker, in fact he was the only one in this part of the country. He used only the best material, of seasoned maple, and consequently his chairs are by no means uncommon now, although it is more than half a century since he passed away. He educated his children as well as he was able, and in after years their descendants have become professors and the learned people of Alabama. Mrs. Moore was a lineal descendant of Elizabeth Alexander, a half-sister of John McKnitt Alexander. I never knew one of the old Alexander family who was not a patriot. Mr. Moore was originally a member of Hopewell Presbyterian church; but later in life he became enthused with the American doctrine, and become the builder—probably of the first Methodist church in the country. He was the class leader of the society for many years. He

was very strict in his discipline; in the devotional exercises every male member was expected to take part whenever called upon. No one was permitted to wear gay clothing, or to dress except in the most sober manner. A woman thoughtlessly wore a veil to "society," and Mr. Moore promptly turned her out. When she appealed to the preacher, who came around once a month, he did not think it so great a sin as to justify such extreme measures and restored her to membership.

Daniel Christenbury, many years ago, was regarded as a preacher of more than ordinary capacity. He was a presiding elder, and stood well with the best people. I only remember him as an old man, and as one who prayed long and loud. He lived some twelve or fifteen years longer than the old class leader, but as I moved from the neighborhood, I lost sight of him, along with old Billy Christenbury, old Bob and Billy Ferrell and Foggy John Ferrell, Richard Jordan, Solomon Jordan, James Christenbury, all of whom have passed away.

It would not be right to leave the subject without mentioning some of the women who were noted for being Christians in whom there was no guile. At the head of the list I place Mary Christenbury, Jane and Dovey Ferrell—who had fine voices and were noted singers—Miss Nancy Shields, Miss Clementine Christenbury, and others worthy of note, who have passed to their reward. The Davises, Edwardses, and the Auttons constitute the most of the names who gave a start to the settlement.

In the last few years, new names have appeared, that are not recognized by those who have been away for forty years. I remember being present when Andrew Moore's grave was being dug, and that Dr. James Clark was also present, and he insisted that the grave should be deeper; that when he died he wanted his grave dug at least six feet; whereupon Jim Shields remarked "You need not be uneasy, you will go deep enough." Scarcely a vestige of the old church is now to be seen; but the graveyard still

remains, and has grown considerably. Many graves—not marked—were pointed out to me, whose occupants I had known years ago. What a change has been made in fifty years! Nearly every one, we knew a half a century ago, in that locality, has passed over the river. In the olden times it was customary to hold camp-meetings, a number of rude huts or tents occupied the church yard when I first recollect the place; the meetings were always attended with much interest and great excitement. These were times when camp meetings were common in many places, and shouting—exercising, it was called—was indulged in, not only by Methodists, but by the Presbyterians. I have frequently been there at prayer-meeting, when no minister was present, and considerable numbers would become exercised. Andrew Alexander, who lived in less than a mile of the church, was a general favorite in these meetings, and often led in the devotional exercises by singing and parceling out the lines. After the lapse of many years he visited the settlement and was received with open arms. Mr. Fletcher Moore was probably one of the best and most influential members the church ever had. He and his good wife lived and labored for many years, but both are now at rest. Where the old church stood will soon be forgotten, but the good that was done by the old worshippers will last forever.

The Pilgrims at Plymouth

A review of the history and antiquities of Massachusetts from 1620 to 1837, by John Warner Barber.

Here is the first stopping place the Pilgrim fathers found where they could worship with no one to molest or make them afraid. On the 22d of December, 1610, is supposed to be the date of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. This was a cold, bleak climate, immediately on the coast, where they were in easy reach of their ship, and also where good fishing was convenient. The Indians also inhabited this part of the country; where they raised Indian corn, and wild game was abundant. Massasoit, the great Indian king, with a body guard of 60 warriors, met the English and made a treaty with them, both offensive and defensive. This treaty remained in force for years. It was a current belief that some Norwegians visited this country probably about 1,000 A. D. The Indians had traditions to that effect.

The first instance on record in Massachusetts of a trial for witch-craft was in 1648, when Margaret Jones, of Charleston, was indicted for a witch, was found guilty and executed in accordance with the laws of England against this crime. "She was charged with having such a malignant touch, that if she laid her hands upon man, woman or child, in anger, they were seized presently with deafness, vomiting or other sickness or some violent pains." Since the year 1634, committees consisting of ministers and principal laymen were appointed almost every year for twelve or fourteen to prepare a code of laws for the colony. Meanwhile, laws of the greatest necessity had been successively enacted. In the year 1648 the whole were collected, ratified by the court and printed. Such as the following:

"Josias Plaitows, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, is ordered to return them eight baskets,

to be fined five pounds and hereafter to be called by the name of Josias and not Mr., as formerly he used to be."

"Capt. Stone, for abusing Mr. Ludlow and calling him justass, is fined one hundred pounds and prohibited from coming within the patent, without the Governor's leave, upon pain of death."

"Sergeant Learkins ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort for being drunk."

"Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking two pounds thirteen shillings and four pence for the wood work of Boston stocks, is fined five pounds and ordered to sit one hour in the stocks."

Our present civilization is the boast of the world, but the old way of punishing those who committed crime has never been excelled. The whipping post for stealing—even if it is called by a prettier name—would prove an effectual cure for stealing in the one to whom it is applied. The mode of wearing the hair long was seriously objected to; and as to smoking, it was compared to the smoke of the "bottomless pit." That was prior to the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, and the custom was new. The first money was coined in 1652. But in October, 1651, the court ordered that all pieces of money should have a "double ring with this inscription, Massachusetts, and a tree in the centre and New England and the year of our Lord on the other side."

The first money being coined in 1652, the same date was continued upon all that was struck for thirty years afterward. No other colony ever presumed to coin metal into money."

In the year 1656 began what is generally called the persecution of the Quakers. At this time there was no law for the punishment of the Quakers; but, in virtue of a law which had been made against heretics in general, the court passed sentence of banishment upon them all. Afterwards other severe laws were enacted, among which were the following:

"Any Quaker, after the first conviction, if a man,

was to lose an ear, and for the second offence, the other; a woman, each time to be severely whipped; and the third time, whether man or woman, to have their tongues bored through with a red hot iron. In October, 1658, after much opposition by members of the court, they, by a majority of one vote only, passed a law for punishing with death all Quakers who should return into their jurisdiction after banishment. Under this law four persons were executed. The friends of the Quakers in England interposed in their behalf and had their persecution stopped.

King Philip's war—that is the Indians against the whites—raged from 1675 to sometime in 1676. It was an old grudge that had existed for many years. The white people had put four Indians to death by law, that was like applying a match to powder. Many white people were killed before the English could put down the war.

In 1643 was the first union of the Colonies for protection; they called their union the Colonies of New England. The laws for self-government were very severe for all kinds of offenses. And of course there was but little love or affection shown among the inhabitants. The French and Indians united against the English in the New England States. This was during the war in France, by the Prince of Orange—in command of the English—and the Duke of Luxemburg; which lasted till 1713, and off and on till the Revolutionary war.

The State of Maine was a part of Massachusetts till 1820. The boundary lines were not very clearly defined for more than 200 years. The eastern part has much low land, or lakes, where much salt is made, also vast quantities of codfish and mackerel is taken and sold. Massachusetts is full of towns, every county is divided up into townships, three by five miles, some six by seven miles in extent, and these are called towns. Some have not more than 500 inhabitants, others have 20,000. This history was written not later than 1838.

Pirates, from the South seas, frequently depredated on the coasts, doing much damage. On one occasion the

pirate Bellamy bribed a man of Weilfleet to conduct his vessels through a narrow passway where he could land; the vessels were lured on the rocks, and all were lost. Stories were told for many years of the pirates, their drowning, and the finding of gold coin after storms had swept the coast. This coast affords millions of salt for commerce, and codfish and mackerel. Curiosities of nature are as plentiful here—in the town of Adams—as in a more favored climate. “The natural bridge on Hudson” brook in this town is a curiosity worthy the notice of travelers. The waters of this brook have worn a fissure from 30 to 60 feet deep, and 330 rods in length, through a body of white marble or limestone, and formed a bridge of that material 50 feet above the surface of the water. There is a cavern in this town containing a number of rooms, the longest of which, as far as it has been explored, is 30 feet long, 20 high, and 20 wide.”

Cheshire.—This town was commenced in 1767; and in 124 it had 924 inhabitants. The township is a rich and fertile valley—some hills and mountains; fine pasture lands—large dairies are kept, and their Cheshire cheeses are (or were) widely known. In 1802, the people of the town made a mammoth cheese and presented it to President Thomas Jefferson. The curds were all sent into one place; the quantity sent proved to be too great to be pressed even in a cider mill press, so that besides “the monster,” three smaller ones were made of 70 pounds each. The mammoth cheese weighed about 1,450 pounds. Mr. Jefferson sent back a good sized piece to satisfy the people of its excellence. He also sent a piece to each of the Governors of the different States. This act of sociableness makes us think they were not altogether destitute of the milk of human kindness. But when we remember their acts sixty years later, we are forced to believe their milk of human kindness was turned into gall.

Great Barrington.—In the town of Great Barrington there occurred a circumstance—well authenticated by Dr. Dwight—that is well worthy of recounting. “A Mr. Van

Rensselaer, a young gentleman from Albany, came one evening into an inn, kept by a Mr. Root, just at the eastern end of the bridge. The inn-keeper, who knew him, asked him where he crossed the river. He answered "on the bridge." Mr. Root replied that that was impossible, because it had been raised that very day, and that not a single plank had been laid on it. Mr. Van Rensselaer said that it could not be true, because his horse had come over without any difficulty or reluctance; that the night was indeed so profoundly dark as to prevent him from seeing anything distinctly; but that it was incredible, if his horse could see sufficiently well to keep his footing anywhere, that he should not discern the danger, and impossible for to pass over the bridge in that condition.

"Each went to bed dissatisfied, neither believing the story of the other. In the morning Mr. Van Rensselaer went, at the solicitation of his host, to view the bridge, and, finding it a naked frame, gazed for a moment with astonishment, and fainted."

This procedure of crossing a big river—by the horse walking a sleeper, over a great abyss in the darkness of night—is enough to produce alarming syncope in one, when made to realize what he had done.

In 1837 there were 2,440 population. There were four cotton mills, which consumed 170,000 pounds of cotton—manufactured 920,000 yards, valued at \$64,600. The place also produced 180 tons of pig iron—valued at \$7,200.

The people of the Southern States have but little idea how much fine pasture land or meadows are kept in Massachusetts, or the great flocks of sheep that are raised there for both mutton and wool. We will give the product in 1837 of Hinsdale township.

"It is seven miles long and three to four miles wide. Its population was 832; two woolen mills, which consumed 57,000 pounds, 25,000 yards of cloth were manufactured, valued at \$74,000. There were 2,000 Saxony and 8,920 merino sheep, and the value of the wool produced in the township was \$19,266."

This is a fair average of what this cold, bleak climate will produce. Almost every township or town produces great quantities of wool and woolen cloth; have cotton mills; make iron from their vast beds of rich ores, and all the products of the sea. Their State is thickly inhabited with an industrious people; and have a greater ratio of money to the people than any other State.

Fall river in 1837, was a great manufacturing town. One in which there were 25,000 spindles, ten cotton mills, 1,547,300 pounds of cotton consumed. One woolen mill, wool consumed 175,000 pounds; nails manufactured 1,780 tons, valued at \$260,000; six vessels employed in the whale fishery; tonnage 1,359; whale oil, 42,338. Fall River was a rich town; but we must not spend too much time, as we must give an account of an ancient burial.

Remains discovered—An account published in 1837: “These remains were found in the town of Fall River, in Bristol county, Mass., about three years since. In digging down a hill near the village, a large mass of earth slid off, leaving in the bank, and partially uncovered, a human skull, which on being examined was found to belong to a body buried in a sitting posture; the head being about one foot below what had been for many years the surface of the ground. The surrounding earth was carefully removed and the body found to be enveloped in a covering of a coarse bark of dark color. Within this envelope were found the remains of another coarse cloth. made of fine bark, and about the texture of a Manila coffee bag. On the breast was a plate of brass, thirteen inches long, six broad at the upper end and five at the lower. This plate appears to have been cast, and is from one eighth to three thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness. It is so much corroded, that whether or not anything was engraved upon it has not yet been ascertained. It is oval in form, the edges being irregular, apparently made so by corrosion.

“Below the breastplate, and entirely encircling the body, was a belt composed of brass tubes, each four and

a half inches long, and each three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, arranged longitudinally and close together; the length of a tube being the width of the belt. The tubes are of thin brass, cut upon hollow reeds, and were fastened together by pieces of sinew. This belt was so placed as to protect the lower parts of the body below the breastplate. The arrows are of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape, with a round bold cut through near the base. The shaft was fastened to the head by inserting the latter in an opening at the end of the wood, and then tying it with a sinew through the round hole—a mode of constructing the weapon never practiced by the Indians, not even with their arrows of thin shell.

“Parts of the shaft still remain on some of them. When first discovered, the arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which fell in pieces when exposed to the air.

“The skull is much decayed, but the teeth are sound, and apparently those of a young man. The pelvis is much decayed; and the smaller bones of the lower extremities are gone. The integuments of the right knee, for four or five inches above and below, are in good preservation, apparently the size and shape of life, although quite black. Considerable flesh is still preserved on the hands and arms; but none on the shoulders and elbows. On the back, under the belt, and for two inches above and below, the skin and the flesh are in good preservation, and have the appearance of being tanned. The chest is much compressed, but the upper viscera are probably entire. The arms are bent up, not crossed, so that the hands turned upwards touch the shoulders. The statue is about five and a half feet. Much of the exterior envelope was decayed, and the inner one appeared to be preserved only where it had been in contact with the brass. The preservation of the body may be the result of some embalming process; and this hypothesis is strengthened by the fact, that the skin has the appearance of having been tanned; or it may be the accidental result of the action of the salts of the brass during oxydation, and this latter

hypothesis is supported by the fact that the skin and the flesh have been pressed only where they have been in contact with, or quite near the brass; or we may account for the preservation of the whole by supposing the presence of saltpeter in the soil at the time of the deposit. In either way the preservation of the remains is fully accounted for, and upon chemical principles. That the body was not one of the Indians, we think needs no argument. We have seen some of the drawings taken from the sculptures found at Palenque, and in those the figures are represented with breastplates, although smaller than the plate found at Fall River. On the figures at Palenque the bracelets and anklets appear to be of a manufacture precisely similar to the belt of tubes just described. These figures also have helmets answering the description of the helmet of Hector in Homer. If the body found at Fall River be one of the Asiatic race, who transiently settled in Central North America, and afterwards went to Mexico and founded those cities, in exploring the ruins of which such astonishing discoveries have recently been made; then we may well suppose also that it is one of the race whose exploits with brazen spears have, although without a date and almost without a certain name, been immortalized by the Father of Poetry; and who, probably, in still earlier times, constructed the Cloacae under ancient Rome, which have been absurdly enough ascribed to one of the Tarquins, in whose time the whole population of Rome would have been insufficient for a work, that would, moreover, have been useless when finished. Of this great race, who founded cities and empires in their eastward march, and finally lost in South America, the Romans seem to have had a glimmering tradition in the story of Evander. But we rather incline to the belief that the remains found at Fall River belonged to one of the crew of 'Phoenician vessel.'

'The spot where they were found is on the seacoast, and in the immediate neighborhood of Dighton Rock,

famed for its hieroglyphic inscription, of which no sufficient explanation has yet been given; and near which rock brazen vessels have been found. If this latter hypothesis be adopted, a part of it is, that these mariners—the unwilling and unfortunate discoverers of a new world—lived some time after they landed; and, having written their names, perhaps their epitaphs, upon the rock at Dighton, died, and were buried by the natives.”

Many queer things take place that are hard to unravel—some things hard to be understood. The skeleton found in Fall River township, from the brass plates around the body, the arrows around near it, all point to civilization a long time past. It is much more difficult to discover to what family or nationality this specimen belonged, than the Croatan of Robinson county.

Pawtucket.—This town is two miles square; the river by that name divides the village equally, leaving North Providence on the west side, and Rhode Island on the east. It is said that the first manufacture of cotton cloth in this country, by water power machinery, was commenced at this place. The water power here is very great, the fall of the river in a short distance is fifty feet. Here was tried the first prohibitory law with regard to selling liquor, and note how they got around the law.

“The Ark.”—“At the present session of the Supreme court in this city, evidence was brought before the grand jury to obtain an indictment for a violation of the license law. It appears that some person or persons had procured a raft or scow, erected a shanty thereon, and moored the same on Pawtucket river, where it was regularly furnished with a ‘great variety of choice liquors.’ Attached to the scow was a platform, which, when lowered, enabled persons from the shore to walk to the Ark, as the float was designated, and the vessel was moored so that this platform could be used on either side of the river, as profit or policy might dictate. On gaining it, there could be seen faucets—variously marked, R. G. B. and C., from

either of which, on being turned, gushed forth the beverage its initial represented. This place of resort became very soon as popular as any watering place in the country, as its glasses were always ready, although no attendants were at hand. Those who partook of the refreshing stream, as a matter of course, left something as satisfaction for trouble, which, by some legerdemain, we could not comprehend, and therefore cannot describe, was taken possession of by some spirit unseen and unknown.

“As the dividing line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts is at high-water on the east side of the river, it will be perceived that customers from our sister State, by the platform being placed on their side, could be accommodated without violation of Massachusetts laws; not so, however, with the laws of Rhode Island. Against these laws there was an offense committed, but establishing the identity of the offender was a difficult matter. Witnesses in abundance were produced, who testified that they had drunk deep of the waters of the ‘Ark,’ but whom they obtained them of, they had neither desire or ability to say. One person in Pawtucket testified that he furnished from \$75 to \$100 worth of liquor per week; that he charged it to the ‘Ark;’ that he delivered it sometimes to one and sometimes to another, who were employed to do chores; and, finally, he identified one person who had at one time received it, against whom the grand jury returned a true bill, and whose trial will take place at the present term of the court. It is surmised that as none of the brood were preserved in the ancient, it was from this modern “Ark” came the striped pig which has so recently been astonishing the natives of Boston. Notwithstanding the cloud of mystery in which the operators envelop themselves, one thing is very certain, the parties have been stimulated in their course by evil spirits. Humanity has ever been disposed to work by contraries. If the law says you shall not drink rum or whiskey, some of the people will have blind tigers to play with. Let the majority rule.

Striped Pig.—The “Striped Pig” referred to was in Dedham, or some other place in the vicinity of Boston, on

a day of general military muster. The exhibitors of this curiosity having obtained permission of the proper authorities, gave notice that this strange animal could be seen at the low price of six cents. This "pig" drew quite a number of visitors. Those who visited the exhibition, state that they found the pig as represented; the stripes, however, were laid on with a painter's brush. They found also a choice variety of liquors, a glass of which was allowed gratis to each visitor, in addition to the privilege of seeing this remarkable pig. There was something so attractive about this animal, that quite a number of individuals, not satisfied with one sight, were known to visit the exhibition a number of times the same day.

Rehobeth.—In this township was established the first iron works about 1640. Here was brought to a close the bloody war of King Philip. Philip was killed August 12th, 1676; and his great Lieut.-Commander Annawan was beheaded on the 28th of August, 1676. The inhabitants of all the New England country now breathed freely, and cultivated their farms in peace. But seventy-five years later they suffered severely from the French and Indian wars. To follow a people through two or three centuries, in an unbroken wilderness, we will always find they have a rough time. But they enjoyed many of the blessings of this life to-day, in wealth and learning, which are not possessed by other people. But I cannot think they are envied by those of warmer blood and finer instincts.

Andover.—Andover is the largest township in Essex county; it contains 35,738 acres. It possesses a pond of water called the great pond. It covers 450 acres; another a little smaller, 220 acres. This affords a pleasure resort. Manufactories also abound here, of all varieties, churches in abundance for double the population; also a great theological seminary, from which go forth many heralds of the cross. This institution was founded in 1807, and has done much work. Two hundred years before this witchcraft was the prevailing crime. In no other part of America do we find that witchcraft had taken such hold upon the pub-

lic mind. During the excitement in 1692, on the subject of witchcraft, the people of Andover suffered their share of alarm and distress which it occasioned. More than fifty in this town were complained of for afflicting their neighbors and others. Three persons who belonged to Andover were hung for witchcraft, viz: Martha Canyer, Samuel Wardell and Mary Parker. Ministers of the times were not exempt from the craze, if I may dignify it by that name. I never saw but one person who was afflicted with this affection. Some fifty years ago he refused to see any one at certain times, complained that he had been led through briar patches, and performed various journeys, but always on foot. I do not know if he was so when a young man. Many persons are more or less superstitious; believe in all sorts of goblins; in boiling silver coins to cure persons whom they supposed to have been poisoned, etc., but I suppose everyone who believes in witches, or who are affected by superstition, must be lacking in the upper story.

Danvers.—This town was settled in 1628. The population in 1838 was 4,804; showing a very slow growth. In 1837 there were manufactured 14,000 pairs of boots, 615,000 pairs of shoes; there were 28 tanneries; leather tanned valued at \$264,400. There were other manufactures worth many thousands of dollars. General Israel Putnam, so celebrated for his courage and his important services in the French, Indian and Revolutionary wars, was a native of Danvers; and also many others who contributed much to the independence of the Colonies.

The house was standing in 1837 where General Gage, the British officer, had his headquarters in 1774. It was in the vicinity of the site of this house that the witchcraft excitement of 1692 first manifested itself. A number of persons—members of the church—were committed to jail, to be tried for the heinous offense of witchcraft. The following statement is from the records of the First Church, where it appears in Rev. Parris' own handwriting:

“27th March, Sab—1692. Sacrament Day.

“After the common auditory were dismissed, and before the church communion of the Lord’s table, the following testimony against the error of our sister Mary Sibley, who had given direction to my Indian man in an unwarrantable way to find out witches, was read by the pastor. It is altogether undeniable that our great and blessed God hath suffered many persons, in several families of this little village, to be grievously vexed, tortured in body, and to be deeply tempted to the endangering of the destruction of their souls, and all these amazing facts (well known to many of us) to be done by [witchcraft and Diabolical Operations. It is also well known that when these calamities first began, which was in my own family, the affliction was several weeks before such hellish operations as witchcraft was suspected. Nay, it never broke forth to any considerable light until diabolical means was used by the making of a cake by my Indian man, who had his directions from this, our sister, Mary Sibley, since which apparitions have been plenty, and exceeding much mischief hath followed. But by this means it seems the devil hath been raised amongst us, and his rage is vehement and terrible, and when he shall be silenced the Lord only knows.”

The people must have been sorely vexed, and many years later the devil appears to have tormented the descendants of the same people, if it was in a different way.

Gloucester.—Early in the 17th century Gloucester was noted for the enormous quantity of mackerel that was taken here and traded in other places. The amount of cod fish is also very great; in 1835 the value of cod fish reached \$186,516.

Immense quarries of light and gray granite, are found in this town. It is of fine grain, easily dressed by about 300 men, who get out 100,000 pearls, and realize about \$2 per ton.

In 1692, memorable in the annals of mystery, many

strange occurrences took place at Gloucester; I will relate some of them:

The people thought they saw armed Frenchmen and Indians running about their houses and fields; these they often shot at when within a short distance; the shot appeared to take effect, so much so as to cause them to fall, but on coming up they rose and ran away. The "unaccountable troublers" in return shot at the inhabitants of the town, who said that they heard the shot whiz by their ears. One man heard the report of a gun, the bullet of which whizzed by him and cut off a pine bush near at hand, and lodged in a hemlock tree. Turning around he saw four men advancing toward him with guns on their shoulders.

For three weeks the alarm was so great that two regiments were raised, and a company of 60 men from Ipswich under the command of Major Appleton, was sent to their succor. The Rev. John Emerson, the clergyman of the town, says that all "rational persons will be satisfied that Gloucester was not alarmed for a fortnight together by real Frenchmen and Indians, but that the Devil and his agents were the cause of all that befell the town."

Another writer asks "whether Satan did not set ambushment against the good people of Gloucester, with demons, in the shape of armed Indians and Frenchmen, appearing to a considerable number of the inhabitants, and mutually firing upon them for the best part of a month together." It is more than probable that the guilty conscience of the people "made cowards of them all." We cannot account for such strange conduct in any other way; if they believed in witches and put to death persons who were accused of bewitching them, they might readily imagine the French and Indians were about to murder them. Some folks are mighty strange.

The sea-serpent that has been seen in all parts of the world at various times, made its appearance on the Massachusetts coast in the year 1817. It was judged to be about 80 feet long and 3 feet in diameter. Only a few months ago

I gave a full account of this wonderful natural curiosity as seen in 1845, and as all accounts of the serpent agree I will not now repeat.

Hamilton.—The people of Hamilton are natural agriculturalists; they lived wide apart—not thick enough to form a village of much importance. The family of “Bleeders” give almost the only thing beyond ordinary. The family came from England, and when anyone is wounded by a cut with a knife, there is no such thing as arresting the hemorrhage until the blood is almost colorless. The children of the Bleeders are not affected in this way, but the daughter’s children are subject to bleeding. “A portion of the coagulated blood forms a cone, large or small, according to the wound. The bleeding ceases when the cone, which has a minute aperture and is very foetid, falls off.”

We read some queer things that happened a long ways from home; but we will relate a circumstance that did not happen in Hamilton, but in Mecklenburg county. A farm cow had twin calves—a male and a female—on a New Year’s day; the owner was so pleased with his new prolific kine, that he gave her extra attention. On the following Christmas day, the same year, she duplicated her former calves. The progeny was well cared for, grew large, but never had calves.

Haverhill.—This section was settled in 1640. They suffered more or less from the Indians for 200 years. The Indians every ten or twenty years waged a most cruel war against the early settlers, not without paying most dearly for their cruelty. On one occasion they attacked a settlement, when the father was not at home; as he returned he met all his children but the baby flying in terror, and he supposing his wife and child were killed, escaped with the children. The Indians killed the child, and carried the mother off a prisoner. She met with a neighbor’s boy ten years old, the Indians had kept for more than a year. That night they put the woman in charge of the boy. As soon as they all slept soundly, she and the boy held a

whispered conversation, when they secured a tomahawk and a knife, and she killed the men, while the boy scalped them, and they escaped with their bloody trophies. Frontier life has something in it that nerves a woman to act the part of a man, when danger threatens her offspring.

The following historical items are left in the records of the town: "The first bell was purchased in 1748, previous to this time Abraham Tyler was to blow his horn half an hour before meeting on the Lord's day, and receive one pound of pork annually for his services, from each family." Also a vote was passed, "that the freeholders attend town meeting within half an hour after the time notified, and continue in town meeting until sunset, unless the meeting is sooner closed, on penalty of paying a half-bushel of corn."

Ipswich.—The first permanent settlement was commenced in March, 1633. The advance was gradual—In 1764 a substantial stone bridge was built over the mill stream at a cost of 1,000 pounds. A female seminary was put in operation at an early date. The manufacture of thread and silk lace was formerly carried on here to a great extent. As early as 1790, about 42,000 yards were made annually. In the last sixty years of the 19th century the manufacture of silk and thread lace has been discontinued; and cotton goods have taken their place. The following is an extract from the town records: "Whosoever kills a wolfe is to have—and the skin, if he nail the head up at the meeting house, and give notice to the constables. Also for the better destroying or driving away wolves from the town, it is ordered that every house-holder whose estate is rated at 500 pounds, and upward, provide a sufficient hound or beagle, to the intent that they be in readiness to hunt and be employed for the ends aforesaid." "The heads of wolves in order to receive the premiums must be brought to the constable and buried." Josselin informs us, 1663, how such are taken. "Four mackerel hooks bound with a brown thread, and then some wool is wrapped around them and then dipped into melted tallow,

till they be big and round as an egg. This thing, thus prepared, is laid by some dead carcass which fools the wolves. It is swallowed by them, and is the means of their being taken. Seven men are to see that children neglected by their parents, are employed, taught to read and understand the principles of religion and the capital laws of this country," and, if necessary, be bound out to service.

"As an inhabitant of Ipswich, living at a distance, absented himself with his wife from public worship, the General Court empowered the "seven men" to sell his farm, so that they may live nearer the Sanctury and be able more conveniently to attend on its religious services. Individuals are appointed to keep order in the meeting house. Constables are instructed to prevent young persons from being out late in the evening, especially Sabbath, lecture and training day evenings. Laborers are forbidden to have intoxicating liquors. All persons in town are required to have some employment. Single persons, who are under no government, are ordered to put themselves under the care of some head of a family. Daniel Weldron is required to return to his wife according to law. An inhabitant is complained of by a tything man because he had a servant many years and had not taught him to read."

Some of these ancient laws were good; that is they answered a purpose; they were queer in many respects, but the people who had them enacted and lived under them seemed to have approved them and prospered. But we are glad the people of Massachusetts never spread down South. It is true that Sargeant Prentiss came from there and was one of the people. He was as brilliant as a shooting star across the Southern sky, but he reached his zenith before the fiftieth mile post was passed, and left the public arena as a candle is snuffed out. But we are glad he lived with us, and sorry his life was so short. Our experience with some of their leading men during the

unpleasantness from '61-65, was anything but pleasant, and left bitter memories that will not soon be forgotten.

Marblehead.—Notwithstanding Massachusetts had such a cold and inhospitable climate, and was limited in producing those agricultural products to the most hardy varieties, that would sustain life, yet we must give her credit for furnishing at the times most needed, men who were equal to the occasion that called for their services. Marblehead was incorporated in 1649, when it contained only forty-nine families. The people engaged largely in fishing, and in a few years had quite a number of ships, not only engaged in fishing, but in trading fish with European markets; and particularly with Barbadoes, and other points where they received much profit. With this fish trade with other countries, the town and the persons engaged became wealthy. The people showed much earnestness in the war of Independence. One entire regiment was raised in Marblehead. Capt. James Mugford, of this town, rendered an important service to the American army by capturing a British ship just arrived in the vicinity of Boston, richly laden with stores for the army. The Captain was killed the same day he made the capture, January 12, 1776, in attempting to return from Boston to Marblehead, from the attack of some boats sent from the British men-of-war, riding near by at Nantasket road. Captain Mugford fought for some time, when he was shot while repelling the enemy. Falling back, one of his crew anxiously inquired if he was wounded. "Yes," said he, "but don't let the enemy know my situation, and if I die act as if I were alive and were still commanding." After which he immediately expired. His brave seamen made fearful havoc of the limbs and lives of the enemy, beat them off and got into Marblehead, where great respect was shown to the remains of Captain Mugford.

Another of the great men who lived more than a century ago, and indeed a patriot of the times, was Hon. Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of

Independence, July 4th, 1776. It was more than a year after the famous Mecklenburg Resolves were adopted, but he came from a colder climate, which had much to do with it, I presume.

From his first election as representative from his native town in the Legislature, he continued in public life, almost without intermission, filling the most important offices such as that of a member of Congress, ambassador to France, Governor of the Commonwealth, and Vice-President of the United States, till his demise. He was raised up in the same community with the Adamses, Hancock and Warren. He died in 1813, very suddenly of hemorrhage. In the olden times every State produced men of giant minds, more frequently than of late.

“Rev. Whitfield and Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the two greatest preachers that have ever lived in America, preached in Newburyport. Mr. Whitfield was ordained in 1736 in England; his great work was in England and America. He crossed the ocean thirteen times, and preached eighteen thousand sermons. As a Christian orator, his deep piety, disinterested zeal and vivid imagination gave unexampled energy to his look, utterance and action. Bold, fervent, pungent, and popular in his eloquence, no other uninspired man ever preached to so large assemblies, or enforced the simple truths of the gospel, by motives so persuasive and awful, and with an influence so powerful on the hearts of his hearers. He died September 30th, 1779. He and his friend, Jonathan Parsons, were buried beneath the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church.”

Salem.—During the summer of 1692 occurred a great excitement in Salem on account of witchcraft, in the family of Rev. Mr. Parris. The town suffered greatly by the excitement; one fourth of the inhabitants left the town; twenty persons were executed for witchcraft; one of them, Giles Carey, refusing to put himself on trial, was pressed to death. About one hundred were accused, about fifty

confessed themselves guilty, and about this number of other persons were afflicted.

Those who confessed themselves guilty of this crime appear to have done so in order to save their lives, as they afterwards declared themselves to be innocent. Most of those who were executed exhibited a forcible example of the strength of moral principles. Rather than confess what they knew to be untrue, they nobly suffered death. Those who suffered were executed on what has since been called "Gallows Hill." Rev. Cotton Matthew, D. D., was a firm believer in the existence of witchcraft, and many others of less note were believers in the power of uncanny spirits. The New England States are welcome to all the glory of such denizens, and may they never be able to put them on their neighbors.

West Springfield.—It is supposed that West Springfield received its first batch of settlers in 1650, but it was not till 1773 that it was incorporated into a town. Early in its career the settlers built a meeting-house for public worship. The dimensions of this house, as near as can be ascertained, "were 42 feet square on the ground, and 92 feet in height." Until 1743, the people assembled for public worship at the beating of the drum. This continued to be occupied as a place of worship till June 20, 1802, when the new one was built and completed. The following is an account of a singular incident which took place in the first settlement of this township:

"One of the first planters of Springfield was a tailor, and another a carpenter. The tailor had for a small consideration purchased from an Indian chief a tract of land in what is now West Springfield, forming a square of three miles on a side. The carpenter had constructed a clumsy wheelbarrow, for which the tailor offered to make him a suit of clothes, or convey him the land. After some consideration he exchanged the wheelbarrow for the land. This tract contained the best settled part of West Springfield; many an acre of which might now be sold, for the purpose of cultivation only, at the price of \$100. I will

now assert that there is no error in the story; yet on the face of it there is nothing improbable. When the fourth part of a township of the common size was sold by one Englishman to another for a wheelbarrow, it will be easily believed that it was of still less value to the aborigines." Ninety years ago Gen. Andrew Jackson sold a section of land in Tennessee for a cow bell. This was at a time when land was more plentiful than anything else. We could not sell it, nor utilize it, or take it with us.

Chesterfield.—This town is watered by a branch of Westfield river. We find many curiosities in Massachusetts, both among the people and natural curiosities. The channel of this river is certainly unique. "It is worn into the solid rock in places nearly 30 feet deep, and may be tracked from the bridge, nearly 60 rods, appearing as if cut out by human hands." It appears to be a kind of granite. Beryl and emeralds have been found in the town. The people deserve much credit for the excellent living they make, the schools and churches they maintain. In 1831 the population was but 1,158.

Cummington.—About the time of the Revolutionary war a number of people began to settle up this section of the State. It is stated that at the first settlement of the township deer were very plentiful, and a large buck was captured by some hunters, at a time when there was a big snow in the woods that was not hard enough to bear him up. One of the party concluded to ride him; he was tied on by his feet under the deer for a girth; they made a rope bridle for him and let him go. He run by a cleared place where the crust was hard, and he outstripped the wind. When he was sufficiently amused, he dismounted without serious harm.

In this town was the home of William Cullen Bryant, one of America's greatest poets. He was born in 1794; and in 1808 Mr. Bryant published a volume of poems, "The Embargo, or the Sketches of the Times." He was but 14 years old; and at 27 years he printed "Thanatopsis" and other pieces. As a poet, he is entitled to rank with

the most eminent of America's fine galaxy. Mr. Bryant stands high in the general estimation, and his works have been the subject of eulogy by ripe scholars.

Hadley is a fine agricultural township, and the meadows on the banks of the Connecticut river are some of the finest in Massachusetts. The lovely meadows add much to the beauty, as well as to the profit of the township. Hadley is celebrated as being the place of refuge of Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges of Charles I, of England, called by some the "regicides." Soon after the restoration of monarchy in England, 30 of the judges who condemned Charles to death were apprehended and executed as traitors. Among those who made their escape were Goffe and Whalley, who arrived at Boston in 1660.

They were gentlemen of worth; their appearance and manners were dignified, commanding universal respect. They were also highly esteemed by the colonists for their unfeigned piety. Whalley had been a lieutenant general, and Goffe a major general in Cromwell's army. An order for their apprehension from Charles the Second reached New England soon after their arrival. The king's commissioners, eager to execute this order, compelled the judges to resort to the woods, caves and other places of concealment; and they would undoubtedly have been taken had not the colonists secretly aided and assisted them in their concealment.

This strongly reminds us of some of our leaders when the South was struggling for liberty—when President Davis was cast into a dungeon, ironed, and then refused a trial; and kept in prison for two years, and let out on \$100,000 bail, to appear when called for. What a spectacle for men and angels to behold in that the last half of the nineteenth century, in a country that boasts of a Christian civilization! Two hundred years found no advancement in the Christian graces; but might made right, was the rule.

Bedford.—The people of Massachusetts were intensely patriotic at the time of the beginning of the Revolutionary

war. The Rev. Joseph Penman in one of his prayers in the church used the following language, viz: "We pray Thee to send the British soldiers where they will do some good; for thou knowest, O Lord, that we have no use for them here." Among the peculiar customs which prevailed in the church from its formation to the ordination of the next minister in 1796, was that of making public confession of particular offenses committed by the members. These were drawn up in writing and read by the minister before the congregation. Frequent notices are specified in the church records, such as "the confession of John Smith for the sin of intemperance," "for the breach of the seventh commandment," or other sins, as the case might be, "was read before the congregation."

The following statement of Brighton Market for 1837 and 1838 is from the public prints. In 1837, 32,664 beef cattle, 110,260 sheep, 17,052 swine, 16,216 stores. In 1838, 25,850 beef cattle, 9,573 stores, sales \$315,909, 104,640 sheep, sales \$261,600, 26,164 swine, sales \$163,165; total sales estimated \$2,058,004; estimated for 1837, \$2,449,231. A cattle fair was commenced here during the Revolutionary war and has increased in importance ever since. The town is within five miles of Boston, and a capital market is at their door. They have been trained from childhood to labor, and to save everything—nothing goes to waste.

Cambridge. — The great Dr. Spurzheim, born in Prussia, was educated and studied medicine at Vienna; here he became acquainted with Dr. Gall and entered with zeal into the doctrines of that professor. In 1807 Dr. Gall, assisted by Spurzheim, delivered his first public lectures in various places in Europe, on phrenology; and was honored by many literary institutions. He arrived in New York August, 1832. He gave a number of lectures on phrenology in Boston and Cambridge. He died in October the same year. An elegant tomb was erected to his memory in Mount Auburn. Spurzheim gained a reputation that has never been excelled and only equaled by Dr. Gall.

For the last fifty years but little advance has been made in phrenology.

Charleston, named for Charles the First, of England, was incorporated in 1635. In 1630 a fleet, bringing more than 1,500 persons, arrived in Massachusetts Bay, July 6th. Among the passengers were Governor Winthrop, who in after life won a fine reputation as a patriot. The United States navy yard was first established in this town about 1798. The dry dock at this place is of hewn granite, of unrivaled masonry. It is 341 feet in length, 80 feet in width, and 30 feet in depth. It cost \$670,089. The McLean Asylum was opened (for the insane) Oct. 6, 1818; and from that time to Jan. 1, 1834, 1,015 patients were treated, charged \$4.50 per week.

In North Carolina the first insane asylum was opened for patients, I think, in 1856, more than thirty years later.

Also here was built the penitentiary; the profits exceed the cost of keeping the prisoners. The people did good service in the patriot army in the years of the Revolution. But they acted most dastardly in the war of 1812 and 1814. They simply refused to help when we were hard put to. But the people of Charleston have a right to feel proud for their heroic conduct on the 17th of June, 1775, the ever-memorable battle of Bunker Hill was fought in this town, and will render the heights of Charleston an object of interest to generations yet unborn. On the 17th of June, 1825, the corner-stone of an obelisk was laid on the battle-ground by Gen. Lafayette, to commemorate the battle fought 50 years before.

Concord was on a par with Charleston in point of heroism. The battle here was equal to that of any other fought on Northern soil. "The damage to private property by fire, robbery and destruction was estimated at 275 pounds in Concord, 1,716 pounds in Lexington, 1,202 pounds in Cambridge. A monument has been erected here in commemoration of the valor and patriotism of the American soldiers, with the following inscription: "Here, on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resist-

ance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the invading army, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the war of the Revolution, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected A. D. 1836.

Hopkinton.—The Rev. Mr. Howe gives a graphic account of how he preached the gospel for 25 years and received less than the wages of a day laborer. He asked his people to raise his salary to what it was before the money depreciated. They refused. He offered to sell them his farm; they refused to buy. The people wanted him to preach good sermons, but could not afford to give him a decent support. This was in 1806—we have seen the same treatment 100 years later. Selfishness is just as vigorous now as a century ago.

A great parade is made over the battle of Lexington. I can see but little in it, as it only sounded the tocsin of war approaching. Eight Americans were found dead; all the rest got away. At the battle of Bethel, in June, 1861, 17 blue-coats and one Confederate marked the place of the first battle. But times have changed, but history is permanent. The young people should be taught the results of the Revolutionary war, and the parts each of the 13 States took in gaining our independence.

Strange Rules to Govern and Protect Society.—In 1649 “three married women were fined five shillings apiece for scolding.”

In 1662 “the town ordered that no woman, maid, nor boy, nor girl, shall sit in the south alley and east alley of the market house, upon penalty of 12 pence for every day they shall sit in the alley after the present day.” It was further ordered “that every dog that comes to the meeting after the present day, either of Lord’s day or lecture days, shall pay 6 pence for every time they come to the meeting; that doth not pay the dog whipper.” The names of 26 men are recorded as agreeing to pay to the dog whipper.

In 1664 "the town exchanged lands with Matthew Edwards, he paying 30 shillings and a gallon of liquor to boot."

In 1667 "the town contained 59 dwelling houses. It was ordered that every dog that comes into the meeting house in time of service shall pay 6 pence for every time he comes."

In 1799 "twenty-three persons, members of the Baptist Society, petitioned the parish for liberty to hold religious meetings in Centre school house, when the same is not in use, and obligating themselves to pay all damages. This request was not granted."

In 1800 "the meeting house of the Baptist Society was built. The dimensions of it were 34 by 38, with a porch. On the occasion of erecting the frame of this house the society appointed a committee to provide for the hands good beef, well baked potatoes, bread and cheese, cider and grog, and enough of each." It is a blessed thing that we have not a national religion; or we would have a great big Church, with no true religion in it. In this history the people adhered to the Congregational Church, with little love to the Baptists. Barely is Presbyterianism noticed in the early Church. Quakers and Baptists fared badly.

The Boston News Letter, the First Newspaper in America.—In 1704, the first newspaper published in America appeared in Boston. It was printed on a half sheet of pot paper, with a small size pica type, folio, and was entitled, "N. E. Number 1. The Boston News Letter, published by Authority, from Monday, April 17, to Monday, April 24, 1704." The proprietor's name was John Campbell, a Scotchman, who was established here as a book-seller. The first number contained the following prospectus: "This News Letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any houses, lands, tenements, farms, ships, vessels, goods, wares, or merchandise, &c., to be sold or let, or servants runaway; or goods stoll or lost, may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate; from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed; in

Boston, near the old Meeting House. All persons in town and country may have said News Letter Weekly upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, Post Master, for the same."

The first paper mill in America was built in the town of Milton, in 1728. A patent was granted to Daniel Henchman and others for the sole manufacture of paper for ten years, on certain conditions. From this small start thousands make a good living and prosper. In the town of Quincy was born two of our Presidents: John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams.

Every country points back to some remarkable day in its past history. Massachusetts has hers on the day of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1620. They have ever kept this day in remembrance with as much zeal as the people of North Carolina do the 20th of May, 1775.

I have taken much pleasure in reviewing this old book; it tells much of a past civilization; and we can look back and see a wonderful progress in the century that is past.

The Tornado of 1856.

Great storms and atmospheric disturbances in this part of the State, especially in Mecklenburg county, are so rare that they should be brought to the remembrance of those who have never witnessed "the prince of the power of the air," when on a rampage. He was certainly mad with fury in October, 1865.

My life-long friend, Dr. J. Mc. Wilson, who was to see a patient near Tuckaseege ford, when returning he heard the fearful rumbling noise, growing louder and louder as it came, the atmosphere rapidly becoming dark, notified him that the destroyer was upon his heels, and he must flee to the right or to the left, no matter which, but not to stand upon the order of his going. The path of the tornado was not more than 50 yards wide, whirling rapidly as it traveled east, and emitting sparks and fearful noises with great darkness. The air was filled with substances picked up in its course. When it crossed the Beattie's ford road eight miles from Charlotte, its track was swept as clean as a floor; every tree was blown down, or wrung off, five to twenty feet from the ground. A few miles west of this road it lifted the upper story off Rufus Williams' dwelling house and left their bedding in tree tops, as the pieces would get out of the current. His silk hat was found some 15 miles east in Cabarrus county, his name being written on the lining. It crossed the Statesville road near J. R. Alexander's, struck his blacksmith shop, and carried the logs down to the sills.

As the storm passed on the top part of a large pine was seen very high in the air; it fell in the field as it escaped from the current. It then passed in front of R. O. Alexander's house, through his orchard, a very fine one, and left but one tree. It then passed on, demolishing the dwelling house of Reuben Christenbery, going east, serving all in its path pretty much in the same way.

With all the fuss and fury of this war of the elements, not a life was lost, but many were frightened as never before.

This was about the time the North Carolina Railroad was to be finished from Goldsboro to Charlotte, and many persons wondered what kind of a looking thing a steam car was. A neighborhood gathering was being held near the Cabarrus line, and all hands left the house wondering greatly what the unearthly noise could mean; it was when an Amazon of the backwoods gave her opinion in the following strain: "I'll tell youenzes what that is. They have let one of them derved old cars get loose, and its comin' tarin' through the woods rite where we is standin'." The tornado soon passed within a hundred yards of where they were standing, and they felt thankful they were not in its course. Our section of country is fortunately situated, and is seldom visited by cyclones or other storms.

The Gold Fever of 1849.

There are people still living who have a vivid recollection of the exciting times that were told of by men who were fortunate enough to live to return from the land of gold. Soon after the close of the war with Mexico, some enterprising American discovered the richest gold deposits in California that had ever been found in the western world. The news was rapidly spread not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world. Steamships were taking the place of sailing vessels, where coal could be found, or deposited on the way, (the first steamship crossed the ocean in 1841) the telegraph was beginning to be popular. (It was first put in Charlotte in 1853.) But with all the drawbacks the news of the wonderful find soon reached earth's remotest bounds. The laboring class had but few representatives to enter the field. Only the wealthy young men were induced to go to the gold fields and many of them failed to return, not being able to stand rough usage of camp life. Two young men raised in all the luxuries of a wealthy home in East Tennessee, one died in the mines, and the other lived to get home and fought for the Confederacy four years. The Houston boys from Iredell made the trip, gathered some of the yellow metal, and as they returned one of the brothers, Charles, was drowned. He had with him a fine and beautiful Newfoundland dog that appeared as if he was crazed with grief at the loss of his master. In a few days they reached home and his master's portrait was shown him, and his whole demeanor was changed; the most of his time was passed lying beneath his portrait. Young Dr. Prioleau, of Charleston, who never did a day's work in his life, went to the mines to get the fortune that awaited his coming. The money he carried with him soon gave out, he was not able to wield a pick or use a shovel, but he was fortunate enough to get appointment to drive a dray until

he could get money from home; then he would turn his back on the rich gold fields of California. But I started out to tell the story of my friend Sykes, who left Norfolk, Va., in 1849, to seek his fortune in the gold fields of California. I am not sure whether he went on a sail or steamship, but I know that he went around the Horn, and that he was several months making the trip. There has been as much improvement in navigation in the last fifty years as in railroading.

Mr. Sykes was young and strong in the year 1849, and like many young men who sprang from good families, in the best days of our Republic, were easily tempted to try their luck in the wonderful stories that emanated from California, that was known as the land of gold. After a long and weary journey around the Horn the ship weighed anchor in the harbor of San Francisco, some distance from shore. Crowds of small craft collected around the big ship from the States. Among those who visited the ship was a gentleman of good appearance who walked up to Mr. Sykes and asked him if he was a machinist. Mr. Sykes told him, "Yes, I am a machinist." "Well, Sir, I want to employ you to do a job at once," said the stranger. "After I look around a few days I will engage with you; but tell me what wages do you expect to give?" "Ten dollars per day, and if that is not enough, I will pay more." The monied man spent the time watching Mr. Sykes for fear he would get away. It appeared machinists were in great demand, and he did not fancy the idea of losing the one in sight. When he loafed till the sights were becoming dull, he said to his employer he was ready to look at the work he wanted done. He was shown the shops and the kind of work he was expected to do. He at once told the owner of the shop he wanted two men to help with the work; the proprietor went out and hired two stout looking men, one of whom proved to be a minister of the gospel, and the other a doctor, both of whom supposed that they could take a rest from their professions for a few weeks and fill their pockets with the precious

metal; but they were soon so reduced as to be glad to get any kind of work at which they could keep the wolf from the door.

My friend Sykes proved himself to be a master machinist, and all the work that he could do was brought to him. But he went to the gold fields not exclusively to work, but to see what other people were doing. While traveling about he came upon a large camp, composed of every nationality, scarcely any two men knew each other; only a passing acquaintance; they had built a large frame house with a dirt floor and weather-boarded with ordinary clapboards. This was for holding public meetings in, for regulating the affairs of the camp. One very cold, wet day, a large crowd gathered in the hall around the only stove so close, there was not room for another person. There appeared a long, cadaverous individual and asked to get near the stove. No attention was paid to him, when he pulled from his pocket a paper bundle and shook it over the hot stove. When a few grains of powder flashed up, and some of the men gave back and the crazy-looking man rushed in with his bundle saying—"I would just as soon be blown to pieces as frozen to death;" he pulled open the door and dropped the bundle inside. The crowd tore down one side of the hall getting out, but as they heard no explosion they looked to see what had become of the lunatic. He was sitting quietly by the stove patting his foot. This mixed crowd saw themselves nicely sold out.

In the following spring Mr. Sykes made the acquaintance of a most interesting family a few miles from camp where he visited, by invitation, frequently. When starting to spend the day on one of his trips, a young man of the camp, by the name of Joe Shultz, asked to go with him, but was refused because he was drinking; he had plenty of money and would take sprees of drinking, when he would be very disagreeable. He begged for permission to go along. He promised to keep his mouth shut while

there if only permitted to visit the ladies. Sykes agreed to his proposition and they got there by 10 o'clock. Joe was introduced and never spoke a word until dinner was served. The table was poorly supplied with knives and forks, and it so happened that Joe's fork was broken, had but one prong or tine, and he made an effort to help himself to a piece of ham, but it would slip through his fork; after making two or three efforts to get his meat he arose from his chair and said: "I intend to spear that fellow if it is the last act of my life." From this on his tongue was unloosed and he was the lion of the party, and was invited to make frequent visits to the family.

One evening, or about the middle of the afternoon a messenger came up to the mine or shaft where Mr. Sykes was at work and called to him that he was wanted up at the commissary store, "where they are going to whip a man for stealing a jug of molasses." "Well, I am not going," said Sykes. "You had better come, the whole camp will be there." After thinking the matter for awhile he concluded to go. It was less than a quarter of a mile, the path was narrow and hemmed in with chapparel, so thick that a dog could scarcely get through. When Mr. Sykes got near the store he came on the culprit who had been most cruelly whipped and beat with a wagon whip. Sykes said to him, "My friend you look like they handled you roughly." "Yes, they have beat me almost to death, I think I will die." Just then the big, bald-headed ruffian proposed to his pal, "Let us whip him again." With that Sykes said, "No, you will not, for I know he will die from the beating you have already given him." The two men talked a minute between themselves and the bald-headed one said, "Let us whip Sykes," and they started at a run and when within ten paces of where he was, he knew his only safety lay in flight; he literally flew into his shack, grabbed up his pistols, and tied his belt around him and went to meet his foe, but he had dodged into the chapparel. He went back to the store and told the people publicly that he would kill this ruffian on sight, if he ever

met him. We will now let two years roughing it in camp pass where our friends formed a partnership, and they ran a mine of great richness. They found very rich pockets from which they were able to gather one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

They ordered machinery, the cost amounted to the amount they had gotten out. When everything was fixed for work, they discovered the mine was exhausted. They gained some experience but lost a nice sum by the operation. They concluded they would take a long ride, guided by the compass, some three thousand miles to Portland, Oregon. Soon after they arrived, they did what all travelers did, inquired for the best drinking saloon. A very large and fashionable one was pointed out to them; when they entered there was at least one hundred men loafing there. There was one man, from his make, attracted Sykes' attention. He went to one side, examined his pistols, then walked up to his man and with pistol pushed his hat off; the murderer never looked back, but darted for the door and down the street with Sykes close behind him, but the street was so crowded he could not get a shot without killing someone else. A number of persons asked the cause of the difficulty; he answered: "That is my business." He had the happy faculty of keeping his affairs strictly to himself. While working in a shaft by himself, where two veins crossed of good-paying quantity a very genteel man approached him and asked permission to work beside him. Mr. Sykes said, "Yes, you may take the vein on the left." They did not ask each other's name, but simply worked side by side, each man pleased with his companion. After a month's time a company of horsemen rode up to the mine, and were rejoiced to meet with General Shields, of Mexican fame. The general went out of the mine and spent an hour with his friends. On his return to work in the shaft, he and Mr. Sykes told each other who they were. This was in the spring of 1861; they discussed the probabilities of the coming war.

Gen. Shields told him he was going into the Federal army, that he had a commission of brigadier general, and said to his partner in the mine, "If you will go with me I will get you a quartermaster's commission." The answer came quick, "No, I belong to the South; Virginia is where I owe my allegiance." They soon parted and did not meet for several years, but the general did not forget his chum of the California mines, but gave him a commission to move the Indian tribes near the Rocky mountains. The history of the period when the world was moved by the gold fever, of California has passed from the people of the present age, and commercialism is now holding down the boards.

County Politics in 1894.

In 1892-'94-'96, a few persons were consulted about who should be put up as candidates and the great mass of the qualified voters of the Democratic party were expected to vote the ticket. Politics were in a great muddle; dissatisfaction with the leaders was heard on all sides; leaders acted like tyrants, and when remonstrated with about not taking the common people into the confidence of the party, we were told that all we had to do was to vote for whomsoever they put up, and say nothing about it. This drove many of the best Democrats into the Populist party, and some into the Republican party. The principles of the new party were certainly approved by the best men in America; for directly after the formation of the party, both the Republicans and Democrats adopted, or stole the Populist platform; so in '94 and '96 the State became Republican. In 1896 Daniel Russell was elected Governor with a majority of the Legislature of the same persuasion. But seven Democrats were elected to the Senate. Eighteen Populists were elected Senators, but several of whom were tolled back into Republicanism. But the better element of the party stood firm as the everlasting hills.

We started out to give some of the political workings here at home. As I was the leader in the county, it will be necessary to speak plainly of myself, of the part I took in the county, and the way I was treated. It is ten years since it passed. I have done my duty, it was open to the inspection of the world, I am proud of the course I pursued, of what I did for the State and county; but as no statement has been made of my acts, I thought it but just the young people should be informed of the difficulties I had to contend with, in order to save our county and State from the terrible calamities that threatened both, which I was fortunate enough to prevent being enacted into laws.

You have but to look at Wilmington under negro rule,

the blood-shed that followed, to have a correct idea of what in all probability would have occurred in Charlotte had I failed to be elected to the General Assembly that met in 1897. It is not pleasant for me to write this history in which I acted so conspicuous a part, but unless I do so, and that too at an early day, it will never be known by those who will be in control of our State 20 years hence.

All I expect to accomplish by this presentation is to preserve the truth of history.

CAMPAIGN OF 1894.

Before the Democrats held their convention to nominate candidates for the Legislature, the most prominent ones were on the lookout for picnics, or anywhere a crowd should assemble, to let the people know they were willing to sacrifice themselves for the good of their country, and incidentally of themselves and their party. It was pretty generally known that I was to represent the People's party in the canvass for the State Senate; and I was the mark for the great bulk of Democrats to pick at, and also of the women. It is extremely difficult for persons recently come of voting age to realize how a Populist was treated, or what indignities were heaped upon them. After attending a big dinner and big political rally in the grove at Providence church, Mr. W. C. Dowd, J. D. McCall and myself entertained the crowd in the afternoon; as it was a well behaved crowd, everything passed off pleasantly. It acted as a blind to me, I was foolish enough to suppose the Democratic speakers, and the women we should meet, would treat a Populist with the same courtesy they would a gentleman of any other cloth or persuasion. But we found out differently before we were three years older. In a few days a very handsome young man (I will not publish the name of the family) came into my drug store and told me his "family were going to give a supper to the legislative candidates, and as you are the only Populist in the field, I want you to have a fair showing, I will meet you at the depot and bring you all out to our house in my carriage." I accepted his invitation, and with Messrs.

Dowd and Clarkson arrived there about sun-down. The ladies met us in the porch, where we were introduced—even to the baby, who was cautioned “not to go near that old Populist, or he might bite your head off.” I began to wish I had only men to deal with, although so far the women said nothing, but joined in the hilarious amusement at my expense. This fun was kept up for fifteen minutes, till supper was announced, when I supposed in my simplicity, that the insulting behavior of my associates would be finished. The hostess—probably because I was the oldest person at the table—called on me to ask a blessing, this I did in my usual way, when one of my opponents turned to the hostess and made a very uncomplimentary remark about me, when she said, “I would have nothing to do with him, not even to associate with him.” Such loud laughter, clapping of hands and stamping of feet, I never heard at a white person’s table. Up to this time I had never spoken a word since I had entered the house, save to ask a blessing on the evening meal. Now at this stage of the great hilarity a spinster, who was sitting nearly opposite me, stretched her arm half across the table, pointing to me, and said, “I could tell you were a Populist by your looks; God knows I have no use for one.” Another burst of applause if possible more deafening than any of the others, and lasted longer; and had it not been for my determination to triumph in the end, my legs would have carried me off. I put out my arm and held it there till I succeeded in gaining quiet, then said, “You ladies may live to regret your conduct tonight, for I am a widower, and as soon as this campaign is over I am going to start out to hunt me a wife, and I know of no place where I can find such elegant ladies, who know so well how to entertain and make their guests feel easy and at home.” They immediately applied their napkins to cover their blushes and cried out, “Oh, doctor, we didn’t know it, we didn’t know it.” “Well I give you fair notice of my intentions, that you may look for my coming.” I completely captured the family, but it made me feel like I had a spell of the jaundice.

CANVASS OF COUNTY.

We were soon to enter upon a regular canvass of the county; my friend, I. K. Rankin, was a candidate for the House of Representatives; and a better man, a better Christian does not exist. I felt sometimes like telling him he was too good a man to drag through such a slum. The first place we met was at Collin's store; from some cause we did not begin speaking till very late in the evening; so late that the sun was about down when we finished. The people in a few minutes scattered off to their homes, and not a living soul invited us to spend the night with them. A great many of the Democrats hated the Populists worse than they did the devil. We were passing a farm house, going in an easterly direction and Brem Campbell invited us to spend the night with him; which invitation was gratefully accepted, for it was now dark. Mr. Campbell was a true Democrat and Christian gentleman; it always affords me pleasure to meet him and shake hands with him. The next day we went to Shopton, the meeting place for Steele Creek voters to assemble and discuss politics. About 2 p. m. the crowd gathered in the hall, I looked over the audience and was satisfied there was not a Populist there. Mr. Rufus Greer was master of ceremonies; he was a gentleman of the old school, and a most lovable man. He introduced for the first speaker a Democrat aspirant for the Legislature, when he approached the table and spread out his newspapers, turned to where I was sitting and laughed boisterously for at least a minute, then turning to the audience said, "You good people of Steele Creek don't know Dr. Alexander, you think you know him, but you were never more mistaken. Why, sirs, he is one of the worst men in the county. If by any accident he should be elected to the Legislature he would not hesitate to destroy the rights of property. It would be an outrage for any community to trust its good name in the hands of such a man." He spent his whole time allotted to him to speak—30 minutes—in a similar strain of billings-

gate and personal abuse. It was hard for me to keep quiet in my seat, but I never interrupted him. As soon as his time expired, Mr. Greer called on me. I went to the table and addressed my audience, and asked them to excuse me till I could pay my personal respects to the man who has just addressed you. I walked back to the end of the hall where he had taken his seat. What I said to him would not look well in print; but suffice it to say before I left off my personal talk, he got up and said, "I acknowledge that I have misrepresented the doctor and will take it all back." If any one of the one hundred Democrats who were present, when the meeting adjourned, at least 20 persons came up to me and invited me to spend the night with them. I felt sure I made friends at Shopton, if I did not win any votes. After this I never had an opponent to attempt to drive me from the canvass. For the first few days we only had Democrats to attend the meetings, but when we got over to Matthews, we had a fair divide of Populists; from this on round to Long Creek there was fair play.

A MOB AGAINST HIM.

The canvass was to be wound up in Charlotte. I had heard of the mob that was going to be present; and after consulting with many friends it was deemed best not to have Mr. Joe Rankin present for certain reasons that his friends thought valid. He was left in my drug store while we all went to the courthouse. The mob was there in full force, and they were not backward in letting it be known that I should not be allowed to speak. As soon as I began to speak, the leader of the mob who was standing directly in my front, called me a damned liar, this was the signal for all the dogs, Trip, Trick and Train, to join at their inhuman attack on me. Just at this time, Col. John E. Brown and Frank Osborne sprang upon the platform and pleaded for order, telling the crowd I had as much right to speak in the courthouse as any man in the county. But the mob howled the louder that I should not speak. I asked them to hear but one word and I would leave the house; the tumult ceased and I spoke these words with

determination, "You will not hear me to-night, but I will make you hear me in the future." This was the last speaking of the campaign; the election was held the next week, when the entire Democratic ticket in the county was elected by nearly one thousand majority. It was natural for them to feel happy and jubilant. I was pictured off in their partizan papers as done for. In one place I was represented in a coffin ready for the grave. But I had only to wait for another term; and then the tide in the affairs of men took a turn. I do not remember how the parties stood in the State, but the Republicans were in the majority. I know that the Rev. Dr. Soloman Pool got his pretended salary of \$4,000 paid for being president of the University of North Carolina, at the session of 1895. But more of this later on. During the next two years I was ostracised by most of those who voted the Democratic ticket; but I am glad to know that during this time I had an approving conscience that had labored for the good of the country, and that was worth all the rest.

THE MEETING IN LEMLY'S.

In the summer of 1896 I was the People's candidate to represent them in the Senate. I had a most vivid recollection of what I had to put up with two years before and I was prepared to meet them on more advantageous grounds. Some parts of the country where Populism did not seem to have gotten a start, I did not meddle with. I was after votes, and I cared but little where they came from so that they counted in my columns. I remember one afternoon Mr. Dowd and myself met at Fiddler's saw-mill, in Lemly's township, where I knew every person in ten miles. As soon as I looked over the crowd I knew its complexion; there were four Democrats, eleven Populists and thirty-five Republicans. I had got him into almost as hot a place as I was in at Collin's store. He never dreamed what kind of an audience he had before him; but imagined that he was at Providence and began making a hot Democratic speech, and the men all got up and started off, saying "they had heard enough of that kind of clash." I

came as quick as possible to his relief, and insisted on them returning and give him a patient hearing, that we had come seventeen miles for a political talk, and not treat my opponent so rudely; resting assuredly that I will take care of him. With these promises on my part the crowd returned, but Mr. Dowd was so frustrated that he could not "begin where he left off," and soon terminated his speech. He looked very much like I felt in Steele Creek, where I had no one to stand to my back. In Lemly's township, where I lived and practiced medicine for thirty-four years, I got nearly all the votes cast in that box; all parties cast their suffrages for me, which I took as a great compliment, which I will always cherish as the grandest token of love and esteem that my countrymen could give. But I tried faithfully to prove to them their confidence was not misplaced.

A LIVELY CAMPAIGN.

We made the usual campaign over the county, with Mr. Clarkson as assistant to my opponent; and Dr. Craven with me. We had a lively time, but not always pleasant; some reminders were given that will not soon be forgotten. At every speaking place we made an agreement how long each one might speak; towards the close of the campaign the Democrats would have a man to ask me questions—consuming my time. This was kept up until probably fifteen minutes of my time was consumed, when I would tell him to hold up till I was done speaking and I would answer his questions till bed time. This answer always brought relief.

After awhile the election was close at hand; the party who had become tired of me, had made arrangements for a big torch light procession; with transparencies showing how I was to be disposed of. A grand jollification was prepared for the night after the election. But the whole thing proved a flash in the pan. The morning after the election, when I went up to the courthouse, the crowd standing around with long faces looked like they were

attending a third-class funeral. They looked so pitiful I could not help feeling sorry—they were so cast down, but they had to take the medicine, nothing else would cure them. I tried to let them down gently as possible. The candidates of the ring were so sure of being elected, that they died hard and it was difficult for them to believe defeat stared them in the face. My opponent notified me, through Sheriff Smith, that he would contest my election. After I went to Raleigh, the Sheriff of Wake county served me with another notice that my election would be contested, but nothing came of it.

The General Assembly of 1897

When the time came to wait upon the meeting of the General Assembly, I started to the depot, not a single person congratulated me on having won the position, or wished me a pleasant time; but I had gotten used to being snubbed by individuals who think more of themselves than of their country. The whole State had fallen into the hands of that party which ruled with a rod of iron soon after the war, and we needed conservative men at the front who could wield an influence that would be for the good of the State. But few members of the Senate had any influence with the body of lawmakers. The great majority of them never spoke, and men of great learning in the Democratic party members seldom thought it wise to mingle in debate, for they had but seven members and they could accomplish more by strategy than by direct attack. The Republicans being in the majority, struck boldly for any measure they wanted, but did not always carry their point. Quite a number were elected as Populists, but when they lined up, they went back to their first love. In a Populist caucus, composed of both Houses, I think sixteen were invited to withdraw, "and not to stand upon the order of their going." A United States Senator was to be elected, and the recent converts from the Republican party to Populism, had not been transplanted long enough to take root. These sixteen deserters we never tried to get back in the field.

After two weeks had passed I was surprised one day by the leading Democrat Senator, A. M. Scales, coming to my seat and whispering in my ear, "that anything you want, or your county wants, say so, and we will do everything we can to help you." I thanked him, not knowing what he meant. It appeared strange that I should be selected by the leader of the Democrats in the Senate to guide affairs with discretion, when I was not allowed to

make a political speech in the court house at home in Mecklenburg. The next day I was surprised by Senator George L. Smathers, whispering to me almost the same words from the leader of the Republican party, "hold fast to the course you have started on and we will give you or your county whatever you may want." I thanked him for their confidence, and told him I wanted nothing but good government. These promises caused me to think much of what they could mean. But a few days and it was clear. Any bill that I introduced went through with little or no opposition; the consequence was that I introduced or advocated more bills than any other member of the Senate. My position was unique. It often provoked a smile on my part, when I would go up in the Senate chamber in the mornings to find Hon. J. D. McCall sitting there to watch my course. I do not know it to be a fact that he was employed to stay there and see what I was doing, but I do not believe he would neglect his law practice for the fun of staying in the Capitol. I think he found I had more influence there in '97 than I had in '94 in Charlotte. We often exchanged kindly greetings and smiled, but I never asked him his business there till the session was over; then I asked him if he was not there to watch me. He said "he found that everything had to have my approbation before it would pass."

It was a great fad in several of the eastern cities and towns to have a part, if not all the police appointed by Governor Russell. This pleased the enemies of good government so that a bill was introduced for the Governor to appoint one-half of the police in Charlotte. In less than two hours I received a telegram from Charlotte to this effect: "Hold bill back till we get down there." I replied: "Make yourselves easy, I hold the strings." The next day twelve of the most prominent men of our city marched into the lobby and called me out. (Not one of whom had voted for me). After shaking hands all around, they asked me "what they could do to help me." I told them to keep their mouths shut, and they could look

on, but not say a word, you have but seven Democrats in the Senate. When the committee met, and a vote was taken, every vote was against the bill.

Lay aside all prejudice and animosity, and say was there another man in Mecklenburg county, in any political party, that could have had at his call, when he wanted them, every vote in the Senate? There certainly was no trade made, but I will always feel under lasting obligations to the Republican and Democratic parties for their kindness and partiality to me and my county when I needed help. Of course I could always depend on the Populist party. Every person who visited the Legislature and wanted his affairs attended, hunted for me. Example: One morning before the session opened two gentlemen from Halifax, approached my seat and introduced themselves; said that at a previous session, in 1895, a bill was passed, to take effect the 1st of December. '96, to allow all stock, horses, mules, cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., to run at large in the three winter months. These gentlemen wanted me to take charge of the bill and have it repealed. I told them I would vote to repeal the act but this great kindness that had been extended to me, I presume had reference to Mecklenburg county. Just at this moment the Hon. Buck Kitchin came up and said, "Boys, has the doctor promised to see this bill repealed?" I told him I was afraid to strain the great favor that had been done me by jumping 250 miles from Mecklenburg to Halifax. My friend at once spoke with impatience, "Boys, we will go home and arm our tenants and kill stock wherever found." I advised them not to act rashly, and I would try and put it as a necessity for the benefit of the State farm in Halifax county.

The committee to visit all the public institutions of the State and report their condition had just gotten home. And as Senator Barker, from Lincoln county, was on that committee, I called him to the witness stand, and he testified that he saw over a thousand head of horses, mules, cattle, hogs and sheep tramping over the rye and wheat.

clover and oats, every step plowing up the wet soil knee deep, doing great damage to the growing crops, as well as irreparable hurt to the soil. This evidence was corroborated by Mr. Barringer, from Cabarrus. I made a short talk on the wild legislation of 1895; and then I was followed by Senator Clark, from Halifax, when I called for the question. The bill was repealed by a large majority, but failed in the House. Halifax had 500 Populists, 1,000 Democrats and 6,000 negroes. The lower house should have had a balance wheel, but they did not. I received the congratulations of Judge Clark for saving his mother county from being a public pasture. Halifax had a blue-gum negro in the Senate; I will speak more particularly of him shortly, when the dead-body bill is before the Senate.

The doctors in Asheville drew up a bill giving medical colleges the right to dissect the human body; and specifying what bodies are liable to be used. Senator Rollins introduced the bill, and as he returned to his seat, he stopped and said to me, "I have now done all I promised, and I expect you to carry it through." I told him it would be the most difficult bill to enact that will come before this body, but I will do the best I can. The next day the bill was called up on its second reading. I spoke on the necessity of such a measure; or the continuation of robbing graves, having our sons indicted for body snatching and be disgraced before the world. I spoke for about 20 minutes, and urged the necessity of building colleges of our own, and not be compelled to send our sons to another State to learn anatomy. After I was through, I was followed by the negro, Lee Person, a Senator from down east. When speaking he was so excited that he foamed at the mouth, and denounced the bill as a makeshift to wreak vengeance upon the negro; I remember that marked attention was given him, showing how easily that body of men could be swayed. A vote was speedily called for, and the bill was saved by only two votes. I asked for the third reading to be deferred till the next day, which was done. I was in hopes that my talk on the necessity of

having equipped medical colleges in the State would prevent further opposition speeches, but I was mistaken.

The next day arrived with its usual routine of duties which were gone through with, when the dissecting bill, which was attracting the close attention of every doctor in the State who was interested in medical attention was to come up. In due time the bill was called and put on its third reading. Senator McCasky, from Martin county, claimed the floor; he opposed the bill in a telling speech; "he dwelt on the poor old people who were to end their days in the alms house, where they could see—in their mind's eye—their poor old frail bodies stretched out on a dissecting table, and a half dozen medical students standing around each table, cracking their obscene and vulgar jokes." During the delivery of this tirade the majority of the Senators craned their necks for fear they should lose a word of this eloquent speech, which was to kill the most excellent bill. When his speech was ended, I took the floor and apologized for saying more after my talk on yesterday. When I commenced speaking, I also walked over to where McCasky was sitting, and after a few preliminary remarks, I said: "You have made the greatest mistake of your life, in saying the old and decrepid octegenarian and decrepid persons who have lived beyond the ordinary life time, will have five, ten or fifteen years to look forward to the time when their frail bodies will be placed upon the dissecting table. Sir, no sensible doctor would think for a moment of having an aged subject for dissection. Why, their organs become soft and flabby, the tendons become brittle, the veins and arteries become ossified, so when an attempt is made to raise them with the handle of a scalpel they snap like a pipe stem. But we want bodies young and strong, like the Senator from Martin." This caused a perceptible smile all over the hall; I saw the tide was turned; and I walked back to where the negro member was sitting and addressed my remarks to him as follows: "Sir, if you are fortunate enough to get home when this session is ended, which I think is very doubtful, your own

race will kill you. Why, when we were striving to build up a medical college here at home, so that colored physicians could be educated here at home, you not only voted not to allow all branches to be taught here, but without this branch your college would be only in name; then I warn you to beware when you impede the wheels of progress." I then called for the question, which was carried by a large majority. In a few days I received abundant congratulations from the most learned teachers and skillful physicians in the State. But the law granting permission to dissect the human being was of short duration. Just as soon as the Democratic party got in power, some wiseacres introduced a bill to repeal the dissecting law of 1897, and some one spoke up, "Yes, let us repeal the whole damned Populistic work."

I will not say more on this important measure, but will give you the account of the Brewer bill, by which an effort was made to rob the State of \$1,800. The advocates of the bill could not see why the Legislature of 1895 paid the Rev. Dr. Pool a salary of \$4,000 for his services for being president of the University of North Carolina during the halcyon days of reconstruction. I was on the committee to whom the bill was referred to pay Prof. Brewer his salary of \$1,800, for occupying a chair in Chapel Hill. I asked the question, why this debt was not presented for payment before this time. Why wait 20 years. The answer given was the Democrats were in power and denied the justice of the claim. There were eighteen members of this committee, and when the vote was taken to approve or reject the bill, fifteen voted to approve, and I voted not to approve. Two members, J. A. Anthony and A. M. Scales did not vote. I asked why they did not vote. They said the whole transaction took place before they were born; that this was the first they ever heard of it, but they would not approve it. I then moved to send up a minority report, which they acceded to; they requested me to make the speech to accompany the report. When the bill was called up the next night Major H. L. Grant—

as he styled himself—a Radical Republican—asked permission to refer the bill back to the committee, “that he had got certain facts to put before this committee, that the Senator from Mecklenburg dare not to deny.” The next afternoon the committee was called together to hear any evidence that might be brought to bear on the question. As soon as I entered the room I saw two lawyers that I had no love for. One of them had been Freedmen’s Bureau agent in Charlotte 30 years before, and during his reign here I had formed a very unpleasant acquaintance with him. I at once asked him if he claimed to be a member of this body? He said he was an attorney. I asked him for whom. He said, “for Mrs. Brewer.” I asked if his name was Schaff. He said it was. “Yes, I remember you; the State paid you \$3,000 to build a certain piece of shell road near Wilmington. You got the money, but the State got no road; and if the State is unfortunate enough to have to pay this bogus claim of \$1,800, instead of it going to Mrs. Brewer, it will go down into your pockets to keep company with the shell road money. Mr. Chairman, I ask you not to allow the State money to be frittered away, when the children of the State are needing schooling. I call for the question.” Not a vote was given in the affirmative; and only my vote was taken in the negative. So the Brewer bill was killed by one vote, or rather died of shame.

Senator Atwater was regarded as the watchdog of the Treasury; he was careful to look after every appropriation that was made, and not to make any that could be avoided. M. Ray, superintendent of the white Blind Asylum, invited me to look at the quarters for the blind to sleep in. It was a large hall directly over the boiler room. He placed me near the centre of the room and Superintendent Ray stood near the west end and could shake the building so that I was fearful the house would fall. The whole side would sink ten inches below the washboard. I told him it was a fearful thought to have fifty blind boys in such a death trap; he said they had no other place to put them.

I drew a bill at once for an appropriation of \$50,000 to erect a suitable building for the male blind. There was some objection made about spending so much money, but when the question was asked, would you be willing for a blind son of yours to occupy such quarters, every man voted for the appropriation. Mr. Ray will tell you it was through my influence that this house was built, and there is no telling the amount of suffering that was saved by the prompt action in providing a suitable building for the blind of the State. This one act will go far to pay me for the turmoil of being elected to the Legislature of 1897.

One of the dirtiest things that took place in the Senate should be remembered as a warning in all future assemblages. I have mentioned in the former part of this article that my election would be contested; so just before the United States Senator was to be voted on, a member who had been elected as a Populist, asked me to support the Republican candidate for the United States Senate, so that I could get the Republican lawyers to defend my claims. It required a considerable effort on my part not to spit in his face. I never spoke to him again during the session. I found the people of both city and county wearing a smiling countenance and in a good humor when I returned home, but they never acknowledged publicly that they were indebted to me for not having negro police, as the towns in the eastern part of the State had.

Politics Before the War

During these exceedingly oppressive times of Republican rule no patriotic Southern man would ally himself with the party that destroyed the civilization of the South. In this horrible war we lost everything but honor. And even in our extreme poverty, this party of hate made every effort to render our lot still harder by placing over us the most detestable creatures found in the Yankee army, and scalawags who would sell their country for money. These creatures held every position that they could make subservient to their own aggrandisement, and humiliate our people.

All educational effort was completely paralyzed. The University of North Carolina was seized by this same Republican party, turned out the faculty that North Carolina had in charge of her University, drove away from the halls of learning one hundred and fifty disabled Confederate soldiers who were in attendance, hoping with an education not only to make a living for themselves, but aid in building up the shattered fortunes of our State. Their place was occupied by the little sons of the Yankee professors, six in all, wearing round-about coats; and had a corps of instructors to teach them. This student body must have had some recreation and pastime, and failing to find anything more congenial to their taste, carried out into the campus hundreds of volumes of the most elegant books in the University Libraries, and left them there exposed to the rain and sunshine for months till they were a total loss.

Just think of North Carolina's great seat of learning being desecrated by vandals that followed after General Sherman's conquering army, the most of whom wore the livery of heaven while acting the part of teachers! Professor Fetter was driven away and forced to seek other means for a support; and Rev. Charles Phillips, D. D.,

that Godly man and most excellent teacher, was forced to quit the place of his life long work. So with all the other members of the faculty. These birds of passage no doubt had a rare time of it.

Many people in Charlotte remember the Rev. Solomon Pool, D. D., who preached here in 1890, or about that time. He was President of Chapel Hill at this time of Radical rule. I have no charges to prefer against him, but wish to say in 1895 the Legislature was dominated by Republicans, and they paid Solomon Pool's salary of \$4,000 for holding the office of President of the University during the year 1867.

In the year 1897 again the Republicans had a majority in the Legislature, and application was made for Prof. Brewer's salary of \$1,800 for the year 1867. As good luck would have it I was on the committee to which this bill was referred, and I was somewhat acquainted with the management of the University in the dark days that followed the close of the war. I asked the question, "Why have you waited so long, thirty years, to present this bill?" The chairman immediately answered, "The Democrats have been in control and we have not had a chance till now." I replied, "that I would assure him that the Populist party was as honest as the Democratic party, and that I would oppose spending the public money of the State by paying the spawn of those who would rob the children of North Carolina." After conferring a few minutes together, the chairman said he would take the vote; he did so, and out of the committee of 18 members, 15 voted "pay it." I voted "not pay it." Two young men, A. M. Scales and I. T. Anthony, did not vote at all, as they had never heard of the scandalous procedure; that it occurred before they were born; but readily consented to join me in making a minority report, if I would make the speech sustaining the report, which I agreed to do.

During the next evening the bill "to pay the salary of Professor Brewer for teaching in the University of the

State for the year 1867" was called up. Senator H. L. Grant arose and moved that the bill be referred back to the committee, "that he had gotten evidence (here he turned facing me) that the member from Mecklenburg will not dare to turn down." The bill came up before the committee next day, when Lawyer Shaffer and Lawyer Purnell appeared to defend the bill. I was not used to seeing outside help called in to lobby a bill before a committee, so I asked Mr. Shaffer what he was doing before the committee, that I knew he was not a member of either House. He said, "I am attorney for Mrs. Brewer." I felt an electric shock fly all through my anatomy; I remembered that he was the same scoundrel when he was in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau in Charlotte just after the war, and gave me a most villainous abuse and threatened me with imprisonment in the county jail if I did not pay one of my negroes for four months' work, which negro was never back on the place after the surrender. I did not allude to it, but I told him he had been paid \$3,000 to build a shell road near Wilmington, and not a yard of road had been built.

And I told him if the State should be so unfortunate as to have to pay the bill now before the committee the money would follow the same course the \$3,000 did that was intended for a shell road. I acknowledge I was very angry, but I saved the State \$1,800.

The committee reversed its decision when the question was called; no one voted in the affirmative, and I voted "no."

The Republican party proved itself the same in '97 that it was in '67; that thirty years made no difference in its workings. But I will always feel under lasting obligations to the party for courtesy shown me, while in the Senate; but for this courtesy of the Republicans in the Legislature of '97 we would have had a police like Wilmington, which proved such a horrible slaughter.

I appologize for saying so much about myself to the readers of this article, but it is history, that should be

known to the people of the State; and there are thousands of other things just as hateful and injurious to our people, perpetrated on us in the so-called days of reconstruction. It is astonishing how few of our people who are under 50 years of age, know anything about the times we passed through.

But few can tell of the horrible punishment inflicted on Capt. R. A. Shotwell, who was innocent of any crime, either against his fellowman or the government. But this all occurred when might made right, and I am sorry to say that some men who wore the gray were contemptible enough to turn against their own kith and kin, and gloried in their shame. During these days a law was enacted to confiscate every person's property who was judged to be possessed of \$20,000 worth; except those who would "lick the hand of him who strikes," and ask for a pardon, when their property was not taken, but they were expected to vote the Republican ticket. Many men fell down in the dirt and did their bidding. It must have been a bitter pill to discontinue their social relations with gentlemen, and fall on a level with persons they formerly were far above socially, and would never have thought of being "play-mates." We once heard Sam Jones lambasting the Democratic party, and a negro jumped up and shouted, "Glory to God." Mr. Jones stopped till the negro was through, and then pointing his finger at the negro said, "Bucky boy, I acknowledge with shame I have voted the Democratic ticket, but I thank God I never got so low down as to vote yours."

The Debt Not a Just One

Two years ago a bill was introduced in the Legislature of this State to pay Prof. Brewer's estate \$1,800 with interest for 10 years for service done at the University during the time that Rev. Solomon Pool was president of that institution, just after the civil war. Dr. J. B. Alexander, of this county, fought the bill in the committee room single handed. When it come up in the Senate he fought it there and was the cause of it being killed. The following speech made in the Senate is full of valuable historical facts about the University:

Mr. President, the claim here presented for payment is thirty years old. Strange indeed, if this is an honest debt, why this claim has not been pressed long before it reached such a hoary age. But there may be some reason why this claim was not presented sooner. Probably the legatees were in such affluent circumstances they did not think of making collection. The times were flush when this so-called debt was made, or is alleged to have been made; and if the parties needed the pay for the alleged service, as the great majority of our people did, why was it not claimed then instead of waiting 30 years. Who was Prof. Brewer anyhow? To what State did he owe allegiance? Was he not a bird of evil omen that followed in the wake of a conquering army, preying upon the necessities of a defeated people, who were ground into the very dust of humiliation, and our people made drink to the very dregs the bitter cup. This was indeed a time of chaos; a time when the old order of things was reversed; a time when might made right. It was indeed a bayonet rule; with the tyrant Canby, headquarters in Charleston, S. C., with thousands of bayonets to enforce his will over the two Carolinas. He ruled with the will of a despot. By his orders these halls were filled with his pliant tools, many of whom could neither read nor write, and were governed

only by animal instinct. And, Mr. President, do not forget that 25,000 of the best men in North Carolina were disfranchised by the stroke of a pen, and the most illiterate and depraved were in control. This was the condition of things when the University was dismantled of her former glory by these camp-followers, and Prof. Brewer inducted into office. Did these people stop among us for patriotic purposes, or to satisfy their greed of gain. If for a good and noble purpose, why did they use the University buildings, those almost sacred buildings, dedicated to learning, for stabling their cattle? What would those grand men, who taught the youth of North Carolina, think, if they were cognizant of the uses to which those classic halls were subjected by this horde of vandals. Using those halls for stabling cattle! Great God, what a thought! The idea of the alma mater of President Polk, Hall, Morrison, Benton, Clingman, Graham and hundreds of bright luminaries, who were the peers of any men who have lived in this or any other age, used for cow stables! Oh what sacrilege, and then with what impudence they come and ask the State to pay the alleged debt?

Mr. President, I deny that we owe the debt. I do not deny but Mr. Brewer was employed as a teacher, but by whom? Was it by those who loved the Old North State? Nay verily, it was by those revolutionists, camp-followers, carpet-baggers, and the vilest of scalawags. In this time of chaos our entire State was in the clutches of this same gang. Our beloved mother, prostrate from a four years war, now in the fangs of this merciless horde, lay bleeding from every pore. A carnival of crime ran riot in every department, and as the moral thugs expressed it, "everything that was worth stealing was carried off." Now after 30 years they have the bold effrontery to ask the State to pay such a bill, as if it was an honest transaction.

The presentation of such a claim as this brings back to memory the terrors of a past age that we would gladly blot out if it were possible. This period is recorded as the blackest chapter in the history of North Carolina. During

the period this debt is alleged to have been made, the Legislature thought nothing of voting themselves \$7 per day, and sitting over 300 days in one session, nor did they stop at this, but passed wild-cat railroad charters, and issued millions and millions of bonds to build said roads, and scarcely a yard of railroad can say, "I owe my existence to twenty millions of bonds issued and squandered by this greedy horde, who like the unsatisfied daughters of the horse Leach cried 'give, give.'" We were in hopes that those who gnawed at the vitals of our old mother in those dark days following the war, would have slunk away into regions where they would have been forever forgotten, but it seems they have the brazen effrontery to again come to the front and present claims for which they have no right. Do they tell you who administered on the Brewer estate, and no doubt is to share in the proceeds of what they hope to get? Do they not tell you it is one A. W. Shaffer, an adventurer who stopped here from the Federal army, who at one time was in charge of the Freedmen's Bureau in Charlotte where he left a most unsavory memory behind him. And in later days tried to draw money from the State Treasury for building shell roads that he never built. I trust, Mr. President, there is not a Senator on this floor who will stand with folded arms and allow our State Treasury to be looted. What right have you to pay a claim that the State never incurred? Show by what authority the State is responsible. They will probably say the State controls the University and therefore is responsible for somebody employing seven professors to teach six little boys. Mr. President, if this line of reasoning is correct, we can say the State has control of all the people of the State, and is responsible for any debts they may contract. In this way I could present claims just as valid for medical service rendered hundreds of patients who have failed to requite me for such service. Away with such an idea, to rob the State through the forms of law! It is enough to make the average citizen stand aghast to see the tax money, that he

has earned by the sweat of his brow, used to pay trumped up claims the State has never endorsed. To hand out the funds of the State to satiate the greed of those who have no love for our Commonwealth, and to whom nothing is due, would be a crime so damning, when our Soldiers' Home is in such straightened circumstances, when we have not half enough room for the unfortunate deaf and dumb and blind and insane, a crime, I say, so damning, you would not dare to return to your constituents and say I voted your money away where it was not due and left your unfortunates to suffer.

Shall the children's bread be taken and given to dogs? This question was asked nearly 2,000 years ago, and is as pertinent now as it was then. We have about 60,000 children of school age, dependent on public schools for their education, and we have here persons pressing their way into the State's Treasury to rob the children of their only means of obtaining an education. Mr. President, when we contemplate such a scheme as this, the little ones committed to the care of the State for their education in the public schools, and their intellectual food squandered, how can we hope to escape the angry frowns and righteous indignation of an avenging Deity? Oh my country, my country, how hast thou been made to suffer that a few may be enriched at the expense of the children—the hope of the State. Every school in the State of whatever character, is to-day begging for help to strengthen their stakes and lengthen their cords to meet the requirements of the times; and here come claims to divert the funds wrung from our oppressed people, to educate the children and care for the unfortunates, to divert them to unholy purposes. I beg the Senators to think well before they go on record as taking the children's bread and giving it to the dogs. For heaven sake don't ease your conscience by saying the Legislature two years ago paid Solomon Pool's bill, and now should pay the Brewer bill. Two wrongs can never make a right. Not one dollar of the Pool debt should have been paid. Some of those who oppressed

our people in '67 seem anxious to repeat the same operations in '97. It is not my desire to open up old sores and expose the rottenness to public view, nor to 'call their sins to remembrance,' but to save the children's bread. We trusted that the claims of these land pirates had been buried forever out of sight under the accumulated weight of thirty years, but like Banquo's ghost, they will not down, but rise from their graves and attempt to push us from our seat.

The Bottom Rail Was on Top

From the enfranchisement of the negroes and the disfranchisement of all the best class of white people in 1866, we felt the tyrannical abuse of those who hated the South, in many ways that we never dreamed of before. The South was hard pressed for a year before the close of the war, but those were halcyon days compared with what we had to endure while the Yankee army held "the bottom rail on top." And it is a bitter pill we have to swallow when we are told that some ex-Confederates sold their birthright for Yankee gold. Future ages will produce historians, who will without passion, relate who acted the part of true patriots in those terrible years of reconstruction.

We started to tell the story of Tom Bobo, who belonged in slavery times to R. D. Alexander. Tom was his body servant, during his last sickness, which lasted for six months. This was in 1863, and Tom was in charge of the plantation until the fall of 1865, when the crops were gathered he moved off to be with his wife and children, in the northern part of Mecklenburg county. He was a rough carpenter, and found employment among the best class of white people. Politics soon became very warm; and the negroes were taught to believe their only true friends were the carpet-baggers and natives who were hand in glove with them. For a negro not to vote with his party, to belong to the Red Strings, was to invite the curses of his race and the hatred of the whites who allied themselves with them. Tom voted with the white men who employed him; he said it was not so much a matter of party, as it was a matter of bread and meat and clothing; the white people were good to him, and he would vote with them. The leading negroes told him he must vote with them or take the consequences. I saw him in August, 1872, at Lemley's election ground, sitting

on a log by himself, and Mr. J. A. Torrence and I went to him and said, "Tom, if you want to vote the Democratic ticket, we will see to it that you are protected in your rights;" he said, "I know you will protect me here, but who will protect me in my cabin?" Soon after this his house was rocked in the night, when he could not see who threw the stones.

The negroes were afraid to attack Tom openly, but would try it on the sly; they would encourage their children to impose upon Tom's children at school. Once this was carried too far. His children came home one evening crying, and said they had been beaten and called "white people's niggers," that they were "Democrat niggers." He could put up with abuse of himself, but could not suffer his children to be whipped for offenses they were not guilty of. He immediately called on the father of the children who had whipped his, and asked him to correct them for their misbehavior. Immediately the man seized a hand-spike and made at Tom, cursing him to get out of his yard; whereupon Tom shot him dead in his yard. He turned and went home, bid his family good-bye, called on one of his best friends and told him all, and asked him what he had better do. He told him "it is now after 9 o'clock, you go and secrete yourself in the woods and I will go to Charlotte tomorrow and consult some lawyers, and let you know to-morrow night." With this temporary arrangement Tom remained quiet for twenty-four hours. When the time expired Tom came up to hear his final doom. His friend was prepared to meet him. He told him, "I consulted with the ablest lawyers in Charlotte, and they advised—everything being under carpet-bag rule—that you leave the country, that there will be no chance for you when both judge and jury are instructed to condemn."

Tom received the news of what he was to expect calmly, and without any show of having acted too hastily. He immediately started for the eastern part of the State. Let us return to affairs in the upper part of Mecklenburg.

Application was made by the negroes for a warrant for the murderer, to the only justice of the peace in this section—a bitter partisan, he issued the warrant and deputized the most depraved negro in the county to execute it. He forthwith summoned a posse of fifty negroes to assist in the capture. On horseback and on foot they scoured the neighborhood, day and night, with every conceivable kind of arms, that kept many persons in a very excited state of mind, till Mr. J. W. Blythe went out and met the negro constable and asked to see the warrant he had; the negro exhibited his authority, which Mr. Blythe looked at and put in his pocket, dismissed the posse, ordered them home, and said he would call them out when he had need of them. Quiet was soon restored to the neighborhood, and Tom has never been in this section since. The next night after the homicide he started east, and we heard of him at work in Newbern; in October he visited in Paw Creek, where he met his wife and son; after staying a few days Deputy Sheriff Little sent him word to ‘git further,’ that the news was out where he was. I got several letters from him in Florida. The last I got from him was mailed on a steamboat on the Arkansas river. In it he sent his photograph to his wife, a kind of farewell, as he was elegantly dressed, wearing jewelry—a ring and gold watch, chain, etc. That was in 1874; I presume he took my advice and married another wife, and quit thinking about his family and North Carolina kinsfolk. He has never been heard from since. I merely wish to let the young people know that only a generation ago a negro did, not dare to vote contrary to the commands of his political masters. For many years after their freedom, they would not dare stay away from an election. They were counselled by white men who did not have the negro’s good at heart. To disfranchise the negro was the best thing ever done for him since freedom.

Time as an Enlightener.

It is a fearful thing to affect to know certain things, and then in after years find out to our eternal shame that it all was a cruel mistake. Take for an example the military (so-called) trial of Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Azterot, Wirz, and the condemnation of them before they were heard. I do not believe there is a level-headed man, who is honest in the sight of God, and will deal honestly with his fellow-man, but who will now say that it was a judicial, or rather I should say, a military, murder of those innocent persons. The high officials who acted as conspicuous a part said it was absolutely necessary to sacrifice some persons to appease the wrath of that party that pursued the defenders of the South with such diabolical hate. I have not mentioned these facts to "call their sins to remembrance," but to cause the young people to familiarize themselves with some things that help to make up the history of forty years ago; and to show our young people that these helpless victims of Radical hate were not guilty of crimes against the government.

This is an instance where the court did not know they had done justice. Who knows but what all such cases will have another hearing, where no hypocrite will be admitted as a witness before the Righteous Judge? Who knows but the sins of a nation will have to be answered for in the next world? Or will the leaders of the people be held accountable for the nation's misdeeds. There are a great many things we do not know. But wait and see.

THE EXECUTION OF DAVIS.

In 1863, when Sam Davis, the noted Confederate scout, was captured with all the valuable papers on his person, but did not have on a Federal uniform, was taken to the Yankee general, Dodge's headquarters and examined as to whom he got such information; he declined to tell.

Threats were made of a court-martial, death by hanging if tried, but tell who gave him the information and he should go free. In spite of all of this he refused to violate his promise. The general ordered the drum-head court-martial instantly; he was pronounced guilty and ordered to be executed by hanging. When the hour of execution arrived, a courier was seen spurring his horse. He rode up as the rope was being adjusted, and cried out to the prisoner: "It is not yet too late! Give the name of your informer, and life, liberty, and a safe escort to the Confederate lines are yours." Hear his reply, which was quick and decisive: "If I had a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all here before I would betray a friend or the confidence of my informer."

Then there was a sudden hush! The trap fell, and the glorious spirit of Sam Davis took its flight beyond the stars. That military court did not know it all, but it will have it to answer for some day—if the final day has not already come.

JACKSON'S VICTORIES UNDER-EMPHASIZED.

In many of our Southern papers I see many of the remarkable events of history put down—that may be correct; but Jackson's brilliant victories in the mountains of West Virginia in the spring of 1862 are almost ignored. Then comes the battles around Richmond, where McClelland was driven thirty miles, and not once is given a decisive victory to the Confederates. If the writer is not better informed, he had better quit giving out information—or everybody will know he is an ignoramus. Great Scott! I would like to see true history recorded—but by all means let it be true. I ask those who are competent to examine this and see for themselves. All that the South is anxious about, is the truth of history. I know it hurts, but we demand the truth.

A most remarkable instance in which the South was robbed of the presidency in 1876. I say the South, the Democratic party contending for what we had striven for.

Somuel J. Tilden was the Democratic candidate, and every honest man believed he was elected; but the Republican leaders were not willing to lose the fruits of their party, and they tried in various ways to strengthen their hold. At last they left the election to five members of the Senate, five members of the House of Representatives, and five of the Supreme Court, in all fifteen—seven Democrats and eight Republicans—to decide the great question of who was to be President. This committee revoked the election—that is, the Federal election—in South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, but did not have the opportunity to tamper with the election for State officers. It was necessary for the Radical party to have the electoral vote of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana to elect their man—Rutherford B. Hayes. Hence they arranged eight Republicans to seven Democrats. See! Where is the honest man in America who will say that Hayes was elected President in 1876? He was called the great fraud; his own party has ever since been ashamed of their work but dares not acknowledge it. A human being is a queer animal. I would rather have the reputation of Simpson Holbrooks, and repose in an unknown grave, than to have held the greatest office in America, tainted with fraud. When this celebrated committee was formed, it knew to a dead certainty that eight was sure to beat seven. It seems to me that the party—the party—must have known for two months previous that the committee were engaged to secure Hayes' election. The Republicans obeyed the behests of the party to the letter; and I suppose were well paid for it. This was such a plain case the people were not surprised that everybody saw through it.

THE CASE OF TYPHOID FEVER.

Dr. S. H. Dixon, of Charleston, S. C., was one of the great men of the world in his day. I heard him lecture on the practice of medicine in the winters of 1853-'54 and '54-'55. He said typhoid fever was produced by ochlisis, or crowd-poison. He said its proper place or nidus, was

the emigrant ships, the jails or the hospitals. The emigrant ships were crowded like sardines in a box; and the filth in those vessels was wonderful, hence a large part of the passengers, when they would land, were affected with fever. He said the first thing to do in typhoid fever was to better the patient's condition. Have him well washed (not simply bathed), put clean clothes on him, and put him in a clean bed; treat the case according to the symptoms, and be sure not to starve the patient to death. Dr. Dixon said: "I would want no better inscription on my tombstone than 'I fed fevers,' support the patient, don't let him die, and they will all get well." He believed the disease was self-limiting, and all the physicians had to do was to support the patient, and guard against any particular organ being attacked. By following the teaching of this great man, many hundreds of typhoid cases have been conducted safely through the disease.

But since his day many valuable discoveries have been made, but the record of the students of Dixon have not been improved upon, if we are to judge by the mortality of the last twenty years. In this line there is much to learn; they don't know it all by a jug full. A half century ago not one doctor in a hundred thought he knew it all, they were willing to learn anywhere and from anybody; but were not willing to swap a horse that was proved to be faithful, for one that did not give so good satisfaction. But every one to his hobby.

Things we do not Know.

Every age is somewhat peculiar to itself in many things; and so is this age peculiar in the wise men having made discoveries that are infallible, and consequently the discoveries of those who thought they knew were mistaken and are laughed at. Shakespeare, I believe it was who said, "every dog has his day."

The wise men of our day, or those who hold high position in this country, say that earth's only satellite is a burned-out planet; in plain English, the moon is no longer a live planet. If it is now dead, was it ever a living luminary? It seems to have been made about the same time the sun and the stars were set in their spheres. Six thousand years ago, or at least when the world was young, as Father Abraham and his nephew, Lot, were engaged in their pastoral pursuits in those eastern countries, where the flood of light was poured upon the plains by the moon and stars that no man could number; even at this early period when this goddess of beauty walked in loveliness through the heavens. Was the moon, in the early times of Sodom all the beauties of that eastern country, that were given over to the pleasures derived from lascivious living, a satellite then? If so, what is the difference now from what it was then? When Noah Webster was getting up that grand work of his, the Elementary Spelling Book, which started off in the march of learning many of the greatest minds the world ever saw—the moon was considered a great big green cheese; and even at this late day we see in the South's greatest paper, The Daily Observer, an advertiser showing a lady his goods represented by the full moon, the same now as it was six thousand years ago. The Master Architect of the world to palm off upon his creatures a played-out planet to rule the night, to enable the mariner to traverse the trackless ocean, to regulate the tides, their ebb and flow—away with the idea! When He made all things, He pronounced them very good.

There are a great many things in this world that we cannot comprehend, then why not say we do not know? It is more pleasing to our vanity to affect to know it all than come to a dead halt and say we don't know. Oh! but it hurts. But it will prove best in the long run to say we don't know it all.

It is strange that a dead planet should be able to exercise such an influence as it is said to have, not only on the vegetable world, but on the animal kingdom. Who ever engaged in saving tan bark and did not know that it peeled best in the light, or the two first quarters of the moon? What physician of ten years' practice who has not noticed that in long drawn out cases of tuberculosis or typhoid fever or other slow diseases, but enter upon the return to health, or pass on to that bourn from which there is no return, as the moon nears one of its quarters? This has been observed for a century.

Another notable effect is how quickly moonshine will cause fresh fish to become putrid. Is this only a "saying" of old fishermen? If so, why is the belief confined to fishermen, who are the parties most interested? They certainly ought to know. Then why attribute such powers to a planet that is burnt out, a dead planet?

I think it was in 1904 I spent several days in New Orleans, and the Confederate veterans were quartered in a large three-story building just across the street from the great grain and rice market, where the mosquitoes were plenty enough to hive, if only a contrivance to fasten them up, which we did not have. Here we slept, or tried to sleep, with a dozen electric lights burning. I was so eaten up with mosquitoes that I was sure I would have yellow fever. I had more than one bite to every square $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch of surface exposed while I slept in a sweltering night in June. At this time everybody was talking about the mosquito carrying the germs of the yellow fever from one person to another. Well, I was a credulous kind of a man, so I started for home in a great hurry, for I felt sure I

would have a desperate case of yellow fever. In the course of ten days the marks of the musical insects were all gone, and my health remained better than it had been for a long time.

The doctors said that I escaped by having the wrong kind to bite me. Maybe so, but I am sure I will not willingly submit to a hungry swarm again for an experiment. I am sure the doctors are like other people—they don't know it all. Sixty years ago a worthless fellow by the name of Hugh McCoy, who lived up on the Catawba ten or twelve miles northwest of Charlotte, was offered a quart of whiskey if he would strip naked and lie down among the peavines, without complaint, for fifteen minutes and let the mosquitoes bite him. He agreed to the proposition, "if they would keep the gallinippers off." This was agreed to, and in five minutes his body was black with the purveyors of the yellow fever germs. His time was nearly expired when one of his mischievous tormentors stuck the blade of a pen-knife through his skin, when he flinched and said, "There is a gallinipper on my left hip." He got his whiskey, but the yellow fever failed to show up.

Sixty years ago a large number of intelligent men were firmly persuaded that P. S. Ney, the Frenchman, who taught school in various places, was the veritable Marshal Ney, Napoleon's great lieutenant. Among those who believed him to be the "bravest of the brave" I would mention the name of Dr. W. B. McLean, who lived in Lincoln county, near Ney's school house; Gen. John A. Young, who was a pupil and afterwards lived in Charlotte for nearly half a century, Mr. J. L. Jetton, of this county and held important offices, was well known. He was a great admirer of P. S. Ney and believed that he was the great marshal of Napoleon. But now the young men of this generation appear to know that the great man, whose fame filled the world, never set foot upon the American continent. These young men remind me of General Sam Houston, just after he won the independence of Texas. A

big political meeting was called, and the subordinate officers were expatiating at a lively rate, when two Texas veterans jumped upon the platform and seized the old general and led him to the front, when he exclaimed, "Oh, my bleeding country! What darned smart young men."

By-Gone Modes of Worship

Last Sunday's observance brought to mind the way services were conducted when I was a boy. The worshiping of God appeared to my mind to be much more solemn in the long ago than now. The people were plain folk; when they assembled for worship they left off frivolity and seemed to have something higher in view. When they would rise Sunday morning it was expected that each member of the family would put on clean clothes and be prepared to spend the day either in public or private worship, reading the Scriptures and meditation. Every person was expected to attend church if able, if there was preaching on that day. Very few churches were able to employ a minister all of his time, but would unite with another church maybe ten or fifteen miles distant and one minister would often have as many as four congregations to serve. The people generally required their slaves to attend church, just as they required their children.

Sixty years ago Sunday schools were unknown in the country; at least, they were so uncommon that I had never heard of them. In the olden times everything that pertained to the church had to be conducted by the minister. Before the days of the Sunday school, the minister would hold in each neighborhood of his congregation a catechetical examination of the Bible—taking certain subjects for the lessons, of which the Shorter Catechism formed the principal part. All the families, parents and children, were expected to attend these biennial meetings. It was not uncommon for a large part of each congregation to be able to ask and answer the Shorter Catechism from the chief end of man to the Lord's Prayer.

From the first of April to November it was customary to have two sermons each Sunday. The rule was for services to begin promptly at half past 10 o'clock. If there were no babies to baptize, an interval would take place by half past 12, otherwise it would be 1 o'clock. The minis-

ter was not limited in his discourse, and frequently the sermon was very long; about an hour was the usual length, but often Dr. Cunningham would preach two hours, and always had it written out in full. After an interval of three-quarters of an hour we would have another discourse, which was also very lengthy, so that persons who lived five to eight miles distant barely had time to get home, have their stock attended to, get supper over, and get ready for bed. I remember we would retire early Sunday night, that we might get an early start Monday morning to our farm work.

Prayer-meetings were not held regularly, but only occasionally. A great deal of stress or attention was given to circulating the word when the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be celebrated—there were no daily papers then in the county to disseminate the news. It was the custom at that time to give notice four weeks in advance, so that everybody should know, and be ready to lay aside all work and attend this wonderful celebration of the death of the Son of Man, which was the Son of God. Services of preparation were begun on Thursday preceeding the Sabbath of communion. The preachers who were engaged to assist in the meeting would appear on the ground by Friday, if not on Thursday. Two sermons each day were expected, and everything was quiet, and great solemnity pervaded the entire congregation. Friday was looked on as fast day; no cooking or any work was done that could be avoided; the slaves had to wear clean clothes and go to meeting; this was an unwritten law.

On Friday and Saturday the "tokens" were distributed by the elders to the communicants, which entitled each one to a place at the communion table. Many middle-aged persons have never seen the tables used, or tokens given to admit one to the Lord's table. The times have been, only a few centuries ago, when the enemies of Christ would try to "spy out our liberties." The tables extended clear across the church, or along the aisles. The tables were about a foot wide, with a white linen cover,

and benches on each side, not more than a foot and a half high, for the communicants to sit upon while at the table. While the tables were being served with the elements—bread and wine—the tokens were collected and a minister “fenced” the tables, saying who should approach the Lord’s table. Each table would take from twenty minutes to half an hour. Sometimes there would be four to six tables; generally one or two of negroes. The slaves were not neglected.

These communion occasions were held in the spring and in the fall, while the weather was expected to be pleasant. The series of sermons were terrific; the week-day sermons and the Sunday afternoon discourses were full of terrors of the Law. I have heard strong men who were not Christians sob like children. The Sunday morning sermon was full of the mercies and love of God, but when the evening was come, it had the resemblance to what we supposed would be the fate of the damned. All the horrors of a lost soul in a world without hope were pictured in the most graphic colors. When the services were closed there was no talking and laughter between the young people as we now see in Charlotte; but every one went out softly, nor lingered about the doors, but went straight to their horses or conveyances, and started for home, with the judgments of an angry God ringing in their ears.

When home was reached and the necessary turns were done up, the negroes were called in to family prayers, and everything was finished for the night; and if I had forgotten to bring in the pine for kindling the fire, my hair would almost stand on end when I would have to go out for pine; it appeared as if the devil was in the dark, and I was always in danger whenever night came on.

I am satisfied the pendulum swung too far to the side of fear, and now swings too far on the side of love. A middle ground it appears would be about right.

All of the substantial men that were in charge of Hopewell’s affairs that I formerly knew, have passed away, and their children and grandchildren are now the old people. Rev. John Williamson was pastor when I was born, and he died in 1842, the only pastor who rests in Hopewell graveyard.

Facts About the Mormons.

There are 360,000 Mormons in the United States; 60,000 were added last year. Nearly all are in the free States. There are 1,700 missionaries now and all report success. Their increase is phenomenal and they say the time is fast approaching when they will rule the world, not only spiritually, but politically. A person on becoming a member takes an oath that Church and State must be united—become infallible—its mandates be believed and obeyed. The Mormon Church is communistic in principle, autocratic in government and its increasing strength is a menace to this republic because of its polygamous teachings. They believe the Lord appeared to Joseph Smith and gave him the "Golden Tablets" from which he translated the Mormon Bible, and that the Christian Bible has been changed so much that it caused the angel to come and give the true Bible. Polygamy is the foundation; if this is destroyed the entire structure falls, Congressman Cannon to the contrary notwithstanding, etc. They believe the State has no right to interfere with marriage, or to grant divorce; as marriage is for eternity. The practice of polygamy is only suspended in deference to the laws of the United States but is still a tennet of Mormon faith. It was done as a ruse to gain statehood. That they will abandon this "everlasting covenant," we have no reason to believe. Important Church ordinances are fulminated in the temple, which no Gentile has ever entered, and whose secrets are sacredly kept. No State power, nor the United States army could wrest the mysterious secrets from that well guarded granite edifice. All important papers and all secrets and mystic ceremonies are performed here. It is impossible to get legal testimony concerning matters pertaining to Mormon rights that they may wish to conceal. A Mormon denies the right of any power—except his own Church—to administer

an oath. He can swear a falsehood with impunity. It is a notable fact that the young men who are being advanced in the Church are becoming Polygamists. Polygamous husbands, they are taught, will become gods in the next world, in proportion to the number of wives, and the wives will become queens and rulers. Those with but one wife will simply be angels, or servants to the rulers. It is easy to see what a hold this alluring promise of power has over the ignorant mind; especially the ignorant class of Europeans which are generally imposed upon. It is reasonable to presume that such ignorant people, the refuse of Europe, would blindly obey these spiritual masters. The Church having paid their passage over here, they feel bound to obey all orders. By this means the Mormons hold the balance of power in Idaho, Arizona, and hope to control New Mexico in the near future, as soon as she is admitted to statehood.

Where they have a majority in any one State, they do not care to increase that number, but wish to gain a controlling influence in some other quarter. For this reason they are sending missionaries to the Eastern States and in the Southwest. Their priests are exceedingly zealous; all serve without "scrip or purse." The revenues of the Church are controlled by the few high officials, who are accountable to no other power. All members are required to give one-half of their gross incomes to the Church. Hence the powers they use with immigrants from Europe, and influence legislation at Washington: It is better organized than any political party. Each county is presided over by a president. The county is divided into wards, and these into precincts. Monthly reports are sent up to the ward bishops and to the elders and on to the president of the Church at Salt Lake. Where the people have done well, they are commended; where they have been disobedient they are punished and threatened with excommunication. This means not only social death, but death in the next world. This has a wonderful effect on their dull minds. The Church is foreign to our laws,

immoral, antagonistic to Christianity. It enslaves the mind, is subversive of liberty, and attempts to build up a theocracy in a republic. The Mormons have always been opposed to law insubordinate to the American government since their expulsion from Palmyra, N. Y. Polygamy was taught there by Joseph Smith; the founder of the sect, who was regarded as a "prophet." They were driven to Missouri, thence to Illinois, where "Prophet" Smith was killed in a mob. Brigham Young wrested the leadership from the Smith family, and led the way to the great Salt Lake valley where they founded a home, built a city and their great temple. Their original plan was to free the negroes in Texas and push straight for California; hold all the territory they could get, and at the first opportunity have a majority in Congress. But failing to realize this idea, they turned their attention to a "Western Empire." Steven A. Douglas advised them to push the Western empire idea, and so also did Governor Ford, of Illinois. In the meantime America had overrun Mexico and seized California; and the plans formed by the Mormons were frustrated in that direction.

The influx of gold seekers in California checkmated the idea the Mormons had of a grand empire on the Pacific coast. Their idea now turned to build up a government in Utah, as their great central point. The Church was never stronger, numerically or financially, than it is now, and is equally as aggressive as in former years. They keep a large number of missionaries in the field, and go in all directions. They believe it is their mission to rule the United States, unless checked by some authority. How shall this menacing power be controlled or suppressed? One cannot be disfranchised for his religious belief. And simply to believe in a multiplicity of wives, they make that a religious belief. True polygamy is unlawful, but the question is to prove it. This will fail so long as Mormons constitute the jury. No one is guilty of perjury who is sworn by a Gentile. Many Mormons for various reasons

do not practice polygamy, and yet believe in it. Such is the history of this militant theocracy. Its policy is the same now as it was when it defied the general government. It is wonderful to think what advances the Mormon Church has made since 1840, and what it may attain in the next half century.

The D. A. R.'s Historic Picnic.

Promptly at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Daughters of the American Revolution and their friends assembled at the residence of Mrs. H. Baruch, on East Avenue. Being quickly assigned to waiting vehicles they at once started for the picnic grounds. The drive over six miles of one of Mecklenburg's best roads was greatly enjoyed. The historic spot called McIntyre's farm was reached by 6:20 o'clock. There were already assembled some of the gentlemen from that neighborhood who were most familiar with its traditions, among them were Capt. Thomas Gluyas, Mr. Columbus McCoy, and Mr. John Hutchison. After conference the spot most appropriate for the marker was selected, and it was placed. It was made at Wilkes' foundry and is similar to the mile posts used in the county, save that it has a large gilded hornets' nest on it and the letters D. A. R. It is hoped in time to replace this by a granite boulder with proper inscription.

Dr. Howerton offered a beautiful prayer, after which Mrs. John Van Landingham, as vice regent of the Mecklenburg chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution cordially welcomed the guests and introduced the speaker for the occasion, Dr. J. B. Alexander, who said :

"September 25th, 1780, a report was current in the town of Charlotte that the British army were heading towards the town, with all that signifies. The county, as well as the country in general was divided between patriots and Tories; those who would defend their country and those who were opposed to the Americans achieving their independence. The patriots being warned, hastened to the county seat to meet the foe and give them a warm reception. The British made three successive attacks before the few Americans abandoned the field to the enemy, which was not until quite a number on both sides were killed or wounded. A severe engagement took place here,

judging from the number of graves that were made in the campus of Queen's College. But as this does not bear directly on this evening's programme, we will shift to another part of the field. It soon became necessary for the enemy to look around for supplies, their army being large—comparatively—and the inhabitants being sparsely settled over the country, made hunting supplies for so large a force rather a serious undertaking in a hostile country.

The British soon learned by experience that it was not only unsafe, but decidedly unhealthy to go foraging any distance from camp, unless they went in large numbers. After a few days' rest in their new quarters they determined on a foraging party up the Beatty's Ford road, having Major John Davidson's farm in view. But they were doomed never to reach the desired farm on the Catawba. They were aware of the fact that the county of Mecklenburg was more hostile to England than any other in America. No British commander could obtain any information in that county which would facilitate his designs or guide his future conduct.

“The testimony of an inveterate enemy—with the best means of knowing, remarks—‘the town and its environs abounded with inveterate enemies. The plantations in the neighborhood were small and uncultivated: the road narrow and crossed in every direction; and the whole face of the country covered with close and thick woods. In addition to these disadvantages, no estimation could be made of the sentiments of half the inhabitants of North Carolina while the royal army remained in Charlotte.’ Tarleton dwells at large upon the difficulty of obtaining provisions while he remained in Charlotte. He says, ‘The foraging parties were every day harassed by the inhabitants who did not remain at home to receive payment for the product of their plantations, but generally fired from covert places; to annoy the British detachments. Ineffectual attempts were made upon convoys coming from Camden and intermediate posts at Blair's Mills, but

individuals with expresses were frequently murdered. An attack was directed against the picket at Polk's Mill—afterwards Bize's Mills—two miles from town; The fire of his party, from a loopholed building adjoining the mill, repulsed the assailants. Notwithstanding the different checks and losses sustained by the militia of the district, they continued their hostilities with unenvied perseverance. The British troops were so effectually blockaded in their present position, that very few messengers ever reached Charlotte town, to give intelligence of Major Ferguson's situation. The commander in Charlotte—Lord Cornwallis—having heard of the abundant supply of grain and fodder that might be obtained from the rebel neighborhood, some seven miles from Charlotte on the Beatty's Ford road, sends out a force sufficient, as was supposed, to overawe the neighborhood—about 400—accompanied with sufficient train of baggage wagons to bring in the necessary supplies. A lad was plowing in a field by the roadside. Upon seeing the advance of the soldiers, he quickly mounted his horse to notify the neighbors that a foraging party was out. Of course the alarm was spread, and each one raised his rifle and made ready for the conflict. About a dozen assembled in squads of two or three, lay concealed in the bushes near the road, awaiting developments. While lying there they witnessed the advance of the British, the Dragoons dismount and tie their horses and slowly advance to the house, and now the plunder began in earnest.

“They at once began to load the wagons with forage, corn and oats. While this was doing the soldiers were running down and catching the poultry in the yard, killing pigs and calves. By accident, or on purpose, the beehives, which were ranged by the garden gate, were upset and the bees, becoming enraged, began to sting the soldiers; hence the scene became one of boisterous merriment. The commander—a florid Englishman standing in the door—enjoyed the scene. The neighbors approached in sight of the house, and were exasperated by the sport.

One of them said: 'Boys, I can't stand this—I take the captain. Every one choose his man and look to yourselves.' At the crack of the rifles, nine men and two horses lay upon the ground. The British formed a line of battle; the assailants shifted their position, and poured in another volley with such telling effect that they thought a wiser course would be to 'call off their dogs,' which they did after one dog was killed, and the others frightened off.

"The alarm became general, and the troops hastened their retreat, but the more distant neighbors had now got in, and the woods echoed on all sides with rifles and guns of concealed enemies. Some of the horses were shot down, blocking up the road, and the retreat became a scene of wild confusion, notwithstanding the British soldiers were noted for their training and their cool behavior when under fire. They returned to camp, under the belief that they were routed by a numerous foe, swearing that every bush on the road concealed a rebel. The men that brought about this retreat were well known in Mecklenburg. Major General George Graham, who was an active patriot in the Revolution, bore a conspicuous part in this noted skirmish and lived nearly half a century in the neighborhood, held many positions of public trust, and died with many honors and with the respect and esteem of all who knew him. I will also mention the name of Captain Francis Bradley, who was a citizen of this neighborhood, also did galliant service on this the 3rd of October, 1780. He was said to have been a very powerful man physically, and was both dreaded and feared by the Tories. In a few days after the fight at McIntyre's Branch, he met some Tories who were armed, and they murdered him in cold blood for the part he took in the fight at McIntyre's. His body was buried in Hopewell graveyard. He was a Mason of more than common prominence; judging from the hieroglyphics on his tombstone. The historic spot should be marked so that it will not fade from the memory of the posterity of those who participated in the war that resulted in American independence.

It is no longer to be wondered at that Cornwallis called Mecklenburg the 'hornet's nest,' and that he was unwilling to pay for supplies with so much English 'blood,' especially after he learned of the disaster of King's Mountain, but left at once and 'did not stand upon the order of his going.'

"But few Revolutionary marks are to be found in the county that tells of the war of American independence, but the skirmish of McIntyre's branch—where twelve Americans routed 400 British troops—should be so indelibly marked that it will be pointed out to generations yet unborn."

"At the conclusion of Dr. Alexander's speech, Capt. Gluyas was called upon and responded with a speech full of enthusiastic appreciation for our country's heroic deeds, and approbation of the effort made by the Daughters of the Revolution to perpetuate their memory.

A bountiful and delicious lunch was spread. The return drive was delightful, every one reaching home by 9:15—just ahead of the rain.

The occasion was 'a delightful one. . .Forty persons witnessed the setting of the marker, and its location has the sanction and authority of the president and members of the Historical Society, the Sons of the Revolution, the Daughters of the Revolution, the chairman of the county commissioners, and the men of the county most familiar with its traditions.

Mysteries of Superstition

Belief in that which is not real, that which is outside of nature, is more acceptable to the human mind than facts that can be demonstrated with absolute certainty. There is a natural propensity for the human mind to be superstitious. The idea that so impressed itself on the mind of the wife of Julius Caesar, that it would be dangerous for him to go the capitol during the Ides of March, has been called a presentment. The same may be said of the wife of Pontius Pilate, when Christ was arraigned before him in the judgment hall. Apparitions of this character have been recognized from the earliest dawn of history; but satisfactory explanations have not been attained. Some minds are more impressionable than others; hence, coming events cast their shadows before. The wonderful discoveries of Mr. Edison, in the last few years, make it reasonable for us to accept as true, whatever may be given out on the electric line. This marks the difference between the present and the time in which Gallileo lived. Then the rays of intelligence were so feeble they could not penetrate the ignorance that hung like a pall of death over the earth; now the great arc lights of science have inaugurated a new era by dispelling this gross ignorance that covered the world, and there is no longer any danger of an advanced thinker being locked up in a mad house for giving expressions to thoughts and opinions unheard of by the multitude.

How a presentment is formulated, or how it takes hold of the mind, or the mind is impressed so vividly as to develop a faith that nothing can shake, we cannot explain. But we know these things have occurred so frequently, and have been substantiated by reliable persons, that there is no room left for doubt. In the battle of Hanover Court House, in 1862, a private in Co. I, Thirty-seventh North Carolina Regiment, asked his captain (the late M.

N. Hart) to take charge of some little things he had in his pocket, as he knew he would be killed in a few minutes. The captain told him he had as good chance to escape as any one else, and to do his duty. The soldier replied: "Watch me, no man will fight more bravely, but I know I will be killed in less than ten minutes." While the captain was urging his men forward, he saw this man fall dead with a bullet in his heart. There may be a difference between superstition and presentment, but they are so closely allied they may both be classed as psychic aberrations.

Superstitions are contagious, and strongly hereditary. The most learned, as well as their opposites, are alike subject to superstitious influences. The Caucasian and African are alike susceptible, but the African is influenced to a greater degree. The Caucasian is more subject to presentment, that is, his mind responds more promptly to psychic intelligence, than does the more stolid races; and probably gives as much or more heed to this quasi electric, or psychic intelligence, than the inferior races do to their superstition.

Ignorance and superstition have always been classed together in the various races; those possessing superior intellectuality dominating the inferior. Persons deeply influenced by this occult spiritualism are always narrow-minded, suspicious of their associates, and are not to be trusted in carrying out great enterprises. To be freed from this baneful influence, requires more than mental training; the affections, morals, heart culture, must have a prominent place as elevating principles to free the mind from a hereditary taint of so enthralling a character. Different people are differently affected, both in kind and degree. Very few persons will admit that they are at all influenced by this subtle agency, even when every one else discerns it.

The following story illustrates a case of this character: A carpenter who considered life but a huge joke, was frequently called on in the country to make coffins for

negroes, and as a general rule was paid a very little pittance for his work; and in consequence of this, or his inherent love of fun, he considered it some remuneration to make gruesome remarks about the negro's future state and occupation, how many times he would visit his former haunts, what paths he would walk, and what forms he would assume, etc. Some years ago he was called to make a coffin for a noted blacksmith, by the name of Nat. Caldwell. Having been quite popular in his life-time, several negroes hung around the shop where the carpenter was building the long and narrow house for Nat's body, and were anxious to hear what the coffin maker would have to say; and while putting up the job, he was as usual very profuse in his remarks as to the forms in which Nat. would appear while making his posthumous visits.

After finishing Nat.'s coffin and seeing it taken off in a great hurry to get through with the burial before dark, the carpenter, being tired, seated himself on the porch of the gentleman's house where he had been called to do the work, awaited supper to which he had been kindly invited; chatted away pleasantly until 9 o'clock, when he concluded it was time for him to strike out for home, some two miles distant. He was familiar with the path through the woods he would have to travel, but he felt a little lonesome, probably on account of the talk he had engaged in with regard to Nat's future pilgrimages, and missing his little fice dog that failed to start with him on his homeward trip, added to his loneliness. He trudged along in uninterrupted silence for two-thirds of the way, until he came to an open place by the side of the path—the moon giving a pretty good light, although fleecy clouds intervened; here he was startled by an apparition that made his hair stand on end, and icy streams to chase each other up and down his spine. To his startled vision he was horrified to see Nat. Caldwell, the dead negro, standing in his shroud not a rod from him, with both arms extended as if inviting him into his cold embrace. He did not stop to reason, or ask, "whence came you?" but intuitively

quicken his pace, believing discretion the better part of valor; he soon broke into a fast trot, the perspiration pouring forth from every pore; and to add more terror to his fright, he heard regular jumps behind him in the dry oak leaves; he did not dare to look back for the cause, as he felt sure Nat. was gaining on him at every step. When the climax was approaching, he stubbled his toe and fell sprawling in the path. His little dog that had missed him at the start, and had been jumping in the leaves behind him trying to catch up, now stopped at his side; and when he perceived his true condition, he exclaimed in a relieved and happy state of mind: "What a damn fool I've been!" A persimmon bush eight feet high, bare of leaves, wrapped up with spider webs, and the peculiar light of an autumn moon, very readily reflected on his excited imagination the idea he had conjured up, that Nat. should pay him a visit. We are not informed whether the blacksmith ever repeated his visits or not. A close investigation by those who have been privileged to see these preternatural sights or apparitions, would dispel the idea of ghosts or perambulating spirits, and do much to relieve the human mind of superstition. But some of the most highly educated and refined, even some ministers of the Gospel, are made nervous and uncomfortable if a rabbit crosses their path in front of them. Yet they are firm believers in the efficacy of the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit to ward off evil and bring good luck." As a general rule when these uncanny sights are seen, only one person is present, and being alone, he lacks self-confidence, if not really afraid to make the investigation necessary to clear up the mystery, and the person retires almost persuaded the phantom is real, and by the time he has related the story half a dozen times, he believes it is really true. But I refer to those persons who receive an unexpected communication, and are so impressed with the reality of the message or vision, they know in their inmost soul it is true. This may be classed under the head of telepathy, if you please, but furnishing a name for this

occult mystery does not in the least help us to understand the rationale. Hence, we are naturally lead to ask the question, "Is it possible for one person to communicate with another—a long distance intervening, without ostensible means of transmitting messages?" We are living in an age in which it is scarcely safe to deny any assertion that may be made; yet there is so much perversity in our nature we do not care to admit that which is contrary to both reason and common sense. The future is pregnant with most wonderful events "that we have never dreamed of in our philosophy." For the last score of years it has been almost impossible for the ordinary citizen to keep up with the line of discoveries; they have crowded each other so rapidly we stand in astonishment as they are unfolded. As we cannot fully understand what has passed, we can only patiently await future developments. We now live faster than in any preceding age. We take in more in a score of years than Methuselah did in his life of many centuries.

The divine right of Kings, once held sacred and exercised with such potency, is now obsolete in all civilized countries, and the slavish fear that permitted its sway, has given way to more rational thought, and the great common people have become educated and can no longer be ruled by priest-craft, or cajoled by political demagogues. In the last two decades, a universal state of unrest, amongst the great common people, such as the world has never before witnessed, conditions that baffle the wisest statesmen and the most profound philosophers, to satisfactorily explain, seems to have taken permanent possession of the minds of the people. The age in which we live will not allow us to attribute this phenomenal condition to superstition; we do not know enough of telepathy to attribute it to spiritualistic forces; so we may be forced—for the present at least—to put in the plea of agnosticism. But we do know that strikes in the great cities and dense-populated sections of the country are but the ebullition of this anamalous condition of unrest.

The distribution of money in large quantities during heated political struggles between monied candidates, acts as a local political anaesthetic; the purchasable element, which more than holds the balance of power, is kept quiet by liberal gifts of money and fair promises of position for political services; but this is only temporary, leaving the the populace so debauched they are unfit to exercise the right of ballot, and should be held as political criminals, never again to be trusted with the right of the elective franchise, the dearest right of citizenship. And the same rule should be applied to all candidates winning offices of trust or emolument who are elected by the bribe system. A tariff law may be enacted that will bring in large revenues to support the government, at the same time raising prices on all manufactured articles, making a false show of prosperity, and covering up for a little while the fires of discontent, while the real cause of trouble is growing broader and deeper like a phagidemic ulcer, that cannot be cured with palliatives. A drought of currency, which has caused starvation prices and filled the country with tramps, can only be remedied by largely increasing the volume of the circulating medium. The merest tyro should be able to understand enough of political economy to know that if prices are raised by increasing tariff rates, the volume of money should be increased to meet the legitimate demands of the trade.

When the great multitude is quiet, calm and serene, conservatism keeps everything in statu quo and all progress is blocked, and stagnation is in every line of industry. Whether this unrest is due to scientific attainments, or the wonderful discoveries and inventions, or are due to universal unrest, we are not prepared to say. Propter hoc vel post hoc? All persons engaged in the study of dynamics, psychology, telepathy, chemistry and theology, are on tip-toe of expectancy, believing that most wonderful phenomena, maybe spiritual, is about to burst upon the world. The world is being rapidly prepared for startling discoveries; whether to wind up business for all time,

or the establishment of a dispensation for the betterment of the great mass of humanity, we cannot tell. We only know that God reigns, and will do whatever is best for his creatures. How it has been for 2,000 years with the devotees, worshippers of the true God. They have apparently not given equal honor to the third person of the Trinity, and for the last few years—less than a decade—the whole world appears to inscribe superior praise to the Spirit. No branch of the Church claims special revelation of God's will since the days of the Apostles. Yet it is wonderfully strange that the most devoted Christians of all the past ages—many of whom suffered death for their faith in Christ—did not give (knowingly) superior praise to the third person in the godhead, but now superior praise is awarded simultaneously by all the Churches of all Evangelical denominations. Many persons express themselves hopeful that they will not have to pass through the grave (that the coming of the Lord is so near at hand) they will be caught up in the air to meet Jesus as He comes the second time. Every move on the checkerboard of life points to something far beyond the ordinary course of events; and men are everywhere casting in their minds what startling things are in store for us, for our weal or woe. Let us watch, not out of idle curiosity, but as those who must give account.

The Matter of Microbes.

In the winter of 1854 and '55, I heard Doctor S. H. Dickson, of Charleston, S. C., arguing the cause of consumption, and he said, "I dare not say that even consumption is not contagious." At that period of time a microbe was unknown. It is a wonder that Jenner's discovery that vaccine matter when introduced into the system of human subject, rendered the person immune so far as the loathsome disease of small pox was concerned; strange that it did not occur to the mind of some of those great men like Hunter, Richard or Simpson, of London, and Edinburg, or the many celebrities of America who flourished a century and a half ago, to inquire if there was not a living germs that propogated the disease of the mind that incapacitated many eminent persons from performing duties that were expected of them.

If it was too early in our then existing state of civilization to discover why so many diseases were contagious, I presume it should be no wonder why the infinite epible microbe—if there is such thing—should have remained undiscovered as an unknown quantity; and of course no attempt was made to prevent one person from contracting the disease from another. But I have known, sixty years ago, great fear to fall upon an entire neighborhood from a few cases of typhoid fever; and also from erysipelas when they were endemic, and not contagious, or only contingently so.

In this age of advanced thought, when discoveries are made in unlooked for ways, what has the alienist done to alleviate the disorders of the mind, or rather I should say, to prevent a disturbance of the functions of the brain. When the brain has not been injured by disease or some outside cause that perverts the equilibrium of the cerebral centres, that we see our asylums filled to overflowing, then what is the cause of so much insanity, especially in

the last fifty years? Is it hereditary in the true sense of the word? We say in the majority of white people, yes. I do not allude to idiocy; that form of lunacy may show itself as unexpectedly in children at least, as epilepsy, from an injury to the head, or come on without any known cause. In fact I have never known a case that was traceable to a hereditary taint in the previous history of the family.

I will give a well-marked case of insanity that was hereditary beyond a doubt, that can be traced back for 150 years; and this family possessed great brilliancy of intellect. A gentleman of fine ability married a woman of equal calibre in 1760, and they produced a family of children of exceedingly bright minds; a girl, when 18 years old, suddenly became demented, and it proved her delight to repeat page after page of Juvenal, Virgil or of Homer. She lived in this condition till she was 30 years old, and then passed away as a meteor flashing through the sky. She had a brother who was a minister of the Gospel. He preached 10 or fifteen years, was married to an excellent woman, who was blessed with common sense, had three children, when his mental functions became disordered; so that it was considered best (no hospitals for the insane were then in use) for the wife and children to return to her own people, and his brothers furnished a home for him. He lived in this condition, a perfect mental wreck for 35 years. His three children were strong and healthy, and exceedingly bright mentally. A son mastered the Latin grammar in one week's time, when the teacher sent him home with a letter to his mother to put him to work on the farm and not let him go to school any more.

Does not this look like the disease is handed down from father to son? Push the inquiry still further: when this youth had grown to be a man of 50 years, his mind became seriously clouded with melancholia and remained so for two or three years; and during this time of mental cloudiness a child was born to him, that was a hopeless

idiot, but fortunately only lived a few years. During all this time his bodily health appeared perfectly good. Then where lay the germs of insanity if the body was sound and healthy?

Another brother, who was two years younger, was healthy and sound in both mind and body, till he was 65 or 70 years old, then "his mind was troubled with thick coming fancies that kept him from his rest." He was impressed with the idea that everything was governed by signs, and he mingled these in conversation with his friends, but he was a man of most capable sense, of extensive reading, and of fine judgment. It may be well to state that he was a slave to the use of tobacco, the only vice to which he was addicted. In the last years of his life the court appointed a guardian to manage his estate. This is the first, second, third and fourth generations of a family well learned and educated and of robust physical health. And from their physical stamina the mental ailment could not be laid to bodily disease; therefore there must have been a morbid origin, or a kind of microbe that lighted up the fires of mental diseases in these splendid specimens of humanity that I have tried to portray.

When such strides have been made in the advancement of medical science it is strange that no progress, or but little, has been made in warding off this incubus of the mind that has been casting its sombre shade over the brightest intellects in the human race. In this wonderful age of discovery, will not some one answer *McBeth's* query propounded to the doctor about *Lady McBeth's* disease, "canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, raze out the written troubles of the brain, and with some sweet oblivious antidote cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart?" Then comes back the old, old answer, "Therein the patient must minister to himself?" Yet we still look for relief in the future.

The negro race were singularly exempt from pulmonary affections, and from diseases of the mind, while in a

state of slavery. Since their freedom they are as subject to phthisis in all its forms as the Caucasian, and yield to its attacks more promptly; I have never known a case to recover. I never saw a case of insanity in a negro in time of slavery. I saw one who was so feeble-minded that he was not required to labor as others on the plantation, but he showed no signs of insanity. Since freedom was thrust upon them they appear to have all the the aptitude of insane persons running back through many generations. We have a large insane asylum built in Goldsboro for the accommodation of the afflicted of that race; something that was unthought of and uncalled for during the days when the negro was cared for by the master, and he enjoyed life as one of the children of the homestead. But it has preyed upon the Caucasian race since the earliest dawn of history. And is there to be no discovery found out to counteract this wonderful destroyer of the human intellect, that raises man almost on a plane with Deity? Near two thousand years ago when the Man of Galilee was upon earth doing good to the people of every class, he met with many persons who were lunatics, and by His divine power he healed them. We have no certain date anterior to that date, when people became "bereft of reason," save a few are mentioned in the Old Testament.

But with the wonderful advances made in the domain of medicine we have a right to look for help in this fearful malady. We are now living in the most wonderful age the world ever saw or passed through. Many diseases that were accompanied with terror and dismay have been shorn of their virulence and fatality, which gives us some rays of hope that disorders of the mind will be rendered amenable to treatment, if not banished from the list of incurable affections.

Harrison Campaign of 1840.

What a queer thing the memory is. We cannot understand it. Little things that we said or did in our childhood that were of no consequence to us are firmly impressed on the tablets of the mind so that age nor insanity can remove them. As an example, I will state a case. In 1835 Joe McKnitt Alexander moved to Alabama, and my parents went to see his family off, leaving the three children at home. I remember meeting them at the gate. They were riding in the gig and had a child's high armchair fastened on behind—the chair for me. At this time I was about 16 months old. I am aware that marvelous tales are told about early recollections, but except this one about the chair, I lay claim to nothing beyond the ordinary until I commenced going to school to Wm. Flinn, in 1841, save the Harrison campaign of 1840. I presume there never was a more exciting campaign in America. The great offices of the government had been in the hands of the Democratic party so long that many persons of that party thought they had an inherent right to distribute to their friends all the fat places, both of State and Federal government. In fact, they became very insolent.

A few years before this General Jackson had quashed the United States Bank, the States were mostly plunged into bankruptcy, persons who were rich but a little while ago were bankrupt now. A law was passed allowing a man the benefit of a certain act, and all his liabilities were cancelled. To take the benefit of "the bankrupt law" was considered very discreditable. Many people surrendered everything but honor; some run off their negroes to another State. The finances of the country were in a deplorable condition. No charge of a damaging character had been brought against the Whig party, and now was their chance to win. North Carolina's greatest men were Whigs—George E. Badger, Wiley P. Mangum, W. A. Graham and

John M. Morehead—with many younger men, all of whom displayed talents of the highest order and were anxious to enter the political arena. The time was fully come for them to break a lance with their political enemies. The Whigs were wise in their selection of a standard-bearer. Gen. William Henry Harrison had been a successful warrior in fighting the Indians and making a most lasting peace. Harrison was emphatically the people's man. Born of humble parents, he could refer back to the time he lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider.

The campaign in 1840 was demagogical in the extreme. The people at large were enthused as never before. The battle of Tippecanoe was the great victory that was ascribed to his powers. John Tyler was nominated for the vice-presidency with Gen. Harrison, and probably so much enthusiasm was never before or since gotten up for any candidate. The country was swept with a wild craze like a prairie on fire. The great slogan, or party cry, was "Tippecane and Tyler-too." All over the country a neat little cabin, representing the house Harrison was born in, was hauled around on a wagon. It had coon skins tacked on the gable ends, representing that everything was saved or utilized for family use, for caps or clothing. Also on the same wagon was a barrel of hard cider, with a drinking gourd hanging on a peg, driven into the barrel. Some of the men were so full of enthusiasm (and hard cider) that they would sit up and sing campaign songs all night.

It is said that in one of the Northwestern States the great statesmen, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, the giants of the Whig party, were invited to address a large meeting of Harrison's followers. One of them spoke in the morning and the other in the after part of the day, and it was nearly sundown when he finished. The whole crowd arose to start for their homes, when a young man came forward—Sargent Prentiss—and in a loud voice said: "I wish to detain you but a moment." He found that he had attracted their attention and he began his speech by saying: "Whether I stand upon the lakes of the cold

Northern climate, or upon the Gulf of Mexico on Southern waters, or upon the banks of the Mississippi, the father of waters, I still call you by that endearing name, fellow citizens." The vast multitude were so enraptured with his first sentences that they gradually assumed their seats, and were so overpowered by his eloquence that daylight had faded away and the stars were shining brightly before the audience were aware of the flight of time.

All over this country did the Harrison campaign sweep like a prairie on fire. It was the first time in many years that the Whig party was triumphant. Gen. Harrison lived but one month to enjoy the great victory. John Tyler, the Vice President, took his place and turned over all to the Democrats. This caused bitter feeling by the entire Whig party, that created much unfriendly feeling between the two parties, which lasted for 20 years. The feeling was so deep-rooted that young men hesitated about paying their addresses to ladies whose parents were of the opposite party. I have often heard men say: "Mr. Jones is a very clever fellow, but he is such an uncompromising Democrat, or he is such a bitter Whig." During the days of Reconstruction, and for several years after that never-to-be-forgotten time, a true Southerner would not appear in company with a radical Republican who turned his back on the South and graciously smiled upon the robbers of our country. This is the blackest page of the country's history. As I have a chapter prepared on the reconstruction I will not say more at this stage, but refer the reader to the special pages devoted to that subject.

In the good old days before the war election day for State and county officers was held on the first Thursday in August. And it was also an unwritten law that everybody after having voted should return home and sow their turnip seed. Whether good luck, or a charm, or it was the proper time, or the seed were more apt to come up, or the hot canvass was expected to help force the turnips, it became the general rule to sow turnips on election day.

During the month previous the various candidates had

traveled over the county, discussed the various political questions, were scrupulously polite to the voters' wives and daughters, kissed all the babies that were presented, praised their good looks and never failed to point out how much such a one looked like Governor Graham, Governor Morehead or Senator Badger, or whatever would please the ladies. Get the women all right, and they felt sure of getting their husbands' votes. Ever since the elective franchise was trusted to the people the would-be leaders have found it necessary to ply the arts of the demagogue. Before the common poor people—those who did not own 250 acres of land, or a house and lot worth \$300—were permitted to vote for State Senator (I think in 1854) the vote was very close in Mecklenburg county. If I remember rightly, Capt. John Walker's majority over Gen. John A. Young was but 20 votes, in 1856. In a canvass at that time only the supporters of a candidate would invite him to partake of their hospitality. The lines were clearly drawn and were seldom crossed, even in social intercourse. Three things a Southern gentleman would never submit to be tampered with—his wife, his religion, or his politics.

In those early days—when the great common people began to vote for State Senator—I remember of a very good man going to the leader of the Democratic party to ask permission to cast a complimentary vote for a Whig, who was a personal friend and his neighbor. The great leader replied: "Yes, yes; go along and vote for your friend and neighbor. We will have votes enough to spare one for your friend." Fifty years ago party lines were held very tight and men were loyal to party, and I have no doubt thought they were patriotic. But they were not independent; they were slaves to their party. People are so constituted that two parties are necessary, to act as a balance wheel, to hold a check rein, that the government does not run into excess. From 1865 to 1872 we had a terrible time when the majority of those who were permitted to exercise the elective franchise were compelled to vote the Republican ticket. Let the people of North Carolina never forget that not a public school was taught in the State for seven years. Why? The State was bankrupt in order that a horde of thieves might thrive upon the misfortunes of the State. Let the children learn the truth of history.

Chloroform

The physicians and surgeons of the present day have an easy time to relieve pain and administer to the necessities of the suffering, to what the fathers of the profession had to contend with. Think how inadequate would be now the armamentarium of former times. The invaluable jug of whiskey steadied the nerves of the doctor and enabled the patient to undergo the severest of operations. Many capital operations were successfully performed with nothing to dull the keenest pain but opium and whiskey. The germs, or the theory of their destructive work, was not explained until the last third of the nineteenth century. Healing by the "first intention" was always desired, but no antiseptic was known, or dreamed of until after the civil war. Many a good soldier died from a slight wound, which literally drained him to death by suppuration. Water was not used as freely as it might have been.

But I started out to write about drawbacks in the early years of the century before the discovery of anaesthetics.

The human body is like a harp of a thousand strings, but strange it stays in tune so long, when the slightest cause will destroy its harmony. The human body is so interwoven with nervous filaments that the simplest wound cannot be inflicted without pain as the result. How poor suffering humanity must have suffered when a surgical operation had to be performed, with nothing to relieve pain but opium, or render the patient more or less insensible from the effects of whiskey. The very excellent operations that are now performed, especially in abdominal surgery, would be exceedingly difficult if not impossible before the discovery of ether. Some Lethian antidote for pain had been searched for a thousand years before Sympson, of Edinborough, proclaimed to suffering humanity that the great boon had been found. Anaesthetics were looked for and prayed for, yet for ages the sufferer had to bear the

pain, with no antidote, or to relieve the pain only by dulling sensibility, as with an opiate, or load up the patient with alcoholic stimulants. But this age of agony in an operation is happily passed, and the terror of cutting into the quivering flesh no longer preys on the mind; but now the patient can take his place upon the table with feeling akin to him who draws the drapery of his couch around him as preparatory to pleasure dreams. The discovery of sulphuric ether was made by American physicians, and Sympson, a Scottish physician, discovered chloroform about the same time in 1846. They conferred on suffering humanity the greatest boon that was possible. This is one of the grandest monuments that commemorates the nineteenth century. Like the great discoveries of the century, we wonder with astonishment how pain was endured during painful and severe operations by the surgeon, or how the surgeon operated with success when the flesh was quivering with pain. It matters not where the pain is located, whether from toothache, as Burns calls it, "that hell of all diseases," or gout in the feet, or any ailment between those points, it is equally efficacious. The pains of childbearing are overcome, and the curse pronounced for yielding to Satan's temptation, is almost forgotten with the aid of anaesthetics. Reasoning from analogy, we would naturally infer that a battlefield, in the first half of the last century, was enough to make the most hardened surgeon quail to render the relief to the wounded. In the early days of the republic, the battlefields fortunately were small affairs—hardly ever numbering more wounded and killed than 50 to 500; but we have seen in 1861-'65, battlefields that would extend for miles, leaving upon the ground from 500 to 20,000. Here our greatest relief was chloroform, and I am thankful to say we had it in abundance. We were often hard run for almost everything else, but we were blest with that great reliever of pain. Nothing affords so prompt relief as chloroform, in the passing of billiary calculi from the gall bladder into the intestine; a difficult and painful passage. So also in renal colic, and the passage of gravel; but these affections are so often relieved in this way, that I need hardly mention a painful affection, but chloroform suggests itself.

The Famine of 1846-'47 in Ireland

The word "famine" is always shrouded with the darkest and direst forebodings, and is accompanied with that which sends a chill of horror, not only through the nervous system of the individual, but touches a chord of sympathy that affects the whole human race. In 1846-'47, the most disastrous famine that ever visited a civilized people, fell upon the Irish people. They had been able to endure war, plunder, robbery and bloodshed; this was done by their enemies, and could be met by a spirit of revenge; they were overpowered but not subdued. They had fought for and against almost every nation on earth; but famine crushed every hope; no such catastrophe had ever befallen them. The failure of their great crop, the Irish potato, was accompanied with famine, and pestilence; woe and death swept frightfully over the land. The great suffering appealed to all nations, and the appeal did not go unheeded. When the tale of horror of the famine, and the suffering that was bound to follow, was borne across the Atlantic, and excited the generosity of America, notwithstanding the United States were plunging into war at the time with Mexico, the ear of the whole country was open to the cry of distress. And without waiting to count the cost, or thinking it an opportune time to suspend preparations for making an attack upon an avowed and insolent enemy, man-of-war, weighted down with instruments of warfare and destruction, came into a New England port and unloaded her armament; and there took on more than she was guaranteed to carry of bread stuff for the starving Irish. A ship of war was converted into a ship of peace, and laden with free gifts for the suffering and dying. A national scourge was upon the entire Irish people; and disease added much towards drawing the black pall of destitution over the stricken people. Ghastly scenes were to be seen on every side; where hospital accommoda-

tions were gotten ready for one thousand in need of help, four thousand would apply for relief. Many died in the streets, unable to get back to the wretched abodes they called home. But we are rejoiced to know that the American people, though pressed with a war with Mexico, had a sympathy for suffering humanity, even beyond the seas.

One of the most ghastly—not to say revolting scenes—is reported of a baby, sick and starving, lying beside its mother, who had been dead for two days, and the child rapidly sinking into unconsciousness. But a more distressing object still, was that of a sick mother, beside whom lay a child dead, for 24 hours previous, two others lying close by just expiring; and to add to the horrors of the sight, a famished cat got upon the bed to gnaw at the body of a dead infant. This was indeed heart-rending.

In the mountains of Kilworth there was a population of nearly 10,000, and over 7,000 of these had to be fed by the hand of charity. No wonder the world was anxious to forget past differences, and extend the helping hand of charity. I am glad to say that America, although an offshoot of Great Britain, and having suffered much at her hands, fitted out vessels of great size laden with the staff of life, as a free gift to the suffering subjects of England. These were furnished by the ship load—of everything that a starving people could want. An American war vessel was to cruise up the Irish channel, but it is on a cruise of mercy. Though a “vessel of wrath,” fitted for the work of destruction, she has been disarmed, and converted into a ministering messenger to the destitute.

America’s gift was a blessing indeed, and given at a most opportune time. The British Parliament gave \$50,000,000 to relieve the sufferings and horrors of the Irish people. The world does not know, and will never know the number who perished from hunger and famine in those years of 1846 and 1847. Neither will it be known the number saved by the hand of charity.

The Subject of Longevity.

Quite a good deal is now being said about lengthening the span of human life; I believe physiologists already agree that the average of human life covers more years than it did a century or two ago. I do not know that this is true ; but I know that the physical stamina of the people, of the great mass, has fallen behind what it was 40 years ago. If the vigor of the race is on the decline, is there any probability of a halt being called, or will it continue till our people become inefficient to perform the labors that the times are calling for? In the last 40 years the most gigantic labors the world ever saw are being planned and we have a right to believe will be carried to completion in the next decade. Less than 40 years ago the Atlantic cable was laid from New York to England ; since then the whole world has been girdled with telegraph wire, so that we can now read whatever has taken place in the civilized world before breakfast each day. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be united, so that the great ships will be saved thousands of miles in traveling from the various ports where they may have business, either mercantile, or defending the interests of the country.

The times have been—centuries ago—when a life-time covered hundreds of years, and no perceptible change would be made in the civilization of the world. One hundred years ago, the knowing ones, or those who thought out intricate problems, could see the dim outline in the change of the civilization approaching. The Frenchman had already concluded that wonderful powers of steam were about to burst upon the astonished vision of the world. His dream was so far ahead of the world's advancement, he was thrown into prison as a madman. But before the nineteenth century was eight years old a steamboat was displaying the power of steam ; exemplifying what the poor Frenchman unfortunately was judged insane

for talking about. In a little more than 20 years it was a fixed fact that we were to have steam engines to draw trains of cars along the public highways. Then in another decade it was discovered that coal could be burned in a furnace, and in 1841 ships crossed the ocean by the power of steam. Since then it has been difficult to keep up with the advance of civilization.

A person saw more in ten years, or lived faster, than his progenitors would pass through in 100 years a century ago.

We now come to a time when a person may live too long to please those who come after them. This may be a touchy point to some people, but they may as well look the matter squarely in the face at once, as to have it thrust upon them when they are not prepared to have it made known.

A preacher having a desirable charge, a large congregation, rich and fashionable people, paying a princely salary, and everything moves as pleasantly as a May morning; he is regarded as having an easy berth, his work is considered light by those who are unfortunate enough to have a country church, in the midst of bad roads and a weak charge. He is watched very closely by those not so well settled; and as his natural force weakens, and he begins to tire his hearers through age and infirmity, his people would be easily reconciled to a dispensation of Providence that would call him home to enjoy his reward. Yes, people some times live too long. Our statesmen often die in office—literally wear out, when other aspirants are most anxious for their places. I have not a word to say about the lawyers and doctors, who are so numerous, but I doubt very much if they would be sorely grieved if they had to bury one who enjoyed a large and lucrative practice.

Yes we have seen some people who lived too long to please their kin. They were raised up under a regime that is past, they are called old timey, and the rushers of the new fangled ways get tired of their old ways, and

wish they were at rest. I once heard a handsome middle-aged woman, who was being remonstrated with by a Christian mother for some hard remarks she had just made, say, "I don't see the use for such an old fool living so long." In all the walks of life we see this lack of patience, and probably it is not confined to the present age. Many years ago a gentleman was walking along Chestnut street in Philadelphia and he saw a stout young man pulling an old gray-haired man out of a house into the street. The pedestrian stopped to interfere in behalf of the old man, when he answered and said: "Let him alone. Forty-five years ago I pulled my father out of his house just as my son is doing me. I am being paid back in the same rough treatment." Some people seem to live too long. They are in the way of progress in this busy age. In this day of steam and electricity, there seems no place for those who remain from a slower motive power. If we cannot fall in with the procession, we must get out of the way.

Beautiful Women.

From the earliest histories of the human race, we find fair women set forth in such rhapsodies of verse, as to suppose there was nothing else worth living for. Even in the days of mythological beings, when gods and goddesses were regarded as more than ordinary mortals, beautiful women caused the foremost generals of the world to neglect the affairs of State, to bow at the shrine of beauty, when not only life was at stake, but a throne was made to topple and fall. In the olden time Pysche was ordered to the lower region to bring back a portion of Prosperine's beauty in a box. The inquisitive goddess, impelled by curiosity, or to add to her own charms, raised the box-lid, and a vapor issued forth—all that was left of that wondrous beauty. It is impossible to give a definition of beauty that would hold good in different places, nor would different people in the same place give the same verdict as to the beauty. Tastes differ as widely on the subject as they do on the styles of dress or of features.

That which is styled deformity at Washington may be regarded as most elegant beauty in Hindoostan.

Beauty, wild fantastic ape,

Who dost in every country change thy shape,

Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white.

In China black teeth, painted eyelids, and plucked eyebrows are exceedingly beautiful. And a woman with large feet is regarded as hideously ugly, and it is repugnant to good taste to allow such an one to appear in 'swell' society. In some places a gentleman is esteemed handsome entirely owing to the number of scars on his face. (As if done in battle, or single-handed contest). Hence it became fashionable to make all kinds of scars on the babies that they should appear to advantage when grown. On the same principle we see sailors whose arms and breasts

are covered with 'tattoo' marks; in fact some persons have their bodies covered with cabilistic characteristic marks or symbols.

Ask a Guinea nigger what constitutes his idea of beauty, and he will point you to a greasy black skin, hollow eyes, thick lips, flat nose, with perhaps a well known odor, which once inhaled is never forgotten. With the inhabitants on the shores of the Mediterranean, corpulency is the perfection of form in a woman. The attributes which disgust the European, form the highest attractions of an Oriental. Some persons seem to have no idea of beauty if it does not weigh two hundred pounds. In fact their graces are all fat. Hair is always considered a woman's chief ornament, but its color is never agreed upon. The majority of persons now look with disfavor on red hair, but in the days of Queen Elizabeth it was all the rage. And one of the greatest marks of beauty, in the famously beautiful Queen-Cleoparta was her red hair. Yellow hair was also much raved over. The Order of the Golden Fleece, instituted by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, was in honor of a frail beauty whose hair was yellow. So beauty is after all a very fickle standard.

All the Lotharios of the world will have their own peculiar ideas of beauty. Some will be thrown into ecstasies at the sight of lips an inch thick; while others will rave over lips so thin, as to be no lips at all. In Circassia everything in the line of beauty depends upon the straightness and sharpness of the nose; while just beyond a range of mountains, in Tartary, flat noses, tawny skin, and eyes so wide apart as to give a frog-like appearance. But my fair readers will become tired if I pursue this line of thought as far as it might run, so I will give an adage that is old but trite, 'pretty is that pretty does.' It is said that a great artist had sixty pretty women to sit for his Venus. The great picture of Helen was modeled from the separate charms of five different lovely women. Though there is difficulty in settling upon a perfect standard of female beauty, there can be no question about its power over the

fancy and the actions of all mankind. In the ages that are past the beauty of woman probably exercised much more power than it does in the close of the 19th century. The history which Homer gives of Helen, adds much to the power of beauty. When she exhibits herself upon the walls of Troy even the aged Priam forgets his misfortunes and the wrongs of his people in rapture at her charms. Beauty has its date, and it is the penalty of nature that girls must fade and become wrinkled, as their grandmothers have done before them. The evening sun has a glorious setting, rivaling the king of day as he springs up in the morning as a strong man to run a race. I have often thought what a beautiful butterfly springs from the fuzzy, creeping, crawling, uncanny looking caterpillar; it is true its life covers but the brief space of a few hours, yet it performs the behests of nature, in propagating their species. A wise providence has decreed that an insect, of such surpassing beauty and loveliness, should live but an hour to enjoy the sweets of life. If we see the beautiful butterfly, dressed in all the gaudy hues of angelic sweetness, how superbly beautiful must be the woman who enjoys the sunshine of happiness.

To leave off the mythology of the long past, and all that pertains to the marvelous, we can find abundance of evidence close at home, to show that beauty still holds sway in this age of mammon worship. Beauty holds a potent spell that nerves a man to perform deeds of valor that otherwise would never be accomplished. It urges him forward in his budding into manhood to carry off the prize in his college days, then in his early manhood, whether he enters the military or civil life, the smiles of his guiding star lures him on to success. It is a good thing that man is so susceptible to her wiles, or the devotees of science would be as numerous as in the twelfth century; and instead of seeing stars of the first magnitude among our literary characters the cloister would hide from view many diamonds of the first water. And on the whole our age is

better than the past, when chivalry and knight-errantry both made and executed the law.

Let us never forget, 'they all do fade as the leaf.' The winner of a hundred hearts in the very bud of her beauty, in the morn and liquid dews of youth even, cannot obtain a patent for her charms. Let her head be from Greece, her bust from Austria, her feet from Hindoostan, her shoulders from Italy, and her hands and complexion from England—let her have the gait of a Spaniard, and let her be another Helen, and have a box of beauty to repair her charms withal—yet must she travel the same road where all the withered leaves do lie. 'Like the rose, she buds, she blooms, she fades, she dies.' Beauty is certainly hereditary, and close kin to the wealthy—for hard living will leave its mark, and it takes several generations to efface it. And I know of no art which can atone for the defect of an unpolished mind and an unlovely heart. That charming activity of soul, that spiritual energy, which gives animation, grace, and living light to the animal frame, is, after all, the real source of woman's beauty.

The Way Some People Mourn.

We now live in an age where fashion rules the Church, the court, the army, and the great common people. It has been the custom of the human family to wear the weeds of mourning for the loss of relatives or friends, in case of death or great distress or disaster, from time immemorial. In different countries or nationalities divers kinds of style of mourning goods or fabrics were worn. In the olden time we read of the coarsest kind of rough cloth, worn as a kind of punishment to remind the wearers of some terrible calamity that had come upon them, or was about to take them; like the judgment pronounced upon Ninevah, when Jonah was sent to warn the people of the destruction of the city. But I started out to speak of the fashionable dressing of those who go into mourning. There appears to be as much fashion in the cut of a mourning suit as there is in a swell wedding costume or outfit.

I have not a word of criticism to say about some persons who habitually wear a mourning garb, and only go out to comfort those who are in deep distress, or to perform a duty of kindness. But these good deeds would go down into the hearts of the disconsolate with more grace if a cheerful countenance would only direct the words and acts of those who are themselves going through deep waters. Nor do I commend those who shut themselves up for months at a time to mourn the loss of some dear one, as if they were not expected to aid others in their every day duties of life. I recently went to a house of mourning to condole with the father and mother of a charming daughter of 20 years, whom the whole family and connection loved for her many virtues. I expected to see a sad household; but I was most agreeably surprised when they smilingly told me their daughter had left them for a brighter world, that it was best for them that she should precede them to the happy land. They could utter words

of thanksgiving, and they looked happy. I thought they were doubly blessed.

How different this case from one related by a friend several years ago. He was a cotton buyer in Mississippi and was sent to Vicksburg by his firm with a large amount of bank checks to buy cotton. His health was not robust, and from the low and unhealthy looks of that part of the city next to the river, he concluded to seek board and lodging on higher ground. The rich people refused him, and asked him if he thought they kept a boarding house. He then tried another role; said that he was the son of a minister, had been trusted with twenty thousand dollars, a receipt he exhibited from a national bank of the city, that he wanted to stop in a high, healthy place, and craved a place there. The woman told him the lady of the house could not see him, she herself was the governess, and would take his message; directly she returned and told him he could stay until Monday, and in the meantime he could look for a place that would suit him. At supper he only saw the housekeeper and two small children. The next day the same company sat with him for dinner and supper. Sunday arrived but the mistress was too much engaged in mourning to come to the table. At last my friend wrote her and asked for an interview, and to go with him to church. She was horrified, and said she had not been out since her husband died. He wrote and asked how long since her husband died. She said scarcely two years. He immediately wrote her that he must see her, that if she looked like her two little rosebuds, she must be very pretty. She admitted him for a few minutes. He plead for her to go to church with him, that she was not doing herself or her children justice; that he would not take a refusal. Immediately her weeds of woe were discarded, and her former self was in charge. A little encouragement was all that was needed to dispel a morbid sorrow, and let the sunlight of happiness shine in a life of gloom, and all morbid distempers vanish like the morning fog before the rising sun.

It is not natural for young people to shut themselves up in darkness, when God has placed us in such a beautiful world. It is natural to mourn deeply, when those we love dearly are snatched away from us. But when the sharp pangs of sorrow are gone, and a merciful God has let the springtime return, the earth clothed again in living green, and the birds warbling praises to the Great I Am for His goodness, let us not try to hide His smiling countenance with a forced austerity.

We frequently see persons in public places, on the fashionable thoroughfares of the city, most elegantly dressed and in the latest fashion; but they wear what is known as mourning goods, and at home in their parlor they appear to have "most winning ways." Now while their loved ones are uppermost in their thoughts, it is in good taste, and expressive of their grief to wear the emblems of mourning. Some persons who feel deeply the loss of loved ones, and all their hopes of time are blasted, I think there is nothing more beautiful or appropriate for them than a dress like a Sister of Charity; to go about over the city and nurse the sick, and take care of those in want, and spend the life in doing good—this kind of a life is well worth living.

But to have the mourning goods made up with all the frills and furbelows of fashion, and wear such things to places of gaiety, no wonder unpleasant remarks are sometimes made, and are occasionally heard. I once saw a carriage full of young ladies returning from the burial of their grandmother stop at a wayside house and inquire if the young ladies would be at the picnic on the next day. It is but little else than mockery to wear the emblems of mourning when the heart is not in it. One word as to health. Black cloth, although it may be light and thin, is too hot and oppressive for constant wear. No woman should dress in colors to impair her health, or injure her usefulness. If she believes it is necessary for her to display a sign of sorrow, would it not be much better to wear a piece of crepe on the arm for a badge? If I can free women from this tyrant of fashion, I will not have written in vain.

Women Preachers.

Sixty years ago women were ten-fold more modest than we see them in 1880, or two decades later. We have heard of strong-minded women fifty years ago in the Northern States, but it was not so in the Southern States. At that time it was not uncommon for women to teach school, but even that was in a minor degree. A half century ago it was uncommon for a woman to occupy a prominent position as a leader of music in our churches; but she would keep quiet till some man would start the hymn, and wait until at least two lines were sung, before she would join. This was a time of rare modesty, but peculiar to our own Southland. No one ever thought of speaking in public, or entering the ministry, or addressing a mixed audience. But customs and fashions have changed; New England can no longer claim the sole right of permitting women to enter the lecture field. Even in staid old North Carolina women now enter the pulpit, or rather enter upon the platform that has taken the place of the pulpit in many if not all the recently built churches, not only to give an account of their work in heathen lands, but also to assist in revival meetings. The old straight-faced sour-faced Christians or church members were horrified to witness innovations that the fathers condemned. The first time a woman ever entered the platform of one of the churches of Mecklenburg, a thrill of horror swept over the minds of many members at what they thought was close akin to sacrilege. But after they saw there was neither fire nor earthquake to destroy their building, they wisely concluded that they would suffer it to continue, if woman could be the means or instrument in God's hands of turning many from sin unto righteousness. It will not do for any church or denomination to lag behind in the wonderful race of the Christian life, that is now so apparent in this advanced age.

The common people were not as much opposed to the innovation of women leading the music in our churches. Fifty years ago the music was led in every church by the men alone. At that time it was considered the duty of the clerk or "clark," to "parcel out the lines," which would have been out of place for a woman. But when song books became more plentiful, and choirs were formed, then the music was led by female voices. The last quarter of the 19th century was come before it was common for a young lady to sing a solo in a church; it then took quite a good deal of fortitude for a young lady to face a congregation and pour forth a solo for the first few times. But fortunately for the lady very few, if any, of her auditors were capable of criticizing her performance. But after a performance of twenty-five years, they can face a crowd with as much composure as an old Senator, and perform as gracefully as if born to the forum.

But the question is still before us, is it consistent with our holy religion for a woman to address an audience of both sexes in the cause of religion as given by Christ, and taught by His disciples? We make no pretensions to understand theology, nor do we think that women are more apt to teach the Word to lost men than it was taught by men sixty years ago; but having witnessed some of their work in late years, we are persuaded that they are rightly following the Word when they go with their husbands or friends and hold religious meetings in which very many are turned from the error of their ways to worship the true God. This is an innovation that should not be turned down without being well considered. Women have always been noted for wielding a wonderful influence, either for good or evil; and this is an age of advancement in every line, and we should be slow to put hindrances in the way of those who are driving the Gospel chariot.

The Passing of the Birds

In the days of my boyhood, birds were in great abundance. The doves that would collect in cold weather around the barn, hunting grain or something to eat, field larks and partridges and black birds, the younger generation no doubt would accuse me of poaching on the domain of Baron Munchausen if I should make an estimate of one-half the number. The doves appeared to occupy every available place in a number of trees that grew around the barn-yard fence when they would alight.

Often when there was snow on the ground I would get an old door shutter and shovel off the snow near the barn and here put one shutter, with a prop under one end of it, about a foot and a half long; then bait my dead-fall with a little shelled corn, some chaff and straw, now tie a plow line around the prop, and take the other end into the barn, now get comfortably fixed and wait for the coming of the birds. We did not have long to tarry before birds of various kinds would enter; now jerk out the prop, and there was plenty for dinner.

This kind of bird hunting was engaged in when the weather was bad; but when the ground was free of snow we would set traps and coops for partridges. The coops were made of four boards, three feet wide by eight inches wide, set on their edges, marking a four square pen; dig a little trench from the center of the pen about three feet long, for the birds to go into the pen, bait with wheat or corn, put in chaff for them to scratch into the trench so they will not see how to get out; now cover with boards and the coop is completed and set. An entire covey was often taken in this way at one time.

Wild turkeys were very numerous at this time, and not much trouble in catching them in pens after the manner of catching partridges in coops. The most common way was to build a turkey-blind, have them baited, and shoot them with a shotgun. I have known a half-dozen killed at one shot. I have not heard of one being taken in the country in twenty years. The old-fashioned wild-turkey, that was prized so highly a half century ago, is now extinct. A very good sub-

stitute for the American bird is the domestic turkey, which always graces the Thanksgiving table.

In the autumn of 1845 was the time of the greatest flight of pigeons that ever occurred in America; or rather, I should say, has ever been seen or recorded. The droves were at times so large as to take a half hour to pass over a given point, and either end, from east to west, reached the horizon. The sunshine was cut off as if a cloud intervened between the heavens and the earth. They continued to pass in smaller droves or flocks for several weeks. In the forests, where they would roost, much timber was broken down with the weight of the birds, and many of them were killed and vast quantities were gathered up and eaten by the people. The pigeons were hunting acorns, and I presume they were going to the vast forests of the northwest. They appeared in small coveys for several years and would stay in our forests until the mast was used up. But very few have been seen in this section since the war.

THE WILD GOOSE.

It is but seldom wild geese were seen, save along the larger water courses. Here they were very destructive on wheat fields. They flew in pretty large droves in a northwest course, in the fall of the year, always keeping in a V shape, with the apex in front, giving a queer sound like "hank, hank, hank," that could be heard a half mile. I have heard them "hanking" as they would fly over in the night. I have seen as many as fifty in a flock, from that down to half a dozen. They were generally very fat and were much prized for the table. I have not seen or heard a flock passing in twenty years, but they still frequent the wheat fields along the rivers in small droves.

I see no reason why some of the smaller varieties of birds as the jay, cat bird, mocking bird, snow bird and hedgerow sparrow or wren, should become extinct, unless it is because the lands are all being cleared up and they have no suitable place to hatch and raise their young. The hawks and owls that formerly were so plentiful as to be a pest to every family in the country, are now exceeding rare. I remember in 1859 that I frequently had to get up in the night to shoot at the

owls to run them off, so that the family could sleep. I once saw five large owls fly from one pine tree in my yard. Now all is silent, and the brood of young chickens feed at will without the fear of hawks by day or owls by night. The accompaniments of the old civilization—at least many of them—have been dropped with the years that are past, and many new ones have been added on. The procession must be kept up with.

Wild ducks fifty years ago were in great flocks all along every creek and on every mill-pond, to say nothing of the vast quantities that congregated on the larger streams. They would fly around in large numbers in the winter, near the water courses, where they found excellent feeding grounds. In the early spring they would go off to raise their young.

The yellow-hammer that used to be so abundant, is now almost extinct. Fifty years ago they would collect in vast quantities in the fall and winter months on the black gum shade trees to feed upon the berries. All winter they could be seen coming in all directions to partake of their accustomed meal. The time of a very cold spell I have seen them by the thousands, clinging to the twigs of the gums. I never heard of them eating grain, or doing any mischief. They are as large as a dove or partridge; their flesh is equal to any bird that has been common in this part of the State. Their plumage was not gaudy, but very pretty, with a red top-not, speckled breast and yellow lining to the wings. On the whole we are sorry the yellow hammer is now extinct.

The snipe is a swamp bird, have never been plentiful, is said to be very good for the table, but have always been scarce and difficult to take. They are seldom hunted. The advanced civilization of this era has made but little impression upon the snipe and the crane. They come and go as the season, as formerly, without much attention being paid to their flight. Nearly all the grain is now ground by steam mills, hence there are very few ponds for water fowls to swim or wade in. The snipe of which we have written has quite a reputation for the table, is relished by epicures, and not the snipe that is frequently brought into play to introduce young men into the art of "hunting snipe."

In the fall and winter months we had a special friend that visited us up to twenty-five years ago—the field lark. It was

beautifully marked with fine plumage, walked with the precision of a dude, and made the best of bird pies. He was a delightful songster, but was rarely seen alone. His feeding grounds were stubble fields, hence the name, the "field lark."

The civilization of the last fifty years will have much to answer for when we see the great coveys of birds driven from our country to make way for utilitarianism. That may have contributed more to gratify a selfish spirit, but will not contribute to the pleasure or enjoyment as would the birds with their voices warbling their praises to Him for their joyous life, clothed in colors that no artist can excell.

The Queen of Song

Jenny Lind, "the Swedish nightingale," arrived in America in 1850. Thousands of people in the different countries of Europe and England were carried away with her extraordinary musical talents. Never was so great a furore created in Europe, or in the civilized world over such matters.

She was regarded as queen of song; she regarded art as a sacred vocation. She was great in human existence; whatever fell from her lips was regarded as a benediction. People had to engage seats for days before they wanted to attend. Crowned heads in Europe paid her court, and had to suffer the inconvenience of being crowded. All London went wild with enthusiasm; people would give any price for a seat. Parliament was deserted, that they might attend on the warbling of the Swedish nightingale. When encored, her emotional temperament would cause her to appear in tears.

P. T. Barnum, the prince of showmen, sent her an offer of one thousand dollars a night, for one hundred and fifty nights. In 1850 his offer was accepted, and at the appointed time she landed in New York. Mr. Barnum went out to meet her as soon as the magnificent steamer hove in sight; he was recognized by the captain and boarded the vessel, taking her by the hand, and expressing great pleasure at meeting her. She immediately inquired if it was true he never heard her sing? He replied that he had not. She asked how he could make such a munificent offer when he had never seen or heard her. He replied that the whole world was wild with praises, and the world must be right. Escorting her to the wharf, which was decorated with green boughs or trees, flags, with two triumphal arches, he had her driven to the Irvin House, which was surrounded by 30,000 people, desirous of doing her honor, and by a band of one hundred and thirty pieces.

No other woman has ever had such honors accorded her. Never a breath of scandal was coupled with her name. The "Echo of Song," and the "Last Rose of Summer," at first were favorites of hers, and soon became favorites of the public.

Born in Stockholm in 1821, at six years of age her voice attracted much attention for a child, and as she grew older she aided much in the support of the family; but at 12 she lost her voice, a source of great grief to her and her friends. At sixteen, however, her voice returned, and then she entranced the world. Soon the echos were heard from the farthest bounds of civilization, of song unexcelled. She was visited by the most learned in every city in America, and congratulated on her powers of music. Merchants everywhere called their stock "Jenny Lind" goods.

At her first appearance in America, she was greeted by 5,000 persons, many of whom paid an exorbitant price for the privilege of hearing her; the people were wild with delight, and then gave all proceeds to charity. The highest price paid for one seat in America, was \$150. While in Washington she was called on by President Filmore, Webster, Clay, Cass, Benton and others. Mr. Webster was so enthused by her singing that he became very demonstrative.

In February, 1852, she was married to Otto Goldschmidt, a German, and returned to Europe.

Truly, she was like a blazing meteor as it flashed across the sky. Never before or since has the voice of either man or woman so drawn the admiration of the world. She was regarded as more than an ordinary personage, as she could fill a large hall with billows of song, soft as an æolian harp swept by the gentlest zephyrs, but sufficient in volume to fill a hall that seated thousands of ardent admirers. Such a warbler of song is produced only at long intervals, hence we need not expect to see her equal in the 20th century.

Old Harrison Camp Ground

Since the long ago, what a difference in many things between then and now—say for over half a century? When we look back to the noted campaign of 1840, between Harrison and Van Buren, it appears as if we were delving into an age that has long been forgotten. But fortunately some of the facts, and the names of many of the chief actors are still preserved, if only in tradition. The place of the Whig rally was on the Statesville road 12 miles from Charlotte. A cold spring furnishing the best of water, the ground was cleared of all undergrowth, a platform for the speakers was erected, on which was placed the American flag; a miniature log cabin, with several coon skins tacked upon it, representing the house General Harrison was born in. Two raccoons occupied the roof—chained. A barrel marked 'hard cider,' rested on a wagon by the side of the platform, with a gourd to drink out of, hanging on a wooden bracket near by. A few loads of slabs were hauled and seats were made for the accommodation of the vast crowd of people. A little ways off the good women of the neighborhood were busily engaged in preparing the dinner, which was served on several long tables, composed of everything that was good to eat and that was tempting to the appetite. A large amount was taken up and sent to the poor, after everyone was waited upon. Almost every one brought two or more slaves with them, to wait on the table, or carry water, in fact, it was a white day for the people, especially the Whigs. The speakers of the occasion were the most noted in all the country; we mention two in particular—General Edney, who was a candidate for Congress (who was a Whig, and in fact nearly every educated gentleman in the country was a Whig) but had no political opponent who would dare to meet him on the stump. One of the anecdotes, I remember that General Edney used in his speech, to prove that Hon. Henry Conner was not a proper man to represent so intelligent a district in Congress, was the Irishman's owl. On one occasion his son was going abroad and he told his son to be sure and bring him a parrot; as the son

returned he forgot to bring the old man his parrot, and he knew his father never would forgive him for his negligence. So he brought him an owl, and his father did not know the difference. So after he had had the owl for three months. his son made him another visit, and asked him if the parrot had learned to talk any yet? The old man said, 'not yet, but he keeps up a devil of a thinking.' He thought if the people would be patient with Mr. Conner (having served them only eighteen years) he would talk after awhile. Mr. Conner was again elected, but General Edney reduced his majority so much he never offered again. Edney was immensely popular, but like many other good men, happened to be on the wrong side of popular favor, which always requires a superhuman effort to overcome. Jas. W. Osborne, Esq., now came forward to advocate the election of General Wm. Henry Harrison to the presidency of the United States of America. A superior advocate of a great and just cause, was not to be found in North Carolina, and that is saying a great deal. On this occasion he was very fortunate; he was addressing an assemblage not more than ten miles from where he was raised; he was surrounded by his friends—every man of education or wealth, had a common inheritance from the patriots of the Revolutionary war, and boasted of a Whig ancestry—and of course he had a ready echo from such an audience and such an audience would inspire him with such a fervor that seldom occurs more than once in a life time. The great crowd of people—both men and women, and many negroes—listened to his eloquence without weariness or any sign of being tired. Whenever it is necessary, the good Lord raises up a champion to plead the cause of the right. From 1840 to 1860 were the halcyon days of political freedom in North Carolina; only the best qualified men were elected to office, or to shape legislation. During this time North Carolina is said to have had an unexcelled judiciary and the ablest bar in America; and at the head of this bar stands the name of Jas. W. Osborne. The last years of his life he was appointed or elected Superior Court judge, which position he filled most acceptably to his immediate friends as well as the people at large.

The place of the political speaking was known for many years as the Harrison camp ground. Scarcely a reminder

is now extant of the big celebration; all who took an active part in it have passed away. The unbroken solitude of hundreds of acres of virgin forest, that embowered the place have given way to the claims of agriculture. The steam saw mill has done a great deal to build up the country, and the whistle of the locomotive as it hauls the produce to market, and whirls with the rapid motion thousands of people bent on business or pleasure, to and from the marts of trade. At a celebration of the 20th of May in Charlotte in 1844, where the monument of the signers of the Declaration of Independence stands, Judge Osborne delivered one of the most magnificent addresses, with his hands upon the head of Major Tommy Alexander who occupied the seat at the head of the table, that was well worthy of the subject. Major Alexander was the only one of the Revolutionary soldiers present. While the judge spoke, tears coursed down the old man's cheeks, and every one was silent, and turned away from the table, spell-bound and in awe, at what was being said and done. In 1854 I happened to meet Judge Osborne at the bedside of a mutual friend who was seriously ill. When he entered she looked up and recognized him, put out her hand and called him Jimmy, and he called her Peggy. He talked to her most feelingly, about her hopes of the future 'during his stay. But as he got up to leave, she placed her hand upon his arm and said, "not till you have prayed with me." He cheerfully read a chapter, took her hand in his, kneeled down by her bed and prayed as only one friend can pray for another. They were no akin, but from childhood had been friends.

Nearly all who attended the Harrison meeting in 1840 have passed away, and when the subject is rehearsed it sounds like a tale of the olden times.

We thought in the following sequel to the Harrison speaking we should speak of the important people who attended, or some of those who supported General Harrison for the high office to which he aspired. Jno. K. Alexander was an important personage when it was important to elect the Whig ticket, whether it was county, State, Congressman or President. He would see to it that every man should have a way to go to the election; and when any one was too poor to pay his

tax Mr. Alexander was on hand to see that he voted. He also had five other brothers who were also anxious to elect their ticket. Dr. Isaac Wilson took great interest in the election; also Dr. M. W. Alexander, Marshal McCoy, Tommy and Harper Kerns, James Torrance, Robt. Davidson, Wm. Lee Davidson, Lee and Dickie Monteith, Andrew Springs, D. A. Caldwell, Robert Potts and many others took an active part in elections more than fifty years ago; but would not stoop to do dirty work to get another man's vote. This was a day of high-toned gentlemen, who would work hard, or if necessary would spend money to carry an election, but who would not stoop to do dishonorable methods. At this period of our history schools were not in as flourishing a condition as they are now. In the early days of the century there was but little money appropriated for public schools. Financial aid for education was almost unheard of. In 1840 the amount contributed by taxation was exceedingly small, so that it would run a school not more than two months in the year, and then only a third rate teacher would get the job. The common rule was—in the Harrison camp ground neighborhood—to employ a good teacher for 10 months by private subscription, then add the public school fund and let all the children of school age have the benefit. On this account this part of the country enjoyed the reputation of being probably the best educated section of the country or probably of the State.

At the close of the eighteenth century, the people had been so pressed in establishing civil and religious liberty, starting a new government for the people, starting to keep house on their own hook, that they had not time to look round and see what was most needed. In 1795 the University of North Carolina was installed in the work of educating the boys of North Carolina. It is known all over America our State is justly proud of her protege. The Moravian School at Salem was launched forth about the same time. It has done a great work not only for the women of North Carolina but for the entire South. In the last half of the present century, many first-class colleges for both sexes have been started that promise a rich harvest. But the recent past is but a foretaste of what we may look for in the future. In the last fifty years every department of learning has been going forward with wonder-

ful strides, that almost makes one's head swim to observe the progress that is being made. The nineteenth century has seen us grow to double our former size; has seen us add largely to our population; not enough negroes to our own—we add more in Cuba, Porto Rico and 8,000,000 in the Philippines and the islands of the seas. What would the old fathers think or say, if permitted to return?

It was a good thing for this country that it was settled by Presbyterians chiefly. They appear to have the gospel followed by educational enterprises wherever Presbyterianism was established, and a church built, the next thought was a school house. This was in the first quarter of the century; the minister frequently taught a class in theology in addition to a grammar school, where many of the brightest luminaries in both Church and State were educated. Rocky River, Poplar Tent, (now in Cabarrus county, formerly a part of Mecklenburg) Centre, Hopewell, Sugar Creek, Steele Creek, Providence; these were the principal places of education in this part of North Carolina in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Many places in the State were not so fortunate, and have not yet seen the great light; and in those parts of the State are sadly behind in agriculture and mechanic arts. Davidson College, an offspring of Queen's Museum, in later years known as Liberty Hall in the town of Charlotte, is now a well known seat of learning, built in 1837, and after a hard struggle for existence, is now an institution that the people may indeed be proud of. But the great difference in the educational centres is not so marked in the number of colleges, as the wonderful improvement in the common schools that are in charge of the common people of the State.

Retrospective

Human nature is almost the same, no matter in what country it is found, but it may be modified by circumstances. We were led into this line of thought while contemplating the large concourse of boys and girls, with more than one hundred veterans that wore the Southern cross of honor, with many young men and maidens, with here and there a few aged fathers and mothers to look upon the graves of their loved ones who obeyed their country's summons from '61 to '65. For the first ten years after the surrender every indignity was heaped upon us, and we were made to drink of the bitterness of defeat. The bottom rail was on top; 25,000 of North Carolina's best citizens were not allowed to exercise the elective franchise, and our former slaves sat in the Legislative halls; virtue was snubbed, and vice ruled in high places. During the chaotic period, this was an age of stealing—under the forms of law. To steal by the forms of law, is ten fold worst to corrupt the morals of a people than filching from the people in stealing corn, a mule, or robbing a house. The legislators of the time sat three hundred days in one year, and chartered many railroads, and issued millions of bonds to build them; and of all the roads chartered, not a yard was built, and every dollar gotten from the sale of the bonds was either stolen or squandered. Twenty-seven field hands—negroes who could neither read nor write—were among the noted law-makers of the times. The smart men among them were Yankees or Southern scalawags, the very scum of creation. If my memory serves me right, they piled up debts to the amount of forty millions of dollars. During this period of despotic rule—with the Czar located in Charleston, S. C., and all the decent people disfranchised, with spies watching out for something to report—not a single public school was taught in the State for seven years. Chapel Hill, the pet of the State, that was chartered and started on its course of educating the young men of the State more than one hundred years ago, after the war, when everything was in a state of disorganization, about one hundred and fifty boys in atten-

dance, the whole State University and all fell into the hands of the scalawags and Yankees. They displaced all that was done; converted some of the halls that were reared for the purpose of training some of the brightest intellects of America, into cow stables. Seven professors to teach a half dozen little boys, who wore knee breeches and round-about coats. Hundreds of books from the library, most wantonly thrown over the campus and destroyed. The old faculty were driven off and the institution taken in charge by the enemies of our country. A new faculty was installed who were in accord with the new order of things. This was an era when ignorance took the place of learning, and vice that of virtue. The ministry were forbidden to exercise the functions of their office, viz.: to administer the Lord's Supper, administer the ordinance of baptism, or solemnize a marriage, without first taking the "iron-clad oath" that they never "aided" or abetted in the war of the rebellion." And every woman was forced to swear that she would support the constitution of the United States. Our taxes were in proportion to their devilment in other things. We knew not what a day would bring forth. In the language of an Alabama poet:

"As it is I can't tell you, in numbers sublime,
The things that I know of in prose or in rhyme;
But I'll swear that we had just a hell of a time,
During reconstruction."

It is a long lane that has no turn to it. After awhile the worst element of those who would oppress us were called to their home, where they cannot get back to harm us further; and those who remained were either converted or scared into good manners. After 1876 we got our own people in charge of the government, in charge of our schools, colleges, asylums and courts; and we have prospered as we have never done before. Now there is good feeling existing between the North and the South, East and West. All the great fairs, industrial expositions, from Boston to New Orleans, are patronized by all sections as if no estrangement had once held them apart. No other country on the face of the earth could have fought so desperately and then healed their differences in one-third of a century. We are a great people; the different sections are close kin. Blood is thicker than water.

The Sea-Serpent

For hundreds of years navigators have told, and repeated to their chums, stories of queer denizens that inhabit the briny deep in all parts of the world. More accurate investigations have been made and reported in the last fifty years than were made when superstition held sway over the minds of those who should have known better. A sea-serpent as seen off the New England coast in 1851, was described by a number of witnesses. Its length was supposed to be one hundred feet; its body about the size of a barrel. It was described as having protuberances, or spines, like the hump on the back of the camel, from neck to tail. When first the humps on the back were noted, it was believed to be a school of porpoises, but on a closer approach, this idea was abandoned. Long before its appearance in American waters, it was seen and noted off the shores of Norway. But we need not go to Norway, for it has frequently been seen along the coast of New England. It was described by a minister, who saw it while in company with half a dozen others. Prior to this time it was seen by Captain Crabtree, and afterwards by Captain Kent, master of a coasting sloop; they saw it lying at rest; and they described it as one hundred feet long, and about three feet in diameter. And in a few weeks later, two of the animals were seen together. Again it was seen near the coast. The bunches, or humps, were as large as a barrel, about thirty in number, and it was of a deep brown color. The bunches or humps, it is more than probably were affected by muscular contraction and relaxation in swimming, as often it was seen with few humps, and again with quite a number.

The Linnaean Society of Boston, appointed a committee of eminent scientific gentlemen to collect evidence on the subject, and they drew up a report, giving in detail the dispositions of several witnesses who saw the creature on shore or at sea, some of them from a distance of only ten yards. According to these witnesses the monster was from eighty to ninety feet long, his head usually carried two to four feet above water, a dark brown color, the body with thirty or more

humps, or protuberances; swimming very rapidly, making a mile in three minutes or less, leaving a wake behind him; chasing mackerel, herring and other fish, which were seen jumping out of the water, fifty or more at a time, as it approached them. It was only seen on the surface when the weather was clear. Once when near it was fired upon by a gentleman, who was sure he could hit it; the creature turned towards him, dived under the ship, and appeared about one hundred yards on the other side. Close to the beach where it was often seen, a young snake was found on the land, making for the water. One of the men detained it with a pitchfork. When moving slowly on the ground the motion was vertical; it moved by contracting and then extending itself. It had the power of expansion and contraction in a remarkable degree. When contracted it was not more than two feet long, and there appeared bunches on the back; but when lying at rest, it was three feet long, and scarcely a trace of a "hump." It was killed and sent to Boston, where it was carefully examined by scientific men, and they gave it as their opinion, based on comparative anatomy, that it was different from other reptiles; and that if grown it would be one hundred and ten feet long. And all the characteristics seemed to render it probable that it was the offspring of the great sea monster, which had often been seen, but very difficult to examine. The Hon. T. H. Perkins, for fifty years one of the most honored merchants of Boston, saw the world-renowned sea-serpent and took notes of what he saw; he counted fourteen projections or humps, six feet apart on the back, which he presumed to be vertical flexures of the body when in motion. The color of the body was brown; the head flat. He was driving along the bay and saw the monster lying quiet but a few yards from the shore, he jumped out and ran down to see it, and said it was as long as ninety feet long; he called to his wife, who was in the buggy, and she went down to see it, and said it was long as their wharf, which measured one hundred feet. The creature became frightened and moved away.

The New England coast seems to be its favorite hunting ground, but it has been seen in North Carolina waters more than once. A party of five Englishmen started out on a fishing expedition from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and when thirty

miles out thought they saw an immense shoal of porpoises. Presently when closer, they were astonished by the veritable sea-serpent. They were all taken aback by the sight, and in speechless wonder and amazement stood looking for the space of a minute, at the wonder of the deep, the veritable sea-serpent that they often heard of, but had never seen, or expected to see. The man-of-wars-man exclaimed, "well, I've sailed in all parts of the world, and I have seen sights in my time, but this is the queerest thing I have ever seen."

My old geography, if my memory serves me right, stated that three-fourths of the earth's surface was covered with water; then it is not to be wondered at that occasionally inhabitants of the deep, with whom we are not much acquainted, sometimes show themselves. Mr. Cabot, a prominent merchant of Boston, saw the serpent and said it was not a school of porpoises, as he ran along the coast and saw two serpents moving about in the bay. It was once seen by the commander of a vessel from the West Indies to the North Carolina coast; his head three feet above water, and thirteen bunches on his back; the passengers were much frightened, but as the serpent went parallel with them, they got used to it. The water was very smooth and clear, and the time occupied in looking was more than three hours, so they could not be mistaken. In 1848 it was seen by Captain McQuhae, in command of the English ship *Deadlus*. His attention was called to it passing the ship, head and shoulders four feet out of the water; it was then discovered to be a serpent. At least sixty feet of the animal was visible, no portion of which was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It was moving south-west, about 15 miles per hour; was in full view about twenty minutes. It was 15 or 16 inches in diameter behind the head, dark brown color, and no fins, but something like the mane of a horse on its back. The discoveries of the great deep, are yet in their infancy. We know but little more of the inhabitants of the deep than was known by mariners of the most ancient times.

The Murder of Dr. Parkman.

On the 23rd of November, 1849, was perpetrated one of the most horrible and cold-blooded murders that has caused the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of honest manhood in the present century. Dr. George Parkman was one of the wealthiest and best known men in Boston, one of the founders of the Massachusetts Medical College. Being one of the most punctual men, his absence from the family table at 3:30 o'clock excited surprise, and when evening came, being still absent, great apprehension was felt. Friday evening and night much anxiety was felt, but no public manifestation was made until Saturday, when the police were called in and put on the track, and large rewards were offered for his discovery. Minute descriptions of his personal appearance and his dress was published not only in the city, but search was made for 50 or 60 miles in all directions, over land and water, as well as under the water.

It was told on Sunday after the murder by Dr. John W. Webster, professor of chemistry in the Medical College of Boston, that he had an interview with Dr. Parkman in his room at the Medical College, and no further trace of him could be found. The purpose of this interview appears to have been to collect some money that Dr. Webster was owing Dr. Parkman. It appears that the debt was made in 1842, and two notes given two or three years later, in all \$2,500. This was secured by a mortgage on a cabinet of minerals, which Dr. Webster afterward secretly sold. When this sale was known, Dr. Parkman accused him of dishonesty, which it is believed led to the killing. The college buildings were now searched, Dr. Webster going with the searching party, but they failed at first to make any discoveries. In the meantime, Littlefield, the janitor of the college, became suspicious of Dr. Webster from various little circumstances, that led to the discovery of various parts of the body of Dr. Parkman, which led to the arrest of Dr. Webster. The body was attempted to be burned, but failed; the larger bones could not be reduced with a furnace of the size of the one in the laboratory. In consequence

of this discovery, Dr. Webster was immediately apprehended, and a more careful search was made in the laboratory the next day, which resulted in further discoveries.

In arresting Prof. Webster three of the Boston police were taken along. When they arrived at the jail, the police officer said to the party in the coach: "I wish, gentlemen, you would alight here for a few moments. I guess we had better walk into the inner office." Looking at the police officer, Dr. Webster said: "What is the meaning of all this?" The officer replied, "You are now in custody, on the charge of being Dr. Parkman's murderer." Dr. Webster stated, "When I found the carriage stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the carriage I took a dose of strychnine from my pocket and swallowed it. I prepared it in a pill before I left my laboratory. I thought I could not bear detection. I thought it a large dose. The state of my nervous system probably defeated its action partially."

After a long and patient investigation of the case, the grand jury found a true bill of indictment for murder against Dr. J. W. Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and three associate justices heard the case on the 19th of March, 1850. Some time before the judges took their seats on the bench, Dr. Webster, who was one of the ablest men in America, entered and immediately took his seat in the felon's dock. His step was light and elastic, and his countenance betrayed a marked degree of calm and dignified composure. On sitting down he smiled and saluted several friends, and to some of whom he nodded in a familiar manner. High cheek bones and compressed lips, indicated great resolution and firmness of character. On reading the bill of indictment, he listened with marked attention, and plead "not guilty," in a strong and emphatic tone of voice. The trial lasted eleven days, and no fewer than 116 witnesses were examined. The court sat eight or nine hours each day. The testimony was intensely interesting and exciting. When the various parts of the body were put together by Prof. Wyman, with the false teeth found in a secret vault, sworn to by the dentist who made them; a peculiar hariness of the back, corresponding perfectly Dr. Parkman's, left it beyond a reasonable doubt that the remains were those of

Dr. Parkman. Dr. Webster, during the whole trial kept up his apparent indifference. The judge's charge was given to the jury, and in three hours the verdict was rendered. When the foreman pronounced the word "guilty," the prisoner started like a person shot. He looked as if suddenly deprived of muscular action. So plain were the facts involving Dr. Webster's guilt that efforts to palliate his atrocious crime had the least effect upon the public mind in lightening the crushing weight of infamy from his name, nor did the arm of retributive justice for a moment swerve or falter.

Upon a scaffold in the same quarter of his native city where he and his victim first breathed the breath of life, and in full view of the classic halls of Harvard College, J. W. Webster paid the extreme penalty of the law, and his form now lies in one of the sequestered dells of Mount Auburn, not far from the spot where rest the mutilated remains of the ill-fated Parkman. Probably no other murder committed in the first sixty years of the last century ever startled the people to such an extent. Brutal crimes are by no means uncommon, but it is seldom that those engaged in teaching in our most noted institutions of learning ever sink so low as to take the life of their benefactor. But it takes such characters to give us an insight of what the world is composed.

World-Wide Interest in the Pope.

The Pope appears to attract the attention of the world. It seems that the greatest personage in the Catholic church is about to lay aside his earthly robe to be invested with that which will never wax old, but will continue to grow brighter as the cycles of eternity continue to roll. Leo XIII is nothing but a good man. He is neither more nor less. "We must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and there give an account of the deeds done in the body." More than this will not be required; less than this will not be accepted. Those who are fortunate enough to reach that blessed shore will not be asked what denomination they came through, but did you love your fellowman? Love fulfills the whole law. It makes but little difference whether we live long or die young. I witnessed the death scene of a ten-year-old colored boy, that was the happiest picture ever impressed on my mind. The boy was a deaf mute; he signed that the room was filled with a host of love'y beings all around him. His countenance displayed joy in the fullest degree, and he said by signs that he was going with them. No high dignitary of the Church or the State ever had higher honor paid them on their departure for the better country.

It is probably best to use every endeavor to prolong life while the patient is still rational, or seems anxious to perform a certain work that can be done by no other person. But when the patient is very aged— all the faculties of the mind have become obtuse or worn out, and life only manifests itself on the periphery of the nervous system, we should not court its continuance; especially if the patient gives signs of suffering, and there is no hope of ultimate recovery. Nor do we approve of the attending physician giving over a young person who has abundance of vitality, because they are on the verge of life's boundary; for many such has rebounded into health and have proved themselves valuable citizens for many years.

Some persons are of much more value to the State or the Church than others, consequently such cases should be looked after with a great deal more solicitude than others. A great

many years ago when old Mr. Davidson was lying ill with fever, and his family was gathered around his bed waiting for him to draw the last breath, George Little walked into the sick room with his heavy boots on, making as much fuss as horses in a barn, Mr. Davidson opened his eyes and said: "George, what is the best sign of good land?"

"Good corn and good cotton, Mr. Davidson."

"George, I always thought you were a sensible man and now I know it."

This was the turning point in Mr. Davidson's case and he lived many years. But since Pope Leo XIII has reached his 93 years, and has had the care of the Catholic Church for so many years, it is not to be expected that a new lease of life will be tendered him.

"As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

An Old Landmark Gone

The old Alexandriana school house is down and gathered up in a heap. I see the account of its fall in the Observer of the 15th inst. A more extended account of its existence should be given. I remember when it was built—the first teacher who taught in it; the boys and girls that went there, how the teacher managed the school. Sixty-three years have elapsed since that famous old school house was built. I don't remember who built it, but presume it was done by Joe Harrison, as he was the only carpenter in the neighborhood. It was reported in The Observer that it was a log house; no, it was a frame building, a good chimney in each end, rock up to the coping, with brick funnel. Two doors and twelve windows with sash. The people thought it very extravagant to have glass in the windows. I presume it was the finest school house in the county. It was ceiled over-head and the sides. The teacher had a chair and desk with a supply of hickories to wake the chaps up and keep good order in the school house. The seats for the pupils were made out of slabs, with sassafras round poles for legs. There were high and low benches for the big and little children. No backs were put on the seats, probably they thought the backs would be in the way of the free use of the hickory. Two blackboards were on the south side of the house, one in each end. There were two large writing tables, wide enough to accommodate several pupils on each side. It was the most complete school room in the county. Mr. Flinn had just finished a ten month's school, about a quarter of a mile west of this school in a cabin. The good people now determined to have a permanent school, and with a new house, they threw open their doors and agreed to take boarders and have a school that would be a feeder to Davidson College, and that would prepare young men and woman for the various avocations of life. The chief supporters of the school were Dr. Isaac Wilson, J. R. Alexander, R. B. Alexander, Col. B. W. Alexander, Dr. M. W. Alexander, James Torrense, Harper Kerns, and

many others who had sons and daughters that they desired to give a better education than they had been able to get.

The late Dr. James M. Ramsay, of Salisbury, was the first teacher in the new school house, that lately crumbled and fell. He only taught one year, and studied medicine and practiced through a long life. He was a member of the Confederate Congress, and recently passed away. Mr. T. W. Sparrow was also a very acceptable teacher, was a firm believer in the old-time way of flogging the boys when they did not know their lessons. Mr. Samuel D. Wharton, a graduate of Chapel Hill, was employed in 1846; he conducted a fine school for ten or more years. Quite a number of young men went to him, boarders from Steel—Dr. J. J. Sloan, Labon Grier, Dr. W. L. D. McLean, Watson Grier, James McConnaughey and many others whose names have now escaped me. A good teacher never receives an equivalent for their work. The teacher lays the foundation that is built upon in after life; consequently it is of the first importance that the foundation is laid deep and substantial, that it will not rock about.

Of those who had their early training here, some fell in the war for the cause of Southern independence—some moved South and West and acted well their part in good citizenship; and I don't remember any one who failed to act his part in the best interest of his country. Rev. T. W. Irwin is preaching in Texas—in active service. Capt. A. H. Alexander lives in Florida, quite feeble, but attends to his business. J. M. Wilson, Esq., and J. L. Setton, Esq., are hale old men up in the seventies. And Capt. S. B. Alexander is quite a prominent figure in politics, both county and State. He has maintained his usefulness and popularity equal to any man in the State. I don't want the first good school house in the county to pass away without a word from those it has helped.

How a Confederate Soldier Won His Wife

A long time ago, I think it was in the autumn of 1854, a young man—we will call him Robinson Lowrie—the son of the Episcopal minister who lived in a town of north Alabama, when only 16 years of age, had finished his school boy days, and was ready to enter the junior class at the University of Virginia. Just at this point or period of his scholastic course, his father with a large family of children to educate, said to his son Robinson, “I cannot send you to college now. You must get up a school to pay your way.” The son replied, “But, father, boys and girls will treat me as one of their number, disobey me, and bring my authority into ridicule.”

“But I do not expect you to teach school here where every one knows you. Go off to Louisiana, and get a school, where no one knows you, and they will call you Mr. Lowrie.”

This his father said smilingly, but meant every word of it. So the young man got ready and started. In those days but little advancement had been made in building railroads, and the whole distance had to be made by stage coach. This was in the early fall months before the wet season began, and the roads were good.

Mr. Lowrie had no difficulty in getting a good school, and one that paid well. The school was of great advantage to him in several ways. It made him appreciate the value of an education, and at the same time contributed much to aid him in his University course. He taught the school out which ran through the summer months of the next year, and then started for home. On the next day, before they had gotten out of the Pelican State, the stage started to change horses, and a well-dressed gentleman approached the stage and looked in at the three travelers, and inquired if any of the trio was going as far as Huntsville, Ala. Mr. Lowrie spoke up and said, “I am going there, and would be pleased to serve you.” The stranger said, “My name is Crittenden, and I want to send my daughter there to the seminary for young ladies. She is but a child, is only 14 years old, wears short dresses; and if you will take

care of her for me I will be under many obligations to you." Mr. Lowrie said it would afford him pleasure to have her in charge and deliver her at the seminary.

Mr. Crittenden escorted his daughter out to the stage, and introduced her to Mr. Lowrie, and he to the other passengers. Her trunks were put in, and Mr. Crittenden congratulated himself on his good luck on being saved the tiresome trip, and meeting with such entertaining companions for his daughter. The change of horses was now completed, and the long journey was again resumed with brighter prospects for a less wearisome journey. Nothing of unusual interest occurred during the journey, and in good time they reached its end, halting at the female seminary. Here Mr. Lowrie delivered his ward, safe and sound, into the hands of the matron, and then bid the young lady good bye. She called to him and asked him to accept a souvenir from her for his kindness in bringing to the school and taking such good care of her; and gave him her tin type; he looked at it, and was impressed with the beauty it portrayed and which promised much more when developed by mature age. He accepted the gift most thankfully and promised to keep it in memory of the happy ride from Louisiana.

Mr. Lowrie here spent a few weeks with his kindred and friends, and enjoyed his vacation at home; but strange to say never went to the seminary to look after his ward. As time rolled on cool weather warned him that the fall session at the University of Virginia commenced with the first of October, and that date was almost here. In adjusting his clothing for University life, he left among other things the vest he had been wearing, and forgot the tin type in the watch pocket; and, strange to say, he forgot about the girl in his preparation for his course in the University. He got to Charlottesville in October, 1855, and entered upon his studies in the junior class, well prepared to graduate in 1857. His life there was uneventful, as he was a close student, and as there were no games at that time which excited a national interest. In the course of two years he graduated; and had the foundation laid to build upon whatever profession he should see proper to study. He came to Charlotte, N. C., where he had a large number of relatives and friends. Here he began the study of

law ; but the intricacies of Blackstone were more than ordainly obtuse to his mind, as he was passing under a cloud that Cupid or some other divinity was weaving a web around his mental vision ; he did have a bad case, but only enough to neglect his studies of the legal profession, and have what the girls and boys call a good time. He was exceedingly popular, was invited to all the soirees and musical entertainments in the town. S. I. Lowrie, Esq., was his preceptor, who probably knew more law than any man of his age in the State. They were always together when our friend was not playing the devoted to his fair Dulcinia.

It was one round of pleasure after another till the war cloud that had been gathering for many years was ready to burst over our Sunny Southland. Companies were being formed in all parts of our State. Mr. Lowrie was asked plainly if he was going to volunteer? The time had come for every young man to show his colors, and declare to the world which side he was on. He told his associates that he owed allegiance first to Alabama, and that he was going home and would go with his own people. He started at once for his home, and there fell in with a company of cavalry just forming.

Lowrie told his family that he was going to the army ; and asked his mother to look over his old clothes and see what he had was fit to wear. In a few minutes she called to her son in a most excited manner, "What girl is this you are carrying in your pocket;" he went into the room and told his mother he did not know what she meant, or to whom she alluded. She was holding in her hand and looking hard at a tin type, and demanded of her son, "Who is this picture, I want to know?" Robinson asked where she got it? "I got it out of this old vest."

He laughed and said, "Do you not remember the girl I brought from Louisiana and put in the female seminary in 1855?"

Mrs. Lowrie, still excited, asked, "Where is she now," still thinking there was some intrigue that was kept sub rosa.

He answered, still looking at the picture, "She may be dead, or married; I have not seen her or heard of her in six years, but as every calvaryman likes to have his best girl near

him, I will take this one for my guiding star." With this he placed the tin type in his watch pocket; and made all preparations and was off for the war.

Mr. Lowrie served under Gen. Forrest in his rapid marches and hard fights, and nothing occurred beyond the usual, until in the fall of 1863. During the hardest kind of a cavalry hand-to-hand fight, he was struck in the left breast, reeled and came near falling, when the enemy broke and ran. Mr. Lowrie eased himself down from his horse, and felt in his bosom but no blood appearing, he looked further and found the left side of his vest torn into shreds, and found the tin type rolled around a minnie ball lodged in the lower part of his vest. His breast was black where struck by the ball, over the tin type, tearing his clothing. After he recovered from the shock, he took a hatchet and freed the ball from its covering, and hammered out the picture, so smooth it could be recognized as the same tin type it was before being doubled around the ball like a shut end thimble.

Mr. Robinson Lowrie was now prouder of his scratched and defaced picture since it had saved his life, than he was of it in its fresh beauty. He put the ball in his pocket, and the picture in a new vest, and said "maybe it will catch another bullet."

Time wore on and no new developments took place on the fields of strife, and the surrender took place, and all the Confederate forces were paroled, and started for their homes. Mr. Lowrie was sent down the river as far as Memphis, and there started for home in Alabama, on foot, his clothes torn, and dirty, without food only as he begged it. Truly he was in a deplorable condition, when we consider his former mode of life. He had not gone more than one hundred miles when his attention was attracted by an elegant looking house by the road side, where he concluded to ask for something to eat. A woman came to the door, and Mr. Lowrie made known his wants, telling her that he was a paroled soldier on his way home, and had no money to pay for rations. She invited him in, but he declined, as his dress was not suitable, and he would wait there on the steps; she said "No, she had nothing too good for a Confederate soldier to enjoy, that dinner would soon be ready, and would he walk into the parlor and make

himself at home." It was natural under the circumstances to look around at the bric-a-brac in the parlor; and on the mantle he saw a tin type like the one his mother found in a discarded vest. It made his heart beat faster and his cheeks burn as he handled it; he called to a child who was playing on the floor and asked her whose picture that was. She looked and said it was "Mrs. Brown." He compared it with the one in his pocket, and was sure they were the same. He asked the child, "Where is Mrs. Brown?"

She said: "In her room—she lives here."

"Go and tell her to come here," said Mr. Lowrie, becoming very much excited.

Presently a very beautiful woman the very picture of health appeared at the parlor door and said, "Did you send for me?"

"Is your name Mrs. Brown?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Well, then, will you please tell me whose tin type this is," exhibiting the one he found on the mantle. She instantly replied: "It is mine, you got it on the mantle."

"Well, then, who is this," and he showed her the one he had carried so long, and which one saved his life. She looked long and carefully, and said, "It, too, is mine, but has been most woefully abused; where did you get it?"

Then followed a long explanation, how he brought her from Louisiana and placed her in the seminary for young ladies; when he bid her good bye how she gave him her tin type for a keepsake; that he carried the picture through the war, and at one time it saved his life by catching the ball. She was deeply interested, and answered him, "You have brought back to life old memories that have lain dormant for ten years, but you cannot be the young man who brought me from Louisiana; he was young, handsome, and elegantly dressed; and you are the reverse in all these. His face was smooth, with no hard lines of care; now it is covered with unkept beard, and dressed in clothes that are sadly the worse for wear."

Mr. Lowrie replied, "You have forgotten that ten years works wonderful changes, alike in both you and me. Ten years ago you were a school girl of fourteen, wearing short dresses, and were regarded as a child; now you are full

grown, well developed and look quite matronly. At the time of our travels together, I did look young, was a beardless boy; now I have just come through a four years war, and am in need of many things to make my toilet so that I would be presentable. By the way, do you and Mr. Brown live here?"

"My husband was killed in the battle of Strawberry Plains two years ago, and I have boarded here ever since."

No sooner was this revelation spoken than Mr. Lowrie was electrified by the news that Mrs. Brown was a widow. He seized her by the hand, declared his love, and told her he would not let her go until she promised to be his wife. With blushes that were well becoming such a happy termination of love at first sight. She agreed to a union of hearts as well as of hands—a bright and pleasing oasis in the dark days of defeat and reconstruction. To-day they are traveling down the western slope of life, and looking forward to the time that their children will occupy—as they have done—exalted positions in life, in both Church and State.

A Mecklenburg Story of Olden Times

In the autumn of 1761 stood a newly built log house, of the style and fashion of the time, rock chimney, with a capacious fire-place, very wide doors (indicative of the hospitality of the period), and strong batton shutters to the windows, so that it could be used as a fort or stronghold if necessary. The location was near an excellent spring, nicely walled up with stone, surrounded with elm and maple, proffering a restful shade for the tired laborers when passing to and from the noonday meal. In this house, on the east side of the Catawba river, twelve or thirteen miles northwest of Charlotte, was born the hero of whom I write, Julian Phillips. His parents, Andrew and Elizabeth Phillips, had only a few months previously located at this point, having come from the vicinity of Philadelphia. The County of Mecklenburg, not yet having been defined, even in its eastern limits, was known as Anson. Neighbors were far apart, and consequently there was but little intercourse. Country churches and schools were unknown to the early pioneers; but fortunately for Julian, his mother was an educated woman, and from her he received all the education possible in that section. Hopewell church was now organized, but no school had been started yet, as was the rule in other Presbyterian localities, the population being too sparse. But several families who lived within six or eight miles of the Phillips farm, took advantage of the opportunity offered by the patriotic woman. Amongst the other pupils attending the school in 1776, was Jesse Rhyne, a well grown lass of fourteen years, lithe and active as a fawn, pretty as a picture, and a daring horseback rider.

She lived five miles distant, but did not consider the distance long when mounted on her favorite iron-grey horse between whom and herself there was a mutual attachment. She was often seen to spring from his back to pluck wild flowers along her pathway, leaving him to enjoy the luxuriant and tender grass.

Her father had been dead for several years, and her mother contracted a second marriage with a man by the name of

Blaylock. He was a man with a sinister countenance, talked but little, kept his own counsels, and even in '76 no one could say positively whether he was a Whig or Tory; but a few years later, in 1780, as events rapidly developed, an occurrence took place that decided beyond all doubt on which side his sympathies were. In the meantime another pupil was attending school, a young man nineteen years old, from the west side of the river, by the name of Francis Mills. He was a handsome fellow, of agreeable manners, stood well in his class, but his every sympathy was as strong for the Tory party, as Julian Phillips' was for the patriots. Mrs. Phillips frequently talked to her school of the patriot cause, and the duty of Americans to stand firm and never desert the cause of American independence. These two young men had much in common; both were above the average in looks and mental attainments; both alike fond of manly sports, and were rivals for the hand of fair Jessie Rhyne. In September, 1780, Julian was equipped and ready to join the patriots in their move against Ferguson as he advanced towards the hill country of South Carolina. He used all his persuasive powers to induce Francis Mills to cast his lot with his countrymen, but to no avail. He had been influenced by a stronger will power than his own, and was not open to conviction. Julian appealed to Miss Jessie with an earnestness he had never shown before. He told her "that if she loved him, now was the time to use her influence to bring Francis to his senses, or force him to discontinue his attentions to her."

She stood as if riveted to the spot, and assumed an expression that he could not understand, and with a feeling of pain and horror, he asked her plainly, "Do you espouse the cause of our enemies?"

She turned deathly pale and said, "It would be at the peril of a life more dear to me than my own, to give an honest answer even to you."

From the dread expression on her face he refrained from urging an avowal of her fears, but was more than puzzled to comprehend her meaning; he felt alarmed for her safety, and at once determined to know the whole truth about the matter. Julian remarked with much warmth of feeling, "If you do not forbid it, I will see you to-morrow, and will not be satisfie

till this mystery is cleared up, and you must tell me the trouble that hangs over you."

She simply replied, "I am always glad to see you."

That night Julian talked to his father—who was also preparing to join the mountain men to attack Ferguson—about Jessie's strange talk and actions; and learned that Blaylock was a pronounced Tory, that his wife and step-daughter were in mortal dread of him, and also of his associates, and also that Francis Mills was an active ally of Blaylock. Father and son sat up till midnight devising ways to get rid of Blaylock, and if possible, young Mills also. Andrew Phillips had learned from a trusty slave that Blaylock had given his wife and Jessie orders not to allow any "detestable" Whig to be fed or given shelter during his absence, on pain of being turned over to the mercies of the British, if they should gain the victory or be successful in their approaching march from South Carolina. No wonder Jessie trembled when Julian talked to her on this momentous subject. But he would see her on the morrow before leaving to strike for the freedom of his native land, and all that was dear to a patriot soul.

The patriots felt sure that the destiny of the Colonies would be decided in the next few months, when America must be the land of the free, or her people mere subjects, paying tribute to England for generations to come. Every patriot was determined to do his part in the real death struggle now going on, and to hesitate would be to invite immediate disaster.

Early next morning Julian mounted his horse and started for the Blaylock farm to accomplish what he had purposed the evening before. He had gone but a short distance when he met Blaylock himself, well mounted and well armed, and having a wallet of considerable size strapped to the hind part of his saddle. The two men spoke and passed on. Had it not been for the moral training Mrs. Phillips had given her son, the Tory never would have been permitted to proceed on his journey. Before Julian reached the Blaylock farm he met the same faithful slave, who told him he was sure that Mr. Blaylock had gone to South Carolina, and it was not known when he would return. It was evident that he was on his way to join the tory band who were opposing General Gates. Cornwallis

was now advancing towards Charlotte, and excitement in the country was very great. The Whigs were on the alert, desiring and preparing to strike an effective blow. The Tories, on the other hand, having been successful in the lower parts of South Carolina, were equally anxious to render aid to the British. Julian pushed on to see Jessie Rhyne to know his fate. (Strange how love and war, though at antipodes, so frequently go hand in hand). He had the good fortune to meet her a mile from home, out hunting some stray colts which had failed to come home the evening before. They did not meet as lovers of one hundred years later meet, when everything is smooth sailing, and use gushing expressions of undying love; the times and surroundings wore a sombre hue, and he was not sure on which political side her heart was beating, nor was he any more sure that he had won her affections. But they spoke pleasantly, sitting on their horses, and conversed on the great question that occupied the thoughts and was on the lips of everyone.

"Jessie," said Julian, laying peculiar stress on each word, tell me candidly, do you sympathize with the Whigs or Tories? I promise secrecy if you are afraid to say, for you know I love you with all my heart."

Said she: "I would be untrue to my mother, my friends, my country and myself if I did not love the cause of American freedom; but you must also know my stepfather is an avowed Tory, and has forbidden mother and myself to show any favors to the patriots on pain of being turned over to the will of the Hessians, and his threat was made with a vindictiveness I never saw him exhibit before. He is now gone to join our enemies."

Julian was filled with indignation, and said: "I will not say aught against your good mother's husband, but he has chosen a dangerous course and will have to abide by the consequences. But let that matter pass, and tell me with equal candor, can I hope you will accept my offer of love, and one day in the near future be my wife? I am going into active service and want to know at once on what I am to depend."

With more than usual color in her face and quicker breathing and unwonted animation, she said: "If saying 'yes' will stimulate you to greater daring, 'yes.'"

"I now ask a test," said Julian; "for the constancy of your patriotism, and that you will prove true to your promise."

She answered with spirit, "What test do you require?"

"Aid me in any and all ways to defeat our enemies," said Julian.

Her prompt reply was, "Try me!"

With this mutual understanding of plighted troth and dedication of their lives to the cause of American independence, the lovers parted, not knowing when they would meet again.

Andrew Phillips joined in with the mountain men to meet Ferguson, and advised his son to go with the party South of Charlotte to operate on the flanks of Cornwallis as he approached the town.

On the 26th of September, 1780, the British took possession of the town after a hard fight, and held it until after the 7th of October. During their occupancy they found the locality extremely *unhealthy*, and from the number of their men picked off they called the town a "Hornet Nest," and no doubt it deserved the appellation, and their chief object in holding this post was not so much for its strategic importance, but to subsist off this section, harrass the Whigs, destroy their property and maltreat them in every conceivable manner. One Col. Blankenship, vain and arrogant, appeared more vindictive if possible, than Ben Tarlton. To insult women whose husbands were in the patriot army, was his chief delight. And more than of the brave men who had suffered by his tyrannical insolence, swore vengeance against him if opportunity ever occurred.

Julian having participated in the unequal contest in and around Charlotte, returned home, to act in concert with neighbors who were protecting the homes of those who were off in the army. The raids from Charlotte was of daily occurrence; and the Whigs were ever watchful to pick off the enemy wherever found. The twelve men who attacked the four hundred British on the Beattie's Ford road at McIntire's branch, causing them to retrace their steps six and a half miles back to town, with the loss of a considerable number of men and horses, were heroes indeed. This was the kind of work Julian and several of his friends were engaged in while the Red Coats remained in Mecklenburg. He made it

convenient to meet Miss Jessie soon after the skirmish at McIntire's branch, and asked her if she was ready to prove her devotion to the American cause by a test he would propose? She answered with a look of determination that could not be misunderstood: "Anything that is honorable I will attempt."

Julian then said, "I want you to go marketing in Charlotte to-morrow morning by 9 o'clock; go to the general's headquarters, southeast of the public crossing, on Tryon street, and call for Col. Blakenship, and as you are trading, stand not in front of him but to one side; dicker about the price of what you have to sell for a minute or two, and I will fix the price."

She gave strict attention to his instructions, and said, "I understand, and will be punctual to both time and place."

Julian was a thorough backwoodsman, knew every road and cow-path in all the country, and what was of equal importance for the times, was an expert with the rifle. After making the above arrangements with Jessie Rhyne, he at once set about perfecting his plan of operation, to both test her love for him and the cause he held so dear, and also to get "even," as he called it, with the British colonel. He communicated his plan to two of his boon companions, whom he engaged to wait in the rear as reserves, if help should be needed. Early the next morning Julian rode to within three-fourths of a mile of the court house, and left his horse and the two men who were to support him if necessary, in a thick wood north of the town, and he proceeded on foot to a dilapidated stable, one hundred and fifty yards northwest of Cornwallis' headquarters, surrounded by small oaks which still retained their foliage, and which constituted an excellent blind to keep out of sight of the enemy. This was in full view of the front door of the officer's house where he awaited the hour for Jessie to appear in her role of market girl. He saw but few persons astir, and had quite a while to take in the surroundings, where if he had been discovered, certain death would have been the consequence. Precisely at 9 o'clock he saw a country girl walking briskly, with a basket on her arm, as she passed the court house, which had been the scene of a great historic event only a few years previous, which set in

motion the revolution now nearing its close. With some nervous excitement he watched her go direct to the headquarters of British rule. By an effort of will power Julian steadied the nervous thrill that agitated his system as his partner in the forthcoming tragedy hove in sight. Coolness of nerve was now as necessary, as accuracy of vision, to draw a bead. He watched her as she stopped at the door, and saw three or four officers approach her, and each one turn away, till one appeared who put one hand in her basket and the other on the door cheek over her head, and as Jessie—for it was she—moved a little to one side, Col. Blankenship fell against Jessie on to the ground with a rifle ball through his heart, knocking her basket of eggs from her arm as he fell. She uttered a scream, and came near fainting, but the onlookers said it was impossible to tell whether the faint was at the sight of the blood running from his breast, or at the condition at the basket of broken eggs on the pavement. At any rate she acted her part so well, that Julian kissed her when they met the same evening, and told her the proof was entirely satisfactory, and that no other woman could ever supplant her in his love and affection.

Love and war! What incompatibles, what opposites, yet how sweetly they blend in heavenly harmony. Love that can coerce even the horrors of war into its service, must be divine. Love that laughs at locksmiths, can and does triumph over human carnage. This divine influence, incomprehensible, more subtle than electricity, may be held in abeyance, but cannot be utterly quenched; it is immortal.

Andrew Phillips was on time to take part in the important battle of King's Mountain of the 7th of October, 1780, an account of which now would be superfluous, as its history is probably more widely known than any other engagement of the Revolution. No more decisive victory had probably ever been won, and its results infused new life into the patriots. When marching the prisoners off the field, Col. Hill advised the immediate hanging of all the influential Tories captured. His advice was acted upon at once, and Blaylock never returned to his home. His name was never mentioned afterwards in hearing of his widow in consideration of the high regard the people had for her and her daughter. Young Mills

having been persuaded by Blaylock into active service for the Royalists, accompanied him in Ferguson's camp, and among the casualties of the battle, Francis Mills was numbered with the slain. It appears fortunate that this ambitious youth met death in his young manhood, otherwise his disgraceful course would have descended with his posterity to mar their usefulness and standing for generations.

Andrew and his son, Julian, both joined General Davidson's army at Cowan's Ford in January 1781, where General Davidson was killed, and also a small number of his men; the disastrous rout of the Americans was more damaging to the cause than the casualties of the battle. The Phillipses, with a number of friends, pushed on through Salisbury and joined General Greene's forces and rendered good service in the battle of Guilford Court House, where the British gained a dearly bought victory. Neither father nor son thought of setting their faces homeward till Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and the horrors of war were over and the white wings of peace overshadowed the country.

The journey home from Yorktown, where the long and cruel war was happily terminated, was not irksome, for the old man's heart was full of rejoicing that his country was free; and Julian's anticipation of meeting a true heroine whom he would claim for his bride kept him in the cheeriest of good spirits. On reaching home they both saw and heard great rejoicing that the long war was over, and that America was free.

Julian and Jessie thought there could be no more appropriate time to celebrate their nuptials than the present, when patriots were glowing with pride of victory, and singing the glories of American prowess, and basking in the sunshine of hope mingled with anticipations of the country's brilliant future. For many miles around the young people as well as their elders took a lively interest in the marriage of the most popular couple in all this section of country. The older people suggested that it would be both courteous and appropriate to form a horseback party, or cavalcade, led by Julian and his intended bride, and march to the residence, ten miles distant, of that sterling patriot, John McKnitt Alexander, and have him officiate in uniting the happy pair.

This was readily agreed to, and a messenger dispatched

to notify him of their request, and of the appointed time. At the appointed hour for starting, between forty and fifty persons were in readiness to do honor to the "twain" who would soon be made one, and give eclat to the occasion. It so happened that on the day appointed for the marriage, Mr. Alexander was extending his unbounding hospitality to many of his friends in honor of a visit of Gen. W. R. Davie, who was spending a few days with him, discussing questions pertaining to the interests of the country. Amongst the invited guests to meet Gen. Davie, were such distinguished gentlemen as Capt. Brevard, Maj. John Davidson, Col. Tom Polk, Capt. Barry, Capt. Jack, Adlai Osborne, Gen. Graham, Humphrey Hunter and others of equal merit. While these gentlemen were discussing the affairs of State, the approach of the wedding party was announced, this dignified body adjourned at once without formality, and contributed, by their presence, at least, to the enjoyment of what was now on the stage.

The host and officiating magistrate, J. McKnitt Alexander, dressed in the fashion of the time, his hair powdered, and tied in a queue, wearing a broadcloth suit, knee breeches with silver buckles, met the cavalcade at the gate and gallantly assisted Miss Jessie to alight and invited all into his hospitable home, Mrs. Alexander taking the ladies to a room to arrange their toilet. In a short time everything was in readiness for the supreme act in life's drama. Mr. Alexander now walked briskly from the library to the large hall, taking his special guests and assigning them positions to witness the marriage. Julian and Jessie were ushered in, preceded by two blushing young girls, as if to attract the gaze of the throng, but this ruse, if so intended, was a failure, for the bride in her queenly beauty and fame as a heroine, was the observed of all observers; with his wonted dignity, Mr. Alexander pronounced the ceremony uniting the happy pair and bestowing his choicest benediction.

After having been served with an impromptu luncheon, the bride and groom headed the gay cavalcade and returned to the Phillips home, where the party was handsomely entertained with an elegant supper, followed with the usual amusements of the time. Julian and Jessie had now one great purpose in common, to go hand in hand in life's journey studying

each other's happiness and scattering sunshine among their friends.

Both possessed of good taste, they selected a beautiful spot in full view of the sparkling Catawba for their home which they surrounded with an orchard, vines and flowers, indicative of their love of nature, where their lives were spent in doing good to their fellows; and as old age crept on they were happy in the love and esteem of their neighbors and friends.

Olden-Time Physicians

At a recent meeting of the medical society of the city, Dr. J. B. Alexander read an extremely interesting paper on the practice of medicine before and immediately after the war, showing the wide difference between the treatments then and now. A numbr of the physicians of the city have requested that it be published. The paper in its entirety follows:

"I am now the oldest living physician in Mecklenburg county and the only one from this section living who was surgeon in the Confederate States army. I graduated from the Medical College of South Carolina in Charleston in 1855. Consequently my observation and experience extend back more than a half-century and I can say without the fear of successful contradiction, that it has been both large and varied.

"Fifty years ago this county was sparsely settled and doctors were few and far between. They sometimes had a long distance to travel, and seldom had opportunity to see a patient oftener than every other day. Everyone rode a fine horse, one that had an easy gait, and that could cover from six to ten miles an hour. Of course he was expected to carry a small apothecary shop with him and prepare his own medicines.

Old Dr. Charles Harris, who was a surgeon in the Revolutionary war, and whose reputation both as a physician and surgeon extended far beyond the limits of the State, was a man of great parts, endowed with fine common sense, and possessing an excellent medical education in its various branches, particularly in surgery. He was the surgeon whenever a careful operation was called for, and was a privileged character, independent in thought and word. I recall on one occasion he was sent for from Morganton, about one hundred miles distant, to see a lady who was supposed to have lockjaw. When he was ushered into the lady's apartments she was lying in a speechless condition, with her lady friends in tears waiting for the supreme moment to arrive. Dr. Harris took in the situation at a glance, and prepared for the work before him. He wrapped his pocket handkerchief around both of this thumbs and started toward her saying:

"Now, damn you, don't you bite me," and immediately reduced the dislocated jaw bone to its proper place.

HAD NO PATIENCE WITH QUACKS.

Once in Charlotte he was accosted by an old steam doctor who asked him what his bill was for attending him in a recent attack of sickness. Dr. Harris told him his charge was \$50. The steam doctor replied: "That seems mighty high."

"Mighty high for keeping you out of hell six months," he responded.

"I did not suppose one doctor ever charged another."

Dr. Harris answered: "I never do, but damn quacks I make pay every time."

"Doctor Harris was elected to the chair of surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, but he declined the honor, preferring to stay and labor with his own people who appreciated and loved him.

"Doctor Joseph McNitt Alexander, who practiced medicine ten miles northwest of Charlotte for half a century, graduated from Princeton about 1790 and then from the University of Pennsylvania. His practice was very extensive, from Charlotte to Statesville, and from the Catawba river into Cabarrus county. He had stopping points at several places where he could be intercepted. He was not a surgeon but gave his whole time to treating diseases.

"Dr. David R. Dunlap was an educated gentleman of the old school; an excellent physician who did a large practice for many years. He had many persons in his old age to rise up and call him blessed. His last wife was a daughter of Judge Samuel Lowrie. He was a founder of Methodism in this part of North Carolina. He ceased from his labors in the fall of 1865, full of years and honors, his life a benediction to the whole community. He was indeed a good man, and a great help to those who needed assistance to walk in the higher life."

THE AGE OF GREAT DISCOVERIES.

To come a life time nearer the present, we find doctors more plentiful, and more liberally educated. In the treatment of desperate fevers and lung affections, however, I cannot say that any great strides have been made. Diphtheria was a new disease in 1860, and was very fatal. For several years it

baffled the skill of most learned physicians, and only when the great specific antitoxin was secured was the disease shorn of its malignancy. So with rabies, the poison of the mad dog. For many years the bite of a rabid animal was a notice that death was eminent, but the time of incubation was indefinite. It might occur in a fortnight, or be delayed for several years, but it was certain when the system had appropriated the poison. For the discovery how to prevent the development of the disease in the human subject we are humbly thankful, and are willing to crown Pasteur with imperishable honors, that his name may go down the corridors of time in a blaze of glory.

“When I entered the medical arena, Mecklenburg county had some of the most eminent physicians in the State, among whom the following names held a conspicuous place:

NOTABLE CHARACTERS OF THE PAST.

“Dr. P. C. Caldwell had probably the largest practice of any doctor of his day, and no one since had a finer reputation. He talked but little but never hesitated to express his opinion when he deemed it necessary. He was in its truest sense a gentleman, but no man was quicker to resent an insult. When Dr. McIllwane first came to Charlotte, he was not guided by prudence and did not hesitate to criticise other doctors' modes of practice, even when he was not acquainted with the one he was criticising. On one occasion he was expressing himself in most uncomplimentary terms of Dr. Caldwell's treatment of a case. Dr. Caldwell, who was present, let him alone until he finished, and then emptied a large quid of tobacco in his hand and threw it into Dr. McIllwane's face. A rough and tumble street fight followed, continuing until mutual friends interfered. Dr. Caldwell was as ready for a fight as he was to relieve a patient.

“Dr. D. T. Caldwell and Dr. P. C. Caldwell were about the same age, and although they had the same name and were partners in practice, they were not related by blood. Dr. D. T. Caldwell was the best posted man of his day. Every case with him had a distinct individuality, and required a treatment peculiar to itself. He would never find two cases of fever so much alike that he would treat them the same way, but every case according to the symptoms. I owed much of my success in treating typhoid fever to the path blazed out by

him in treating every case according to its peculiar marks. He invariably fed his fever cases, none were starved to death. He supported their strength, and when possible, improved their surroundings. He had the patient bathed enough in order to keep the skin clean. Spirits of turpentine and nitrate of silver were the most commonly used remedy in fevers. Expectant attention and support of patient were chiefly relied upon. A common expression with Professor Dickson was: "Young gentlemen, never let your patient die, support him, and he will recover. Professor Dickson was a great man and very popular with the students."

DR. THOMAS HARRIS AND OTHERS.

"Dr. Thomas Harris was a partner with the Caldwells, had a fine reputation and many calls from a distance in consultation, and was the first doctor in the county to practice medicine exclusively in a buggy. He was a very large and fleshy man. These three did the principal practice within five or ten miles of Charlotte. Later Drs. Fox, Happoldt, Gibbon and McIllwane held down the boards, and had more or less reputation before the war between the States. Dr. Fox was a man of considerable learning, probably one of the best posted men in the State, who examined into all his cases with more than ordinary care. He was also a surgeon of ability, but he did not enter the army where his services would have appeared to advantage.

Dr. Robert Gibbon was in active practice from 1850 to 1860. As Dr. Fox had the lead in surgery, Dr. Gibbon did not take the first rank until the war began in 1861. During that period, and for many years afterward, he occupied the chief place as a surgeon. Being ambidextrous, he had the advantage at the operating table, yet he was conservative in an eminent degree. The Drs. Gregory held conspicuous places as practitioners of medicine in the town and county for a number of years from 1856 to 1870. Dr. Isaac Wilson did a large practice twelve miles northwest of the town for half a century. He was a part of the county, and was loved by the people for the good that he did to all, both rich and poor. Dr. Wilson had a reputation that any doctor might have been proud of. He finished his work in 1875.

"There are other names equally deserving of praise, but

there are other pens who are more familiar with the past history of these doctors, and I leave to them the task of perpetuating their memory.

WHISKEY AN ANESTHETIC.

“It is proper that I should speak of the tools or implements which these worthy doctors of the early years were called on to work with in relieving suffering and treating diseases. Previous to 1845 no anesthetic had been discovered to dull the excruciating pain that accompanies the use of the knife. The surgeon was not necessarily an unfeeling wretch who could perform a tedious and painful operation, while the patient was tied hard and fast, lest by his unrestrained movements he should hinder the surgeon, or do himself irreparable injury and yet I confess it would and did produce a kind of callous feeling in those who were often called to operate with no anaesthetic save corn whiskey which was used, as they said ‘to make the patient stand it better.’ The old-fashioned Moxa passed away with the hot iron and might well be classed with the implements of torture that belong to the barbarous.

“When these worthies I have named were in practice they gave the extract of barks for malarial diseases and, on women and children, they placed a bark jacket which was made by taking a plain piece of soft lindsey cloth, dusting it well with powdered barks every other day. Before the discovery of the alchaloid quinine, a common case of chills and fever we treated with a good-sized dose of blue mass and calomel to be followed with a tea or a decoction of boneset, which was more commonly called ‘grow round.’ This treatment was effective but was exceedingly villianous to drink. Another treatment much in vogue about that time was to premise almost every disease with a vomit and that consisted of a teacup of warm water with a small portion of tartar emetic dissolved in it. With this treatment, if the patient didn’t die, he always got well.

“In 1845, sulphate of quinine sold at \$8 per ounce and was only given to refined people and to valuable slaves. It was weighed out with great care. A fool doctor determined to try the poisonous effect of the new alchaloid and locked himself and wife in a room to try the experiment. He took 600 grains and gave his wife 400 grains to be repeated next

morning. Fortunately for his wife, he died before daylight. Chloroform was introduced by Simpson, of Edinburgh, in 1845, and has been considered one of the greatest blessings that has been conferred upon humanity. In the hospitals of our large cities, and the temporary hospitals of the battle fields, it appears impossible to get along without the anesthetic.

WHISKEY THEN CHLOROFORM.

"A little more than forty years ago we always gave a stiff dose of whiskey and then proceeded to chloroform the patient. In all my experience in battle-field hospitals I never saw any bad effects from the use of chloroform. Chloral hydrate was brought into use about thirty-five years ago and I feel sure I was the first to use it. Dr. F. Scarr was my druggist. He had it in drachm bottles and sold it at \$1 per 3. I bought one bottle and offered to divide with two of my friends. They said: 'No, try it on your own cases and if it does not kill them, we may try it.' With it I accomplished great good and in a few cases I saved life. It is the finest and best rubifacient to be had. The fever thermometer and the hypodermic needles were introduced since the war between the States, and have been of incalculable service. Like some other things, however, they have been put to vile uses, but the good outweighs the bad.

"I have not mentioned the thousand and one things the chemists contributed to the physician's armentarium in the last half-century, so that they were better equipped to contend with diseases, than their brethren were fifty years ago, but all honor is due those noble men who went before, and blazed a way for the future generation to work by. Some diseases that have been handled for two thousand years, possess the same symptoms, but their etiology is still not understood, or at least is incurable. I allude to epilepsy. I have been able to stave off an attack for two years with a silver pill, and after that time, to suspend the remedy, to have the fits to return with the same violence as before. With the great lights of the late years turned on, it really seems that these nervous diseases that have preyed upon the human race for thousands of years should be made to give away. But we are thankful for what has been done in the past and have bright hopes for the future."

Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch

Rev. J. B. Mack, D.D., tangled up, or made the effort to confuse what the good people of this county deemed settled history for 124 years. If Dr. Mack had read Alexander's History of Mecklenburg, and had carefully noted what was taken from Lyman Draper's notes with regard to the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, he would not have been confused to the year in which Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch died, or the place of his burial.

Look on page 407 of J. B. Alexander's "History of Mecklenburg County," and you will find:

"REV. HEZEKIAH BALCH.

"The Balch family was originally from Wales, and the name signifies 'proud' in the Welch language. John Balch is said to have immigrated to New England at an early period from Bridgewater, in Somerset, England, and became possessed of a large property and extensive influence. A great grandson of his, Col. James Balch, migrated directly from his native England, married Annie Goodwin, and settled on Deer Creek, in Hartford county, Maryland, where his eldest son, Hezekiah, was born, in 1746. His father was a man of high, gifted and cultivated mind, possessing a fine poetical talent, and was author of some anonymous pieces that had no small celebrity in their day. While his son was yet a youth, the father moved with his family from Maryland and settled in Mecklenburg. After assisting his father on the farm, young Balch was at length sent to Princeton College, where he graduated in 1776 in the same class with Waightsill Avery, Chief Justice Ellsworth, and the celebrated Luther Martin. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Donnegan in 1767, and in 1769 he was ordained and sent as a missionary to Rocky River and Poplar Tent churches, without the bounds of Mecklenburg. He had married (a Miss Scannel, it is believed) shortly before removing to the county, and settled six miles west of the present town of Concord, on the Beattie's Ford road. It must be conceded that during this brief period of labor, about seven years, he performed a good pioneer work for the Church and State—for the cause of liberty and

the cause of education. A member of the Mecklenburg Convention of May, 1775, he not only voted for the noble resolves, but enforced them by his vigorous sense and eloquence. He did what he could for his country and his kind; but, in the summer of 1776, he was called to his reward at the early age of 30 years. He was reputed an elegant and accomplished scholar. He is said to have been a tall, handsome man, with fair hair, which he wore long and curling. He had two or more children. His widow subsequently married a man by the name of McWhorter, a professional teacher, and moved with her and her children to Tennessee; Mrs. McWhorter taking the children as she passed along on her journey to view their father's grave for the last time. All trace of these children has been lost. Mr. Balch had three brothers and several sisters. Two of the former were noted Presbyterian clergymen, Rev. Dr. Steven B. Balch, of Georgetown, and Rev. James Balch, of Kentucky; the third, William Balch, a planter in Georgia. In 1847 means were provided and a suitable monument erected over his grave, for which Rev. J. A. Wallace prepared an appropriate inscription."

The Caldwell Family

Rev. Samuel Craighead Caldwell, native of Guilford county, came to Mecklenburg in 1793, was called to the pastorate of Hopewell church, and at once entered upon his duties. He soon afterwards married Abigail Bain, a daughter of John McKnitt Alexander, the secretary of that famous convention that met in Charlotte on the 20th of May, 1775. He preached there until 1807, in connection with Sugar Creek. After this date he moved into Sugar Creek congregation, and gave up Hopewell. He gave half his time to this church, and built up the Mallard Creek and Paw Creek churches. And when not engaged with these new churches, he preached in the only church in Charlotte until his death, which occurred in 1826. He performed a vast amount of work in his ministry of thirty-six years. Besides preaching and organizing several new churches, he was engaged in teaching school, special attention being given to a classical school, preparing boys for one of the professions. He had a special class of young men studying for the ministry. There was no theological seminary in the South in the early part of the past century, and Mr. Caldwell finished a great many candidates for the ministry. One young man who was just licensed to preach was fixing to go to middle Tennessee, and Mr. Caldwell told him: "It will never do for you to go away off by yourself; you must get a wife and take her with you." "But, Mr. Caldwell, I have none picked out, and I have not the time to spend now in courting a girl." Mr. Caldwell said to him, "Go over to John Smith's and ask Sally to marry you; tell her that you are going away." The young preacher went as he was told, made the proposal and was rejected. He returned and reported his word of luck, looking rather despondent. Mr. Caldwell said: "You foolish fellow; she meant yes; go back and ask her again." The second time she accepted his offer, and in a few days was ready to accompany him to Tennessee. He was eminently successful in preparing young men for preaching and other pursuits of life. His first wife had two children, Dr. D. T. Caldwell and Mrs. Jane Pharr,

who married Rev. W. S. Pharr. She died early, leaving but one son, who afterward became Rev. S. C. Pharr, D.D. He was regarded as the most eloquent divine of his age or country. Dr. D. T. Caldwell was educated at the University of the State, and at the Medical College or University of Pennsylvania. His oldest son, Sam, graduated at Davidson, was ready to enter the theological seminary when he died. Dr. D. T. Caldwell was blessed with a happy family of children. Rev. S. C. Caldwell's second wife was a daughter of Robert Lindsay, of Jamestown, by whom he had nine children, eight sons and one daughter. Mr. Caldwell continued his life work at Sugar Creek, preaching and teaching till the year 1826, when he finished his course and rested from his labors of thirty-five years.

His eldest son by his last wife, Robert L. Caldwell, preached in Statesville and married Miss Martha Bishop, of Virginia. He died quite young, leaving a widow and one child that followed his father to the spirit land while still in childhood. The second son, Samuel, went into the mercantile business when quite young. He went to Mississippi, and during the days of steamboat racing, while going to New Orleans, his boat blew up and he was drowned. He was never married. Two other brothers, Septimus and Leland June, also went West, about 1835. The former located in Garnard, Miss., practiced law and made quite a reputation as a lawyer. He married and reared two daughters. He died, probably in 1845. Leland June Caldwell reached Texas about 1840. He was a Baptist preacher. Neither of these brothers nor any of their family ever visited North Carolina after going West. It was very seldom we ever heard from them.

Rev. John M. M. Caldwell preached at Sugar Creek, his father's old church, till 1845. He married a most brilliant woman from the North, a fine school teacher. They taught one year here a large female school, and then moved to Rome, Ga., where they ran a successful school for many years. They reared a family of four boys, three of whom are Presbyterian ministers, and one a successful surgeon. The old people reached a ripe age and were called home several years since. Rev. Robert Harper Caldwell entered the ministry about the same time with his brother John. His first pastoral charge was

Bethsada, in York district, South Carolina. He remained there till 1845, when he married a daughter of Rev. John Williamson, of Hopewell, this county, and then moved to Mississippi. He was very successful in accumulating a handsome competency. They reared four sons and two daughters. Three of his sons entered the ministry; one is located in Hazelhurst, Miss., and one in Memphis, and one in Chicago. The fourth son is a farmer. Mr. Caldwell preached till he was 84. His widow is still living. Rev. Cyrus K. Caldwell's first pastorate was at Buffalo, Guilford county, where his grandfather preached in Revolutionary times. He remained here till about 1855, when he married Miss McKinly, of Rocky River, and moved to Denmark, Tenn. Here they reared two daughters, but no sons to follow in the line of preachers. Mr. Caldwell ceased from his labors while he was still young. The widow still survives to encourage her daughters and help with their children. There is but one more of the brothers to speak of—Mr. Walter Pharr Caldwell. He was the youngest of the family, and was named for his brother-in-law, Rev. Walter Pharr. He was graduated from Davidson College and at once studied law. He began the practice in Statesville. In 1857 he married Miss Weatherly, of Greensboro, and in a few years made that his home. He was a successful lawyer and was very popular. He had six daughters and one son, who studied law, and after a few years he went into the ministry. He had every advantage that a young man could desire. He was handsome and had perfect manners, was easy and graceful. He was a popular and a most lovable minister and pastor. He died at the age of 42 years, lamented by the whole State. His father died in Greensboro, where he practiced law during the best years of his life. His widow and daughters are still living. The only daughter—Abigail Bain—married Robert D. Alexander of this county; they reared five children; three died in infancy. Their eldest son, Rev. S. C. Alexander, D.D., is now 74 years of age, but still in the active work of the ministry, living in Pine Bluff, Ark.

This family is noted for the large number of ministers it produced, two able lawyers, and one of the most noted physicians in the country. They left their mark in the community in which they lived.

Life and Traits of John R. Alexander

A man is of consequence according to the times in which his life is spent. He may be a good man—that is quite an unobtrusive citizen, and not leave his impress upon persons and things around him; have no individuality, willing to be led and subject to the will of another, who is not afraid to give expression to his opinions on county or state affairs. He was emphatically a positive man. When he was confident of being right, he never hesitated to act. He came of a race of people that could not have acted otherwise. I have heard him often make use of the following expression: "I'll be danged if I don't believe there is as much in the breed of people as there is in the breed of horses."

John Ramsay Alexander was a son of Wm. Bain Alexander, and his mother, Violet Iane, a daughter of Maj. John Davidson, whose mother was Isabella Ramsay of Cecil county, Maryland. John McKnight Alexander, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, also married a Maryland woman by the name of Jane Bain. Maj. Davidson married a daughter of Samuel Wilson, an Englishwoman. We have reason to believe that there is no better strain of people in America than this mixture.

I have been somewhat particular to give his geneology to show there is something in the "breed" of men. Like all of his brothers and sisters—fourteen in all—he received from his father, Wm. B. Alexander, a good sized plantation, on which he raised a most excellent family of sons and daughters. Mr. Alexander, when quite a young man, courted and married Miss Harriet Henderson, from Sugar Creek congregation, a daughter of Andrew Henderson, whose father came from Pennsylvania, some ten years before Mecklenburg was laid off as a county. In or about the year 1750 Kearns Henderson and Elizabeth Robinson were married in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, Nov. 14, 1749; (copied from marriage certificate) moved to this section ten or twelve years before the formation of the county. It is presumed that farming was their principal pursuit. They had three sons, but no daughters

are mentioned. Andrew grew up with those stern, prominent features that were characteristic of the times in which they lived. And it is strange he also married Elizabeth Robinson, the same name chosen by his father, but they were not related; merely a strange coincident. This was in 1780; they were blessed with two sons and seven daughters. They reached a ripe old age, and filled good positions in church, as well as citizens of the county.

When Mr. Alexander was married he settled midway between Charlotte and where Davidson College was built some years later. Here he raised his family, and spent the many years of his busy and active life. This was a great thoroughfare of travel at that time; and of course his house was often looked to as a place of entertainment by the traveling public. He was a very hospitable man; was known far and near for the good cheer at his board. He was a most excellent farmer; he was noted for keeping fine stock of all kinds. His friend and kinsman, D. A. Caldwell, Esq., was often with him and freely discussed the fine points of stock, especially of horses.

His cattle, sheep and hogs were as good as could be found in all the country. His negroes were humanly treated. I remember once having attended a boy, Jack, about twelve years old, who was ill with typhoid pneumonia. Mr. Alexander moved him into the "big" house where his wife could see after him. The boy lay a long time, but he completely recovered. Since the freedom we never see such marks of kindness shown the negro; then we were doubly interested, our interest has somewhat abated. I never knew a man so completely dominated by the angelic sweetness of his wife, as was John R. Alexander. His neighbors all knew him as a man of violent passions, but they also knew what control his wife exercised over him. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander tenderly loved each other, and had hosts of friends. Mr. Alexander was a regular attendant of Hopewell church, and would see to it that all of his family were present; but his fine wife was the effective power that presided over the spiritual interests of the family. An incident will illustrate this: Away back in the early fifties, Dr. D. T. Caldwell and Dr. Mittag of S. C., were discussing Physiognomy when Mittag remarked that he could tell a man's

general character if he could see him walk along the street. At this moment Dr. Caldwell saw Mr. J. K. Alexander coming down the street, and he said to his companion, "I know that man coming up street, and I will introduce him to you, and see if you can tell his character. Mr. Alexander approached and spoke cordially to his cousin, Dr. Caldwell, who at once introduced him to Dr. Mittag. The three engaged for a few minutes in conversation, and Mr. Alexander passed on. Mr. Mittag stood in the street and watched him till he had gone fifteen yards or more and then turned to Dr. Caldwell and asked "is he married?" "Yes," was the response. "Well, what sort of a woman is she?" "One of the best women in the world," was the emphatic answer. "Well she may have saved him, but he has the characteristics of a violent man." The entire community gave her the credit of keeping her husband in the Christian path of duty. He was kind hearted and loyal to his friends; and had the greatest respect for the good name of women. His education was limited, that is from books, but he was a well informed man. He was a great advocate of schools, and was one of the chief promoters of the Alexandria Academy, where a fine, if not the best school in the county was run for many years. This school was an important feeder to Davidson College, besides doing a great work in the county. Mr. Alexander's daughter, Miss Amanda, taught a large female school at his house for several years, with quite a number of girls who boarded in his family. After teaching the school for several years she married Rev. W. W. Pharr, and settled down to perform the duties of a minister's wife. For many years, Mr. Alexander was a trustee of Davidson College, and labored to build up that institution. His was an active life, nor was it spent in vain. He was a progressive farmer, probably the first in the county to use Peruvian Guano. I remember he used it on a field of wheat next to my father's house. He placed a fence rail in a hollow stump, to mark the land without any guano. When the wheat was ready for harvesting, it looked elegant, on the land where there was no guano it was so poor that it was not worth cutting. From this time on he never failed to use this kind of fertilizer on wheat and cotton. He was a warm advocate of Agricultural Fairs, as a means of educating the masses of the

people; and whatever would help the people of the county in agriculture, would have an elevating influence at large. In the forties he kept a pack of fox hounds, and enjoyed the chase with his neighbors who were so inclined.

In ante-bellum times he was an active Whig and bitter partizan; although he never aspired to office of any kind; but he delighted to work for the nominee of the Whig party. I have known him to send his four-horse wagon and driver through Ferrelltown and haul as many voters as would go to the election, paying their poll tax, if they would vote the Whig ticket. He was remarkably zealous for his party. In fact, he did not think the Democratic party was patriotic or trustworthy. He believed the Whig party in his day was as pure and patriotic as the old Whigs were in the days of 1775.

Capt. John Walker, the great wheel-horse of Democracy in this county, was about the same age with Mr. Alexander, and they had a high regard for each other socially, but they were at antipodes politically. Two years after the close of the civil war when the first election was held, I was walking with Mr. Alexander on Trade street, and we were about to meet Capt. Walker, when he put out his hand and said, "Mr. Alexander, I never expected to live to see the day when you and I would vote the same ticket." Mr. Alexander replied, "I'll bedanged if I would do it now if I could help myself." But the old man could not vote with negroes and scalawags against the interest of his own race.

In the fall of 1860 when a sectional candidate for President was elected and the war clouds were hovering around the horizon, secession talk was heard in both town and country. Mr. Alexander was most violently opposed to secession from principle. After South Carolina seceded, two of the most prominent citizens of Charlotte rode up to spend the night with him and persuade him to become a secessionist. They got to his house before sundown; but Mr. Alexander was away from home, and would not return before dark. They made themselves comfortable before a big fire, and the young ladies entertained their guests in a social manner. Presently Mr. Alexander arrived home, and as he came in one of the citizens remarked in a good natural way, "Well, John, we have just come up to convert you into a good secessionist." He

instantly replied, "Yes, dang you, you have come to set my negroes free and put me in the poor house." There never was a conversation more abruptly terminated, nor was the subject alluded to again that night. Although opposed to secession I never heard of him putting a hinderance in the way of his three sons volunteering for the war; although one was killed in front of Petersburg the 17th of June, 1864 (Capt. F. R. Alexander was as brave a soldier as ever gave his life for the rights of the South). He never forgave the Democrats for bringing on the war; and always believed if the Whigs could have held the political power the old Union would have lasted to the end of time. His grandfathers on both sides, John McKnight Alexander and Maj. John Davidson, were active participants on that wonderful occasion. Nothing could be more insulting to him than for a man to doubt the truth of the Declaration of Independence of May 20th, 1775. He believed that was the origin or gave rise to the Whig party, and all the blessings that flowed from Independence. In 1875, it was determined to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence the next year, and Dr. J. G. Ramsay, of Tennessee, wrote to Mr. J. R. Alexander "to try and hold on till the great anniversary would come, that he wanted to be present on the occasion." Mr. Alexander replied that "he would if he could." How short sighted we mortals are; before the fixed date arrived, Mr. Alexander received his summons to appear before the judge of all the earth. Dr. Ramsay received a serious hurt from a horse, rendering him a cripple for the remainder of his days. So neither of the cousins were present at the great celebration of the first centennial of the wonderful event. Mr. Alexander was a true Christian, but most heartily despised cant and hypocrisy, spoke sharply, and said what he meant, kept nothing concealed, never sacrificed truth for policy. He was worth a dozen ordinary men in a community. His character should be emulated by those who would pursue the rugged paths of truth and integrity. The last time he was from home, as he walked from the gate his good wife saw that he looked very feeble, and met him at the door, and asked if he was sick. He replied: "Woman, I am done, I am going to die, my days are ended, help me in." In a few days he went to sleep as quietly as a child in its mother's arms.

Miss Sallie D. Alexander

Miss Sallie Davidson Alexander, the subject of the following sketch, was a grand-daughter of John McKnitt Alexander, and a daughter of William B. Alexander, who raised fourteen children, seven sons and seven daughters. The youngest one, Mrs. Dr. Calvin Weir, was the first one to die, aged 29 years. She died with phlegmonour erysipelas in 1845, in the same year with three other members of the family, all with that dread disease, that carried off so many of the good people of Hopewell, scarcely a house but what was visited by the destroying angel. Almost a panic was spread over the country in consequence of the fatality of the disease. Miss Sally did not escape an attack of this fearful disease. She got in a wonderful fret, on the occasion of hearing the step of her physician, as he ascended the stairs, when she cried out, "Oh! cousin Tommy, I am going to die; I know I am going to die." Her head was enormously swollen, her eyes closed up and disfigured in every way. The doctor very coolly answered, "Well, Sally, I don't know any one who could be spared better; you have no husband or family to grieve for you, and you have lived out more than half your time; you will not get a better time than the present to go." This had the desired effect, and she recovered without any more drawback.

There are comparatively few persons now living who remember "Aunt" Sally Davidson Alexander. She was an old woman forty years ago. She was never married, and the only one of her father's children who did not raise a family. She had many offers of marriage, but she never met the one who filled her idea of the man who would make life more pleasant by doing good to people not so well off as herself. She loved to spend an hour or two with persons who were poor, and with those who imagined they were neglected by people in easy circumstances. She often went to see Patsey and Linda Frazier, two very timid women, who led a very lonely life, who kept their door fastened for fear someone would do them harm. But they would always open the door

and were delighted to admit their friend and benefactor. These poor creatures died more than fifty years ago, and but few people now living in the bounds of Hopewell have any recollection of the Frazier women. How quickly does a generation pass from the memory of those who follow after!

In the 40s, Miss Sally, like many others, was carried away with the silk-worm fever. I remember very well of gathering mulberry leaves to feed her "pets" upon, as she called her worms. When the worms were done building their cocoons, they were put in hot water, and then in hot sunshine to kill the chrisilis, or the grub, into which the silkworm had turned; or, as a butterfly, it would soon cut out, and spoil all the silk it had spun. How deftly her fingers would catch the threads of the cocoons in reeling the silk, uniting a half-dozen or more strands in one thread, getting it ready for the loom. She was an expert in all fancy work, especially in bleaching and remodeling leghorn bonnets. Her frame-work, in making samples, that is fancy needle-work, working letters, a number of verses of poetry all done in elegant needle-work, and nicely framed. She kept her home at my father's R. D. Alexander, and he died in 1863. From here, she visited her friends and kindred, where she was always a welcome guest. She always kept a good riding horse, and consequently was always independent about going or coming. She would invariably look after the welfare of her horse, and had it in as fine condition as the old-fashioned Methodist circuit rider's horse. She was suited for the times in which she lived. She was a great favorite with the young people, and enjoyed their glee in all their frolicsome moods. She thought it no hardship to mount her horse with a pair of saddle-bags thrown across her saddle, a large "poke," or bag, hung on the horn of her saddle, and visit her brother, Joseph Alexander, in Meringo county, Alabama, 500 miles distant, to spend six months or a year. When she would meet up with someone coming back to North Carolina, she would return. This was before people ever thought of traveling in a buggy or carriage. All people "moved" in a wagon, or visited on horse-back; many people walked. She made two such trips to Alabama. She had several families of friends and kinsfolk there, who went from Mecklenburg, that she was very fond of—the Davidsons,

Alexanders, Cathers and Pitts. Blood is thicker than water. (That is a strong point of difference between man and the lower order of animals). As soon as the young animals moved off or "set up house-keeping for themselves," they lose all affection for their ancestors, or their old kindred; while the reverse is true of the genus homo.

Within the last few years, there appears to be a craze to trace back ancestors prior to the Revolutionary war. (But to have a strain of blue blood flowing through your veins is worth a great deal; and a strain of bad blood will crop out, though kept hid for many generations).

It was considered a great treat to hear Miss Sally give an account of her trips. About 1846, she made a similar visit to west Tennessee, to see her sister, who married Capt. John Sharp. This was her last long visit on horse-back. She was courted by every class, from the wealthy and learned, to the poorest and most ignorant. She would adapt herself to all conditions of life, and dressed according to the family's circumstances which she visited, or the crowd with which she was expected to associate. Her kinsfolk and friends were always glad to see her coming, and insisted on a long visit; occasionally she would protract her visit for a month, but ordinarily only for a few days. Her mechanical ingenuity was beyond the common lot of women. Her ingenuity was seen in skillful handiwork in the many houses. She was fond of reshaping leghorn bonnets, wiring them into a fashionable style, bleaching them with burning sulphur, in a barrel; then dress them with "artificials." When she was done with it no one could tell but it was brand new. Ladies' head-dress was not called "hats" as in after years; they did not at that time take a man's name of dress, but were satisfied with the good old-fashioned "bonnet." Her samplers, handsomely framed and hung upon the wall, are amongst my earliest recollections. These consisted of beautiful needle-work, verses of poetry for her friends to remember her by.

She was not a musician. I have no recollection of ever hearing her sing, but she could talk. She owned a fine body of woodland on the Statesville road, 12 miles from Charlotte, on which was held the famous Harrison political meeting in 1840. The place is still pointed out as the place of the great

Whig meeting-place. But few people are now living who remember the place ever belonged to Miss Sallie D. Alexander. The lapse of time makes wonderful changes, not only in who occupies our lands and homes, but changes the forests into cultivated fields; the civilization of that period and the present makes a wide gap. She passed away in 1863, after having done much good in her simple way. But few persons carried more sunshine and pleasure into the houses where she visited than Miss Sally; and we hope her name may ever be fresh, and her memory be kept green by the descendants of those she loved.

The Blending of Two Houses

McGREGORS AND AZTECS.

In October, 1828, near the headwaters of a pretty stream in Cumberland county, North Carolina, was born Jacob Fleming. His father was a hard working man. His mother was a lineal descendent of the world renown McGregors of Scotland, but had not had the advantages of education.

The boy Jake had inherited from his mother all the virtues and one of the vices of that remarkable clan.

He was educated in the common schools of the time, which afforded but limited facilities. In all manly sports he was unexcelled; with the rifle he was an expert. He had often brought down a deer one hundred and fifty yards from his well trained horse. His affection for his horse and gun was only equaled by his devotion to the good name of his family.

Charity Fleming, Jake's sister, was two years his senior. She was wooed and won by a young minister, of New Hanover county. Rev. Jerry Ellington was a traveling preacher. He was well educated, dressed well, had a fine address and had little trouble in winning the heart and hand of sweet Charity Fleming.

There was a sinister look about him that soon aroused the suspicions of Jake. He kept his own counsels, but determined to fathom the man's inmost life.

The marriage took place, but Jake had forebodings of evil.

Mr. Ellington remained with the Fleming family two weeks after the marriage, then he said business called him to Wilmington, but did not offer to take his wife with him, saying that he would return in a few days.

The matter was discussed by Jake and his mother and they decided to await future developments. He returned at the promised time, but never a word as to the business that called him off.

His private visits to New Hanover county became more frequent, and Jake determined to know the secret. His Jealousy for the honor of his family was thoroughly aroused, and

having all the instincts of a detective, he soon discovered that Rev. Ellington had a wife in his native county.

The thirst for revenge almost overpowered his reason when he thought of his sister's dishonor.

Mrs. Fleming noticed the troubled look on Jake's face, and feared she knew not what.

"What have you found out, my son, about Mr. Ellington's frequent visits?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"Mother, I would spare you this trouble if I could, but it is more than I can bear alone. That man is a scoundrel. He has brought dishonor on our name. He has a wife and child in New Hanover county. He shall not live to ruin another life."

"Son, do not bring more trouble upon us. Do nothing rash."

"I will do nothing rash, mother, I shall be very deliberate."

Calmly he thought it over and decided what course to pursue, and no power on earth could have turned him from his purpose.

With the coolness of a veteran, Jake selected two rifles, exactly alike, loaded both, and waited for Mr. Ellington to return.

The night he was expected to return, Jake met him three miles from home, at nine o'clock. The moon was nearing its full, and the reflection from the white sand made the night almost as bright as day.

Seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, he soon both heard and saw the approach of a gig, and recognized the man who had destroyed the peace and happiness of his family. Jake called to him to halt.

"You have betrayed my sister," he said. "Here are two rifles; take your choice. There is not room enough in this world for you and me. I will measure the ground ten paces and count one, two, three; the firing to be between one and three."

No protest was made, as the seducer knew his man. As the word "one" was spoken the report of two rifles rang out on the still night. Jake received a scratch on the neck, scarcely drawing blood. Mr. Ellington fell directly forward; the ball had passed through his brain. The crime was expiated in blood.

With the same deliberation Jake left a statement of the killing in a note pinned on the sleeve of the dead man.

He took the horse and gig home. He went to his mother's room and stood for a moment looking into her troubled face, then into his sister's. She lay with her face in the moon light. A smile played over her face, little dreaming of the rude awakening from her short hour of supposed wedded happiness. With a heavy heart and tearful eyes the boy silently turned away, leaving all he possessed behind him. In less than an hour he was on his way to Texas.

Jake was only a boy, seventeen years old, but he had the nerve and determination of a matured man. Only one in desperate straits would have thought of starting off on a journey of fifteen hundred miles, alone and without a friend.

Texas at this period was the rendezvous or place of refuge of hundreds who did not care to be tried by their peers.

Leaving the Old North State in October, 1845, Jake arrived in the Wild West, inhabited only by men of nerve and daring, just in time to have a fair start with kindred spirits in the war with Mexico.

He had been in the State only three months, when the tocsin was sounded. He had lived faster and made a reputation for daring and resisting fatigue that no old Texan had ever surpassed. To rest was a punishment he could not endure. He was emphatically a man of action.

To repel an Indian raid the old and new settlers were hastily called together, and with perfect unanimity chose our young Tar Heel, Jake Fleming, to be their Captain.

The Indian and Mexican marauders were proving very troublesome, committing many depredations. Besides stealing horses and cattle, they had murdered several frontier families, and nothing but severe retribution would quell the uprising.

It was agreed that all details of the expedition be left to Captain Fleming. Three days' rations were cooked all ready to move forward.

The Captain had the following order read:

"Headquarters Independent Volunteers, Order No. 1. Relentless pursuit until the enemy is driven from the country. Order No. 2. Fight them wherever found, neither ask nor give

quarters. Order No. 3. No prisoners to be taken. J. Fleming, Captain commanding."

A hearty cheer from the line was the only response. Every man, sixty-two in number, was armed with a double barreled shot gun, two heavy six shooters and a boogie knife. Six hours rapid riding brought them in sight of the enemy's camp. A half hours rest was given the horses, the sun not being over two hours high, it was deemed best, if possible, to rout the enemy before darkness set in.

Not knowing the number, the Captain ordered the charge to be made directly in the centre of the camp. When two hundred yards distant they raised a yell that struck terror to the savages. The timber was not plentiful to furnish protection, and they fled precipitately, but turned and fired as they ran. Capt. Fleming lost more horses than men. The Indian dead was scattered several miles of the stampede.

When night closed in the squads that were separated in the pursuit, returned and a strong guard was posted, but no attacks were made. The marauders were glad to make their escape without another trial with well equipped Texans.

The volunteers were so well pleased with their leader that they made their organization permanent and offered their services to General Taylor, who was stationed at Brownsville, preparing to invade Mexico.

A dispute as to the boundary line between Texas and Mexico led to a declaration of war by the American Government. Marauding parties of Mexicans and Indians kept trouble brewing between the two countries, until General Taylor established headquarters in Matamoras, April 22, 1846. At this point Captain Fleming offered his services with thirty-eight men as Independent Light Dragoons. The General was delighted with the recruits, as he was in great need of additional recruits.

Captain Fleming was sent at once to Point Isabel as his base of operations. A large force of Mexicans were in motion to cut off the army supplies. These he held in check until the first of May, when General Taylor arrived with his entire command, save a small guard to protect his rear.

The enemy under General Arista were heavily reinforced, and the battle of Palo Alto was fought on the 8th, in which

the Mexicans were defeated, but not routed, as they were able to offer battle again on the 9th, in which the Americans gained a splendid victory at Resaca de la Palma.

The Americans numbered seventeen hundred against six thousand Mexicans. In this action Captain Fleming won golden opinions from all who were engaged. Colonel May who made the justly celebrated cavalry charge on a battery of eight guns at Resaca de la Palma, said:

"He must be a veritable son of Mars."

General Taylor was detained in this vicinity for the want of adequate transportation, until the early part of September.

During the long spell of army inactivity disease played havoc with the soldiers.

Fortunately for Captain Fleming, his position as chief of scouts (really the eyes and ears of the army), kept him always on the move.

On the first of July Captain Fleming was sent to inspect the country bordering on the Sierra Madre range of mountains, and while passing a beautiful growth of palms he heard strains of music that sounded strange in such a lonely place. As he turned to look he saw a beautiful Spanish girl start from an arbor of rich shrubbery, as if surprised by the intrusion. Captain Fleming said to his orderly:

"Move the company to the nearest stream and await my coming."

Jake doffed his cap and said to the lady: "Do not be frightened; we will be friends," and approached near to where she was standing.

Captain Fleming had studied the Spanish language and had no difficulty in addressing the lady. She replied: "How can you say we are friends when you wear the American uniform?"

"Ah, *Senorita*, you do not comprehend," said Jake. "Our troops are here to uphold the honor of the flag, to punish those who violate or defy our laws by committing murder and other offences against our people east of the Texas border. **We are** not here to fight and oppress non belligerents, but to protect the weak against the strong."

Her sense of fear passed away as she heard him, and she felt a protection in his presence.

"Why are you here alone?" he asked. "My father's hacienda," she said, "is just beyond the orchard, and this is one of my favorite places of resort."

"May I ask your name, *Senorita*, and will you tell me something of your father?" "Yes, *Senior*, if you will first tell me your name."

"I am Captain Fleming of the American forces." "Pardon me, *Senorita*, for not introducing myself."

"I am Anna Androma," she said. "Tell me of your home and your people," said Jake. "My home is not a happy one," she said, "although my father is wealthy, it does not bring happiness to me."

"Rich and beautiful and not happy?"

"*Senior*, I will tell you why. My father's hacienda is also the home of two priests. One, *Parlonius*, is my teacher; he is good and kind. The other, *Annoli*, is cruel and harsh and I fear and hate him."

"Have you friends near you?"

"No, *Senior Captain*, none to whom I can confide my troubles. I am unhappy in the midst of my beautiful home."

"*Senorita*, may I see you again? Will you meet me six days from this time at this hour?"

"I will be here, *Senior Captain*, at this hour six days from today."

As Captain Fleming rode away she cautioned him against guerillas, as they were continually in the saddle.

Captain Fleming soon joined his company, but was reticent as to what had passed in the interview. His mind was wholly absorbed in the question how he could relieve Anna of the worst than disagreeable presence of one of her father's guests. He was of the right age for knight errantry, and she possessed that olive beauty and soft musical voice that would prove incentive to do deeds of daring. He lay awake nights, not consulting the stars, but revolving in his mind what course to pursue.

Six days later at the appointed hour Captain Fleming was at the arbor. For a moment he did not see Anna and he feared she would not keep her promise. A minute later she came from among the shrubbery. As she bowed to him, he took her hand bowing low over it and said: "*Senorita*, it

pains me to see you unhappy, so beautiful and young. The springtime of your life ought to be joyous as the birds above us and bright as yon beautiful snow capped peaks of the Sierra Madre, reflecting the rays of the sun. How can I help you?"

"Senior Captain," said Anna, "you know nought of the fires that burn in the bosom of the descendents of the Montezumas; they first love then hate. My mother, I am told, offended Father Annoli one day after high mass, and she was never seen to smile again. She sank into melancholy, pined away and died without the rites of the Church, and was buried outside of holy ground. You don't know, you don't know."

Her eyes filled with tears and seemed to look into a hopeless future. Jake was dumb with astonishment and indignation. He took her hand and said with much feeling: "Senorita, you have a friend in me and I will do your bidding whatever it may be."

At this she turned quickly and as if listening, and said: "I hear their voices, you must go, or I will be punished."

"No, said Jake, "I will see them and know what can be done."

Anna gathered up her skirts and darted through the thick shrubbery like a frightened deer. In a moment two men appeared in the road, one a few paces in advance of the other. The foremost one was elegantly dressed, but of a feeble frame and with a dejected air as if being reprimanded. The other, a short heavy man with a cruel mouth, deep set beady eyes and a thick ox like neck.

Jake rightly judges the one in front was Anna's father, the other Annoli, the priest. When they saw him, they halted in surprise. Jake at once addressed them saying: "I have lost my way and wish to know if anyone lives beyond the grove," pointing in the direction.

Androma, with much politeness, said: "My hacienda is there," but looked as if his inquirer would not be welcomed.

Jake was determined to know more and said: "I am both weary and thirsty; can you give me wine and food?"

The two men held a whispered consultation and Androma said: "Welcome, Senior, what we have is yours."

Knowing the characteristic treachery of the race, Jake

kept his eyes on the two men and his hand ready to use his pistol. He asked them to lead the way, which they did without hesitation. Father Annoli was the first to speak. "Senior, if I mistake not, you are far from your command and you are in eminent danger unless you are guided by a friend."

The Captain instantly replied: "I care so little for my life that it gives me no uneasiness. I love my country and sympathize with the oppressed. Beyond this there is nothing that interests me."

"Those are noble sentiments," said Father Annoli, "but we should have a care for ourselves, so that we may be the better prepared to do noble deeds."

By this time the party had arrived at the grand entrance of the hacienda. Captain Fleming made a critical survey of all the approaches, direction of the road-ways, and even how the gates were fastened. He wanted to know the situation beyond the castle, and asked permission to pass on to a wind mill, which he saw beyond the enclosure, to water his horse. Androma said: "Everything is at your disposal."

The proprietor and companion stood and waited the Captain's return. While his horse was drinking he took a mental inventory of the different approaches from the west side, the position of windows and doors, in fact, made himself familiar with the place. Returning to his hosts, he noticed a servant had joined the party to whom was given the Captain's horse to hold. They now invited Jake in and treated him with marked deference. He was ushered into a magnificently furnished room. The large mirrors encased in solid silver frames, elegant pictures painted by Italian masters, were tastefully arranged; the tables and chairs were in harmony with the frescoing and paintings. At the touch of a silver bell, wine was brought in, in silver cups of large size, but no decanters, on a costly and elaborately chased silver salver. The priest placed one near the centre of the table for the guest, gave one to Androma and retained one for himself.

Just at this juncture a wild scream, the voice of a woman, rang through the building, startling all three. Androma and the priest ran hastily out to learn the cause. It was Anna who affected a violent tooth-ache. The two men soon returned to the room. Before they returned, Captain Fleming ex-

changed his cup for one of the others. A friendly greeting was interchanged and wishes for future happiness expressed, and each one drank his cup. In fifteen minutes Androma was in a heavy sleep that ends in death.

The fell poison Annoli had cunningly prepared for the guest was unconsciously quaffed by Androma. Father Annoli exclaimed: "A fatal mistake! God pity him!"

Jake rushed into the hallway and called loudly for Anna. The priest cursed him for calling a woman.

Anna came running into the room as the priest disappeared through a secret door. She understood it all at a glance, and without a word of exclamation, said: "The poison was intended for you, and I prayed you might understand my cry."

"Your life must be in danger, too," said Jake, "you should leave here and seek safety among some of your friends."

"No, she said, 'he dare not to take my life. All this estate descends to me, and he will spare me, hoping to save the property for the church. Of course, I will have to convey all my rights through him or suffer penalties worse than death. But I can make him wait until my days of mourning are ended. Then I will be penniless and sent to a convent.'"

She shuddered at the thought of being shut out from the world, although she had seen so little of it. She looked on her father rapidly sinking into the embrace of death, but with no outburst of passionate grief. A look of despair came over her. The loneliness of death filled her soul. No tragedy amid her surroundings could cause her surprise. She had witnessed a similar scene but a few days before, when her loved teacher and spiritual father, Parlonius, had been killed by the wretch Annoli with the weapon of the poisoned chalice.

She hated and dreaded Annoli, and she had loved Parlonius. Having never been petted and sympathized with by her father, as she had been by this good priest, it was natural for her to love best one who had entered more closely into her life. When Parlonius died, she felt that she lost all that was dearest on earth, and no other sorrow could add to her cup of woe.

Annoli returned a few moments later; looking at Androma he saw that all was over with him. He turned to Captain

Fleming and said: "You are the cause of his death and will have to answer for it."

"Aye," said Jake, with the fires of revenge rankling in his breast, "I know it and will answer for it when and where you least expect it; and further, I will make you answer for Parlonius' cowardly taking off, and make you suffer retribution ten times more terrible. Out of my sight before I kill you in the presence of the hellish work you have done!"

Annoli quickly left the apartment. It was well he did, for Jake was now prepared to act with usual deliberation.

He pleaded with Anna with all the earnestness of his soul to fly with him to a place of safety. He poured out his soul with a pathos and fervor that few could resist. He appealed to her in the presence of her father's dead body; by the memory of Parlonius; that she was in the power of the arch enemy, who was filled with santanic malice. He begged her to act at once, telling her her fate was trembling in the balance, and there was scarcely a ray of hope for her future if she did not fly. He told her he would provide her a place of safety beyond the Rio Grande. In the fervor of his love, he cried: "If you can not be my wife, I will be your knight to protect you from harm."

"Signor Captain," she said, "You have taught me to love you, but as a descendent of the Aztecs, I tell you I will not leave my home till my days of mourning are ended. The danger is now for you. Annoli is even now summoning his retainers to arrest you, and once in his power, your doom will be sealed. If you love me, fly for your life; do not wait a moment; go at once and ninety days hence you may be able to save me. I will let you hear from me through Inez Varalo in Camargo, a week from tomorrow."

Knowing his safety as well as his liberty depended on immediate flight, he bid her adieu, and mounting his horse, he dashed by the wind mill and gained the road without returning the circuitous way he came. His company was becoming anxious for his safety, as his pickets had seen four men concealed in the chapparel on the road he had advanced by two hours before.

Captain Fleming performed his military duties with the same ardor as if no anxiety preyed on his mind. With all

his shrewdness he could not understand why a woman, a young girl, could be so obdurate as to remain in such imminent danger when escape was so easy. However, he bided his time, devising plans for future action.

He made it suit his purpose when carrying a message to General Worth in Camargo to meet Inez Varalo, the friend and confidant of Anna. She was very much interested to hear of her friend and, expressed great fears as to future events. She said in a whisper: "Father Annoli is a man to be feared. He has had several people put to death to prevent his villiany from being exposed. He is more to be dreaded as a libertine than as a murderer."

Captain Fleming's countenance grew dark as he hissed through his clenched teeth: "He must be gotten rid of quickly."

Inez placed her hand on his arm and said: "Not until her days of mourning are over."

"Senorita, tell me," said he, "what is meant by waiting until the days of mourning are ended?"

Inez promptly answered: "It is an unwritten law of our Church, with fearful penalties attached that no woman shall be molested in any way until three months or ninety days have elapsed from the date of death in the family. Consequently she is safe until the middle of October."

Jake felt relieved as to her safety for the present.

Three days later he received the following letter:

"Androma Hacienda, July 22, 1846.

To Captain Fleming:

My dear Friend:—The last rites of Holy Mother Church were given my father when buried yesterday. Father Annoli has not spoken to me, but keeps me under surveillance through all the servants, except Vares, the one who held your horse. This boy is devoted to me and will look after my letters. You can trust him. Any letter from you must be sent by Inez. I have no fears for the present, but have a holy dread for Annoli after the 15th of October. Make whatever arrangements you think best after that date and I will be guided by your judgment.

"Do not dare visit me until the time expires.

ANNA ANDROMA."

On account of so much sickness in camp, Jake never had an idle day, nor did he desire it. He proved as prompt on duty in camp as on picket or in the shock of battle. The patience of General Taylor was severely tried in July and August with the great amount of sickness and lack of transportation. The government was urging him to move forward, but failed to provide the necessary means.

The Mexicans were concentrating a large force in Monterey, and it was the purpose of General Taylor to strike a decisive blow as early as possible. By the middle of September he had everything in readiness, and preparations for the attack were made without further delay. Captain Fleming made a thorough reconnoissance and reported the enemy well protected in the town, using the thick walls of the houses, the cathedral and whatever would answer their purpose. On the 20th the seige was begun. It proved a difficult matter to dislodge an enemy securely posted behind adobe walls and fighting for their houses. Firing from port holes and windows made it extremely hazardous for the attacking party. For three days the battle raged without definite results. Four batteries of artillery were rained upon the cathedral. At the same time five thousand infantry were swept into the town through different streets, frequently in hand conflict with bayonets or clubbed muskets as the walls were battered down and soon forced the enemy to hoist the white flag. The enemy were too strong and too well fortified to demand an unconditional surrender, but one that was favorable to our army was agreed upon. They were permitted to march out with their side arms, but all other munitions of war to be surrendered.

This action did not give entire satisfaction to Mr. Polk's administration, and led to the appointment of General Scott to take command of all the forces, in other words, to supercede General Taylor. The capture of Monterey ended the campaign, so far as General Taylor was concerned, for the balance of the year.

In a hostile country, the cavalry arm of service must, of necessity, always be on the alert. Captain Fleming made frequent visits to Camargo, hoping to hear from Anna. It was only rarely that Inez could hear from Androma hacienda.

Whatever she could do or learn from her distressed friend was at once communicated to Jake.

The time was drawing near when Anna was to be rescued or a tragedy enacted. Jake was made of that sterner stuff, as already seen, that never fails to succeed when duty prompts to action. When his pathway was full of sunshine he was modest and gentle, but when crossed by villiany all the evil passions of the heart would rise up as barbed arrows in his quiver. "Thrice armed is he whose cause is just."

He apprised Anna that he would meet her accustomed bower under the palms at eleven o'clock on the night of October 15th; that he would have two pack mules for her convenience. Four days yet intervened before Captain Fleming could be assured of the safety of her whom his soul loved. He was proud of the good name of his family, and would suffer death, if necessary, to preserve it untarnished. His family affection was more of the animal instinct than physical, but his love for Anna was first lighted by sympathy for her loneliness; then a burning desire to break the priestly tyranny that held her in thralldom; then when she saved him from a cowardly assassin his soul went out to her in all its fulness. Two kindred spirits knit together that would resist the cares of time. The greatest trial he ever had to contend with was to refrain from taking vengeance on Annoli. He would say to himself by way of consolation, "when the time comes my revenge will be sweeter."

On the morning of the day he had so anxiously looked for, he asked leave of absence for three days, which was readily granted by Col. May. The Colonel suggested with a merry twinkle in his eye:

"If you are on a love affair with a Mexican girl, it would be well to have a brace of squires along."

Jake returned him a grateful smile and passed without a word. He very quietly made his arrangements, selecting two congenial comrades to accompany him, they driving two mules with pack saddles.

The distance from the outer picket post was twelve miles and as darkness set in the party set out on their perilous mission. No incident worthy of notice occurred until they reached

the bower. Instead of finding Anna, as he expected, or rather hoped, the place was as quiet as the grave. The moon was just rising and gave sufficient light to see objects, but not distinctly. It was just eleven o'clock, the appointed hour. Jake was never more disappointed in his life. His brain was in a whirl of excitement filled with forebodings of evil, imagining he could hear her piteous cries for help; that the treacherous priest would take advantage of her helpless condition. These thick coming fancies almost deprived him of usual self possession. He sprang into his saddle scarcely conscious of what was best to do, or of what course to pursue, when he heard some one step quickly into the road. With his hand on his pistol he asked:

-“Who are you?”

It was Vares who answered: “The servant who held your horse, Senior Captain; and if you would save my mistress, for God’s sake come quickly.”

“What is wrong, Valero?” asked Captain Fleming.

“Father Annoli is enraged,” said Valero, “that she will not confess to him, and swears that he will kill her unless she does as he commands. You know he is a bad man.”

“Can you show me into his room?” asked Jake.

“Yes, but he will murder you Captain; I would feel safer in a den of panthers.”

Jake replied “only point the way and I will ask no favors.” “Follow me,” he said to his two companions.

In less than five minutes they were at the main entrance of the hacienda.

Valero led the way to Annoli’s room and gently knocked upon the door in a peculiar manner that gave the priest to understand who it was that sought an interview so near the midnight hour. Annoli unbarred and opened the door, not suspecting that he would face a foe more to be feared and whom he would rather have avoided than the devil himself.

As the door opened, Capt. Fleming, with pistol in his hand, said: “Offer to move a joint in your body and I will kill you like a dog. Where is Anna?”

Annoli refused to answer. Jake gave a whistle and his comrades bounded into the room. He gave a nod and Annoli was hand-cuffed and quickly chained to the floor. The room

was a veritable arsenal. Death dealing weapons sufficient to have armed a dozen men were stacked in the corners. Jake left Annoli in the custody of his two friends and went in search of Anna. Her prison was pointed out by Vares, the faithful servant. The door of her apartment was of heavy oak, lined with iron lattice on the inside and securely bolted. It opened on the hallway and was fastened with a ponderous lock.

After examining the fastenings he saw it would be easier to pick a hole through the wall than to force the door. He asked Vares for a pick and crowbar. Vares said, "if I dared I could get the key."

"Tell me at once where it is," said Jake.

With fear, the servant said: "In his private room hanging to the left of the silver clock."

Jake walked rapidly into the room, not even glancing at his comrades, nor stopping to look at the horrible features of the villainous priest, as he lay on the floor grinding his teeth in impotent rage, but snatched the key and opened the prison door.

Everything had been done so quietly that Anna was not aware that Jake had come at the hour of the night, but stoic like was awaiting her doom. When the door swung open the light of the lamp so blinded her, that she did not at first realize who was intruding upon her enforced privacy, thinking it was her dreaded enemy. As soon as Jake spoke, she sprang from the iron bedstead on which she was sitting and rushed into the arms of her deliverer, crying "saved, saved."

Jake's heart was too full for utterance. Pressing her to his bosom for a moment, he said: "We must make haste. How has Annoli treated you? Has he offered to insult you in any way except keep you in this dungeon?"

With quivering lips and choking voice, Anna said: "I have had no reason to complain until three days ago, when he told me to come into his room and confess to him. This I refused to do because my days of mourning were not ended. He then swore that in three days, which would be at twelve o'clock tonight, that I should have no mind nor will of my own, but to be his slave. He laughed in my face and said he would crush the proud spirit inherited from a noble ancestry. I pleaded with God to take my life, but instead of ans-

wering my prayer, He has provided a way of escape. I will never cease to love you and praise Him. But tell me how did you get in? Have you seen Father Annoli? Tell me quickly."

"Your servant directed me to Annoli's room, and by a peculiar knock, he supposed it was only Vares who sought admittance and so I have him safe. I found the key to your room by the silver clock and you are free. Pack what you wish to take with you. I have two pack mules. Be quick for we must reach the American pickets before it is light.

Anna called Vares and soon had everything in readiness. Vares insisted on following his mistress, saying: "I am afraid to meet Annoli's ghost."

"Is he dead?" asked Anna.

"If he is not," said Vares, "he soon will be. I saw the Captain look at him, and it made me tremble to see his awful face when he told him to hold up his hands. You won't see him again, will you?"

"If Captain Fleming does not forbid it, I will surely see him again."

Jake was becoming restless to be off, knowing the country was swarming with guerillas, the most savage of Mexican soldiery, and that he would not be in a condition to either fight or run, having a woman and two pack mules in charge. He called to Anna and asked if she were ready. She said: "Yes, except to bid adieu Father Annoli." It is best not to see him," said Jake, and besides we have little time for adieus; we must fly."

"Yes, I must see him once more, if for nothing else, to show him his power over me is ended."

The untameable spirit of the Astecs was still dominant, and without further parley she stepped into the arsenal and gazed at the fallen monster of cruelty. With terrible oaths he cursed her for being the cause of his downfall. In tones of perfect composure, without a sign of anger she said: "Had not my protector come at the appointed hour, my condition would have been ten thousand times worse than yours. In your last moments, remember my mother, my father and Parlonius of blessed memory. Think how you made them suffer. There is a righteous God who will mete to you what you have

measured to others. I once thought I might be your executioner, but am satisfied for your conscience, if it can be awakened, to lash you through eternity. I bid you adieu forever."

Jake was standing near the door where he could see the play of her features and said to himself: "I know naught of the Astecs, but I know the McGregors," and thought what would be the result of the union of the two houses.

Anna walked quickly from the house with Jake by her side and Vares close in the rear. Anna was provided with a fiery, but well trained, mustang. The two soldiers were ordered to secure the packs on the mules, which were put in charge of Vares, who insisted on going with his mistress. While these preparations were being made, Capt. Fleming returned to Annoli's apartment to see that all was safe. As he entered the wretched man was making a superhuman effort to break his chain. The veins and arteries of his face and neck stood out like whip cords as he struggled to snap the links, until he fell with a heavy thud on the floor motionless and pulseless, rapidly becoming pale in death. Internal hemorrhage from a ruptured artery broke the cord that bound soul and body.

It was meet that he should die by his own hand. Full justice had been done and Jake was avenged.

Captain Fleming quickly extinguished the lights and was off with the party to Camargo. Fortunately no bushwhackers were met with. After a ride of thirty miles the friendly home of Inez was reached just as the gray dawn began to appear.

Captain Fleming and his finance were most cordially received. Inez thought best that Anna should not be seen in the town, that she should spend the day resting quietly in bed, so as to be ready to resume her journey as soon as the friendly shades of night should appear. Guerilla bands were no longer to be dreaded but the eyes of a greedy priesthood would be on the alert when a large amount of wealth was escaping their grasp.

Captain Fleming and his two friends spent the time socially with his old friends in camp. Jake suggested to his two friends that he would not need their services longer and they could return to their command, but they said, "No, this

is our first experience in storming a castle in stealing a bride, and if you will permit us, we will escort you across the Texas line."

"Camrades, you have been faithful and true and I am only too glad to have you go with us all the way."

As soon as darkness fell the little party set out on their journey of sixty miles to Fanin just over the border; not however until Inez had been thanked for her interest and hospitality and had given her promise to visit Anna in her Texas home.

The roads were still dry and the night air pleasant. The time was shortened by stories of different numbers of the little party as they felt inclined. Anna was not only cheerful but bouyant with the thought of freedom from espionage.

Jake talked as freely of their future as if sitting in a lady's boudoir and no one in earshot. Although unseen, no doubt the manly smile and beautiful blush provoked by their conversation could not have been excelled in the most elegant parlors.

When the moon arose at midnight they halted by a tiny stream to rest and partake of a lunch prepared by Inez, which was enjoyed by all. Vares who had never been ten miles from home wondered if they were not near New York or if they were not out of Mexico. When it was told him they had gone thirty miles, he felt relieved, having heard the distance was sixty miles from Camargo. Anna was in fine spirit, and said she would not object to play scout herself if Capt. Fleming would permit it. To this Capt. Fleming said: "I hale with delight the soldier who throws himself into the thickest of the fight or undaunted charges a battery, and like Col. May at Resca de la Palma covers the ground with the dead; but I could not love a woman who could embrue her hands in blood, except in self-defense."

Being refreshed, and the moon giving sufficient light to see the way, the party started off at a more rapid gait. An occasional song from the gay cavaliers did much to while away the time and apparently shorten the distance.

Jake had written Mrs. Sedgemore, of Fanin, for accommodations for Anna, saying they would be there not later than

October 17th. Mrs. Sedgemoore had lost her husband several months before this, while engaged in a fight with the Indians, as related in Capt. Fleming's first battle with the marauders. She was Jake's best friend and he felt that he could go to her with full assurance that Anna could find a home with her in which she could be contented until the war would be over.

As the sun was rising over the prairie they could see the smoke curling over the village. It was a pleasant sight for the night excursionists to see, as their appetites were becoming keen, and some of the party were in need of both refreshments and sleep. In half an hour from the time they first saw the tall wreathes of smoke they were in front of the hospitable home of Mrs. Sedgemoore. The family were all astir and breakfast was being prepared when the expected guests arrived. The hostess, in tidy dress, met the party as they alighted, and with a smile, asked Jake if he was married.

"Not yet," he replied, "but I hope to be in less than an hour. You know my time is limited."

She took Ana in her arms and kissed her a cordial welcome and led the party into her comfortable home. After a hasty toilet, they repaired to an excellent breakfast, which it is needless to say was enjoyed by all.

The ladies seemed to take to each other like old friends who had been long separated. While they were talking, Jake unobserved, slipped out to the stables and mounted a spirited horse of his friend, while his own was resting, and galloped over to Judge Goldsmith's, and invited him to officiate at his marriage which would take place at 12 o'clock. The Judge grasped him by the hand, congratulating him most heartily, saying, "We have been proud of your military record, but did not know until now that you were as dashing in love as you were valient in war."

Jake replied, "I thought my services worth more than the government was paying, so I levied tribute on the Mexicans."

His rejoinder was appreciated by the Judge, who said he would follow him as soon as Mrs. Goldsmith could make a presentable appearance. Jake returned and told the ladies of his visit. Anna said: "Your will is my pleasure. Please

have the cavaliers as witnesses and Vares must be present, for he is the best of servants. Mrs. Sedgmore, I hope you will take the oversight of us. Captain Fleming and I are both new in playing this role."

The two soldiers were called in and with great good humor the hostess had a rehearsal, which was followed by the arrival of the judge and his good wife who were introduced to the party. Judge Goldsmith, with his usual dignity, said: "The contracting parties will please present themselves."

Jake led Anna to the altar with more trepidation than he would have shown in leading his company to charge a battery. But the judge affected not to notice his nervousness and the twain were soon made one. The congratulations which were extended were more sincere than are often seen beneath gilded chandeliers and in richly upholstered drawing rooms when the guests are apparelled in Parisian costumes.

Jake looked as if he had won a prize that was worth all the risks he had taken, and Anna, not demonstrative, but happy in the love of a noble man, and a husband that she well might be proud of.

Mrs. Goldsmith insisted that Anna would divide her time with her, and appealed to Jake for his endorsement. He replied: "I am deeply impressed with the kindness of my friends and leave my wife here to spend her time with you, calling Mrs. Sedgmore's home. I start tomorrow for the army and my return depends on the termination of the war."

As he spoke, Anna riveted her eyes upon him as if she would not lose a syllable, and wore an expression that plainly asked, "Is it possible I may never see him again?"

She was now sixteen years old and had never loved any one, if we except her teacher, Father Parnolius, and he was dead. Her mother died before she was old enough to have strong attachments. She had only known her father as one who had gratified her natural wants. Now her soul was wrapped in her deliverer, her truest friend, her husband of only an hour. Now to hear him calmly talking of returning to the war, to leave her a moment among a people she had never seen before, was enough to crush the spirit of one twice her age.

Jake turned and saw the tears coursing down her cheeks.

He put his arms around her and asked her to walk with him out under the shade trees to a rustic seat. Here they talked over their prospective future. He explained the absolute necessity of his immediate return; that he must risk the chances of battle; that his reputation must be sustained, and he trusted she would be as brave to undergo the trials in the future as she had been in the past.

He said: "You speak English well, and with such good friends the time will not drag heavily. We are both young and there is nothing to mar the future.. Music is a passion with you and you have a fine instrument. Cultivate your talent and it will be a solace to you when you are lonely.

After this talk Anna was bright and cheerful. She played charmingly on her guitar for friends and was warmly applauded. The afternoon was passed pleasantly with music and songs by Anna and the two soldiers.

Jake made his arrangements for an early start the next morning, and Anna, with judgement beyond her years, made no objections. She had just rehearsed the history of her life and her association with Parlonius was the only reminiscence she could recall that contributed to her happiness. Now she was surrounded with friends who vied with each other to win her affections. Surely her future looked bright, yet the thought of being separated from her husband would cast a damper over the roseate hue of her hopes. Her inherited stoicism stood in good stead in her hour of need.

By the break of day next morning Jake and his two companions were ready to be off for the wars again. Most affectionately he bade Mrs. Sedgemore farewell. He cautioned Vares to be a good boy. Pressing Anna to his heart, he kissed her goodbye and said: "If anything happens I will let you know." She was too overcome to speak, but through her tears he realized how much she loved him.

They started off at a brisk canter and were soon lost to sight. At the appointed time Jake and his friends reported for duty. Col. May gave him a grand reception in camp by having the following order read on dress parade.

"Headquarters Light Dragoons, Order No. 49. Capt. J. Fleming, having won his spurs by gallant conduct on every battlefield, it affords the Colonel commanding pleasure to

announce to his men that he has won new laurels by capturing the most lovely flower of the Mexicans and that he has honored his country by transplanting the same on American soil.

MAY, *Colonel Commanding.*"

The cheers and congratulations were characteristic of southern soldiers, free from cant and full of heart-felt good wishes for good luck.

But little was done in military circles before December, when Gen. Taylor was about to move into the heart of Mexico. His army had been considerably increased and it gave him a feeling of confidence he had never had before. But he was doomed to disappointment. Gen. Scott had been sent to supercede him and was now anchored in the bay of Vera Cruz. He made a demand on Gen. Taylor for all of his regular troops and some of his volunteers to aid in the capture of the city of Vera Cruz. His communication was commendatory of Gen. Taylor, gave him great praise, but took all of his troops but 5,000 volunteers, which included three batteries of artillery and a few squadrons of cavalry. It had the appearance of leaving Gen. Taylor at the mercy of the enemy.

Santa Anna had taken charge of the government and put himself in charge of the Mexican army. He soon organized an army of 20,000 men, well armed and equipped. He was immensely popular and created an enthusiasm before unknown. He did not wait for Gen. Taylor to advance but marched out and offered battle.

On the 21st of February, Santa Anna, under a flag of truce, sent the following communication to Gen. Taylor:

"You are surrounded by 20,000 men, and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give to you this notice in order that you may surrender at discretion. One hour's time is granted you in which to make up your mind."

To which the following reply was made:

"Your note of this date summoning me to surrender my

forces at discretion received I beg leave to decline acceding to your request. With high respect, I am sir,

Your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR, *Major General*."

Early on the morning of the 22nd of February Gen. Taylor met him at Buena Vista in a narrow plateau between two mountain ranges. Here was fought one of the most desperate battles that ever occurred on the American Continent, considering the number engaged. Five thousand Americans against twenty thousand Mexicans. The battle raged for nine hours and the slaughter was fearful on both sides. One-sixth of the Americans were killed and wounded. Among them were men of great merit. Yell of Arkansas and Clay of Kentucky, with many other officers of prominence, gave their lives in the unequal struggle for victory. The enemy's loss was great.

Here Capt. Bragg made his wonderful reputation with his "grape and cannister."

Jefferson Davis, Colonel of the Mississippi Rifles did more to gain the victory and save the little army from annihilation than any other sub-commander. The celebrated V position he formed proved impregnable to the terrible assaults of the enemy and was, indeed, the jaws of death to hundreds who assayed to override his ranks.

Col. May's dragoons were necessarily divided into several squadrons to meet the different approaches of the Mexican lancers. Late in the day when the enemy were being hotly pursued from the field by Capt. Fleming, a party, lying in ambush, opened fire upon the pursuers as they passed and came near capturing the entire squadron. Being flushed with victory, the Mexicans thought only of triumph and boldly about faced and charged them as if nothing was impossible, and in their melee, many gallant spirits perished and the fight was dearly won.

Two hours later the moon was brightly shining over the field of Carnage, where many a pale face was still in death and only the moans of the wounded and dying were heard, calling piteously for water. Parties here and there were seen gathering up the wounded and dying. Horses and men lay in a confused mass as they fell in the terrific shock of battle.

As the litter bearers passed along, Capt. Fleming's voice was recognized as he called to them:

"When you have helped all my brave men off the field, please help me from my prison. My leg is broken and my good looks spoiled by a sabre gash." They turned to see him, and his horse lay dead across his body and legs, holding him fast. His leg had been broken as he passed the party in ambush, but he gave no heed to it until slashed with a sabre; his favorite horse was killed and he was fastened to the ground.

All night long the ambulance corps were busy removing the wounded back to Satallo, where rude hospital accommodations were prepared.

Captain Fleming was fortunately taken to the house of a well-to-do family, through the influence of Col. Davis, who had made the acquaintance of the family while stationed there a few weeks previous.

The next morning a surgeon examined his wounds and dressed them, saying, "You will be disabled a long time. The cut across your face will heal readily but I fear the shattered limb will be troublesome and may have to be amputated."

This matter of fact speech of any army surgeon would have depressed almost any one else, but Jake, with a smile, said: "I am young, have good health, have never dissipated much, have a charming wife, and I cannot afford to be a cripple. Do your duty and I will recover all right."

The surgeon asked, "Where is your wife?" "In Fania," he replied. "Then," said he, "I will send for her at once, for you will need constant attention, and at best, your case will be tedious."

Jake had never been confined to bed before and thought the doctor wise in sending for Anna to take charge of him. In three days Anna was by his bedside. After a short period of excitement the sunshine of youth was all aglow, and while nursing him to convalescence for three months, they were really enjoying the happiest hours of their lives.

Gen. Taylor called frequently to see him and complimented him on his brilliant achievement in his last heroic effort in saving his part of the lines. He told Anna she had shown excellent judgment in lassoing such a husband. Anna urged

Jake to resign his commission and return to private life, painting in glorious colors the beauties of home. He asked her "Where did you get such ideas? You certainly did not find them in your hacienda."

"No, no," she replied, "I saw all this at Mrs. Sedgemore's and Judge Goldsmith's families and their surroundings—peace, concord and harmony are the ruling spirits, and all I desire is a home like theirs."

Jake was silent, and a cloud seemed to overshadow him till Anna burst into a ripple of laughter and said, "A penny for your thoughts." Jake said, "I was thinking how to provide a handsome home without money. My only capital is a strong constitution and a determination to succeed. It will require time to acquire everything necessary to live like your new friends in Fanin."

Anna said: "I have a sanguine disposition, but do not yield entire credence to the stories of the Arabian knights, but I am sure when the country is quiet, and peace is restored, we can realize quite a large amount of money from the sale of the hacienda. You know the property is solely mine. Annoli failed to get the title, thanks to you, and as soon as possible we will exchange the entire seat for Mexican dollars and then we can have the home I desire, without waiting indefinitely."

With a smi'e, Jake said, "I knew I had married one fortune but did not know I had won two."

"You have deserved both," she said.

General Scott pushed his army rapidly into the heart of the country, carrying the strongholds of Cerre Gorda, Contreras, Sherebusco, Chepultepec and entered the city of Mexico and dictated his own terms of peace. The war was ended, the army returning home to be disbanded and the white wings of peace overspreading the continent.

Jake and Anna disposed of the hacienda satisfactorily and built a beautiful home near their good friends in the pleasant little town of Fanin. After the lapse of three years, no more beautiful landscape nor flourishing farm was to be found in Texas.

During this time Jake's popularity spread all over the country, so that the people demanded his services as State Sen-

ator. He was elected without opposition, and he and Anna were among the principle figures in Austin during the winter of 1851-'52. Not being charmed with political life as most are, he refused to stand for re-election.

They were now blessed with two children, a boy of three years and a girl of one, whose ancestors were pictured to the life. The boy reflected the light hair and blue eyes of the McGregors, and the daughter, a brunette with black eyes and black hair, inheriting the physical characteristics of the Aztec race.

After two decades of storm and tempest they now bask in the sunshine of prosperity.

Maj. John Davidson

We are fond of dwelling on the memory of those worthy characters who figured in this country one hundred and fifty years ago. This was when people lived far apart, had plenty of elbow room, and had a right to enjoy the largest liberty. Robert Davidson and his wife, whose maiden name was Isabella Ramsay, came from Dundee, Scotland, and settled at Chestnut Level, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where their two children, John and Mary, were born. John was born December 15th, 1735. These were the only children; the father having died soon after Mary's birth. In a few years the widow and her children moved down into North Carolina, bought a farm on the Yadkin river; and there married a school teacher, by the name of Henry Henry, who was a graduate of Princeton. Here John had an opportunity of acquiring a fairly good education, and at the same time achieved the distinction of being a very fine blacksmith. After reaching his majority, with his sister Mary, he came over to the Catawba river, in 1760, before the county of Mecklenburg was laid off. He established a home on the east side of the river, at Tool's Ford. Here he pursued his trade, which proved to be very lucrative. He took a very active part in whatever was for the good of his section of the State. In his neighborhood was settled Mr. Sam Wilson, a native of England. He was a highly cultured gentleman, and closely connected with royalty. We are informed that a nephew of General Sir Robert Wilson, visited him before the Revolutionary war; but we hear no further information of any visiting between the families as the war soon came on, and the Wilsons espoused the cause of the Americans; and the passage across the Atlantic consumed from six weeks to three months. Maj. John Davidson married Violet, a daughter of Mr. Sam Wilson. The war of independence coming on, Maj. Davidson took an active part in it, and was one of the signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. He served in both the State militia and Continental armies. He was promoted to the rank of major. After the war he was prominent as a magistrate, as

a farmer, (and a very successful one) and as a pioneer in starting and developing the iron interests of the country. Ordinary iron was then worth ten cents a pound, and he being a master workman—that blacksmith—he had a fine opportunity to amass a fortune, which he was not slow to gather around him.

Maj. Davidson had made a wise selection for a home, high and rolling lands, he entered and bought several thousand acres, that proved a valuable possession. He was also a large slave holder, and his slaves were much attached to him. He had three sons, Robert, John and Benjamin Wilson. Robert married Peggy Osborne; they never had any children, but raised several orphans, who were nephews of him or his wife. Judge James W. Osborne, who passed away more than thirty years ago, was as brilliant a man as the State ever produced, whose history is well known to the older people of the State, was one of his training. His nephew, B. H. Davidson, who was killed at Sharpsburg, September 17th, 1862, was as brave an officer as fought for the Southern Confederacy, was another of his training. R. D. Whitley, another nephew raised by him, was a worthy citizen of the country, and proved a valuable member for two terms of our Legislature. D. A. Caldwell, Esq., who was raised by Maj. Davidson from a small boy, to his majority. He was a man of the ripest judgment and the richest stored mind of not only useful knowledge, but of history and poetry. In truth, I never knew a man who could draw from his storehouse of knowledge such treasures, gems of beauty and usefulness, at will. If he had allied himself with the dominant party, he could have secured the first offices in the gift of people. But he preferred to be right, and remain in private life, than do violence to his conscience to occupy the chiefest place in this State. Mrs. Robert Davidson, or "Aunt Peggy," as she was usually called, had more of the "milk of human kindness," than is usually given to mortals. She was never known to speak disparagingly of any one; even the enemies of the South. One day she asked her nephew, who was living with her in 1861, if "he thought they would fight?" He replied to her, "Aunt Peggy, I can't see how they can help fighting now." "Well, John, if they do, I hope nobody will get hurt," was her deprecating reply. They were

a long lived people; they retired early and got up early. Mr. Caldwell told me that he often started to the field—a mile from home—and hitched his horse to the plow and would have to wait five minutes till it would be light enough to see the row.

John, or as he was commonly called "Jacky," was a man of almost indomitable energy. He was a different man from his brother Robert. While his brother was very dignified and austere in his manner of life, Jacky was free and easy, and loved to see his visitors enjoy themselves in hilarious merriment. When quite a young man he met with a serious accident. He was having a field cleared and by accident he was caught under the topmost branches of a tree that was being felled. He was knocked senseless, his skull badly fractured, a part of his brains being left on the limb that struck him. His nephew, Dr. John McLean, who had just returned from studying medicine in Philadelphia, was called to wait upon him. This was one of the doctor's first patients, and I have no doubt when he got there, he thought they had sent for the wrong man; for from appearances the undertaker was the only one capable of handling such a job. It is said when the doctor saw there was no help to be obtained, he threw off his coat and went into the case single-handed and alone. He made a good job out of a most unfavorable case. Whether it was true or not, I cannot tell, that he had a silver plate put in where the skull was broken out, but I do know that there was left a furrow, or trench that would have held a good sized walking stick, from one ear over the forehead to the other ear. People supposed that after trepaning (we used to call it "trepaning") the terrible gully was lined with silver plate. At any rate, he was spoken of as "Silverhead Jacky." He was fortunate enough to marry Sally Brevard, daughter of Adam Brevard, who was a brother of Dr. Ephraim Brevard, the leading spirit in the convention in Charlotte on the 20th of May, 1775. They had a large family of children, all of whom have passed away. In a future piece I may give them a write-up. There were few better farmers in the county than Jacky Davidson; but it was after the fashion of forty years ago; before agricultural chemistry had gotten a foothold in the South. When the main dependence was rising

early and going while you could see; working all the land you could possibly attend. Mr. Davidson believed in his sons working with his negroes, go and come together. When he would be hoeing cotton, his ground was very rocky, his sons and the negroes working side by side, he would be immediately behind, watching their work and asking them the Shorter Catechism. They all knew their "questions" by heart.

Dr. Davidson was noted for having the most powerful voice in the county. He could call his negroes, or overseer and give an order two miles from home. His wife was noted for being a Bible student. She had the idea that all the Jews would be brought back to Jerusalem before the second coming of Christ. She was an invalid for many years before she died—a spinal affection that prevented her from walking; hence she lay on her pallet, where she could see her smoke house and pantry, and kept house better than most people who could walk. The last one of Maj. Davidson's sons was Benjamin Wilson, who was born May 20th, 1787. For a fancy name, his father always called him Independent Ben. This was the twelvth anniversary of the noted 20th of May, 1775, of which the major was a participant. Mr. B. W. Davidson built a home five miles east of his father's; and had Mr. Hugh Torrance and William Kerns for neighbors. He courted and married Miss Betsy Latta, whose father came from Ireland. They raised four sons, who grew up to be very handsome men. Mr. B. W. Davidson died young, and his widow married Rufus Reid, of Iredell county.

Who Was Henry M. Stanley?

The early life of Stanley, so far as we know, is somewhat befogled with mystery. He is reported to have come from England to the United States in the year 1861. In the year 1870, when he began to make a name for discovering the whereabouts of the famous Dr. Livingston in Africa, a newspaper was sent me, the name of the paper and where published I have forgotten, giving an account of his connection with the Confederate States army. The following is my recollection of the newspaper account: "In the summer of 1862 he was first lieutenant in a company of Col. Harrison's (I think that was the colonel's name) regiment, of Arkansas troops. His captain was absent, and the troops were to be paid off, and Lieutenant Stanley being next officer in command, he was given the company's money to divide out among the men. It was late in the afternoon when the roll of Confederate bills was given him, and suggested that it was so late that he would keep the money over night and pay the men off next morning. Everything was quiet and serene, there was nothing to awaken a breath of suspicion. The next morning as soon as breakfast was over the company assembled at the captain's tent and called for Lieutenant Stanley; no one had seen him since the evening before. After they had made diligent inquiry for him, and nothing could be heard of him, they reported the case to the colonel. He was soon satisfied that he had stolen the money and left for parts unknown. The colonel directed four of the men to mount their horses and bring him back, if found this side of Mexico. They soon got on his trail and pursued him into Mexico, going towards Vera Cruze. Dr. Dupuy, of Davidson, to whom I related this story, said he had read the same paper and was satisfied Stanley was a Yankee spy. I think it proper to give every one their dues, no matter how eminent they may become; but those who spend their youth spying out the weakness of the South and stealing a soldier's pay, should be branded with the crime, although it was too common to excite surprise. Stanley honors are very heavy, and no doubt he deserves all that have been heaped upon him, but the theft of the Arkansas soldiers will stick to him like the blood of King Duncan to Lady McBeth's hand.

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