

claims were overlooked when one of their neighbors was made a hog-reef, or appointed to a magistracy. The jealousies and envyings that originate in the spirit of ambition and rivalries were then mostly unknown. This type of farmers that I knew a long time ago has passed away, and their successors, with an ill grace, can despise them now. Nor let it be imagined that the tillers of the soil of the present day are better or happier than were their less pretentious predecessors. I remember the virtues, the morals, and the social habits of the passed away generations referred to with veneration and respect. I am not quite sure but that the log-house state of society was the most virtuous and enjoyable that ever was experienced in our Valley. At that period, farmer's families spun and wove the fabrics of which their apparel was made. Dresses of *home-made* were worn by both sexes on Sunday as well as on secular days of the week. Boots and shoes made of leather, were all that the most aspiring woman cared for as a dressing for her feet. Prunella and kid were unknown. Calico, (now bearing the modern name of printed cotton) was deemed almost too good to be worn except upon very extraordinary occasions. I shall never forget when (more than sixty years ago), Mrs. Coxcomb had indulged in the marvellous extravagance of a new silk dress. Some curious minded women travelled miles to crave a sight of this specimen of *royal apparel*. The Coxcomb's were a proud family, they lived beyond their means, and afterwards, in a state of humiliating insolvency, resented the ruinous pride, ambition and folly that had betrayed them into a wicked desire to make a better show than their less ostentatious neighbors. It was Solomon I think, who said, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." I remember when thorough-fares through our Valley were not as numerous and as smooth as they are to-day. The travelling then for the most part, was over rough roads. Wheel-carriages, as vehicles of travel, were few and roughly constructed. Four-wheeled wagons were then unknown; and when a farmer went on a journey he either walked, or rode on horseback. On fine Sundays, generally speaking, the husband with his "gudewife" behind mounted the saddled family *old mare*, and thus jogged along perhaps many miles to enjoy the privilege of public worship. I distinctly remember a notable Sabbath day, sixty-five years ago, when the pious, far and near, flocked to the house of prayer to listen to a discourse by the most eloquent preacher of that day, Theodore Harding. He held forth on the day referred to in the old Meeting House at Bridgetown. I vividly remember some of those who came several miles to listen to one of the most heart-moving Evangelists of that long ago time. Major Parker, on horseback, with his wife behind him, came from Nictaux, 13 miles away; Samuel Elliott and wife, riding in the same style, came from Upper Clarence