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ADDRESS BY DR. GEORGE W. BAGBY BEFORE THE SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION.

How the Delusions of our Boyhood were Dispelled by the War—The Incurable Folly of the Cottonnot—A Virginian's Tribute to South Carolina—The Vista of her Glorious Future.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA: Permit me to congratulate you on the restoration of your State Government. A bright day has dawned after a long and very dark night. Much of your recent triumph is due to your own stout hearts, but much more to the disturbed condition of the country. Had the volume of business remained unbroken, from '65 to '73, you would have been crushed like an egg-shell, and the negro and the carpet-bagger would have retained power indefinitely. This is a discordant note, but it is the truth, and by the truth we must live.

You do not want, I am sure, the decorous namby-pamby and the job lots of damaged advice which make up the staple of the addresses generally given on occasions like this; and if you did, could not get them from me, who know but little of decorum and am but a poor adviser. Extend to me, therefore, I pray you, forbearance which is born of that highbred courtesy for which South Carolinians have ever been distinguished.

A pretty showing, indeed, I should make were I to preach to the text chosen for me. "Southern Journalism." Fancy me with a Richmond paper in one hand, and the average rural paper of my State in the other, coming here to instruct the editors of South Carolina! Comparisons are odious, and I will not make them. Although I have been alternately the accoucheur and the undertaker of newspapers in both town and country, and although I have been the correspondent of leading journals from Massachusetts to Texas, I confess to you frankly that I know nothing about Southern journalism. Yes, I do know one single thing. I know that if the money paid annually over the counters from Baltimore to Galveston for Northern papers which abuse or, worse still, pity the South, were paid to us we would all be rich. Whereas the most of us, like English curates and American insurance agents, are but gontzel paupers. Knowing this, I lay down the dictum that no people will ever be free, or deserve to be free, who do not support their home papers in preference and, if need be, to the exclusion of all other papers whatsoever. How is that for sound and high political science, and how does it comport with your ideas of free trade?

By your gracious leave, then, I will drop the subject of journalism and select for my thesis "The Southern Fool." That is quite in my line of business. I am accustomed to handle that class of goods, and like a good business man I stick to my last. *Ne sutor, you know.* And it may turn out that the Southern Fool bears, I will not say a paternal relation to, but has a connection with, Southern journalism much less remote than we would have the public to believe. We shall see. But first a digression.

When a boy I was sent to school in Princeton, N. J. The propriety of sending a lad 400 miles away from home may well be questioned. Certainly it may be doubted when the money expended for his education is needed in the State of his nativity. Before the war, there might have been an excuse for indulging educational whims, but what possible excuse is there now?

Dr. McCosh says, there are 80 Southern students at Princeton; at \$400 apiece, that is, \$32,000 a year; enough almost to support the average Southern college. Are there any fools among us for the want of seats? But we have no school equal to Nassau Hall. By Northern confession we have a school better than that, and equal to any on this continent.

About my school days in Princeton I remember many things, but this thing especially—that the Southern boys there taught me, a lad of ten, to look down upon the boys of the North. Was that wisdom or folly? and if folly was it confined to boys alone? Are all such boys dead now?

Last fall I revisited New Jersey. It is a lovely land. What land is not in October? "This land," said I to myself, "is not merely tamed, it is civilized, it is enlightened in its thorough culture." But I care not to live in it. No. There are people who would leave Paradise to go to Orange Court-house, and I am one of them. Dwell in a country where there are no sassafras bushes, no sassafras, nor any briar patches? Never! Sir John Malcolm tells of the astonishment and disgust of an old Persian woman at hearing there were no date trees in England. Live there? Not she. No more could I live under a sky without a buzzard. I could not if I would, and would not if I could.

Yes, 'tis a beautiful well husbanded land, and the people who dwell in it are a great people, not yet in their prime, moving still a mighty youth—who that visited the Exposition can doubt it? and with an inconceivable destiny before them. We also of the South are great—greater in defeat, in the grandeur of self-restraint, (as you South Carolinians have just proved to the confounding of your enemies,) than in water in defeat than in war. Why do these two peoples come together without gush, fanfare, or mental reservation, and be friends, be one people, absolutely. All good men in both sections ardently desire it. They long for it. There can be no peace, no prosperity without it. Why cannot it be? I do not know. Why is it that no house is big enough to hold one family after the sons and daughters are grown? Why must a magnet have two poles, and what is the meaning of this "inevitable duality which bisects all nature?" A battery with one wire can do no manner of work, and some- why there is an imperative necessity for two

poles. Just heaven! can I be that the world's work cannot be done without hate as well as love and as much of one precisely as the other? Bah! These analogies are misleading—it's all stuff—the world's crazy. Say you so? Then are we prepared to come flat and plump to something practical, viz., the Southern fool.

The first Southern fool whom I shall notice is the worst, for he is more knave than fool, a hound whose hide I intend some day to tear off and hold his quivering carcass up to stink in the nostrils of both sections. It is he, who, having gone North and acquired money by hook or by crook, mainly by crook, proceeds to take unto himself all the glory and the fame of the South, disowns her shame, evades her suffering, and overwhelms us with his advice. His advice, quotha! Why doesn't he come down and put his shoulder to the wheel? Advice! Advice! My word, gentlemen, you are all the worse from a fool of this sort is the acme of all meanness. It is the very inversion of generosity, which naught impoverishes the giver, but makes us poor indeed. Will a beggar give me a handful of his rags? The figure is coarse, horribly coarse, but not so coarse as the fact.

It was a shoal of this kind of cattle (is that Irish enough for you?) of these advice-givers (Northern born though) who swooped down upon us after the war to teach us how to grow cotton and tobacco with machinery and free labor. They would hear nothing, for they knew all things. The last inconceivable of them failed ignominiously, and in my State not a few of them discovered that in the simple matter of cheating any Virginia cloverhopper was more than a match for the shrewd Yankee. He made him pay three prices for his worn-out farm, one third more, and in a year or so took back the farm for the deferred payments. The more fool the Virginian for this goose-ripping policy, but none the less a fool the Yankee.

Prior to the war the Southern fool made his wishes the measure of political events, and sentiment served him in lieu of sense. He believed in Bell and Everett (I voted for them—none of my people shall be bigger folks than myself,) in Fillmore, John Cochrane, Butler, Sickles. Bah! As if the designs of an army could be discovered by the attitude of the chaplains, the teamsters, sutlers and bummers in the rear, instead of by watching the movements of the vanguard. Is the Southern fool doing any better now? Does experience teach anything? Very little, to individuals, to nations nothing.

When the war broke out the Southern fool began by underrating the strength of his enemy, by looking down upon the Yankees as the Southern boys had done at Princeton. Coming to Richmond after the battle of Manassas, with the body of a dead comrade, I was told that a great Southern statesman was in town. I hastened to him at once, for I wanted to see ahead. "Mr. X," said I, "the papers tell us that Lincoln has called for 200,000 men." He laughed a low laugh, leaned back a little, and said cheerily, "Oh, yes, the Chinese raised a million, with gongs and stinkpots according, and ten thousand allies marched straight to Pekin." I was greatly comforted.

This Chinese idea prevailed at Montgomery, where, I am told, the first order for arms was for nine thousand, possibly ten thousand stand. Passing over the minor follies of retaining proved incompetent at the head of grand armies and elsewhere, passing over Lee's extreme weakness in not holding his lieutenants up to the sternest accountability, I come to the capital mistake of the war. It was natural the Southern fool should make it. A handsome gentleman—I can see him now; we all remember him; above the medium height; a suit of black broadcloth, black satin vest, felt hat, gold fob chain, gold-headed cane and high-heeled, high-top boots—a gentleman who did nothing with his hands and a good deal with his tongue, thereby making himself very agreeable to himself. But there was one redeeming quality about the fellow—he wouldn't take the lie, and he would fight—would snuff out your cephalic wick at ten paces, or fight you with anything from a toothpick to a columbid. A fight to him was a five minutes' affair, and if enough life was left in himself or his enemy to shake hands, he was ready to make friends, and there an end on't. What more natural than that he should believe that war meant fighting.

It was a fatal mistake, the cardinal error of the whole struggle. War—nine-tenths of it, at least, as Alex. H. Stephens said at the time—is business, the plainest possible matter of fact business, just such business as is done every day here on your wharves and streets, only with more energy. Did any of you enter the Yankee lines at the close of the war? I did, and what did I see? I saw in succession a team of mouse-colored mules, a team of cream-colored mules, and a team of snow-white mules, six to a team, and all seal fat, (specimens of the train) the wagons brand new, and the wagon cloths a deal cleaner than the shirt I was then wearing. A little further on I saw a corps of 20,000 negroes, whose camp was like a May ground when Merrie England was in its prime. Why, gentlemen, war to this people was pastime, it was aesthetics and poetry; and I can readily believe what has often been asserted—that the Yankee cottonnot would gladly have paid the expenses of both sides in order to prolong the war indefinitely.

Ah! but they had the money. Yes, the paper, whereas we had the great staples which were absolute values, only we did not have the business sense to use them.

What is the relevancy of all this? What is the use of raking up the ashes of the dead past? The war is all over—long, long ago. Say you so, and think you so? That is what ails you now. The wars of powder and shot are to the warfare of life what the few hours of fighting are to the long months of pre-

paration which make or mar a campaign; and in this life-warfare, as in the noisier and briefer wars, you are to be saved by your strong, hard business common sense, and that alone. The end of the struggle at Appomattox was but the beginning of another and much more desperate struggle—the object of which is the conquest of your most cherished ideas in politics, religion and social order—the rearrangement of the very molecules of your brain—the facing about of your inmost soul—no less. This is the new "irrepressible conflict," which, like the old, will bring us up to grief, years hence. A twine of two-threads, scarlet and sable, State rights and slavery, was involved in the late "rebellion," as our considerate Yankee friends love to miscall it. One was severed completely, and State rights man as I am, I would to God sometimes that the other had been definitely cleft in twain, for there would be no more of this wretched trouble in time to come.

The next form of Southern fool which I shall consider is the agricultural fool; what I should call in Virginia the tobacco worm, but in this State the Cottonnot. Gentlemen, there are Hottentots and there are Cottonnots. The oxides of years lie upon my geographic memory, and I am a little confused as to Hottentots and Patagonians. I only know that they are extreme Southern people, and that neither are famous as yet for intelligence. The Cottonnot belongs to the same category. A Cottonnot I take to be a person who, growing nothing but cotton, has to buy every earthly thing that he uses or consumes; consequently rarely if ever saves anything, and finds himself at the end of the year the property of his commission merchant—himself the property of the Northern man, for you'll look in vain to find a business which does not have a Southern noodle at one end playing drudge for a smart Yankee at the other. The cottonnot, I say, finds himself the property of his commission merchant, who don't want him—won't have him at any price, and yet can't get rid of him without bankrupting himself. A pretty exemplification of the vicious business circle all round, isn't it?

My friends, during the twelve years that have elapsed since the war, at least thirty millions bales (three millions a year) of cotton have been grown at the South. At \$50 a bale, a low estimate, this amounts to sixteen hundred millions of dollars. What has become of this enormous amount of money? What benefit have we derived from it, and where has it all gone? Thanks to the Cottonnot, it has gone precisely where it came from, and beyond a mere support, we have derived no benefit from it. Is this to go on forever? Yes, as long as the Cottonnot policy is the ascendant. Because cotton is our money crop, and because we have virtually driven East India cotton out of the market—M. Rivett-Carnac, late cotton commissioner, having been forced for lack of cotton business to go into the holy oil trade—the Cottonnot is again exclaiming "Cotton is King." Has he heard of the new Egyptian cotton plant, the "Bamia"? Not he, and if he heard he would not heed. Well, Cotton is King, in a sense. So is tobacco, so is tar, provided you have enough of either, and it will fetch a good price. Tar was two dollars a gallon, and I held a million barrels, tar would be king, and I would be a prince; but if tar ruled at that price, there would be a corner in tar in New York, and you and I and other Cottonnots would not own enough to grease a cart wheel.

The Cottonnot is a fool in various other ways—in the mode, for example, of buying his goods. There can be no plainer business proposition than this—that when a man has cheated and deceived you repeatedly, common sense requires that you shall drop him instantly and deal with him no more forever. Duty to yourself and your family demands that you should never forget and never forgive in this case. And what is true in business is equally true in politics, is it not? Your political life depends on your answer to this question. But what does your Cottonnot do? Coming to town and finding some adventurer with a lot of auction goods or a compromise stock, he quits the old established houses, well-known to him, and spends the very money due to these houses in buying trash and shoddy from this adventurer. Finding himself cheated again, he simply laughs, and says, "I tell you these chaps are smart, they are keeners, they are?" but if the old established house so much as disappoint him, he damns it as "an infernal unprincipled Yankee concern."

An exceptional year comes and the Cottonnot actually saves money. What does he do with it—lend it to his poor and needy neighbors? Bless you, no. He is a fool, but not quite big enough fool for that. He wants his money where he can lay his hands on it at any moment. Time was when a man's word was as good as his bond, but now almost all bonds are three times worse than any man's word. So the Cottonnot wisely carries this money to bank, where he encounters another Southern fool, who pays him 6 per cent for his money, and then lends it at 10 or 12 per cent, well knowing when he lends it that he is killing the business of the borrower. For what is a bank, rightly conducted? It is simply a heart, a pump, an aëmic ram for receiving and forwarding the circulation. And what a fool of a heart that heart would be which would deliberately engorge itself, producing valvular disease, hypertrophy and anæmia at the expense of the atrophy of the rest of the body! Yet that is precisely what so many banks are doing on a small scale and that greatest of all human dolts, the North, the banker of the nation, has been doing on a grand scale. Ever since the war it has been stuffing itself with circulation, taxing Virginia, with her three millions of banking capital, seven millions annually, and New England, with one hundred and sixty millions, only five millions a year, viewing all the while its withering Southern extremities

with complacency and even delight, until at last engorgement has produced stagnation and paralysis. To that and to that alone, not to any sympathy for your troubles or admiration for your heroic endurance, you owe your present release from bondage worse than death. If now, in true Southern fashion, you go about to gush because the iron hand is lifted for a moment, to fancy that human nature can become angelic in a day, to abandon common sense and common prudence, to forget the past, and to efface from memory the impressions which suffering has counter-sunk in it, and which should remain clean-edged and bright for at least half a century—if you do this, then are you Cottonnots indeed. But you are not going to forget. They will not let you forget. You little comprehend the drift of events if you fancy otherwise.

Ah! but the millennium is coming—is it not? Oh, yes, it is, but not a number of millenniums in my time. They never last ten, and rarely seven years. Thanks to the President, who has done his duty, nothing more, an era of good feeling appears to be setting in, and so long as his measures are just and impartial he ought to have, and doubtless will have, the 135 votes of the solid South as often as he wants them. But if in return for his acts of simple justice Mr. Hayes asks us to break ranks before 1880, I say emphatically, *NAV!* But it will be just like the Democracy to do it. They split in 1860 between Douglas and Breckinridge, and through the crevasse thus formed came the rail-splitter to deluge this land with blood. Will we repeat that folly? "I shouldn't wonder." Happily in the absence of the blows from the Radical sledge-hammer which have hitherto welded the South together, making it more and more solid every year, we have that at our doors which will keep us in close order for many, many years to come. This perverse and stupid generation requires a sign, and I will give it to them. It is this: When Massachusetts shall have voted the Democratic ticket for five successive years, then, and not till then, will the color line be really broken; then, and not till then, may gentlemen vote the Republican ticket; and for the South to divide before that time would be the madness of the moon itself. This attempt to revive the Whig party is, as the Popular Science Monthly says of Pleasanton's blue-glass book, the "ghastliest rubbish" of the century; and when I see a Southern paper sucking a little thin post-office advertisement pap, I am at loss whether to laugh or to weep.

To come back to the Cottonnot. The fertilizer he buys in Charleston almost double the value of his crop. "Aha!" he exclaims, "they have stuffed the bags for me, hoping to choke me again. No wonder, Mr. Manufacturer, you are mighty smart, but not quite smart enough for me. I've got you this smart, and the next time you catch me, you'll know it." Or, neglecting his crop, he is disappointed in his fertilizer; while his neighbors, using precisely the same article, and giving due attention to their fields, more than realize their fondest expectations. Whereat the Cottonnot swears loudly that his neighbors have been favored at his expense, and that he has been grossly swindled.

Here, then, is the source of nearly all our woes—this Cottonnot devotion to a single crop and the accompanying over-smartness. The cure is plain enough; and it has been admirably formulated by one of your city papers in the aphorism, "*Bread and meat first; cotton last.*" The mission of Southern journalism is to put this motto at the head of every paper from Norfolk to Galveston and to keep it there. I would print it in indelible ink on the foreheads, tattoo it in the arms, and brand it in the palms of the Cottonnots. But the press has not been idle in this good cause, for already we see the effect of its labors. Mr. John Ott, one of the ablest, and certainly one of the most useful, men in Virginia, furnishes us with this most cheering fact, viz: "In 1876, the West packed 104,915,867 pounds less pork than it did in 1875. This is the reason assigned by Western journals: 'The provision trade, owing to falling prices during most of the year, proved less profitable than usual; and, on account of the political complications in the Southern States, the demand for distribution has been for several months interfered with.' Oh! Mr. West, your excuse methinks is somewhat thin; we are raising our own pork; that is the whole secret. But will the cure just indicated suffice? I doubt. It is a fact which the Press will do well never to forget that the increase in our provision crop is due much more to the low price of cotton than to the wisdom of the Cottonnots, and if cotton again touches 20 cents, he will drop corn instantane. So would it be in Virginia if the low grades of tobacco should accidentally double in value. There is, as I well know personally, no cure for folly.—Bray a cottonnot or a humorist in a mortar, he will be a cottonnot or a humorist still.

Gentlemen, we want to be friends with the North; we want to win back, I will not say their love—grown men care little for each other's love—but we do want to win back their respect; and there is but one way under heaven to do it. "Revenge! Timotheus cries." and I am for vengeance, immediate and dire. I would not rob them of their money as they robbed us of our slaves; I would not have them suffer and be strong as we have suffered and are strong, and intend to be stronger, but I would inflict upon them that suffering which brings not strength but weakness, namely the suffering of impotent envy. I would snatch the last man of them bald-headed from law, and go into the wig business to-morrow morning, I would make every one of them, gnash out every tooth in his upper and lower maxillaries, so that I might forthwith be canonized by dentists the North over as St. Gunbo in Era False-set-o. This slang is detestable, but do you know I like it. Slang does so pierce and grieve the small souls of

purists—those *petite maitres* of literature, with whom Shakespeare and myself, who never resemble each other, never had and never can have any patience.

My friends, we are to win back the respect of the North just as the respect of every other people is won, and that is by regaining our lost wealth. Less cotton and more meat first, and second, manufacturing our own cotton. That is the solution of the whole difficulty. The first two pages of Adam Smith tell what advantage there is in manufacturing raw material, and, if you consult Col. Chilton, at Columbus, Ga., or Col. Palmer, at Columbia, S. C., he will give you the exact percentage in our favor over the New England manufacturers.—Against their seven months of consumption and five months of production we have eleven months of work and only one, if that, of enforced idleness; but if, on that account, we make the power in actual, direct, or indirect, the thrift, skill, energy and daring of New England, we will be but repeating the folly of a certain boy at school in Princeton. *Nullo nomen abest si sit prudentia.* We cannot possibly be too wary in this life-and-death industrial struggle with a people whose capitalists are at this moment mapping out cotton and iron mill sites in the South as minutely as the Prussians mapped out France previous to the late war. But supposing we get rich, enormously rich, as we ought to do, and in time most certainly will, what then? Why every man of us will pull up stakes as soon as the summer begins and spend every surplus cent in New York, Saratoga, Long Branch and Newport. And who shall blame us, seeing how fruitfully dull our own watering places are? Nevertheless, nothing is more certain than that Georgia and South Carolina are destined to be enormously rich. It is written in the book of fate that this noble commonwealth shall have recompense for her unparalleled afflictions. And when you get rich I want you to come to Virginia. Do you ever think of the good old State? I hope so. Your brothers sleep under her sod, and from that sod many of you that are now living have looked up night after night to the unassuming stars, wondering where you would be on the morrow. Yes, you remember Virginia; you can never forget her. Her men are much too prone to claim all glory for themselves and their State; but her women, have you no tender recollections of them in the hospital and the home? Well, then, get rich quick and come back to old Virginia's shore. We have got there the prettiest and sweetest girls in the habitable world. This I say in a tone so low that only the long male ears of this audience can hear me. But it is so. We have got also a full line of the most bewitching widows that ever lightened a homestead and took no notice. Also, we have some females that are not so pretty. We do nothing by halves in Virginia, and when we set about producing an ugly woman we put upon the market an acute, penetrating, diffusive, pervasive, acrid and altogether ammoniacal variety of hideousness that nothing earthly can touch.—But for pretty girls and widows you can't go amiss. They are so thick in Richmond that if you venture on the street with an umbrella under your arm, and turn around suddenly, you will knock down two or three of them. They have been waiting with the sweetest patience for the kings and princes of Europe to come over and marry them, but the fools over there have gone to fighting, and I am afraid their patience and their few good clothes will wear out together.—And when I think of their bright eyes dimming, and the roses in their cheeks fading in old-maidhood, it almost kills me. I can't marry them all—would to goodness that I could—I have done all that the law allowed me to do in this matter, and now I want you to quit playing Cottonnot, get rich quick, and come to Old Virginia and help me out in the matrimonial line. We have a fine set of young men growing up and already grown, plenty old enough to marry—blooded fellows—that have gone to work, and, like ratchets at the plough, intend to break the traces, burst their hearts or make a deep furrow in this hard old work-day world. They would not object to marrying any man's sister, but of all men they would prefer a South Carolinian's. Come, then, to the Old Dominion—a fair exchange is no robbery—and, by the gods! the next generation or two will see a race of men compared with whom Washington and Calhoun, Jefferson and Pinckney were but tectotums and mumble-pegs.

There is one other weakling to whom I would like to pay my respects. I mean the Southern politician, who fancies he can become a statesman by rejecting the acquisitions of modern science, the application particularly of biology to social problems, and confining himself to the old ruts, hopes to make a little ill-digested history and the speeches of a few eminent men of a by-gone age serve in the stead of those general laws, which, embracing matter and mind alike, enable us to forecast the future and to foresee not what we think we ought to be, but what in the nature of things must inevitably be. Time will not permit me to do more than allude to this subject; but, coming down to immediate matters, I should say that the supreme Southern political fool is he who, in this critical moment for his section, places confidence in any promises whatever made by his party foes.

In conclusion, let me thank you for inviting me to address you. No compliment is more grateful to a Virginian than one that comes from the people of Carolina, for here he finds a passionate devotion to the State which rivals if it does not surpass his own State pride and love. Carolinians! do you love your mother? Does a mother love her afflicted and stricken son? Does a son love the invalid mother for whom he sacrifices his time, his pleasures and his hard-won earnings? Love her? He would die for her. Yea more, he would live for her, would lend her half his powers to eke her living out." And when the painful night

watches are all over and the patient sufferer is laid in that narrow bed where there is no more suffering, the son comes back from the grave, bearing with him an amulet that no man may ever see but which will keep him unharmed through life. Nay, henceforth a newer and more elevated life, hallowed by self-sacrifice, is his. So with you, Carolinians. You have suffered as no cultured people in modern times have suffered, and so sure as Heaven, the steadfast love you have shown to your murdered mother will bring its exceeding great reward. You have trodden the wine press alone. Here fell the utmost fury of your enemies, and here came the least sympathy of your friends, for saying it not said (the idiots have not yet stopped saying it) that you "brought on the war." The wine press! Your State was the wine press and your souls the grapes on which for twelve years a mob of jeering devils, drunken with the blood of your mothers, daughters and the derisive laughter of half the nation—Twelve years, four thousand days and nights of torture, of shame, of humiliation, for yourselves, your wives, your daughters, your tender children. Four thousand days and nights, and to the proud and sensitive nature smarting under indignity, every moment is an age. Burke and Pitt lifted their voices in behalf of the oppressed Colonies; the "loud cry of trampled Hindostan" awakened the eloquence of Sheridan, but the Poland of America—

"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!"

"Naked and desolate she stands,
Her name a by-word in all lands."

No man of commanding genius in either branch of the National Legislature stepped forth to plead her cause in words that might have shaken both Continents and be quoted for all time. Not one of the Northern poets—those gentle beings whose hearts bleed at every wrong from Tartary to Timbuctoo—could pen a line for Carolina. Gordon, of Georgia, was your friend, good and true; and at the last your advocate and champion was that press which men of the future loved to call satanic—the New York Herald—and the poet who sang your wrongs were of your own rearing.

Yes, Carolinians you have been tried as by fire, and by that fire the dross has been purged away, leaving metal of proof only. I look to see here a race of men nobler than any that have gone before. Already from the flames emerges a figure, calm, contained majestic as an antique bronze—a form to which all eyes were lately turned in admiration, and in gratitude that outweighed admiration, for he had saved his country from civil war—*Alexandron Agamemnon*, Wade Hampton, King of Men! Happy the land that claims him as her Chief Magistrate. Happy the Nation if he were but its ruler. Having suffered in "things," but would see that no section, no State suffered needlessly. Having braved all things, he fears nothing; and having endured all things, he would brook with equal patience the malice of his foes and the deadlier flattery of his friends. Is it too much to hope that he will take the place in Washington for which he is so well fitted? It may never be; but the day that sees him or some such Southern man installed in power will be the dawn of peace, the end of the war.

But stay; I am told that near at hand there is somewhat to eat and drink withal. Come, let us sacrifice the bird dear to Minerva, let us boil the owl in Falernian or the Crecuban vintage, and, having dined on fools, we will sup on concentrated wisdom.

SOWING GRASS SEEDS.—The following directions for sowing grass seeds will be found useful at the present time.—In sowing we advise, for obvious reasons, that the soil should be clean, in good condition—the surface made level and firm and perfectly pulverized by harrowing and rolling. A calm, still day, when rain is approaching, is most suitable for the work. After sowing, the surface should be only lightly harrowed and rolled. A firm seed bed and a depth of covering of a quarter to half an inch is most favorable for the vegetation of small seeds. If covered deeply they do not grow at all, or in very small proportions; if not covered, many of the seeds are picked up by small birds, and the vegetation of those that escape depends upon their being washed into the soil by rain. Young grasses are injured by frost. The proper season, therefore, for sowing extends from March to September; the spring months are preferable. If the land works unkindly, seeds will not vegetate well and a larger quantity must be sown to obtain a stand. Grass seeds may be sown with or upon land already planted with wheat, barley or oats, as a regular crop, with every chance of success—except in cases where the cereal crops are over abundant and lodged. When sown without a crop—for the safe protection of the finer grasses and to increase the produce of the first year—it is advisable to add to the quantity of grass sown and also a bushel of oats or barley per acre.

THE LAST OF DANIEL.—The usurper Daniel H. Chamberlain, has gone; no one regrets this; he left in a hurry and under a black cloud. His ill-gotten effects were all that was left of him, and these follow. Yesterday there arrived on the train from Columbia 198 packages, directed to D. H. C. New York. These contained furniture and other baggage, and was transported by the Enterprise Railroad to the steamship City of Atlanta for New York. This severs his connection with South Carolina forever and leaves nothing behind but his notorious name.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Voodooism is on the increase among the negroes in Nashville. Frequently, when arrested and searched at the police office, their pockets are found to contain several human fingers, a piece of lead-stone, a lock of hair, and other prophylactics against being conjured. The St. Louis Republican thinks it is no wonder the Republican papers are admitting that the extension of suffrage was a mistake.