

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

The mark denotes expiration of subscription.

Miscellaneous.

THE SOUTHERN FOOL.

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

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.

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.

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 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.

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.

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.

Dr. McCosh says there are eighty Southern students at Princeton; at \$400 apiece, that is \$32,000 a year; enough almost to support the average Southern college.

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.

thern 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."

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?

Why cannot 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.

The first Southern fool whom I shall notice is the worst, for he is more knave than a 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 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.

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 fools 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 bums in the rear, instead of watching the movements of the vanguard.

When the war broke out the Southern fool began by underestimating the strength of this enemy, by looking down upon the Yankee 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.

The 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 a fatal mistake, the cardinal error of the whole struggle. War—nine-tenths of it, at least, as Alexander 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.

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 preparation which make or mar a campaign; and in this life warfare, as in the noisier and brierier wars, you are to be saved by your strong, hard business common sense, and that alone.

Here, then, is the source of nearly all our woes—this Cottontot 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 Cottontots.

erate 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 then would we have been saved exceeding 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 Cottontot. Gentle men, there are Hottentots and there are Cottontots. 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.

My friends, during the twelve years that have elapsed since the war, at least thirty-six million 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?

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. This is the solution of the whole difficulty.

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 unanswering 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.

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 unanswering 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.

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 unanswering 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.

man 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 maidenhood, 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 Cottontot, get rich quick, and come to Old Virginia and help me out in the matrimonial line.

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 rut, hopes to make a little ill-digested history and the speeches of a few eminent men of bygone 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 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 yet I 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 excess of malice and of hate, danced to 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 conscience of Sheridan, but the Poland of America—

"Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe, Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her voice?"

"Naked and destitute 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 aforesaid loved to call satanic—the New York Herald—and the poets who sang your wrongs were of your own rearing.

Yes, Carolinians, you have been tried by fire, and by that fire the cross 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—Anaxandron Agemmon, Wade Hampton, King of Men! Happy the hand that claims him as her Chief Magistrate. Happy the Nation if he were but its ruler. Having suffered all things, he 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 war.

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

FOR THE HERALD. BROADBRIER'S NEW YORK LETTER.

No. 18. Anniversary Week—A Wrecked Life—Death of a Celebrated Painter from Starvation—The Dog Show—Romance of a Fifth Avenue Belle—Stewart's Memorial Cathedral—Impressive Scene in Dr. Cuyler's Church—&c., &c.

Anniversary week is upon us, but shorn of its old-time glory. In the days of the anti-slavery excitement, and when Abby Kelly and Lucretia Mott were foremost in the battle for women's rights, before John R. Gould had settled into a first-class fashionable lecturer, and while he was still fighting the devil with cold water—anniversary week was quite a notable affair. Bustling about the precincts of the old Tabernacle which then stood on Broadway, might be seen Lewis and Arthur Tappan, Horace Binney, Gerrit Smith, Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and a host of others of whom but few at the present time remain. Then too, our good friends the Quakers came down upon us by thousands, from all parts of the surrounding country, the annual meeting being the great event of the year; and for the time being, our streets were surrendered to broadbrims and sweet little Quaker bonnets, the quiet respectability of the wearers being their passport and indorsement to the very best hospitality that the metropolis of those days could afford. I look with grief which I find it difficult to express, on that portion of the city once inhabited almost exclusively by members of the Society of Friends. All through Henry Street, Madison Street, East Broadway, through Pike and Rutgers Streets, there was scarcely a house but was occupied by members of that honored and respectable community. During anniversary week their doors stood always open, and the genial and kindly faced hosts stood by the portal to give to every wandering and unprovoked friend a generous and hearty welcome. If any Quaker wanted a dinner and found a door standing open, he walked in unbidden, seated himself at the table; he felt assured of a welcome, and nobody questioned his right. I don't know that we were any better than we are now, though I cannot help thinking that we were, for then it was possible to leave your front-door open for five minutes without having some sneak-thief walk off with your stair-carpet and cooking-stove. You could leave your baby on the front stoop without fear of the kidnappers. Spitz dogs were unknown, our cats had not learned hydrophobia, and on the whole we were a pretty respectable sort of a people; ministers behaved themselves; deacons were seldom kicked out of church; bank cashiers as a general thing were considered honest men; in fact, they were usually selected on account of that peculiarity. I regret to say that much of this is changed now; the streets which I have mentioned as once being so respectable and quiet, are inhabited at the present time by the refuse of our foreign population; wretchedness, squalor, filth and vice, hold high carnival around the hearth-stones of these once quiet and beautiful homes; the race that occupied them years ago have departed never to return, and the places that knew them once, shall know them no more forever.

The saddest event of the week has been the suicide of John T. Daly, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, whose mysterious disappearance I mentioned in my letter of last week. It is hardly necessary to tell you that the Windsor is the grand, fashionable hotel of New York; it is situated on our most aristocratic avenue, not far from the Grand Central Depot. Mr. Daly arrived in this city about six years ago, with a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars in gold, which he had accumulated by speculation in California. Not satisfied with this immense sum, he immediately went into property speculation in New York, and two years ago he erected and furnished the Windsor Hotel. It was originally projected at half a million, it swelled up that amount and half a million more, leaving him in an embarrassed condition, which jeopardized his entire fortune; then came the hard times and the shrinkage of real estate, and the mind of the great operator staggered and reeled under the dreadful load which was oppressing him, and for a time ruin stared him in the face; at last he began to consult the spirits, and it was not long till their communications seemed to have taken complete possession of him. Strange as it may seem, this practical business man, who had energy sufficient to build up a colossal fortune, who controlled vast sums of money, who was capable of giving direction to hundreds of employees, of managing all the intricate arrangements in one of the most superb hotels in America—this man became a mere shuttlecock in the hands of a spiritual charlatan; at last his mind gave way and toppled into ruin. He wandered away from his hotel on Tuesday, May 1st, and on the following Monday he was found hanging in a deserted house on Long Island, only a short distance from Woodside. Mr. Daly was literally worked to death—work self-imposed, and which might have been avoided. There was no earthly reason for his suicide, for his financial troubles were rapidly passing away; his domestic relations were of the most agreeable and delightful character; privately and publicly he enjoyed the highest personal regard, and his sudden and terrible taking off may be regarded as a public calamity.

The investigation into the late terrible disaster at the Post Office, by which four men lost their lives through the sudden caving in of the roof, has just been concluded, and the coroner's jury declare Muller, the government architect, incompetent. Four poor men were suddenly hurried into eternity through the criminal negligence of this architectural ignoramus. Yet this is the fellow who has had the expending of over one hundred millions of the people's money.

Jacob B. Blondell, long and favorably known as one of the foremost artists in the city, died last week in a state of the most abject wretchedness and destitution. Many years ago he ranked alongside of Henry Inman, and other artists equally famous. His portraits now adorn some of the most magnificent drawing-rooms in the city. For the last quarter of a century he has been impaired by constant and terrible distress. Three or four times he has been rescued from death by his friends when on the very brink of starvation. Last week he was missed from his usual haunts, and on his studio being broken open, he was found dead upon an old log, wasted to a perfect skeleton. Another victim to the curse of rum.

This is not only notable for being anniversary week, but we are also rejoicing in a dog show. Barron had scarcely vacated the dog quarters formerly occupied by Moody and Sankey, when it was taken possession of by the most tremendous congregation of curs that New York has ever seen. Big dogs and little dogs, fat dogs and lean dogs, dogs with two tails and dogs with no tail at all, terriers, bull terriers, and Siberian hounds, Irish harriers, English mastiffs, French poodles, and Italian greyhounds divided equally the honors. And the same roof which one year ago resounded with "Ninety and Nine" and "Hold the Fort," is echoing with barks, yelps, snarls, whines, growls, ki-ki-ki-ki, and such infernal canine chorus that a casual visitor, unless very much in love with Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, would wish the whole caboodle of them consigned to that warm place where dogs do cease from barking and start purr in the order of the day. "Is them Newfoundlanders?" said a fat old lady to one of the attendants, as she curiously surveyed a stub-tailed Scotch terrier, who was quietly gnawing a bone.

"No, ma'am," replied the attendant, "it is a fine breed, but them dogs is Siberian Kanakas from the Kickerboog Islands, and the best of the kind ever imported." "I thought they was some such critters," said the old lady, as she wiped her spectacles with a handkerchief. The scene was a most impressive one. Mr. Daly was a man of a million, for he was a member in four days. One ugly cur was valued at \$50,000; it is not true, as reported, that I purchased him. I was looking for a dog worth about two dollars and a half, but strange to say, they did not have any of that kind, and I was obliged to purchase a better one. The dog was a Siberian Kanaka, and the best of the kind ever imported. "I thought they was some such critters," said the old lady, as she wiped her spectacles with a handkerchief. The scene was a most impressive one. Mr. Daly was a man of a million, for he was a member in four days. One ugly cur was valued at \$50,000; it is not true, as reported, that I purchased him. I was looking for a dog worth about two dollars and a half, but strange to say, they did not have any of that kind, and I was obliged to purchase a better one. The dog was a Siberian Kanaka, and the best of the kind ever imported.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 50 cents per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. TERMS CASH.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 50 cents per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.