

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

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For the Anderson Intelligencer.

## The Demoralization of the Age.

Mr. Editor: Is it not enough to cause every friend of morality and virtue—every patriot and philanthropist to become sick at heart when he contemplates for only one single moment the complete demoralization of this wicked and reckless age? Look at our condition politically. The body politic, both State and Federal, nothing but one entire mass of putrefaction and decomposition—a nauseating stench in the nostrils of every upright and honest man! Bribery, perjury, wholesale and legalized spoliation, and unmitigated scoundrelism of the most diabolical character, and of the blackest hue, has become the general order of the day. Both public and private enterprises are merging, with an accelerated velocity, into gigantic oppressions and heaven-denounced engines of monopoly. Men are daily and hourly trafficking over their principles of honesty and integrity for paltry bundles of greenbacks, Esau-like, selling their birth-right of probity and liberty for a mess of government pottage—a few swigs at the public pap!

Now, sir, we know it is common for us Democrats to fasten upon the back of the Radical party the sin of this immoral inundation, which, like an Alpine avalanche, or an angry flood, is sweeping away every vestige of honesty of purpose. But is the Democratic party *simon-pure*? or is either party, as a political organization, to be held responsible? Have not the elements of which the Democratic party is composed had nothing to do with the inauguration of the present reign of demoralization? Of course the primary cause exists in the moral depravity of the human heart, but then the secondary cause has existed, and still exists in the elements of which each political organization is composed. In short, it exists in the people of these United States, in the erroneous assumption that wealth is the basis and only exponent of merit. Hence, intellectual greatness and moral worth have always been at a considerable discount with us.

Now, sir, long before the war the science of government with us had degenerated into a disgraceful, disgusting scramble for "the leaves and fishes" of office.

Why was this? Simply from the false estimate which we placed upon wealth. It grew out of the false notion that money makes the meritorious man, and the want of it the worthless fellow. Hence, it has been, is yet, and looking into the future through the telescope of the past, we judge it will continue to be that men, seeing money can do anything, are, and will be at all times, and under every conceivable circumstance, ready and willing to do anything for money! The most intense desire and continual cry of one and all is, *MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!* Give us but this, and we care not of what else you deprive us. For money gives men social position and political power. It gives them moral influence and religious preferment. It induces them into office of trust, honor and profit. It is a substitute for intellectual endowment that is more acceptable than the principal—a proxy for intelligence that is more willingly received than the original, and a check for religion that is more tangible and current than the coin itself. Men have been and will be elected to office of trust, honor and profit upon no other claim of merit than that of their fathers' names and pockets.

Think you that this picture is overdrawn—that it is too highly painted with gorgeous colors? No, sir. So far as drawn it is true to life; but the whole truth is beyond the powers of the tongue to express or pen to describe. Who, we ask, is so morally dead and mentally blind that he cannot feel and see, so as to fully appreciate our situation, and candidly and unreservedly confess that Mammon is the god at whose shrine we bow. To what is it that we will not resort to make a single dime? Ready to encompass sea and land in pursuit of "the almighty dollar." Lying, cheating and extortion have become the most popular and fashionable avenues to wealth. Duplicity and trickery, once classed in the black catalogue of vices, have become transformed into virtues which we hold up before our children as worthy of emulation. You say, perhaps, that this is altogether hyperbolic. Well, be it so. But we will submit an illustration as confirmatory of our assertions:

How oft have we heard fathers expatiating in the presence of their sons upon the great importance of knowing how to turn a penny. This is all proper and right, if conducted within the legitimate channels of honest industry and moral rectitude. But like the Quaker economist's advice to his son, they give them this directly, and a little more than this indirectly. We not infrequently hear fathers relating to their sons the wonderful abilities of some infamous cheat and swindler, in the person of some "low-down" horse-jockey, or professional black-leg, who, upon the exchange of a horse or the turn of a card, has made more money than he could have made in months at honest labor, always winding up with the emphatic sentence: "boys, he's a smart man!" leaving the impression indelibly fixed upon the young, inexperienced and plastic mind that these lazy drones and detestable leeches of society, who fatten upon the life-blood of honest industry, are worthy of emulation, because, forsooth, they are so extraordinarily smart, and too supremely lazy to follow any honest and useful avocation, and therefore they make use of their superfluous knowledge in fishing, as it were, from others. "My son, make money, honestly if you can, but—*but make money!*"

Melville, S. C.

W. H.

—Why are women like churches? Firstly, because there is no living without one; secondly, because there is many a aspire to them; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; and lastly, but by no means least, because they have a loud clapper in the upper story.

## Horace Greeley on the Needs of the South.

In a late issue of the New York Tribune we find the following considerate and temperate article—considerate because it exhibits such an interest in our material development, and temperate because Mr. Greeley refrains from abuse and misrepresentation of our people and our section:

We receive many letters from the South which seem to indicate a grievous misapprehension of the pressing want of that section. Their commonest error is an assumption that her people are deficient in capital, and that their industry languishes for want of it. Yet the South has hundreds of millions of acres of unused lands, rendering income whatever to their owners, and often subjecting them to taxes that they pay with great difficulty if at all. These lands are in grand part covered with valuable timber, while many of them are richly underlaid with Coal, Iron, Copper, Lead, Marble, &c. To value the unused and unproductive lands, minerals, timber, and other capital of the South at Three Thousand Millions of Dollars might be to estimate it at all the money it would sell for under present circumstances and in the present condition, but it is really worth far more.

It may be true that the South needs money, or such capital as is instantly available and convertible; but she cannot afford to borrow it. If she could borrow five hundred millions to-morrow it might give her instant relief; but that relief would be factitious—like the strength obtained by the tippler from his dram—and would but increase her ultimate embarrassments. She needs rather to get out of debt than to get in deeper—to sell property that she is unable to use, and to devote the proceeds to making available the residue of her now dormant resources. If her men of substance could sell two thirds of the land, timber, ores, &c., which now employ no labor and afford no income, the residue would have a greater market value than the whole does at present, and they would be able to buy the stock, implements, machinery, fertilizers, &c., for lack of which their efforts are now relatively inefficient and fruitless.

The first need of every Southern State today is the application to its soil of the system of surveys, which is one of the most beneficent devices for which mankind are indebted to our Union. If Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and West Virginia were surveyed into right-angled sections and parts thereof, as are the public lands of the United States, their real estate would be worth at least twenty-five per cent. more than it now is, and a thousand acres of it could be sold where a hundred can now be.

Such a survey would affect no man's title, affect no existing boundary. No doubt, owners would gradually buy and sell, exchange and release, so as to bring their lines into conformity with the official surveys; but they would do this only so fast and so far as their own interest should dictate. But estates of five to forty thousand acres, which are now scarcely salable at any price, would be readily bought in sections, quarters and eighths, at rates now unattainable.

Having been surveyed, all the lands that the owners did not wish to retain should be brought into market. That is impossible under the present system. Owners are anxious to sell; they would gladly accept very low prices; but there are now no buyers. He who has a thousand or even five thousand acres to sell cannot afford to advertise as his lands should be advertised; the cost would be ruinous and probably his advertisement would sell ten others estates and not sell his after all. An inquirer who started southward expressly to look at his place would encounter so many would-be sellers on his way that he might never reach that place at all.

Now, there should be very extensive advertising of Southern lands, not merely at the North, but in Great Britain and Germany; yet it cannot be done in an isolated way. But let all those who have lands to sell in Virginia put them into the hands of one agent or company, and let that agent advertise them so as to reach every freestone in the North and half those of Great Britain and Germany—let him advertise so many acres in this, so many in that county, with capacities and prices—let him make arrangements with steamboats and railroads for the cheap transportation of those intending to purchase, and advertise where and how excursion tickets may be obtained, and there would be no difficulty in selling ten millions of acres per annum. The agent or company should pay all expenses, take all risks, and be allowed a liberal commission, such as would warrant and incite the most extensive advertising, and, unless exorbitant prices were asked, there could be no failure. We are confident that one hundred thousand tenant farmers or sons of farmers could be drawn from the British isles alone to Virginia within the next two years, if adequate efforts were made to enlighten them, with regard not merely to the cheapness and value of the lands, timber, &c., but to the means and cost of reaching those lands, the enhancement of their values by railways already built or in process of construction, and the ease wherewith their owner could be recalled to Europe by telegraph and set down at his father's or brother's door within two weeks from the dispatch of the telegram. The masses in Europe know just as much of this country as we do of Australia, and are generally in doubt whether Virginia is in Boston or a little north of Chicago. Show them that it is within a day's ride of New York, with ample and excellent harbors, bays, rivers, &c., supplemented by canals and by railroads, and they will much prefer it to the remotest regions and harsher climate of the northwest. The facts that Indians no longer stray within hundreds of miles of its borders and that it has Episcopal churches, roads two hundred years old, and established social order, &c., will prejudice multitudes in its favor.

The South needs more people, greater diversity of pursuits, more skill, more energy and thrift—more mills, more shops, more factories, more furnaces—she does not need more capital than will inevitably flow in upon her if she can but utilize what she already has. We submit these suggestions to her leading minds, in the hope that they may sow some seeds of future thrift and progress.

"WHAT THE SOUTH NEEDS."—Under this caption the New York Tribune lately suggested a sub-division by exact surveys of landed properties, and associated plans for advertising eligible parcels of ground and for inviting purchasers and emigrants from Europe. But the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin thinks some other conditions must be had to render such expedients finally effective, and nearly all those supplemental conditions, it says, are comprehended in good government. Political abuses, and above all, oppressive taxation, may drive labor away after it comes. Secure good government, and the South, says the Bulletin, "will certainly at length obtain what she needs in the way of more people, more skill, more diversity of industry, more enterprise and thrift, more mills, more shops, more farms, more factories, more movements and all the money demanded for the movement of her varied products will flow in upon her."

## Extraordinary Exploits of an Ignorant Maryland Negro.

A newspaper extract of somewhat doubtful origin was circulated some time ago, giving an account of the wonderful performance of a negro in Talbot County, Maryland, in handling red-hot iron and doing various other feats with fire, and now a correspondent of the New York Herald has furnished details of the matter, with names of witnesses. He says:

Business recently called me to the county seat of Talbot County. While there I heard from several gentlemen of prominence the story of a negro blacksmith, who lived in an adjoining county, upon whom fire had no effect whatever. The story was so incredible that I gave it little heed. A day or two after I first heard of this remarkable negro, Mr. T. K. Robson, editor of the Eastern Star, called, and stated that the negro was in town, and that the physicians were going to make an examination of him, and invited me to witness the operations. Mr. Robson and myself went at once to Dr. Stack's office, where were assembled Dr. Anderson, Goldsborough and Comery, of Eastern; Dr. J. A. Johnson, editor of the Journal at Eastern; Mr. A. P. Pascall and Mr. John C. Henry, all prominent citizens of Talbot County.

A brisk fire of anthracite coal was burning in a common coal stove, and an iron shovel was placed in the stove and heated to a white heat. When all was ready the negro pulled off his boots and placed the hot shovel upon the soles of his feet, and kept it there until the shovel became black. His feet were then examined by the physicians, and no burns could be found, and all declared that no evidence of a heated substance having come in contact with them was visible.

The shovel was again heated red hot, and taken from the stove and handed to him. He ran out his tongue as far as he could, and laid the heated shovel upon it, licking the iron until it became cooled. The physicians examined the tongue, but found nothing to indicate that he had suffered in the least from the heated iron.

A large handful of common squirrel shot, procured from a store near Dr. Stack's office, was next placed in an iron receptacle and heated until melted. The negro then took the dish, poured the heated lead into the palm of his hand, and then put it into his mouth, allowing it to run all out into his mouth, each time keeping the melted lead in his mouth until solidified. After each operation the physicians examined him carefully, but could find nothing upon his flesh to indicate that he had been in the least affected by the heated substance he had been handling. After the performances with the lead he deliberately put his hand into the stove, in which was a very hot fire, took therefrom a handful of hot coals and passed them about the room to the gentlemen present, keeping them in his hand some time. Not the slightest evidence of a burn was visible upon his hand after he threw the coals back into the stove.

The exhibition was regarded by all who witnessed it as most remarkable, for there was no opportunity for the practice of chicanery. Every gentleman present was there for the purpose of detecting, if possible, any trick—if trick there was—and none could have had the least interest in aiding or abetting the negro in his performances. Whatever solution may be had of this matter, there can be no doubt but that above, without the use of any mechanical or chemical appliances whatever, for he has been subjected to the severest tests possible, not only at the time specified by me, but several other times and places, and in the presence of some of the first men in the State of Maryland. I have conversed with a greater number of people who have seen him, gentlemen of education and integrity, all whom declare that they do not believe that fire has the least effect upon his flesh.

After he had concluded his performances in Dr. Stack's office, I sought an opportunity to converse with him. I found him very ignorant, not able to read or write, and in all respects an uneducated negro. His name is Nathan Coker, and he is about fifty-eight years of age. He was born in the Town of Hillsborough, Caroline County, Maryland, and was the slave of Henry L. Sellers, of that place, by whom he was sold to Bishop Emery. In relation to his ability to handle fire, and how he first became aware of it, he said: "Boss, when I was about thirteen years old, old Massa Emery hired me out to a lawyer whose name was Purnell. He treated me badly, and did not give me enough to eat. I spied around the kitchen one day, and when the cook left I shot in, dipped my hand into the dinner pot and pulled out a red-hot dumpling. The boiling water did not burn, and I could eat the hot dumpling without winking, and I drank it. I drink my coffee when it is boiling, and it does not give me half so much pain as it does to drink a glass of cold water. I always like it just as hot as I can get it." I then interrogated him as to the effect heated sulphur had upon his flesh, and asked him when he handled them with his hands if he did not suffer more than when he took them inwardly, to which he replied, "No, boss, I often take my iron out the forge with my hand when red hot, but it don't burn. Since I was a little boy I have never been afraid to handle fire." He then stated that often when by himself he would pick up red hot iron because his tongue was not handy, and that he never felt any discomfort from it. He felt no more harm, he said, from handling fire than stones.

I could cite a great number of instances beside those mentioned, and give the names of a large number of high standing who have witnessed the wonderful doings of this untutored African; but I do not deem it necessary, as what I have stated can be more than authenticated by almost any prominent man living in this locality. I am thoroughly convinced, from personal observation, that fire has no effect whatever upon his flesh, and I am sustained in that belief by the united judgment of all gentlemen who have seen him, including a large number of physicians.

TURNING THE SCALES.—An aged freedman in our community, says the *Angelo* (Ga.) Journal, having saved enough of his earnings to send his boy to school until he could spell words of three syllables, concluded that he, the father, was not too old to go to school, and, consequently, made a teacher of his boy, the father being the only pupil. Having advanced from A to ab, he was then given a lesson in line of discipline his son intended to pursue, was rather careless about perfect lessons, and to his surprise, on reciting a lesson after supper, being asked to spell dog, he responded "d-o-g" the son feathered in on him with a well-seasoned hickory. On being interrogated as to that manner of proceeding, the boy replied: "That's the way our teacher does us, and if you go to school to me you may expect to get flogged if you don't have perfect lessons." This school was closed without an examination or public demonstration of any kind.

## The Great Tidal Wave.

It is a sad but an imperious duty to warn the inhabitants of all our Gulf and Atlantic coast that it is time to begin to prepare for the great tidal wave, which, according to the calculation of a profound astronomer, is to sweep over the whole ocean coast from Hatteras to Bahia, to the height of fifty feet or more, on the night of the fifth of October, or in the morning of the sixth. We have thirty days only to prepare for this event, and with all the diligence that can be employed our citizens can barely hope to be ready. On the other occasion our ancestor had a warning of forty years; in proportion to the difference in the extent of the expected deluge, we have a shorter warning—the tidal wave of Agassiz must submerge all parts of the surface of the eastern shore that are not more than forty feet above the coast level at flood tide. Florida will become a wild waste of waters, and every Indian not the possessor of a canoe must take refuge in the upper branches of the lofty cypress or the majestic magnolia. The vessels in all the harbors must allow additional cable and a wider swing. The occupants of wood houses must prepare to be floated away in ruins.

The public will understand fully that this tidal wave is not our fault. We would prevent it if we could. But there are "circumstances" over which we have no control, such as the attraction of the moon, the effects of rotatory motion, the joint influence of several planets all operating simultaneously, and the imperative necessity which always compels natural forces to conform to the calculations and predictions of science. If the matter had been at an earlier day called to our notice, in all its serious importance, we are not quite sure that we could have changed the character of the impending calamity.

But leaving the matter of responsibility to be discussed after the deluge, our present duty is to suggest the course to be pursued in view of the inevitable calamity. The flood will come suddenly with violence. The ignorant and bigoted may look upon it only as an ordinary coincidental storm, but their grievous mistake will be manifest to them when they float past the third-story windows of our more substantial edifices on the wrecks of their own houses. A tidal wave fifty feet high cannot be trifled with. If it reaches a perpendicular altitude of no more than twenty-five feet, it will float three-fourths of all the wooden houses in the city and country. Moreover it will not be a gradual, stealing, slow invasion of muddy water, such as sometimes creeps up into the rear of the city, day by day, and inch by inch; but the green, salt and mighty messenger from the ocean will come upon us all at once, with the besom of destruction in its wide dash and ruthless onslaught. All our lower stories will be flooded, and the beds, bedding, kitchen furniture, poultry and wood-piles of dwellings, and the stalls of markets, the shops of grocers, the stores of milliners, the saloons of those who sell potable fluids, and all the haunts of pleasure will be turned into rushing torrents, bearing and wrecking furniture, family rafts, cats, pigs, goats, and many other struggling swimmers. The flood, while it lasts, will be very rapid, and with all allowance for impediments, those who float upon it will be carried along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The telegraph may give us a few hours' warning after the first dash of the great tidal wave upon the Atlantic coast, but not enough for due preparation. Therefore the work should begin at once. In view of the uncertainty of all predictions, it is just as possible that the great wave may come a few hours sooner than the time fixed as a few hundred years later. Men of science depend upon their figures and their data. They know what must be, they know when it ought to be, and if events do not correspond with predictions, their theory must not be held accountable. It is better that a hundred predictions should fail than that faith in scientific calculations should be lost or weakened.

As the great wave may result fatally to many while threatening all, we venture the timely suggestion to those who have not prepared for such an event by paying their debts and providing for their families by policies of life insurance, or otherwise, should invest a small sum in cork jackets, gum-elastic bags, rafts, skiffs, yawls, boats, and other necessaries for a new departure on a newly imposed flood. The great salt tidal wave will not be fit to drink, and therefore they should provide fresh water for their boats, together with such other beverages as taste, habit or convenience may suggest. The voyage may be prolonged by their being swept out to the lakes or Gulf by the retiring wave, in which event they might find it pleasant and profitable to be supplied with fishing tackle and a few volumes of entertaining modern literature, taking care to select the drest. In view of the destruction of dwelling houses it would be well to bargain in advance for others more likely to resist the flood, but no foresight can provide against the inevitable lack of dry kindling wood and dry bedding.

If the distinguished scientist has accurately calculated the height of the coming wave monster, the publication of the *Pleatone* will not be discontinued on the 6th of October. Those who call upon us during the flood will row their canoes to our third-story windows, and there they will be kindly received as usual.—*New Orleans Pleatone*.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—Among the late Executive appointments, we notice that of Mr. Charles Baring Farmer, to be Judge of the Second Circuit, vide *Judge Z. Platt*, deceased. Mr. Farmer is a native of Colleton, and one of the old landlords of the County. Soon after completing his education, he began the study of law, and for over eighteen years has been a practicing lawyer at the Colleton bar. For a number of years before the war, he held the position of Commissioner in Equity, and discharged the duties of this important post with an ability and courtesy which gave universal satisfaction. After the war, he served for a time as District Judge for Colleton, but has since resumed the practice of the law. He is also engaged in planting in the lower part of the County. Judge Farmer is a Democrat of liberal views, and his character, in public and private, is unimpeached. He is now about forty-seven years of age, and has a large family in Waterboro. His appointment will, no doubt, be advantageous to the interests of the State, and give satisfaction to all parties in the circuit.—*Charleston News*.

The following correspondence is said to have taken place between a merchant and one of his clients: "Sir, your account has been standing for two years; I must have it settled immediately." Answer—"Sir, things usually settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little."

The gods evidently do not love that branch of the Jones family who live up in Northeast Georgia. John Jones, aged 87, is a sprightly hand in a single mill on the Air Line Railway, near Gainesville, and his mother, who lives in Habersham, counts 114 snmmers.

## The Cotton Prospect—The Duty of Planters.

The latter part of July we gave a review of the condition of the cotton plant, and the probable yield at that time, in all the cotton growing States, founded upon information obtained from a numerous exchange with the press in all these States, and from disinterested correspondents. We then gave it as our opinion that the yield would reach 2,700,000 bales. In that review we conceded that in Texas, the crop, on the area planted (which we put down at an eighth to a fourth less than the previous year), would give an average yield, as compared with the previous crop. Our advice from that State at this time do not sustain the estimate then given. The drought which has prevailed successively for over two months, in more than two-thirds of the State, has played havoc with the forms and young bolls, and resulted in the entire destruction of the top crop. The universal estimate now in that State is, that the area planted will fall more than a third short of last year's yield.

We also estimated that the crop of North and South Carolina, and Florida, would make an equal yield in the area planted, with that of last year. From all of these States the reports are that a great change has taken place within the last six weeks. From all of them not more than three-fourths of a crop is expected to be gathered.

The crop in many portions of Arkansas, also, is reported to have suffered heavily from drought, causing the loss of the top crop.

Our informant from Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee, does not change our views, expressed of the condition of the crop and the prospect of yield in those States.

With this evidence of change in the situation, we now put the yield of the crop of 1871-2, at not over 2,500,000 bales at the outside.—"Taking this to be the true status of the situation, what is the duty of the planter to himself and his section? It is well known that what is termed a "Cotton Ring" exists in New York, composed both of manufacturers and moneyed speculators. This ring, which has grown rich off the losses of our planters, has been busily engaged the entire summer in writing up the growing crop to a large yield, in despite of glaring facts to the contrary; and have not given up the effort. They yet persist in an estimate of three and a half to four millions. This is done to delude Liverpool and enable them to secure the bulk of the crop at a low figure. They act, too, upon the supposition that planters are indebted to the merchant class for supplies and advances to the extent of \$10,000,000 of the crop, and that this much of it, of thirds of the crop, and that this much of it, as ginned and packed. This latter feature has been taught them from experience. Then we repeat, what is the duty of the planter? It is plain, such as are in debt for supplies or advances should bring forward their cotton and make the best arrangement possible with their creditors, even to selling, if necessary. In this emergency, the merchant has a duty to perform also, in extending all the leniency in his power when a cotton collateral has been placed in his hands by the planter debtor. These two classes are mutually dependent on each other. The merchant, if agriculture is cramped and feeble, cannot prosper. If what we have stated as the probable yield of the crop be true, and we believe we are correct, then every pound of cotton made is worth thirty cents. Less than twenty-five cents will not remunerate the planter for the making of the present short crop. The proper effort at accommodation between the indebted planter and his merchant, with a disposition on the part of the unbarren, rascally planter to hold for twenty-five cents, will soon march prices in the interior markets up to that figure, and save millions of dollars to be expended at home, which, with a different policy, will go into the pockets of the manufacturers and speculators of New York and Liverpool.—*Albany Sun*.

VALLANDIGHAM'S LAST SPEECH.—The following is an extract from the last speech of the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham. At the conclusion of the Ohio Democratic State Convention, at one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Vallandigham being called for, arose and said:

"In the valley of visions there were many bones and they were very dry. And the spirit said, 'Can these bones live?' And he prophesied, and there was a noise and shaking among the dry bones and breath came into them and they arose and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army, the army of Democracy rallied again! And he said, 'Watchman what of the night?' And the watchman said, 'The morning cometh and the night also, the dark night of death to the once pursuing but now broken ranks of Radicalism, and morning, glorious, bright, resplendent, light and life-giving morning to the once disheartened but now heroic rallying hosts of the Democracy!'"

I am not here as the Messiah, but as an apostle, and the least of the apostles—not of the new departure, but of the grand restoration to old Democratic doctrines and principles, and to Democratic victory. To-day we have seen forth tidings of great joy all over the land. The Democratic party now stands on the great vantage ground of the present, and offers battle to its enemies—hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder it marches forth and meets its enemies in this struggle upon the living issues of the present hour, and upon these issues we will triumph. I feel it. Not throughout the whole length of the State of Ohio only, but from the other States, and from one end of this nation to the other, Joy and rejoicing, to-morrow, will ring from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, that at last the Democratic party is ready to crush them as in former days it did—and that once more there is hope that this old battle-worn republic of ours, bearing it may be, the scars which it has received in the recent grand convulsion, will yet live, and live in that spirit in which the fathers framed it."

BILLINGS' PROGNOSTICS.—Should there be cold weather during February, and should roosters refuse to crow, and the tax gatherer forget to call on you, you will have to trust in Providence, and go it blind, for there ain't no man can prognostic what will cum next.

Should there be no dew on the grass in the morning before sunrise, it is an infallible prognostic that there didn't emy dew fall the night before. Whenever you see two crows on the rail fence, one white and the other black, edging up to each other, look out for a nigger in the wood pile.

One evening, John Smith had been dining rather too deeply in the convivial bowl with a friend, and on emerging into the open air his intellect became in a considerable degree confused, and not being able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty, he thought himself in a fair way of losing the road to his home. In this perplexity he espied some one coming towards him, whom he stopped with this query, "Dye know where John Smith lives?" "Where's the use of asking that question?" said the man, "you're John Smith himself." "I know that," answered John, "but it's not himself that's wanted—it's his house."

## Farmers, Educate your Sons to the Farm and Useful Labor.

If there is one great fault and egregious oversight committed by our people, and especially by our farming population, it is in fixing their eyes upon the professions as the goal and future destiny of their sons. A greater wrong upon themselves, upon their children, and upon the country, and more serious blunder, cannot well be conceived. The professions are crowded already to repletion, and it is lamentable to see the many useful and capable men, whose energies are being wasted, whose mental capacities are becoming emasculated, and whose vitality and ambitions are blighting and withering because they are—and often through the preference and agency of parents—cramped in offices and in professions crowded to the full, and who could, with proper facilities, be useful to themselves and ornaments to the names they bear, and to the country that gave them birth. It is nonsense and a cruel delusion to hold out dazzling professional honors to all the youth of the land by persuading them that if success does not come upon them in one place it will await them in another. The professions are crowded everywhere. The professional man is the pioneer of new towns and settlements, and the first vocations filled and crowded are those presented by the professions. This every traveler and every man who resides in different parts of the country knows and readily comprehends. Give us industrial education. In looking at the professional plethora and the proneness to shun the trades and the farms on the part of our people, Professor Bail, of the Scientific School, pertinently exclaims: "Why is it that American boys are growing too proud to learn a trade? Is not the cause found in the fact that our whole system of education has quite ignored our industrial life? The only legitimate result of our educational system will be the production of lawyers and doctors and ministers, or at least, clerks and school teachers. In consequence of this defect, children receive the impression that education has no bearing on mechanics; that a trade is only natural drudgery. The result is that boys select the most effeminate employment in preference to manly mechanical work. When our educational system provides our youth with some intelligent preparation for the prosecution of industrial labor, the trades will be filled by a more cultivated class of young men, and our boys will blush to be found selling pins and needles; but they will not be ashamed to be seen using the hammer and chisel."

The foregoing is well put. There is a dignity and morality that attaches to elevated and educated labor which belongs to no other calling. Success in life is, or should be, the chief aim of our farmers for their sons, and success is the criterion by which they will be judged, be their profession, talents and attainments what they may. This rule of nature, rigorous as it may be, is nevertheless inexorable. "Act well your part, for there the honor lies." In the avocation of agriculture, turning up the rich, sweet earth, sowing seed and reaping harvest, success is certain, and competition need not be dreaded. There is room for all, and a demand for the products of all. The broad lands stretch out to the north, to the south, to the east, and to the west, in fertile and illimitable acres, filled with grain and fruit and flowers till the earth runs over. "Tickle the ground with industry and it laughs with abundance."

There is no uncertainty before the industrious farmer. His furrows are upturned through no rasping and dubious fields of doubt. No pale, painful anxieties need sit and brood over his forehead brow. He need not wait for clients' calls and patients' aches. He is not blown upon the surface of popular esteem by the whims and envious breaths of political favoritism. The same holds good of the trades, and of the thousand and one avenues which the channels of honorable labor offer and open up. Life with the farmer is full of hope, of buoyancy, of elasticity. To him the sun rises and sets in beauty, and the nights of his repose are soothed with pleasing dreams and sweet slumbers. At least eighty-five per cent. of their mercantile pursuits fail, while the few only achieve success. The few do so by wearing and tearing cares, and sleepless nights and anxious days. In the professions the larger number fail, while the very few attain any eminence or distinction, or win what the world's popular verdict calls success.

We wish our farming friends to bear these facts in mind, with a fixed and permanent judgment. Educate your sons, and make it a part of their education not to be allured by false professional glitter. The professions are full of drones and idle dreamers. An idle profession never yet pushed a man upward. Most never yet snuffed a star. Then leave your sons out of the question, and educate your labor to the farm, and to vocations of useful labor. Through such avenues honor and preferment are as swift and sure to accrue as through any other.—*Nashville Union and American*.

ANOTHER CANCER REMEDY.—A physician writes to the *Newberry Herald* as follows:

I have tried the "cundurango" in several cases of cancer. It is an efficient alternative, but in several cases entirely failed. I have tried tea infusions of the red clover tops in ten cases of cancer, and have failed in none. I will venture the assertion that by means of this unpretentious plant I will cure more cases of well-seated deposits than "cundurango," or any other remedy that is known to the materia medica, can effect. I feel that I cannot urge upon the public too strongly the wonderful remedial alternative power of this plant, and having been in the practice of medicine about forty years, it must be conceded I have had some experience. For all dermic diseases and cutaneous affections the red clover tops are the most efficient remedy I ever have tried. I have cured some fifteen cases of cancer that my brother physicians had abandoned as incurable. Let every farmer understand there is flourishing in his fields a remedy which is far superior to "cundurango" in its wondrous curative properties, and that remedy is the red clover tops. In my hands it has proved far more powerful than "cundurango," for I have had ample opportunity for testing the latter in the country of its growth. To use the red clover, all that is necessary is to render a tea of it, and drink freely through the day. A piece of rag ought to be wet with the tea and kept applied to the cancerous sore. I assert that, as an alternative, the red clover tops cannot be excelled by any remedy in our materia medica; and I hope the people will take heed and govern themselves accordingly.

A Nevada man, anxious to marry a young lady of his acquaintance, learned that her sister was about to marry, and without her knowledge procured a marriage license, flattering himself that he could spring the question upon her, and that in the excitement of her sister's marriage she would consent to follow suit. The idea was a brilliant one, but the attempt to carry it into execution was a woeful failure.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.