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From the Rural Carolinian.

## How to Develop our Agricultural Resources.

The agricultural resources of the South, when rightly considered, are truly wonderful. With a climate unsurpassed for its geniality, and which admits of the planting of some of the products of the country every month in the year, and a soil of unequalled fertility, she awaits but to be made what nature designed she should be, the finest agricultural country in the world.

The consideration of this subject necessarily involves that of the much discussed "labor question," in so much, as it is mainly by labor that our great agricultural resources are to be developed. To develop them fully, is the great work before us. To accomplish this work successfully, we need an ample supply of the best improved agricultural implements now in use. To use these implements to advantage, we require intelligent, reliable labor—labor superior both in quality and quantity to that obtained from our freedmen as they work at present.

From whence is this labor to be obtained, is a question which ever since the great change in our industrial system, has been discussed by some of the ablest writers of the country, but as yet, none, we believe, have reached a solution of it. "Liebig," a contributor to *Our Home Journal*, in a series of articles upon the subject, after pretty clearly demonstrating the impracticability of either Chinese or European skilled labor for the South, suggests as a means of overcoming the difficulty experienced, since the war, in obtaining the right kind of labor, that those of our people engaged in agricultural pursuits, off with their coats and take hold of the plough handles themselves. This, though it may not be a solution of the question, approximates, we think, a little nearer to one than anything we have yet seen. So near, in fact, as to touch the key note to a solution of the vexed problem. Let each and all of us who are tillers of the soil, with a hearty good will, lay hold of the plough handles, but at the same time, instead of dispensing with the services of "Cuffee," as we presume "Liebig" intended we should, hold on to him, and make him, by example as well as by precept, the kind of laborer we need. This plan can be made to succeed, after which the "labor question" will have been solved, as we will then have a supply of reliable labor equal to the demand. Such is the magnitude of the work before us of developing our great agricultural resources, that vastly more labor is required than can be afforded by our white population, even though every white man from the Potomac to the Rio Grande were to become a *de Jure* tiller of the soil. To make up the deficiency, the negro element of our population is, unquestionably, the most available for the purpose. "Cuffee," as he works at present, and has worked since he was made free, is, with perhaps, a few exceptional cases, far from being the right kind of a laborer, i. e., one who will accomplish a good day's work, and at the same time do it exactly as it should be done. Even when working on the share system, he moves sluggishly, idles away his time, and what little he does is at best but poorly done. The bare presence of his employer or his agent has but little effect for the better. If, however, his employer, instead of only directing him in his work, would lead the way by laying hold of the hoe or plough, as the case may be, himself, he would be a much more reliable and efficient laborer. Meeting with a friend, just after the war, we asked him what sort of a crop he had. He replied that he had the best crop he had for ten years. Upon our expressing surprise at this, on account of the unsatisfactory manner in which the freedmen were working, he added, with a significant smile, "I work with my freedmen, and the consequence is I get great deal more and better work out of them." We have had considerable experience in the management of freedmen. Besides superintending them in a sort of play gentleman way, we have worked side by side with them, and can add our testimony to his in favor of the plan. The effect of the example of one white laborer upon a gang of freedmen, is not very dissimilar to that of a true pulling horse or mule upon a hawky team. The chief difficulty with horses not properly trained to pull, is in getting them to start. With one well trained animal, however, to start the wagon, team and all, they not only, as a general thing, do their full share of the pulling after the wagon is started, but if properly managed will soon get in the way of helping to start it themselves. We know too that soldiers, as a general thing, fight much better when led in a charge by a commanding officer, than when he remains in the rear and orders them to make it. The habit of the gallant Hampton, in Virginia, was, we are told, always to lead his men into action instead of directing them to go and do this and that. This, doubtless, accounts in great measure for his brilliant achievements. The good effect to be produced by the employer upon his freedmen by working with them, is far from being the only advantage to be derived from the adoption of the plan. The labor of himself and as many able bodied sons as he may be so fortunate to have, would cost only the wear and tear of a little muscle, and would be the best quality. This is the kind of labor that tells so wonderfully upon Northern farms. There are, doubtless, those who still regard labor upon the farm as degrading. To all who thus regard it, we would say that the idea is one of the oldest times, and was conceived in error.

Agriculture, as has often been asserted, is the noblest calling of man, and no kind of labor connected with it is either degrading or dishonorable. Some of the noblest and best men the world has ever seen, were at times the tillers of the soil. The idea that a white man cannot, as a laborer, stand our hot climate, "Liebig" asserts, has been exploded. We can, from experience, bear him out in the assertion. In *ante bellum* times we were, perhaps, regarded by some as a sort of fancy gentleman. We rode fancy horses, wore kid gloves, fancy hats, boots and clothes, kept an umbrella stretched over our devoted cranium when exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and made love to the pretty girls in quite a sentimental way. Now we think we are about as near "All horse and half alligator," as was ever old Dave Crockett, and can, perhaps, come about as near "whipping our weight in wild cats, riding on a streak of lightning or jumping the Mississippi," as he ever did, and can do as much hard work in the hot sun as any body else, regardless of "any previous condition of servitude, race or color."

On another occasion we may say something in regard to what we consider the most advantageous form of contract to make with freedmen.

—According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow old and never get bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions (on the contrary they will run after lions); and according to Gunter, they can talk a week.

—It may be profitable to those having turkeys in their yards to know that pulverized charcoal mixed with meal and boiled potatoes will fatten those birds in a wonderfully short space of time.

## Curious Things About Dreams.

Is it not a curious fact that dreams are all the creations of our own minds—that we ourselves originate the forms and faces that look on us, and perhaps terrify us—that we think the thoughts that others seem to speak with their lips—that we and no others are the authors of the comedy that is acted before us, or of the terrible tragedy in which we ourselves are the only sufferers?

There is another very curious thing about dreams, and that is the short period of time in which they occur. This has been often measured—by noting, for example, the hour or minute when one has fallen asleep, dreamed a long dream, and awoke. Many remarkable instances of this have been given. I shall add to those one from my own experience. Very late one night, when wearied in body and in mind, I was drifting to a friend what required to be sent to press early next morning. I spoke a sentence, and suddenly fell asleep. I dreamed a very long and complicated dream, and then I awoke, feeling quite refreshed, but for a moment utterly confused as to where I was, or what I had been doing. Recovering myself, I began to apologize to my friend for having so long detained him at that hour of the night, expressing the hope that he had been able to employ himself profitably in preparing his college exercises, when at last, turning round—for he had been writing with his back to me—he asked me with an expression of wonder, and almost alarm, if I felt unwell or what did I mean? I wondered much more when I heard that he had never lifted his pen, nor had ceased writing, and that I was aroused by his repeating the last word of the sentence, so that I could not possibly have slept over three or four seconds! And thus a long dream, which seems to occupy a night, has often been found to have occupied, perhaps, only a few seconds before waking.

This may account for a fact often noticed by men recovering from drowning, that just before becoming unconscious, their whole life seemed suddenly to pass before them like a panorama, and time was nothing in the rapidity of thought.

There is one experience which we have acquired, I believe, from our dreams as well as from other sources, and that is our awful suffering through fear. Who ever was smitten when awake with such abject terror, such dread alarm from sights of horror, from dangers dim, impalpable, mysterious, overwhelming, as in a nightmare? We seem to encounter death in its worst forms, to combat terrible foes, to endure agonies or torment, to be persecuted by every savage or demoniac power—the wild beasts of the desert, the hideous forms of serpents, life and of ocean life, while we are all the time utterly powerless and deserted. Even the dearest friends turn away, and we are alone amidst all that can fill the soul with such fear that the hero of a hundred fights starts up with cry of terror, and the greatest emporer screams like a child! What a wonderful description is that of such a dream given by Elizabeth, the Termanite, in the Book of Job!

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; but the hair of my flesh stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence."

It is very likely that you will sagely remark that all those terrible dreams of ours have been caused by some trifling—some indiscretion. I have no doubt that this is generally the case. Some of you may have seen an excellent caricature of George Cruikshank's representing a man asleep on his face, with an expression of agony on his face, while a black pig sits on his chest, and looking at him, asks: "Why did you eat pork for supper?" A most pertinent question, which might be varied by asking sufferers from nightmare why did you eat "cheese," or "pie crust," or this or that dainty, which causes you now to suffer? And it surely is worth learning, as taught so vividly by such night agonies, what an effect the body has on the mind, how what we eat, a trifle, affecting the nicely adjusted and finely tempered organization of the one will affect the other, and a small morsel perhaps of toasted cheese make the immortal spirit of the greatest statesman as well as the greatest boy experience a horror of great darkness! So look sharp after the body by obedience to God's will regarding it, and you will save much suffering in the soul.

Another curious fact about dreams is that they very seldom, if ever, dream about what chiefly occupies our minds during the day. This side of the brain, so to speak, is wearied, and sleeps soundly; while that portion which is idle during the day remains awake, and works at night. Accordingly, if we want to know what has given rise to our dreams, we must search the most trivial of our day's thoughts; but, alas! the trivial are so numerous that we seldom have patience to search long enough to discover the tiny cup of water which at night our fancy magnifies into an ocean tossed by a storm. Hence dreams from different sources may assume nearly the same form. For example, when one of my boys was ill with scarletina, I had a shocking attack of nightmare, in which I was attempting in vain to drag him from a house on fire, and from which I awoke with a sense of horror at seeing him perish in the flames while appealing to me for help. I went up to his room, and was told by his nurse that he was in a refreshing sleep, but that he had sprung up in the night with a scream, saying that his room was on fire. I was determined, if possible, to trace out the origin of so strange a coincidence, and searched among the trifles of the past day. Recalling my thoughts, I remembered that at a crowded meeting the previous evening I had conjectured what would be done in the ill-constructed building if it took fire, and how I could possibly rescue my family, who were seated in the inmost part of it. So much for my part. But what of my boy's share? On making minute inquiries, I ascertained that the physician attending him had casually remarked in his hearing the day before, "Although this room is very comfortable, I have a dislike to all garret rooms reached by wooden stairs on account of fire." This remark he had heard and noticed. Thus our dreams, so much alike, occurring the same night, originated in different yet similar trifling incidents of the previous day!

In a slaughter house in one of our cities a pet sheep has been trained so that on the arrival of a fresh flock this sheep goes out meekly to meet the new comers, and then, taking the lead, makes directly for the slaughter pen, his poor dupes following. The decoy sheep then slips out by a secret door, and repeats the operation on arrival of the next victims. She saves much labor of driving to her owner and her own mutton, but she destroys all the romance of the lamb character.

—Stephen Pearl Andrews states clearly enough that "the absolutoid and abstractoid elementarism of being echoes or reappears by analogy within the retoloid and concretoid elaborarism." We really don't know whether to agree with him or not.

## The Old Homestead and Older Hills.

A rest week and a state of discount in health fortunately falling together, I conjoined a third item last week—a flying trip to my native place and hills in Anderson County. For that week, "we" are off the District and "I" outside of its bounds. Nothing particularly happened on the trip up the G. & C. Railroad, except our engine lost its ash-pan. The train backed to Silver Street, and there remained till the passenger engine could be run back to Helena and exchanged for another. For some cause or other the Anderson Branch train, instead of letting one off at "Browne's Crossing," as formerly, I had to splice on a mile of footing and mule-riding to get to Sam Browne's. A night of sweet rest prepared me for the next day's fifteen miles carriage ride, up to the old home in Anderson C. H., to the home and the fork of Hancock Creek and Rocky River. At Anderson our company was enlarged with the addition of three others. My kin have a way of making out that they are glad to see me. Be that as it may, they make it cost them as much that way as it would be any other, and I enjoy it just the same.

The pleasant division of a day and night between the families of Bro's. Jerry and Doc is all I can say of the kin. They can make themselves at home—the place I once called home and still claim an attachment, that strengthens with my age. Here is the place that gave me birth; here the days of childhood, boyhood and manhood were spent—to the last day of December, 1845, when I left for my first (Union) circuit. As I walked over some of the play-grounds, and *work*-grounds too, any one of the hills, rocks, aged oaks or other familiar objects could furnish a starting point to make a separate book, such as it might be to some, as it would ever be to me. But the changes—though natural and expedient—made me feel that something like the hand of mocking spoliation had delighted to see how far the lovely and sacred could be changed. The wide spreading old oaks that shaded our place to play marshes are gone, and the place for the "wing and for "law" is covered with flowers; the old domicile against which, as a battery, was a new and a hard game at ball, is gone, and a new and finer house built in its place. The celebrated fishing place in the creek, as well as our "swim holes," are all gone. The creek has been made to leave the old channel and run in another place. The long, steep hill, reaching from the house to the old bed of the creek, is there. This, and the old, everlasting spring at the foot of the hill, seemed to be nearly all that remained as when I left them. I felt like kneeling down and kissing the grand old hill for staying in its place. Down this hill I used to "sail" in time of a snow or sleet. And up this hill I have carried hundreds of piggins of water; so did the other boys. I remember well how exactly the boys all knew whose time it was to go after water. It was hard to dodge the turn. Jerry, the oldest brother, could not carry water on his head without spilling it over himself. The rest of the boys used to tell him that he just made out so. The hunting-grounds, the places for camp-fires at night, to roast potatoes while the dogs would search the surrounding woods for rabbits, opossums and raccoons, have nearly all been cleared up; the fruit trees and vines of forty years ago, have died or otherwise disappeared, &c. It made me feel yet so dear to my heart, and it makes me feel now to write about them. While these changes, and a hundred others about the old home and hills, have taken place according to course of nature and the hand of industry and improvement, yet did I feel something as I suppose the Indian feels when his hunting and fishing grounds are all spoiled to make way for civilization. I am glad that I cannot forget the hills, trees, rocks, creeks, branches, roads and play-grounds of my boyhood. Let us retire, for such things crowd on the mind with unpleasant rapidity.

On Sunday, Oct. 6, I preached in old Ebenezer—the third house within my own recollection—each standing in succession about on the same ground, and each bearing the same name, "Ebenezer." In the goodly and attractive congregation only a few of the old members and neighbors could be counted—the greater number being the children and grand-children of my cotemporaries. From the pulpit, I could see through the window the well-kept grave-yard, where, asleep in Jesus, lie many of the fathers and mothers in Israel, as well as many children, who are certainly of the kingdom of God. Upon the blessed sleepers in that grave-yard besides other loved ones, lie my father, mother, two children and former wife of precious memory. Let the dead sleep till Christ come. Let the serious congregation receive the benediction. Let me drop back and sit at the old place, and then return with Sam to rest at his home near the rail.

Gratified with my trip—buried as it was—I turned homeward Monday morning, with the reminiscences of childhood so revived that I shall not be surprised if some of my readers shall pronounce this sketch egotistic. If so, I shall neither apologize nor answer back.—*Rev. Sidi H. Browne, in the Christian Neighbor.*

GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA CONTRASTED.—The following article is taken from the editorial columns of the *Augusta Constitutionalist*. It is well worth a careful perusal: "It is in no other spirit than that of respectful sympathy for South Carolina that we aim to speak of the contrast between Georgia redeemed, disenfranchised and mistress of her own proud destinies, and that oppressed and down-trodden State. The time was, and that not far back, when the despot's heel was on our soil, and the military arm bore down heavily upon us. But Georgians rallied from their supineness, resolved to make the best of their situation, and have vigorously worked for their redemption through the peaceful agency of the ballot-box. The result in 1871 showed what Anglo-Saxon energy and unity of purpose could accomplish. The still more glorious result in 1872 dispels the last vestige of an alien power among us once so formidable.

"True, Georgia had all the time in her favor a numerical white majority, South Carolina unhappily was overshadowed by a numerical majority of ignorant blacks under the baleful influence of sagacious, unscrupulous white carpet-baggers, and a small desperate band of still more infamous white scallwags. Still the fate of that State would have been less deplorable had she white citizens, whose intellect, education, courage and high moral stamina constituted South Carolina, had rallied promptly, acted vigorously, voted unitedly, and worked and toiled unflinchingly for the control of the State. An active, compact and persistent minority could in time have succeeded, and can now succeed, through the ignorance, vices and divisions of their opponents. It is in the nature of things impossible that intellect, education, property and persistent determination would have been unavailing in such a contest with such opponents."

—The man whose wife extorted from him a promise not to smoke, finds that as there was no government stamp on it, it has no effect upon him until after October 1.

## The Approaching Fair.

We copy the following extract from a letter recently published in the *Rome (Ga.) Courier*, written by John H. Dent, Esq. The comments of this gentleman apply forcibly to our own section, and the contrast drawn between Cherokee Georgia and Kentucky is less striking, perhaps, than between upper South Carolina and Kentucky, when we consider that the Georgians are considerably in advance of our own people in farm improvements and progress. But the general tenor of this extract suits our condition admirably, especially the advice to patronize and encourage local Fairs more liberally:

Fairs are not understood by our people; hence, they are not appreciated. Patronize it and build it up, and you will soon see its beneficial effects radiated among all classes of pursuits, and you will progress, and see prosperity beginning throughout our country. In support of what I have said, let me tell you what I have seen in attending the Exposition at Louisville and Cincinnati, as well as the great Fair in Kentucky, near Louisville. I undertook the trip to satisfy myself, what the farmers and mechanics were doing in those countries, and to compare our situation with theirs, and when I tell you, my brother farmers, we are at least twenty years behind them in progress and improvements, I am in the bounds of reason and truth. My greatest surprise was first, in seeing their lands were no better than ours. In fact, I would not exchange my farm in Vann's Valley for any farm I saw in Kentucky so far as the quality of soils are concerned, and the difference in favor of Kentucky is merely this, that their farmers are more progressive than ours, at least twenty years in advance. And why is that progress among them; for the reason they take great interest in supporting and sustaining their Fairs, and all else that imparts to them knowledge and a noble emulation to progress and success. They do not believe that farming can be made prosperous by each farmer burying himself upon his farm, and not witnessing the great progress going on in every department of the industrial pursuits. On the contrary, they are active in seeing and learning what progress is made by others, and so soon as they discover, they adopt what advances their interest, and are profited by it. In a word they expend money and labor freely to make farming pay. As before stated, I attended their Fair in Graines, it was thronged with visitors, to see the magnificent stock of all kinds on exhibition, as well as their field products, fruits and flowers, and poultry show. And to see their fine horses, mules, colts, hogs and sheep, their splendid crop samples, and all other products of the farm, spoke aloud for the farmers of Kentucky, and their nice and comfortable looking farms, indicating thrift and comfort in all its departments. And the great pride and interest manifested in the Fair by the old and young farmers, showed their appreciation of it. On the other hand could be seen what the farmers had done for the Fair, and on the other, what the Fair had done for the farmers.

Now how can we doubt the ability of Fairs, when we see them sustained by the most enlightened, as well as the most practical and prosperous farmers in all countries, where agriculture is most advanced and pays best. We hear our farmers assert, who live in the fine grain, grass and stock country of Georgia and Alabama, "no cotton, no money," and you will see a farmer of Kentucky, where there is no cotton, readily pay twenty-five dollars for a two month old pig to improve the breed of his stock of hogs. Whilst with us, whose cotton is money, and our stock is nearly worthless, to ask five dollars for a fine pig, seems an outrageous exaction.

The difference is, the Kentucky farmer is a man of progress, whilst we are hovering on to the customs and habits of our grandfathers; hence it is, we rely upon cotton, and nothing but cotton, which is impoverishing our lands, and making us the most dependent people on earth. And it is for this reason we have established our Fair Association, in the hope of bringing about a more diversified system of agriculture, and a diversity of pursuits; such alone makes a prosperous country and people, and we can never be so until we change our present system. We truly hope that all our people will turn out to the Fair, and go with this feeling, to see what is useful, and can be made useful to us; and bear this in mind that money spent for useful purposes, is money well invested, and will pay a handsome profit. The day is past when one can stay at home and not mingle in the world, and expect to keep up with the spirit of the age. To keep up, we must patronize everything that is useful, and imbibe the energy and will that is pushing forward all arts and sciences to that astounding success, which has made the world of this day so different from what it was forty years ago in its great mechanical and scientific attainments.

BURNING OF THE ESCURIAL.—A cable telegram from Madrid announces the burning of the monastery and palace of the Escorial, and probably the mausoleum of kings, which is included in the vast establishment. The Escorial is situated in the town of Escorial, de Abajo, about twenty-four miles from Madrid, and was built by Philip II, in fulfillment of a vow that he would build the most magnificent monastery in the world, if St. Lawrence would give him the victory over the French in the battle of St. Quentin, 1557. St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom by being broiled on a gridiron, and by a quaint conceit the King caused the ground plan of the Escorial to be made in the form of a gridiron.

The foundation was laid in 1563. Twenty-one years and \$15,000,000 were spent in its construction. The whole edifice, which is mainly of the Doric order, was built of white stone, spotted with gray, resembling granite. The most striking feature is the church, built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, in the form of a Greek cross, with a cupola and two towers. Directly under the high altar is the mausoleum, built of jasper and black marble, from a design of the Roman pantheon, and containing the remains of all the sovereigns of Spain since Charles V. There were several splendid paintings in the church and palace, and many other works of art, fine libraries, &c.

The Escorial has been a summer residence of the Kings of Spain from the time of its completion, and is regarded one of the greatest treasures of Spanish architecture and history.

—"Now, Johnny," said a venerable lady to her six year old nephew, who was persistently denying an offence of which she accused him: "I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ that had so nearly betrayed his want of veracity, Johnny exultingly replied: "You can't tell anything about it, aunt; that eye always was a little streaked!"

—He who betrays another's secret, because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of a friend; a breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

## How to Regulate a Sick Room.

The following very sensible article concerning conduct in the sick room, we copy from the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*: "American 'humor,' newspaper extravagance and 'fun' are the wonder of our transatlantic friends. The best American jokes, and the most absurd paragraphs, are reproduced in the English papers, and are even translated into French and German, when the wit will bear translation. People who are accustomed to this sort of play upon words, and extravagance, can generally read a truth strongly stated, or a sensible doctrine profounded under the guise of nonsense. An instance was lately given in a paragraph in the *Ledger* 'Varieties' column. A watcher called to sit by a sick friend is represented to have boisterously tossed his hat into one corner, and to have distributed his boots in the same rough manner, with various other antics, contrary to all the received etiquette of the sick room. Herby 'hangs a tale.' That sick man had suffered under a succession of lugubrious doctors, friends and nurses, all laboring (unconsciously) to make him feel that his doom was sealed—that he had no hope—mysterious whispers torturing his ears—whispers really about nothing; catlike steps crept round his room, and sudden unexpected apparitions perplexed and annoyed him, by coming without warning, like ghosts from the grave. All faces round him gathered blackness, and the whole atmosphere of the sick chamber was made as funereal as possible—giving the unhappy patient the idea that his coffin was already ordered, if not indeed, in the house."

At this juncture some sensible neighbor was called upon—a man with a proper understanding of the power of spirit over matter, and the influence of mind upon the body. He at once, by the introduction of some innocent, awkward pranks—not quite so extravagant as represented perhaps—took the patient's mind out of its "slough of despond." The sick man was astonished into forgetfulness of his ailments. Perhaps he smiled. He may even have laughed aloud; and if he did it was better than a box of pills or a pint of tincture. If people could only be made to understand it, cheerfulness in a sick room is fully as essential as medicine. The face of a nurse, or a wife, or a daughter, or a doctor, or any other visitor or attendant, is studied by the patient as heralding his death or prophesying his recovery. The depressing influence of mournful looks cannot be over estimated, and many a patient, if not actually hurried to his grave, has had his recovery delayed by depression caused by the sadness of his attendants. It is common to pity the patients in hospitals, because the "offices of affection" are not rendered to them. But when the attendance of friends and "callers" forces upon the patient the endurance of their griefs and doubts as well as his own, bad influences are created, which none of the doctor's prescriptions can reach, unless, indeed, he prescribe like a once-famous physician of Philadelphia, now deceased—"Couldn't you find some more people in the neighborhood to come here and cry?" he asked, as he entered the sick-chamber; "out of the room, all of you!" A key to the so-called rudeness of many celebrated physicians is to be found in their consciousness of the mischief done with the best intentions and the truest affections—by friends and relatives who are even more sad and less hopeful than the sufferer himself.

It is a rule among physicians, never in any serious case to prescribe for their own families, if any other physician is within call. The skillful doctor will not trust his judgment in cases where his affection may impair the clearness of his observation. The same rule, where circumstances will permit, should be followed in the arduous duty of nursing the sick. More really depends, in a majority of cases, upon the nurse, who is in constant attendance, than upon the doctor, whose visits are necessarily short. The careful nurse, who understands the duties of a sick room, is neither deficient in attention or over-officious. Of nurses it may be said, even more truly than of poets, "that they are born, not made." There are many persons who have not the slightest fitness for attendance in a sick chamber, and upon whom no education or experience will confer that fitness.

The admission of too many visitors, and of persons of the wrong temperament into sick rooms, is a great disadvantage to the patient. If he receives a train of friends bearing in their faces the conviction that they have come "to look their last," he is forced to conclude that his case is hopeless. All the efforts of physicians and the offices of nurses are marred by the imposition of such depressing influences upon the patient's mind. But it is one of the beneficent compensations of the Divine Providence that the mind of the sick man is often in his bodily debility superior in strength to the minds of his grieving friends. Were it not for this the unfortunate effects which few patients escape entirely would be greater than they are, and more frequently fatal. In this connection it is pleasant to recall the fact, in the training of nurses is made a specialty in the Philadelphia Nurses' Home, and is receiving great attention among religious and philanthropic men and women. It is a branch of education as important as any of the objects of enlightened charity, and deserves the encouragement and support of all classes of people.

A CHAPTER ON BOILS.—Boils are said to be "healthy," and, judging from the way they take hold and hang on and ache and burn and grow and raise Cain generally, there is no doubt they are healthy and have strong constitutions. They are generally very lively and playful at night, and it is very funny to see a chap with a good large one, prospecting around with a candle for a place where his boil will fit in "without hurting." Boils tend to "purify the blood," strengthen the system, calm the nerves, restrain the profanity, tranquilize the spirits, improve the temper and beautify the appearance. They are good things for married men who spend their evenings from home, as they give them an opportunity to rest their night keys, and get acquainted with their families. It is said that boils save the patient a "fit of sickness," but if the sickness is not the best to have, it must be an all-fired mean thing. It is also said that a person is better after he has them, and there is no doubt that one does feel better after having got rid of them. Many distinguished persons have enjoyed these barbingers of good health. Job took the first premium at the county fair for having more aches under cultivation than any other person. Shakespeare had them, and meant boils when he said: "One woe doth tread upon another's heels, so fast they follow."

—A Lockport girl based her breach of promise suit upon the slender ground that her recreant lover had told her, that if he married any one he would marry her. It took the jury all night to award one hundred dollars damages, and one or two of the jurors do not feel quite satisfied that she ought to have even that.

—Some one wickedly says that the reason why very young girls usually take the prizes at fairs for making good bread, is because their mothers make it for them, while the older girls think they can manage alone and fail miserably.

—An editor in the upper part of this State says: "We expend \$500,000,000 yearly for liquor drinking." And his paper has a circulation of only seven hundred copies, too. We don't see any use in a man exaggerating that way, even if he is an editor.

—A man advertised a few years since that on the receipt of twenty-five cents and a post-stamp, he would communicate to any one the secret of gaining a handsome fortune. The stamp brought back to the anxious seeker for wealth the valuable advice, "Go to work and earn it."

—A farmer who cannot make a good living on his farm should hire out with a good farmer, and learn how he does it.

## Patrons of Husbandry.

The Masters and Past Masters of the Granges of Patrons of Husbandry of South Carolina met at 2 o'clock P. M., Oct. 9, on the Fair Grounds, and Col. Thomas Taylor, Master of the Columbia Grange, was requested to conduct Mr. O. H. Kelley, Secretary National Grange, to the chair. Master A. B. Rose, of the Ashley Grange, was requested to act as Secretary.

Secretary Kelley instructed the Grange to proceed to an election of Master and Secretary, whereupon Master Thomas Taylor was elected Master, and Deputy D. Wyatt Aiken was elected Secretary. A ballot was next ordered for election of remaining officers, which resulted as follows: "A. D. Goodwyn, Overseer; J. S. Richardson, Lecturer; J. K. Davis, Steward; T. W. Holloway, Assistant Steward; J. I. Bonner, Chaplain; A. M. Aiken, Treasurer; and D. Nunnemaker, Gate-keeper.

The Grange took a recess of an hour and a half for dinner, and on resumption of business, the various officers assumed their positions, and Lecturer Richardson offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That a committee on business, of ten members, be appointed by the Master to prepare business for the State Grange, and that said committee be required to report at the next meeting of the State Grange.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the Master to prepare and report on a constitution and by-laws for the government of the State Grange, and that they report at the next meeting of the State Grange.

Resolved, That the Master be requested to appoint one deputy in each County to organize subordinate Granges, and that he assign them their Counties to operate in.

Resolved, That the Master be requested to procure an appropriate seal for the Grange.

Resolved, That when this Grange adjourns, it adjourns to meet on the second Wednesday in January next.

Resolved, That the Master of this Grange be requested to visit Washington, and be present at the meeting of the National Grange, on the first Wednesday in January next, and to post himself in all matters necessary to a complete and full organization of the State Grange at its next meeting, and that his expenses be paid out of the funds in the Treasury of the State Grange.

Resolved, That the first quarter's report be required from the subordinate Granges by the 24th of December next, to be made to the Secretary of the State Grange.

Mr. Shannon moved that the Secretary be required to inquire of the various companies manufacturing fertilizers in Charleston and elsewhere, whether or not said fertilizers can be bought by the Grange at a reduced price. Adopted.

Mr. Richardson moved that the General Deputy be required to instruct the members of the State Grange in the secret working of the ritual, which consumed several hours of the evening.

The Worthy Master reported the following as the committee of ten on business: J. S. Richardson, Sumter; J. P. Reed, Anderson; D. C. Tompkins, Edgefield; W. F. Barton, Orangeburg; R. M. Sims, York; T. W. Woodward, Fairfield; E. R. McIver, Darlington; James McCutchen, Williamsburg; Julius Mills, Chester; W. T. Henderson, Abbeville.

Also, committee on constitution and by-laws: W. M. Shannon, Camden; L. A. Harper, Colleton; J. R. Spearman, Newberry; F. A. Collier, Abbeville.

The Secretary being called upon, reported fifty-seven Granges represented, and twenty-eight Counties of the State.

On motion, the Grange adjourned.

D. WYATT AIKEN, Secretary.

## Capital in Farming.

Previous to the war, the Southern farmer threw every dollar he could raise into his farming operations. Many borrowed all the money they could, and spent it freely in land and negroes. But the majority even then were very chary of investing capital in everything else connected with the farm, except land and negroes, and such necessary things as mules, cotton gins, presses, &c. The war has stopped investments in negroes, and left the farmer land-owners with as much land as they know what to do with; but the old habit, or the want of faith, still makes the farmer very chary of putting money freely in agricultural operations. The merchant cannot invest enough money to put in his business; the manufacturer operates to the utmost limit of his capital. Everybody in fact, but the farmer, is willing to venture—he is timid—he is distrustful of results. He seems to think his business is more risky than other men's—he must spend just as little money as possible, and yet in some way he always hopes to make the largest profits. Is not this unreasonable? If there is any money in farming, why is it not true of it, as of other kinds of business, that the more one puts in it, the larger the profits he may reasonably expect from it? Of course there may be reckless expenditures here as elsewhere; we exclude these and refer to sound, judicious investments such as have been demonstrated in part at least, to be entirely practical and profitable. Admit that crops run the gauntlet of many contingencies—is not the same true of other business operations? Where is one to be found without risks? Timidity is natural to one conscious of want of knowledge, want of judgment, want of skill and want of nerve—but Southern farmers are not more deficient in these qualities than those of other lands. The trouble comes, we apprehend, from a lack of that faith which arises from *ocular demonstration*—from not having seen the profits of capital invested freely in agricultural operations, other than those alluded to above.

We need in every neighborhood a prudent but bold man, thoroughly informed as to all the processes of improved husbandry—possessed of all the light which science can throw on farming—a sound economist, with judgment when to spend and when to withhold—how to proportion the various factors which go to make a crop—one who can wisely decide how much money should be put in his land, how much in labor, how much in ploughs, mowers, reapers, drills and other implements, how much in steam or water power, how much in irrigation, &c., &c. We repeat, such a man is needed in every community, to show what can be done, to convince the doubter, to encourage the timid and bear forward the banner of progress and prosperity.

—Southern Cultivator.

—An editor in the upper part of this State says: "We expend \$500,000,000 yearly for liquor drinking." And his paper has a circulation of only seven hundred copies, too. We don't see any use in a man exaggerating that way, even if he is an editor.

—A man advertised a few years since that on the receipt of twenty-five cents and a post-stamp, he would communicate to any one the secret of gaining a handsome fortune. The stamp brought back to the anxious seeker for wealth the valuable advice, "Go to work and earn it."

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