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## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

### DEAN STANLEY'S BOYHOOD.

When Arthur Penryhn Stanley was only a small, delicate, sylph-like boy, his friend noticed that when he was addressed by his surname of Stanley his bright eyes always flashed with more than wonted light, and his little frame dilated into something like boyish dignity. These were expressions of his ancestral pride. He had learned that, more than three centuries before, Lord Stanley and his brother, Sir William Stanley, had bravely fought against King Richard III., at Bosworth, and had by their timely support given the victory to the Earl of Richmond, afterward Henry VII. He knew that Sir William Stanley, having found a "crown of ornament" among the spoils of the dead Richard, had borne it into the presence of the victorious Richmond just as his soldiers were shouting, "Long live Henry the Seventh!" Stepping up to the triumphant warrior, as Shakespeare had written it:

"Conspicuous Richmond! wilt thou not acquit me, here, this long usurped royalty? From the temples of that bloody tyrant, I have plucked off, to grace thy brows withal; wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it."

Knowing these and kindred facts, Arthur Stanley's heart leaped when reminded that the blood of those heroes flowed through his veins. Yet he had the good sense not to think himself better on that account, but only that, having a noble name, he must not smirch it by doing ignoble deeds.

Perhaps his historic name led Arthur to become, while yet a small boy, a lover of historic reading. Possibly it was his wise, gentle and loving mother who awakened that love in his active mind. But, whatever led to it, he delighted not only in history books, but in histories. Hence, when only about nine years of age he took a prize book for history! And what is perhaps still more remarkable for one of his tender age, he read with eager delight Southey's *Madoc* and *Thalaba the Destroyer*—two descriptive epic poems, the first filled with exploits of a Welsh hero, the second an Arabian fiction in which his hero fights with magicians, monsters, and other evil powers until he overcomes them. If instead of these poems, filled with brilliant descriptions and tales of heroic conduct, he had read such foolish books as are now called "dime novels," instead of becoming a man distinguished for good deeds and an exalted character, he would most likely have lived a more useless life, and died at last to fill an unhonored grave.

There was only one thing in this brilliant boy that troubled his noble mother. He did not love boyish sports. He wanted boyish companions, but did not get them because he did not find pleasure in cricket, base ball, foot ball, or any other youthful games. Reading was the only pleasure he cared for. His wise mother very properly wished that he would be more like other boys, thinking it would be better for him, and she exclaimed one day:

"Ah, it is so difficult to manage Arthur!"

Her difficulty was not in any misconception of his, for he was as free from boyish faults, perhaps, as any but the one perfect boy of Nazareth ever was. But she feared that his self-isolation from boys of his age would make him unhappy. Yet, looking again at his brightness, his merry conversation and quick repartee, she added:

"Yet, after all, I suspect that this is Arthur's worst time, and that he will be a happier man than he is a boy."

This good mother was right with respect to his manhood. She was wrong as to his boyhood. He was happy then, but not as boys usually are. His life was not in the play-ground, but in his books, and in writing, for before he was eleven years old he wrote several poems.

When Arthur was about twelve years old he met a lad of fifteen, who, while conversing with him about books, asked him:

"Have you ever read Gray's poems?"

"No," replied Arthur.

"Then," rejoined the other, with enthusiastic earnestness, "do so at once!" and he placed the volume in Arthur's hands.

The book was taken home and read with such close attention that to the end of his life he often quoted from it when speaking of Grecian scenery or of England's ancient kings.

The lad who recommended Gray to the boy Arthur was William Gladstone, whose name to-day is, as Arthur's also, in the mouth of the world. How much the high character of their youthful reading had to do with the greatness of these two men, let the reader guess if he can.

When fourteen years old Arthur Stanley found himself at Rugby under the teaching of that prince of school-masters, Dr. Arnold. He took his love for reading and his distaste for boyish sports with him. Hence the idlers who loved sport and hated study despised him, as being what is called in college slang a "grind." Their scorn was expressed one afternoon when Stanley was sitting at his desk after school hours, reading with the "keenness of a hound." Dr. Mitford's *History of Greece*. One of his schoolmates, seeing him, hurled a stone at him through the window. The missile struck the student in the forehead, where it left an almost indelible scar.

Was Arthur happy at Rugby? Perhaps not at first. Dr. Arnold, whom he almost idolized in a short time, did not attract him at the start. His self-isolation made him feel lonely even amid a crowd of scholars.

"I have not yet fixed upon any one whom I should like for a friend," he wrote. "The bad boys 'bullied' him. And when one fellow-pupil asked him, 'How do you like the place?' his broken spirit moved him to tell the story of his griefs, but his pride led him to another self feeling and to reply: 'I like it very much,' which was only partly true. As a place for study he did like it; as a place for abode he did not."

But merit, character, perseverance in

## RIGHT ACTION ALWAYS WIN IN THE END.

Hence, Arthur presently found a few fellow-pupils whose congeniality developed his rare genius for friendship, and they became life-long friends. His brilliant talents changed the scorn of even idlers into admiration. Arnold warmly loved him. And when at the end of his Rugby course he took the first great prize of the school Arnold broke the silence of the occasion by saying:

"Thank you, Stanley. We have nothing more to give you."

"That was, indeed, a proud moment of his life. And never did Rugby pupil take leave of that famous school feeling sweeter satisfaction than he, when, having won the first Balliol scholarship ever gained by a Rugby boy, Arnold, proud of his pupil, shook his hand, saying with a deep feeling:

"God bless you, Stanley! God bless you, Stanley!"

And God did bless and prosper him, at his college, in the subsequent professorship at Oxford, in his ministry, in his authorship, and in his administration of his duties as Dean of Westminster. He held some errors of opinion, it is true, but his life was pure, and his memory lives, and will live, in the affections of mankind. Thus you see that the thoughtful, studious boy was father to the great, the honored, the beloved man.—*Daniel Wise, D. D., in Our Youth.*

## The Grand Success of the Farmers' Reunion.

The Farmers' Encampment at Spartanburg last week was a grand success, despite the bad weather. A correspondent of the *News and Courier*, writing under date of August 7th, says:

Our people are exceedingly gratified at the results of the encampment, and may be well to add a few notes and suggestions to the excellent and satisfactory reports published in the *News and Courier*. Nothing but words of commendation are heard in regard to these reports. The encampment was broken up before the people got enough. Hundreds of persons came in on Saturday and desired to see the State exhibit. Mr. Roche had to suspend his packing and let the show go on nearly all day.

As a showman, I would like for the people of this State to know that Mr. E. L. Roche is a success. He is patient, attentive, courteous, and he knows how to arrange his exhibit in the most attractive manner. Spartanburg will elect him to any office he wants. This State exhibit was a grand feature of the Encampment. It was a great and impressive object lesson to our country people, and those who saw it will never kick against a tax to enlarge this exhibit.

It is generally estimated that twenty-five thousand people visited the Encampment during the week. Many others were prevented from coming by rains and high waters. We have learned that we can feed a large crowd, because on Saturday chickens, eggs and butter were all abundant and chickens were as cheap as they had been during the year. We need better facilities for cooking and serving the food and we will have them next year.

There seems to be a general desire to go a little slower next year and make the thing last longer. Chancellor Johnson, who was on hand from the beginning to the close, says that it ought to go on two weeks. There were too many essays each day and not enough time for general discussions by farmers.

If all the men build tents for next year who now say they will, the grounds will have to be enlarged. Several persons from the middle country talk of building comfortable tents and keeping their families here during August.

Every county in the State was represented except Edgelford, Lexington, Georgetown, Williamsburg and Horry. There may have been visitors from those counties, but if so, I failed to find them out. Next year every county must be represented.

One of the pleasing features of the meeting was the large number of farmers from the middle and lower part of the State. The up-country and low-country prejudice will disappear from our politics if the young people from these sections mingle together and make lasting friendships.

The military encampment was an attractive part of the entertainment, and thousands of persons witnessed the drills and dress parades in the up-country than anywhere else. Gen. Donham has certainly made a success of this, his first encampment, and if he can get a small appropriation next winter he will have a fine military display here next summer.

Our local committee have noted a score of improvements that will be made next year. They are determined that visitors from a distance shall be taken good care of and at reasonable rates.

The great inconvenience this year was want of transportation to the grounds. All the roads coming here are broken down and confusion of schedules resulted, consequently the special train was very irregular. I think the Richmond and Danville authorities would have a special track by next year and run from the Main street crossing. The public needs demand that, and it will pay the company.

The people were delighted to have a real live Governor here for several days. Governor Richardson mingled with the people and made hundreds of acquaintances.

## HE HAD MISGIVINGS STILL.

A drummer who runs his business in South Carolina was in a certain neighborhood where the crops were very fine, and where most of the people were rejoicing over the prospect of plenty. Several of the people were together, and one of them concluded to call on a chronic grumbler of that section to hear what he had to say about the crops. But he, too, acknowledged that the crops were very fine, and it seemed that even he had no complaint against Providence. However, after acknowledging that everything was splendid, he added—"But I'm monstrously afraid that the big crop has so impoverished the ground that we shall make hardly anything next year."—*Greensboro Workman.*

## ARPE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The Northern "Cranks" Who Fuss About the Negro.

Well, I reckon we will all have to get mad again and not play with our northern brethren any more. As Sam Jones says, it does look like we ain't the same sort of cattle. I didn't think they would raise such a howl about a little thing like the Glenn bill. I wish they had told us beforehand that they would get mad about it if we passed it. Mr. Glenn is a harmonious man and never would have introduced it if he had known it would have raised such a rumpus. Our people didn't care much about it, nohow. The white and colored schools are not going to mix down South, bill or no bill. If a northern white man comes down here to teach a colored school and chooses to teach his own children into it, we don't care a copper. But the colored children can't come into the white schools, that's certain. They don't want to. Nothing is more surely settled than that the two races don't want to mix. It is disagreeable all round. They don't want the same churches, nor hotels, nor railroad cars. It is against nature and we can't help it. This thing they call the universal neighborhood of man sounds very well until it invades our system and then it surrenders. It always has surrendered. The Jews wouldn't mix with the Samaritans and they don't mix with the Gentiles now, and you get a great extent except in a business way. They don't marry with us except once in a while and then it always makes a fuss in the family—folk is in the Jew family, and white folks don't take on and had just as leave have one of the boys marry a rich, pretty dress as one and little circles and big circles and little circles and boundary lines everywhere and we can't help it for mankind were built that way. Wealth makes it, culture makes it, and color makes it, race makes it, and even religion makes it. And the devil makes it too, for it is a fact that the professional burglar in the cities won't associate with the pickpockets and sneak thieves. They outrank them socially. Just after the war it was amusing to see the disgust that the old time free negroes had for the new set that had just been lifted up to their level. There were a few around Rome who were born free and had never mixed with the slaves and held them in contempt. In fact there was one who owned slaves and a farm, and his rights aggrieved and perplexed when he felt that laws can't control. Blackstone says that a man's house is his castle, and just so his rights are sacred. The dirty tramp may come to my house and beg his breakfast and set on the back steps and eat it, but I will not have him for a companion just because he is a human being. I will choose my company and not intrude where I am not wanted more than they. I will choose my children's company as far as I can. Their characters are formed in early youth—in their school days and their schoolmates have a great deal to do with it. They shall not go to school with negro children. If the northern people want a reason I will just say it none of your business. Our indignation becomes painful when asked such a question. The fanatical folks have goaded us long enough about our duty to the negro. They have got one in a thousand up there and don't know anything about it. If there were only one in a hundred down here we wouldn't care. We don't mind riding with them on the railroad cars. We do ride with them on every train, for it is only a brief contact and neither race is offended, but the ladies' car is their special privilege—their castle—and on many trains white men are excluded unless they have ladies in charge. I was excluded the other day in going from Chattanooga to Nashville. Not long ago a negro excursion boarded the train at Stone Mountain. They were well dressed and well behaved, and as there were only a half a dozen of us in the ladies' car we vacated it for them, and the kind-hearted conductor made room for us in the sleeper. Nobody down South has hatred or contempt for the negro; we like him; we respect him; we mix with him every way but socially. They don't invite us to their meetings and frolics and excursions, and we don't invite them to ours, and both races are content. We build their churches and schoolhouses all over the country. Our doctors attend on their sick and our lawyers on their criminals and get nothing for it. Our wives and mothers minister to their wants and supply them with medicine. When their children steal from us we hit up for fear they will get in the chain gang. No, those folks away up North don't know anything about it and they never will know from northern literature. But they do know in New Jersey. The negroes got so thick at Asbury park that the white folks couldn't see the ocean, nor the horizon nor the sun set; nor the moon rise and so the owners got desperate and excluded them. This is a little worse than has ever been done down South. Not a negro now dares to go to Asbury park, and I read the other day in a northern paper where a little orphan colored girl was refused admission into an asylum because of her color. That was in the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts. I tell you that is a fact. Those people up there don't like us and they don't want the truth. Whether it is because we are the sheep and they are the goats, or if the sheep and we are the goats. I don't know, but they won't harmonize. Right now all their religious papers are howling over this Glenn bill. They are everlasting hunting for an insult or an outrage, and if they can't find one they make one. They have got some good, noble hearted people up there, and our hope is in them, but it does look like they have lost their influence. Their business men who visit us are reasonable and liberal in their views, but they are overshadowed by the public sentiment. Their religious newspapers are as intolerant as ever was the Spanish Inquisition. The Independent is their great leader and shapers public opinion, and it is just horrid so far as the South is concerned. I am sorry that Mr. Beecher is dead, for in his old age he began to understand us and was a friend, a bold and fearless friend, and dared to defend

## THE GREAT GEORGIAN.

One of the most remarkable men that have lived and died in the South was undoubtedly Robert Toombs, the great Georgian, a man of genius and of a sterling individuality that he maintained to the last. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* gives some interesting reminiscences of Toombs, of special interest to us in South Carolina, as follows:

"The first evidence of the coming power of this remarkable man was exhibited at Willington, a small village in Abbeville District (as the present counties were then called), South Carolina. General George McDuffie, the only representative of Democracy in this country since Patrick Henry, lived near there. McDuffie was harnessed lightning, he forged the chain of logic at a white heat. He was the most nervous, impassioned and thrilling tribune of the people of that day. He demonstrated the political problems as Euclid did geometry, while pointing at the mouth and screaming like a fainted Creek Indian. He had married the only daughter of Dick Singleton, the celebrated millionaire turpentine and rice planter, and he owned four hundred slaves and made eight hundred bales of cotton a year. He had been a member of Congress, Governor of South Carolina, and afterwards United States Senator. The people, before making up their minds on any political question, would say: 'Mr. McDuffie is going to speak at Morrow's old field two weeks from now, and I will wait till I hear him;' and there they would come forty and fifty miles, and camp out the night before to hear him, and his speech would decide the politics of the entire country once in a year. On this Willington occasion it was said that 'the everlasting-mouthed young South' was coming over to meet him. Four thousand people were there when that rash young Georgian crossed the Savannah to meet the lion in his den, to beard the Douglas in his halls. Toombs rode a horse, and it was remarkable that his shirt bosom was stained with tobacco juice. Yet he was one of the handsomest men that ever had the seal of genius on his brow. His head was round as the celestial globe. His abundant, straight, black hair hung in profusion over his ample, marble forehead. He had as many teeth as a shark, and they were whiter than ivory. His eyes were black as death and bigger than an ox's. His step was as graceful as an ox's, and yet he weighed two hundred pounds. His presence captivated even the idolaters of George McDuffie. He bounded into the arena like a black maned Numidian lion from the unknown deserts of middle Georgia, to reply to the Olympian Jupiter of the up-country of the proud Palmetto State. It was the most memorable overthrow that McDuffie ever sustained. This was in the Harrison-Van Duren election of 1840. His argument, his invective, his over-bearing torrent of irreverent denunciation, is a tradition in that country even now. McDuffie said: 'I have heard John Randolph, of Roanoke, and met Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, but this wild Georgian is the Mirabeau of this age.' After that South Carolina admitted that Georgia was something more than the refuge of South Carolina fugitives from the law of their own State.

"Since the recent death of ex Senator R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, Senator Reagan, of Texas, and ex-Governor T. H. Watts, of Alabama, are the only surviving members of Mr. Davis' cabinet. Reagan was Postmaster General and Watts Attorney General. At Montgomery, Ala., there was a secret session of the cabinet to see whether we should bombard Fort Sumter. Toombs was then Secretary of State and was regarded as the most rash, headstrong and violent man in the Confederacy. While in the presence of Mr. Davis, the balance of the cabinet gave their opinion in favor of the bombardment, Mr. Toombs was, as was his custom, pacing the floor. When it came his turn to express his opinion, to the amazement of all he vehemently opposed the attack, and made one of the most remarkable speeches of all his life in opposition to it. He said it would be the doom of the Confederacy. He said: 'Let Charleston go. Give up Sumter. Let it be provisioned, but never expose the volcano that is under our feet.' He said it was suicide and madness and would lose us every friend in all the North, and exhibited all his magnificent powers in opposition to the attack. He said: 'Mr. President you will wantonly strike a hornet's nest that fills the North from ocean to ocean, and legions, now quiet, will swarm out to sting us to death. It is unnecessary; it puts us in the wrong; it is fatal.' And so it was. Toombs was the wisest and the greatest of all the statesmen of the Southern Confederacy."

## FORGOT TO BELLE.

An undemonstrative husband caused his wife some chagrin on board a train recently. A Chicago journal says that in a railroad accident near that city a woman was shaken very severely and could not speak for some time, although conscious of what was taking place around her. Some of the passengers thought so, but instead of giving way to unavailing grief he flew around doing all he could for his wife's recovery. When she was pronounced out of danger she said, reproachfully:

"Well, Samantha?"

"You didn't beller a bit there when they all thought I was dead?"

"Well, Samantha," said John, in some confusion, "ye see I was flying around trying to bring ye to. I didn't have no time to beller."

"Yes, John," said the old lady, feebly, with a suggestion of tears in her voice, "but couldn't ye beller a little now, John, jest for the looks of things?"

"Why, Samantha, if I was to beller now, folks would say I was doin' it 'cause you was going to get well."

"I never thought of that," said the old lady sadly. "I wish to goodness, John, you'd beller some at the right time!"

"I would have been real comfortin'."

—The heart gets weary, but never gets old.

## MISSISSIPPI FARMERS' COLLEGE.

My visit had to do mainly with this institution. It is attracting an unusual amount of attention just now in South Carolina and other Southern States. This and all other agricultural colleges in the South are creations of the general government, not directly, but indirectly. The proceeds of certain government lands were appropriated to the endowment of colleges in the respective States, in which institutions agriculture would be mainly taught. It has been a serious question in the minds of many thoughtful persons, whether an institution devoted to this one interest of agriculture could succeed. All the experiments of a union of the literary and the agricultural have proven comparative failures, and many were ready to say that an agricultural school is a humbug. It was in the face of such doubts that the college at Starkville was established. The first step was to separate it entirely from the State University at Oxford, having a different faculty, a different board of trustees and a different location. The college has now been in operation for seven years. The attendance has steadily grown, until, for the past two years, the faculty have been compelled to reject a large number of applicants, the rejections amounting last year to 215. The patrons of the college are the farmers of the State. It has cost the State all told about \$375,000. This covers the cost of the farm, buildings and the annual appropriations. The farm consists of 2,300 acres. When it was purchased much of it was regarded as poor land. Now, the entire place is in excellent condition. We were shown a field which had been thrown out at the time of the purchase as worthless. Some parts of that field will produce this year, it is thought, fifty bushels of corn to the acre. This restoration has been without the use of commercial fertilizers. The buildings are large, tasteful and substantially built of brick. Nearly all the students board in the college buildings at a cost of \$7.70 per month. The maximum expenditure for each student is put at \$100. This includes everything. The work of the farm is done by the students. They are required to work three hours a day. If they work longer than that they are paid extra for it. In this way many of the students pay, in part, their expenses. The President stated that the actual cost to some of the young men the past year was not more than \$50, because of extra labor performed.

The crops grown on the farm are corn, peas, oats and grasses. There is no cotton planted, if I remember correctly. Much attention is paid to the grasses and dairying. The herd of cattle number 276, most of them Holsteins. The butter product of so large a herd is quite remunerative. The creamery of the college is the first ever built in the Gulf States and has worked a revolution in dairy husbandry. There are now, we think, six creameries in the State of Mississippi, all of them the offspring of the Agricultural College.

General S. D. Lee, the President, is the ruling spirit of the institution—a fine Christian gentleman. His hobby-horse is in his work and he is justly proud of the success of the college. So far as we could judge, and we were careful to inquire into the workings of the college, it is doing just what it proposes to do—a thorough and practical training in agriculture.—*Rev. Dr. Grier, in A. R. Presbyterian.*

## A CHILD'S TEARS.

Once when a child was ill unto death its mother knelt and prayed to Heaven that its life might be spared. As she prayed and wept an angel softly took its place beside her and whispered:

"Heaven has sent me in answer to your prayer. Here is the mirror of life; watch well and tell me what you see."

And then as the mother wiped away her tears and held the mirror before her the angel asked:

"What is the picture?"

"It is that of a fair-faced boy of 10."

"Are there tears in his eyes?"

"There are no tears."

"Then the angels of Heaven are weeping for him. Look again and tell me what you see."

"This time it is a youth of 15. It is the same boy as before, but older grown, and the face is not so gentle."

"Are there tears in his eyes?"

"There are no tears."

"Then there is sadness among the angels in Heaven. When human eyes are dry of tears the heart is full of evil."

Then the mother looked again, and when the angel asked what she saw she answered:

"One just coming to man's estate. It is the same face as before, but it is in the darkness and I see lines of evil."

"Look closer and tell me if you see tears."

"There are no tears."

"Then there are grief in Heaven, and heartaches on earth. He who never weeps has gone far wrong. Look again and tell me what you see."

"This time it is a man in convict's garb, and his evil look appals my heart."

"Are there no tears in his eyes?"

"There are no tears."

"Then the angels of Heaven weep. Without tears there can be no repentance. I charge you to look once more."

"This time it is a young lying den in the darkness—no wailers—no one to weep—nothing but the gloom of night around him."

"And are there tears upon the face of the dead?"

"There are no tears."

"Then, alas! it is another soul consigned to everlasting darkness! Turn the glass and look for the last time. What do you behold?"

"A child—my child—upon its bed of sickness. Oh! Angel of Mercy, I pray thee to spare its weeping life!"

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"A child—my child—upon its bed of sickness. Oh! Angel of Mercy, I pray thee to spare its weeping life!"

## COTTON STILL KING.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—The latest reports of the Bureau of Statistics just issued give some interesting facts about the commerce of the year which ended June 30. It shows that we sold to our neighbors in various parts of the world last year \$703,000,000 worth of our productions, or about \$2,000,000 worth of sales per day the year round. This is about \$40,000,000 more than we made the preceding year. That this is eminently a question in the minds of many thoughtful persons, whether an institution devoted to this one interest of agriculture could succeed. All the experiments of a union of the literary and the agricultural have proven comparative failures, and many were ready to say that an agricultural school is a humbug. It was in the face of such doubts that the college at Starkville was established. The first step was to separate it entirely from the State University at Oxford, having a different faculty, a different board of trustees and a different location. The college has now been in operation for seven years. The attendance has steadily grown, until, for the past two years, the faculty have been compelled to reject a large number of applicants, the rejections amounting last year to 215. The patrons of the college are the farmers of the State. It has cost the State all told about \$375,000. This covers the cost of the farm, buildings and the annual appropriations. The farm consists of 2,300 acres. When it was purchased much of it was regarded as poor land. Now, the entire place is in excellent condition. We were shown a field which had been thrown out at the time of the purchase as worthless. Some parts of that field will produce this year, it is thought, fifty bushels of corn to the acre. This restoration has been without the use of commercial fertilizers. The buildings are large, tasteful and substantially built of brick. Nearly all the students board in the college buildings at a cost of \$7.70 per month. The maximum expenditure for each student is put at \$100. This includes everything. The work of the farm is done by the students. They are required to work three hours a day. If they work longer than that they are paid extra for it. In this way many of the students pay, in part, their expenses. The President stated that the actual cost to some of the young men the past year was not more than \$50, because of extra labor performed.

Where does it come from? you ask. Let us see. Of the \$206,000,000 worth of manufactured cotton sent abroad, \$128,000,000 went to Great Britain, and about \$5,000,000 each to France and Germany. Of the \$51,000,000 worth of flour, \$39,000,000 went to Great Britain and Ireland. Of the