

The Manning Times.

VOL. III.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1888.

NO. 13.

TALMAGE IN THE SOUTH.

AND HE WAS ANGRY, AND WOULD NOT GO IN.

The Self Congratulatory, Self Satisfied, Self Worshipful Man In Full of Faults, Two Kinds of Higher Life Men—Returned Prodigal.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 12.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, is in this region. He has spoken several times at the great Piedmont Chautauque, and his public appearances are attended by vast multitudes everywhere. Preaching from the text (Luke xv, 28) "And he was angry and would not go in," he said:

Is the elder-son of the prodigal so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermon breeze, and the craning of the necks for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train a camera obscura upon the elder son of the prodigal. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the shadows were poor, or the camera focused in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a mere face, or a three-quarter, or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the prodigal had nothing to brag of his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a curl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one and I find nothing attractive in scrupulous sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side and the other goes down over the starboard side, but the both go down.

From the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings. They have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "thum!" go the harps, "clink!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside, is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat skin of wine on his shoulders what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with indignation. He sees nothing at all to beget. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticizes the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most unbecoming scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the escapee went off in fine clothes and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him. He breaks your heart and you pay for it. That call to which he has been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what was going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asked about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing who he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a eulogy for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recent son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, and a mansion, and, instead of being a pauper, was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. He only perfectly people that I have ever known utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are, look out for them; keep your hand on your pocket book! I have noticed that just in proportion that a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging

himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life. The one is admirable, and the other is most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kinder and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm, goes from church to church, a sort of general evangelist, is a nuisance to his pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to someone who is counting out a roll of bank bills, or running a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanha; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after a while come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roistering, bouncing sinner is not repulsive to me as that higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the prodigal came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame oneself! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent; the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger brother, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I will go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the reprobate! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say, "Yes; but he has reformed." "Oh," you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say, "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals do not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not got a prodigal that has returned and stayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of a hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Buzan? A returned prodigal. Who was Richard Baxter? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm Gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, stammering, cranky, elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is away with the man who has been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and out with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners in velvet, and satin, and lace—for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leather sinners; for sinners fixed up by hair dresses, pomatum, and lavender, and cologned, and frizzled, and crimped, and "banged" sinners—plenty of room. Such we meet slyly at the door of our churches, and we invite them into our best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, with generous souls, take out the exquisite portmanteau, and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the ten dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out an offering to the Lord, of one cent. For such sinners, plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelated, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement doors of this city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, scorching, blasting, consuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling, and agonized, affronted, and presses to his parched lip, and his cracked tongue, and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the prodigal had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassal, the prodigal would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the

younger son is angry and will not go in. Oh, he is not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the aisles of my church, disturbing the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the holy communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand and his coat on her arm, and he solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man an immortal man, a man made in God's own image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink. The invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was lying in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once, a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, 'I am that man.'" Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall!

Again I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said: "I have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands. Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down upon the aged Cain and his wife, Esau and Jacob, Saml and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Calgula and Torquatus, Cesar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish crew, Cambyess and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenus, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffry Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francis, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francis, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they had been together. Religionists, theologians, The Mahomedans, praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians began to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mahomedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so he would not hear any more of their supplicants. Oh, this accursed spirit of envy and jealousy! let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statute was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went out and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends the world is large enough for all of us. Let's rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in a fine equipage is to stand on the streets and admire the prancing span.

The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house. Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet from a sharp-shooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the putting Christian. While there is no such congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his inglorious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many putting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—putting, putting, putting at society, putting at the fashions, putting at the newspapers, putting at the church, putting at the government, putting at the high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down, there are two crickets in their castor always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the putting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had gracious face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo,

years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we may better understand that forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to put a kiss on his parched lip, and a ring on his blasted hand, and an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your dogmatists. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches. Do you feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Oh, go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again and was lost and is found."

IN THE SHADE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A Place Where Health and Pleasure Meet, to Chase Disease With Waters Sweet.

ALL-HEALING, N. C., August 17.—What an undertaking, thought our fathers and mothers less than a quarter of a century back, was a trip from the fair City by the Sea to the lovely mountains in the Land of the Sky. Now, starting at 7 a. m., we spin along over two hundred and fifty miles of smooth railroad tracks, with little interruption, till at the evening miles we are at Gastonia. Thence by carriage, with Cleverland and Thurman as mountain trotters, we are whirled along to Mountain View Hotel in time for a most enjoyable supper served in excellent style.

A cool night in very comfortable rooms refreshes us so that by morning we are quite ready to explore the country, visit the springs and climb Crowder's Mountain rising two thousand feet in front of our hotel. Tempting us with its cool shade and waters is the pavilion sheltering the springs for which the place is noted. Of these springs—twelve in number—the All-Healing is of course the most popular—fathers, mothers, babies, sisters, cousins and aunts all drinking freely and with constant benefit.

Arsenic, Iron and Sulphur are found in a greater or less quantity in all the waters. Two of the Springs being largely Sulphur—Red and White—and one being very strong with iron. While All-Healing carries Arsenic to a greater degree than any of the others, it carries minerals in combination not to be found in any other spring, its principal ingredients being Arsenic, Sulphur, Iron, Lithia, Potash and Magnesia. Its temperature is 56 degrees—a sweet, pleasant water to drink—and it can be taken in large quantities without any bad effect, while for bathing purposes it stands without an equal, leaving the skin soft and of a velvety feeling produced by no other water known.

These waters stand in high repute among the residents of this region, who give particulars of some remarkable cures effected by them. Only a day or two since a gentleman came a distance of forty miles with his wagon and carried away a barrel of these waters for use in his family, some of whom were then sick with fever. Tradition says that long before the Springs were analyzed families used to come and camp around them to benefit by their curative powers. It is further related that still earlier these waters were called Indian medicine, and there was a belief that they were used for use, except by the aborigines. This belief soon gave place to the knowledge that the waters were as good for the white man as for the red.

A spacious ball room flanked by an amusement hall, comprising bowling alley, billiard and pool room, bicycle track and skating rink, furnishes sport for all tastes. To drink the waters, enjoy the mountain scenery, feast on the fare and combine health and strength with a jolly good time, come many guests from many parts of our own and the adjoining States. Once anxious mothers ready to meet the genial doctors as babies with powders and pellets for the ready with jokes and compliments for the belles—most learned judges and smiling maidens—widows and widowers—lads and lassies—make up a "merric company." South Carolina has been well represented by prominent people from several counties—Marion, York, Marlboro, Lancaster, Chester, Laurens, Barnwell, Lexington, Fairfield, Anderson, Abbeville, Richland, Chesterfield, Colleton, Beaufort, Edgefield, Greenville and Orangeburg—with some from other counties expected.

North Carolina and Georgia are also well represented.

The season promises well. PALMETTO.

That White Man in Africa.

LONDON, August 16.—A dispatch from Suakin to the Times says: "Reports concerning the presence of a white man in the Bahrel-Gazel district are confirmed. He is known as Abu Digma, and has a force of enormous strength, including a large number of half-naked men, probably from the Klam-Niam country. This is a strong point in favor of the idea that the white man is Stanley. The Khalifa of Khartoum has sent a force of 5,200 men against him. The Negus of Abyssinia has sworn to capture Khartoum, and the Khalifa is greatly alarmed."

The fisheries question—Did you bring a bottle along? The surplus problem—I wonder how I can make it till next payday? The internal improvements question—Will this medicine cure me, doctor? The fortification problem—If you don't want to catch malaria on that fishing trip you'd better take lots of whiskey along. The immigration question—Where do I go to get naturalized?

EDUCATION FOR FARMERS.

THE NEEDS OF THE AGRICULTURAL MASSES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

An Address by Col. D. K. Norris, President of the State Farmers' Association, at the Spartanburg Encampment.

Mr. President: In 1866 Messrs. Clemson, Hayne and Simpson, members of the Pendleton Farmer's Society, were appointed a committee by that body to solicit funds to build and put into operation a scientific school where the youths of the State might be trained and educated in the industrial paths of life. Such men as Thomas Pinckney, Jr., Andrew Pickens, J. B. Earle, Josiah D. Gaillard, Robert Anderson, Patrick Norris, Jno. E. Cothran and others in 1815; Jno. Maxwell, B. F. Perry, Warren R. Davis, D. Sloan and others in 1816; Francis Burt, Richard Lewis and others in 1817, and David Cherry, Jno. Gaillard, Jas. Whitner, Thos. M. Sloan, D. K. Hamilton and others in 1818, all members of this society and teachers of public opinion in agricultural affairs, as well as in shaping and maintaining the political course of the State, were replaced in later times by others, equally noted for their patriotism and wisdom, among whom I may mention Hayne, Simpson, Seaborn, Clemson, Lewis and a host of others. These gentlemen realized the importance of technical training as applied to agriculture, and although we hear no more, for the time, of the effort made in 1866 to inaugurate a school for this purpose, the conviction of its necessity abided with the society, and we live to see one of them donating a large fortune to accomplish that which had failed before, it seems, because of the impoverished and disorganized condition of the State at that time.

Other efforts looking to improvement in agriculture were not wanting, such as the founding of the society for the promotion of agriculture in South Carolina in 1875 in Charleston, the organization of the State Agricultural Society in Columbia in 1878, and the rapid multiplication of similar bodies afterwards throughout the State; but, so far as I am informed, this effort made by the Pendleton Agricultural Society was the first in the State which directly undertook to radically better our agriculture by educating and training the boys, the farmers of the future, rather than by shows, fairs and such like, stimulating by rivalries the spasmodic efforts of the then farmers. The wisdom of their efforts is witnessed by the 184 colleges and stations now in successful operation in Germany; by the passage of the great educational bill by the Parliament of Great Britain after the disappointment of that nation in the world's contest at Paris in 1867, whereby science and technology have been assigned a larger place in her schools and universities than ever before, and by the 57 agricultural colleges and industrial institutes in the United States. This formidable array of institutions at which the youth of the various countries in which they are located are enabled to educate themselves for the profession in life which falls to their lot by choice or necessity attests one truth, and it is this: that the application of science to agriculture is a successful fact. But what has South Carolina done? Has she recognized the great wisdom of nurturing schools of this kind, and their potency in building up her waste places? A State, proud of her history, glorious in her many achievements and in whose exaltation her every true son delights! Oh! that it were some other rather than one of her sons to tell the tale! I will not recount the half-hearted and discouraging manner in which her feeble efforts in this direction were conceived and have been carried on, but would rather dwell upon the awakened interest and zeal now manifested in its behalf by all, from the doubting Thomases to the convinced Tillmans on the one hand and designing politicians and the toiling masses on the other. The old idea of education was that it had no direct bearing on the man's work, and it is not only true that the education of the past did not attempt anything of this sort, but it is also true that the end and design of that education was in the opposite direction. The man was not educated to labor—he was in fact educated not to labor. In the habits of his life and the processes of his thought the educated man was as far as possible removed from sympathy with what we term industrial pursuits. The march of progress has well nigh refuted these ideas and to-day we are witnessing the advent of an education which will especially fit the individual who receives it for the only probable destiny in life which his antecedent circumstances admit. It is also in harmony with the idea that the many should be educated in contradistinction to the old idea that it was only possible or necessary to educate the few. This new departure, if I may so speak, not in the art, but in the science of agriculture, promises many things. It will enlighten the minds of the tillers of the soil and enable them to comprehend the laws of nature which govern animal and vegetable physiology and at once dignify labor by raising it above drudgery and routine and making it the scientific means of accomplishing the ends of labor. It will make it possible to generate, to possess, to overcome, and largely for his class, to reverse the social degradation which has ever been the lot of the actual worker, however praised and honored agriculture has been in the abstract. It will radically correct the defects of the past by planning the education with reference to the probable employment and destiny of the individual who receives it, and not leaving him in ignorance of the things which above all others it is most important he should know. It will give to the educated mind a skillful hand and a trained eye, a discriminating judgment and an intelligent opinion; will revolutionize the negligent and unprofitable farming as now practiced by the vast majority of our people, and give to them in its stead a rational and progressive improvement. Those who receive the benefits of this plan leading to general education, and who will be trained for work, and about all trained in work, which makes the most complete man, physically, mentally and morally. It will conserve

manly vigor and increase both the enjoyment and length of life. It will make idleness intolerable, and welcome enterprise and adventure as a delight. It will promote self respect and self reliance and best of all, manly independence. The friends of the Clemson College would have the literary institutions of the State liberally supported, and as fruits of their labor give to South Carolina other McDuffies and Hampdens, in whose hands the prestige of the State was ever safe. But they deserve more. They would see the agriculture of the State lifted to a plane of progress and prosperity which can only be done by a diffusion of scientific knowledge applied to the industrial arts and which can emanate only from an institution, where agricultural education is the primary consideration. An institution in sympathy with the life of the masses, whose doors, ample as they may be, were opened with the youths of the State, hungering and thirsting for the knowledge therein imparted. And as the legitimate spheres in life occupied by the attendants of these different institutions do not clash but that they together will work out for South Carolina a destiny, surpassing if possible, the glories of the past, so in their mutual regard for each other, friendliness and respect should be cherished. When this latter institution shall have had time to imprint itself upon the agriculture of the State we shall hope to present to the world a brilliant example of what educated labor will accomplish in developing an agricultural system abounding in far-reaching enterprise, thrilling interest and abundant success.

Thomas G. Clemson A name which will be revered and honored, more and more as the benefits of Agricultural education are made apparent by the diffusion of such knowledge Fort Hill, and whose memory I shall hope to see erected a proud monument of enduring gratitude at no distant day on the historic spot, by those who will especially be benefited by his munificent bequest, as well as perpetuated in the noble institution which his interest in the welfare of the agriculturist of the State prompted him to endow. It was he, who said, prophetically, eighteen years ago in an address before the Agricultural Meeting Society, of Oconee "that the exigencies of a new era are upon us, demanding the diffusion of the science of the development of our material resources, and that the establishment of such schools could not fail to give us ascendancy and permanent prosperity." "The wisdom of this sentiment is attested by the rapid multiplication of schools of this kind in Europe, where, for instance, in the little kingdom of Wustenburg, so small as scarcely to reveal itself on our school atlases, there are sixteen colleges and twenty-six agricultural associations; as well as by the Congress of the United States which has voted thousands of dollars annually to South Carolina in common with the other States, for the inauguration, encouragement and enlargement of this very work. Finally: the people have spoken, and we are assured that nothing less than an Agricultural College built and conducted on the most useful and liberal plan will satisfy them, or meet the requirements of this new education.

THE CHEESHIRE CHEESE.
A Reminiscence of Jefferson's Presidential Campaign.

The town of Cheshire, situated among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, is one of the pleasantest places in all the country. The pasturage of this region is excellent. The land is very productive, and the dairy farms have always been noted for the quality of their butters and cheeses. And here, about eighty-seven years ago, says a writer in the Transcript, was made the enormous cheese whose fame went abroad throughout the United States, crossed the water, and even spread into foreign countries. Elder John Leland, a celebrated preacher of his time, was pastor of the village church. He was a vigorous and original thinker, noted for his exposition of the Scriptures. People came from far and near to listen to his sermons. On those days a minister's views upon all public questions were received with respectful attention and Elder Leland did not confine his labors to parochial affairs. Any delinquency among the select men of the town, any failure in rigid adherence to duty, was boldly attacked by him in the pulpit, and names were mentioned with startling directness.

Thomas Jefferson was nominated for the Presidency of the United States in the fall of 1800. He was believed by many to be an infidel, and the feeling of New England—the stronghold of Orthodoxy—was severe against him. An ominous silence, that he preserved in regard to his own religious belief, was regarded as unfavorable, and it was even declared in some country towns that churches would be closed, and the sacredness of the Sabbath day no longer preserved, if he were elected. Elder John Leland held no share in this public opinion. He had been a preacher in Virginia, where he often met Mr. Jefferson.

The two men were mutually attracted, and held long conversations together. Elder Leland became an ardent admirer of Jefferson. He recognized his Christian character, in spite of a natural reticence, and he believed in his republican principles. When Jefferson was nominated he began to work for him. It was said that the elder stood alone, but the sturdy opposition became his inspiration. He preached politics in the pulpit on Sunday; he rode to neighboring towns through the week; he was ready always with an argument. So great was the influence that he exerted that when election day came there was not a member of the whole county who failed to vote for Jefferson. Great was Elder Leland's delight over the victory, and at the close of the afternoon service on the next Sabbath he proposed that, as a people, they should prepare a token of their good-will to be sent to Washington after the new president had taken his place at the White House. It should be something in which women as well as men could participate, and he suggested an enormous cheese, as the natural product of their industry. Every man in the county who had voted for Jefferson should bring all the curd he felt able to give. A committee of farmers' wives, who were skilled, should be appointed for the mixing. Everybody was pleased with the idea.

Captain John Brown, who was known as the first to suspect and denounce Benedict Arnold as a traitor, was a member of this village. He offered his cider-mill as the best and largest in the town. We had it thoroughly cleaned, a new bottom of wood set in, surrounded with an iron hoop, and thus converted into a huge cheese-press. It was a fine afternoon the crowd came in from all quarters of the county to Captain Brown's farm. Some wealthy farmers brought quantities of curd, others only a pailful, but the offerings were poured into the cider press. The matrons then came forward, mixed and flavored it. The men stood ready for the pressing. Then, uncovering their heads, all bowed reverently, while Elder Leland asked God's blessing upon their labor. They sang a hymn, the minister giving out five lines at a time, and the people singing them, and a social season followed until twilight dispersed the crowd.

When the cheese was ready to be removed it was found to weigh sixteen hundred pounds. The parish requested their minister to convey it in person to the President. It was a journey of five hundred miles, but the sleighing at the appointed time was excellent, and he started. He was three weeks on road. The people thronged to meet him in every town and village through which he passed, for the news of the gift had spread, and such a cheese had never been seen before. When Elder Leland arrived in Washington he sent a note to Jefferson, who suggested that the members of his cabinet and of Congress, together with the foreign ministers and other distinguished guests, should be invited to attend and witness the presentation. In the midst of this gathering Elder Leland arose with great dignity, and proffered the huge Cheeshire cheese as a token of the deep respect of his country. The President closed his courteous reply with these words:

"I will cause this auspicious event to be placed upon the records of our nation, and it will ever shine amid its glorious archives. I shall ever esteem it among the most happy incidents of my life; and now, my much respected reverend friend, I will, by the consent and in the presence of my most honored council, have the cheese cut, and you will take back with you a portion of it, with my hearty thanks, and present it to your people, that they may all have a taste. Tell them never to covet in the present what they have so nobly defended; they have successful come to the rescue of our beloved country in the time of her great peril. I wish them health and prosperity, and may milk in abundance never cease to flow to the latest posterity."

As arrangements had previously been made, the steward of the White House came forward and cut the cheese. A slice was presented to each guest. Every one tasted and declared it to be as near perfection as it was possible for a cheese to be. Elder Leland was greatly delighted with the whole enterprise. He spent a few days in Washington, and then left for home. Another large meeting was held at Captain John Brown's. The elder gave an account of his trip, and the full description of the present at the Capitol. One can imagine the eagerness and delight with which the people listened. Each one received a small piece of cheese, for the whole region came to hear. This story is still treasured by those who received it from parents or grand-parents.

MANY USES OF EGGS.
They are Said to be Better for Scholars' Brains Than Fish.
(From the Eastern Farmer.)
Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element that is necessary for the support of man is contained within the limit of an egg-shell in the best proportions and most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in five hundred different ways, each method not economical, but salutary in the highest degree.

No honest appetite ever rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutrient in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen. After the battle of Mulhird, when Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burgraves and great cantans, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man and two to the excellently valiant Scherperman."

Far more than fish—for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholars' fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for in a compact form they contain everything that is necessary to the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious remedies for burns, and the oil extracted from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches.

A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish-bone fastened in the throat, and the whites of eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase. The merits of eggs do not even end here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80,000,000 a year, and the Alsatians consume fully 35,000,000 in calico printing and for dressing the leather that is used in making the finest French kid gloves. Even egg-shells are valuable, for all paths and homesteads alike agree in regarding them the purest of the carbonate of lime.

Chattanooga's Fluck.
CHATTANOOGA, August 16.—All the property owners here lost buildings in the great fire last Thursday night and today agreed to build a solid block four stories high. The block will contain seven stores with a frontage of twenty-five feet each. The entire block will cost \$150,000. The front will be of pressed brick with stone trimming, except the first story, which will be of stone.

Balzac, that shrewd and witty observer of human nature, remarked that to a pair of lovers the rest of the world were of no more account than the figures on a bit of tapestry.