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[Correspondence of THE CLARION.]

The Murder of Young Leflingwell.

DRY GROVE, July 7. 1876

This place was the scene of an unprovoked and cowardly murder last Wednesday. The name of the murderer is Leno Carballo, and A. Leflingwell, that of his innocent and lamented victim.

The chief feature of Dry Grove is the "Bishop Green Training School" for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church, under the management of the Rev. W. K. Douglas, D. D. There were, during the session just closed, nine students attending the institution. Under the firm, but kind control of the Principal, and the motherly care of his good wife, the young men felt as if they were really members of the Christian family with whom they were living. Doubtless there were jars and heart-burnings from time to time, as is the case in every family; but there was one among them, who, by the consent of all, judging him as they did by his daily walk in life, never harbored an unkind thought of any one. Although still a mere youth, he had already established for himself the character of a true Christian gentleman. He possessed an excellent mind, and his conscientious sense of duty leading him to do well whatever he undertook, had not permitted him to neglect any opportunity for improving it. Such was the victim selected by the murderer.

Indirectly connected with the Training School, is the office of the Diocesan Record, of Mississippi, a monthly periodical, edited by Dr. Douglas. The office was removed a year ago from Vicksburg to Dry Grove, with the understanding that one of the students, a practical printer, should take charge of it; but he having left the institution unexpectedly, Dr. Douglas was under the necessity of employing another printer, and in an evil hour, engaged the services of Carballo. The latter soon after his arrival at Dry Grove underwent the rite of Baptism, and for a time seemed well fitted for his new place. But he soon began to show what he really was, a man of low, grovelling instincts—suspicious, envious and malicious.

The students of the Training School, form the nucleus of a literary society, which is open to the young men of the neighborhood generally. Carballo became a member, and took part in the exercises that closed the session; but he had shown, while the preparations were going on, great dissatisfaction with the parts assigned him in the little plays that were afterwards performed; and he became highly enraged because a so-called essay, that he read in public, failed to take the prize. The exercises lasted till 2 A.M., Wednesday. The murder took place Wednesday evening.

Our Rectory is in the form of an L., galleries run along the inner sides of both wings and at the angle formed by them a hall passes through the shorter wing, being a prolongation of the longer gallery. Opening into this hall is the library, where the family are in the habit of assembling for morning and evening prayers.

The family had dispersed after evening prayers on Wednesday—some still lingering in the library and the hall above mentioned. Young Leflingwell was among the last to step out upon the gallery, and there he encountered Carballo. The latter was intoxicated, and was at the moment addressing himself in an angry tone to a student named McCoy. The sight of Leflingwell seemed to add fuel to the villain's rage. He broke forth in such profane and obscene language, that Dr. Douglas, on his way from his own chamber to stop the tumult, thought it best to send for a magistrate. Before the doctor could reach the spot the fatal blow had been struck. The murderer's knife had

"Pierced his innocent breast,
And seared the angel soul that was its earthly guest."

Leflingwell's only reply to Carballo's brutal language had been with the question, "Are you alluding to me, sir?" Whereupon the latter sprang upon him and drove a knife to the hilt in his bosom. The blade was only an inch and an eighth in length, but it reached the neighborhood of the heart. If anything can add to the atrocity of such a crime, it is that it was committed in the midst of a family of delicate ladies and little children, where the murderer himself had received a kindness and consideration wholly new to him.

"It is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever pall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse."

All was done to save poor Leflingwell that prompt action, aided by great presence of mind, could do. It was not realized, at first, that he had been stabbed, for the bleeding was internal, but when such was found to be the case, good Mrs. Douglas applied her lips to the wound and tried to turn the flow of the blood outward. But all was in vain. Within a half hour after the blow was struck "the angel soul" had fled. He had spoken only a few indistinct words, and died apparently without suffering, and even in ignorance of the fact that a murderer's red hand had robbed him of his God-given right to live for himself and for others.

He was buried on Thursday in the quiet churchyard of the Holy Comforter, amid the sobs and tears of all present; and the assemblage was a large one for a sparsely settled country. If any in the neighborhood failed to attend, it was because he had not heard of the tragedy in time to do so.

An uninformed stranger coming upon that last scene, would have thought that some dear relative of all there was about to be lowered into the grave, and not that it was the funeral of one who, a little more than a year ago, was unknown to a single person present. J. R. E.

How many sentences have I seen more criminal than the crimes themselves? All which makes me remember the ancient opinions "There is a necessity a man must do wrong by retail, who will do right in a gross; and injustice in little things, that will come to do justice in great; that human justice is formed after the model of physic," according to which all that is utile is also just and honest. "That nature of herself proceeds contrary to justice in most of her works;" and of what is received by the Cyrenaicks, "That there is nothing just of itself, but that customs and laws make justice."—Montaigne.

When the Gauls laid waste Rome, they found the Senators clothed in their robes, and seated in stern tranquility in their curule chairs; in this manner they suffered death, without any resistance or supplication. Such conduct was, in them, applauded as magnanimous and noble; in the hapless Indians it was reviled as both obstinate and sullen. How truly are we the dupes of show and circumstances! How different is virtue clothed in purple and enthroned in state, from virtue, naked and destitute, and perishing obscurely in a wilderness.—Washington Irving.

ADDRESS OF

Jos. A. Brown, Esq.,

OF JACKSON,

Before the Alumni Society of the University of Mississippi, June 28, 1876.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI SOCIETY:—Among the characteristics which dignify and exalt a community, State or nation, few are more important than material prosperity. Relieving the people from a struggle for the necessaries of life, and yielding to their labor comforts and luxuries, it opens to them new fields of civilization and happiness. Pushed out from the shallows of obscurity into the current of national life, such a people take among the States of the earth a position of dignity and power. Sixteen centuries ago a historian of Imperial Rome wrote of an island in the Western ocean covered with continuous fog, and inhabited by wandering tribes of warlike barbarians. To-day the British isles are the heart of the commercial world, and the head of an empire which girdles the earth, while Rome, amidst her weakness and poverty, is only great in the vast ruins of her eternal capitol. Curious is an inquiry into the causes which bring to one people wealth and greatness, to another poverty and ruin. At the Athens of Mississippi, my countrymen, I thought I could talk to you about no more interesting thing than *the material prosperity of our State.*

Nature has not been unkind to Mississippi. Her soil is wonderfully fertile. Animal and vegetable life abounds. The State is watered like a garden. A network of brooks and rivers covers her surface. On the East flows the Alabama and its tributaries. On the West roll the turgid waters of the Mississippi. And her Southern shore is washed by the Gulf of Mexico. Her climate is suited to the luxuriant growth of the products of the temperate zone. We have no hot times, like the summers in China, when the thermometer rises to a hundred and ten degrees, and to venture into the sun is to die. Nor have we any cold seasons like our Northern States, when the rivers are frozen and nature is robed in snow.

From the census of 1870 has been made, under the supervision of the national government, a book showing by charts, the comparative physical condition of the different States of the Union. By the chart exhibiting the comparative woodiness, it is shown that in most of the great West to which you want to immigrate, there is scarcely a shade tree, while Mississippi stands among three or four of the best wooded sections of our country. From the chart showing the comparative rainfall, it appears that rain falls in that Western El Dorado but in five weeks of the year, and water is measured to the people by inches, while more rain falls in Mississippi than in most parts of America. And by the chart showing the comparative healthfulness, it is seen that the piney woods of Mississippi are as free from disease as the mountains of Virginia, while the rest of our State bears favorably comparison with the other States of the Union.

A glance at the map will show the Territory of Mississippi was deformed in taking from it the great cities of Mobile, Memphis and New Orleans. Those cities which should be additions to her commercial wealth, are three leeches sucking the life-blood from our State. But enough remains for all commercial purposes. Do you ask for a harbor? Along her whole Western border flows the Father of Waters, deep, broad, capacious enough to float the navies of the world.

If the rock of the natural resources of Mississippi were struck by the wand of enterprise, what waters of prosperity would gush forth.

There was the Netherlands, a miserable marsh, the prey of the ocean, covered with continual fogs, swept by perpetual winds, and wrapt in the snows and ice of semi-arctic winters. Had we owned such a country we would have used it to ride over in batteaus and shoot reed birds. But the Hollanders have rolled back the ocean and fenced it out with their vast dykes. They have chained the winds, and building windmills along the dykes, have taught the storms to drain their country and work their factories. They have erected magnificent canals, through which, in summer ships of the greatest burthen are sailing, and in winter time, the Hollanders travel over them on skates and in sleighs. Every acre of land which can be rescued from the ocean is subjected to most beautiful cultivation. There is a country built up in the teeth of adverse nature. Yet under the management of such statesmen as Egmont, De Witt and the Princes of the House of Orange, that little nation, one-fourth the size of Mississippi, became the richest State in Europe. She defeated Spain, warred successfully with the great Louis of France, contested with England, the sovereignty of the seas, and her fleets sailing up the Thames, their guns were heard in the streets of London. Then Holland became the head of the Protestant coalition, gave her Stadtholder as a King to Brittain, and assuming the balance of power, dictated the fates of Europe.

The natural resources of a country are the sole foundation on which can be erected the superstructure of its wealth. As far as the natural resources of Mississippi exceed those of the Netherlands, our natural wealth may surpass that of the Netherlanders.

The source of national wealth in Mississippi is vast, undeveloped. Most of it lies below the surface. It is like an iceburg, whose island-like top floats on the ocean, glittering in the morning sun, while its base is buried in the unfathomed depths of the sea.

But natural resources alone cannot make a nation rich. Countries to whom nature has been most lavish in her gifts are insignificant and poor, while those to whom she has dealt with a sparing hand are rich and powerful. Poland, with her mineral wealth, fertile plains and deep shadowy woods, sleeps at the foot of the Alps in comparative indigence and want. While on their snow-capped summits with nothing but her heritage of rocks rests Switzerland in affluence and ease. Mexico, rich in the products of every zone, with mines abounding in minerals, from iron to gold, her broad plateaus and pathless forests filled with animal life, and interspersed with deep, wide, beautiful rivers, basks in the sunshine of her eternal spring, poorer to-day than she was in the time of the Montezumas. While Holland, originally without a mineral, without animal or vegetable life, has made, in the arms of the ocean, a land of fruitfulness and wealth. On either side of the Irish Sea, lives a people, with like soil, similar climate, equal natural resources, yet Ireland is barren, uninfluential and weak, while England is the most opulant and powerful of nations.

What has advanced and what retarded national wealth? What has made rich countries poor and poor countries rich? Note the means of producing wealth possessed by the rich nations and not owned by the poor ones. The best carpets, finest linens, most exquisite laces, cattle, horses, cheese and Scheidam Schnaps—from what land do these things come? Must I name Brussels, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Limberg and Lower Holland to call to your minds the Netherlands? But for what great product is Mexico noted? Only for the unwrought gold which she picks up in her boundless mines, and tropical fruits, which grow uncultured in her primeval forests. From the ponderous locomotive to the finest piece of cutlery, the roughest woolen blanket to the most finished broad cloth, the best and cheapest cotton goods, the perfection of every art, from an ocean steamship to a bottle of catsup—what land produces these? Shall I mention the Clyde, Worcester, Manchester, Leeds, London and Liverpool, to bring your attention to England? But for what great product is Ireland noted? Only for her enormous crops of potatoes, and these grow there like they do everywhere, almost without the application of labor. I know not for what national product Poland claims pre-eminence. But the finest watches, richest embroidery, exquisitely wrought jewelry, longest sighted telescopes and clearest sighted spectacles—are these not made in Berne, Neautchatel, Lausanne and Geneva, cities of Switzerland?

If you examine the different nations of the earth, you will find the wealth of each bears a direct ratio to the amount, variety and skill of its productive labor. If the earth is the source of wealth, labor is its cause. Things as they exist in nature, capable of becoming useful, are not so as yet. They only become so by the labor, small or great, simple or complicated, which we bestow upon them. Other things being equal, this may be accepted as a general rule, the nation will be richest whose people are engaged in the greatest number and variety of productive industries.

The laws which govern the progress of national wealth are uniform and universal. But each country, from its peculiarities of soil, climate, government, institutions and population, presents a distinct problem for the application of those laws. Mississippi presents the not uncommon phenomenon of a country with vast powers of production, comparatively poor. The causes of her poverty are not difficult to discern.

No spot on earth excels Mississippi in its gentlemen of elegant leisure. Scarcely a village in the State boasts less than a score of Macaubers, who parade its streets waiting for something to turn up. Non producers, they are the worst class of consumers. Like Japonicas, these products of our country, though beautiful to gaze on, are practically useless.

We have not a large working population; but it is crowded into a few unremunerative pursuits. If a man would be useful here, he is a cotton planter, retail merchant or professional man. Each of these is overdone. It has become a maxim that we get no more for a large cotton crop than a small one. The only effect of increasing the product is to diminish the price. The supply is fully up to the demand. We find a retail merchant at every cross road. These gentlemen are crowding each other out of existence. One tenth of their number might well do the business. As to professional men—if anybody has an extra smart boy, they make him a lawyer, doctor or politician. Latterly, the crops of smart boys have been so luxuriant in Mississippi, the State is groaning with them.

One would naturally suppose the ratio of agricultors to those in other pursuits much less on the rich, new lands of Mississippi than on the old worn soils of Europe. Yet the reverse is true. The ratio is in England two to three, in France and Holland five to three, in the other rich countries of Europe seven to three, and in Mississippi twenty-seven to three. This alone will account for the comparative poverty of our State. Nine tenths of her people engaged in the production of a single commodity—cotton, and it is shipped to other countries to be manufactured. What would England become if she sent to Holland her unwrought wool and iron ore to be fashioned into useful form? What would become of France if she shipped her floss and grapes to Belgium to be made into wine and silk? "A small quantity "of manufactured produce," says Adam Smith, "will purchase a large quantity of rude produce." And hence a country engaged in trade and manufactures, being able with a small quantity of its products to purchase a great quantity of the products of other nations, will be always comparatively rich. While a country engaged in agriculture alone, having with a great quantity of its products to purchase a small quantity of the products of other nations, will be always comparatively poor." And Dr. List says, "A nation will always be richer the more it exports manufactured articles."

Everything, in Mississippi, is done on credit. The merchant buys his goods on credit. The planter gets his supplies on credit. The professional man practices on credit. I knew one who borrowed ten thousand dollars to begin merchandizing at 2 per cent. a month interest. To pay the interest he charged double profits on all his sales. At the end of two years he had accomplished the financial ruin of himself and all his customers. That man was a type of the mass of our people, who in one form or another are eating up their substance by payments for the use of money.

We purchase from commercial aliens, every article which we use. From the roughest garment or coarsest article of food to the most costly carriage or elaborate brocade, all are imported. The sum annually expended for things absolutely necessary, exceeds the amount realized from the sale of all the surplus products of our soil.

There is a cure for these accumulated public evils. It must be apparent to any reflecting mind that new productive industries, if introduced into our State, would remove those causes of poverty, and become means of producing wealth.

A new industry would put life into established pursuits. Taking a number of persons from one or more of the old industries, and putting them in the new pursuit, it would decrease competition in these old industries and give a better market for their products. They in turn would afford a better market for other old pursuits. And so throughout the industries of the State.

A new industry would require the products of other new industries to sustain it. Other industries would be established. In turn, they would become the parents of other pursuits. And so on, through the round of arts.

The products of a new industry would be a substantial addition to the material wealth. Nor is it an answer to say the same labor and capital employed in the established pursuits would produce an equal result. The established pursuits are overdone. So the products of the new industry would possess a greater exchangeable value.

A new industry would utilize unemployed and misdirected labor. Men and women are not moulded by nature like bricks. Each is an individual, with peculiarities of temper, temperament, health, habits and education. When you erect a Procrustean Bed of two or three occupations, and fitting the people on it, cut off the long characters and draw out the short, you make deformities, who continue for awhile in these forced employments, without life or spring, and then fall into idleness. But if a new business is opened, numbers of people, suited to it by nature, will enter it with activity, pleasure and success.

A new industry would quicken circulation. When men say there is no money in the country, they do not—at least they should not, mean that dollars are fewer than usual. They mean the money is in the coffers of the bankers, and not in circulation. Our single product—cotton—comes but once a year. During the other ten months, the farmer is owing the merchant, the merchant the doctor and lawyer, and they the farmer. All are waiting for the cotton. When it comes, the farmer pays the merchant, the merchant the professional man, and he pays the farmer. Had we twelve great products, one in each month, this phenomenon of circulation would take place twelve times instead of once every year, and the credit system would pass away.

I have seen all this illustrated in Mississippi. In 1865, an old gentlemen living near the village from which I came, concluded to send some fruit from his orchard to market. He made a rough box of peaches and shipped it to New Orleans. It sold for five dollars. The gentleman and his neighbors conceived an idea. They began peach culture. Last summer, the fruit crops of that section sold in New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago, for a hundred thousand dollars. A peach box factory has been established whose annual income is ten thousand dollars. A factory for canning peaches is in contemplation. New cars and of a different make have been put upon the railroad to carry the fruit. Men hitherto unemployed or engaged in less remunerative pursuits, are now in the forests, felling timber for the factory, or at the factory, making it into boxes, or in the orchards, packing the fruit for shipment. And in the midst of the early summer, heretofore the most unproductive season of the year, a hundred thousand dollars is scattered through that community among the orchardists, the factory men and their numerous employees.

The effect produced by a new manufacturing industry, though not greater, is more striking than that caused by an agricultural pursuit. Some years ago, a gentlemen established a cotton factory in the piney woods of our State. He erected buildings and carried thither machinery and skilled laborers. Machinists went there, expecting the machinery to break. Doctors, anticipating the people would get sick. Lawyers, knowing that disputes would arise. Merchants, builders, architects and the thousand classes who minister to the wants of organized society sent their representatives there. Thus sprung up in that pine barren the thriving village of Wesson. Now, the neighboring farmers have at their doors a market for their cotton, grain, and all the produce of their farms. While the men and women in the country, too delicately organized to work in the fields, find in the halls of the factories, light, lucrative and pleasant employment.

Diversity of industries is the thing needed in our State, to give impetus to our advancement to wealth and power.

I believe Mississippi is at the crisis of her fate. If you keep her people in old pursuits, where increase of skill meets no reward, in the course of years habits of indolence will settle on them, and Mississippi will become such a country as Ireland or Poland. But if new industries are opened, where enterprise is remunerated, in process of time, habits of energy and skill will become fixed on the people, and we may grow into a wealthy State, like Holland, England or France.

What industries should be introduced? Any, whose products we can create cheaper than we can import them.

If the Genius of Mississippi could speak to his children, he would point to your forests of hickory and the oaks, of walnut, cypress and pine, and would say, "These trees have I given for your use, yet you fell them and ship them to other countries to be made into implements, utensils, vehicles, furniture, with which you fill your houses, and the frame work of your dwellings themselves." He would point to your gardens filled with vegetables, your thickets covered with berries, your orchards laden with ripe and luscious fruit, and would say, "These things I yield for your happiness, yet you put them in boxes and barrels made in other countries, and send them to distant places to be manufactured." He would point to your fields, white with beautiful cotton, and would say, "This staple I give you of finer quality and in greater quantity than any other land on earth, yet you wrap it in baling brought from other countries, secure it with ties wrought by alien hands, and ship it to distant shores to be fashioned into the garments which you wear."

One pound of lint cotton makes five yards of fine cotton cloth. Each yard of this cloth sells here for what you get for the pound of cotton. Who lives on this quintuple margin? The railroad which carries the product to the seaboard, the commission merchant who sells it for the planter, the vessel which transports it to a foreign mart, the factory which made it into cloth, the ship which brings it back to our shore, the wholesale merchant who buys for the retail merchant, and the retail merchant who sells to you. No wonder that, after it has made this six months circuit, the Mississippi farmer gives for his own cotton five times what it sold for a half year before. What real value has been added to the commodity during its transit? None but what was given it by the manufacturer. And that might have been done here as well as in England or France.

As with cotton, so it is with every other product, which raised on the soil of Mississippi, is sent to other countries to be fashioned into form for your use.

You can do no greater thing for your State than give her industries for manufacturing the products of her soil.

You are not, however, confined to that, but may go to other countries and bring hither their products and arts.

If you draw a line from the southermost point of Mississippi and another along the northern border, and extend these lines parallel with the equator around the earth, you will find included between them the richest portions of Moroco, Egypt, Persia, Palestine, India, China and Japan, with the great cities of Jeddo, Canton, Jerusalem, Damascus, Cairo, Memphis and Alexandria. Between these lines have arisen and flourished the mightiest nations of which history has kept the record. The arts and products of these great people may be introduced and acclimated in any country between similar iso-thermal lines.

Mississippi has the advantage of those countries in climate and soil, and their arts and products will flourish more luxuriantly here.

In 1790, the culture of cotton was comparatively unknown in America. It was not suspected that there was anything in the soil and climate of the Southern States peculiarly adapted to the growth of that beautiful staple. The mass of the cotton and cotton goods was imported from India. A duty of three cents a pound was laid on India cotton by the Congress of the United States. And it was said by the Representative of South Carolina, "Cotton is in contemplation in the South, and if good seed can be obtained, it may possibly prove a success." Thus less than a century ago, cotton culture was introduced into our country, with small hope of its succeeding.

The peach, the pear, the apricot, the rose and the lily of the valley, with all other fruits and flowers as their names indicate, are natives of the East, perchance of the Garden of Eden. They were introduced into Europe by the power of the Roman government, and from Europe they were brought to America, by the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants.

With the exception of her primeval forests, there is little of value in Mississippi, from the violet which bends upon the ground to Caucassian man who stands at the head of creation, which has not been introduced and acclimated here.

From the earliest times this process has continued, transplanting into one country the arts and products of another. Not long ago the manufacture of woolen goods was unknown in England. Flanders excelled in that art. But purchasing some of their sheep and bringing over some of their workman, the islanders introduced the pursuit into their country. By a series of protective laws they built up the industry, until to-day, the woolen fabrics of Brittain stand pre-eminent throughout the earth. There was a time when silk sold in France for twice its weight in gold. But purchasing some of the mulberry trees and silk worms from Persia, they planted them around one of their little hamlets. Where that hamlet stood is the great city of Lyon, whose silks are unsurpassed for beauty and texture and exquisite finish. People say we cannot introduce vine culture into Mississippi, because it is too hot, the soil is unsuited, the grapes would dry on the vines, and the wine would be sour. But the vine is a native of Asia. It was brought by the Romans from Palistine and planted on the genial shore of Italy. Pliny, writing of its culture, said it could not be successful beyond the Alps, because it was too cold, the soil was unsuited, the grapes would dry on the vines, and the wine would be bitter. But wine culture has been introduced into France. And the vineyards of Champagne, Burgundy and Bordeaux supply not only Italy and Palistine, but the rest of the civilized world.

In truth, of no product can we say to what country it is native. America borrowed her products and arts from Europe, Europe borrowed from Rome, Rome from Persia, Persia from Egypt, and Egypt from whom? We know not. But doubtless in that unrecorded time, before the Muse of History raised her style to write the lives of nations and the acts of men, Egypt learned her knowledge from some older and wiser nation.

But why be confined to introducing the arts and products of other countries? The man who brings us a pursuit unknown to our people does good to the State. But the originator of an art is a benefactor to mankind. The name of him who first found out that the juice of the grape makes wine is lost, but what a rich legacy has he left to his kind. He who first made known that grain can be changed into bread is forgotten, yet to how many myriads has he brought happiness and life? The man who discovered that an instrument could turn luxurience from the soil—the inventor of the plow—has faded from the hearts of men, yet how much worthier of our gratitude is he than many a lauded conqueror.

Far in the north, at the foot of the ice-bound mountains, a rivulet begins trickling towards the south, joined time after time by another rivulet, and river, until it flows by our western border the broad Father of Waters, bearing on its great bosom argosies of freighted wealth. So far back when Old Pan first drew music from the reed, the rivulet of invention begins trickling towards our time, joined age after age by another and another discovery, until it flows by us the broad river of science and the arts, bearing on its bosom ladings of prosperity. Every day gives it acquisitions. Yesterday we discovered the power of steam. To-day the iron horse courses the prairie or the leviathan steam-ship is ploughing the sea. Yesterday we grasped the child of the storm-god, the forked lightning, and taught him for our messenger. To day surpassing the ideal of Wild Will Shakespeare, like another Puck, "he'll put a girdle round the earth in thirty minutes." Each instant you stand on the verge of new and more astounding inventions and discoveries. The earth, the air, the water, are filled with elemented principles and undiscovered powers. They surround you on every side like the imprisoned genii of Eastern story, waiting but the touch of the magic ring to call them into bodily form.

You may ask how new industries can be introduced. I can not go into the minutiæ of this branch of my subject. That had better be left to the interest of individuals. But I will mention some of the stumbling blocks which ignorance has cast in the way of progress.

It is often said we need an influx of Yankee vim to originate these enterprises and foreign capital to sustain them. I have no slight admiration for the character of the Northern people. They are bold, yet shrewd, quick, but cautious, enterprising, intelligent and skillful. And they have the capital necessary to originate and sustain these things. But in waiting for them, are we not like the farmer and his sons who waited for their neighbors to help them gather their grain? The ominous birds of poverty have built their nests in our field of wealth, and they will never betake them to other homes until we cease waiting for our neighbors to aid us, and begin the work for ourselves.

Timid and far-sighted, capital and skilled industry will meet your every invitation, with the question, "Who has already succeeded in your country?" Labor and capital, my countrymen, seek those places where they are likely to be best remunerated. So soon as you convince the world you have established an industry here destined to become a pronounced success, you will wait no longer for labor to sustain, and capital to enlarge and improve it.

Every country from which we get articles for our use, may become a magazine to furnish us with capital and skilled artistic labor.

A small country with vast population, feeding on grain brought from other nations and manufacturing raw material raised in other lands, may, for a time, have wonderful prosperity. But so soon as the countries from which it draws its supplies, through increase of population and advancement in skill come to consume at home all their raw material and grain, the manufacturing nation is distressed. This has now taken place in New England. While their great factories are suspended because they cannot sell their cotton cloth for what it costs them to produce it, the factories of Georgia and Mississippi are increasing their dimensions, and overflowing with orders which they fill at a handsome profit. What is the wise course for our Northern countrymen but to recognize the obvious fact that the power loom and spindle are no longer valuable except when set down beside the cotton plant and gin stand?

A country which finds its market abroad, so soon as the people whom it supplies come to produce at home the articles which they use, will transfer to them a part of its skilled labor and capital. We get from the middle States our implements, utensils, vehicles and furniture. But when we shall begin to convert our walnut and magnolia into chairs, tables and wardrobes, our hickory, white oak, and pine into barrels, plows and carriages, a portion of the artistic labor now employed in those States in furnishing these things to our market will be transferred to us, to convert our great forests into manufacturing cities. The Northwest sends us grain, provisions and live stock. But when we shall change our rich fields into sources of wheat, maize and rye, our vast prairies into stock farms and pasture lands, a part of the wealth employed in that country in producing those things for our use, will be transferred to our land of lighter work and quicker profits.

The next fifteen years, if the South was true to herself, might see a mass of manufacturing wealth, and skilled artistic labor transferred from other countries to the Southern Gulf States.

Convinced it is feasable and desirable to originate industries in our State, our people entrench themselves behind the impregnable barriers of poverty and ignorance, urging that it will require great skill and large capital to originate and sustain those things, and poor farmers, merchants and professional men are not equal to the undertaking. But they have skill and capital enough to originate and sustain these enterprises.

Why do they educate themselves for lawyers, doctors, politicians, farmers and merchants, when we have already a superabundance of each of these classes? The same time and labor which is required to learn one of those old pursuits would initiate one into the mysteries of a new industry. And because of the want of competition, and the encouragement which would be given it by a grateful people, the profits of the new business would exceed any of the old. He who would himself be a skilled artistic workman, or would give to the State a son, versed in a new pursuit, would accomplish more than has been attained by many an orator, soldier and statesman. In making a fortune for himself or his child, he would contribute to the general wealth.

In introducing a new industry into a country like ours an individual with small means has the advantage of a great corporation with vast capital. The products of a new industry are candidates for public favor. They must become fashionable and build up a market. While the market is being made the great joint stock company, with its mass of machinery and army of skilled workmen, is an unproductive outlay. But the individual, with no unremunerative expense, in process of creating his market is increasing his capacity for supplying it.

It is a dangerous thing in a new country to start a new industry on too great a scale. That is the cause, I think, of the failures in originating enterprises in our State. But while in the hands of their originators those schemes have sometimes failed, we observe other men always ready to buy out the business. And in the hands of these other men, they have uniformly proved successful. Industries may be introduced in either way. But the company must have surplus capital to sustain the enterprise until the market grows up to the supply. While the individual can with small means originate a self sustaining industry with equal chance of success.

The greatest industries on earth have originated with small capital and individual effort. Rhode Island is one of the chief manufacturing States of the Union. But the first industry in Rhode Island was a skilled Englishman from Manchester weaving cloth on a single hand-loom. Passing through North Carolina some years ago one would have been surprised to find on many spring branches, grist mills with small factories in the upper rooms, run by the same machinery. Those mills have grown into elaborate structures and the manufacturing wealth of North Carolina has risen to national importance. Some gardeners in Delaware began sending fruit and vegetables to the Philadelphia market. The pursuit has continued to advance and expand until the traveler through that State, passes miles and miles among orchards, vineyards and gardens, while on every side are great buildings for canning their vegetables, preserving and drying their fruit.

The origination of a new industry is all important. Then it becomes a magnet. Labor, capital, population, commerce, wealth, like iron filings, come and cluster around it. Its progress is rapid as that of a flower in one of our Southern gardens. The morning breeze which kisses the dew-drops from the petals of a tender bud, returning at eventide, is laden with the perfume of the full-blown rose.

Within the memory of men now living, the site at the junction of the Concord and Merrimac rivers was a country of small farms. Delapidated homesteads, decaying fences, rugged country roads and wasting fields were the features of the landscape. In 1814 Josiah Fletcher established there a cotton mill. Sixty feet long, fifty feet wide, running eighteen hand looms and employing twenty hands, the entire establishment cost twenty-five hundred dollars. In a few years the men of small means in the neighborhood had begun to form companies. In a few years more foreign capital was taking stock in the enterprise, because it saw a prospect of large returns. And within twenty-five years had grown up in that wilderness the beautiful city of Lowell, with thirty thousand inhabitants, twelve million dollars invested in factories, libraries, lyceums and churches, a centre of refinement, culture and wealth. Within the city are annually consumed seventy thousand bales of cotton, ninety thousand gallons of oil, thirty thousand tons of coal, besides iron, wood, dye-stuffs, indigo and numberless other commodities. Ten thousand operatives are employed in the factories, and among these are annually distributed more than two millions of dollars. But the most striking feature of the phenomenon is the effect produced on the surrounding country. As if touched by the wand of a fairy, those dilapidated homesteads have been changed into magnificent suburban residences, those decaying fences into splendidly wrought iron railings, those rugged country roads into paved streets, lighted by gass lamps, and those wasting fields into parks, pleasure drives, orchards and gardens.

Why cannot some enterprising Mississippian originate in our State an industry of that character? Why may not the small farmers of our State uniting their means sustain and enlarge it? And why will not foreign capital and skilled labor coming to our country, as they have gone to other lands, build up our wasting fields, factories and manufacturing cities.

What sites for new industries are in our State. In the Northeast corner of Tishomingo is a mountain of clear white land. Beds of lime-rock are scattered about it. Great forests stretch round it on every side. The Tennessee river laves its base. And the coal fields of Alabama are not far off. Nature seems to have selected that spot as the glass, lime and cement emporium of the world. A few miles North of us lies a beautiful lake, fed by rivulets flowing from perennial springs embedded in the hills by which it is surrounded. A broad clear rapid stream flowing from this basin falls into the Tallahatchie river. The solitude of the beautiful spot is broken by the rumbling of trains on a neighboring railroad. A horseman who drinks from the lake in the morning may rest at sundown in the Delta of the Yazoo. That wonderful county which for ages will supply the world with cotton, wants no better market and manufactory than mills upon the crystal lake, among the holly springs of good old Marshall. Often when a boy have I fished in a babbling brook which flows by my old home, laughing as it runs its rapid course, among the giant pines which shades its banks and stretch for miles on either side of it. The moss covered ruins of a saw mill stand upon its shore, like an old Nester left by a departing generation to point out to their children the grand uses of the place. Amidst orange groves and magnolias, in the land of the sea island cotton, where the song of the mocking bird mingles with the music of the waves, an island harbor tenantless of ships reposes on our Southern coast, a splendid statue, waiting the Promathean spark of Progress to warm it into life.

These spots forged in the laboratory of nature as foundations for great manufacturing and commercial wealth lie scattered through our beautiful State, like the rich wild grapes which cluster on her hill-tops and valleys.

You, my countrymen, must gather these grapes from the vineyard of wealth and press from them the sparkling wine of prosperity.

No great thing was ever achieved by a nation which did not spring from the children of the soil. At Steinkirk the English had well nigh decimated the French army. They charged the invincible Swiss soldiery and scattered them like chaff before the wind. Then Luxumburg ordered forward the household troops—the sons of La Belle France. Swinging their muskets back over their shoulders, sword in hand, they charged the English. For a moment nothing was heard but the crash of the bayonet and sabre. Then broken and defeated, the Islanders fell back down the hill. While on the heights of Steinkirk, in the rays of the morning sun, blood-stained but victorious, stood the household brigade, the heroes of the army and the saviours of France.

Now, in Mississippi, at the crisis of her fate, you are called to check the advancing column of poverty, desolation and ruin. You may let these invaders ravage our beautiful plains, or you may drive them back from another field like Steinkirk. You may make Mississippi a Cinderella in the sisterhood of States, or you may raise her to a pre-eminent dignity and power. You, like old mortality, may write the story of your country's former greatness on the tomb of her buried hopes, or like the household brigade, you may carve out for your State a future on which ages will gaze with wonder.

Last autumn I stood on the gallery of my cabin home. A dark cloud had hung for hours over the surrounding fields. The pattering of the rain on the windows and the sighing of the wind through the weeping foliage made nature dreary and sad, while the dull rumbling of distant thunder added grandeur to the scene. Suddenly the fields were flooded with the yellow rays of the setting sun. In the East hung a canopy of carmine, amber, purple and gold. And in the light of that November evening I saw in ideal presence our native State, robed like a bride, in the wealth and beauty which awaits her.

Her fields were carpeted with the products of every zone. Splendid country seats were scattered over her surface. The land was covered with railroads and canals, the rivers filled with shipping. Great manufacturing and commercial cities, reared their minarets on her plains. And within her broad armed ports slept the commerce of the civilized world.

When that ideal shall have become a realized hope, our State will be one of the brightest jewels in proud Columbia's crown.

GOV. HAYES' LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

CINCINNATI, July 9.—The following is the letter of Gov. Hayes, accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency:

COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 8, 1876.

Hon. Edward McPherson, Hon. Wm. A. Howard, Hon. Joseph H. Rainey and others, Committee of the Republican National Convention:

GENTLEMEN—In reply to your official communication of June 17, by which I am informed of my nomination for the office of President of the United States by the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati, I accept the nomination with gratitude, hoping that under Providence I shall be able if elected to execute the duties of the high office as a trust for the benefit of all the people. I do not deem it necessary to enter upon any extended examination of the declaration of principles made by the convention. The resolutions are in accord with my views, and I heartily concur in the principles they announce.

In several of the resolutions, however, questions are considered which are of such importance that I deem it proper to briefly express my conviction in regard to them.

The fifth resolution adopted by the convention is of paramount interest. More than forty years ago a system of making appointments to office grew up based upon the maxim to the victors belong the spoils. The old rule, the true rule, that honesty, capacity and fidelity constitute the only real qualifications for office, and that there is no other claim, gave place to the idea that party services were to be chiefly considered. All parties, in practice, have adopted this system. It has been essentially modified since its first introduction. It has not, however, been improved. At first the President, either directly or through the heads of departments, made all the appointments, but the appointing power, in many cases, passed into the control of members of Congress. The offices in these cases have become not merely rewards for party services, but rewards for for services to party leaders. This system destroys the independence of the separate departments of the Government. It tends directly to extravagance and official incapacity. It is a temptation to dishonesty. It hinders and impairs the careful supervision and strict accountability by which alone faithful and efficient public services can be secured. It obstructs the prompt removal and sure punishment of the unworthy, and in every way it degrades the civil service and character of the Government.

It is felt, I am confident, by a large majority of the members of Congress to be an intolerable burden and an unwarrantable hindrance to the proper discharge of their legitimate duties. It ought to be abolished. The reform should be thoroughly radical and complete. We should return to the principles and practices of the founders of the Government, supplying by legislation, when needed, that which was formerly established by custom. They neither expected nor desired from the public officer any partisan service. They meant that public officers should owe their whole service to the Government and to the people. They meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure of office as long as his personal character remained untarnished and the performance of his duties satisfactory. If elected I shall conduct the administration of the Government upon these principles, and all constitutional powers vested in the Executive will be employed to establish this reform.

The declaration of principles by the Cincinnati Convention makes no announcement in favor of a single Presidential term. I do not assume to add to that declaration, but believing that the restoration of the civil service to the system established by Washington and followed by the early Presidents, can be best accomplished by an Executive who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own re-election, I desire to perform what I regard as a duty in stating now my inflexible purpose, if elected, not to be a candidate for a second term.

On the currency question, I have frequently expressed my views in public, and stand by my record on this subject. I regard all the laws of the United States relating to the payment of the public indebtedness, the legal tender notes included, as constituting a pledge and moral obligation of the Government, which must in good faith be kept.

It is my conviction that the feeling of uncertainty, inseparable from an irredeemable paper currency with its fluctuations of values