THE CLARION.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE.

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ONE YEAR.............................$2 00
SIX MONTHS...........................1 25
CITY SUBSCRIBERS, served by Carrier.... 2 50

Names invariably discontinued at expiration of time paid for, unless renewed.

THE WEEKLY CLARION.

VOLUME XLII. JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1879. NUMBER 27.

Address of HON. WILEY P. HARRIS,

Before the Literary Societies, University of Mississippi, Wednesday, June 25, 1879.

Gentlemen of the University Societies:

It is becoming very clear to all thoughtful minds that you are to be, in a representative sense, the authors of a new *regime* in the internal life of Mississippi.

The changes wrought by events are still going on, and it is evident that we have yet to take on in nearly their full measure, the reforms by which these changes are to be met and compensated; and the conditions are such that your course will be an almost abrupt departure from ours—so that you will be deprived of the benefit of our experience; for that was gathered under an order of things which has been discarded. In this respect, yours will be a scant inheritance indeed, and this invests the circumstances in which you will be placed, with so much interest, that having been left to choose the subject of an address, I have found myself drawn to topics not ordinarily introduced on such an occasion, and which will rob my discourse of all academical flavor.

I trust you will not be disturbed by this glance at the situation. There is nothing alarming or even discouraging in it. On the contrary, you are greatly to be envied for that, as part of that wealth of opportunity which is in store for the youth of this day. The progress of knowledge, and development, is such that there is a new world for each succeeding generation. Most of us would be glad to accept the situation in order to be young, and perhaps there are those who, on account of the situation, would wish to be young.

Youth is always envied; ordinarily for its buoyant hopes and bounding pulse. We would like to be re-endowed with it for the sake of existence in its most enjoyable form, without regard to the surroundings. Now, however, there is amongst us so much to be done, and in the world, so much apparently about to be known, that from more elevated motives and without loss of dignity, one may feel and express the desire to begin life again, and go with you. There is almost a consciousness that in the near future, within the compass of a human life, it may be there is more to be seen and realized than has been revealed to any former generation. We begin to deal with the future more by calculation than by prophecy, and to our questioning it gives back something more than an echo of the past; something more than another unvarying link to the lengthening chain. Science seems about to force physical nature to give up her secrets so long withheld, and the revelation seems almost at hand. Those of us who are compelled to halt now, feel that it is at the wrong time. We envy you, therefore, because you are about to receive marching orders instead.

Again coming back to the place and time, and to you, there is something powerfully attractive, as it seems to me, in the thought that for the young men of Mississippi there will be from necessity—from the nature of the duties to be fulfilled—a change from many of the ordinary aims of life as we have had it here, to something higher. The State must be lifted up from her prostration. The aspiration will be to make the individual career not the less successful but more fruitful. Before you lies the kind of work which makes a prosperous and influential commonwealth, and able and useful men as well, for the work will make the men and the harder and more difficult the work, the higher the order of men. In presenting this prospect to you, therefore, I point to an opportunity which, by men of spirit and ambition, would be welcomed rather than shunned.

You are to be the architects of a new State. That sounds well. Let us suppose it to be true, and it is near the truth; for whether the old order of things was right or wrong, it is enough that it has been utterly thrust aside, and is to be replaced by something which, to be altogether good, must be, in many respects, new. I beg you, therefore, to consider yourselves as being now in training to build up and to serve the State. I don't mean that you are being specially trained to hold the offices of the State. Many of you will deserve to hold the offices and will doubtless get them. I mean that you are to serve the State in a broader sense, as its ardent and steadfast supporters in every way. You are to bear in mind in shaping your individual careers, that no career, however successful in itself, will be complete unless it shall have for its aim some of the objects connected with the general welfare, or unless it shall promote some of these objects, as every well directed life supports them, whatever may the pursuit or occupation. Outside the exercise of the ballot and all strictly political action, and outside of official service, there is a wide field in which serviceable homage may be rendered to the State and honorable fame acquired.

I once had for a traveling companion in a stage coach a man who was by trade a bridge builder. In the course of conversation, he said: "Wherever I go, I carry my State with me." I supposed he had the arms or insignia wrought into a badge or some ornament of the person, but his explanation was, that wherever he happened to be, he felt it to be his duty to keep up the credit of his State, even if the service went no further than good behavior. The sentiment seemed all the better coming from this plain, unassuming man. True it was but as the "moss that groweth out of the wall," but it claims kindred with the cedars of Lebanon. It is just as though when you shall have obtained your degrees here, and are about to go forth, you should say: "We will carry our University with us wherever we go." You would not mean that you would carry off the buildings as the Genii carried off Alladin's palace, but that you would take with you the moral and intellectual culture you received here, and illustrate it everywhere. It is this spirit that will build up and sustain this fine institution. How is the light of it to get out, or shine out, unless you shall go forth in that spirit? The endowment, however ample, the staff of professors however learned and efficient, these commencement ceremonies and exhibitions however imposing and brilliant, go to a certain point only. The young gentlemen who go out from here, annually, are the visible fruit of the University; its strength and growth; for what is it that imparts growth to an institution of learning? It proceeds essentially from those whom it sends forth, from the pride and reverence they manifest for it, their display of scholarship, the stand they take in the world; which being witnessed, draws general regard to the place where they were trained. So of the State. A broad and fertile territory and a goodly frame of government we have; yet the State will stand a mere cluster of cotton farms, but for the spirit which shall animate her people and which they may display in her service.

There is nothing that can befall a people more fatal to them than the loss of pride of country. If, by any misfortune, that should be extinguished or lost, under such a calamity the State and the people sink down together. It is undeniably true, that the characters we form are incomplete without the feeling of love and reverence for country and government. Men do not attain to the measure and standard of true manhood unless this feeling enters largely into their composition. Strive, therefore, to make the State an object of pride, and in this effort you will find that you have nourished the feeling into strength. You go to make up the character of the State and it enters into your character. It is like family. One takes character from his family, and he imparts character to it. It is like the University and yourselves.

Coming back to the new order of things which you are to establish and maintain, the keystone of the arch, the supporting principle of it is to be patriotism as an 'applied' fact, and patriotism applied, is an active, all-pervading public spirit at work. The illustration may be a little droll, but I am speaking to young scientists who know what I mean. I have not invented the phrase. A law or principle, property of matter or force in nature being discovered is made to do duty—is put to downright work as in the case of electricty, and is said to be "applied." That was found to exist. We do not know what it is or what is its function in the economy of the universe. It is noisy in thunder, terrible and dangerous in lightning. In action, it has the speed of thought; it generates heat and light and its power is irresistable. Men of science watched its manifestations and finally put it in harness to serve mankind. Electricity is applied in the electric telegraph, and in Mr. Eddison's electric candle. Patriotism is, next to religion, the greatest moral force in a people. It is, however, a sentiment only, and I think it exists here amongst us in a state of retirement, except when fighting is needed. Fighting, however, is the accident, not the business of a people. It is noisy at times, in stump speeches and platforms, as I saw it said of liberty the other day in a magazine. It becomes an applied principle in public spirit, working always and everywhere for the public good, putting that above all private advantage.

It may be thought to argue great poverty of conception to take up the threadbare subject of patriotism, but it covers everything. It is, combined with the natural desire to better one's condition, the great regenerating force in a people. We have not lost it. It burns warm and bright in the breast of every one of the young men before me. It is not necessary to produce a rhapsody on the virtue. I want to appeal to it in a time when all our strength is needed; to bring it into action, to give it brain and eye, arm and will.

In what forms does this energizing public spirit manifest itself? Individuals sometimes display it in endowing out of their own wealth educational institutions, churches and kindred establishments, but it mainly takes body and form, nourishment and growth in associated effort. Its effectiveness is found in society work, covering that field which constitutions and governments cannot occupy. These, in their most improved forms, organize human society and protect it against disorders. They limit power, secure freedom of action and speech; freedom of industry, and leave society, by its own energies, to accomplish its destiny. Public spirit working through voluntary agencies, is conspicuous in the advanced civilization of the west and in the foremost nations of the west. It has no place in Asiatic civilization. Has it a place here? There has been, at times, in this State bar associations, languidly moving in localities. Medical men keep up the semblance of an organized society. We have, of course, religious societies, and here and there benevolent associations. To these may be added the fraternities which are cosmopolitan. We are conspicuous, however, for the almost total absence of voluntary associations from that broad field which is so diligently cultivated by them elsewhere. I am most anxious to draw your attention to this subject—to arrest your attention and to fix it on the idea I have.

Looking into our legislation immediately after the close of the war, I find laws apparently designed to fill the vacancy. For example, Acts incorporating:

The Agricultural, Manufacturing and Educational Aid Society.

The Society for the advancement of the Arts and Sciences.

A Society in aid of the establishment of Asylums.

A Society to aid in establishing an Orphans' Home.

The uninitiated world reading these titles, would have said: "Here is a people, with their government and social system upset; their State a dismantled wreck from the shock of civil war, going resolutely and wisely to work at all the great corners of their structure of civilization. God speed." But in looking into the Acts, it is found that all these incorporated associations were lottery schemes for private gain, audaciously masquerading in these specious disguises. I forbear comment. What is a sham here is a magnificent reality elsewhere.

There are countries, there are States of our Union where public spirit is so high and so active that there is scarcely an interest material, social, moral or intellectual, on which the welfare of society, in any considerable degree depends, which is not presided over and urged forward by permanent voluntary organizations—by society work. In England, you rarely find a gentleman of any note who is not a member of one or more societies in full activity. Societies to improve the criminal laws, poor laws, prison discipline; societies to promote industries; to prevent this evil and to advance that salutary reform; to spread knowledge; societies to promote all the husbandries; learned societies; art societies—in short, societies over everything, and to these are to be added the fraternities and trades unions. The whole work of human progress is parceled out and thoroughly and zealously done. What is the consequence? Where these agencies do most prevail there is a prosperous and influential people and prosperous and influential because of them. They bring out the whole strength of a country and its people. These innumerable organizations, in every branch of science, art and industry and in all the range of benevolences, collect facts and observations and digest them into intelligent forms, and this knowledge, proceeding from these many sources, makes up the sum of a public intelligence and education, creating an instructed public opinion, which goes up to the legislature there to fructify in wise and provident laws.

There is nothing that so impresses the mind with the dignity of man, as the spectacle of a people in full activity, and through their own voluntary organizations devised by themselves, expanding their educational systems into the wider and wider diffusion of knowledge; their charities into more and more judicious and comprehensive methods of relief; their industries to meet the demands of an increasing population; improving their laws into a closer adaptation to needs of society, and from these generous and ennobling activities, themselves, steadily rising in the scale of moral and intellectual growth. My young friends, look upon it. It is to be seen in some of the members of this great family of States, and it is what is meant by the march of civilization. It is the grand march.

Individuals may feel strongly and think intensely, but the feeling will die out or grows morbid, and the thought dissolve into dreams and vagaries unless it takes some form of effective action or expression. I know that the world is indebted to individuals highly endowed for unaided achievements of inestimable value, but we must not wait for a prophet to arise. That medium talent and intelligence, which like the middle class in society, is the reliable force, gets its strength out mainly, and I may say only, in combinations.

There is in the average man and woman a largely prevalent desire to do something for the general good. It is felt by all as a debt they owe, and there is a genuine pleasure in the sense of having in some way paid this debt. In the middle ranks, a country has always, even when financially oppressed, a teeming treasury of energy in this ennobling feeling.

It is my earnest desire, young gentlemen, to impress you with this great truth. These societies bring out the resources and energies of a country and direct them. Animated by public spirit, disciplined and marshaled, they are prepared to urge a country along on the path of progress and in battle array to withstand the evils which would retard its progress. There have been at work some causes to diminish our reliance on this great machinery, of which I will speak after a while.

The value of these agencies was first and mainly exhibited in the advancement of the sciences, literature and the arts, and it is needless to dwell upon the universally attested and acknowledged benefits which have resulted to mankind from societies of this kind. Before they had come into general notice Lord Bacon in the New Atlantis placed the natural sciences, each under the direction of a separate body of men, and over these he placed another body of men whose office was to collect from the subordinate organizations, all the discoveries and observations, and to digest them, and simplify their application to the uses of mankind. These last he named "Benefactors" Voluntary societies for the advancement of the progressive sciences have realized the half prophetic vision of Bacon. The Royal Society of London, which stands at their head, was founded by private individuals after Bacon's essay appeared. It is enough to say of societies of this kind that they supplement and minister largely to the growth of the great educational establishments. Education is advanced and applied and reaches the mass of mankind. You need not be told that if you regard your deploma as a mere honorable discharge from the University, that its light will die out like the spark. These societies offer a great theatre of action and a great public to applaud, and therefore a definite and attainable object of ambition to those who seek distinction in learned and scientific pursuits. Suppose for example that we had an historical society in Mississippi, as we find them in other States. The materials are rich and abundant. It would exert an immediate influence on the chain of history in your University, investing it with new and lively interest, and so any other branch of learning, and especially in the progressive sciences.

The efficiency and energizing power of these voluntary agencies have been applied very generally in the United States to the industries, as a method of teaching how to get the most and the best out of the principal pursuits, especially in agriculture in its largest sense, and with amazing success. We have exhausted language in extolling the capacities of our soils, and they are very great indeed, and yet we have but one industry—one branch of agriculture conspicuous. That a country will lag in the race, which has but a few pursuits is as true as that its progress is shown by their greater number; and that a people lag, and deteriorate, is as true as that the highest civilization is found in those countries in which there is the fullest complement of pursuits. At the great fair at Philadelphia, it was observable that Canada and all colonial England, Brazil and the new States of the West were advertising for immigrants, and this was done by the exhibition of the variety of production, and especially food products. People who seek a country will shun those in which the range of products and pursuits have scant liberty of choice. This is a law. You may justly complain of faults of government, and vices of population as temporary hindrances to immigration, but in the end and over all, and through all the capacity of a country to give this liberty of choice and to afford the assured basis of a living in the production of food, will decide its fate. People listen to our oft-repeated assertions, but they look for the evidence and that evidence is not here conspicuous by any means. "Why have you not developed these resources in sixty years of your life?" If it be good for us, it is good for you." Apply your society work at this point.

Again: this one branch of agriculture, which we have allowed ourselves to drop down upon, requires more human labor, that is a greater number of laborers, than any other branch of agriculture or husbandry and the yield is less in proportion to the laborers employed, than in any other, and from an experience of fourteen years under existing conditions less than in any other industry. Unsupported by any vigorous auxiliaries, it has lost its independence, and rural life, that beautiful variety of life, that flower of the fields, has withered and died. Moreover the class of laborers chiefly employed in cotton culture, are not the poorer, or as it is called the lower class of society as composed elsewhere, where the upper and lower classes of the same race are interlaced by that constant ascending and descending which goes on, and keeps up a close connection and sympathy between the upper and lower class. That great body of negro laborers we have here, is detached and separated from the upper class by a line at once indellible and impassable.

It is a great mistake to suppose that this want of connection and sympathy is compensated by a stronger local attachment. Ignorance and feebleness of character has brought on that peculiar timidity which shrinks from change, but the desire of change is strong and easily aroused, and when aroused, as we have lately seen, it runs into an ungovernable and unreasoning stampede.

This great interest is, therefore, subject to labor famine, or what is as bad, the constant apprehension of the disaster. There is one perfectly feasible remedy, and that is to bring out the energies of the people in the development of those industries and branches of agriculture which do not require so many laborers, and which will attract a different class of laborers—sheep husbandry, fruit culture, stock raising, the production of grain and forage, the dairy—and I might swell the list. A majority of these industries are elsewhere presided over by societies. These societies are teachers. They employ themselves in collecting and digesting all the facts, the observations and the experiments bearing on the industry they seek to promote. The soils, the management, the diseases and their remedies, economic methods, the markets and transportation, and these they spread before the country in carefully prepared reports. The industry is dignified; the members feel that they are connected with public progress; they encourage each other, and the enterprise goes forward to great growth and prosperity. Mississippi, as presented to the world, and good deal through our agency, is a swamp, intersected by baleful lagoons, with here and there a huge cotton farm cultivated by negroes. The fact is, that five-sixths of its area is hill and dale, interspersed with noble forests and intersected by flowing streams. I do not propose that we should abandon cotton culture, but give it a healthier existence by limiting it to economic bounds, and carrying forward by the side of it the needed auxiliaries.

I find myself so near a grave matter, the question paramount with us, that I will express myself upon it to these young gentlemen. A policy which looks to the lessening of our dependence on the negro population, and of its influence on our affairs, is, in my opinion, the true policy, for many weighty considerations. Owing to inherent infirmities that population can only attain to independent life, if at all, by a very slow process, and when that shall be attained, its want of thrift and energy will render it incapable of advancing the material interests of a country where they form so large an element as they do here. Added to these hindrances is a position in the politics of the country which keeps it in a state of restless expectation and discontent. Their one conception of a mission, and that was twin-born with their freedom, is to obey blindly people and parties outside of our borders, and I am forced to believe that these influences are becoming more and more unfriendly to us. Thus constituted, thus animated and thus swayed, and so strong in numbers, this population is a standing menace to the supremacy of those who should control in affairs, constantly presenting an issue dangerous to the peace of the country. And even without this constantly recurring source of danger, they offer that temptation to the worst elements in a popular government, which will gradually undermine and finally destroy all political virtue. Again: This incessant and dangerous turmoil and the hopelessness of founding on the negro any solid prosperity, will drive the enterprising white people to seek elsewhere exemption from these evils. It is with no satisfaction that I contemplate the possibility that what you are to build up here shall take the impress of that people, and I pray that by the peaceful operation of those laws and causes which move populations to seek to better their condition, that you may, by degrees, be finally "delivered from the body of this death," and at all events, that their numbers will be so far reduced that they will no longer attract the attention of men and parties.

They are not responsible for the condition which surround us, and there can be no justification for measures of repression of the desire to disperse themselves in the west or elsewhere, and no justification for hastening such movements. The remedy is to learn to dispense with them by adding to our industries, and thus bringing them under the influence of that ebb and flow which wages and efficiency and demand create in the same class everywhere. I cannot too strongly impress upon you the caution not to allow yourselves to fall into that hypochrondriachal condition in which you shall conceive nothing and do nothing except in connection with the African. Be just to the negro. That is the manly part; but rely on yourselves.

Coming back to my main plea for society work as the machinery by which public spirit takes hold of the problems of society. These societies are vigilant and diligent to find remedies and resources.

Let me give another direction to the subject. Since the disastrous civil war, there has been a great tumbling down of fortunes and families. These calamities have fallen more heavily upon the women than upon the men; for even with our limited range of pursuits, the men have found something to do, but the women nothing. Needlework is a vile drudgery and altogether inadequate. I heard a missionary say that he had found a tribe in Africa whose social structure had these remarkable features: The men wove the cloth and fashioned and made all the garments for the men, women and children of the tribe. The women were the merchants and shop-keepers. Should we be tempted to borrow anything more from Africa, I vote for that, with appropriate limitations.

I don't propose to take up the subject of the education of women for professional or scientific pursuits. Certain branches of the arts, all indeed that pertain to design, to grace and beauty of form, decorative art in its broadest sense, sense, will will afford a resource in that direction. My attention, however, has been drawn to an humbler and more general want, and that is, suitable work to make a living. There are countless articles in daily use here, which are the product of the female skill of other countries. Why shall we not produce them here? If we lack the skill we can acquire it. If we lack the materials we can import them, as others do. I said to a gentleman not long since on this subject: "Go into a variety store and see how largely the stock is composed of articles that are the handiwork of women. Can we not introduce the manufacture of such things here?" His reply, was: "Don't you know that most of these things are made by machinery?" It seems to me this is no answer. From personal observation I know that in the manufacture of these articles female skill presides over it all. They preside over the machinery so far as it is employed. I venture to say that in any community, if the public-spirited men and women would organize themselves into a society to promote this object, they will find the remedy, because they will look for it. I once asked General Fremont how he accounted for the singular fact that the Spanish settlers in California, who tramped over that country for a century with gold in the earth and on the earth, without discovering it. "For the simple reason," said he, "that they did not look for it. When I went there I organized a search for it, and of course found it." We have yet to organize a search for the remedy we want, and so I might say of remedies for much else that is wanting here.

Now, my young friends, when you come to take on yourselves the duties of manhood, don't suppose that you have fulfilled your duty to the gentler sex by mounting the high horse and riding into the lists of some Ashley de la Zouch of high society, but with a nobler manhood and a more knightly spirit, bethink you of the thousands of Little Nells who should not be left to the charity of the old schoolmaster. No; nor to charity at all. You will combine and persist until that remedy is found.

I am confronted in my plea for society work by the failure of the Grange. That organization failed everywhere from the same causes. It had naught to do with the methods of agriculture. It separated one great interest from all others and was in spirit militant. It made war on those engaged in trade and transportation, and in the attempt to break down monopoly, menaced free competition. It did not propose to teach, but to govern and fell from its inherent defects. The societies which I recommend proceed on the sound principle that the industries which they promote, flourish most when those which surround it flourish most. I am also admonished that public spirit, taking the form of associated effort, sometimes provokes ridicule by its absurdities. Mr. Dickens amused his readers by the Bricklaying Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Society, but this spirit is one of the things which can never be entirely despised nor dishonored, however grotesque and absurd the forms in which at times it displays itself.

This public spirit does something more. It upholds law and order. It flames up higher and fiercer than private resentment at an insult to public authority—a defiance of law. It feels it as an insult to self, to wife and children and every man, woman and child, in the land, as a blow at government, law and order, and everything they promote and protect. It will urge, strive and combine. It will support the magistracy and never cease its efforts until the supremacy of the law shall be firmly established and acknowledged. It inspires that public opinion which is the strength of the law.

The peculiar virtue of its exhibition is, that the spirit of disorder and crime quails before it, and the victory is won without any violent collision. We saw how in New York a set of bad men possessed themselves of all the seats of power and made spoil of the public revenues. The machinery of the law was paralyzed. A body of citizens organized themselves into a society, roused up the slumbering energies of the people, and when this was done, the whole fabric of systematized plunder fell to the ground.

Society work has never had a footing here, and I must be permitted to say, it is partly from the absence of public spirit and partly from another cause. We have no internal traffic, notwithstanding our enormous consumption. Such a traffic keeps up the contact and connections of a people, and if we had more industries it would grow up here. We have no great city, the centre of intelligence and capital, and the focus of our civilization. Manufactures would build that for us. Our main product is tributary to cities of other States. There is not here a great consolidated public into which we feel blended. We have not entirely freed ourselves from another influence, which weakened public spirit, springing out of slavery. The wealth of the country taking the form of plantations and slaves, created so many small communities. The master was a ruler—a law-giver and judge. He had his workshops. Sending his cotton out of the State, he had his foreign relations. He was in a measure independent of home government and home connections. The truth is, he was willing to let the government alone if it would let him alone. Men of this class had the usual share which wealth everywhere has, of education and intelligence. All these tendencies conspire to weaken the sense of duty to the general public—to that public which is represented by the State, which has come to be regarded as something apart from us—as a high and dry political idea. From all this has sprung an overweening pride of individuality, and a lurking dislike to associated effort. Let us admit that this spirit has produced splendid specimens of individual men; yet it is not the spirit which makes a great commonwealth. It is not self-reliance, for that is never afraid of being lost in a crowd, or of being interfered with by societies. This individualism is very timid on that score. Don't understand me, young gentlemen, as making an assault on the doctrine, "Let every boy spin his own top." I mean to stand by that, but mark you, I make this point on it. When a boy is called on to spin a top, let him spin his own top by all means, but don't let him be always spinning his own top, and do nothing but spin his own top.

One thing more. I remember that Mr. Carlyle in his inaugural address as rector of the University of Edinburg, amongst other things, dwelt upon the subject of health. Without aspiring to imitate the great man, I claim his authority for mentioning a subject of almost equal importance, and that is the practice of individual economy. It ought to be taught here.

That surplus of ready money which gives to some States the power to build themselves up is the aggregate of private savings. We seem never to have known what are the actual results of a systematic private economy. The methods of this economy are not in stinted food and raiment: it is in getting rid of all expensive habits and follies. Try the experiment of seeing how many things you can, without disadvantage, do without. The man of the fewest wants is the most independent of men. Of all the virtues that which produces the richest and strongest character, is self-denial. It will save you from many mortifications and embarrassments. A man by avoiding all habits and acquired appetites, which do not advance him and yet entail expense, will find that he is able to be liberal and benevolent. He may enjoy the supreme gratification now and then of helping others. This economy therefore which I strongly urge upon you to adopt as a principle of life is but the retention of the power, to do the right thing at the right time. It is a manly virtue. In entering for the race do not load yourselves down with a burden of bad and wasteful habits.

Let me say to you, my young friend, in conclusion: You are going out from here instructed and trained, to be the leaders of thought and action. Take the nobler view of life and the right estimate of your value to the State, and put your hearts and hands in the work of building it up. We are hopeful of you, and do as in a vision see the inspiring spectacle of a generation carefully laying the foundations of a structure of society and government, in the multiplication of industries, in the enlargement of the educational system, and in reverence for government and authority; putting on round upon round, with steady resolve, until by degrees, rising higher and higher, it shall be seen from afar, and admired of all men.

If you borrow a quart of milk of a neighbor, make a pint of returning it.

For THE CLARION.]

THE KANSAS EMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

BY GUY PERCIVAL.

I'm sittin' on de w'arf Dinah, de w'arf at Wyandotte,
De place whar Kansas darkies sit, dat's all the place dey's got;
I'm mighty tired ob dis place, but what's de use to pine,
Dey fotch us here—our Norther frien's, what had an ax to grind.

Frien's, I said? no, no, not friens, for frien'ship am played out;
De darkie's frien's dats here, I think, is dem you read about.
Der's 'bout nine hundred darkies here, some sick an' some a' dyin,
It grieves my heart to hear de wail ob haf starv'd chil'en cryin.

My money's all gone up de spout, my heart grows faint an' sad;
Unless a darkey's belly's full you know he's neber glad.
I miss de ole smoke house at home, I miss de meat an' bread,
I sometimes feel so hongry, dat I almos' wish I'se dead.

I thought to-day ob old marse John, an' ob Miss Jennie too,
I thought ob *all* de folks at home, an' of'n thought ob you;
I thought about de good ole times, aroun' de cabin doo',
I thought about de merry songs I'll neber sing no mo'.

I think I see de corn upon de ole plantation growin',
I think I see de cotton fields, wid niggers in it hoein',
I think I see de little folks roll on de cabin floo,'
I think I hear my ole'st boy playin' de ole banjo.

I think I see dear young marse Frank, a' ridin' 'roun' an' lookin,'
I think I see aunt Milly Jane up in de kitchen cookin';
I think I smells de sweet ham meat a' fryin' on de griddle,
I think I hear our young marse Joe a' playin' on his fiddle.

Dars young Miss Maude, de youngest chile, what missus calls her baby,
She ain't no baby now, you bet, she's des a grown young lady;
I think I see her skippin' roun', her dress all floune'd an' flutter'd,
You bet she makes de gem'mens know which side der bread is buttered.

I think I hear her playin' now upon de big peannner
Dat makes mo' noise dan all de bands in de State ob Luzyanner,
I think I hear ole marser say "come up an' draw yo' rations,"
But den I know sich soun's as dem is in de 'maginations.

I think I smell de sweet perfumes ob de white magnolia blossoms,
I think I hear my good ole dog a' treein' ob de possums.
Der ain't no possums in dis lan' jes for de simple reas'n,
Der ain't no trees, dey's burnt um all to keep de folks from freez'n.

I wish I could go back agin upon de ole plantation,
I'd stay dar till de angel blow'd his horn of resurrection,
I wouldn't listen to no tales from Mr. Windom's party,
I'd stay dar 'long wid ole marse John, a poor, but wiser darkey.

RANKIN COUNTY, June 14, 1879.

ADDRESS OF EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS.

BEFORE THE MISSISSIPPI PRESS ASSOCIATION AT PASCAGOULA, JUNE 4TH, 1879.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is not in the power of words to express how deeply I am touched by the warmth and cordiality of your reception. From my earliest youth my hopes and aspirations and interests have been identified with Mississippi. Duty has often led me abroad beyond her boundaries, but whether serving in camp or cabinet, in the field or in the Senate—whether leading her brave sons to battle or bound with chains in the darkness of a dungeon—my allegiance and my affections have been ever true to Mississippi.

* In that dark period of which you have spoken, Sir (to Major Barksdale,) we were not only fettered in body, but bound in speech, so that scarcely a word could be uttered in vindication from calumny, for the voice of the Press was then hushed by the power of the bayonet. Among the charges with which we were so freely flouted was the renewed accusation that Mississippi had at a former period repudiated her own just and honest debts. As one who had no part nor agency in the legislation of that period—as one who was always known to be an advocate of the payment of every honest debt, at whatever cost of labor or sacrifice of interest—let me here say that the charge is untrue, and that no taint of 'repudiation' sullies the fair fame of our State.

I rejoice with you in the restoration of freedom, and that Mississppi is again governed by Mississippians. In the darkest of our troubles it has been a consolation to be able to say, with the patriarch Job "I know that my Avenger lives," and to feel an abiding confidence in the final triumph of Truth.

Gentlemen of the press, it is especially gratifying to meet so many of you assembled in council, for in you is largely dependent the future weal or woe of our beloved State. The power which you wield is one most potent for good or evil. It can hardly fail to be exerted for greater good and for the promotion of a higher standard of public and personal morality through mutual conference and counsel. The tone of the press of Mississippi, is already, in my judgment, unsurpassed by that of any other State; and I think I have a right to judge, having formerly been an active member of a political party, and as such amenable to the criticism of the newspapers of the opposite party. No man ever had less cause to complain of his opponents on the score of truthfulness, or candor, or courtesy, or decorum.

Most cheering of all, my countrymen, is the expression of the kindness and approval of so many of that sex which was "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," and which in our own day have furnished the most shining examples of unselfish and heroic fidelity to truth and right, to God and country. Seeing you here, I am tempted to repeat a remark made once before, although it was misinterpreted and misrepresented by our enemies—that I had never yet seen a Southern woman who was "reconstructed." Your devotion and your steadfast fidelity gave us reason to hope that the children of such women will yet vindicate the principles which we failed to maintain.

Let no one suppose than I am advocating revival of sectional strife. It is not the good of the South alone, but of all parts of the country, that requires the maintenance of sound constitutional principles. We, of the South, have never been disunionists. We were always the most steadfast friends of the Union as organized by the Constitution. Nullification and secession—for a resort to which in our despair of the preservation of a constitutional union we have been so bitter reviled—were first suggested to us by the North. They originated in New England. We resorted to them reluctantly, in the last extremity, as a dire necessity, and not from choice or on light occasion. As the South was then, as it has always been, so may it ever be, true to the union of the Constitution.

My friends, for all Mississippians are my friends, I love Mississippi, and I love Mississippians, may God bless you, each and all, now and forever.

We have not attempted to interject any expression of the repeated and most enthusiastic outbursts of applause by which these remarks were interrupted at every possible opportunity.

* It may not be improper here to state that, since the meeting, Mr. Davis has said in private conversation that this remark was specially suggested by seeing before him Col. F. A. Tyler, of the Holly Springs South, who was thirty years ago the editor of a paper opposed to him in politics, but always distinguished by its fairness and courtesy.

Short Dresses for Women.

A lady just returned from a protracted stay in Paris says:*

"I was thoroughly astonished in visiting Worth's, to find all the newest costumes made short. In fact, no fabric was too costly to cut up into dresses of walking length. Only dinner costumes and ball dresses were made long. House dresses, promenade dresses, are all made of one length. A Parisian lady does not pretend to be seen on the street holding up her skirts."

Mr. Thomas of Decatur, Ala., tried to demonstrate the possibility of living without food, but the experiment was a failure, after a fair trial of 38 days. The funeral was quiet and unostentations.

CANNIBALISM IN TEXAS.

Runaway Negroes Slaughter One of Their number and Feast Upon His Flesh.

From the San Antonio Express, June 15.]

There is in this city a Mexican by the name of Francisco Alvares, now residing on East street, west of the San Pedro, who has frequently told a story about two runaway negroes, a man and a woman, eating up a third member of their party. Alvares was with a train which brought the two cannibals back to San Antonia. Many persons have doubted the truth of the tale told by Alvares, but it is nevertheless true, as there are many persons living who were here at the time, by whom the facts are remembered. Mr. John C. French, now one of our wealthiest and most respected citizens, was master of the train which found the surviving man and woman, and returned them to this city. The details of the shocking story are also preserved in print, and are found published in the Western Texan, a San Antonio newspaper of that day, under date of March 20, 1851. The following is what the Western Texan said about it:

"Several gentlemen, a short distance in advance of the train which had just arrived from El Paso, encountered a party of runaway negroes at the Limpio spring on the other side of the Pecos river. When discovered, there were but two of the negroes alive, and they were in a state of misery almost impossible to be described. They had been entirely without food for ten days, and had been forced, to save themselves from actual starvation, to kill their companion, which act they had perpetrated on the morning of the day on which they were discovered. They had stripped his bones of every particle of meat which could be obtained, and after having satisfied their hunger with this revolting food, were, when captured, in the act of broiling and preparing the remainder to serve them in their march towards Mexico. Without doubt, they would have perished had they not been discovered at the time they were, as they were still 200 miles from the Rio Grande, without any means of killing game, and in a most emaciated condition. The two that were taken, one a boy calling himself Henry, and the other a girl, Melinda, were brought in with his train, and will be confined in San Antonio until some intelligence is received from their owner or owners. They give the following account of themselves: They say that all three belonged to the same owner, Mr. Charles Owens, who lives near Holly Springs, in Marshall county, Mississippi, from whom they escaped more than a year ago, and have been on their way towards Mexico ever since that time. The name of the boy who was killed was Morgan. They were all young negroes, apparently not more than twenty-two years old. After striking the El Paso road, they derived what sustenance they could from the hides of oxen which had died and been left on the road by the several trains which have heretofore made that trip. Finding it was impossible to support life in that manner they had conversed several times upon the question of drawing lots for their lives, to see upon whom the fate should fall of being sacrificed to support the other two. This project, however, was not assented to. The boy Morgan then threatened to make sure of the first opportunity, and kill Henry unawares. Henry, however, proved to be more cautious of the two, and availing himself of the first opportunity when Morgan was asleep, he cut his throat and made use of the body as above described. We have heard of instances of misery similar to the above happening on the ocean, but this is the first instance within our recollection upon land, where human beings were compelled to devour each other to save themselves from death by starvation."

Child-Life on the Aamzons.

Mr. Herbert H. Smith, writing in the July Scribner of "An Indian Village on the Amazons," thus describes a very interesting phase of tropical life:

Child-life here is an exceedingly curious study; the little quiet creatures are so different from our romping American boys and girls. They get few caresses and give none; mother-love is mechanical; there is nothing of that overflow tenderness, that constant watchful care, that sheds such a halo around our homes. The babies vegetate in their steady brown fashion, seldom crying or laughing, but lying all day in their hammock cradles and watching everything around them with keen eyes. As soon as the little boys and girls can toddle about they are left pretty much to their own resources, tumbling up the back stairs of life on a diet of mandioca meal and fish. The parents seldom punish their children, for they are very docile; when they do, the little ones pucker up their mouths and look sullen, but do not cry. Pleasure is expressed by a smile,—among the little girls very often by a broad grin, with abundant show of teeth,—but an articulate laugh is a rarity.

It is interesting to watch how the mental traits of the race appear even in the young babies. If a plaything is given them, they examine it gravely for a little while, and then let it drop. Observe how different this is from a white baby's actions. A bright little six-months-old at home has four distinct methods of investigation: first, by looking; second, by touching; then by putting the object in its mouth; and finally banging it against the floor. The brown *menino* just looks; he does not investigate at all. As the children grow older, the same trait is apparent in almost every case. An Indian is content to see or hear a thing, without troubling himself about the whys and wherefores; even such incomprehensible pursuits as fossil-collecting, or butterfly-catching, or sketching, provoke hardly any curosity. The people look on quietly, sometimes asking a question or two, but soon dismissing the subject from their minds as something they are incapable of understanding. With all the crowding to see the lady of our party, hardly a person asked why she came. So, too, the babies are unambitious; they do not cry after pretty colors, or stretch out their hands to a candle. And the men have no apparent desire to better their lot. They go on just as their fathers did; submit to the impositions of the whites, a little sullenly, but without a thought of rebellion, unless there is a white or a half-breed to lead them. The children do not care much for playthings; we rarely see one with a rag doll; the little boys delight in bows and arrows, but they take them as a part of their training. Sometimes the people have dances, in imitation of the *festa* sports; and we hear them humming the waltzes and quadrilles which their quick ears have caught from the musicians. As an Indian will paddle steadily all day, while his wife at home hardly ceases her monotonous cotton-beating, so the little ones have an inexhaustible gift of patience. Where a white child would fret and cry, the brown one sits all day, perfectly still, but watching everything around him. To see a little Indian boy in a canoe, you would say that nothing of him was alive but his eyes.

Great bore—a man of small calibre.

Rubber Gathering on the Amazons.

In the early morning, men and women come with baskets of clay cups on their backs, and little hatchets to gash the trees. Where the white milk drips down from the gash they stick their cups on the trunk with daubs of clay, molded so as to catch the whole flow. If the tree is a large one, four or five gashes may be cut in a circle around the trunk. On the next day other gashes are made a little below these, and so on until the rows reach the ground. By eleven o'clock the flow of milk has ceased, and the *seringueiros* come to collect the contents of the cups in calabash jugs. A gill or so is the utmost yield from each tree, and a single gatherer may attend to a hundred and twenty trees or more, wading always through these dark marshes, and paying dearly for his profit in fever and weakness. Our *mameluco* hostess has brought in her day's gathering—a calabash full of the white liquid, in appearance precisely like milk. If left in this condition it coagulates after a while and forms an inferior whitish gum. To make the black rubber of commerce the milk must go through a peculiar process of manufacture, for which our guide has been preparing. Over a smoldering fire, fed with the hard nuts of the *tucuma* palm, he places a kind of clay chimney, like a wide-mouthed, bottomless jug, through this *boiao* the thick smoke pours in a constant steam. Now he takes his model,—in this case case a wooden one, like a round-bladed paddle,—washes it with the milk, and holds it over the smoke until the liquid coagulates. Then another coat is added, only now, as the wood is heated, the milk coagulates faster. It may take the gatherings of two or three days to cover the mold thickly enough. Then the rubber is still dull white, but in a short time it turns brown and finally almost black, as it is sent to the market. The mass is cut from the paddle and sold to traders in the village. Bottles are sometimes made by molding the rubber over a clay ball, which is then broken up and removed. Our old-fashioned rubber shoes used to be made in this way.—Brazilian Sketches in June Scribner.

Short Stops.

When a society reporter wishes to puff a plain, vulgar girl, he remarks that she is as beautiful as she is accomplished.

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his razor, he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman with corns.

A child without legs has just been born. "Thank Heaven!" said the weeping father, "this will never be a champion pedestrian."

A Connecticut man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady to her boarders. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied one of them.

A Scotch nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which at the time there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim, "Mr. X, your office is as hot as an oven." "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer, "it is here I make my bread."

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street, one day last week, and the following conversation took place: "Well, judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good, but I have got past you, for I'm living on charity."

A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment: "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' its naythur of us." "Yaw, dat ish dru. I am anudder man, und you is yourself, and we are some odder bodies."

Mrs. A.—"Somebody's in the next room. I wonder what they're doing." (Looking wistfully at the keyhole.) "I'm a good mind to peek." Mrs. B.—"Oh, I wouldn't; 'tisn't right." Mrs. A.—"I don't care; I'm just dying to know." (Puts eye to keyhole, but immediately takes it away, disconcerted.) "H'm! the key is in." Mrs. B.—"Yes; so I found before you came in."—Boston Transcript.

General Notes.

Kentucky is a little ahead. She turns out a petrified baby which has been buried for ten years.

The present style of dress, when adopted by the ladies of uncertain age, reminds one of the old familiar comparison; "mutton draped lamb fashion."

Sir Isaac Newton lived and died a bachelor. "There are good mariages, but there are no delightful ones," said the cynical Rochefoucauld.

It is stated that some of the fashionable fans in Paris cost $2000 each, being jewelled and painted by eminent artists. But how can they "raise the wind?"

Smithers, being asked if he liked sausages, replied that he had never eaten any; they were to him a terrier *incognita*.

All bores are not nuisances. Some of them are positive blessings, like the tunnel through St. Gothard, which will be traversed by trains at the end of next November.

The old soldier who served under Blutcher at Waterloo has made his appearance in Iowa. We certainly heard of that man's death some time since, but that don't signify.

Mummy Paint.

Few persons are aware that veritable Egyptian mummies are ground up into paint. But in this country, and in Europe, mummies are used for this purpose, the asphaltum with which they are impregnated being of a quality superior to that which can elsewhere be obtained, and producing a peculiar brownish tint when made into paint, which is prized by distinguished artists both of this and of other countries. The ancient Egyptians, when they put away their dead, wrapped in clothes saturated with asphaltum, builded, as it were, better than they knew, and could never have realized the fact that ages after they had been laid in the tombs and pyramids along the Nile their dust would be used in painting pictures in a world then undiscovered, and by artists whose languages were then unknown.

AFTER mature deliberation, and with full knowledge of the possible effect of our words upon our fellow mortals, we wish to remark that the man who can play three games of croquet without murder in his heart and a general desire to punch things, animate and inanimate, is either too good for this wicked world or a first-rate player.—Boston Transcript.

MAN is a gudgeon—woman is the line; her smile, the float; her kiss, the bait. Love is the hook. And marriage is the frying-pan.—Puck.

THE PRESS THE PIONEER.

The following poem was delivered before the Tennessee Press Association, in Gallatin, by its author, Major Henry T. Stanton:

A land, environed, lies at rest,
And neither reach is free;
Toward the East, toward the West,
On either side, a sea;
It gleameth like an Arab tent
Upon a desert plain—
A whited isle, a continent
Uplifted from the main.

Here, link by link, the mountains run,
And wide flats intervene;
Here autumn's work is done,
And spring endureth green.
There, sharp-defined, the white caps stand
Outlining all the West;
There, eastward, surf abrades the land,
And neither sea's at rest.

On either sea go bouyant ships,
That in gray distance fade—
Go downward, as the water dips,
To lesser isles outlaid;
Strong ships, that seek the breaking dawn;
Strong ships, that seek the night;
And some will take the shadow on,
And some reflect the light.

And isle and ocean make the sphere,
And keep the Master's plan;
And seas afar, and seas anear,
Are sociate to man.
The world no longer seemeth wide,
With ships on either hand—
With continents and seas allied
By ligaments of sand.

In quest of truth by steady way,
Observant men have sped;
They bring thick darkness up to day,
The animate the dead.
They challenge stubborn earth to yield,
And lay its treasure bare;
They wrest its secret from the field
That brings the harvest fair.

Nor rock, nor tree, nor shooting blade,
Nor any things that be,
Beyond the touch of man is laid,
In continent or sea.
He delves the mine, he probes the deep,
And in his crystal cup,
From whence the under-currents sleep,
He bringeth glories up.

Beneath the massy water drear,
Through lucent, silent miles,
He goeth where the polyps rear
Their iridescent piles.
There is no thing but hath its worth,
But yieldeth full its share—
The merest atom of the earth,
The monad of the air.

As, age by age, the polyp plies
His cunning mason-hand,
Till mighty weights of seas uprise
To germinate the land—
So man, the greater zoophyte,
Is bringing from the sea
His obelisk of Truth to light
For all eternity.

Untiring man! There is no dearth
Of good that he may learn;
He bringeth all things of the earth
To ashes in his urn;
He goeth on, nor stops to spare
The splendors of the day,
Though fallen bud and blossom fair,
Be trampled in his way.

Yet science keepeth in its dawn,
And all its world appears
With scarce a mark where men have gone
Across the grass of years.
With uncrushed bloom that lies abed,
By blades that bend with dew,
Its morning field breaks fresh ahead
For feet to hurtle through.

The novel way that some have sought
It fitted for the shoon
Of such as see the sun-woof wrought
Beyond the afternoon.
The plainer path, if such there be,
A coming mass may find—
It treads where Science will not see—
Where Genius wanders blind.

And days and years go on and on,
And all the ages pass,
And still moves science in its dawn
Across the pasture-gass;
And plodding millions take the trail
Of scattered bloom and spray,
Till constant-dropping feet avail
To make the beaten way.

And what were Science if it went
The newer way to find,
Without this coming legion tent
Upon its trace behind?
Go scan some long-surviving oak,
And it may chance to be
It bears De Soto's blazing stroke
On primal Tennessee.

'Twill serve to illustrate with force,
And make the truth appear,
That millions follow in his course
Who sets the pioneer;
That forests fall, and cities rise
And sparkle in the day,
Behind the man whose steady eyes
Are on the newer day.

He leaves his mark who moves beyond,
However light his tread—
A bruised leaf, a broken frond,
A calyx early shed!
The faintest trace the foot can make
Is that apparent track
That all the world, anon, will take,
To gather at his back.

To careful eyes all nature brings
Great truth in perfect zone,
As on the severed oak in rings
The saps of years are shown.
And suns may rise, and suns may set,
And Truth will still appear
To him whose steady course is set
To act the pioneer.

Let us, who represent the Press,
As yet within its youth,
Leave sign that we are none the less
Brave seekers after Truth.
Let coming millions know our might,
And all who come agree,
That, like the buried zoophyte,
We lifted up the sea!

The Newspaper of the Future.

Whitelaw Reid's Address.]

This, then, I conceive to be the next great revolution in journalism. We shall not have cheaper newspapers. They are the cheapest thing sold now, considering the cost of making. We shall not have continually growing supplement upon supplement of advertising. Individual wants will seek a medium more suitable. Only general wants will seek the wider publicity of great journals, and they will be kept, by the increasing cost, within a manageable compass. We shall not have more news. The world is ransacked for it now. Earth, sea and air carry it to us from every capital, from every people, from every continent and from every island. We shall not have bigger newspapers; they are bigger now than a busy people can read. We shall have better newspapers, the story better told, better brains employed in the telling, briefer papers, papers dealing with the more important of current matters in such style and with such fascination that they will command the widest interest. There will be more care and ability in selecting, out of the myriad of things you might tell, the things that the better people want to be told, or ought to be told. There will be greater skill in putting these things before them in the most convenient and attractive shape. Judgment in selecting the news, genius in telling it—that is the goal for the highest journalistic effort in the future. In making a newspaper the heaviest item of expense used to be the white paper. Now it is the news. By and by, let us hope, it will be the brains.

Remonetization in Germany.

London Dispatch in Chicago Times.]

A very important statement was made by Prince Bismarck to-day in the Reichstag respecting the intentions of the Government concerning the remonetization of silver. Herr Delbruck, a prominent member of the National Liberal party, had made interpellation addressed to the Chancellor on this subject, and in replying to this question the Chancellor said he did not know what were the exact views of the Federal Government respecting the silver question. Personally he would not commit himself to the expression of a definite opinion upon the matter. A modification of the March law establishing the gold standard might or might not be expedient at this moment. All that the Government had done in this affair up to the present time was to suspend the sales of silver in order to await until a rise in the market value of the metal should occur. The reply of the Chancellor was not altogether satisfactory to a considerable portion of the Reichstag. The feeling in favor of at least a partial remonetization of silver becomes daily more apparent throughout the Empire.

A New York physician says that, in a long experience, he has rarely if ever seen a bald-headed man in a lunatic asylum. Ah! but there are other public institutions beside lunatic asylums!