

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, MORALITY, EDUCATION AND TO THE GENERAL INTEREST OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. V.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1875.

NO. 3.

The Pickens Sentinel.

D. F. BRADLEY, Editor and Proprietor.
PICKENS, S. C., SEPT. 16, 1875.

Terms of Subscription.
One Year \$1 50
Six Months 75

Advertising Rates.
Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square, of (9) nine lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Contracts made for three, six or twelve months, on favorable terms.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on them, will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

These terms are so simple any child may understand them. Nine lines is a square—one inch. In every instance we charge by the space occupied, as eight or ten lines can be made to occupy four or five squares, as the advertiser may wish, and is charged by the space.

Advertisers will please state the number of squares they wish their advertisements to make.

Business men who advertise to be benefited, will bear in mind that the SENTINEL has a large and increasing circulation, and is taken by the very class of persons whose trade they desire.

Advertising Agents.

The following are the only authorized agents to receive advertisements for this paper:

Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row New York.

Walker, Evans & Cogswell, represented by Roswell T. Logan, Charleston, S. C.

We will accept cash-in-advance orders from other agencies, at reasonable rates.

We can give no advertisement preference in position.

CALIFORNIA.—The people of this State do almost everything on a grand and big scale. The wheat crop averages twelve or fifteen million bushels per annum; the cattle graziers furnish millions of beefs each year; the crop of wool exceeds forty millions of pounds annually, netting eight or ten millions dollars; the gold and silver mined out of the bowels of the earth and coined at their mint amounted last year to over \$30,000,000, and since the establishment of the mint a grand total of four hundred and ninety million dollars. Now, in addition to the other large hotels, they have commenced and nearly completed, at San Francisco, the largest hotel in the world. The "Palace Hotel" covers over 96,000 square feet of land, is seven stories high, the lower story is twenty-five feet and the others fifteen feet high, mainly fire-proof; the walls are of stone and brick, banded together with iron. There are three inner courts, the centre one a carriage drive, covered with glass and surrounded with tropical plants, statuary and fountains. The breakfast dining hall, reception and other rooms are on a grand scale. The total number of rooms for the use of guests is seven hundred and fifty-five, with three hundred and fifty bath rooms. There are over two thousand ventilating tubes leading from the rooms and halls to the roof, five elevators from the ground floor to the highest story, (worked by hydraulic power,) and seven stairways.

M. D. Conway tells of a lady in one of the manufacturing towns of Great Britain who recently had her attention attracted to the window of a milliner's shop by a beautiful and very expensive French bonnet, and she inquired the price. She was told it was sold. "Oh! I had no idea of buying such an expensive bonnet," said the lady; upon which the milliner said: "It is a joint-stock bonnet—that is, it belongs to three factory girls, who wear it by turns on Sunday."

A New Mexico editor, in a forgetful moment, the other day, was so imprudent as to venture into his sanctum without having a six-shooter with him. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "deliberate suicide."

BROKEN-DOWN FAMILIES.—The Southern States are not only strewn with the wrecks of political, social and industrial systems, but also with the wrecks of the good and great old families that came down from colonial times and contributed so many high, historic characters to illustrate and adorn the annals of the new world. Broken-down families! They are in every city, county and neighborhood of the South. The descendants of statesmen, warriors and notable old colonial and revolutionary patriots and gentlemen are, in numerous instances, reduced almost to beggary. Take Virginia. It is melancholy to trace the decadence of those many grand old families which have made her social life the admiration of all—the synonym of honor, refinement, hospitality. Broken, scattered, impoverished! The descendants of many of the best people are in want. New people—novi homines—lord it over them and they feel deeply humiliated. Human nature is human nature, and these people feel that they are in a false position; that those who are socially over them ought to be under them. There are young ladies, of the best blood in the land, who have to exert their wits and exercise all their activities and energies to find means to keep up a barely respectable wardrobe. School teaching and sewing machines! These are what they are reduced to, and it is noble in them to avail themselves of those resources. We should be thankful to those occupations for giving them the opportunity for such honorable development of character.

But what shall we say of the young men? Some of them are talented, mettlesome, high spirited lads, who feel that they cannot work, and that to beg is a shame, and so they sit down and do nothing. They dream away the active period of life. Fortunately there are others who have a more practical turn, and do not rest until they find something to do. They start out with the determination to find some occupation, and every youth who does that will succeed sooner or later.

One thing is certain, if the broken-down families of Virginia, and indeed of the whole South, are ever to be recruited and restored, that result is to be brought about by the industry of the young—those from fifteen to thirty. They can do this if they will, and surely there would be no higher duty.

We have in Virginia a population, old and young, male and female, rich and poor, white and black, of more than a million and a quarter. We have our lands, our climate, the memories and traditions that have descended from the settlement of the country. We have in every county of the commonwealth families of distinction and culture. True, they are poor and broken down. The question is, how are their fortunes to be mended? How are they to be restored? One thing is certain, railing at their hard lot is not going to restore them. Railing at the stirring and industrious people who have got above them will do them no good. Go back to the past and summoning up the shades of illustrious ancestors will be of no avail. The renaissance can only be accomplished by work—steady, persevering work.

If a population of a million and a quarter in an old and established commonwealth like Virginia, who owns the lands, who have farm animals and utensils; who have cities to trade with, railroads, rivers and canals to transport their products to market; who have churches and schools; who have all the powers of government—if such a population, with such advantages, do not rise, they deserve, like Milton's angels, to be forever fallen.

To the hundreds of thousands of those descendants of high broken-down families that are now bewailing their hard lot we say, go to work! To recruit and restore your fortunes and your rank and prestige do what your ancestors did to establish them—go to work. In these days all honest work is respectable.—Richmond (Va.) Whig.

THE LAND OF PALESTINE.—Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies. Where Sodom and Gomorrah reared their domes add towers, that solemn sea now floods the plain, in whose bitter waters no living thing exists—over whose waveless surface the blistering air hangs motionless and dead—about whose borders nothing grows but weeds and that treacherous fruit that promises refreshment to parching lips, but turns to ashes at the touch. Nazareth is forlorn. About the ford of Jordan, where the hosts of Israel entered the promised land with songs of rejoicing, one finds only a squalid camp of fantastic Bedouins of the desert; Jericho, the accursed, lies a mouldering ruin today, even as Joshua's miracle left it more than three thousand years ago; Bethlehem and Bethany, in their poverty and humiliation, have nothing about them to remind one that they once knew the high honor of the Savior's presence; the hallowed spot where the shepherds watched their flocks, and where the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will to men," is untenanted by living creatures, and unblest by any feature that is pleasant to the eye. Renowned Jerusalem itself, the state-liest name in history, has lost all its ancient grandeur and has become a pauper village; the riches of Solomon are no longer there to compel the admiration of oriental queens; the wonderful temple, which was the pride and glory of Israel, is gone, and the Ottoman crescent is lifted above the spot where, on that memorable ground of the world, they reared the holy cross.

The noted sea of Galilee, where Roman fleets once rode at anchor, and disciples of the Savior sailed in their ship, was long deserted by the devotees of war and commerce, and its borders are a silent wilderness; Capernaum is a shadeless ruin; Magdala is the home of the beggared Arabs; Bethsaida and Chorazin have vanished from the earth, and the "desert places" round about them, where thousands of men once listened to the Savior's voice and ate the miraculous bread, sleep in the hush of a solitude that is inhabited only by birds of prey and skulking foxes.

Palestine is desolate and unlovely. But why should it be otherwise? Can the curse of a Deity beautify a land?

The Atlanta Commonwealth says: We learn that the negroes hereabouts again have the emigration fever. They are now simmering to go to Mississippi. A man from that State is out here now, working around to get up a crowd to follow him back. He is a preacher, and made this emigration question the topic of his discourses, delivered at some of the negro churches of this place last Sunday. He holds out very flattering inducements to his brethren to follow him, by assuring them that they can make a great deal more out there than they can here. He has gone down the Georgia Railroad in pursuit of this business. We understand that that there are about 150 from Atlanta and the country between here and Stone Mountain, who are to go out to Mississippi this fall. They are to wait here until their crops are gathered and disposed of, and then leave.

A Detroit boy was sent for a doctor, his mother being very ill, when, looking down the street, he saw a great crowd. Then came a struggle between duty and curiosity, but he finally started for the crowd, saying: "The old lady's pretty badly off, but I know she wouldn't want me to miss that fight."

SUICIDE OF A DISTINGUISHED MUSICIAN.—U. C. Hill, who committed suicide at his residence in Paterson N. J., on Thursday last, has been identified with interests in New York for the last half century. He was born in Boston, and took his first lesson there. Coming to New York, he continued his studies here. After completing them, he gave lessons upon the violin and piano. He became a popular teacher, and was a leader in everything connected with music at that time. The only musical association that was at all prominent was the New York sacred music society, of which Mr. Hill was conductor. The old standard oratorios, the "Messiah," "Creation" and others were the favorite pieces. The concerts were given in the old Chatham Street chapel. In 1835 he went to Europe in company with Mr. Pfeiffer, who was a fellow worker with him in all his efforts to advance the study of music in New York. After staying a short time in London Mr. Hill went to Cassel to study under Louis Spohr, the celebrated violinist and composer, who at that time was musical director at the Court theatre in Cassel. Mr. Hill remained in Europe about two years and a half, and then returned to New York, where he resumed the practice of his profession. Music had not advanced much during his absence. Anthony Reiff and his brother were the only bassoon players in the city, possibly in the country. The first bassoon which was ever heard in the United States was played by Anthony Reiff's brother in the orchestra of the Park theatre in 1817.

The Philharmonic society was the pride of Mr. Hill's life. He was its president for many years, and played first violin in the orchestra up to two years ago, when his age made necessary his removal from the post. This removal, added to pecuniary embarrassments which grew on him with age, preyed upon his mind. He was never the same man afterwards. He had never been a careful man with his money, and he found it more and more difficult to gain pupils. He was not quite up to the approved method of teaching the piano and violin. Difficulties began to press upon him severely. He was recently employed as one of the extra force in the orchestra at Wallack's theatre, during the engagement of Miss Mathews. The force was diminished, and Mr. Hill was one of those who were discharged. He at once set to work to arrange for the giving of a concert by his daughter at the Tabernacle in Jersey City, on October 13. He was unsuccessful in securing the co-operation of other musicians. This was a great disappointment to him, as he had great hopes in his daughter, and was very anxious for her success. Late on Thursday night, after giving his daughter her lesson, he took morphine, from the effects of which he died on the following day. The following letter, which was found in his room, explains the act and gives some indication of the unsettled state of his mind at the time:

NEW YORK, September, 1875.
MY DEAR WIFE, MRS. LUCIE G. HILL.—The fatal climax seems at hand. If it must come, the sooner the better. For my part I am demoralized, and I feel like a drone about the house. I am aged, discouraged, etc. Strong fears of losing our place, which is almost sure to happen unless something turns up very soon in the way of an income. There are scores of other things that have been driving me towards my final doom, and I am at times crazy, mortified and chagrined beyond conception. So long has been my every kind of agony and suffering that it must end with me very soon. Why should or how can a man exist and be powerless to earn means for his family? I have tried long and hard enough to do so—"I'd rather be a toad" than live so—if I am driven out it will not be my fault entirely. It will leave you with new hopes, and, perhaps, hopes that stand a chance to be realized, and I shall not be a burden upon you. To live and be a beggar and a slave is little

too much for me, mangle I am an old man. Look at all of us. Is it not heart rending to contemplate? Ha! Ha! I go. The sooner the better. O! merciful Father, take good care of my wife and family. Blessings on all that have done for me. My prayers have been offered up to my heavenly Father for his son's sake, and will be to my last, for the forgiveness of my only great sin, but my divine Father knows how much I have been sinned against, and he will judge me. My best love to our dear Ida. May you and God protect her. Love to Abbie and my dear boys—bless them. Ever affectionately, U. C. HILL.

Mr. Hill was throughout his life a very temperate man. He was twice married, and leaves three children by his second wife. As he was in no sense a business man it is feared that his family will be left in a distressing situation. The funeral takes place to day.—New York Herald.

STRANGE STORY OF AN EX-CONFED.

A travel stained pedestrian, who gave his name as Johnson, passed through this place Friday last. He was badly crippled, and apparently in very indignant circumstances. In response to certain inquiries propounded by several persons, whose charitable offices he solicited, he related a strange story, which, if true, embraces a sad personal experience, as well as a notable instance of official presumption. His narrative was, in substance, as follows:

He was a member of John Morgan's famous command in 1862, and in a skirmish near Murfreesboro', in that year, was badly wounded, and fell in the hands of the federal troops. Immediately after his capture, he was sent to Rock Island, a prison of bitter memory, where he remained a helpless cripple until the close of the war, when, instead of being discharged, he was transferred to the Jeff Davis Hospital in Marion county, Ohio, where he remained until a few weeks ago. His detention in the latter place is the strange part of the story. His wounds were of such a nature as to render him entirely helpless, and being unable to work he was a mere incumbrance to the establishment. He claims, however, that his detention was due to the fact that the keeper of the hospital received a liberal stipend from the Government for his board, and as there was quite a number of disabled Confederate soldiers quartered in the same establishment, under similar circumstances, it was manifestly to the interest of that officer to retain them. During his confinement in the hospital, he, in common with his fellow prisoners, was not allowed to communicate, by writing or otherwise, with the outside world, and his letters to friends and relatives were invariably intercepted by the hospital authorities. A few weeks ago he regained the use of his limbs, and the first use he made of them was to leave the hospital and strike out for Tennessee. Having no money he was forced to travel on foot, and trust to the charitable for subsistence. He succeeded in reaching this place without suffering for food, but his general condition was anything but enviable. He told his story in a quiet, earnest way, that enlisted the sympathy of all who heard it, and as he gave an accurate history of his command up to the date of his capture, and displayed a familiarity with the characters of several who belonged to it, which must have grown out of a personal acquaintance, his statements were received without the figurative grain of salt. He says that two citizens of this county—David Baggerly and —Lundess—are at present confined in the hospital mentioned, and the latter claiming to be a son of Jesse Lundess. We do not pretend to say that Johnson's story is worthy of credence, but it is certainly plausible enough to awaken investi-

gation. At any rate, the man, as well as his narrative, enlist the serious attention of several of our prominent citizens, and at their suggestion we give publicity to both.—Fayetteville, Tenn., Express.

RAILROAD ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

A railroad across the Atlantic is on the list of possibilities for the future achievement of science. Many years ago a civil engineer read a paper before the French Academy suggesting submarine railways. His theory was that at a certain depth of the ocean—a hundred fathoms or more—far below any agitation from surface storms, the water is of such density that nothing in tubular form, whatever the weight, can possibly sink. Having thus made a foundation in the very bowels of old Neptune, he proposes to sink a continuous line of immense iron tubes—after the manner of the recent cable laying—in which a double track railway could be laid between Cape Clear, Ireland, and Cape Race, Newfoundland, and thus trains go booming through, to the consternation of the sea serpent and the mortal terror of the big and little fishes. The only really serious objection to his project that the engineer of this deep-sea scheme could then see, was the suffocating effects of the smoke from the locomotives; and if this could be overcome then the grand oceanic railway only required the necessary construction capital to enter upon its career of "successful experiment," which he duly figured out upon the profits of the ample traffic between the two worlds. Now, the aforesaid "scientific objection" has already disappeared in the smoke consuming engine of modern invention, to say nothing of the "Keely Motor." Can this capital question be as easily solved? Who will form the company, and who will take the shares?

Death from lightning is said to be painless. The reason of this, as explained in a late number of one of our monthly magazines, is that the nerves of the human body do not convey a sensation of pain instantly to the nerve centers, and we are killed before we know what has happened. It appears, however, that being struck by lightning, but not quite killed, is by no means painless. One Mr. Castle, a Michigan farmer, was struck by lightning recently while in his barn. His horses were killed, but he awoke to the consciousness of the most intense suffering, especially in his lower limbs. The pain was like that of a burn, and he afterwards said he thought he could not have suffered more than he did for an hour if he had been in the flames. Nearly ten hours elapsed before he could move his limbs, and the symptoms indicated some injury to the bones. He has now nearly recovered.

We find the following in the Atlanta Herald of Tuesday. We understand, from what we regard as reliable authority, that Gen. Jos. E. Johnston has been appointed and has accepted the position of Commander-in-Chief of the army of Egypt. Only a short time since, and for the third time, was he tendered the position. This time it was urged upon him so strenuously that he at length consented, and is making his preparations to go over and assume his position immediately. He is to get \$100,000 to prepare himself an outfit, and is to receive the sum of \$25,000 annually for having supreme control of the Khedive of Egypt.

LIGHTNING TIME.—The ninth and closing trip of the New York Herald's "lightning train" to Niagara Falls was made on Sunday last, and was signalized by the indulgence in an excursion over the route of representatives from the papers in New York upon the invitation of the managers of the Herald. The run from Rochester to Palmyra, fifty-eight miles, was made in fifty-five minutes, and between Batavia and Buffalo a portion of the distance was run at the extraordinary rate of seventy-five miles an hour, while the whole run, thirty-five miles, was made in thirty minutes.