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NO. 10.

Stonewall Jackson's Statue.

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 26.—This day has been made memorable in the annals of Richmond and lent additional lustre to the proud name of Virginia by the tribute of its people to the memory of its gallant warrior, patriot and Christian soldier, Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, on the occasion of the formal inauguration of the statue by Foley, presented to Virginia by a number of English gentlemen. The imposing pageant and interesting ceremonies combined to make the grandest demonstration ever witnessed in this city. The attraction of the State fair and this extraordinary event has brought together people from every direction within the borders of the State, as well as from sympathizing communities beyond. This fact was evidenced on all sides by the crowded condition of the streets, the holiday appearance of the city, the many thousands of spectators along the line of march and the general enthusiasm that prevailed. Decorations of every description were to be seen in every direction, embracing evergreens in every conceivable shape, festoonings of the national colors, appropriate inscriptions, banners and flags of many nations—the Federal and English colors predominating. At an early hour the principal streets began to present an animated appearance, the crowds augmenting steadily until the procession moved, by which time the sidewalks along the route of march were crowded with surging masses and every available place where a view could be had filled with eager spectators. The procession occupied one hour and a half in passing a given point, moving rapidly, and was composed of all the city military—infantry and artillery—and many visiting companies, including members of the famous Stonewall brigade, and several civic societies, besides a long cortege of carriages and other vehicles containing many distinguished individuals. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was chief marshal, and Gen. Harry Heth, his principal assistant. The colored organizations decided not to turn out. The procession was massed in the vicinity of the veiled statue. After prayer by Bishop Daggett, Governor Kemper made an introductory address, in which he spoke in most feeling terms of the occasion and in eulogy of Jackson. In one of his references to this tribute to the memory of a great man, he said: "Let it endure as a perpetual expression of that world wide sympathy with true greatness which prompted so noble a gift from Great Britain to Virginia, and let its preservation attest the gratitude of the Commonwealth to these great hearted gentlemen of England, who originated and procured it as a tribute to the memory of her son." He concluded by introducing Rev. Mr. M. D. Hoge, of the Presbyterian Church, as the orator of the day. Dr. Hoge, after an eloquent exordium, in which he alluded to the hallowed memories suggested by the occasion and the inspiring scene before him, discussed what he considered the three elements of the secret of Jackson's power and influence: First, in the fact that he was the incarnation of those heroic qualities which fit their possessor to lead and command grand armies; second, his was the greatness which comes without being sought for its own sake—the unconscious greatness which results from self sacrifice and supreme devotion to duty; third, the purity and elevation of his character as a servant of the Most High God. As the last words of the orator died away, the veiling of the monument was withdrawn, and amid the thundering cheers of the multitude, the firing of musketry and booming of cannon, the bronze figure of Jackson greeted the gaze of the assembled

thousands. At this point, Gen. Page of Norfolk, introduced to the crowd Gen. Jackson's only child, a little girl of 13, who was received with deafening and continued cheers. The ceremonies were concluded by the singing of Luther's grand anthem, "A castle of strength is our Lord," by the Gesang Verein of Virginia, the Richmond Philharmonic Association and other amateur singers, numbering nearly 150 male voices, accompanied by the combined bands that were in procession. The city to night is brilliantly illuminated, and a gorgeous display of fireworks is in progress in Capitol Square.

The Solomon Bank Case.

In the Court of Common Pleas, today, Attorney General Melton applied for and obtained the following order:

Richland County—In the Court of Common Pleas. The State of South Carolina plaintiff, against the South Carolina Bank and Trust Company, and Hardy Solomon, defendants.

On hearing the report of Thomas C. Dunn, Esq., receiver of the property and effects of the South Carolina Bank and Trust Company, and on motion of Messrs. Melton, Chamberlain and Wingate, attorneys for receiver, it is ordered: 1. That the report be filed, approved and confirmed; and it is further ordered, 2. That the said Thomas C. Dunn, as such receiver, be and is hereby authorized and directed to commence and prosecute such actions as may be deemed necessary, and in such form as counsel may advise, to enforce payment of the choses in action in the possession of the said receiver, and include in Exhibit "A," filed with the said report; and that such actions be brought and prosecuted in the name of the said, "The South Carolina Bank and Trust Company," as plaintiffs; and it is further ordered, that the said Thomas C. Dunn, as such receiver, be and is hereby authorized and directed to commence and prosecute in the court of common pleas for Richland county aforesaid, and in such form as counsel may advise, one or more actions against the said Hardy Solomon; to recover the amount of money belonging to the said "The South Carolina Bank and Trust Company," alleged to have been illegally paid to and appropriated by the said Hardy Solomon in the purchase and retirement of the stock of the said corporation, as set forth in the said report; and the amount of money belonging to the said corporation alleged to have been illegally paid out by the said Hardy Solomon whilst acting as president of the said corporation and charged to the account of "legislative expenses," as stated in the said report; and that such action or actions be brought in the name of the said, the South Carolina Bank and Trust Company; and the said Thomas C. Dunn as such receiver; and it is further ordered that the said Thomas C. Dunn as such receiver, have leave to apply to the court, in term or at chambers, from time to time, for such further orders and directions as he may be advised are necessary and proper in the premises.

R. B. CARPENTER.
October 23, 1875.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 25.—A despatch from Virginia City says the California Mill was totally destroyed by fire. The Ophir works and the Bank of California buildings are also burned. The whole business portion of the town has been destroyed. The Catholic Church is now burning.

LATER.—The Virginia City fire is now under control. The fire has apparently burnt itself out. All the city North of South street is destroyed.—The burnt section includes the principal business part of the place.—Temporary telegraph offices are being provided. The fire destroyed seven blocks.

Good news for the inflationists:—The Golden Age has disappeared in the Nation.

A Little Masonic Episode.

In the year of our Lord 1865, it became the good fortune of the writer to settle down in the beautiful city of New Berne, after having received an honorable discharge from the United States Army. In the month of June while engaged in the multifarious duties of editing and publishing the New Berne Daily Times, he was passing through Craven Street, when his attention was attracted by a tapping on the window of a jewelry store. We passed in and found a hummer of Suermaan's army trying to put a set of silver Lodge jewels into our friend Charley. We started for the door to call a guard for the purpose of arresting the hummer, but the fellow mistrusting our object, picked up the jewels and began to skedaddle with his booty. We found that that game wouldn't work, and so we invited him into the back room, where we made a bargain with him, and for the sum of \$25, became the possessor of a beautiful set of Lodge jewels. We immediately advertised the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, and by public advertisement in the Daily Times, the public, of our treasure. Soon every paper in North and South Carolina copied our advertisement. Letters by the pouchful began to arrive, describing those jewels. We received some thirty letters from as many different Lodges who had lost similar articles.

At last one came from Col. James H. Rion, of Winstonsboro, S. C., describing them to our satisfaction. We packed them up, gave them in charge of the Southern Express Company who kindly undertook their charge free of expense, and away they went on their journey home.

In the mean time we sickened, and sought for health in New Jersey. In the winter of 1866, we received a letter from Col Rion, which had been forwarded to us, stating that the jewels were not his, but that they belonged to Flint Hill Lodge, had been identified, but the Lodge had not money to redeem them. We wrote him to the effect that they did not belong to us, but gave them to the Lodge, and place the debt to the credit of Masonry.

Time rolled on. In Nov. 1869 bro. Rion wrote to our worthy successor in New Berne, (Col. Geo. W. Nason, Jr.) having mislaid our letter that the money was ready for us. This letter was received by a clerk of our successor during his absence, and filed away, where it rested until Aug. 1875, when our successor, in looking over his old letters, found it, and mailed it to us from Rixford, Florida. We received the old letter about the middle of September last. We immediately notified bro. Rion, and six days from the receipt of his letter, (which had been six years in reaching us,) we received a check upon New York, which was duly honored.

It was but a small matter of itself, but the curious circumstances which seemed to attend our efforts to place these jewels in the hands of their lawful owners, and the fidelity of our southern brother, Col. James H. Rion in nobly seconding our efforts, have indelibly stamped that transaction upon our minds. It proved a pleasant duty to us. In our intercourse with southern masons, we have ever found them honorable and upright, scoring little things, and endeavoring to live up to their masonic profession. Though many of those with whom we exchanged the masons salutation, have passed over the river, yet their memory is green in our hearts.—New Jersey Courier.

Just as soon as one of those St. Louis editors owned up that he meant to shoot over, the other acknowledged that he fired at a stump.—Detroit Free Press.

The Last of a Desperado.

The complications surrounding the Pocahontas mine, situated at Rosita, not far from Canon City, have finally resulted in a fierce and fatal conflict, by which one life has been sacrificed, if not more. The man killed was the notorious Major Graham, who was so well known in Denver as one of the most dangerous of daring desperadoes. The Major was a native of New York, and in the early part of the war became a conspicuous partisan commander of the Union forces in North Carolina. He was a perfect athlete, a splendid horse man, an accurate shot, and as daring and unscrupulous as any man who ever drew a sabre. For his services he was appointed, at the close of the war, a first Lieutenant in the regular army, and assigned to duty in the west. By the services he rendered against the Indians, aided by more or less political influences, Lieut. Graham soon became a full blown Major, and as such became a special favorite at Fort Leavenworth and in the city of that name. While at this post he paid his addresses to one of the most attractive ladies of Leavenworth, and it was only by an accident that the marriage was not consummated.

The night previous to the day on which the ceremony was to take place the commanding officer at Fort Leavenworth received direct instructions from the War Department to place Major Graham in irons, and keep him in solitary confinement till further orders. Although the order created an immense surprise at the fort, it was literally obeyed, and Major Graham found himself in a felon's cell, instead of occupying, as he had hoped, a bridal couch. A court martial, however, subsequently explained what seemed at the time to be inexplicable. The evidence before the court established the fact that Major Graham while wearing the honorable uniform of a United States officer, had been the secret head of a band of horse thieves in Kansas; had also, while in Utah, been in league with the lowest class of gamblers and thieves; and that he had systematically stolen and sold horses from the stables of the Government. The court martial sentenced the Major to be dishonorably dismissed from the service, to be debarred from ever holding any office of honor or trust under the Government, and to serve a term of ten years in a military prison. Through some unknown influence this sentence was endorsed only so far as it related to the dismissal of the Major from the service.

As soon as he was in possession of a qualified freedom, the Major started for Denver, and here became, as of yore, the associate of evil and dangerous classes. His first attempt at public robbery was made on paymaster Brooks, at River Bend. For this offence he was tried and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Before his term expired he organized an escape, which proved partially successful. We say partial because he and his associates made good their escape, but they were all subsequently captured, one of them being killed, and the Major himself severely wounded. He served out the rest of his term, and when released went to Rosita, probably here that he arranged, with others, the jumping of the Pocahontas mine.—The "jumpers" kept possession until day before yesterday, when all the miners in the neighborhood resolved on clearing the mine of its fraudulent possessors. How this was done the dispatches tell. The Major was caught on his way to Rosita. On being halted he turned to run, but fell dead in his tracks, pierced by some twenty five balls. Graham's partner, a man named Boyd, was ar-

rested shortly afterward, and is likely hung before this. The rest of the "jumpers" have been arrested, but as to what disposition will be made of them we have as yet no means of knowing.—Denver (Col.) Tribune.

AN OUTRAGE IN HAMBURG.—We learn that last Thursday night a farmer named Terry, from Edgefield County, S. C., who had camped near Hamburg, wandered into the village. He was set upon by a negro named Attaway, who is County Commissioner and Warden, and a negro policeman. The two soon divested Terry of all his money, thirty five dollars, two pairs of spectacles and other property. They then led him down to the river bank and told him if he made any outcry they would pitch him in. A negro from Augusta came up about this time and recognized the two Hamburg darkeys. The latter drew their pistols and fired at the Augusta man, who fled. He went back to Hamburg yesterday morning and met Terry, to whom he disclosed the names of his two capturers of the night previous. Terry immediately took out a warrant for the two before Louis Schiller, Trial Justice. After a preliminary examination they were bound over for trial at the next term of the Supreme Court.—Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel.

The Henry County Ledger asks: "Is not the Radical law makers endeavoring to engraft upon the national statutes a law to pay the roistering frolicking Grant so called President \$50,000 per annum, who shows more favor to his horses and dogs than to people and the trusts they have committed to him?" Now, there are divers national statutes. There is the statue of Washington, of Jackson, of Scott, of Lincoln and many other noted Americans. Does the Ledger mean to say that "the Radical law makers is endeavoring to engraft" such a law upon each and all of these statues? We imagine that pretty Vinnie Ream will object to having her statue of "the late lamented" disfigured by having any such engraving done upon it.—We hope the Ledger's impression is erroneous concerning this matter.

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—A lady who has had considerable experience in treating diphtheria recommends the following recipe, which she says has never been known to fail to effect a complete cure, even in the most malignant cases: Take as much of the bark of alder root as can be grasped between the forefinger and thumb, same quantity of dogwood and persimmon root bark, and one ounce alum. Boil down in a pint of strong vinegar to half pint. Before cooling add three tablespoonfuls cold water. Sweeten with honey. Use as a gargle.

A gentleman in Washington on familiar terms with the President, in the course of a conversation the other day said: "Mark my words, Gen. Grant will, by some means or other, before the end of next spring, be before the country as a Presidential candidate on a hard money and non secretarian school platform, and the Republican convention will be compelled to take him up."

SAVING SEED CORN.—In gathering corn, take such ears only as are finest from the most prolific stalks. Never take from a stalk having but one ear, if large and thrifty stalks can be found with two or more good sized ears.—Generally but one of them is fit for seed, and that usually the second from the ground; but if the lowest is the best, take that. Always take the ears that are filled out to the end, and that run beyond the husk, if such can be found. When you come to plant, before shelling, break every ear, and see if the pith of the cob is dried up, for, if it is not, the corn is not ripe.

Desperate Fight with a Deer.

Yesterday afternoon three young women, residing near the big brink pool, in Shohola township, Pa., started to go berrying. They were obliged to cross the pond to reach the woods. Before entering the boat they saw something in the distance swimming in the water. Thinking it was a dog they paid no further attention to it, but started on their way across the pond, which is about two miles wide. After rowing for several hundred yards the girl who was piloting the boat saw that what they first thought to be a dog swimming in the water was a buck, which was coming directly toward them. Having a clumsy pair of oars it was some time before the boat could be turned, and then the deer had reached to within a few yards of them. The girls became greatly terrified, for the deer was fast gaining on them, and from the way it snorted and plunged they were satisfied it meant mischief.—While the one rowed, with all their might the other two paddled, thus somewhat increasing their speed; but the deer was slowly gaining on them, and, knowing they could not reach the shore before being overtaken they ceased rowing to prepare for the inevitable battle. When the deer, snorting and plunging, had reached to within a few feet of the boat, it stopped for a moment. Then it made a sudden plunge, and as its head struck the side of the boat the brave girls brought down their raised paddles upon it with such force as to drive it under water. The girls again raised their only weapons, and as the head rose to the surface they again brought their paddles to bear upon it with the same result.

When the deer again raised from the water it seemed to realize that this was to be the death struggle, and his eyes gleamed like balls of fire. It made a lung and threw its fore feet over the side of the boat, near the oar locks. This nearly capsized the clumsy craft and threw Maggie Jordan, the eldest of the three, into the water; but as she fell she caught the edge of the boat, and was hauled in by one of her companions. Then the heroine at the oars, as she felt the animal's breath in her face, raised a paddle and struck for her life, and, as the blow fell across the deer's head, the blood started from its nostrils and it sank back helpless and seemingly dead, but really only stunned. The girls then started for the shore, leaving the deer struggling, between life and death, in the water.

Reaching the shore, one of the girls ran to a small log cabin, one eighth of a mile distant, in which lived a family by the name of Berger, and told what had occurred. Mr. Berger seized his rifle and went to the pond, where he found the wounded deer yet struggling in the water, a few rods from the shore. He rowed out to it and, seizing it by the antlers, cut its throat, and then towed its body to the shore. The deer was the largest ever killed in the neighborhood, weighing two hundred and twenty seven pounds.—N. Y. Sun.

It was at the house of a well known doctor of divinity, and the little toddling girl, who did not like to see her aunt trim a lighted kerosene lamp, had come honestly by a somewhat modified theory of predestination. "Take care! take care! or we'll get blowed up in the sky," and then God'll say, "Girls what are you in such a hurry for?"

The question of labor vs. capital can be studied to advantage in Detroit. Boys buy a ten cent dog and make him draw them up and down more than fifty dollars worth.

Our devil says he likes to work after hours, because it is past-time.