

# THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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

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## ORGANIZE.

To the Citizens of Pickens County.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 9, 1876.

Having been appointed by the Executive Committee of the Democratic party of South Carolina, to organize Democratic Clubs in Pickens, I do hereby call upon all good people to aid me in that work. I am convinced by the acts of the party in power in this State, that a large majority of them never intend any real reform, consequently our only hope for an honest, just and economical government, must come from and through the Democratic party, whose sole purpose is to have honest, competent, and just men in office, who will not interfere with the rights of any—but on the contrary will guarantee protection to all her citizens. I therefore, call upon all good citizens of Pickens County to meet at their various voting precincts on the 1st Saturday in March next, for the purpose of organizing and electing Delegates to a County Convention, to be held at Pickens C. H. on the Saturday following, to elect an Executive Committee for the County, and Delegates to the State Convention, to be in readiness when called; and, for the purpose of perfecting these organizations, I appoint the following named persons of each Township, whose duty it will be to organize the various clubs, viz:

Pickensville.—T M Welborn, T W Russell, J. W. Brunson, J. R. Gossett, J. S. Latham.

Salubrity.—J R Holcombe, W G Field, Dr. George Robinson, M. T. Smith, A. T. Clayton.

Garvin.—E H Lawrence, J J Lewis, F V Clayton, B J Johnson, F I Garvin.

Easley.—J J Herd, F C Parsons, L. Thomas, T W Tolleson, T M Alexander.

Pickens C. H.—R A Child, W T Bowen, O P Field, Riley Simmons, W T McFall.

Dacusville.—B F Morgan, T T Looper, J B Sutherland, W W Bright, Robert Hunt.

Pumpkintown.—J A Bates, Mathew Gillespie, Allen Edens, J T Burdine, Marcus Keith.

Eastatoe.—J T Lewis, William Nimmons, T N McKinney, Jacob Lewis, J O Mosely.

Three Delegates from each Township should be elected to the County Convention—the County will be entitled to two Delegates to the State Convention.

R. E. BOWEN  
County Chairman.

A SCENE IN CONGRESS.—An interesting letter from Washington, descriptive of the scenes that occurred during the recent debate in the House of Representatives on the amnesty bill, in referring to the point of time when Mr. Blaine charged ex-President Davis with being a willful murderer, the letter says:

"The excitement in the House at this point was intense, but it grew to white fever heat when the ex-Speaker said: 'And I here, before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the low countries, nor the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, nor the thumb screw and engines of torture of the Spanish inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crime of Andersonville.'

In an instant, Mr. M. Robbins, of North Carolina, sprang to his feet, and with powerful emphasis sent ringing through the chamber the reply: 'That is an infamous slander!' The effect was electrical. The hall rang with applause, and the baffled rage of the man who is seeking to walk into the Presidency over bleeding hearts was indescribable. Blaine turned white and blue and all sorts of colors, for he had at last met a man who in mental powers is his equal, and in honesty of purpose and physical courage his superior."

Power hath not half the might of gentleness.

## Produce Your Own Supplies.

The Southern section of the United States is, by nature, admirably adapted to agricultural pursuits. The soil and the climate are such as to make the South emphatically a farming country. The former is either rich and productive, or capable of being made so. The latter is favorable to the maturing of all fruits and cereals found in the temperate zones, and many of those found in the torrid zone. Clover, and an almost endless variety of grasses, suited both for pasture and long forage, grow and flourish in most sections of the South. Wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, beans and Indian corn do well; and in the same region, cotton, hemp, flax, tobacco and indigo yield abundant crops. With regard to fruits, the South can boast of apples, peaches, figs, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries and grapes. No country in the world is better adapted to the production of sweet potatoes than the South, and the Irish potato yields, with little culture, enormous crops.

Were these unvarnished facts stated to one who had never been in the Southern country, and were he told in addition to these things that the South abounds in magnificent rivers and beautiful lakes, he would conclude that the Southern section of the United States is the best portion of the globe. He would conclude that the people were surrounded by all the comforts of life and enjoyed all the luxuries of the world. He would imagine that the cribs of Southern farmers were filled with corn, their granaries well stored with wheat, rye, barley and oats; that their barns were filled with the choicest hay, and that their stables were filled with the finest horses and mules, and their fields with the finest cattle. He would imagine that to every farm there was attached an orchard filled with a vast variety of the choicest fruit. He would also conclude that the table of a Southern farmer was loaded daily, not only with the necessities of life, but was covered with the choicest luxuries. He would imagine that upon it were placed dishes of the richest butter and bowls of the purest milk, and fruits of the most delicious flavor and the sweetest taste.

Were such a one to visit the South, he would find things very different from what he expected. On many farms he would find no rye, no oats, no wheat, no hay, no corn, no bacon, no butter, no milk, no orchard and no meadow. He would find a few lean mules and horses, and possibly a poor cow; but not a hog nor sheep. If in what is called the cotton belt of the South, he would see a cotton gin and a few bales of cotton. This and nothing more. In this region he would hear them complaining of bad crops, the low price of cotton, the unreliability of labor, the high taxes, the high price of corn and bacon, and hard times generally. Notwithstanding all that has been said in books and newspapers about the excellency of the South as a farming country, he would conclude that the South, in fact, judging from the practice of the farmers, was well adapted to the cultivation of but very few things. He would conclude that where cotton will grow nothing else will grow. Such a conclusion would be readily reached by a stranger from the fact that in the region where he saw cotton growing he saw nothing else cultivated. If he were told that the country is well adapted to many other things, he would be prompted, by instinct, to ask why then are these things not cultivated?

This would be a sensible question; and one which every farmer should ask himself. If the South can raise corn, why does she have it sent to her from other sections of the country? If the South can produce her own supplies, why does she not do it?

It is readily admitted that, as a money crop for the South, there is nothing equal to cotton; but the country needs something else besides money. It may be that the cotton that can be produced on an acre of

land will buy more corn than could be produced upon that acre. This may be true, and still it may be true that all cotton and no corn is a bad motto.

A diversity of crops on the same farm has many advantages. The very sameness which is presented constantly to the mind of the farmer, who cultivates but one kind of crop produces weariness. He becomes despirited. The human mind is so constituted that it absolutely requires variety. This variety is seen in hill mountain and dale. A variety of crops infuses energy into the laborer. A farmer can make his own supplies, and nearly as much cotton or any other money crop, as he can when he makes no effort to produce any supplies at all. This may be thought extravagant; but if any one will take the trouble to look into the facts in the case, he will conclude that the statement is correct.

Again: a diversity of crops enables the farmer to save his land. It matters not what crop it is, if it be planted year after year on the same land, the soil will become exhausted. To keep it up will require much labor and great expense in the way of manure. By a diversity of crops, the farmer is able to rule the market and not be ruled by the market. It is a matter of universal observation that those farmers who devote their whole attention to a money crop, and make no effort to produce their own supplies, are wholly under the control of circumstances which they might control, if they saw fit so to do. The theory of Southern farmers with respect to cotton is absolutely correct, but their practice is absolutely wrong. They all admit that there is too much attention paid to the cultivation of cotton and not enough to the producing of supplies. If they know what is right and what is wrong, why do they not do what is right? It is admitted that if the Southern people would produce their own corn, flour and bacon, and what cotton, besides, they could, we would be a prosperous people. Why is this not done? Generally speaking, those farmers who raise their own corn, wheat, oats and bacon, together with a little cotton, are in easy circumstances. This is the proper time of the year to take this matter into consideration. If the farmers of the South will plant the same number of acres in corn that they plant in cotton, and devote the same attention to its cultivation that they usually do to the cultivation of the cotton crop, next fall will find our country in a better condition than it is to day. If our Southern farmers continue to produce nothing but cotton and depend upon the market for bread and meat, the end will soon come.—Yorkville Enquirer.

The Philadelphia Times says: More troops are wanted—this time in South Carolina, and Senator Morton should not stand upon the order of his demand for them. Two unconvicted outlaws have been elected Judges in South Carolina, and an obstinate Governor refuses to commission them, and what is still worse, the Legislature has been unable to take from Governor Chamberlain the appointment of election of officers.—There must be more troops at once down that way, or things will go to eternal smash. If Morton doubts it, let him ask Senator Patterson, who knows how it is himself. With Moses and Whipper kept out of their judgeships, and honest election officers allowed to go in. Morton can't bet a cent on the next South Carolina election. More troops.

Three thousand six hundred dollars of the taxes of Darlington were recently over paid into the State treasury. Two thousand seven hundred dollars have been returned.

"I don't have to go to the newspapers for my whisky news," she remarked confidentially to a friend, "I can always tell it by his breath the moment he gets into the bed."

## Why He Left.

Some months ago Colonel Bangs engaged a young fellow named Scudder as sub-editor of the Morning Argus. On the day before the anniversary of Bunker Hill, Bangs asked Scudder if he was familiar with that battle, and Scudder said he was. So Bangs told Scudder he would like him to write up a little sketch of it for the anniversary day, and Scudder said he would try. The next morning the sketch appeared in the paper and attracted much attention. When Bangs saw it he called Scudder in and said: "Mr Scudder, didn't you tell me that you were familiar with the battle of Bunker Hill?" "Yes sir." "Well, if that is the case, I will be obliged if you will tell me what you mean when you say: 'By 4 o'clock the Confederate troops were ready for the attack. Gen. Washington had the catapults put in line to await their coming; and when Napoleon saw them he drew his trusty sword and said, 'Soldiers! twenty centuries look down upon you.'"

No sooner were the battering rams leveled against the wall of the castle than the Duke of Wellington sent word to his mother by Gen. Butler, that he would either win or be brought back on his shield. Then ordering his men to fire at the white of the enemy's eyes, he waited the onset with all that majestic calmness which ever distinguished the great hero of Buena Vista. This was the very crisis of the battle. Joan of Arc, spying Gen. Jackson behind the cotton bales, dashed at him upon her snow white charger, swinging her ponderous battle axe over her head, her fair hair streaming behind her in the wind. As her steel rushed forward her hair caught in the bough of a tree, and as she hung there Sergeant Bates shot her through the heart with a bolt from an arquebus, her last words were, 'Don't give up the ship!' The Duke could stand it no longer. The Mamelukes had slain all the vanguard—Gen. Sickles had lost his leg and reired on a pension, and the enemy's skirmishers lodged in the top of the Bunker Hill Monument, were pouring boiling oil on those who attempted to scale it. Leaping from his horse, he shouted, 'Up guards, and at them!' and the next moment, with the glorious flag of truce in one hand and his sword in the other, he hurled his legions upon the lava beds, crushing the savage foe to the earth, and killing, among others, the well known General Harrison, afterwards the President of the United States. I think we shall have to part, Mr Scudder. It seems to me that your career as a journalist ought to end right here. I will accept your resignation. And if any one asks you why you left the Argus, point out this paragraph, and say that it was because the proprietor was afraid he'd murder you when he read the statement that, 'at the battle of Bunker Hill, the Confederates lost 80,000, and the Carthaginians only 600, and that there is no spot in Virginia people hold more sacred than that bloody hill where the bones of Cromwell lie with those of Roger Williams,' point to that language, Mr Scudder, and your friends will understand the situation."

A lawyer, about to finish a bill of costs, was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible. 'Ah,' said the lawyer, 'you might properly enough say that to the foreman of your establishment, but that is not the way I make my bread.'

A schoolmaster said: "I am like a hone—I sharpen a number of blades, but wear myself out in doing it."

Bridal tours are going out of fashion, and the young man can enjoy the blissful days directly under the watchful eye of his mother-in-law.

## Sensible Southern Democrats.

A Washington dispatch to the New York Herald, treating of Mr. Davis' recent letter to Judge Lyons, says:

"The letter, people say, is simply calculated to revive animosities which ought to rest, and shows that Mr. Davis is still a soured and impracticable person, who has not even the tact to remain silent. It is thought that the letter will arouse a good deal of bitter feeling in the North, for men say Mr. Davis writes as though the rebellion was right and the defenders of the Union were in the wrong and ought to humble themselves and ask pardon. Sensible Democrats, Southern men as well as Northern men, say they regret the letter, and think it was entirely uncalled for."

We have heard something too much of this sort of talk. The damnable iteration of "policy," "policy," has become as disgusting as is stupid. We would like to know the names of some of these same "sensible Southern Democrats" who "regret" Mr. Davis' letter and think "it was entirely uncalled for." We venture the prediction that they will not be in a hurry to reveal their identity to their constituents. The leader of the Republican party rises in his place in Congress and charges Mr. Davis with outrageous cruelty and inhumanity to defenseless prisoners of war. If Mr. Davis were guilty of such a crime he would be justly considered infamous so long as his name could be remembered. Yet because he does not remain quiet under this accusation and allow his silence to be construed as admitting its truth, he is censured in the harshest terms. And when he answers his accuser and pronounces his statements false, Southern Democrats say his letter is entirely uncalled for." Out upon such "Southern Democrats," they are too politic to be entired honest.—Chronicle and Sentinel.

## The Usury Law.

The Legislature is now engaged in the annual task of seeking to regulate the rate of interest on money and thus to make money cheap and plentiful. Some of the wisecracks of that body imagine that by restricting the rate of interest, money will seek investments in houses and lands and thus give an impetus to the material progress of the country. The most natural effect will be to induce the conscientious lender to hoard his money or invest it outside of the State, and to turn over the borrower to the clutches of the unscrupulous who will find out a hundred ways of evading the law.

The only way of making money plentiful and the rates of interest low is to go to hard work, practice economy, avoid debt, build up the productive resources of the country, secure good government, and just and equal laws, and moderate taxation, and capital will then flow in. These would-be reformers commence at the wrong end when they attempt to force capital. It is the handmaid of industry and economy, and whilst it may be coerced by the power of the Legislature. It is as free as the winds and calls no man master. Let there be an end of such legislation.—"The worth of a thing is what it will bring," and this applies to money as to anything else.

"There is a good deal of fire in this horse radish," remarked Mrs. Spilkens at dinner yesterday. "Yes, my love," replied Leander "it must have come from the grate."

It is a wretched way to always turn the smoothest side to the world and the roughest and coarsest to one's nearest and dearest friends.

## The Way They Do in Congress.

Saturday, when 'Big English' saw that it was going to be a lonesome day for the boot blacks, he set his head to work to devise something to break the monotony, says the Detroit Free Press. About 10 o'clock he got a number of boys into the alley behind the post office and organized the 'Forty-fifth Congress. 'Big English' is a regular reader of the daily papers, and he is a great organizer. It took him but fifteen minutes to get the 'House' and 'Senate' running so smoothly that lawyers and others looked down from their windows with great interest.

'Who's a liar?' yelled a white headed boy as he jumped up.

'Oh, dry up!' shouted 'Sixth Ward Tom.'

'Put him out—he was in the rebel army!' called a boy from Grand River avenue.

'Some one clubbed my dog fifteen years ago, and I can never forgive him,' howled strawberry Bob.

'Git out the records, and less see who was loyal,' put in King's boy.

'Big English rapped on his box to restore order, but King Tommy throw up his hat and yelled:

'I moves for the aizes and nozes.'

'He can't gag me,' shouted a lathy boy from Windsor.

'Les have a salary grab,' piped a Congress street boy.

'The peepul won't stand it,' whooped another.

'Hain't we the peepul?' demanded a boy on the railing.

'Are we one country?' asked the Speaker, as he rose up.

'I are, but y u hain't!' yelled Nickety Nick.

'Doesn't one flag float for us all?' continued the Speaker.

'It does about tax time!' screamed a cross eyed youth from Springwells.

Somebody kicked the honorable Speaker. He then struck the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin.—The honorable gentleman from Wisconsin smashed at the honorable gentleman from Georgia, and hair stood up and coat tails stood out. When the row quieted down the honorable Speaker remarked:

'It was pretty good for the first time, though you didn't abuse each other enough.'

SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR.—We can conceive no reason why any man should swear, but many reasons why he should not:

1. It is mean. A man of high moral character would almost as leave steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar and altogether too low for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman is too well bred, and refined. Such an one will no more swear than throw mud with a clod-hopper.

5. It is indecent, offensive to delicacy and unfit for any human ear.

6. It is foolish. A want of decency is a want of sense.

7. It is abusive to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongues which utter it, and the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous; it shows man's heart to be a nest of vipers, and sticks his head out.

9. It is contemptible, forfeiting the respect of the wise and the good.

10. It is wicked, violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain.

That's an enterprising man who has just paid the Centennial Managers \$3,000 for a concession for popcorn selling;

'If there is anything which will make my mouth water,' said old topsy, 'I don't want to see it.'