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## D. H. Chamberlain.

WHAT A REPUBLICAN ORGAN THINKS OF HIM.

The Washington Republican has the following:  
Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, is at present receiving some notice from the press of the country in connection with the open letter addressed by him to Senator Morton. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to be informed something about the antecedents of the man. We may remark, on passant, that a few years since Chamberlain was daily denounced by the opposition press of the South as being the most corrupt man in South Carolina, and it was to him, more than to any other man, that the misgovernment which afflicted his State was attributable. After serving for a time as a sergeant, and afterwards commissioned officer in a colored cavalry on the sea coast of South Carolina during the latter years of the war, Chamberlain settled down upon Wadmalaw Island, where he engaged in the culture of Sea Island cotton. He catered to the worst prejudices of the lately liberated blacks, and actually conspired with them to prevent the return of their old owners to the homes from whence they had fled. Dr. McHenry, now of Napoleon, Ohio, who was then an assistant surgeon in the United States army, and stationed on Wadmalaw Island, under the command of Major Gen. Scott, then in charge of the Freedman's Bureau, declared, in a letter addressed to a gentleman in this city, that "six months of the time which he should have devoted to the care of the sick was expended in preventing a wholesale massacre of the whites through the machinations of Chamberlain. Scott, the General commanding, once threatened Chamberlain with the "ball and chain" if he did not cease his efforts to array the blacks against their old owners. The Jenkins, Fripps and others on Wadmalaw Island can attest the truth of this statement. As a cotton planter Chamberlain was not a success.

It is said that he never paid his laborers, but of this we know nothing further than rumor. At all events, he was in needy circumstances when he took his seat in the Constitutional Convention of the State as a delegate in April, 1868, and the little form of the then embryo Governor was covered by an army blanket coat, which, from its patched appearance, reminded one of the historic coat of many colors. In this convention, Chamberlain exhibited all the traits of the demagogue. He introduced at length, a resolution asking the General Government to appropriate \$4,000,000 to purchase lands for his homeless constituents. By just such trickery he succeeded in having his name placed upon the State ticket for Attorney General, and was elected, and entered upon the discharge of his duties when Scott became Governor. As Attorney General it was his business to protect the interests of the State, but we find him engaged in various other schemes whereby the Treasury, under the management of his friend Parker, was depleted.

The "Land Commission" swindle was concocted by him, and ex-Treasurer Parker states that Chamberlain "got the lion's share in this fraud upon the State, getting dollars where C. P. Leslie and himself only got cents." During the time the embryo "reformer" was in a dormant state, and was on the most intimate terms with such men as Moses and Whipper. He was noisy in his denunciation of Democrats, and they, in turn, heaped their anathemas upon him.—So completely wedded was he to the negro, and so bitter was he to the South Carolina whites, that in 1871, when his infant child deceased, he called in a colored preacher named Harris to perform the last rites over its remains.

In 1874 the misgovernment of Moses rendered it necessary that a new leader should head the ticket, and

Chamberlain was nominated for Governor, receiving the support in the convention of Whipper and others whom he now denounces. So unpopular was Chamberlain that the Receiver of the State had to be brought into requisition, and over \$20,000 of that institution were misapplied in getting him elected. This is a fact well known to every South Carolinian acquainted with the politics of that State. Possessing no personal magnetism, and with a questionable record, it took hard work to elect him. No sooner had he taken the oath of office as Governor than he "went back" upon the honest yeomanry who had elevated him. The height of his ambition had been realized, and finding no other fields to conquer on the Republican side he at once made a somersault into the ranks of the opposition.

In June, 1875, Comptroller General Dunn, while examining the vouchers of the Treasury, discovered the loss of \$450,000 worth of coupons, which, after redemption, had been abstracted therefrom by Niles G. Parker, the late Treasurer.

A suit against Parker for the recovery of the amount was at once instituted, and the defendant lodged in jail in default of bail. He was tried in July on a civil action, and a verdict rendered for the State for \$200,000, the jury finding that only that sum had been traced to the possession of Parker, the balance, according to the evidence of one Ladd, having been appropriated by Chamberlain. During all this time Chamberlain was out of State, and declined to render any assistance in the prosecution of his old friend, the ex-Treasurer. Parker, having "a friend at court" in the person of the Governor, refused to make restitution, and after remaining in jail for over a month, where he was frequently visited by Chamberlain, a Circuit Judge was brought into requisition, and the defendant released on straw bail, his wife becoming his surety for \$2,500. Thus ended the Parker fiasco, and yet the trial was heralded all over the country by the Democratic press as being a fine piece of "reform" work by Chamberlain.—Parker is now in New Jersey, where he defies Chamberlain, because he knows the antecedents of the "reform" Governor. Conspicuous among the allies of Chamberlain is F. L. Cardozo, the present Treasurer of the State who is a mixture of the Jew, Spaniard and negro. He came to the surface as Secretary of State under Stott's administration, and was subsequently elected Treasurer when Moses became Governor. He was the right bower of the Chamberlain-Kimpton bond "ring" in New York, and in 1871 he took the great seal of the State to that city, and illegally affixed it to numberless bonds. It was during that year that Chamberlain, as Attorney General, approved the official bond of Kimpton, the financial agent of the State, without any security whatever, Henry Ciew and Co. having signed it only as witness. That he has done some good things since he has been Governor we are willing to admit, and give him due credit, but that he is the only honest man in the Republican party in South Carolina, as he would have the world believe, is simply a farce. He will yet experience that the same power which made him can and will unmake him, and in less than a twelvemonth there will be no one in his State so low as to do him honor. But he has asked everything upon his coup d'etat, and will leave no steps untaken to defeat the party. Blood stained villains are his aiders and abettors. The class of men whom he aided the United States District Attorney in convicting and sending to the penitentiary in 1871 for Ku Kluxism are his allies and supporters. Ex-Rebel Generals, who hate the negro worse than they do sin, fill his ante-chamber and enter into his councils. For every drop of blood that is shed this summer and fall Chamberlain will be responsible, and if there must be a victim to his rapacity, there are those who believe that

Chamberlain will be made to atone for it. We do not counsel lawlessness and disorder, but if Chamberlain inspires the Ku Klux Klans, to renew their attacks upon the inoffensive blacks, he should have the direst punishment meted out to him. Verily should this adventurer be impeached, for his longer continuance in power will be a peril and a shame.

## What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle work and bed making; or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will look after them.

But what the man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes; he meets with failures and defeat; trials and temptation beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight, with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, when he puts his arms around her, he feels that he has something to fight for, will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of council, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in house work. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised beyond measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing out a nobler idea in marriage, disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

## Plain Talk to Girls.

Your every day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a fury or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she looks in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: a mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, and hair and nail and tooth brushes. They are just as essential as your breakfast, before which, you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to furnish their children with such appliances not only make a mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to dress up for the afternoon.—Your dress may not, need not, be anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or a flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self respect and satisfaction that always comes with being well dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, should a neighbor come in. Moreover, your self respect should demand the decent appareling of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can even if you are sure that no one will see you but yourself.

"I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' every body."

## Necromancy.

One day at Parell His Royal Highness had an hour of quiet amusement in camp, watching the tricks of some Indian jugglers and snake charmers, which have been described a hundred times over, and which never lose their interest for the spectator. After breakfast a ragged train of fellows leading apes and carrying bags were seen coming up the main street of the camp to one of the tents. These were followed by seven or eight ugly, shadeless elderly women in bright drapery, carrying what are considered here musical instruments. They all squatted under the shade of the trees in front of the tents apart—conjurers, ape-leaders, singing women.

The jugglers and snake charmers were the first to show off. They were only two old chatty fellows, whose skin hung on their bones as if it were cracked brown paper. They did some clever "passes," swallowed and spit out fire, produced an enchanted, inexhaustible water vessel, walked on wooden patents held on by the action of the feet making a vacuum—in fact the withered, vivacious old juggler and his ragged old confederate performed all the orthodox tricks of their confraternity. Where did he get the cobras which he produced suddenly out of two baskets which had been turned over inside out, in our presence? It was not the drumming of his friends or the playing on the dry gourd which drew the reptiles out of cover.

Meanwhile a mango under the dirty cloth was growing, and in an interval of snake work the old fellow dashed at the latter, and exposed a fresh, bright green mango tree some eighteen inches high in the ground, where he had apparently only put in a mango seed. Expressions of wonder followed; then the cloth was thrown over the tree, and another of the famous legendary legerdemain feats was executed. A shallow basket about eighteen inches high and three feet long, with a cover, was placed before the Prince. It was plain there was no deceit. At a call there came out from the group of natives near at hand a lad of twelve, or so, slight of figure and pleasant of face, with not an article of dress save his lion cloth and a dirty turban.—Him the old man, chattering the while, bound hand and foot, a la Brothers Adyone in twine. Then a sack made of strong netting was produced and the old fellow slipped it over the lad, whom he squeezed down on his haunches so that he could tie the cords securely over his head and lift him from the ground to prove how securely he was. He seemed to use great force to put the lad into the basket and to have much difficulty in fitting the lid on the top of him. When that was done the music was renewed by one, and the other juggler began to talk to his basket. Presently the lid was agitated, and the cord and net were jerked out and fell on the ground.—Then the juggler ran at the basket in a fury, jumped on the top, crushed in the lid, stamped on it, took a stick and drove it with force through the wicker work. The basket was empty. Then there came a voice as of a lad who had been inside, and lo! There was just such a youth on one of the trees. The mango tree, when next uncovered, appeared hung with tiny fruit.

That was a smart nigger who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar ponds altogether how dey enjoy demselvos."

A negro was scalded to death from a boiler explosion in New Orleans last week, and on his tombstone they chiseled deeply, "Sacred to the memory of our steamed friend."

## One Hundred Years Ago.

Some wise wag has summed up the changes that have taken place during a century, in this way,

One hundred years ago wedding tours were not fashionable.

One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines.

One hundred years ago our mothers did not worry over disordered sewing machines.

One hundred years ago horses could trot a mile in 2:14 were somewhat scarce.

One hundred years ago it took several days to procure a divorce and find a congenial spirit.

One hundred years ago there were no dispute about the impoliteness of street car drivers.

One hundred years ago every young man was not an applicant for a position as a clerk or a book keeper.

One hundred years ago kerosene lamps did not explode and assist a woman to shuffle off this mortal coil.

One hundred years ago men did not commit suicide by going up in balloons and coming down without them.

One hundred years ago there were no third term millionaire bishops to stir up the waters of partisan politics.

One hundred years ago there were no Turkish harems at Salt Lake, and Elizas suing for the nineteenth part of a divorce.

One hundred years ago England was not very far behind the United States in all that goes to make a nation powerful and progressive.

One hundred years ago the Dutch had taken Holland, but had not made France "come down" with a handsome pile of "smart money."

One hundred years ago a young woman did not lose her caste by wetting her hands in dish water or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on a washboard.

One hundred years ago a physician who could not draw form of dissection from the system by tapping a large vein in the arm was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago men were not running about over the country with millions of fish eggs to be hatched to order. Fish superintended their own hatching in those days.

One hundred years ago the condition of the weather on the first of January was not telegraphed all over the continent on the evening of December 31. Things have changed.

One hundred years ago people did not worry about rapid transit and cheap transportation, but threw their grain crops across the backs of their horses and uncomplainingly "went to the mill."

One hundred years ago every man cut his coat according to his cloth, every man was estimated at his real value, shoddy was not known, nobody had struck "oil," and the merit and honest worth were the only grounds for promotion.

Of the one hundred and seventeen women now studying at the Michigan University, four have chosen law, forty seven medicine, and fifty six literature and science.

Three years ago Sheffield sent cutlery and steel rails to the United States valued at \$1,700,000. Last year the total value of goods exported to this country was only \$690,000.

How to raise bees—take hold of the tops, and pull.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Ah Pin is the Chinese Minister to the United States, but it's not stated what kind of an Ah Pin he is.

"What do they always put D. C. after Washington for?" asked Mrs. Quilp of Mr. Q. "Why, my dear, don't you know that Washington was the daddy of his country?" said Quilp, with a snicker.

## About Cashmere Shawls.

A letter from India gives an interesting account of the cashmere shawl trade as it is carried on in the Province of Cashmere, in the north of India. To make the real cashmere shawl is the work of time and patience. They are manufactured by the dozen; that is to say, one shawl is never made singly, but always a dozen are made at one time and after one pattern, on account of the number of persons employed in the manufacture—each person having a distinct portion of the shawl to make, and who is always kept at work on the same part, although the pattern of his work may be changed from time to time. By this means each operator becomes skilled in the particular form or shape of his piece of work it may require thirty men for a year; or many months, according to the fineness of the texture, to produce the dozen shawls. The work is performed upon small hand looms, held upon their laps, from patterns traced upon cloth, and so described in form and color that the eye readily follows the pattern. When the pieces are finished, of which a shawl comprises many, they are put into the hands of tailors, who fit them neatly together, and with some hand embroidery, that is generally employed upon the borders to cover seams or finish designs, the shawl is at last finished, and after the washing and pressing is ready for the market. This work is done by men, boys growing up to succeed their fathers in the same kind of work. The wages given for this work run from six to twelve cents per day. It is said that some of the most costly shawls never find their way into the market, but are kept by the rajahs for their own use. There is a good deal of trickery in the shawl trade, the dealers here and at Calcutta at first demand at least two and sometimes three pieces for their goods.—But a careful purchaser may buy for about one half the prices that obtain in the United States, and at least one third less than those of London.

NOT IN THE FAMILY.—An old Dutch troiter brought home two jugs the other day, one labeled "boiled oil" and the other "turpentine." They were placed in the barn, and pretty soon it was noticed that the old man had business there at regular intervals.—His oldest son slyly followed him, and saw him taking a deep draught from one of the jugs. The old man heard a step outside, and before going out he arranged those jugs according to his artistic taste. He was hardly gone when his son skipped in and took a drink from the jug out of which he supposed his father drank. The next moment he was spluttering, coughing and gasping, and the old man entered and asked:

"Turpentine doesn't agree with you does it?"

"But I saw you drinking it!" exclaimed the injured and indignant son.

"That is true," said the old man, while a beautiful smile played over his face, "but doesn't necessarily follow that the rest of the family must relish turpentine because I do."

A French paper tells the following: "A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. 'Set some traps,' replied an officer, and they'll come. I was once in Africa and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of pantaloons, earrings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the tree."

The Bostonian is not naturally a fiery being, but he very justly flares up when he goes into a photograph gallery and is informed by the operator that in order to secure a good likeness he must first wash his face.

When the spider left the ark, did he walk or take a fly?