

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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The Lesson Taught Us.

The Republican Convention which recently met in Columbia was a disgrace to the whole country. It was a disgrace to those who participated, and a disgrace to that party in the United States that has kept such worthies in power so long. It is difficult to conceive how a party so blatant with rowdiness and reeking with billingsgate, as that which recently met in Columbia, could possibly retain power if left entirely to itself.

In that Convention were assembled the men who have ruled South Carolina for eight long years. Those men represent the brains and the animus of their party, and their actions, doings, and sayings may be taken as fair and true exponents of their constituents. What these are it is unnecessary to recall; they have been published to the world and they are not easily forgotten. They show conclusively that there is no hope of reformation inside the Republican party. We may be told, however, that Governor Chamberlain is sincere in his propositions of reform; that he advocated them boldly in defending his administration, and that he was chosen a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention—all of which goes to prove that he can control his party. It proves no such thing, and the whole history of the Convention at Columbia proves just the contrary. Why, then, was he chosen? Well it is difficult to explain the whim or impulse that may, for a moment, control such a body. He had just emasculated Carpenter, and in doing so, he held up to view the history of a great political campaign and in representing Carpenter as having sowed the seed that sprang up into the armed Ku-Klux, and himself as the hero who had battled with and crushed the hydra-headed monster, he made an artificial appeal to the passions and prejudices of his audience and secured to himself a momentary victory. It matters little whether this be the true explanation or not—one thing is certain, Chamberlain was one of a hopeless minority in that body. No man, who does not propose to stultify himself, can construe his election as a delegate into an approval of the officer, for he is met by the crushing fact that a resolution endorsing Chamberlain's administration was defeated by a two thirds vote of this very body. This of itself is conclusive on the point, and it receives additional strength from the fact that he was the only one of the minority who was chosen.

We are told that fools will learn in the school of experience, and if experience, politically speaking has taught us one thing more conclusively than another, it is the utter folly of hoping for reformation inside Radical ranks. In 1870 we put forward a mixed ticket in which we hoped that every man would find a reasoning suited to his palate, and we selected the Honorable R. B. Carpenter to lead us to victory. It was our fortune to hear this high toned, consistent, chivalrous gentleman, and in all that campaign we heard no man more brilliant for reform, nor one who spoke in such unmeasured terms of the villainies and rascalities of the Radical party. That campaign ended in ignominious defeat. But where do we now find the bold reformer R. B. Carpenter? In less than the four years we find him in the ranks of Bowen and Leslie, and the friend and ally of honest John Patterson, who swears that there yet remain five years' of good stealing in South Carolina.

In the campaign of 1870 who led the hosts of the opposition both on the field and in the council chamber? The Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain. In 1872 Moses and the nominees of the regular Republican party were elected. Who again led the ranks of the opposition? The Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain. The administration of Moses was the most corrupt and debasing that has been permitted in the annals of any modern civilized people. Who was the attorney general of Moses? The Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain.

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In 1874 we "took advantage," of a split in the party "to elect" Green and Delany—one a good Radical and the other a negro.—The knowing ones assured us that at last we had a "good thing" and that all we had to do was to lay aside prejudice and enjoy the rewards of victory. Well, we tried it, but for the want of votes, we would have won.

Who was the legal Counselor of Hardy Solomon's Bank?—a swindle that was a disgrace even to a disgraced party. The Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain. Who was a director in this disgraceful, swindling, banking operation? The Hon. Daniel H. Chamberlain. Yet, there are those who would have us believe this Honorable gentleman an innocent lamb; who would have us shut our eyes to the past and believe him honest, good and true.

If we have brains enough to comprehend the teachings of the past, and the late utterances of the Republican Convention, the Democratic party, uniting to a man, will fall back upon itself as the only hope of redeeming the State. We have trusted to others long enough; we must now trust in ourselves.—Laurensville Herald.

The Black Thursday Judges.

The Charleston Bar have taken a bold and decisive stand, says the News and Courier. They agree to the legal proposition that Judges Reed and Shaw, although elected for an unexpired term, are in office under the Constitution, and are entitled to serve for the full term of four years from the day of their election, and that the election of Whipper in the place of Judge Reed, and of Moses, Jr., in the place of Judge Shaw, was unlawful and void. They therefore uphold Governor Chamberlain in his refusal to issue commissions to the persons who claim to have been elected and were not elected; and they pledge to Judge Reed their support in every way he can devise or may require. They further declare their determination not to recognize Whipper as Circuit Judge in this County, and that they will resist any attempt on his part to enforce his right to the office.

This is a proper beginning, but we do not think of Charleston alone.—There is Orangeburg to care for, and it is hoped that the Bar there will think favorably of what has been done here and will declare similar conclusions and determinations. Only one lawyer in Charleston declined to sign the letter to Judge Reed, and with a like unanimity in Orangeburg, the prospect of a peaceful victory will be bright.

The Counties in Judge Shaw's Circuit have already spoken boldly and decisively about their pretender, ex-Governor Moses, and the line agreed upon in this Circuit will no doubt be satisfactory to them. They can count on Judge Shaw's assent to a request similar to that made of Judge Reed, and the moral effects of it will be excellent. Sumpter, spirited and resolute, can well take the lead again.

The declaration of the Charleston Bar will be understood everywhere. It has only one meaning, which is that Whipper is not Judge, and shall not sit as Judge in this County. The law will be exhausted in this effort to keep out the usurper; and the law, in so clear a case, ought to be sufficient. But if the law does not suffice to keep Whipper out, he will be kept out. That is the declaration of the Charleston Bar, who, in this, are the spokesmen of the whole body of respectable citizens.

A lazy fellow falling a distance of fifty feet and escaping with only a few scratches, a bystander remarked that he was "too slow to fall fast enough to hurt himself!"

Gov. Rice, of Massachusetts, has vetoed the bill legalizing Parton's marriage with Fanny Fern's daughter.

COLUMBIA, April 21, 1876.
To Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor, for the ladies of Lexington, Mass., (care Capt. Courtenay, Charleston, S. C.)

Dear Madam—I have, to day received by express, the cane cut from the old lilac tree, which still adorns the "Parsonage" at Lexington, where Hancock and Adams took counsel together for their country's freedom, beneath its roof one hundred years ago.

It is a precious relic, a precious token, a precious inspiration; relic of one of the most sacred spots in human history; token of kind remembrance of my visit to Lexington, a year ago, and of your too high estimate of my words there spoken; inspiration to new and greater efforts to take up and weave together, indissoluble, the parted cord which once bound South Carolina and Massachusetts, in brave and victorious companionship, in defense of American freedom.

Humble as I am, there are few earthly honors I would value higher than the honor that has already come to me from you, dear madam and ladies of Lexington—the testimony you bear to the good influence of my words of peace and good will at Lexington one year ago.

You are now on a similar errand to Charleston. You have come among us to bring the returning olive branch of peace and good will. You come to a people sadly bereaved, sorely disappointed, but still with hearts that thrill to the touch of old memories, hearts true to every call of Truth and Honor and patriotic duty; hearts yearning, amidst their sorrows for the coming back of a peace which shall unite South Carolina and Massachusetts by the same bonds which united Adams and Gadsden, Hancock and Rutledge—the bonds of mutual respect and plighted faith to a great and sacred cause.

To speak one word, as you say I have—to do one act, as I know you have—which shall hasten such a result, is glory and consolation enough. In the name of an honorable and high minded people, whom I officially represent, speaking their profound feelings, I bid you welcome to South Carolina on your pious and patriotic mission. The blessings of the Old Bay-State wafted you forth on your errand; the blessings of every heart, in the Old Palmetto State, greet your safe coming. We are deeply touched by this evidence of personal and individual interest in the occasion which so peculiarly concerns our local history and pride. We regard it and we shall cherish it as a pure tribute to the underlying and inextinguishable love of country which can survive the throes of civil war, and on the warm ashes of recent conflicts erect its shrine and plant its ensign.

I express to you my profound regret that I could not leave the Capital to meet you, face to face, but I know how well and worthily all such duties will be discharged by the good and gallant citizens of our venerated metropolis, and my absence will not mar the charm of your visit.

I beg you to accept my grateful thanks for the personal and touching compliment conveyed by your gift and note, and, above all, to carry back to Massachusetts and Lexington this message: "One hundred years ago South Carolina and Massachusetts were struggling together for freedom and independence; to day South Carolina is struggling alone for good government. By the memories of Lexington and Moultrie, we beseech Massachusetts to stand by us in this dire extremity, in the spirit of Adams and Hancock."

With profound respect and admiration, I am, dear madam and ladies of Lexington, your most grateful and obedient servant,

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN,
Governor of South Carolina.

The Man of Fifty Millions—Another View.

The Charleston News and Courier says: The late A. T. Stewart was a man of one idea. His single aim in life seems to have been to make money by keeping shop. True, he owned great hotels and mill towns by which money was made, but these, as has been justly observed, were auxiliary to the shop. Outside of that, he had apparently no ambition, or, he had, never exercised it. His aims were narrow, because, no doubt, his powers were limited. What he might have accomplished, had he concentrated these powers on something else than shopkeeping, may be vaguely imagined; or what result would have attended a diffusion of his intellectual force and great vital energy, may be the subject of guesses still more vague. All we know is that he succeeded in making and selling of goods. It is a brilliant record, if you choose, but defined by a single vivid beam, beyond which is intense darkness, nothing more.

Consider the wide and varied fields of human enterprise into which he either did not care, or, doubting his powers, never dared, to penetrate.—His record in billiards is a total blank; the wretched man probably never handled a cue in his whole life. Did he ever make a ten strike, or know the deep mystery of the "twister" in "cocked hat"? History is silent. He yatched not, neither wielded he the skulls. It may be doubted whether he ever steered so much as a bumboat successfully, from the day of his birth to the day of his death. If he boxed, or fenced, or played at quarter staff, no one is aware of it. The man actually cared nothing whatever for fast horses, owned not a single bull pup, contenting himself probably with a pretty rat-terrier, and absolutely refused to drive tandem or ride at bounds, from early manhood to old age! These statements sound incredible, but they are true. Why, Grant or Bonner could have jockeyed him out of his entire estate! Indeed, there is but too much reason to suspect that this unhappy being was absolutely ignorant of short cards, and could not and did not bet at faro.—The fact has been studiously concealed by Judge Hilton, but it is so, it must be so. He wouldn't even get drunk at night!

Stranger still, he belonged to no secret society, not even to a debating society. Who said he was a Mason, a lackluster Mason, much less a bright Mason? and yet he might have soared up to Knight Templarhood. In point of fact he appears not at any time to have been a "free and accepted" anything, not so much as a dependent Odd Fellow. What Red Manly action of his was ever recorded, and who bears witness to his Heptosophic achievements. His Druidical remains are few and far between. He never headed, or followed, or took part in processions of any kind; never marched with a thing slung to his neck, a thing in his hand, a thing round his wrist, a thing across his shoulders and a plume in his hat; yet he might have owned prettier soldier cloths than Jim Fisk's, and paraded every day in the year! Never since the world began did human being so neglect magnificent opportunities. Just think of it! He never was out of doors on the fourth of July. It is shameful, disgraceful; we have no patience with such a man. Worse remains to be told. We might allude to the shameful circumstances that he shot no pigeons, couldn't fish, invented no patent medicines, was not a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, lived wholly apart from base ball, practice no law, declined to doctor, was not a notary public, never made a stump speech, had no title even from a Tennessee College, vegetated for two and seventy years as plain Mister, led no German, played on no flute, and couldn't sing; but these are minor matters. The appalling and incredible verity is yet to be

stated, and broadly stated, that he was not a correspondent of the New York Herald, and probably, nay almost certainly, never contributed a line to a paper, town or country, not even a communication!

Here we pause. The pen falls.—More cannot be said. He was rich, poor man! and some allowance should be made for that, but upon the whole we are forced to conclude that of all human beings of the white race that ever lived on American soil, A. T. Stewart, the Man of Fifty Millions, was beyond all comparison the most one-sided and imperfectly developed. Nor will any mortuary sculptor grave this deep and solemn truth upon his tombstone. But the youth of the country will take it to heart.

Why Lincoln was Assassinated.

Among the chosen friends of John Wilkes Booth's boyhood was a dashing, chivalrous young man named John Y. Beal, whose home was in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley not far from Winchester. Damon and Pythias were not more attached to each other than were Booth and Beal.—Beal was Southern in his sympathies, and planned raids on Northern cities, and at last was captured at or near Buffalo, and sentenced to be hanged on Bedloe's Island. One afternoon, in the city of Washington, while Beal was under sentence of death, there alighted from a carriage two men, who walked into the room occupied by Washington McLean of Cincinnati, who was at the time in Washington in the interest of his business. These men who called were Senator Hale of New Hampshire and John Wilkes Booth. Booth was anxious to save the life of Beal, his chum and confidential personal friend. He had interested Mr. Hale in his behalf. They importuned McLean to go with them to the President, as a Democrat—as a friend of Booth—as a man who had much influence with Mr. Lincoln, and to vouch with Mr. Hale for any promises Booth might make in return for this great favor to him. After a protracted interview McLean accompanied Hale and Booth in a carriage to the residence of J. W. Forney, who was then in bed, the hour being late. Forney was awakened from his sleep and told the object of his call. His sympathies were enlisted, as he was always ready to serve his friends.

It was an hour or more past midnight when Hale, Forney, McLean, and Booth were driven to the White House. The guard, at the request of Forney, admitted the carriage to the grounds. Mr. Lincoln was called from his sleep, and there, in the dead of night, he sat and listened to the prayers of Booth and indorsements of those who came with him to ask the favor of Executive clemency. This interview lasted till 4 in the morning. There was not a dry eye in the room as Booth knelt at the feet of Lincoln, clasped his knees with his hands, and begged him to spare the life of one man—a personal friend—who, in serving the ones he loved, had come to the door of death.

Booth told all. He told how, long before, in a fit of passion to do some bold deed, he had joined in a conspiracy to abduct the President and to hold him as hostage for the release of certain military prisoners who were Booth's friends, and who, it was thought, were to be shot. He told of the meetings they had held at the house of Mrs. Surratt, and that all of that plan had fallen to the ground long before. He offered his services at any time and in any place or capacity, free of cost or fearless of consequences. The eminent gentlemen who were there with him joined in the request that the prayer of Booth be granted, and that Beal should be pardoned. At last President Lincoln, with tears streaming down his face, took Booth by the hands, bade him rise and stand like a man, and gave him his promise that Beal should be pardoned. He asked the party to depart that he might gain rest for the work of the morrow, and said that

the official document that they asked for should be forwarded at once to United States Marshal Robert Murray, in New York, and through him to the officers charged with the execution of Beal.

After breakfast Lincoln informed Seward, Secretary of State, what he had done or promised to do. Seward said that it must not be; that public sentiment in the North demanded that Beal should be hung. He declared that to pardon Beal would discourage enlistment, lengthen the war, and insult the sentiment that called for blood. He chided Lincoln for making such promises without asking the advice of his Cabinet, or advising with himself, Seward, on State policy. As the argument grew contentious, Seward declared that if the conduct of the war was to be trifled with by appeals for humanity he should get out of the Cabinet and use his influence against the President, and should charge him with being in sympathy with the South. Lincoln yielded and Beal was executed. The reaction to Lincoln's nervous system was such that for days he was far from well.

The effect on Booth was terrible.—He raved like a madman, and in his frenzy swore that Lincoln and Seward should both pay for the grief and agony he had been put to. From the death of Beal, Booth brooded vengeance for that which he considered a personal affront. His rage took in Seward, and he engaged Harold, Atserodt and others to avenge Beal's death by killing Seward, while he, Booth, wreaked human vengeance on the President. At last came the hour. Booth killed Lincoln. His friends and the relative or avengers of Beal tried their best to kill Seward, and when they left him stabbed, bleeding, and limp as a cloth, as he rolled over behind the bed whereon they found him, they supposed their work was completely done.

Our story is told. We have given the truth of history, and told exactly why Abraham Lincoln, the humane President of the United States, was killed.

Passengers by Tuesday's night train from Charleston report detention of the cars in the vicinity of Adam's Run on the Savannah and Charleston railroad, by the encounter of an army of myriads of caterpillars that were wending their way upon the track, and in such numbers and manner as to impede the wheels of the locomotive for miles. This is a most extraordinary and unprecedented occurrence, at least at this season, and would seem to indicate that we are to be inflicted with further disaster if the next brood, after eating up vegetation in its track, invades the cotton plant and provision crops, now tender and in growing state.—Port Royal Standard.

LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME.—You cannot make people honest by paying them large salaries. Our public servants were less suspected, and a less number were guilty, when the salaries were smaller than now. It is living beyond income that has been with most defaulters the first step, and we say in all earnestness that in every case living beyond income was needless and criminal.—The body of the people are not in no mood to be trifled with by puerile pleas about social position and beautiful extravagance. This kind of life is essentially vulgar because it lacks the highest culture, which is self-control and self-denial.

Practical jokes don't go well out in Arizona. The man who came one over an editor out there the other day, never came two.

The people of Texas are in the midst of a heated controversy over the succession to Senator Hamilton's seat. From the latest advices received the contest seems to have narrowed down to a choice between Dr. Richard Coke, the present Governor, and Hon. John Hancock, the sitting member in Congress from the fifth Congressional District.