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Communications

The Southern Baptist Convention—Twenty-first Annual Session.

MR. EDITOR: This body convened with the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., May 11th, 1876, with J. P. Boyce, D.D., of Kentucky, in the Chair. After singing a hymn and reading the Scriptures, prayer was offered by the venerable Thomas Dawson, of S. C. who is now 87 years of age.

A list of delegates from each State being furnished, the convention entered into the election of officers. Dr. J. William Jones, of Richmond, made pleasant reference to the faithful and able services of Dr. P. H. Mell, of Ga., as president in past years, and submitted his name, but Dr. Mell thanked the convention for past honors and for words of kindness and sympathy during his infirm health, which first prevented his occupying the chair, and which still unfit him for the duties of the office, and withdrew his name in favor of Dr. Boyce, who was re-elected to preside over the convention. In accepting the position, the President made appropriate remarks, complimentary to his declining senior, whom he preferred in honor as presiding officer.

While the organization was perfecting, Dr. Fuller, of Baltimore, stated that Deacon A. W. Poulson, of that city, a man of piety and worth in the convention, just at the time to start to the meeting, was stricken with apoplexy, and died in three minutes. He regarded it as a warning to the members of the convention to be ready for sudden death, for if we be ready, sudden death is sudden glory. Dr. Lawson, of New York, prayed that this visitation might be sanctified to the good of the convention, and at the request of the President, addressed the body with reference to our times of reformation and revival. Dr. Lorimer, of Boston was also called out, and made a stirring speech, urging the preaching of the cross as the great need of our times.

Dr. H. A. Tupper, of Virginia, Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, read his annual report, which was very gratifying and encouraging. The introductory paragraph is one of thanksgiving to God, as follows:

"Closing a year of almost unprecedented monetary depression in our country, the Board feel that in the good Providence which has enabled them by dint of severe toil and aid of generous friends, to supply the pressing necessities of our work, there is now occasion to thank God and take courage, and to rely in the future more implicitly on Him who has said to His people engaged in gospeling the nations: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'" A few extracts from the report may be of interest here.

WOMAN'S WORK.

"Our christian women of Georgia and Virginia have contributed \$2,491.60 for the Moon-house in Tung Chowi; and the ladies of South Carolina \$1,343.41 for the Missionary House at Canton. Our sisters of other States have aided these objects, and done nobly for the general work. Let the convention give an emphatic 'God speed' to these praiseworthy workers for Jesus, and commend to their consideration the multiplication of missionary societies, and their more thorough organization, with the view of prosecuting the grand work of woman's salvation among the heathen." The report quotes the following item on this subject: "It is stated, that the Woman's Foreign Mission Societies of this country contributed last year \$860,000 to Foreign Missions."

TREASURER'S REPORT.

"The treasurer reports the receipt of, say \$45,000. This is \$13,000 above the average collections—(exclusive of

the Rome Chapel fund)—of the three past years; and some \$23,000, or nearly one hundred per cent above the average of the six years previous. * * * The liberality of the churches has made the year just closed, upon the whole, the most successful, in a pecuniary point of view, since the close of the war."

AFRICAN MISSIONS.

"Foreign Missions, 2; native assistants, 3; baptized, 16; total membership, 53."

CHINA MISSIONS.

"Foreign Missionaries, 15; ordained native pastors, 2; native assistants, 15; out-stations, 6; churches, 5; baptisms, 37; membership, 350."

BIBLE WOMEN IN CHINA.

"A fair proportion of the converts, during the year past, was of women. With the conversion of almost all of them, our women have had something to do. One of the Bible women, the wife of Deacon Sen, is under the control of Miss Whilden, and is supported by Ladies' Missionary Societies in Mississippi. We have one Bible woman located at Shiu Ling, and four at Canton. Mrs. Graves attends the weekly meeting of Bible women for the instruction of the heathen. She has a Bible reading for the Bible women, and other christian women, at our chapel before service every Sabbath morning. Miss Whilden has a Bible woman living at her house, from which point she has worked the neighborhood for a considerable distance around."

Italian Missions—places and preachers. Rome—G. B. Taylor and Signor Coorda; La Tour, Signor Ferraris; Milan, Signor Paschetto; Medena, Campi and San Possidonio—Signor Martinelli; Lodi, Signor Gardiol; Civita Vecchia, Signor Cassi; Bari; Signor Basile.

Dr. J. L. Curry, of Virginia, president of the Foreign Mission Board, speaking of Italian Missions says: "If we are in earnest, it is indispensable that we show by convincing facts that we intend to live and labor in Italy. There must be permanency, and the overt proof of permanency. So long as we are surpassed by others in the number of missionaries, preaching stations, and houses of worship—so long as we are mere tenants at will of badly located and uncomfortable houses of worship, liable to be disposed of every year, and unable to make changes adapted to church needs, we must labor at disadvantages, and cannot hope to impress favorably, or to take the position that our principles and professions require.—We are under imperative obligation to bear our full testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus; but we may as well make up our minds to do more in Italy, or withdraw. I feel constrained to make a direct and earnest appeal to the churches to make immediate and effective steps for strengthening and enlarging our work in Italy. The demand and the necessity for enlarged effort are very great. All the considerations that induced the establishment of the Italian Mission still exist with reduplicated force. Other evangelical denominations are neither idle nor inactive. Those of the same name, of different nationalities, are uniting, so as to accomplish more by joint wealth, energy and influence. These denominations, at much expense, have purchased eligible sites or houses in Rome and other prominent cities in Italy. We should rejoice at their labors of love, and be provoked to good works, to larger benevolence, by what they are doing beyond us."

The report shows that among the contributors of the \$45,000 already mentioned, Virginia led the van, giving over \$9,000, and Georgia, next in order, gave over \$7,000, and South Carolina, in her poverty, contributed over \$6,000.

NIGHT SESSION.

The convention assembled at 8 o'clock to hear the annual sermon. In the absence of both the principal and the alternate, appointed at the last meeting, the committee on religious services, with the approval of the convention, appointed Dr. Geo. C.

Lorimer, of Boston, Massachusetts, to preach the convention sermon. The President and others engaged in the opening exercises, after which the preacher announced as his text, "The greatest of these is charity," having previously read the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. The sermon was earnest and striking. After the sermon, which was heard with much interest by a very large audience, the President called the convention to order, and Dr. W. F. Mcintosh, Corresponding Secretary of the Home Mission Board, read the thirty first annual report; giving the names of twenty six Missionaries, who has been under appointment of the Board during the past year.

Benediction by the President.

[Continued next week.]

J. C. HUDSON.

Easley, S. C.

MR. EDITOR: A party very pleasantly took leave of Pickensville on the morning of the 13th May, to attend a picnic at or near Piercetown, Anderson county, but there being another picnic at Slabtown, a few miles distant, the citizens of Piercetown and vicinity, deemed it prudent to postpone theirs for a future time. But Mr. Editor, it was quite a treat to the party, or at least a portion of it, for we never before had the pleasure of passing through that country. We passed a great many beautiful residences and delightful farms in a high state of cultivation. Cotton is looking fine, receiving its first plowing. Corn crops promising—wheat crop as fine as we ever saw. Traveling a beautiful road we passed many beautiful flower gardens, which sent forth their sweet perfumes, making everything lovely, and there being only one or two small rivulets on the way, we were kindly refreshed with cool water from the wells of kind friends along the route. The party consisted of Mrs. Dr. Neal, Miss Lidia Clary, Mr. John Montgomery, Col. T. J. Clary, and Mr. Abner Mullinix. After being disappointed in the picnic, we proceeded to the residence of Mr. Alfred Neal, where we were received with great hospitality and kindness by Mrs. Neal, Mr. Neal being absent on our arrival, but returned before we took leave of his pleasant home, and we were made to feel pleasant while enjoying his company and hospitality. To add interest and pleasure to our party, we had the exquisite pleasure of meeting Miss Salie Neal there, which added much to the pleasures of our party. Soon after our arrival at Mr. Neal's, we heard that there was to be a meeting of Good Templars near there in the afternoon, and were strongly solicited to spend the evening, if we were not Templars, to join in the amusements that could be gotten up, but our visit was a hurried one, and we reluctantly declined the kind invitation. We learned that the Lodge had been organized recently, and that it numbered about seventy five or one hundred members, and was in a growing and prosperous condition. One of our party, however, not being obliged to return to Pickensville, remained, declaring himself a candidate for the Legislature from Pickens, and also a candidate at large for matrimony. He spent the time very pleasantly we learn, was very much smitten with some of the Anderson fair sex, at least so much so that they being Good Templars, he has since joined the Order himself. He will willingly content himself with one vote at large, but for the Legislature, he wants all of Pickens.

On taking our leave of Mr. Neal's, we soon found our selves at Piercetown, some five or six miles distant, where we found a Democratic Club convened, and being strong Democrats, we were constrained to stop and give our feeble efforts in promoting democracy. On taking our

leave of the club meeting, our attention was next drawn to the fine looking orchards near each residence on the way, but noticed that there was but little fruit. No peaches of any consequence. The apple crop is pretty good in places. It is highly probable that we can get a small quantity of chery bounce, if the jay-birds will not feast too heavily for the next month. The blackberry crop is fine. I suppose, if we can get up a few greenbacks to buy sugar, we can have some fine wines, jellies, &c., but temperance is spreading its wings in our County—the demand for wines, liquors, &c., will not be so great as it has been. We also hope, that the Revenue Department will not be so heavily burdened this year, or at least, that the expenses may be curtailed and the Revenue officers compelled to return to their plow handles to make a support for themselves and families. We returned to Pickensville about dusk—found everything quiet and serene, and pleased with our hasty visit.

Yours with respect,

TOM BELL.

Centennial Letter.

A week of glorious sunshine and bracing air has fairly turned the tide of emigration towards the Centennial ground, which would be worth a journey of a thousand miles to see if every building within the enclosure were raised from turret to foundation stone. As you enter the gate shake the dust from your shoes, and give the great hall on the right the go by, don't look at the towering peaks of the machinery department, which stands upon the left, but give me your hand and walk right straight ahead, over the railroad through the department of Public Comfort, down by this beautiful little Japanese cottage on the left and that unique little building on the right, and here let us pause a moment and take a look. See those Japs how they work, time is of no consequence to them—slow and sure is the motto; but you can bet your bottom dollar when the job is done, it sticks, yes, those titles so clumsy and so quaintly plastered with white mortar, will last till the crack of doom. That house will outwear a dozen of your gimcrack Yankee houses, that like the Yorkshireman's razors are only made to sell. Step over here into the Swedish school house, what do you think of that? You had an idea that there were no schools worth mentioning outside of Boston or Chicago. I individualize these two cities because I always like to go from the hub to the periphery, and we all know there is nothing beyond Chicago. See it and die, like the fellow once said to Naples. But if you'll take my advice, you'll die before you go to Chicago, or they'll skin you alive when you get there. But here we are in the Swedish school house what order, what convenience, what positive beauty in everything that surrounds you. That dry old chap you see over in the corner was a schoolmaster in Sweden, he looks a little dull and rusty now, but he is chock full of knowledge from the crown of the head to the sole of his foot. How he used to tan the leather breeches of the amins of Stockholm, and what substantial additions he has made to their knowledge of the sciences and arts by the aid of a wooden shoe, ora cat and nine tails, implements of husbandry happily not forgotten in that well ordered community where the fifth commandment is still not an entirely obsolete document, maps, books, stuffed alligators, bottles with snakes preserved in whiskey, and monster toads in the same delightful fluid are arranged upon the shelves. I have seen the time when it would have been mighty unsafe to leave those bottles laying around loose if there were a snake in them; but all nonsense aside, it is a beautiful school house, where every modern appliance is to be found that can conduce to the comfort and happiness of the scholars. It is not large, but so cozy that I

found myself insensibly humming, "I would I were a boy again," till I caught sight of the black strap in the corner, when I suddenly left for the skirts of my coat, and rejoicing in my manhood, walked out to take the air and give the subject further consideration. Here we are on the path again; that beautiful little building right in front of us, across the lake, is the house of the Brazilian commission.—And surely nothing more delightful can be imagined than this sweet little cottage surrounded with shubbery embowered in trees. That's the place where Dom Pedro sometimes discusses coffee and muffins. Cast your eye to the right as we cross the dell; take a look at that gypsy campfire in the distance, and tell me if you ever saw anything more romantic or beautiful than that. What's that place up there that looks like a Utah boarding house on stilts? Well, that's the lager beer saloon,—lager five cents a glass—no, I thank you, I never drink, excuse me, I'd rather not, come right along, I want to show you this one view here, and then we'll take a stroll in the Main Hall. There, this is the spot; stand here; talk of your pictures and scenery, look at that, hill, dale, valley, lake, fountain, flowers, everything that can glorify landscape is here, that the magnificent foliage of the trees, the rare beauty of the flowers, the rich fragrance leads the air with delicious perfume; and stretching far away on every side is a landscape of loveliness unequalled. That beautiful building in front of us is Horticultural Hall, and one of the handsomest edifices on the ground. The large building on the left with the green roof that looks like an ancient abbey, is Agricultural Hall, and to my thinking, one of the most interesting portions of the Exhibition. Shall we walk back to the Main Hall? Oh, you want to look in here. Very well, walk right in; this, my dear madam is the celebrated Log Cabin, which, if you had gone away without seeing, you would have missed one of the greatest sights of the Exhibition. Step in and look around; no charge.—It is not the log cabin of to day, but the log cabin of a hundred years ago—and how snug and comfortable it looks—that clock in the corner is a hundred and fifty years old, and has seen the day it was just as good as it ever was. And that spinning wheel by the fireplace has spun yarn for stockings for old gentlemen and ladies who crossed the styx while our great great grandfathers and great-great grand mothers were still loyal subjects of good King George. Yes, ma'am, no humbug about that, bring me an almanac, and I'll swear it. How do I know? Well, I'll tell you how I know, I was told it by Mrs. Southwick.—Who is she? That's her, over there; in the high cap and single breasted dress. Look at her as she stands there, ain't she a picture? Six yards and a quarter in that dress, and then she had a piece left to make new sleeves with. No ma'am, she does not wear a bustle, and you couldn't get a hoop under that dress big enough for a nail keg. She ain't old, take a good look at her sweet and kindly face, her back looks like a hundred but her face would let her off at thirty. This is Jerusha Penrose, and Abigail short, and Patience Doolittle, and Comfort Holbrook, dressed in the style of a hundred years ago. The chairs, the tables, the self that sets upon the worm eaten dressers, all are old and worn, but still mighty pleasant to look at. Now for a short stroll through the Main Hall. Reaching the centre of the building by the shortest cut, we find ourselves near the music stand, deserted for the time by Gilmore's Band, and the rival potentates of that king of instruments, the piano faco each other like gladiators in the grand arena of music. It is a sight to watch the faces of the crowd as this player or that gains some momentary triumph. The player, however, is lost sight of in the piano. It is not a question of musical skill, but of the musical excellence of the instrument, and the players themselves seem completely oblivious to the mighty concert that surrounds them. Now you catch the grand tones of a clattering

next the sweet melody of a Weber; Decker and Steek and Steinway, all claim your attention and admiration, and in the multitude of exquisite harmony, your judgment is lost, and you hardly know in whose favor to decide. Watch the fingers of the players, how they fly; that ripple of melody comes like the soft beating of a summer wave upon the sandy shore, and now it rises and swells, and breaks like the rolling thunder in a storm, till you almost doubt if the effect is the work of human hands. But let us walk on. This is the exhibit of Starr & Marcus, the celebrated jewelers of New York. We won't stop long, but I want to show you a diamond necklace that might be the ransom for a King. How lovely, how beautiful, how magnificent, how superb bursts from the crowd on every side. How much is it worth! Oh, a mere bag of nails, probably not over one thousand dollars. Goodness gracious; let us get on, Sarah, I thought it was worth about two dollars and a half. Cornolius & Son, of Philadelphia have a splendid display of gas fixtures, rivalled only by that of Archer & Pancost, of New York. Here we come to a beautiful display of glass by the Smith Brothers, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. You had an idea that they had nothing but blubber in New Bedford? It was mixed up in your mind with oil casks and tin backs, tarpaulins and try works, whale boats and mouldy biscuits, and "there she blows." No such thing, sir; times ain't now as they used to was. The glory of Israel has departed from her blubber hunters, and now she wrestles in the arena of aesthetics with London, Vienna and Paris, and after a short nip and tuck, occasionally gets them on the hip.

Ho is a case before us worthy of admiration for it appeals to all the finer feelings of your nature, it is dental instruments, and belongs to James S. White, of Philadelphia. My gentle friend have you ever had the toothache? I think I hear you mentally exclaim—no, I wish I had. Well if you should ever get it that case was invented for just such a case. Oh! what lovely forceps to pull out the shattered bone from your jaws, and what an admirable tarragout to dislodge from its abiding place some growling and refractory molar. Do you see those delicate little nail pickers over there, they are for digging out roots, I think I should like to go fishing in somebody's jaw with one of those things; just to see how it feels.—Oh! don't I wish I had the toothache. Ah! here we have a case that calls for special notice, entered by the Surgical Institute, all sorts of trusses and instruments for the assistance of afflicted humanity, it looks as though it would be almost a pleasure to have a crooked leg just for the sake of having it straightened by one of those admirable instruments.

Next we come to the display of Brazil, shining in white and crimson and gold, and looking like the halls of the Alahambra. What a magnificent display of flowers, gorgeous in color and exquisite in beauty, how fresh and how lovely they look, just as if they had been gathered from some oriental garden only an hour before, you can almost catch their perfume through their prison house of glass, these are not flowers my friends but feathers plucked from the birds of the air who were robbed of their rainbow robes to furnish these beautiful flowers, no description can convey a perfect idea of the indescribable beauty of these gossamer and leathery bouquets. But not on these does Brazil depend for her fame, she has within herself all the elements of a mighty empire. Diamonds and gold, silver, wheat, wine, wool, dye woods, hides and coffee and sugar, and every material product that can add to the riches of a nation, and she has a ruler wise and good, a man who has made the name of Emperor respectable, but I am near the end of my cable and I will finish Brazil next week.

The attendance has been good and is constantly increasing, the grounds are improving every day, and in a week most of the exhibits will be finished. Some people have an idea that it is no use to come on for a day. I say if you only have one day to spare come on, you can see enough in that day to keep you actively thinking just about sixteen years, you soon begin to realize what a heap of knowledge there is on the outside of your head, and I'll guarantee that no matter what the cost or how brief the time you will find that you have got your money's worth. Among the committees which have been selected during the last week is the committee in the Great Department of Agriculture, which has selected John J. Coleman, formerly professor of the Royal Agricultural College of England, as chairman, and James S. Grinnell, the former popular head clerk of the Patent Office in Washington as Secretary.

BROADBENT.