

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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Echoes of St. Louis.

WHAT THE COUNTRY THINKS OF TILDEN AND HENDRICKS.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Speaker Kerr, immediately on the reception of the news of the nomination at St. Louis, telegraphed from the Rock-bridge Alum Springs, Va., where he is staying for the benefit of his health to Senator McDonald, of Indiana, in care of Senator Thurman, as follows: "I sincerely rejoice in the bold and faithful declarations of principles and duties made by the National Democratic party at St. Louis, and I regard it now as the highest public duty of every Democrat and of every true friend of reform and honest administration throughout the country to give to the every way excellent and admirable ticket nominated there a hearty and vigorous support. Victory will surely reward proper and honorable efforts in their behalf, and bring safely, reform and prosperity to the country."

THE TICKET IN GEORGIA.

ATLANTA, July 1.—A grand ratification meeting of the Democratic nominations for President and Vice President was held to night. Thousands of our citizens were present.—Many speeches were made by prominent men, and a salute of one hundred guns was fired.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Senator Bayard has sent the following:

To Hon. Samuel J. Tilden: I take the first hour since my return from Mississippi to assure you that my fervent support will not be wanting to elect you to the Presidency, where your services are so much needed by the American people.

T. F. BAYARD

HOW TILDEN TOOK THE NEWS.

Governor Tilden passed Wednesday at the Executive mansion in Albany, surrounded by members of his household. He received but few dispatches from St. Louis, and sent none there. In the evening, when the Associated Press bulletin dispatch, announcing simply: "Tilden nominated on second ballot," was received, it was sent up to the Executive mansion. There were present with the Governor, Comptroller Robinson, State Engineer Van Buren, and four or five other friends. Mr. Newell took the dispatch and read it aloud to the Governor. "Is that so?" he inquired in the calmest tones, with not even a smile on his countenance. Subsequently the following dispatch was received:

ST. LOUIS, June 28.—Gov. Samuel J. Tilden: I congratulate you on your enthusiastic nomination. Kentucky will most heartily endorse you with her 40,000 majority.

JOHN C. UNDERWOOD.

Lieut. Governor of Kentucky. This was also read to the Governor, who then exhibited signs of interest, and inquired if any one knew what the vote was and what the platform contained, but no one present did.

The Governor then drew four or five of those present about him, and, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, said: "I can tell you what has been done. This nomination was not made by the leaders of the party. It was the people who made it. They want reform. They have wanted it a long while, and, in looking about, they have become convinced that it is to be found here (pointing at himself.) They want it; that is what they are after. They are sick of the corruptions and maladministration of their affairs. They want a change, and one for the better—a thorough reformation. You will find there will be a larger German vote polled next fall than ever, and it will be largely cast for the Democratic ticket; I know that."

GOV. TILDEN MAKES A SPEECH.

Governor Tilden was serenaded at Albany on Thursday night by the Jacksonians. Five thousand citizens surrounded the Executive mansion. Many private buildings and the Argue building was illuminated and decorated with flags and Chinese lanterns. Large numbers entered the mansion to congratulate the Governor. As soon as he could release himself from these, he stepped out on the porch and addressed the concourse as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jackson Corps: I cordially thank you for this manifestation of your kindness. I do not forget that last year you enrolled me among you as an honorary member. I regard with satisfaction and pride your excellent discipline and train-

ing as a military body. I recognize in you many representatives of the workmen of Albany, and when I say workmen I do not forget that in our country the number who live upon the income of what they have accumulated or inherited is extremely small, and that nearly every citizen of our vast Republic lives on the produce of his daily toil. In America we are nearly all workmen. Therefore the interest and prosperity of that class may almost be said to be the interest and prosperity of all. No country where the sun shines upon has had so many blessings as our own. Stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico with a genial climate, with fertile soil, with every natural and artificial facility for the travel and transportation, with all the arts and industries of old civilization planted and flourishing amid the boundless natural wealth of a virgin continent, we ought to be to day the most prosperous, the most happy and contented people in the world. But what is our actual condition? All business depressed, every industry languishing, labor without employment and the wolf at the door of nearly every home in the land, gaunt and hungry. [Applause.] What is the matter? We know that for the last eleven years, since the peace, the earnings of labor and income of capital have been consumed or wasted in governmental expenditure. The taxes drawn from the people of the United States have been larger than the entire net savings of the whole 41,000,000.—These taxes have increased within a short period of fourfold, and its influence is felt upon every business and every industry, and in every home throughout our broad land. What next do we find in the public administration? Everywhere abuse, speculation, frauds and corruption until we are almost becoming ashamed of the institutions of our country, and instead of holding them up as examples for imitation of oppressed people of other countries, we are confessing them as a scandal in the eyes of mankind. What else do we find? We find the office holding class have become so numerous, powerful and unscrupulous, that they assume to control elections; and if the people are indifferent or at all equally divided, they are able to exert a corrupt influence sufficient to perpetuate their own power. At last we are reaching the worst condition of the countries of the world. The government no longer exists for the people. The people exists for the government. Our Centennial product is evils, license and wrongs, to escape which our ancestors abandoned their homes in the Old World and planted themselves in the wilderness. Now, I ask, what is the remedy for these public evils, for this private distress, for this disorder in business, which carries suffering into every household? [A voice in the crowd: "The election of Tilden!"] [Applause.]

It is compromised in one word—"reform"—reform of the public administration. [Cheers.] Upon this subject there is a difference of opinion. One class say elect the nominees of the party under which these evils have grown up by the means of the office holding class, which is interested in preparing these abuses and wrongs, adopt negatives on whom all the contending factions could agree without danger of harm to any or to the sufferings of the people. That is one opinion. There is another opinion, and that opinion demands a change of men for the sake of reform in the administration.

Fellow citizens, I don't intend to argue the question. I intend to simply state it and leave it to the judgment of the people. I am heartily with you in sympathy and action; I am happy to meet you to night. I trust I shall have opportunity of seeing you hereafter. [A voice, next November. Cheers.] Again thanking you for your kind attention, I bid you good evening.

The band then played several airs, and the Jacksonians, after filing past the Governor and shaking hands with him, left the grounds. But the crowd remained nearly an hour after, and a constant stream of citizens passed the Governor, paying their respects to him.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—The effect upon Democrats here of the nomination of Tilden and Hendricks, and of the platform adopted at St. Louis, is wonderful. Outside of a few members from Ohio feel discouraged at the out-

look in their State, there has been to day one universal expression of satisfaction, both with the ticket and the platform. Of the latter, Senator Gordon, of Georgia, remarked: "It unfolds like the decalogue; it has not a vulnerable point." Tilden's splendid campaign for the nomination at St. Louis, so far from arousing the bitterness predicted, has, on the contrary excited almost universal admiration for its display of organizing power, tact and ability. "Mr. Tilden is undoubtedly the best organizer in this country," said Payne, of Ohio, to day, and that is the common verdict, to which many add significantly that this very ability to organize and to avoid mistakes will be great power in the campaign. Conversation with Democratic members from all over the country discloses everywhere confidence of victory in November.

"Is the ticket acceptable to the South?" was asked of prominent Southern Democrats from every State, and the answer invariably came back,—"Why, of course it is; just what we wanted, and the very best that could be named." Randolph Tucker declared that the Democrats would carry every Southern State except, possibly South Carolina and Louisiana, if Congress adjourns and Grant furnishes Kellogg and Packard with all the troops they want. The Texas delegation answer for 100,000 majority for Tilden from the Lone Star State. Singleton is exceedingly pleased with the nomination and says there is not the slightest doubt of the Democrats carrying Mississippi. In Alabama it is the same. Senator Gordon and Representative Blount laugh at the idea of the Republicans carrying that State. The Republicans have intimated that they would carry Florida, and for their comfort Senator Jones remarks that he wishes he was as certain of some other desirable things in the future as he is that Florida will go Democratic in November. Yeatts and the North Carolinians are as well satisfied as the rest, and while they say the fight will be close there, feel confident of victory.—The Virginians say the Democrats may count on old Virginia. Judge Faulkner says that there will be no trouble in West Va. Blackburn, enthusiastic an sanguine, says at least 50,000 majority for Tilden in Kentucky, and even Conservative Boone says 30,000 majority sure, Missouri promises 30,000 at least. Oregon 500 to 2,000, and the Californians are confident. Some of the Southern members favored Hancock because they knew Hendricks would take the second place with him and feared he would not take it with Tilden. Since he has taken it they declare almost to a man that the ticket is the strongest possible. In the West the feeling is much better to day than it was yesterday. Hendricks's nomination for the second place, and the knowledge that the Cincinnati Enquirer would fight for the party, although it does not like the candidate, have greatly encouraged the Democrats in Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. Hamilton, of Indiana asserts that his State will surely elect Williams over Ort. by 10,000 at least in October, and his evident confidence has greatly inspired others. Springer of Illinois, in reply to questions, said, he would simply pledge the Illinois Democrats to do their best, but he would say that they would poll the heaviest Democratic vote ever cast in Illinois, and some even of the Ohio men are declaring that they will at least keep Gov. Hayes to a very small majority in his own State. Willard, Republican, of Michigan said to day that the nomination of Tilden and Hendricks has made Michigan a doubtful State, while his Democratic colleague, Williams, gave it as his opinion that the Democrats would carry Michigan. The Eastern Democrats are fairly jubilant. "New Jersey is certain to give Tilden 12,000 to 15,000 majority," said an earnest worker for Governor Parker's nomination.—The New Yorkers from forty thousand to sixty thousand, according to circumstances. Connecticut Democrats are wreathed in smiles. The Massachusetts Democrats are talking hopefully of wheeling the old Bay State into the Democratic line, and the enthusiasts are dreaming of even capturing Maine. Such is the feeling to day among representative Democrats from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Oregon. The Republicans admit sorrowfully that the Democrats have not blundered this time, say they have nominated their best man, and are evidently frightened. The action of the Cincinnati Enquirer in determining to abide the will of the majority is a pleasant surprise to many, and has had the effect of somewhat cheering the Ohio delegation. Mr. McMahon, of that State, desires to have it understood that, while it is true that he will not run again, the announcement of that fact was made to his constituents a week ago, and the cause is

personal and not because of Mr. Tilden's nomination, although he was opposed to him.

Not the least of the satisfactory after events of the Convention to the Democrats here has been the announcement that Tammany would abide the decision of the Convention, and not fight Mr. Tilden. Congressman Meade gives it as his opinion to day that that organization will be among the most zealous in behalf of his candidacy. To night the Democrats are saying: "We shall go into the fight united, we shall make an aggressive campaign, and we shall win."

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, July 3, 1876.

THE WONDERS OF THE ART GALLERY—ITS STATUES, PAINTINGS, BRONZES, AND WORKS OF ART.

I confess I approach the description of the Art Gallery with something like a feeling of reverence.—Very often in my past letters I have treated grave subject in a light and trifling manner, and it is hard to respect the spirit of fun which seems to meet you everywhere. Fat women in rolling chairs, and lean women on foot. Fat men wading along like ducks, and rolling as a sailor would say, scuppers under. Big heads in little hats, and little heads with no hats at all; in fact, all sorts of sights and sounds calculated to disturb the gravity of a much sadder man than I am. In this Memorial Hall you escape the eternal, and infernal rolling chairs, which are constantly bumping against you in every other building, rolling over your favorite corns, knocking the bark off of your elbows, and disturbing your peace of mind generally.

Memorial Hall, commonly known as the Art Gallery, is a noble building to look at; majesty and grace are in every line of it, from turret to foundation stone. It is just such a building as might have crowned the summit of the Capitol Hill when Rome was the mistress of the world. Memorial Hall was built by the State of Pennsylvania, at a cost of million and five hundred thousand dollars, and was loaned by the State to the Centennial Commission to be used as the repository of its art treasures during the Exhibition. The building is of white granite, being in the style known as modern renaissance. The area covered is an acre and a half; it is 365 feet long by 210 feet wide. A magnificent dome, 150 feet high, springs from the center, capped by a colossal ball on which stands Columbia holding a laurel wreath. On each corner is our national emblem, the eagle, with wings outstretched and talons clenched, as if defending this sacred temple of art from foreign or domestic foes. In front of the main entrance stands the colossal figure of a soldier resting on his musket and looking sternly down upon the pigmy multitude that surge and crowd around his mighty pedestal. The approach is up a noble flight of steps, and passing through a beautiful archway you find yourself in the vestibule of the hall. It is a grand sight. I do not wish to speak now to the traveled few who have wandered through the wonders of the Borghese Palace, who have reveled in the art miracles of the Vatican and the Tuilleries, but rather let me speak to the millions who have been denied the opportunity of a continental travel, and for them I say the sight is grand. I care not for your Apollon Belvidere or your Venus de Medicis. Here is art enough for me—art, noble and true, bearing the divine stamp of god like inspiration and breathing in every lineament and line—the same heavenly genius that made the marbles of Phidias and Praxiteles immortal. It is true that there is much that is crude, and much that is unworthy of such a hallowed association, but there were many interests to conserve, many conflicting views to reconcile, and I accept the gracious offering as a whole with thanks, blessed in the privilege of being permitted to see so noble a temple filled with a magnificent collection of art.

Where shall I begin? Ah! there is my trouble. In one hall, among the Spanish collections, hangs a dead Christ, by Murillo, in another, among the British collection, the gaunt Macbeth looks down from the canvass of MacIao. He is surrounded by his court, he starts, affrighted at the shadow of the ghostly Banquo, and you can almost hear him shriek, in his terror, "Avaunt, and quit my sight; earth hide thee; thy bones are

marrowless, thy blood is cold." The wife of Cawdor's Thane is as noble a figure as was ever embodied upon the painter's canvass, as she waves the guests away while she looks upon her guilty husband. You can read in her sad face the heart agony which a few months later laid that mighty mind in utter and hopeless ruin. Daniel Macliso was a noble painter. Scotland may well be proud of her distinguished son. In another nook hangs a little gem that filled me with inexpressible sadness; the millions passed it by unnoticed, and yet it was from the pencil of one whose name is immortal wherever art has a worshipper. It was a sick monkey, from the easel of Sir Edward Landseer. There were many pictures more pretentious, but not one in the vast collection more truthful than this humble offering from one of England's greatest painters. Cold and silent now, beyond the reach of the plaudits of the whole world, I would remember the great artist only as he stood in the pride of his manhood and the zenith of his fame. It filled me with grief unutterable to think that the cunning finger that guided his magic pencil should clutch at last the maniac's straw, and perish behind the bars of a mad man's cell.

Albert Beerstadt is represented by two of the grandest triumphs of his life—a view of the big trees of Mariposa, and his magnificent picture of Yosemite Valley. It is a grand conception, grandly worked out in the honest spirit of a genuine artist; but in another room hangs a Yosemite Valley, by Thos. Hill, of San Francisco, which, to my thinking is one of the noblest pictures in the Exhibition. I have been there; I have heard the mighty roar of its tremendous waterfalls, and sat beneath the shadow of those cloud-reaching, granite hills that look like the walls of heaven. I have watched the mist as it rose through those wondrous aisles and been rocked to sleep by the sighing of the pines that sounded like an angel's wail; and in all the grand essentials that go to make up that wild mountain landscape; no artist, living or dead, has exceeded Thos. Hill.—Next in merit comes his Donner Lake, looking so calm and beautiful, nestled away among the mountains and yet indissolubly connected with one of the saddest acts in the whole of our American history. Here perished forty emigrants in 1846, and for weeks the few that survived lived on the bodies of the dead. Take heart, young artist, wherever you are as you look on these grand pictures, worth thousands and thousands of dollars, and remember, no matter how poor you are, that ten years ago this very July day, Thomas Hill was just as poor as you are. As an artist he was entirely unknown to fame, and he labored in his little studio on Montgomery street, San Francisco, for hardly enough to keep body and soul together. These were indeed days of suffering and probation. If his heart sometimes flagged, his artist soul was full of strongest purpose, and after years of toil to day, amidst the collected genius of the world, his works are almost without a rival.—Here, too, are some of the most glorious mosaics that ever the eye feasted on! Landscapes rich in color and beauty as ever brightened the dreams of Claude Lorraine. Entering one room you are met at the door by a wretched young sylph partially enveloped in a net. It is simply wonderful. It looks though you could shake it like a skein of silk; but near it is another by the same artist, Corona, of Italy. The subject is the freeing of the dove. This is one of the marvels of the Exhibition. The drapery is a miracle of art. The lace on her chemise is worked out with a detail that speaks rather of the wonders of the loom than the cunning of the sculptor's chisel. A little beyond is the finding of Moses, a magnificent conception from the caisal of Barzaghi—the head of the infant Moses being beautiful beyond description. Close to it is the forced prayer one of the sweetest little gems ever cut in marble. The subject being a child compelled to say its prayers before going to bed. He stands in his little night shirt with his hands together, his lips are drawn down, a big tear stands in his eye, and it is very evident that praying is not his strong suit. But my space grows short and I must close for this week by giving you the latest joke out. Last week a Jerseyman on his way to the Exhibition met another sightseer on the

cars who hailed from the State of Maine. It is usual when you arrive at the grounds to go to the building of your State and register your name and address, so that your friends can find you. The Jerseyman inquired for the Jersey State building, and on reaching it looked around at his friend from Maine with a feeling of very pardonable pride, and said, "what do you think of this? The Maine man felt a little abashed, for the building erected by New Jersey is one of the chief ornaments of the grounds. After the Jerseyman had registered, they strolled out again and my friend from Aroostook inquired of a policeman the way to the Maine building. The polite official immediately pointed to the structure which stands on the right of the gate and faces Machinery Hall. The Maine man brightened and gave a contemptuous look towards his Jersey neighbor; but to make sure, he inquired again of another official at the door "If this was the Maine building?" The official blandly assured him it was. Aroostook entered in and looked around. He could hardly believe his eyes. The wealth of the world was at his feet; the genius of the world had thrown around it a halo of glory; He gasped, he chuckled, he almost danced with delight, and grasping his Jersey friend by the hand, he roared in his, in a sort of pig's whisper, "New Jersey is pooty good, but Old Maine is my luckel-berry. I tell you when she takes hold she can clean them all." The difference, after all, was only in a letter. Moral: Mind your 's.

We are all holding our breath for the Fourth of July, to-morrow, and we are one hundred years old. Of that, next week. This has been a busy week with us; the Cadets from West Point have been encamped on the grounds, and are a fine looking, orderly body of young men. The Knights Templar, of Maryland, have also gone into camp, and regiments from all parts of the Union are pouring in to take part in the celebration of to-morrow. Foremost among them is the gallant Seventh of New York city. Philadelphia is all ablaze preparing for the great trades' procession of tonight, which promises to eclipse anything seen in America during the present generation.

BROADBRIE.

STICK.—The Boston Herald is an ardent stickler for retrenchment. It says: "If the Republicans can afford to go before the country with a deadlock on the appropriation bills, the Democrats can have no cause to complain. The House has cut down the appropriations about \$40,000,000. It has done this by reasonable retrenchment, leaving the ordinary expenses of the government still more than twice as much as they were before the war. We earnestly advise the House to stick. It has done a good thing in interest of economy, and the people will appreciate it. Reform is the best card in its hand."

Charles Francis Adams is said by the Springfield Republican to have announced his preference for Tilden, and the same authority also informs us that a majority of the Adams boys, if not all, will probably follow suit.

He was a very young man. A few stray hairs upon his lip attested the fact that he was engaged in a deadly struggle with a mustache.—He went into a variety store on Main street, and said to the proprietor:—"Have you Charles Reade's Lost Hair?" "No, I haven't," replied the storekeeper. "But," he continued, looking into the young man's face, "I've got something that will make that mustache of yours start out like boils in Spring time."

BATTER PUDDING.—One quart of milk four eggs, six spoonfuls of flour, a little salt; bake twenty minutes.

The exhibition of the Newberry mad Academy, in charge of Mr. T. H. Clarkson, on Friday night last, was pronounced by the largest audience ever assembled Newberry the best exhibition they had ever attended

An aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Peopple, live in Barnwell. They were born in Gloucester County, on the James River, in Virginia. Mr. Peopple is 121 years old and his wife 123. This is the oldest living couple in the United States. Mr. Peopple is a machinist by trade.