

# THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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

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## Communications

### "What Will Mrs. Grundy Say?"

This is a question which rules the actions of most people to a very great extent. We are all frequently so impressed that we are glad to stop and consider it, before coming to a determination upon any subject, even while I begin to write I am hailed with the question as to what 'She' will say concerning this article. And the truth is I am not able to give a satisfactory answer, but shall continue regardless of 'her' opinion. It seems to be one of the weak points in man kind to be always consulting the opinions of Mrs. Grundy. The child is thus impressed at a very early age. It soon begins to fear that she will object to its shoes, hat, coat or something else; and as time passes the child becomes more deeply impressed with the idea that it is far better to please 'her' in every particular if possible, and thus it keeps on wearying with this idea, until the boy in his 'teens' enters school quite puzzled as to the best manner in which to gain 'her' good will. And when declamation day comes he is more puzzled than ever—he is so fearful that 'she' will be displeased that, but for it being required by his teacher, he would conclude in most instances not to make an effort at all. But when he does try, either from compulsion or voluntarily, his mind is often so absorbed with this thought that he makes a failure and is then mortified worse than ever, whereas if he had undertaken his duty regardless of what 'she' might say, he would have been most likely to have succeeded.

Again the young ladies are often troubled concerning this same question. It is one among their highest aims, and in fact, it is the height of the ambition of some of them to please Mrs. Grundy. An association, a camp meeting or something of the kind is coming. Miss A. desires to make a very fine appearance on these occasions, which, by the way, she does at any time. But she desires to be particularly fascinating and must therefore make some purchases. The millinery establishment must be visited at once, and the man-tua-maker must have a speedy call, besides many other things she is to arrange with her own hands, but at this juncture the more considerate mother puts in her appearance and suggests that they are rather 'short up' in many matters, and that she had better give up her new ideas and appear on these occasions as heretofore. But here the tormenting thought comes with force that she exclaims in a somewhat fretful manner, "I will be laughed at." "I've got nothing fit to wear." "If I can't go like other folks I won't go at all." And thus comes the unnecessary trouble, from having too great a desire to please "Mrs. Grundy." But I must stop for this time, as perhaps I shall have something to say concerning this great "Mistress" at some future time.

### JAWACHEM.

Pickens County, July 8.

**A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**—A correspondent of the Southern Plantation writes as follows about the power of a well known plant: "I have discovered a remedy for pulmonary consumption. It has cured a number of cases after they had commenced bleeding at the lungs and the hectic flush was already on the cheek. After trying this remedy to my own satisfaction, I have thought philanthropy required that I should let it be known to the world. It is the common mullein, stepped strong and sweetened with coffee-sugar, and drank freely. The herb should be gathered before the end of July, if convenient. Young or old plants are good dried in the shade, and kept in clean paper bags. The medicine must be continued from three or six months, according to the nature of the disease. It is very good for the blood vessels also. It strengthens the system, and builds up instead of taking away strength. It makes good blood, and takes inflammation from the lungs." It is the wish of the writer that every periodical in the United States, Canada and Europe should publish this receipt for the benefit of the human family. Lay this up, and keep it in the house ready for use.

## OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, July 8, 1876.

THE OPENING OF THE SECOND CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC—THE ASSEMBLAGE OF MAGNATES—THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY—SCENES ABOUT TOWN—REPOSE AMONG THE WONDERS OF THE ART GALLERY.

At last the long expected day has come and gone, and we have reached our hundred years. Nothing has occurred in the least to mar the general harmony of the occasion. Our motherland, forgetful of the strife and bitterness of past conflicts, sends one of the foremost gentlemen of England to do us honor. Germany, unmindful that we are annually depriving her of millions of her choicest sons and daughters, flashes her greeting across the sea, and bids us a hearty God-speed. Our old time cousin and friend, Canada, loving, as she does, her institutions and her Queen, nevertheless, through her Press Association—representing no less the patriotism than the intelligence of the New Dominion—joins in cheers for the young Republic and hurrahs for Yankee Doodle. It is especially gratifying that this should be so, and that nations representing even the despotisms of the world rejoice in our success.

When I closed my last letter, it was on the eve of the third of July. The whole city was in a state of breathless expectation for the night parade which was to precede the ceremonies of the fourth. Towards evening on the third the population residing in the upper portions of the city and its environs turned their faces towards the scene of the procession. Street cars were crowded, horses struggling for life, conductors swearing, men quarrelsome, women screaming and scolding, till it really seemed as if the utmost limit of human patience had been reached. Wagons and carriages, of all characters and styles, festooned with flowers and decked with gay ribbons, constantly flitted by. Arriving at the junction of Broad and Chestnut Streets the scene defied description—a struggling mass of humanity choked every avenue and crowded every foot of the line of the route was all ablaze with various colored lights, rockets filled the air by the thousand, and Old Glory—illuminated by the red glare of innumerable port fires—streamed out upon the night like a star of hope to the shouting thousands who, for the time being, were forgetful of everything but the approaching completion of the nation's hundred years. In my brief space I cannot attempt to describe the procession, any more than to say it was a grand success; and as the new clock on old Independence tower announced the hour of twelve, which sounded like the requiem of the departed century, the street in front of the hall, and for many blocks either way, was illuminated with a blaze of glory; cannon thundered, steam whistles screamed, people shouted, drums beat, small arms rattled, till it really seemed as if the roof was gone up or the bottom was dropped out, or something dreadful had happened, till finally, completely exhausted with their own noise, the din ceased, and peace reigned once more. Sleep laid his leaden mace upon the eyelids of weary thousands, and for two or three hours there was comparative calm. With the first streaks of the coming day, however, was heard the low roar of a great city waking into active, busy life.

The street Arabs, whose liberty is restricted through all the rest of the year, set off all sorts of pyrotechnic abominations, and discharged rusty old pistols, regardless of the clubs of impotent policemen or the badges of embryo detectives. It was, indeed, a day of glorious liberty, to indulge in cheek and impudence, without any of the consequences that ordinarily overtake these infractions of the code civile. The fourth was ushered in with the usual national salute and ringing of bells. The morning was one of the loveliest of the year; the air was balmy and bracing,—just such a day as every one wished to see. At nine o'clock there was not a standing room on Chestnut Street; a dense mass of people filled every available space along the entire route,

Crack regiments from every portion of the Union participated in the military display. The President of the United States was absent; but General Sherman and Sheridan, his famed lieutenants, honored the occasion, and the Vice-President of the United States ably presided in the absence of his chief. A space about Independence Hall was roped off and guarded by a cordon of police, and no one unprovided with a pass was not allowed within the charmed circle. I will not inflict the ceremonies on my readers. Suffice to say there was a poem by Bayard Taylor, which would be delightful reading when one has plenty of time, under the cool shade of an umbrageous tree, with a cooling lemonade at your elbow, but a sore trial of patriotism under a broiling sun, with the thermometer at 120°. Then came an oration by the Hon. Wm. M. Everts, filling five mortal columns of the Ledger. Even patriotism has a limit, and I inwardly resolved that if I attended the next Centennial I would bring a hammock and a slight lunch, so that I could get rest and refreshment between the acts. The great Exhibition was comparatively deserted during the forenoon of the fourth. The halls looked empty and silent, which, of course, must have been a great disappointment to the Centennial Managers, who expected to take in sixty or seventy thousand dollars at least, on that day. Towards the afternoon matters brightened a little, and people began to come in who had been to the celebration down town. At two o'clock the Catholic T. A. B. made its appearance at the gate, several thousand strong, to assist in the dedication of the T. A. B. fountain; and right at this point one of the most stupid things was done that I ever heard of on any public occasion. As the procession entered, the police seized all the doors facing Memorial Hall, and with their bludgeons prevented anybody from going in or out for nearly an hour and a half; they were as much prisoners as if they had been in the station house, and it was not till the last T. A. B. had passed that anybody was allowed to go out.

By another stupid arrangement the fireworks at Fairmount Park were not set off till long after dark though it must have been evident to the managers that a storm was impending, and they were finally let off in a shower of rain, when thousands were drenched who might have enjoyed the fireworks, and have been snugly in their homes, if they had been set off at the proper time. However, the day passed off, as a whole, successfully and pleasantly, with fewer accidents than might have been reasonably expected. On the evening of the 4th, Don Pedro and the Empress attended a reception at the mansion of Mr. Drexel, the great banker, at which were also present Sir Edward Thornton, the British Ambassador, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, Vice President Ferry, Governor Hartranft, and distinguished representatives of the Foreign Commissions. The Army of the Cumberland had had its reunion this week, at which touching resolutions were introduced to the memory of the brave Custer, whose untimely death is so universally deplored.

It is with a feeling of inexpressible relief that I turn from the tumult of the past week to find an hour of peace in the noble Gallery of Arts. I feel that this is the opportunity of my life, and, once past, it will not come back again. I pity the man or woman who can look upon this wonderful collection and not feel bettered by the contact. There are many stolid and ignorant people who come to this Exhibition, and I have yet to see the first one from whom something in the collection did not wring out an unbidden cry of pleasure and surprise. I have a higher opinion of my kind for the last few weeks,—they are better than I gave them credit for. The collection became too colossal for one building, and a second had to be put up, larger in area than the first. This annex, as it is called, is full of priceless gems of art. Near the South door is the statue of a child listening to the ticking of a watch, a most delightful conception, beautifully worked out; and not far from it, one of those marvelous creations that wreath the sculptor's brow with undying immortality. It is the Flight of Time, by Barzaglia of Milan. Time is flying past; he clutches his hour glass, and will not be stopped; a female has seized him and endeavors to impede his flight,

but he speeds ruthlessly on; her fingers are buried in his flesh; the rush of the winds, as he tears along, sweeps back her garments, that seem to flutter in the wind. The plumage on the wings of time, and the drapery on the female figure, are miracles of art only seen once in a lifetime.

Tell your readers not to forget the splendid Italian mosaics,—rich landscapes of the ruins of Rome, equal in splendor of color and tints to the finest pictures in the collection. And beware of French restaurants! all within the grounds charge the most extortionate prices. So I warn all people coming to the Exhibition,—if you see a sign having anything French about it, give it a wide berth.

### BROADBEEK.

Gen Hampton's Speech on the 25th of June at Charleston.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—My voice is, unfortunately for me, in such condition that I fear my thanks for your goodness will scarcely reach you, and indeed could I make myself audible, I could not give utterance to the feelings which arise in my heart. That heart would indeed be dead to all sensibility and gratitude, if the words just uttered and the reception you have given them failed to stir it to its inmost depths. I do feel your kindness deeply and gratefully, and I acknowledge your warm greeting by adding another to the many obligations under which my friends of Carolina have placed me. I recognize and appreciate these obligations, to their fullest extent, and it is a devotion to this dear old mother State of ours, which has lived unchanged and unchangeable through weal and through woe; if a patriotic pride in her glorious record in the past, a filial sorrow for her present humiliation and suffering; if a profound faith, strong as my trust in the mercy and the justice of the Almighty, that she will yet emerge unspotted and unimpaired from the evils that encompass her, to take once again that proud place among the sisterhood of States, which she won for herself a hundred years ago; if a loyalty that time has not weakened, that absence has not lessened; that wrong has only strengthened. If these things give me any claim on my countrymen of South Carolina, then, indeed, I may deem myself not altogether unworthy of the kindness and the affection with which they have treated me.

You can really comprehend, gentlemen, what a crowd of emotions, of memories and of associations, throng through my mind as I stand, after years of absence, once again on the spot that gave me birth and look upon scenes so familiar and yet so changed. Around me, wherever my eyes have fallen this day, I have seen the playmates of my childhood, the companions of my early manhood, the associates of my public service, the trusted comrades, who stood by me amid the storm of battle, and not a few of these venerable men who, in the last generation gave tone and distinction, not only to this city, but to this State, and whose friendship I am proud to claim as an hereditary right. Their presence at this pageant shows what gaps death has made in our ranks, and recalls the memories of many to whom we were bound by the strongest ties of affection, and whose names are held in reverential remembrance by every patriotic heart in our State.

"There were giants in those days," and each of these departed sons of Carolina in his day and in his sphere, either in the halls of legislation or on the battle field, or in that time honored station as a private gentleman of South Carolina, did honor to his State, and won for himself a proud place in her records. Amid these reflections, which spring naturally from this occasion, the one paramount in my mind, and the one most full of hope, is that a people who, like ours, reverence and seek to perpetuate the heroic deeds of their ancestors, who have virtue enough to emulate their patriotic services in the cause of freedom, and who were born the heirs of liberty, cannot sink at once from their high position into utter insignificance, and will not easily and willingly accept degradation. We have this day, with imposing pomp and ceremony, done honor to the men who gained the first, and perhaps the most decisive victory to American arms in the great rebellion of one hundred years ago, and in honoring them, we honor ourselves. But what will this

avail us if we prove recreant to our high trust, and fail to transmit to our children the inestimable blessings of civil and constitutional liberty bequeathed to us by our fathers. Do we not owe a more sacred debt to our posterity than to our ancestors?—Their ancestors fought a century ago on yonder sea girt island, under a flag whose name we shall prove false to the blood that flows in our veins, if we fail to maintain the principles for which they fought. You look back with a just and honorable pride to the heroic achievements of your fathers, which have been told to you to day in glowing and eloquent words by my gallant and distinguished friend, who has had the good fortune and the high merit to add fresh lustre to his historic name and you can justly claim for our State, small as she is, a full share of all the glory won in peace and in war, by the whole country.—"Though now, alas! scattered is her might and shattered is her shield," Carolina can proudly point to the names of her illustrious sons whose statesmanship, whose genius, whose eloquence, and, sir, whose patriotism, despite the slurs cast upon it, have illustrated the brightest pages in American history. When England tried to coerce Massachusetts, South Carolina, with no direct interest in the quarrel, and with every inducement to link her to the mother country, was the first of the Colonies to espouse the cause of her sister province, and the Representatives of Massachusetts who are with us to night, remember, I am sure, that this State, by its generous donation of munitions of war, aided Washington in driving the British from Boston. Through all the dark years of our Revolutionary struggle, when our State was overrun by the enemy, its Capital in his hands, many of its best citizens languishing in prison ships; when murder, robbery, arson, and confiscation, came upon its inhabitants, the fire of liberty was never extinguished, for the names of her immortal patriots of 1776, still lives in song and story; and King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Eutaw, yet recall some of the proudest memories of the Revolution. We see by the presence of honored guests from all sections of the country, how profound is the reverence paid to the memory of the gallant defenders of Fort Mifflin whom we honor this day, and we would fain hope that when these guests of Carolina return to their own homes in States more favored by good government than our own, they will aid in bringing back to our people all the blessings that follow well regulated Constitutional liberty. To this fraternal work, all—I care not in what school their politics were taught or in what clime their sympathies were nurtured—can contribute largely. Of your sympathy, our kinsmen of the South, we are sure; for not only are you bound to us by the natural ties of blood, but you have undergone and triumphed over these evils under which we now groan. To you, men of the North, we turn with an assured confidence, strengthened by your presence on this occasion. That you will carry back to your distant homes seeds gathered on this Southern soil, which in due time will bring forth good fruit abundantly. We ask you to report us, not as you have heard of us, but as you have found us. A misconception of the true feelings of the South has been the most fruitful source of the evils that distract the country; and to remedy this, let me, as a representative in part of these brave men from this State, who so often met the men of the North in battle, give to you their views, as looked at from our standpoint; for until you can understand the motives that actuated us, you cannot appreciate either our conduct or our principles.

Our political teaching had impressed upon us for nearly a century that we had the right to resume at pleasure the powers and the authority delegated to the Federal Government, and we exercised this privilege, believing honestly and in perfect faith that we had the right to do so. If proof of our sincerity be needed, you will find it written in letters of blood, in the records of our State. With a voting population of 60,000, she contributed more than that number to the Southern army, and 12,000 of her sons gave their lives for the cause in which they fought. How they fought it is not for me to say, but I assert in perfect truth and sincerity, that they fought honestly for what they held to be right. The fortunes of war were against us, and the South laid down her arms.—When she did so, I declare on my honor, as a soldier and as a gentleman, that she did it in good faith. We accepted the terms offered, and we felt then and we have felt since, bound in honor to keep them inviolate. We recognize the changes in the constitution and the institutions of the coun-

try as accomplished facts, and we propose to obey the laws as good citizens. You have no right to ask of us more than this, and we have the right to demand of you, who were the conquerors, that you should not require of us, as the price of reunion and reconciliation, a sacrifice of our honor or of our self respect. Believe me, gentlemen, that no reconciliation or fraternal feeling can come until both parties to the late unhappy war can give credit each to the motives, the conduct and the political training of the other. When this is done, we can agree to disagree on the questions that led to the war, and all unite in the earnest effort to give to the whole country, the blessings of peace, of prosperity and of liberty. Secure these to yourselves and to your posterity, and time, with its softening influence, as it covers the graves of our dead with flowers, will efface the stains of blood, which now mark their resting places. I speak frankly to you, men of the North, for between men who have been enemies all peace must be hollow where perfect sincerity does not prevail. When we understand each other fully, we shall have advanced far on the road that leads to harmony, and until harmony is restored, you will look in vain for the return of prosperity and the blessing of God.

Just as I was about coming to this hall I read some noble lines written by a lady of this city, and I cannot better close my remarks than by quoting the prayer with which her verses end:

"Oh! for the clear-eyed, white-robed truth,  
In virtue's sweet communion,  
That crown'd its great and blessed youth,  
To crown this gray-haired Union!  
Ah! we are one in this grand prayer,  
A God of Truth addressing;  
Good Angels speed it through the air,  
And drop reply in blessing."

### The War in the East.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Foreign advices are somewhat contradictory, but are quite favorable to the Servians.—They captured Raetka and General Tchernajeff, compelled the Turks to withdraw beyond Polanka. Terrible fighting occurred at Belina. The inhabitants defended themselves to the utmost against the Servians, and a terrible massacre followed in the streets. Almost all the inhabitants perished. An American General and three Prussian officers have joined the Servians. Other telegrams says the Turks are assuming the offensive.—They surprised a Servian camp at Raetka and hold Belina. Gen. Loring, Commander in Chief of the Egyptian army in Abyssinia, has arrived at Cairo.

It is stated that the Softas, at their own request, are to be armed and sent to the frontier. The Turks are besieging Saitehar, which has a garrison of 8,000 men. It is thought Gen. Tchernajeff will be stopped at Sophia, where the Turks are concentrating.—Sophia controls the railroad to Constantinople. The Turks were dislodged between Priot and Isavirad, which opens the road to Sophia. The Servians have issued a forced paper currency.

PARIS, July 8.—The Journal des Debats publishes a telegram from near Belgrade that the Servian army of the Drina has been completely beaten by 12,000 Turks at Belina Ranco. The Servian General Glimpich entrenched himself having the river in his rear, but the Turks took two entrenchments and six guns.

LONDON, July 8.—The Post has a dispatch from Siorapia, a village near Constantinople, saying Gen. Zach's division of Servians was defeated near Novibazar, losing 1,500 killed and wounded.

A dispatch from Belgrade says Gen. Zach's division of Servian troops was repulsed at Tcherbinatz on the 6th, and has moved to Novibazar. The position is believed to be critical.

The merchants of Anderson have made arrangements to have freights to and from Central at a reasonable rate, so that they will be independent in the future of this railroad.—There is very little freight to or from Anderson at this time, but the wagoning business will proceed in earnest when the fall trade sets in. The merchants of Pendleton will doubtless join in the movement.—Anderson Intelligencer.

How it does hurt some people to tell them the truth.

A rich man sometimes makes a poor husband, but most any girl is willing to take the risk.

Better a light purse than a heavy conscience.

A little trouble sweetens love.

Study to what you seem.