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OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

(PHILADELPHIA, July 17, 1876.)

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING—ARMY AND MARINE MONUMENTS—INDIAN RELICS—RICH ORES—WONDERFUL MACHINERY—WORKINGS OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

I did think, at first, that I would go systematically through the different buildings of the Exhibition, finishing one up before I began with another; but it is dreadfully tiresome work to continue writing on one subject, no matter how absorbing the interest; so, for the future I have concluded to move wherever my inclination leads,—perhaps one or two days in the Government building, and several visits to Machinery Hall. I will not forget the Ladies' Department, nor the many isolated points of interest that go to make up this wonderful Exhibition.

My advice to a visitor to the Centennial is—don't forget to examine the Government buildings. Here are models of ships, elegant and clean cut fore and aft, that look as though they would cleave the water like an arrow, pigmy monitors, defying shot and shell; villainous looking torpedoes, whose mission is to send whole ship loads of poor devils to Davy Jones' locker; rifled cannon, whose chief delight is to knock spots out of an enemy nine or ten miles away; and shot and shell of indiscriminate power and destructibility, the very contemplation of which is filled with visions of mangled legs and arms, and all the horrors that surround the dreadful panoply of war. One thing made me mad. Here was the great American nation coming up to a world's Exhibition, and yet in its representations of the plastic art I doubt if such libelous abominations were ever conceived before in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters that are under the earth.—Such soldiers, sailors, and marines were never seen since the world began. One representative of the marine corps stands at the southeast door he looks as though he had been fed for ten years on sour milk and cabbage. He has a frightened look, as though he had first received the shock of a giant torpedo in the rear, and was about to retreat in double quick time. Another brave soldier looks as though he was slowly recovering from an attack of acute colic, and was anxiously watching the approach of returning symptoms; and still another gallant tar looks as though he had been knocked on his beam ends, and was emphatically going off upon his ear.

Disgusted at the vile libels on our soldiers and sailors, I wandered down to the Indian collection till I came to a case containing some murderous looking war clubs; they were all knotty and gnarled, and looked as though they would crush in a man's skull like an egg shell. I am not naturally sanguinary, but my fingers itched to get hold of one of these clubs. Then I should want some one to chatch for for me the Secretary of the Navy, the jolly Bobeson, and the late Secretary of War, Mr. Belknap, and, unmindful of their eminent services, I think I should take exquisite delight in braining them with one of these war clubs. Shades of Decatur, Perry, and Lawrence! if permitted to look down from above, what must be your righteous indignation as you contemplate these murderous effigies of the noble American sailors? Ghost of brave old Farragut, haunt this lubberly Secretary till these libels on our honest tars are removed; and you brave men, who went down with the Cumberland, rattle your white bones around his couch at night as a punishment for the disgrace which these vile effigies inflict on our soldiers and sailors. Stir him up with pitch forks

and all sorts of uncomfortable things till they are hidden from sight, and the Government building is relieved from the infamy of their presence.—There are some exceedingly ingenious and marvelous machines here that seem to be almost gifted with human intelligence; but it is more than this, for human intelligence is subject to mistakes; but these machines never err. Look at the envelope machine which stands near the Post Office; it is indeed a marvel of marvels. A dainty little lady sits beside it in a dainty chair; she looks the picture of serene comfort, and well she may, for she has nothing to do but to enjoy herself at the government expense. Occasionally, for amusement, she may take out a loose bundle of envelopes to fan herself with, but the machine does all the work. Describe it, I can't. All I can say is, you put in a bundle of paper and it comes out first class envelopes.

Right across the hall is the most splendid collection of American woods ever congregated in one exhibition,—oak, maple, cherry, pine, spruce, cedar, and, in fact, all the woods known to the American Continent. Still father on we have the display of the Patent Office Department, stored with its wonderful revelations of genius. All sorts of incomprehensible machines, crowd these cases,—machines the story of whose conception and completion would be the saddest of all sad histories, for long and weary lives were worn out in their invention, and the inventors perished; like the prophet of old, in sight of the promised land.

The Indian collection is especially fine, and to its consideration I would direct the attention of all who visit the Centennial. It is not merely the collection of arms and dresses, but the complete historic links, which carry you back ages before the white man set foot on the American Continent. Giant carvings are there, representing the most hideous of all heathen deities,—monstrous conceptions monstrously worked out,—and yet, in general classification, belonging to the same family of Titanic gods that guard the moulding palaces of Nineveh and Thebes. Not the least interesting portion of the exhibition is the grand collection of negatives from which were taken Prof. Hayden's View of the Yellowstone. Indian life in every phase is here, and views of those wonderful ruins the discovery of which has awakened such interest among our archaeologists. The collection of ores is one of especial merit,—California, Nevada, Oregon, Colorado, and Utah being represented. These cases contain wealth untold, and we might think that gold and silver were the kings of the earth if it were not that, close beside the gold and silver exhibit, we find ourselves in the presence of King Iron. Talk of your kings and emperors! No majesty so potent as iron. Go through the halls of this great Exhibition, and, turn where you will, iron—iron confronts you everywhere.—You look at some wonderful product of the loom; you admire the splendor of its figures and the beauty of its colors; you go back to the loom where it was created, and you will find it all of iron. Directly or indirectly, it enters into the composition or production of everything you see or use; and I said to myself, "It is neither gold nor silver nor cotton, but iron is king." In another part of the building is a great collection of fishes, many of them admirably prepared. In fact, I almost wished that the same individual who stuffed the fishes had been engaged to stuff the sailors and marines, I commend this matter to the respectful attention of the Secretary of the American Navy. The machines used in the production of cannon, rifles, guns

pistols, etc., are also well represented. There is also a machine for the preparation of cartridges. This is one of the self feeding machines, where the happy guardian of it has nothing to do but pick his teeth and fan himself, and he looks all the time as if he was trying to invent some machine to absolve him from these onerous duties. Lathes for turning gun stocks are there, and others for rifling all sorts of firearms, murderous looking mitrailleuses, and raskish Gatling guns meet you at every corner. Looking on our guns, our defences, and our ship, the average American comes to the comfortable conclusion that the country is entirely safe; and if they can only reproduce in sufficient numbers such soldiers, sailors and marines as they have here in effigy, no foreign foe would dare molest us, for they would frighten the devil himself.

The weather has been simply frightful, the thermometer ranging as high as 130° in the shade. While I write, miniature bridal veils are coursing down my back, and young Niagaras are surging from my manly brow. The Peace Congress has been in session for the last three days, and yesterday a resolution was introduced that war is played out. I am really glad of it, for I couldn't fight now worth a cent, a two year old boy could lick me and not half try. The pretty cadets have all gone back to West Point, and our Chestnut Street bells are in despair. Dom Pedro has deserted us; but a merciful Providence, just in the nick of time, sent us Don Carlos, and we are happy,—not much, to be sure, after such an emperor as Dom Pedro; but he will do till we can catch something more substantial. The heat of the weather has materially affected the number of visitors, the falling off being several thousand a day. We look anxiously for a falling barometer, with commensurate returns at the turnstiles; and dreaming of future beatitude with skates, snow balls, and sleigh bells, I am,

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—The following has been received, via Fort Fetterman, to night:

CROOK'S CAMP, CLOUD PRAIRIE, July 12.—Three soldiers, couriers from General Terry at the mouth of Big Horn, have just arrived. Gen. Terry's dispatch to Crook confirms Castor's fate, and implies very plainly that had Custer waited one day longer Gibbon would have joined him. Terry is anxious for Crook to join his forces, and make plans and execute them, regardless of rank. The Indians are still hovering about Little Big Horn, one day's hard march from here. They have fired into the camp every night of late, and tried to burn us out by setting the grass on fire all around.—On the 5th, at Sibley, the Second Cavalry, with twenty five men of the rear guard, and Baptiste and Powers as scouts, went on a reconnaissance. They were discovered, and surrounded and followed into the timber of the Horn mountains, where, by hitching their horses to the trees and abandoning them, the men were enabled to escape on foot by way of a ravine in the rear. They all got back alive, and probably this diversion saved the camp from a grand attack and stampede or capture.

The Snake Indians, two hundred strong, joined us here yesterday, but unless the Utes also come soon no offensive operations will be likely to take place till after the arrival of the Fifth Cavalry. The wagon train and additional infantry are due from Fort Fetterman. The health of the command is good. General Gibbon's reserve force were met by the victorious Sioux, dressed in Custer's men's clothes and mounted on their horses. They fired into the soldiers. The Indian village possesses evidence of white men's presence—kegs of whiskey, etc., being found. Signal fires, supposed to be in reference to the incoming train, are visible to the east of Crook's camp, on the extreme south waters of Tongue river.

From the Columbia Register. Gen. Butler's Statement.

Certain newspaper editors and reporters have done me so much injustice by false reports in reference to the recent disturbance in Hamburg, that it is due to myself to make to the public a statement of my connection with it.

On Friday evening, July 7, Col. Thomas Shaw, with his brother, the Rev. William Shaw, was at Edgefield Court House to see Mr. H. W. Addison and Mr. A. J. Norris and myself on business. After transacting it, Col. Shaw said to me that Mr. Robert J. Butler, who lives near Hamburg, in Aiken county, desired me to be at Hamburg on the following evening, (Saturday,) at 4 o'clock, to represent professionally his son, Thomas Butler, and son in law, Henry Getzen, in a trial to be had before Trial Justice Prince Rivers. Mr. Butler has been a lucrative client of mine for many years. I inquired of Col. Shaw if he knew the nature of the case to be tried, and he said he knew nothing except what he had heard—that these two young men had had an altercation with a company of negro militia in the streets of Hamburg, on the 4th of July, and that Mr. Robert Butler had complained to Rivers, the major general of militia and trial justice, and that he supposed the trial referred to that matter.

I accordingly left Edgefield at 9 o'clock next morning in a buggy.—When I had gone about seven miles on the old stage road I met Dr. Geo. Wise, who inquired if I had heard the news from Hamburg. I replied that I had heard nothing special, but was on my way to Hamburg to attend a trial before Rivers. He said the information had reached his neighborhood that the negro militia had threatened to lynch Thomas Butler and Henry Getzen if they were not convicted, and that several young men had gone in that direction.

When nearing the town I sent word to Mr. Robert Butler to meet me in Hamburg, and give me the facts of the case in which he wished me to appear. Mr. Butler did meet me in a short time, and I there for the first time ascertained the character of the trouble.

I had nothing whatever to do with the matter up to that time—knew nothing but what I have stated. My business there was simply professional; had nothing about me but one law book, and had no more idea of there being a collision than an utter stranger.

I learned after reaching Hamburg that Mr. Henry Sparnick, of Aiken, was in town as the attorney of the colored militia, and sent for him with a view of arranging for the trial, or effecting some arrangement between the parties. Mr. Sparnick met me, and, I think, will do me the justice to say that my earnest effort was to prevent any further trouble, possible, and he appeared equally anxious.

Mr. Robert Butler then interposed and said to Mr. Sparnick that if these men would make acknowledgments for their abuse and maltreatment of his son and son in law, he would be satisfied. I said nothing about any apology myself.

It was then proposed that we hold a conference with the officers of the militia company and Prince Rivers, and see if we could not adjust matters. I made this proposition. Mr. Sparnick assented, saying he had influence with the negroes, and he thought we could arrange it. He went off, as I supposed, to bring his clients, but did not return.

Sam Spencer, a negro man, came to Mr. Dam's store, where I was with Mr. Robert Butler, his son and son in law, and said that he desired to see me privately. I at once went into Mr. Dam's back room. He said he was sorry to see so much excitement, and I expressed regrets at it, when he said that he thought, inasmuch as Trial Justice Rivers was to hear the case, he would prefer not to be in the conference. I agreed with the propriety of that position, and he then said that the officers of Doe Adams' militia company would meet me, but did not like to come to Mr. Dam's store, as there were armed men there, but would meet me at his (Spencer's) office if agreeable to me. I said certainly I would meet them at his office, and alone, if they preferred. He then went off, and did not return.

The time appointed for the trial

having arrived, I proceeded, with my clients, to the trial justice's office.—Rivers was not in, and after a time his clerk went for him, and he opened his court. I inquired as a preliminary question whether he was sitting as a civil or military officer. He replied that that depended upon the facts, as they would be developed; that he was then acting as a peace officer. I remarked that I was indifferent as to the character of the court as we only desired to arrive at the facts, and inquired if the accused parties would be present. He said that he did not know, but would have them called, which his constable proceeded to do from the door.—About this time Sam Spencer came in, and said to me that he thought if the trial could be suspended the matter could be settled. I replied that he must see the trial justice, and if he would suspend I had no objection. Whereupon Rivers announced the case suspended for ten minutes, and I was invited by the intendet of the town, a negro man named Gardner, to the council chamber, for the purpose of meeting the militia officers of Adams' company. I repaired at once to that place, and remained there about a quarter of an hour.—Nobody appearing but Gardner, with whom I had some talk as to the necessity of something being speedily done, and that I thought the best solution of the matter was that these people should deliver up their arms as a means of settling the present difficulty and a guarantee against a future recurrence, he said he knew nothing about it; and waiting, as I thought, long enough, I got in my buggy and went over to Augusta on business having no relation to the Hamburg matter; and while there was questioned by a number of persons as to the status of affairs in Hamburg, to whom I replied that I thought a collision between the whites and blacks imminent and likely to take place.

After despatching my business, I was returning through Hamburg, on my way to spend the night at Mr. Robert Butler's, two miles in the country, and leave for home early next morning. When about half way across the bridge, I met a delegation of four negroes—Pitney, Edwards, Spencer and Sims—who stopped me, and said that, if I would go to Spencer's office, the officers of the militia would meet me and endeavor to stop the impending trouble. I agreed; went directly to the appointed place, and waited there some twenty or thirty minutes, but one of the officers, Cartledge, appearing. He said he would do all in his power to induce the militia to disband and give up their guns, and I believe he did.

Whilst I was in Augusta, a body of men rode into the town (Hamburg) mounted.

I went around the street to look for Mr. Butler, and had not been gone long before I received a message from Prince Rivers asking me to meet him. I declined to do so, saying that we had made about four appointments, which were observed by myself only, and that he must come to me. I, however, did go to meet him, and he asked me if the men would give up their arms would I guarantee the safety of the town. I said I have nothing whatever to do with the town, and could give no guarantees of any sort, as I had no command or authority, but would say, as a citizen, that, in my judgment, if they would do that, there would not be the slightest trouble; and he said that he thought that right, and would go and advise them to that course. About ten minutes the report was circulated that the negroes refused to give up their arms and intended to fight. And a few minutes thereafter the fight did ensue. The negroes were fortified in their drill room in a brick building, known as Sibley's corner, and they raised a yell and fired from the windows, which was responded to by the whites, and a general firing took place.

Not a very great while after the firing began, Mr. McKie Merriwether, a most estimable young man, was shot through the head and killed. Not a negro had then been touched, and Merriwether's death naturally infuriated the already excited crowd, and they were under the leadership of no one.

During the firing, some parties unknown to me brought over a piece of artillery, and fired four or five times at the building and returned.

The firing of the negroes from their position then ceased. I left the crowd arresting the negroes. How many were killed or how they were killed I do not know. This collision was the culmination of the system of insulting and outraging of white people which the negroes had adopted there for several years.

Many things were done on this terrible night which, of course, cannot be justified, but the negroes "sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

I did not attempt to accomplish by force what I could not accomplish by peaceful means.

I was not the leader of this body of infuriated men. I was there in the line of my profession. The collision was a sort of spontaneous combustion. I thought I saw it approaching, and did all that any human being could be expected to do to prevent it.

I have no objection to being saddled with whatever responsibility fairly attaches to my conduct, but I have no idea of permitting newspaper reporters, for the sake of a sensation or any other purpose, presenting me as the leader of a mob, when I was no more the leader and no more responsible than any other person who might have been there in the line of his duty.

M. C. BUTLER.

LARAMIE, July 17.—General Crook is still camped on Goose Creek, and is in excellent fighting condition. Gen. Morrill arrived at Rawhide on the 4th to cut off 800 Indians, said to have left Red Cloud. He expected to strike the savages next day.

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE BRAIN.—Long before the era of temperance ordinances and organizations, Hyrti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the man who lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects that object by keeping the organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance, it then becomes comparatively hard; and so, too, before death, the use of alcohol causes the induration of the delicate and gossamer like tissues.

A BOSTON BOY ON FISH.—Fish lives in the Atlantic Ocean, Buzzard's Bay and some in Charles River. When they are small they are codfish, herrings and sardines; when they grow up they are whales. Whales are very useful; they sometimes swallow a whole ship and all the crew. The fat of whales is biled out and made into kerosene oil for gas light. Their bones is made into whalebone for ivory piano keys and dominos, also for horn handles and jack knives. I wish a whale would swallow my school and all the teachers. Fish is always eat Friday. I hate fish; there is too many bones to pick out when you eat 'em. I rather eat a paper of pins fried in lard. A whale could lick all the boys in the Harvard Grammar School.—Could lick thunder out of 'em and make 'em look sick, and don't you forget it.

It is said that a Hindoo weaver has invented "a sort of loom by which he can sew coats and pantaloons, and all other dresses wh'ever," and the process by which this is done is thus described by a person who has personally inspected the invention: "At first he cuts the cloth into shapes and puts these into his loom; and they come out well sewed, and the seams are quite unperceivable, unless we touch them by our hands; and they are like thick threads. The clothes are sooner and better sewed than by the sewing machines."

Violent exercise is always hurtful. It is steady, persistent work, which brings roses to the cheek, soundness to the sleep and appetite to the stomach.