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Communications

EASLEY, S. C. July 24, 1876.

Mr. Editor: I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in sending you these few dots, if worth their room in your valuable columns, you are at liberty to use them, if not, commit to flames.

On last Monday, Capt. Motes and myself found ourselves seated in one of Richey and Wyatt's best buggies, with a fine pair of dashing bays, bound for Abbeville, and ere we had time to salute and bid adieu to our friends, we found ourselves at Pickensville, a place celebrated in ancient days for big musters, fist fights, drinking, &c. What a change has taken place within the last twenty years—nothing now remains to mark the spot where once stood the Court House but a few old buildings much out of repair.

The weather being extremely hot, we were obliged to drive slowly, which gave us a better chance of observation. Crops are generally fair, and seem to have been well cultivated. Rain is needed to mature them. We passed some good dwellings, and occasionally a flower yard, which proved the good taste of some intelligent females, and made the trip more pleasant to us. We reached Bolton late in the evening, a drive of some thirty miles, but as there was nothing going on to attract our attention, we made no halt. In fact, Bolton runs a dry ticket, and we were pressing forward for Honea Path, where we expected to get a little of the (come help us up the hill). We were not disappointed after getting a certificate from Dr. ———, we presented our selves as the sick always do, and found no trouble in procuring the muchly needed article.

From thence to Donalds, crops were somewhat in advance, and red oats were found in abundance, which proved to us the good judgment of the farmers in that community.

Hodge's Depot is a lively place, and several fine looking gents were here found amusing themselves playing croquet, which seems to be a favorite game in the lower counties.

At Greenwood the Captain concluded the weather was too hot for him, and he took Mr. Isaacs train and returned to the Mountain City, where he could get a fresh breeze, leaving me alone to return. However, the trip was in every way a pleasant one, and the writer finds himself again at home, where he receives the balmy breeze from the mountain region, permeated by the sweet scent of the wild flowers that flourish thereon.

Yours truly,
W. C. V.

"Many years ago," said Gen. Eli H. Murry to a Louisville Ledger reporter, "Judge Stite had a circuit down in Southern Kentucky. Once a little country tavern was full to overflowing, so that four or five persons had to occupy the same room. The Judge and four or five of the big lawyers indulged in draw poker until a late hour. Then they went to bed, and left the candle burning. The fire had gone out, the weather was cold, the floor not clean, and none of them liked to get out of his warm place to blow out the candle. After fruitless efforts to induce some one to get up, the Judge proposed that they should put it out by spitting at it. 'I can beat you,' said one. 'Money says you can't,' answered the Judge. The cold weather and the dirty floor were forgotten, as the rivals sprang from their warm places. Money was put up, a mark made, and the contest was so exciting that the others were so drawn on, and there in the chill, fireless, darkness of the best room of a country tavern, the Judge and four or five of the brightest lights of the circuit stood up in their shirts and spit at a mark for five dollars apiece."

The Government is concentrating its military forces on the frontier with a view to punish the Indians for the butchery of Custer and his men.

TOOTHACHE.—One ounce alcohol; two drachms cayenne pepper; one ounce kerosene oil; let it stand twenty four hours after mixing. It cures, it is said, the worst toothache ever known.

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1876.

HUNTING AROUND FOR A COOL SPOT—THE TURKISH BAZAAR—THE TUNISIAN CAFE—RELICS OF THE HOLY LAND—WOOD FROM MOUNT OLIVE—HECKER'S OLD MILL—CHAMPAGNE ON ICE—ART. SCIENCE, MECHANICS, AND AGRICULTURE WILTING UNDER A HEAT OF 105° IN THE SHADE.

A week or two ago I started on art subjects with all the glory of inspiration. My soul was filled with the grandeur of my theme. Painters and sculptors were my daily companions. Baracaglia, whose wonderful chisel had created the Flight of Time, had shaken me by the hand. Corona, the author of Love's First Message, had borrowed my tobacco pouch, and had honored me by taking a smoke. I had loaned my morning paper to Barael, and had invited Calci, to lunch and lager; in fact, I was getting on swimmingly. I was rapidly arriving at that degree of nonchalance and artistic respectability which marks the man of travel and experience, when up goes the thermometer to 105° in the shade and knocks me higher than a kite. My collar wilts, my cuffs begin to crawl up towards my elbows, unseemly shadings make the back of my linen duster look like a map of undiscovered Africa, where the big patch between my shoulders might stand for the Albert Yanze, and the long line of perspiration down the middle, marks the course of the Nile from the outlet of the lake to the Delta. It is well understood by scientists, that there is a point where the thermometer fails, when even the sensitive quicksilver loses its power and becomes like a ball of stone; it is even so with brain; no brain can act in this dreadful fiery heat; every energy sinks down exhausted and overpowered before the terrible vigor of the sun; the like of which has not been seen for more than fifty years. Under these circumstances I thought I would do some light skirmishing in the open air instead of keeping in the buildings, which were very much like ovens.

The Centennial Grounds teem with objects which would make the place interesting if all the main buildings were removed. Passing down the avenue that leads from the Horticultural Hall, a little beyond the Government Building, you come to the Turkish Bazaar. The building is octagonal in shape, and as a specimen brick of the Turkish Bazaar may be considered a miserable failure. Around the edge are seats called by courtesy divans, on which lazy fellows who have nothing else to do loll and smoke, looking all the time as though they did not enjoy it a bit; occasionally epping a very dirty, muddy coffee, from very little cups, and not unfrequently you can see some young gentlemen from the country, who wanted to tell the boys after he got home that he had seen it all; rushing out behind the tent to relieve his stomach after enjoying the luxury of a Turkish smoke. The Turks we have here, are dirty, baggy, worthless looking fellows, and if these are fair samples of their brothers on the Bosphorus, the sooner the Sorvians wipe them out the better. Close at hand are some little booths, where are sold olive wood relics from Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives; they are in little crucifixes and rosaries, and all sorts of pious amulets, which are eagerly gobbled up by centennial visitors, because they come from the Holy Land, and are retailed by genuine Turks. I have no desire to shake anyone's confidence in the authenticity of the relics they have bought, but I am willing to make affidavit that one of the Turks, and in fact one of the most active, has kept a clothing store on Market street for several years past; he attends the synagogue every Saturday, and looks upon pork chops with abhorrence; however, I must confess that when he gets on his little cap and his loose baggy breeches, he makes a pretty good Turk. Across a few steps from the Turkish Bazaar is the Tunisian Cafe, and if you will accept my assurance for it, it is an exceedingly big name for a very small affair. This, like the Turkish Bazaar, is an octagonal building, and ornamented in

the most barbarous taste; on a raised platform on one side sit three as miagrabable looking vagabonds as you would desire to see; lean, thin, hungry looking fellows. One plays on a sort of a fiddle, another beats a drum, and the third raises the devil generally with a pair of cracked symbols. Now I am a lover of music, I took to it naturally; in my childhood my earliest musical investment was for a Jews harp, and this was supplemented by a drum, till most of the neighbors were struck with the extent of my musical acquirements; boot jacks, tin pans, and old glass bottles frequently rewarded my musical efforts. I merely mention this to show that I know what music is, and I tell you of all the vile abominations in the way of sound I ever heard, this Tunisian music is the worst. I fly for relief from it to the gigantic fog horn, whose terrible brag brings up the liveliest apprehensions of Gabriel; the filing of a saw would be positive harmony alongside of it, and a Chinese gong would sound like orpheus lyre.

When I tell you that the horror of their instrumental music was supplemented by the villainy of their singing, in which the chief elements was the barbarous discord; you may judge that any place would be a relief from such torture, so I fled as dogs fly from butchers in China, and passing over to Agricultural Hall in search of a cool spot; at last I struck it. In the north wing I discovered a quaint old wind mill, just such a one as Don Quixote might have charged in behalf of the fair Dulcinea. The giant arms were flying around and down I sat upon the ground to enjoy the luxury of the breeze they created; meanwhile laughing at the poor wretches who were sweltering under a heat that registered 105° in the shade. I inquired the name of this benefactor of mankind, and found it was Mr. Hecker, of York, the inventor of Hecker's Farina, and Hecker's Self-raising Flour. Not satisfied with raising the wind on a hot day, he had opened a sort of public refectory, where cakes, puddings, blanc manges, and all sorts of delicacies were dispensed gratis to the hungry million. The name sounded familiar like something I had seen or heard before, and on reflection I remembered that riding on top of a stage through the Rocky Mountains, away up among the peaks near the line where the snow never melts, I saw on the rocks on one side, S. T. 1860, and on the other Hecker's Farina and Self-raising Flour, and now here at the World's Great Exposition I renew my acquaintance, and am indebted to the wings of his old mill for a gentle fanning with the thermometer at 105°. A joke has just got out which has kept Philadelphia on a broad grin for the last week. A Frenchman connected with one of the great Champagne Vineyards of France, took occasion at a public dinner table, at one of our principal hotels, to assert that there was not a bottle of wine made in America fit for a gentleman to drink. An American gentleman sitting by asked him if he considered himself a judge; he assured him that he did. The stranger then offered to bet him a thousand dollars that he could not tell without looking at the labels, the different brands of established champagnes. The Frenchman immediately accepted the bet, depositing \$1,000 and agreed moreover to be blindfolded during the trial.

The American was to furnish the wine and the loser was to pay for it; it was further understood that a generous supper was to wind up the festivities of the evening. All being prepared, a large party of friends assembled at a crack restaurant on Chestnut Street and the trial began. Cork No 1 flew, and the moment the Frenchman got a smell of it, he knew it was Mignon. Cork No. 2, and he recognized Rhoderer, Cork No. 3, Clicot was easily discovered. Cork No. 4, and Charles Heidseck was named without hesitation. Cork No. 5, and Verzenay appeared like an old friend. Bets ran high on the Frenchman; all the Yankees were eager taker; the trial over the bottles were examined, and every bottle that was used was found to come from the cellars of the Pleasant Valley Wine Co., of Hammondsport, State of New York. The same company that received medals at Vienna and Paris for the superior excellence of their wines.

The Frenchman was furious, and it was only by the interference of

friends that he was prevented from working vengeance on the crowd of his tormentors on the spot; a duel is talked about between the principals in the affair, so I expect next week to hear of pistols and coffee supplanted by a coroner's inquest. After four dreadful days of insufferable heat on Thursday night we were blessed by a storm that raged for an hour or two with the fury of a hurricane; the lightning never stopped its lurid glare for a moment and peal after peal of thunder crashed about our heads with the roar of a thousand cannons; the result was, however that Friday was one of the most delightful days of the season.

The attendance has been light. No returns are given from the turnstiles. Sunstrokes have been numerous, but the medical department refuse to give any information of the number. The Cincinnati Light Guard has arrived after its very foolish and wondrous march of 800 miles under a torrid sun; they have been the past two months on the road; seven men have sunk exhausted by the wayside, and all the rest look worn and haggard; next week if the weather is cool I shall return to the Art Gallery, till then I am

Yours truly,
BROADBENT.

Gen. Butler Strikes Back—A Searching Review of the "Hamburg Affair."

EDGEFIELD, S. C. July 16, 1876.
To the Editor of the Journal of Commerce: The high joint commission, consisting of Wm. Stone, Carpet Bag Attorney General, and the Mulatto Adjutant General, of the State, Parvis, have lately visited Hamburg to investigate the "Horror," and the former has made his "report." Why Gov. Chamberlain should have subjected the State to the expense, and these two dignitaries to the trouble, of going to Hamburg, is somewhat surprising. When we read the "report," and consider the data from which it is made, the ex-parte statements of lying negroes and the partial, partisan and false conclusions of its facile author, the suggestion arises, why the allidavits were not written out in Columbia, made to order there, and sent by express to be executed without limit by the dusky allidavits of that renowned rendezvous, Hamburg. This plan would have answered the purpose of the outrage manufacturers, and their hiring newspaper champions, just as well. It this so-called Attorney General had been in pursuit of the truth, why did he confine his inquiries to the beattied negroes, and a few perjured white men who had instigated them into an armed insurrection against the laws of the country, the rights and property of its citizens, and the safety and peace of that community? If acting within the periphery of the duties incident to the high position in the State, to which the accidents of war have elevated him, why did he so hastily conclude his investigation before getting at the real facts of this unfortunate emute, and rush into print with a report pregnant with partisanship, and fragrant with the odor of Radical falsehood? If his hiring champions of the press had desired to present to the public a truthful account and a fair representation of the "Hamburg Horror," why did their accommodating reporters seek for publication the statements of such worthies as "Dock" Adams, Prince Rivers, Gardner, and other negroes of that ilk, and avoid sources of information which could have thrown light at least upon the subject of inquiry.

Why should these champions of Radical outlaws, these bolsterers of the waning fortunes of one of the most infamous, imbecile governments that the world has ever known, so "swiftly denounce" the white men engaged in the merited chastisement of this body of armed outlaws, bandits and robbers, as "fiends," "cowards," etc., and have not one word of condemnation for the outlaws, bandits and robbers themselves. Why have the editors and reporters of these malignant sheets lashed themselves into spasms of horror and shame and mortification at the death of a few of these armed outlaws, and find in their hearts not a feeling of regret or sorrow at the death of that splendid, fearless and honorable young man, McKie Merriweather, who was murdered in cold blood by these same outlaws. I can point out just twenty misstatements of facts in this "Report," which could have been

easily avoided if the doughty Attorney General had taken the trouble to arrive at the truth. As he recommends a judicial investigation, and sundry threats of arrests have been made by certain valiant knights of the quill, who I presume will volunteer to play constable for that purpose, I will reserve my exposure of these falsehoods for that interesting occasion.

Upon the heads of those charged with the execution of the laws, rests the responsibility for this collision.— If it is true that Gov. Scott placed these arms and this ammunition in the hands of these ignorant people, it was a crime against them and the white people that he did so. It was a crime in Governor Moses to have allowed them to remain in their hands. And it was more than a crime in Gov. Chamberlain, in the light of his experience upon that subject. It was a cruel and inexcusable wrong, an unpardonable sin against the peace of the country and the lives of the people, that he should have allowed these guns and ammunition to remain in their hands.

The jurisdiction and powers of a Trial Justice are large and the responsibility proportionately increased at an important point on our border, like Hamburg, and a man of the greatest discretion, fidelity and firmness, could and should have been procured to fill the office; but instead of that, this man, Prince Rivers, wholly unfit for so important a station, is the only acting Trial Justice in Hamburg, and I believe the next nearest in Aiken county is about twelve miles distant.

Now, if there had been a Trial Justice accessible, who would have given Mr. Robert Butler justice, when, like a law abiding man, as he is, he appealed to him to protect members of his family against this so-called militia, this "horror" would never have been chronicled.

Not only does he not afford him protection, but the ruffianly constable of this Trial Justice, one Bill Nelson, a copper colored negro, insults me as his attorney when I approached him in a perfectly respectful manner, to enquire about the whereabouts of the Trial Justice, in order to begin the investigation. I was moreover baffled and trilled with for hours by this Trial Justice, and his negro associates, until this armed company of outlaws had time to concentrate in their armory, where they could successfully maintain their attitude of armed insurrection, armed with guns which this same Prince Rivers admitted in my presence had been taken from him by these negroes without authority.

The town had a negro intendent, negro aldermen, negro marshals. It was almost a terror to every white man whose business required him to pass through it. They had harbored thieves and criminals from every direction. They had arrested and fined some of the best and most peaceable citizens for the most trivial offences against their ordinances—some for drinking out of a spring adjacent to the highway. One young man was fired upon, the ball passing through his hat, arrested, dragged to prison and heavily fined, because his horse shied on the edge of a sidewalk. An old man was arrested, insulted, and fined, because his horse turned on the sidewalk as he was in the act of mounting. Market wagons, camping within five or six miles of the town have been robbed night after night, cattle had been stolen and run into this place and sold. Stolen goods have been systematically received here, the parties knowing them to be stolen. For nights previous to the collision, unoffending white citizens were halted by the pickets of these malcontents, armed with State guns, and stationed on the highways. In one instance, five or six of them had scraped their bayonets on the pailings of a gentleman, and upon his remonstrance cursed and abused him in the hearing of his wife and some visiting ladies. The names of all these persons can be given.

Why did this Attorney General and these "swift denouncing" newspapers not put themselves to some trouble to ascertain the provocations on both sides. That was not a company of State militia, but a band of negroes organized contrary to law, or without the authority of law, who had taken the State property without authority, that "Company A, Ninth Regiment National Guard of the State of South Carolina," had been disbanded for several years, and that

this band had usurped their organization without authority, that they had not only unlawfully and riotously obstructed the public highway, but had broken up a civil court, defied its process, and resisted its mandates, and insulted its officers, and riotously threatened the lives of peaceable citizens.

Why do they not publish the fact that a certain white man, who lives in that Town of Hamburg, and publishes a Radical paper in Columbia for circulation in Georgia, was seen on the train going towards Columbia on the Thursday evening previous, and returned, as is strongly suspected, with ammunition for these negroes?

Why have they not reported that this same man said to the negroes after the altercation on the streets on the 4th of July, between this so-called Militia Company and young Butler and Getzen, that "they (the negroes) ought to have shot Getzen to death, and beat Butler's brains out with the butts of their guns;" and that he incontinently fled like a mischievous cur, when the storm, which he had brewed, burst upon the offending negroes.

Why have they not reported all of these provocations I cannot conceive, except upon the hypothesis, that they are paid to lie, and to slander, and misrepresent the white people of this State for political effect.

They say that the demand was made upon the negroes for the arms without authority or justification.— Why had not any citizen or number of citizens, the right to demand them?

Prince Rivers, a Brigadier or Major General of Militia, had said publicly that they were taken from him without authority. These negroes had assembled riotously; were in a state of armed resistance to the laws, and any citizen or number of citizens had the right to disperse the rioters and suppress the riot, and to use just so much force as was necessary to accomplish it, and if every negro engaged in the riot had been killed in the suppression, it would have been excusable, if not justifiable.

The tribunal of the written law had been applied to, and ignominiously failed. Delay would have been fatal to the safety of the lives, families and property of the unoffending, peaceable citizens. Prompt, short, and decisive action was necessary; under the dictates of that unwritten, inalienable law, known as self preservation, the first of all laws. Some there may have been, who were glad of an opportunity to punish those who had accumulated wrongs, insults and outrages upon them, such as I have enumerated. I can sympathize with their "I cannot approve such a means of vindication."

I have upon a previous occasion explained how and why I was in Hamburg, I did nothing there which I regret, or for which I have any apologies to make, and would do again just what I then did.

I might have avoided the storm by fleeing from it. But I conceived that I had certain duties to perform, and I was not brought up in that school which allows any man to desert his friends and clients, when they are in danger, and their families and property in jeopardy. I am indifferent to the opinion of those howling hypocrites, and ask no favors at their hands, and shall grant none. Their threats of United States soldiers have no terrors for me or the people of Edgefield. We have had these soldiers with us and have no objection to their coming again. We have found the officers gentlemen as a general thing, and the men orderly and law abiding, and they will do no more than execute their orders and enforce the laws.

I invite a judicial investigation, and am prepared to submit to the arbitration of the law; and such is the feeling, as far as I have been able to learn, of every white man who is in any degree connected with the affair. The white men of this country have some rights which the negroes are bound to respect. They have no other feeling for them, than kindness and pity. Kindness for their loyalty to our families during the war, and pity that they will permit themselves to be made the tools of bad, mischievous, designing white men and unalloties. So long as they obey the laws, every honorable man of the country will feel bound to protect and encourage them in happiness and prosperity.

Very respectfully yours,
M. C. BUTLER.