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Communications

What will Mrs. Grundy Say?

MR. EDITOR: If the evils growing out of this question were only to be found in matters of minor importance, as referred to heretofore, it would be quite consoling. But alas when we begin to trace its course, we are led through almost every profession of life, nor do we find the end of its journey among those of middle age; but even those, who are far advanced in the evening of life, are often troubled by a repetition of this same perplexing question. The lawyer doubtless often listens a tentatively to 'her' opinions of his professional services, and especially is he anxious to hear from 'her' after making what he considers a masterly effort in the defence of some criminal. But perhaps this can be partially accounted for by the fact that 'her' good opinion acts as a balm in soothing his troubled conscience for having defended and liberated the guilty. However that may be, it cannot be said that he is altogether free from 'her' influence. But it is most probable that the timid school teacher suffers more anxiety in this particular than most persons, especially a portion of that class who has no other means of support, which by the way includes the larger portion of them. He enters the school room with good intentions, desirous of pleasing his patrons. And just here I desire to say, though it is well enough to desire to please the parents, it is often the cause of much serious trouble. It is an impossibility to please all, and he, who tries hardest to do so, is most likely to fail, and then he has but to mourn over his folly, when it is too late. Strange to say, less sympathy is felt for the teacher than almost any other person, regardless of his occupation. The idea seems to be quite common that his is a quiet pleasant life, and therefore he can very well afford to hear hard words, and evil reports concerning him, whether they have any foundation or not, little thinking how much he really suffers. I have come to the conclusion that the best thing the teacher can do, is to pursue that course which he thinks is best adapted to the advancement of those who are placed under his charge, regardless of what students, parents, Mrs. Grundy or any body else may say. By so doing, the consciousness of having performed his duty will buoy him up, and besides he will have the sympathies and good wishes of the sensible portion of his patrons, which will more than balance the sneers and silly words of the common herd. In a word, let them have their say. But leaving the teacher to his reflections, we shall proceed to consider the question in another light. It seems to me that the opinion of Mrs. Grundy is productive of more evil in a moral point of view than any other. I sometimes wonder if the minister of the gospel isn't influenced to some extent by 'her' opinions. Whether he is or not, a vast number of others are. How few of us can frown upon a companion who is engaged in some thing we consider wrong! We fear we may wound his feelings, hence we prefer to smile upon his evil doings and thereby approve of them. How often do we hear our associates using the name of their Maker in vain and thus hastening on their downward road to destruction, without ever reproving them without ever reminding them of their dangerous folly. We can advise them in worldly matters. Ah yes! we can speak out boldly in many things—if we desire office, we don't hesitate to speak of the solicitations of our many friends to become a candidate, and in fact we can speak of anything we think will benefit us at present, but

it is hard to command courage to speak to a friend about his evil doings. Moral courage seems to be one of the great lacks of the present day. Many young men have been ruined and made to fill drunkard's graves, because they had not courage to resist the temptations of those whom they considered friends. Let us take warning "Degeneres Animus Timor Arguit."

J. AYTCHEM.
Pickens County, July 23.

GOV. HENDRICKS' FINANCIAL VIEWS.—An attempt is being made by the Radical newspapers to attribute to Gov. Hendricks inflation views. They will fail in the effort says the Indiana Ledger-Standard, Bullion. Gentlemen who heard Mr. Hendricks in Ohio last year are pretty certain that he did not advance any such views in his addresses before the people.—His position was substantially that which he has always held, that there should be a steady approach to specie payments, but not by a policy that would completely paralyze every industry of the country, such as the Radical Resumption Act will produce. He believes that law is a fraud; that it is a profession of specie payment without the means of accomplishment; that it will produce wide-spread ruin with an equivalent, and that therefore the section which provides for specie resumption in 1879 should be repealed. But neither Governor Hendricks nor the Democracy of Indiana abandon the sound Democratic doctrines of specie resumption. The future welfare of the country demands that this should be accomplished, but not upon the ruins of the industrial and commercial interests of the country, which will be the effect if the present law is suffered to remain in force. But Republican newspapers that attribute to Governor Hendricks inflation views simply utter falsehood.

WONDERS OF SLEEP.—It is related that a man fell asleep as the clock tolled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke died away, having in the interval dreamed that he had committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned; the shock of finding a baker about his neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a shick found himself made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and how, waking from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow neck of a gourd bottle filled with water, which he knew he overturned as he fell asleep, had not time to empty itself.

ON THE WAVE.—They were returning from a moonlight excursion to Rockaway. The sea was quite rough and the little steamer rose and fell with every pulsation of the great deep, like the bustle of a stormy woman.—After studying the sky and ocean for about an hour in silence, he turned to her and said, "Dear Corra, you will be mine? You will give me your hand and heart?" "O, Johnnie," she answered, turning deadly pale, "I'd rather give you my stomach."

According to a recent legal decision kisses are valued at ten dollars apiece. That's high for a kiss that lights on a girl's nose or ear, but dirt cheap for one square on her lips, when you linger and hang on and murmur, "Yum! yum! yum!"

The stone used for ballast on a Nevada railroad has gold and silver in it, but not enough to pay for disturbing the road.

OUR CENTENNIAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, July 31, 1876.

EDUCATION FOR THE MILLION—OBJECT TEACHING FOR YOUNG AND OLD—COOL WEATHER—ENGLISH AND GERMAN—ART—CONSTANT MEYER—SIR JOHN OPIE—HANNAH MORE—TURNER—ROMANCE OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

The more I contemplate the wonders of this Exhibition, the more it fills me with admiration, as it unfolds itself like a grand scroll upon whose wondrous pages are concentrated the universal wisdom and knowledge of the world. Art, science, philosophy, aesthetics, mechanics, history, all are represented here; no such opportunity for education will occur again upon this continent in the life of any living American, and when I say education I mean education in its broadest and grandest sense. A man may read books for a lifetime, and never be a scholar. He may have the dusty lore of a hundred colleges stuffed into him, and have his pockets crammed with parchments that testify to his being an A.B., LL.D., and A.S.S., and yet for all practical purposes of life he may go through the world like a fool; but, put an ordinary fool inside these centennial grounds, and you would make a tolerably sensible man of him in spite of himself. The thermometer at 75°, splendid days and glorious nights bringing back the elasticity and vitality of youth, and furnishing the critics of art with intellectual muscle to grapple with all the tough subjects in the exciting arena of aesthetics. I stand beneath the grand dome of the Art Gallery once more, and running the gauntlets of statuary and paintings. I hasten to a little room on the north side of the building which is filled with priceless and inestimable treasures. Don't rush in here as though you were going into a barn yard, but step reverently and softly; yes, and remove the sandals from your feet for the ground is almost holy that you tread upon. If it be possible that the association of sacred relics can sanctify the dust wherewith we stand, then is this place holy. This is the collection of ancient gems and relics by Costillana, of Italy.—Grand in past association, rich in historic lore; nothing before you is modern, everything is covered with the mould, the dust and grime of countless centuries; the record ends five hundred years after the birth of Christ, but its beginning runs back into the very twilight of time.

Here are rude stone rings and precious amulets, that might have been worn by mighty chieftains ere Tubal Cain fashioned his first ornaments of brass. How many ages since these imperial signets carried the weight of the kings name to invading armies respited or destroyed the conquered legions of the enemy, and bore throughout their vast empires the power of life and death to millions. Here they are, Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman; yes, and relics of nations whose very names are lost, and of whom history contains no authentic record.

Marvelous indeed, is the skill exhibited in some of the precious gems carved into stone which will endure as long as time shall last. Many of the faces are Assyrian, some are Persian, some are Egyptian, but by far the greater part are Greek and Roman. Many of the stones are cornelian, a few are agate, some are onyx, but all are marvels of art. There are human figures the eighth of an inch long, cut in the hardest cornelian, and yet with an anatomy as perfect as if sculptured by the chisel of Phidias; animal life is there in all its phases, wonderful in design, miraculous in execution. The historic value of this gallery of faces can be scarcely estimated. The list of Ro-

man emperors is nearly perfect, and encased in a rim of gold is the head of Julius, the veritable Caesar who crossed the Rubicon, and who fell by the assassin's knife at the foot of Pompey's statue. Here are golden charms and bracelets that perchance Calphurnia might have worn when she wound her arms for the last time around her Caesar's neck just as he was departing for the capitol to his death, and near it in another case is a necklace of precious stones that might have encircled the voluptuous neck of Cleopatra, while she reposed in the arms of her beloved Anthony. All the detail of their hidden life has been dragged from out the earth, and into the light of day after the sleep of centuries, and now we look with curious eyes into the little puff box from which Queen Sheba might have whitened her dusky cheeks to make her look more lovely in the eyes of the great Jewish king.

Gold, silver, brass, copper, and stone compose this magnificent collection; would I could give it five pages instead of the brief notice which my space compels, but let me impress upon those that visit the Centennial not to forget the collection of Castillana.

The German department is exceedingly rich in exquisite treasures of art. Dusseldorf has had an overpowering influence over the artists of Germany for the last quarter of a century, and the result is a fitness of finish and laboriousness of detail which leaves nothing to be desired. Strolling along the gallery, my attention was arrested by a picture by Constant Meyer; the subjects is The Gossips; a lot of village girls have gone together in the street, and are regaling each other with the news. The grouping is admirable, and I need only to say in regard to its artistic merit, that in a gallery of art such as we have seldom had the privilege of seeing; it has been awarded the principal premium.

Early trials by Boser is a work of uncommon beauty, it is very simple, very quiet, but of rare artistic excellence. It is only the head of a female, nothing more; and yet few pictures in this vast collection are more worthy of consideration; a deep Rembrandt shade rests upon the face which is sad beyond expression, but where the sunlight strikes the hair, you catch a glimpse of the genius which makes the canvass of the painter immortal. Look well into the face and see the shadows break away, the eyes which you scarcely noticed at first are looking into your own with an expression painfully human if you look at it the more intently, the lips seem to move, and the only wonder is that it does not start from the canvass and speak. The First Crime by Jean Perre Alexander deserves more than a passing notice, rich in color and general affect, it bears the stamp of rare artistic worth. The scene is a Gypsy camp and a young boy, apparently about twelve years old, has returned with his first plunder; he has not escaped without a struggle, for the blood is streaming from his face and arms, his teeth are clenched, and the whole expression of his face just such as you might expect from one whose legitimate end was the gallows.

On the north side of the west wing as you enter the door in the British collection, hangs a portrait that interested me beyond expression, it was a likeness of Hannah More, from the easel of Sir John Opie; around it hang many priceless pictures from the galleries of the Royal Academy and this simple and unpretending canvass seemed to me more priceless than them all. There is something glorious in a noble life, a life that stands as a model for eternity, and such a life was the life of Hannah

More, not without care, not without sorrow, not without suffering, untold, yet chastened and beautified by the chastisement, till it became as near to the life of the angels as the Almighty has ever permitted to the sons and daughters men. There is an inexpressible sweetness in every line of that noble face, it is in no sense what the world calls beautiful, but looking into those glorious eyes from which the very reflex of the soul shines out, I felt that there was a woman to trust in life or death. Near it hangs a picture by Turner, and if there is one thing that makes me more grateful to Turner, than another it is the fact that when he bequeathed his pictures to the Royal Academy, it was on condition that a special room should be set apart for them. This I am delighted to know was done, and when I visit the Royal Academy I shall certainly give that room the go-by; Ruskin, to the contrary, notwithstanding I know the travelers club will exclaim booby that the conisures will vote me an ignoramus, and the out critics write me down an ass, I can't help it, I don't like Turner. And now for a little bit of romance. About five weeks ago a young man applied for a position as one of the rolling chair conductors. He was dark complexioned very handsome, with a long and flowing mustache, his manners were easy and graceful, he spoke several languages with the fluency of a native and it was not long till his chair was in constant demand. As he wheeled his fair loads along, he descended on passing objects with the eye of a conisuer, and the acumen of a critic. Things went on smoothly for several weeks, the only thing peculiarly noticeable in the rolling chairman being that he invariably refused the gratuities offered him by the grateful patrons. One day last week a young Russian princess had a chair called into the main hall, and not deigning to cast a look on the humble chairman, she stepped into the seat. The chair rolled on till it reached the Russian department, near the grand exhibition of Malakite, when the Princess leaned forward to examine a beautiful work box; the veil dropped off which had partially concealed her features. The chairman started forward and uttered a cry which brought the Princess to her feet. She in turn gave a scream recognizing, it is said, a long lost lover who had been banished to Siberia several years ago and had escaped. All the parties have disappeared, the Russian commission refuse to speak of it, even the people about the Malakite exhibit deny that it occurred, and it is whispered that the chairman was a nobleman of high rank, who was connected with one of the royal princes in stealing some government jewels. Cool weather has brought the receipts up again. A reduction has just been made which admits schools and teachers at twenty five cents, and this with the visits of military companies and organized bodies, make things look more prosperous than they have for the last three weeks.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

A Man of Parts.

A FEW OF THE STORIES THAT WILL BE TOLD BEFORE THE CANVASS IS OVER.

"What do you think of the ticket?" asked Mr. Magruder, in the boarding house last night.

"Toler'ble," said Mr. Magruder, "toler'ble." Down in the custom house this morning I saw a clerk behind the counter trying to stave off a lot of fellows who wanted to get their invoices verified. I asked him what he thought of it, and he stopped work at once.

"Think of it!" he said. "It's a blazer. I'll draw like a house afire."

"Think Governor Hayes will be reformer?"

"Reformer! I don't know anything

about that, but just look at his war record. I was in a regiment that served under Hayes at Shiloh. The Governor was a brandishin' his sword and urging the boys on, when along come a bullet and knocked off his right arm. He just shifted his sword to his left hand, had a tourniquet put on the stump of his right arm, and then plunged into the fight again. Good ticket? I should say so!

"Over in the appraiser's office I found the enterprising young man that used to put the figures in Charley Lawrence's invoices. I asked him what he thought of the ticket.

"Think of it! It's a roarer."

"Believe the Governor will pitch in for reform?"

"I don't know what he'll pitch in for; but will you just cast your eye on his war record? I was in a regiment that served under him at Antietam. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and shoutin' to the boys to get in, when along come a bullet and snaked off his left arm.—He just shifted the sword over to his right hand, had a hasty tourniquet put on the stump of his left arm, and then bolted into the fight again.—Draw? He'll draw like a blast furnace!"

"Happening in at the post office I asked one of the boys who were 'rastlin' the mails how the ticket struck him."

"It'll sweep the country!"

"Do you suppose Hayes will reform the government?"

"He? I didn't catch that; and the young man put his hand up to his ear. I repeated the question.

Oh, yes, reform. Well, now, I really can't say whether he'll be a reformer or not; but will you just let your eye rest on his war record a moment? I was in a regiment that served under him at Gettysburg. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and hollerin' to the boys to let 'em selves loose, when along come a bullet and carried away his right leg.—The Governor stopped just long enough to have his leg cooped up and then drove into the battle again. Good ticket? The country was crying for it!"

"Then I dropped in at one of the United States Court rooms, up stairs, and asked one of the officials what he thought of the ticket."

"A boon to the country, sir; a sweet boon."

"Think he'll root out the corruption that defiles the service?"

"Just how much rooting he'll do I am unable to state; but may I invite you to consider for a moment his war record? I was in a regiment that was under Hayes in the Wilderness. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and calling on the boys to rush forward, when along came a bullet and lopped off his left leg. The Governor didn't even get off his horse. He just tied a waist belt around the leg and went ahead again. Will the people vote for him? My friend, they'll have to enlarge the ballot boxes."

"In a room across the hall I met a United States Marshal making out a bill for extra charges. I asked him about the ticket."

"Magnificent!" he said, "magnificent!"

"Think the Governor is likely to reform the administration?"

"Now, really, I hadn't given the reform question much consideration; but let me ask you to look at his war record. I was in a regiment that served under him at Cold Harbor. The Governor was brandishin' his sword and whoopin' the boys forward, when along came a shell and struck him square on the breast. It busted inside of him and tere him into fine hash. We raked him into a rubber blanket, and were carrying him to the bivouac of the dead, but the Governor wouldn't have it. He jumped out of the blanket and sprung on his horse and went forward brandishin' his sword. Will he be elected? Just you wait and see!"

"Anatomically speaking, Mr. Magruder, the Governor is, or was, a man of parts; much so; but I don't believe they can get him together in time for 'lection."