

THE PICKENS SENTINEL.

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

VOL. VI.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1876.

NO. 2.

Communications

Sunday School Celebration at Sharon Church.

MR. EDITOR: Sharon church (Methodist) is located on the main road leading from Pendleton to Pickensville, about midway between Pendleton and Carmel (Pres.) church. It is surrounded by one of the most intelligent, orderly, law-abiding communities in the State, consequently churches flourish, Sunday Schools prosper, and every good cause finds ready advocates among them. Maj. Simpson used to remark of this community, that during a long residence among them, he never knew a litigated case carried to the Circuit Court from that neighborhood, and the Deputy Sheriff of Anderson, Mr. McConnell corroborated said statement by remarking that he never had any papers to serve in that whole scope of country, from Pendleton to Slabtown, but jury summons and such like. The good people of Sharon and Bethany churches, aided and encouraged by the preacher in charge, Rev. Mr. Jackson, initiated proceedings for a grand Sunday School celebration at Sharon church, on Tuesday, 29th August. Carmel, Pendleton, Mt. Zion, Kalamia, Sharon and Bethany, sent full deputations to the celebration. The Pendleton Cornet Band added great interest to the occasion by their musical performances during the day. The procession was formed about 10 o'clock, under the command of Major L. Newton, who had been appointed Marshal of the day. With the six Sunday Schools in procession, with the band in front, it was truly an imposing demonstration. After marching round the church in good order, the procession and audience were comfortably seated in a beautiful grove beneath the church, and the exercises commenced by singing the beautiful hymn, "sweet bye and bye." Then a very appropriate prayer by the Rev. B. S. Gaines. Then another hymn by the Sunday Schools, and then a short introductory address by Major Russell. After singing and music by the band, Mr. John C. Watkins was introduced and made one of the best Sunday School addresses to which it was ever our good fortune to listen. The leading proposition of his address was that all governments of whatever political caste, depended mainly for its perpetuation on the virtue and morality of the people for its support. And the speaker held up England as a notable example among all the nations of the earth, of a stable and just monarchical government, founded as it was on the virtue of an intelligent citizenship. Sorry that the gentleman could not say as much for his own government. Then followed naturally the sacred postulate that the Sunday School next to the church was one of the greatest promotions of virtue and morality among any people. It seeks to impress religious truth on the tender minds of the young. After singing and music from the band, Captain R. W. Simpson excused himself from speaking, on account of indisposition, and the Rev. Dr. Jones, late of Columbia, then delivered quite an interesting address, much to the delight of many of his old friends. The Rev. Doctor's reappearance among his old friends of Anderson and Pickens, and especially the fact that he has permanently settled on the old "Mavorick" homestead, within 3 1/2 miles of Pendleton, affords the sincerest gratification to all. His address throughout was listened to with the closest attention. At the close of his address, and after some fine singing and music from the band, a resolution of thanks was passed by a rising vote, to the Pendleton band, and

after singing the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and the usual benediction, the exercises were closed, and all were invited to partake of the hospitality of the neighborhood. The baskets were brought out by the good ladies, and we think that all present were abundantly refreshed by the eatables prepared for the occasion. After partaking of these refreshments, and enjoying social intercourse for about an hour, the Sunday School children re-assembled in the church and entertained the spectators for about three fourths of an hour in singing, and then the crowd quietly dispersed to their homes, all delighted with the proceedings of the day.

The design of such celebrations as Mr. Jackson, well said, is to excite a still deeper interest in the Sunday School work. It is to be hoped that such may be the effect of the celebration at Sharon church. The singing by the Sunday Schools, and the music by the band was particularly good, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion. The pieces generally chosen by the band were well adapted to the circumstances. We think that the example of the Pendleton band, in so generously responding to the request of the friends of Sunday School work, is worthy of commendation. While the singing by the Sunday Schools was generally good, and all performing together it would be impossible to discriminate, yet as the Bethany class led in these performances, it will not be considered injurious to say that they performed this duty superbly. Young Mr. Newton presides over this class and we can truly say that we have never witnessed a superior exhibition of perfection in musical performances. Go on, young ladies and gentlemen in your efforts in this direction, and may others profit by it, until the will of praise shall be heard in all our churches, congregations and families in strains of sweetest harmony.

T. H. R.

Grand Mass Meeting at Anderson.

CENTRAL S. C., Sept. 3, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—It was my privilege to participate in a grand mass meeting at Anderson, and as I thought it might interest some to hear, I concluded to "drop you a few lines" concerning what I saw.

Wishing to give our loved Hampton as brilliant a reception as possible, the Central, Pendleton and Sandy Springs Clubs concluded to go down uniformed with red jackets.

Early Saturday, ere the sun had crept from his bed, we were in the saddle and dashing over the hills with flying colors. Lieut. R. G. Gains led our company until we reached Pendleton, there he delivered us in charge of Capt. J. J. Lewis. The Pendleton Company had just left as we entered the town. We dashed ahead, soon overhauled them, and were received, when we came up with rousing cheers and splendid music from the Pendleton Band. At Sandy Springs Station, we were joined by Capt. Garrison's Company. We were joined by several other companies on the road, but not in uniform. We were greeted with joyous cheers all along the road, and we returned them with such interest that we made the old hills ring. One little incident happened on the road, that brought forth shouts of laughter. An old negro woman, frightened by the long line of "red coats," hid in the corner of the fence. But as the long line kept galloping past, her terror became so great that she could remain no longer in such close quarters; therefore, she made a dash through the open space between our company and the one in advance. I never shall forget the look of wild, awful, terror on her face, as she dashed almost under our horses' feet, into the

woods, followed by the shouts of the company.

As we entered Anderson, we were received with the firing of cannon, and joyous shouts of assembled thousands. When we arrived opposite the Fair Grounds, we halted until the arrangements were made for the procession. The Pendleton Band headed the procession, followed by some standard bearers, (I could not see, nor didn't learn whether the speakers were in the procession or not.) then came Capt. Sitton's Company, from Pendleton, followed by the Central Company. Next in order was the Sandy Springs Company followed by the balance of the Anderson clubs.—the procession was miles in length, and it was estimated that there were fifteen hundred mounted men.

We were delighted with the sight of many beautiful ladies, who were crowded in front of the houses, to witness our march. Our hearts were thrilled with the sound of sweet, joyous welcome from the blessed ladies. We marched through the town, to a beautiful grove in rear of Johnson University, there we dismounted and marched in companies up to the stand. The speakers stand was a beautiful thing, and I am sure the ladies delicate hands were engaged in flowing it. The platform was over shadowed by a beautiful awning, which was decorated with evergreens, flowers, flags and mottoes, in truly artistic style.

After some splendid music, the Chairman, Maj. Hoyt, introduced GENERAL WADE HAMPTON. Loud and repeated cheers greeted the name of our loved, illustrious chieftain. It will be useless to attempt to give any portion of the speeches in a short article, therefore it will not be attempted.

As for the first speech, it was enough to know that it was Hampton's. Many had heard his voice in the hour of battle, when danger was at every hand; and they showed by every means of approbation how glad they were to hear his voice in this hour of battle against wrong, when danger of ruin stares us in the face. Next came Simpson, with a splendid speech. He was followed by Gen. M. W. Gary, with a speech that showed he "meant business." Next was General S. McGowan, of whom we need say nothing, for you "know how it is yourself," and he was "just the same." Next came that noble, thorough farmer, D. Wyatt Aiken, who was proud of his avocation, and understood his business so well, that I believe he pleased the audience better than any of the speakers. The closing speech was made by William Wallace, who said he was both proud and ashamed of his name; proud because he had such an illustrious namesake; ashamed, that his name should be disgraced by such a man as A. S. Wallace. The whole of the speeches and the manner in which they were received showed that they were determined to "fight it out to the bitter end." And not only fight, but win. After the speaking was finished, we mounted, formed ranks and marched back through the town, headed by the Anderson and Pendleton bands. After marching out across the Railroad bridge, we halted, opened ranks and allowed the two bands to pass back. We gave three rousing cheers for Anderson as they past back. After passing through the ranks the Pendleton Band came slowly back again, playing, as a farewell, "Home, Sweet Home." The piece of music was sweetly and thrillingly rendered; filling our hearts with sadness, to think that the parting hour had come. When the band was through, we were "homeward bound" once more. When we reached Pendleton, we marched around the public square with the Pendleton Club. Then they halted, opened ranks, let

us pass through and gave us three cheers as we passed. The band came through after us and marched in front of the old Court House, playing "Mocking Bird," for a farewell. Our Captain disbanded us here and allowed us to make our way home, and to think over the "great events of the day." And I do truly hope, from what I saw on that day, that a greater day will soon come, when we shall make hill and valley ring with "joyous notes of freedom."

ROVER.

CENTRAL STATION, Sept. 5, 1876.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed in your last issue a piquant and newsy letter from this little place, and possibly you may think we ought to be satisfied and not trouble you any more for some time. Well, there is some truth in that, but be generous and give us the use of your columns for this letter, and I, for one will for some time hereafter hold my peace.

On last Thursday night the debating club of this place gave an entertainment that they may well be proud of, for it has elicited universal praise. It consisted of a number of charades. Ending with a laughable farce called the negro school.

Of course there was no Booths or Jannasheck "in the tragic." Nor was there any Bishops or Russel's in "comics." But still for the experience and the short time taken to rehearse, it was a grand success. Miss Estelle G.—s acting was inimitable. In fact, it was what all actors should strive to personate—life itself. In the cast of Rose Thorn, she made one realize, what a frightful thorn a temper is in a young lady's character. And I venture to say, that when every young lady present saw what Rose lost by not curbing her temper, made a resolution to draw a tight rein upon their own in the future, and so doing, gain what Rose lost, a husband.

Miss Bettie G. for the experience she has had, did extraordinarily well. It was fate to be called upon to personate a matron in each piece in which she took a part. And I am certain when she gets hold of a character, in which she can throw her heart it will give her a better chance to display her powers. Under the circumstances her rendition of Mrs. Myrtle, was splendid. She seemed to be imbued with the spirit of the age when she advises Fannie Myrtle to marry for money. But I am glad to say that Fannie ignored the counsel of her mother—followed the promptings of her heart, and gave her hand to poor, but honest Paul.

The character of Mrs. Myrtle requires delicate handling, there is such a quick transposition from the shrewd, careful mother to the fashionable worldly woman. There was also other young ladies that did as well as the two named. But it would make this letter too long to speak of them separately.

Of the male actors, I can say they even disappointed themselves. With hundreds of bright eyes, ready to smile, and fair cheeks to dimple with laughter. With this encouragement, how could they do otherwise than try to make "those maidens merry." They did their best, and succeeded, and as a proof of their success, they have been repeatedly requested to have another soon. I am satisfied that there is material here, out of which can be formed a perfect theatrical corps.

Now a few words in support of these exhibitions, and I am done. Do they not in a manner show the customs of the people in its many different phases, and not only represent their character, their tastes, sentiments and opinions, but has a retroactive effect upon the same. Do we not need such a society? Has it not a tendency to inculcate loftier senti-

ments and higher aspirations—purify and cultivate a taste for higher literature? Do they not show up vice in all its hideousness, condemn immorality and hypocrisy, and prove that morality and virtue will meet with reward? Are there not some as effective sermons acted on the stage as there is preached in the pulpit? And then here is another view, are they not instructive as well as amusing? Do they not aid the actors' memories by making them more retentive? are there not as much amusement as at dances and kissing parties, and a less tendency to dissipation? I think so, and I believe the sensible, thinking portion of the community agree with me. If all this is true, then, let us encourage and sustain a society from which springs so much good.

CENTRAL.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 4, 1876.

DEAR SENTINEL: As all your many Democratic readers could not be nominated in your State and County Conventions for the different offices, I believe all true men of all parties regardless of past differences, will soon unite on the ticket put forth in your County and State; they could not be better or stronger.

With Wade Hampton as leader, South Carolina will be redeemed in November, if she is ever to be. Let all men, high or low, rich or poor, white or black, rally around the flag, and give aid in raising the down trodden rights of the still proud Palmetto State out of the present bad hands into which she has been forced. Many honest and good men in South Carolina, like Alabama, vigorously worked with the Radical party, but like Alabamians, will or have seen the error of their ways and turn, before it is too late and fight for victory in the Democratic ranks, which is generally believed will be in November, one of the grandest victories ever seen on American soil, or even in the world. Let them remember that the expenses of the government for the past ten years has been double what it was for the preceding seventy-five years. Let them remember too, that the consumer, mechanic, and laborer pays this expense; this is easy enough for a blind negro to see.

The manufacturer manufactures the tobacco, he puts on his stamps, which he pays for. The merchant buys it and pays for it, stamps profit and all. The consumer buys it, pays high for it, so the merchant may make enough to pay back his money which he paid the manufacturer for the stamps. So with whiskey, the man who drinks, pays the revenue, (if it is not blockade whiskey.) And so with everything on which there is a duty.

So the workman's wages is not what they might be if his employer did not have such heavy taxes to pay.

A certain amount of revenue is necessary under any administration, ninety-six thousand government officers are not necessary in these United States. Half of them are for political purposes. Like one in the mountains of Western North Carolina, when approached by a stranger, and in conversation, was asked what his profession was? He replied that he was a "Custom House officer!" and not a navigable stream nearer than the Savannah River. The fact was, he was an officer to watch negroes and keep them welded to the Radical party, as many of them are. One half of these officers it is said, do not collect one half the amount paid them by the government, so their charge is put on the people by taxation. "That's the way the money goes."

"TAR HEEL."

Twenty one of the thirty eight States, elect Governors this fall.

The Constantinople underground railway, extending from Galata to Pera, is pronounced as entirely satisfactory work. This railway is nearly seven hundred yards long, and conveys passengers from the level of the Bosphorus to the extreme height of Pera, an elevation of two hundred feet with an average gradient of one in ten. Its greatest depth below the surface is eighty feet. The motive power is a stationary engine, working a drum with endless bands. The trains run up and down simultaneously every five minutes, and are calculated to carry thirty thousand passengers per diem, the cars working very easily at an average speed of ten miles an hour. This enterprise is under the management of an English company.

A traveler, on horseback, was once jogging along a road in the wire grass region of Georgia, when his attention was attracted by a small tallow faced urchin who was plowing a 'patch' of corn near the roadside, the patch, being in every respect, in full keeping with the surroundings. The traveler accosted the boy when the following conversation ensued:

"Hello, my son, your corn seems to be small!"

"Yes, sir, we planted small corn."

"Ah! but what makes it look so yellow?"

"We planted yellow corn, sir."

"Well," said the traveler as he moved off, "I don't think you'll make more than half a crop."

"No!" says the tow headed youngster, raising his voice, "We don't expect to make but half a crop; we only planted on shares any way!"

The traveler trotted away, perfectly satisfied that it won't do to judge by appearances at all times.

Those were noble words of the late Speaker Kerr, to his son, a youth just merging into manhood: "I have nothing to leave you, my son, except my good name. Guard it and your mother's honor, and live as I have lived." Not many lives come to their end with the courage to command a young and springing life to follow them.

There has at last been found a barnacle sticking to Mr. Bristow's reform ship in the person of one Robinson, brother in law to Poland, of Vermont, who succeeded in getting him fastened upon the Boston Custom House, after the assistant and Secretary of the Treasury had said that the appropriations were in a too "depleted condition" to increase the force.

An earnest move is being made in Europe to secure the blessings of a Sabbath of rest, in the interests of laboring men and morals.

The Democrats, of Indiana and Ohio, are exuberant, and everything indicates a Democratic victory for those States in October. Indiana is determined on a change, and Ohio is in sympathy with the same desire which prevails in the North West.

There are 117 colored voters on the roll of the Sumpter Democratic club.

The latest recipe for true eloquence was given by a minister at the Martha's Vineyard Baptist camp meeting yesterday. Here it is: "Get yourself church full of the subject, knock out the bung, and let nature caper."

A young lady, on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say he bottled soda, answered: "He's a practising fizzi-cian."

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.