



TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE

NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY KEITH, SMITH & CO.

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The Rights of Woman.

The rights of woman, what are they? The right to labor, love and pray, The right to weep when others weep, The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the fallen tear, The right to quell the rising fear, The right to smooth the brow of care, And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath, To soothe and cheer the bed of death, The right when earthly hopes all fail, To point to that within the veil.

The right to wander to reclaim, And win the lost from paths of shame; The right to comfort and to bless, The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide, In simple faith to him who died; With earnest love and gentle praise, To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right to live for those we love, The right to do that love to prove, The right to brighten earthly homes, With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

The Soldier Statesman.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, in speech in that State on the Presidential election, well says:

The Democratic candidate for President is no untried man. On the contrary, I shall show that he has been tried, thoroughly tried, and that he can lay claim to a record that has not fallen to the lot of any other public man of his time.

In 1868 he was named by many as the favorite candidate for President, and the delegates from Delaware at that convention, held in New York, balloted for him, if I recollect right. He was also voted for in 1876, and now for the third time he stands before the nation, with his every act subjected to the vigor of partisan examination.

And how does he stand? Spotless and without reproach, favored by the unanimous voice of the representatives of the party.

THE FIERY TEST.

Now, gentlemen, let me ask you one thing. Having passed through this fire of examination, let me ask this crowd whether there has been the first breath of suspicion as to the honor, intelligence, fidelity or patriotism of that renowned and great soldier?

Why was he nominated? He never held a civil office. True, he has a military record as brilliant, as unassailable, as glorious as that of any man in America. Why did the Democratic party nominate a military man? I will tell you why. Because this man has proved that God gave him the same characteristics of conscience and self control which He gave to the great George Washington. My friends, this is not the extreme utterance of a stump speech. It is the deliberate utterance of a man struggling to see the right and to follow it.

Since this world was there has been no influence so dangerous and corrupting to men's hearts as love of power. What was free government designed for but for the protection of the minority against the majority? The great difficulties and dangers to liberty have arisen wherever men intrusted their own sway and bring about tyranny instead of limited government. We know what made Washington so conspicuous when he laid down his power and retired to the privacy of his home. There are many men as great as he in military knowledge and in the ability of statesmanship, but how many other men would have voluntarily laid down their power when they could have used it for their own selfish, tyrannical purposes? I wish you to comprehend this, because it is the keynote of the nomination of Winfield Scott Hancock. He held great power. He was military governor of a large extent of country. His will could have been as law. At his pleasure stood the liberty of every man. What was his course—his course alone of all the military governors in this country for the last fifteen years?

When asked in Louisiana and Texas to arrest persons he inquired where was the judicial process. When he asked to try persons by military commissions pointed to the courthouse and to the jury of twelve. When asked to fine men and take from them their property he demanded to know by what right under the civil laws he could do these things.

NO PARALLEL FOR HANCOCK

There have been perhaps soldiers as able, perhaps as courageous, and that is saying a great deal; but name one who has refused over and over again to exercise arbitrary power when he could have done so.

(A voice, "None.") No, you can't name one. I have seen distinguished men, educated wholly in the Republican party, giving advice of the most arbitrary character that can be conceived; but where can you find a man who has had the challenge brought to his lips that he might drink full of control over his fellow creatures, and who you have seen put it aside and say: "I am a military man; I am an American soldier, but I am a citizen with respect to the law, which is the Constitution I swore to support?"

We saw the Legislature of South Carolina organized at the will of a corporal without any guard. You all know what was seen in Louisiana. I do not propose to go over these recollections in detail, nor to cite the unlawful exercises of military

power, but I desire to show what was the character of the distinguished man whom the Democrats have nominated during the time of the current of tyranny. The great lesson to be derived from the resistance made to the tyranny of King George is the lesson I would hold up to you now. One of the charges against that potentate was that he attempted to subordinate the civil to the military power. Any man who attempts that is not fit to be a ruler of men. The man of our choice echoes the same spirit that made our people free in '76, and which will only restore and consolidate that freedom in 1880. Do you not remember that his power was as ample, that he had the same organization, administration, or whatever you choose to call it, that other generals had? Compare him with the New Orleans general who besought the President to issue that proclamation of outlawry—the proclamation declaring that the white men of Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Georgia shall be outlaws—"and leave the rest to me." Such was the dispatch, I am ashamed to say, of a major-general—aye, a lieutenant general—of the army of the United States. And from the Cabinet at Washington was sent the response: "We all approve of your action." These names have passed into history covered with lasting reproach, for Belknap, who wrote that dispatch, proved a base rogue, as treacherous to the money of America as to the principles of liberty. This was the principle—this is to day the great underlying principle of the two great parties. During the struggle from '61 to '65 there was little law and could be no law but force; but the difficulty has been that power obtained by force has been sought to be retained by force.

Garfield's Record.

If for the last four years you have been in peace, if you have been at liberty to attend your daily avocations and build up fortunes, do not think the men who preferred the mailed hand of Ulysses Grant to lawful rule. Garfield is no unknown man. He has a long record. He has been long a leader among the advocates of the force bills, suspension of habeas corpus, military usurpation, and every other means resorted to by his party to prolong their power. There has not been a measure tending to exalt the military above the civil power, not a question tending to create animosity between the sections in which James A. Garfield was not on the same side. All this we propose to end by placing in power a man who, although a distinguished soldier, never forgot that his citizenship was a higher distinction.

The Logic of Hancock.

The logic of Hancock is that the civil power is above the military. Sectionalism should not be allowed as a party cry. What is called the bloody shirt must be folded up forever, and the American people should be brought together as one people, with one government and with equal right and affection towards it. These are the logical results, and he has done this, would he do otherwise as a President? Remember that Hancock not only earned his great renown by refusing arbitrary power when offered him, but he also incurred the animosity of those whose purposes he refused to carry out and who could make his position in the army an uncomfortable one. Unfortunately there has been too much of this partisan feeling in the army and the navy, and men to gain promotion have had to do so at the expense of independence and by covering themselves with partisan clothing. I have had reason to know of the case of an officer who incurred the displeasure of President Grant and asking in vain for a reason until a leading Republican Senator told him that he had been indiscreet in dining and winning with certain Democrats. (Laughter.) It is this spirit that is dangerous to the army, to the navy and to us all. When this spirit—the spirit of Sheridan's dispatch—prevails, why then, indeed, the army changes from being the beloved servants of the Nation into a very great danger.

MORE THAN A TRUE SOLDIER.

Hancock is more than a true soldier. As a citizen he values his right and power above his right and power as a soldier. If you ask me why I love Hancock I say because I know that with him the liberty of my country will be safe. (Applause and cheers.) He has proved it. His life is to day the most brilliant example (interrupting voice away back in the crowd: "Except yourself") that we have among our military men. I do not say that there are none so brave, so able as he, but I do say that none has been so tried as he and proved himself to possess the lofty self control which induced the laying down of power at the command of conscience. This is why I claim he should be sustained all over the land.

It may be remarked that we have always talked against military power and yet have taken up a military man. My answer is, we do so not because he is a military power. We admire his gallantry and honesty, but Hancock is not only a soldier, but he is a man, a citizen, imbued with a knowledge of what citizenship should be in a government of law. Nay, there is another reason; there are many reasons, but let me state one more. There has been a great outcry in the North that the Southern people were antagonistic to the Northern and hated the government. Now it seems to me that this bubble must be pricked. With a solid South for Winfield Scott Hancock, it seems to me there should be a solid North the same way. Surely, if the Southern people choose Hancock for some sinister end, they must not only be great knaves but

great idiots. If this battle has to be a success—and God grant that it may succeed in the fullest sense—what better instance of success can be found than to see the man who led the hosts of the Union receiving the vote of every man who voted against it? What victory greater than this? If that be not the fruits of statesmanship, then pray tell me what is statesmanship for?

The Cultivation of Tea.

Gen. Le Duc, Commissioner of Agriculture, who has just returned from a visit to the South in the interest of tea cultivation, was found yesterday at his desk by a Post reporter.

"Has your trip been a satisfactory one?" "Yes, sir, in every respect," was the reply. "I find the people of the South willing to undertake this new industry, especially as it promises complete success."

"Is the whole Southern section adapted to the cultivation of the tea plant?" "Not at all. The way we determined this has been very simple. About three years ago seeds of the tea plant were procured from China and Japan, and distributed almost broadcast throughout the South. Some of those to whom seeds or plants were given took care of them and they did not come to anything. But the experiment succeeded far enough to show that the tea plant will thrive in the sickly, malarial, marshy districts. Here actual observation has shown that it produces a finer and larger crop of leaves than any elsewhere."

"What sections of the South did you visit?" "Mainly the States of North and South Carolina, along the coast, including the vicinities of Wilmington, Georgetown, Charleston, Beaufort and Port Royal. Everywhere I found the greatest interest manifested in the matter, and I feel sure that the people of the South will soon begin to buy and plant tea seed. There is no reason why the manufacture of tea should not become as great as the growth of cotton. And, continued the commissioner, "when you remember that we import from \$18,000,000 to \$22,000,000 worth of tea annually, you can easily see what a saving it will be, besides being a source of revenue to the South."

"Are preparations in progress for a general introduction of the tea plant in the States mentioned?" "Yes, sir, I have left an expert down there who is still at work making experiments. When these assume a practical shape and seeing shall be believing to the Southern people, I expect the cultivation of tea will take a prominent part in their industries."

An "Affair of Honor."

If the details of the recent so-called "affair of honor" in South Carolina which have reached us by telegraph even approximate the truth the killing of Colonel Shannon was a crime the heinousness of which must fix it somewhere between assassination and cold blooded deliberate murder. It appears that the murdered man had been conspicuous in exposing a fraud, and for this he was challenged to mortal combat. He had courage enough to refuse on the ground that he contemplated crime was in violation of the laws of his State and of his own code of morals. He was thereupon posted as a coward and pursued with epithets which came to his ears at every corner and were borne to him by his friends. He was an old man with a dependent family—a man of nerve and of unquestioned courage—but at the last he was driven to desperation by the cool and cunning tactics of his enemies, challenged one of them and was murdered. What a comment upon our society and our civilization that such a crime as this should originate and be carried out in any Southern community!

Here was a man courageous enough in the first instance to refuse to become a party to a great crime, but he found himself pursued by tactics which could scarcely be resisted, and the fact that he could find no redress and no escape from the systematic pursuit of his enemy is an evidence that the public sentiment of Southern communities is still demoralized with respect to the species of assassination which is the result of dueling, and this public sentiment must be changed; it must be brought to acknowledge the fact that there is neither honor nor courage in assassination and cold-blooded murder; it must be brought to understand that the true chivalry of civilization stands aghast in the presence of such crimes.

How long will the people of the South allow themselves, their society and their civilization to be misrepresented by assassins, and murderers, and ruffians?

[Atlanta Constitution.]

ATLANTA, GA., July 7.—To day in the Superior Court, the first negro juror was called. He served with eleven well known white citizens, was made foreman of the jury, and brought in a verdict of guilty against a colored man charged with burglary. In the next case he was refused by Asa Gunn, colored, charged with murder, who said he wanted "no nigger" to try him for his life. The incident caused much comment, and the addition of the names of intelligent colored men to jury lists in the State courts is generally approved.

"What pretty children, and how much they look alike," says G, during a first visit at a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explains. "What, both of 'em?" exclaims G, greatly interested.

No Trouble About General Hancock's Taking The Office.

We observe that some journals and some political writers are discussing the question whether General Hancock will be allowed to take the office if he is elected President.

There would be no trouble on that score. There would have been none if Mr. Tilden had been nominated and re-elected.

Four years ago arose from the chest having been invested with certain forms of law. An Electoral Commission was created. This Commission was unconstitutional; but it had been created by act of Congress. Democrats were duped into its support. Men like Abram S. Hewitt were dancing around the country, in Congress and out, to get the measure adopted.

If Mr. Tilden had undertaken, by force, to resist the devices of this Electoral Commission—all that they were unconstitutional—he would simply have been adjudged a traitor, and the Republican party would have been confirmed in power for a quarter of a century to come. Gen. Hancock, had he been in Mr. Tilden's place, could have done no more than Mr. Tilden did; and Mr. Tilden, if he were in General Hancock's place now, could do just as much as Gen. Hancock. For any one to talk about fighting their way into the White House is ridiculous. Hayes cheated his way in, and his punishment will be the ever enduring brand of shame upon his name. But in its nature it is a cheat never to be enacted but once. The candidate elected will take his seat this time; and his doing so will have no connection with his wearing shoulder straps. Let us conduct the campaign with as little nonsense as possible.—New York Sun.

Chivalric Murder.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—A disform Camden, Kershaw County, South Carolina, says of the duel which was fought on the 5th instant, in which Col. William M. Shannon was killed: The complications leading to the fatal meeting began over a year ago, when a man named Weinges brought suit for damages against another named Ellerbee for injuries to the person, which he claimed to have received at the latter's hands. Colonel Shannon and Captain W. La Depass were attorneys for Weinges, and they succeeded in getting judgment against Ellerbee for \$2,000. It was then discovered that all Ellerbee's property was held by the wife of Colonel E. B. Cash on a mortgage, and there was nothing to satisfy the judgment of Colonel Shannon and Captain Depass. They secured evidence to show that the mortgage was a fraudulent one, and had been given for the express purpose of evading judgment, and the result of their efforts was to have the mortgage set aside on the ground of legal fraud. The evidence on which this action of the court was taken bears somewhat strongly against the wife of Colonel Cash, and he determined to have revenge on two lawyers who had unearched it. He and his son have engaged in several duels before this one. He arranged with Ellerbee to call out Shannon and Ellerbee; accordingly challenged Shannon to fight him, but the old gentleman refused on the ground that dueling was against the law of the State as well as his principles. Cash posted the old gentleman as a coward who had sullied his wife's name and then refused to give her husband satisfaction due to a gentleman. The old gentleman protested that he had done no wrong to Mrs. Cash, but wherever he went the vile epithets applied to him by his enemy reached his ears. Finally goaded almost to desperation, he sent a challenge to Cash, who immediately accepted it, and the duel took place as already stated.

It was at a dry good store. The heroine was a sweet little miss of four winters, who was accompanied by her mother. A clerk who knew them gave the child a bunch of bits of tapes of various colors, with which she was much pleased, and at her request the mother put them in her bag to carry them home. Having done this, the mother said to her, "What do you say to the gentleman for his kindness?" The little lady, thus reminded of her duty, exclaimed, "I thank you, sir!" "Cannot you throw him a kiss," inquired the mother, with the natural desire to show off the daughter's accomplishments. "Yes ma'am!" said the little one, and she turned and threw a kiss toward the place where he had been standing, but, as it happened, he had moved along to wait upon a customer and another gentleman stood there. The mother called her attention to the fact that she had complimented the wrong man and suggested that she should throw another kiss to her generous friend. But little puss had become weary of compliments, and exclaimed, "I don't want to, mamma; you do it."

CAMDEN, July 7.—Great indignation has been manifested by all classes of our people, white and colored, over the killing of Col. Wm. Shannon. Our whole people mourn his death. It is the heaviest loss that Kershaw County has been called upon to bear for many years. The burial services took place on Tuesday evening, the 6th instant. Business was entirely suspended. Over one hundred people failed to gain admission to the church where the services were held, on account of the immense congregation. The cortege was composed of fifty-seven vehicles, besides a large number on foot—the largest funeral ever seen in Camden.

Coroner Goodale held an inquest yesterday and to-day. The verdict of the jury was that "from the evidence brought before us, Wm. Shannon came to his death from a pistol-shot wound, said pistol being fired by E. B. Cash." Coroner Goodale immediately issued a warrant for the arrest of Col. Cash, directed Sheriff Doby, who has transmitted the same to the Sheriff of Chesterfield County for execution.

Of a gentleman recently deceased, a friend said to a news gatherer: "He was in the Legislature one year; but I wouldn't say anything about that. Otherwise his life was free from blot."

"I say, old lady," said a man on a country road the other day, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?" "No, I didn't see no kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seen a wagon wheel runnin' away with a man. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."

A boy can imagine almost anything; he can lag an old shot gun about all day without firing at a living thing and be under the impression that he's having a howling good time. But all attempts to induce a boy to imagine that he is killing Indians when he is saving wood have proved futile.

A capital anecdote is told of a little fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. My companion examined the picture carefully, and then with a grave, significant look at me slowly remarked, "They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled."

"You must not play with that little girl, my dear," said an injudicious parent. "But, ma, I like her; she is a good little girl, and I am sure she dresses as pretty as ever I do, and she has lots of toys." "I cannot help that, my dear," replied the foolish mother; "her father is a shoemaker."

"But I don't play with her father; I play with her; she ain't a shoemaker."

An Irishman on an ocean steamer always presented the captain with fine Havana cigars after lunch and dinner, until one day the latter refused to take any more. The son of Erin, however, insisted, and at last the captain accepted, saying, "Well, if I do take it I'll burn it." "Arrah, be jabbers," said Pat, "the devil a cigar of mine ye'll get to do that with."

"What? Twenty-five cents a pound for sausages? Why, I can get 'em down at Schmidt's for twenty cents!" "Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" "Cause Schmidt was out of 'em." "Vell, vy I was oweit of 'em I sell 'em for twenty cents too."

Physician to Government clerk: "Well what do you complain of?" a. c.: "Sleepiness, doctor." Physician: "At what time do you go to bed?" a. c.: "Oh, I don't mean at night, but during office hours."

No bridge watchman fell asleep at Chillicothe, Ohio, last week with his arm across one rail. A construction train running backwards was thrown off the bridge by his arm.

Ho Preferred the Almanac.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

There stood alone upon the street a chap of gawky size, Intensely gazing on a sign that hung before his eyes, And known to those who daily pass from dinner and to dine, To be a watch that never run, though hung there as a sign.

Now fortune had of late adorned his honor with a gem, And there within a well worn vest, made up of stitch and hem An old watch ticking with the dirt of years still on its wheel, Was held securely in its place by a dangling chain of steel.

This chap who viewed the golden piece, and thought it quite immense, Was led to think its works had cost no trifle of expense; "Now time is money," he exclaimed, his mind was thinking—slight; "And this here thing I know cost lots, and surely must be right.

"So now I'll set my new bought piece exactly to the dot, And see if Sal, when I get home, don't like the way its set." So pulling out his brazen piece and rubbing on his knee, He turned it up an hour too fast—the two did then agree.

Then stepping 'round he thought he'd view the other side and go; For it was later than he thought—his watch had been too slow. But there was printed on this side, in colors just as gay, Another face just like the first, except in time of day:

"Now, time's a fraud and jewelry, too," this chap was quick to say, "In places where they hang out things to tell the time of day, And ain't got sense enough to print in letters we might see, The fact that she ain't runnin', or that they had lost the key."

"Now, all I've got to say is they ain't hurtin' mo a bit, And when they try this foolin' game they'll find that I've got grit, While Sal, I know, when she hears this she'll give 'em all her slack, And I will henceforth set my watch by some good almanac."

A BOY, A WOMAN AND A COW.—Friday forenoon a lady was walking down Cass avenue when she suddenly came upon a cow. The animal was feeding on the other side of the street and the boy sent out to watch her sat under a shade tree and played on a mouth organ.

The lady halted. The cow looked up. "Just anything, ma'am?" asked the boy as he removed the music from his mouth. "I—I'm afraid of that cow!" she replied. "What fur? Cows don't bite nor kick, same as a horse. All they kin do is to run you through and pin you to the ground."

"Oh! my, she's coming!" "No, she ain't. She's just making believe that she wants to git at yo and hook yo over the fence."

"Oh! but I dare not pass!" "Yes, you dare. Cows know when a woman is afraid just as quick as anybody. The mint you give cows to understand that you are able to catch 'em by the heels and mop the ground with 'em they go to huntin' fur clover."

"Dear me, but I guess I'll go back!" "I wot'dn't. If ye'll only spit on yer hands and shake yer fist at her she'll wilt right down. Cows know who's boss just as well as men do. Now, then, I'll hold yer parasol while you spit on your hands."

"Oh! I can't—I'm going right home!" "Well, my little brother he swears at 'em instead of spitting on his hands. See if you can do that."

"No—no—no! I'm going now!" "If I was a woman and I couldn't swear or spit on my hands, I should carry a sword cane to stab cows with," observed the boy as he looked across the way.

"My soul but there's another cow up there!" exclaimed the lady as she looked up the street.

"Yes, lots of cows around these days, but I never heard of two cows attacking a woman at once, I guess one generally hooks 'em all to pieces first, and then the other comes up and paws at the mangled remains. If you—"

The lady uttered a first class scream and made a jump at the nearest gate. It opened hard, and after one pull she went over the fence and up the front steps of a strange house, there to remain until her husband could be summoned by telephone to come and act as a body guard.

"I'd just like to be a woman," mused the boy as he sat down to punish his mouth organ some more. I'd carry a bowie knife down the back of my neck, and the first cow that tried to hook me would feel that ere knife playing mumblety peg around her vicious heart strings."

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